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Rollins Sandspur

VOLUME 49 (Z-107)

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1943

NUMBER 4

Students Elect Harris, Corbett To Head Council

Polls Open All Day Friday For Special Voting Session

New Officers Now Scene of Competitions

On election day last Friday, Rollins College went to the polls and elected Red Harris and Nan Corbett president and vice-president respectively of the student body, thereby exercising their rights to select their leaders by personal vote.

Since this was a special election, regular annual voting being held in May, campaigning did not attain its usual fervor. Sidewalk decorations in multi-colored paints comprised the only publicity outside of posters and banners, which were tacked up at every available spot, even appearing in the Student Center for the first time in history.

Almost every student submitted a ballot, and competition among the Greek organizations for both offices was keen. Voting was, however, almost completely unaffected by the political clichés of former years.

A minor flurry was caused by the inevitable attempt to burn the ballot box. The doped ballot was detected in time to avert the anticipated conflagration. That ballot burned, but not before its vote was counted.

Election day was preceded by brief campaign speeches in assembly a week ago. Also runs were Marjorie Hansen for the position of president, and Nieta Amaral and Jean Woodfill for the office of vice president.

Tombstone Club Has Reawakening; Faculty Elects Riley as Head

Coming to life again after eleven years is a faculty organization called the Tombstone Club. It was organized by Dr. Robert Sprague in 1927 for social purposes. Entertainment for one meeting consists of the exchange of jokes and the revival of humorous stories. In its revived state the Tombstone Club is going feminine as well as masculine; previously only men of the faculty were admitted.

The first meeting of the new Tombstone Club was held on October 28 at 7:30, in the Alumni House. Election of officers made the new president Professor E. W. Jones and the secretary Professor Audrey L. Packham. Refreshments of apple cider and ginger snaps were served. Plans for the November meeting were formed for a "feed"—a dinner meeting.

Girls' Basketball Games Begin Friday

Alpha Phi—Chi O Game Is Season's Opener

Eight teams will compete for the women's intramural basketball championship. The contest begins Friday afternoon, November 5, and continues until December 10.

The seven sororities and Independents each receive fifteen points for entry. Five points are awarded for each game won, and the championship team receives fifty points.

Alice Henry, director of the women's physical education department, predicts an exciting season, with lots of good playing and many close scores. Four practices are required for each team—gentle reminder! "Rec" Hall should be a busy place these days.

SCHEDULED FOR THIS WEEK

The Rollins Photographic Club will hold a meeting next Friday, November 5, at 12:30, in Knowles 509. New members are invited to attend.

Medical aptitude tests will be given Friday, November 5, at 3 p. m., in Knowles 523. All pre-med students are required to take these tests.

Army-Navy tests will be given Tuesday, November 9, to interested students who are not affiliated with any branch of the service. Those who desire further information are invited to see Dean Enyart.

Entire College to Observe Armistice Day in Chapel

Thursday morning, November eleventh, Rollins College will celebrate Armistice Day with a convocation in Knowles Memorial Chapel. The STAR Unit will combine with the college in a formal procession which will assemble at 9:30.

Preceding the program in the chapel, the STAR Unit will pass in review before Lieutenant Colonel John F. Somers, commanding officer for the combined Stetson-Rollins unit, President Holt, and invited guests. The program in the chapel will include music by the choir, the reading of President Roosevelt's Armistice Day proclamation by John M. Harris, president of the Student Association, and the reading by Jessie Rittenhouse Scollard of a commemorative poem by Brian Hooker entitled "A. D. 1919."

The address by President Holt will concern the principles of freedom and liberty guaranteed to the American people by the constitution. The text of this speech is "Freedom of Monuments." This is based on the blacking-out and destruction in August, 1943, of the Peace Monument which was dedicated on Armistice Day in 1938. Following the convocation in the chapel, there will be a ceremony dedicating the honor roll which was presented to the college by the class of 1943.

Martin Lecture Series

Dr. John Martin will open a series of lectures in the Annie Russell Theatre this Thursday evening at 8:15. His subject is *Russia in the Coming Armistice*.

