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STARS

The Rollins Sandspur

Newspapers and Weeklies of Central Florida

10-13-1943

Sandspur, Vol. 49 No. 01, October 13, 1943

Rollins College

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STARS Citation

Rollins College, "Sandspur, Vol. 49 No. 01, October 13, 1943" (1943). *The Rollins Sandspur*. 675.
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Rollins Sandspur

VOLUME 49 (Z-107)

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1943

NUMBER 1

STAR Unit of ASTP Here Taking Refresher Courses

Presence of Enlisted Men Results in Additions to Faculty, Room Changes

Rollins was officially designated as a STAR (Specialized Training and Reassignment) center under the Army Specialized Training Program early in August, when representatives of the Army and administrative officers of the college signed a contract. Under the terms of this contract, enlisted men who have completed their basic army training and have qualified for ASTP training spend a short time on the Rollins campus taking refresher courses in science and language before being assigned to college which conducts the regular thirty-six weeks' course.

The presence of the army trainees has, of course, meant changes in the Rollins routine. The whole lower floor of Pinehurst has been turned into military headquarters; groups of men march to and from class each hour, singing as they go; the entire unit lines up at attention on the horseshoe each afternoon at five as the flag is lowered at Retreat.

New Instructors Added

Several new instructors have been added to the faculty to assist with the STAR Unit courses. Among these are Professor Harold Owens, physics, George Saute, mathematics, and Mrs. Norton Northrup, chemistry. Bruce Dougherty Gordon Apgar and Fleet Peoples are in charge of the physical education program. Gordon Apgar however leaves for the Navy to Ensign Apgar shortly. Such old timers as Riley Weinburg, and Doctors Field, Melcher, Firestone, and Vestal strive to inculcate a smattering of knowledge as the groups pass in review.

Since the job that is done by a STAR Unit is more in the nature of a specialized personnel and classification job, the instruction is limited to brief review and refresher courses. Many of the trainees assure us that they are coming back to college "when this thing is over."

Men's Dorms Conscripted

Although most of the men's dormitories have been turned over to the Army, all of the women's dormitories and the Kappa Alpha House have been reserved for regular Rollins students. Dean Wendell C. Stone, who is Educational Director of the STAR Unit, emphasizes the fact that the presence of the service men on campus does not affect the regular curriculum and program of Rollins.

Financially, the contract with the Army for the STAR UNIT at Rollins is on the usual actual cost basis—the Army pays for the actual cost of the instruction given, board, room, and all miscellaneous expenses.

Post War Committee Resumes Discussions With New Members

The Rollins committee of the Universities Committee on Post-War International Problems began discussion of the problems to be considered by group with a meeting held last Wednesday evening, October 6, in the Woolson English House. Four new student members were added to replace those lost since last year. They are Nieta Amaral, Frank Sussler, Peggy Hult, and Peggy Timberlake. Two new faculty members, R. F. Smith and Dean Henry M. Edmonds, replace Dr. Starr and Mr. Trowbridge.

The central committee of the organization receives the views and opinions expressed on certain specific problems related to postwar planning by member committees in colleges and universities throughout the United States. The problems are proposed by the central committee with the hope of promoting consideration of the questions facing the world after the war.

Annual Convocation Planned for Oct. 20

The annual Rollins Convocation Exercises will be held Wednesday, October 20, at the Knowles Memorial Chapel. At this time the installation of new faculty members, the upper division pledge, the matriculation of new students, and a formal welcome to the Star Unit and all trainees on campus will take place.

The customary convocation speech will not be given, in order to shorten the program to the fifty minute assembly period. Several selections are to be offered by the choir. All students are required to attend. Seniors, upper division students, and Faculty are to wear the academic costume, which can be procured at Carnegie Hall starting tomorrow, October 14.

In Case You Haven't Heard—

An Open Letter to Parents To Whom Certain Letters Are Owed

If Rollins to you is just a place on the map, just a name on the cover of the catalog, just a deep, mysterious void into which your offspring has matriculated and disappeared, then accept this free copy of the student's campus weekly and don't send that telegram for a command correspondence at once from the busy whirl'd.

Rollins students are urged to write home often, to share their college experiences with their folks; it says so in the R book.

But for full details, for complete college coverage, for a bullseye-view of campus life, and for a faithful, dependable appearance in your mailbox every week, you can't beat THE SANDSPUR

Term Opens With Many Additions To Faculty Group

Two Former Instructors Return; Interviews Begin With This Issue

With the opening of the fall term at Rollins have come a number of new faculty members to take the place of those who left in order to perform war work.

Among the new members of the faculty is Franklin Spencer Mortimer, Professor of Chemistry, who was graduated from Penn College with a B.S. degree and from the State University of Iowa with a Ph. D.

