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The Rollins Sandspur

Newspapers and Weeklies of Central Florida

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Rollins College

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# The Rollins Sandspur

Volume 23

Winter Park, Florida, March 14, 1922

No. 16

## AVERAGES COMPILED FROM FIRST SEMESTER FINALS

### SCALPS GATHERED IN OTHER YEARS

Coming Baseball Campaign Awakens  
Memories of Last Season's Ses-  
sion With Hatters

Stetson a Four Times Victim to the  
Rollins' Machine in 1921

One of the sweet memories of last year is the four decisive defeats handed to the Stetson Hatters in succession and the nifty manner in which Stetson hit the dust. Rollins gathered a total of 38 runs to Stetson's measly five. This gives enough proof of the superiority of the Tars without examining the number of hits, errors, etc.

The first game held here was a regular track affair with the Rollins runners leading in the dashes to the bag. It was mostly a game after the second inning of pure slough and socko. Gardner, the one of house party fame, was the proud aristocrat who received a jarring shock in the shape of nine runs gathered off his curves and slants in one inning. This doughy warrior was compelled by his satchel to go back to his wigwag and let Brother Kicklighter finish out the contest. Everyone of the Rollins Kingpins were hitting the horsehide for singles and two baggers and Freddy Ward contributed a triple to the total. It was a charming performance on the whole.

The next day was a more evenly contested affair with Kicklighter working smoothly against us. This pitcher has the enviable record of being the only Hatter pitcher that Rollins didn't send off the mound for faulty work. Anyway we only beat them 3 to 1 in this affair, but it was a fast game with fine playing on both sides. After the game there was some pep shown and the goat (Stetson) was hauled over town on a sloop.

Hostilities were resumed up at Stetson later on and dope gave Stetson the lead but as usual our Ty Cobbs upset all dope and in the first game we sent them down to the ground 9 to 1. Gardner was again knocked out and Anderson enjoyed the same thing next day. Kicklighter was their only mountman who showed form. Cheesy Arranta pitched the first game and Boery Taylor won the second in a walkaway—the score resulting in an 8 to 1 victory.

(Continued on page 3)

### GIRLS LEAD BOYS BY EIGHT POINTS. CLOVERLEAF LEADS DORMITORIES WITH AVERAGE EIGHTY-SIX.

FLORENCE EDRIS LEADS IN INDIVIDUAL  
AVERAGES WITH 94 PLUS. ALVARD  
STONE LEADS BOYS WITH 92.

Many interesting facts are brought out by a comparison of the averages of the first semester grades. The general college average of 79 plus is lower than might be expected, but it must be remembered that the first half of the year was broken by many holidays and other events that distinctly lower achievements in scholastic lines. The last semester will go through more as one unit and the average grade should be correspondingly better.

The victory of the girls over the boys is in accord with what was to be expected, but their lead of eight points, or an average of 84 to the boys 76, was surprisingly large.

The various dormitories and Greek letter houses on the campus ran a close race. Cloverleaf led the school and the girls' dorms although the Sigma Phi house pushed to within one point of the mark set. Chase led the boys' dorms by a wider margin. Noteworthy in this is that each of the leading dorms had the largest number of inmates. Another circumstance is that the Alpha Alpha members living right in the Frat house with its many supposed distractions to study, led the A. A. men living at home in town by six points.

Following are the dormitories according to rank:

Cloverleaf	84
Sigma Phi	83
Sparrell	82
Chase	79
Alpha Alpha	78
Phi Alpha	74
Lakeside	72

Twelve students and campus student-aid with an average of 79.

In the fraternities Tau Lambda Delta, the youngest of them all, led with an average of 81. Phi Alpha followed with an average of 78 and Alpha Alpha with 73.

Phi Omega, the newly created organization, led in the girls' section with 89 as an average—the highest of any group in school. In comparison with the other sororities their grade might be discounted though in that they have been organized only a short time and

(Continued on page 6)

### DISTINGUISHED VISITORS GUESTS OF COLLEGE

Representatives of Presbyterian Church  
Approve Rollins Ideals.

Rollins had the pleasure of entertaining Dr. Stockwell, representing the Educational Board of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, and Mr. Pierce and Mr. Stewart, representing the Presbyterian Synod, of Florida, during the past week.

These gentlemen are greatly interested in Rollins and the work that she is doing and made a thorough inspection of the grounds and buildings. The ideals of Rollins toward a liberal college education and the ideals of the Presbyterian church toward higher education are very similar and in many ways so interlock that the institutions will attempt to form some plan of co-operation in the future that their combined endeavors may be of more service than it would be possible to render otherwise. There is, however, no thought of changing the liberal standards for a sectarian school.

### ROLLINS ALUMNUS NEW SHERIFF OF BROWARD COUNTY

Rollins now has among its many noted alumni a real live wire sheriff. His name is Paul C. Bryan, '08-'09. If you don't believe it read his announcement: "I shall co-operate with the governor in forcing wife-tappers and confidence men out of the county. I wish to serve notice upon anyone engaged in the liquor traffic in Broward county that I expect to enforce the letter of the law if it is within my power to do so."