Dr. Mortimer Heads Chemistry Department; Has Had Long Teaching, Professional Career

If someone were to ask us to describe Dr. F. S. Mortimer, new chemistry professor, in three words, we would say "a right guy", because he is just that. He's the kind of person you're glad to know—frank and kindly.

Dr. Mortimer comes from the middlewest. William Penn College is Oskaloosa, Iowa, was his alma mater, and he received his Ph. D.

First of Monthly Rollins Days at AWVS Successful

Previously the last Sunday of every month was designated Rollins Day at the Winter Park AWVS Recreation Center. Having decided to continue that successful policy this year, the co-eds swung into action and took full charge of the AWVS Center last Sunday, October 31. All activities were ably supported by volunteers from the college. These hostesses served from three o'clock to ten-thirty in two-hour shifts.

The service men, both of the STAR Unit on campus and of the Orlando Air Base were entertained with ping-pong sessions, dancing, various card games, and Chinese checkers. More than one fortunate soldier had his profile sketched in charcoal by the volunteer artists there. Some chose to listen to the wide selection of classical and popular records. Being able just to sit and talk to a girl was the desire of many, while others preferred the games and dancing.

From five to seven the senior hostesses served a supper consisting of spaghetti, cole slaw, rolls, coffee, and cake. The food was greatly appreciated and disappeared like magic.

All unanimously agreed they had "one super time" and are anxiously awaiting the next Rollins Day at the AWVS.

ICF Secretary Here On Semi-Official Visit

After living with the Rollins students and working with Dean Edmonds or the past week Mrs. George M. Mauger, southeastern secretary of the Intervarsity Fellowship, bade goodbye in order that she might continue her trip among many American colleges to continue spreading the gospel of the Fellowship.

This organization for the close relationship of religious belief started in Cambridge, England, in 1877. It has spread through Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and at normal times throughout all the universities of Europe. It was brought into America in 1932.

Rollins was not included in her itinerary, but Mrs. Mauger, having first visited Stetson, took advantage of being in the vicinity by laying groundwork for the visit of the organization's general secretary some time next spring.

Groups Entered In Intramurals Select Plays

Rehearsals In Progress For November 11 and 12 Play Contest

Lab Theatre to Be Scene of Completions

Coming events cast their shadow—and beyond a shadow of a doubt, the Theta Alpha Phi Dramatic Contest will be a big event. Even Orson Welles would bow to the genius of the students on Thursday and Friday, November 11 and 12, so follow the crowd to the lab theatre. Productions will be better, competition, keener!

It has long been acknowledged that "All the world's a stage" and the Pi Beta Phis go *In Search of a Play* with scenes by William Shakespeare. Barbara Peddicord directs.

What, no "eternal triangle"? you question indignantly. There are dozens of them in the Kappa Alpha Thetas presentation of a scene from Clare Boothe's *The Women*. As you've probably guessed—it's about men! Directed by Sarah Coleman.

If you think the present international situation is confusing, if you think being a good hostess is an art—you're right! But wait until the Chi Omega's take you right behind the scenes in Washington society. The scenes are from *First Lady* by Kathrine Dayton and George Kaufman. Sudie Bond directs the satire.

You sigh blissfully when Robert Power kisses Hedy Turner. You could shoot Annabelle Stanwyck without a qualm. The Kappa Kappa Gammas plan to reveal that being married to a Screen Idol isn't so glamorous. *Star Struck*, by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements, emerges from the pages of a playboat as an extremely funny farce, Jean Farrell directs.

As always *The Women* must be heard from. The Alpha Phis present a scene from this engrossing play which takes place in Reno! A fight of the century follows as conflicting temperaments meet and explode. Evelyn Long is the capable director.

The Independents offer two plays. The first is a psychological play by Thornton Wilder, *Pullman Car Hiawatha*. The director, Pat Quillan. The second, *The Lady in the Fur Hat*, directed by Boris Arnov.