Others are: William Benjamin Fite, Professor of Mathematics, Ph.B., Ph. D., Cornell University; Virgil Snyder, Professor of Mathematics, B.Sc., Iowa State College, Ph.D., University of Gottingen, George Saute, Associate Professor of Mathematics, Ph.B., A.M., Brown University; William Abbott Constable, Assistant Professor of English, M.A., University of Edinburgh; Francis Wayne MacVeagh, Assistant Professor of English, A.B., Harvard University; J. Harold Owens, Assistant Professor of Physics, B.S., A.M., Boston University; Rest Fenner Smith, Jr., Assistant Professor of Mathematics and History, A.B., A.M., Yale University; Eugenie Marie Grand, Instructor in French, A.B., Rollins College; David Alexander Griffin, Instructor in Spanish; Mary Elizabeth MacLennan, Instructor in Art, B.F.A., Yale University; Shirley Tuck Northrup, Instructor in Chemistry, A.B., Mount Holyoke College, A.M., Wellesley College; Helen Walden, Assistant Instructor in Typewriting; Daphne Aspinwall Takach, Assistant Instructor in Piano (Extension Division) B.M., Rollins College.

Two former members of the Rollins faculty have returned to the campus this year. They are John Carter, Associate Professor of theory and composition, and Bernice

(Continued on Page 3)

Sororities End Rush Week With Pledging of 64 Girls

Wartime Orientation Program Greets 127 Incoming Students

Streamlined and simplified to correspond with the war time tempo but stripped of none of its usual rush, hustle, and enthusiasm the 1943 Orientation Program, beginning September 27, ushered in the college year for the more or less feminine wide-eyed group of ninety-two freshmen and thirty-five transfers entering Rollins. The number of former students on hand to help and hinder was 142 by the end of the week, when all noses were counted, the masculine ones among them numbered only thirty-nine, even after a most meticulous and prayerful count.

Automobiles arriving were noticeably few, so that by far the greatest part of the welcoming done by Miz Campbell and the Welcome Committee operated at the station as trains were met.

The customary tea at Dr. Holt's home and all other elaborate arrangements were eliminated this year and the opening dinner at the Commons was not the banquet of former years but became a simple supper, cafeteria style. The "get together" and sing which followed at the Center was the real social highlight, for soldiers from the STAR Unit on campus came to sing *Over There, I've Got Sixpence*, and Army Air Corps quite as lustily as the boys-we-used-to-have ever led a football pep song.

On the following day freshmen saw the grimmer side of Orientation when placement tests were held, and there followed throughout the week, until classes began on Friday, the succession of lectures and meetings recommended to get everyone acquainted and to avoid confusion later.

All this and more, but it was still a shorter, simpler schedule than has been held for many years.

Pan-Hell Coffee Opens For Dating of Entering Freshmen, Transfers

Daily Teas Held At Sorority Houses

As a result of the past week, the Greeks are proud to announce the pledging of sixty-four new girls. Despite handicaps created by cool, rainy weather, rush week carried on in its accustomed fashion, opening with the Pan-Hellenic Coffee in Strong Hall Wednesday evening, September 29. Thursday and Friday saw the usual procession of freshmen to the sorority houses, and from then on the Rollins co-eds and their "dates" ran themselves quite ragged until four o'clock Sunday, October 10, the day of pledging.

Ratting Excluded

The only redeeming feature about this past week, in comparison with others in former years is that rushing was administered without ratting. Before the war, to use a rather overworked term, upperclass women had to rat and rush at the same time which inevitably proved to be confusing.

List of Pledges

The pledges are as follows:

Alpha Phi: Harriet Cheek, Lois Cheeseman, Nancy Dixon, Ainslee Embry, Jo Farnham, Margie Humpfer, Nancy Macfarland, Jean Pritchard, Gini Vose, Georgia Clary and Vera Wagner.

Pi Beta Phi: Jane Booher, Pat Bastian, Cornelia Crossley, Anne Brainard, Joan Harris, Jean Ort, Martha McCord, Mary Glatly, Marilyn Miller, and Katherine Betterton.

Kappa Kappa Gamma: Jean Cline, Betty Lanier, Molly Rugg, Joey Hubbs, Mary Stockstill, Barbara Stanley, Martha Timberlake, Pat Coerper, Jo Alther and Babs Brauer.

Phi Mu: Nancy Duffy, Shirley Polhemus, Eleanor Lyon, Joan Dunlevy, Joan Sherrick, Anne Powell, Betty Lee Kenagy.

Kappa Alpha Theta: Margaret Wirtz, Nancy Dehlendorf, Emily Eisman, Betty Rosenquest, Arlene Sentil, Sally Seigmund, Anne LeDuc, Billie Jean Lawton, Anita Rodenbaeck, Lillian Lopaus, Shirley Holt and Priscilla Castle.

