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Rollins Sandspur

(Weekly Student Newspaper)

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1941

(Complete Campus Coverage)

Number 14

Florida's
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Newspaper

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ODDS AND ENDS

Last night as we invaded the corridors of our elaborate offices here in the Publications Building we detected a faint but unmistakable odor of crushed bananas. We thought for a while it might be a sensory illusion, but here it is again today. And all this doesn't make sense, for any newspaper office should, according to the script, emit a fragrance of cigarette smoke, wet ink, stale paste and battered felt tips. Imagine in twenty years removed, passing a fruit stand and sighing nostalgically for "the good old days on the Sandspur."

Local signs of the national business upswing were evidenced here last week when Jess Gregg and Charles Arnold turned up with haircuts. Both are doing well.

If Ralph Harrington can get past the pronunciation "Warner's Warbler" and "Utilization" in Dr. Mauer's Business Organization course, he's to take another radio tryout. So far his halting average is about 168.

Someone came up to us with that evil gleam in his eye Monday and wanted to know if we'd like a nice, hot new tip. Betting at least a number of rags, we nodded eagerly, and he handed us the following lot of jargon. Perhaps some of our facile experts or geometrical wizards can figure it out. Here it is: "Let angle A be a square of parallel angle A, let it run too closely parallel to angle B. Let all three angles be less than 90 degrees. We have a triangle. Get it? We have a theory...."

Some of the boys set up a very smooth working case consisting of a smooth surface, a smooth surface, a smooth surface. Unless you had a tag slipped neatly onto your coat lapel, there was little chance of getting past the barricades, as the boys managed to contact a pal on the inside (who had parted with \$3.54 for that privilege). The pal then removed his own tag and sent it out to the waiting crazies, via some girl, who didn't need a tag. He passed one of them the tag, they walked confidently past the door, disappeared into the crowd then removed the tag and sent it out to another pal. One tag moved about right into the sacred portals. Not seeing... \$2.10.

We understand that Dr. Holt stole the show with his impersonation of a blushing bride at the "Dinner of a Clown" held here in Orlando over the past week-end. The evening gown in gleaming white satin, Proxy's figure, while not voluptuous, was certainly commendable. The same baywindow that hides impressively under a vest looked rather incongruous fitting out a bride. It was somewhat fitting that there be a pregnant shadow during his entrance.

Young Ray Hickok, well remembered locally for his prowess at stroke and other elbow-bending activities, was seen gracing the campus over the week-end. Ray, who was president of the 1939-40 "B" Club is doing well in business.

John Homan, who spent some time at M. I. T. before returning here, tells this tale of thoroughgoing revenge. Massachusetts' most unpopular man, who was voted out of office for his viciously described Big Toms. But while he was gone, the boys had not forgotten him, and as he swung open the door to his room and entered, he bumped into something. It felt strangely like an auto fender. As a matter of fact it WAS an auto fender. His pals had moved in a Model T Ford, assembled it and welded every assembly joint. Moral: Be nice to engineers.

With the collective shins of the Rollins Students still bearing the marks of the Lambda Chi dance a short ten days ago, our scouts swoop in on their bromeliads to tell us that the Chi O's are all set to throw another all college affair come February 5. All we have to report right now is that it will be a "Blue and Silver" dance, which is hardly explanatory, we admit. The orchestra if we caught the name right, is a new one. Sorry, we've forgotten its name. Alas, Vanderbeide is pushing up her snouts, we understand.

Farnsworth and Fribley off To New York for Broadcast

War Problems are To Be Discussed At Conference

First Speaker Will Be Dr. Steelman, Director of U. S. Labor Conciliations

The economic aspects of the war are providing most of the subject matter for the sixth annual economic conference at Rollins which opens next week on Thursday, Feb. 6. The first speaker will be Dr. John R. Steelman, who is the Director of Conciliations of the U. S. Department of Labor. Dr. Steelman has chosen as his subject, "Labor Relations and Defense." In the afternoon Dr. Paul E. Pierce will speak on "International Trade and War," Friday morning Mr. Hayne Davis will talk on "The Substitution of Law for War." The afternoon's speaker will be Col. Thomas S. Voss, commander of the Orlando Air Base; his subject will be "The History and Organization of the Army Air Corps." Presiding at the conference will be Mr. John H. Goss, president of the Rollins Manufacturing Company in Waterford, Connecticut. Dr. McCheser is head of the committee which has taken care of the arrangements for the conference.

Chapel Staff Elects Five New Members At Supper Meeting

The Chapel Staff held a supper meeting at the home of Professor Townbridge, Tuesday, January 22. The only business under consideration was the election of new members which was carried off in surprisingly short order. Those elected from the Freshman class were Jean Trachtenman and Gordon Laughlin; the upperclassmen chosen were Carver Tolson, Jane Anne Sholley, and Frances Montgomery. Saturday, January 25, the staff held a short meeting in the Conference room of the Knowles Memorial Chapel. These subjects chiefly under discussion after the new members were welcomed into the group were: first, a more suitable time for the staff meetings; second, the Christmas Fund Drive; and lastly, the Chapel's budget for the coming year. A committee was composed of Dick Rodda, Frances Montgomery, Alden Mascher, and Jane Anne Sholley, was appointed to consider the requests of the various chapel committees and from them, make up a budget for this year. The meeting was adjourned.

Professor Blodgett's Explanation of Tucker's Dictionary is all too Desperate for Cookies

By Thomas Casey
The little housed, young Professor Blodgett himself—then the whole thing repeated itself. Coming out on the main highway, the car rattled and shook itself like a wet dog. Blodgett glanced back at the wooded landscape, felt where his heron's head had been, hugged his bundle of manuscripts. Eight months gone, eight months of being wedged in his private world. He visualized in quick flash-back the high points of his struggle. But what had happened in the real world during this time? It couldn't make much difference. Nothing short of a deluge could greatly fluster Blodgett. He killed down the highway in high spirits, the complete revision for the eighth edition of Tucker's Practical Standard Dictionary bustling along beside him in a cloth bag. "I've been out in the sticks a long while, he thought, as he been ever wandered over a Hot Dog stand. He winced when he encountered the misspelling, "with onlry." He pressed the gas firmly, letting his mind toy with what he'd say when Norton lobbed exclamation over the quick work he had made of the revision. Norton's gale a Mock away, Blodgett pressed the brake

Will Debate Against Bates Men Saturday Over WOR

Selected by the debate council to represent Rollins over a Mutual broadcast from station WOR, February 1st, Everett Farnsworth and Joe Fribley will leave this Thursday for New York City by train. Professor Harry Pierce, speech instructor will accompany them. The students are to represent Rollins in a fifteen minute debate with Bates College in the subject, "Resolved that Main is the Ideal Playground of the Nation."

In a reciting of the debate council January 20th at the Speech Studio plans for the broadcast were discussed. It was decided the entire debate would be given the opportunity to try out for the trip. Trials were held the evening of January 24th after which had been sent to all debaters. Farnsworth and Fribley were selected by the council after careful consideration. The WOR broadcast is expected to originate from 10:30 a. m. until 10:45 a. m. Another broadcast following the same idea is under arrangement, and may possibly go on the air February 3rd as a feature of Mary Margaret McBride's program.

To Maury Dreier, prominent radio announcer and program wizard, one time student at Rollins, a graduate of 1934, go the thanks of the college. During his years here he was debate manager and planned trips from Florida to Maine. Other trips crossed the plains to California. Mr. Dreier's interest in Rollins has been maintained, and he continues to sponsor debates in his spare hours. This time he has achieved a major triumph in placing a debate over airwaves crackling from the waking hours 'till midnight with world news and giant commercials.

Life's "Subdese" — and Rollins Slang

In the interests of what the editors of the Reader's Digest would call "a more picturesque speech" we are privileged to re-print the article entitled "Subdese" which appears on page four of this edition. We ran across it in the current edition of Life magazine, where it served as a complement to four full pages of pictures on the lives and loves of America's teen-age subdese. But this is not a publicity or promotion article on the coming glamour girls. It is, however, an attempt to anticipate a trend in the development (or maturation, if you will) of the King's H'English. More than that, it is a clever and subtle illustration of the art of feature writing, and we are grateful to Life's editors for granting us permission to use it here.

Charles A. Steel, of the Rollins English Department, has written an introduction which gives further point to the article. We concur with his indictment of the calibre of Rollins campus slang. It is outmoded, colorless and hackneyed, except in its more profane forms, which do little to brighten polite conversation.

Here on the front page is a story by Thomas Casey on the sad tale of one Professor Blodgett and his encounter with two apparent planks. His efforts to hold his own in the new world of conversational acrobatics causes the young ladies to give way to a sudden urge to finesse it. To Professor Blodgett and Life magazine, our congratulations. Both are potent stuff!

Count De Nove Dunkerque Vet, To Speak Here

French Traveler and Lecturer Will Also Talk on Other Subjects

The Count Jehan de Nove, world traveler and lecturer, who served with the French army before the collapse of France and who was in the historic retreat from Dunkerque will be presented by Rollins College, in two public lectures as a feature of the adult education program, it was announced yesterday.

Count de Nove's first speaking engagement is scheduled for Saturday morning, Feb. 1, at 11 o'clock in the Annie Russell Theatre, where he will give an illustrated lecture on "Private Chateaux and Gardens of France." On Monday, Feb. 3, he will be the guest speaker on the Monday morning lecture series at 10 o'clock in the Winter Park High School auditorium when he will tell his vivid story of the retreat of the British Expeditionary Force and more than 12,000 of his French allies from Dunkerque.

As an added feature three additional lectures will be given by Count de Nove, to be delivered entirely in French, during his short visit here. Tomorrow evening at 8:15 in the Woolen English House he will speak on "The Experiences of a Frenchman in Flanders and Dunkerque with the BEF" and on Thursday afternoon at 2:45 he will speak in Knowles Hall on "French Youth — Our Hope of Tomorrow." Friday evening, Feb. 7, at 8 o'clock in the Uper Memorial Building he will give an illustrated French lecture on "Marshall Lyautey's Achievements in Morocco."

"Wuthering Heights" to Star Cathie B. Coleman, Dudley Darling; Opens Friday Night



Cathie to Appear as — Kathie

Director Dorothy Lockhart Opens Season with Bronte's Powerful Dramatic Hit

Settings Executed By Newton Merrill

The Annie Russell Company will open its 1941 dramatic season this Friday and Saturday with the reunion of two of its favorite stars in the leading roles. Cathie Bailey Coleman and Dudley Darling will be brought together by Director Dorothy Lockhart for the first time since 1938, when they were seen here in "The Romantic Age". The play will be Handberg Carter's stage adaptation of Emily Bronte's novel, "Wuthering Heights".

