

Socially Speaking

By Pat Bladsoe

The talk of the square this week is centered around the return of erstwhile V-12's, now ensigns, Joe Harrison and Ralph Traxler. Once again these handsome naval men tread the stately walks and halls of Mercer, this time resplendent in the shining buttons and gold braid of an officer. In spite of the fact that both Ensign Harrison and Ensign Traxler came here only under pressure of the navy, students and faculty alike now claim them as their own. While here they were outstanding academically and in campus activities. Excerpts of Joe's column "Madder Music" are still being quoted over many a coke in the co-op or the Sunshine. Although their stay at Mercer was brief, both formed ties so strong that they will long be remembered as native sons.

PAN-HELL DANCE

The Pan-Hellenic Council's dance Saturday night at the Shrine proved even more "fratty" than expected. What with out of town dates and the fact that this was the first dance of the winter season practically every one was there. The Robins Field orchestra played. Around the floor were Claire Short and Ug Lee hot on the rumba numbers, Jackie Griffin being rushed as usual, Mary Belle Richter charming as ever and scores of freshmen.

PLEDGING

Formal pledging for the three sororities took place this past week. Tuesday night in the Chi Omega house, the Chi O's pledged Emma Laura Keaton, Elizabeth Pickering, Catherine Sechrist, Ann Giddings, Tappa Goodwyne, Rosemary Ricks, Pearl Holmes, Lurline Lott, Jean Bennett and Catherine McCook.

CHI PLEDGE OFFICERS

At a recent meeting of the Chi Omega pledges, the following officers were elected:

President, Emma Laura Keaton, Damascus, Georgia; secretary, Pearl Holmes, Chamble, Georgia; treasurer, Lurlyne Lott, Broxton, Georgia.

Thursday night in their suite the Phi Mu's held a pledging ceremony for Ann and Margaret Leavell, Mary Holbrook, Olga Gore,

Fourteen . . .

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Some other fingers pushin' down our tongues to see if we had throats or something, while we stood there and 'ahhhhed' like a hysterical Mohammed. Seems like we got 'messed with' from all sides for a while.

Then we met up with those dart artists, thrown from all sides—us squirmin' like an excited nun. The strength test was there too—just like it still is. We'll never forgive the navy for that thing. Got in there and pushed, squatted, groaned, and pulled till we thought our adrenal glands would explode. Got to where we'd swear the devil wore stripes. (Wonder if he does?)

Of course, we went to classes too—quite often, to be exact. At first we thought some of our professors to be awfully queer ducks—even seemed ignorant at times. But, you know, it's just surprising how much those fellows have learned in fourteen months.

The preacher students tried at first to keep us on the straight and narrow, as well as to keep us from parking on the side. Kept telling us we shouldn't be burning our candle at both ends. We kept telling them we knew it, but it made such a pretty glow. Back in they gave most of us up as lost souls. Guess we were. But we had such a fine time, gettin' lost.

Agga Roberts, Leola Dumas, Shirley Dukes and Mary Belle Richter.

Sunday morning the Alpha Delta Pi's formally pledged eight girls after which the members and pledges ate breakfast together at the New Yorker. The new girls are Lynn Seely, Ann Thomas, Betty Lumpkin, Betty Moore, Jennie Sue Clatt and Laura Major.

ATO SUPPER

Friday night the Alpha Tau Omega's confiscated practically all the room at the Pig and Whistle for a chicken supper. At least seventy-five ATO's, guests and dates basked in the pale green light of the Pig's garden for an hour or two and hungrily devoured whole chickens. Bill Wilson, frat president, took time off to stress the fact that the party was purely for eating purposes. No speeches would be made. Whereafter he promptly fell upon his own food again and silence ensued for the rest of the evening. About nine o'clock the party adjourned for the dance at the Catholic USO.

Gradually met girls, too. All sorts of 'em—some real fine, others a bit aboriginal who just hadn't quite sprung far enough from the ape family tree. But dating became quite popular, despite the obviously located purity devices, which included one velvet-footed night watchman.

Ah, yes! we came to live rather than vegetate. We made friends; we had good times; beerish nights at the Sunshine, unforgettable New Year's night at the fabulous Amuse-U, etc. Christmas came, and we went home and had better times. We came back though—we always do in the navy.

