

The Mercer Cluster



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Seminar In Democracy

A large number of students on the campus will remember the course entitled Seminar in Democracy, which was taught last Spring. The course was designed to give students a fundamental knowledge of our form of government along several lines, such as Literature and Democracy, Law and Democracy, etc. In addition, other forms of government were described in order to let everyone see exactly why Democracy is the best.

Those who took the course found it very interesting. Some ten or twelve members of the faculty lectured, each taking three or four days in which to cover his subject. Though it was not a seminar in the dictionary sense of the word, it was none the less instructive.

We have heard a number of students say that they would like to take the course some time this year, perhaps next quarter. Formerly, only juniors and seniors were permitted to sign for the Seminar, and now those who were sophomores are eligible, and at least a few are anxious to have the course taught again.

To us the course had great value, not only because we learned about something that everyone should know, but also because Democracy is something we will soon be fighting for, and—well, we ought to know what we are fighting for.

It is a pretty safe bet that not one out of ten students on the Mercer campus can give a reasonable definition of Democracy. Though it is almost impossible to put into words everything that Democracy implies, everyone should have some concrete ideas on the subject, and knowledge is needed to develop these. So if the necessary arrangements can be made to teach the course again, by all means let it be done.

While Men Died . . .

"Business as usual" is encouraged by the Federal Government, but sometime when you read in the war communiques that American troops were encountering heavy enemy fire at a given time of a certain day, stop and figure out what you were doing at that exact time.

For several weeks American blood has been flowing from Guadalcanal, and recently a communique told of the heroic stand a Marine outfit made against an enemy assault which began at one of the approaches to Henderson Field. At the time I was in a picture show: life as usual, normal in most every way. While American men held the enemy at bay, I went to see The Major and the Minor. What were you doing?

It's a realistic point of view. What were you doing while American seamen went down on the Lexington, the Wasp, the Quincy, Astoria . . . ? Toward what does all this lead? It's not a plea to give up everything absolutely non-essential, like shows, dances, parties: they're necessary too, for some people; it's a plea to you who are still allowed the privilege of attending this institution to put some extra drive into your work. "Business as Usual," PLUS some extra punch.—T. P.

Statement of Policy

Without sacrificing editorial independence, or their right to make independent judgments, editors and staff members of this newspaper agree to unite with all college newspapers of the nation to support wholeheartedly and by every means at their command, the government of the United States in the war effort, to the end that the college press of the nation may be a united Voice for Victory.

AND IN THIS CORNER . . .

By Bennie Griffith

Of the Rising Sun

According to the tried and true World Almanac, eight o'clock classes are going to be held with as much as thirty-seven minutes in total darkness during part of January. We derived this through much calculation and are quite worried about it.

The other day, we were walking across the campus with another town student, going, in our usual state of Morphic Coma, to our eight o'clock class. It was a Dr. Downum course, and we were well stocked with Benzdrine tablets and a flask of black coffee.

The rosy fingers of dawn were just beginning to shake scoldingly at a few errant stars, and we remarked how pretty it was. "Yes," she yawned, "I like sunrises. The only trouble is they are too early."

Sounds Phoney—

We have vowed not to mention the Tappa Keg fraternity again, having already reconciled ourselves to the loss of a perfect brunt. We would have kept our word, too, if this thing hadn't occurred. Why does everything happen to Crossley's boys?

It seems that the other Sunday, the old colonel, Hendley Napier, was having a mint julep in the KA suite and quietly poring over L'il Abner.

Suddenly, and rather rudely, one of Sam's boys dashed in, foam on the lips, and yelled, "What station are you getting on your telephone?"

The Colonel, being a man of few words, and only one mint julep, said politely, "I beg your pardon."

"What station," yelled the progeny of Sammy, "are you getting on your telephone?"

Hendley, who has taken clinical psychology, and has a tender heart, gently led the KS upstairs, a gentle but firm hand gripping his arm.

Upstairs, the truth became known. Several of the boys were clustered about the phone, listening to, of all things, the Sunday morning services at Tattall Square Baptist Church. Even after the service was over, little noises kept coming through the phone. Little snatches of church conversation like "So glad to see you, Mrs. Jones," or "My dear, you mean YOU haven't heard about it," or "Personally, I think she bought it at Woolworth's."

After this, they heard the janitor knocking about among the empty pews, straightening hymnals.

About this time, the service man blew in and told them about the mistake. It seems that through a lineman's error, the Church, WMAZ, and the Kappa Sig's had been mixed together like a gin fizz.

Fate, we believe, has decreed that the Kappa Sigs hear at least ONE church service in their lives.

Poesy Department—

Here is an ode, concocted in the shower after an exerting hour of muscular harangue. It is dedicated to "Philo" Vance and his colleague, "Jim of the Gym."

