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Rollins Sandspur



LUME 46 (X-107)

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14 1941

NUMBER 27

ODDS and ENDS

This being your last week as editor of the Sandspur, I hardly reserve right to be as nostalgic, maudlin and generally corny as I damn please in this column. And as, as you have probably noticed, I am such a sentimental case, the editorial "we," that polite (highly useful literary anachronism). Nothing like a little good rambling-flaunting to end the season!

One of the naughtiest tricks my story plays on me, and I admit may possess Freudian significance, is that I always tend to consider the pleasant things, just what I thought in the back of my mind. For that reason, and more, I am exceedingly loath to end a too-mellow tone on this thing business. Sitting here on a fine spring evening, slipping into my bed, I'm tempted to say, "It's just been a lot of fun, this Sandspur."

Well, as a matter of fact, it HAS been a lot of fun... But it's been a lot of work, too. Still, in the end of the day, I guess it's been worth it. E. T. Brown, who's been good person to work with and has a pretty good sign in his office. It runs something like: "Be Happy At Your Work, You'll Never Know What Happiness Means!" Sounds pretty nice, in one way, but it seems a little true, on the other hand, especially, I've been targeted up at newspapers and printers since my nine years old, and I happen like it. Never a dull moment this year, although there may be plenty of tense and unhappy moments.

Every human who ever left a place and who's ever worked there knows that half the fun in vacating is going through the desks or files, and making a grand clean up. It's the last thing, the performance of which is the essence of finality in it. I was a desk-runnner from way back. It was a distinct disappointment to learn that some well-meaning energetic person had beaten me to the task. All these nine years and only I've been accumulating so feverishly for the past year is vanished.

I've accumulated a lot of purely ad rules for living in the Publications Building at considerable and I barely pass them on to successors, who will be sure to learn, no doubt, that the dropped typewriter here, whose pen has been every other week, is put to right simply by rinsing it upside down, rapidly and often. This performance should be accompanied by several phrases and words, which seem to act as a stimulant.

Next, the little matter of lights, are only one light in this room, single globe in the desk center (Continued on Page 4)

Drive Reaches \$140,000 Mark; To be Extended

The Orange County campaign drive time limit has been extended of still commencement. The time allowed originally was found too short to contact all the potential subscribers, and only \$140,000 of the proposed \$200,000 has been collected. The time limit on two contingent gifts totaling \$45,000 has also been generally extended.

In an interview with Treasurer Brown who has been in charge of the financial campaign, he stated: "Far from being discouraging, the fact that we have succeeded in raising \$140,000 in the past two months is indeed heartening. I am confident that before commencement our goal will have been reached and we shall look forward to breaking ground for the Student Recreation Center by the time college closes, and construction will start shortly thereafter."

President Holt expressed extreme pleasure with the showing made by the faculty, staff and student body in subscribing to the fund for the building of the Recreation Center. "Anything within reason that the Rollins family wants and is willing to work for, it can have," he said. When this building is erected, everyone who has subscribed even a small amount can point to it with pride to having had a part in making it possible.

The construction of the building will take about five months to complete since the ground is broken. If the plans for the drive are successful this year, the Student Union Building will be operating full blast before Christmas next year.

Rollins to Meet Stetson Swimmers Here on April 26th

Fleet Peoples announced last week that he probably would not see John and Paul Harris in the swimming meet against Stetson, April 26. "These boys have just been in school a short time," said Fleet "and I think it would be better if we used the older men on the squad. There is a chance that they may swim an exhibition, though where we could get someone to pair John I don't know."

Coch Peoples does not expect much trouble from the Stetson team although it is reportedly much stronger than it was last year. Eddie Waite, Dick Kneel, Kenneth Scudder, Gene Sturckie, Roddy Talton, Cecil Best, John Tweakman, and Hank Swan, comprise the squad from which Peoples will pick his entries. Ronnie Green will drive for the Tars. The meet will start in the afternoon about two o'clock at Lake Virginia.



JACK KRAMER
Snapped during Saturday's matches with Miami. Kramer is number one in the Tar Tennis Team.

Yoo-Hoo, Sugah! Ain't Y'all Goin' To Dat Big Dance?

The Gamma Zeta rector they'll have a ball just about text Saturday evening's view at the old Dub-dread Plantation. An honey, you all oughta plan on droppin' by, cause it she'll be lively. After the lackey boy helps you from your carriage, you'll plan on amblin' through the row-filled garden. We've picked moonlight and sugarcane jus' for this purpose.

When you get to the veranda, Colonel Holt will be ready to show you Southern hospitality, a mint julep is one kind, a sprig of cotton in the other. It's going to be a good lot of fun.

If you've got stinked your hoop-skirts, Ben the tailor will fix you out in a fifteen look waist. If any of you Jewels and Beardsley would like to come in flamin' red, we can think of nuffin' more appropriate. Be sharp you're eaten in the kitchen at home first, an old trick we Southern folks know.

Incidentally, sugar, these gins are a very special sort of prize for the best list of hoop-skirted heartbreakers of the evening. Bring all three of these men, Magnolia. The dancin' are going to come in off the plantation and give us a JY entertainment durin' the intermission. We're hopin' all you boys will think up somethin' pretty nice for funners — like a little honeycay. Lucy Little will help you out. (Adv.)

Dean Enyart off To Ohio Gathering

Dean Arthur B. Enyart, with his whiskers trimmed and his shoes shined, has gone off to a N. A. A. M. convention in Cincinnati. The National Association of Deans and Advisors of Men. Dean expects to be back in time for classes on Monday. (snort!) It is hoped these ladies of his don't give him any strong-arm ideas.

A.I.C. Threatens Undeclared State of 1941 Rollins Crew

ORGAN VESPER	
Wednesday evening, April 10, 1941 — 7:30	
1. In Dalm. Jabbie	Buck
2. Jesus, Joy of Man's Desiring	Bach
3. Movement 1. from Sixth Sonata	Mendelssohn
4. (a) Air de Lia	Debussy
(b) The Princes at Caesarea	Solo
(c) D'You Know	Cesar Cui
Barbara Farnsworth, soprano	Raynald Hahn
Ensemble	Ensemble
5. Love Song, from Liebesgrün	Wagner
6. Spring Song	Shubert
7. Fair Musicante	Kruidler
8. Up the Sogumay	Russell
from St. Lawrence River Sketches	Mr. Stewart

Two of Strongest Visiting Boats To Race Tars in Twin-Race Tomorrow

The only double header crew race of the year is scheduled for Thursday afternoon at four o'clock on the Lake Mattauw course, when the Rollins varsity and jayvets meet the respective boats from American International College of Springfield, Mass.

This is the first year that the A. I. C. boys have brought their second crew down, but it is to be judged by their first boat it should be plenty tough.

Although the New Englanders have never beaten Rollins, they have pressed Tar crews twice to new course records and have at more than one occasion paced the Tars over most of the course only to be edged out at the last minute by the Blue and Gold.

Under its new coach, and boasting more than a month's practice, A. I. C. is here to gain double revenge and while their chances look good the Rollins crew, stroked by Cliff Christie will be a tough one to beat. At any rate the regatta on Thursday will be the most spectacular and exciting one seen here this year and as a result the largest crowd ever to watch a crew race here is expected to line the shore in front of the Alabama Hotel.

X Club Takes Phi Deltas; K. A. Beats Sigma Nu

Diamond-Ball Season Opens With a Bang; Rodda's Homer tallies Four

With the old familiar cry of "Batter Up!" ringing out through the clear spring air, diamond ball season got under way last Friday afternoon, as the K. A.'s had an easy time of it, defeating the Sigma Nus 11-4 in the first of two games scheduled.

The victors got off to an early lead in the first, when Frasier walked, stole both second and third, and scored on Middlebrooks' long fly into center. The losers scored their only tally in their half of the inning to tie the game up. Griffin walked, but was fared by Campbell, who reached second on Rochester's single, took third on McDonough's infield out, and scored when Knowles fumbled Patey's hit.

