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Rollins College

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Rollins Sandspur

VOLUME 49 (Z-107)

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1944

Number 19

Preparation For Spring Recess Brings Vague Rumors of Sunburns, Airplanes, and . . .

5:00 A. M.—and that term paper is finished!! We wander around our quiet room, vainly trying to wake our roommate by singing The Spring Song. You know—the one that goes “The Spring has sprung, the grass has riz, we wonder where the flowers is.”—which is silly, considering the fact that the flowers are continually down here.

However, our preoccupation with Spring has nothing to do with the whys and wherefores of the climate: it's merely that Spring Recess is coming and we are about to pack our one dress that the cockroaches haven't eaten and wander still deeper into the Sunny South. This, it seems, is a very un-original idea, as at least three quarters of Rollins is in the process of doing the same thing. But then, who cares about originality where comfort, fun, and four days on the ocean's shores are concerned.

Scuttlebutt has it that our Comandos are leaving, practically en masse for Daytona, with a few (we're not sure just who) of the Cloverleaf lovelies heading in the same direction.

And then there are our graduating seniors, John Bistline, Ina Mae Bittle, Tic Martin, Laura May Ripley, and Nancy Thurman, who are about to take a permanent vacation, Mesdames Bittle and Martin going to join their respective husbands.

Miami and Eastern Airlines are enlarging their facilities because of the influx of Rollins gals. Eastern Airline's man told us their only worry is the fact they may have to turn Tuesday's 'planes into hospital ships to accommodate returning sunburned babes. We suggested dispensing suntan cream on the trip down, but they said no—insisting that everyone would use Johnson's Baby Oil anyway.

In spite of the Airlines—here's to bigger and better suntans this weekend, lotsa rest (to a certain extent) and lotsa fun for y'all!! As for us we can't decide between Palm Beach and Miami, and seeing as how our roommate refuses to wake up and talk we shall go to sleep ourselves. In four hours, when it's time for an 8:30 class, we'll be ready to go anyplace—just as long as Spring Vacation hurries up—and comes!!

Conservatory Offers Dyer Music Recital

Two singers and two pianists made up the program of the informal student recital presented in the Dyer Memorial Building this afternoon at 3:10.

Accompanied by Kenneth Newbern, Helen Cobb, soprano, sang a group of three old English songs, *The Mermaid's Song* by Haydn, *The Hindu Slumber Song* by Ware, and *Will o' the Wisp* by Spross.

Gloria Hansen, pianist, appeared next. She played the Bach-Silotti's *Organ Prelude in E minor*, and the *Sonata in D major* of Scarlatti.

Clyde Taylor, soprano, sang *Pace, pace mio dio*, from the Verdi opera, *La Forza del Destino*.

Betty McCauslin, pianist, completed the program with the *Allegro con brio* from the *Sonata in B flat major*, opus 22, of Beethoven.

Special Performance Of 'Cry Havoc' Given Here For Servicemen

The first performance of *Cry Havoc* was presented Monday night in the Laboratory Theatre to an appreciative group of servicemen and women.

The story is grim, depicting practically every horror of war, and should serve as a reminder of what the valiant soldiers are enduring and how comparatively small are our own sacrifices.

The production itself, although good, will undoubtedly improve with each performance, as each member of the cast warms up to the character of his particular role, and the play as a whole acquires a finishing polish.

Doris Kirkpatrick, in character every moment, was very much at ease in the part of pert Pat Conlin and gave an outstanding performance. Sarah Coleman's excellent portrayal made Grace, formerly of burlesque, vividly real. Betty Asher, though rather stiff in the first act, soon got into character and made Nydia a most believable character. Virginia Argabrite and Nancy Ragan as Doc Marsh and Smitty were as crisp and business like as their characters should be, but spoke too swiftly and consequently some of the lines were missed. Practice makes perfect . . . so for an evening of entertainment *Cry Havoc* should adequately fill the bill!

