

Around the Square

WITH MARGARET ZEIGLER

Our Modest British Cousins:

The RAF boys are going to blitz the sports program here at school with a little exhibition game of rugby. When the English take-over has not been decided, but let's all turn out and give them the ole support. Says one Paul (my name is really Norman but I was brought up on the wrong sort of bottle) Jones, from Somewhere in England,

"The game is played with 15 men on each team . . . no padding or protection of any sort . . . no substitution . . . if all your teammates are blacked out, you continue the game, one against 15."

How about a nice quiet little game of football, chums?

We Come of Age

From one end of the campus to the other one hears state politics discussed. Who's right and who's wrong is a matter for history to decide, but at least we've come out of our little cocoon of not caring one way or the other. Several instructors have indicated their delight at the discovery that students have something on their minds other than football and sex.

After all, the student body of today is the cannon fodder, statesman, business man, or housewife of tomorrow.

A word of advice from an alumnus: "Study the issues of the day, base your program on facts, and be sane and sober in your actions."

Lesson for the Day:

"Much study is a weariness of the flesh." Eccl. Amen.

This Explains All . . .

In a publications office the other a.m. some students were arguing the why-fors of the Mercer defeat at the hands of the Rollins Institute for the Monied. One insisted at great length that, as the ball was painted just like the helmets of the Other Team, the Bears never could tell whether they were grabbing for the pigskin or somebody's head. Somebody else explained that the freshmen on our team had an inferiority complex: every time a Rollins senior whizzed by with the ball, our men felt compelled to step back and tip their hats.

The discussion ended with the unanimous agreement that if Coach Hooks keeps these boys for another year or two, we can neatly take the pants off the same Georgia team that knocked us for such a colossal loss.

Tea Room Chatter:

Clarence came to lunch the other day, moaning "I'm so upset!" It seems that Dean Boyette distinctly heard a few whistles, and vaguely detected a boo in Monday's chapel program. She referred to whistlers and boo-ers as hoodlums, and Clarence just doesn't want the student body to get a bad name.

We invite would-be whistlers and boo-ers to the Thursday Chapel Culture Classes.

Just a Minute, Please;

One of the most dignified members of the faculty stopped your columnist on the campus last week with the following startling observation,

"I enjoyed your article in The Silhouette—you know, the one on Let's Get Naked!"

Why, Mr. Robinson, you must mean Let's Go Native.

There's Always a Catch:

A co-op coterie was avidly watching the installation of the new clock above the counter. Billy Krenson said the school bought the clock, and then installed those penny scales (your wate and fate) to pay for it. A delegation has been appointed to get Mother Hubbard's verification of said theory.

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Big Shots of the Freshman Class

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS, recently elected: Paul Watson, Dublin, vice-president; Doris McCamy, Albany, secretary-treasurer; and Walter Israel, Macon, president.

Debaters Pick Faculty Aide

Dr. George Gordh, Mercer philosophy instructor, has accepted the position of faculty adviser for the local debaters.

Dr. Gordh succeeds Dr. John B. Clark who served the debaters last year. Under Dr. Clark's leadership the Mercer debaters made impressive showings in encounters with New York University, Dayton University, Emory University and G. S. C. W.

A Baptist minister, Dr. Gordh holds four college degrees.

He holds the A.B. degree from MacAlester College; the A.M. from the University of Minnesota; the Th.M. degree from the Southern Baptist Seminary, and the Ph.D. from the University of Chicago.

Dr. Gordh taught at Bethel Junior College in 1932-1933 and formerly served as minister of Baptist churches in St. Paul, Minnesota and Louisville, Kentucky.

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Swing Out Chillun!

Neel Takes off on Homecoming; 'Leadoutees' to Form Letter 'M'

The downtown pan-hellenic organization, known to our surrounding ministers simply as the Macon Greek Letter Association, is—of all things!—sponsoring a series of dances this week-end, to be known simply as the Homecoming Dances. This story is concerned only with one of this little group—that one being the Saturday night dance, because it's the one that has the biggest crowd, the most heat, the least dancing, the wettest perspiration, and the pie-eyedest alumni. To say nothing of the Lead Out. Oh that Lead Out!

The decorations of the Shrine Mosque (which will be at its shrineiest) will be horribly unique, featuring ferns, smilax—gad, it sounds like a wedding—and balloons. Hung from the middle of the mosque will be Talmadge—uh, oh, that's wrong. Wishful thinking, again— will be fifty balloons, from which in turn will hang orange and black, and blue and white streamers. Twined in among the smilax on the arch over the orchestra pit will be the Greek letters of each fraternity and sorority. Under the letters will blossom in an artificial sort of way, the representative flowers.

And then, Saturday night features the Lead Out. The leadoutees, headed by Cloud Hom-

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