

The Huddle

By Harrison Lilly

Being as I am, and have been since Friday, the star boarder at the Navy Sick Bay, I am qualified to write only of the sportive doings of my fellow sufferers, and of the number of cracks in the overhead. Therefore my column for this week has been perpetuated by diminutive brunette MEPite Harriette Kahrs, who is far more useful decoratively than she is as a female Grantland Rice. But nevertheless, here it is:

I have always been amazed at the impersonal way in which journalists treat their subjects. Nothing is more exemplary of this than the approach which cold-blooded sports writers, those soulless figures of the newspaper world, employ. One may picture them, crouched paralytically in a smoke filled cubicle, counting out their statistics and stacking them in neat piles for the purpose of unearthing them at a later date, and flaunting them in the helpless faces of the public. Another of their favorite pastimes is flipping through a dog-eared dictionary in search for synonyms for such words as "score," "team" (they usually fall back on "aggregation" for this one), "beat" (this is easy; one can always say something clever, such as "Indians scalp Toughies," or "Bulldogs nip" Tigers"), and other expressions which intrude their repetitious persons upon the printed page.

All of this goes to prove that sports columns are dull, monotonous, redundant, conventional, and definitely quite. According to them, a basketball game would be a series of vicious and violent attempts to juggle a ball around until, after a long line of plays consisting of contortions and animal sounds, the ball is dropped into a hole attached to a wooden board. What does that tell you? Nothing, absolutely nothing. No beauty. Think of the anguish of those intense moments, as the player, who is very forward, shoots a simply thrilling goal. Imagine how proud of him his old decrepit mother would be. Although it is difficult to perceive, players are human, I think.

And of course, we cannot forget the spectators, those mass-like collections of humanity, who cringe by the sidelines, hurling imprecations and other forms of vocal displeasure. Sometimes spectators forget that they are ladies. Then it is that I feel the greatest sympathy for those who are giving their all in a

noble attempt to win. After all, it is very important that somebody win.

But I find that I must digress from my impressionistic rambles and devote myself to the unpleasant task of giving information about the sports events here at Mercer. The Mercer A team, consisting of Hyatt, Ericson, Handy, Wallace, Roundtree, Williams, Darnell, Sheffield, and Roberson, won over the Herbert Smart Field team on the night of Monday last. Since I didn't see it, I am in no position to impart any detailed description of the game, but I am glad our side won, and I herewith extend my congratulations. (Always give credit where credit is due, I always say.) The score was 49-34.

On the same night, the B team played the 810 Chemical Division of Herbert Smart, and, unfortunately, lost. However, we must have our ups and downs. Someone said the score was 52-28, and someone else said it was 52-26, so I am not absolutely certain. The team is made up of the following people: Dixon, Pugliese, O'Kelly, Currisse, DeMasters, Owens, R. N. Lee, G. W. Lee, Ball, Crandall, and J. C. Butler.

The only game definitely scheduled for the future is one on the 16th, when Mercer will play Robins Field here on the campus.

Plans are in the air for girls' volley ball. A series of matches between sororities and non-sororities will be held, and will last, I presume, until everyone has played everyone else, and some sort of conclusion has been reached. I would be only too glad to give the winner of the badminton matches, but no one seems to know. This seems a shame, considering all the effort that was involved. But for all the energy that is expended, sports are still worthy of the important place they hold. I maintain that sports are necessary for young growing bodies. I would even go so far as to say that sports are here to stay.

Editor . . .

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usual answer as if I look like the kind of girl who'd be the least bit interested in "otherwise."

"Sorry, none, that you could print," followed by a loud guffaw, but I don't have time to listen to what my question had recalled to the sordid mind so I hurry on to scare up someone really interested in the cause of presenting good literature to the unenlightened of this campus . . . namely someone interested enough to donate a gallon of gas to transport the miserable bits out to the print shop.

Maybe the print shop is so far out, because one former editor lived in the days of gas and tires. I don't know, but I do know that it's been a long time since I met anyone around here interested enough to hike two miles from the last bus stop between Mercer and the presses. At last I am out at the print

shop and banging out this little informing epistle to let the readers know what Sanford, L. H., Benny, and others have gone through with for you who read these little offerings. Wait, here's the printer himself, maybe he has a few words for you. . . .

What, you can't get around to printing this stuff til next month? No, of course we don't mind getting the Thanksgiving issue Christmas day . . . and so on and on . . . which is why editors go to their Friday classes on Thursday and never know the difference when being quizzed in a subject one isn't even taking.

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Bullin' . . .

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The situation on the "frat front" looks good for a few million words, but there is the chance that someone might take offense. Such customs as wearing pledge buttons or "frat" pins on anything from size 32 shorts to bright red ties, the universal use of the word "frat" instead of fraternity, the somewhat dubious methods and motives of two or three "frats" in their pledging of Navy boys—all these seem fruitful territory, but also dangerous.

The logical thing to do is write a piece bubbling with wit and humor. But having been gifted with small natural talent in that direction and hardly desiring to make an artificial attempt, that field of endeavor appears closed.

Since these things are so, what opportunities remain? For a clever satirist, the chapel programs to which we have been subjected, at least on Mondays, offer boundless possibilities. During the last few weeks, particularly, chapel has looked more like an enforced study hall or napping period than anything. But to condemn the quality of chapel programs for this condition would not, perhaps, be justified.

And a cynic might be tempted to be that way about the—uh—logic of certain ministerial students at times. For at least on one occasion recently, when the race question "reared its ugly head" in a class, they rather turned their backs to the Golden Rule; that most people entertain pretty harsh prejudice in this respect is true, and in many ways not unfounded, but that future preachers should also harbor this same feeling is a little surprising. But a cynic would try to draw too general a conclusion from such actions.

With all these avenues closed, the question is still what to write about. Looking back, Sherwood would probably have been the best subject after all. However, I note that I am approaching my five hundred word limit.

The editor assures me that five hundred words of this sort of stuff is more than sufficient. Frankly, I am surprised at how I can write so much and say so little. Very discouraging. Very!

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