Both Mr. Darling and Mrs. Coleman have come a long ways since they last shared the honors on the Annie Russell stage nearly three years ago. Mrs. Coleman went on to greater things, climaxing her career by playing on Broadway in William Saroyan's "Time of Your Life". Mr. Darling has been seen frequently on the local stage, starting in such successes as last year's "Night Must Fall".

The play is a fitting vehicle for these actors. It is the strange and bewitching story of the love of a man and a woman, and the tragedy that involves them and the lives of four other people. The old tale that is ever new has been put in modern garb with all the psychological twists and turns of the human heart and mind.

Mary will remember the story from the highly successful movie version, which starred Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. The play on the stage loses none of the romantic color and deeply human interest of the moving picture and gains that dramatic depth that comes only from flesh-and-blood actors. (Continued on Page 6)

Gilbert and Sullivan "Pinafore" Will Be Given Here in March

"Pinafore", a favorite Gilbert and Sullivan operetta to be presented here in March is being directed by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bloch in collaboration with Haver and Bailey, who is in charge of the drama part.

Tryouts for the leads were held after Christmas vacation. Many of the Rollins choir members are in the chorus, with some of the leading roles being taken by Virginia Shaw, Presley H. Wetherell, (who should make a very realistic Ralph) and Ed Waite, who Dick Deadeye characterization is worth mentioning.

The operetta, also called "The Lass that Loved a Sailor," is a humorous satire dealing with the British Navy and the officers who, if they can write legibly, pass an examination and push up the band. (Continued on Page 6)

Lambda Chi Alpha Elects

Theta-Gamma Zeta of Lambda Chi Alpha held elections for fraternity officers Monday night. The new officers are:

President	A. Carrow Tolson
Vice-President	Robert Matthews
Sec'y	William Royall
Treasurer	Frank Bonas
Interpret	Carl Sedberry
Alternate	Frank Granger
Intramural Rep.	Boyle Darnold
Alternate	Edward Weinberg, Jr.

Star Gazing Free Monday

The Drs. Phyllis and Bill Hutchins again invite the students, faculty and staff to look through the Rollins telescope on Monday evening, February 3, from 7:30 to 9:30 P. M. They hope that students will come after their fraternity and society meetings; and if enough (Continued on Page 6)

Phi Delt Wins In Intramural Track Contest

X Club, Lambda Chi and K. A. Trail in That Order; Kasten Stars in Two Events

The Intramural Track Meet, third event of the Gory Cup race, was held last Wednesday afternoon and the winner was Phi Delta Theta with 18 points, second was the X Club with 16 points, third, Lambda Chi Alpha with 15, and lastly, Kappa Alpha with 11 points. Fred Kasten, Lambda Chi entry, who was the star of the meet, grabbing first place in both the pole vault and high jump.

Four field events constituted this so-called track meet. The shot-put was the first event of the afternoon with Jimmy McHugh of the K. A.'s with 34.2 feet, John Glanton of Phi Delta Theta, second, Charlie Lavon, Lambda Chi Alpha, third, Manzy Brankert, X Club, fourth, and Bob Blackwood, Kappa Alpha, fifth. The second event was the pole vault. Fred Kasten took this event, but before the affair was run off, the Lambda Chi vaulter taught all the participants the rudiments of vaulting. Following Kasten, in second place, was Glanton, and Bill Chick, Pete Crawford, Nis Bend tied for third place. The third event was the broad jump, with Bill Attkick, X Club first with 19 feet 3 inches, Bob Davis, Phi Delta Theta, second with 19 feet, 4 inches, and Jim McHugh, K. A., 17 feet 11 inches. Manzy Brankert was fourth with 17 feet, 9 inches and Hank Minor last with 17 feet 8 inches. The final event of the afternoon was the high jump. This was won by the one-atom track team, Fred Kasten. His jump was 5 feet 2 inches. Manzy Brankert cleared the pole at 5 feet 1 inch for second place, with Davis third at 5 feet.

ORGAN VESPERS

Wednesday, January 26, 1941 7:30 P. M.

(There will be no Organ Vespers, Wednesday, Feb. 5, and Wednesday, Feb. 12, due to the Faculty Recital Series on those same dates.)

1. Prelude and Fugue in C minor — Bach
2. The Bells of St. Anne — Alex. Russell
3. "Water Music" — Handel
4. Allegro Vivace — Mr. Air
5. Qui est Homo, from "Stabat Mater" — Rossini
6. Klavier, soprano — Lucy Marshall, contralto — Emeline Daugherty, accompanist
7. O Lord Our God, early will we seek thee — Hummel
8. Miss Marshall — Menart
9. Miss Temple
10. Valse, from Symphony in E minor — Tchaikowsky
11. Viennese Melody, "Mist-sight Nells" — Reuberg-Krueger
12. Carillon Serenade — H. Marlet

Miss Temple and Miss Marshall are pupils of Mrs. Barnet.

Committee Heads for Gypsy Fiesta Announced at Tea

Women's Association Lays Plans for Feb. 13 Event

Plans for the annual Gypsy Fiesta were discussed at a meeting of the Rollins College Women's Association at Mayflower Hall on Tuesday afternoon, January 21st. Tea was served to the group by housemothers. Mrs. H. P. Bentlin presided and was assisted in serving by Mrs. Marion H. Wilcox and Mrs. Albert Banzhaf. Mrs. Georgia Enright, Mrs. Emily C. Kennedy, Mrs. George Scott, Mrs. Charles A. Brown, Jr., and Mrs. J. M. Schultz. Isabel Green, chairman for the Fiesta, announced that bridge parties would be held at Pugsley Hall, Mayflower Hall and Fox Hall. Mrs. George Enright and Mrs. J. M. Schultz will be in charge. Mrs. William Wattles will serve tea at Strong Hall and in the patio, where there will be an art and sculpture exhibit. Mr. Robert Burns will take charge of the painting exhibit. Miss Constance Outwater the sculpture exhibit and Miss Virginia Rebo the exhibit and sale of Japanese prints. There will be a musical program at the tea, given by members of the Rollins music faculty.

Miss Marjorie Weber, president of the Women's Association and Head of the Physical Education Department for Women, announced that there will be Exhibition Tennis Matches, mixed doubles on the three courts between the women's dominions and Lake Virginia. Archery for everyone under the supervision of Miss Alice Henry; exhibitions of folk and modern dancing by Rollins students.

Miss Marion Wilcox and Miss Jane Ann Shelley are in charge of the cycle show which is an annual event of the Fiesta sponsored by the Phi Phi society.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Haggerty, Miss Chloe M. Lyle and Miss Ellen V. Apperson are in charge of the children dinner to be served at the college dining hall.

Howard Bailey is planning a minstrel show for the evening's entertainment; there will also be evening bridge parties in the men's dormitories. A dance will be held immediately following the minstrel show at Recreation Hall. Miss Sally and Marcel Hammond are in charge of arrangements and Mrs. Marion M. Cleveland has graciously consented to officiate as the college chaperone for the occasion.

The fraternities and sororities are planning projects such as horse racing, Bingo, and other games of chance. These projects are under the direction of Mrs. E. L. Brown and Mrs. T. W. Hall.

Mrs. Winifred S. Anderson, assisted by Miss Sally McDowell are sponsoring a doll raffle which promises to create a great deal of interest.

The reason that the date of the Fiesta has been placed as February 13th rather than late in April is that the Association feels sure that the winter visitors would thoroughly enjoy the gaiety and fun aboard on the day of the Rollins Gypsy Fiesta.

Troy Bohannon to Fight Tonight at Harper-Shepherd

Local Boy Tackles Crumpton in Benefit Feature

Troy Bohannon, 193-lb., "Pride of Winter Park" and Sergeant Grady Crumpton, 200-lb., southpaw of the Orlando Air Base, will go in the ring tonight featured as the main event in the Winter Park Lions Club boxing show for charity at Harper-Shepherd Field.

Bohannon, while in the "pink" of condition, is reported to have only at one time been in the ring with a "southpaw" fighter and should this prove a handicap to Troy, this five round bout with the Barge from the Air Base will be worth more than the price of admission.

The preliminaries will include Chester Kani, 150 lbs., of Orlando, vs. Travis Grier, 150 lbs., of Winter Park, in a four round bout with other interesting amateur matches and a "free-for-all" clinching the evening's entertainment.

Among civic and charitable projects sponsored by the Lions Club is its work in aiding the underprivileged blind people in Winter Park and this community. All boxers are fighting for charity and proceeds from the show will go to the Club's blind fund to carry on this work.

Cloverleaf Capers

If you wandered through an around Cloverleaf this past week you probably saw:

Boris Lavaris, Jean Norrie's new Scotty pup; Polly Rushton covering that shiner with Sun Tan No. 2; three floors of unmade beds the day Suzie was sick with the flu; Elaine Reddin's and Natalie Rubin's new cars; Beth Wade getting a crate of oranges; about twenty very happy young women; The Van Dusen answering the "telephone" twice when someone was fiddling with an alarm clock; Bebe Wing singing a stumpy thing called "I hop, I hop, I hop"; Mary Anthony, Polly, Estelle Bakal and several others returning from a sojourn at the infirmary; Louise Sargent very busy cutting her hair; Nancy Therman getting a protest against the lease-lend bill signed; Helen Tucker's parents who visited her for the week-end and then some; Harriette Smearing's and Natalie Rubin's Miami sun tan; Pein Willard, ruler skating around the third floor at ten-thirty at night.

The reason that the date of the Fiesta has been placed as February 13th rather than late in April is that the Association feels sure that the winter visitors would thoroughly enjoy the gaiety and fun aboard on the day of the Rollins Gypsy Fiesta.

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New Dressmaking Shop Opens

Mrs. Mary Gardner, who has recently opened a dress shop for juniors in Orlando on Orange Avenue, has offered to the seven campus societies and the Independent girls the opportunity to earn money for their organizations.

Her plan is to have girls from each group work at her shop all day Saturday for the next eight weeks, and five per cent of the day's sales made by these girls will go into their organization's treasury.

Her purpose in offering this opportunity is to have as many of the college girls as possible come in and "look over the place". The first society on the schedule was Phi Kappa, and the members of this group were at the store all day Saturday, January 25.

Student Players To Present "Radio Rescue" on Saturday

"Radio Rescue" will be presented by the Rollins Student Players for the second of the Child's Theatre Series. Mr. Donald Allen, co-director of Student Dramatics at Rollins will direct the play. "Radio Rescue" is a three act play by Charlotte H. Clorpenning, the author of "Little Black Sambo," which was given last year.

The sets will be made by students in Mr. Allen's class of Production Technique. There will be two interior scenes, and one exterior which will feature a washed-out bridge.

