

The Mercer Cluster

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EDITORIAL

Politics Won't Make Honor System An Issue

Political ads are popping up; campus politics are beginning to scurry around with worried looks on their faces; and John Q Student is preparing to sit back on his heels and watch Mercer's annual Comedy of Errors—or should we say Much Ado About Nothing (i. e., ado about something which could be replaced by a better substitute.)

No unwelcome relief this year has been the controversy over the honor system, which has given the average student a topic to add to his conversational repertoire. And while it is in its process of incubation, the honor system will continue a center of some controversy and much discussion. The outcome of the discussion, we cannot say. But we, with finality, can make one statement. The honor system will not be part of this Spring's political tumult.

Leaders of both opposing political parties have expressed themselves, by action, word and pen, as wholeheartedly in favor of the Blue Key proposed honor plan. Many of the party leaders belong to Blue Key, and they are confident that the plan can be made to work.

The honor system and Mercer politics—in their present dirty state—are diametrically opposed. Lest we be misunderstood, it is necessary to point out that The Cluster doesn't believe that the honor system will abolish politics. But, if every student is placed on his strict sense of honor, many of the prevalent scummy practices will be cleaned up.

That will be the abolition of politics to some. For to many dirt and politics have become synonymous.

To prognosticate an abolition of political malpractice is to look hopefully—but not wishfully—into the future. Realization of such a hope depends upon how sincerely and completely students-to-come develop an inner sense of honor.

True democracy is true honor on the highest plane. Here at Mercer, we have let our democracy slip to a mild state of demagoguery—a condition which always makes dirty politics possible. Thinking fairly, we find both sides guilty. Mainly because the system is guilty. Honor bound students are thinking students; thinking students hate dirt in politics or elsewhere.

The honor system, when passed, will be responsible for cleaner, more wholesome Spring elections. But it will never become a political issue, since not more than a handful of students actually oppose the system. The minority, who speak against the honor system, do so because they think its workability doubtful. They do not speak against the plan itself.

The leaders of both coalitions have spoken in favor of the plan. It's definite it can't be an issue. Both winner and loser, whoever they may be, will back the system.

That's something worth shouting about.
 —J. C.

Lemuel Libel Does Not See All, But He Tells Plenty

Cousin Lem had planned to extend Valentine greetings to you boys and girls this week but seems as Billy McCowen beat me to it by breaking into print last Sunday with none other than Macon's own Martha Weaver. I'm wondering what Doris Chandler is saying at this point? Or have you heard that she is wearing Billy's SAE badge?

An eighth wonder is about to take form. Rumor has it that ADPI's Margaret Zeigler will trip down the aisle to the La Conger come Spring.

Whiff that the Goldgar and Bailey Phillips twosome has gone pfft seems to be true. Speaking of proverbs, what's that one about absence?

Is Dorothea's Keen interest in Lem dying? She Taverned last Saturday night with Keen's tow-headed frat brother and fellow townsman, Russell Daley, and again KA-pered to the game Monday night with getting-to-be-the-man-about-town Bill Avery.

Senator Carroll Hendrick (D-Va.) seems to be dividing his time these cold and cuddlesome nights between Phi Mu's red-headed Rosa Wadley and comeandgetme Leanita Blount. Ten gets you 50 that the titian-locked lassie gets her way, however, campus rumor has it that Blount gets her man.

Creating quite a furor among the muscle men is Socky Grimm's daily double with shy, but gentlemanly, Herbert Norman. Could be love. Could be a plain case of good sportsmanship. Or, could be . . .

The campus rah-rah boys, Chip Peabody and Ed Dorsey—now that they are old men, past presidents of their Greek letter groups, and have time to get around—are visiting the greener-far-away pastures instead of simply eyeing

them. 'Tis rumored that calloused hand, manofthepeople Dorsey even has borrowed spats and morning suit for his two-day jaunt to the ritzy Randolph-Macon junior prom. The worry-worn Peabody is carrying General Lee's other suit to be finished in the atmosphere of veddy-veddy Stephens college.

BY THEIR IDIOSYNCRASIES SHALL YE KNOW THEM:

If he looks like a Gerber's Baby Foods ad, or if he is wearing a Great Stone Face expression, he's James Gilbert . . . if he looks like he thinks he's good looking, he's Frank Pride . . . if he has a scowl on his face, he's Rodney Blaylock . . . if he's laughing like Lamar Sizemore, he's Phil Cox . . . if he's acting like Cloud Morgan, he's still Phil Cox . . .

If he's displaying wet-blanket-ways, he is G-man to be (he hopes) Quenton Plunkett . . . if he's nursing a secret sorrow for amorous, glamorous, la belle Cater, he's Bob Sparks . . . if he's batting invisible flies, he's Dr. Edwin McCoy Highsmith . . .

If she's chasing Mickey Bersch, that ain't boot-wearin' Mary Allen Wall. You're a year behind.

The Phi Deltas are asking us in for tea tonight. You can have your choice of tea or lemon. I bet there'll be more lemon, however, at this filet-mignon affair.