Secrecy surrounds the Phi Mu selection—perhaps they haven't chosen, or they just aren't telling! The only speck of information that could be obtained is that Marie Rogers will direct. —B. O.

Basketball Schedule

Nov. 5: Friday	Nov. 24: Wednesday
Alpha Phi—Chi O 5:15	Theta—Pi Phi 7:15
Nov. 9: Tuesday	Independent—Kappa 8:00
Theta—Phi Mu 5:15	Nov. 30: Tuesday
Nov. 10: Wednesday	Chi O—Pi Phi 5:15
Chi O—Theta 7:15	Dec. 1: Wednesday
Alpha Phi—Kappa 8:00	Alpha Phi—Pi Phi 7:15
Nov. 11: Thursday	Gamma Phi—Independ. 8:00
Kappa—Phi Phi 5:15	Dec. 2: Thursday
Nov. 12: Friday	Gamma Phi—Phi Mu 5:15
Alpha Phi—Phi Mu 5:15	Dec. 3: Friday
Nov. 16: Tuesday	Gamma Phi—Kappa 5:15
Chi O—Gamma Phi 5:15	Dec. 7: Tuesday
Nov. 17: Wednesday	Alpha Phi—Gamma Phi 5:15
Alpha Phi—Theta 5:15	Dec. 8: Wednesday
Phi Mu—Kappa 8:00	Pi Phi—Independent 7:15
Nov. 18: Thursday	Theta—Kappa 8:00
Gamma Phi—Pi Phi 5:15	Dec. 9: Thursday
Chi O—Phi Mu 7:15	Chi O—Independent 5:15
Independ.—Theta 8:30	Phi Mu—Pi Phi 7:05
Nov. 19: Friday	Gamma Phi—Theta 8:00
Independ.—Phi Mu 5:15	Dec. 10: Friday
Nov. 23: Tuesday	Alpha Phi—Independent 5:15
Chi O—Kappa 5:15	

Educate, Agitate, Organize—

October 21, 1942—"Angel" Felder Backs Freshman Variety Show. October 28, 1942—Rats Will Present "Givemhell" in Annie Russell Monday. November 4, 1942—Freshman Show Hits New High In Hilarity.

Those are Sandspur headlines from exactly one year ago. Last year at this time the freshmen had organized, gone into rehearsals and produced a show that equalled, if not surpassed, their predecessors "God Help You." The class of 1947 has not yet elected its roster of officers. Yet it's a curious thing that this year's incoming students have had less to distract them than any previous group. When you look around and see the shattered beings that are our upperclassmen you would do well to remember that upon their entrance into Rollins they were subjected to a seven day Orientation period, immediately followed by a three week rushing period, in conjunction with ceaseless ratting.

It is, of course, conceded that the freshmen have been disorganized because the student council has, until elections Friday, been carrying on without its full number of officers. That is in the past, now. What we would like to see would be for the freshmen to seize the power that is rightfully theirs and show their stuff.

It is customary for the freshmen to direct a number of activities as a group throughout the college year, among them a freshman dance and a show. Because ratting was overlooked this year, there is little of the feeling of banding together as a class. Also, there is not the compulsion connected with the show which was an inevitable result of ratting.

What we should like to impress upon the freshmen is that they as a class have the opportunity and the wherewith to make their group a distinctive and outstanding one. The show, in addition to the entertainment value it holds for the entire college, provides an opening to all alike to display qualities of leadership, of talent and of cooperation.

The intramural dramatic contest is scheduled for November 11 and 12, and all groups are concentrating their efforts on that event. By next week that will be over, and many freshmen will have proved their worth along those lines. Therefore, the class of 1947 is urged to organize itself, elect its officers, plan its committees and get to work on a show that will do it credit.

Rollins Sandspur

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ESTABLISHED IN 1894 WITH THE FOLLOWING EDITORIAL

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

Reggie Stirs

The termite king sniffed the air. It was chill. He rolled over so his elbows and his knees would be closer to his ears; blankets shrink in cold weather, he mused, and slipped back to dreamland quick before his musing should wake him up. Being something less than human, his musing had an exhilarating effect upon him, contrary to that of soporific readers.

