

# The Mercer Cluster

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# Personalities . . .

By ELAINE TAYLOR

Anne Slate

From Dalton, Georgia, comes the fairer sex personality of the week. She is Beverly Anne Slate, who was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1925. Anne lived there for eight years until she



went to Smyrna, Rome, and finally Dalton, which she now calls home. While at Dalton High Anne was editor of the high school paper and vice-president of a high school social club. Her first fame as a future writer came in high school when she won a state-wide essay contest sponsored by the Civitan Club. This was her first attempt at creative writing to be read and criticized by someone other than herself. All this time Anne was writing poetry and reading it—any she could get her hands on.

After graduating from high school Anne came to Mercer in the summer of 1942. To date, her "career" here has been a successful one. She has served as Business Manager of the Silhouette, Associate Editor of the

Silhouette, Assistant Feature Editor of the Caudron, and Assistant News Editor of the Cluster. By virtue of all this she has this semester attained the coveted honor of being tapped by Cardinal Key. In addition she serves the dual role of being Phi Mu's Vice President and Rush Chairman.

Anne is a vivacious and enthusiastic soul who always manages to be where there is excitement, especially fire wagons, ambulances, or police patrols. She has a mania for dirty saddle shoes and draped dresses—not the two together. Heaven forbid! Dancing is one of her favorite ways of relaxation and she's continually learning the latest and most complicated steps. She particularly likes to rhumba. According to her, Glenn Miller is king of swing for all time, but she will stop to listen to Xavier Cugat. Her favorite radio voice is H. V. Kaltenborn, and the saddest things on the radio are commercials—she loathes them.

Her dreams for after the war include going to England to see the English countryside you read about, and seeing as many of the Seven Wonders of the World as possible. Standing at the top of her lists of must-sees is a visit to Munich to see Hitler's home, "Berchtesgarden," where the great fiasco once walked.

## Homer Crandall

Kappa Alpha's Homer Crandall is my reluctant victim this week. After such a long time it does seem that you would acquire some art of interviewing people, but such is not the case—people are still reluctant to talk. It goes without saying that such was the case with Homer, but even more the reluctant victim than usual. After several attempts, I found out that Homer was born in Americus, Georgia, in the praise-worthy year of 1925. From Americus he came to Mercer, but before that, something about his high school career. He is the exception to the rule that all good athletes are not supposed to be exceptionally bright. He was the outstanding athlete in high school and an honor graduate his senior year. Since coming to Mercer, he has kept up the good record. He has participated in all intramural sports, and his choloastic average is way above the average.



After visiting Mercer in the summer of 1942, he decided on taking his pre-med course here instead of Emory. When he came to Mercer he pledged Kappa Alpha, and now serves that worthy body as their President. According to his brothers, he's really the head man where his fraternity is concerned.

It goes without saying that he is chemistry lab instructor, and that here its the students and not the pledges that shake. His lab students say that he knows his chemistry and is trying awfully hard to make them know as much. His lab tests are such that Dale Carnegie could not possibly recommend in his "How to Win Friends and Influence People." In spite of that, Homer is respected and admired for his friendliness, sincerity, and fairness. As Sophomore Class President this year, he proved all his capabilities for being a campus leader. The student body's confidence in him was shown even more when the campus nominating committee chose him to run for student body president.

Homer is very conscientious about his career as a doctor and in June he goes to the University of Georgia Medical School. After he gets his M.D., he wants to return to Americus to practice.

# BARE FACTS

By Barefoot Sanders

And so another week has rolled around. This time we won't waste your time by telling you how fast time flies, but just to make an auspicious beginning, we'll tell you what one Ubangi said t'other Ubangi!

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. Now you fan me for awhile."

Yipe! and to think that we promised last week to cut all that old stuff out.

Now it has come to our attention that there are those on the campus who are more than a little peeved at us for not taking note of the recent extensive efforts to beautify the grounds. We refer to the belated mowing of the grass and trimming the trees, in particular. They think that we should give them a little commendation, particularly after raising sand like we did about the looks of the place. Well, to tell you the truth, we really think that they did a swell job. There is no doubt that the appearance has improved a very great deal.

That's one of the things about criticism, you know—easy to give and hard to take. We do want to apologize, tho, for not giving credit where credit was surely due. 'Course now, there are quite a few other things that could be done, but reckon we've stuck our necks out far enough already . . .

