

The Mercer Cluster



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EDITORIAL

Start a Bond Drive

For several weeks we have been toying with the idea of having a student bond drive—get the student body, through individual contributions, to buy a War bond. A move such as this would not only aid in the War effort, but would enable students to take an active part. The bond might be made payable to some worthy cause; for example, the student activity fund, or Mercer University.

Several colleges and universities have already successfully completed drives of this type. One North Carolina school bought a thousand dollar bond, but we do not think that a school the size of ours should undertake a drive of such magnitude. We would be satisfied with a five hundred dollar one.

Blue Key, one of the very few active organizations on the campus, has announced that it hopes to be able to sponsor such a drive. Always ready and eager to do any service to the country and to the institution, this group has already begun installation of a flag pole, long a crying need here. This is the logical organization to carry out a bond drive effectively, and The Cluster would like to see it done.

Abolish Dead Organizations

Last year and the year before, The Cluster published a schedule for meetings of the various organizations on the campus. This was done in order to minimize conflicts in meeting times, and to let members know, once and for all, when their organization was to meet.

The Cluster would like to do this again, but there seems to be no need for it. Very few of the clubs are meeting at all this year, so there is no conflict as to time. Last year organizations frequently attempted to meet and accomplish something, but these attempts usually turned out to be fruitless because only a very few of the so-called members of the clubs turned out for the meetings.

We know that the country is at war, and that therefore the minds of the presidents of the organizations, whose duty it is to call meetings, are on something else. But this is not a legitimate excuse for letting an organization die. In times like these the fellowship and instruction that can be got from clubs is just as valuable as it always was, or more so. Their purpose is not to furnish points toward honor groups or to satisfy fraternity requirements, but to give extra-curricular activity in various fields. And they might serve a valuable purpose by helping the War effort through scrap drives and the like.

We see no need in having expensive, useless dead weight hanging from the school's neck, so if a club is not going to function, let it be abolished.

AND IN THIS CORNER...

By Bennie Griffith

Hardly at Hardeman

We have always been a little awed by the stony old staidness of the Hardeman Library, and, every time we can spare a minute, we like to putter around in it, sometimes finding things of minor interest, but always hoping for something big, like today. It had just never occurred to us that there would be anything like a "National Mathematics Magazine," until we ran across an appropriately grey-bound copy with the title in heavy black, and below it the polite inscription, "Formerly Mathematics News Letter." We devoured with interest such scholarly articles as "Primitive Integral Triangles" and "General Comparison of Conformal and Equilong Geometries." Next week, if the weather is clear, we are going to start on "Teaching Centroids and Moments of Inertia Simultaneously." This holds a particular interest for us, since we have an uncle who can rub his pate and pat his abdominal region at the same time.

It's the little startling things over at Hardeman that appeal to us most. On one of the inner doors appears the inscription, not "men," not "gentlemen," but "Gents." To us, the word "Gents" has a peculiar notation. When we hear the word, we see a surrealist portrait of a Black Derby hat, thick virile cigar smoke, and the proletariat lather of beer. Being a "Loyalsonoftheinstitution," we don't think it befitting the Mercer spirit.

A Prof and His Money

We have always liked Education courses. Not for the same reason we like Major Ferguson's courses in the Spring, when the migratory birds display their gregarious beauty outside the third floor Ad Building windows, but for a more human motive. We maintain that the Education Professor not only is capable of presenting a lecture that one has to grope for to grasp, but quite often does. He's a curious composite of philosopher, psychologist, and Baptist. He is also doing his part for the war effort. One graduate, who could interpret his class room diagrams, is now in Army Intelligence, Decoding Department.

There's always the possibility that something hilarious may happen. For example, the other day. The professor was lecturing on the intrinsic value of money. He casually drew a fifty-cent piece from his pocket and with a "What good is this coin on a desert isle?" and a nervous shrug, he tossed it over his shoulder by way of illustration. With a dull clink the half-buck dropped back of a crack in the baseboard, quite out of the reach of the good Doctor, who was by this time on his knees, in a high state of perspiration, mumbling something about "next week's groceries." Let's see, this flashlight is awfully dim. It should be about here. Hand me that crowbar, Krenson, or I won't give you your half.

Mrs. Barfield tells us that over 900 packages of crackers are sold at the co-op each week, and we will venture to say that around half of those packages aren't entirely consumed; one or more of the crax being left on a table or chair. It's pretty hard not to think about the Greeks when we see this and other typical American wastes. We don't have to think about the Greek's daily bread ration being less than that package of crackers, but it's hard not to. Of course they can get more bread if they just throw little Antonia's body out on the street and not report the death. They can use his ration card and get his package of crackers.

Lem Libel Tells

Have you heard all about Crowell's women doing him up for the last year, he says? Fincher's latest—her own emotionless Brannon. The sororities renig on the drinks passed out to them in The Silhouette. The newest couple, Butch and Jane. Sponsor with the best figure—Miriam Elmore.

