

ARNOLD



Time Has Arrived to Heal The Breach That Exists Among Law, Art Schools

Indications arising from Wednesday afternoon's two-and-a-half-hour session of the Honor Council imply that there are certain elements on this campus that prefer not to be considered a part of the University, do not consider themselves a part of the University, and, contrary to their continuous protestations otherwise, do not have the best interests of the University at heart.

We find this situation regrettable. We feel that something must be done to remedy such a situation as soon as possible.

A look at some incidents and facts will prove valuable here.

The three students who petitioned the Honor Council to issue an injunction against the constitution ratification election seem to represent a minority in the Law School which wishes to be set apart—to be considered separate and above the rest of the University. This is, indeed, regrettable. A university is supposed to be made up of two or more unique, yet closely related and integrated schools or colleges. Such should apply to Mercer.

In opening the case Wednesday afternoon, Honor Council Chairman Roy Thornton stated that "three members of the Mercer University student body" had petitioned, etc. The statements of some Law School students that they do not wish to be considered as students of Mercer University, but merely of the Walter F. George School of Law do not jibe with such a concept. There seems to be a need for some people to make up their minds which side of the fence they are on to begin with and then to stay on it. Either they want to be counted in or they want to be counted out.

We do not question the motives of the petitioners. They said they proposed the question to the Honor Council "because we love Mercer University and most of all because we honor and respect the principles and tradition of Christian Education which have always been taught and followed at this Institution." We accept their statement.

However, there was considerable discussion before the case opened about the reasons that the action had been brought. Many said that it was the product of desire

for self-aggrandizement. Others thought it was a political move. Still others thought it was intended to widen the breach between the Law School and the Arts College and to prove the superiority of those in the Law School. Whatever the motives were, the continuous stating by the petitioners that the action was not brought for personal reasons seems to give some validity to the old "hit dog always hollers" line of reasoning.

A rather obvious discrepancy between proclaimed motives and provable actions is the fact that all three of the petitioners expressed interest in student government at Mercer, yet none of the trio saw fit to vote in the election. This can be verified by the election records. Not only did they not vote, but one of the petitioners openly admitted and almost bragged during a court recess that he had not voted and really had no interest in the matter. This is to be contrasted with his statement in court, speaking for the three petitioners, that, "We would like for the students of Mercer University to come out and vote; we would like for everyone to go and express their opinions." How these two opposing facts can be reconciled into a statement of true interest in the welfare of Mercer student government appears to be beyond comprehension.

However, in contrast with this minority in the Law School stands the majority of the law students who are loyal members of the Mercer student body. This issue should not be made a bone of contention to bring about a larger breach between the Law School and the Arts College than already exists. Instead the time has come for united instead of divisive action.

Therefore, we wish to propose the appointment of a joint committee of Law School and Arts College students to study the existing situation and to make concrete recommendations concerning the alleviation and correction of the problem.

Mercer has stood for 133 years. This is no time to try to destroy her through internal strife. The almost trite expression "together we stand, divided we fall" applies to us. Let's not overlook it.

—J. M.

Freedom of Speech Must Be Guarded If It Is to Continue to Have Meaning

What is freedom of speech?

As seventh graders, we learned that in America man is granted certain freedoms, that certain rights are part of the heritage of our democracy, freedom of speech being one of these rights. We didn't really understand what all of this meant. But we lived by this principle and guided our lives according to this heritage.

Now, as we have grown older and have become college students, we understand more fully what this heritage means to us. But it seems that some people haven't fully understood it. It seems that they have such a misconception of its nature that they, by law, try to limit its scope.

Can a basic freedom be limited by law? Will not law merely make more clear the need for adhering to principles of freedom?

Freedom of speech is a vast concept. It includes so much more than the privilege of saying what you want to say; it encompasses the responsibility of choosing what you will say. It is deeper than a mere license to talk; it is an American's oath to think before speaking. Yet, it cannot be limited by anything other than the individual's devotion to truth and respect for people. The moment a freedom is limited by an external law; it becomes no longer a freedom.