The cast:
Sparky — Douglas Bill
Jill — Doris Cohen
Martha — Dorothy Stutz
Lena — Katherine Woodward
Betty — Jess Parks
Miss Furling — Priscilla Parker
Miss Carr — Jennie Wilkins
Quinn — Edward Walte
Bushman — John Backwalter
Engineer — Joe Knowles
Mrs. Horton — Phyllis Herman
Mike Hoolihan — Folke Schman

The play will be on Saturday, February 1, at Memorial Junior High School auditorium at 10:30 A. M. and at 2:30 P. M.

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The Rollins A Capella Choir

Director Christopher Honaas Builds Superb Choral Unit

Nineteen hundred and thirty-two marks one of the most memorable dates in the history of Rollins College. In this year, the Knowles Memorial Chapel was dedicated and the first services were held therein. A beautiful chapel necessitated a beautiful service, and in like manner, a beautiful service required beautiful music; the result — Rollins' first chapel choir.

Before this time all student work in choral ensembles had been limited to Glee Clubs under the direction of "Papa" Nies, then Director of the Rollins Conservatory of Music. This first choir, also under his direction, consisted mainly of townpeople, a few paid singers, and even fewer students. The Rollins College Chapel Choir had made a start, but as is the fate of all young activities, it had by no means established a place for itself in an already imposing list of extracurriculars.

In the fall of this same year, a certain Mr. Sprad took over Nies' baton as choromaster and who was supporting a rather music sense section had Christopher D. Honaas, then an instructor in the Conservatory. It seems that even 1932 couldn't keep a good man down, and the following year, Mr. Honaas was appointed choromaster. Then... things began happening within the group.

All professional singers were dismissed. With the exception of faculty members and their wives, all of the townpeople who had so generously started the ball rolling, found themselves no longer members of the Chapel Choir; it was to be an undergraduate group, of, by, and for students. Yes, the Rollins Chapel Choir had taken its first important step forward. In addition, the Glee Clubs were dissolved, there by centering all student ability and talent around the choir. This was definitely a move that had to be felt since the Glee Clubs were already having daily palpitations over this new and popular ensemble — all of their better voices having left Stephen Foster for J. S. Bach. After a very brief rebirth in 1934, both the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs finally carried their stiches in the halls of Rollins Past, and the Rollins Chapel Choir had become an integral part of the Rollins Present and Future.

As a basis for its success, the Choir has had a selected membership, competitive in the sense that all undergraduates are eligible for auditions, and selective in the sense

that only the better singers are chosen.

As the years have gone by, the Choir has had a gradual development in all phases — balance, intonation, diction, and so on. Had it not been, however, for the spirit and tradition that was formed by the first choir, and that has grown from year to year, it is most probable that the Choir of today would not be the finished ensemble that it is. Many listeners have stated that the Rollins Choir has a certain spontaneity and youthful vigor that distinguishes it from great church and college choirs throughout the country. Who or what is responsible for this — call it spirit, morale, esprit de corps, or whatever you like, but the responsibility for it falls on the choir of the past. To them, the choir of today and tomorrow owe a great deal of their success and enjoyment.

As to the future of the Rollins Chapel Choir, Mr. Honaas has stated, "The foundations and traditions established in the choir, regardless of changes in the future will remain unchanged; the spirit and objectives, however, will grow higher and higher."

This year, there are three important dates on the choir's activities calendar which cause every choir member to anticipate anything but a boring spring. A concert will be presented in St. Petersburg on March 30, and an appearance here in the Annie Russell Theatre, as one of the popular Faculty Recital Series in March. Works being considered for this program which will be altogether choral in nature will be: Brahms' Liebeslied Waltzes, Beethoven's Elegy, and Excerpts from Elgar's Overture, King Olf.

At present, however, the choir is at work on the coming Bach Festival, an important date any year on Florida's music calendar. Included in a two day program of Bach, will be The B Minor Mass, perhaps the greatest piece of choral literature ever written.

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The Inquiring Reporter

By Charlotte Stout

"What particular department would you like to see strengthened at Rollins? How would you go about it?"

BETTY STEVENS — "I think they're all grand and O. K."

WALLACE McBRIDE — "The department I'm thinking of might be strengthened in a week or so."

YVES DE CHAMBERE — "The infirmary. I think it should be enlarged. More nurses, etc."

JANET JONES — "One department only. This is Glazily."

HILL AFFLECK — "Sociology. Put in a more unified system with census or daily quizzes, and make the student more responsible for his outside work."

BETTY CUMMINS — "Yes, the Government and Geology departments."

TOM CASEY — "Drama and creative writing, especially the writing, for that is weak here."

BUD WADDELL — "A marching football band for Rollins of about 60 pieces. Get them by offering more scholarships for brass and woodwind instruments and giving them more official practice periods."

JACK RUTH — "Bigger and better radio broadcasting. I'll have that up in Mr. Bailey."

MARTHA BROOKS — "Yes, the Math department. Let's and Riley to St. Petersburg."

PAT RANDALL — "No, I can't think of any off hand."

BETTY LAMB — "The Art department. I think they should do a lot of designing, commercial art, etc. Enlarge the studio and get in more courses."

PERCY GREISWOLD — "The Math department. It should have mechanical drawing in the course. Enlarge the whole department."

JOE KNOWLES — "Probably the Art department. Outside people think it's very good, but we need larger facilities, more libraries, and more courses."

RAY GREENE

Rollins Alumnus

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Cartoon News

THURSDAY — FRIDAY — FEB. 6th - 7th

Ignace Jan PADEREWSKI'S

FIRST AND ONLY MOTION PICTURE . . .

"MOONLIGHT SONATA"

35c Mats.
44c Nites
(Inc. Tax)

35c Mats.
44c Nites
(Inc. Tax)

35c Mats.
44c Nites
(Inc. Tax)

35c Mats.
44c Nites
(Inc. Tax)

35c Mats.
44c Nites
(Inc. Tax)

ALONG FRATERNITIES ROW

LAMBDA CHI COMMENT

Fred Kasten is our candidate for national indoor sleeping champion. Although Bud Bryson has the free style title here in the house, he was discovered asleep standing in the hall recently. Kasten has more endurance. Foremost, however, the prone sprawl, face downward. His chains back-extensions tend to snore and awaken themselves.

Presley Wetherill, back who severely sprained his left foot giving him all for his chair, is back again, snoring the corridors with his nasal belongings. It is said that Mr. Wetherill's back is a direct result of trying to catch the bull on his home pasture in East Wreck-leckery.

The Non-Profanity Plaque goes to Steinfield, who managed to get out a whole phrase last Thursday at ten without more than ten cuss words interspersed.

Our new Taker, A. Carrow, Tolson, is taking a little more solid course under Pete Crawford's tailgate. Tolson is determined to keep order in those meetings. New treasure boxes have to have his Tolsonian picture taken over again and is hiring the man with the travelling camera to get a profile shot. There is a strong rumor that Don Cram is still living; two active reports seeing him in bed recently.

Ed Arce is almost ready to open his private art collection of magazine nudos to the general public. Combs and Topp will be on hand to guard against vandals. Bill Roy, apparently discontented by the reverse of his financial machinations last week, traveled to Miami and bought Eleanor an ice cream cone on route. J. Porcupine Wharton is reducing fat and expects to be under 200 by 1950. And Frank Grubler is getting prettier every day!

X CLUB EXCERPTS

There seems to be some question as to who was giving who riding lessons on Sunday afternoon — whether Allos was giving Annch lessons or vice versa, or whether the horse was giving them both a lesson. As it was, Annch did better in following the example so often set by the Duke of Windsor.

George Eton seems to be a great aid to those who are taking the same in religion as they sit up and ponder over facts, interpretation, etc., they invariably turn to "prophet" Eton for help.

Strains concerning triple-double switches can be heard emitting from Jack Myers' room, so we go to investigate this new type of basketball training only to find that he is relating the type of liquid refreshment used by detective Jackson in the new mystery thriller "The Bloody Claw."

Attitudes toward the world situation were simple on Sunday night as the discussion led from one thing to another, finally leading up to the draft and just what it might involve. The creative imaginations of Affack and Allos ran amok to finally leave them in no physical condition to pass a government physical exam.

The remark, "Boys, this is going to be a week of study for of Whitsy," told us that it was Sunday night again, and the addition of "I am really broke, flat on my back — no more dates, etc.," told us that it was near the end of the month.

Hives de Chambré has been listening to Artie Shaw's recording of "Indian Love Call" so often that now every other word that he utters is dotted by "sheep cheap."

Dave Lee is seriously considering taking up the medical profession so that he can devise a short cut to take a certain amount of business away from the infirmary.

Chick and Nitson, the ace hedge players of the house, are ready to take on any bridge players on the campus. They have been approached for exhibition purposes and will probably show their wares as a part of the Fiesta program.

"Rocky" McCorkle has given up his old favorite of Red Seal sweeteners and is now an honorary member of the Book-of-the-month-club.

Jeff Davis, president of the Hobo society, acquired a new member in his trials last week as Tad Clat gave a few lessons in hopping freight trains to one of the fair-co-ed — all this we might add — was much to the dismay of a certain editor.

Believe it or not, we distinctly heard with our own ears Manny Brankert tell Jackie Miller, twin in a row, "That's right Jackie, that's perfectly right," it happened in the front room of the Club. For an explanation of this we will refer you to Miss Miller.

"Tootsie" Meredith has become the xpy of the Club and was found Saturday night on the tennis court — "Just looking around!"

could it have been that you were looking for Bill Justice, Paul?

We might say in closing that for all those who are worried over the scholastic side of Annch can rest easy since he informed this correspondent that he is working diligently for his A. B. degree.

PHI POODLE

The house was rather empty this week-end as some of our members went on journeys to Miami and La Grange, Georgia. House had a date with Pam, Myer and "Fingers" Tretheway also journeyed to Miami to see Hialeah and to play the hang tails. They both are rather quiet as to the success of their journey. Jim also was in Miami and he saw his father. The Greek represented the first at the wedding of Ed Levy on last Saturday. Originally the Greek and Mac were to drive up with another, in a midst of trouble and confusion and unknown to Natchy, our Presy left for La Grange on the 2:15 A. M. train, Friday morning. According to him it was a great wedding and everything went off in smooth style.

"Tiger" Hickok was in town over the week-end along with George Victor. "Tiger" did things up in his usual style and it was great to see him again. Flossie has made a resolution starting February 1st, and we are waiting to see if he really goes through with it. Frankly, it looks very doubtful. A new blonde bombshell has struck the Rollins campus this term and she has caught the eye of some of the brothers. You guess her name, and it is not Nancy. Hank lost about his mind because Nancy was in the infirmary. He wasn't worried about her cold, but about a certain companion of his who was also there. Hank is very much in favor of the relations and also of the idea of ushering. He seemed quite happy this morning and it may be that Nancy is out of the sick ward. As for Saturday night, we will let it pass, won't we, Henry? Nin took his usual journey last week-end and should prove interesting for some of the boys in this house and they can get themselves in shape for the army by doing what is assigned to them. We wonder if Cyrkstrat will find an excuse about something. Time will tell.