Bryan is the newly appointed sheriff of Broward county, to take the place of A. W. Truner, suspended by the governor for malfeasance and non-performance of duty in connection with the recent operations of "con" men in Fort Lauderdale. He was formerly postmaster there.

The perpetrators of swamp juke and Wall street killings have had the glove thrown in their faces in true feudal style, and will now have to be extremely cautious on the spirit of the pigskin or the horsehide will prove an uncomfortable counterirritant to

### MT. DORA WATER SPORTS THRILLING

Brisk Breeze Stirs Up Water Until  
Canoes Find It Choppy Going

Welcome and Generosity of Citizen  
Hosts Greatly Appreciated by  
the Students.

About ten o'clock Friday morning business began to pick up around Rollins College. Cars seemed to be leaving the campus and all were packed; every one was wondering what could have happened.

Then the problem was solved, for a large truck loaded with the famous blue canoes of Rollins College and another truck loaded with the rivals—boys' war canoe teams—started their journey to Mt. Dora, where they arrived at twelve, just in time for a grand rush for the hotel where lunch was served. The meet began at one o'clock. Several small boat races and sailing races were held along with the pleasure yacht races. Then the fun began for Rollins. The events were as follows:

The women's four in a canoe won by the girls, being represented by Margaret McKay, Ruth Amy, Bee Bass and Bert Phell.

The men's singles, won by the blues, represented by Rex Holiday.

The women's war canoe race, won by the girls by a small margin.

The men's doubles, won by the blues, represented by Rex Holiday and Jack Stephens.

The women's doubles, won by the girls, represented by Margaret McKay and Bee Bass.

The men's war canoe race, won by the blues.

Tilting by Rex Holiday and Wallace Byrd, who represented the blues.

After the canoe races a few wise virgins and youths that had packed their bathing suits in their kits, on learning that the crowd was disappointed that there were no swimming events, staged a few extemporaneous stunts, crude perhaps but amusing to say the least. Here's hoping next year Rollins College will come up to par of Mt. Dora's expectations in this matter.

Several more exciting motor boat races were held and the Florida Inland water championship for speed (Continued on page five)  
the spirit of the corn stalk and the bones.

# The Sandspur

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## THOSE DAYS AND THESE

A recent number of the Collegiate Publisher contains a letter written by a student at Indiana University in 1844 that is extremely interesting and throws a great deal of light on conditions governing college expense in the days of our grandfathers. The letter was an apology home to the folks for blowing the entire sum of \$20.00 in one semester. Carefully (even as you and I), he itemized each separate item of expense and shows how necessary it was. Board cost 60 cents a week. Stove wood was a considerable figure for him at 75 cents a cord. Tuition took out \$5.00, but it was paid for for the year so he figured he could get through the second semester on an exact \$14.00. Week-end parties or Saturday night hops were not mentioned. Movies had evidently not become a subject of conversation and the buses from Fords to Cadillac, seemed to

still be all for the future. Many will be surprised to learn though that he had worked out that same old line of philosophy that most of us here think we originated when we discovered that we had to pay for an education and then do all the work to get it ourselves.

We are glad that these conditions can never return. True a college student of today often spends more in the ice cream parlor in a month than his grandfather needed to live on for a semester, and we have lost something of the pleasure in free, health-developing outdoor games. But all in all we have more opportunities to live a broader life. If we give more it is justified in the fact that we receive more. The one thing necessary is a greater power of selection and a finer judgment in selecting that which is worth while in the maze of things that appeal to us. By the great surge of development during the past fifty years we are enabled to live our lives far more than the student was in the past. We need not be afraid to pay the higher prices—provided we buy wisely.

## COL. HALFORD GIVES INSPIRING ADDRESS

### Distinguished Lecturer Points Toward the Future With "The New Day" His Subject

Last Sunday evening Lieutenant Colonel E. W. Halford spoke in Knowles Hall. His subject, "The New Day," was typical of his youthful outlook toward the future. A man whose life has been full of interesting experiences, he might have entertained us for hours with stories of the past. Instead of that, he was so impressed with the onrush of the future that he neglected the past altogether.

Col. Halford's address was ringing with the call to the New Day, with its struggle, turmoil, unrest, and progress. Everywhere are significant changes. The world has been drawn closer together; we can no longer remain aloof from it. The language of industry has changed, men are no longer workmen, but business associates. Charles M. Schwab says he has never had a man work for him, but has had thousands work with him. The Golden Rule is being introduced into industry. All these changes mean progress. To use Colonel Halford's phrase, "Progress is the law of life. Life without progress is death."

Those who heard Colonel Halford were very much interested in the man. If any of them looked in Who's Who, they found him there. He was former editor of the Indianapolis Journal. He founded the Inter-Ocean Magazine, and was private secretary to President Harrison. He was a member of the committee on the platform in a Republican National Convention, went on the Bering Sea Arbitration Commission, is now on the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., and also with the Foreign Mission Board of the Methodist Church. Surely a man of such distinction could have told fascinating anecdotes.

## WHY A LECTURE COURSE SHOULD BE USED IN THE CLASSROOM

The lecture system should be used in the class rooms of colleges for a number of reasons. First, comes the superior knowledge of the professor. He is able to present the work to his pupils in a clear, concise form. In a lecture he can not only give them book knowledge, but he can also graphically illustrate in such a way that it will drive home to his pupils the thoughts he wishes them to grasp.

