

The Mercer Cluster



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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.

Girls Need Freedom

It is not, nor has it ever been, the policy of The Cluster to criticize the actions of any member of the faculty or any official act of the school. However, The Cluster is the official organ of the student body and we feel that it is a duty of the paper to voice what we think are just complaints. This column intends only to bring to public attention what we think is best for the student body and the school as a whole.

Last week an editorial was written about the small attendance at various activities on the campus. This is partly due to the fact that the girls who live in Mary Erin Porter Hall are not permitted to attend any meeting held at night on the campus. Certain restrictions in the dorm prohibit girls from leaving the dormitory except to go to the library, unless special permission is secured from an authority several days before the meeting is to occur.

One week ago last night, a basketball game between the faculty and the co-ed "M" club was played in the gym on the campus. This game is an annual affair, and always arouses interest among all the students on the campus, both boys and girls. A few minutes before game time, it was announced in the dorm that no girl would be permitted to attend. Such actions as these are very detrimental to the spirit on our campus. The girls of Mary Erin Porter Hall are a part of the student body, and a very big part, too, but they cannot have a part in campus activities.

It has also been brought to our attention that the girls are not permitted to attend any fraternity social function held during the week. A girl will probably ask special permission to attend a fraternity function in the middle of the week only about once every two months, when some special occasion makes it impossible to have the party on the week-end. Though these are social organizations, fraternities and sororities are part of our school and campus activities, and girls should be allowed to attend these socials.

For several weeks in the past, a number of girls have been going down every week to sponsor a dance for some of the soldiers in the surrounding camps. This is indeed just what our government has asked all of us to do, that is, something to help the men in the service enjoy themselves while off duty. This week, it was announced in the dorm that no girls would be permitted to attend these affairs anymore. This is forbidding the girls to do what they think is their patriotic duty.

These girls of Mary Erin Porter Hall are students of Mercer. It costs them as much to go to school as it does anyone else. Yet, we boys can take part in everything, and get the most possible out of our school. Why, then, can't they?—L. H. J.

AND IN THIS CORNER...

By Ben Griffith

MERCER MUSINGS—

Ghosts of yesteryear rise to haunt us when exponents of the raucous, but dear, Mercer of old, appear. Ferrol "Sambo" Sams and Lt. Wiley Davis USN, are the people we have in mind.

It was indeed soul-gratifying to see the Theologs indulge in a light bit of ribaldry in their chapel skit. It was all in good, clean, Foamo Bath fun.

The Navy preflighters, who hail mainly from the Carolinas, are really steeped in Southern Colonial Culture. Cadet Charles Boineau lives in picturesque Midfields Plantation, near Camden, S. C., an imposing structure built by some Charleston rice planters some time after the Revolution. Charles' grandfather, Col. E. B. C. Cash, fought the last duel on American soil. Up until now, our curiosity about the Carolinas has been limited to finding out "What the Governor of Carolina North, said to the Governor of Carolina South?"

Cadet Ray Rogers, who lives near Bennettsville, S. C., resides in the oldest home in South Carolina. It is a 210-year-old building erected by the ancestors of Marshall Ney, the famous right hand man of Napoleon, who was "shot" by a French firing squad, and was later reported to have turned up mysteriously in America.

AD LIB DEPARTMENT—

A few of the faculty members who take periodicals into their intellectual ken, have been bemoaning the Circe-like attractiveness of whiskey ads. They seem to think that the average young college student can stand the ordeal of looking at a Scotch whiskey ad only SO long before dashing out to the nearest bar and perdition. This is our interpretation.

SCENE: The dirty little room on the end—Sherwood Hall. Magazines tossed in disorder about the room. Empty milk bottles line the window sill.

CHARACTERS: Student A, studying quietly at a table. Student B, staring fixedly at a whiskey ad.

TIME: Night in midweek. Three more days until *Colliers*, *Time*, and *The New Yorker* will appear at the newstand.

STUDENT B: (Getting up with a wild look. Tears his hair.) I can't stand it any longer! I've gotta go! Hand me my coat, room mate, I'm off! I'm off, I tell you!

STUDENT A: (Sympathetically) There, there, old fellow. Steady, steady, now. Only three more days until the new weekly magazines will be out. Just think! New, fresh challenges to withstand.

STUDENT B: (Renews his anguish—he struggles.) Out of my way. I must go. It's finally got me. That lovely picture. That beautiful amber bottle. The spicy smell of that advertised hot toddy. Out of my way, unimaginative heathen! I'm off, I tell you!

(Student B goes to the closet for his coat. Student A calmly picks up a bottle of milk from the table. The milk bears the label of Hari-Kari Dairies, "The milk that makes your chest Hari, after they Kari you out.")

STUDENT A: I hope you will understand this next move, old fellow. It's for your own good.

(He hits Student B over the head with the bottle of milk. A dull thud marks his fall to the floor.)

STUDENT A: (His mouth set in a determined line, he calmly drinks the milk.) They'll never get me. Never. I'll withstand it. I'll keep on reading my milk ads.

