



University of Central Florida  
**STARS**

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The Rollins Sandspur

Newspapers and Weeklies of Central Florida

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## Sandspur, Vol. 45 No. 14, January 24, 1940

Rollins College

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## Rollins Sandspur

Published Weekly by Undergraduate Students of Rollins

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ESTABLISHED IN 1894 WITH THE FOLLOWING EDITORIAL

Unassuming yet mighty, sharp and pointed, well-rounded yet many-sided, astoundingly tenacious, yet at gritty and energetic as its most implacable, victorious in single combat and therefore without a peer, wonderfully attractive and extensive in circulation; all these will be found upon investigation to be among the extraordinary qualities of the Sandspur.

## Comments on the New Flamingo

By CHARLES A. STEEL

"I suppose," the psychiatrist in S. N. Behrman's END OF SUMMER remarks to the hero, "you and your Irish friend edited the comic magazine at college?"

"No," he replies, "we edited the serious magazine."

A former editor of THE FLAMINGO could hardly give so glib an answer. He would have had to say something like this: "Well, not exactly. The material in the magazine—that's serious, a lot of it, anyway. But the format includes blood-spattered photographs of bathing beauties on the cover. And there are a lot of pictures of the Florida landscape. On the whole, it's more like something that the Orlando Chamber of Commerce might have put together. It's a little like FILM FUN, too. When you start reading the contents, you see that Rollins has some intelligent and literate undergraduates, but the magazine is primarily dedicated to fostering the tradition that Rollins is a country club."

With the January issue of THE FLAMINGO, Mr. Louis Bills has knocked the traditional FLAMINGO into a cocked hat. The cover is dignified and handsome, has a good typeface and the Rollins crest; the contents are printed in legible face on heavy stock—the slick paper and cigarette ads are gone. There is not a bathing beauty in the whole magazine. In fact, there are no photographs at all. Mr. Bills edits the serious magazine at Rollins.

He does a good job, too. There is an informative and shrewd discussion of Fascist ideology by Mr. Randolph Toch, a Viennese pre-medical student who knows what he is talking about. Forcefully Mr. P. B. Kelly gives the American point of view on national affairs. Miss Sally McCaslin contributes a sensitive study of adolescence in a short story that seems to us as fine as anything we've read in STORY MAGAZINE for a long time. For variety there is a great deal of verse and a radio play—a tragedy, by Mr. Robinson Rae.

It's a good magazine. In fact, it's so good that we hesitate to make the few objections we do feel should be made. Because the editors asked for "suggestions," we're glad to make a few.

The names of the contributors should appear with the titles in the table of contents. When we wanted to show some verse to friends, we had to look through the whole magazine to find it. The notes on individual contributors should be culled in the rear, not attached to the separate articles. We object to the tone of the notes, anyway. To be told that one must "read carefully between the lines" to detect Mr. Toch's irony is an insult to intelligence. And it is no tribute to Miss McCaslin's story that it was rejected by one of America's most distinguished editors. We have been rejected by some of the most distinguished editors in England and America. The proofreading is extremely careless. Whoever is responsible for the slip in Mr. Mitchell's "With Autumn" (possibly on all counts the best poem in the issue) ruining one of his best lines, should be boiled in oil. The stanza should read: "The grain shocks near the fields again—The hiding moon content—Sees every semblance grow the same—Where wanton one went." The omission of an article in the penultimate line of a sonnet by Miss Hudgins ruins the metre. There are a lot of transposed letters in the italicized comments, too.

On the whole, we thought the verse better than the prose. Particularly we liked Miss Jane Miller's "Fatal Interview," Mr. Mitchell's poem and Miss Jane Baker's "The Victim Circle." However, we have no doubt that Miss Mary Elizabeth's verse is the most mature and precise; her work is, we grant, derivative, but there is perception in

Or see again the fall

Brown living banners rail

In hollow of weary valley

Or thrust through the dry picked skull?

She has the good qualities of the poet who knows his business so well that he can ignore the limitations of lesser workers. She is good.