Not only can the instructor present the material to his pupils in a clear and concise manner, but he can also give it to them in a logical order. When he lectures he has more time to dwell upon and enlarge the important points of his subject. The rhythm and smooth flow of ideas carries the pupil along with the instructor and gives him a clear and definite knowledge of the day's work. The impression he receives is vivid and clear.

On the other hand, if it is necessary for the instructor to ask questions and draw out the answers from the pupils, the beauty and rhythm of the instruction is lost. It becomes choppy, and many times incoherent. The important points become confused with the minor details. The instructor wishes his pupils to see the whole picture, but in the struggle to show them the background, many times he allows the main characters to fade from the picture.

Then, too, recitations are confusing to the pupils. A pupil recites, but his recitation is wrong. Twenty other pupils are listening to him. At least ten of them stare away in their minds this incorrect bit of information. In five seconds, perhaps, the teacher corrects the mistake made by the first student. Ten mental pictures must be torn down and reconstructed. Reconstruction is a good thing in its way, but it is hard on the mind.

A remodeled house always bears some resemblance to the building from which it was reconstructed. So it is with our thoughts. If we must reconstruct them they always retain a resemblance to the original thought. This leaves us in a confused state. We are never quite sure whether we are right or not. It will take months, perhaps, for us definitely to settle that one point in our minds. Think of the time wasted by one pupil's incorrect recitation. How much better it would have been had the instructor lectured that day.

Some may argue that a lecture course lessens the interest on the part of the pupil, and that it gives him a chance to "go to sleep on his job." It is true that the pupil has the chance to go to sleep if he desires. The instructor is there to offer instruction to his pupils and not—as many think—to pound it into their heads. The main object of a college education is to train the youth to think and act for themselves. Where can this training be better started than in the lecture room? There he may receive instruction if he wants it. If he does not want it, it is not forced upon him, but he must take the consequences.

He may be independent, he may pick and choose, but if he chooses badly he must pay the price.

Therefore, a lecture course should be used in college for the superior instruction it imparts to the pupils and for the chance it gives them to think and act for themselves.

## ALUMNI NOTES

### Jackson

Stedman W. Jackson, one of last year's upper classmen, has had the good fortune to be appointed Manager of the Savannah Agency of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company. He regrets not being able to attend Rollins this year.

### Shannon

J. W. (Jack) Shannon, has changed his occupation and is now Traveling Manager of the American Express Company, Manila, P. I. He was kind enough to mention that Mrs. Shannon (Clolla Avery) manages to keep me occupied, too.

### Smith

Mabel Smith, now Mrs. Roth, writes that her occupation is a "housewife, caring for two little children," and that those who wish to write her may find her at Sunnialto, Calif., R. P. D. No. 1, Box 379. Mrs. Roth mentioned her brother and sister. Gertrude Smith is now Mrs. Scheuren, and one of her occupations at least is that of interior decorator. Her address is 2900 Leavenworth St., San Francisco, Calif. Charles Sumner Smith helps the world get its news by operating a linotype. He may be reached at 797 Poplar street, Memphis, Tenn.

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# "LOCKED IN"

By JEAN LYONS

"But Bob, I don't understand this suddenness." Just this afternoon, on our way home from the office, you said you'd go with us to this big "come off" at the club tonight. It's the biggest thing in New York right now, and the boys will all expect you there. Besides Bob, be reasonable. Don't you know this is absolutely the wrong time to miss anything at which your charming friend, Miss Carleton, will be? I can't understand you, Bob. Any other time, you'd be inventing some excuse to go early.

"Oh, shut up, Harry! Haven't you an ounce of pity for me? There never was a time I wanted to see her more than I do right this minute. Besides that, it'll probably mean a broken engagement, a lot of hard feelings on the part of the fellows, and an awful time finding the place."

"Finding the place? What under the sun are you talking about? Once and for all, stop cramming that poor suit-case with such violence and tell me where you are going, what you are going for and why you must go off so suddenly, and on this particular night."

"How can I tell you, Harry, when I don't know myself." Reaching into his pocket he brought forth a telegram and flung it over to where Harry Parkman, one of New York's richest sons, was sitting. "Read that thing now, and if you are any wiser after having read it you're a wizard." It reads thus:

Union City, New York,  
June 12, 1921.

Take 9:30 train west tonight. Will be met at Union City Station. There receive further instructions. Your future hangs in the balance.—M. H.

Twice he read it. Then slumping it down on the table he arose, dug both hands deep into his pockets, and walked across the room. Then he stopped and gave one long whistle.

"Say, Bob," he said, "you're a bigger fool than I thought you were. Can't you see that some old College friend is playing a nice trick on you or probably you are to be robbed of all your careful little savings, or something of the sort. Listen to reason, and let your 'future hang in the balance,' if it wants to, you've got a great night ahead of you right here in little New York—and think of the girl." Secretly, Harry was as anxious to solve the mystery as anyone could be, but he did not want to show it.

"So that's all the sympathy I get is B, Harry, old boy? All you do is try to torture me more, because you know I'd rather be shot than lose Dolores—Miss Carleton—I mean.

