

Mullin' Over Sports

By Sanford Mullen

Professor Kid Palooka of Turkey Creek has indeed become a sports "expert" in the highest meaning of the word. Out of his five selections, only three came to pass as he had predicted. He now joins the no doubt illustrious ranks of experts—those men who are infallibly inaccurate, yet who attempt to give the impression of being unerringly accurate.

We had to extend ourselves to the limit in getting the Professor to give with his previews of this Saturday's game. He said that everyone had lost faith in him by now. We heartily agreed with him, but managed to make him relent when we explained how his readers clean up by betting against his crystal-balling.

As Palooka said, "Here they are for my followers: Georgia over Daniel Field, Georgia Tech over 300th Infantry of Fort Benning, Army over Columbia, Navy over Penn State, Notre Dame over Wisconsin and Duke over North Carolina."

Baseball's Windup

In taking the World Series, the New York Yankees made us look good. Our only error was picking them in six games. They were even better than we thought—as they swamped the Red Birds in five starts.

The Cards should have done much better. In fact they had as much to do with their downfall as did the Bronx Bombers. We couldn't help feeling for the Cardinal pitchers, Brazie, Cooper and Lanier as they left the mound—primarily because of lack of support.

Cardinal fielding lapses at crucial moments and failure to

Cootie Is Solid In One-Nighter

Cootie Williams, former Duke Ellington trumpeter, and his orchestra appeared at the Macon City Auditorium last Monday night for a one-nighter, providing loud, and at times, good swing for Negro dancers and white spectators.

Williams, one of the greatest trumpeters American jazz has produced, was one of Duke Ellington's famous septa crew for ten years. He left him about a year ago to join Benny Goodman as a featured soloist, but soon quit to organize a band to suit his own tastes.

The band is a very enthusiastic group of young musicians, but very obviously lacks a sense of good taste and a good beat. The arrangements are for the most part uninspired and over-arranged. The faulty beat lies almost entirely with the drummer, who apparently, with the advent of the manpower shortage in the music business, was imported from the Tanganyika Territory and has not quite oriented himself. The brass section is weak, lacks punch, and has few soloists. The saxes, though not lacking punch, do not phrase well together.

In fact, Williams is about the band's only excuse for being. In spite of this lack of inspiration, he plays brilliantly, displaying faultless technique and impeccable taste. His tone is as flexible as a Met coloratura's, possessing warmth, humor, and soul.

The session was comparable to hearing Paderewski perform with the Montana Little Symphony.

—F. W.

hit with ducks on the pond cost them dearly. On the other hand, the Yanks played heads up ball, and took advantage of all St. Louis miscues to pile up their winning margins.

New York pitching played no little part in their triumph. In fact it may be said that there was just too much of a spud for the Mid-Westerners to peel.

At Mercer

The intra-mural softball tournament will be history by the time this is in print. Under the capable direction of Dr. Zeb Vance, who was ably assisted by Chiefs Malone, Scott and Snow, the tournament was a decided success.

This was the first active fusion of civilian and Navy men in Mercer athletics. As a whole the civilians participated admirably. We hope that this is just a preview of the cooperation between our two groups of men. We should always try to carry out the whole idea of the V-12 program—Navy trainees and civilians should consider themselves as the same, and not two rival factions.

Chiefs Cause Neck Trouble

The local representatives of Frank Knox are indeed in a quandary. They are having trouble with one of the most important parts of the human anatomy—the neck. However, the chiefs wish to assure the Mercer co-eds that the mates will be in good shape by the weekend.

It seems that the mates are undergoing a new phase of the PT Program, in which they are learning how acrobats get that way. The chiefs have an innocent enough sounding name for it—tumbling. Probably "Broken Necks in One Easy Lesson," by Chiefs Inc., would be a more appropriate title.

The instructor in charge gives the sign and everybody starts doing some screwy flips and twists. Soon everybody is too dizzy to care what's happening. After an hour of this, everyone is free to stagger to his ever-faithful sack.

—S. M.