AROUND the SQUARE

By MARGARET ZEIGLER

The following assignment for the slave-driving news editor of this sheet was posted on the bulletin board Tuesday:

"Mary, go to Berlin and see Adolph about the proposed defeat of Britain expected this spring. There is a rumor that he is gonna send the men from Mars (that Orson Wells speaks of) down on London to capture Churchill. Check the rumor. On way home stop by Bermuda and get statement from Duchess of Windsor on blessed event the King of England hopes she'll have. Have story written when ship docks and send by pony express to Cluster's copy desk."

THINKING OF GOLDGAR, we are reminded to mail a letter we wrote the other day.

Dear Mr. Goldgar:
 Aw, Harry, whatsa matter? We've seen Small Talk go to press when it included libel and everything else in the dictionary. But the gray-headed editor gritted his teeth and let the subversive propaganda pass.

Honestly, we don't think the writeup of your activities in Divine Comedy 1941 (see last issue of Silhouette) was any sillier or any saner than those on the remaining members of the staff, but you cut it. Knowing how you dislike publicity, I'd just ignore the whole thing, but our conscience won't let us.

Therefore, we give it to the students, or that portion which will see this, to judge your editorial pencil "fair" or "unfair."

"I saw Harry Goldgar down in one corner of a bottle, mixed up with a lot of Joe Rickenbackers and Thomas Wolfes and politics; shake well, and serve with one Smitty's barbeque."

Now that's not so bad, is it?
 Sincerely,
 MARGARET.

Harry Goldgar's

SMALL TALK

(The opinions expressed by the writer of Small Talk are his own and do not necessarily agree with the editorial policy of The Cluster.)

GRATIAS Peripatetic again after a month's absence, my gratitude and glad-ioli go this week to Margaret Zeigler, who columned while I played tiddley-winks with a streptococcus. Only trouble is, Margaret small-talked so neatly that it is with chastened typewriter that I return to the weekly stint. Nice work, Miss Z . . .

SOPHISTRY Taking a little personal straw vote the first of this week, I found a vast majority of Mercerians in favor of the vicious "lend-lease" bill of our Congressional warmongers. Easily indoctrinated as are most of us here, I was not surprised.

Nevertheless, a gratifying student minority has remained miraculously unvitiated by the meretricious propaganda of the Rooseveltians. These, at least, are cognizant of two facts: (1) That the more arms we send abroad, the less able shall we be to defend ourselves against invasion, and the slower becomes our already maddeningly snail-paced program of rearmament; and (2) that the Roosevelt appetite for power may not be satiated by the appalling grants of Bill 1776, may even be satisfied with nothing short of a totally totalitarian regime.

Objective inspection of the facts is certainly difficult. But this is inescapable, as some Mercerians have realized: You cannot save democracy by forswearing democracy, even as a "temporary" expedient. "He who hath eyes, let him see."

PASTICCIO "There is always someone more ignorant than you think possible."—Fred L. Jones.

" . . . the excuse for an editorial would have been pretty thin . . ."—John M. Couric Jr.

"Student trade has been so small, the drink stand has lost money consistently."—Charles W. Hubbard.

"I am diametrically opposed to spying on professors."—Ernest L. Baskin Jr.

ANECDOTE I discussed honor system developments with a faculty mind yesterday. Indicating the co-op apple box, he recalled that such crates were stationed at every campus turn when he undergraduated at a Southern school. "And this talk about the complete above-boardness of student cooperation ain't so: They lost, consistently, about five per cent. One crate, just outside the administration building, was losing about 60 per cent. Came accidentally to find out, one day, that the expressman's horse was the culprit. No doubt about it, to succeed with an honor system, you must transcend the animal level!"

Which calls to my mind the co-ed who opined the whole honor system plan is a bit extreme. She left her bag unattended, with 85 cents inside, returned to find it containing a dollar-and-half.

ALTRUISM A Cluster-office confab recently exfoliated the case-hardened cynicism of a couple of senior journalists, revealed unsuspected hearts-of-gold beneath. Out of sheer love of humanity and the profession of letters, the fellows announced intentions of establishing a journalism research bureau for the benefit of downtown newspapermen, similar to the law school's famous organization which aids Macon barristers' brief difficult cases.

Sounds like a colossal inspiration. Picture The Telegraph's Mr. Boone, for example, calling up for an expert Mercer journalism student to help him put out the paper. Or Mr. Golson wailing, "But you guys know so much more about this stuff than I do! I'm going back to Emory for another degree!"

DILEMMA With fraternity leaders in both parties scheduling informal powwows during the week, and major caucuses on the calendar for the very near future, the prelude to '41's spring balloting has briskly commenced.

Every fraternity and sorority, however, is bemoaning an almost incredible paucity of timber for important offices.

I've heard men in nearly every fraternity wistfully praying for a practical guide entitled something like "How to Find a Good Candidate and THEN Influence People."



GOLDGAR