

### A Tradition Begins

The senior class owes its president, Elmo Draughon, a vote of thanks. By putting all his profits made from rat caps into an entertainment fund, Draughon has set an unselfish example. He has turned his office from one of empty honor and personal monetary gain to a position which offers possibilities of real service to the student body. It took a rare character to set this precedent—one which The Cluster hopes will be continued next year and the years to come.

An orchid to Elmo for unselfishly aiding in the financing of this first senior class banquet, and also for helping the program committee choose the exceptionally well-received speaker, Morgan Blake, and for planning the rest of the evening. Seniors and guests alike have highly praised the entire program; many of them have said it was the finest banquet they ever attended. Congratulations to the seniors who presented various bits of entertainment. Judging from indicative comment, the entire program was four-star material—including Walter Pritchett's hilariously satirical "Cluster report" of the banquet which rated mention in Mr. Blake's Sunday Atlanta Journal column.

The annual-to-be senior class banquet will be remembered by members of this year's class and classes of the future much longer than the alumni of yesteryear remember their function, the old all-day picnic. It is only right that this new idea should make a greater impression. It was so much fun.

Mercer hasn't many traditions and a few more good ones won't hurt the university. Here's hoping the senior banquet becomes one of them.—J. C.

### Lodgers Versus Homers

Recent rumors concerning plans of one of the seven social fraternities to build a lodge near the campus have revived the long-standing problem of fraternity housing facilities. At present there seems to be a sharp split in opinion among various fraternity leaders, with two plans getting the lion's share of the cursing and discussing. These groups may well be called the Lodgers and the Homers.

The Lodgers are all for a row of lodges, one for each fraternity, identical in construction, consisting of two rooms and a curfew hour. These rooms are presumably a living room and another living room. They are to be used as general meeting rooms and for social functions, but have no facilities for living, paradoxically enough.

The Homers, on the other hand, warble about the beauties of home life, and propose a fraternity row of houses, equipped with bedrooms to accommodate a limited number of pledges and brothers, who will shell out enough to pay the monthly installments on the lodge.

Both sides have a pocketful of arguments to bolster their stand. The Homers moan, "What's the use of having a house if you don't sleep in it? Ain't houses made to live in? An' besides, we will only be able to use the lodges for meetings and socials and don't we have our chapter rooms in Roberts hall for just that purpose?"

The Lodgers, however, point with pride to the identical plan which is working well at Davidson. They argue that an easily accessible lodge just off the campus will give more prestige to the fraternity and that a lodge plus the Roberts hall suites should be able to keep the fraternity men in reasonable comfort.

The conflict is still in a preliminary stage. Both sides are sparring cautiously. The Homers led with a hard "Home, Sweet Home," but the Lodgers promptly blocked with "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight." They'll know he isn't in the lodge anyhow! And so the conflict goes.—B. S.

## THE MERCER CLUSTER

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## WITH THE GREEKS

By FIELDS VARNER

### JOURNEYS

Margaret Zeigler, Elizabeth Swinford, Margaret Pulliam, Jane Orme, Martha Harrison, Annie Wheat Jones and Dorothea Harden leave Friday to attend the annual province conclave of ALPHA DELTA PI.—The ALT's will journey to Tybee beach Friday where they will "pitch" their house party.

### ENTERTAINMENTS

Wednesday evening the PHI DELTA THETA's honored the departing seniors of the chapter with a buffet supper held in Lake Kiwanis clubhouse. Those honored were Johnny Reid, Charles Durden, James Merritt, Roy Lilly and Billy Gealin.—SAE mothers and alumni wives will be entertained Sunday afternoon with a tea given by the

SAE's. Plans will be made for a Minerva club which will be organized in the near future.—The KA's will entertain with a picnic at Mausey's lodge next Wednesday evening.

### CONGRATULATIONS

Holly Mitchell is wearing an ALPHA LAMBDA TAU pledge pin, Ed Yore has been pledged by the PIKA's and Dot Jarvis recently joined the pledge ranks of PHI MU.—Joe Yates was initiated into KAPPA ALPHA last night.

### HONORED

The PI KAPPA ALPHA's had recognition night last Wednesday, at which time Lois Hudson, sponsor, was presented a sweetheart pin. Mrs. John G. Harrison, chapter mother, was also honored.

## IN THE CRUCIBLE

By FRED SHEARER

### SUNDAY TENNIS

We understand that recently the Administration issued a request that students refrain from playing tennis on Sunday. We are not criticizing this request, but we wish merely to ask a few pertinent questions. Is tennis a clean and wholesome sport? If so, why should it be unbecoming to the Sabbath? How can any activity conducive to strengthening and beautifying the "Temple of the Holy Spirit" desecrate any sacred day? And how are we to interpret the words of Him who said, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."?

## THE SNOOPER

By BETTE CO-ED

### ROMANCE DEPARTMENT

It couldn't be that BUDDY CLARK and RICK SMITH are trying to cut each other's throats even if they are fraternity brothers, but at any rate they are vying for the affections of one MARIAN MINTER who to all appearances is enjoying the situation to its fullest extent. MARGARET ZEIGLER sho' does add the final touch to BUTCH CONGER's roadster. EMILY WOODDALL and

## PANDEMONIA

By Ward Pritchett

And so Editor Couric comes up to me and says, "I want you to write 150 words of something screamingly funny for The Cluster this week." Just like that. Something screamingly funny. He did not say something of a humorous nature, mind you, or something rather diverting, or something in the lighter vein, but something screamingly funny he said in a tone indicating that nothing that is not screamingly funny ever finds its way into the columns of The Cluster.

Which goes to show you how unreasonable editors can be. What does he think I am? A concrete mixer? That I can sit down and mechanically grind out side-splitting material in fixed quantities at will? The more I thought about it the greater my resentment grew. Nobody else ever writes anything screamingly funny for The Cluster. Even if they should it would probably be censored.