Mr. Rae's "Chain Locker" is aimed so clearly for radio that it shouldn't make very good reading. It did, though. Yet we doubt that most stations would present a drama so full of profanity. We did not like Mr. Jess Grange's "Last Act, Fifth Scene"; we do not believe that a too, too clever Englishman would lend his speech with such Americanisms as "I guess" and "I was no sensation"; we saw the trick ending coming

## Tar Dust

Our legions lad, Bill Shakespeare, has furnished us with some titles that funny as it seems, fit right in to what Rollinslades are doing . . .

"As You Like It" . . . Hot-off the Houdini Janet Jones has an eye-levelling ring rattle that Teddy Pittman thought just her type . . . Cocky McCoskie and Aldine Baker are no longer making the same shadow (steal from Winchell) . . . Helen Darling can't resist the strain of her complicated love-life, so she's taking up knitting . . . Frank Brown, pray of the fresh class, as if you didn't know, has a stream-lined grey and red Indian looking jacket that fairly has off the front . . . Jo Carmo, Chi O My O, has moved her picture of Charles Weaver (and a few other scoundrels) out to Sholey Rowland's so they could be dramatic, more so . . . Ann Kruse is worried because somebody told her that Pappy Danahy has changed his address . . . but has a sinister meaning for the Chi O's . . . Bill Wootton and Prof. Dexter are the personification of perpetual jigg-sawing of reports . . . Mary Ann Wilson has lost her sandals, shoes, but not her line evidently, because she's going up to Giville for Military Brawl and Homespun on a Beta bid . . . Jimmy Dean is the prize campus title long-haired . . . "Courtesy" week has a faintly ironical title, don't you think? . . . The Alpha Phi's almost got to throw real stonewalls of their Winsor Wonderland dance last Saturday . . . people who looked like they didn't care about the chill were Sholey Shaffer, squirrel by Mel Gintley . . . Jane Baker and Harold Gillespie . . . Marge Chandler and Jack Litterman . . .

"The Winner's Tale" continues . . . and if you didn't see the ice on the Horacebo last week . . . you missed something . . . It may not be extra cold if you're from New England, but if you have Florida warm blood in your veins, it's definitely chilly . . . The Independents are hoping that the chill weather holds out so their skatin' party on the 29th, next Monday eve, will be a success . . . It's an all-college affair . . . for details see Ore Curry . . . Dwight Johnston and Mary Tremble, Alpha Phi Prex, think the weather is fine . . . In fact, they actually went down and cut a hole in the ice so they could skat . . .

Our story for the "King Lear" (Lear?) of the magazine is Johnny Gross, who looks like "Love's Labor Lost" or something . . . However, we will say that Johnny furnishes news for this edition, and even with his eyebrows that look "Tempest" blown, he jives his gump-mak and grovels . . .

This is about the "Twelfth Night" we've last sleep for Tar Dust . . . so to prove that this is no "Midsummer Night's Dream," we'll tell you that: Life photographs are coming back to Rollins . . . In fact, they should be here now . . . maybe they liked the climate . . . maybe they won't now . . . that Fred Easton, Lambda Chi Prex, has a grade A-A . . . and a grade A-A date for the dance . . . the Lambda Chi's are flyin' high . . . Baby Rae and his supporter lost gave "The Ring of the Moon" once again at the Keweenaw Club last Friday p. m. Jack Litterman, the gent who can't take the jive, will probably always talk like he's fresh from Erin . . . The Chi O bridge-fashion show last Saturday was a compliment to Rollins . . . well-attended and well-presented . . . Love's in Orlando are using quite a few of the Phi

long before Mr. Gregg tore the last sheet from his typewriter. Mr. Gregg aimed at De Maupassant, but he hit Michael Arlen. The story should have been better: Mr. Gregg's letters in THE SANDSPUR are delightful; he is capable of humor more mature than this. The commentator who described the story as "sophisticated" was right; it is, if we may quote Webster, "deprived of genuineness, naturalness . . . made artificial."

But any undergraduate publication, with this format, presenting Miss McCaslin's story and the verse, needs no apology.