Out in the awakening world, things were going on. The soldiers were noisily at play. Someone in the next suite was taking a bath. The air corps was saying it with flyers and one of them seemed to be pitching his prop right through the skylight on the twelfth floor of the Sandspur building. Reggie pretended he could smell bacon cooking, he sighed as if coffee were wafting up the dumbwaiter shaft (what good's an imaginary building

without an imaginary dumbwaiter?). He rolled over again and hugged his knees. Mighty cold for Florida.

He pretended some more. This time he told himself there was a letter from Rosie in his box. He thrust his retractable antenna through the pencil sharpener window, but cautiously 'cause he was still trying to fool himself. Then in a foolish burst of confidence, he swallowed a big yawn with the following foolhardy words:

"Guess I'll get up now."

Oops! The antenna retracted, and he seemed to be floating away again to the tune of the Barcarolle.

"Haven't a thing to wear."

Garment by garment he mentally rummaged through his wardrobe.

But 'eally a temite neve voices vey long about his wadobe. You know why? It's all white!

In The Mail Box

To the editor:

The masthead of the Sandspur states that the paper is published by the undergraduates of Rollins. I fall into that category, so hear my cry.

It has come to my attention that rather strict, though purely regulation, rules have been put into effect by the army regarding conditions in general in our Beanery. As I understand the situation, all those involved have been willing to comply, so that now we see those girls serving us done up in hair nets, their nails devoid of polish—the epitome of neatness.

Being somewhat of an epicure, I am the first to speak approvingly of the food this year. But I do protest that I cannot enjoy meals served on greasy, unclean plates,

eaten by means of half-washed silver, drunk out of smudged glasses, and accompanied by hairs that are obviously not from college girls' heads. It is generally conceded that Rollins students come from homes where the matter of food is synonymous with fastidiousness. I do not think I, as a representative, am unduly squeamish.

I realize fully that the securing of help nowadays is a difficult thing. However, I doubt that any medical inspector would pass our china and silverware on the excuse that dishwashers are hard to get.

You, as editor and as a student, cannot be expected to work wonders, but perhaps by printing this you can prove the mightiness of the pen.

A Student who has talked with other Students.



Your Chapel Tower

By DEAN HENRY M. EDMONDS

GOD OF BATTLES

The Woman's Home Companion recently published a poem by Lt. General George S. Patton, Jr. The fact of the poem and its spirit are an interesting commentary on the character of the man. "Old Blood and Gust" he is affectionately called by his men. Yet here he is kneeling in humility to pray and taking up his pen in nicety to write:

From pride and foolish confidence
From every weakening creed
From the dread fear of fearing
Protect us, Lord, and lead.

Great God, who through the ages
Hast braced the bloodstained hand,
As Saturn, Jove or Woden
Hast led our warrior band.

Again we seek Thy counsel,
But not in cringing guise.
We whine not for thy mercy—
To slay: God make us wise.

For slaves who shun the issue
We do not ask thy aid.
To thee we trust our spirits,
Our bodies unafraid.

From doubt and fearsome boding,
Still thou our spirits guard,
Make strong our souls to conquer,
Give us the victory, Lord.

General Delivery



A fifteen minutes' walk, a ten minutes' brisk trot between classes, or a one minute's motorcycle ride (Frank Bowes' time) from the S. spur office is the printers. This establishment lies three or four blocks down on the other side of the railroad tracks, a distance covered at least four times per issue, affording ample opportunity for reflection.

For the most part it is an enjoyable walk, save in extreme heat or cold. At times the long sidewalk that runs down the middle of the boulevard is inundated, so that it is necessary to splash through great expanses of water. At others, the perfume of citrus trees and jasmine pervades the air, and Florida is its storybook self.