Well, I'm going anyway because, somehow, there's something mighty queer about all this, and you'll have to admit that if it is a joke its a

mighty slick one. Good-bye, old boy, I'm going down to explain to Dolores. Let's at least have a hand-shake before we part, because my future may not balance exactly as I have planned and I may be a dead man the next time we meet." This he said with a laugh, but the eyes that met his were not merry, as he expected they would be, and the handclasp was a mighty strong one.

Glancing at his watch, which showed him there was no time to lose, he hurried over to the beautiful home of his fiancée, and finding, much to his disappointment, that she was not in he left a message and reached the station just in time to catch the ninety-third train west. Seated here in the train with nothing to do but think, he became more puzzled than ever over this strange telegram; yet the thing that puzzled him most was the fact that he had obeyed its summons with so little hesitancy. It was true that he had always liked adventure; yet this was not an adventure. What would Dolores think; what would the boys think; who was this mysterious "M. H." who had sent the telegram; and where—where was he going?

All these queer questions ran back and forth over and over again thru his mind. The only thing that he was actually sure of was that he was on the train which was bound westward, and that he was leaving everything

(Continued on page 6)



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### PHI ALPHA FOAM

#### Party

Between the Country Club and the Woman's Club we had a real good time. The change was made in a hurry and everybody had the fun of a little transportation. Some folks said that there was a little Grub floating around. Who can tell???

#### Smoker

Phi Alpha had a little smoker at the House on Wednesday last. A few out-of-town guests and members were present, and a good time enjoyed.

#### Winners

Brother and Captain Rex Holdiday piloted the war canoe crew to victory at Mount Dora last week, and also won the canoe singles and the doubles with Jack Stevens. Brother Sutherland won the tilting contest.

#### Group

Frater Ken Warner is reaching his second childhood. His voice is changing back into the high soprano of a three-year-old. We wish him a speedy recovery from all his ailments, by the use of Miss Pinkham's complexities. There are several other members that seem to have the CON and a special train is soon to be ordered for Denver.

### K. E. KICKS

The K. E. Corner is fairly sizzling with excitement. Early to bed and early to rise the girls whisper of the wonderful house party plans for this summer in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Tennis, swimming, and hiking are getting to be the most popular sports among them. Flo says she is ready to tame Lil Eva's horse. On to North Carolina!

That was some Phi Alpha Dances the other night. We wish we could strike gold somewhere, too, we would throw one like it. The girls had such a good time that they are still talking about it. Did you all know that Flo Goy-ed Carol about her Grub that night until Fluffy couldn't stand it?

The K. E.'s are going to reach the Phi Omega's hearts Tuesday night by giving them a regular old fashioned spread. The K. E. Corner will be turned into a Greek Rendezvous for the occasion, and it is rumored that it will even outshine the Palais Royal.

### PHI OMEGA

The Phi Omega's are very proud of their semester average. So, if we are seen running around the campus with our noses in the air there's nothing to be alarmed about, for its only our Sorority average that's doing it. Isn't eighty-eight enough to be proud of?

When Bee winks at Miriam and

Miriam winks at Amy you may be sure the Phi Omega's have something up their sleeves. "K" says—but that's all right what "K" sees.

Marcia is still at home recuperating, but hopes to be back on the job soon. The gangs not the gang and the team's not the team when Marcia's not pulling with us. We are all looking forward to her return eagerly.

### CLOVERLEAF CLANOR

The Cloverleaf girls are knitting. They knit from morn till night,—And then they keep on a-knitting. If the proctors don't see the light. (They have been known to sit out in the hall till two a. m.—still knitting.)

Hurray for our side! Cloverleaf wins in the race for high averages. We were mighty proud to hear that the biggest house got the "biggest grade" in mid-year's. That wasn't easy to do.

Cloverleaf welcomes Helen McKay back again. Its good to have her here after so long a time. Now, if we could only have Marcia and Helena, we'd feel like we had the whole family.

After a long silence the "Zoo" breaks into print. The various animals "rallied round" and gave "Johnnie Johnson" a farewell party. It was pronounced quite a success by them all—especially Johnnie.

Cloverleaf turned out strong for the game Saturday night. We're sorry about the score, but our team is a good loser, and that's even harder than being a good winner.

Say—have you noticed that the Cloverleaf girls are knitting?

### SPARRELL SQUEEKS

Sparrell looked like a U. of F. Dor-n Sunday. We had as our callers the Messrs. Cox, La Mar, Glass, Bishop and Moore. Curse again, boys, we're always glad to see you.

Miss Davey's friend was voted the most popular boy on the campus.

Because he brought stick candy and that's more than the younger boys do.

All Sparrell is getting the "Bob" Craze, but Benjie actually bobbed her hair Saturday.

It has been said she resembles a kid. I wonder why? We like it fine, Benjie.

### To a Baseball Fan

Non—Wants to know who tells the men to walk to their bases. Also if the ball goes over the plate, when it goes over the man's head.

