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Annual Bach Festival Starts Tomorrow in Knowles Chapel

New Edition of Animated Magazine Smoothly Rolls Off Press on Last Sunday

Editor Holt's War Time Volume Presents Stories, Verse, and Articles

The magazine stands on the Sandspur Bowl were besieged last Sunday by a crowd of seven thousand subscribers to the Rollins Animated Magazine. In his fifteenth annual edition of this "live" periodical, Prexy Holt has once again edited a memorable literary event with distinguished persons for its pages.

From an editorial standpoint, the contributors presented "first class matter"; from the fiscal view, the business staff reported that subscribers gave to Student Aid a sum of \$1625.

Cover Design: "Publication" of this war-time issue of the magazine was announced by Bugler Sergeant John D. Fleming, followed by an army Color Guard and Color Bearers with the flags which have flown over this spot in those of the United States, Florida, Rollins, France, England, Spain, and the Confederacy. Next came the procession of the famous contributors.

Foreword: Editor Holt welcomed the subscribers and then, by way (Continued on page 2)

Alumni Re-Elect Officers at Winter Homecoming Meet

Alumni House Dedication Held at 44th Meeting; Dr. Holt Speaks

Re-election of all officers of the Rollins College Alumni Association was announced at Saturday's 44th annual luncheon meeting of the alumni held in conjunction with the Winter homecoming celebration. Returned to office for the ensuing year were author Rex Beach, '97, honorary president; Thomas Phillips Johnston of Pittsburg, Pa., '34, president; Robert Stephens of New York, N. Y., '31, vice president; Katherine Lewis Lehman of Winter Park, alumni secretary, and Frederic H. Ward, Winter Park, treasurer.

Newly elected members of the executive committee were: Hugh McKean, Henry Mowbray and Carter Bradford of Winter Park, and Frances Daniels, Orlando.

Preceding the luncheon, alumni (Continued on Page 6)

Famous Newsreel Photographer to Appear Here Soon

Arthur Menken, of March Of Time and Paramount, Shows Films on Mar. 1

Arthur Menken, famous Paramount News and March of Time photographer, will show his full-length, documentary film, "The Battle for the Pacific," Sunday evening March 1, at 8:15 p.m. at the Annie Russell Theatre. The program will be a feature of the tenth anniversary of the Annie Russell Series.

The picture was made by Mr. Menken in the summer and autumn of 1941 in Singapore, Hong Kong, the Dutch East Indies, and other Far Eastern trouble spots. It presents pictorially the latest developments in the international situation as they effect the Far East. Supplementing the pictures will be a verbal account of Mr. Menken's experiences and observations during his months abroad.

Human interest incidents as well as scenes of military importance fill this film. This technique has been developed in Mr. Menken's previous pictures, which include "The World in Flames" and reels from Norway, Finland, and China. (Continued on Page 3)

Rollins Debaters To Be Hosts to Stetson

Four More Colleges Will Arrive Next Week

The Rollins speech department will be host to visiting debaters from Stetson University on next Saturday, February 28. At the last meeting of the Debate Council, it was decided that this debate would be a proving ground for those wishing to obtain their five debates to be eligible for Pi Kappa Delta.

On March 5th and 6th Rollins will receive the University of Dayton, Asbury College, New York University, and William and Mary for another round of debates. Entries for this series will be chosen by try-outs. Anyone interested in taking part is invited to come by the speech studio for particulars.

Several debate teams will attend the meeting of the Southern Association of Teachers of Speech in Atlanta on March 24. From here the most successful teams will go to the National Pi Kappa Delta convention in Minneapolis and Saint Paul between April 5 and 10.

B Minor Mass and St. John's Passion Will be Sung Here

Costa Rica Minister Present At Gallery Of Art Dedication

On Tuesday, February seventeenth the formal opening of Rollins' new Art Gallery took place. A memorial to the late Charles Hosmer Morse, it was presented to the college by his granddaughter, Miss Jeanette Morse Genius of Winter Park.

The ceremonies were preceded by a dinner at the Orlando Country Club given by Mr. John Tiedtke. The guests of honor were His Excellency the Minister of Costa Rica, Senor Fernandez, and his wife. Distinguished people from all of Florida attended the banquet. Governor Holland sent his representative, the Honorable Mr. Gray, Secretary of State of Florida. The theme of the speeches was "the good neighbor feeling brought home," and the honor which we wish to give our neighbor for having come to our assistance so soon after we were attacked.

At the formal opening many were amazed to see the wonders accomplished by the Costa Ricans in art. They are truly modern in every sense of the word. Manuel Gonzales made this especially true (Continued on page 7)

Rollins students and faculty will have a major part in the Seventh Annual Bach Festival of Winter Park which is to be given on Thursday and Friday, Feb. 26 and 27 in Knowles Memorial Chapel. With Professor Christopher O. Honaas as Conductor and the Chapel Choir in the Festival Chorus, Conservatory faculty and students augmenting the orchestra, it might be fairly called the "Bach Festival of Rollins College" and Harvard and Yale and Princeton would have to admit that they are outclassed because they can't put on a Bach Festival.

When serious music first began to get recognition in the colleges it was a foregone conclusion that the old College Song Book would lose some of its popularity, and Bach and Palestrina would find devotees. Here in Rollins the classical repertoire of the Chapel Choir was an excellent preparation for the study of Bach's great choral masterpieces and the Choir has taken to the "B Minor Mass" with as much enthusiasm as their fathers did to such old ballads as "Sweet Adeline".

Like all truly great art, Bach's music challenges the utmost skill of the performer. The Chapel Choir has met that challenge and achieved most inspiring results under Professor Honaas' relentless (Continued on Page 8)

Genius Amazes Large Audience in School Auditorium; Menuhin Master of Violin

by Jack Pernicke

One of the finest young violinists proved his mastery of the bow and marvelous technique before an audience that applauded this virtuoso with great enthusiasm. Sunday, February 22 was a memorable occasion for the people of Winter Park. From the opening chord of the Sonata in D major of Beethoven to the final note of La Chasse of Kreisler, Yehudi Menuhin thrilled the audience with his all inspiring playing. As Mr. Menuhin walked upon the stage, the audience greeted him with welcoming applause.

In the Beethoven Sonata, Mr. Menuhin displayed superb phrasing, from the clean cut allegro passages of the first movement to the beautiful melodious passages of the andante movement. Every note was expressed with the warm feeling, as only Menuhin can do. Again we see the marvelous

Menuhin technique in the Mendelssohn Concerto. Because of the fast tempo he could not express the beautiful, melodious passages with emotion, but counterbalancing this, he showed exquisite phrasing with-in the difficult technical parts as only a fine artist could do.

The main event appears in the performance of the Tzigane by Ravel. The thematic material of the composition is built upon gypsy motives which Menuhin performed with the greatest of ease.

The Spanish dances by Sarasate were done artistically, but again showing very little feeling in the slow Spanish motifs.

The Moses Fantasy by Rossini-Paganini was not done as Menuhin could have done if he were not under the misfortune of troublous G String.

The "sugar" encores were the Caprice by Kreisler, Hora Staccato by Dinicu-Heifetz, and La Chasse, also by Kreisler.

World Events Turn Well-Acted "Holiday" Into Strong Criticism of Earlier American

By Nathan C. Starr

It is surely a tribute to the quality of the performance of *Holiday* last Friday evening that the play in itself stands out with almost sinister force. Seen as it is after Dec. 7, 1941, it is very far removed from adroit social satire; it is instead, whether by Barry's intention or not, a "Tract for the Times," the impact of whose message could be judged by the air of bewilderment and even of resentment on the part of many of the audience. There was the uneasy feeling that the picture of the Seton family, to appropriate a title from Shaw, was too true to be good.

Here surely satire acquires a new kind of force. No longer does the author laugh men out of their favorite follies and vices, nor even alone does he shame them. Rather he adds to all this a kind of horror, a revulsion against the vitiated luxury and confusion of an

earlier America, welling up from minds tense with the danger threatening all that we prize in our civilization. The ethical cosmos of Fielding and Sheridan, even of Swift and Shaw, was not fighting to escape extinction; ours is. The Setons are the unconscious antagonists in the now fully conscious drama of American affirmation.

Deprived of its overtones, however, *Holiday* can be seen as a comedy of manners; for even in spite of his uncertainty as to whether he shall write farce or serious drama, despite the inconsistency which only at the very end reveals to Linda the mercenary streak she might have expected to find in her sister Julia years before, in spite of a somewhat creaky third act, Barry has an incisive way with wise-cracking and stuffed-shirtism among the so-called upper classes. The nervous (Continued on page 7)

New Edition

(Continued from page 1)

of an Order the Editor's Shoulder department, introduced the group of persons on the platform who were "pigeonholed" as either past or future contributors. Among them were Edwin Granberry, author and professor of creative writing at Rollins; John Palmer Gavit, trustee; Albert Shaw, "dean of all magazine editors in the U. S."; John Martin, lecturer; Sidney Homer, author and composer and Joseph C. Lincoln, author.

Editorial Policy: Prexy exhibited his trusty rod which he calls a Blue Pencil, and shook it at the speakers behind him, admonishing them to adhere to time limits.

Then Madame Louise Homer led in the singing of The Star Spangled Banner. The audience remained standing for the retiring of the Colors.

