

Nothing Objectionable In Second Amendment

The second proposed amendment to the constitution has passed. There is at least that much to be thankful for.

It passed (by a nose) in a recount. But one wonders just why all the opposition.

There is nothing objectionable in the amendment. There is no room for complaint. The amendment simply removes class restrictions for Honor Council members. It brings the advantage of allowing the most qualified students to sit on the Council.

Then why did over 200 students vote against it? Either from ignorance or just plain stubbornness and probably a combination of the two.

Most students didn't read the proposed amendments (proposed by the Honor Council in connection with the Honor System) until the last minute and then gave the matter little if any thought. And many didn't read them at all, didn't even bother to vote.

The attitude of indifference is nothing new. It has come upon us before and will come again. But each time it comes, it brings a little more frustration.

In fact, we would rather everyone read the amendments, studied them, and voted against them. At least they would be exercising their social duty.

And there is very little of that now.

There is, however,—or seems to be—a more disturbing attitude, that of recalcitrant pettiness. Students—some of them—voted against the amendment simply because it was proposed by the Honor Council and concerned the Honor System. And for no other reason.

Somehow it seems useless to sermonize along the line that a voter should take an amendment on its own value or even to point out that the Honor System is one of the finest things at Mercer.

At any rate, the second amendment has passed. Next year, the first one will.

Mediocrity Sets Pace In MU Spring Elections

Someone has said that spring elections bring out the best and the worst of Mercer's students. He meant sincerity and rabble that are usually exhibited with all the fire and enthusiasm of a family of eagles.

But he forgot the mediocrity.

We don't mean the middle ground. And we don't imply the mean between the two extremes.

The mediocrity we point out is the mediocrity of neglect, of indifference. Election turnout was dismal.

Had it not been for the Honor Council amendments, interest probably would not have been as high as it was.

Campaigns were waged with trite posters which came out early, and with trite cards which came out late.

Party platforms were the only redeeming factor of the whole season. And even they did not meet the standards they should. The party in power should go beyond the goals it has set. Only this way will we approach a healthy political atmosphere.

The tone of elections usually sets the pace of the elected. This year, new officers must go beyond the mediocrity if we are to move forward with Mercer's student government system.



"That's the last pop test he'll ever give."

MERCER OPINIONS

Do you think that the Music Department should be given additional funds in next year's appropriations for bringing music programs to Mercer, such as the Roger Wagner Chorale, etc?

Mary Jean Callaway, Sophomore—Yes, because programs of that nature have proved to be well-liked by Mercer students. They were well supported by both faculty and community as well as students. Programs of this type are also beneficial to the culture of Mercer University, and I believe that additional funds for music programs would be a wise investment.

Rodney Brown, Sophomore—Yes, but not at the expense of other student activities. I am sure that the newly formed Student Appropriations Committee, working with the administration, will present a budget that will provide an adequate program.

Maya Zimmerman, Senior—I believe most students would be willing to pay a little extra if they could be assured of some fine arts programs—I know I would.

Linda Archibald, Sophomore—Definitely so! Mercer needs more programs such as these, and I believe they will appeal to the entire student body.

Ida Jane Hicks, Junior—Yes, I definitely do and sincerely hope this will be done.

ALAN WARR

It Rained One Dismal Day

Pete Kelly was standing beside the highway, soaking wet, rain battering down on his bare head, waiting for some unsuspecting motorist to pick him up. He had been in a hurry to get to the Big City, but now that he was late for that appointment he might as well not rush.

Brakes suddenly screamed, Pete jumped into the warm and dry comfort of the automobile, and sped away. The radio was blaring.

"Are you going all the way to the Big City?" Pete asked.

"That's right," snapped back the stranger.

A moment passed. "My name's Pete Kelly," he ventured.

The stranger turned the radio down. "That is a coincidence. Mine is too." He was still looking straight ahead.

A long minute passed. "You know, we've had fairly good weather 'til this," Pete finally said.

Conversation did not begin. Outside black clouds rolled and sent torrents of rain beating on the pavement and little streams rushed down to the overflowing ditches. Lightning streaked through faraway skies and interlaced the dark clouds. Suddenly a bolt ripped into an adjacent field with its brilliance and thunder and deafened Pete. His muscles stiffened. The car made its way on, unswerving neither in speed nor direction.

The wipers were clearing the windshield easier now.

"I haven't been very talkative." The stranger broke the silence. But he kept his eyes on the road.

"Well, neither one of us has," Pete answered.

"I was in Korea during the war. I didn't lose my arms or legs. I couldn't be that lucky. You're thinking that I was brainwashed.

That's not true either." Silence again.

"What happened?" Pete asked. The stranger looked at him the first time. "My doctors told me last month that I have leukemia. I'm scheduled to die next year."

"I—I'm sorry."

"Everyone says that. But they don't know what they're saying. People kid themselves along and live from day to day. They don't realize what it's like to know the day it'll all be over. There is a world of difference in that. I'm one of the few privileged to know when to plan what. And I know to plan nothing big."

