

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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EDITORIAL

This Year's Commencement Will Not Be a Boring One

Choice of a prominent and capable alumnus for Commencement speaker this year should set a precedent, The Cluster hopes, which will be followed in years to come. Mercer university, which boasts of its myriad of prominent and successful alumni, has not always shown the best judgment in ignoring such men and inviting speakers who are graduates of other colleges.

No better choice could have been made this year than Dr. William Kilpatrick, the most famous educator in the United States. Unfortunately, the average educated Yankee or Westerner could not tell you, if asked, what, where or why Mercer is. But it would be a safe bet that a good percentage of those questioned could identify William Hurd Kilpatrick of Columbia and Northwestern universities. And what's more Dr. Kilpatrick will have something to say. This in itself is an unusual but excellent recommendation for a Commencement speaker.

A college education is supposed to be an inspiring force for leadership. The realization that one comes from a school that has the reputation of producing leaders is an inspiration. Having alumni address the graduating classes is an excellent way to emphasize this point.

There is no reason why such a practice should not become an annual custom. There is not a profession or business in which Mercer does not have a prominent representative. The fields of law, medicine, business, literature, etc., could be heard from. Only weakness to the plan would be the possible over-emphasis of prominent Baptist clergymen to the neglect of leaders in other fields of endeavor. However, we are not certain that this would happen.

Even if Mercer happened to get an occasional lemon among the alumni speakers, some good will be created. If a non-alumnus speaker turns sour, all the suffering seniors get is a stiff dose of boredom.—J. C.

It's Up to the Co-eds

Because of the large number of volunteers from this section for the country's armed forces the draft has not hit the South as heavily as it has hit some other parts of the nation. Consequently, Southern colleges have not felt the enormous decrease that is coming.

Forewarnings of this decreased enrollment have been evident all year with the student body showing signs of becoming smaller and smaller. And next year's male enrollment will decrease even more.

Mercer now is amply prepared to handle co-eds and offers a four-year course worthwhile to the average girl and facilities to match. Dr. Dowell is to be thanked for these additions to the university. For, we believe, these facilities for co-eds are going to keep the college going during the next couple of years of stress and strain. A college without students cannot exist and the small, privately-endowed college for men only is going to have tough sledding for "the duration."

It is up to Mercer and Mercer representatives to fill up the girls' dorm next year and insure a fair enrollment.—J. C.

AROUND the SQUARE

With MARGARET ZEIGLER

Speaking of the Weather

The weather in our community this past week was mostly of the pleasant sort with slight variations. Winter finals ended with surprisingly temperate climate, and a group of chocolate-sipping juniors solemnly swore that it was the first rain-less exam week they had ever experienced.

To keep the students in hand, however, Spring quarter blew in with sub-freezing weather, showing little promise, groaned one Don Juan, of the balmy days of romances and politics to come.

Wild Collegiate Nights

It was late. The neon lights of the G—L— glowed dimly through the persistent drizzle. The cars drew up under the semi-protection of a beer sign. Their occupants tumbled out, glanced down the dark, slick highway, and hurried across the muddy court into the warmth of the tiny ball-room. The muffled tone of the nicleodeon floated through the rain, blaring clearly and dying away as the door opened and quickly closed again.

Did you recognize the party? Whisper—it's made up of Mercer students.

Tsk, tsk. Let's follow our classmates into what we term a "jook joint" and what our parents term something else again.

In a private dining room sit our friends. On the table sit six—no eight bottles of—Coca-cola. Four co-eds and four boys are engaged in deep conversation. Scraps of the talk drift over Wayne King's rendition of You Are My Sunshine.

"The Georgia legislature is the biggest joke—"

"The lend-lease bill—"

"Foreign propaganda in the United States—"

"—whether to consider Sunday a feast day during Lent—"

"None of our boys will be sent over there—"

"Oh yeah!"

It's 12:30 a. m. The students pile into the cars and the last tail-light recedes into the mist.

That wild college bunch has just concluded another wild party at one of those wild "road-houses."

Lemuel Libel Makes Some Exam Notes in Library

Now that exams are over and grades are out we can settle down to some dirt-digging, so get busy students and make this the dirtiest quarter yet.

SEEN DURING EXAMS:

Petite, modest and shy **Bess Warren Bell** with her up-do hair coiffure being escorted around the campus by hip-wiggling **Enrique Alcares** and law school ace **Sam Lowe**.

Roger Nelson and **Sara Boone** sitting at opposite ends of the library and **Mrs. Boone** running frantically from one to the other with that motherly, married expression.

Merl Christian and **Albert Walker** studying industriously at 9 a. m. in said library.

Betty Ricks and **Elton Wall** constantly together.

Malcolm Thomas and **Helen Klinefelter** holding hands and giggling.