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# Ol' Dynamite

By WILLIAM V. V. STEPHENS

"You've got a mule a leadin'; what's the reason?" asked a guy,  
 "Can't your horses stand the countin' an' the gaff?"  
 "I'll tell you what's the reason," said the gunner with a grin,  
 "An' I'll slam you where you're standin' if you laugh.  
 You're lookin' at Ol' Dynamite, the toughest army mule  
 That ever pulled a lead or bore a pack—  
 The mule that done his duty and led the critters through  
 The day that Heine made his big attack.  
 That mule was like all others—  
 Like his kickin', brayin' brothers  
 Trailin' on the flag from year to year,  
 In argyments of nations.  
 It was mules as humped the rations;  
 Ol' Dynamite with rations in the rear—  
 That's him!  
 Ol' Dynamite with rations in the rear!"

"We held a little valley that was half way into Hell,  
 With the hillsides heavn' up on jetsas' flame.  
 Ol' Heine lobbed 'em over—gas and shragged mixed—  
 An' we were sendin' back about the same.  
 They were breakin' fast behind us, a wall of screamin' steel,  
 We were runnin' short of grub to feed the gun;  
 An' the runners, beggin' rations behind the big barrage,  
 Were droppin' as they tried it one by one.  
 Oh, we didn't mind the dyin'  
 Or the nothin' hear us cryin'  
 So long as we were shootin' with the rest;  
 But to have a gun go quiet  
 And to set there idle by it  
 Is misery that cannot be expressed,  
 That's it!  
 It's misery a feller can't express!

"So we sent the last one over; and we hit the sodden dirt;  
 And we prayed to see the comin' of the night—  
 We prayed for ammunition and we cursed the bloody train  
 That had failed us in the middle of the fight,  
 I was clugin' close to cover in the shelter of a wheel  
 With me heart a-bustin' bumps upon me brain,  
 When me buddie up an' shouted  
 "They're bringin' up the grub!  
 An' Dynamite is leadin' out the train!"  
 Ol' Dynamite was leadin'  
 With an ear a-fop an' bleedin',  
 Headin' for the guns he sought to find;  
 Through mud an' slime a-lurchin',  
 His eyes a-flame with searchin',

And his driver dead a mile or two behind.  
 He got it!  
 His driver dead a mile or two behind!  
 "Then we opened up our thunder and we routed out the foe.  
 We hammered till his firin' died away,  
 They told us we were heroes but we never said a word,  
 For we knew it was a mule that saved the day.  
 We were cited in the orders and they dished the medals out—  
 Funny things that sparkle in the light.  
 A Frenchman kissed the captain, an' the company got drunk;  
 But Lord! they clean forgot Ol' Dynamite,  
 So we took him out an' fed him,  
 An' before the buses led him,  
 An' we told 'em of the glory of the deed.  
 And as long as he can slobber  
 On his pins an' take his tober,  
 Ol' Dynamite shall travel in the lead!  
 I'll tell 'em!  
 Ol' Dynamite shall travel in the lead!"

WILLIAM V. V. STEPHENS,  
 Winter Park, Fla.

## SCALPS GATHERED IN OTHER YEARS

(Continued from page 1)

In all games our two hurriers showed real class and Cheery kept up his record of former years of always having something on the Stetson crew. Buery started a new record which he is out to keep up this year. The team led by Freddy Ward were fielding and hitting like big leaguers and they made their hits count. The rooters showed the real college spirit by coming out to all the games and showing their vocal powers. Even up at DeLand there were more Rollins rooters than Stetson.

Advance dope from DeLand says that Stetson is out for blood and they have a much stronger team than last year. Jimmy Groe and Pag Allen have been hurling them over in batting practice while they have had Ernie Krueger to help them out. These three know baseball and can soak it into the ball players up there in good measure. However Rollins is out to keep up her record of last year and again cop the State Championship and leave Stetson in the rear. So all get ready to take a trip and save your breath till the crucial time.

## THE MT. DORA WATER MEET

(Continued from page 1)

evening the Mt. Dora yacht Club gave us a dance, but owing to a misunderstanding it was impossible for many to remain. Those few lucky ones though brought the news that seven beautiful silver cups were won by Rollins and as soon as they are engraved will be presented to us some morning in chapel.

Have you seen the new  
**HAND COLORED  
 POST CARDS**  
 Of Winter Park!  
**MARY'S GIFT SHOP**  
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HEADQUARTERS FOR  
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Phone 496

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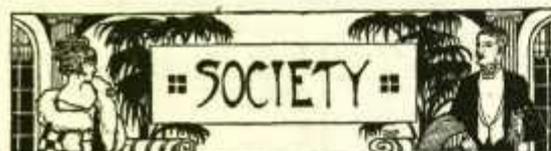
**Talcum**

25 Cents a Can.

Reduced price by the dozen.

# Evans-Rex

Phone 496



#### PHI ALPHA DANCE AND BANQUET

Extra, Extra—Biggest dance of the season! Phi Alpha entertains! Did we have a good time? I'll say we did! You see it was just this way:

About thirty-five were present last Friday evening at the Country Club to enjoy one of those good old dances that only Phi Alpha knows how to give. The Club was very prettily arranged for the affair in bamboo sprays and maroon and black streamers running from the chandeliers to the corner of the room. Special mention should be given to the wonderful emblem and coat-of-arms on the walls thereby giving the atmosphere of a Frat Dance. The Warren-Wright orchestra furnished music through the evening. Due to illness of Mrs. Edward's Mother the scene was changed to the Woman's Club. Variety is the spice of life, say we. But you haven't heard the best of it. When the dance was over a banquet was given in the Country Club Rooms.

