

The Huddle

By Harrison Lilly

"The boys kinda' choked up the first half. Crowd was so big it scared them to death." Unquote Chief Malone regarding last Saturday's basketball game in Atlanta in which Mercer lost to Georgia Tech. A fine thing! The Tech Gym was rafter packed with soldier and sailor trainee fans. Bluejackets packed one side while A. S. T. P. dogfaces held forth in the other. And it was Saturday night.

Have you ever been in Atlanta on Saturday night? Take it from me there are, unlike Middle Georgia's metropolis, plenty of things to do besides catch up on your T. S. Eliot. If a large school in a cosmopolitan city like Atlanta can support so well their basketball team (especially on Saturday night), Mercerites can surely do the same thing. Time and time again, various members of the basketball team have asked me to say something about backing them up, about someone coming to their games and giving them a little support!

Tonight in Porter Gym the Bear cagers will play the 325th Medicos in their first home game of the regular season. To assure a fine evening of basketball, the V-5 Team from the Mercer W. T. S. unit will also play University of Georgia Pre-Flight in what promises to be a first-rate game of basketball. There is no reason why MEPites, Navy men, and civilian boys should not turn out practically enmasse. As I said before, you might even have a good time.

FOOTBALL FADES OUT

Red Williams' boys from 1st Pl. Co. B emerged victorious

over Bill Bostick's team from 1st Pl. Co. C, 27 to 0 in last Friday night's six-man league championship tilt, which was played under the lights on Porter Field.

Co. B coupled a good ground game with a brilliant passing attack to smother Co. C. Reynolds to Edwards was the passing combination, which set up three Co. B markers early in the ball game. Co. C stiffened in the second half and showed a good ground game featured by John Kultgen and Fanny Bryant which was stopped inches short of the goal stripe two different times. Williams' ball club, which looked as big as an average junior college team, had the weight advantage on the light Co. C team. The game, played in a drizzling cold rain, showed Williams' team to be by far the best team in the league, although Bostick's men were hampered considerably by the loss from injuries of three of their starters. The line play of Bill Longley and Henry Schovajsa for Bostick and Williams, respectively, was good. The game drew a very small crowd because of the weather.

Tech vs. Mercer

Here are the box scores of the Tech-Mercer basketball game played in Atlanta last Saturday. For further details see the front page.

BOX SCORES

GEORGIA TECH			
Player	FG	FT	TP
Johann, f	3	2	5
Weaver, f	0	0	0
Collier, f	5	0	10
Walton, f	0	0	0
Paxson, c	5	3	14
Drumright, c	0	0	0
Wright, g	2	0	4
Broyles, g	1	0	2
Holladay, g	4	2	10
Conn, g	0	0	0
Totals	21	5	46

MERCER			
Player	FG	FT	TP
Handy, Dick, f	2	0	4
Darnell, f	0	2	2
Dixon, f	0	0	0
Hyatt, f	1	0	2
Ericson, c	1	0	2
Roundtree, c	2	2	6
Hall, g	0	0	0
Wallace, g	4	0	8
Williams, g	1	1	3
Pugliese, g	1	0	2
Sheffield, g	0	0	0
Totals	13	3	31

DE-FUN-ITIAN—

Shot: That which, if some people have more than one, they're more than half.

Rationing: Less and less of more and more and more oftener and oftener.

Cannibal: One who loves his fellow man—with gravy.

Alimony: The high cost of leaving.

Rabbit: Here today and mink tomorrow.

Mason-Dixon Line: The boundary between "you all" and "youse guys."

Ode to Fire-Water and Polaris

Starkle starkle little twink
What the heck you are you think
I'm not under the alkaffluence of
inkohol

Though some thinkle peep I am
I fool so feelish I don't know
who is me

And the drunker I sit, the longer
I get.

The father said, "Go find a wife
To wash and sew and bake,"
"That's good advice," the son
agreed.



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Thurs.-Sat.—HAPPY LAND, also MARCH OF TIME.

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Sun.—STRICTLY IN THE GROOVE.
Mon.-Tues.—MY KINGDOM FOR A COOK.
Wed.-Thurs.—THE HUMAN COMEDY.
Fri.-Sat.—ADVENTURES OF TARTU.

RIALTO THEATRE
Sun.-Tues.—CITY OF MISSING GIRLS.
Wed.-Thurs.—REUNION IN FRANCE.
Fri.-Sat.—NOBODY'S DARLING.

EAST MACON THEATRE
Mon.-Wed.—ABOVE SUSPICION.
Thurs.-Sat.—THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS.

Waves

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IMPORTANT PLEA
Mercer alumni are scattered around the world in service of their country. If you know of anyone who would like to keep in touch with his alma mater, won't you please turn in his name and complete address to the Cluster office.

A Safe Bet
The old martinet was lecturing his nephew.

"Never known such a generation," said the old fellow. "You modern boys want too much."

The boy was tactfully silent. "Do you know what I was getting when I married your aunt?" asked the uncle.

"No," replied the nephew, realizing the time had come to terminate the argument, "and I bet you didn't, either."

Tough
"So you think you're tough! Look, mug, I was born with brass knuckles on both hands." "So? Well, I wasn't born—I was quarried."

"But Mary Helen, don't you trust me?" "Yes, Echols, I'll go to the end of the world with you, but I absolutely refuse to park on the way."

"You look broken up. What's the matter?" "I wrote home for money for a study lamp last week." "So what?" "My folks sent me the lamp!"

COMPLIMENTS
—of—
CENTRAL GA. BAKING CO.

Plight . . .

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a happy and prosperous year for all. But this writer and a certain party have their doubts. We seem to have dived in the wrong "dive" New Year's Eve. We were all waiting anxiously for twelve o'clock to roll around. My arm was reaching for my girl, and when the lights were about to go out, the inevitable happened. Beer bottles began to fly through the air, fists were swinging and one waiter was passing out butcher knives to the regular customers. We hit the deck and would still be under that table had not the M. P.'s arrived in force. Right there we swore to stay away from "dives" and to have a little respect for the Army. What a way to begin a new year!!

You may think this has been a lousy feature story. Well, if Frank Knox and Co. do not lose patience, if the teachers at this great institution remain kind to us and if the officers on the campus will not lose faith in us as officer candidates, we resolve to write you a feature story about the New Year, 1945, that will not wait.

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