K. A. KAPERS

I don't know what we'll do if we get anymore "Grown Deacons". The latest one looks like a nightmarer in Death Valley. However, there is one point in its favor. It takes approximately 3 seconds longer to go by. — We had a swell party the other night. A good dinner. A fine dance. And the pledges didn't have to sit on the floor. Some of us who had eaten our heads off, that is, had a lot to eat, and had danced ourselves into exhaustion, decided to see Jimmie Laneford. As far as health education goes we shouldn't have done it. But what actors! What trapezists! Maybe you would like to know the dock is finished. Rooney! Now don't all of you go down and jump on it or it will be. To get back to the party (which we could) the girls ate like rabbits. Rocky ate like an Indian. Mr. Kiddle ate like a Roman. Allos ate like a gentleman, and I won't say who ate like a horse. Each week it would be interesting to show the inner clock-work of one of the actors. This week the actors are John Henry Buckwalter, one, two, three. And we think he's too active. We don't know where he was born, but we're afraid he might look over here if he doesn't show down. They call him "the Human Dynamo". I'd enjoy following him around for one day just to see what he does. Others have tried it, but collapsed after a period. As for his extra-curricular activities: that's easy. Just do what you usually do in your spare time and Rocky will be there doing it too, — with but few exceptions. One of them's the Congo.

S. P. OMENS

Now that Newark, Left and Titus have taken advantage of the opportunity of the infirmary — now that Walter has finally informed himself to two women; now that Elrick is an O. D. K. — now that Shewersky has resigned from the Book Choir and Simpson has become a faithful member — and now that the Delta Chi's have visited us for a week-end — now, at long last, maybe S. P. O. can settle down in the normal existence.

With initiation coming upon us in a very short time now, the actors are beginning to scrutinize the pledges with a far more critical eye. Take, for example, the Fowler-Brewster duo. It is not enough that Stevens Tech should remain where it is — already, the evil influence of one fellow's existence

there is beginning to weave its ugly tentacles about our most-shedding and exemplary pledge. Twice now, Brewster has been seen in the environs of Rollins' — and without suitable escort. It's high time something were done, we think. Rosenberg and Newark! — that's o.k.; but Brewster? — NEVER.

Speaking of Basil, did you know that he is becoming increasingly conscious of his atrocious table manners? This was when he was ignorant in his bliss — but come, honorable something has created a great awakening. All we can say is, thanks to somebody! And speaking of Newark, to doesn't know it, but he'll probably be in Miami or Jacksonville Monday since the fraternity picture is being taken then and he always manages to take a trip when anything of importance (?) happens.

SIGMA NISSETTES

By Don the Crapshot

Wednesday, and all's well in the house at the end of the road — We zoom the little white one with the axilla dropping over the half-door — and Dutch Enquist dropping over the other half, as only Dutch can drip. He is in an especially drippy mood today as it's raining and he can't put the top down on Esak's car. Peeping through the shutters we see a touching picture. Happo, a cradling fire, is seated "Before Jack, the Lockdown Kid" with a head of hair like Sleswick and a heart that just BURNS for the woman "Leck" seems rather demure, too, as he sticks his leg into a quail little innie, a cradle familiar to one Carole Robertson, one of the really tough and wit. Sent out just opposite in an old holder-back in one other than Putney, recuperating from a major case of distress. He is wrapped in one of Mrs. Brown's pajamas, and as we push our faces closer to the window we see him lift a hot lemonade to his parched and feverish lips. It seems that one Miss Purn has left him for the fourteenth time, and each amorous flirtation has left our poor boy still spinning.

As we leave this dimly creature our eyes scan the room, from Giffin's old bed warmer hanging from an old Empire commode to the painted Sicilian out-house that grained and grained brought back from their last Cook's tour. Such a cozy scene. Oooh! What's that? Our eyes light on a wretched figure slumped in the corner. It bubbles to itself as it plucks the wings from a sand-fly. Could it be that Jake is in bed too?

Summoning up some courage, in fact an awful lot, we pushed back out of the way, and leaving him in a seething heap across the threshold, we enter this farm house that looks like the basement of old Heidelberg on a slow night, and proceed toward the stairway.

You're sure this isn't a dude trunk? — Notches are lacking in the banisters. Somebody must have ridden a horse up these steps. No sooner had we said this than a great commotion came from upstairs, a hideous clattering as hooves, a blast of gun, a wisp of hair (in fact, a bellows jet) and crashing through the smoke emerged Big Al, astride an old Texas longhorns with the "Lucky Bar II Diamond-E Rocking-A" brand on his right hilt, in miniature (we don't mean Al's). Guns blazing and lar-lar-awing, he hurtles down the stairs. We leap out of the way in time, but crash into Gubby Farnsworth, knocking a good deal of air out. And is he mad! Because now Gubby can't slide down the banisters with Hank Swan (this week's offering for the ideal outdoor boy) anymore, because Al has killed so many rats that he's splashed hell out of the banisters. "Oh, well," we say, taking a deep breath, "come what may" — and up we go.

CHEQUE — It only takes a small size to buy this heavenly wool. It's an enormous block plaid in palest pink, baby blue and white. Another shirtmaker with a slightly different twist. The shirt is made full and slightly gathered, with pockets in the side seam, and the plaid comes to a "V" in the front. Laid's his it.

MORE! — Another luscious wool comes in colors that look like a rainbow ice cream cone. Its plaid is of four mouth-watering flavors — Beige, like Napoleon, Yellow, like Lemon, Pink for Strawberry, and a Pistachio Green. The waist is tailored, fastening with shiny brass buttons down to a drawstring belt, and the skirt is flared on the bias. You'll find it at Yowell-Drew's.



DUDLEY DARLING

Rollins senior who will appear in the role of "Heathcliff" in the Annie Russell Company's production of "Wuthering Heights" opening here Friday night.

Gab and Gown

By Pris Thompson

Introducing Pris Thompson: Graduate of Milen Academy, Dress Design Division, Chicago. Special student in Dress Design at Chicago Academy of Fine Arts; also at American Academy, Chicago.

Win prize offered by Marshall Field & Co., to Drawing Classes of Oak Park High School for fashion illustrations.

Conducted style shows for Junior Miss Department of Marshall Field & Co.

Member of regular model staffs of Mardel Brothers and Stevens of Marshall Field, Chicago. Special modeling for Marshall Field & Co., Carson Pirie Scott & Co., and Bradley Knitting Co.

Research and essay work in English classes at University of Chicago on the subjects of Historical Costume and Dress Design.

Ed. Note: Miss Thompson's column will be a weekly Sandspur feature, space permitting.

What with the "amorous weather" we need something to push up our skirts. Skipping for spring wools ought to do it — and so to the local stores.

"NUDE" — In Orlando, too! But it is only one of the wonderful new shades in which the impeccably tailored Trotter Suit comes. There is also Buttercock, Petal, Bernards Blue, Maple Yellow and Ping Red, which is only just a start down the list of colors. The mix of softest Sherland, as an English as four o'clock tea. The three-quarter length box coat has a double-breasted, six-button closing, also large patch pockets placed very high — and the height is novel! The skirt is divided back and front with an extra-long pleat. Another beauty of the whole thing is that you can get the same suit with a fitted jacket if preferred. To top it off — actually there is a reofer or skirt coat to be had to make your suit a three-piece. See it at Simpson's.

TWO-TIMER — A snappy coat for sports or evening wear. Its made of red-tinted chinchilla, and is another three-quarter-length beauty. The shoulders of this, as of every thing this year, are not quite so square; padded but sloping. Strangely the front below the Peter Pan collar, few enormous buttons glitter like bicycle reflectors. Oh, yes, it has a big, right-hand pocket. Look for it at Princess Slater's.

DARN-IT! — And the darn won't show, either! The Little Green Shop is showing hand-knit socks in all colors, which have a miniature bank of the same yarn accompanying each pair.

SOBRIETY — If you're making a habit of it — or striving for it in your wardrobe — You love Dickson's Habitmaker. They have them in cotton or wool; the wool dress-jacket outfit is a classic. It comes in a cloudy grey-blue, and the jacket is softly tailored of fluffy rabbit's hair jersey. Underneath is a simple shirtwaist of sheer Cashmere cloth. It combines casual simplicity of line with richness of color and fabric.

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WITH THE SORORITIES

CHI O COMMENT

Strong Hall seemed strangely silent this week-end. Boba has laryngitis and can't talk above a whisper.

Boba and Carolyn are having a contest — who can get the most long distance calls? They're keeping in close wires hat.

Mimi got two of us this week-end. Patsie spent Saturday and Sunday down there. What she was out to get? What she did get — a shoe! Jean Norris flew home.

Quotation from Pat: "This is hell week for the K.A.'s." Unquote: It is h - - - hell, hard on her too.

What Dot does in her spare time — takes in lectures on Marriage and the Family!

Watson's family is in town for a while. Lucky girl — just send the bill to Daddy!

The twins are still going in for aerobatics — handstands and such. They do them in the strangest places!

We're awfully proud of Shirley's straight shooting in the archery contest. She drew a mean BOW! Short short story — "Your Secret Girls Learn to Look Before they Leap."

Scene — Dohedred.

Time — Sunny afternoon.

Dramatic personae — Toni Marj, Statley, Boba.

Climax — There wasn't any water in the pool.

ALPHA PHI NEWS

This week-end our house has been quiet as a mouse with most of the girls away for the week-end. Friday afternoon — Marjorie Moore, Priscilla, Wilford, Murray Bayler and Virginia. Mayers all drove down to Sarasota to visit Priscilla's parents. Lillian was the overnight guest of Jean Heidrich and Phil spent the week-end with

Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, Percy's parents.

Janet and Mary spent their week-end attempting to hang the curtains in Janet's room. As this is being written, they are still hammering nails into the plaster. Poor Janet has spent the week in bed with a severe cold and had case of laryngitis. Wondering why we hadn't sent more of Betty, we were informed that she, too, had lost her voice and has to keep a supply of Kleenex handy.

Just as Eugene and Ellen had decided they were outside from their many relatives in the north, and had gotten used to the idea of settling down to a routine winter, several of their aunts and uncles drove down to visit them.

Jeanie and Dick drove to Dayton Beach Sunday to study Psychology — of all things to try to concentrate on, while getting a suntan. Jean, Lillian and Phil all followed the Hollins crowd over to dance to the pleasant strains of music from Jimmie Laneford's band. Anne is working overtime, preparing for the concert she is presenting in March at the Four Arts Society in Palm Beach.