And that 150 words stuff. Am I supposed to break off in the middle of a sentence or spend the afternoon counting words just because some politician who managed to get himself elected editor wants exactly 150 of them.

The moral to all this is: If you want to write for The Cluster, be the editor and impose your idiosyncrasies on other people instead of being an underling and having to tolerate theirs.

### CO-OP MUSIC

Our Co-op—sans the business end—is quite a nice place. Its laughter and gaiety make it a refreshing oasis between the trackless wastes of classes. But isn't there something lacking? Couldn't we use a little music? Why not have a "jook organ," or even the piano which was our priceless possession of a few days?

### CHICANERY

A short time ago, one student expressed the idea that whoever operates the shoe shop near here must be in some sort of cahoots with whoever is responsible for the surface layout of the campus. Anyway, it's pretty hard to keep a pair of shoes in decent shape.

BOBBY SMITH seem to be definitely "thataway."

### ORCHID DEPARTMENT

We want to present one to Miss DALE CRAWFORD who, not like some people we have seen, can always appear at fraternity formals in evening clothes and still retain the popularity that she so justly deserves. . . and one to EVELYN NEEL for returning from New York without submitting to the temptation of becoming sophisticated.

## MUSIC OF THE MOMENT

By Joe Rickenbacker

This certainly seems to be the day of revivals! On every side the bands seem to have taken up the waxing of old standards and hits of past years. Leading the parade in these come-back waxings is Glenn Miller. Stardust is fine. Tex Beneke adds a rather novel touch Melancholy Baby on the reverse side. The other two revivals by Miller are Alice Blue Gown and My Wonderful One. Both are done in quiet, smooth, velvet like style that offers delightful variations for the reeds.

Count Basie and his great swing band present Easy Does It and Louisiana on Columbia. The Basie treatment is a change from the usual style as exemplified by America's Sepia Swing Sensation. There is no blasting brass—instead an unusual sax interpolation by Lester Young and a superb trumpet (muted) solo by Dickie Wells. A gussier-like treatment set off by the usual Basie piano. GREAT. Louisiana is on the swingy side.

AND THESE TOO — Tommy Tucker (The Man Who Comes Around) and a new little ditty Too Tired, novel and diverting.

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## SMALL TALK

By Harry Goldgar

### DUBS

The epidemic of golf bareabouts late has caused no end of somewhat mordant comment. People whom you'd least suspect seem to have fallen prey to the insidious attractions of brasses, mashes, teas, etc. Y— one's very life is in danger at any hour of the day if he attempts to traverse the once mild and serene tract that lies between the theolocus and the co-op.

A front-porch-of-Sherwood session the other p. m. propounded the age-old question, "Wherefore?" Why was last spring, and the one before, and the one before that, etc., practically golfless, and our radiant campus unimpaired by flying little white pellets—and now—just look!

Most of the aspiring Bobby Joneses in our midst seem to have old, or at least pretty worn paraphernalia. This led one local wag to suggest an answer that may be pretty plausible after all. Remember You Can't Take It With You, and the lady who wrote plays simply because years before someone delivered a typewriter to her house by mistake? Maybe the present golf situation is analogous.

"Never in my life have I sacrificed personal happiness for ideals."—John Francis Hogan, senior, journalism.

### FELINITY

Another peculiar phenomenon which is not new this year but as far as we can remember has only recently begun to excite commentary, was the subject of several of last week's conversations. It concerns the scarcity of cats in the vicinity of Mercer when the comparative anatomy class gets around to dissecting them every spring. Cause and effect? Most folks seem to think so. Biology? Y-e-e-e-s.

### SCHEDULE

A member-of-the-senior class was complaining yesterday about the way such events as Pilgrimage upset his schedule for months thereafter. "Of course I can't get any work accomplished," he said, "on the day in question. It has to be down on the calendar as a perfect blank. I have to put everything off until the following day, and do that day's work the next day, etc.—and you see where it leads me."

"Pretty soon I find myself bathing on Sunday going to church on Monday, having headache on Tuesday, and hanging around the chapel door at 11 o'clock on Thursdays. My whole scheme of existence is disrupted. Adjustments seem impossible."

(All interested in, or sympathetic toward, the young man's case, may send advice in care of this column.)

### PAPA

Advance reports from our widely scattered agents indicate the appreciation dinner for Papa Dowell tonight will be a huge success.

From all we can gather, the food will be euphoric, the speeches short and sweet, and the atmosphere immense. And it's high time, the bull-session trend goes, that something was being done to show student appreciation for Papa Dowell's splendid execution of university affairs. This year's freshmen may not recall the days of Porter hall-less, Roberts hall-less, Harden library-less, Willett hall-less Mercer; lots of loyal sons of the institution, however, do—and they prexy a rising vote of unanimous gratitude.

2-3-6-8, Whom (and we do insist on the appropriate case of the relative pronoun) do we appreciate? Papa Dowell, of course. Turn out tonight!

### STRICTLY PERSONAL

Have you ever feeling "calf-roped" or something more dramatic when the sixth cigarette-bummer of the month comes around. . . Giving some of those red high-school kids in Mitchell and Williams an afternoon a piece of your irascible mind? Jumping off the roof of a high, high building when you can't find two cents to pay up a long-forgotten library fine on exam day? Choking a professor who apparently thinks you don't take any courses but his? . . . Petitioning city council to reduce Tattnell Square park about one-third of its size when you're walking through it in the blazing sun? . . . Slitting a paper knife of esoteric Oriental design, something, the throat of the dean's-lister, asks, "What did you make last quarter?" and for the opportunity of telling you what he self made?

Well, anyway, some of it's off our chest.