

June Commencement Marks Passing Of Campus Landmarks

Veteran Mercerians to Enter University of World Under Dean Experience.

By Malcolm Johnson

When the seniors of this year don the cap and gown and receive their diplomas at the end of one of Mercer's most successful sessions, students here will miss some of the most outstanding men, men who have made themselves prominent through sheer ability and popularity among their fellow students, men who have become veritable landmarks in the annals of Mercer activities and Mercer accomplishments.

For four years these men have been familiar figures on the campus; for four years they have lived among us, shared our joys, our achievements, our sorrows, our victories, and our defeats. Now they are leaving the old halls of their Alma Mater forever. No longer can they congregate in the rooms of their fellow students for a friendly session, no longer can they walk across the campus as students here, no longer can they attend the old spirit meetings and share the glamour and romance of college again. For their college days are over and they are now on the threshold of life, stepping into new surroundings, meeting new problems, amid new and stranger circumstances.

But these men cannot leave their old Alma Mater without being missed. They have played an important part in the affairs of Mercer, have filled a prominent place in the life of the school, and the students will feel a sense of loss and regret at losing them from their midst.

For, in their four years among us they have almost become institutions among us—landmarks on the campus, symbolic of their work and vital interest in our affairs.

Roy Davis, president of the senior class and student body, able speaker, popular student, and prominent in Mercer activities, will be "among those missing" when the roll is called next year. Davis is a man who has earned the esteem of his fellow students by virtue of hard work and sincere endeavor.

Another student brilliant in the forensic field is Gus Bootle, singer, student, debater, speaker, and "Master Mercerian." He may be a graduate student, however, next year.

And then the athletes. No longer will the students have the privilege of seeing Mike Herndon in his place in the line and fighting with all his might for the glory of the Orange and Black. In Mike's four years here he has never been thrown flat on his back on the gridiron, but has always been busy helping the other men to their feet—Mike of the helping hand, a man who is known and liked by all.

Beverly Gaines is another who has been faithful to his school, who has made a good fight, who has donned the football uniform for the honor of his Alma Mater. He will coach in Nashville, Ga., next year, it is understood.

There are many others who are going to be missed, and there are many who have meant a great deal to the school. Max Lassiter, light hearted, happy, smiling Max, of the scintillating wit, who has entertained students for four years, will be no more. Jimmie Garner, jovial, friendly to every one, honest, sincere, will also leave.

Jack Shuford, quiet, with a dignity inimitable, whose face has been a familiar sight in the business office,

will help some one else run their business next year.

Other "landmarks" on the campus are Charles Berryman, known by all as "Charlie," a quiet, studious, unassuming Mercerian. Henry Fugate, able editor of the Cauldron this year, not so very talkative, but a student who will be missed; nevertheless.

And we can't forget Wayne Hogan! Wayne has caused so many heartaches since his entrance at Mercer, his leaving will only cause a few more. Not only will the students miss Wayne but probably many of the fairer and weaker sex also. He is a landmark on the campus in more ways than one. He never missed any spirit meetings, and he was always on hand to lead cheers at the games.

Landmarks of Mercer are leaving. Others will no doubt take their places, but never can the work of these men and the associations and friendships they have made be forgotten. And the friendships made in college are as lasting and enduring as the salt of the earth. In the words of the poet upon leaving old friends, "You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will, But the scent of the rose will hang round it still."

Naiads and Nymphs For Bathing Revue If Dreams Are True

Clank Wants Tiled Swimming Pool; Would Elect Master Merman.

By Clank

A beautiful, immaculate, white tiled swimming pool filled with clear, sparkling water, heated uniformly in the winter, and cooled with the chilling product of a spring during the hot summer months. A pool fifty feet wide and seventy-five feet long.

Half a foot deep in the shallow end with a protecting rope for beginners and gradually deepening to ten or eleven feet at the other end. Two perfectly balanced spring boards with just the right degree of flexibility for a perfect dive, covered with cork or heavy carpeting to prevent slipping, located on either side of the deep end. A solidly built take-off for the heavy weights who would participate in the "plunge." A diving tower with platforms fifteen and twenty-five feet above the water, for the more fancy and nifty of the swimmers and performers.