PHI FRITES

Conspicuous by its absence in last week's Sandspur was the column well-known and widely read (by the K.A. and proof-readers) concerning the activities of the Phi Beta Phi's. So busy were certain individuals that no one thought to create anything and the literary masterpiece was unavailably deleted. It's almost as bad this week. Betty Knowlton, Emille Goutier and Mary Anthony have been among those UNCLEAN and were housed in the infirmary for safe keeping, along with the flags. They are now again home, although Beta has gone home to St. Pete for a few days to rest. Thursday evening after closing hours the

room with all of its dials and wires. A few minutes later it was seen elcked, and a young lady's voice floated out over the air waves. "I am the High Priestess of Ugr!" Another voice said, "I'm from Shikhar, the garden spot of Missouri." A phone rang and the young fellow said, "It's a request for more music." The four left.

Editor's Note: To Explain the Foregoing: The Order of Upsilon Gamma held its final "supreme sacrifice" sometime last week in the very early hours of a rainy morning. They met, had breakfast, visited WDSO and WLOP to see who in the hell could get up as early as they did and run a radio program. They found out. They also got in on the broadcasting.

Reporter's Note: Now the Editor is satisfied because this story will "satisfy" 415 of his loyal readers (rather than a very exclusive six who may have had some idea as to what the story was about.

Upsilon Gamma Holds Secret Meeting at Five A. M.; Broadcast Over Orlando Radio Station

It rained . . . as a matter of fact, it had been raining for a number of days. The time was early morning (before sunrise) but it had been raining for a number of days. And the place was a true house . . . because it had been a true house for a number of days (6, since it had gotten up in the tree).

It still rained; it was still early morning, quite early; and the house was still in the tree, when a car alighted to a step on the glistening pavement and four figures descended from it. A few moments later, a second car arrived and a lone person appeared. A matter of minutes passed and a third automobile drove up; another figure emerged.

Six figures were seated at a white table in a forest of white tables; two had coffee and coffee cakes; two had fried eggs; and one had pancakes (the one of the voracious heart). A blue smoke wreathed in the window . . .

The six found their way out of the forest of white tables; the sun was rising and the sky had cleared. Two of them got in a car and drove away, their radio blaring. A few minutes later, between news flashes, they heard the announcer's stentorian tones, "Ug, that's a funny word isn't it? Ug!" The two rejoined and then became humbly silent — they had heard the word.

Their four companions were in a carpeted room peering through a heavy plate glass window. A smiling young fellow invited them into

the room with all of its dials and wires. A few minutes later it was seen elcked, and a young lady's voice floated out over the air waves. "I am the High Priestess of Ugr!" Another voice said, "I'm from Shikhar, the garden spot of Missouri." A phone rang and the young fellow said, "It's a request for more music." The four left.

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Kappa's came over for a pajama party. Talent scouts should have been present for some rather amazing acts and imitations were unfolded. It's fun to follow the "Good Neighbor Policy" when one has such swell neighbors. Peggy Caldwell and Trudi Munschke spent the night at the house Thursday, too. We wish they'd stay permanently. That celebrated Phi Phi took, Pat Laurens, (she ran school, too) was interviewed over WLOP Friday morning. Alice had a birthday Saturday and she and Nancy went out to Fern Park to celebrate. Randy flew down to Miami this week-end. Guess why! Snaggy Phillips (the toothless wonder) suffered a dental operation on Thursday, January 22nd at 424 P. M.

MEET THE GAMMA PHI BETAS

Carolyn Lewis (Lew), brown-haired, brown-eyed, tongue-in-the-cheek vice-president of Gamma Phi.

Born in Niles, Ohio, Feb. 24, 1919, she still lives there today.

Loves riding horses (her hobby: horse).

Wants to be a social worker and will start with a job in Toledo, Ohio, next year.

Likes: Tailored clothes in brown or blue, Odeon Nash, Hawaiian music, "Take It or Leave It," Mr. Bailey and Mr. Allen, Chesterfields, Saturday night at Johns, sweet perfume, a sense of humor, bridge, fried chicken, autumn, open breeches, and flying.

Major Domestic art.

Balikes: Fresh vegetables; anyone who says Mr. Kingley wasn't born in Niles, Ohio; speaking to people before breakfast. Has always wanted to live in Florida and own a wacky dog.

Remembered from interview: "When we finish let's listen to Bert's new records of 'Big Lilly'."

BESTHOVEN, LISZT, CHOPIN

PLAYED BY PADEREWSKI IN FILM



Ignace Jan Paderewski

In "Moonlight Sonata," the Paderewski film which returns to the Colony Theatre on Thursday and Friday, February 6th and 7th, the great Maestro plays as only he can four immortal classics, one of them being his own "Minute in G Major." The famous pieces he interprets are: "Polonaise, A Flat Major — Op. 51," "Chopin, the Second then personification of Liszt; and the number from which the film derives its title, "Moonlight Sonata" of Beethoven.

TOWN & COUNTRY SHOP

Angebilt Hotel Bldg.

Orlando

Sports Clothes



NEW SLACKS

for Spring

\$5.00 to \$9.00 a pair

- Gray Flannels
- Solid-colored Gabardines
- Novelty Corda
- Colorful Wool Checks
- Sharkskins in blue, tan and gray

We have slacks to go with any sport coat

R. C. BAKER

at the corner, downtown



LIQUID BRONZE GLO

for that "Latin American" look

If's the fashion to go South American — but you can't have a tropical complexion to go with it. With Arden's Bronze Glo the latest way to a deep, glowing look, with this exquisite liquid make-up for reddish brown apply Liquid Bronze Glo. Then dot lightly with Sun-Fair (Stamps Powder) for an even richer tone. Each 3-ounce container. Liquid Bronze Glo — \$1.00 and 1.50

Mackie's

FREE-FAST DELIVERY CALL 246 OR 9162

538 E. Park Avenue

Winter Park



HELEN BAILEY

She'll play "Ellen" in "Wuthering Heights"

Rollins Sandspur

Published Weekly by Undergraduate Students of Rollins

Publication Office: Rollins Avenue at Interlachen

Telephone 187

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING SERVICE, INC.
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How "Progressive" Is Rollins?

Our editorial last week on the need for highway signs met with such a cordial reception that we're off this week to tilt at another windmill, flushed with success and ready to remake the world in the best of editorializing tradition.

Last week we were able to present a pretty iron-bound case for action along certain new lines but this week we're out to plead for a change in what we regard as an existing evil. Although we're more or less resigned to the fact that it's much harder to change an old thing than it is to inaugurate a new one, we nevertheless feel compelled to get it off our chest. But we have to do it in our own meandering fashion, so please be patient.

Rollins College is highly touted as a progressive institution, and for the most part, we believe it is just that. We've thrown aside the dusty concepts of book-learning in favor of Practical Education for Life. We've discarded the cram-and-forget-it method of education. We enjoy great personal freedom in absence of restrictions on dress, personal idiosyncrasies, and reasonable social contact between the sexes. Unlike some colleges, freshmen aren't checked in at ten each evening and our coeds have sufficient time to pursue their nightlife before returning to their cloisters.

Knowing all these things and agreeing with Dr. Holt that people who come to college should be capable of self-discipline for the most part, we fail to see any well founded reason for the turning down of certain types of advertising by the Rollins student publications.

Of course, by "certain types" we mean those representing taverns, restaurants and other establishments that sell beer, wines, liquors or what have you. It's no secret to the world at large that some Rollins students are not teetotalers, but it should be remembered that many go to Harper's, Berger's, The Flamingo and other establishments for nothing more sinful than a big juicy steak. These establishments are often invaded by parents of students, and so far no arrests have been made.

We suppose someone will say, "We can't have the college newspaper full of liquor ads, circulating among our students' parents." We say, if anyone imagines the student doesn't see plenty of advertising of this sort, then this is indeed the stuff dreams are made of. The Orlando papers are full of it, and we imagine 90% of the magazine read by the students carry this form of advertising. To be really consistent the college should arrange to block out all ads of this nature in periodicals reaching impressionable students. A half-censorship is worth little.

No, we fail to see that the Rollins student body would be converted into a bunch of dipsomaniacs if we carried these ads. And heaven knows the "Sandspur" could certainly use the added revenue, and so could the other publications. Will the Publications Union abandon this hang-over from the days of Volstead and allow such advertising to be placed? 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be desired!

P. S. We have just finished a lightning questionnaire-survey of five student teetotalers. Asked point-blank: "If student publications carry tavern ads, will you take up drinking?" the response was a unanimous and heartening, "No!"

Spanish Institute Will Hold Annual Dinner February 8

Dr. Rollin S. Atwood To Be Guest Speaker

The annual banquet of the Spanish Institute of Florida will be held at the Rollins College Commons on February 8th. A large attendance from all parts of the state is expected. The principal speaker of the evening will be Dr. Rollin S. Atwood, Director of the Inter-American Institute of the University of Florida. The son of President W. W. Atwood of Clark University, Dr. Atwood will speak on "A Program for Inter-American Understanding".

The general motif of the celebration, as in the past will be Hispanic. This year the Spanish Institute has expanded its program to include the American nations of Hispanic origin as a result of the more important part Hispanic America is playing in the foreign policy of the United States.

A feature of the evening will be the prizes offered to the man and woman wearing the best headdress. An entrance prize will also be awarded to the person holding the lucky number.

The President of the Spanish Institute this year is Mrs. W. C. Bowers, well known in Winter Park circles. She has long had an interest in Spanish civilization and the Spanish language and is a member of the faculty of the Knox School as Advisor to the Spanish Department. She has traveled widely in Spain and in the West Indies and last year was awarded the Corcoran Medal of the Spanish Institute for her work in stimulating interest in our Spanish heritage.

The committee in charge of the banquet is headed by Mrs. Calvin A. West of Orlando and Mrs. Fiedling Lewis Taylor of New York and Winter Park.

The Mail Bag

Dear Mr. Editor:

In regard to Mr. Lieberman's somewhat scattered outburst at assembly some time ago, a few of us, "a minority" perhaps, wish to extend an apology to Professor Mowat for certain indiscretions extended at that time. We feel that there is a time and place for all controversy. We believe ourselves fair in thinking some of Mr. Lieberman's points logical, yet we were embarrassed at his approach. Diplomacy, sound, thorough, and gentlemanly deliberation were not in evidence on behalf of Mr. Lieberman. His adventures could easily have been published in the Sandspur for all to read and weigh, yet an exhibition of the sort given was abominable and quite unacceptable. We felt sorry for both speakers, but not in the same fashion.

