

MORE COMMENTS ON CHAPEL

A JUNIOR IS ONE WHO . . .

It is now 10:02 a.m., and with the sound of the organist's prelude literally booming in my ears, I cannot help but look around this chapel in absolute sophomore dumbfound-

ment. I had heard, after Freshman chapel during Orientation week, that these new Mercerians were demonstrating an attitude of actual reverence before the service. Being a pure skeptic at heart, I was resolved to either validate or disprove such a rumor myself. And so here I am in Freshman Chapel, and I might add, in awe.

Even before the powerfully expressed beauty of "Allegro Maestoso" began, students were making their youthful way to their respective places. (And this is certainly not meant to be sarcastic toward the Seniors; it's just that they've flunked the reverence tests for the past three years.) To be sure, there was not complete silence—but there

was complete awareness on each Freshman's part of just where he was.

No dismayed child bemoaned his overwhelming history assignment for the next day. No starry-eyed young miss sighed that her current love had just spoken to her. No brawling, disgusting din of voices. And no disrespect.

By now I feel sure that many of you must think, with all this Frosh praise both last week and this week, that I am forming a Class of 69 Appreciation group. It ain't that—but I am very glad to see such actions in such a place as Chapel. Why? Maybe it's not because of their attitude. Maybe it's just because it's raining. Who knows?

—Sue Walker

- ... knows what rules he can violate.
- ... doesn't know what he will major in . . . yet.
- ... doesn't know who his class officers are.
- ... is beginning to think of going to grad school (i.e., is still afraid of the draft and/or getting a job).
- ... has just about worn out all his high school graduation presents.
- ... worries about making Cardinal or Blue Key.
- ... plans to work part-time.
- ... can hardly wait to be 21 and legal.

HONOR COUNCIL—PART 2

Here Comes Those Famous Awards Again

Campus Atrophy Trophy for this week certainly goes to the genius who came up with the positively brilliant idea of funneling both lines in the cafeteria into one bottleneck, at the end of which sits a bespectacled myop checking off meal ticket numbers on a chart.

The idea is about as practical as checking off drivers license numbers and dates issued at the busiest traffic light in Atlanta during the 5:30 rush, and produces lines which even the Registrar's office might envy.

Atrophy as defined by Mr. Webster (for those of you who didn't look it up immediately after reading the first paragraph), is "a wasting . . . arising from lack of nourishment; a degeneration; to dwindle." Certainly this definition fits. It is a waste of time; a degeneration into we-won't-say-what; a dwindling of the student from lack of nourishment as he stands there, grasping his meal tray, and watching his fellows wind their torturous way through the needle's eye some 20 meal tickets ahead—mourning the dwindling of the precious 50 minutes he somehow managed to schedule for his meal. Lord help him if it's lunch and he has classes to attend.

Admittedly the students might have warranted this. Ye old editor stood in line one day immediately before two good cases in point. One was a fellow going through the second time for himself. Well perhaps he of the meal-ticket-checking-design could prevent such an occurrence and save everyone a lot of time and trouble if he reconsidered his absolutely—no seconds-and-only-a-minimum-of-meat-at-all policy.

Immediately behind him stood a Freshman consuming potato chips and coke. It seems this was his lunch; he was going through for the president of the fraternity he had just pledged. After spending 100-some-odd dollars to pledge that fraternal order, the young man had been so unfortunate as to lose that precious bit of metal bearing his Greek crest. So the president of his organization had been so generous as to let the freshman have another in return for which the pledge would go through line for him.

It seems Big Men on Campus don't need to buy meal tickets.

Of course, if anyone had gotten into trouble, it would have been the pledge. There is even talk that the man in charge plans to send meal-ticket violators home. But freshmen are expendable, even it seems, to the brothers who go to such trouble to rush them into the fold.

If there were a social Atrophy Trophy—or even a close contender opposing the lunchroom for the over-all Campus award—the honor would undoubtedly go to this Greek president.

But back to the lunchroom award. It is to be noted that this trophy is a rotating affair, and the organization which receives it three times in a row gets to retire it. Thus it becomes permanent property of the lunchroom, which managed to earn it twice in one week: first by putting more starch in the student's diet than the laundry once embedded in his socks (even Mrs. Reeves' famous vegetable menus have failed to save the day), secondly by not paying its 60 cent-an-hour student help for working overtime—although said students must reimburse the University should they fail to fill in the required number of hours.

Rumor has it that the lunchroom may be well launched on its way of collecting another such trophy with its policy of sweet-potatoes several times a week—or every day. We will admit, however, this policy is good. Good . . . well, good for . . . good for sweet-potato growers.