Gamma Phi Beta: Elizabeth Chidester, Hannah France, Mary-Jane Wilson, Ruth McDaniel, and Eleanor Seavy.

Chi Omega: Beatrice Baer, Beverly Ott, Renee Swint, Louise Pemberton, Sue Sun, Betty Vaughan, Helen Weldon, and Elaine Williams.

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Foreign Students Happy at Rollins, But Look Forward to Eventual Return Home

Because, perhaps, of the war, Rollins has a great many students from foreign countries as part of its family this fall. Their lives all have been varied and interesting, and in many ways very different from ours.

Elizabeth Hensen, nicknamed Buffy, hails from Argyle, Scotland. She has been in the United States for three years and likes it very much, although she hopes to be able to go back to England as soon as the war is over. While in the United States Buffy has been living in Summit, New Jersey, and going to school there. Asked to compare Rollins with English schools, Buffy said it was impossible. Girls do not go to college there, and a school with such thoroughly progressive principles as those of Rollins College is practically unheard of.

Buffy is very glad she is down here. It is her first time in Florida and she loves it.

Marianne Renborg is a true cosmopolitan. A Swedish citizen, she was born in Shanghai, China and went to school in Switzerland for eleven years. Her real home is in Stockholm, but she has spent a great deal of her time in the other countries of Europe and Asia. At present, her home is in Washington, D. C.

Marianne has two brothers. One is a student at Swarthmore College, and the other a lieutenant in the Swedish Cavalry.

Marianne speaks English without a trace of an accent, and what is more amazing she only had had one year of high school English before she came over here two years ago. She says, when questioned on how she did it, "I had to speak it, so I did."

There is something exciting about coming from Paris, France. To an American, Paris is and will always be, the city of glamour, Elizabeth Gedefin, who comes from there, says it is every bit as glamorous and beautiful as foreigners find it.

Elizabeth has been living over here for two and a half years in Scarsdale, New York. Her three brothers and one sister are here with her. She was unable to compare Rollins with French schools, as she was taught by private teachers all her life. Elizabeth was unique in the fact that she was the only one who found the Florida climate too warm. "We have nothing like it in France," she said.

Joan Cockshott is the amazing phenomenon, the Englishman without the English accent. She, too, is a very cosmopolitan person. Although her home is in Beckenham, Kent, England, she has gone to "dozens of schools" (to use her own phrase), mainly in France. She was born in Paris, and therefore went to school there. As has Buffy, Joan has been living in Summit, New Jersey, but hopes to go back to England as soon as the war is over.

Tonight at 7:30 there will be a meeting of the International Relations, Interracial Relations, Social Service, and Program Committees in the chapel. Everyone who is interested in working on any of these committees is cordially invited to attend and participate in the activities. The first in a planned series of Chapel forums will be held Sunday night, October 17, at 8:30 p. m.

Two New Courses Are Entered in Year's Curriculum

The two new courses being offered this year at Rollins are Economics of the family, taught by Dr. Clarke, and Causes and Events of the Two World Wars, taught by Dr. Young.

The first of these, Economics of the Family, will be offered during the Spring term. It is a separate course in itself, but is designed to follow the course on Marriage and the Family offered in the Winter term, and the Freshman Mental Hygiene course given in the fall. Economics of the Family is planned to fill the need for information on handling the financial — the economic side of family life, a subject which could not be adequately covered in the course on Marriage and the Family.

This new course will take up such topics as the conditions under which one should buy or rent a house, the proportion of one's income which should be put into savings, the amount and kind of life insurance one needs, which member of the family should handle the finances, the various kinds of consumer aids which help the buyer get the most for his money, and government aid for the consumer in such forms as the food and drug acts. In short, the object of this course is to teach the student how to handle his fam-

stage of the Annie Russel Theatre during Rat Court, and wiping off all smiles on the stage floor can not be banished from the minds of the proud sophomores.

We are making many sacrifices in these days of war and ratting will have to be one of them. The reason is understandable. The football players were the main contributors to the ratting program, but this year they aren't around to throw us in the lake. Can't you picture the upperclass girls trying to rat ninety-two freshmen?

Freshmen Evade Ordeal of Ratting

This year the Rollins upperclassmen, particularly the sophomores, are mourning the absence of ratting, a tradition on the Rollins campus as part of the welcome to the new students. The sophomores feel they have a right to mourn in view of past punishment.