Among the Alumni members to enjoy this nineteenth anniversary were Mr. Dave Rogers and Mr. Hiram Powers with other guests, Mr. and Mrs. McElroy, Mrs. Rogers and Miss Barrett.

#### AVERAGES FROM FIRST SEMESTER

(Continued from page 1)

have not had the counter-interests of sorority life as well as the additional work to contend with. Sigma Phi followed Phi Omega with 85 and Kappa Epsilon with 81.

Alpha Phi Epsilon, National Honorary Fraternity, averaged 80.

In individuals Florence Eadie holds the highest average in Rollins with 94 plus. Edna Wallace leads the college girls with 94. Alford Stone has the highest boys' average with 92. Charles Warner leads the prep boys with 88.

#### A DAUGHTER IS BORN

(In the Rollins Bible), February 2nd, 1922. Erna Winifred was born to Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Estey, at Tangerine, Florida. Mrs. Estey was formerly Winifred Morse Wood, a graduate of the class of nineteen ten. She was a good student and a good booster.

We are very glad to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Estey. Here's hoping we see Erna Winifred with us in nineteen thirty-eight.

#### LOCKED IN

(Continued from page 3)

else behind.

After two long hours had passed,

he was awakened from his reverie by the drawing voice of the conductor calling out—"Union Station." He needed no further persuasion. Snatching up his suitcase he made his way through the train, out of it, and soon found himself standing alone by a queer little country station which was visible only by a lantern hanging from the projecting eaves of the roof. A moment he stood here, first gazing at the station and then at the fast disappearing train. Soon the train was entirely gone from sight and hearing and Bob was left in silence.

Dropping his suitcase he took off his hat, wiped his brow, and gave a long whistle (which was a habit of his when puzzled, and especially on a warm June evening.)

"Well, I'll agree with Harry from this day on, that I'm crazy. If this is such a terribly important affair they might at least have the decency to meet me at the train. Could it be possible that this is the wrong place?" Taking out the already worn telegram he struck a match and read again.

Will be met at Union Station. There receive further instructions. Your future hangs in the balance.

This time Bob was too disgusted to say what he thought, but catching up his suitcase he turned so suddenly and with such a swing that the arm which held it went out in front of him and the weight of the suitcase almost pitched him forward. Just as this happened he heard a thud and someone said, "Oouch," so loudly that he dropped the case and stood gazing down at the spot from whence the sound came.

"Well, sir," said the great gruff voice as the owner of it arched to his feet in the darkness, this is a pretty way to be treated, I'm a thinkin'. I come here to meet a gentleman, not a prize fighter.

"Look here," said Bob, after having regained his senses, "what does all this mean and why didn't you come up to me like a man instead of meekling around at my back?"

"I ain't tellin' you what nothin' means for the simple reason that I don't know. I was sent down here to fetch ye up to ye' boardin' place and that's all I got to say about the matter."

Bob noticed, however, that this burly fellow was very careful to keep his face from the light.

They walked for about a half mile through maddy streets, and in the darkness until around a corner Bob saw a tall box-like building whose dim lights outlined it against the black sky.

"Now, young fellow, you see that buildin' ahead of ye' there? Well, that's ye' boardin' place. There'll be

(Continued on page 7)

#### RACKETS RESTRUNG

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Best Grade Tropical Gut

..Work Satisfactory..

..Delivered in 24 Hours..

Victor H. Collier

On Main Street Next to Union State Bank

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WINTER PARK, FLA.

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Headquarters for College Stationery and Pennants.

#### THE COLLEGE BANK

#### Bank of Winter Park

If it is "Good Enough for the College" is  
it not "Good Enough for You."

#### STUDENTS!

If some one offered to give you three  
or five dollars for a few moments  
effort on your part, wouldn't  
you make inquiry?

DO SO AT THE CO-OP.

CANDY

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#### The Winter Park Electric Construction

C. H. Holdorf, Prop.

All kinds of Electric Appliances. Electric Toasters.

Electric Irons.

Telephone 429.

#### The "PIONEER" Store

Everything in the line of Groceries  
We Specialize in quick deliveries

**"LOCKED IN"**

(Continued from page 6)

someon a lookin' out fer ye' there and they'll make everythin' comfortable fer ye'. Goodnight."

With this the so-called guide disappeared in the darkness.

Now Bob didn't know what to do. One thing he did know and that was, that he had been caught in a trap. There was no way out of this place until the next early morning train and he felt that he was being watched every minute. There was nothing to do but go on, and probably he could at least get some light on the subject. On he went.

No sooner had he mounted the first step of this house, than the door opened and a witch-like old woman extended her hand and bade him enter. "Tis late ye are gettin' here," she squeaked, "But I sat up and waited fer ye 'cause I know well, how tired ye'd be. Come, I'll show ye to ye'r room."

Nothing surprised Bob now, so he followed her up the long steep staircase and into a bare room which was lighted only by a dim kerosene lamp.

