

**The Mercer Cluster**

Russell Daley ..... Editor  
 Cecil Bowen ..... Business Manager  
 Margaret Zeigler ..... Associate Editor  
 Thomas Parker ..... Associate Editor  
 Bill Preston ..... Sports Editor  
 Billy Krenson ..... News Editor

Entered as second-class matter September 8, 1934, at the post office at Macon, Ga., under the Act of March 3, 1879.  
 The Cluster is a member of GCPA and ACP. Advertising and subscription rates upon application. Represented for national advertising by National Advertising Service, Inc. Published each Friday during the college year except holidays and final examination periods by the students of Mercer University.

**EDITORIAL**

**Cluster Needs More Funds; Student Support Necessary**

The Cluster was not published last week. The Cluster was not published week before last.

In fact, this is the first issue since Christmas holidays.

"Why," students are asking, "didn't we get our Cluster?"

No publication, unless printing costs are paid for entirely by subscribers, can exist without advertising. The Cluster lost its largest advertiser during the month of January. Enough ads to bear printing costs cannot be solicited locally under present conditions—there is a prevailing reluctance to advertise on the part of merchants. Another student publication, The Silhouette, is unable to solicit enough advertising to appear this month, and there is a probability it may be discontinued for the current school year.

The editor and business manager of The Cluster have been unjustly criticized for not publishing the school paper. It is definitely not their fault; no group, or individuals, are to be blamed.

Do you know how much each student pays, per quarter, for The Cluster? Thirty six and two-thirds cents (\$.36 2-3), or, one dollar and ten cents (\$1.10) per year. Printing costs for the paper are \$12.00 per page, meaning, dear student, that a four page issue costs \$48.00, and a six page issue costs \$72.00.

When the largest advertiser declined to advertise during the month of January, that left the business manager holding the bag; he tried to get enough advertising locally to defray printing costs, and it was next to impossible, under the circumstances. Even advertisers in daily papers have cut down considerably, and all publications are rather skeptical over their income with business firms holding back on advertising.

It has been very seldom in recent years—even quite unusual—when The Cluster "broke even" in its finances. During prosperity in peacetime your "mirror of student thought and action" has always had trouble with its income from advertising. No editor or business manager wants to run any publication with no assets and all liabilities. The Cluster has to be run on a business-like basis, and no business can show nothing but liabilities on its balance sheet and continue to exist. Something must be done.

Where is the fault?

The Cluster does not receive enough appropriation from the Student Activity fund.

The Student Activity fund, already over-taxed with expenses for glee clubs, debaters, dramatics, bands, athletics, and so on, cannot supply the needed funds.

Nevertheless, The Cluster must have more money than the thirty-six cents now being paid to it by each student. Someone has suggested taking up a free will offering so The Cluster can be published. Suggestions even went so far as to have staff members pass a collection plate in each chapel. One student stated he would gladly contribute five dollars to The Cluster fund. Students want their paper each week; the staff wants to publish the paper.

Would many students begrudge an extra dollar being tacked on to their tuition each quarter? Would they fight a measure that even asked for fifty cents more per quarter? With that extra money The Cluster would be in the co-op every Friday morning at 11:30. No issues missed; no red in the balance sheet; no failure in publication even if advertising income ran a little low for a couple of weeks.

Students! Isn't The Cluster worth more than 36 cents per quarter to you? —B. P.

**Loose Ends** By Billy Krenson

THE RECENT ACTION OF THE UNIVERSITY in accelerating education will really bring the war home, to many of us for the first time. Going to school in the summer and bearing up under four subjects is going to be something new and it doesn't look too pleasant from here, but the plan will be worth any amount of work if it enables us to get diplomas before being drafted.

The idea behind the new program is complete co-operation with the United States Army, which will co-operate with the colleges and universities of the nation by not calling students helter-skelter out of classrooms. Right now we are the men behind the men behind the guns, and it won't be long before many of us step forward one rank. It will be nice—and valuable—to have a diploma when this is over.

And Evelyn Neel wanders around practically in tears because she will miss a month of her only senior year in college . . .

THESE BRITISH ARE PECULIAR PEOPLE. After all we have done and are doing to help England, one member of the House of Commons, according to an AP story, announces that he "hates to think of the military center of control shifting to Washington." It gives him a "nasty" feeling. Another member remarked, "We may have to choose between whether this island shall be a western outpost of totalitarian Europe or the eastern outpost of an American-controlled civilization."

Really, now. And this from our own allies, too. Maybe if the center of military control shifted to this country we would begin to make some progress in this war. The English on the island have done little of an offensive nature, and wars are not won by standing up under bombing attacks.

The United States did not enter this war to help England. We are fighting to preserve Democracy and our principles of personal liberty. We are going to win this war, and we will do it whether England cares or not. How did this fool, this crazy man who ranks Americanism and Hitlerism as equal evils, ever become a member of the House of Commons? Let us pray that there are no more like him.

America has no desire to control civilization, but we may be compelled to step into the leading position. A new leader is needed, first to win the war, and then to win the Peace.

**Lem Libel Tells . . .**

Lem is feeling bad this month with there being very little dirt, The Cluster not having been out for three weeks, and the weather getting him down.

As if that isn't enough Lem's favorite couple seems to have called it quits for good. Toni told the KA's jovial Bill Davis that she loved another, and 'tis rumored she will get a ring and be married right after graduation. Russell "Deacon" Daley, seeing Bill's sorrow, recalled his own lost Martha and got the remorsees. Both are seeking solace in Nina's company, and all three may be seen at the Tavern any week-end. Deacon confessed to Lem that Nina is running Martha a close race to see which one he will grieve over the most.