Leading Editorial: Louis J. Alber, lecturer and twenty-year friend of England's prime minister, spoke about the speeches of "Winston Churchill: Lipping Cicero". Mr. Alber told how this "Anglo-American phenomenon" had overcome staggering handicaps of speech finally to accomplish such mastery that every Churchill speech is built like a symphony, the words sent rolling out with the mark of genius upon them. He told of how in preparing his speeches, Mr. Churchill whispers or says them aloud several times, testing every mouthful. As a phrasemaker, the man is matchless. "When I hear a Churchill speech," he said, "I feel that I am watching history on the move."

Nobel Prize winner Sigrid Undset told a story of a "Winter Morning in Norway." Although her exciting Norwegian accent came near to "jamming the presses", the tale of a steamer trip on the North Sea was explained with poignant simplicity and was filled with charming surprises, such as one passage when she elucidated "the hang of it." There were humorous moments when the audience chuckled happily over the subtle wit of the great writer.

The "Three Uncommon Men" by George A. Zabriskie, historian, and president of the New York Historical Society, were two Floridians, Dr. John Gorrie and Lue Gim Gong, and Stephen C. Foster. Dr. Gorrie he recounted as the inventor of the process of making artificial ice, an invention which has done so much to allay human suffering, yet no biographies or elegies have been written of him. Another unsung hero, Lue Gim Gong, developer of the orange bearing his name, now lies buried at DeLand without even a marker to tell his resting place. The third, though not a Floridian, is brought into the life of this state through "Suwannee River." Stephen Foster, whose many songs are as much a part of us as the legends of Washington, spent his last years in ignoble poverty. Slight as they may appear in the annals of history, their lives have been nonetheless important—they were "three uncommon men."

Speaking with fiery enthusiasm and pulling no punches, president of "Bundles for America," Natalie Wales Latham, drew intermittent rounds of applause from the audience as she told of the "army behind the army." Bundles for America, and Bundles for Britain, are answers to the question of the little people at home, "How can I help?" They offer opportunities

for wholehearted personalized support of the fighting men. It is time, she said, to stop looking at the mote in your neighbor's eye, and to put your hand on his shoulder and say, "This is our fight; we're in it, let's win it."

In introducing the author of "H. M. Pulham, Esquire," Dr. Holt called John P. Marquand a man of Boston, Cambridge, and Harvard, where it is considered "more important to be born in Boston than to be born again."

Mr. Marquand read one of the last letters of "The Late George Apley." This was one of the most outstanding contributions to the Magazine. Old George Apley had been looking over his life rather objectively during his last days and was writing his son John. The letter is exquisite, laden with tradition and thick Boston atmosphere, and through it runs a fine thread of commonsense humor. He recapitulates a life of obsequiousness to "tyrants, memory and tradition" in which as he looks back he finds he has achieved surprisingly little, not from want of trying, but because something has always stepped in the way. While proud that he has upheld the right conventionality of his training, he muses that he has not had a good time in doing it. He has stood for the things that shall not vanish from the earth, and he finds that it is a good world and a just world, where courage and truth are important. Then he tells of the disposition of his belongings, and Marquand's splendid irony is again revealed. In closing, George Apley mentions that he has had many callers during the past few days, relatives and friends—"I wonder why I am so popular."

Springing to the mike without a manuscript, Thomas Arbuthnot, said that the wonder wasn't that the magazine came alive, but that he'd be lucky if he came out alive. Director of the Carnegie Hero Fund, and formerly Dean of the Medical School of the University of Pittsburgh, as well as a classmate of Dr. Holt's at Yale, he asked, "Have any of you ever had seven thousand people looking at you?"

Popular with the audience from this first moment on, Mr. Arbuthnot said he had decided to forego his prepared speech since it was such a family circle, and would just give a fireside chat. He related the magical story of radio, telling how not so many years ago, a speaker could address only a small handful of people, but that now his voice was traveling not only to the assembly present but up across the Arctic Circle to the North Pole, where an Eskimo family sat around the radio, each with fur ear muffs and a dog in his lap. And in the same split second that it carried to the tropics and a naked cannibal it was heard in a car at the next corner, whereupon the driver takes it in high.

"But I wish to speak seriously about education." The question of education now is how to apply it and how to accept it. He spoke of the Rollins plan and of President Holt in terms of glowing admiration. "It is necessary that there be an understanding cooperation between students and teachers."

Animated Picture Page: For the

first time the Magazine was illustrated with undergraduates of Rollins who have already achieved distinction. While Dr. Holt supplied the captions, these students came to the front of the platform for an ovation from the audience.

These students were Pauline Betz and Dorothy Bundy, of tennis fame; Carson Seavey, distinguished in oratory; Sylvia Haimowitz and Daphne Takach, pianists; Edwin Waite, record-breaking swimmer; Sally McCaslin, writer; and John Powell, singer.

Following the advertising insert, during which Dr. Grover addressed the audience and the collection was taken by the ushers, Irving Bacheller read a rollicking rime entitled "The Proof O'Hell." Often a contributor to the magazine, Mr. Bacheller never fails to add a note of good fun with his poems. He is the author of "Even Holden," "A Man for the Ages", and "The Winds of God".

Next Dr. Grover introduced Mr. W. Stanley Hanson, "Friend of the Seminoles." He told about the Hotel Seminole which Mr. Hanson has in his back yard at Fort Meyers, several Indian huts with raised floors and grass roofs. A thousand Indians a year visit this unique hotel. Because of his love and devotion to them, the Seminoles have made him the only white medicine man, and permit him to sit in on their judgment councils.

Mr. Hanson then spoke about the aged chief he brought with him. Chief Tiger is eighty-four years old. He is the head medicine man of the two tribes of the remaining six hundred Seminoles. He has powers of life and death over them, an unlimited dictatorship, and yet he is never unkind, always lovable.

Mr. Hanson addressed the Chief in Seminole, motioning him to come to the microphone.

Chief Tiger's message was brief. Speaking calmly in his native language, he said that it was the wish of his people to be friends with the white man from now on. As he left the speaker's stand, the audience arose. Dr. Holt commented, "I am glad that you have risen for the first real American ever to appear on the Animated Magazine."

Katherine Tift-Jones, dramatic reader and interpreter of Negro folk-lore, stirred and amused the audience with three tales, in which she characterized the Negro as devoutly religious with a flair for word-painting.

Mr. Allan V. Heely, Headmaster of the Lawrenceville School for Boys, attributed the painful attitude of American undergraduates toward the war before December seventh, to a materialistic teaching of the social sciences.

He declared that the reason the American people were indifferent to the moral implications of the present crisis is due to the fact that colleges and schools have forgotten in many cases that the end of education is a moral end. They

DR MacFARLAND ON AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

On Tuesday, March 3, at eleven o'clock, Dr. Charles S. Macfarland will lecture in the Annie Russell Theatre on "The Christian Churches and American Foreign Policy."

Dr. MacFarland is General Secretary Emeritus of the Federal Council of the Churches, and while in charge of the Foreign Relations of the Council, was in Europe on 25 occasions, including three during the first World War.

In 1933, he was the first American private citizen invited to con-

have forgotten that the purpose of any course of training is to effect behaviour. "When an institution declares that its function is to train the mind but that the social and moral behaviour of its students is not its proper concern, you may infer with no injustice that however interesting or valuable its activity may be, it is not education."

Dr. Louis L. Mann, Rabbi of the Chicago Sinai Congregation and Author of "In Quest of the Bluebird" spoke about "The Heart of Hitlerism—If It Has One." Years ago Hitler said that it is a struggle of two worlds, one or the other of which must go. Dr. Mann said that the conflict with Hitler is not a sideswiping or smashing of fenders, but a head-on collision, between civilization and barbarism. He spoke of it as a war between two books, The Bible and Mein Kampf, theories as opposite as two poles. "We are now witnessing a gigantic contest as to whether the blond, bestial giant of Neitche shall say the last word," he declared.

Arthur Guiterman read three poems, animal fables he had composed when he was Phi Beta Kappa poet at a banquet of that fraternity. Edward A. Steiner Czechoslovakian, author of "From Alien to Citizen" "Nationalizing America", and "Sanctus, Spiritus and Company" fervently delivered his message, "Finally My Brethern," which he closed by saying, "Be still steadfast enough. What of the night? The stars show the morning cometh and with the morning victory."

fer with Hitler who was pointed by Dr. Macfarland's comments on the German Church. He has served as lecturer several European universities holds degrees from the University of Paris and Geneva.

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Dr. Holt Gives Honorary Degree at Convocation

Rollins College conferred honorary degrees upon seven persons at convocation exercises held in the Knowles Memorial Chapel this morning in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of its founding. The degrees were bestowed by President Hamilton Holt, assisted by members of the Board of Trustees and the faculty.

Recipients of degrees were:

Sigrid Undset, noted author and winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1928, Doctor of Humanities.

John P. Marquand, novelist, and Pulitzer Prize winner in 1938, Doctor of Humanities.

Winslow S. Anderson, dean of Rollins and president-elect of Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash., Doctor of Science.

Allan V. Heely, Headmaster of the Lawrenceville, N. J., School for Boys, Doctor of Humanities.

Thomas Shaw Arbuthnot, director of the Carnegie Hero Fund, Doctor of Science.

Natalie Wales Latham, founder and honorary president of "Bundles for Britain" and president of "Bundles for America", Doctor of Humanities.

George A. Zabriskie, president of the New York Historical Society, Doctor of Laws.