When we were packing our possessions to leave the Tutorial System for the Conference Plan, we were surprised by a boy voyage group who arrived in our rooms at Adams House with sherry and offers of help; the result, of course, was that we missed the train by a good two hours.

More unfortunate from our point of view was the fact that some "sophisticated" editors of the Harvard GUARDIAN and the MONTHLY discovered the copy of THE FLAMINGO, which President Holt had given us to furnish an idea of the undergraduate family. One of the young men, who had at an early age been deprived of genuineness, naturalness, and nude artificial, asked: "These pictures—Rollins as 'Work' and 'Rollins at Play'—which is which?" Another, whose eyes were fetched by the bathing girls on the cover, was fascinated, he said, by the Rollins Plan to bring about a closer association with the blonde on the left. Copies of THE FLAMINGO are now on the way to the editors' desks of the GUARDIAN and MONTHLY AND ADVOCATE. That ought to show them.

## Cambo Camera



WHEN GEORGE WILDER ENTERED THE UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA HIS WHOLE FAMILY ACQUAINTED HIM AND ENROLLED TOO!

NOW ALL ARE STUDYING FOR DEGREES!

TED UNDERHILL SNAPPED A PICTURE OF THE KING AND QUEEN LAST SUMMER AND SOLD MORE THAN 20,000 FRITS OF IT. THE MONEY FINANCED HIS ENTIRE YEAR AT THE U. OF BRITISH COLUMBIA!

Ma gets to model . . . the parading one will be Glad Evey, Norma Farr, Janice Ruth Fairchild and Virginia Lagerman . . . "Remo- and Juliet-ing" these days are Julian Mawhoney and Barbara Holmes . . . Bob Whitten and Connie Childs . . . Dick Curry and a fence back in Parkersburg . . . Ann Searle and a boy from St. Louis (In fact, it's already a ringer).

Shakespeare called it "Much Ado About Nothing," but we'll call it "Something" if we may . . . Blair Johnson has a new maroon convertible job . . . Davis Kald finds the atmosphere down on the dock behind . . . the rapid hair-cuts of Jim Leane and Phil Blits are enough to make you shudder . . . the Phi Delta's are sending whippers around about a scavenger hunt they're gonna throw soon . . .

Nerwick Goodspeed, is a new style who's living at the Phi Delta House . . . What were the Double-Cross-X-Club boys doing with my ride nattie good Saturday morn'g . . . what does the name Lucy Romell mean to Jimmie Dean? . . . Why must Jane Dorman go incognito always? The dark glasses cover Jane's eyes perpetually . . . Pat Gulliver had the right idea . . . she wore rubber boots up to her knees to keep out of the making-down weather last week . . . Harold Gillespie was more than flooded when he took a beautiful tumble from his chair in Prof. Melcher's class last week . . . The X-Club hill-billy oink caused some fan on the Ephes last week . . . Willy Whitehead had a time trying to keep his wig from going up in smoke . . .

"Measure for Measure" Mr. Alexander Block wrang Tchakovsky's fifth from his symphony wasn't a dry eye in the crowd . . . Lynn Naught, Sherry Gregg, Billy Cummin, Halse Rae, Dorothy Lockhart, Laverne Phillips, Prof. Eliza Smith, Prof. Stone . . . and hundreds more were lifted out of their seats during the second movement . . . "Comedy of Errors" . . . in other words, the oves-dropping sort . . . Frank Sherry, speaking with the deepest sincerity, "I'm fast!" . . . Prof. Steele in English class, "He went to the church, and she went mad!" . . . Mrs. Bollard, speaking of Kasia, "It broke his heart . . . temporarily of course!" . . . anonymous, on getting a tangerine in the tummy, "Hey, quit throwing these loose-leaved oranges!" . . . "Bow" Rowland, of

gotta go see the nan-handler this aft." Us, innocent, "Panhandler!" Crooks how, "The gal who gives facials, stupid!" . . . "All's Well That Ends Well" . . . and we wish we could say as much for Dast here . . . We have been warned to publish this announcement from time to time between now and June: The last Tar Dust column will be called Off The Record . . . so be prepared! Another preview: Soon we're gonna do a column of College Vignettes, a la Winsell, so watch your library!

