

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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EDITORIAL

Students Cannot Study Six Hours on Subjects and Play

What began as a regular session of class Wednesday turned out to be more revealing than the period would have been if the lesson had been discussed. It all happened when a class of juniors and seniors appeared inadequately prepared to recite, thus provoking the instructor.

First, questions were fired about the lesson, but they were fruitless, then more questions were asked. "Why aren't you prepared? What causes this don't-care attitude?" These are not exact quotations, but they serve to fairly present the situation. Some of the students were peeved, some of the students were disgusted and some were put to thinking. The first group's conscience pinched them and a few of this same group had just been questioned and misconstrued the remarks of the instructor. The second group—well they stay disgusted all the time, they're the chronic gripes. Forget them!

In defense of the instructor, it should be said to the first group that the instructor was not being personal. In defense of the students, it should be said they weren't discourteous during the discussion, so the administration need not get excited. As a matter of fact a few more good discussions like this one yesterday might prove quite valuable.

Some students presented as defense for their inadequate preparation that they didn't have time; they couldn't well afford to offer any other reason. Why don't they have enough time? Or is that really the reason why the MAJORITY of college students go to class unprepared? Well, it isn't!

Some instructors actually believe that we are able to put six hours preparation on each day's assignments, i. e., two hours on each lesson, and that's practically impossible. Consider this: Get up at 7 and go to class from 8 till 1:30. Lunch from 1:45 till—a minute or two later; many students have to go to laboratory courses by 2:30, although every student ought to have a few minutes to relax. Now say that a few details have to be attended to and it's 4 before our student gets down to his books. He quits two hours later after his first study. Supper and a few minutes with the fellows and it's 7:30. He then studies without interruption till 11:30 and thus he completes six hours of "study." No outside activity! Nothing, absolutely nothing else. And nine months of this would not produce a Rhodes scholar, but a successful candidate for the lunatic asylum! So don't expect too much study every day, BUT you have a right, instructors, to expect study and thoroughness at that. BUT please take this advice:

Don't waste so much time in class talking about those little things that aren't worth a broken jock record. Put something into those lectures that WE PAY FOR! Ask reasonable questions and don't try to embarrass any student by asking him something that you know he doesn't know. Assign a reasonable amount of parallel reading but don't expect us to read a book a day! Always be definite about when you expect to give quizzes and what part of the text will be covered. Sometimes teachers are tricky. Outline a quarter's work and try to coordinate the course, i. e., spread the work out evenly over the three months so as to offer the students an attractive project. These are many reasons why most students aren't hog-wild about studying! (Some suggestions for the students will be discussed next week.)

—T. P.

Loose Ends

By BILLY KRENSON

MAIL—Last Wednesday The Cluster received a threatening letter from the official campus barbers, known as the Night Riders. In addition to threats of dire consequences to The Cluster if not published, the letter warned the "freshmen of Mercer university" that they could expect a visit from said Night Riders if requested by members of the "M" Club. In conclusion the writers wished to "warn the freshmen to Beware and Be Careful for we answer to no one," and was signed "Billy the Kid and Jesse."

This no doubt refers to hair cutting, among other and more painful actions, and will be perfectly legal if the amendment now before the student body passes as we think it will. The purpose of this, aside from punishment for rule infractions, is to develop a better school spirit among the frosh. And it should have some success if spirit in other schools where "ratting" is practiced can be taken as an example. It works, but we can't say why. Won't the plebes look pretty with bald pates!

Especially the girls . . .

GEORGIA—I see in the papers that our state university has been expelled from the Southern University Conference. Though this does not mean that it is off the famous "accredited" list, this last disgrace will probably follow. The loss of prestige and honor thus caused by Gov. Talmadge will do irreparable harm, but may in the end succeed in driving politics out of Georgia schools. We might gloat, saying, "Ha-ha, Georgia, you beat us 81-0, but we are still an accredited school," but a sense of loyalty to the state prevents it. The shame of the action is too great, and applies not only to the university but to the whole state. Educationally speaking, we will not be able to hold our heads up for years to come.

However, the harm is already done and no amount of mass marches to the capitol will help. Any attempt to get politics out of the university system now would be next to useless, for Talmadge's political dictatorship is too powerful.

Personally, I'm sickened every time I see the word "governor" in front of the expletive "Talmadge."

CULTURE—Since the arrival of our new Dean of Women, there has been an attempt to develop the co-eds culturally. They have a compulsory meeting every Thursday in the chapel at which Miss Boyett talks about various things pertaining to culture. This is supposed to put the Mercer co-eds on a par with the girls at schools such as Vassar, Smith, etc., and give them equal advantages in all fields.