"But even doctors CAN be wrong, sometimes." Pete was venturing again. "They—"

"They're not wrong in my case. I know when I'm beat."

"Even so, think of other people, your relatives, and friends—"

"I realize the burden I am."

"That's not—"

"I know. But I MUST think of myself."

"Must you?"

The stranger glanced at Pete and silence followed.

They were in the Big City now. The rain had slowed to a drizzle and midafternoon seemed more dismal for it. The car splattered water from the black asphalt and an occasional passing car splattered it back.

"Where do you want out?" the stranger asked.

"The next corner will do, and thanks."

As Pete Kelly got out, the radio blared again, tires screeched, and the car roared away in the rain.

BUDDY HURT

1929 Repeat?

These days one of the things that must surely cross the mind of Dr. George Connell is the status of the nation's economy.

Is the recession going to halt? Or is it going to become a full-scale depression, with all the horrors of 1929?

A lot of small colleges went under around and after 1929. Mercer didn't—thanks largely to the efforts of then president Spright Dowell.

(One of the stories they tell about those days concerns one of the salary cuts forced by the depression. Dr. Dowell is said to have called a Negro janitor into his office to inform him of the cut.

"George," the conversation is said to have gone, "I'm afraid I'm going to have to cut you 10 per cent."

"But Dr. Dowell sir," came the reply, "you can't do dat. I don't make dat much."

But all the same, the memory of that depression and even the faintest prospect of another must cause a college president to toss and turn in his sleep.

A depression could be tragic, but a recession is bad enough. Businessmen approached for money aren't likely to be receptive when business is bad.

They may have read that President Eisenhower has said that "my own feeling is that the worst of it is over now." They may also remember another president who said, "Prosperity is just around the corner."

Even Harvard, which is better off than most if not all, is crying for money. Harvard recently took its plight on the air in a program entitled "The Case for the College." It was made painfully clear that colleges need money.

Added to all this are the somewhat overpowering predictions for college enrollment in the years to come. With masses of prospective students descending upon them, colleges are soon going to be forced to expand or limit enrollment.

Nobody wants to see the latter happen. It would mean that many qualified students would either be unable to receive an education or would have to get one at any of the numerous black-market colleges that are sure to spring up.

Anyway, it's worth thinking about.

CHARLOTTE MOORE

Hi-Fi Missing

Late last spring, in a student chapel program, the graduating senior class made an impressive gift to the school—a hi fi set and funds for a record library.

At that time it was announced that there would be a special room in the then unfinished student center and that the set and the records would be available for the enjoyment of all students.

It was even suggested that until this was possible the records could be borrowed from a temporary lending library.

It seems rather surprising that something so needed on this campus should become forgotten.

The seniors making the gift felt that they were doing something worthwhile for the university and the students.

They were proud of their gift and rightly so. Some few have asked since about the success of the plan . . . and it's a little embarrassing to have to admit that all we know about their expensive tribute is that there are a few rumors about the records being hidden out in the music department. Also, unless we are all completely in the dark, no Mercer student has yet benefited from a record lending library on campus.

This is an unfortunate situation for many reasons. The wardens of the carefully hidden treasures don't seem to realize how very important this would be to us. The student union, for all of its convenience and glass, is still no Mecca for those seeking entertainment or society.

Moreover, there are many empty and useless rooms which could be admirably filled with chairs, a record player, shelves of records and students.

The majority of students on this campus, and any campus, love and enjoy good music . . . and it must be remembered that our more recent alumni wanted us to enjoy their gift.

In closing, we offer a direct plea to whom it may concern . . . You were very nice to keep our record player for us, but could we have it for a while now? It is ours.

The Mercer Cluster

MERCER UNIVERSITY, MACON, GEORGIA

APRIL 18, 1958

VOLUME 38, NUMBER 20



BUDDY HURT Editor In-Chief

RUD CAMPBELL Business Manager



JULIA WILLIAMS Ass't Business Mgr.

Editorial Department: Executive Editor, John Kaufman, News Editor, Charlotte Moore; Staff: Dot Thompson, Kitty King, Jane Oliver; Sports Editor, Cliff Hendrix; Staff: Furman York, Rodney Browne, Jerry Bray; Services Department: Manager, Jerry Dodd; Staff: Alan Smith, Jerry Pearce; Secretary, Roma Martin.

The Mercer Cluster is published weekly, except during holiday and examination periods, by the student body of Mercer University, Macon, Georgia, under the authority of the Student Government Association. It is written, edited and published by the undergraduate student body of Mercer University. All uncredited opinions in it are the opinions of the student editors, and not necessarily the University's viewpoint. All letters to the editor must be signed; names will be withheld on request. Letters do not necessarily reflect the policy of the paper or the opinion of the editors. Letters should not be longer than 150 words. Address all letters to Editor, The Mercer Cluster, Box E, Mercer University, Macon, Georgia.