Was Lem seeing things or were Betty and Roscoe sitting (?) on the campus (Chapel steps to be exact)? What would the vulture say? Could it be possible that Wesleyanns have lost their grip in the face of all these new Merceranns? (New word coined by Lem). Oh, by the way, have you met Benny's latest (unless he has changed again—the blonde, the Venus, the one and only Beverly.) Chapman still has her Hell-o (misspelled halo).

Skinney Stevens has been reported dangerous (on blanket parties only). Lattimore at last has some competition, another convertible named Wilbur has arrived on the scene. Sorry, Tom, another rooster is in the hen yard now. Katherine Durden is still running with the Phi Delt's—house party hangover—they always were a greedy bunch. Is Lem seeing another mirage? Are the Phi Delt's and AD Pies (as in sugar-pies) acting friendly these days? Snake actually came AWOL last week to see Chapman. And then Chapman was out on a date—that's women for you. Has every one met the Dublin debutante, Clyde? Lem wants to know what night you have free.

Reports indicate that Chubby "Hairless" Joe Wood and Mac Hardeman are having quite a time trying to decide which one is going to put a pin on glamorous "Scutis" Williams. Don't give up, Mac. It seems that "Red" Warren is about to forget her man-hating habits, 'cause Lem overheard her saying she wanted a date with the aforementioned green convertible. Pore Camp Wheeler—They only have Betty left now. Roscoe, former colonel at Richmond academy, is running into difficulty with his women—but no wonder with Geneva Smith, Betty Williamson, Ann McCloud, and representatives from the conservatory and Middle Georgia on his string. And, Doug had to pin up his girl all over again Saturday; the first time, it was in Bessie Tiff's wall-lighted parlor.

Presto Glances

By Bill Preston

DRAFT DODGERS—Last week in your first copy of The Silhouette, a certain columnist in a certain feature intimated in so many words that a member of the senior class is a draft dodger. Perhaps this needs some explanation: said member of senior class tried every possible means to enlist in some branch of reserve service in order to stay in school and avoid being drafted when his A.B. degree was only six months away.



Finally, after much effort, he attained the rank as private first class in the Army Enlisted Reserve Corps. Now the degree is in sight.

Note to Mr. Warr: Those who seek to defer active service by enlisting in the Navy, Marine, or Army reserves which are open to college men are definitely not "draft dodgers."

MILK—Daisies (cows to some) are getting quite a workout these days supplying Mercer men and women with their refreshments to replace shortages in cokes and other carbonated beverages. The co-op sales of cow-juice have mounted tremendously over last year's sales. Possibly this could be attributed to the war-conscious Mercer students, so enthusiastic over the physical fitness program that they make the substitution themselves. It's rumored that local dairies are running night and day to supply the co-op and Chichester's with the health-promoting drug.

FIRE—Last spring when Mercer's first annual May Day pageant was scheduled, students witnessed the erection of a wooden structure on the campus in front of the Christianity building. This was supposed to serve as a stand for all the notables in the pageant.

Scarcely had the last nail been driven in the boards when, in the dark of night, some rebellious student or students set fire to the structure. Such an act was quite un-Mercerian-like, and caused a considerable "stink" among faculty and student circles.

Again we are witnessing the erection of a wooden structure.

This time, however, it's being built on the tennis courts. And as yet the purpose of the structure has not been divulged. A few inquisitive students insist that it is part of an obstacle course that the Army is placing on the campus. Others maintain the wooden wall is a continuation of an obstacle course that runs from Camp Wheeler into town. Then there are other schools of thought that maintain the wall is: (1) a backstop for the tennis court; (2) a practice board for tennis beginners; (3) a screen to keep co-eds from peering at males who play attired only in shorts; (4) a screen to keep males from peering at co-eds who play.

One old-timer (fourth year man to you, freshmen) has predicted that this wooden structure will meet with identically the same fate that the wooden stand did last spring. In other words, he believes it will burn down some dark, cold, lonesome, dreary night when all good Mercerians should be asleep.

Your columnist hopes such a thing will never occur again, but there are still mischievous fools in this world. And some are to be found any time, any place. Even at Mercer.

WEDDING BELLS—The war has brought about a lot of weddings in the past few months. Or, at least, something brought them about. And since war is our prime conversational element these days we usually attribute every unusual trend or phenomena to it.

For Mercer males who might be considering nuptials in the near future we refer them to the October Esquire which came out September 11. In that issue they will find a matrimonial scoring card to chalk up the lady's qualities good or bad. A score of 500 is possible, but most women run considerable lower scores than that. To quote Esquire: "Forget gals under a score of 350; linger longer from 350 to 400; anything over 400 rates a trip to the church! and if she's over 475 rush her there by wire, plane or long distance phone. If she tops 495, forget her: she's either married, Betty Grable, or a pipe dream."

Check up on 'em, fellows.