Madame Homer Will Repeat Recital Friday

The recital presented by Madame Louise Homer, of the Rollins Conservatory of Music, and her pupils Tuesday evening at the Anne Russell Theatre was acclaimed a success by the audience which filled the theatre.

Although tickets to individual recitals on the Faculty Recital Series are not usually available, there was a great demand for tickets. More requests came in than the theatre could grant for one performance, so it was decided to present the same program again on Friday evening to accommodate the large waiting list.

The program was one of reminiscences of the operas in which Madame Homer has appeared, and scenes from those operas were sung by her pupils, Barbara Balsara, Lucille David, Rebecca Keith, and Elizabeth Waddell.

The program was in three parts. The first was a talk, “Reminiscences of Opera” by Madame Homer. Scenes from the operas *Aida*, *Orfeo*, and *Samson et Delila* were then sung by Barbara Balsara, Rebecca Keith, and Elizabeth Waddell. Following the intermission, Lucille David, Barbara Balsara, and Rebecca Keith sang three scenes from *Hansel and Gretel*, in costume.

Professor Howard Bailey assisted with the stage production and Mrs. Edith Tadd Little with the costuming of the *Hansel and Gretel* scenes.

Open Procession Held For Today's Graduating Class

Movietone News Films Sports Scenes and Campus Life

Hey, mama, I'm in pictures! There is many a Rollins girl who can surely say that now. As we all have become aware, Movietone News has chosen Rollins to be the setting of a short on women's sports in college.

By no means will this be a picture lacking in “cheesecake” appeal. Thirty beautiful girls in stupendous blue and white costumes, physical fitness uniforms to you, perform in a mass exhibition of grace and symmetry that's twist, bounce, 1-2 to you. The physical fitness class was reviewed by Alice Acree, their faces arrayed with broad toothpaste smiles. Several lucky girls are doubtless on their way to stardom via close-ups of the neck bending exercise.

Abounding as we are with both beauty and athletic prowess, subjects were not hard to find, and so it was decided that there would be a girl chosen to represent each of our major sports.

“Dodo” Bundy represented our many tennis stars, while in golf Arlene Sentele was the star chosen. The gorgeous mermaid was Gail de Forest, and our equestrienne was Jean Ort. In hockey it was Peg Welsh, while Ina Mae Bittle got the bull's eye in archery. Ann White showed us how to make baskets each and every time, and Nancy Corbett demonstrated the technique of “spiking” the volleyball over the net.

“Swing your partner”—You'd never recognize the folk dancing class. In colored peasant skirt and blouse, the class twirled and stamped before the camera. “Rockettes, watch your step!”

Everyone has had her chance; moreover, those of us with no beauty or skill served as local color on the horseshoe. In fact, if you'll look very closely through your opera glass, that's me in the plaid skirt just disappearing down the path.

Book Drive For War Prisoners Ends Today

Books, Books! Have you any books? The World Student Service Fund needs books—all you can give and as soon as you can give. Last Friday, March 10, marked the beginning of the Rollins campus drive for books of all kinds and in all languages. The books collected will be sent overseas to help out those prisoners of war who are not content to let their minds be idle. They want to study as much as you do (assuming, dear reader, that you came to college to study) so why not before March 16, contribute that book that won't fit into your bookcase.

Dr. Holt Delivers Address; Group Standings, Honor Roll of Fall Term Read

“It isn't too much trouble to get in this school, but oh, brother! try to get out” might well be the mutterings of those seniors who were graduated this morning at Convocation. After weeks of mad preparation involving term papers, senior boards, and odd moments of packing, they may be seen clutching their B. A.'s, and grinning placidly as they shift their mortar board tassels from one side to the other.

Honored with a full academic procession and convocation, Ina Mae Bittle, Tryntje Van Duzer Martin, Laura May Ripley and Nancy Thurman were on hand to receive the outward symbol of their four years of academic pursuit. John Bistline, who was to have been present, was called out of town early this week in order to accept a position. John Harris left a week ago. Both boys received B. S. degrees.