T. DUSTER

## A CALL TO ARMS

Girls! We have a really glamorous invitation here that we must act upon immediately.

A lovely Dartmouth man wants us, and we must answer to the call. His letter to the Editor is as charming as it would be impossible to ignore it, but it would be if we all wrote at the same time. Not only so, but rather confusing. If he should be ready enough not to pick any of us, we will call on our loyal Rollins men to defend our honor, and then we could have a Rollins-Dartmouth feud. Think of the publicity!

Twilight, act together in activities, and write a representative letter from your society, then we will wait for results. No fair sending a night letter, we must stick together.

Then, when the Rollins girl goes to Dartmouth, we will all be very, very busy if she isn't chosen as Queen of the Carnival. After all, he practically promises us that.

New this is very serious, and will be fun. Write your letter tonight. (Note—see letters to the Editor.)

Interacial Group

Discusses Use For

Xmas Drive Income

The Interacial Club held a meeting on Thursday Evening in Dr. France's room in Lyman Hall. Dick Kelly, president of the club, presided at the meeting.

The distribution of the money received from the Christmas fund was the main subject of the meeting. It was decided that a certain sum would be used for purchasing reading material for the Colored Public Library.

The president also laid great emphasis on the importance of the various committees previously chosen. He made the statement that the committees must start functioning to help to better the conditions of the local negro population.

It was hoped that the group might be able to procure the library from the Negro Public Library as guest speaker for the next meeting.

## Notice

Tryouts for the third play of the Rollins Student Players will be held Tuesday evening, January 26, at 7:30 and Wednesday, January 27, at 4 and 7:30 o'clock in the Laboratory Theater. The play, "You Can't Take It With You" will be directed by Howard Bailey. Copies of the play are now on reserve in the library.

The marriage of Miss Rebecca Bumby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard J. Bumby of Winter Park, and Carl Freeman Kettles of St. Albans, Vt., was solemnized Saturday morning, January 20, at St. Margaret Mary's Catholic Church.

The bride attended Rollins and is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta society. Carl graduated from Rollins and was a member of the X Club.

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## THE SET OF THE SOUL

"One ship driven east and the other driven west  
With the self-same winds that blow  
To the rest of the world, and not the gate,  
Which tells us the way they go."

## MORAL RE-ARMAMENT

By DEAN NANCE

Although I can not accept many of the tenets and techniques of the Oxford Group I am interested in the ultimate goal of the movement, which is moral re-armament on a world-wide scale. Dr. Frank Buchman, the founder of the movement, has made enthusiastic disciples among all classes in more than fifty nations of the world.

Last week I received a new book published by the Group and entitled, THE RISE OF A NEW SPIRIT. It carries testimonies, on the need of Moral Re-Armament, written by Henry Ford, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Sen. William A. Barkhead, Arthur Capper and many other famous men of Protestant and Catholic faith. With much apologies to all poets, on and off campus, I venture to give you the substance of the book in verse. The book, however, is much better than each poor verse would indicate.

In dangerous doctrines we've been schooled,  
With fear and hate and greed  
We've been ruled;  
Each has sought through selfish  
plans,  
To break and kill his fellow-man,  
But now we hail a bright new day,  
When God in us shall have his  
way.

Re-arm! Re-arm! Besieged man  
Put on God's armor, seek his  
plan  
The Lord is calling for recruits.  
Awake! Awake! Put on thy boots  
And march with men of every na-  
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## FOOTNOTES

By BETTY HALL

GREETINGS all you gungy people, for you're going to hear something that you probably haven't realized before! Had you realized that some of the world's best wit and humor comes not from Bob Buckley, nor Jack Benny, nor even Jimmy Dean? The most spontaneous wit has its beginning in the classrooms right here on the campus. (A little wit, say about half, is started on other campuses, but most of it first sees the light of day at Rollins). Little wonder! Look at the prefs and students—as a whole they have exceptional senses of humor. Of course there are always a few who carry the thing too far with their terribly odorous puns. (Please, Mr. Roney, don't take offense. There are others just as bad as you—HONEST there are!).

