

Student Honor System Vote Shows Progress

...of blood, sweat and tears... the Student Constitution... academic cheating... endorsement by the... progress for the... history... maturity we

...of this amendment... ratified... giving... of it... to Rev. Bates... the... in a way... party and... the student

...settled... where they... to be... go on... the Honor System... to ease monitoring

...are not... What has been... Incoming classes... the Honor System... in the final... strong... matter and on present... to report cheating will

Mohr's Leaving Is Our Loss At End of Year

...the school year come... Fred Mohr will be... of Germany

...Student from Mabel... had a right to... country and to Mercer

...intellectual... ability and his organizing... of the brightest and... made... on the campus... and we hate... Rotary Club... for their... played in... one... and in... a de... and we hope



...at night... was on hand to wit... The jury was em... from several... got under about... about the... 22 year... squeeze play... to be... attorney's Albritton... the defendant's rail... not in tracking him... by railroading... the rider between the... entered a curve... for them to stop, but the... the curve and the car... him?

...Attorney... who represented... to the court that it was... thinking that caused him to... as anybody knows, when a train... the inside corners of the cars are... just as pivot men in... soldiers.

...in the trials of cases has been... this year, and those partici... have extended their best... to reach the most equitable decisions.

The Mercer Cluster

MERCER UNIVERSITY, MACON, GEORGIA
MAY 15, 1959 VOLUME 39, NUMBER 24
HAYWOOD ELLIS
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PATTYE LITTLE
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THE FACULTY WRITES

The Lost Art of Thinking

(Editor's note: The author of this work, a member of the Mercer faculty, has asked that his name not be used in this story, so as to give the story a more universal meaning. The Cluster has granted this request, but we think that from the wording and tone of the article, the author's identity will be immediately apparent to all his acquaintances at Mercer.)

Last week four of us went fishing. The venue - Florida; the weather - brilliant; the victims - small, non-assorted bass, bream, perch and catfish; the refreshment - vitamins and ice-cold.

At the picture of a short vacation, isn't it? Or isn't it? That's a matter of opinion, but some hundred of other Americans were spending their working leisure in the same place and in the same way.

Our leisure is, or ought to be, a precious thing and most carefully employed. Leisure is the mother of scholarship, of reading and reflection, and of conversation, and these form the nourishment of all thought. This brief 48-hour fishing vacation of ours was not, perhaps, altogether misspent, since, at the cost of certain Very Large Fish which Got Away, one person at any rate managed to find the time - a rare commodity nowadays - to do a little thinking.

There was, of course, no room in the boat for scholarship, among the stack, Coca-Cola bottle, and stiffer boxes of bait; there was, likewise, little chance of opening a book amid the tangle of tackle, and, if any, the would have shown bad form to yawn in a group of serious anglers in conversation, that was quite out of the question, since it would have vexed the shell-fucker, which, it seems, are shy and sensitive.

One member of the crew found time, all the same, to reflect on the manner in which modern man spends these precious moments of leisure which are permitted him in the frantic rush of modern existence. And the picture is not a happy one.

It is generally accepted that a satisfactory citizen in a democracy should be able to think for himself, and there can be little doubt that not only is there less and less of this type of thinking in the modern world, but that modern man has almost forgotten how to think at all, and apart from the narrow confines of his job, is content to let others do his thinking for him.

In our day-to-day life our power of concentration grows daily more and more limited. Our habits of concentration, we shall wear now Franklin Pierce to Bessie Brummich, you'll find in their graves; the supermarket, our choice of food; (Bought-Savage would turn in his grave too); our children; your own entertainment on the dial of the television set; our favorite newspaper; if we have time to read, one does out our scanty political information; if we can get to the sports park.

We have, of course, more or less ways to avoid the insupportable chore of thinking, at all, though most of us, to have the infernal crust to say we believe in democracy, when it should be obvious to the nigriest simperon that this democracy cannot survive, let alone flourish, when its voters are so utterly incapable of independent thought.

Perhaps it's not the citizen's fault that he has surrendered so meekly to outside control, since even as a child he was subjected to a routine imposed by his elders and resigned to occupy every moment of the day for the purpose of keeping him out of mischief. And the fact that parents mitigate this heavy-handed monitoring by lavish material indulgence only makes matters worse.