The Rollins Decoration of Honor, awarded for distinguished service to the College, was presented to Mrs. William C. Bowers, president of the Hispanic-Institute in Florida; Dr. James H. Beal, of Merritt Island, who presented to the College his magnificent collection of shells; and B. L. Maltbie, of Newark, N. J., the donor of the museum building which houses Dr. Beal's collection.

The Algernon Sydney Sullivan Medallion, which Rollins and the New York Southern Society give annually as a tribute to outstanding character and service, was awarded to Dr. Julian Forrest Gardner, Winter Park physician.

CITATION TO ANDERSON

Citation for Honorary Degree of Doctor of Science for WINSLOW S. ANDERSON, Dean of Rollins College and President-elect of Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington. (Dr. Arthur D. Enyart, Dean of Men, Public Orator.)

It has been said that the chances of a dean's success in his position are measured by the amount of trouble which he as a student incurred upon his own college dean. Dean Anderson's achievements at Rollins have been great. Thus, if the above statement be true, he must have been a very naughty boy in his undergraduate days.

Winslow Samuel Anderson was born in Portland, Maine where in the business of his father he early learned the ways of men and developed the ability to think and act independently—which ability enabled him to earn a large part of his way through Bates College where he was graduated with high honor and was made a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Mr. Anderson first came to Rollins as a teacher of chemistry in 1921 from Bates College where, because of his excellent record in science he had been an assistant in the Department of Chemistry. Feeling the need of advanced study in his chosen field, he spent the years 1922 and 23 at the University of Minnesota where he received the degree of Master of Sciences. After two years of teaching at the State College of North Carolina he spent three years as executive secretary of the Theta Kappa Nu Fraternity. In 1928 Mr. Anderson returned to Rollins College as professor of Chemistry and Dean of Men and in the following year became Dean of the College.

Dean Anderson has found time to do much valuable research work in the field of Industrial Chemistry. He served in World War I and later became lieutenant in the Chemical Warfare Reserves.

The old expression "guide, philosopher and friend" was never used with greater sincerity and warmth than when applied to this man. For 12 years as Dean of the College he has guided the academic ship with the wisdom and courage of a loyal and faithful captain. His handling

of the many perplexing problems of a deanship has ever shown sound judgment, insight and vision. As a friend he has won the admiration and the affection of the faculty and student body.

Dean Anderson's association with Rollins has been one of wide achievement and his departure to assume his duties as President of Whitman College will leave a vacancy on many boards and committees having to do with civic and national defense matters as well as educational; he was the originator of the Adult Education Plan which has proved to be one of the outstanding features in the development of Rollins and has brought to Winter Park many winter visitors who appreciate its opportunities and cultural advantages. He was active in organizing the Phi Beta Kappa Alumni of Central Florida and was its first president. He was one of the group organizing the University Club of Winter Park. He is a member of the Committee for the Utilization of Scientific Resources; and never one to take his duties lightly, he has been active in all groups with which his name has been associated.

Dean Anderson has rendered distinguished service in so many capacities that he has been ranked as one of the great educational leaders of the South. But what is more important he is that rare type of leader whose vision and heart extend beyond a mere academic horizon. In short, Dean Winslow S. Anderson is now one of America's national educational leaders.

Mr. President, I have the honor of presenting to you our beloved dean for the Degree of Doctor of Science.

President Holt:

Winslow S. Anderson, scholar, scientist, and dean, the Rollins family has received the news of your appointment of the Presidency of Whitman College at Walla Walla, Washington with both gratification and regret — gratification that you have received this promotion and honor, and regrets that Rollins must lose one whose services to the College have ever been marked by high ability, sound judgment and devoted loyalty. You have ever been a good comrade to your academic colleagues, a wise counselor to students, a true scientist—a seeker after truth, and a

Mrs. Lathan Stresses Need For Knitting, Army Recreation Centers During War Time

By Jean Hamaker

Indeed an honored guest and a welcome contributor to the Animated Magazine was busy Mrs. Natalie Wales Latham, founder of Bundles for Britain, and recently, Bundles for America.

In her article for the Magazine and in her talk to the college girls following convocation, Mrs. Latham stressed above all the importance of "realizing that the war has been dumped in our laps, rolling up our sleeves, and doing something about it." On her numerous trips about the country, she has found many people who know that the world is doomed, and so stop up their ears because they do not want to hear the crash. Mrs. Latham pointed out that such a negative viewpoint is deplorable at a time when the active cooperation of each individual is so necessary.

A few minutes of the meeting with the girls were devoted to explaining the organization of Bundles for America. The country is divided into Army areas and Navy districts. Florida is part of the fourth corps area, which also includes the states of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, South Carolina and Louisiana. So far, the organization has handled twelve million dollars.

It has been Mrs. Latham's business to travel about the country and inspect individual camps, and then to determine, with the aid of officials, the greatest needs of these camps. She has found that 181,000 heavy knitted garments are needed in the northern states, since lands and seas heretofore untouched by war are now included. The need for protection against frostbite in Vermont, the need for baby clothes in the overcrowded areas near camps where wives move about in order to be near their husbands, and the need for furnishings for day-rooms in camps were points especially emphasized by Mrs. Latham.

Concerning knitting, it was explained that officials are now urging that names be put on the finished articles, since morale is elevated when the personal touch is added. At this point it was revealed that one of the small rooms of the Alumni Center will hereafter be devoted to dispensing and col-

lecting knitting made in the college.

leader of effectiveness in both the community and the academic world beyond. It is gratifying that you go to a college in not a few respects similar to Rollins. Both Whitman and Rollins are small colleges and glory in it; both are the oldest colleges in their respective commonwealths; both are strongly Christian though undenominational in character; both rejoice in a pilgrim inheritance; both have high academic standards.

The Trustees of Rollins College unite with the faculty, staff, students and alumni in wishing you all happiness and success as you to your new home in the West. We have complete confidence that you will rise to higher and even higher achievements, both professionally and personally throughout the unfolding years. And now to give its stamp of approval Rollins College has the honor of conferring upon you the degree of Doctor of Science and admitting you to all its rights and privileges.

lecting knitting made in the college.

Dorothy Lockhart suggested as a project for campus groups the furnishing of day rooms (small recreation rooms) at the Orlando Air Base. Kappa Alpha Theta will use their fifty dollar contribution for this purpose.

There could be no doubting the sincerity of this young New England matron who since 1940 has devoted her entire existence to helping Americans help themselves. Mrs. Latham's vitality, earnestness, and sparkling personality could bring nothing but success to such a tremendous undertaking, and her enthusiasm has been an incentive to thousands.

Touring U. of Dayton Men to Debate Here

Two Students Will Contest Against Eleven Colleges

University of Dayton debaters Henry C. Rechten and Robert Schweller will begin on Monday, Feb. 23, a tour of two weeks duration which will place them in competition with college debate teams of schools in five states from Ohio to Florida.

Both debaters are mechanical engineering students, Rechten being a senior and Schweller a sophomore. Their itinerary includes: Feb. 23, University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, O.; Feb. 24, Asbury college, Willmore, Ky.; Feb. 25, Georgetown college, Georgetown, Ky.; Feb. 26, Berea college, Berea, Ky.; Feb. 27, Tennessee Polytechnical Institute, Cookeville, Tenn.; Feb. 28, University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.; Mar. 2, Berry college, Mt. Berry, Ga.; Mar. 3, Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, Ga.; Mar. 4, University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla.; Mar. 5, Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla.; Mar. 6, Florida Southern College, Lakeland, Fla.; Mar. 7, St. Petersburg College, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Famous Newsreel

(Continued from Page 1)

Mr. Menken has photographed scenes from every war since his sequences portraying the relief of Alcazar in the Spanish Civil War. This work won him the National Headliners' Award in 1936 for the best newsreel of the year. In 1940 he again won this award for pictures of the British evacuation of Namsos, Norway. Later he filmed the Nazi attacks on the Dover coast of England.

Other adventures of Mr. Menken's eventful life include photographing Guaharibo Indians in Central America, filming wild animals in Rhodesia, and piloting airplanes of the Royal Dutch Airlines.

Arthur Menken was born in New

York City of a socially prominent family. He was educated at Hotchkiss and Harvard and was intended for law, but he wanted adventure.

On rare occasions when he is at home in America, Mr. Menken lives in a Park Avenue apartment with his father. He is unmarried. He is a Fellow of the Royal Geography Society, a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, Adventurers, Explorers, and Harvard Clubs.

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Were You at Convocation?

Convocation was very interesting last Monday. Mr. Heely, headmaster of Lawrenceville, and one of the first to introduce the conference system into a leading prep school, gave a good short talk on "Tabloid Education", which is, he says, the boiling down of knowledge until there is nothing left. The rest of his talk was just as good as that description.

We are mentioning this so that the students who weren't there will have some idea of what they missed. It doesn't do any good to preach to Rollins students, or any other students, and tell them that it is their duty to go to assemblies and Convocations. It probably doesn't do much good to tell them what they missed, either, but sometimes when we have seen such a mass refusal to do some little thing we can't help thinking that maybe the Rollins boys and girls are too independent for their own good.

There is a trite old saying that the more liberty one has the more responsibility he has. There is another trite saying that there is a difference between liberty and license, and that the surest way to lose your liberty is to abuse it. We know of colleges where girls have to be in at seven o'clock. We also know of colleges where the boys have to be in by seven-thirty and have half-hour late permissions on Saturday nights. Of course, no matter how bad the student attitude here should get, a rule like that would never be imposed, firstly, because the students themselves have a say in their own government, and secondly, because the administration does not believe that that is the way for young people to learn how to handle themselves.

