

The Mercer Cluster

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Make It Our Victory

The keynote of all America today seems to be patriotism. Buy War Bonds, Get in the Scrap, A Slip of the Lip May Sink a Ship, and other slogans are constantly brought to our attention. And as good Americans perhaps most of us respond to these big items of loyalty in an admirable fashion. But: Do we show our patriotism in the small matters that we constantly face in the way of minor deprivations because of war needs elsewhere?

First we were told that we could have only a certain amount of gasoline to burn uselessly, because it was needed elsewhere; also we were asked to go easy on the tires because there wouldn't be any more. Some responded; others bootlegged gas and continued to take corners on two wheels. That was only the beginning—sugar allotments followed, cuff-less pants necessarily became the style, and "Coke" consumption was drastically reduced. Then the grumbling started. It was all right to slow down on gas (?) and use a half pound of sugar a week or even wear cuff-less pants, but now that the war has hit closer, our real patriotism has bogged down.

Here's where. We hear complaints on all sides because we have to drink "ole milk" at the Co-op instead of a coke. Yet we get in the dining hall and complain bitterly because one day a week we are forced to drink tea or water so that the city milk supply will be adequate. Don't forget, boys, the Camp has a milkless day just like us; we aren't really sacrificing for them.

All sorts of similar complaints reach the ears of the dietician—Why can't I have bacon on my eggs? When are we going to get some more jelly? What d'ya mean I can't have two pieces of butter? What! No dessert? I don't believe there is a milk shortage, and on and on.

Sure, we have to do without a few things—some of the things we like best, perhaps. Yet we haven't been touched by war yet in comparison with England, where butter is unknown, civilian automobiles are a thing of the past, pork is army food solely, and desserts and delicacies are dreams of things that were and will be again some day.

Surely we'd hate to think that our failure to do without some little thing would be indirectly responsible for the death of some friend or ally somewhere. Perhaps that sounds too sepeculative, but it's true. WE HAVEN'T YET COME TO REALIZE THAT THIS IS TOTAL WAR AND THAT THE LEAST OF US MUST DO HIS PART NOW.

So come on Mercerians; let's buy our stamps and give the scrap. But more than that, let's tighten our belts (if necessary) and resolve that no matter what we have to give up now it will be more than worth what it cost us when our boys come back with the victory. Let's make it our victory. —F. M.

Revive Mercer Dramatics

Nearly every college or university in this country has an active and capable dramatics department, and though this phase of activity is often of the extra-curricular variety much valuable training and experience is to be derived from it.

It is very difficult to put on a successful play without capable direction and without funds. The local dramatic organizations, The Mercer Players and Alpha Psi Omega, were given no student activity money allotment this year, and there is no full-time, trained director here at present, nor is there any hint that we will get one.

There is, however, a move afoot to try to produce a play, and since we feel that instruction and practice in dramatics is very valuable, we sincerely hope that it can be done. If the Student Activities Committee can be persuaded to invest a little of the students' money in it, and if some capable faculty member (such as Miss Boyett, who was of considerable aid last year) can find time to help in directing, it should be. Dramatics at Mercer must not be allowed to die.

AND IN THIS CORNER . . .

By Bennie Griffith

Service Please

According to ATO O. D. Howell, last year's student body prexy, and this year just another Howell in "O.D.'s," the army has a very intricate method of using its talent.

After days of scientific selection and much "eenie meenie-minie-moeing" Orbin found himself in line with several score other privates, and a sergeant.

The sergeant, who was, by the way, from Brooklyn, announced with leather in his voice: "Any of youse guys who have had journalism experience or wolked with newspapers, step forward!"

Our hero, who has taken innumerable courses from Dr. Allen and wrote a feature story once for The Cluster, stepped forward. "Okay," bawled the sergeant, "pick up all the newspapers on the grounds."

