

## THE MERCER CLUSTER

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## EDITORIAL

### Play Tonite is Step Toward Fine Programs at Mercer

Once again an extra-curricular attempt at higher education is being fostered on the Mercer campus. This time the Shakespeare class is sponsoring the appearance of the Avon Players in the production, "Taming of the Shrew."

Tonight's presentation will give the student body a chance to enjoy an unusual opportunity, to show their appreciation for the efforts of their fellow students, and to encourage the instigation of a new program at Mercer. Like programs exist on other campuses, and there is no reason why Mercerians should be denied the opportunity of learning somewhere other than books.

If tonight's attempt is financially successful—and that is YOUR responsibility—the Shakespeare class wants to sponsor a series of other plays and speakers that will appeal to every student. Other universities present such speakers as William Lyon Phelps and Carl Sandburg, such singers as Lawrence Tibbet, and eminent dance groups and musicians. It is our privilege, if we care to exercise it, to have an equally interesting program here.

"Culture" has come to be a fighting word on the campus. Nobody wants it crammed down their throats, and the use of the word has killed many an idea before the student body gave itself the chance to see what it really wants. But if a healthy interest in the arts and important questions of the day is "culture," Mercerians have it whether they admit it or not.

So let's come off our high horse, go to the chapel building tonight, and see a production that we would pay advanced prices for the opportunity of seeing if it were presented anywhere but at our school, by any organization but the Shakespeare class. We've cut off our noses in the past, and hurt no one but ourselves.

If we can get what we want at reduced prices, even if it's in a less exciting atmosphere than the city auditorium or the Grand theater, why not do it?

### Organization Activity Would Promote Interest of Students

The value of any organization to the student body is measured not by its mere existence, but by what it actually does.

Mercer has many various organizations and clubs on the campus, but most of them are in a decadent condition and have been for some time. Some organizations, such as Blue Key and Cardinal Key, are a definite credit to Mercer. They usually have a progressive program which is designed to help the school and put it before the public. Such groups as these are worthy of the praise and support of the faculty and students.

On the other hand there are organizations whose members are there for the sole purpose of having another activity by their name in the annual. These clubs list large numbers of students as members, but when they call a meeting and try to do something very few students appear. Once a student's name is on the roll, he or she seems to forget about the club and takes a very inactive part in its program. This type of club should either do something or disband. In their present status they are of no use to the university or the students.

The Cluster is supposed to be "the mirror of student thought and action." As matters stand now it must be just a mirror, for there is little or no student thought or action going on. The news staff finds the campus a dead one. The Cluster must necessarily depend mainly on the different campus organizations for its copy, and when the organizations don't function well, the paper is hard pressed for news.

We do not, however, advocate that the organizations do something just to furnish The Cluster with news. A well-rounded, progressive program carried out by the various groups on the campus would benefit the campus as a whole. Students would take more interest in their clubs, and the clubs would prove a credit to Mercer.

It all depends on the members of each organization. If they want to make their club worth something to them, they can do it. If not, well, organizations will be organizations in name only.

# Loose Ends *kNEELing at The Keyhole*

By Billy Krenson

THE CO-OP is really a money making place. It has been whispered around by one who knows, that the text books are sold for more than they are worth, for one thing. Then they put up a clock to lure people down there, that being the only prominent clock on the campus, and when the time-seekers get there they are sold book matches at the price of two for a penny. Even those who buy cigarettes are not given matches. And, of course, the scales.

To plagiarize Fess Farinolt, I wonder if they turn off the clock when they lock up the building?

THE WEATHER has definitely turned cold. At least this was the decision of a co-op bull session the other morning, and it must be a pretty general opinion. But the Administration, who must be Eskimos, refuses to acknowledge the advent of winter, and so the Chapel remains unheated. Now there are two horns on this dilemma: either we can go to Chapel and freeze, or not go and get quality points knocked off. Which is better—pneumonia, or not?

Big trouble is, we can't sleep when we are cold.

THE GREAT WAVE of progress around Macon is having one obviously good effect—an open air theater is under construction out on the road to Lakeside. There is nothing like a theater of this type to let one really enjoy ones self. You drive in, hook up to a mike, and just sit back and enjoy the show. These things are fun even if the movie is punk, if you have a date who—also likes punk movies.

But you gotta have a car . . .

AFTER LISTENING to those RAF boys talking about the fine old English game of Rugby, I can easily believe that saying about England's battles being won on the playing fields of Eton. After playing Rugby for four years everybody must be killed except the supermen. So we needn't worry about Hitler any more; English supermen can whip this "race of German supermen" any day.

We will go out on a limb and pick the score in the Rugby game—0-0. It will be a case of an irresistible force meeting an immovable object.

