

LEM LIBEL

Your old friend Lem actually saw MARTHA ROGERS in the Co-op last week for the first time this year. Come around more often MARTHA, can never tell who might be sitting in one of the booths.

ROSEY, you can put more gasoline on that torch now that the ALT party is over.

We understand that AGGA ROBERTS thinks that H. KELLAM has two of the "cutiest" roommates. How 'bout it TOM and SPENCER?

By the way, fellows, date an A D Pi and get intellectual—go to night school—they will show you the way.

Latest love of the campus goes to S. CUNNINGHAM and KITTY (the car) CARMICHAEL.

Congrats to GENE DYAR and "SHORTY."

Does BILL ARGO still date on Sunday nights? Lem just wants to know.

CLAIR MAFFETT why don't you please BLOSSOM out and give B. WOODS and LUCIUS H. a chance?

Flash, gals! Spring weather and full moons really make those Kappa Sigs get serious. Latest additions to the Pin and Ring Club are BROWN and ZINN; and B. MELTON and N. FINLEY (tell us about that dramatic scene in the park BUCK).

Our M. E. P. reporter wants to know why the Phi Deltis and S.A.E.'s don't date more dormitory girls instead of those Wealeyan "Bags." Well?

Who put the lights out at the Cai O House the other night—or better still, who put that new light up? It is such a pretty color, too.

What-sa-matter TULLY, can't you take a little competition—especially at the end of dances?

What is the story, ALDRED? Are you or ain't you?

This is for "CURDOG"—let the CCC Club fill out the rest.

Bradberry is beginning to look better since the Cai O formal. What is it WALT?

Ask J. B. about the "Laughing Place."

Have you seen the ring BETTY C. is wearing? Very nice B. COCHRAN, congratulations.

My! My! what will our Nellie do next? Can you imagine a gal getting a pin on Wednesday and dating two different men over the weekend? She says Buck gave his consent but why would he do a thing like that . . . ?

VETS BEST TESTS

From the relatively obscure parts of Penfield Hall come indications and assertions of friendly folk. The V.A.'s there. And a whole flock of guides, tests, and testees. And a way, we're told, of jumping from frosh to soph (or seniors to have-been-ior) in one easy series of tests. Therein lies the interest, inasmuch as much of the staff is securely married.

So we went down to find out what we should do with our once-young and promising lives. And No. 1 on the list, of course, was "take tests." Being super-functional on those tests, they even told us which ones were important. "Here, take this test; 30-minute speed test; go just as fast as you can!" There were several of those, on which we naturally averaged about five minutes per. (Others, however, were very important: we were told to take our time on these. "Of course," thought I, "it ain't in the repair shop, anyhow.")

But the most fun of all were the so-called "dexterity" tests. Blocks, just like when we were kids, were there to amuse us. Actually, tho, they didn't: I saw three of them at once and was constantly thereafter alert. I didn't linger over them, and as far as I know, that waiting rattle and diaper are still there.

And, like what page 1085 does to a nearby book lying helplessly inactive and hopelessly unused, my initially-seen, short, chubby guide brought all these proceedings to a conclusion. With wisdom all over his face (and red marks all over the tests), he hastily glowed thru the quizzes. "Ya know what you told me you wanted to do when you first came in here, don't you?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I find that you very well qualified for the job; good luck at it and come back sometime." "Thank you," I said, smiling happily, for now, with even the VA's sanction I can safely become a fireman.

Ramblin'

By Charlie McDaniel

The Blue Key fraternity elected Tommy McLane as its new president when it held its dinner meeting last week. Tommy is known by practically all of the students of our campus and has made a brilliant record already. He has a slate of officers to help him that assures us of a great year for Blue Key.

The "face lifting" which the campus has been receiving is beginning to take more form. When the program is complete, it is believed, by those in authority that we will have one of the most beautiful campus attractions in our state. Many of us have been pleased with the immediate results of several new patches of grass. Already there have been a number of students who get in such a hurry they have to cut across those newly cultivated plots. Let's all try to co-operate at least to the extent of helping to maintain what already has been accomplished.