ATO Jim Deming, now in the Coast Guard, fared no better. When asked what he did in civilian life, he racked his brain for a moment, and, hoping for a soft job in the physical education division, answered: "I've done some YMCA work and quite a bit of weight-lifting."

During the next three days, Brother Deming unloaded single-handed, an unidentified number of box cars, filled to the top with extraordinarily heavy machinery parts.

Knowing Jim as we do, we have been fearing coastal invasion ever since he enlisted. We have sworn several times to enlist in the safe Foreign Legion, having all-too-frequent nightmares of our beaches being defended by a Coast Guard composed entirely of Demings. Then, on especially horrible nights, after a commando raid on the refrigerator for a roast pork sandwich, we see Crossley in uniform and wake up screaming for a five-ocean navy.

Bad Humour Man

We begin to feel like fixtures around here when things start popping up with some annual degree of regularity. The thing that popped up last week was Sepia Skater Dan Wylie, who says he is fifty-three and modestly says also he is the "World's Champion Roller Skater." Dan was here during my freshman year with the same act and exactly the same jokes, which fragments of wit are scrawled on cards and gleaned, he says, from big-time vaudeville acts with which he has played. Now we know why vaudeville is dead. Or perhaps vaudeville isn't dead, it just smells like putrescence has set in.

We would not have been surprised to hear the classic "Who was that lady I seed you with" or even a new variation like one musician saying to another, "Whose oboe was that I saw you with last night?" Other musician: "That was no oboe, that was my life."

Anyway, Dan as usual put on a good show, moving to the climactic "one leg spin" and whirling like a veritable demon. We were there when Culpepper was counting the cash in Dan's free-will offering. He was wiping his brow and watching George and the pile of copper and silver, of which there was little or no green matter, which, Dan says, "contains many vitamins."

"Will I be able to carry it all away?" he asked.

He was.

Lem Libel Tells

Greetings and salutations! this is station D-I-R-T with your old reporter Lem Libel back again to give some of his choicest morsels, so here goes. Mildred, despite her resolutions, did not quit Johnny, after all. He is still on the beam; just like one of the girls. And, speaking of John's, Johnny Mark seems to have deserted Wesleyan Conservatory for a cold little thing that makes him "Chiver," while his namesake from Forsyth seems to have the same idea.

Since Lem is in one of his sympathetic moods today, let's send sympathy cards to the Phi Deltas and Tom. The parlor of MEP is going to look like a Phi Delt chapter room from now until Christmas. Is that all right with you, Lattimore? Lem would like to know if Solomon got any peroxide on him Sunday night. "Dark Horse" Mayo is quite the sheik of the campus and gets our vote for being the biggest Romeo, with a string composed of Williamson, Williams, and Horton. Nice work if you can get it.

A comely Maconite caused somewhat of an uproar in the library the other night, and "Preacher" Booth seems to have been the most excited. Her name is Martha. Lem is a peaceful character and it is with utmost regret that he sees impending doom in the Phi Mu suite. Charis is trying to horn in on Mildred and Sara Sams, and seems to be doing a pretty good job. I see a hair pulling coming on. And in this corner we have "Slinky" Slate, and in the other corner, "Bat-tling Boyett" Hayes.

Note to Turner: That is a

cute date you have for home-coming. But remember, it's not Hallowe'en.

Lem would like to suggest that our very efficient night watchman and his assistant, Miss Boyett, look into the se-crecies of the "Tower" for some of the wandering co-eds some night.

I imagine the mighty Bracken had a big letdown when the comely McLeod decided to have someone else on the big party tonight. And at last, Lem has found a real man-hater. Emily Calhoun (of the raw-egg-eating Calhouns) has been quoted as saying that three days of being in love were enough for her. But here's betting that Lance and Frances could change her mind. The Phi Mu's have a true pledge in Fran Rawlins. She already has one "Loole" to her credit.

Congratulations are in order for Mr. and Mrs. Ken Askew, who were married September 12, and are now residing at 1230 College. There's one boy who pinned a girl and was not a sucker. Lem wishes them all the luck in the world.

