

Responsibility Is Part Of Winning An Election

The new slate of student government officers, elected this week, are to be congratulated. It is an honor to be elected to student office and honored they have been.

Election also brings with it responsibility to the student body, a responsibility which often enough is not carried out largely because the student body as a whole doesn't care anyway.

The responsibility for good government nevertheless remains. It is a responsibility of which the full depth is seldom plumbed or appreciated.

It is to be hoped that the officers for 1959-60 will be different and follow another pattern. It is to be hoped that the coming year will unfold some real accomplishment in student government.

Some of the things that need accomplishing are:

1. A settlement of the status of the Honor System.

2. A new atmosphere in campus politics.

3. A more corporate feeling among campus groups.

These are the sort of things that a really good student government should attend to, and the list is by no means complete. Much of the responsibility for assuming the initiative in campus life is theirs, but more of it belongs to the student body.

Students should encourage the officers, should offer suggestions and generally let them know that they are interested in and concerned about student government.

There probably would be no argument that these are things which the student officers should do and which the student body should do. These truths are self-evident.

Nevertheless they are overlooked yearly by both elected officers and students. Student government is always the poorer for it.

But this need not be the case.

Faculty Applauded For Self-Study Project Here

It is well that the Mercer faculty is going to take on an extended study of the University in all its facets.

This is what the faculty, at the suggestion of the local chapter of the American Assn. of University Professors, has voted to do. The faculty also named by ballot to the study committee: Dr. Hayden Bryant, Dr. Harold McManus, Dr. Willis B. Glover, Dr. Nancy Stewart, Dr. Ben Griffith, Dr. Edwin Johnston, and Mrs. Helen B. Plymale.

Both the committee and its purpose are excellent. The sort of study proposed can only be beneficial.

The study is to determine the purpose of the university and to concern "the faculty in the university" and "the physical and financial resources of the university."

We can expect progress.

Whatever Happened To Limping Honor System?

For two consecutive quarters now, the Honor System has limped along its ill-defined way with no apparent intention on the part of anyone to even give it a crutch.

Student voting has shown that we are not in favor of being required to report cheating but that we are overwhelmingly in favor of "an" Honor System.

With the defeat of the proposed amendment to write the necessity for reporting cheating into the Student Constitution came the faculty's action to encourage individual teachers to monitor their exams as necessary.

This has led to some teachers monitoring their tests, some absenting themselves from the classroom, some running their classes on an individual Honor System basis.

This is not particularly detrimental as long as it is understood that it is on a temporary basis. But it has every indication of becoming permanent.

Student government has talked more than it has acted. The Honor Council's actions remain secret. The faculty has treated it as a student matter to be determined and settled by students, and they are right.

Almost everybody agrees something should be done about the Honor System, but no one is doing it. Needless to say, the student government officers for 1958-59 are not going to solve the problem. They have had their months and their meetings and have not acted. Soon they will be out of office. It is the same with the Honor Council.

Thus the new administrations inherit the problem of the status of the Honor System and they should give it first priority for thoughtful work.

The Honor System is important enough to merit more attention than it has received.

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BUDDY HURT

A Word Of Farewell

I'm not exactly sure what one is supposed to say in a farewell column, but I do know that a word of thanks is in order and that I should say how much I've enjoyed working on the paper and how glad I am I'm through.

This is what has been said in the past and what I'm sure will be said in the future. It's all true. Cluster editors are appreciative of the help they've received, and they know they couldn't have published without it. They are glad to have held the office, after the term has expired. And they are ecstatic when the new regime takes over.

So, to start the wheels turning for the annual words of farewell, I want to thank:

Haywood Ellis, who was managing editor and who has my sympathy as he steps down to my job, who does a brilliant job on lay-out and will put out a top-notch Cluster.

Cliff Hendrix, who in spite of mumbblings and moanings has produced what I think is the best sports page in Cluster history.

Pope Harrick, who took over the job of business manager in mid-year and who has set the business department back on its feet and put The Cluster on a sound financial basis.

Marty Layfield, who closes this year his fourth season of Cluster duty, who has written a column for three years and who has served as a general trouble-shooter for three Cluster editors.

Mary Leonard, who writes features and writes them well, who wrote an interpretative article on the office of the Director of religious activities, and who turns in some excellent theatrical copy.

John Robinson, whose pictures have given The Cluster a new pictorial look, who has stayed up late into the morning many times developing and printing and doing whatever it is photographers do to pictures before we get them.

Jane Oliver, who has reported student government news and kept tabs on the various happenings about campus, and done it very well.

Douglas Bailey, who helped with the lay-out once upon a time and who now borrows Cluster office supplies for use on the Cauldron.