The new registration plan, which will take effect this summer, sounds like what most Mercer students have been wanting. There will naturally be a few places that will require ironing out to make the plan completely successful, but time should take care of this. I sincerely believe that student opinion is greatly responsible for this action which is an indication that not all of our gripes go unheard.

The editor of the 1946-47 *Cauldron*, Laura Major, recently announced that there is a good possibility that our edition will not be available by graduation day. Being a member of the *Cauldron* staff, I will defend my associates by saying we met every deadline set by the printing authorities. This, however, does not excuse the *Cauldron* being late. We have gotten used to poor printing service, so I guess they think we will continue. My suggestion to the new staff is to contract with a company who will assure you of the publication on time. There are publishing houses that will make this guarantee!

Ramblin' Round:—Mrs. Betty Wall, wife of the New A.L.T. proxy, was announced as sponsor for her husband's fraternity last week. . . . Is the school responsible for washing the windows in the rent paid rooms? . . . If so they are a couple of years late in some areas. . . . Betty Cribb is the wearer of a new diamond this week . . . Jack Culpepper was host to several of his friends last week-end at a houseparty . . . Wish they would hurry and get that other parking area fixed up—some scamp has been beating me to my old parking place lately . . . The softball games are getting enjoyable—ah boys!

AMUCK AND ANON

by Jim Cowan

There are three things which a usually tolerant individual like myself must absolutely refuse to tolerate: a dull play, a poorly done violin solo, and a bad cup of coffee.

Dull plays are unknown at Mercer; witness the sterling performances turned in by Lillian Moye, Val Sheridan, Jesse DeFore, and the rest of the cast in *Jean of Lorraine*. The Mercer Players are getting moye and moye superb with every passing play.

Poorly done violin solos are not likely to nauseate me very often, either, mainly because I never go to fiddle concerts as I don't care for the atrocious instrument anywhere this side of a symphony orchestra.

But bad coffee! . . . I am daily confronted with the stuff as I make my mad dash to the Co-op between Miss Turpin's 10:00 French 51 class and Dr. Anthony's 11:00 *Principles of Economics*. But if you think it isn't fit to water the horses at that time of day, you should go back for a second cup right after Charlie Harris' soft ball class at 3:30. Better yet, try it around 9:00 some evening between shooting the bull with Billy Pickard and studying political science with Frank Wentz.

Looking back over nearly twenty years of existence, I can easily see the important part that coffee has played in my life. When I was four, my sister spilled a potful of scalding Maxwell's House on my head, burning me so badly that I took her name in vain. However, as I licked my face, I discovered that it tasted quite good, so I began to clamor for the noble beverage at meal time. My father told me not to drink it, it would turn me black; but I knew where he'd been the night before, so I've been gussling my java ever since.

In Albany, there was a little Greek restaurant called *Long's Coffee Shop* where all the newspaper and radio staff members used to hang out during the crucial weeks just prior to the end of the war. That was in the days when your columnist stood hourly before an eight-ball mike and drippingly announced, "*Bailey's Supreme Coffee* leaves no grounds for complaint!" Those delicious cups gulped at *Long's* between "The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters" and "Round-up of World News" are some of my fondest memories.

But at Mercer, we find only the Co-op! . . . The other day I overheard the situation being discussed over a couple o' cups of the foul tasting brew. "You know what this tastes like?" asked the frosh. "Yeah," replied the soph, "but whose?"

Need I say more, ignorant reader? Cannot even you gather by this time that everyone concerned is frustrated with disgust, or is it disgusted with frustration, every time anyone mentions that abominable eye wash they serve at Ye Olde College Shop? Cannot even the dullest faculty member and the slowest janitor recognize the sore need at Mercer for better Co-op coffee? Personally, I'd rather drink that wizard's broth Earl Wilson concocts out of lighter fluid, green ink, and after-shave lotion than that nine day's grounds slush-that-ought-to-be-flushed they dish out down there.

We, the signers of the pledge not to drink intoxicants on the campus, protest! Either let us have good coffee or give us back our gin and rye.

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