

# EDITORIAL

## Can Honor Societies Survive Campus Politics?

Unlike many who have written in these columns, we have never condemned politics. Politics is the science of government. That there are abuses in our political system cannot be denied, but to condemn politics because abuses exist may be compared to condemning your own mind because sometimes it may abuse your body.

Politics is an essential part of our democratic way of life. Therefore, we have opposed the attempts which have been made to abolish politics on our campus. With all its defects, our present set-up is more democratic than any other which has yet been proposed. It is still the best method of choosing our student government officers, and we like to believe that in most instances ably qualified men have been put into office.

In student government, politics must and will continue to play its part. That the abuses will be reformed is our hope. But we are not particularly concerned with them, now.

Politics belongs in student government. But there are places where it does not belong. It has no place on a football team or in a classroom. Nor does it belong in a fraternity or in an honor society.

The various honor societies on the campus have enjoyed a peculiar immunity from any sort of attack. This immunity has been based on several considerations. Anyone not a member who complained against them would immediately be castigated as a "sour-graper." And most important, perhaps, in the eyes of those who might have spoken out, has been the feeble hope that some day they might be among the "chosen few," and the fear that if they did speak they would never receive an invitation. A member could hardly complain without being branded as disloyal.

The members of an honor fraternity or society are supposed to be chosen on merit. That all men of merit cannot be chosen is self-evident. It is then up to the members of the society to choose those men whom it deems of greatest merit.

There are honor societies on this campus which have hung up an enviable record for worthy achievements in the interests of the university. We need point to only two, Cardinal Key and Blue Key, to whom the administration has turned on many occasions when it needed "top-notch" student support. The success of our Homecoming festivities may be attributed largely to the competent handling of Blue Key.

The efficiency of these organizations has been due to the outstanding capabilities of their members, and to the whole-hearted support lent them by the student body. This support has been readily forthcoming because these societies have been representative of all student body interests. Dominated by no particular group, but working together as a unit, they have enjoyed the confidence and cooperation of all students—primary requisites for any campus project.

The moment an honor group becomes partisan it loses the students' confidence. With confidence goes prestige. Then the members are lowered in campus esteem. They can no longer command the respect and cooperation of the student body, as a whole. Shackled by the concentration of too few interests, membership in the society becomes mere political spoils, and the group becomes an ineffective ornament dangling on a watch chain!

The trend has been toward just such a course. There have been evidences of domination of certain societies by particular groups. Party politics and fraternal bonds have dictated the choice of members. And there has been a growing discontent among slighted groups, muttered beneath the breath thus far, but capable of bursting forth in angry denunciation at any time.

In the recent election landslide, politics played its part, and rightly so. But in the election of new members to our honor societies, politics has no place!

The tapping ceremonies for both Cardinal Key and Blue Key are due soon. The candidates have, undoubtedly, been picked. Who they are we don't know, but we wonder: Will they pick their men and women on an impartial basis this time, or will they follow an undesirable precedent set in the past few tappings, in which there has been increasing evidence of politics in the picking of fraternity brothers and of party coherents as new members?

Blue Key has 15 members. Two of these are non-frat men, yet the non-frats represent one-third of our student enrollment, while other organizations, representing less than 50 members, have as many as four men in the group.

The Cardinal Key situation has been the reverse. Until the last tapping there was only one sorority girl member; the rest were non-sorority girls, who represent only a little over 50 per cent of the total girl enrollment.

Blue Key cannot hope to maintain the respect now accorded it, if it continues to freeze out non-frat men, and men belonging to the "wrong" fraternities. Nor can Cardinal Key hold its place on the campus if it continues to freeze out sorority girls.

The next few days will tell the story!—C. C. M.

# AROUND the SQUARE

With MARGARET ZEIGLER

## Another Millstone Around the Neck of Democracy

There wasn't a regular edition of the Red and Black in the exchange box this week. Maybe it's because the staff resigned as a protest against the measure passed by the faculty, making the Georgia U. rag another paper under the protection of well meaning teachers. Such a pity, too, when the students put out a paper all by themselves that won top national honors four times. What more could any school ask, and what benefit could the staff possibly gain from such supervision?

Why, even Governor Talmadge got wrought up enough to inquire into the cause of the stink, and publicly commended the publication as was.

The Cluster staff offers condolences to the Red and Black, regardless of how it feels about the Georgia football team. It was refreshing to read a paper of and by the students—a rare phenomena in this era—and hopes the walk-out results in a continuance of the old system.

Ed. note—It has!

## Publicity Hound On Each Campus

A petulant co-ed at the University of Maryland was tired of never seeing her name in the campus paper, so she and her cohorts started publication of the Fourth Floor Fooie and are running the dirt column out of business. Circulated copies of the FFF are carbons of the typed original—and every issue the p.c.e. sees her name on the masthead as editor.