Professor Mowat's retaliation was a threat of inimitable British understatement: "I regret that I am not in the position to criticize my host" (or words to that effect) and perhaps failed to convey to our irreverent and his cohorts that they were poor hosts. We also believe that Mr. Lieberman's supporters, including various members of our faculty, showed bad judgment in endorsing such an attack on a guest.

If I have been too bitter and ungenerously in my remarks, perhaps I am justified on the behalf of Professor Mowat, who was somewhat handicapped. What I lack in erudition I make up in severity and I regret if I have not correctly expressed the feelings of my fellow-objectors.

Sincerely yours,
DONALD R. MURPHY.

SUBDEBESE

An article from the current edition of "Life"

With an Introduction

By CHARLES A. STEEL

of the Rollins Department of English

It is commonly believed that teachers of English condemn the vulgar and sponsor a language like Cicero's Latin or the French of the Academy. Nothing could be further from the truth. A far-sighted teacher of our mother tongue with view with equanimity the disappearance of the subjective in American; he will accept with alacrity any word or phrase that gives to the English language a greater precision or a greater color.

I find the article on "Subdebase" both useful and entertaining. It is a significant contribution to the scholarly work of Eric Partridge and the slightly more popular work of H. L. Menck. But this is no "language" that these girls from 15 to 18 speak. It is indeed a patois or, at best, a dialect representing the speech of an age-mixed group in upper-middle-class society. Like aviators and thieves and electrical workers, the girls have found pat and colorful expression of a peculiar way of life.

I have a few objections. The statements in the article should not be taken too seriously. Many words and phrases are neither so new nor so geographically limited. Here are a few examples:

The combination of Joe and some word or phrase was common in the 1920s. Compare Joe College (a freshman who takes the cinema's view of college life seriously). The word back, with the same meaning, is common, not only to Texas girls, but to girls and boys throughout the south and midwest. A shot of dope (more frequently merely a dope) orders a Coca-Cola at the soda-fountain in any southern town; the phrase is by no means limited to the ages set in the article.

Anita Loos noted the popular use of divine in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* in the 1920s; Evelyn Waugh has the Prime Minister's daughter use it in *Vile Bodies* in the early 1930s; it is a common upper-class feminine expression of approval. The word icky was used by Scott Fitzgerald's characters as early as 1926 in *Tales of the Jazz Age*. Partridge records the use of cope (as a noun, not a verb) as early as 1890 in England.

The author of the article has been misled by the Boston subdebs who say they are going to be a diver: the girls are copying collegiate language around Boston where the word means no more than a nightclub. Bostonians took it over from the English who give the word no evil connotation; a noun sign in Piccadilly Circus flashed "WINE DIVER" in 1933, and the place was respectable enough for me to take a Radcliffe graduate student there.

In conclusion, I should like to say that I have been much interested in the way in which Rollins students use slang that was considered "dated" by the rest of the country before the first World War. It is probably one of the few colleges in the United States where prof and prep are still used without the implication of humor. However, the editors of *The Collegiate Digest*, circulated throughout the country and known in many places as the funny page, may have helped to bring the words back into popular use. The very students who first looked at it to scoff at the antics of their less inhibited contemporaries may have unconsciously begun to use the words themselves, though I don't believe the words are again in popular use in New Haven, Cambridge or Northampton yet.

At Rollins, so far as I can judge from a casual study of old yearbooks, the words have never been out of use and are therefore always acceptable. Some college slang is, of course, very old; Cambridge students still call a maid a goody, a XVIII Century word.

But I'm forgetting the subject. I should like to see a collection of college terms like this, prepared at Rollins. It should make interesting reading and might be of considerable linguistic interest.

(This article appeared in the January 21th issue of "Life" and is reprinted here by special permission of "Life's" editors.)

Letly an English visitor in the U. S. was confronted by the daughter of his hostess. "Let's put the show on the road, sugarbuns," she commanded. "We're going to a rat race." Although her remarks bore a certain resemblance to his native tongue, the Englishman was only able to deduce that she was being asked to assist in a traveling show whose main feature would be an athletic contest between rodents. This impression was false. In *Subdebase*, he was being invited to a dance.

Subdebase, or subdebase slang, is an adroit and pungent manner of speech employed by young American girls just emerging from what was formerly known as the awkward age. Psychologically, it is a cover-up. It is a formula for sophistication, like a "line." With regional variations, it is a linguistic hodgepodge of the superlative, the vehement and the extravagant, culled from the comic strips, the movies, light doses of literature and books like the famous *Madame* series by Gertrude and Sarah Lerner, lexicographers to the independent young American female.

Subdebs never merely like or dislike anything. They adore or they loathe. To make this intention more positive, they say I'm mad for it or conversely, it ceases me. And while they are still able to carry on half-hour telephone conversations purely in terms of swell and okay (sometimes okay-deokay), their language has lately been greatly refined.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE

Salutation among subdebs and friends is expressed variously as Hell bag; Hi there, playmate; Hey, devil, what say? and What are you featuring? (what's up?). Strictly sock means nothing much is doing, but if the one questioned feels poorly, she says, I feel like the walking dead. In conversation, agreement is conveyed by certainly hah ("yes") or That's no lie, That's no dream, You can say that again, I hear you talking. To reinforce a statement, a subdeb says, I ain't wackin' or I ain't hummin', which means "I'm not fooling." Don't hand me any

CAMPUS CAMERA



more of that live indicates that the hearer is fatigued with the conversation of the talker. You Ferdinand! implies that the speaker is throwing the ball and she is told to put it on Joe (coarse). The hell you yell signifies irreverently, Oh Blas! Holy Joe! and many more are pure expletive, but amusement is conveyed by listeners with: "Well, cut off my leg and call me Shanty." He devastating? "Honestly, I'm perfectly panicked! It's all to desperate! To express amazement, past tense, a subdeb says, I quietly fainted. Becoming serious, a subdeb will say, Let's face it. Conversations are cut short with Please it. Aie it, Let's rise above it, Let's not pursue it and similar deft phrases. Let's get organized, Let's blow, Let's get on the ball all indicate a desire to leave, and if the reason is hunger, the subdeb says, I'll eat anything that don't bite me first.

BOYS, NICE

As a subject of absorbing interest to subdebs, boys are carefully classified. For example, nice ones are known in South as sugarbuns, glamourpusses, loobies and supermen; in Indianapolis as dolls, in Philadelphia as Casanovas. In San Francisco such an object of affection is greeted with: HI CHIEFBOY! (the formula for sugar). St. Louis girls call him their be-bet. He is likely to own a car, which will be referred to as a thirp, west grinder, paddlejunkie, or an irrat. Slipping on her wing-ding (hat), the young cookie, or dilly (best girl) will leap in to go fligging, shimmering, or booging, all of which means dancing. An orchestra that gives well (or sends) is called deadly, by way of approval. Finally, as an invitation to the dance, the correct young Washington, D. C. escort will murmur, Come on worst, squim.

BOYS, BAD

Since a number of boys do not meet with subdeb approval, they are lumped together under such terms as drowns, drowls, goons, drowns, toads, Joe Curus, pussies, and apples, manholes, hammerheads, trolls (especially bored), bags (tired boys), Joys or Joe-boys (male flippers) and drips. A drizzle is a drip who is going steady with one girl. Some of these terms are localized, like bark (from barbarica), a non-fraternity boy to female girls. If a girl gets stuck with such a one at a dance, she decides to send up a flare (a call for help). A wolf is widely known as a boy who matches other boys' girls. In Atlanta it is the custom for other boys to shout "Timber" when a wolf enters the room. In Atlanta, a jellie is a boy who comes to see a girl and stays in to read her family's loobies, while a B.T.O. is a Big Time Operator who takes the girl out, even if it is only for hash (any kind of food) or a shot of dope (a coke). He might even offer her a dream stick (cigarette). In St. Louis, an agly boy is greeted with HI, dogface or Some of Hitler's week, no doubt, but some of the sting is removed from this by the fact that subdebs have a way of calling everybody, friend or foe, you reprobate, as everybody is now called dear. However, if a girl really detests a man, she says He's my jewel.

GENERAL APPROVAL

Subdebs use a great many adjective, a difficult matter which they have simplified by giving them all the same meaning. The list merely begins with smooth, peerless, divine, marvelous, snaky, rat, quaint, loobies, dreamy and super. It is difficult to compare these adjectives grammatically because there is no comparative and most superlatives are expressed with prefixes like simply, too perfectly, and too positively; or suffixes like bad good (e.g., A tasty steak, but good!). Many subdebs use only one adjective; a current favorite is genial, applied to anything good from a soda to a limousine. Adequate is used the same way. In Minneapolis, excessive approval is conveyed by potent stuff! In Washington, by It's the essence of peppermint!

GENERAL DISAPPROVAL

When a subdeb says that something is lousy, she is not trying to be either literal or unkindly. What she means is that it is stinky, vile, or repulsive. For instance the experience of sitting through a grade-B movie would be described as grim, revolting, deadly, dreadful, shattering, ghastly, stark, dread, kick, poisonous, foul or merely lousy. These terms would also apply, for example, to the bombing of London, which would be definitely lousy, actually. Sometimes a situation is so hopeless that a subdeb just can't cope with it and the way she deals with that there's no future in it. For similar reasons, a New York subdeb explained that she couldn't afford to give up "the best four years of her life" to going to college, but preferred to dash about like a mad thing until she became a war horse (past-deb).

LOVE

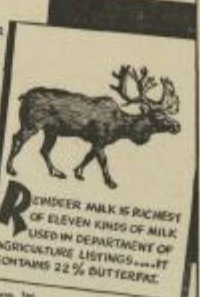
A great proportion of Subdebase has been coined to cover the situations arising out of the mutual urge for association between them and their male friends. At the bottom of all this is B.U., or biological urge, which leads to smooching, meeking, catching the monk, mugging, going it, mousing, Hector's pecking, hoodling, backing and other types of crush parties, all of which was once known in the 1920's as plain sucking. In San Francisco, however, the modern ewah would not employ so vulgar a term but would command, "Bliss the mugger" to me, thabbit." A girl who responds in such activities is known as a fever or a candlehead. In San Antonio, a girl who rejects advances in automobiles is called a D.J. (door pusher) and her opposite a mugbug. If boys like a girl, they will comment, She's a good-looking frill, or that's solid, which means practically the same thing. In Washington, where all girls are known as witches, boys will pour on the roses (pour flattery) on a popular girl. If she is sparky (wonderful), they will call her

(Continued on Page 6)

FACTS YOU NEVER KNEW!!!

THE SACRED SKELETON OF TRANVACORE!