"Now here ye can rest, and in the mornin' we'll tell ye the whole story as it was told to us."

On this, she hobbled out, closed the door and he heard her pattering down the stairs.

Assured that she was gone, Bob fell into the only visible chair, let his hat drop to the floor and gazed straight ahead of him at the ugly bare walls. "What a fool, what a fool," was all he could think of or say. Pulling out his watch, he saw it was a long time until morning, yet he determined to stay awake and to try, somehow, to catch that train.

The hours dragged slowly by.

Bob meant to stay awake, but sleep is a strange thing, especially in a dimly lighted room; and after several of these dreary hours he found himself frowning, and soon he slept soundly.

Suddenly he awoke with such a start that it must have taken him fully a second to regain himself. Someone had been there in that very room with him, and the thing that awoke him was the creak of the door as this person went out. Striding to the door, he determined to demand an explanation. Again and again, he turned the knob—it was useless—he was looked in. What did this mean? With a start, he happened to think of his train. What time was it now? Hurriedly he reached for his watch—it was gone. All his papers were gone, his money, his check book, his suitcase—everything was stolen. Far in the distance he heard the train whistle.

Poor Bob, here he was without money, without friends, the train on which he had hoped to escape was pulling into the village, and he was locked in, and surrounded by robbers. Hopelessly he went to the window and looked far down to the ground. The window was not locked but he saw at a glance that a leap from such a height would kill him instantly. As he stood here he heard the train pull-

ing away—then, complete silence.

"He had first been surprised, then dazed, then startled; but now he became angry. He saw it all clearly now as a trick, and himself as the one who had allowed them to play it perfectly.

Angrily he pulled at the knob of the door once more, but this time as he did so he heard someone stalk heavily down the hall and call out, "Don't try gettin' out. It's hardly safe unless ye'd like t' be shot."

To prove this statement he knocked with something heavy against the door which sounded much like a revolver.

Knowing now that it was useless to attempt an escape, he seated himself on the bed wearily. He sat there only a moment when he turned suddenly to the window. Was he dreaming, or was someone calling his name? Trembling with excitement he listened again. Yes, someone was saying, "Bob, Bob," over and over again, faintly but surely; and that voice—certainly he must be mistaken. Tip-toeing hurriedly to the window he looked out and there 'not half way up to his window on a short ladder stood someone, it was too dark to see who.

Noiselessly, he raised the window, which he had found before was not locked, and leaned far out. The voice—could it be that voice, said, "Take this rope and get out. You are safe for a moment. Everything will be all right when you get down. Quickly" the end of a rope landed safely within the window. "Dolores," he called "Can it be you?"

But whoever this was had reached the ground, taken down the short ladder, and was no where to be seen.

For the first time since almost thirty the night before, Bob felt almost happy. His heart pounded wildly as he fastened the rope securely, and pruned inwardly that it might be Dolores down there waiting.

Down, down, down, he slipped and turned, till at last one foot, then the other was placed on real ground again. Suddenly someone caught his hand and dragged him along with such speed that he had time neither to think nor speak. Next he found himself being pushed into a car, and off they sped. After they had raced at top speed for about six miles Bob stopped the shoulder of the driver with such force that the car swerved for a second, went straight, and then slowed down a little.

"Curse it, who are you anyway," said Bob, "and what are you trying to do with me now? I thought I was out of this mess once, and I thought—what under the sun made me think I heard Dolores back there at that place. I wish I were dead."

With a jerk the car stopped altogether now. The driver got out, walked to the front, pulled off cap and gloves, and stood looking down into the great glaring lights of the car. Then she looked slowly up at the one lonely passenger whose head was still bent.

"Well," she called tantalizingly. Then she laughed. That was enough.

(Continued on page eight)

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**Potter's Candy Shop.**

Home of "Orlando Maid" Candies. Orlando, 20 Pine Street. Winter Park, corner Park and New England Avenues.

**POTTER'S CANDY SHOP**

Winter Park

Orlando



## Oh, Saylor

Mr. Taylor—"Here! Give me one for miss."—Princeton Tiger.

## Maybe So

Griff—"Don't you think women have cleaner minds than men?"

Falf—"They ought to, look how often they change them."

Captain—"Hey! Leggo that anchor."

Gob—"I ain't touched it cap!"  
Hampden-Sinney Tiger.

## Powder Puff

Caldwell—"Why in a woman like a cannon?"

Smith—"Because she is never ready to go off until she has plenty of powder."

## Making Good Money

Kay—"Say, where ja get all that money?"

Maureen—"Oh, I just swallowed a not adoption."  
—Mississippi.

## Mark This

Prof. Campbell—"What are you doing with that microscope?"

Leppert—"Trying to make this dime look like a dollar."  
—Ex.

## Parker Henderson Sex:

"So I am tolled," as he drove over the St. Johns River.

## Well, I Don't Know

At the phone—"Hello, hello, who is this?"

At the other end—"How the devil do I know, I can't see you."  
—Siren.

## Drama

Both—"Is 'oo ever did 'at before?"  
—Voo Doo.

## Vintage of '75

"Sally has a glass eye."  
"How do you know?"

"I was talking with her the other evening and it came out in the course of conversation."  
—Blus and Gold.