The graduates heard a brief address by Dr. Hamilton Holt, who congratulated them on their accomplishment and sent them out into the world with the sincere good wishes which characterized his interest in them during their stay here.

Selections by the Chapel choir were offered during the program, among which were “Jerusalem,” and the Alma Mater and Chapel Song.

Dr. Christopher O. Honaas awarded Nancy Thurman and John Bistline their senior choir awards, in recognition of four years service in that group.

The Academic Standings for the fall term of 1943-44 were announced as follows:

Gamma Phi Beta
Alpha Phi
Phi Mu
All Men
Kappa Kappa Gamma
Independent Women
Kappa Alpha Theta
Pi Beta Phi
Chi Omega

Dean Wendell C. Stone read the fall term honor roll, which follows:

Mary Elizabeth Campbell, Halli-jeanne Chalker, Elizabeth Jean Chidester, Hazel Margaret Chitty, Nancy Jane Corbett, Nonita Dean Cuesta, Lucille Grace David, Betty Joy Fusfield, Janet Allyn Haas, Jean Hamaker, Betty Cary Hill, Mary Juliet Hudgins, Mary Jane Hughes, Margaret Dalton Hult, Margaret Inez Knight, Richard Douglas Lane, Kenneth Claude Newbern, Barbara Brown Peddicord, Jean Carter Prichard, Marie Laurence Rogers, Eleanor Butler Seavey, Elizabeth Kirk Semmes, Mary Elizabeth Sloan, Nancy Randolph Thurman, Margaret White Tomlinson, Max Arthur Weissenburger, Jr.

Or perhaps you have a book that you used fall term and haven't looked at since. Put it to good use, now!

John Martin Ends Lecture Series After Fifteen Years

Dr. John Martin made his final appearance on the Rollins Adult Education Program when he delivered his lecture on “A World Survey and the Position of the United States”, Thursday afternoon at four o'clock in the Winter Park Congregational Church.

Dr. Martin stated that he regrets having to end so long and pleasant an association with Rollins College. He said, “Throughout the years the students and faculty, from the janitor to the president, have been kind and appreciative. These lectures have been the climax of my life's work.”

Dr. Martin's retirement, which will be regretted by the thousands who have heard his lectures on international affairs, is justified by the fact that he will celebrate his eightieth birthday early in May.

For fifteen seasons Dr. Martin has drawn large audiences to hear him analyze political conditions throughout the world. His retirement will be a distinct loss to both Orlando and Winter Park and the many winter tourists who have followed him as his lecture course outgrew the class room, the Annie Russell Theatre, the Congregational Church, and finally taxed to capacity the high school auditorium, which seats more than one thousand persons.

Marianne Renborg To Leave Rollins Today

Someone was singing in the bathtub, another was ironing vigorously, fleet figures were tearing through the halls—the usual peace reigned supreme at Cloverleaf. Unperturbed by it all, I ventured on.

Passing the telephone on the second floor, I beheld a slim, blonde girl engrossed in conversation. Ordinarily this is not so unusual, but she was speaking in FRENCH! I later learned that she also speaks English, Spanish, German, and Swedish. The girl was Marianne Renborg and she is leaving Rollins today. With her mother and brother, she will sail for Sweden in April. There she will probably attend the University of Upsala and study law for a future diplomatic career.

In her perfect English, with hardly a trace of accent she said, “I have been very happy here. The time spent at Rollins has been one of my very nicest memories. The people are the friendliest I have ever known.” A popular figure on campus, Marianne takes with (Continued on page four)

WHAT WE THINK—

Confessedly having nothing better to write about, we'd like to have some fun in this column at the expense of last week's commentators on the Sandspur. The question in "What They Think—" was What Type of Article Would You Like to See Added to the Sandspur?

