

Congratulations, but... IN THE CRUCIBLE

By FRED SHEARER

Latest issue of Silhouette came under our perusal this week and we think its darn good. Content and format are vastly improved and the thing looks like a magazine—which is important.

Silhouettes, the editorial page of the organ, is another thing. We refer especially to the second little italic gem. Here it is repeated for those who passed it by:

"Silhouette considers any legislation calculated to lead the American people into a European war a detriment to the youth of the United States."

Since Editor Goldgar is a rank, sincere isolationist, we assume that he refers to President Roosevelt's foreign policy, which contains not one iota of isolationist viewpoint. Don't get The Cluster wrong. This newspaper is strongly opposed to war, also. That is why we favor the Rooseveltian foreign policy.

If Goldgar's sentiments are a subtle crack at the over-age destroyer deal, etc., and if he is in favor of the discontinuance of such policies, he should get his gun, start drilling and prepare to defend democracy the hard way.

But as we said before we are only assuming what Silhouette meant and perhaps incorrectly at that.

If we are wrong we'll apologize.—J. C.

There's Still a Chance

Although Mercer university hasn't been approached by Uncle Sam, concerning the establishment of a campus military unit, she's open to a proposition.

And if enough Mercer students were to get to work—writing congressmen, etc., the government might get interested. Pres. Dowell has stated that he believes that there would be no objection to a denominational school having a military unit, since so many other church schools have had them all through the "peaceful years." In 1918 Mercer did her share toward helping the country out in time of need. Why not now at a time when unpreparedness indubitably means war.

While it won't do juniors and seniors any good, it would be pretty nice for those underclassmen who could take their military training in college instead of spending a year as a buck private.—J. C.

Water

Nothing gives the human individual more discomfort than the absence of drinking water. Although the student in Roberts hall does not find himself in a plight as miserable as the foreign legionnaire lost on the Sahara, it is very difficult for him to procure a decent drink of water. If he doesn't want to drink lukewarm tap water from the undesirable environment of the shower room, he must tramp the path to the artesian fountain on the campus, or trek to the drug store, where he usually loses some of his pecuniary supply as a result. A water cooler would be welcomed with open mouths as well as arms.

Lock and Key

On the Mercer campus is a very precious sanctuary. This inner shrine

is under lock and key at all possible hours. We refer to the co-op. It is regrettable that the student activity rooms and the post boxes are unavailable after the post office and book store close. This is especially irritating on Saturday, when, if a student is unable to visit his mail box before noon, he must wait until Monday for his Saturday mail.

Accomplishment

The Crucible is glad to acknowledge that one of the agenda for which we campaigned vociferously last year has become a fait accompli, viz. the "jook organ" in the co-op. We are, indeed, happy for the opportunity to turn our nickels into jives to help brighten up our co-op jaunts between classes.

DISHING THE DIRT

By BETTE CO-ED

Well, children, the name of this column has been changed again as all you old folks know. Just why it has been changed is a deep dark secret harbored in the mind of ye editor of the Cluster. Anyway, the policy of this column still remains the same even if Couric revolutionizes the student body and decides to change the name of The Cluster.

One Miss WINONA McLAUGHLIN has definitely got BILL PRESTON and HENDLEY NAPIER running around in circles . . . and RUSSELL still loves NINA so we hear . . . Has everybody seen that gorgeous Phi Delt pin dripping in jewels that MARGARET ZEIGLER is sporting. It is a very definite romance with alumnus WILLIS CONGER . . . JACK FARRIS and JEANNETTE BLANKS seem to be carrying on a courtship that is really lasting . . . We nominate this week two gentlemen, who are new arrivals on the campus, for capturing more feminine hearts since they have been here than anyone else has around here for eons. They are record breakers both. Bette would like to pin the medal on DON McMANUS and BILL SHIRLEY as heartless romances of the first water . . . You've seen old HALLIBURTON with that love light in her eye for so long you are used to it, but do ask her about that telegram she received this past week-end from New York. It evidently hit the spot.