Freedom of speech is our precious heritage. Maybe we can't completely understand what it means, but we can and do understand what it means to us. Only as we keep this freedom a true freedom will America remain a true democracy.

—J. W.



ZELMA YARBROUGH Finds Drama In 'Wheel'

Cats on Red Hot Issue - A One-Act Sickener

I found the following drama in Larry Ouster's "The Editor's Desk" column in The Emory Wheel, February 16, 1956. Just thought I would pass it along for what it may be worth.

The following drama is purely fictional. Any resemblance to any persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

CATS ON A RED HOT ISSUE

SCENE: The verandah of a local country club. In the background we hear a dance band playing the "Tara Theme." The pungent smell of mint juleps and magnolia blossoms fills the air—quite an unusual thing, for it is winter. Two men, MARBLE GRIPPER and EVERGREEN CROCK, are talking in earnest, hushed tones.

GRIPPER: Crock, we've gotta do something about these people. They're a-gettin' the idear that we're not always right.

CROCK: Well, I've been a-readin' this here-book. It says that we can tell the government where to go if we don't like what it says.

GRIPPER: You ain't a-kiddin'? It says in there that the state is got more power than the national government?

CROCK: Yep, that's what it says in here.

GRIPPER: And you found that in a book? Guess I'll have to take up radin' them books someday. Who writ that one?

CROCK: Feller I never heard tell of before. Named Calhoun, John C. Calhoun.

GRIPPER: Think he'd mind if we sorta borrowed some of his idears?

CROCK: Seems like he might be dead by now. This here book was wrote about a hundred years ago.

GRIPPER: Great! Then the people might think our idears was our own.

CROCK: Now you're a-gettin' the right idear. How you gonna start your next speech?

GRIPPER: Tell me how this sounds. (He begins to scream, reciting wildly.) Friends, these here people are a-tryin' to ruin our way of life. They tell you-all that there's dynamite under our schools and that we a-gonna blow them up. Well, we are! (CROCK starts to interrupt him, but SANDY POKERGAME comes rushing in.)

POKERGAME: (Sobbing quietly) Marble, them lyin' newspapers are a-saying nasty things about me again. What am I a-gonna do?

GRIPPER: Be quiet, Sandy. We'll just pass another law. That'll shut them up.

POKERGAME: But, Marble, we've already passed lots of laws to shut them dirty liars. Every newspaper in the state is a-covered by our laws.

GRIPPER: Wrong, boy, there's some papers left that's not covered.

POKERGAME: Which ones is they?

CROCK: There's Gripper's paper down in Tidewater county and that other one.

POKERGAME: Which other one?

CROCK: The one Boy Horse owns.

POKERGAME: Well, it looks like we've got ourselves in good shape with them newspapers. What can I do to get me some money from them?

GRIPPER: Well, you just bring a suit against them back in your own home county.

POKERGAME: You mean ole Pokesalad county?

GRIPPER: Yeah. All your kinfolk on the fury down there would never dream of convictin' you.

POKERGAME: But what if I sue them in this-here town?

CROCK: Why, all them smarty city-folks would take the side of them lyin', cheatin', dirty, no-account newspapers. You'd never have a chance.

POKERGAME: I've got to hand it to you boys. You think of everything.

GRIPPER and CROCK: Yeah. We do, don't we?

POKERGAME: And with our boys in the legislature a-doin' what we say, we don't have any more worries, do we fellers?

GRIPPER: No, don't have a thing to worry about. All together, now:

ALL: To hell with everything and everybody, but us!

The lights dim as the trio repeats the soul-stirring slogan over and over. The band continues to play the "Tara Theme" but several of the instruments are out of tune. The smell of the magnolia blossoms begins to become sickening. The juleps even begin to turn sour. Ever smell a sour mint julep?

Excerpt Ounces