The neighborhood is old Rollins territory. Next to the sign of two years' duration that reads "Bed, spring and mattress for sale" is a bronze tablet with an inscription concerning Rollins. So it doesn't ever seem unnatural for the figures of past editors to seem to loom up in the mists, peering curiously at our handfuls of copy. It does have a rather disturbing effect to have Buckwalter, Kelly and Haley, editors in Our Time, shake their heads sadly and mutter "Women!" and emit plaintive questions about Rollins football news, fraternities and Coronado Beach. The mental telepathy of past business managers may account for the little boy who flung a scornful "Join the Wacs!" at Margie Hansen as she trudged to the press with her ad copy.

This week our honored predecessors were not their usual apathetic selves. They were clearly upset. "Look," they said, "we had our own peculiar brand of hell-raising in our day, but it was never as malicious as that which rumor has wafted our way this week. This ballot box tradition, for example. Someday there's going to be a big fire, and the consequences will be serious. Even when our class put the Red Bug on Beanery porch, hung the Nazi flag on the flagpole, or stole the trophies, it wasn't arsenous. That stuff went out with Theophilus P. U. Jenks!

"And is it true that some gal hopped into a G. I. get-up and caused several girls to blow their fuses in Cloverleaf by appearing in said garb in the wee hours? That's very unfunny, if it's true. A feeble joke at best, even on Hal-lowe'en.

"And we hope it was high schoolers who placed the burning paper in the dorm windows. What is this yen the youngsters have for playing with fire?"

Our apologies, our alibis, our pleas for understanding left them cold, even as yours. We bowed our head in contrition and pushed onwards to the press, returning just in time to be held up by the inevitable freight train. Another issue had gone to bed, and with it another week from the calendar.

Dicksons' Brass is Okay With Alpha Phis

Friday night was a terrific night for the Alpha Phis. Were we surprised when our pledges whom we always knew were quite "allright" put on a real dance! To say that we appreciated this "Brainstorm" is not at all adequate. We were pleased indeed.

The Hallowe'en decorations were very apropos—skeletons, black and orange streamers, and jack-o-lanterns. Honors go to Nancy Dickson and brother Harry, whose tastes in brass are faultless! Didn't Georgia have something to do with that, too? Margy was an hour late and it looks like she's going to be our next bride. She caught the bouquet at Dr. Marvill's wedding.

P.S. If you need a ghost writer, send a want ad to room 38, Rollins Hall! Yes, that is how this got written. (Ed: Spare us, Oh, Unknown One!)

Stray Phi Pi Would Be Pi Phi's Guest

Sitting like a neon sign between the Key and Kite and pointing the way to go home, is our gift to Winter Park's "great white way." Beneath its glow the other p. m. appeared a wobbly eight o'clock scholar who insisted upon picking out his room for the night. You try to convince an illuminated Phi Pi that Pi Phis aren't his brothers. (Shelp me, he said brothers.)

Happy and inspired are we since our married woman is back with us. "Stars in My Eyes" and "My Husband" are revised daily by our Mrs. Martin.

One postcard dripping with wedded bliss arrived the other day from last year's Prexy, Peg, up Boston way. So we tell ourselves we still have a chance, if not Hope.

Our third celebrity, Mrs. Pettibard, is a bit confused about being an alumna and still going to

East of The Flagpole

The STAR Unit wishes to thank the Rollins administration for the swell social affairs to which they have invited it . . . such as the Hallowe'en dance last Saturday night and the one two weeks ago . . . the gatherings at President Holt's and Dean Cleveland's homes . . . the rushing party of the Phi Mu's, . . . and the movie at the Annie Russell theatre . . . We wonder how many hearts have been broken the last week or so when so many handsome casanovas were transferred to their training units . . . What happens nowadays is not hard to believe, but one STAR actually turned down his coed friend because she took a dare and smoked a cigar (not one of Sgt. Silvi's) . . . Incidentally, the place did seem somewhat lost last week without his smiling face around . . . and if you have any ready cash that you want to lose just look him up. He can tell you almost exactly which horse will not finish in the money in a race . . . The drive to get at least twenty-five pints of blood a week for the local blood bank ran into a little snag when the personnel of the Unit was almost stationary for a while . . . at one time over sixty-per cent of the men had given blood within the three month limit . . . But as Captain Kimball says, "Nothing is impossible" . . . the oldest member (in terms of his stay at Rollins) was shipped last week. He was Boyd Allen . . . Several others are now vying for his title and also some blondes along the side . . . What's this we hear about an incendiary bomb being placed in one of the ballot boxes last week . . . Seems somebody is not too honest . . . Wonder what it means when on the approach to the Mess Hall it announces that "Nancy Is Best" . . . We appreciate the efforts made to make our policing job just a little bit easier . . . Our curiosity makes us won-

