

HERE'N THERE WITH KRISTINA MOORE

The Girls Rebut

Well, it is twelve o'clock and the stacks of complaints about boys are now shoulder deep in the Chapter Room...

On top of the heap, as usual, is content. "Boys are too egotistical" "Stuck up sometimes..."

I am typing this to the tune of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" - the Elizabeth Doss rendition...

Chivalry, or rather the lack of it, is running a close second to content. Mercer girls seem to be of the opinion that Mercer boys are not as courteous as they could be...

Not too long ago said young lady and two friends, all three having gone supperless...

Dating etiquette comes next on the list and first under this heading is "boys who can't take a hint." What Willards! "Boys who call up at the last minute and expect you to go..."

One humorous and very true criticism concerned the boys who have no opinions. This refers especially to the boy who has never planned anything for a date...

Boy: What do you want to do? Girl: I don't know. What did you have in mind? Boy: Oh, I don't care. Anything you want to do...

girls cannot be criticized for being noncommittal here. It's hard to ascertain what hates or interests a boy or how much his pocketbook is prepared to take

(The rest of this column will proceed rather slowly. The typing is now being done in time to "Love, Come Back to Me.")

The rest of the complaints can be listed under the Miscellaneous heading: "Sloppy," "Too self-sufficient," "Think grass is greener on the other side of the fence," "Gigars smell bad," "Boys who think you are going steady when you date one boy twice," "Boys who feel that they must have a car to date."

Looking over both columns, we must come to the conclusion that both boys and girls on the Mercer campus are a pretty awful lot.

But, Spring's here and who cares?

(Editor's Note: The following is an accounting of some of the humorous highlights of the Honor Council session on March 7.)

By Nancy Yates

The students rose to their feet as the solemn procession began. Promptly at 4 PM (well, shortly thereafter) Wednesday, the Honorable Roy Madison Thornton, chairman of the Mercer University Honor Council, took his seat as judge in the Walter F. George School of Law Moot Court room.

The Honor Council was about to hear testimony on the Elections Committee case.

The three petitioners and their co-counsel joined their stack of legal reference books on the right, facing that "sovereign and august body" that was to render the fatal decision.

In the distinguished group who merited the effort of standing were also none less than the President of the Student Government, the President of the Senior Class, and an able counsel, Fred Hasty.

The so-called "trial" began in the dignified manner that was to characterize it throughout. Paul Montjoy stated that "we are a political unit" and emphasized that the authority of the constitution must be "cautiously guarded."

The petitioners were careful to declare their love for Mercer and the interests of her students.

Despite the admitted and un-

doubtable solemnity of the entire affair, there were, nevertheless, one or two incidents that occasioned slight giggles, which (let's face it) eventually developed into unquestionable guffaws.

The petitioners seemed slightly at a loss, for example, when Mr. Thornton found it necessary to remind them that the Honor Council was not designed as a "domestic relations court."

Then there was the time Mr. Thornton reminded the Council not necessarily to consider the motive of extension, stating that there are perhaps too many "sociological decisions handed down by courts."

Later (much later) Earl Jones, attorney for the petitioners, took the stand. Hasty (for reasons we won't go into here) showed him a copy of the United States Constitu-

Jones' partner, John Holley, objected on the grounds that Mr. Jones was not a constitutional authority.

THORNTON: Have you had "Constitutional Law" under Professor Quarles?

JONES: Yes.

THORNTON: Then you're an authority!

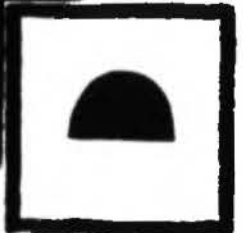
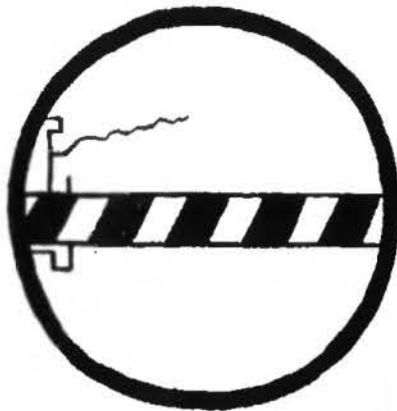
Under severe questioning, the President of the Senior Class was forced to admit: "I can't answer that. I'm not a law student, just a liberal arts student." He then referred to his open letter printed in this issue of The Cluster—and Thornton reprimanded him for the "advertisement."

Yes, it was quite a spectacle. People hopping up and down... shouts of "Objection!"... the calm tenacity of the Chief Justice... the sometimes boredom of the Council members... the tension of the opposition... the general interest and confusion... a real laugh. (Well, go ahead, laugh.)

The best show we've had this year. Those who "came to scoff" really got their chance. What about the ones who might have "remained to pray?"

LUCKY DROODLES! PURR-FECTLY HILARIOUS!

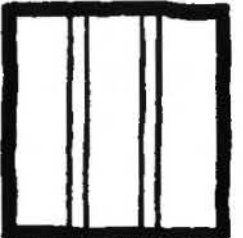
WHAT'S THIS? For solution see paragraph below.



DARK NIGHT, WELL-LIT TUNNEL Robert Sneyd U. of San Francisco



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