

The Mercer Cluster

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THE OLD GRADS

Solemnity, conviviality, regret and optimism are strangely interwoven in the minds of Homecomers. Here the conversation is optimistically turned toward the future, there it reminisces and wistfully deals with the bygone days, and yonder a group seems lost in the joyous present. The Old Grad is with us.

Yes, it is reunion time; and reunions are revivals. The Old Grad stands on the campus, the same campus he trod months and years ago. At first it is strange to him. Old landmarks have been displaced; unfamiliar faces through the paths. How peculiar it seems!

Then he glimpses a familiar spot—and the past leaps into his mind. The new is submerged in the old. But yesterday he walked there—late to class. But yesterday he sat there with his roommate. That reminds him as he soberly revives the days since flown—whatever became of his "old lady." A rather sombre thought, since he never saw him after they both received diplomas.

A touch on the shoulder—and he gazes into the face of his roommate. They link arms and begin a tour of the campus, laughing with a freedom of former days, meeting other members of their class. The past is resurrected. They try to persuade themselves that it has been years. It is impossible—it was yesterday.

And yet, the new buildings! Yes, and the multitude of other changes. And the students—they are nothing but boys! They forget the passage of time. It is unreal, entirely too strange. They look at each other, they see the lines of care in some faces, the marks of time written in every countenance. And many a handkerchief—but it is foolish to regret. They laugh at the tendency toward sentimentalism.

What if the present student body does have better equipped buildings, if the faculty has increased, if a new dining hall has been substituted for the ground floor in Sherwood! These new men deserve it. It is no use to worry because it was lacking in the past.

Not only that, some provision must be made for the future. The increase must continue, Mercer University must proceed on its way, it must expand. And the Old Grads immediately begin devising means to make their Alma Mater the greatest in the South.

And the Student Body welcomes the Homecomers. True, they wonder at the statements of the Old Grad, for he advises them to work harder. The Old Grad says that he was nearer heaven when he was a student than ever before or since. He tells the student to apply himself, so that these days mean the most. It sounds strange to the student. But the seriousness of the Old Grad penetrates. There must be something to what he is saying.

Many students will realize the truth in what the Old Grad says. Many a man will determine to make the most of these college days, will determine anew to appreciate the opportunity for campus friendships, will realize that these are fleeting days, that soon, too soon, he will be numbered among the Old Grads.

Emceebee.

FAMOUS PENS

Safety.....
 Imitation.....
 Ball.....
 State.....
 King.....
 and Ink.....

YOUR TEAM

Mercer should be proud of her football team.

The men on the Orange and Black squad have never yet failed their Alma Mater; they have always been on the job; they have always given the best that is in them for their school, and they have always been faithful to the trust committed to them. For these reasons the student body at Mercer should lend its wholehearted support unhesitatingly toward promulgating the success of the team, individually and collectively.

When you see an athlete perform brilliantly on the field do you ever stop to think of the long hours of hard work it has taken him to be able to carry the ball, buck the line or make a touchdown? Or do you just take it as a matter of course, and admire his skill as only native ability plus a little coaching? The latter seems to be the more prevalent view. A singer captivates his audience only after years of training and hard work. A speaker learns the art of vocal expression only after years of practice and effort. And so it is in every line of endeavor. No success comes with ease, no amount of ability paves the road to triumph without the daily drudgery of hard work.

Therefore, when you saw our team defeat Wofford so decisively you saw only the result of long afternoons of hard, gruelling work. That the team as a whole was more skilled than that of Wofford is but proof of the persistence of that team. That they played good football was no accident. Practice, long, hard hours of practice, is its daily portion.

While other students are able to enjoy themselves downtown or recline in ease in their respective rooms, the football men are working, being bruised up, knocked about on the grid field. This happens every afternoon. And every afternoon they can be seen straggling in from the field, tired, sore, bruised from their grind in preparation for the next game.

Students would be ungrateful indeed if they did not appreciate this sacrifice made by the men on the team. They are giving their all for you, what are you doing for them? Do you sacrifice anything for your team? Have you ever given up some pleasure or some of your valuable(?) time for the team?

The least students can do is to support their team. It is very little compared to what they do for the school. Yet many students object to yelling at the games or going on a parade to advertise the games!

The Mercer team has the right spirit; they give their last ounce of strength for the school, for the honor of their Alma Mater—for YOU. What will YOU do for them?

THE KWESTION KORNER

Judge Low: What company makes the Mountain Range?