Miss Nicholson wishes that we'd print sorority columns again. An honest enough answer, to be sure. And so that Miss Nicholson will get her money's worth out of the paper, we delegate her to see that every sorority produces a column every week. What's more, because we are so eager to please her, we ask her to be sure that the columns are funny—you know, the kind she likes to read.

Mr. Salter would like humorous short stories. Gee, and we thought we had some pretty funny stuff this year. In fact, someone laughed over the Bach story, the Diary of the Coed, the Imperfect Crime, the Reggie series, and once even General Delivery. Mr. Salter will kindly produce examples of what he would like. We're baffled.

Mr. Gertner would like gossip columns. We never heard of Mr. Gertner, much less any gossip about him, but that's probably our fault.

Miss Mogford wants some more "newsy" news. Resisting the temptation to refer Miss Mogford to Voltaire (define your terms, he said), we have beat our brains out for a week trying to discover this unknown quantity.

Miss Semmes polished us off nicely. We're too small a school to get out a really good paper, she said. She doesn't think we can do much with the Sandspur. Now, Miss Semmes, you're studying journalism. Surely you could do something with the Sandspur! Your defeatist attitude stinks. It speaks of a sick mind.

Mr. Gilmore is another one of these people who can write, but who won't. His criticism may be justifiable; it's a matter of policy there. Write something interesting, Mr. Gilmore. If you're not the esthetic type, which is obvious from your disdain of concerts and art exhibits, we should be fascinated to know what interests you.

Miss Vaughan suggests humor and things. "It's our paper, isn't it?" Too bad about Miss Vaughan and her humor and things.

Well, that was pretty silly, wasn't it? We have arrived at several feeble conclusions.

1. Everyone wants to read; few want to write.
2. It's easier to say something nasty than nice.
3. The copy basket waits for thee.

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.

THE NEAR-SIGHTED NUT

When Joe reported to his draft board he didn't tell em he was near-sighted, he didn't have too, they could see him, but he didn't see them. He fell over the spittoon as he entered, and when he saw the vague shadowy figure of a doctor he thought it was the nurse and he started to get amorous just in time to realize; he got off the ball in a hurry. Anyway, as soon as he was inducted he started to write his autobiography, title same as above. He got his inspiration from such successes as "See Here, Private Hargrove." You know, the "see" appealed to him. Well, as this is a book review, I better get down to the business of reviewing the book. Joe's favorite story is the one about the colored girl on the bus in North Carolina, stop me if you heard it. He was on the bus, see, and he thought he saw a girl in the bus sitting all alone, so he goes up to her and starts to give her the old one-two, you know, Yankee line about hello beautiful, where ya been all your life and how did you get that gorgeous sun-tan. She was a quiet peace-lovin type, so she kept her mouth shut and gazed out of the window. He keeps it up and starts pullin the southern accent, "How yo all?" and then he looks close at her and thinks she's the dame he met in Atlantic City one hot July afternoon when he was working his way around the Steel Pier through college selling magazines. He tries to put his arm around her and she lets out a holler. The bus-driver comes back at the next red light, and demands to know what's the matter. Joe pulls a fast one. "My wife," he says, points a thumb in her eye, and gets himself yanked off the bus. Case of misegination the judge called it. Oh, then there was the one about the finger-bowl in the restaurant, and the time the grapefruit, oh you heard that one? Well, read the book then, they're giving it away on

discount if you can prove you ain't got 20-20 vision or you're color-blind. Take advantage of this offer, don't read any more of this, I ain't a book-reviewer, I type for a livin' my wife and kid's starvin to death, so the next time you're in front of the Rollins Press stop in and have a popsicle help murder

PM (Post-Mortem) They did die with their glasses on, a pair of bifocle beer mugs. Hold on a minute I just got a wire from my wife, and the book, this one, which one did ja think, is going, was, gone in auction, and the beer mugs if ya still wanna buy em see Steve Rossoff, cause he's headin for temporary bachelor quarters with his Uncle. (Steven and me had a little drink about an hour ago you know the rest and this is the result but what are you gonna do when they keep playin them naughty records from "Oklahoma" all night? Gives a guy ideas—anybody know the phone number of that blonde—the dizzy one with the voice like a escalator it goes up and she says "Whatcha gonna, spit in his eye?"