May I see your meal ticket, driver's license, social security card . . .

Why "The Pledge"?

Honor is personal. If a student is honorable, he is honorable for himself—not for a card he was forced to sign. If a student is dishonorable, he will remain so; a mechanical cheating prevention makes little difference. Then why are we coerced into signing the Honor Pledge?

Some professors ignore that their students have signed it, and split classes into different rooms or watchdog them during exams. If it means so little to teachers, why should we take it seriously?

Included in the Pledge is the clause requiring that a student report anyone he notices cheating to the Honor Council; there is no quicker way to become unpopular than to be known as a "squealer". Anyway, one cannot always be really certain; sometimes students in a reverie of concentration blankly gaze at another's desk. How can another student know the difference?

What about the "unsung" phases of dishonesty—telling either directly or indirectly questions that were on a test to be repeated later in the day?

Is it cheating to utilize fraternity and sorority files? These questions are pertinent to the utility and worth of the Honor Pledge, and each is due consideration.

In 1954 students and faculty at Mercer were aware of a definite need of a method for reducing academic dishonesty. Consequently, during student elections both political parties then active supported the idea of an Honor Code of some kind.

Joseph Hendricks, now Dean of Men, was elected president of Student Government; and his administration—with unanimous student approval—was able to pass the first half of our present Honor Code.

There was, however, a controversy involved in the second clause; and its passage was debated for several years before finally gaining student support. Eventually it was added to the first section and the present form of the Honor Code was set.

The importance of the Code lies in the fact that it was inaugurated and passed by student action—not by any finagling of the administration.

Now, the above discussion concerning the power the Pledge exerts on students who sign it has several fallacies. First of all, students with no intentions of cheating do not mind signing the Code; it is merely a "public" declaration of their honesty. And though it may not stop habitual cheaters, it will irritate them by its everlasting presence.

Those that deliberately cheat are in the minority. For the great majority the Honor Code is an obligation on their own behalf.

As one student puts it, "When you sign the

Pledge, you really think about it; and it sort of gives you a sense of responsibility." This sense of responsibility on the part of the student is the backbone of the Code, without student allegiance it is worthless. A person is obligated to himself rather than to some higher authority, and this makes a great deal of difference in his attitude. The challenge of cheating is eliminated when there is no one to trick but yourself.

It is true that some professors respect the Code more than others, but most of the shuffling of people is done for comfort's sake. When thirty or more students are in the same room, conditions for concentration are poor. Also, the danger of mistaken cases of cheating—as the daydreaming instances—is reduced considerably.

The less publicized methods of dishonesty are just as illegal as those better known. It is dishonorable to give information of any kind about exams which are repeated yearly, quarterly, or later in the day. It is dishonest to use sources that are not properly acknowledged either in bibliography or in the text. As to using the sorority and fraternity files, that is left a decision to the individual professor. When in doubt, ask.

Perhaps the most delicate point in the entire Honor System is the requirement to report cheating. In order for the system to be effective, students must abide by it.

One of the main reasons for squeamishness in reporting an incidence is that everyone is afraid of what everyone else will say; if it were to become a normal, automatic action which all are forced, the stigma of "squealer" would be eliminated.

One system that has been conceived would eliminate mistaking blank stares for cheating and would give the cheater a warning that he was being detected along with a second chance. This is the practice of rapping a pencil or pen on the edge of the desk anytime dishonesty is noted. Besides the benefits it would give to him who cheats, it would ease the conscience of those who dislike turning people in. If the cheating continued, then the person noticing the dishonesty would have an easier conscience about reporting the cheating.

The Honor Code is a totality; one part complements the other. If either is neglected, both lose their power. It was a student endeavor in its formation; it is a student responsibility in its fulfillment.

The Mercer Cluster

October 8, 1965

Volume XLVI, No. 3

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All members and would-be members of the Cluster staff are asked to meet briefly in the Cluster office at 2:30, Monday, Oct. 11. Staffers who cannot attend the meeting are asked to come by later.

The Cauldron staff meets next door in the new Cauldron office at 3:00.

Calendar of Events

- OCT. 8
 - Freshman elections
 - "Diary of Anne Frank" — 7:30, 314 SC
- OCT. 9
 - Welcome Dance for all students — McKinna Armory. 8:00
- OCT 10
 - Student-Faculty Tour of Macon—3:00, SC Parking Lot
- OCT 11
 - Cluster meeting—2:30, Cluster office
 - Cauldron meeting — 3:00, Cauldron office.
- OCT. 13
 - Fine Arts Concert. Richard Rodgers—Willingham Chapel, 8:00