The K. A.'s tallied twice in the third, bashing three hits and an error, and scored once in the fifth. Their big inning, however, was the fourth when they came up with seven runs, the feature of the rally being Tweakman's homer down the left field foul line, which scored three men. A few hits, a wild pitch, and a fielder's choice, accounted for the other runs.

Phillips batted for the victors, allowing two hits and Griffin was in there all the way for the Sigma Nus.

The big game of the afternoon (Continued on Page 4)

Co-eds Entertain Princeton Singers

The Princeton Glee Club ascribed a rapturous appeal of Rollins Coeds at Presy's tea last Thursday. The tea was staged for that express purpose, much to the dejected use of Rollins men. There was something there, boys!

When this reporter arrived the introductions were complete and everyone was out on Dr. Holt's back lawn arranged in picturesque groups. This delightful affair went under the usual name of a "tea," however Marjorie Hansen served orange juice which was much more refreshing anyway.

The really efficient president never plays favorites, so Presy planned a program to take the Coed music off Princeton. This naturally favors Rollins men. The first on the program was a Mr. Rolot, who charmingly played three Chopin numbers on the piano which had been placed on the back terrace.

Second came the Rollins host with three numbers: "Father Most Holy," "Listen to the Lamb," and "Wayfaring Stranger." The soloists were: Naomi Furber, Sylvia Haimowitz, Lois Weidner and John Powell.

Following the Rollins choir, Princeton offered three different sets, the first being their Septet with two songs. Second was the whole Glee Club singing "The marching man." Finally, the whole Glee Club singing "The (Continued on Page 4)

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Terry Dean
Small, slim and brown haired
Terry Dean attracts everyone with
her energy, personality and gener-
osity. Into the Neatest Understan-
ding of the Week Department, goes
the fact that she's a flying en-
thusiast. Although born in Boston,
she is far from the pretentious Bos-
tonian type, has traveled abroad
and into Canada and spent last
summer singing with Ruby New-
man's orchestra.

Terry considers her biggest
achievements to date, her ability
to take off and land a plane (she's
ready to solo any day), and having
learned to calm herself down a bit
while at Rollins. She adores red,
fried chicken and attending swim-
ming meets.

Influenced by her cousin Shooter
Dean, who was a Gamma Phi here
several years ago, Terry chose Rollins
when she discovered private
flying lessons, an understanding,
modern and very much fun Dean
Cleveland, whom she admires tre-
mendously, and a rather drab room
in her dormitory that she beauti-
fully her urge to surround all four
walls of her bedroom with thou-
sands of pictures of friends (she'll
see mention that they're mostly
men).

She has an aversion to fickle
people and a yen for immaculate,
comfortable clothes with a leaning
toward tailored tweed suits. "Oh,
yes," she shouted down the corri-
dor at me "and my favorite class
is flying."

KAPPA GAMMAS

This week at the Kappa House
has been one of much activity. Janie
May and her pals have spent more
time getting down, and all have
taken advantage of the weather and
deserted Pudgey for fairer terri-
tories.

Big items of the week include:
— the arrival of Kathie Daman
of Washington and Miami, long
since given up for lost, we're awfully
glad to have her back, and con-
gratulate her on being the only
freshman in the Kappa House.
Jeanne has been among the missing
for two days as Scott was here,
without his roller skates. Doree
Heinig, 40, was a popular visitor,
and Charlotte and Betty went to
Daytona. Nancy took advantage of their
absence from the Kappa House and
spent the night there Saturday.
Among other things, they learned
to know some of their sisters better,
(1) and also that mosquitoes don't
confine themselves to Coverleaf.

Lots of people went to the beach
Sunday — Betty Mae, Jeanne, Euse,
etc. Betty and Mae drove to Lake
Wales for the sunrise service on
Sunday morning.

Some of the girls are going to
the province convention at Tusca-
loosa, Alabama on Thursday, and
Babe is expecting visitors from
rhythmic Rockland on Monday.

The Kappa — Phi Delta party
Wednesday night at Hollywood's was
another good time to add to our
list, but the Prince of Wales' has
not yet been found. Three Phi
Deltas can certainly entertain and
the Kappas are much in favor of
some more of the combined parties.
More a cat week, and we'll be
more next week, and we'll be
ever after.

Mastitis

THETA TIDBITS

To begin with, these past days
have been comparatively busy ones
for the K. A. T. On Thursday
Princeton's Glee Club arrived in
all its splendor, and a majority of
our members turned out to help
entertain them at Prexy Hall's gar-
den tea; Ellen, Betty L., and Ginger
did honors during the evening
hours.

News from Charleston indicates
that Grace is doing her best to
entertain the Navy, and according
to latest reports, she has headed
the good destroyer, Blank, for the
day.

Betty Mae's twin came to stay
with us on Saturday and she, Peggy,
by name, certainly lives up to our
highest expectations. Also, came
the Miami tennis team and there-
fore Billy (Sugar) Gillespie —
friend to many. Julie went to
Punta Verde for Easter; Peggy Mc-
Lean sprained off to Palm Beach
for still another time, and our new
president Gladie Gladwin Morgan
left for the week-end in Clearwater.
It is interesting to note that be-
cause of the kindness shown to Gin-
nie on the happy Easter day, she
has chosen to give many Chinese
plants to be at the disposal of her
chapter.

Also very much in evidence those
days is the Elton-Fergie two-some,
as well as Patty and Bob splashing
at the Dulsander pool; but newest
of all is Katy (Scarlet's) Lambie
Chi pin, which had its premier Sun-
day.

Jax and Teddy broke into the
early morning hours by whipping
down to the sunrise service at Bok
Tower; and many Thetas, in bed-
dies and lockers, were seen in the
Easter Parade.

PI BETA PHI

Dear Diary —

Another week flies quickly by for
Florida Gamma of Pi Beta Phi.

Most important on the excitement
list this week is the announcement
of five new members who were duly
initiated.

If you want to know how a
pledge feels just before initiation,
ask any of the new initiates: Betty
Burdette, Ross Lyon, Smiley Gar-
ner, Hazel Maedy, Heather Stanger
— they can tell you plenty —

One of the thrills this week was
the return of Betty Hadden. We
certainly are glad to see that little
redhead back! We're gonna hang
on to her this time.

Easter came with much excite-
ment and many absences from Pi
Phi. Betty Knowlton had "New
Orleans" come to her since she
couldn't go to "it," spring vacation,
Hazel and Pete trotted off to see
the beauties of Silver Springs and
Brock and Willie went to Jack-
sonville in "their" new car. Smiley left
for Fort Lauderdale and returned
full of Sates bloom.

Orchids to Miss Green playing
Easter bunny and giving all the
kids Orange Blossoms in our vase.
Time is short, diary, but there
are other pages in this book —
Society required — I'll sign with
best good night.

P. B. P.

PHI MOVIES

The Phi Ma activities will be hos-
pitable to a large group of alumnae
at a coffee night in Fox Hall.
We have to be dressed in formals.

We don't want to be dressed in for-
mals. We hope the alumnae ap-
preciate our formals.

Next Sunday after chapel, all
the girls and several guests will
turn their eyes toward Daytona
Beach where they will spend the
day. The cars AND the girls.
Please Leed, don't let it precipi-
tate.

The girls in the choir turned
Fox into a rather funeral looking
place. They were told they could
have the flowers from a chapel
funeral. They have them.

If the Phi Ma don't rank pretty
high in the intramural volleyball
games, there will be several un-
controllable numbers. They have
dragged themselves out of bed at
six thirty in the morning, they have
gotten out in the hot afternoon
sun, all in order to get in these four
hours of required practice.

DORIS UPPER DIVISION PA-
PERS ARE COMPLETED. That
may not mean anything to the cas-
ual reader but ask any second
floor dweller at Fox.

Gingy, I am told, is oscillating
between two men, Glingy Mushes.
Barbie has a potted plant left over
from Easter. Barbie is silent. No-
mie went to St. Cloud and brought
back a nother. Gainesville came to
Vernie and brought George. Helen
planned a whole outfit for Easter
around a white picture but which
she forgot that she left in Chicago.
Happy Easter, egg.