No! not this one, that's my 20-20). Steve wants to know her t. n. somebody. Besides I can make like Frank Sinatra with the S.A. wait I just had another wire, the beer mugs are gone to the Center, if you wanna see same they got em hid under the fountain so ask Nick or Dell. I just got another wire, I been fired. Who said that? YOU, you in the corner wid your glasses on, why you near-sighted advertisement for bifocles, step outside and put up your mitts, hey! Rossoff is moiderin me! But before I die, I—just—want—to—say—one—oh, I'm dyin' a slow death—just wait,—the rest of you guys,—have a—good—spring vacation, I want all the little gals to come back with wedding rings and all, I said all, the guys in Rolly to get one good hangover—ooooohhh—

What They Think—

How is Spring affecting you?

Nancy Corbett: My feet are both "Lefty."

Barbara Altsheler: Like a worn-out mattress.

Frank Sussler: I didn't know I had any!!

Clyde Taylor: It just period not isn't (not a typographical error).

Jessie McCreery: With hay fever.

Marnie Knight: It hasn't sprung for me yet.



Your Chapel Tower

By DEAN HENRY M. EDMONDS

THE NEW WORLD

Olliver L. Reiser, of the University of Pittsburgh, in a recent magazine article, makes the following suggestion:

If it should be possible to build up a kind of World Mind out of the fields of influence correlated with individual human brains—produce, in short, a World Sensorium for the global civilization we suppose is in process of emerging from the earth-organism—is it possible that this planetary government already exists as a subjective reality in the collective idealism of an upward-striving humanity which is even now in process of fabricating its objective counterpart? Judging by the pleasure to which creative personalities have testified when their work achieves some measure of universality, can we perhaps sense the wider world consciousness being generated by men of good will who work and plan for a universal humanity? Is it possible that the subjective planetary humanism, the field of influence of liberated minds, has already been so integrated with the spearheads of developed individuals in our society that it has, so to speak, an embryonic embodiment? Such spearheads of developed individuals would most speedily and surely emerge if subjective values, the humanities, were a feature of all education.

General Delivery



If you can come out from under term papers and buckets of black coffee long enough to read one more issue of the S.spur before vacation, then we guess we can manage to put one out.

It is at times like these that we make ourselves remember that Rollins has no final exams as such—they're only little quizzes, kiddies. And those aren't two and four thousand word themes you're writing—you're just jotting down "what you got out of the course." However, we suspect that our prof will be resting easier after Saturday noon, too, they only difference being that they'll be ready to go to work on Wednesday next, and we'll be ready to begin our post-vacation vacation.

In our Man of the Week department we find Calvin Beard, perhaps the only person on campus who would be willing to say that he wouldn't care if he never saw mail again. Calvin has assumed the entire duties of the college post office this week, during Mr. Averill's absence due to illness, and has not only done a good job, but has also managed to keep his happy disposition in the face of ceaseless inquiries as to the exact location of the shipments of mail.

It was nice to see so many Rollins people at the Sanford NAS St. Patrick's Dance last Saturday, and by that we are expressing our own opinion, and more important, the opinion of several of the officers. Meantime, what was going on at our own campus, or more specifically, the Center that night? Wild doings, we're told.

We shouldn't be so jumpy, but it was a distinct shock to receive a communication from the National Headquarters of the Selective Service System this week. It turned out to be publicity about their monthly bulletin, but not before we had our scare. Look, fellas, leave us alone—you've cleaned out our school. How about a photo of our Honor Roll for proof?