It would be hard to say who has the best sense of humor, for everyone's is so different. Take Bill Wadell for instance—he loves puns. As a matter of fact, he does them. He likes jokes too, but can't tell one five minutes after he's heard it, which is probably due to his long association with Dr. Pierce whose memory runs like this:

Dr. Pierce—Didn't you have a brother in this course last term, Howard?

Howard—Freeland Babcock—No, sir, it was I. I'm taking it over again.

Dr. Pierce—Extraordinary resemblance, though—extraordinary! On the other hand (there are four fingers and a thumb), take

Jack Litterman—he's hard to please! He hates jokes! He says he likes spontaneity in his humor, but he bogs spontaneity and later to him below!

For an all-around good sense of humor, Peggy Hudgins and Gaby Ray would probably rate pretty well. And for spontaneity, Jim Leane gets an A-1.

In almost any class there are several exceedingly witty comments every day, so if you miss a class, you miss the real crown of humor. You must admit, we add a little mustard to the hamburger of philosophy.

Mrs. Lamb's first year Spanish class is the acme of entertainment as well as education. The puns made on Spanish words during the class period are really a help to learning the vocab. For instance, the verb "ayudar" meaning to help. Mrs. Lamb was testing the class on vocabulary, simply giving the Spanish word for the class to identify. "Ayudar!" she said, awaiting the correct answer from Charles Arnold. Before Charles could open his mouth, a dandy football player opened his eyes, feigned an intelligent countenance, and said hastily, "Of course I'm here. Where did you think I was?"

If you don't have a sense of humor by the time you have class in contact with fifteen water sprinklers, you'd better shove one! It's not only entertaining, it might get you through college.

Organ Vespers

Knowles Memorial Chapel

Wednesday, January 24, 1940

7:30 P. M.

1. Fantastic Symphonies



## X Club Goes To Party; Members Smoulder Amid Winter Wonderland of Snow And Ice

A cold Saturday evening — the Dubsread Country Club — soft lights — a wailing band — Alpha Phi hostesses — the X Club at home.

The usual mass of formally-dressed men and women drifted casually as they grooved before the mirror-mirrored bar.

Cigarette smoke curled exotically into small clouds above the people. Ice tinkled in glasses. Everything was running smoothly.

"Double black and white, lol! the clouds" was the thundering shout that shattered the atmosphere. Ice tinkled more loudly in glasses. The smoke clouds rushed higher toward the ceiling. People stopped chatting.

"Yeah, I shad double, bartender," Bill Chick, cafe society darling, quickly quaffed his double quota as he fondly caressed Jolie, the X Club sweetheart, and repeated his order.

People regarded their composure. Even the smoke clouds descended to their normal level as "Clickie" and his "Cleopatra" wandered out into the garden.

The serenity was not disturbed by the ringing form of "Quasimodo" Kennedy. He had forgotten to brush the sandspurs from his hair and clothes.

"Who says I'm a second-rate lioness?" was his fretting supplication. Only a tiny servant-boy answered, "Just Misha Hill."

An embarrassing situation was quickly and deftly averted by, yes, of course — the omnipresent delectable lady killer and glamour boy, Bob Whitson, the mighty club Swinger from Chicago. All eyes turned toward Bob and poor Jeff was left numbing in the corner with a few Phi Delta. Casual greetings were exchanged and oh! and ah! followed Bob, the pride of the X Club pledge class as he left the room.

Always eager to learn new technique Gerry Spyrer followed closely behind love-birds, Jodie and Mamey. He growled, "Maybe I can pull some of his smooth stuff on Jack Meyer's girl." No doubt he was referring to Jane.

The procession entered the ballroom where swing was full away. The entire room, swathed in cotton

snow, was enhanced by the coy coquetry of Bill Schen and Frankie Smith smugly in the igloo. Had it not been for the critical observation of "Meggy" McElrath and his fiancée, Bill could have made a lot of use in the igloo.