IN 1850, THE MARAJAH OF TRANVACORE, INDIA, WAS AN EXCEEDINGLY PROGRESSIVE MAN. AN INTEREST IN MEDICINE LED HIM TO HIRE AN ENGLISH DOCTOR TO TEACH HIM ANATOMY. A SKELETON WAS IMPORTED BUT COULD NOT BE USED, SINCE A MARAJAH LOSES CASTE IF HE TOUCHES A CORPSE. . . . THE SKELETON WAS COINED PROPERLY IN HONOR, AND UPON THE DEATH OF THE MARAJAH, THE BRITISH MUSEUM OFFERED \$15,000 FOR IT. . . . BUT HE DIED A RELIGIOUS MAN AND REFUSED.



By Rob Dart

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ALONG the SIDELINES

By Ted Pittman

We have often heard that the Bruins were strong men, but Phil Delts have given proof to the story with their own "Grok". He was their one-man track team the other day in the intramural meet, even turned himself into an aerial torpedo with his amazing ups and downs in the pole vault.

We are glad to see that Bobbie Betz is back on the courts again with her hand fully recovered.

Orchids to Dodo Bundy for her stellar playing in the St. Pete tournament and to Jack Kramer for giving the great Kovacs to extra sets.

The basketball team will have more than its hands full when it meets Stetson on Friday night. The Green Shirts have what is reputed to be the best cage team in the state. The Rollins boys will have to show a lot more fustian than they have so far if they expect to come out victors. At any rate, it ought to be a good, fast game.

Once again the residents of Winter Park whose homes border on Lake Mead are finding alarm bells unnecessary as the intramural crews led by the Phi Delts, are starting the 6:30 A. M. workouts. A caution to the coeds — remember how far your voices carry in a calm morning and be gentle when the whole thing.

Some who saw the Orlando Evening Sentinel on Sunday were tempted to ask tennis coach Gordon Apper where he got the imagination for his photo shots — surely it wasn't the McCoy. We like at one of Allos stirring the pot best — what influenced that?

With all this publicity for tennis it's all the top notch players that we're seeing Rollins' way it seems at least we could give them some courts to play on. Also, the tennis classes have reached such a state that the number of courts we have now are greatly inadequate — here's a plug for more and better courts. How about it?



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Phi Delts Win Basketball Game Over X Club 31-10

Bundy Loses to Mrs. Cooke in St. Pete Tennis Tournament

Dorothy May Bundy, latest addition to the colorful Rollins request squad, dropped a hard-fought final match Sunday to the former Sarah Palfrey 7-5, 6-1 in the annual St. Petersburg tennis tournament.

Jack Kramer, tall Californian, who is participating here next month, teamed with Orlando's own Frank Gormley to take the doubles title from Gardner Lamard, who is also thinking of entering Rollins, and Norman Brooks, 6-4, 6-2, 6-1.

Miss Bundy jumped into an early lead, winning three out of the first four games but Mrs. Cooke fell into her steady driving game and forced the first set into extra games and took the second with apparent ease.

Bobbie Betz, defending women's champion, was unable to defend her title because of her injured hand.

GUNSMOKE

By Dick and Al

Billy has gotten under way for the winter term with a showing of great interest by both men and women. Five co-eds have come down to the range for regular class periods; all of these modern Andro Kallies show promise of being able to burn out the bull's eye.

As many shooters know, we will run off the intramural rifle matches sometime in March. Last year these matches caused a great deal of comment both for the good and poor shooting displayed, so we would suggest that you practice up on your shooting eye.

A little later in the season we might have the men shooters against the co-eds in the various classes. This will be very interesting, because shooting is one of the few sports where both men and women can compete on common grounds. It might do something strange to the men's ego.

We hope that anybody who is interested will drop around to the range to see us. If you have your own rifle you are welcome to bring it along. If you don't have a rifle, we can furnish you with one for an afternoon of shooting.

Lambda Chi Alpha Upsets K. A. 16-11; Independents Still Without Team

By Jack Liberman

Before this season's Intramural Basketball Tournament opened, it looked like anybody's race and, as time progresses, it looks even more so. Just when it seems as though one team is starting to pull out in front, it gets waylaid by some dark horse outfit.

Last Tuesday, in a game that more than resembled football, the Phi Delts took the X Club over 31-10, to remain the only undefeated team in the league.

The game was featured not so much by the playing but by the poor refereeing of yours truly. Your correspondent's work was the last straw on the camel's back, and now we have the old standbys of tough football, Sneyd Wellman and Red Green, in their collar then presumably, which fact I loudly proclaimed necessary after the Phi Delts-Club game.

But back to the game. As we said before, it was a rough and tumble affair, with the ball changing hands rapidly. Hardman, with 14 points on seven shots from the coast, led his victorious team in scoring. Bethesda, with five points was runner-up for the honors. Calk led the Clubbers with four points, but Amark, despite the fact he only scored one point was the leader and by far the best player on the X Club team.

The first real upset of the season came on Friday, when the Lambda Chis defeated the K. A.'s who look like the possible champs in their first game walk-away over Sigma Nu.

The victors took an early lead, and the coots at the end of the first half was 13-4 in their favor. While holding the Lambda Chis to no scores in the third quarter and only three points in the last period, the K. A.'s tried valiantly to overcome the lead, tallying seven more points, but that still left them at the short end of a 16-11 score.

As usual Coombs was the rushing player of his team, scoring four field goals and one free shot for a total of nine points. Kasten and Darling each scored one, with Kelly sinking two foul shots and Coombs one.

The K. A.'s took eleven more shots than their opponents, but most of them were from too far out or else there was no one under the basket to take it off the backboard. (Continued on page 4)

Coed Athletes Featured In Coming Fiesta

The Fiesta committee takes up where the Chamber of Commerce left off to convince the Florida tourists that here is the ideal spot for fun in the sun. Exhibitions of recreational physical activity and sports will be a feature of the afternoon session of this year's occasion. They will be held in the patio of the women's dormitories.

Tey Schiner will lead the precision sport of fencing. She captured the Florida state women's championship last year and placed second in the all southern meet held in New Orleans. She received most of her training in the fencing school of New York where she worked out some of the best fencing masters in this country.

Archery, the sport for old and young, that is growing rapidly in popularity the country over, will be handled by the women's state college championship team of Rollins. Attractive members of the team, Shirley Rowland, Mary Trenolo, Polly Preschelt, and Jane Costes will show how it's done.

College modern folk dancing groups will demonstrate the development of rhythmic movements for figure and vigor. Strutting minstrels will add color to the folk dancing.

On the courts behind the dormitories will be seen expert tennis played by national set stars, Dorothy May Bundy, Bobbie Betz, Eddie Allos, and Eddie Amark. You've read about them; you've seen their pictures; here's your opportunity to see them in action.

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Miami Hurricanes Sweep Doubleheader From Tars

Phillips' Knee Again Hampers Big Rollins Center

By Ted Pittman

After three victory-starved years, the Miami Hurricanes whipped the Rollins Tars in two week-end games at Miami.

Friday night saw the Hurricanes breeze by the Tars, 15-23, in a game which saw the Tars badly outclassed, out-shot and out-passed.

The Tars' big gun, Leonard "Tiny" Phillips, although hampered by a bad knee was still expected to score heavily but the Miami line kept the giant Tar down to a mere six points. Clyde "Hardy Andy" Jones proved to be the high scorer for Rollins.

Again on Saturday night the Miami boys were just too hot for Rollins, tripping the Tars 57-41 in a game which saw the Tars weaken after the first half to drop rapidly behind.

Jones and Phillips were once again the high scorers for the blue and gold. Clyde was the high point man with 11 to his credit with "Tiny" just two points behind.

The Tars' big center met hard luck again, for in the second half he was forced from the game with an aggravation of his badly injured knee that has kept him benched most of the season to date.

The Tars return from Miami to play Southern College and Stetson's crack quintet. If Coach Adams' charges can find themselves against Southern, they may stand a chance to get by the "Hatters".

IN MEMORIAM

Jim Nixing
Dag Hills
Jess Gragg
Chuging Aring
Haley Darling
Marion Rugg

Flu and Injuries Hamper Tar Grid Drills Recently

Rod Weather Brings Down Many With Colds and Grippe

Hampered by epidemics of flu and broken noses, the Rollins Tars completed another week of winter football practice at Harper-Shepherd Field.

With as many as twelve men out of uniforms every day, Coaches Jack McDowell and Alex Waite practically had to play themselves to form two teams. Eddie Weinberg and Harry Sawyer broke their noses in scrimmages, but nevertheless, remained in uniform doing light work. Ralph Chisholm, Pershing Scott, and "Rabbit" Curry have been confined to bed all week with flu. Tommy Knight, Dave Frazier, Frank Grandler and Trammel Whitte missed several days of practice due to bad colds.

The week was a pleasant one for "The Claw" (Alex Waite). His face beamed throughout the practices for his line charges were put through exercises that make real football men — blocking and tackling. When "The Claw" was blood, he smiles happily and says, "Yes, the boys are trying."

Coach McDowell, called "Sam" by the boys, has had two backfields drilling to master the tricky double wing-back attack. Bill Justice, Paul Meredith, "Rabbit" Curry, and Sunny Pugh form one four-man, while Grady Ray and Freddie Caldwell alternate at the spinner-back slot in the other backfield with either Freddie or Frank Grandler regular guard, at the blocking back, Eddie Weinberg at the left wing, and Dave Frazier, Monroe Griffin and Reddy Talbot splitting the assignment for the other backfield position.

"Sam" ministered after Saturday. (Continued on page 6)

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Professor Blodgett's Explanation of Tucker's Dictionary is all too Desperate for Cookies

(Continued from page 1)

The indignation struck something brittle in the girl on his left. "Oh, names! There's no future in that mouth!"

"And I suppose you don't love him, lame-brain?"

"Not since he's been taking that poison pill out."

None of this conversation escaped the funnel ear of Blodgett. It ran down and poured over his head, and with the faculties he had cultivated through long years to cope with that sort of flood, he tried to strain meaning from it. But the bottom dropped out of everything. He felt something go whoosh in his head. Then he heard some one say: "But she's a Mona Lisa. When we went down to Monty's for a successful we saw Al and her chin-cracking. They wouldn't even smile, just yawn, yawn, yawn and look into each other's eyes too positively alone in the big world. He looked inside to me."

"The crew may have been good, but not Al."

"Don't make up for him." The girl on his left began to swell up. "Don't hand me any more of that, she yipped, she it!"

Blodgett felt feverish. It couldn't be true. No, they were only teasing him. They didn't understand any more than he did. They were just being amusing until Norton returned. Well, now more people could play the game.

"I felt attraction," he said, remembering the sign he had winked over, "being as woodcreeked away from rovers. I didn't know and back for months and I looked positively unanimous. I didn't favor

Roscoe push-carting breakfast or wild cherry burning in the woods. But I got by. I'm still up to power and I feel like a mammal mover."