A crack water polo, relay, diving, and distance swimming team meeting in successful intercollegiate competition teams from all parts of the country. A skilled coach in charge of this pool and this team who is capable of developing new Johnnie Weismullers and faster Duke Kahanamokus.

A new flutter or a new way of breathing in the execution of the six beat double trudgeon crawl invented and made famous by some Mercer sprint swimmer. The selection each year of a Master Mercer Merman. The possibility of having Mercer represented on the United States Olympic teams.

An ideal sporting place for all Mercer men during the hot and tiresome months of spring and summer terms. A chance for every Mercer man to learn to swim and to learn life saving. The chance for every Mercer man to give his muscles the most symmetrical development through the most uniform exercise known to man.

All of which at present is just an idle dream—but isn't it great to even imagine such a pool and such a team on the Mercer campus sometime in the future.

College and fraternity seals at the College Co-Op Club.

"Pam's" Itching Palm Inspires New Parody On Old Oaken Bucket

Write Poetic Eulogy to Dollar Mark and U. S. Shekel.

Dr. Boyd David Ragsdale, erstwhile guardian of the Mercerian shekels and expostulator on the art of homely-izing, protests the sentiments of a springtime songbird's gush of versification on his profession.

The memorable words of "The Old Oaken Bucket" have been torn from their melody and in their place inserted a materialistic, cold-blooded, dollar-mark phraseology relating to the harvesting of silver eagles.

The parody quoted below would leave one with a poor impression of his occupation, Dr. Ragsdale states. The philosopher whose mind concocted the bite of philander and nonsensical play on the old time should have spent his verses on flowing birdnotes, laughing mountain streams and sparkling gems of ray serene, or something. So states the Doctor.

Furthermore, other occupations engage his attention besides holding the key to the coin garage, Dr. Ragsdale reports. Seven colors of sweet peas have sprung up under his tutorage of late. Ted Ashby and Henley Jelks still require academic nourishment. And then, too, instead of viewing stacks of yellowing bills and furnishing pieces of eight when he opens the safe each morning, he looks only into the vacant depths of a barren vault. His coffers are empty, he says, and it is forbidden him that he indulge in

his attributed pastime, even had he the desire.

Howsoever that may be, or may not be, or whatever we were saying, we do hereby hesitate and quote below the aforementioned result of poetizing of which the Doctor is wondering if he was not the unoffered inspiration. Might try it to the tune of "The O. O. B." on your harmonica.

The New Version.

How dear to my heart is the old silver dollar, when some kind member presents it to view; the Liberty head without necktie or collar, and all the strange things which to us seem so new. The wide-spreading eagle, the arrow below it, the star and the words with the strange things they tell; the coin of our father's, we are glad that we know it, for some time or other 'twill come in right well; the spread-eagle dollar, the star-spangled dollar, the old silver dollar we all love so well.

"13" HAS GOOD YEAR

Oratorical Club Shows Great Results in Two Years' Work.

Closing the year's work with triumphal success, the Oratorical 13 Club held a mock trial at the meeting Thursday night. The defendant was one of the regular members, A. E. Bush, who was charged with radicalism. The lawyers who represented him were S. T. Crenshaw and Sam Welsh. The State's attorneys were O. D. Holbrook and Waldo West. Otis Dorrough acted as presiding judge. This club has functioned for two

years and has as its members students who are especially interested in public speaking. The membership is limited to thirteen regular members and thirteen associate members. The meetings are held weekly and the members are required to attend. No one is admitted as a member until he has shown himself to be interested in public speaking and his becoming a member must meet the approval of all the members.

The officers are: S. T. Crenshaw, president; W. O. Dorrough, secretary; G. E. Snellgrove, reporter; and R. D. Armstrong, critic. The regular members are as follows: R. D. Armstrong, H. J. Bivins, S. T. Crenshaw, W. O. Dorrough, W. A. Ingram, G. E. Snellgrove, Joe McClain, Sam Welsh, Waldo West, J. E. Cook, A. E. Bush, and D. H. Jordan.

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