By the way, if you folks know of anything really Walter Winchelly in the way of news please submit same to the Cluster box in the post office. Bette wants to know the latest, by all means.

Love,
Miss Co-ed.

CAMPUS CAMERA



IT TOOK 61 STUDENTS 2500 HOURS TO CONSTRUCT THE HUGE ICE CAKE FOR THE DARTMOUTH WINTER CARNIVAL!

LUMBER USED FOR THE FRAMEWORK OF ICE FIGURES BUILT ON THE CAMPUS FOR THE CARNIVAL WOULD HAVE MADE A SIX-ROOM HOUSE!

FOR SALE BY BUILDING AGENT IN BUSINESS LOW PRICES ALL BUILDINGS! BETWEEN 40 AND 50 COLLEGES ARE OFFERED FOR SALE EVERY YEAR!

THOSE TRACK STARS DON'T KNOW HOW REAL SLIPPING IS LIKE! A BASKETBALL PLAYER TRIPLES FOUR MEN DURING THE COURSE OF A GAME!

SMALL TALK

By HARRY GOLDGAR

(The opinions expressed by the writer of Small Talk are his own and do not necessarily agree with the editorial policy of The Cluster.)

BROADWAY The possibility of including one of our local social science instructors in the current Broadway production, Hellzapoppin, was discussed by a couple of sophisticated seniors in the co-op last week and sent us, for one, into gales of mirth.

The gentleman in question is brilliant, eccentric, extremely nervous, and perhaps hyperthyroid. His classes are a show in themselves, if you take them the right way and don't think too much about preparing assignments.

All you would have to do, we were given to understand, is just place this man up stage on the left, opposite the fellow who sits over on the right and reads a newspaper during the whole hilarious performance. Just stand him there, you see; no action is at all necessary. Occasionally he might be heard over the customary Hellzapoppin din conversing with himself in a preoccupied way.

Hellzapoppin, already alive for two years, would gain new impetus and popularity from fickle playgoers, and even the ageless Tobacco Road would be closed out immediately, our colleagues contended.

FREE WILL And when, on top of such sudden happy surprises, you add the last and climax-capping—the abolition of compulsory chapel; well, small wonder half of our family is afflicted with genuine college daze.

No end of comment has been forthcoming from this genuinely major stroke. This column reports not one sentence—not one word—of protest. And chapel seems to be about as full as ever before. We even went once ourself, just to savor the full enjoyment of new freedom.

Undoubtedly chapel attendance will continue not to suffer from the new policy. Just as positively will no Mercerian soon forget the cooperation of the administration in taking a step long-sought-after and long-petitioned-for—says the campus consensus.

"You don't have to be a moral derelict to be thrown out of college."—Dr. Ed Highsmith, instructor, education 125.

ERRATUM The story of how an upper-class practical joker got burned when one of his numerous pranks went slightly awry was related with gusto in a dormitory bull session recently by none other than the intended victim of the escapade.

The prankster returned from summer vacation somewhat befogged from long and unaccustomed idleness and . . . well, from long and unaccustomed idleness! He made the steps of Roberts to his victim's last year fraternity suite, saw the fraternity emblem outside the double doors, took it down and persuaded an artist friend to paint an offensive bit of propaganda on the reverse side, and re-hung the plaque reverse side out.

And was he surprised when he found, the next day, that his own fraternity had leased the suite and the plaque he had so carefully be-lewed was the emblem of his own ancient and dignified brotherhood!

Serves you right for spending the summer in that fashion, buddy.

ORCHID After writing the above paragraphs re some recent surprises, we drifted about and smoked a couple of cigarettes and listened in on another conversation illustrative of our point: Even chapel speeches are getting better! The speaker at last Friday's dedication, Dr. Ellis Fuller, had something to say and said it pointedly and brilliantly, the group thought. Perhaps a new era in chapel programs has actually dawned.

We thought so too. An orchid to you, Dr. Fuller.

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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