One, grown up, of course, man finds a wife to take his parents' place, to send him to the ball games, to the clubs, to the vestry meetings, or to the dancing hall, anywhere, but to keep him out of mischief.

Surely it is a pity that modern man should be informed about his life, the fashions of the base ball diamond and the silver screen and the never never land of the comic strips, and remain in dark ignorance of all those things which ought to make life worth the living. But, increasingly it seems, he does not.

What is to be done about it? Perhaps we should impose a ban on television for four nights a week in an effort to revive the lost art of communicating by word of mouth. Perhaps we should press for legislation designed to prohibit attendance at spectator sports on the part of those still physically capable of participating in them. Perhaps we should niddle a little less with the lives of our children, and spoil them a little less, too. Perhaps.

Each and every man has his panacea for this alarming situation, but, of course, after all, one, and every man is a thinker in his own way. But his probable solution will be - another fishing trip.

MARTY LAYFIELD A Cheap Julep

Down that long dirt road shaded by the now opening magnolias, is a weed-covered lot. Once was the site of a beautiful, white-columned Georgia home.

At this time of year when you begin to crave those mint juleps (and you end up with just a cheap can of beer), it does one good to think of the country and what is left of today. What influence has had or does it still have?

Now the grass just rushes and fro. They have little time to sit on the green, green grass and sip mint juleps under the spreading magnolias. They may have wanted to do this, but they just have to do without.

Further down the highway is another long dirt road that leads to a two-story, columned house. It is dark brown from want of paint. There is no green grass, only red clay or brown dirt turned to dusty like sand. It is not like the weed-covered lot. The house still stands even though the windows are missing panes here and there. The roof leaks. The door is half off the hinge. The floors creak.

Besides all of this, niggers live there today. You can ride by and see the old darkie with the red plaid towel around her head sitting on the porch rocking. The dozer kids sit around in the dirt. The yard of clay is full of old car parts and bodies. The dark wash pot sits on the side of the yard. The porch proudly displays the wicker agitator washing machine... bought on credit until they come to take it back.

It is the life of 1959. Rather funny, if you think about it, for the darkies to live where Massa Jim lived and worked his slaves. The tables often turn. Better stop that ruminating and a spell under the magnolias and drink a cheap can of beer and think!

PATTYE LITTLE

An Experiment

To write editorials for the Cluster, one must first of all have a philosophy of life. This may be expressed in various ways: Wondering at the foibles of your fellow human beings; trying to forget at all in the rhythm of jazz; or dreaming about fields of yellow flowers.

Unfortunately, this former reporter has no philosophy of life having been too busy reporting for the Cluster to formulate one. Becoming an editor, however, gives one time to sit around and do such thinking. On many a case, time to walk from church on Sunday night.

Walking home from church, of course, is exactly a prerequisite for philosophizing, really doesn't help one cogitate, this walk home from church, but if you already have wild ideas about society in general, it is a satisfactory testing situation.

For instance, have you ever wondered what you would see if you saw someone dressed in a Sunday best, except not wearing shoes? Speak from experience, the great majority of them don't pay attention, because they don't notice.

Two interesting members of the Cluster, then, this little experiment, Sunday night, just before the 11:00 half way between church. Mercer, they begin wondering what people think of them and so began to observe passers-by.

Most people who passed in cars just rode by, watching the car in front of them or listening to the radio or whatever you do in a car on Sunday night. One lady sitting in a car from a Midway Cleaner, peered out her window and, at two of those Mercer stud-walks, she gave a look. Even pedestrians on some side of the street either did not see our feet or did not deign to stare at them.

It is, of course, a wonder, still more, when one is a non-conformist if no one notices. The whole point of being different is to be noticed and if you're not noticed, you might as well try to be different.

Pity the poor conformist who lives with fear of being different from his peer group, and the poor non-conformist who is accepted by the conformist as one of themselves.

The original experiment had been planned to end at the corner next to MEP, but due to indifference of almost everybody, it was extended even to the portals of old MEP. And alas, no one noticed. And so two frustrated, bare-foot Cluster slaves went to their dungeons, scowling with the thoughts of having performed an experiment in vain.