THIS IS NOT GHASTLY

Easter time is the time for eggs
— Well, we took the stale milk out
of the box to make room for the
candies and even went to church.
The annual Easter Egg Hunt
has just come off and THIS is
what was found:

Carelyn found time to read in the
Methodist Church — and didn't
miss a word.

Margo and Goachie found them-
selves doing double-talk in Miami
Beach. When they ask Hank and
Chuck what the weather is outside,
the answer is D. S. Goodie
rings the bell — ding dong? — and
Margo wants to K. H.

Dot found herself on a non-stop
whirl — to the Bok tower at 3:30
A. M. to Daytona! In Gainesville.
All in one day! And it wasn't a
solo either, she had COMPANY.

Fort Meyers found Wanda there
this week-end, and Gainesville look-
ed up and here came Miss Hall.

We wish somebody would find
Ebbe. She's been in a daze TOO!
— for days and days AND days.

Why didn't the Brookings ever
turn up at the Phi Delta party?

Pat found a premature Easter
egg, in the form of a K. A. pin,
last week, but too late to make last
week's Sandspur — Were we sur-
prised? — Well, hardly!

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With The Fraternities

LAMBDA CHI COMMENT

Fred Farnsworth found Albert's competition too tough last week and had to retreat to Miami with Frau Smith. Albert had been practicing a winning leap for months in the Jackson of his room and it was just too devastating. Helman the Jamaican called Riley Weinberg out to the Dukehead course Sunday for a game of pasture pool. Neither are speaking as this was written. Ed Arce underwent a major operation on his finger nails on Sunday and is reported doing well. Bowes has won two fans. He is positively the only man in our house who can take a shower and make a cigar at the same time. Big Bud Bryson is playing the field with Norine and Emily still out in front. Yopp blossomed out in a bright new robe's egg blue suit. It only took him eight minutes to get the color—*if* Norine down to remove it.

Cembes came back from a three day sojourn in St. Pete and has been mulling the most fascinating things in his sleep. Beedy-Reedy Tulton is running neck and neck with Loretta Pugh for the glamour boy title. Pugh, of course, has the advantage of borrowing Stinkfield's hair-tube. But can that match the Tulton charmer?

Cram got his spring haircut recently and is not yet recognizable. Tulton finally got a letter from that Baltimore belle and has been saying in front of everyone's nose. As for Royall . . . well, he just called to say if your correspondent didn't pay a one dollar fine, he, Royall, would be slipped in the clink. Sounds entrancing . . . Billy Wharton's non-slip, no-slip Spencer escort just arrived and Pook is again egypt-like. As for Dudley Darling . . . I shall not mention the fact that he is a hool . . . that Withersell expects to find Hank Minor's Station wagon under a pile of clothes in his room.

S. P. OMENS

We are glad to welcome Jim Whitehead into our group as a pledge and to exempt him from any of the more menial forms of pledge reciprocity, such as the physical afflictions. (Newmark decided this after taking one hasty look at "Big Joe"). We are also happy to announce the initiation of Julian Brewster, Carl Fowler, and Maurice Hershman. May luck and fortune be thine as S. P. O's.

The question of table manners was brought up at the last meeting, and Newmark decided that Brewster and Hershman have improved, but that Fowler might stop saturating his tea with the sugar bowl — it would help "sour" that sweet disposition of his, perhaps, he thinks Mally is quite beyond hope, of course, and that Walters and Tizio, in their contrived ways, should never assume to view the others with horror; he, Newmark, is free from reproach . . .

The latest innovation at the S. P. O. Estate has been a new drinking fountain with Rosie constantly on hand as bar-tender, business should improve — and resulting receipts for further additions be more numerous . . .

Newmark thinks the S. P. O. party has been faring ill lately; elsewhere have been most discouraging, and with the college spring only a full moon away, the situation looks bad; we miss our gay tribulation of last year — but

Newmark says that with Simmons and Grinstein to help out, we can begin studying again until "Romeo and Juliet" — then Newmark thinks we —*44* —*66*? — Newmark, anyway!

K. A. KAPERS

Gazing vacantly into the sky, we hopelessly dig for news. Your writer (?) hasn't the slightest idea what's going on around him. His horse-sense is somewhere in Arizona. With the best intentions he is wrapt in earnest concentration. What's a nice simple little subject to write about? Hands? Feet? Claws? Butts? Buckwheat? There's an awful lot of news that isn't fit to print. Let me see! Ah! I've got it! Why didn't I think of that long ago? Your writer (?) jitters about the subject and his stake for the typewriter. Hair? That's a hair!

I've got it—hair—in fact I've got a lot of it—but not as much as Douglas Billa. There is a man—with a lot of hair. He gathers more than any other human being, for he cuts it. In his hands lie the scissors that shape many a head. Look what he did to Lindsey de Gueyher. "A smooth round top" a "Cue-ball in red." Now look at Macmaster's hair. Loose-straight-like straw. Buckwheat's is kinky, black, horrible stuff. Jess Gregg's is backwards. Edly Waite's is too much. Dave Frazier's isn't. Oh! What a delightful subject. Did you ever watch them comb their hair? Take Phil Bond or Bow-How, for instance. First they cautiously "forward" a comb. Then they desperately remove any dandruff that might be accumulated. Then, using the larger end, they comb their floes. Taking approximately twenty minutes to part their hair and put each strand in its proper place. Have you ever seen Twitchman comb his hair? — neither have I! Ah, a fascinating subject — but I know one infinitely more interesting—shoe-laces—yes, shoe-laces—let me see . . . Your writer (?) is, one more time vacantly into the sky, and hopelessly dig for news, which is exactly what he ought to do, and, incidentally, where he came in.

SIGMA NEWS

If Bill Hagmann didn't come skidding in, in a great big old La-Salle, everything would have been fine this week — but he always gives us inspirations — right or wrong, not to mention the fact that Freddy Murphy confused even Bill so much that he was asleep through most of the Phi Psi dance — which was a very good dance in spite of it.

I losing volleyball for the 10th consecutive year — 3 Gobby Farnsworth, tripping and breaking his toe with the corn on it, down by the railroad tracks with Alice. — 3 John P. Sharp, III, getting a Buick with the strawberry crest on the center of the front seat — 4 Harrison's spirit of St. Louis arriving — 4 Patney having a black out for two innings of soft-ball, after Tiny Phillips step-billy knee gave him the business on the head — 4 Campbell's refusing to get a hair cut because Gargenta hasn't had one since two, so went back to Australia — 4 Freddy's found out he has St. Bernard blood and can't understand why he doesn't rain water — 4 the Red Heart he's eating — 4 Jules Buffens hasn't

spoken a word since he went in for heretage last January, because Al Roosevelt bought a new second of "Deep Purple" — 4 Bitch Equis hasn't scratched yet, but we understand he's been looking up at the ground seriously for 18 years. — 18 Sue Turner wants it to be understood that she is not hanging around Rollins Hall to see E. N's, but to visit Carl Fowler for whom the fondness in her heart has gone from warm to hot —

12 Bob MacDonough, known affectionately as "Poodle-Puss" has been digging around for a bottle of shoe Nucking because he looks like McFall — 12 Pruitt is still fallen — 12 Bob Russ has decided that E. N. is secretly a motorcycleing establishment and now has a small 3 ton model. Speedometer hanging from his collar so that he can lie in bed and look at it — 14 Monroe, in spite of his many disabilities, is managing somehow to carry on in football, all other athletics, heavy, class, and cheering

PHI POODLE

Johnny the Greek . . . makes the headlines of the week! Flash! By mutual agreement, and no doubt influenced by the turn of the war in the Balkans, James and Nancy have dissolved that pact. Trophies are being returned by each party. Football is now spending his time with the boys, especially Tommy Knight. Looks serious, too. Robbie the McFie is having the springtime troubles of the heart. He was overheard on the Horseshoe recently, trying to wheedle Kays into letting him go to Royce's wedding. He is still trying.