As we said before, we can't preach, because we are young ourselves and are still in college, and in our younger and less mature days we cut a couple of Convocations too. Now, however, even though we have few gray hairs, we have grown enough mentally to realize that we do have certain fundamental duties toward others, our fraternities, our classmates, our professors, and our college. We are inclined to feel that it is not any willful intention to hurt anyone, or even selfishness that kept so many of the younger members of the Rollins family away from the Chapel last Monday. It was sheer immaturity and thoughtlessness. The boy who says you wouldn't catch him at any old assembly when he doesn't have classes all day, and the girl who wants to go for a ride, and those who just want to sleep, they're not bad or wicked. They just haven't developed a sense of responsibility. They just aren't mature.

OVER THERE

News, and it's all Bad

In spite of the optimistic attitude of the American people, bad news is going to be a steady diet for us for the next year or so. All the reports this week are anything but favorable to the Allies. All the reports for next week and the following weeks will be the same unless these two mighty giants start to wake up and take note of what's happening to them. The fall of Singapore, the attack on Pearl Harbor, the submarine activities in our own front yard, tire shortage, new taxes, these are just a few of the items of unpleasantness that the people of the United Nations will have to face. These are but a prelude to what old Father Time has in store for us.

With Singapore in the hands of the Japs, the military men of this country are talking in the terms

of four and five years of fighting instead of two. Maybe the idea of twenty-five years of mobilization is not just a pipe dream. Singapore will be a vital base for the raiders. The supply lines to India, China, and Australia are in grave danger as long as the Japs hold Singapore.

That Man, MacArthur!

"Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die." "The Charge of the Light Brigade" lives again on a tiny island some where in the Pacific. Yanks, shoulder to shoulder with Philippine troops, are putting up the bravest fight yet witnessed in this second World War. Their cause is a lost one. Their chances for victory—a million to one. But by the stubbornness of God and the guts of the devil, they're making the Japs pay dearly for every inch of that God-forgotten land of Bataan. Against

hundred to one odds they're holding. How long can they last? How much longer! Flesh and blood can stand just so much. Bare hands and empty rifles can't stop flame throwers, and dive bombers. With the fall of Singapore, the military value of the Philippines is fast fading. This hopeless battle is now becoming a symbol, a symbol of the determination of America to stamp out this menace to freedom of mankind!

America's Pledge

Hats off to you, General MacArthur. Your battle was lost years before it started. Bungled politics waved the white flag when they refused to fortify the Philippines. Your men have set a new record for courage. You've proven that under good leadership, the Yanks can lick the hell out of any Jap. We, the people of America, bid the God that created men and women make this pledge: If it takes ten years or a hundred years, if it takes ten men or a million men, on the highest peak of Bataan we'll plant the Stars and Stripes and there by damn, it will stay!

... TEXTS OF SPEECHES ...

MORALITY AND EDUCATION

An address by Dr. Allan V. Heely, Headmaster of the Lawrenceville, New Jersey, Preparatory School.

During the two years between the outbreak of the war and this country's entrance, American undergraduate opinion caused a good deal of pain to some educators and interested laymen. Part of this concern was simply the invincible surprise that most men exhibit when they find that someone disagrees with them. "There are few facts," wrote Barrett Wendell, "which do more to prevent the free intercourse of man with man than our habit of assuming that other people think as we do." But in the main these observers were disturbed at finding, among young people, indifference to the moral implications of the present crisis; an alarming tendency to regard the totalitarian threat as a striking historical phenomenon, with no inclination to evaluate it morally.

These young people, their elders feared, had become the victims of a "materialistic" teaching of the social sciences which had insisted that the course of human events was a series of unique and unrelated incidents which it was the province of the scholar to observe without critical comment. To generalize about them, to make distinctions between "good" and "bad," was to be unscholarly. The distinguished historian, the late H. A. L. Fisher, wrote, in the preface of his *History of Europe*: "Men wiser and more learned than I have discerned in history a plot, a rhythm, a predetermined pattern. These harmonies are concealed from me. I can see only one emergency following upon another as wave follows wave, only one great fact with respect to which, since it is unique, there can be no generalizations, only one safe rule for the historian: that he should recognize in the development of human destinies the play of the contingent and the unforeseen."

Now, events have proved that much of this apparent cynicism

and despair was skin-deep. School and college undergraduates are now supporting the war with conviction not only, but with a far-seeing awareness of the problems of the post-war world.

Yet the question of the moral training of young people cannot be complacently dismissed. No school or college can give its students what it does not have. If there is no institutional or corporate morality; if what an institution stands for is merely the sum of the individual opinions of its faculty; if administrators fight shy of emphasizing moral values on the ground that academic training confused, uncertain, without compass or rudder.

The root of the trouble is that schools and colleges have forgotten, in many cases, that the end of education is a moral end. They have forgotten that the purpose of any course of training is to affect behavior. You do not teach a dog to jump through a hoop, or a seal to balance a ball on its nose, because you think the information is desirable as an abstract intellectual possession. You do it so that, on demand, the animal will perform the trick. You do it to affect his behavior.

When you teach students in school or college, you do it with the purpose of making them more effective members of society, better citizens. "The task of education today," says ex-president Angell of Yale, "is more than ever before in the field of morals. The attitude of a man toward his job in the world is more important than his intellectual equipment for the job. If he does not approach the world with an intelligent social altruism and with the willingness to impose upon himself a high degree of social discipline under which he will forego some of the individual prerogatives which he once could claim, then he is not yet educated." When an institution declares, therefore, that its function is to train the mind, but that the social and moral behavior of its students is not its proper concern, you may infer without injustice that, however interesting or valuable its activity may be, it is not education.

BUNDLES FOR AMERICA

An address by Natalie Wales Latham, honorary president of "Bundles for Britain" and president of "Bundles for America."

Bundles for America is an organization of the people, by the people, for the armed forces of the United States!

Bundles for America is the army behind the army!

Bundles for America answers the voice of thousands of American people asking "What can I do? How can I help win this war? How can the working girl, the housewife, and the executive all send their personal message of strength and confidence to our fighting men?"

Bundles for America offers an opportunity for earnest and wholehearted support by every citizen for the fighting men and their families. We hope that every soldier and sailor will feel the hand of a citizen on his shoulder. We hope that a tremendous unified effort will sweep up from the homes and the factories of the country to light a beacon of courage from which the far-flung battle lines of democracy may rekindle their strength.

Bundles for America is built on the million American women of Bundles for Britain who rallied to the support of Great Britain when she stood alone in the path of the Axis. These Americans do not intend to desert Britain in this grave hour, but they ask for a way to help our own American boys and their families, a personalized way paved with no red tape, a way that will go straight from the homes of America to the army camps and the ships at sea. So the Army and the Navy showed us how all the millions of little people could get into the war effort. We hope that there will be a unit of Bundles for America in every village and church and factory throughout the country so that every one may send a sweater or a dollar or a service kit or a book or in one of the many ways keep our faith with the fighting men.

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BUNDLES FOR AMERICA

(Continued from page 4)

the front or their families who remain behind.

What we need is some good old-fashioned flag-waving. We need to see the spirit of America rise up in wrath and loyalty and determination and swell across the nation from sea to sea. We need to know that the bloody, hot struggle which General MacArthur fights is not on the Bataan Peninsula but at the front door of every one of us. Man cannot live by bread alone, England was not preserved through the blitz by the numbers of planes. Dunkirk was not evacuated by great ships. The Bataan Peninsula is not being held by force in numbers. These things are done by men and women made strong by the knowledge that the hour's combat is on the shoulders of each of them and that the incarnate spirit of democracy is their sacred trust. The job of each of them may be small but every soul counts and their faith will move mountains.

Let us have no more of this talk about the fanatical determination of the Axis power to win. Let us raise instead the will and might of the United States, galvanized into action. Let every man, woman, and child stop searching for the mote in his neighbor's eye and put his hand on his neighbor's shoulder and say, "This is our fight! We're in it! Let's win it!"

I think all that any of us need to do is to set foot in a camp or on the deck of a ship to feel this grim, beautiful spirit of our men. It is a challenge to every citizen. It is one to which we must rise. The posters say "Awake America." Pray to God, roll up our sleeves, and make ourselves worthy of being Americans!

Marquand's Letter

Dear John:-

I have a good deal of time on my hands these days, more than I ever remember having. Except for two hours in the morning managing my correspondence with Miss Fearing from the office I seem to spend most of my time on the porch watching John, Jr., playing in the sand pile we have built for him. I have been impressed to-day that he seems to do the same thing over and over again. He has definite limitations of activity and thought, but then that is true with most of us. We all do the same things over and over again.

I have been amusing myself to-day by reading Emerson's essay on Self-Reliance. There is a brave ring to the words. There is a courage about them which I like to think that Emerson and the rest of us, in a lesser measure, have drawn from the rocky soil and from this harsh climate. I like to think we are all self-reliant in a way, but sometimes Emerson leads one's thoughts along disturbing channels. Emerson disturbed me this afternoon.

He made me do something which I have never really done. He made me examine my life objectively, and I cannot say that I liked it very much; however, I could see myself as perhaps you and some others see me. It seems to me that, although I have tried, I have achieved surprisingly little compared with my own father and his father, for instance. I repeat that

TEXTS OF ADRESSES

this negative result has not been for want of trying. The difficulty seems to have been that something has always stepped in the way to prevent me. I have always been faced from childhood by the obligation of convention, and all of these conventions have been made by others, formed from the fabric of the past. In some way these have stepped in between me and life. I had to realize that they were designed to do just that. They were designed to promote stability and inheritance. Perhaps they have gone a little bit too far.

