

Let's Reconsider Disarmament Drop

In the midst of the cold war which has grown so hot in recent months, the latest White House action following the disarmament office to be abandoned has serious implications for all Americans.

With Harold Stassen and most of his key circle gone, the White House has decided to allow this important office to become a mere subhead in the middle of the already complicated State Department.

Considering the present world situation and the complete breakdown of all disarmament talks in the United Nations, it would seem that the President would feel that his urgent responsibility would be deserving of more emphasis than John Foster Dulles will provide it.

Dulles' past actions in this field have been evidence enough of his total unawareness of the urgency in our reaching some means of communication with the Soviets.

The time for concerned Americans to let the President know that we realize the need for better agreement with the Soviets is now. We cannot sit idly by and watch disarmament be placed way down the list of duties of the State Department.

The situation demands that we search more earnestly than we have ever before searched for some means of a peaceful co-existence. Every minute that we waste in this search brings the horror of a devastating atomic war nearer.

The world cries for peace and yet the governments continue with policies that point only toward war. We must speak to the cries of men. One way to do so is to continue our search for alternatives by placing a greater emphasis on the possibility of disarmament agreements.

RFW Personnel Get Thanks For 1958's Job

Heslip Lee, director of Religious Activities, and his committee did a wonderful job in presenting a Works Toward Community. The main speakers program around the theme "Christian Faith and the seminar resource people were excellently chosen for the program.

The student body has been given opportunity to better understand the meaning of Christian Community and the areas where it is so urgently needed in our present world.

It is our hope that this sense of community may invade our academic community and thereby increase our ability to meet the issues in the present situation.

It Has Happened Again, Finals Are Upon Us

Don't look now, but the time is rapidly approaching again for that great academic institution known as final examinations.

Everybody knows the symptoms: haggard looks, lights burning late in the dormitories, reddened eyes and the playful antics of professors.

But what everybody probably doesn't know is the date. Finals will start a week from Monday, eliminating a customary two extra days of study.

Just whether this was carefully planned in some darkened corner of the administration building, no one can say. It is not inconceivable, not even improbable. But it has been done and, as usual, one is helpless.

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ALAN M. WARR
Editor in-Chief

BUD CAMPBELL
Business Manager



BUDDY HURT
Managing Editor

JULIA WILLIAMS
Asst. Business Mgr.



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Letter From The Council

Dear Editor:

In reply to your request for a letter from the Honor Council to the student body, we doubt the value of an open letter to the student body asking for their support of the Honor System. We have found it difficult to reach students in groups containing only twenty or thirty people. It is open to question whether or not a letter to over one thousand students can produce the desired effect.

However, should we be assured that such a letter would be beneficial there are certain things we would like to include. First would be the obvious fact that the Honor System can never be successful when individuals in some classes

use books and notebooks during examinations. In these situations the individuals who cheat are free to do so because the professors are not in the room for the purpose of monitoring the examination. This is made possible by the "silent" students who know cheating is occurring but fail to report it.

We believe also that students need to realize they assumed the heavy responsibility of curbing academic dishonesty when the Honor System was instituted. Under the Honor System the administration and faculty relinquished their responsibility to the students with the definite understanding that the students will accept it. The acceptance of this responsibility is essential to the existence of the System.

Sincerely,
HONOR COUNCIL
William H. Simmons

BILL WILLIS

All You Need To Know

"And Pilate, wishing to content the multitude, released unto them Barabbas, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified."—Mark 15:15

It was a cold night in Judea, and the air carried a bitterly uncomfortable bite. Barabbas sat huddled in the damp corner of his cell in the Roman jail at Jerusalem.

He shivered when he remembered how cold he was, but he couldn't think of the coldness for long because tonight the most morbid of thoughts had captured his thinking. Tomorrow he would die, and by the worst death he knew, a Roman crucifixion.

He was still staring and still thinking of the mess he had made of his life when he heard the unforgettable click of the jailer's key in the lock. His eyes quickened to the turn-key's face and Barabbas thought surely he must be dreaming when he heard him call out, "Barabbas, come on out. You are free.

It took a few minutes for Barabbas to persuade himself that he was awake, but when he was sure he leaped to his feet and frantically clasping the jailer's shoulders he demanded that he repeat what he had said. "You heard me. You are free to go, Barabbas."

ALAN WARR

Old Man Kelly's Work

Pete Kelly did not deserve the shocks and disappointments, the disillusion that surely sent him to a flaming hell.

Pete always was a good kid. He grew up gathering eggs and slopping the hogs and plowing old Jenny sweaty, turning good black earth into yellow corn and bales of cotton. He was part of the land and part of the fields and growing up there had molded a genuine, sincere character.

On Sunday mornings Pete and his haggard mother walked down the road to a little white church and listened to the Word straight from the lines of the Good Book, and both mother and son flinched before damnation.

OLD MAN KELLY never set foot inside the church door and usually was still drunk at preaching time. Folks in those parts claimed he could drink a quart fruit jar full without ever batting his eye, and he may have been able to—he never missed a chance to practice.