What sophomore has forgotten the fun of the rat courts, water fights on the patio, unexpected dunkings in Lake Virginia, silver-nitrated faces, and those words—"Button Rat"? What football player of last year will forget the tussle with the freshman girls in Cloverleaf, or what sophomore girl will forget the men climbing through her transom? Memories like picking bushels of sandspurs, chewing five sticks of double bubble gum and blowing a bubble at each upperclassman that passes by, measuring the distance between the center and the "K. A. House" with a banana, scrambling eggs on the

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The French House announces a scholarship of \$250, offered by the province of Quebec, to be given to the best student of French as designated by the French House. This scholarship will be used for the student to study French in Canada this summer.

The second of these courses, Causes and Events of the Two World Wars, is a course to fill the need for detailed knowledge of the history of our times. It deals with the causes and chief events of World War I, the consequences of the treaty of Versailles, the workings of the League of Nations, the causes of the second World War, and the events of this war to date. The first text will be a Brief History of the Great War by Hayes.

Scientific Society To Meet Tomorrow

The Rollins Scientific Society will hold its first meeting of the school year tomorrow, October 14, at seven-thirty p.m. in the Alumni House. The purpose of the gathering will be a discussion of plans for the Society during the year.

The Society is made up of majors in chemistry, physics, biology, pre-medical, and mathematics. One of the group's bi-monthly meetings is devoted to reading of papers prepared by the members. The alternate meeting is given over to a talk by a noted scientist discussing a subject related to some field of science. Each member prepares at least one paper during the year for presentation to the Society. Any topic related to the branch of science that the member desires may be selected for subject matter.



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The St. John's, is Collaborated on By Hanna, Cabell

The St. John's is the twenty-fourth volume of a series, entitled *The Rivers of America*, depicting the growth and development of American life in terms of its rivers. Mr. A. J. Hanna, former Rollins student and recognized historian, has collaborated with James Branch Cabell, the Virginian novelist, in writing this volume. Mr. Hanna's love of his alma mater is particularly noted by the use of blue and gold, the school's colors, on the book's covers.

The work itself is composed of a selection of interesting stories concerning people living on or near the river, and the details are made more colorful by the author's humorous technique.

Doris Lee, nationally known artist, has provided fifty-six illustrations and an excellent map. The author's method of writing coupled with these illustrations ranks this volume with some of the best portraying American life.

Messrs. Hanna and Cabell have spent two years of diligent research in the vicinity of the St. John's River in preparation for their work and have been amply rewarded by the recognition they have received. The *Saturday Review of Literature* praises their "chef-d'oeuvre" and labels it one of the best of its kind. Moreover, Marjorie Rawlings, author of *The Yearling*, believes it the best of the entire series.

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Student Center--- Before and After; C'est La Guerre

Let me see, what year was that? I think it was the fall of '42, but it really doesn't matter, the place was polluted anyway. Packed like a duffle bag with yellow and blue football sweaters, a complete array of standard candy bars, rat caps, Mr. Abercrombie's best "Jo College" tweeds, cokes to take out, Paul Meredith, gobs of chocolate syrup, those cute cartoons of Bob Krell's for the K. A. dance, the complicated cash register, fountain coupon books, Freddie, the (soda) jerk. These were the days when a girl, any girl, could stroll through at a slow ecclesiastical pace and cast the eager-beaver stare at her "steady" talking to the proverbial "last fling," (with all due respects to Phil Reed) or cold-drool for an hour over a coke and not be stampeded, or that look in her mail box twenty times a day just for the excuse of short-cutting through the Center. Spanktail was in style then and many a sore 'you-know-what' wobbled out when curfew rang.

Now it's different. We have a bumper crop and it's a case of dog eat dog and definitely the survival of the fittest. Some florid faced femmes are getting a chance at real, live bait, but then you never know what flop-eared god will poke you in the ribs (providing you have the fortitude to withstand it) and ask if you can wiggle your ears. It produces a somewhat nostalgic effect. Now if you can't wiggle your ears, bends your thumbs backwards, and haven't at least six toes you had better change your stance and keep swinging. Everyone comes out smiling no matter how you look at things. C'est la guerre . . . we're glad to have the boys and some of the changes.

L. David, B. Balsara Win Homer Awards

Lucille David, senior, and Barbara Balsara, freshman, were the winning contestants in an audition held last Wednesday by Madame Louise Homer for Rollins conservatory students. The award, originally announced as one scholarship for one year's study with the famed singer and teacher, was made in duplicate because of the excellence of the voices of students participating.

Madame Homer has again opened her studio to students of the college. This is the second time she has offered scholarships to Rollins students. Last year Lucille David and Helen Brady won the scholarships which Madame Homer offered

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New Rollins Faculty—

(Continued from Page 1)

C. Shor, Assistant Professor of Biology.

Infirmary physician for the academic year is Dr. William J. Kasbaum, whose office is at 25 Autrey Arcade in Orlando.

Catherine Ann Saunders, who was graduated last June, returns this year to hold the position of assistant in theatre arts for the fall term.

