

The Mercer Cluster

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EDITORIAL

Our Political Promises Are Going to be Kept

This is the first issue of The Cluster to be put out by its new Editor and staff, and though it is far from perfect, we hope you will bear with us. It is our intention to improve steadily with each issue.

We would like to take this opportunity to emphasize to the student body that the promises we made during the political campaign were not empty words. Negotiations with the business office have already been started to arrange an increased allotment for The Cluster from the Student Activities fund, and this will almost guarantee a paper every week.

We want The Cluster to be interesting to the students, and we want it to meet the highest journalistic standards. We will exert all our effort toward doing these things.

The Cluster will support every worthy project, and will co-operate with the University administration in everything it does that deserves co-operation. It will work for progress, and do its best toward assisting Mercer in her War effort. This effort, by the way, is showing up strongly in attendance at physical education classes and in the appointment of faculty and student committees to further sale of War stamps and bonds.

Our wish is to publish a paper that the students want, and any worthy suggestions will be given consideration. The staff will do its best to see that The Cluster remains a paper that, with regular publication, can win any All-American honors.

We're Not Working For Defense Now, But Victory

Now that people are beginning to realize that this War cannot be won by defense alone, we feel that our chances for Victory are improved considerably. The most visible evidence of this change in feeling is the fact that what were once called Defense bonds and stamps are now known as War bonds and stamps.

The defense theme was all right before December 7, when the country's efforts were all directed toward "splendid isolation." We were preparing to defend ourselves in case of attack, with the idea that a powerful Army, Air Corps, and Navy would perhaps scare off any would-be assailant.

But once we became actually involved in the War the defense motif lost its usefulness. The time had come for offense, but it took a long time for anyone to do something about it. Now the national psychology is changing from one of hiding behind fences to one of attack. When we get rid of all these defense industries, committees, and such, and change them to industries of War, we will be getting somewhere.

Maybe it won't be long before we can stuff the Jap back into his little can of an island and seal him up forever.

Side Slants By Bill Preston

Under strict supervision of your newly elected editor, the customary two columns on the sports page written by yours truly will, in future editions, be shifted to page two, with only one syllable cut from the column head. Previously mentioned editor informs us that the shift will allow more variety in writing without the usual adherence to sports. So, we carry on.

Even after final results in the student elections were made known, the subject of politics is still with us. Oldtimers say they never expected to see an election carried out in the quiet manner that this one was held. Some few long for the "good old days" when at least half the student body remained up all night outside the window where votes were being counted.

Like many who have written in these columns for the past five years, we think there is a crying need for improvement in Mercer's political setup. No drastic change in which voting would be taken out of the hands of students is advocated here; just a polishing up in spots is all Mercer needs. We predict: some day, somewhere, in the future, there will come the student, or students, who have enough student respect, idealism, and "guts" to advocate a change and see that the change is made. To abolish some political practices on this campus would require several things; viz., vigorous publication editorials, leader interest, realization of individual responsibility, chapel discussions, talks by outsiders, and finally, one man to lead the movement. And he must be a "man" in every sense of the word.

Lem Libel Tells . . .

Ann Chapman is heartfree these days, John Ben or no John Ben . . . Somebody please ask Shirley Bakewell to the SAE annual formal . . . The Deacon chose to make a trip to the print shop when the alternative was appearing in Nina's diamondback sweater in front of the student body on stunt night . . . Toni is bowing out as fruitful copy for the column, aided by a diamond that big . . . And sweet Helen Harris, going quietly on her way, shifts to second place with a diamond that big . . .

The trophy for this week's fool goes to Fields Varner who, while not having had any water poured down his back as yet, is getting the same treatment from Farmer that the KA's generous Bill Davis used to get from a Mercer coed . . . Lem's nomination for belle of the campus goes to "the sweetheart of comparative lab" Miss Dottie Hall . . . Deacon Daley, Lem's retiring boss, has had his eye on Dot since the KA house-party, but she has been dated up through April ever since the decline and fall of the Napier

empire . . . Note to Johnny Draughon . . . Zeigler is getting married this summer and to Butch not Alan . . . At long last Frankie is sporting Billy Thames' sword and shield . . .

In case you haven't noticed, Ray Dickey and Dot Kilgore seem to have been bitten by the love bug . . . That magnificent male Quenton Plunkett, is returning for Evelyn's graduation . . . according to a reliable and unbiased source . . . Miss Neel herself. The coeds must be losing their grip as their batting average for the SAE lead out tonight is only .107, or only three Mercer girls in the grand march. Lem nominates Billy Krenson as an honest politician. Instead of spending money getting elected he made one dollar off the campaign.

Rambling . . . With 'DEACON' DALEY

This column appears through the courtesy of a hole which appeared on the editorial page late Thursday night. Krenson does not like the beginning for this effort, but the hole must be filled.

