

The Mercer Cluster

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Reserve Rumors Removed

During the holidays and since we have heard many wild and unfounded rumors regarding the status of the various reserves, but all of them have been cleared up and the true status is described in a story on page one of this paper.

Just before Christmas we heard that one of the ERC boys had received his orders to report to Fort McPherson, and the first thing we heard on returning to school was that all reserves would definitely be in uniform by January fifteenth. It was also spread around that reservist could expect to be called almost immediately, that there was absolutely no chance of finishing this year, and even that the reserves would go before any more drafting was done. All this makes for enormous confusion and misunderstanding.

But all is now clear. No change will be made in any reserve before March 19, which is two weeks after the close of the present quarter. To quote from Major Blair's official bulletin, "no orders will be given to report on a date prior to two weeks after completion of the quarter or semester terminating after December 31, 1942." This means that no Mercer reserve will be given orders until March 19, since this quarter did not terminate after December 31, and does terminate on March 5.

Although nothing definite is available in regard to what will happen after March 19, it is probable that those who finish school this quarter will go into the Army, and the under-graduates will be called to service according to the amount of schooling they have had, those having the most being called first. Some of these will be chosen for further specialized training at one of the designated Army or Navy schools. These schools have not been selected yet, but Mercer will probably be one of them.

It is a good thing for the reserves that the university calendar was arranged so that the winter quarter began two weeks early. Otherwise they would probably be called to service during this quarter, since it began after December 31 and the fall quarter ended before then. Now we are sure of at least one more full quarter of school, and probably more.

This information is not a rumor, it is official. So unless an extreme emergency makes necessary some change, it will stand. Anything else should not be believed.

No Politics, Please

When George Culpepper, former student body president, revealed that he was not coming back to school this quarter, he said that he was appointing Jim Barfield to act as president until a special election could be held after the holidays. Jim was selected because he was president of the senior class and seemed to be the best man for the job. Alice Wright, student body vice-president, did not take over the presidency, although she would have been next in line for the office.

It seems to us that a special election is unnecessary, that no better man than Jim could be found, and that an election would only create useless confusion. Jim is quite capable and also willing, which is just as important. We have heard not a single dissenting voice on Jim's selection, so we think that the best thing to do is to let him act as president until he graduates in March. This would avoid the mess of an election and would give us a good man for the job.

AND IN THIS CORNER...

By Bennie Griffith

SNOW WHITE XMAS AND THE DIRTY DWARVES

This Christmas, the frats seemed more generous than usual to their sponsors. One fraternity we know, gave the sponsor a most timely if not appropriate gift, a musical powder box. This little instrument, we hear, lightens the odious task of making up by giving out with "Whistle While You Work." This might imply, to some of the more cynical of us, that making up for this sponsor borders on actual labor.

Apparently, though, the boys haven't seen the Time Magazine survey on the affect of music on lady riveters. Or would that be applicable? Anyway, Time tells us that when classics were played, production was stimulated, but on less esthetic numbers like "Deep In the Heart Of Texas," where workers stopped riveting to clap their hands, serious bottlenecks resulted. We were wondering whether or not the puckering up to whistle while she works might not throw a bottleneck into the lip tingeing process. We can only hope.

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CRIED THE BOYS IN THE REAR. OR KHAKI-WAACY

We were very much interested in the chapel talk by Second Officer Helen Glenn, of the Woman's Army Auxilliary Corps. We were among the number of people she mentioned who have been wondering just what the WAACs are going to do, if anything. We were also naturally a little vague, since most of our reading on the subject has been confined to the comic strip "Tiller The Toiler."

One stament wasn't necessary. We knew the purpose of the WAACs wasn't to "look after the Lieutenants." That's being done with finesse and regularity by two sororities, we know. Not the WAACs, but the WACKs, Alonzo.

We were amazed to hear that WAACs are going to do things like cooking and baking. Our impression was that they were only going to replace men in jobs that the men could do best.

Lieut. Glenn didn't have to completely disillusion us, however. We have always thought that one of the best loved institutions of the army, or at least the likeliest butt for jokes, the old Top Sergeant, was here to stay. Now she tells us that WAACs may completely replace the old loud mouths.

We shudder to think about this not unlikely conversation between two privates: 1st Pvt.—"You know, Reginald, I simply can't stand my Top Sergeant. 2nd Pvt.—(Emoting with sympathy) "You can't? Why, Gerald?" 1st Pvt.—"She uses the tackiest shade of nail polish."

We will bet that since "this man's army" became co-ed, enough wacky things have happened to make an old army man tremble in his G.I. shoes. Not the least of these is the doings of WAAC Katherine Gregory, who went AWOL last month and did a strip tease. She was given a discharge "other than honorable," and I quote. This impressed us as being so like a woman. "We simply COULDN'T put the word dishonorable on dear Katherine's discharge."

