

# If Dreams Came True, This One Wouldn't Do!

Boys, the festival fever is here again! And look what the latest mixture of shoe polish, toilet water and canned heat has done!

One of our esteemed lawyers went to sleep in training for this week end's marathon affair and he dreamt he was living in 1880. In his nightmare, he grabbed Rev. Mr. Hugh Kelley's typewriter and polluted it by writing the following which he handed to The Cluster office boy just as he turned over and went to sleep again in readiness for Thursday night's struggle.

Name is Withheld

He said that if the office boy recognized him, to withhold his name which we are doing, but if the folks at Easton-ton knew how well he wrote, or if the Thetas had thought of what a great scribe he was, or if the Mercer Players had looked into their president's real ability or if the Phi Alpha Deltas knew he was more than a lawyer, or if the Walker family heard of his attainment, how happy they'd be!

The letter follows:

March 21, 1980.

"Dear Editor:

"This particular time of the year recalls to mind the Spring Festival dances back in the year of 1960, which some of us still remember as memorial events.

"I remember perfectly that it was the first year after the fraternity circle had been completed in Tattnell Square. After several years of bitter strife, Pan-Hellenic had finally agreed on the plans. The chapter houses were all connected in one huge circle of Cubist design, which was so much in vogue back in those days. All the shrubbery was cut in queer shapes so as to cast

weird shadows and carry out the effect.

"It was during that time when nobody on the campus ever saw the stadium by daylight except a few athleteless when those houses were built. They had as few lines as possible, just as the girl of today dresses. About the only distinguishing feature about the houses were the Greek letters on the doors and on the roofs.

"On the particular day that the Festival started, I could hardly find a parking place on the roof of my chapter house for my Ford plane. Finally, I managed to fold the wings and land like a bird in between two other planes. There was a gentle hum and a slight bustle of confusion in the air as it was clouded with planes on that day.

"On such occasions then, it was the custom for Pan-Hellenic to buy the beverage and it was placed in barrels in the Pan-Hellenic House. Oh, by the way, I forgot to tell you that that house burned some years ago. (There was some kind of an explosion). I was telling you about the "Pan" House. Well, there were pipes running to each cellar of all eighteen fraternities.

"I never shall forget the way I felt when my date walked down the steps. I had just been to the cellar. She had on a slightly short dress, very similar to the latest, but quite in contrast to what they wore in the modest days of 1960. You know it is queer how style goes in a circle. I understand that next fall the dresses will be worn down to the knees as in good old 1960.

"The opening dance was an old-fashioned ball and I never shall forget two queer costumes. A couple came in as Mr. and Miss 1928. The boy had

# A Big Frog in a Little Pool, Or a Little Frog—Big Pool?

By Fred Shaw

A man who is not from his home town—a man who had rather be one in two hundred thousand, than one in seventy-five—such a man has Mercer. W. J. Stevens, erstwhile correspondent for The Atlanta Journal, The Christian Index, and McClure's Seed Catalogue, was compiling the Baptist Student Page of The Christian Index. The name of C. Ernest Brannan, a freshman-prominent in theological and social circles on the Mercer campus, appeared several times—and Stevens thought it necessary to tell to the Baptists at large what town "this C. Ernest Brannan person" came from.

Brown of Harvard!

But where was he to get such information? He didn't know the boy—nor did he think that he knew anyone who knew anyone who had ever heard of him; but he was wrong—utterly and completely wrong—for his roommate, Bill Brown, Harvard's addition

on a coat with three buttons which was cut so different from these now. The funniest thing about his costume was the trousers. You should have seen them. I do believe that they must have been twenty-two inches wide. He looked like a swollen balloon tire. The girl had on some gold slippers she inherited from her grandmother. The heels must have been three or four inches high. How she ever walked was a mystery to all present.

"I wonder if things have changed much at old Mercer? I'll bet they haven't.

"Yours for a bigger, and better fraternity row with no B. Y. O. L. motto.  
"An Old Grad of 1960."

to Mercer's campus came forward with the desired information.

Brown lived at McDonough and he said that Brannan lived near Flippin, a town of some seventy-four inhabitants (when Brannan was away at school).

So it happened that The Christian Index made mention of one "C. Ernest Brannan of Flippin" several times. And so it also happened that one C. Ernest Brannan, an alleged Flippinite, appeared at Bill Stevens' room at the ungodly hour of 8 o'clock in the morning.

Ye Battle!

A short and bitter conversation ensued in which Stevens was informed that henceforth Brannan was from Atlanta. No blows were passed though Stevens did blow a good bit.

"But Brannan," he said, "it is much more of an honor to be one of few than one among many."

"I had rather be one of two hundred thousand, than one of seventy-five."

And that ended it.

Concerning censorship of college papers, The Technician (N. C. State) says:

"No faculty member will stand for student criticism when he has the authority to suppress it. This is human nature.

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