Remember the multicolored cat around Beanery? We found out that she was honored with a ride in the local black Maria for committing the heinous crime of anticipating more of her kind. A little white kitten has taken her place. A word to the wise is sufficient, Blue Eyes.

Right at the present, the news editor is practising for a voice recital (too bad if the printer leaves out the "o" in that), the feature editor has forgotten that there IS a S.spur this week, and the advertising commissioner is occupied with being chairman of something that is beginning to look like the Tomokan. Guess where we are. Yeh.

First Moron: Where do you work?

Second Moron: In a mint factory.

First: Why aren't you working today?

Second: We're making the holes today.

Oops!

For two weeks, then, s'long, and happy vacationing.

Four-Eff Commandos Get Preview of Summer Uniforms as Special Communique Arrives

First Intelligence Corps—4-F Commandos. Rollins College Unit. The Rollins College Unit of the Four-Eff Commandos got its first glimpse this week of its new summer uniform. This outfit is a lovely creation by some of the most famous fashion designers of New York and Paris. Hattie Carnegie, Bonwit Teller, Sears Roebuck, Joe Levy and a host of others have given this uniform the benefit of their years of experience in the fashion world.

The main article of this Commando suit is an air-proof tunic of imported Belgian Boorlahp with zipper front. In case of emergency, the zipper can be raised and presto! an oxygen tent. Varying with the order of the day, either shorts or pantaloons can be worn. Pantaloons are preferred with the evening formal, as crutches and under their broad billowy folds.

For fatigue duty, the Commandos will be issued two pairs of regulation weight silk pajamas. Major White says, however, that the Commandos will wear only half of this issue at a time in order to conserve material. Along with the C. I. (Civilian Issue) ensemble, comes one wool cloak and an emergency ration kit. The cloak was copied from the snow garb of the Russians and is composed of a green side and a side made up to look like the lakefront at night. The emergency kit, designed to meet any contingency, contains typos of adrenalin, lipstick, kleenex, combs, a list of excuses for housemothers, and a bottle of supercharged heavy duty vitamins; which run the gamut from A to E (hooray for E). After the contents are used up the kit can be assembled even by Bostonians and

(Continued on page 4)

Portraits of Present Day Notables to Be Shown at Morse

March 18 is Opening Date of Modern Art Museum Exhibit

There are some who claim that the art of portrait painting has declined since 1900, but the Morse Gallery of Art is offering some excellent proof against that theory in their new exhibition, which opens Saturday, March 18.

The portraits, which were organized and shown by the Modern Museum of Art in New York last season, include likenesses of such famous people as Ann Morrow Lindbergh, Charlie Chaplin, George Gershwin, and others. Another group consists of portraits of three American painters, Albert Pinkham Ryder, Alfred H. Maurer, and Vincent Canade. Albert Einstein, Lincoln Kirstein, and others are portrayed at different times of their lives and by various artists.

With the exception of two or three pictures, all are identified by the name of the subject instead of such vague generalizations as "Woman With Letter" or "Man in a Blue Hat."

Contrasts and comparisons between professional portraits and the more imaginative likenesses by the masters of the new school are featured. The exhibit consists of fifty portraits in oil, gouache, tempera, water color, sculpture in bronze, drawing and several techniques of graphic art and photography.

The exhibit will remain open until April 8, and gallery hours are from two to five on week days and three to six on Sundays.

OVERHEARD

(IN CLOVERLEAF)

Room 637: Well, it's just on cotton.
Room 639: There's a man down there; be careful.
Room 634: Can I borrow your candle??
Room 623: What's he trying out for??
Room 643: Where will I spend the night? I certainly won't sleep on the beach.
Room 638: I can't find my teeth!!
Room 644: Do you sleep in that? It's not very attractive to go out in.
Room 606: I blame him entirely!!
Room 611: But I just can't slow down!!
At the phone: Now try it with your back against the wall.