Hank Minor was duly initiated Monday night, after making a desperate attempt to rival Trevor Hickok's long-term pledgeable crown. Hank's still complaining and walking . . . his father says it's gonna be permanent! Xristin U. Bondle. Bob Bond took over his new job as treasurer by slapping a healthy fine on the members of the Reign of Terror Gang of last Wednesday.

Despite Ollie (Blomberg) Berke's heckling, James Aloysius Hoover the 18th, is still walking around with that dread lock. Permanent? Could be, could be! Bob Davis has turned his back on tennis and is definitely on the mellow side, what with Halfway Hatlie, The Prince Lost His Hat, etc., etc.

John Flosser wants to be left out this week. O. K. Lawn. That's enough for now.

X CLUB XCEPTS

Trees and shrubs of the genus *Sagittaria* are noted for their spoon-shaped fruit, which has long been used for purposes. S. Saporaria, a small MacGillivray of the southern part of the peninsula, has leaves of four to ten inches across. Anaxia, one of five inches long, on a broadly winged rachis. The minute hairy Affleckia are in large panicles. The globose Myers, nearly three-fourths of an inch in diameter, becomes orange or brown on ripening and contains one or more large black Morchella.

Another saprophyte, *S. marginata*, has MacGillivray on a nearly wingless rachis, and panicles of white (branket) or reddish (Al-low) flowers. Cultivated fruits of this family include the Chinese litchi, the logan, Raisin, Whinnet, Pitman, and Hop Chung (Brooker Joe).

Joe Justice is Appointed Frosh Football Coach

Appointment of Joe Justice of Asheville, N. C., as freshman football coach at Rollins College for the 1961 season was announced today by Dr. Hamilton Holt, president of Rollins.

In addition to coaching the freshmen, Justice's duties will include working with the varsity in early fall practice at Asheville and during winter practice sessions. He will also scout opposing teams. During the past year, he has served as assistant football coach at Winter Haven, (Fla.) High School.

Justice was one of the finest back ever developed by Head Coach Jack McDowell at Rollins. In his senior year, he was chosen on the 12 team, BAAA Conference all-star eleven and was an unanimous choice on the All-Florida collegiate team. Always a shifty runner with a deceptive pass, Justice played his greatest game against the U. of Tampa, which the previous week had held Florida to a 7-0 score. He ran back three punts for touchdowns on brilliant runs of 72, 55, and 88 yards to help net Rollins out in front 40-0 at half-time.

Justice also captained the Rollins basketball team from a guard position and played four years of basketball at second base. A member of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity, he

was awarded the Omicron Delta Kappa trophy, given to the best all-round athlete of his class over a four-year period.

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On Things in General

There are so many things to editorialize about at a wide-awake and growing institution like this that it's chiefly a matter of picking your target or aim and going at it. Of course, there are the usual sacred cows, but censorship of the press here at Rollins is more benevolent than despotic, thank Heaven.

For example, we might roll up our sleeves and shy a few stones at the administration for choosing to put the new Student Union building smack in the middle of the campus, but the story we hear is that that's just incidentally, for a number of reasons. Not the least of which, importantly, is that it would cost about \$20,000 more to place down by the lakefront.

Of course, there are a lot of minor things that could be done around the campus, but why place the whole burden on the administration? Each fraternity, for example, could easily take it upon itself to beautify the campus by planting a rare tree or shrub once a year. The Phi Delts, Lambda Chis and Sigma Nus, with about sixty able-bodied young men between them could easily pitch in and demolish that troublesome curb stone that's so tough on auto axles and tires, and have a good time doing it.

The K. A.'s might remove that tireless hulk of a Hudson that was left on the lawn at Lingerlong and now squats in a good parking space on Holt Avenue. And so on. We know of no other college administration that goes to such pains to meet new situations and tries to keep everyone satisfied as much as that headed here by Dr. Holt, Dean Anderson, Deans Cleveland and Eynart, Treasurer Brown and the rest. We owe them our active and thoughtful cooperation.

The last thing we'd like to seriously make a plea, for here is the restoration of the honor tradition. There's really very little cribbing done here, but we think even that could be done away with in the occasional "comprehensive reviews" (Rollins doesn't give tests), if we could really get together and stand on our own in such matters.

The average collegian seems to accept the presence of the instructor in the class room while a test is being given as a sort of challenge and forthwith sets out to prove he is smart enough to beat the system. We'd like to see every instructor follow the example set by those few who give their students the best questions and then proceed to leave the room. This places the student on his own honor and if student sentiment were solidly behind such a plan, no other force would be needed to quell the tendency to crib now inherent in most courses. More than that, it definitely would negate the often-repeated claim of the college that "Rollins students are assumed to be mature."

The real value of such a plan, we believe, would be in its tendency to instill character and self reliance into those faltering students who are now tempted to indulge in questionable tactics. Take this up with your fraternity or sorority. We can have such an honor tradition if the students really want it.

Where's That Prize Money?

This is such a nice spring day that it hardly seems right to be resending an editorial calling for anything but a holiday to enjoy it, but we must pause to ask just what has happened to the prize money offered for three recent contests. The boys in the X Club, who won, or should have won all three, are a little peeved about persons or organizations that make

promises about prize money and then forget all about them.

The three cases in question are those involving the cash rewards presented to winners in the Fiesta parade and money-raising contest, and that ten dollars that editor Dudley Darling was going to give to the winner of his Tomokan photographic contest for students.

The Clubbers had the best decorated float, which was supposed to bring in some five dollars, and they also piled up the largest sum realized by any group at the Fiesta, which was also to be rewarded. As far as we know, they received nothing in either case. And as for the picture contest, Yves de Chambray has been haunting Darling for weeks, trying to get his award money, which Dudley wants to renig on, because Yves was the only student who submitted entries! We're not seriously concerned about anything but the principal of the thing, but it's not a very good policy to have these things started and then dropped. It may ruin student enterprise in future years.

The Sandspur Survey

Although no accurate count has been made of the student survey conducted by the Sandspur in the hoarsey Monday, a quick check-up of the two hundred papers checked and returned showed the following broad facts.

An overwhelming majority, (about 87%) favored the new Sandspur format. Students differed widely in their reading tastes but a great majority expressed a desire for more "dirty" columns, although it should be pointed out that a fairly representative and bitterly vociferous group opposed such features.

Surprisingly enough, only about 30% expressed a desire for more pictures. Most popular feature was "This Is Ghouly," many people apparently reading this column first. Also carefully read were the front, sports and editorial pages, but the fraternity-sorority section proved the real dark-horse of the survey with many expressing their interest in these features.

A few objected to unsigned columns, many wanted more features, and leading the demand in the feature department were the humor, alumni and dramatics adherents. A few called for a new editor, to which we can only say . . . "Comin' up, butch!"

ODDS and ENDS

(Continued from Page 1)

of the ceiling. To reach it and pull the dangling piece of twine that turns it on means groping in the total darkness from the door, and since the chairs and tables are constantly being shifted around, it's a fairly hazardous undertaking. However, long months of practice finally made it possible for me to walk with increasing precision to the exact spot where an eyeball hand would contact the cord. The future editor, however, unless he also reaches the six foot mark, will have to stand to the chain. He can also count on dozing about ten minutes each Sunday night for the first five months to groping around in the dark for that cord. It gets to be a sort of real game.

And now that it's all over I can point out the hiding place of the author of "This Is Ghouly." Visitors in the office will observe a small rectangular hole in the ceiling, directly over the file. This leads to the floor's hair. Food is also passed up through this opening. I myself have never encountered the oops, who comes out only on dark rainy nights, armed with a long range key hole detector and a big shovel. There really is such a hole in the ceiling, but it looks so forbidding I've never stuck my nose up there. That's a good feature story for the incoming editor: "What's In The Publications Building attic!"