The Sandspur has planned to present interviews with new faculty members in this and subsequent issues. The first two of the series of articles follow.

HELEN A. PRATT

"I'm just 'pinch-hitting' in an emergency, you know, while Dr. Starr and Professor Steel are unable to be here." Thus Helen A. Pratt informed us that she did not wish to be considered a regular

member of the faculty. Her service here is just an extension of the many services she has rendered in the past few years through Red Cross work, war bond drives, the Garden Club project for entering convalescent soldiers, and civic work of various kinds.

When asked about her educational background she told us that she received her Master's degree from the University of Michigan, where she later taught for several years. After her marriage she gave up teaching and "became domestic." She enjoys writing poetry; some of her work has been published. "It's interesting to be teaching again," she said in closing.

FRANCIS WEYNE MACVEAGH

Pleasant, indeed, was our interview with Professor Francis Weyne MacVeagh, likeable addition to the Rollins English Department as Associate Professor of English. We spoke of dogs and horseback riding, favorite topics of conversation with

the professor, who also collects books and likes to travel.

Born in Morristown, New Jersey, in 1896, Mr. MacVeagh spent his early years in the eastern states. He received his first schooling in Kent, England. In his preparatory school years he attended Groton School in Massachusetts.

He was graduated from Harvard in 1921 and then taught English and history at Middlesex in Concord, Massachusetts.

Later he spent a year in Germany and travelled in France, England, Italy, and the United States. Then he returned to Harvard to be a tutor of English literature. During the last few years he has been in retirement, although he did a certain amount of tutoring "not for money, but because the students knew me and came to me."

At present he is teaching several Rollins courses in English Composition and English Literature.—F. C.

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Your Student Council Votes

With the opening special session of the Student Council last Monday night, several weighty problems were up for discussion to tax the minds of an almost entirely new group of representatives. It occurs to us that this year, above any previous one, will bring many such situations and that therefore, more than ever before, the student body needs representatives who will govern wisely. About the acting officers we have no doubts. They are fully acquainted with the Rollins campus of the past and will be well able to cope with the future.

But what about the group representatives? It has come to our attention that "fraternities" sent representatives to this special meeting. Now the war situation has done severe temporary damage to fraternal life and it is not our aim to further destroy it here. As Miss Hansen, acting president, has said, "We don't want a petticoat government." Nevertheless, since the few remaining fraternity members were not permitted to pledge new students, it is to be assumed that there are no fraternities on campus. Certainly it is evident that one man does not constitute a fraternity.

In what light we are to view these fraternity members must be established. Either they must, for the time being, be regarded as stray Greeks (thereby giving them the right to ally themselves with the Independents) or arrangements must be made to band them together for the duration and grant them a collective vote. It has been argued that the one vote of one, two, or three boys cannot be regarded as equal to the one vote of perhaps twenty-five girls. Our student government does not provide for proportionate representation, so this is hardly the point. The fact to be emphasized is that these "fraternities," rough as it seems, can no longer exist as member groups of the council.

To broaden the scope of the question a bit, doesn't it seem ironical that the very men who would be members of these fraternities are now training all over the country to assure the future aboirdance of minority rule? Yet, if we permit a balance of vote such as is being urged by these campus men, we would be openly advocating precisely what we as Americans are all working against.

The Sandspur asks all of you to give this matter serious thought, to discuss it with your friends and fraternal groups, and then, at the first regular meeting of the Council, decide what is best for the college as a whole.

Rollins Sandspur

Published Weekly by Undergraduate Students of Rollins

Publication Office: Fairbanks Avenue at Interlachen

TELEPHONE 187

Subscription Price: By mail anywhere in the United States \$1.50 a term (12 weeks), \$2.50 for two terms, or \$3.00 for the full college year.

Entered as second class matter, November 24, 1925, at the post office at Winter Park, Florida, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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What They Think—

By Gail De Forest

Question: How did you meet the Army?

Margaret Wirtz—Well, someone met Bud at a table and Bud introduced Bill to me.

Jean Cline—When I saw Woody I analyzed him, and then when I met him we had a mock wedding. That's how it started.

Dolly Chitty—He just sort of came around.

Martha Timberlake—I didn't know he was a soldier 'til he stuck his head out of the window and started talking.

Eileen Lawless—One of them wanted to know the score of the Penn game.

Betty Lanier—I met one on the dock and we started the "Do you know?" I must not have impressed him tho, 'cause I haven't seen him since.

Billie Jean Lawton—Up on the second tower. Don't quote me.

Eileen Wells—It was a blind triple date. Happened in the Scramble Hut (Theta House).