When I stopped to think of it, I had the unpleasant conviction that everything I have done has amounted to nothing. I tried to think of the things which I have cared about most. In all conscience they have been simple things. They have been the relaxation after physical weariness—the feel of wind on the face, the feel of cold water on the body. I may say parenthetically that the doctors will no longer permit me to take my daily cold tub. Now and then something has come to me in unexpected moments when I have been near the woods or water at sundown. I have felt at such odd times a peace and happiness amounting to a belief that I was in tune with a sort of infinity. It has been like moments I have had with you and Eleanor when you were growing up. I have known the joys of companionship now and then, and I have known the deep satisfaction of friendship. I have known the satisfaction of accomplishing something on which I have centered all my energies and hopes. I have known the feeling of warm earth. I have heard the sleigh bells sound in winter. All this has been very good. Yet somehow I seem to have enjoyed very little of these pleasures, for I have never seemed to have had the time to enjoy them. I have turned away from them because I have believed that most of these were pleasures of the senses rather than of the intellect. I have been taught since boyhood not to give way to sensuality. I think this afternoon, now that it is almost too late, that this viewpoint may be a little wrong. There has been too much talk in my life. There has been too little action.

These thoughts were still in my mind when I came in here to the library to write this letter, and now that I am here, I feel very much better. The family portraits are all around me. There is my grandfather painted on one of his visits to Paris. There is my own father when he was a young man. There are the Chippendale chairs and the tall clock and the gate-legged table. All these objects are very consoling this afternoon. I can realize now that these are the things which make people like you and me behave, the exacting tyrants from which we cannot escape, but there is something beneficial in their rule. Memory and tradition are the tyrants of our environment. You cannot be very radical or very wrong when you see Moses Apley's face. He made me think of some other things on the favorable ledger of my life. I have always told the truth. I have never shirked standing by my convictions. I have

tried to realize that my position demanded and still demands the giving of help to others. I have tried in my poor way to behave toward all men in a manner which might not disgrace that position. Now I can feel a humble sense of pride that I have done so.

An English woman named Mrs. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, whose life in many ways has not been the same as mine, has written a strange book entitled "The Right To Be Happy" which has disturbed even your mother's admirable sense of balance. It seems to me to-day in all this unhappy country there is a loud, lonely cry for happiness. Perhaps it would be better if people realized that happiness comes only by indirection, that it can never exist by any conscious effort of the will. I think this is a mistake that you and Eleanor and all the rest of you are making. When the hour comes for you to balance your accounts I wonder if you will have had any better time than I. I doubt it.

At any rate, I feel that I have been the means of continuing something which is worth more than happiness. I have stood for many things which I hope will not vanish from the earth. I am only one of many here who have done so. The world I have lived in may be in a certain sense restricted but it has been a good world and a just world. Much of it may have been built on a sense of security which is now disappearing but it has also been built on certain elements of the spirit which will always be secure: on honour and on courage and on truth.

I have been engaged during the past two weeks in going over the details of my will. I am very anxious that certain small possessions go to the right people and that you and Eleanor will not quarrel over my wishes. I have sent the bronzes to the Art Museum yesterday, where they will be exhibited on the Apley side of the large wing. I, for one, am very glad to have them out of the house. The silver is being carefully listed and so is the furniture. I want you to take particular care to look after Norman Rowe at Pequod Island. There is also a fund being set aside for the servants. Do you want your great-grandmother's locket with your great-grandfather's hair inside it? If you don't I shall give it to the Historical Society. I am very much puzzled about what to do with certain family letters. I do not think there is anything in them which will do much harm and I do not wish to burn them. They are in five tin boxes on the left-hand side of the attic stairs. As you know, most of the Apley letter books are on loan at the Essex Institute, where I imagine you will be willing to leave them. For the rest you must come up here to see me. Copies of my own letters, pamphlets, and papers I am having arranged in suitable boxes marked and documented. A great many people are coming to call on me every afternoon, all sorts of younger members of the family and many older friends. I had not realized that I was so popular . . .

"THREE UNCOMMON MEN"

An article contributed by George A. Zabriskie, of New York, N. Y., and Ormond Beach, Fla., President of the New York Historical Society, at the Rollins College Animated Magazine on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 22, at 2:30 o'clock.

Occasionally there strides across the pages of history, a figure that belonging to no particular locality, yet whose environment brings about discoveries that are far reaching and of world wide benefit. Such a man was Dr. John Gorrie of Apalachicola, Florida, the inventor of the process of making ice. Now, how many people, not in the ice business or medical profession, have heard of Dr. Gorrie? No biographies or elegies have ever been composed in his honor, yet he did more to relieve the suffering of Yellow and Malarial fever patients, than anyone else dreamed of. Stationed at the U. S. Marine hospital in Apalachicola he noticed the suffering was more intense on warm nights, so by means of an opening in the wall at floor level, a vent in the chimney, and placing ice in a container suspended from the ceiling, air was cooled, and being heavier, it descended, passing over the patient and out by way of the floor opening. There in the sick wards of a hospital, occurred the first process of air conditioning, 90 years ago.

Further study of air conditioning and refrigeration, resulted in his being granted the first patent on record for a machine to make ice—on May 6th, 1851.

But Dr. Gorrie was not to profit by it, for although his chief aim was to improve the condition of the sick, he tried to commercialize his patent but was unsuccessful. The world wasn't ready for it—in fact, a Northern paper, editorially referring to the notion that ice could be manufactured, declared "a crank called Dr. John Gorrie down in Apalachicola, Florida, claims he can make ice as well as God Almighty." Dr. Gorrie died shortly after, in 1855, humiliated and broken hearted, but sad to relate, history offers abundant evidence of similar experiences. Now, nearly a century later, there is a monument to him in Apalachicola, another in Washington, while a bridge on the Gulf Coast and a school in Jacksonville are named in his honor.

Uncommon man number two in this little galaxy was also a Floridian by way of adoption—or rather by way of China, for Lue Gim Gong came to this country from China in 1872, unable to speak a word of English, and only 12 years of age. He worked his way across the continent from San Francisco to North Adams, Massachusetts, where he attracted the attention of Fanny Burlingame, a cousin of the Chinese Ambassador, who took him in her employ.

There he learned English—not pigeon English—but as he couldn't

stand the Yankee climate, Miss Burlingame sent him to Deland where she had an estate of 4 acres planted in oranges, and there in 1886 he developed an orange by crossing the pollen of the Valencia with the Mediterranean Sweet, which is claimed to be the sturdiest of all sweet varieties now cultivated in America—it remains on the tree longer, can resist cold better, and for this orange which bears his name, and one of the choicest in the state he was awarded the Wilder Medal.

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Alan Anderson

PHOTOGRAPH

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"THREE UNCOMMON MEN"

(Continued from Page 5)

by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Upon the death of Miss Burlingame, her heirs deeded the orange grove to Lue and there he lived alone. Under the influence of the Christian religion, he established a chapel for worship in the grove, where with a table for a pulpit, and crude benches, this celestial horticulturist would hold services every Sunday afternoon.

Now, Lue Gim Gong is gone, friends from far and near paid their last respects on a balmy day in June 1925 and he was buried in a simple single grave in Oakdale cemetery, Deland — without even a marker to designate the spot.

The third uncommon man, while not a Floridian, is linked to the state by the amber waters of the Suwannee River.

Stephen Collins Foster was born in Lawrenceville, a suburb of Pittsburgh, on the 4th of July, 1826, just 50 years after the Declaration of Independence and while the town was celebrating in the usual Fourth fashion. This fondness for music came early, and at 18 we find him publishing his first song "Open thy Lattice Love." His first real "hit" was "Oh Susanna" in 1848 and after that, other songs in quick succession—over 200 before he was thru; but from the rollicking Susanna, the songs mellowed, until those like "Beautiful Dreamer", "Old Folks at Home", "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair", etc. are the kind more closely responsible for the hold that Stephen has upon the affections of the American people. At 24 Stephen Foster married Jane McDowell, but the life together was not always happy, Jane feeling that Stephen was visionary, yet who can listen to many of the very last of his songs, without feeling the depth of his love for her—for instance, "Old Black Joe", the old negro who worked for her father, and who ushered Stephen in during his sweetheart days, was written long after their separation—so was "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair," and "Beautiful Dreamer" was not published until three weeks after his death.

"Old Folks at Home", easily the most popular of Foster's songs, was first sung by Christy's Minstrels, Christy paying \$15.00 for the privilege, even claiming that he had written and composed it, so that it was long after Stephen had passed away that the authorship was established, and cleared up in the Copyright office.

The song that Foster apparently liked to sing himself was "Hard Times Come Again No More", but alas, hard times did come and Stephen's last few years were spent in poverty, living in a poorly furnished room on the Bowery, and in 1865 after a short illness, he died in Bellevue Hospital on the 13th of January, at the age of 38.

In his pocket-book were found just 38 cents and a slip of paper upon which was written the words "Dear Friends and Gentle Hearts."

Now, the devotion of Josiah Kirby Lilly of Indianapolis, has brought together as complete data as possible concerning the life and activities of Stephen Foster, has established "Foster Hall" upon the grounds of the University of Pittsburgh, and there amid delightful surround-

"WINSTON CHURCHILL—LISPING CICERO"

To be delivered by Louis J. Alber, world lecturer and intimate friend of Winston Churchill, at the fifteenth annual Animated Magazine of Rollins College at 2:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Feb. 22.