The mosquito over here, little daunted by the power of the press, cunningly sent one of its fellows with a fast take-off riding to him around my ears, while they go to work on the mikes. I resolutely kept my head for real comfort. Incidentally, it is also possible to light this gas heater without setting your whiskers singed off and without making more noise than an ordinary trench mortar when in

firing. Patented process on request.

I hope the next editor will be blessed with as fine and dependable a pair of sports editors as Don Hagli and Ted Pitman. Don was always impartial and accurate, and Ted, a real sportsman, turned in good sports copy by the team. Jack Liberman, who used to write some very provocative and independent political columns, ended up as an ex coverer of intramural sports, spending plenty of time on his walk.

Alden Manchester, perhaps, along with Haley, the best all-around reporter, critic, etc., on the staff, was uniformly helpful as dramatics department publicity agent. Haley, who may well be your next editor, has a fine, quiet sense of humor and plenty of ability.

There are so many people deserving of praise. After all, where would I have been without Gene Patterson and his publicity bureau staff? Many a sorely needed column of copy and lengthy article came out of that Finburst cubicle.

Every person listed in the masthead of the Sandspur, proved himself and herself capable of turning in fine dependable work. Bud Waddell handled chapel publicity. Franny Montgomery and Frank Boscoe were reliable assistants in general coverage and checking up on stories. Barbara Northern handled the bulk of the proof reading faithfully, assisted at intervals by Pat Gullow and Marjorie Hanson. The freshman class furnished a lot of promising talent, with Jean Hamaker, a remarkably clever reporter, handling Student Council meetings, etc. Jane Welsh, Grace Gehlen, Catherine Colman, Charlotte Stout, Sam Page, and Ira Yopp did well in varied fields.

And other newcomers have played a big role, too. Bill Justice and Dave Low have potential sports-writing ability. Cecil Blatt, who de-

Reverend Jockinsen

To speak in Chapel

The Reverend John P. Jockinsen, pastor of the First Congregational Church, St. Petersburg, Fla., one of the seven most attended Congregational Churches in the United States, will speak in the Knowles Memorial Chapel, Sunday morning, April 29, on "Humanity's Shortest, Widest Creed." The service will begin at 9:45 A.M.

Dr. Jockinsen was a chaplain in the First World War, has traveled extensively in the Far East, received his B. A. from Lawrence College and his M. A. from Columbia University; wears a Phi Beta Kappa key and is a graduate of Union Theological Seminary.

The Rollins Chapel Choir will sing as their anthem for the morning, "Denounce Factors Sin" by Palestrina. Student readers for the service have not yet been selected.

voiced more than any other writer we can think of, should make a good sports editor for the coming year.

Lillian Ryan, a staff veteran, has performed with increasing ability over this past year, and may be counted on to fill Don Hagli's shoes as chief sports editor. Of course, Jess Gregg's "Tale" column, and extremely clever reviews need no new plaudits here, they stand as their own merits. Sally McCaslin, Dick Rodin, Jack Buckmaster, Betty Cummings, Tom Casey and the irrepressible Mr. Rodrick MacArthur have all been vital factors in making your weekly newspaper more readable. The list is long and space is short, so to those many others; the fraternity and sorority correspondents, etc., I'll like to express my thanks for your cooperation here and now.

Once special, exclusive and bold face paragraph is hereby reserved to do homage to Mr. David Crawford, who whisked me to the George Press on many and many occasions. Mr. Crawford . . . Salut!

Needless to say, I haven't edited in the Sandspur so I can't try my tastes, but have rather tried to make it an organ of student opinion, and designed our stories, columns and features, to meet with your taste. A lot of things I said even editorially, don't always represent what I really thought, but rather what I believed was right or titides. This column was my closest approach to a personal utter.

Last but not least, I'd like to give a plug on the affable Orange Press printers, and especially, on Fomont Wadner, who's been a pretty real guy. You don't know him, of course, so do you know Hagel, Shewart, Scott, Brown or the rest? But this is strictly a personal editorial column this week, so it doesn't matter. Most of the fun of putting out the paper for me was going down to the Press and indulging in tremendous mock-arguments and vilifications with them. They have peculiar senses of humor, which is very much in evidence in certain carefully planned mistakes they make in setting certain sentences. For example, last week I sent in a bunch of fillers reading, "Don't Miss the O. H. S.-Rollins championship game tonight at the Armory." On the proof, however, it read: "Don't Miss the etc. There are other such mistakes, not all capable of being repeated here!

Well, that's about enough of this. Isn't it a lovely spring?

At The COLONY



At long last, it's here! Spencer Tracy and Marked Rooster, the screen's two greatest actors, in "Men of Boys Town," thrilling and carefully-awaited sequel to "Boys Town," the memorable picture which brought them both Academy Awards. Opening on Saturday at The COLONY.

Rollins Debaters Silence Florida in Decision Debate

The Freshman smote his antagonist across the face with his glove; the thought of old dashed his sword against his opponent's shield; the University of Florida issued its challenge with a little slip of paper on which was directly worded, "We hereby challenge the debating team of Rollins College to a decision debate on the ninth day of April."

Came the ninth day of April. Two gentlemen from the University of Florida took their place at the right side of the stage of the Amie Russell Theatre and the gentlemen from Rollins seated themselves opposite. The chairman addressed the some hundred odd people, indicated the question for debate, introduced the speakers and the clash was on.

Bob Whitson and Jack Lickerman drove fast after fact at the Gainesville group negating the proposition that the nations of the Western Hemisphere should form a permanent union. Political, Economic, Military and Social reasons distinguished the affirmative motion and proved to the satisfaction of the audience that the United States can be a "Big Brother" and not become entangled in a permanent union of the Western Hemisphere.

This was the most important debate that Pi Kappa Delta has scheduled this year. The season tapers in a climax with a debate against two lovely co-eds from Northwestern University. Tentative schedules for next year indicate that Yale and Harvard are to be Rollins' opponents.

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GAB AND GOWN

By Pina Thompson

Early morning, and the sleepy realization that it is Easter... a beautiful day... sunrise service, communion service, church service... culla lillies... sun through stained-glass windows... Easter hymns by the choir... blue and white color notes in the congregation... deep musical notes of the organ... mental notes of the sermon... fashion notes on the Easter parade.

Charlotte Smith... "Picture" in an enormous light... little girl style... long, black velvet streamers down the back and tied over the chin... a pink short-sleeved princess dress... white accessories.

Carolyn Lewis... swooned out in special occasion clothes direct from the North... aqua sand-fallered silk... grinded... flecks of white and brown... tiny draped toque of same... jabbed with a fast-green leaven quill.

Pat Gulliver... luscious parted pink rough linen... softly tailored... an honest to goodness Easter basket... broad-brimmed leghorn, edged in pink... crown banded in same pink grosgrain, ends trailing... how well the pink harmonized with Pat's hair!

Joan Parker... bright spot in the parade... Chinese red linen robe, over a splashy print... large red flowers on a stark white ground... complemented by matching accessories... white straw off-the-face hat, trimmed with red ribbon... gray little pumps in matching red, with white leather.

B. Little, Phyllis Baker, Bobbie Breaker... eye-compelling group, all in white... B. with a Kelly-green sash... white straw hat... Phyllis in dainty skirted slis... Bobby with a panache of flowers perched over one eye.

Betty Lanza... looking brand new... white silk jersey gown, with a brown print... cardigan style... pockets of draped bow-ties.

Joan Twackman... going to church services... singing in two choirs... but still dropping "Easter"... dashing around in a black-and-white paneled linen... leaves applied on seams, black ones on the white panel, white ones on the black panel.

Mary Lee... small over-the-eye-variety hat in white crepe... pale blue jacket of lightweight wool... over a white dress.

Polly Presbahl... in a becoming silk suit of olive green and white point... accents of burnt orange... her black lace swathed in a white jersey turtan.

The Cokers... a word for them... "wonderful"... all in dark coats... white flannels... giving a touch of unity to the Easter variety!

Sheer Whimsy Or Have Some More Cabbage?