Reggie Mentation

Reggie the termite slipped out of the pencil-sharpener and rolled head over heels down the steps of the Sandspur Building. Kicking his hind legs hard and snorting disgustedly, he pulled himself out of the sandpile at the foot of the steps and dodged a reporter who ran in with a scoop about the STAR Unit, which was on a crumpled old paper with a half dozen censorship signatures. Reggie, smacking his lips, trotted off to the Sandspur Bowl.

Reggie swore with journal ease at a fatigue-suited soldier who nearly bounced a volley ball on him. "It's not safe as a thoroughfare," he moaned; "it's dangerous for these epeople who work on my paper. These fellows play games all day long. You'd think they had something better to do than baseball before breakfast, football before lunch, volleyball before supper, and highball before curfew."

It was noon before Reggie was his one man again. He was dying for a coke, but he was timid about going to the Center. Nowadays almost everywhere's restricted.

Rather than risk it, he passed up Captain Marvill and stood on the horseshoe.

Hup, one, two, three, four! Marching men came past and Reggie buzzed into the shoelace of the last soldier for a free ride.

Here it must be noted that the venerable and aged termite, fluttering aboard an old shoe and clutching the reins of a shoestring, was strangely suggestive of something vaguely sentimental and melancholy. Somebody ought to write a novel about it. Anyhow, the soldier winked at the girl in the angora socks, and Reggie was nearly flung off when the fellow hit a sprinkler that loomed up out of the grass.

After interminable waiting in line, Reggie and the bearer finally approached the serving counter in the Beanery. The soldier pointed the mess tray backwards at the girl who was serving. Conscientiously she reached across it to put the meat in the large section; Reggie licked a drop of gravy that fell on his nose. A shiver slid deliciously down his spine and he smirked sinfully; Reggie is an avowed vegetarian.

The soldier asked the girl behind the counter, "You on K.P., huh? What for?"

Lunch over, Reggie drowsed out (Continued from Page 11)



Your Chapel Tower

By DEAN HENRY M. EDMONDS

I think it is a fair statement that most students are interested in religion. It holds a place everywhere in their conversation. They deny it, criticize it, throw it out, suggest changes in it, pronounce its doom, find fault with those who represent it—nevertheless they are interested. Ultimately, too, they are going to have a good deal to do with it, in fact everything. If that were not true, religion would long ago have perished from the earth, because each new generation must carry it forward to the next. Each new generation wants to build a brave new world and religion is a part of all old worlds and will be of all new worlds.

The chief difficulty with the Church from the point of view of youth is that it is run by older people, therefore not responsive to the needs or to the direction of younger people. The Knowles Memorial Chapel at Rollins need not suffer from that defect. To all intents and purposes it is a church of students, run by students and for students. There is another sense in which it is not a church, because it has no denominational affiliation, no membership and no credal statement. The central point is that it is yours. What it is this year and what you get out of it will depend entirely upon you.

General Delivery



This column was born last year of the necessity for a literary catch-all. Theoretically all vital odds and ends, all ragtags find their way here. Actually we run the gauntlet from ditties to rather bad jokes. This year we sent out a couple of feelers, and, being careful to choose our best friends, received enough encouragement to carry on.

And how do you new students like our weather? Yes—well, you must admit you can't find anything similar anywhere. Soldiers in action receive their baptism of fire. Indians have their fire-water, and Florida has—just water, and a frantic Chamber of Commerce.

Cynthia Eastwood, who will have her little joke, sent us data on an essay contest being conducted by the W.C.T.U. We quote from the rules, "Exaggerated statements of the effects of alcohol, and reference to dragons, snakes, devils, skeletons, bloodshot eyes, etc. . . . should be avoided." Take it from there, and make \$40 first prize. The theme, Total Abstinence Helps Build For The Future Through (Health, Safety, Business Efficiency, Social Life or Spiritual Life.) Take one.

Perhaps the two Chi O's who were walking down the main drag with a questionable looking bottle would care to enter. The facts of the case: They wanted vinegar to rinse their hair. The stores were closed, but Robbies had a new vinegar supply for their dill pickles. The only available vessel was said bottle. Embarrassing, what?

Under the stress and strain of rushing, many students who expressed a desire to contribute to the production of this paper missed out on the first meeting. Therefore we are holding another gathering of the clan tomorrow, Thursday, directly after noon Beanery, in the S.spur office, at which time assignments will be distributed to all reporters. And now is as good a time as any to exuberate over the cooperation and really good writing of those who helped assemble this first issue.

With the approach of the STAR Unit, the civilian males on campus led a hasty, but well-organized retreat to the strong and now bulging walls of the KA House. After the whirlwind days of settling down passed, members of former active fraternities, diehard Independents, and new students found that their new quarters were pretty good, even though keys broke in doors, the maid began cleaning at the most inopportune moments, and Boris can never get a date with the woman of his dreams.