Winston Churchill has held the center of the world's stage for two years, during the world's most frightful war, partly by virtue of his amazing command of the spoken word. Having heard him speak more than thirty times, once before the House of Commons, and later while traveling with him on his American lecture tour when I watched him prepare some of his public addresses, as well as deliver them, I wish today to present an estimate of the oratory of this Anglo-American phenomenon.

Born with a stutter and a lisp, both caused largely by a defect in his palate, Churchill has been seriously handicapped for the role of public speaker, in which outstanding success greatly hastens and heightens a political career. It is characteristic of the man's perseverance that despite this staggering handicap, he has become one of the greatest orators of all time. He has accomplished this miracle by hard work, hard thought, persistence, and that fighting quality in his makeup, which exults in meeting difficulties and mastering them. He has perfected techniques of speech which prevent the stutter and lisp from becoming noticeable when before an audience or microphone. His sentences roll out in a curious dot-dash, dot-dash tempo, the words tumbling from his lips in a manner impossible to describe.

Every Churchill speech is built like a great symphony, knit together by an heroic motif. With rhythm and proportion in each movement, with a series of gradually ascending climaxes, his speeches advance majestically toward the last crashing close, reminiscent of a Wagnerian finale. In its epic sweep, in its heroic overtones, a Churchill speech harks back to the orations of ancient Greece, to the logical precision of Pericles, and the grandeur of Demosthenes. Its every argument marches forward with the stately inevitability of an Aeschylean drama.

His speech is simple in the main; at times witty; at times frivolous; often tinged with irony; and occasionally, as when paying his respects to "the jackal Mussolini," his sarcasm is devastating. Thus, there is a superb blending of contradictory elements. And when you least expect it, the roguish schoolboy in Churchill bubbles irrepressibly to the surface—as was the case when he addressed the joint session of our Congress and told our lawmakers that if his father had been an American instead of his mother, "I might have gotten here on my own."

Which adds up to this. A Churchill speech is a work of art—as all public expression should be. He knows that government is an art and not a business, and that a public address should be a piece of art and not a business statement.

Every public address I have heard Churchill deliver has completely fulfilled a definition chosen years ago as best descriptive of

what a public utterance should be: Like a rich river which never roams or runs thin but steadily and firmly proceeds with its banks full to the brim.

As a phrase-maker, Churchill is unmatched. During his recent visit amongst us, we heard some excellent examples. I think one of his saltiest bits of phrase-making was heard in his speech before the Congress—but fully understood by very few Americans. He called "the boastful Mussolini the mere utensil of his master's whim"—especially apt and salty, if you know, as the English all know, what is meant by a "utensil" in the country houses of England.

Even in private conversations, Churchill selects his words with the care and precision of a skillful gem expert choosing the jewels for a queen's crown. From my first hearing a Churchill speech, I marvelled at his choice of words and wondered how he selected them so perfectly. I think I found out while watching him prepare speeches.

When planning or writing a speech, he whispers to himself as he writes or dictates, and no sentence is put down on paper until he has tested it aloud to himself several times, this way and that. He talks to himself in order to weigh his words and balance them and his thoughts on the delicate scale of consciousness. And as he talks, he seems to fondle the words, finding zest in some, dissatisfaction in others. These latter he discards, and tries again and again until those with the right sound and flavor and the proper balance have been found. During this process, Churchill's very round, very red, and very Puckish face shows that he savors every moment of the game. And again one is irresistibly reminded of the boy in Winston—but now he is a very youthful boy rapt in happy concentration as he seeks to unravel the workings of some complicated toy. It is no exaggeration to say that in choosing the words for a speech, Churchill brings into play all five senses—and I've often thought he must possess some magic sixth sense to account for the superlative phrasing of his noblest thoughts.

I think this explains why Churchill's speeches are couched in the virile language of living speech. He never loses the sense of the inevitable word. Not once does he produce a flat sentence. This has much more than a mere literary significance or importance. The rhythm of language—the sound of language—in history has often been as influential as the sense of the language. Like the shape of Cleopatra's nose, it has changed the destiny of empires. So outstanding is his achievement in this respect, since becoming Prime Minister his phrases have set the mood of a whole people. And he has pitched the mood to a fighting tempo, for he is a fighter—not a militarist or sword-rattler—but a fighter whose effective qualities come out in the midst of war. He has used words in such a manner they have been as potent instruments of warfare as the bomber and the tank.

Although greatly handicapped by the stutter and lisp, Churchill

has had an enormous advantage over most speakers in public life—he has had something to say. Whatever the subject, he prefers to proclaim his faith with a sharp and shining phrase, rather than the long-winded effusions so dear to many politicians. When he hits, he hits hard, as in the case of his philippics against Mussolini, but he never hits below the belt. Like a good fighter, he aims for the point of the jaw, with which he connects with great regularity.

In my judgment, one of Churchill's greatest speeches was delivered on June 4, 1940. France was lost; America remained divided and aloof; Russia was co-operating with Hitler; Britain stood alone. By all calculations of so-called practical and prudent men, the war was lost for Britain. But this man of Renaissance proportions arose in the House of Commons, and in words that will blaze through history so long as freedom is cherished, he told his people and the world that Britain would fight on—and he grimly told how the fight would be continued. And after searing his unconquerable resolve into the consciousness of all liberty-loving people, he added these prophetic words: "Until, in God's good time, the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the Old."

Had Churchill and Britain failed to make that sublime and heroic decision to continue the fight, the whole Western Hemisphere would now stand alone against triumphant and cruel gangsters in full control of the resources and manpower of three continents. I know no words which can begin to express the debt we Americans, and all the people of the world, owe to Winston Churchill and to the dauntless British people.

Churchill's prophecy came true—the new world, solidly united as never before in history, has stepped forth to the rescue of the old. And he came to America to help plan the rescue and liberation. While here, he gave us several samples of his matchless oratory in the historic addresses he delivered before the United States Congress and the Canadian Parliament. When he spoke to our Congress, we heard a speech comparable to those he delivers to the House of Commons: a colossal narrative bristling with information, instant revelation of history made the moment before—a fine example of his great power with words. In it, we heard the quick pace of our own times, the sure note of command, the piercing phrase which impales an opponent, the quick wit and humor which comes from parliamentary debate, a perfect blending of the best styles of English oratory with the overtones of American eloquence in the Webster-Lincoln tradition.

As I listened enthralled by this outpouring from the lips of the best great man and the greatest good man of our time, it came over me with a rush of emotion that

Alumni Re-Elects

(Continued from Page 1)

gathered in the new Alumni House for dedication ceremonies, where they were addressed briefly by President Hamilton Holt, Thomas P. Johnson, alumni president, and Mrs. George E. Warren of Boston, Mass., major donor of the Student Center and Alumni House. Mrs. Rose Mills Powers, author of the Rollins Alma Mater, made a presentation of a 30-year-old printed program which first introduced the words of music of the alma mater

here is a speech which moves like the British Grand Fleet—unified, diverse, stately, swift—and over it all and through it all, like a golden thread, runs the heroic motif of history on the move, filling me with the sense of witnessing history being born. So great has been the impact of this speech, the radio waves have only now faded from its tensions into the routine commonplace of our own speakers, while for some of us there is still a glorious sense of largeness in the air. This lispng Cicero, half American and half British, has spoken, as no other living man of whom we know, in words that summon us to "blood, toil, tears, and sweat", but now with the promise of victory at the end of the road.

Truly, Churchill is the greatest English-speaking orator of our time—a noble representative of the two great branches of the English-speaking peoples of the world.

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Along The Sidelines

It seems to us that great strides have been made this year in the line of intramural sports. The change was first noticeable to the writer, however, last year during the diamondball season, but has become increasingly apparent this year when basketball was opened up to the football boys and the last year's varsity team. There has been some comment around campus that the intramural athletics should be left to the non-athletic boys, the boys who do not devote their time to any specialized athletic training, but rather who dabble in many sports just for the exercise there is in it. This comment is in many ways unfair. It must be admitted that the type of basketball this year was far superior to the brand put forth last year. It was superior in every way. First, the brand of playing was far superior. Second, the spirit of play was much better, and third, the interest of the spectator was much improved. Above and beyond this, however, it produced a much more profound and a much more useful purpose. It brought together two distinct and separate groups on a common ground for a common purpose. One group consisted entirely of athletes whose training from early in their career was to go out and play hard, as hard as they were able, and above all play fair, and to play to win. The other group consisted of boys whose primary interest lay in other fields, but who played ball because of the fun in it and because the fraternity needed men to play and get points for the Gary Cup. Their brand of play was not as good not because they didn't try but because their technique and their training was not as thorough.

When these two groups were brought together it served a double purpose. First it raised the standard of play to a point where it made it imperative that a person learn the game in order to be able to compete. It did not raise it to a point where one had to be a specialist to play, but it brought into play an element who don't know what the word beaten means and who play as hard as they are able and with all the resourcefulness at their command even though things are going against them. It raised the standards to a point where it put one in shape to play the game, yet not to the point where one had to go into strenuous training competition. It taught many boys what it meant to play hard for a long time against a crew who didn't know when to give up. It produced a spirit of love of hard play, a spirit that drives one to give all, hit harder and faster than anyone else on the court, a spirit of playing not just for the score but rather just to play hard. Also with the increase in tempo of the play the interest among the spectators rose considerably. Many of the games drew quite large crowds this year compared with the mere handful in attendance last year. The second pronounced effect of the system was to bring the more athletic group on campus into contact with the people who don't participate as actively in sports, and provide a common ground for them to gain a better understanding of each other. The group spirit does not exist at this college as much as it does at other schools, but even here there is a tendency for the athletes to form cliques.