It is usually the custom for the retiring editor to write a long editorial telling the students what a wonderful paper he put out and all the trouble he encountered. We thought we would get out of writing such a piece, but then this damn-hole appeared and Boss Krenson said "Fill it up." Just what to say is a problem, but tempus fugit and something must be done about the hole.

Every editor must, sooner or later, turn over the reins to his successor. It is with a mixed feeling of relief and regret that we do so. Relief, because we will have a little time of our own to study or play. Regret, because it has been fun putting out the paper, and a lot has been learned through trying experiences. The staff cooperated wonderfully and everyone was willing to work hard. The students were very nice in not griping much when the paper failed to appear due to loss of advertising. Maybe they didn't read the paper and had no reason to miss it. We like to think we put out a pretty good paper, and are confident that Billy will put out a better one.

Well that's done and we still have nearly half a page to go to take care of the aforementioned hole. If we were gifted at poetry we would write a poem, but being no Shelley something else must do. Congratulations are due Mercer's debaters for their fine efforts this year.

Preston says something should be done about improving politics. We think something should be done about improving the working conditions of the election committee. The wages are fine, but the hours are not conducive to attending classes. The committee counted votes until about 7 o'clock Wednesday morning and a couple of fools then went to class.

As we write this we don't know what is happening at the coop where the first Stunt Night was put on, but from what we heard about the skits it should have been good. Anyone who reads Lem will know why we age at the print shop, and we think we are definitely in the best place for us to be. We don't know why, and you probably agree, but Editor in Chief Krenson says we are to write a column from now until our induction. You only have about two weeks to skip this space in the paper, so please take it out on Krenson, not us. Thank you.

kNEELing at The Keyhole

WITH EVELYN

Today, we devote the column to the Georgia Psi chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. Because tonight is their Big Night. For weeks (it would be more accurate to say years) they have been scheming, planning, and plotting all that is to culminate in tonight's function.

From Fields Varner (the busiest little bee of all) we hear there will be two leadouts. One headed by President Billy McCowen—and of course, sponsor Doris Chandler—and consisting of all the SAE's. The other will be the Minerva leadout (wives and mothers) headed by Mrs. Lattimore.

We can't give any accurate details as to decorations as yet, except that they'll be SAE'ish. Favors are already being prepared for each date of an SAE.

Doris Chandler, above-mentioned sponsor, is having a big open house for brothers and pledges at intermission.

A blanket invitation is extended to the whole campus and—as usual—tux is preferred, though not necessary.

So have a good time tonight Mercer, and especially SAE. We have taken a lot of cracks at you fellas in this column, but it's not because of dislike. You're a grand bunch of sports, and this column sincerely wishes you a big success tonight.

Congratulations to the political winners. Even more congratulations to the losers. It takes something to know how to lose. And, baby, you have what it takes.

Dick Wade is leaving next Friday for the ninth District Convention of Kappa Sigma. Also going along will be Hugh Cheek, Sam Crossley, Top Prescott and Hubert Warren. Hugh confides that some sorority is having convention here the same weekend, and "they'll furnish entertainment—on the side."

Orchids to the AD Pi's (and did they have them on!) for a tasteful, and enjoyable dance last Friday night.

Rusty Hathaway is entertaining the ATO's this Sunday at his home, with a buffet supper. Dates will also be included in this invitation.

As this goes to press, all indications point to an outstanding success as far as Stunt Night goes. Mr. Hubbard shelled out \$15 for a trophy, and \$5 for decorations without more than an hour's argument. Sam Crossley was seen taking charge of stage decorations, Bill Lowe and Gus (I-been-sick) Graham were seen holding up wires with their manly shoulders, Napier, her mouth beautifully shut, in grim determination, pinning strips of crepe paper, and Cecil Bowen, Chubby-love Wood, and Blondie Birch humming happily as they worked together.

Yes sir, all indications point to an outstanding success.

And to add to the pleasures of the occasion, Miss Mary Nance Daniel (of Religious Focus Week fame) has been visiting the campus this week. Her stay was made enjoyable here because the decoration committee even let her decorate. Seriously we were glad to see her again, for we feel she is an old friend.

Last Wednesday night, instead of having the traditional fraternity meeting, the Phi Deltas went on a lovely picnic out to Kiwanis Lake, near Gray, Ga. The Phi Mu's also called off meeting for the occasion. All returned with the opinion that there is no better place for a picnic, or blanket party, or what have you. The food was good but went too fast, the weather, miraculously, was fine, and the girls, boys, were wonderful. Anybody who doesn't believe that last is more than welcome to try for themselves.

As we more or less intimated at the beginning of the column, today is dedicated to the SAE's. Therefore it is only fitting that we end by congratulating them on the nine boys becoming brothers this afternoon. These are David Hester, Crowell Stewart, Ben Stewart, Mickey Paull, Pondo DeRieux, Bob Calpepper, Bob DeWitt, Charlie Hubbard, and Rudy Woodward.