Ans. The Mountain Range is a patented stove manufactured by the Softskull Hardware Co. of Sharp Point, New Jersey.

"Kid" McKoy: What is the Hudson Bay Company?

Ans. The Hudson Bay Company is a musical comedy troupe which tours the famous swamps of South Georgia.

"Red" Simmons: What is Snellgrove's derby?

Ans. Snellgrove's Derby is the annual gopher race held in the wilds of Jones County.

Sir Squint: What is a skull drill?

Ans. The Skull Drill is a religious ceremony of the head-hunting tribes who inhabit Fulton County.

Ku Klux Bell: What was the Greek Friese?

Ans. The Greek Friese was a cold spell that occurred in the year 9 B.C. The thermometer dropped so low that the Mediterranean Sea froze solid.

Ralph Tabor: What is the Goff Links?

Ans. The name of this animal is spelled Goff Lynx. This member of the cat family is frequently found in the rugged mountain peaks along the eastern coast of Florida.

Hocus: "What is a stove pipe?"

Focus: "A stove pipe is a long tube wrapped up in tin."



Exema went over to the chapel building to try out for the Glee Club.

They told him he was as welcome as a snowdrift in California.

When he opened his mouth to sing it looked like the parting of the Red Sea.

He looked so terrible with all that wide expanse of teeth, tonsils and peristalsis that the clock held up its hands in horror.

Dr. Richardson looked at the clock, thought it was 12 noon, put on his hat and went home for his dinner.

Exema's voice sounded like a cracked soup plate being played on a second-hand phonograph.

The noise was so sickening that the pictures turned their faces to the wall.

Ralph Tabor got so excited that he played "The Fall of Rome" with one foot and worked the pedals with his teeth.

"Parson" Chandler did a diving Venus into the bass drum and got his legs tangled up in Ralph Johnson's horn.

"Parson" tore out across the campus like a cyclone with new monkey glands.

Tipplewit's Weekly Letter

Dear papa: Will you please send me a date privilage? I want to have a date with a Wesleyan girl, and it is necessary that I have your paternal approval.

Tewmuch Wants to Know

Are seances given by a culture medium?

Adolphus Gives Thanks

That window sashes don't have to be tied.

The Poet's Spasm

There was a young freshman of Mercer,
 Who got steadily worsner and worsner,
 So they gave the air
 To that embryo bear
 Because he went too fur, sir.

Sex Says

I've got a girl so bow-legged that she could pass a barrel on both sides.

The Girl Across the Street

She's such a heavy thinker that she believes the Carpet Tacks brings the government revenue. That Grape Nuts have shells. But most fascinating of all, she fondly believes that chains of evidence get rusty.

Boss's Diplomatic Dots

Don't get playful and cut down the pine trees that grow on the campus.

Fashion Notes

Veils will not be in vogue among the freshmen of the student body this season. If any are worn, which is doubtful, they will be of slimy green calico-lace. Since the practice of washing the face has become so universal, it has been deemed almost useless to wear these charming beauty accessories.

Horrible Thought for Today

In the year 226 B. C. very few tomato plants were infested with boll-weevils.

Today's Advertisement

High school course for college students. College students who were unable to get a high school education will be pleased to know that we are offering a full four-year course in three simple lessons. This course may easily be mastered in a few hours, one pupil even completed it during the half of a football game. Also grammar school and kindergarten courses for advanced college men. Address: Intelligence Bureau of Jones County.

Schedule for Getting Rich

Selling hand-carved telephone poles to stranded motorists.

Our Bedtime Story (a la Frosh Theme)

Great was Gruppo, mighty hunter of the Bat-caves. He had great tufts of hair hanging from all parts of his body, the skin of his thigh hung in great folds and his mighty eyebrows carried a suggestion of grandeur and monstrous strength. He was an adept at the art of catching mock turtles, even when they climbed to the top-most branches of the whiffletrees he was able to ensnare them with his ready smile and lure them to their certain destruction. And when it came to dragons, ah! they were his meat! He would nonchalantly gallop up to one, and grasping its ability in one hand and its reputation in the other he would twist the two together while the great animal writhed in agony.

DISCONTENT

Have you ever felt the yearning
 To know the "Whys" of life,
 To understand the burning
 That heats the heart in strife?

Do you ever pause to wonder
 Just why you're here on earth,
 And think it but a blunder
 Or a bit of godly mirth?

Oh, do not doubt the prudence
 That bids you seek the cause—
 This searching proves you student,
 And a student knows no laws.