It is not the claim of this writer that opening the athletics to the entire student body is going to cure all the ills of the college, but it does seem reasonable that the improvement in standard of intramural sports is going to help everyone, and likewise bring together two groups who tend to separate, is to the advantage of all.

Four Lakeland Men In Air Training School

Mel Clanton, Rollins '41
Stationed at Maxwell Field

Four young Lakeland men, including a former Ledger reporter, are now at the replacement center at Maxwell Field, headquarters of the Southeast Air Corps Training Center, studying as Aviation Cadets to be pilots in the U. S. Air Force.

They are Sam J. Womack, ex-Ledger employee and son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Womack; Floyd E. Lay, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Lay, Sr., of 802 S. Johnson Ave.; Lyman W. Higgs, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Higgs of 121 Tusavara Drive, and Melvin Clanton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Clanton of Route 3.

Womack, Lay and Higgs all attended Florida Southern College, where Womack and Lay won A.B. degrees and were active in college affairs. Clanton is a graduate of Rollins College at Winter Park, and was a star athlete there.

As Aviation Cadets the four men will receive more than seven months of training in the Southeast Training Center before winning their wings and commissions as second lieutenants in the Air Corps. They will leave Maxwell Field soon for primary flight schools to begin actual flying instruction.

World Events Turn

(Continued from Page 1)

tension of life among the very well-heeled Setons, revealed not only by scenes of outright verbal clownery but also by the air of suppressed conflict between the suitor from the other side of the tracks and the baronial Edward Seton, as well as the growing rivalry of the sisters Julia and Linda, was skillfully built and sustained.

The play was very well cast; even the minor roles stood out firmly in their own right. The Crams were magnificently dull, and Ned Seton, by a kind of patient, haunted perseverance managed to be very far from a caricature of a wastrel. The Potters fiddled with great virtuosity while Rome burned, and nearly stopped the show with their interlude in the second act. By this deft comedy the whole desperate hedonism of the rebels in the Seton world was ironically revealed. Also revealed was the versatility with which Priscilla Parker can give reality alike to a frustrated Old Maid (earlier in the year) and now to a young cosmopolite straight out of the New Yorker (with hints of Beatrice Lillie).

Patricia Pritchard also, as the fundamentally dull and unpleasant Julia Seton, would impress with her range anyone who had seen her only as the harassed and helpless wife in *A Bill of Divorcement*. In manner, in dress, in ges-

Pauline Betz Winner in Two Florida State Tournaments

Takes Tennis and Ping-Pong Titles; Bundy, Metcalf, and Welsh Reach Semi-Finals

By Bud Wilkie

The regular Rollins contingent of tennis stars continued to rule the women's court game last week in the Florida State Tournament held at Orlando. With the Misses Betz, Bundy, Welsh, and Metcalf seeded in the first four positions, the entire field carried through in the expected manner with the four matched in the semi-finals. Here Bobbie stopped Jerry Metcalf 6-2, 6-3, and Dodo defeated Peggy, rather handily, 6-0, 7-5. In a hard-fought final on Sunday, Miss Betz finally defeated Miss Bundy 6-1 and 6-4. Miss Metcalf, on the way to the semi-final round, had beaten another Rollins coed, Nancy Corbett, 6-2, 7-5.

At the same time, the Florida State Table Tennis Tournament was rolling along with three more Rollinsite battling their way up through the ranks. Miss Betz, repeating from last year, took the Women's title in a three-way fight, defeating first Estelle Sheffield 24-22, 21-19, and 21-16, and in the finals, Katherine Johnson, of Orlando, in straight games also, 21-16, 21-5, and 21-8. In the Men's division, Dean McClusky took his first round match from Jack Staton of Orlando by 16-21, 21-18, 17-21, 21-19, and 21-16. Ollie Barker, only recently crowned Men's champ at Rollins, won his first match against Edwin Boon, and then lost to Malcolm Boon in straight games. Jack Yeider, of Orlando, defeated McClusky 21-19, 21-17, and 21-15, and then proceeded to lose to Malcolm Boon in

ture, in intonation she projected the personality of Julia with a sure touch. She did a great deal to hide the almost indecent haste of the denouncement.

Jon Ruth, as Johnny Case, carried his part with simplicity and conviction. Perhaps he does not stand out as do some of the others because Johnny is indistinctly developed as a character, Barry never quite making up his mind whether he is a young man going up the hard way with a real message about the virtue of time out for self-evaluation, or whether he is a rather confused person who envies the hedonistic rebellion of the Potters.

Barbara Brown, as Linda Seton, brought to the part her striking stage presence, her magnificent voice, and her instinctive dramatic sense. The protective shell of a too easy worldliness and the sophisticated wit which shielded Linda from the world of her father and which drove her in desperation to the rootless Potters, the dogged if rather callow faith, the child-like loyalty—all these were part of a character intelligently conceived and projected.

The performance had elasticity and movement. It had, moreover, the most sumptuously realistic sets of American baroque I have ever seen on the stage, made possible through the generosity of various residents of Winter Park. The Setons and the Potters, however, do not take much to this part of Florida.

Intramural Crews Open Racing Season On Lake Maitland

Yesterday was the scheduled start for the intramural crew season which may prove all important for Gary Cup hopefuls. For the first time in years the powerful KA squad may be challenged, and challenged strongly. The termination of most spring sports with the exception of crew has left a large number of athletes eligible for intramurals. The X Club, Lambda Chi, and Phi Delta boats are filled with plenty of potential power which, if it can be whipped into shape before the end of the season may prove fatal to the relatively experienced but less beefy KA boat.

This afternoon, Sigma Nu, stroked by stalwart Hank Swan, meets Lambda Chi Alpha, one of the favorites. The second race is between KA and Phi Delta. Friday afternoon Sigma Nu and X Club tangle; later on, KA and Lambda Chi. Tuesday, March 3, Lambda Chi vs X Club; Sigma Nu vs Phi Delta; March 4, Kappa Alpha vs X Club; Phi Delta vs Lambda Chi.

Tennis Player Victor In Girl's Ping Pong

Susie Stein, Dark Horse, Loses Final Match

Susie Stein came through once in deuce games but she could not do it a second time, and Dodo Bundy eked out a slender 22-20 victory in the final game of the Rollins Girls Ping Pong Tournament last week. Dodo marched through to the finals without the loss of a game as she trimmed Mary Trendle, Nancy Corbett, and Wynne Martin. Susie Stein ousted

Costa Rica

(Continued from Page 1)

with his "Negroes" and "Space." Another in this line is Francisco Zuniga whose admirable paintings "Three Women" and "Landscape" seemed very lifelike.

It would seem that we were viewing the Sienese masters of the Fifteenth century in the works of Chacon. His wood carvings of Christ express true suffering without morbidity.

The portraits by Morales and the wooden busts of Gonzales are indescribable in their tender beauty. All of the sculpture reaches heights scaled only by the great.

The gallery, one of the finest small ones in the South, follows the style of Mediterranean architecture used at Rollins. The lighting was worked out by Westinghouse.

the finals. McClusky's win over Staton in the Table Tennis evenged an afternoon defeat on the tennis court when the latter won in straight sets, 6-4 and 6-4.

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Bundy and Irish Star Down Betz and Apgar

Dodo and Lyttleton-Rogers Win Exhibition 6-0, 8-6

As a part of the Founder's Week activities, a sparkling exhibition of tennis was seen by all-too-few spectators on Saturday afternoon when the team of Dodo Bundy and George Lyttleton-Rogers creamed Bobbie Betz and Gordon Apgar in straight sets, 6-0, 8-6. With the gigantic Irishman smashing his tremendous service with monotonous regularity and Dodo playing a strong net game, the all-Rollins team fell apart at the seams and never seriously threatened. However, Coach Apgar settled down at the start of the second set and he and Miss Betz jumped into a short-lived lead at four games to two. Then Miss Bundy and the Irish giant began to crowd the net once again and this proved to be the beginning of the end as far as the Betz-Apgar combine went. The games see-sawed back and forth until the score reached six-all, when the ferocious smashes of Rogers broke down the Betz-Apgar defense for the last time. The fourteenth game was run out in quick style and the crowd left, well satisfied with the brand of tennis shown.

Theodore H. (Cousin) Burgess was in the chair, and as far as calling the shots was concerned, left quite a bit to be desired; in fact, everyone would have been much the better off had he contented himself with watching the match in peace and quiet instead of bothering spectators and contestants alike with a lot of childish prattle. Brother Burgess, keep up the good work and pretty soon you'll be invited to join the A.L.T.A.

Betty Good and Ellie Curtis as expected but she upset the dope in a three game thriller in the semi-finals against second seeded Jerry Metcalf by scores of 13-21, 21-19, 21-19.

The tennis players did not fare so well as Wynne Martin downed Peggy Welsh and Susie defeated Jerry, but Dodo's steady stroking gave her a slight margin over Wynne and Susie for the title.

Dodo's crown of campus queen rests slightly ajar, however, because Pauline Betz has demonstrated on several occasions that she can beat the best of the girls and boys on the campus with the greatest of ease.