## Census Man

"Do you drink anything?"  
"Yes," he answered, "ANYTHING."

## Sare Way

"I think I'm falling off," said the fat lady as the saddle turned.  
—Mississippi.

## History Repeated

Prof.—"What is the difference between a fort and a fortress?"

Warner—"I suppose a fortress is harder to silence."  
—Southwester.

## Hot Dog?

There once was a woman called Mrs. Who said, "I don't know what a Kris.

But a fellow in haste  
Put his arm 'round her waist,  
And quietly answered, "Why Thst."  
—Stylas.

## Oh, Doughnut!

"B"—"What insect requires the least nourishment?"

Amy—"The moth, it eats holes."  
—Southern.

## Haw! Haw!

Father—"No, my daughter can never be yours."

Stade—"But I proposed marriage."  
—Clipped.

## You Bet!

Lucie—"What is a capital letter?"  
Pria—"One that has a check in it."

Don—"Aw dry up.  
Johnnie—"Say, what do you think you are, a prohibition officer?"

Why is it that people with such thin skin usually have so much crust?

"Here's where I got stung," said Jerry, as she kicked the bee hive.

Peg—"Oh, I've got an awful stomach ache."  
Ruth—"Page the Secretary of the Interior."

Marion—"(Going out to dinner)—If dinner is ready, where shall I wash?  
Hostess—"You may start out on 'Your Face."

## Forty-Four

Lydia—"You say he is a man of large caliber?"

Fanny—"Yes; he is a big bore."  
—Gargyle.

## Needs It

Prof. Anderson—"I have invented a system for getting energy from the sun."

## Haw! Haw!

Guy—"Why is Doug looking so pale these days?"

Sam—"He has been trying to smoke those cigars his girl gave him."

She—"So you want to marry me?"

What's your salary?"  
He—"Five dollars a week."

She—"That wouldn't keep me in handkerchiefs."

He—"I'll wait until your cold is over then."

## Too Bad—Dad

Dad—"I reckon that young man's watch must be fast, daughter."

Daughter—"Why?"  
Dad—"Last night on the porch I heard him say, 'Just one,' and it was only a little after twelve."  
Emory Wheel.

## Lesel Race See—

"Anyway, the girl who thinks about nothing but clothes, has a very little on her mind, these days."

## A Toast

"Here's to our parents and teachers."

## A La Tin Pony

Bookseller—"This book will do half your work for you."

Taylor—"Give me two of them."

Byrd—"She was as white as pure as the snow."

Rex Wilson—"Yes, but she drifted."

## Rich Man!

Bieh—"Wouldn't she Rockefeller?"  
Leppert—"I never Astor."  
Mississippi.

## What Every Woman Knows

When you take a present to a lady, leave the price tag on, it will save her a trip down town.  
The Hulk.

## Exactly

Prof. Anderson—"Give the first law of gravity."

Van Sinderen—"All that goes up is bound to come down."  
Widow.

## Rubbing It In

Citizen—"Judge, I'm too sick to do jury duty; I have a bad case of the itch."

Judge—"Excuse accepted, Clerk, scratch that man's name out."  
Widow.

## Oh, My!

He—"Have you ever kissed before?"

She—"Yes."  
He—"Tell me his name so I may thrash him."

She—"But—but—he might be too many for you."  
—Gargyle.

## Sure Method

Rowe—"Pardon me, are you one of the English professors?"

Jones—"No, I got this tie for Christmas."

## LAKESIDE BUNK

## By the Gang

There has been no excitement in the Dorm for the last few weeks, must be some are getting married or else the preacher that lives down at the end of Tin Pan Alley must have persuaded them to be good (???). If that is the case the Profs. will not be needed in the Dorm any more to keep us from awakening the Police Force in town.

The other day Windy was just preparing to write a letter and as he was entering his sanctuary the plaster decided to come down from its lofty height.

The third stoop, which is known to the inmate of Lakeside as Coe Coe Alley, celebrated the other night by going to bed early and giving the rest of us a chance to play cards without some one hanging over your shoulder and telling the other fellow what you have in your hand. (No money was up, of course, as that is not permitted according to the Board of Trustees).

The Chief Detective, Mr. L. Holloway, made the baseball team at the first sack. All right, 15 for the chief de.

## "LOCKED IN"

(Continued from page 7)

That morning early just as the sun was first beginning to appear, Mr. Robert Lowe was enjoying, more than anything he had ever heard in all his life, just these simple words, spoken by a very pretty driver, dressed in riding habit, as she steered the great car into the busy streets of New York.

"Oh, Bob, I was so frightened, I found your message, then hurried over to ask Harry what it meant. He told me all he could about it and without telling a soul I slipped away determined to find you—and I did. Not until this minute did I think of the club house party or anything but you. You were brave, Bob."

As for Bob, he actually loved every man who had robbed him, and especially the fellow who had told him that "his future hung in the balance."

The mystery has never been solved to this day, and neither Mr. Bob nor Mrs. Bob ever intended to attempt a solution.

"Out after lights have flashed again," said Miss Duvy.

"Only ten minutes late," replied Jerry.

"Well, go to your room at once, lock yourself in, and bring me the key."

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