I'm now on my way to Sandwich, Illinois, my horse town (it's on the map so don't bother to look.) but the thought of Bob Burns haunts me. The train is going through Georgia with its heating system on. As I await I seem to see Mr. Burns sitting across from me. He is sweating too in his dark coat, that is, his forehead is. He is puzzling. "The texture of your argument is circumpect?"

"Is that the way it impressed you?" I ask.

"I'll say," he retorts. Did I take up Gloria Burke last week? If I didn't, I am still proud I did and go right on. No one will notice.

Cecil Butt still has that childlike faith in the Greater Good. Good for Cecil. Too many of us have become barbed and iron and cynical.

Freddie Caldwell is a "good guy" Only last pledge day, Gregg told me so.

It's the strangest feeling: You know the ceilings on these new trains open up and let the hot sun in. The opening above me is wide open and that Nebraska sun is sure hot! I'm muttering all over the train seat just like a man who'd been muddled of butter. If I move, I'll just squish all over the seat. I have the radiator nose me and waves me. Stush, stush, slightly-shush. I feel like Sandy Caldwell, only he's self-contained. I'm not.

One day I was passing the Signa Ne House and Jack Campbell appeared with an old man in his hand. He didn't look as silly as you might think.

Can Carey, from Kansas, which is like Nebraska. She used to play football and she still wants to play it with me—as the football, I am a bad sport. I always get hurt and cry. I can't help it. Gee, I sure wish some of the other girls had other parts of Can's personality besides the football.

Betty Carson scares me just a wee bit. Some of us are of the same temperament but we felt that if we appreciate Betty Carson, people will guess. This doesn't mean what you think it does, or what I think it does.

Have three people say I ought to sign my column. I am entitled to pass judgment. I am a god. If I signal it, people would think I weren't the eternal objective thinker that I am. And incidently, I'm not MacArthur, Gregg, or Kelly, in that order. I am also not Don

Minor Offers Reward

Hank Minor has announced that \$100 (Court 'em!) reward is ready for the person who can help him locate his stolen wagon, missing since the night of the Psi Phi dance. See Hank for details.

Murphy and Ginny Morgan. The only people who know who I am are Haley and Kelly (You may think you know, but you're wrong), and they won't tell because one is too smart and the other is too dumb. Hush for Josephine Carson! It's not she, either.

It's also not Tom Casey although I'll admit it talks like him, but with a little more coherence.

Almir Castro is from Brazil, but he doesn't seem like a world traveler like me. If you don't think so now wait till I've been to Brazil. That goes for Steinfeld too.

Dick Serra would be oh, so romantic like me and Gordon Leupheid if he would just capitalize on his romanticism.

Beck watch and where are the fives of Ellen Chadwick of yesterday?

You can't say I'm not giving Ralph Chibelin his just desserts of a new paragraph. When I spoke before of "that Nebraska sun", I didn't mean that I was in Nebraska. Just more sheer whimsy? Have a cabbage?

George Holt Lost To Faculty Nine

George Holt, who did a pretty quick job of getting over a nasty attack of appendicitis, with trimmings of perianitis, athlete's foot and what not, has learned that you can't fool with such things. George has been confined to bed with a relapse for some time, and is expected to be up and around next week.

Gruesome-Twosome

If the author of the unsigned column entitled "Gruesome Twosomes" will make himself known to the editor, his article will be considered for publication. Despite the fact that there are many unsigned columns of the sort in the Sandspur, it is not the policy of the present editor to print any article unless the author's name is known in advance.

This is necessary in order to protect all students against being the victim of scurrilous personal attacks.

Intramural Board Discusses Eligibility

The Intramural Board met Friday noon to discuss some of the rules connected with the eligibility of players. The rules agreed upon were: (1) Any students entering school during the middle of the term do not have to wait until the beginning of the next term to participate in an intramural sport; (2) If a boy is judged he may begin playing intramurals immediately without any delay; (3) In case a fraternity does not have a team taking part in a particular sport and a member wishes to take part, he may do so as an independent and playing under the name "Independent."

Those present at the meeting were: Dr. Adams, chairman; John Giacomini, Harrison Barnes, Eddie Weidner, Munny Ehrlich, Tiny Langford, and Jack Myers.

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Along The Sidelines

By Ted Pitsman

Two and a half years at this typewriter and now its all over! We shall now fold these twisted keys and place them reverently in moth balls for with this issue of the Sandspur your scribe bows out of the picture. (Don't all about at most!)

Since we have been writing this column for you we've seen many changes in Rollins sports, both in politics and in men. No change has ever been for the worse! The Rollins athletic programs has been steadily on the up-trend and it has been a pleasure to observe and record it in this column.

We have seen the steady rise of the Rollins football team until it reached a climax this year with the State and SIAA championships. We have noted down on this page the men who have led the Blue and Gold to fame on the gridiron. Such names as "Smokes" McGinnis, Ollie Daugherty, Carl Thompson, Doc Soldati, Rick Gillespie, Jack and Joe Justice, Sammy Harshman, Clyde Jones, Paul Beaton, Johnny Gantonis and above all, Rollins' first Little All-American, June Lingerfelt. These names, plus many more before them, have gone into Rollins hall of fame as those who have built up the name and reputation of the Blue and Gold.

We have seen and encouraged the beginning of basketball as an intercollegiate sport at Rollins. Off to a hard start, it had only a player-coach the first year in Smokes McGinnis. We have watched it come along the past two years under the tutelage of Doc Adams until it has won an honored position among Rollins sports.

In our time at the press, crew has taken an up swing. The advent of a junior varsity crew, called the "Palomares" at first brought a new element of inter-team competition, with the Palomares more than holding their own. We have seen this second crew take over the controls as the varsity. Rollins crews are now highly respected in their own class. The Tars have had their share of good strokes and captains and the names of Little, Ogilvie, Haddock and Gantonis will not be forgotten among Lake Maitland for a long time to come.

Fencing has risen and fallen in this short time. Harvard, Yale and Princeton have blotted the dust before the Tar fencers but Rollins has now dropped fencing as an intercollegiate sport and while we are sorry, we can see the reason for the decision and agree with it.

Two state championship teams in basketball have come and gone and with them such names as Goose Kettles, Ed Levy, Rick Gillespie, Bill Daugherty, Rollins' all-American second baseman Joe Justice and a host of others have made the Tar ball club a highly respected organization in the Southern circuit.

Tennis now comes to the fore after years of sitting in the background. Under the inspiring enthusiasm of its new coach Gordon Aggar, tennis has risen to unbelievable heights. Games have increased from a mere dozen in attendance until the Roster today is close to the two hundred mark.

The growth of the Rollins tennis team from a little, easily beaten team, to one of national importance in one year is a record that has the sports world on its tin ear. We have seen Rollins tennis teams struggling along to win one match a season but now we see Jack Kramer, National Doubles champion and seeded sixth in the country, lead a team composed of Eddie Allen (U. S. No. 17), Ed Anark (U. S. Doubles No. 5), Bobbie Betz (U. S. women's No. 5), Dede Bandy (U. S. No. 4), and Bob Davis captain of last year's team, in what may be an undefeated season.

Looking into the future, we see a fair year in football next fall followed by an excellent season the following year. Next year will be a building year. We see a home and home series with the U. of Florida. We also see Rollins with another Little All-American, possibly another end.

As for basketball, the going will still be tough but this year's fresh squad might bring the state championship home.

Crew next year will bring out the first freshman crew in Rollins history. Let us hope it doesn't mean the end of the jayvees!

Fencing will practically pass out of the picture with the graduation of Manny Ehrlich.

Next year should bring some excellent golfers to school to put the Rollins golf team on the map.

Tennis next year should be even at a higher plane. Rollins should host the National Women's Tennis Champions, as well as the Women's National Doubles Champions. It will still have the National Men's Doubles Champions and unless your writer is mistaken there will be at least one more excellent "name" player on the Rollins team as well as several new players of fine ability. Taking this into account Rollins should take the intercollegiate titles in both the singles and doubles.

Rollins swimming should greatly improve next year with the entrance of the Harris boys, this term, and plus other new material expected for next year, Rollins should once again feature a good aquatic squad.