Audubon Society to Present Color Film

Proceeds of Showing to Go Toward Memorial Fund For Davis

"Birth of a Land", an all color motion picture by John H. Storer, will be presented by the Audubon Society at the Winter Park High School Saturday evening, March 18, at eight o'clock under the auspices of Mr. Hanna. John H. Storer is said to be the foremost color photographer in the field of natural history. The proceeds of this presentation will be used to form a memorial for the late Edward M. Davis, who was director of the Shell Museum. The memorial is to be used for the purpose of slides and motion pictures of Florida birds for the use of the schools. There is to be a special students' rate of twenty-eight cents.

The Axis Stops at Nothing.
Don't stop your War Bond Payroll Savings at 10%. Every soldier is a 100 percent. Figure it out yourself.

DITTRICH
PHOTOGRAPHER
319 N. Orange Ave., Orlando

Chapel Tower To Be Open Friday Afternoon

In answer to the numerous requests of the students, the Chapel Tower will be open all the way the afternoon of March 17. Although it is always open as far as the first landing, the last two levels are closed to the public. But Friday afternoon it will be possible for the students and their friends to view the surrounding territory of Winter Park — which incidentally should be very lovely—from what might be said to be the highest point in town.

So, if you haven't already left for Spring vacation or aren't afraid of heights, go up and "see what you can see."

KAPPA ELECTS OFFICERS

Kappa Kappa Gamma announces this week its new roster of officers for the next year. They are:
President: Marnie Knight.
Standard Chairman: Peggy Timberlake.
Treasurer: Georgia Taintor.
Secretary: Sally Hazelet.
Social Chairman: Gail de Forest.

ANDY'S GARAGE

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WINTER PARK

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5c - 10c - \$1.00 up

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"CROSS MY HEART"
Princess line jacket of Butcher Lyn rayon with rayon jersey criss-crossing and plastic buttons. With contrasting bright Rayon Acetate Jersey block-print skirt. In Jet Black with Red, Royal or Rally Green, Grey with Feather Red, Canadian Royal or Rally Green. Sizes 9 to 15.

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Thursday-Friday-Saturday
CONSTRUCTION
BATTALIONS

first letter in each word makes
The CB's that stands for

**FIGHTING
SEABEES**

JOHN WAYNE
DENNIS O'KEEFE
SUSAN HAYWARD

Sunday - Monday
HUNG HO means
**WORK IN
HARMONY!**

RANDOPH SCOTT,
NOAH BEERY, Jr.,
ALAN CURTIS
GRACE MACDONALD

Tuesday and Wednesday

**Is Everybody
Happy?**

TED LEWIS and
NAN WYNN
also

RAVAGED EARTH

the documentary account of the
Jap atrocities to the Chinese.
DON'T MISS IT

Coming Thursday
WHAT A WOMAN!

'Arsenic and Old Lace' To Be Given After Vacation

There has long been a rumor on campus that the next play to be given in the Annie Russell Theatre is one in which there are many roomers (all deceased)! Director Howard Bailey confirms this report with the announcement that *Arsenic and Old Lace* is now in rehearsal and will be presented Mar. 30, 31, and April 1.

"Charity begins at home," might well be the theme of Joseph Kesselring's hilarious farce about two sweet old ladies who actually believe it charitable to put lonely old men out of their misery by graciously serving them elderberry wine with a portion of arsenic. Although it is undetectable in wine, this bit of action adds delightful flavor to the story.

The setting (designed by Donald S. Allen) is the family home in Brooklyn. Here reside the two charming ladies, Abby and Martha Brewster, portrayed by Helen Bailey and Rose Dresser. Their brother, Teddy, alias Jack Hennessey, is also an important member of the household. None of the usual skeletons can be found in THEIR closets—instead, there

are 12 corpses buried in the cellar!!

Frequent "guests in the house" include:

Elaine Harper, bewildered fiancée of Mortimer, as played by Penelope Drinkwater.