Alligators were the subject for discussion at a party the other day. Everyone contributed her bit of misinformation on the topic, until it was agreed that sometimes they (the alligators) do come near Lake Virginia's shoreline, whereupon a tiny voice accompanied by big blue eyes, asked, "Is that why we aren't allowed near the lakefront after 6 p. m.?"

Ah, it was refreshing.

(S)TARS IN THE ROLLINS SERVICE FLAG

Sharp Contrast Between College Days And Navy V-12 Program Told by Former Scribe

(With printers' ink still running through his veins, Carl Wilder, last year freshman writer, generously gives of his talent, and information to bring us word of the V-12 Navy Unit at Miami University.)

July first brought hot days, cool breezes, and Navy V-12 to the University of Miami, and with the Navy came ten loyal sons of guns and Rollins to change the blue and gold for Navy whites. Soon afterwards Mussolini quit the Axis! Did his agents discover these Rollins men, or was it a coincidence? Read this column after the war to get the facts.

It is said that when Ed Acree first strutted the streets of Miami in his new sailor's uniform, there were screams of delight from the kiddies who ran to join up. Join V-12 and free a WAVE for active duty!

In November three of Rollins members of long standing will leave for middies' school. Earle Cole, whose car and geniality were well-known around Knowles and Strong Halls, Dick Sewell, Kappa Alpha-ite and former "bass section" in the chapel choir, and Ed Acree, often seen in the Lambda Chi house, but best found wherever girls' sports were in progress, are the fortunate future naval officers.

Eventually George Gross and Peter Winant, also officer material, will be sent to midshipman's school.

Next July the entire tribe will have left Miami to become officers. Mickey Meighan, last year's Cloverleaf favorite, Paul Reilly, who came to Rollins late, and tried to come late to Riley Weinberg's classes, Hartland Bennett, who can't figure out why, if you spend \$50 the first week, there isn't anything left the last week, Bud Felder, who was freshman class president and politician last year, and yours triumphantly, who is still trying to write feature articles. That takes care of the Rollins muster and accounts for all hands. (V-12 requires all trainees to have at least two hands. Makes for efficiency and improves the uniform.)

Life in this man's navy has its differences, but intrinsically the V-12 day is analogous to a day at

Rollins. Trainees are requested to arise at 0700 daily, when a bugle call somewhere blows taps! Oh well, Bud Felder never learned reveille either. Immediately everyone hits the deck and falls out in front of his ship, dormitory to you, dressed in gym shorts. However, in his eagerness to be the last one out, Mickey accidentally jumps into his shivvies. Okay, so he got two demerits, so what? A demerit is a peculiar little bacteria possessing strange multiplying characteristics. There's nothing like it at Rollins.

While Rollins students are trying to make up their minds to get out of bed, the V-12 trainee is being rudely awakened by the vigorous calisthenics led each morning by a different fellow. Then it's back to the ship for showers and dressing. A V-12 boy takes a half hour to dress, while a Rollins student commands only five minutes to clothe himself, grab his book (s) and get to the Beanery before the door closes. A Rollins student uses even less time in gulping his food. The Navy meanwhile marches over to the cafeteria and calmly absorbs its meals with a minimum of muss and fuss. Rules for eating at Rollins demanded one hand on the plate and one foot on the floor, but at the U of Miami no holds are barred short of selling bobby traps. The fellows then return to their rooms to make their bunks, stow their gear, and swab the deck—all of which should have been accomplished prior to show. No comparison between V-12 and Rollins is meant in this respect. A heavy schedule is maintained by all V-12ers. Physics and mathematics are stressed.

An occasional free period might find Pete Winant in the University's slop shop, dreaming of busy days gone by at the Rollins Students' Center, and casually appraising the girls with that old "come to

me, Baby" glance of his. Rollins students dress for dinner, but in the Navy we wear our usual Palm Beach whites! Halucinations yet. Study hours are utilized until 2300 after evening show. Then—taps and lights out! All studying stops! (This is off the record and don't quote me, but I've noticed Hartland sneaking into the closet to study after lights out.) And so the V-12er tucks himself into his little sack and gently slips off into pleasant dreams of what? Revels at Robbins!

Once a week trainees must have an hour of drill and Saturdays inspections make the men look as good as old in their dress whites and blue neckerchiefs. Many of the fellas have learned that it saves money to wash their own uniforms, but even cheaper not to perspire at all. Am I kidding?

One of the boys is being transferred to the Navy! We're hanging out a service flag in honor of the first V-12 boy to leave for armed services.

Seriously, we all appreciate this program a lot because of its unmatched opportunities. But look out for us on weekends. We haven't forgotten our alma mater and all roads lead to Rollins. Tell the army to stand by, because the navy is coming ashore!