Dancing progressed smoothly until "Bakaraja" McCordle attempted to increase his larceny by lighting his welcome bonfire to mistletoe. Had it not been for "Swish" Edmunds screaming with "Bobby", that fire might have reduced Dubsread to a smoldering ruin. Again Edmunds prevented a catastrophe. Bill (thru an eye) Dangleberry was a life-saver, too — he didn't take a date.

The dance was a wonderful success. When the final surge echoed thru the club, Bob Schen was still looking for Sally Hammond and "Joey" Pittman crowded down from the chandeliers from which vantage point he had been spying on his Theta third, Janet.

Ice tinkled emptily in discarded glasses, the smoke clouds hung lower and lower, the lights dimmed, slamming doors echoed thru Dubsread, the dance was over. But wait! Where is Mr. Wilson Waldo Whitehead? The scene changes. Three o'clock next morning — Genius Drive — a car, no lights, Wilco and Connie alone.

Waldo speaks, "Pick another dingleberry for me, Connie." Connie replies, peeling another, "Haven't you had enough of these yet?"

That was but a smatch of the conversation between Wilco, the campus scoundrel and Connie, the flower of the flock.

Later, when the sun began to rise and Wilco returned to the Club, the men questioned him kindly.

"Why didn't you come to the dance, friend? You left the Club immediately after dinner."

Wilco opened his fiery eyes and parched lips and stammered, "Ev-

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## Morris Skop Talks At Morning Meditation

Warns Students Against Too Hastily Formed Decisions

Last Sunday at the Morning Meditation Service Dr. Morris A. Skop, Rabbi of Temple Ohab Shalom (Lovers of Peace) in Orlando spoke on the subject, "Before It Is Too Late." Dr. Skop believes we are all follow pilgrims who follow the ideals of our faith, sharing our joys and sorrows with each other. However, after we speak too hastily and afterwards it is too late to reform ourselves. There would be more happiness in this world, Dr. Skop pointed out, if we thought before it is too late.

Christians are followers of a man who lived and dreamed of love and human understanding. The principles of Christianity and the Jewish faith are at stake in the present crisis, but it is not too late for forces to plan and organize for peace. We should start with ourselves and open our minds and free ourselves from prejudices. For Dr. Skop concluded, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren, true brethren, to dwell together in peace."

The Chapel Choir sang Tchaikovsky's "To-This We Call." The student readings were given by William Schen, Lois B. Toney, Edwin White, and Lillian Ryan. Dr. Victor B. Chelms, pastor of the Winter Park Congregational Church will speak at the service next Sunday morning. His subject will be "The Garments of Atonement Shall Be His Rags."

anybody picks on poor Wilco." The dance was a success; the X Club enjoyed the party; Wilco had a good time.

At the Airfield: Our instructor says that Scots are the best aviators. They never dip into air-pockets.

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## Student and Faculty Present Hobby-Lobby

Various Interests Discussed On Rollins' Radio Hour

A Hobby Lobby program was presented Monday evening in the Dyer Memorial Building. The program was announced by James Dean, and Everett Farnsworth acted as Master of Ceremonies. Both professors and students participated in relating their own peculiar hobbies.

Those who took part in the program were first, Mr. Elvestrom Peoples, who told of his eventual canoeing trip down the Wekiva River. Second, Pat Laurson, whose hobby, Skoot shooting, is well known not only to Rollins but to the nation, gave an enthusiastic account of her experiences. Next on the program, we celebrated Dr. Helt, who had already appeared over the Columbia Hook-up, reviewed his "Walk of Fame." All Rollins is proud of this famous walk, and all were particularly interested in hearing "Prexy" speak about it. Dr. Richard Farnsworth told of the Impromptu Plays which his students enjoy so much every Wednesday evening.

## HOUGH'S FOOD SHOP QUALITY FOODS

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Jeepers! When a department store "scoops" Harper's Bazaar and Vogue that you really have something to get excited about. Here's the low down... The next edition of these parades of fashion are going to feature "Yankee Doodle" colors — Patriot Red, Federal Blue and White.