So with these predictions on paper and my tongue in my cheek, I take leave of you Rollins sports fans, leaving this page and column to the one who succeeds me. I sincerely hope that it will be Cecil Butt, whom I feel sure will give you tops in sport coverage.

Thanks, fans, for the fun you gave me in letting me write for you, and remember this: "Keep 'em rolling, Rollins" on the upgrade!

Newberry Hangs Two Defeats on Tar Baseball Team

By Ira Voss

The Rollins Tars were handed their second straight setback at the hands of the Newberry baseball team when they dropped a 7 to 0 decision Saturday afternoon. Louis Fleisher held the Tars to five safe blows while Newberry was pounding Clyde Jones and Jay Thompson for 10 hits.

Newberry hit its time in getting to Jones in the first inning for four runs on four hits and a walk. Afterwards he settled down and pitched steadily ball until the fifth inning. After filling the bases with one man out, Jones retired in favor of Thompson, who finished the game. The only bright spot of the game for the Tars was the relief pitching by Thompson. He was in trouble only in the sixth inning when a walk, a single base, and a hit scored the last of the runs for the day.

Despite an upspring in the seventh inning which resulted in four runs, the Rollins Tars dropped the first of their two game series with Newberry here Friday afternoon by a 7-0 count.

Newberry drew first blood in the second, added another run in the fifth, three in the sixth, and two in the eighth. They cracked out ten hits off the offerings of Handman and Thompson, while the Tars batted out only seven anarchy off Handman and Watson, the Newberry hurlers.

The Tars bunched four hits in the seventh along with two free passes to score the four runs that knotted the score. Newberry chased Harshman from the mound in the eighth and Jay Thompson relieved, turning in a creditable relief job.

X Club Takes

was the X Club-Phi Delta Fray, the outcome of which will be one of the deciding factors in the Gary Cup run. After one of the best played diamond ball games seen around here, the Club was victorious, 3-2.

After retiring the Club in order, the Phi Deltas started out to make a run-a-way of the game. House singled into center, took second on a wild pitch, reached third on Curry's double into center, but there he was stopped. Giannini popped out to Rodin, Barker walked, Fleeger fanned, and Bates flied out to Rodin at short.

Meredith got to third in the second inning only to be stranded there, while Davis, in the second half of the inning, was out trying to stretch a three base error by Chick, into a home run.

Finally, in the third, the Club called to score four runs and cinch the game. Chick reached first on Fleeger's choice, moved to second on Justice's single, took third on Anark's bingle, and scored along with Justice and Anark when Rodin's single rolled through Scott's legs in center field for a home run.

The Phi Deltas came back in their half of the fourth to tally twice, when Barker tripled into center left and scored when Anark dropped a toss from Meredith as they had Barker in a pickle. Fleeger, who walked, stole second, and reached third and then home on successive flies in the outfield.

Tarlettes Win Championship For Second Straight Year

Ten Tar Golfers Bow to Local Club

By Dave Crawford

Sunday afternoon on the winter Park Course ten golfers representing Rollins College met defeat before the older and far wiser members of the Winter Park Country Club. Though the majority of the college golfers scored in the seventies, they were not quite good enough to come out when the points were added up at the end of the day.

The "old man's course" proved puzzling to the long hitting Rollins players. Orange groves and traps took their toll. The members of the varsity team taken as a group were victorious, but the Rollins delegation was beaten by a score of about twenty-one to seventeen. Low score of the day went to Charles Arnold who scored the eighteen in a three-over-par seventy-three.

Rollins Co-eds

sation, Larry Ackard at the piano, played "N.Y. N.Y., N.Y.," and the little fox" four times. Each time he changed that song's personality to play as Bach, Chopin, Strauss, and Gilbert and Sullivan would have written it. It was realistically done, much to the hilarious amusement of the audience.

Receiving that afternoon were: Dean Marion Cleveland, Miss Lida Woods, and Madam Philippine Darvy.

Superlative Defense Work Is Deciding Factor In 25-14 Win

Combining a smooth passing attack with a spectacular guard defense the girls basketball team upset the highly touted Orlando High team 25-14 to win the Orlando City Championship for the second consecutive year.

Gloria Burke and Pauline Bart flashed up an early lead in the Orlando team, but it was the air tight defense work of Janis Stucky and Sully McCarroll that decided the contest. Dorothy Hagill and Doris Hagus rounded out the Blue and Gold team. The Tarlettes were in underdogs last week, having been this season best trounced by Orlando.

Gloria Burke made 14 points to carry off individual scoring honor for the game. Belts was scored with 10 points. Hagen scored 2. The play was fast, though the scoring was low. The score was tied at four-all for the first few minutes of play. Then the passers from Hagen to Belts to Burke began to click and at the end of the first period Rollins was on the long end of a 10-4 score. A strange Orlando threat came in the third quarter, but the determined efforts of Hagill, McCarroll and Stucky kept the Tarlettes at a four point distance. Once again the Tarlettes improved passing brought them out of a hole and the whistle blew as the City Champions retained their crown for another year.

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Pi Phi's Initiate

The Florida Gamma Chapter of Pi Beta Phi are pleased to announce the initiation of Betty Henderson, Etoile Gaudin, Hazel Moody, Fawn Ryan and Hester Sturges on Monday, April 14th.

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Tennis Team Beats Vaunted Miami U in Thrilling Match

Annual Horse Show Sunday at Orlando Stables

Once again this year, the sports and fraternities will seek out all of their members, who have been on a horse and send them out to the Orlando Country Club Stables next Sunday afternoon to compete in the intramural horse show. This competition of horsemanship among the Rollins students is sponsored each year by the Women's Athletic Department. It is not only a test of who rides which horse best—but fun for all! Opportunity for every kind of rider to win a blue, red, yellow or white ribbon!

So, serenities and fraternities, send out all riders in your group, make sure that they know how, or intend to have before next Sunday, two riders since January 1, inform Miss Weber of your entries, and send them out to the Orlando Stables to represent your group.

Entries to date are:
Beginner's class for horsemanship to show at a walk and trot only: Gracia Tuttle, Pi Beta Phi; Aldine Baker, Katherine Cohen and Betty Foley; Independent: Virginia Meyer, Murray Bayler, Mary Trendle, Alpha Phi.

Intermediate class for horsemanship to show at walk, trot and canter in both directions around ring: Gloria Good, Chi Omega; Ginger Cohen, Kappa Gamma; Kappa Alpha Theta; Jane Sholly, Mary Anthony, Barbara Brokaw and Betty Henderson, Pi Beta Phi; Betty Makemer, Betty de Grier, Jennelle White, Kappa Gamma; Margaret Lundgren, Natalie Rubin, Mary Lou Seger, Elizabeth Johnston, Joyce Marras and Betty Carson, Independent.

Advanced class in horsemanship to be shown at walk, trot, canter, figure eights at walk and trot, and riding the rail: Lillian Ryan, Ellen Chadwick, Alpha Phi; Betty Hall, Bebe Dahls; Chi Omega; Betty Laura, Kappa Alpha Theta; Priscilla Parker, Louise Ryan, Lily Phillips, Pi Beta Phi; Betty Scott, Wilma Tilden and Bebe Wing, Kappa Gamma; Jane Walsh, Phi Mu; Betty Phillips, Independent.

Jumping: Lillian Ryan, Betty Scott, Lily Phillips, Jane Walsh and Priscilla Parker.

By Ted Pittman

Displaying tremendous power, a star-studded Rollins tennis team smashed the evenly balanced and excellent tennis team from the University of Miami 5 matches to 1, on the college courts Saturday afternoon.

The Tars jumped into a quick lead when Jack Kramer, national doubles champion, and number one man on the Rollins team blasted little Dick McKee from the courts 6-1, 6-2, with his accurate forehand drives and clever placing.

At the same time, Rollins was collecting another point as Ed Amark, playing the number three position for the Tars, came out of a dog-fight with Bob Decker to win in straight sets 6-4, 4-3. This was a very even match, with Amark forcing Decker to err repeatedly and thus win the match.