Gracie Adeock, who writes the social news in her own unique way.

Pattye Little, who writes an excellent story and works as hard as anybody and harder than most everybody.

Ralph Bass, who knows what a news story is and how to write the best of them.

Nancy Minter, who can write some of the best leads we've ever had and who does a creditable job on everything and especially on her speciality, feature stories.

Kitty King, who picks the "girl of the week" and lends a willing hand when needed.

Steve Smith, who writes a good, clean story.

Linda Watson and Jean Fulwood and Faye Trawick and Marsha Jones and Richard Janns and all the other reporters, who have given the push that got the paper published.

Jerry Dodd, and all his countless friends who have happily pointed out our most embarrassing typographical mistakes.

Don Barkley, who gets the papers out about the campus and whose efforts are particularly appreciated.

All the others I've thoughtlessly forgotten.

Well, that's done and when this is printed I too will be done. The things that stick out most in my memory about the past year are the time the printer couldn't find the copy and we came out a day late; the time I was accused of "political blackmail," whatever that may be; the times columnists and sports writers haven't gotten their copy in and the times they have; the extra sense of pride that comes when there is real news in the paper; and the feeling of relief when it does get out.

And now, if somebody were to ask, well, would you do it again if you had to?, I think I would say, yes I would. If I had to.

MARTY LAYFIELD

Return To Hell

Not more than 20 minutes from the mad life of the city is a little side road that has a worn white sign saying simply "Dames Ferry" and showing an arrow. If you take this road you will suddenly find that it becomes a two-rut road ending at the river bank.

On the side of the road is a typical white family shanty. It differs from the nigger shanty in that it is showing beneath the dust and dirt several leftover flakes of white paint. The bearded man appears after several long honks on the car horn. He offers a little grunt and tells you to drive onto the ferry if you plan to cross.

Now if you have never been across a river on an old two-car ferry, you cannot understand the simplicity of the operation. The old man starts a little one horse motor and the ferry glides across the muddy Georgia river. Asked how much it costs to cross over, he just says nothing and then accepts the few bits that you offer for gas.

He knows about the land around. He loves the pines and the gentle breeze that sways them. He thinks that you would like to have a cabin over on that hill where the wild dogwood is growing. He loves yellow flowers. In fact he points to a row of buttercups over near his outhouse.

The ferryman is not concerned about the recent election. He believes that the ferry will live on after him. "Ain't able to build a bridge," he says, never realizing the truth of the statement.

Further down the road is an old family graveyard with the wooden fence falling down. The weeds grow high, but every now and then one can notice the brilliant color of a yellow rose in the fence.

The worn two-rut road ends at a mill town with a tall silo greeting you from the highway, a large pond backed behind the dam crossed by only an ancient slatted bridge. The folks nod and wave as you drive by and every yard has bright yellow flowers growing to remind you of the beauty of spring and the peace of life away from the mad life of the city.

Several niggers sit on the porch of a shanty near the river bank and as you pass the old man my nobs while the young son just sits and stuns. Several bitch dogs lie in the dirt under the porch and the mchus play around the brick corner post.

It is a life so different from ours in all its varied aspects, yet a life full of beauty despite despair and poverty. If only we could have beauty, but it is not in our fate. Faith will enable you to make believe, but it never really enables you to face the reality of the horror.

The road leads back to the highway and to the mad life of the city.

UP THE RIVER -7

by HAYWOOD ELLIS

"I don't want you playing that Chinese music in my band!"

That was the reaction of Cab Calloway who Dizzy Gillespie, who at that time was playing with the Calloway band, opened up and played some things like he wanted to.

Gillespie had earlier replaced swing era trumpeter Roy Eldridge in the Teddy Hill band. Eldridge, who remains one of the top-rated trumpet players in jazz, was the young Gillespie's idol. Diz played, at first, almost identically to Eldridge. After joining the Hill organization, though, Gillespie began developing a highly individual trumpet style. By the time he joined Calloway, this style had a most matured, and, in order to get away with playing what many of the other musicians in the band, including Calloway, thought were mistakes, he began to clown and turned into a comic performer.

Diz' style was a fusion of advanced, "modern" harmonies, played in a complicated melodic line with a flashy technique. This style remains unchanged basically, though it has continued to develop. Diz today (in his slow numbers) seems influenced somewhat by Miles Davis, who, paradoxically, was a protege of Diz' in the forties.

Gillespie has formed big bands on several occasions, most of which have been excellent, particularly his most recent, but for economical reasons, for the most part, he plays mostly in a combo format. He is equally effective in either context.

Back now, though, to his formative years. It was in the early forties that Dizzy Gillespie met Charlie Parkers . . .