Mercer Spotlight

Focused by Sam Crossley

Little Danny Demon is at it again, and going full force! For the past week he's been at MERCER.

Walking across the campus I bumped into two icebergs. The atmosphere nearly froze me. What's the matter, Kornreich, won't Velma give you a tumble?

I walked a little farther and ran into Mildred, Charis, and Clair. All I could hear was "My pin, jabber jabber, my pin, jabber jabber, my pin... my pin."

Hinton Merritt wants it announced that cute boys are no longer allowed in his biology lab. Could it be he likes the company of a vivacious blond. What about it, Hinton?

Did you hear about a certain algebra class? It seem that Lukens is the only girl in it. Pymale, do those Lanier boys really pay attention to the lectures? E. B. Collins and Tom MacDonald think not.

Congratulations to... ZuZui! She was pledged by Phi Mu Wednesday night; and to Jeanne Rabun, latest edition to the ADPIes.

I heard Little Elmore and Wesley Bracken talking this morn'ing. It seems that she wanted to know why he didn't take her out courtin' the other

night, instead of—who was it, Wesley?

Charlie, I thought you'd like to know. Beverly was wearing your pin today. Maybe you'd better speak to Don.

I gave a little party at my house the other night. There were two live baby rabbits in nests on each end of the buffet. You gals would have squealed with delight. (Mille said that), just like the boys did when that good-looking red-head came in. They didn't know that she was my mother.

I asked Margaret Smith today if she was going out to the old folks home to put on a program. She said, "No, but there are a lot of cute bachelors out there."

Possibility of the week—Angie and cute little old Sambo. 'Tis said that this Thomaston gal really likes this med student. What's happened, Sara?

Mayo's mad, and I'm so glad, And I know what to please him,

A bottle of wine to make him shine,

And little Mary Tippan to squeeze him.

In Other Words

By Mike Warr

Mercerians are responding in an admirable way to the campaign to sell War Bonds and Stamps. Patriotism among college students is certainly not lacking, if the sale of bonds and stamps during the last week is any indication. Congratulations to Cardinal Key and the fraternities and sororities sponsoring the sale! It is hoped that the response will be even better next week.

One of the worst things on Mercer's campus is the situation existing in the IRC and Ciceronian Literary Society. After starting off with a bang, both organizations are almost in a stage of collapse. At the beginning of the school year last September the IRC enrolled 88 members. Two weeks ago, a total of twelve members attended. Out of an original membership roll of 118, the Ciceronian Club had about twenty present last Monday night.

Both organizations could be top-notch. It is unfair to put the blame for lack of interest on the officers. Even when good programs are offered, the attendance is poor. The trouble, I think, lies in the fact that most of those enrolling as members of the clubs are interested in getting points toward the Blue Key and Cardinal Key, or getting their picture in the *Cauldron* a couple of times more. They don't give a hoot about making a success of the organization. Either strict rules of membership should be enforced in the clubs, or else disband.

As I travel between Macon and Atlanta, it is interesting to note the increase in women workers replacing the males. Sometimes your reporter finds himself slightly confused and embarrassed. For instance, when I was last in Atlanta, I spied a neatly uniformed figure standing on the cement island at the trolley stop. Desiring information about the travel opportunities offered by the Georgia Power Company, I punched the figure in the back and asked, "Say, Bud, where can I catch a bus to East Point?" Whereupon, the figure turned and answered, "Listen, you, my name ain't 'Bud,' better take another look. Your trolley stops at Broad and Alabama." The figure was a shel!

I would also like to know whether or not I should take my hat off in elevators with lady operators. And when a soprano voice calls out, "Floors, please," should I say, "Fifth floor, please ma'am?" If she passed my floor, I don't think I would have nerve enough to bawl her out. Her two-hundred-pound husband might be standing next to me.

I see by the papers that soldiers will be issued khaki underwear, handkerchiefs, towels, etc. This eliminates white targets for the enemy bombers on wash-day. Khaki shorts will also come in handy for the unfortunate private who rips the seat of his pants on barbed-wire, since both are the same color. It will be nice for the sleepy-head to have khaki sheets and pajamas. When the sergeant comes in to get him out of bed, he can camouflage himself very easily.

The government has now decreed that all jallopies must be turned in as scrap metal. I was afraid of that. I've got to locate a place to hide my Dodge for the duration. I might as well, anyway. I run out all my gasoline going between Sherwood and the filling station. Incidentally, I wonder if they would pay me for the old wreck. I knew of a lady who got fifteen cents for a good secondhand tire from the government. I have five tires and tubes. If I could get a nickel for each tube, I would get an even dollar for the rubber. Perhaps they would give me fifty cents for the chassis and two-bits for the motor. Sold to the government for the sum of \$1.75!

A letter from a soldier in North Africa printed in the *Constitution* caught my eye. Here 'tis:

"Oh, boy, how I miss you. I can hardly wait till I get home. (I hope the censor doesn't mind me writing this.)" The censor didn't. He added a P.S.: "The censor wishes he was home, too!" That bond you buy will help them both to get back sooner! Don't let them down.