ANOTHER TIME-TESTED Mercer institution is gone by the board. The Bowery Ball, usually given by the "M" Club after initiation, is no more. Instead, the lettermen will hold a formal at the Shrine, in high style. Those Brawls were as much fun as anything given on the campus. Everybody—for a slight fee—went down to the Tavern and—well, what would you do if you had just finished a season's work at football?

So drag out the Tux with the big hip pocket . . .

## Lem Libel Tells

Lem wishes to forget that so-called Sadie Hawkins Day dance last Friday. There were soldiers, soldiers, and then some. Not that we have any objections to the Wearers of the Khaki—Lord knows what we'd do without them sometimes—but a Mercer dance should be a Mercer dance, even if it is given by Phi Mu for money raising purposes. And Lem has heard that the *Pew Mews* made around \$26.00.

Lem wonders why: girls who never have dates, even when they want them, talk about boys who never have dates, usually because they don't want them. And why other girls, such as Carolyn Reid, have to scream outlandishly at volley-ball games. Cheering is fine, but piercing shrieks can be done without. *Ye Gods!* And why Evelyn Neel doesn't quit acting like such a goody-goody. We all know that you know the well-known Facts, Evvy-Wevvy. And why Margaret and Butch don't go ahead and splice. Or have they already? And why Hal Bell doesn't realize what the general campus opinion of him is. Is your hat a size 12 now, *Big Shot?*

Nina Napier, belle of all the Army Balls, is on the way to becoming the left-out dame at Mercer. Lem hears that all her alleged "steadies" have left her like the rats from the sinking ship.

There is always a good samaritan on every campus, as well as a fool. Lem's suggestion for this week's good samaritan is Mary Elizabeth Hicks, who wants to have hammocks placed at

# *kNEELing at The Keyhole*

WITH EVELYN

—And so they were married.

Rumors concerning cupid's latest little couplet on the Mercer campus have been circulating from the biology lab, to the drug store, to the tea room, to the sorority suites, to chapel (where people are being seen these days), and back to the biology lab—and they're all different.

It is alleged that the first hitch occurred Thursday afternoon, when the man in the case became involved in a heated game of tennis—and forgot he was supposed to get married. The final hitch occurred on Friday afternoon when he did get married.

It is alleged that the groom came to class the following morning with lipstick smeared from one dainty little ear to the chin of the same face.

And did you hear what the groom told 'one of our sweet little freshmen? Why-y-y Professor!

By the way, congratulations, Professor Carver.

If all the administration were as nice and cooperative as Dean Knight, what a wonderful school this would be. Thanks a lot for the holiday, Dean. There is now absolutely no excuse for the students not turning out en masse for the Howard game. Of course 'tis rumored—as things always are—that Major Blair says we can only go if we haven't exceeded our number of cuts, already; that we aren't given a complete holiday.

However, this must be just a rumor, as the Major (Blair) is one of the most school-spirited men we know, and he'd be the last in the world to want to throw a wrench in things. Besides, he wouldn't want to let Dean Knight get ahead of him as far as kind deeds, and school popularity goes.

So everybody that can, begin asking the family for the old buggy, and next Thursday when day busts in the east, fill 'er up—with gas, or students or both—and hit the Birmingham highway. Oh mammy! I can't wait!

Don't be surprised if fungus-like growths, denoting whiskers, begin appearing on the Sons of Minerva. At a somber hour, after midnight, Saturday of Homecoming, the SAE's came of age. They pledged Ben Stewart, which makes them 21. Congratulations to all parties concerned.

And speaking of parties, Doris Chandler, new sponsor, is giving the SAE Chapter and dates a steak supper at her home Sunday night.

Anybody'd think the old rush season was still on. The ALT's just pledged William Donovan, Graham Pierce, and Lamar Albritton, and initiated Frank Pinkston, and Leslie Edwards. Congratulations, fellas.

Next Wednesday night, at the Y. W. C. A. on Poplar street, the AD Pi's are having a big "get-up-the-rent" dance. That is, the alumnae of AD Pi are having it. Your contribution will be \$.25, stag, and \$.35, drag. Mercer students are welcome, and we'd like to go so far as to encourage them to come.

And Tuesday morning, at chapel period, the Phi Mu, in their own sticky way are once again going to pull candy. Anybody, no matter what your social standing, or muscular development can join in—for \$.10.

Monday afternoon, at 2:30, the Emory cafeteria in Atlanta is going to be awfully ATO-ish. The Atlanta alumni (who are ATO's) are giving the pledges (who are also ATO's) all over Georgia and part of Florida, a dinner here. Brothers are also invited. The brothers will be ATO's.

Watch The Cluster next week for news of ATO.

We would like to extend a most cordial invitation to Mr. W. T. Anderson and Mr. Bayne, of The Macon Telegraph, to attend the forum to be held Tuesday night in Willingham chapel. The racial question will be discussed.

strategic positions on the campus so the boys and girls can rest between classes. And for this week's fool Lem nominates Bill Davis, who is letting Tom pour water down his back again.