Assuming that the meetings do make for culture, should they be compulsory? After all, culture is something that is either born in one, or developed voluntarily. I don't see how anyone can be forced to develop a trait which grows entirely within one's self, no matter how many helpful hints are shoved down the throat. It seems that a more effective and at the same time more pleasant method would be to distribute pamphlets on the subject to the girls.

They're thinking about making the boys come to meeting on Tuesdays. As if we needed culture!

Lem Libel Tells

Juanita Mally, the gal who successfully defies Fashion's decrees on loose clothes for women, receives and sends more mail than the mailman himself. And on the campus she's consistently flapping those heavy eyelids at dazed Bill Culp, who's more than willing to be hypnotized.

If voluptuous Virginia Greene was really going to mount that motorcycle in front of the drugery, Lem wishes she had done it while he was around . . . Orbin Howell, after dodging the co-eds for nigh unto four years, is keeping company with Wesleyanne Wesa, Talmadge's personally appointed Snuff Queen . . . Personality kid Bill Lowe is too utterly. Oh, that gay effervescence, that flashing smile! Ain'tcha ever mad, Bill? All the lads are worrying, fearing that you'll have the lassies at your feet . . . A Lowe trait.

Leanita Blount (who is well-informed on the subject in question) has bet the luscious Shirley Bakewell five dollars (\$5.00) that ole Bill Avery will have his frat pin back on his own chest by Michelmas. Anybody else want to make up a pool?

KNEELING at The Keyhole

WITH EVELYN

Welcome, Vice-president J. Curtis Dixon. Welcome to an institution not run, as one of our professors so aptly expressed it, "according to gospel of St. Talmadge."

That call to arms which is being heard by innumerable Americans today, was enthusiastically responded to Sunday by the Alpha Delta Pi's, when they were the guests of Uncle Sam (and incidentally a certain Lieutenant Perry) at Camp Wheeler.

Upon being interviewed, they seemed to have had a right nice time. Right nice? They had a super-duper deluxe extra special roaring good time!

"The food was wonderful" (sigh) gulp, gasp)—Zeigler.

"They even let us wash and dry dishes, and sort the silver (!)"—Nina. (Ed. note: We hope her mother sees how very much Nape enjoys washing and drying dishes, and sorting silver. She sounds as though she were denied this privilege at home.)

"There were pul-enty of arms—oh man!"—Toni.

Young men of Mercer. No more can you shout the beauties of Wesleyan at the tops of your powerful lungs. No more can you shriek the glories of the Rivoli dames from the rooftops. No longer will we listen to the din of your catawauling about the gals "out yonder." They have their points, yes. Some of them are grand looking.

But yours truly was over at Mary Erin last Tuesday night, when they threw their first big dinner party—you know, evening dress, all that kind of stuff—and a lovelier bunch of girls we've never seen. We'd back them against any Wesleyanne, including the conservatory twins.

Orchids to Margaret Zeigler. The campus needs more of her type of spirit. Last Monday, after putting a number of nickles in the coca-cola machine, about nine bottles poured into her lap. Needing only six, she brought the rest to the sorority upstairs. Thirstily, they accepted. After she left, if she could have but heard the comments, she would have juggled the whole machine upstairs.

This is another type of school spirit. The type we all need. Not, of course, just handing coca-colas around right and left, tho this is a good start—but having a genuine feeling of friendliness for all your fellow students, and the fellow human beings; being ready to help rather than hinder. Who was it said "Love makes the world go round"? Couldn't he have meant a little brotherly love?

Friday night seems to be a pretty big night for the fraternities. The KA's are pulling off (or perhaps "pulling up" would be more to the point) a Blanket Party, the place as yet undecided. (Maybe they don't want us to know. WOW!)

The ATO's are going to Houston Lake on a hayride. Cecil just bounced into the office to scream that there was really going to be hay—before he bounced out again to go get an ad. No Smoking signs will be posted later.

The Phi Deltas are planning a wiener roast in honor of their pledges. They too don't as yet know the place where they'll heat up the dogs. Or, could it be, they don't want Chip Peabody to find out lest they have to feed the whole campus?

The SAE's, as usual, in their own quiet little way are buzzing with activity.

Jack DeWitt, his little ol' chest just bustin' with pride, announced that they are now building a barbecue pit and badminton court on the Back Terrace. He says there are twenty-six bricks toward the pit, and twenty-two pledges toward the court. Besides all this they are putting out a paper for Homecoming. (Billy Krenson, editor).

If we may repeat from last year.

The SAE's
Are busy little bees.

But, boys. How about let's keep that front door shut; or else that inner door. It looks like the Epilon filling station has "what every tourist appreciates."