In some ways we admire Katherine (See photo in Life). She stood up for what she thought was right. At the court martial, she told how she got tired of close order drill and standing at attention. It plainly wasn't a case of laziness, since the Samoan strip tease of Katherine's was described as being "Very strenuous." It was so strenuous, in fact, that the WAAC was placed in the Fort Des Moines hospital for a minor back injury. We don't know, but we believe Katherine has the dubious honor of being the first soldier ever discharged from the Army of the U. S. for doing a strip tease.

Lieut. Glenn said that the WAACs are capable of driving any vehicle in the Army. No mention was made of driving superior officers wacky. Oh Queenie, Queen of them all?

Lem Libel Tells

Old Lem of the all-seeing eye has been busy during the holidays keeping up with the scattered "Mercer family" ... so everybody can still know everybody's business.

McCullough disappeared down to Cuthbert to shorten an endurable absence ... likewise Bert spent his A-card on the road to Fort Valley

and Lattimore just looked forward to the day when Betty would be back in M.E.P. and uncampused, too!

Everybody has a different story to tell about a gala New Year's Eve ... personally Lem picked Macon to celebrate in, as did quite a few other Mercers ... quite a celebration too!

Betty Williamson returned to school with a big bright smile and an ATO pin to show that she had not wasted her holidays.

Julla York, modestly wearing a small pair of RAF wings, "thought Scootie was an airplane swooping into class."

'Tis said that Boyette's cul-

tured little darlings are still enjoying the holidays—Wesleyan holidays. But cheer up, you Mercer men, the Rivoll queens will be back the 13th (as in Friday, for M.E.P. gala.)

Plans are under way for another wedding ... the Kappa Sig's are to lose a sponsor but they're cheerful about it ... at least it's to be a Kappa Sig, and not to an SAE, they say. Congratulations, Miriam!

Speaking of weddings, a somewhat sad Lem deems it fitting at this point to bid farewell to Napier after three years of regular appearances in this spicy lil column ... it won't seem the same. Will it? Oh well, such is life.

Presto Glances

By Bill Preston

SECRET

You'll remember the choice bit of conversation that took place in Warner Brothers' production "Desperate Journey"—that is, if you saw the picture.



Ronald Reagan, hero deluxe, was explaining the mechanism of the secret supercharger used on American high altitude planes, while a Nazi officer, villain deluxe, listened attentively.

After the Nazi assured our hero that no one else would know the secret but the two of them, Reagan begins:

"It's done with a thermotrockle," says Reagan.

"With a what?" asks the Nazi.

"A thermotrockle amfilated through a daligonitor," continues Johnny beginning to sketch with his left hand.

"You see, the dornadyne has a freni-coupling and the amsometer preulates the kinutaspel hepulace—here—and the—"

The Nazi, now off his guard, is then slugged by Johnny ...

The above dialogue is perhaps the best nonsensical syllabication of absolutely nothing we have yet run across.

No, we didn't take it down in shorthand after returning for a second review of the movie. General Electric's on-the-job press agent office sent the dialogue to all college newspapers. At least The Cluster received one. Furthermore, GE is the company producing the secret supercharger for Uncle Sam.

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ERSATZ

A group of Mercerians, who could rightly be termed as "world problem solvers" since they shoot the highest type of bull on our campus, have a proposal which would take the place of physical education.

Many complaints have been registered against the Arctic-like temperature of the gymnasium sans steam heat during winter months.

It seems that after swapping shin kicks, collisions, broken joints and bruises with soldiers on one of the better jook joint's dance floors last week, these Mercerians think that such rough and tumble exercise is even more strenuous and muscle-building than physical education.

Macon's overflow of citizenry is never more evident than when one tries to trip the light fantastic on a crowded floor, they say. And since the gymnasium is cold, they propose to take their exercise in a warm, cigarette stifled atmosphere by going to this place of rare amusement thrice weekly, thereby receiving three hours of class credit for exercise.

Visions appear before our eyes were this radical idea put into practice: Dr. Zeb Vance standing on Third Street downtown in front of Fay's checking class roll at night three times a week, while the Mercer family marches in for credit in P.E.

ANTAGONISM

Shortly before Christmas our Baptist Student Union council sponsored a chapel speaker who spoke concerning topics that were definitely thought provoking, and his speech left much room for discussion, pro and con.

Several students were antagonized by his opinions to such a degree that they would not even discuss the subject with anyone. Others accepted the speaker's convictions wholeheartedly. Then there were some students who were in partial agreement with the speaker, but completely rejected various other ideas that were placed before the students.

I, for one, am glad to say that the speaker was sponsored by the Baptist Student Union council, and not by the Baptist students. Evidently the council members accepted—without the slightest hesitation—Dr. Jordan's proposals and theories on social and economic adjustments. After all, he is a Christian, a dynamic speaker, a former teacher, and above all—a Baptist.

Several Mercerians would challenge the BSU council to a consensus of student opinion as to who was 100% in favor of Dr. Jordan's proposal.