(With a word of warning we are signing off for the week. Lem will be on the Phi Mu blanket party tonight, so be careful, kids. Even blankets have eyes).

Presto Glances

By Bill Preston

MUSCLES—Barfield's muscular, muscle-bound, muscle men, manipulating metal barbells with unique masculine meticulousity, provide amusement seldom experienced by man or beast in the "body building" classes held thrice weekly in the gymnasium.

Such an aggregation of varied specimens in male physiques has never before been assembled in a single group. Even if there was a soul in the world who had witnessed the entire process of man's evolution, that soul would never have seen a conglomeration of aspiring Atlases like Barfield has collected.

From the 97-pound weaklings to the 190-pound all-muscle specimen—they are all there.

Exercises the class indulge in consist of everything from weight-lifting to practical ballet dancing and self-torture methods. With huffs and puffs and strains and grunts the muscle men lift metal weight that should have been contributed to the scrap drive long ago. After exercising biceps, triceps, deltoids, and various other unknown muscles that only Instructor Barfield can pronounce, they all retire for a croon in the showers. (Crooning benefits the diaphragm, stimulating blood circulation). According to Barfield the trapezius is one of the most difficult muscles to develop, so, naturally, everyone strives to develop said muscle—hoping for that A in the course.

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INDIVIDUALS—There are some, however, who resent this socialistic trend toward cooperative exercising, and prefer to spend an afternoon of exercise with a more individualistic attitude. Among this minority is well-known Editor Krenson, two-year star pupil of Barfield's. He, along with lawyer Henderson, prefers to exercise fully dressed in coat, tie, and other campus BMOC clothing; naturally this creates a disturbing influence among other exercisers. Then these two pupils also prefer to leave off the customary shower at the end of the class; this raises quite an objectionable stink.

Conscientious Frank Pinkston strives for a loss in weight through the exercises; he has his own theory in reaching his objective. It is quite contradictory to Barfield's, since Pinkston follows a strict routine of lazily slumping in a convenient chair throughout the afternoon class.

Biologist Tom Lattimore is the perfect example of a true "body builder." He attends class religiously, performing all prescribed exercises with strict precision and thoroughness. A recent appendectomy doesn't—for a single moment—make him refrain from those vigorous exercises that put the mind and body in the pink of condition. Yes indeed, a perfect example of Barfield's instruction.

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VOCALISTS—Barfield's body builders are quite a versatile group. Enrolled in the class are four or five singers who combine exercising with vocal gymnastics. In perfect barber shop harmony they lend their talents with renditions of the Alma Mater, Hail to Mercer, In the Evening, Praise the Lord an' Pass the Ammunition, with a verse of "She's My One Black, Two Black . . . Chocolate to the Bone" thrown in for good measure.

There is a movement under way, sponsored by the class instructor, for these singers to compose a body-building song—purpose of which is to give the class further publicity among campus circles. At present the singers have hit on a tune, but are at a loss for words to fit. Said tune is "The Volga Boatman," since it combines all the necessary masculine feeling and "esprit de corps" when one attempts to carry that particular tune.

Barfield's prime objective is to whip these boys into shape so that when they go into service they won't be inducted as a bunch of F. R.'s.

NOTE: F. R. in body-building stands for Physical Wreck.

ECONOMICS—There's a rather select group on the campus, economics students, who were regretting the loss of Dr. Fritz Redlich from Mercer's teaching staff. You will remember Dr. Redlich came to Mercer several years ago and through his teaching became very respected and admired by all who studied under him. He was a brilliant man—he knew his subject and loved it. His lectures were dynamic.

Mr. E. L. Williams came to Mercer from the University of North Carolina and has taken over Dr. Redlich's position. Mr. Williams, in his short time on the campus, has befriended many students and made quite an addition to the Mercer faculty. He is doing a wonderful job in taking Dr. Redlich's place.