Krenson is grieving for Mary Ann who left Mercer. We hear that Cecil Bowen and his girl had a falling out during Xmas. Margaret "legs" Zeigler seems to be having a hard time deciding between soldier Allan and G-Man Butch. Thomas White is always seen with Julia Harris.

Lem read in the paper that a Mercer sorority girl is engaged to a Camp Wheeler soldier and

will be married in June. Lem must be slipping, because he doesn't know who it is. Latest communique from The Great Ship, recently reported sinking, states that all the rats are returning. Nina, she of the changeable heart, says she no longer loves her Cornell man. Maybe there is a chance for Bill and Deacon there, since Ashby, of the Camp Wheeler chapter of KA, is leaving for officer's training.

Lem wishes some campus casanova would get up a romance with Iris Warren, and also that some coed would catch the SAE's Pete Giddens. If some one doesn't do something worth writing about Lem will have to give up and join the army. See you next week, as I must go out and drown my sorrows.

**What Do You Think?**

Question: What do you think of the Speed-Up-Education Program?

Horace Richter, senior: Students should participate and come to summer school because of the services they graduating early. It's better for them to go ahead than to drop out and volunteer. More emphasis should be placed on the sciences than the arts.

Harold Hollingsworth, junior: College work should be co-ordinated with national defense. Why should we take our time when the rest of the nation doesn't?

David Johnson, sophomore: It is a good idea because boys just under the draft age can get more education before having to go to the army. Also it will provide more officer material.

Paul Watson, freshman: People don't get the best out of mass production. It's like turning out faulty equipment.

Nina Napier, junior: I think it ought to be optional for girls.

We have our own worries, so why should we be affected by the boys' troubles?

Jack Nesbitt, senior: People shouldn't languish in school when they could be out doing something. Now is the time to utilize everything and everybody.

Leanita Blount, senior: I hate to get out in the cold world a bit earlier than I'd planned.

Fields Varner, senior: If it helps national defense, I'm all for it. Students should be made to sacrifice the same as other people.

Ray Dickey, freshman: Some people can't go to school unless they work in the summer, so the plan will hurt them.

**kNEELing at The Keyhole**

WITH EVELYN

Everybody's worried about the war. Worried frantic: Some are dashing to enlist. They say it won't be over for ten years. Which is awfully silly because the Mercer coeds say it will be over by little commencement. They know, because they are going to enlist in the ambulance corps and practice parallel parking behind the enemy lines. It's a system that can't fail. They expect to take Tokyo by February first, Rome by March first, Berlin by April first (April Fool's day—ha ha—will that be a joke on the Germans!) and by May first, be home for L. C.

Dedicated to these brave femmes, is the following poem. The characters depicted are entirely fictitious, and are therefore not easily recognizable.

Ode to the Mercer Ambulance Drivers

Those Japs didn't stand a Chinaman's Chance

It was a dark day for Germans and Japs  
 When Mercer formed an ambulance corps (pronounced core)

They were wiped out like flies,  
 From their troops to their spies,  
 And battles were bloody with gore.

For Mercer Co-eds—bless their sweet little heads  
 Would sneak over in the dark  
 And in ambulances behind the enemy line  
 Learn how to parallel park.

Oh, the fields they were bloody with Germans  
 and Japs,

Who—defenseless—had been run over.  
 And the fame of the names of those brave  
 Mercer dames  
 Spread to the White Cliffs of Dover.

But wiping out Japs wasn't all they could do,  
 These dames with the frames so gigantic.  
 They could haul patients and stuff "back and to,"  
 Though the poor patients did die of panic.

One day, while "hauling" over a field,  
 While the skies overhead were vultural,  
 A voice awfully fretful, and sort of "Boyettish"  
 Shouted, "Oh, girls, this just isn't cultural!"

They waved, and drove on, and just at the dawn  
 They came on a body most dead.  
 In stopping they cried, "Can we give you a ride?"  
 "How much will it cost?" the voice said.

"You're in such a pickle, we'll just charge a  
 nickle."  
 These kind hearted dames did reply.  
 Mr. Hubbard then moaned, and horribly groaned,  
 "Go on and just let me die."

So onward they flew, through the mist and the  
 dew

Each brave and white-clad gail  
 Then their hearts fell with a plop, when a voice  
 shouted, "STOP!"  
 Oh stop, it's eroding the soil!"

"Not the soil!" they cried. "Yes, the soil," he  
 replied

"It's all simply turning to mud."  
 "Can we help any, Prof?" He turned with a scoff.  
 "Yes, stop the flow of this blood."

A voice then cried, "Come help me . . . my side!"  
 And they rushed away to see.  
 Then they pushed in the throttle and pulled out  
 a bottle.

"Get that flask away from me!"

"But it's to be rubbed, not drunk," they said.  
 "I don't care," said he with a snarl,  
 "Whether rubbing or drinking, it's all pretty  
 stinking  
 Because it's alcohol."

And remember, my hardies, when picking up  
 bodies,  
 What I told you back at school:  
 You are dames, and these are men's frames,  
 So remember the Three-Foot Rule."

They sang an old song as they bumped along  
 About **Keep The Ambulance Going**  
 And they bumped off Japs—the poor yellow saps  
 Whether 'twas hailing or snowing.

Yes, they'd make it go thru the hail or the snow,  
 Didn't know what a trench or a sence meant.  
 For they had to get dresses, and curl their long  
 tresses

Before May first—LITTLE COMMENCEMENT.