Anyway, back to the grind. There seem to be quite a few things going on around here lately, but none of them worthy of anything more than just passing mention. For instance, for awhile there, conditions on the obstacle course were getting so bad that the joke about the broken leg wasn't very far from wrong . . . and last week several folks seemed to be rather outraged about the action of the Southern Baptist Convention in denying the social equality of Negroes, but we haven't as yet found out what else that august body did . . . a never-ending source of amusement and interest is down town, and the sights and people you see while just going about your own business . . . for instance, if you really want to get a glimpse of life in the raw, there's the World's Biggest Hog . . . only thing is, we haven't yet been able to figure out whether the Hog or the character who gives the Hog's history is the main feature . . . and the last coupla weeks, quite a few disappointed soldiers and sailors have been on the lookout for Waves who don't come to Macon anymore . . . the other nite, two sailors lying over in the park, one holding the other's head in his lap . . . the Salvation Army USO, which serves the best hot coffee and doughnuts we've seen yet . . . all the semi-dives down on Broadway which are fairly teeming with servicemen on Saturday nite—and a sizeable force of M.P.'s overseeing the situation . . . the beggars, particularly the one by the Grand, who are pretty dadgummed hard to pass up sometimes . . . the Recreation Center, which we haven't seen in a long time, but which the new men seem to be patronizing rather often . . . it's a pretty nice place . . . the mob on the sidewalk in front of the Dempsey whenever the liquor store gets in a new stock of whiskey . . . and, what you get used to after a time, the thousands of dogfaces walking the streets with nothing to do, except envy the sailors who, as one of them complained, "always look like they get the best deals" . . .

With exams in three weeks, everybody in Sherwood seems to be getting inspired—real inspired—in figuring out ways to get out of studying. Worrying about whether it's going to rain for muster is one pleasant pastime. With the advent of ice water, the height of humor is to douse some poor soul while he is taking a hot shower. There are, of course, other ways, which we'd like to mention here, but can't—and not because of lack of space.

The Pan-Hellenic dance this week-end—we presume it is this week-end—bids fair to be a gala occasion. With it, social life here—what do we mean, social life?—will, we suppose, end for this semester. In closing, we'd like to present for your consideration this little gem which we noticed in the "Saturday Evening Post" awhile back:

"I cannot cope  
 With hair on soap."

## Speaking of Rats . . .

A friend of ours, a medical student, wrote us the other day about his experiments with rats. We just got to thinking.

One of his rats died at the age, comparatively, of 123. He kept his rat at Tulane University. How the rat got by the entrance exams we don't know, but since he was there to teach and not to learn, we'll let it go. But to get on . . .

His rat—we'll call him Ergo—just sat around all day having chemical reactions.

If you freeze gimple berries quick and hard, they'll live for a long time. The same thing could be done to a man; however, what this would do to his anatomy, we hesitate to comment on. And besides, a man wouldn't look good as gimple berries.

This principle was used on Ergo. He wasn't frozen, though—he's got more sense than that. He just ate things that were easy to digest.

Ergo was still going strong at 122, still eating mushy food and still hunting feminine friends. Our friend says that if humans did the same thing they could live to be 125. But this would throw a big kink in the pension system and Roosevelt's terms.

Ergo didn't say how he liked the adventure. Maybe a man of 125 would wish that he were a lad of ninety again. Who knows? If the world keeps on as it is, though, no one will want to live to a 125. Not even Ergo.

## Basic English

By Jack Kultgen

Poetry is the art of saying nothing rhythmically. In its highest form, it is replete with ambiguities and irrelevant figures of speech. The best poetry is sufficiently obscure to allow any expert to read his own meaning into it. This is a great boon to English teachers as they are thus able to express their own opinions about everything imaginable and still avoid responsibility for radical views. An expert in poetry is one who is able to interpret the simple meaninglessness of a line of poetry into several pages of complex meaninglessness. In general a poet is one who feels that he can better disguise his ignorance metrically than prosaically. Granting that the following is poetry, anyone can be a poet. Even I (with the aid of Geoffrey Chaucer) have tried it.

### PROLOGUE

(to the author's resignation as poet)

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote  
 The droghte of March hath perced to the  
 roote,

And bathed every veyne in swich licour,  
 Of which vertu is engendred the flour;  
 Thanne longen folk to goon on picnikkes,  
 And shipmen in hire sakes hireselves to  
 stickes;

And younge felawes amorous advances  
 Maken to hire swete heartes to dances,  
 And, dredeless, to senden them corsages  
 (so priketh hem nature in hir corages);  
 And lusty lovyers maken melodye  
 That smoochen late at nyght with open ye;  
 And wolves howl in every holt and heeth  
 And at girls whystles with all hire  
 breeth,

Intending hot romances to engendre  
 By methods, iwis, far from tendre.  
 Eek Kultgen taken over is, anon,  
 By Sprynge fevre, as is everyone,  
 And longen only for to slepen,  
 In swete slumbre himself for to steepen.  
 Now for this reson doth auctor intend  
 To bring this tale to speedy end,  
 And so, anon, withouten more ado,  
 Ich bid thee, gentil reder, lazy adieu.

As the noble bard once said, "I'm a poet,  
 but you wouldn't know it, though my feet  
 showit—they're longfellows."