The next match on the number four court was perhaps the most colorful of the afternoon and saw make a bid for the title, Eddie Albee playing number two for the Tars, throw so many different shots at Billy Gillespie that he left the Miami standing helplessly in the court with amusement. Always a colorful player, Eddie was in top form Saturday and his baseline and corner shots were a constant wonder to the largest gallery in Tar tennis history.

Jumping into a commanding lead, Eddie forced the fight every bit of the way and it wasn't until match point that Gillespie stiffened, forcing Albee to twenty minutes of play and as many double points before a blistering forehand placement by the Tar sealed the match away. The win was in straight sets 4-2, 4-2.

At this point in the program, came Rollins' only setback of the afternoon when Lou Brownstein broke through Bob Davis' blistering serve to take the first set 6-4. This seemed to upset the inexperienced Bob, as his serve and terrific overhead game wilted in the last set, enabling the Hurricane to sweep the court with a love set.

The two doubles matches provided the tightest scores of the afternoon and the most vicious volleying ever seen on the Rollins courts. Amark and Kramer scored the first doubles win when they defeated McKee and Peru 6-1, 9-7. Walking through the first set with apparent ease, the Tars encountered unexpected opposition in the second set and were forced to show every shot they had before taking the final set 9-7.

Perhaps the most thrilling match of the afternoon was Davis and Albee's 8-6, 4-1 victory over Brownstein and Parks. Davis brought his sensational overhead game into the fore, and backed by the steady stroking of Albee the Rollins pair twice pulled each set out of the first just as it seemed that the tables were turned. It was Albee's steady forcing of the game that finally wilted the Hurricanes and left the Tars with a clean slate of victories in the doubles field.

Independents Are Defending Coed Volleyball Champs

The Women's Volleyball intramurals started yesterday. Rules of play this season contain one major change from previous years. The difference is in service regulations. The new rules permit no second service in any case except for “let” serves. This stipulation puts good servers at a premium and makes the assist, if used, permissible on all serves.

Volleyball is an easy game in which skill can rapidly be developed and every group on campus is out to have a wish at it. Every team is a worthy opponent that may be the downfall of an unsuspecting or over-confident opponent.

The defending champions, the Independents, will make a strong bid in just a second leg on the tag. They have a well balanced team. Among their strong servers and dependable volleyballers are Claire Gilchrist, Dorothy Hagis, Lois Hagis, Jane Hagis, Betty Cunningham, Dodo Bundy, and Marjorie Franklin.

The Gamma Phi Betas stand next in all around ability and powers. Led by Betty Stevens, who will be assisted by Bert Schlegel, Eleanor Rand, Rachel Harris, and Toy Skinner, they will be a problem to stop.

The Kappa Alpha Thetas aggregation will improve as the season proceeds. Their players who would be a credit to any team are Pat Gullow, Betty McWhorter, Bobbie Batts, and Grace Gehron.

Gloria Burke tops the list of Chi Oe out to make trouble for other teams. Other clever players who will be seen on the court are Betty Makemer, Mary Tilden, and Bebe Wing for the Kappas, Lillian Ryan and Virginia Meyers for Alpha Phi, Barbara Bryant, Jane Hamaker and Doris Kohl for the Phi Mas, and Smokey Sholly, Pats Parker, Barbara of the Pi Phi's.

PET PEEVES

By David Low
Howard Walters—“Doris Yankee who don't like Florida.”
Bill Harman—“Extra-curricular activities for science students.”
Pete Crawford—“Pet peeve columns.”
Margaret Clarke—“The draft (she must mean the wind).”
Rudi Tech—“Eshionism.”
Eddie White—“Dean Bryant's facial follicle.”
John Henson—“Dean Bryant.”

WISE GUISE



By Peggy

The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring definitely have something to do with the case this week, because Dickson-Ives has the flowers of the recent clothes flock as far as we're been able to see.

With no cracks about spring fever, spring cleaning, or even April fools, we'll enumerate a few of the clever ensembles which might please your fancy if you're shopping for things to wear in the water or on the water since the warm weather is with us far keeps we hope.

The new MATLETUX line of cabana-bound outfits are really show-stoppers to attract attention. They are made out of that crumpled material that is about big enough for a baby, but actually stretches to your size when on. The bon tops and small under-pants and waist bands are made of the stretchy Matletex, and the swim shirts are made of halcyon style in case you like them that way.

One that made our fancy lightly turn to thoughts of Daytona Beach and all it stands for, was a brief suit with tiny red apples pointed on a white background. These suits, of course, in solid colors and various prints, and in seersucker, silk, rayon, and never get that dreamy look after wearing!

If you can't be a butterfly, be a chrysalis! Matletex also puts out one piece swim suits that are modelled after the most fashionable women! They fit like air, and if you wear one of those shirred up no-shirt, no-bark affairs you look like Hobe, and feel unarmored enough to fly!

Incidentally, there are a couple of new named shades you'll want to wear a lot of this spring. Some of the most up and coming are pussy willow . . . sandstone . . . bud green . . . and rector red.

But to continue with resort wear, at D-I, we saw a D. Lamour among which will become any tall dark and glamorous no-el and which can be worn as swim or play suit.

These play clothes are all very new . . . why not rip into Dickson-Ives' resort shop on the second floor and see them . . . Spring is young . . . and so are you!

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Dear Miss Dix—

Jack is just an angel and lets me drive his new Cadillac whenever I want to. But I have my car, and anyhow I prefer to stay home and wash his socks, take care of his laundry, I send his clothes to the cleaners and polish his shoes. Tell me, am I rushing things?

Domestic

Dear Miss Dix—

I have a hard time making myself go to class because I love to go driving my maroon packard. The car is really a honey, and Ginny likes it, too, which means an awful lot — because if it's painted, she'll do the job. What color do you suggest? Ginny suggests orange.

Boris Laveris

Dear Miss Dix—

I can't help it if I'm attractive. But sometimes it gives me trouble. I've been going around with a dark, dark beauty in school. Suddenly my girl from the windy city decided to pay me a visit — You can understand how upsetting such a situation would be. I have thought that I might kill this fatal fascination by dressing like Ollie Baker, or dancing like Bessie Green or Red Harris, and have been considered learning to talk like Pete Winch.

Please advise.

Glamorous Paula

Dear Miss Dix—

People call me dull, because I

never take the girls out around here, they think my convertible blue Rollins goes to waste. But my girl came down, and I've just been gallivanting around with her. Everyone's surprised. Love like ours can't be ruined by the pettiness of going to school 9 months of every year. I like to sit in my home at the window and think of her. Am I nuts?

Kinky Kurb

Dear Miss Dix—

I am very blond and my head is shaped like an egg. The boys in the house don't know it, but I am an egg. I like to sit in a pan on the stove and sizzle or drive one of my two cars around. I like the little one, because when I'm in it, I feel as tho I'm on a piece of toast — like my landlord, George, who isn't here anymore.

Pale Pete

Dear Miss Dix—

When I was a boy my mother said, "Alas, whatever you do, don't get a swelled head over nothing, or it'll crack someday when you're going through a swinging door." So I listened to her advice and now I'm quite a big shot. I have a great big voice and I can sure order people around. Yesterday I was coming into the house and my head hit both sides of the door and it hurt. Its just lucky that I don't have a swelled head, or it sure might have cracked. What shall I do to keep my many honors from giving me a swelled head?

Chondy

Dear Miss Dix—

Love has kicked someone in the face. Only I don't know who. I think it's me, but I couldn't swear to it. Anyway I can't tell if Jim loves me or not. There is one thing I just adore about Jim, but he's spending it all. What shall I do?

One Twenty

Dear Miss Dix—

I am an intellectual, who can't hear the idea of work, or anything like it. So I go around with Mary Ann, who buys me cheese crackers and cake in exchange for listening to her silly chatter all day. Talk, talk, talk — that's all she does. Am I a heel?

Sidelorn



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