"Of all the evils I have knew
 The worst of these is fat-i-gue.
 It makes you weary, tired and blue,
 And undermines your phy-si-que."

Lem Libel Tells

What a week—what a week—Everything happened from that "Lil Abner" character Lillian Gwaltney, falling head over heels in love with "Glamour Boy" Mayo, to Eldridge Duncan desperately trying to escape the spider-shaped hands of "Boogie Woogie" Crooms. Then of course there's "Slap in the Face" Doris Woods

"Elmore. Boy, did she brush him off, and how!
 Won't somebody tell Joyce Daniel that Wo Brown is just mad about her? Joyce, Lem would like to suggest that you give up that former Captain at Lanier and head for Wo. After all, can't you see that he simply can't get up enough nerve to tell you?

If Charles Clark, Business Manager of The Cluster, would kindly see Mayo he would be able to get enough funds for advertising to keep the paper going. "Dark Horse" loves the little publicity he gets and would like to keep on getting it. So Charlie, when the funds grow low—see Mayo
 Nina, won't you and that Major of yours stop parking by the side of Vance's house at night? You get him so upset he is really not himself the next day. By the way—what happened to the Lieutenant who dashed in the other day to make you change your mind about marrying the other guy? You know—the one from Texas.

Several girls are all desperate about "Benny." They are "Legs" Lee, "Boyette Dodger" Williamson, "Cutie" Hendrix, and two or three more. Here's hoping that Benny doesn't meet the same fate with these fair lassies that he met with "Boun-

Presto Glances

By Bill Preston

TO COLLEGE JOE—(with apologies to Rudyard Kipling):

You may talk and act like fools,
 When you're quartered safe in schools,
 And you're sent to class without a fear o' bombing,

But way across the water,
 There's mud an' blood an' slaughter,
 Where last year's classmates fight with no help coming.

They're a-serving the Red, White, and Blue,
 Who for? Ya' dope! It's you, you, you!
 On Solomon's far-off shore,
 Japs attackin' in hundreds and more . . .
 'Twas only yesterday, it seems,
 They, with us, planned so many schemes,
 Our closest friends—Smith! Jones! Brown!

It's Smith! Jones! Brown!
 Guys that helped you hitch rides to town,
 Yeah! They're fightin' hard for you
 Gettin' cut clean with bullets too,
 Those straight shootin' guys—Smith! Jones!
 Brown!

It oughta' make you stop and think
 Of their dodging bullets without food or drink,

While you—in perfect safety—throw away
 time you could be givin'
 To greater preparation for even greater livin'.

Darkness to you means a time for play,
 To them it means a prayer, "May we see
 the light of day . . ."

EXPLANATION: The above attempt into the fancies of poetry—although crude and failing to meet standards of meter and rhyme in spots—expresses the sentiment of many students I've listened to during the past weeks when the subject of war became the topic of conversation. The general consensus seems to be that few of us realize the war is being fought by "last year's classmates." Take a look at just a few of the familiar Mercerians that are now engaged in the Solomons Island battle. These were given to me: Harry B. Smith, Harry L. Smith, Billy Murphy, Charlie Hodges, Bob Dillard, "Punchy" Paulk, Rex McIlvaine, "Pug" O'Quinn, and I'm sure the small list here is far from complete. It wasn't long ago that they were here at Mercer, attending the same classes we attend, buying cokes at the co-op, working in the same labs, and leading the leisure life of study and play we find here at school.

Seems strange doesn't it?
 Yet it seems all the more strange when every day we hear complaints against the monotony of school . . .

COMMUNIQUE—A recent letter from John Couric, former Cluster editor and now Yeoman 3c, U. S. Navy, carried this message: ". . . Students should study more now than ever. If I were back in school I would really bear down on the books. War should be no excuse for slackening of study . . ."

PICTURES—The Cauldron editor (your columnist) has been criticized severely by many students because of the way some have been forced to stand in line while waiting for their time to be photographed.

Defensively: If students who had signed the time chart for Monday and Tuesday could have been at the photography room when they were supposed to, there would have been no delay whatsoever. Many failed to appear without reasonable excuse, thereby causing a rush all day Thursday, with inconvenience for all involved. On Monday, the photographer waited as long as thirty minutes at various intervals, hoping someone would appear. The Cauldron editor stalked the co-op begging students to come be snapped—all to no avail.

Today is positively the last chance students will have to be photographed. Those failing to appear (it's been announced innumerable times) will necessarily be omitted from the annual.

Therefore, act accordingly.
 The Cauldron officials have made an earnest effort to get everyone's picture—or at least a reasonable facsimile thereof.