This seeking, burning, striving,
 Inherent is in youth;
 But in the end, surviving,
 He clasps the jewel, Truth.

—Emceebee.

STAGNATION

Contrast a green, stagnant pool with a pure, lucid glass of distilled water. Revolve in mind which is most important. Think which is most natural.

Stagnation is peremptorily condemned. It represents lifelessness, retrogression and inactivity. Distilled water conveys the idea of healthfulness, purity and virginity—qualities greatly to be desired.

Stagnation condemned!—but not by the scientist, not by the inquisitive. Pools of stagnant water offer rich biological phenomena. Every drop has indescribable activity. The unpleasant odors are result of perpetual conflict in which the weakest exhale their lives in malodorous vapors. Nature is working, and working for the best.

Pure water means sterility. It possesses good attributes but is insipid and distasteful. A combining of the two produces best results. Streams carry fertilizing elements, which is a kind of pollution. We drink water containing elements which render it impure.

The Elizabethan Period is perhaps one of the most immoral in English history. Catholicism tottered; Protestantism was weak. Morality was impotent. It was a stagnation period. But beneath the surface scum was a deep fermentation. Malignant odors arose. Under the seething humanity were working leavening influences. From the Elizabethan stink-pot was evolved a Marlowe, a Jonson and a Shakespeare. Can stagnation be utterly condemned?

The vapors vanished and a Milton emerges, and a Bunyan. Their Puritan followers carried purity to the point of sterility. England became retrogressive. Moral abuses are tantamount to licentiousness and uncontrolled freedom. Which is worse, illimitable unrestraint of Shakespearean times or dogmatic conservatism of the Puritan regime?

Individuals are miniature nations—many powers strive for supremacy over the mind. There can be a fermenting, lively stagnation or a sterile, Puritanical adherence to doctrine, or else there can be an intermingling of the two.

This latter course of intermixture seems best. True, it will not give rise to a Shakespeare nor a Milton, but it furnishes an excellent basis for life. It gives opportunity for learning the qualities of Truth.

Emceebee.

Campus Epitaphs

Here lies the dust
 Of John McTapp,
 He slept all night
 On the 2nd-escape.

WITH OUR EXCHANGES

"Dad's Day" is the name of a certain day each year to be set aside by Georgia Tech, the University of Florida, and several other institutions of the South. This new feature usually is scheduled for the date of some important athletic event which acts as an added inducement. On this date every father of every student is expected to visit the Alma Mater of his son and become acquainted with the faculty and student body.

"On to Orangeburg!" was the battlecry of the three hundred students from University of South Carolina as their special train carried them to the annual game between the Gamecocks and the Citadel Bulldogs. Carrying their band with them, they took the town by storm and paraded in style down the main street of the city. Of course the team won and so completed the event that the students will not soon forget, according to all reports.

The Reveille, from the Louisiana State University, announces the names of some of the girls' volleyball teams. Among the names are "Red Hot Mamas," "Green Devils," "Hot Shots," "Knockouts," and "Rolled Socks."

Septa: "The speaker said that beauty lies in simple things."
 Seema: "Then, you are too beautiful for words." —Sewanee Purple.

Birmingham-Southern will elect a campus queen from among the co-eds to occupy a position of honor in the college annual. This being a much coveted honor, much interest is being displayed among the students toward the coming election which is scheduled for Nov. 11, according to the Gold and Black.

A very interesting feature of the Gold and Black is a column called "Kharacters of the Kampus," which gives a sketch of several students each week. The editor of this column is no doubt an exponent of the idea that a man shouldn't wait until he is dead to become known to the world, so he is writing up his classmates while they are still able to appreciate the good work. The idea is new and deserves commendation.

No freshman should make undue noise when passing the class rooms—he is liable to wake the sleeping upperclassmen. —Gold and Black.

Centre College Cento relates how the Centre Alumni took the football team to the Zeigfield Follies in New York a week or so ago, on the same night that the Notre Dame team made the same visit. Will Rogers introduced the two teams, and an enjoyable time was had.

Sweet: "I see in the paper that three persons were killed in a feud."
 Thing: "Those little cheap cars are dangerous." —The Southern.

Tom: "S'neagle."
 Dick: "S'not S'neagle. S'nowl."
 Harry: "S'neither. S'nostrich."
 —The Hornet.

In the park
 In the dark
 Sat a couple,
 As they neekt
 They were wreckt—
 Bench too supple.
 —Texas Ranger.

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