JUST DIRT:

The roaming reverend **Hills Hollingsworth** has decided to court local talent with recently-moved-to-Macon **Nell Robinson** and rumor has it that he has really fallen and I believe it what with a date every afternoon and night for a week. What do you in-

tend to do about the GSCW heart-breaker, **Hills?**

The **Sarah Harnesberger-Bailey Florence** romance has now reached the firing lines as **Sarah** has decided to take up arms with a sword and shield.

'Tis quoted that queenly **Eleanor Powell** is putting the skis under the preacher's daughter **Nelloise Johnson**. It seems to be a budding romance between **Eleanor** and instructor **Fred Shearer**.

Law school's Buick-driver **Bob Callison** slipped one over on **Lem Wednesday** night when he got married in the court room of the law school. **Lem** wants to apologize for letting a romance slip by, and offers his hearty congratulations.

So long until next time when we can start speculating as to who will head the ADPI formal with the newly-elected president, **Sara Jane Reese**. Just betcha it won't won't be **KA's** kindly **Bill Davis**.

IN THE CRUCIBLE

By FRED SHEARER

The grades are out. Gripes are rolling out concomitantly. One student is wondering how a certain professor gets a C out of an 80 average. Another bemoans that the three A quota ran out before his final exam was graded, hence, he received a B. He was unfortunate enough to be toward the end of the alphabet.

It is rumored that one professor used a Ouija board to figure out his grades. Some of us were fortunate enough to have and bear traps as well.

BEAR TRAP

Well, at last the bear trap is gone off of the co-op door. Vice-Tims are glad that the hazard has been removed, but those who from the burns of unextinguished pause for gossip in Penfield lounge are still in danger of getting "hit by a pneumococcus." We hope that some happy medium will be reached, which will eliminate the danger of pneumococci down.

CO-OP DUCKS

It is generally agreed a priori that cigarettes are here to stay. There have been no measures taken to preserve the co-op floor from the burns of unextinguished help a lot. Students could go a long way toward helping the situation by stepping on the butts after they have thrown them down.

Harry Goldgar's

SMALL TALK

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

EPHEBUS Got hold yesterday, while browsing through some musty old college annuals, of a copy of the Auburn Glomerata, 1907. In the senior class section, juxtaposed to the likeness of a handsome, stalwart young man, I found the following:

"John Bayard Clarke, Hamilton, Ala. General

The clock had tolled the midnight hour when Clarke went to bed."

"Clarke studies, studies, studies, and then loves a little when he is not engaged in study. Makes excellent grades in everything. Can write anything from a love letter to a theme, and do it well."

Has won great fame as literary editor of The Orange and Blue. Has never been seen on the street, except when going from his room to college.

"Distinction, '06; Lieutenant, '07; Literary Editor Orange and Blue, '07; President Websterian society, '07; Glomerata Board."

Loves a little what? . . .

PROPITIATION "We have just thirty seconds left before the bell, during which time you may do just as you please."—Fred L. Jones.

DESIDERATUM The intra-mural bowling league, now in the third week of play, may receive a death-blow when Coach Joe Dougherty begins his ineffable softball melange. I learned through susurrous channels this week. Coach has a predilection of long standing for soft-ball, and will, it is understood, initiate that phase of the program next week, in opposition to the unsanctioned but certainly popular bowling league. Either we'll have to bowl at night, or abandon the tourney entirely, it seems. However, by the time this is printed, perhaps some more congenial solution will have been attained.

Meanwhile, I am reminded of a scheme suggested by one bowling votary some days ago. Why not install a pair or so of alleys in all that desuete co-op space, he says? Student workers could set up pins, and the reduced cost of overhead, if the venture (unlike anything else in sacred Penfield) were strictly non-profit, should reduce the fee per line to a nickel, or two-for-fifteen anyway. Disputatious powers-that-be will doubtless shoot holes in this plan, though, as they have in so many others.

ENCONIUM Orchid-of-the month in March must surely go to a well-emly-posted Mercerian who suggested in a recent bull gang that on rainy days students changing classes might well use a specified door of university buildings for entrance, another for exit. The infamous congestion of besodden wayfarers entangled in each other's hair at such times would thus be easily resolved. I for one am quite convinced that the recurrent flu epidemic of the winter quarter is filliped by this situation, so unnecessary if out-goers would wait for incomers to pass.

MERCER MINUTIAE The antiphonal hubbub of intermediate language classes, conjugating Irregular Verbs . . . The genial perviflage of Matthew the Virtuous Matiman, urging all and sundry to return to religion . . . The army's mobile recruiting unit parked conspicuously near the windows of final-exam classrooms—propaganda incarnate . . . The ocelot eyes of The Other Columist, darting hither and yon for egos to deflate . . . And the eternal Politician's Wink, omen of pyrotechnical April showers . . .

OBLOQUY Comment of the week—from a lady attending the Women's Missionary conference: "That new biology building looks like a beer bottle with a champagne top!"