

First Date . . . Almost

by WILLARD CLUTCHMYER

It was Friday afternoon and it was raining. A recent flood had washed away the portion of Sherwood Hall in which my tiny cubicle was situated and I was resting in a cardboard lean-to in Tatnall Square which had been thoughtfully provided by the Administration for hapless victims of the deluge. Of course they required that before Friday's inspection by Dean Featherfelt Shaft and his sagacious cohorts that the damp, dirt floor be mopped and swept.

I was just about to complete this task when my good friend Maynard Grunch kicked the wall of my temporary abode and tracked in with a few of his fraternity brothers.

"Willard," he screamed, as he helped himself to a mayonnaise sandwich I had carefully prepared for my noon meal. "Boy I've been looking all over for you," he said as he wiped his hands on my new shanting rompers, "Where have you been?"

"Well," I said, "just knocking around with the gang." I didn't want Maynard to know that I had spent the entire afternoon in Sherwood Hall trading comic books with the freshmen. He would have made bad sport of me.

"That's just peachy," he said. "I just came over to get you to double-date with me tonight . . . we can go in your car." Maynard always did like my car. "I'll even get you a date," he said "If he can . . ." jibed one of his frat brothers and we all laughed at the joke.

At that time one of Maynard's brothers, Enos Baldowski, whose noted father, Wayward Baldowski, invented class cuts, interrupted, "Listen Maynard, we're not that desperate for pledges." Maynard subtly kicked him in the stomach saying, "Ah, Ah, Ah, Enos . . . this boy has a car and may be able to pay dues . . ."

"Dah . . . Yah . . ." interjected Nohope Brawnwell, who came to Mercer on a football scholarship in 1938 and is still trying to accumulate enough hours to graduate. " . . . I tink dat dis kid ain't so bad just because his shoes are clean and dah . . . he has pleats in the front of his trousers." I licked his hand, grateful, for the obvious compliment.

Lushwell Straightshot, the fraternity drunk, who had, during the course of the tete a tete, been surreptitiously quaffing a bottle of my after-shave lotion said, "We could do worse."

"Well it won't hurt to get him a date . . ." Maynard said, "and I know just the doll . . . Constance Swoonsudden! . . ."

"No!!" Enos enjoined, "Not even to a clod like Willard!!" Enos liked me. "Not Constance!" he pleaded.

"Oh I can't have a date," I protested, "I'm saving my money for a Marlboro tattoo."

"Nonsense," said Maynard, "besides this girl isn't too bad. She travels strictly with the upper set."

"Yeah," said Lushwell, staggering toward the door, "she keeps the lowers in a glass of Lysol."

"If it wasn't for her adam's apple she wouldn't have any figure at all . . . Enos said, " . . . and she has a tremendous lower lip."

"It's not too noticeable though," countered Maynard quickly, "her upper lip covers it up."

"Her old man threw rocks at the stork for a year after she was born, Maynard! ! ! !!" pleaded Enos.

"Dah . . . I like the way her ears pop back in her head when she yawns . . ." offers Nohope.

"Don't sweat it . . ." slurred Lushwell, "the administration had her removed as a public eyesore. They're paying her way to Wesleyan," he added.

"Well . . ." Maynard said, "We'll try again Willard" and he left after pausing to give me a friendly poke in the mouth. Wiping away the blood I began to write my Mother. My Mother had just written me saying that the words in the Cluster were too long for her to understand. I can't understand it . . . Mother and her aged aunt are co-owners of a small tunic shop in northwest Georgia and have the exclusive agency in that town for jeweled laped watches with matching earrings. The fact that she is totally illiterate might have something to do with it however.



This morning I parked my trusty chartrouse chariot in the parking lot beside Sherwood Hall. My trusty steeds strained at their bits to follow me. With my head held high I walked off into the golden sunrise to class not knowing that danger lurked behind the nearest corner.

As I sat sleeping in class a drama was unfolding on the parking lot that would shake even those Mercer Players who can act. A magnanimous truck carrying two little houses pulled into the lot and tried to unload. The best place they decided to put the houses was right where my trusty steeds were hitched. For hours they tried to move these wonderful creatures without success. They did not know that my trusty steeds were trained to sit when I said sit and not to move for anyone except me. The workmen had reached the end of their rope. They called for a policeman and ordered him to remove the

horses.

As I approached the parking lot two shots rang out. My two trusty steeds were no more. My Chartrouse Chariot was beaten to little pieces and swept off the pavement. "Why, oh why," I pleaded, "did you shoot these helpless animals?" Their only answer was "Because."

After much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth I meekly asked, "You are going to build a new parking lot, aren't you?" The answer: "NO!" In much despair I began to trudge off. The police officer stopped me. I was handed a ticket for parking in what was now a restricted zone, littering the pavement and failure of my horses to move on command of an officer.

Sadly I hiked the thirteen miles back through the jungle of cement to my trusty cave. At least I still had my pet Bat, and many more days of hiking to look forward to.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



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