It is hoped that there will be a girls and boy's doubles and a mixed doubles later this year.

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The Virginia Street Fish Market

This week is what is known in some quarters as Winter Visitors Week, for rather obvious reasons. Although officially labelled Founders' Week, the connection between the activities of the week and the Founders has become so lost in the dim aisles of time that we feel that some mention of the worthy forbears of Rollins would not be amiss somewhere in the public press. Since we are apparently the only agency of public opinion which is aware of this appalling lack of information, it therefore becomes our duty to keep alive the traditions of the pioneers of Rollins in some small way.

We once read a booklet on the subject of the Founding of Rollins College, which we doubt has had a very general circulation among the student body. It seems that at the time the Congregationalists of Florida became inspired to found a college in the state, the venture was considered one of high moral and spiritual significance, since such a college would provide a means of educating the youth of this growing young state nearer home. However, the budding commercial interests of the state soon took the matter into their own hands and, in the spirited manner later incorporated into citrus auction sales, made the whole thing a spirited competition between the various cities, towns, and hamlets of Florida for the location of the college in their particular balliwick. The journalists of Jacksonville flailed the local civic leaders unmercifully for allowing themselves to be outbid by such upstart communities as Winter Park and Orange City. The upshot of the whole matter was that Orange City made such a munificent offer consisting mainly of a large tract of sand embroidered with a few scrub pine that the whole governing body of the Congregational Church adjourned to Orange City to survey the beauties and advantages of the proffered site. However, the offer of a sizeable sum of cold, hard cash by the promoters of Winter Park brought the Congregationalists back into the fold and the future student body of Rollins College was saved from a horrible fate of being stranded many miles from nowhere in Orange City.

Due respects now having been paid to the Founders, more immediate matters may be considered. We promised Ina May Heath that this would be Her Week, so in spite of Founders, Animated Magazine, Convocation, and Bach Festival, so shall it be christened: Her Week. We also promised her that considering the fact that she had no very good name of her own, we would do our best to find her one. Commonly enough she has been and probably will continue to be called Red, however, this does not carry with it the proper degree of dignity that would be commensurate with the position of so distinguished a woman. Therefore, we have consulted with various people in search of a better and more appropriate name. What Bittle calls her in private is better left unmentioned, but publicly he has often used both Bonehead and Cucumber-Head. Neither of these pleases Miss Health in the least.

In recognition of the foregoing facts, The Virginia Street Fish Market is this week offering a grand prize of four guppies and one small herring for a name for Miss Health that will properly suggest her great beauty and accomplishments, and at the same time give the essential elements of her personality. The second prize will be the privilege of fishing with a bent pin and a lump of sugar for bait in the Chapel Garden fountain during the Defense Assembly next week. Third prize will be Miss Health. The judges will be (and they have not been consulted in the matter) Reilly Weinberg, Carl Fowler, Betty Goode, Vice-President Grover, and the Great God Jehovah; providing of course that the last-named is available at the time. The decisions of the judges are final and all entrants become the property of Mildred Nix.

The Orlando Sentinel-Star says that Rollins Students are fighting mad, leaving us, however, with the impression that they don't know quite who the esteemed student body is mad at; or rather that they don't know quite what to do about it. Maybe the student body generally does not know what to do about it, but this is certainly not the case with Pris Thompson, who saw her duty shining clear like a lighthouse before her and who done it. Seems that some child of the sea at Annapolis (that's where the Naval Academy is) was so derelict in his duty as a member of the United States Armed Forces as to take off an hour or so from his arduous duties to write to Miss Thompson, whose picture he had seen in That Magazine whose name I shall not mention, to tell her what he thought of the lack of manhood at Rollins. In his valuable opinion, the fact that he was at Annapolis pursuing his education and the fact that Rollins students were at Rollins pursuing their's made him manifestly virtuous, patriotic, and manly and all Rollins men just as manifestly sinful, subversive and weak. In other words, Rollins men are, according to this Annapolis

font of wisdom, a bunch of slackers for following the wishes of the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army and Navy and remaining in college until called to service.

We are glad to see, however, that the white hopes of our budding two-ocean fleet for officer material are so applying themselves to the problems of naval warfare that they can fully digest the contents of picture magazine Sunday supplements. And then write indignant letters to innocent coeds at southern colleges of culture, refinement and manners.

God save the Navy!

* * * *

Cecil Butt was fined \$2.00 for riding double on his bicycle through the streets of Winter Park.

This shows a definitely negative attitude on the part of the local officers of justice concerning matters of rubber conservation. With Rollins students doing their best to converse rubber by riding bicycles, it seems that the least the City could do would be to cooperate to the extent of looking the other way when two students ride by on the same bicycle.

B Minor Mass

(Continued from page 1)

requirements. They can sing a Bach Choral with expression, and the difficult contrapuntal passages are handled with precision. The study of Bach's music has in itself been an educational and spiritual experience that will rank with any other study in college as far as after-life benefits are concerned.

The program of the Festival this year presents a first performance of "The Passion According to St. John" on Thursday afternoon at 3 P. M. and a repetition of the "B Minor Mass" in two parts, on Friday afternoon at 3 P. M., and in the evening at 7:30 P. M. This will be the third time that the great Mass has been featured as the principal work of the Festival, having been sung in 1940 and 1941.

"The Passion According to St. John" offers some of Bach's most inspired writing. The opening and final choruses are exceptionally moving, and there are many thrilling passages of great dramatic intensity, as well as beautiful arias for the soloists.

The "B Minor Mass" has been described by a leading musical authority as the "ultimate example of sublimity in musical art, the expression of a Catholic Christianity, the design of a superb architect, perfect in proportion and balance." The musical effects are in many instances stupendous in their tonal aspects and of deeply moving spiritual power. In the justly famed choruses "Et Incarnatus Est" and the "Crucifixus", Bach has given a sensitive musical embodiment to conceptions of life and religious faith that are profoundly suggestive and inspiring.

The soloists for the Festival include five prominent oratorio singers. Miss Rose Dirman, the soprano, has attained a leading position for sheer beauty of voice and thorough musicianship. Serge Koussévitzky, Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Berkshire Music Festival, was one of the first to fully appraise Miss Dirman's unusual talents and he gave her the following glowing tribute: "It is a pleasure to recommend Miss Rose Dirman, who possesses a voice of great beauty, flexibility and charm. Miss Dirman combines the rare qualities of perfect voice control, high musicianship and fine taste. I am confident that these qualities will assure her recognition and success on both the concert and operatic stage."

Lydia Summers, the Festival's contralto, has made great strides in her career since she won the Atwater Kent radio contest in 1932, with its cash prize of \$5,000. Radio, concert and oratorio engagements followed and her success with the New York Oratorio Society's performance of the "B Minor Mass" under Albert Stoessel established her as one of the few competent Bach singers. Miss Summers won the Festival audience in Winter Park on her first appearance in 1940 and she is now filling her third engagement. She won the acclaim of New York's exacting music critics for her recital in Town Hall on January 18th last. Noel Straus, critic of the New York Times gave her the following warm tribute: "Miss Summers made known a rich, sonorous voice with a definitely individual timbre, a voice of beauty and quality, well schooled and abounding with promise. It was especially lucious in the lower half of the range."

Harold Haugh, tenor, who is one

Will Appear in Bach Festival



MAC MORGAN

of the leading oratorio singers of the country, gave great pleasure by his beautiful performances here last year and his reengagement is highly gratifying. Mr. Haugh has a voice of true virile tenor timbre, capable in his hands of a wide range of dynamic effectiveness.

David Blair McClosky, baritone, returns to Winter Park for his third Festival, and may again be counted on for an excellent performance. His voice is one of satisfying volume and dramatic intensity, and his excellent musicianship entitles him to surmount the difficulties of Bach's difficult arias with distinction.

Mac Morgan, young Jacksonville baritone, whose splendid singing in St. Matthews Passion in the 1939 Festival is still remembered, returns to take the part of Jesus in the St. John's Passion. Mr. Morgan has the rare combination of a voice of great tonal beauty, remarkable diction and also an unusual dramatic talent.

A small orchestra comprising players from the National Orchestral Society of New York and members of the Rollins Conservatory Faculty provide the instruments called for by Bach's score and augment effectively the splendid organ accompaniments of Professor Herman F. Siewert.

Admission to the Festival may be secured through subscription as a sponsor in the amount of \$10 which provides two reserved tickets for each recital. The regulations of the Knowles Memorial Chapel provide that no tickets are to be sold at the door. Full information regarding the Festival may be had by addressing the Bach Festival Society, P. O. Box 745, Winter Park. The Society is a non-profit organization and all proceeds are devoted to the expense of the Festivals.

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Senora Blanca Renard, accomplished Cuban pianist, plays next Tuesday evening's featured number with the Central Florida Symphony Orchestra at the Winter Park High School. It will be Anton Gregor Rubinstein's Concerto in D Minor (No. 4, Opus 70).

Senora Renard is a teacher at Arlington Hall in Washington, D. C., where she has twice appeared as soloist with the National Symphony Orchestra. She graduated from the Conservatory of Chile and received a Diploma of Honor from the Sern Conservatory in Berlin, after three years of scholarship study there.

Conductor Alexander Bloch of the Central Florida Symphony will lead the orchestra in the second movement of Horace Johnson's "Aparasa" from the Oriental suite and Haydn's Symphony in G Major.

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