Lem Libel's Trial By Student Vote

Due to innumerable cries from the intellectually lame, the once defunct Lemuel Libel may once again rear his scandal-mongering head.

It's all up to you, stude. If you want the libelous little pipsqueak, just fill out the coupon beneath this column and drop it into the box in the Cluster office before 8 p. m. Monday. Any negative votes will also be appreciated.

Name _____

Class _____

For Lem Libel _____

Against Lem Libel _____

Playoff Ends Softball Jag Next Monday

The finals of the Mercer Softball Tournament will be held Monday afternoon, with Roy Ball's Bombardiers and O. B. Wood's Washerwomen meeting for the title.

For the past two weeks the crack of bat against ball has been ringing on the two softball diamonds on the Mercer Campus. During this time, 16 teams have seen action in the biggest softball extravaganza of Naval and Civilian teams, which the athletic department has ever sponsored.

The eight teams to reach the quarter finals were the "Tennessee Hillbillies," who beat Arthur Belden's outfit 9-8, Wood's team by virtue of their own 8-0 win over Larry Schwartz, George Jackson's Club which overpowered Buck Melton's aggregation 2-1, in one of the better games of play, and Ball's team, which won out 3-2 over Red Williams' "Alabama Babies," in the most colorful and exciting game of the tournament competition.

In the semi-finals, O. B. Wood eliminated Jimmy Edwards by a 7-5 margin, and Ball triumphed over Jackson, 10-7, the game being called in the sixth because of darkness. Both teams had one "big" inning in which all their runs were scored. In the first, Jackson's crew tallied seven times and were held scoreless thereafter, and in the third, Ball's outfit retaliated with a ten run scoring spree, failing to score again the remainder of the game.

Next on the sports list comes touch football, volley ball, and then basketball. These will fill the remainder of the fall sports program until "indoor" work for men of the Navy is begun.

Going Native . . .

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hunk of Harriet Early's jewelry. The native grins, welcomes them to Canny-Cannibalville, and they live happily ever after with the hula-hula girls.

Oh, I know that Manhattan was bought with a few beers, a little of "the latest in costume jewelry," plus the small sum of twenty dollars, but is seems a little simpler to just let the boys win in a poker game. The natives might turn out to be the anti-frill type like Byrd Horton, and then where would the shipwrecked men be?

But let us assume that all natives love glittering trinkets better than ration-free, well-done victims. At any rate the co-eds seem to have taken that attitude, because the collection boxes are beginning to look something like the pictures out of Robert Louis Stevenson. Co-eds are stripping their white arms bare of jewels in the race to see which floor of the dorm collects the most trinkets. The losers entertain the winning floor with a feast.

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In The Bag

Sack Time Pronounced Legal; Soporific Sailors Jubilant

By B. W. WEBB

The student personnel of the Mercer V-12 Naval Unit is still rejoicing this week, as the result of an order recently issued by the Unit's Executive Officer, which makes the heretofore "taboo" practice of "hitting the sack" between daily class periods strictly a legal practice.

The forces which brought about the removal of one of the most hated of all Station Regulations at Mercer are unknown, but it is commonly believed that the order came as a result of a suggestion which might have been made by the Unit's Medical Officer. It cannot be stressed too much, however, that this belief is only Scuttlebutt, and is not, under any circumstances, to be taken as an official statement.

It is apparent, from the many changes invoked in the attitude of the V-12 students, that the privilege of sleeping during the week days, as permitted by the new order, constitutes the beginning of a New Era at Mercer. Sailors who once roamed the campus daily, in search of a quiet place in which to get in some much-needed "Sack-time" are seldom seen, except at the end of their class periods, when they are hurriedly pacing back to their rooms for a short nap. The many sailors who once made a practice of stealthily creeping into dark corners, into closets, and beneath the beds for a short midday nap, have begun to show their faces at various parts of the campus, looking much healthier, happier, and brighter, now that the "loss of

sleep" lines are gone from their mouths, and the bags have disappeared from under their eyes.



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