So the Kellys lived. By dint of Pete's sturdiness and his mother's will and determination, they eked a small existence out of the land. When Pete was 18 his mother

use books and notebooks during examinations. In these situations the individuals who cheat are free to do so because the professors are not in the room for the purpose of monitoring the examination. This is made possible by the "silent" students who know cheating is occurring but fail to report it.

"But why? I am a criminal condemned to die today."

"I know, but another has been chosen to die in your place."

"I don't believe it."

"It doesn't matter whether you believe it or not; it is still true. Come, I'll show you," said the jailer, and leading Barabbas to a hill on the outskirts of the city he showed him three wooden crosses on which hung the bleeding bodies of three men.

The jailer pointed to the man on the middle cross, saying, "This is the man who was chosen to die in your place." Barabbas looked at the horrible sight until he could no longer stand it, and walking away slowly in an awe-stricken numbness he kept saying over and over to himself, "But I just don't understand it."

No, Barabbas, and you will never completely understand it. The height and breadth and depth which lies behind it is far too great for your weak mind to comprehend. But one thing is all you need to know: one thing is all you need to remember: One died in your place; the next move is yours.

determined as ever announced that he was about to be off for a small college. Protest as he might for her welfare, he could not dissuade her from the plan and soon he was enrolling at classes. Pete was not especially against the idea of learning now that the financial arrangements had been made and all was well with the money.

THAT FIRST obstacle overcome so easily, Pete began to feel that anything was possible and the old man Kelly part of him started to seep out and have a sway in decisions, a little at first then more and soon the boy realized his identity with his father and lost sight of his mother the woman.

He unsteadily raised a fifth nightly and staggered downtown streets glaring red and yellow lights and cursed the hand that pulled him from the gutter and spat in food set before him. His mind died and his eyes saw nothing.

BEFORE HE was twenty he looked fifty and mother Kelly hardly recognized her former hope and joy when she came upon him in the street. Lights were dim there and a mother's love was flinching. She shot him dead, cried a little, and walked on. And the three Kellys burn now in as many hells.

BUDDY HURT

Fight In France

There was a fight going on in southern France this week. Winston Churchill was fighting for his life, and given a good chance to win.

It is by no means the British statesman's first fight, and it is hoped this will not be his last.

As one thinks of Churchill, he thinks almost immediately of a bull-dog sort of person with and his hand raised in a "V" a stubby cigar in his mouth sign.

It was Churchill, of course, who held the British Empire together during those first, fearful days of the Second World War and stood up to declare in no uncertain terms, "We shall never surrender."

What would have happened to England under the Nazi bombing raids had it not been for Churchill, no one can say. But it is certain that he was responsible for most of the great courage and valor the British displayed, hiding in their bomb shelters from Hitler's Luftwaffe.

Nor should it be forgotten that Churchill early recognized the Communist menace, urged Gen. Eisenhower to occupy Berlin before the Russians got there first. (Eisenhower refused. The city had no military value and he was not interested in politics.)

And every school boy struggling with his testbooks can console himself in the knowledge that Churchill was a remarkably poor student, Nobel prize in literature or no.

At any rate, Churchill is now fighting once again and once again he will probably come through with his smile and fingers cocked in a "V."

MARTY LAYFIELD

Dare To Speak

STATE OF MERCER... Today we are making giant strides in a program that has the potential of making Mercer one of the most progressive liberal arts universities in the South. This is a task that cannot be done by any one group. It will take students, faculty, administration, alumni and friends to make a success of this ambition.

More than just mere numbers, the success of this endeavor depends on our sense of cooperation and our courage to stand above the petty few who will not realize the urgency of this program.

It is only natural for those who have come and gone from Mercer to want to keep Mercer like it was "when I was there." These sincere individuals will have to be educated to the purpose of a liberal arts university in our present situation. They have the ability to have this understanding, but it will take courage to stand and speak truth to them.

The situation, as things now stand, demands that we speak to the needs of the future. Unless we prepare ourselves for the events that will face us in a short time, we will have failed. These individuals upon whom we depend for our existence, truly want Mercer to fulfill this function and we will be shirking our duty and responsibility to them unless we speak truth.

Don't Deny Our Purpose

We cannot deny our purpose in hopes that all will remain pleased with our actions. We must decide the issues that will face our community and then do all in our power to see that we will be prepared to cope with these issues.

We must take our stand and remain true to it. This is expected of an academic community and even more, it is an unalterable responsibility. Again, unless we accept this, we will have failed.

The challenge has been hurled and we must not sit idly by and refuse to accept it. We must continue our means of communication with those about us, but we must not allow them to determine our position. This is our freedom as an academic community and we must always hold this as sacred.

Our responsibility is not only to those about us, but also to ourselves and to the dictates of our own conscience. There should be no contradiction between these two. They go hand in hand for our conscience should govern our actions—for ourselves and toward those about us.

Our responsibility is clear, our purpose is evident. We cannot avoid either without failing.