Then we got interested sort'a in school publications (i.e., the licit ones). Some of us even attempted writing; we caught lead poisoning. We quit though. Awful hard to write opinionated stuff for everyone—sometimes it's awful hard to write. Believe the best thing that appeared was the magnificent couplet of:

"I cannot cope
With hair on soap."

Trimesters, tests, boots and demerits come and go, and in five weeks we're going to take up the latter half of this game ourselves. Amazingly enough, our farewell shall probably be reluctant—our stay has been fruitful. From it, we have learned two things: "Wah is hell," but "if winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

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V-12 Unit Slates Dance Next Week

Dancing to the music of the popular Robins Field orchestra, Mercer V-12 students and their dates will enjoy a dance at the Shrine Mosque on Friday night, October 6.

By vote of the battalion members, it was decided that the dance should be formal and that trainees' dates should not wear corsets.

Funds to provide for the dance were obtained from profits made by sale of cold drinks in Sherwood Hall. Such slogans as "Guzzle, Gobs"—and also the keen desire for "twelve full ounces"—sent the sales soaring. Almost entirely responsible for the dance and soft drinks are Waddell Barnes and Bob Roberts, who have looked after the business affairs and have done the actual work of keeping the drink box filled.

It has been rumored that all hands will be given late liberty, that the battalion members will be allowed to sleep until seven o'clock, and that there will be no drill on the following morning, Saturday.

High Post . . .

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Staff, according to an announcement from the command's Randolph Field, Texas, headquarters.

Capt. Alfriend played forward on the varsity basketball squad in 1927 and 1928, and was catcher on the varsity baseball team in 1928. He is a member of Kappa Alpha fraternity.

Prior to entering the service, Alfriend was manager of the personal loan department at First National Bank and Trust Company in Macon. He began his military service at Cochran Field, Macon, Georgia, as deputy post classification officer from May 2 1942, to Sept. 23, 1942. He then became post classification officer and assistant personnel officer at George Field, Illinois; and in February, 1943, he was transferred to the AAF College Training Detachment (aircrew), University of Tampa, Tampa, Florida, serving as adjutant and personnel officer.

His wife, Mrs. Louise S. Alfriend, is residing at their home in Macon. Mr. and Mrs. Kyle T. Alfriend, his parents, are residents of Milledgeville, Georgia.

They Say . . .

Did everyone see the old Mercer students back in town for the dance Saturday night? We were glad to see you, JOE HARRISON, HAL GETTINGS and BUDDY NOLAN.

We would like to know exactly how things stand around here. MEATBALL and JACKIE were together again Monday—things surely do change!

Is what we hear true about SIDNEY TRAWICK and LOU MORRIS? We wonder.

BILL ROBISON is holding his title of ATO Worthy Wolf by continually howling at SHIRLEY SUTTON and AGGA ROBERTS.

EDD ATKINSON is really plenty cute, but, oh, how we'd hate to fail physics.

More people would like to know the secret to ANN THOMAS' success. How does she manage to keep so many boys fighting over her? Keep up the good work, ANN, but try to save a few for the rest of MEP.

JIMMY COWAN will appreciate Alex Templeton's music, but he would enjoy it much more in a seat next to RUTH BAKER.

We will all miss the V-12's (27 of them) who left Tuesday. Best of luck to you, boys, wherever you may be.

ED CARLSON claims that that is mercurochrome he has been wearing on the bottom lip lately. What flavor, ED?

We hear that LYNN SEELY is sorry over BULLDOG'S departure. Come on, LYNN, develop that "life must go on—I forget just why" attitude.

DORIS BURKHALTER was happy to see BIGGERS this last week-end. What's that fatal charm BURKHALTER displays with everyone?

ANNE SLATE'S CHASE doesn't lack but two more zeroes before getting the DFC and after that he will no doubt return to the states. We know you're proud of him, SLATE.

LULU, we hear you have been spreading propaganda about JAMES LEE being engaged—and we thought he liked you.

We wonder if it's really ANGIE MATTHEWS' intelligence that gets those good grades, or could it be those golf games with the professors?

What is this we hear about BOB CAMERON and VIRGINIA MASSEY? They seem to be awfully friendly.

Why are some of the girls in MEP allergic to windows now? We hear they have good reason.

DIAGNOSIS

Office Boy—I think I know what's wrong with this country. Bank Executive—And what's that, son?

Office Boy—We're trying to run America with only one vice-president.—Pure Oil News.

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