Now here is what gave fashion-conscious me such a thrill. Mrs. Broyles, who is the buyer of the Houghton Shop, has already stocked loads of unusual red, white and blue dresses. She showed me lots of these fashion significant dresses — and three of them made such an impression that I just gotta tell you about them.

One love is a Patriot Red and White candy-stripe sunback dress. This informal creation is topped by a smooth fitting cardigan style jacket of the same striped material. Of course there are pockets on the jacket, 'cause pockets are everywhere in the Spring fashion news.

Now I'm sure you've heard lots about Marjorie Montgomery dresses from Hollywood. Well, these same originals are featured in our Houghton Shop. One little gem, cut from Patriot Red, Linen, boasts twelve gorgeous running front shoulder to hem... the skirt and sleeves are bound with white linen and sprinkled with appliqued linen petals. It is elegant simplicity.

I promised to tell you about a third dress. It's "Nifty Approved" for that necessary white dress in your wardrobe... Honeycomb white linen... crew neck... flared skirt... and it is trimmed with Federal Blue seersucker stitching at the sleeve cuffs, yoke and set-in belt. Of course there are two unusual pockets — one on the blouse, the other on the skirt.

Take heed! Garnish these resort frocks with red, white and blue multi-strand jewelry... slip your toes into Rhythm Step red and white or blue and white shoes... Presto! You are the All-American Girl... your country and its colors... do or die!

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

200 Russell Sage Hall  
Hanover, N. H.  
Dear Editor,

Would you be so kind as to put the following letter in the next edition of your paper? It has always been my ambition to have a date with a Rollins girl, after seeing many pictures of them in the Collegiate Digest.

Dear girls of Rollins,

I have seen so many pictures of you gorgeous girls in the Collegiate Digest, that there is no alternative but to correspond with some of you.

As you know our Winter Carnival is scheduled soon. Feeling certain that any one of you Rollins girls would be chosen queen of the Dartmouth Carnival, I've decided to invite personally the first girl to reply. Since the weather up here is hardly so balmy as that in Winter Park, I must remind you to pack your heavy tops.

Expectantly awaiting your replies,

A lonely Dartmouth man.  
JAMES G. CURTIS (Jin)  
P. S. Pictures aren't necessary because I know you're all beautiful.

## Phi and Key Societies Hold Beanyery Dinner

Honor Students Participate in Year's First Gathering

The Rollins Key Society, honorary organization for those outstanding in scholastic work and extracurricular activities, and members of the Phi Society, those high ranking in scholarship as first-year students, had a dinner in the Beanyery Thursday, January 26th. Guest of honor, and main speaker of the evening was Dr. George Scott, member of Phi Beta Kappa, who spoke on the founding of the organization, history and significance.

John Rae, affiliated as president of the Key Society, first read a letter from Dean Anderson, regretting his absence from the evening. After introductory remarks, Professor Hatchings spoke about the meeting of Phi Beta Kappa members of Central Florida, which meeting will be held on the Rollins Campus next term, and to which organization Phi Society belongs.

## Seniors Discuss Jackets

Members of the senior class met last Friday in the Monkey Wing of the Beanyery to discuss the ques-

## Ritch and Trampler Appear In Recital

Appreciative Audience Hears Second of Faculty Series

The second in the Faculty Musical Series was held last Friday night in the Annie Russell Theatre. Miss Mabel Ritch, contralto, and Walter Trampler, violinist, were accompanied by Mr. John Carter. Miss Ritch and Mr. Trampler are recent additions to the faculty of the Music Conservatory.

Both Miss Ritch and Mr. Trampler proved themselves excellent artists by the high caliber of their performances. Miss Ritch's voice is rich contralto. She sings with great understanding of musical construction as well as that of phrase line. Mr. Trampler has a marvelous technique and a beautiful tone. Mr. Carter is one of the finest accompanists that has ever played on the stage of the Annie Russell Theatre.

A large, appreciative audience attended the performance.

tion of senior jackets. Matt Ely headed the informal meeting. No definite conclusion was reached and it was left that the matter would be looked into further.

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