## The Oh, Migosh Department

Q. What did the bartender say to the ghost?  
A. What will you have? Rum, boogie?

# Lem Libel Says

Will wonders never cease! As soon as your cousin Lem thinks he has found a "lock" that will never break, something happens to destroy his faith in everlasting love. Roger Nelson, who, as far as we can find hasn't even thought of anyone but Sara for eons now, has gotten out of the rut, it seems. While tripping in Florida last week, he broke down and wrote a letter to our nationally famous Doris Miller. And not only that—he had a date with her last night—took her to the play. Could he be tiring of the same old groove?

Ex-editor Couric, who positively refuses to put a foot in The Cluster office now that he doesn't have to, is hopelessly trailing the calm but passionate-on-occasion Leanita. To any and all remarks on the subject he has but one reply, "Sour grapes, sir, sour grapes." Which probably means that he is getting nowhere. Don't cry, John, better men than you have failed to cultivate that field.

Famous Last Words dept.: Evelyn (emphatically): "I will never live in Unadilla." So, Quenton, dear, why don't you move?

And last Wednesday night, while looking over the crop on Blueberry hill, we noticed a yellow Chevy convertible with a guy and a gal in it wound around each other. The guy's name was Fred Beaty, wasn't it, Mary Kate?

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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.)

## Some Things I'll Never Forget . . .

The farrago of buck-passing that went on at Mr. Olmstead's print shop when defects crept into the Silhouette—from linotypist to compositor to pressman to bindery to front of fice and back to compositor—nothing was ever anybody's fault . . . Smitty's with Fred at four ayem, each a fit audience for the other's orbicular troubles . . . The loud nigger records the Senator played, and their knack for driving me quite mad with irritation and inability to see what he saw in them . . . And (somehow this will never be forgotten) the elite type on the Senator's little Remington portable, which always insisted on spelling "independent" with an "a" in the last syllable . . . And the Senator's incomparable talent for disquisitional pasquinades . . . The constant necessity of denying authorship or connection with those yellow Goose and Ganders—which probatory statements some yet refuse to believe; I always tried to do my fighting in the open . . .

The infuriating arguments with the intractable Ernest over my need for stamps to conduct Silhouette business, and the strange little memorandums I had to adduce as evidence . . . And my sense of triumph turning to disappointment when I could detect no signs of vanquishment on Wylie's face, the morning after election day . . .

The hurried phone-call to John-boy Hogan the night of that flatulent trial—"John, they're letting us in now; hurry, hurry, hurry" . . . And bald Jim Wallace's erudite oration on the possibility of man's having evolved from the simians . . . And the ipecacic jactitations of the prosecution . . . And the general campus excitement—or hysteria—that same night, when Reid Lunsford was chased from theolog building to College Drive—highest point of excitement in my four years . . . And Jordan Massee with the black curly locks combed back and shining, intense face, reciting over and over, "AP and UP, really? AP and UP, really?" . . . And the homunculous figure of Tiger, with whom all reminiscences must begin and end, shouting "Spanish Inquisition!" at the top of his impassioned lungs . . .

Trammell's constitutional incommunicability during the height of political campaigns . . . And the sea-sickening sight of a frog's intestines, cast indifferently from Selman Hall's yawning windows . . . My own duello with the Other Columnist, junior year, in an abortive attempt to justify bohemianism (the unjustifiable) . . . Irrepressible Ed Dorsey and his unconcern about practical matters . . . Circumambient mud up to one's knees outside the co-op on a rainy January day . . . The long, disputatious, but somehow absterive wrangles with all and sundry over the state of the nation and the future of Democracy, these four years . . . And the weary hours of typing for Dr. Redlich, where in spite of all I really learned something about economics, maybe . . . And the amazingly uneven quality of Benny's short stories . . .

The death of Dr. Lee, whose passing marked the passing of an epoch; and the many "well-done, good and faithful servants" which eulogized his funeral . . . The time an inebriated freshman jumped over the Krystal's counter when he got scared with a huge simulacrum of a firecracker . . . The crazy costumes at the KA's Old South balls, and the esurient appetite of my date at one. And the losing fight I waged in Dr. Highsmith's classes for the rights of man . . .

The advent of "Cheerful Charlie" Hubbard as new business manager for the university, and the high hopes we had for him—alas! . . . The dedication of the new science building by Dr. Case of Chicago, and the maculate traductions that followed . . . That newspaper club trip to Montezuma, with Whistle giggling insanely to herself in a corner . . . The pleasingly autistic poetry of Billy Calhoun . . . The futility of frenzied ranting, and my supercilious detachment . . . And the mansuetude of politics in my senior year . . .

The lone deed of bravado I accomplished in four years—the "All hope abandon" sign on Fred Jones' classroom door . . . Mr. Jimmy Shellburn's advice about borrowing money for an education: "Get all you can, and worry about paying it back later." (To be continued)