Whereabouts of Alumni, Undegraduates Noted Here

From various sources all over the country have come these items concerning the activities of Rollins alumni and former undergraduate students:

Alan Taulbee, 26, son of Mrs. Lora C. Taulbee of 311 S. 11th Ave., Lake Worth, has won his Navy "Wings of Gold" and was commissioned an Ensign in the Naval Reserve following completion of the prescribed flight training course at the Naval Air Training Center, Pensacola, Fla.

Prior to entering the Naval Service, Ensign Taulbee attended Rollins College for two years where he was active as a varsity swimmer.

Second Lieutenant Frank LaRue Dent, 31, son of Mrs. Louise LaRue Dent, Dallas, Texas, has been assigned to active duty with the fighting Leathernecks.

Lieut. Dent attended Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla., where he majored in literature. He is a member of Kappa Alpha fraternity and was on the swimming team for four years.

His wife, the former Neva Sue

Flint, lives in Artesia, New Mexico.

Second Lieutenant Irving N. Felder, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Felder, Nohegan Park Rd., Norwich, Conn., has been promoted to the rank of first lieutenant at the Carlsbad Army Air Field, Carlsbad, New Mexico.

Henis J. Williams, 21, son of Mrs. C. C. Williams of 416 E. College Ave., Tallahassee, was commissioned an Ensign in the Naval Reserve.

Prior to entering the Naval Service, he attended Rollins College for two years.

Aviation Cadet Richard L. Krall, formerly of Winter Park, Fla., has begun his pilot training with the 62nd Flying Training Detachment, Army Air Forces Contract Flying School (Primafy) at Jackson, Miss.

The graduating class at Victorville Army Air Field on August 21 included: Lieut. Richard S. Wesson, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Wesson of 109 Forest Glen Rd., Longmeadow, Mass. Lieut. Wesson is a graduate of Rollins College.

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Rose Mills Powers, Edward M. Davis, College Patrons, Died This Summer

Author of Alma Mater and Director of Beal-Maltbie Shell
Museum Mourned by Rollins

This year Rollins College will be without two of its most beloved patrons, Mrs. Rose Mills Powers and Mr. Edward M. Davis.

Mrs. Powers, who died September 2, will long be remembered by Rollins students as it was she who wrote the words to the alma mater. She was one of the founders of Allied Arts, an organization which has done much to aid students with literary talent. Her own career in writing began when she won a poetry contest in college, and since then has had many songs and poems published, including "The Window of the Four Marys." She read this poem and others at the Rollins Animated Magazine last spring.

Mr. Davis, who died August 2 at his summer home in Massachusetts, was the director of the Beal-Maltbie Shell Museum. He was instrumental in presenting this museum to the college.

He became connected with Rollins ten years ago as director of the Thomas R. Baker Museum of

Natural History. Dr. Davis was a graduate of Harvard College and a very active member of the Florida Audubon Society.

Reggie—

(Continued from Page 4)

to the horseshoe, and sat down just past the flagpole to wait for the girls. When they came from chow he discovered that the rooming situation is something else again on the west side horseshoe. How to get eight groups seated on half-a-horseshoe, how?

During the afternoon he attended a few classes, because he needed the sleep. Then physical fitness, then supper. By the time he got to the center that night, his right foot hurt. He didn't spend much time dancing; nobody else did either.

He hadn't had any luck so far. While the housemothers backs were turned, he ambled casually out the back door of the center, down the son House, past Lakeside. Took a steps, across the patio, past Wool-drink at the fountain, turned right. Swaggered down the walk. Turned left at Rec Hall.

Termites' eyes are good in the darkness. You know what Reggie saw? That's right—nothing. Area restricted.

In solitude he sat at the end of the dock, dangling his legs. The breeze whipped about him and chilled him. The moon was full and pale, and the enswathing moonbeams pressed about him tighter and tighter. The quiet, lonely beauty of the night fell upon his soul and in aching humility he wept a bitter tear. "End it all, end it all," he whispered to the moon and the clouds, the trees and the wind that made them sigh. He dreamed of a better world, where

beauty could be shared.

Rudely, rudely, a frog on a nearby lily-pad croaked: "Whatcha doin'?"

Faintly came Reggie's answer; "O frog, this morning when I set out from my home yonder in the land of the ancient Underwood and the gluepots, I was warned there were but twenty-four hours 'till the deadline. I am a gossip reporter, as low as that, and now the moon is sinking fast, the morning star doth soon appear, and in this world I've

found no dirt!"

The frog rolled his eyes dolefully and then popped them in amazement as he watched Reggie bend over and sink his jaw into the dock. By chumbling and scrambling, the termite soon was sending the sawdust in steady spray across his shoulder.

"Whaddya call that?" said the frog, taking his cigar out of his mouth.

Reggie stopped for a moment and looked up. "It's boring," he said.

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