Mortimer Brewster, dynamic dramatic critic, is Lt. Frank Goss.

Rev. Harper, kindly father of Elaine is enacted by Ernest Kilroe.

Unsuspecting Mr. Gibbs (John Anthony), a not so prospective roomer.

Officers Brophy and Klein (Gordon Felton and Morris Diamond), good friends of the Brewsters and frequent visitors.

"Pests in the house" are:

Jonathan Brewster (Howard Bailey), menace undoubtedly eligible for membership in Murder, Inc.

Dr. Einstein or Hugo Melchione, whose contributions to science are questionable.

Officer O'Hara, playwright, temporarily on the police force, is portrayed by Lt. Michael Barnett.

Lt. Rooney, temper and all, played by Lt. Ashly Trope.

Mr. Witherspoon, sympathetic head of the Happydale asylum, is Sgt. Maynard French.

While the twelve corpses rest peacefully in the cellar, eleven men (eight of which are from AFF-TAC) show evidence of being very much alive on the stage!

There may be no housing shortage in Brooklyn, but it is advisable to obtain your tickets for *Arsenic and Old Lace* as soon as possible!!!

Poetry Society Meets Friday

President to Deliver Talk From T. S. Elliott's 'Kipling' At Alumni House

The Poetry Society of Winter Park will hold its next meeting on Saturday, March 18, in the Alumni House of Rollins at 3:30 o'clock. Its president, Jessie Rittenhouse Scollard, will talk on "The Voice of the Empire" from T. S. Elliott's *Kipling*. The meeting is open to members, their guests, and Rollins students interested in poetry.

The Poetry Society was founded twenty years ago by Jesse Rittenhouse Scollard who has been its continuous president ever since. Its full name is the Poetry Society and Allied Arts. For years it has been the one organized central cultural body of the community outside of college organizations. Each year it presents prizes in various fields for outstanding achievement.

The Allied Arts prizes include a fifty-dollar prize in music, a fifty-dollar one in short story writing, and a fifty and one hundred-dollar prize in art. There is a prize given each year for the best poem read at a Poetry Society meeting, and a first, second, and third prize of fifty, thirty, and twenty dollars respectively, to residents of Florida who win the Ponce de Leon poetry prize. Its founder and president gave a course in poetry at Rollins for eighteen years.

Four-Effs—

(Continued from page 3)

Missourians, into an accounting practise set which will take only ten years to complete.

We hope this communique has given the homefront a glimpse of what it is like to be a lucky 4-F Commando.

Public Relations Office
4-F Commandos

Marianne Renborg—

(Continued from page 1)

her the best wishes of the Rollins students, who will miss her immensely.

Born in China, May 16, 1925, she has since lived in Canada, Sweden, Switzerland, America, and now returns to Sweden. And Marianne—
BON VOYAGE!

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Rollins Gives Army-Navy Examinations

Aptitude Exams Given On College Campus Today

Tests for the Army Specialized Training and the Navy V-12 Programs are being conducted on campus today, by Miss Treat and Miss Packham.

Young men from the ages of seventeen through twenty-one are eligible to take these tests and qualify for the training the programs will afford. However, this is but the first of the requirements; physical examinations and further qualifications will follow.

The procedure being followed for the tests is this. The applicant takes the qualifying test for the branch in which he prefers to serve. Providing he meets with success, he is classified for induction into that branch. The object of these tests is to prevent bungling and much reclassification following induction.

Organ Vespers

Wednesday, March 15, 1944
5:00 o'clock

Program

Two Chorale-preludes Bach
Christ Who Makes us Holy
O Man, Bemoan
Polonaise and Double Bach
The Bells of St. Anne de Beaupre Russell
Solo — Air Mattheson
Praeludium and Allegro Pugnani-Kreisler
Lorraine Chittendon, violinist
Andante Cantabile, from Fifth Symphony Tchaikowski
Westminster Chimes Vieme



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