der whether that couple who linger until about 2229.9999999999999999 outside of Lakeside almost every night actually make the 2230 bed check . . . What driver of what big (anything on wheels that is a civilian car is big to the army) automobile had such a difficult time parking her automobile in front of her hall the other night and let out a big, bad curse . . . How do you like the way our dog mascot behaves at retreat? . . . If anybody reads this stuff it is because of any one of or a combination of four reasons; namely, (1) he or she is vain and is looking for his or her name in print, (2), he or she is nosey and is looking for some gossip item, (3), he or she wants to become half so good as this writer, or (4) he or she is nuts.

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Phi Mu Alarm Clock Runs On Circuit

Hallowe'en found tables turned on Grace, past official stirrer-upper of Phimudom, which title she now hands over to pledges Eleanor and Shirley, in view of escapades of the past week.

Follow this if you can. When we told it to Einstein he just shook his head. It is called the Saga of the Alarrum. Thus,

Shirley and Eleanor put Jean's alarm clock in Grace's closet, after setting it for two-thirty a. m. Grace heard it ticking and took it out. The two culprits then decided to put it in Jean's room when they heard that Grace had found it. (Had 'nuff?) Well, Jean heard about it and tried to get the clock from Grace to put in Shirley's balcony. (Say uncle?) Monday morning the clock was just inside Grace's door, but within five minutes it had completed its cycle and mysteriously reappeared on Jean's desk.

Speaking of alarm clocks, shouldn't someone have told the bugler that it isn't wise to date three girls in the same sorority? Everything comes out in the wash, and Monday was washday. Mon-

Strong Hall Sponsors Next Center Dance

Ho-Hum time for another column and time for bed! Ginny G. just came in, she seems to be having a time keeping things straight between Hugh, the air corps lieutenant, and Tip, the naval ensign.

The house was dead Saturday night, Pat and Ina were still up in Quantico; Sudie and Argie disappeared someplace with a couple of boys from Ft. Bragg; we saw M'Emma at the officers' dance at the Coliseum—with her orchid, and Jerrie was with Bergie and Glo and some friends of theirs from back home.

Elaine was heard to say at lunch "My date was sharp last night—as sharp as a bread-knife and crumbier." Betty and Bea have been meeting some very nice ASTP's, but as Betty says, "They don't stay long enough."

Helen doesn't seem to mind doing upper-division papers. Has everyone noticed Sunny's wings? Did y'll hear about the accident Ed Erdman had when he saw Padie and tried to get off the train in a hurry?

It's getting too late for our mind to function, but we want to see all of you at the Strong Hall sponsored dance in the Center a week from Saturday.

day therefore found us all together, all babbling at once. The net result is kin to a jigsaw puzzle. Pris and Duffy went on another shopping spree . . . Ann's 'Erb, like time, goes on and on . . . Lil Dunlevy has no radiator in her room . . . Marie wrinkles her brow over the play contest, not wishing to descend from last year's degree of brilliance . . . Betty Lee is impressed by the first Back rehearsal . . . Darlene is most intrigued by the field of chemical warfare . . . and why don't we throw another party?

Marines Size Up Campus on Landing

To all the old students seeing the Marines and Navy land at Rollins was like the good old days when Rollins actually was a co-ed college.

During the week Reedy Talton and Peg were seen in the center having long, deep conversations. They certainly found a lot to talk about. Reedy brought news of Tom Soby, Reid Haviland, and Gov (Trigger) Tully.