"Well, cut my legs off and call me Shorty. He ain't woffin'. Old looke's got up steam. Tell us some more."

Blodgett was slightly taken back, but set his jaw for a double-barreled delivery.

"Where does your fatness go to get a flyspeck?"

"Oh, we go to Monty's for everything. Are you hungry, too? I'm ready to eat anything that don't life me first!"

Blodgett leaned far over until he almost fell into the clothesbasket. He began pulling sheets of manuscript out. He showed one to the girl on his left.

"Monty's! apocryphal parroted out, too," he said, and assured her pointing confidently. "And this apocryphal parroted out, too. You can see for yourself. Who needs to horse-laugh jockey words for Tucker's intake multiple? I certainly wouldn't. Look, a clothesline looke's heard is a jive. It's an idly abridgment orthography in memo. New juice-age like flatfish . . ."

While Blodgett continued to explain the merits of the eighth edition of Tucker's Practical Standard Dictionary, the girls backed cautiously into the house and bolting the door, fled to their bedrooms and peered out the window at Professor Blodgett. He was mumbling to himself and chewing bits of paper.

When Dr. Norton returned home that evening he was met at the gate by a frizzle-headed man paddling his way down the path in a clothesbasket. The apparition nodded and said, "Hello playboy! Language lame-brain on onion!" It alighted past and disappeared slowly into the sunset.

Phi Delt

(Continued from page 5)

They were also handicapped by the absence of Ray and Harris. Knowles, with his tricky handling of the ball and Soddell with two beautiful shots in the third period were outstanding for the losers.

The Lambda Chi revolved around Chamber shooting, although they do a good job of getting the ball and keeping it away from their opponents. One good shot beside Combs and they'd stand a good chance of winning the championship.

So far the Independents have failed to put forth a team. It is the hope of all that they will be able to organize one for the rest of the games to be played.

We glanced into the closet of a certain man-about-campus recently and noted an unusual discrepancy. The young gentleman, who is slightly addle-pated, has ten vests and three coats. The missing seven garments are somewhere between here, Bobbie's and Ohio.

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New Chamber Music Ensemble



From left to right: Dante Bergoust, Jack Carter, Arnold Kvan, Walter R. Trampler.

Chamber Music Ensemble Draws Acclaim for Program

Carefully Chosen Selections Please Critical Audience

By James Gunn

Rollins College and Winter Park, already as favored in artistic and intellectual directions, were offered a new and noteworthy gift in the Chamber Music Ensemble, which gave the first of a series of three concerts last Saturday at the Winter Park Woman's Club. The program was presented by three of the conservatory faculty—Walter Trampler (violin), Arnold K. Kvan (cello), and John Carter (piano)—and Dante Bergoust (violin and viola), a graduate of Rollins.

The program was carefully chosen for interest and balance. Handel's Trio-sonata in D major (for two violins, cello, and piano) represented the old school and opened the program. For contrast, the ensemble chose the trio in A minor by Max Reger, a late nineteenth-century composer. The "Dumky" Trio by Dvornik brought the concert to a close.

Although there was a slight trace of timidity toward the end of the "Dumky" Trio among the players, the performance and ensemble work was excellent and proof of beautiful musicianship and perfect mastery of instruments. Mr. Trampler seemed to place his whole personality and will power in his playing, compelling the other players to follow. This is an essential factor in the success of an organization of this sort.

The apparent nervousness of the players toward the end of the program was undoubtedly due to the enormous amount of energy exerted during the Handel and Reger trios, besides the fact that the Reger was the final number and relatively the most important. Despite this trivial detail, the audience's response to every number must have been gratifying to the performers and clearly showed that good music well played was appreciated.

Subdebese

(Continued from page 4)

goon child, although goon by itself would brand her a crow, black widow, poison pan or zombie (unpopular girl). A pink in Atlanta is a girl who strings all the boys, a Mona Lisa a girl nobody likes, a meaty a girl with a "Tee". In Boston, the subdebese label their boys a riot, doggy (overdressed), crumbly (a tightwad) or a lame-brain. In the very shadow of the State House they will also discuss going to a dive, joint, hangout or even a brawl.

Connoisseurs of the wit of their new lingo, subdebese have stylized definitions and little linguistic jokes among themselves. A photo-pin-de for example, is "a drunk getting his picture taken in a night club." (His condition is described as gassed, tanked, inched, hundreds of other adjectives.) Potting is defined as "a study of anatomy in hellfire." When meeting strangers, Washington, D. C.'s youngsters like to use this line: "My father and mother are cousins, but I'm all right." It is accompanied by horrible grimaces. Atlanta subdebese have a little patois somewhat like old Pig Latin which they call Slinky Finky. It contains words like Super-Sosoper (a G-Man), Flyer-Higher (an aviator), Snooty-Beauty (a debutante), Hen-Pen (a girl's school), Jaz-Mag (a man in jail), and Silly-Pilly (a young girl). All subdebese would call an innovation like this a sewer. Should, however, any older reader consider that this Atlanta practice is not funny ha-ha, let him look to San Antonio, Texas, where the local subdebese have evolved a new form of stand-up comedy. In one of these, a girl says to you: "I'm so happy for you!" "Why?" you ask. "Because you're so good-looking!" she says the girl amid roars of laughter. In another, the girl announces: "Five Seeshmen got up and left the Broadway Theatre last night!" The victim again asks why. "Because the show was over!" You always ask why; if you don't you're a droop.

SOUTHERN DAIRIES

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(Continued from page 1)

of nature; they have listened to experts from all over the world until they are blue in the face; then, running out of imported experts, they have turned about and lectured to each other, indifferently and without reason, until they have become so perfumed with lectures that they fairly burst with the knowledge gained therein.

Therefore, let us say that Alexander Woolcott, Town Crier, Early Bookworm (NOT Burly Bookworm), The Man Who Came to Dinner, has passed the acid test; he has conquered the hearts of the good people of Winter Park, using only anecdotes at ten paces. Let that be his epitaph, if ever he have need of one.

Coeds in Sports

(Continued from page 5)

Two points over second place Gamma Phi Beta girls. Although unable to seize the championship in either basketball or crew, the leaders were a big headache to all opposition in both. Whether they can hold their edge is a matter of question for they do not at present show any outstanding promise in any of the winter term intramurals. The standing of the other groups is: Theta and Kappa tied for third, followed by Chi Omega and Psi Phi. Alpha Phi and Phi Mu did not enter fall competition.

Flu and Injuries

day afternoon's scrimmages. "If the boys don't beat themselves to death running around in the backfield, they might succeed. This week has been a low point gain in performance over last week, but there is still a long road ahead."

Progress in the line play has been improving, but the flu epidemic has weakened several key positions. Ollie Barker, big 220-pound tackle, injured his shoulder and has been confined to the sidelines. Doyle Darnold and Frank Grunfield, the "silent" ones, have rounded into shape and are blocking with the deadliness that makes them the first string variety guards. Billy "Porky" Warten bruised his ankle, but has suited out again after a few days lay off. Ed Aever, Tommy Knight, Peeking Scott and Ira

Yogo, have suffered minor injuries, but are now in tip-top shape. Due to weakness in the punting department, Coach McDowell has been working on Ronnie Green, brilliant freshman center, to strengthen the kicking. Ronnie's kicking features high spirals that give the opposing safety men headaches. McDowell, however, stresses quick, fast-rolling kicks over the defensive half-backs' heads that prevent long runbacks.

Gas Kozioris, aggressive tackle from Tampa, who is counted on to

THIS IS GHASTLY

For Us, Because this Week We Like Everybody, ALMOST!

CAN YOU PICTURE . . . Buck-walter on his honeymoon—Hives de Chamber on the X Club crew—Duffing drunk—Pres Wetherell at a so—Hardenman cutting out pictures for interior decorating—Boyd Frances "Frenesi-eg"—Gi-antismo with his hair long, a la Sigma Nu—Janet Pittman—Susan White not being the good egg she is—Glad Evey running—Barbara Brown with a Bronx accent—Jesse Gregg in a scuffling contest—Maurice acting only on stage—Pat Gulliver without Peggy McLean or Ellen Gross or vice versa—Rickie, slyly and slyly like, re-entering school—Alice Pierce letting out a big guffaw—Sandy silent—Miss Robie in flaming red—Bill Collins thirty pounds lighter and embowered—Tiny Phillips with dreggy—Virginia Fender answering "I don't know" in class—Willie Vander with a bicycle instead of a motorized menace—Carl without Fowler—Jerome Hagood's hair mussed—Joyce Maren not looking perfectly neat—Dick Wesson trying to meet the Duke of Windsor—Con Carey, Polly Rushton and Terry Dean giving themselves a chance.

JOYTINGS—A very lovely young lady has an ardent admirer here in our fair city—he does everything from admiring her from afar to sending her flowers—his interest in her COULD BE platonic, but probably isn't from what we've seen and heard. She says he is too old—or too devilish—the young lady in question could be Pat Prichard—or Bobby Betz—or one of Bobby's sorority sisters. We hear the engine of a very ex-

clusive organization on campus beginning to turn over. Generally it is considered to pick the cream of the campus—not scholastically—it is not the Cat and Fox society—although our guess is that their members include some of the cream. When this gang gets going . . . and it should be soon—the campus will regain some of its pep—and then . . . explosion!

Excorters for student council are coming around again and all this makes us wonder . . . who is secretly pulling for whom in the final say lineup? Most outstanding of the social alliances is that of Sigma Nu and the Kappa—Not to mention K. A. and Chi O and X Club-Theta. The social tie-up army supposed to mean a thing . . . but every man has a vote. We'll probably see the usual double crossing.

MORE OBITUARIES

JACK BURBANK, 66, he of the deep voice and seething tennis racket and golf club, caused much lamenting when he was laid in his final resting place, until he goes to Mexico. Mr. Burbank paid many short visits to Rollins before his death. Lonely is Robert Ross, body of the deceased and the contemporary female population. To go off the subject a little, Mr. Ross has been quoted "Where women are concerned I am COMPLETELY ruthless!" No doubt he has forgotten that one Frances Perrotat is once more enlisted among the student body. The above is an obituary of sorts, too, too, too, the Miss Perrotat and Mr. Ross having watched their love turn to ashes at their feet sometime many years ago.

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Gas Kozioris, aggressive tackle from Tampa, who is counted on to

fill one of the tackle slots next season, has been bowling over Mockers as regularly as a ten pin champ knocks down the pins. This 150-pound boy fills the Waite plan for a strong, sturdy line. To illustrate the lightning spirit of the Greek, is a tackling drill one afternoon Gas launched a hard charging halfback back five feet; blood streamed down his face from a cut over his left eye; Red Miller, team trainer, patched it up with tape, and the big tackle continued his "halfback slaughter."

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