Then if you walked out of the center a gush of wind would blow Jim Blacock and Bunny to the Pi Phi House and points south. As Jim said "The grass sure is pretty on the lakefront."

If you happened to go by the conservatory or Chapel you'd see Donnie Hansen waiting patiently for Clyde. We wonder if the Marine emblem will go back and forth as much as the KA pin did.

Anytime of the day you passed Harper's there would be Scotty with Jerrie Mavon, trying frantically to sing "White Christmas" over the jock. Scotty's comment of the women was "My God!"

The phys. ed office held quite an attraction for Ed Acree. He and Alice would get on their bicycles early in the morning and head for Daytona.

Hank Swan, Carl Jones and Dick Sewell were the hardest boys to find anywhere. Most likely you could find Hank with Holly and son, though, C. J. with Ann Everson, and Dick Sewell in choir.

Ed Erdman was sooo happy to get back to Rollins that when he got off the train and saw Padie he fell flat on his face. Then there was Carlton Wilder who kept Marjorie company. Last but not least to come was Stretch. He arrived three days late and still has to go back to Emory for four more months, so was pretty unhappy, but not for long.

Colony
WINTER PARK PHONE 430
Admission 35c - 40c
Show Starts 2:00 p.m.

Thursday-Friday-Saturday
THE
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JAMES CAGNEY AND HUMPHREY BOGART

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BEHIND THE RISING SUN
The truth behind the astrocities of the sons of heaven
MARGO AND AN ALL-STAR CAST

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What They Think—

By Margie Humpfer

What have you been doing to uphold the morale of the armed forces?

Gaylord Jones: I play drums for 'em at the Orlando USO.

Marge Hough: I look in my mail box sixty-five times daily.

Hannah France: They come and they go—the latest is Victor.

Nancy Dickson: Well, the Alpha Phi pledges gave a dance. Ahhh, such men!

Lois Cheesman: I'm taking first aid.

Evie Long: The question is, who's holding up whom!

Janice Hoffner: I write to all the soldiers and sailors that I know.

Jo Farnham: My part.

How about it, boys? What have the Rollins girls done for your morale?

Anon: Besides everything else a scar on the chin.

A complaint: Nothing you could say to get a double portion in Beanery.

Henry, Ben, and J. B.: A Rollins girl and a cocktail make a perfect evening—you can even omit the cocktail.

Mike Sutton: I hit the jackpot.

Philip Keller: I think they are fascinating, each and every one of them. I may be quoted as being devastated.

Patrick Fitzpatrick: The women of Rollins have lifted the morale of the United States Army to such a level that airplanes having an attainable altitude of 20,000 feet or more can safely fly over the college without grave danger of collision.

Pvt. E. M. Head: I think the girls of Rollins are some of the most lovely I have ever met.

High School, he received his A.B. degree at Rollins College in 1939.

Dr. Mortimer—(from p. 1)

teaches his subject, but has engaged in chemical research of his own. At one time he was cooperating expert for the International Critical Tables, a compendium of physical and chemical constants. His work on this committee was to record the solubilities of organic compounds in organic solvents. He is interested in photography, and of course develops his own pictures, likes fishing, hunting, outdoor sports and astronomy.

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ARC Reports Arrival Of Costello in Hawaii

Thomas F. Costello, American Red Cross First Aid and Water Safety field representative, whose safe arrival in Hawaii was announced today, is a former resident of 405 Lake Elbert drive, Winter Haven, Fla.

Before his overseas assignment, Costello served the Eastern Area Red Cross as a field representative, and previously was a waterfront instructor at various beaches in Florida and North Carolina, and was circulation manager of the Winter Haven Daily Chief. He was a scoutmaster in Winter Haven, is a member of the National Rifle Association and American Canoe Association, and was director of Trailcraft Expeditions to Mexico and Yellowstone National Park.

A graduate of Winter Haven

DITTRICH

PHOTOGRAPHER

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