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The Rollins Sandspur

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## Sandspur, Vol. 49 No. 23, April 26, 1944

Rollins College

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# Rollins Sandspur

VOLUME 49 (Z-707)

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1944

Number 23

## 'Mrs. Moonlight', Allen's Latest, Begins Thursday

### Rollins Students, AAF-TAC Men Combine Talents In Levy Play

It's the general inclination of the public to seek an occasional evening of "escape" at the theatre. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 27, 28, 29, director Donald S. Allen provides an ample opportunity to "smile a while" by presenting Benn Levy's charming fantasy MRS. MOONLIGHT as the next production in the Annie Russell Theatre. The play itself will take you "out of this world", and you'll live every scene with the fascinating characters.

Perhaps you'll brush the tears from your eyes as you realize the loneliness of the lovely, wistful Sarah Moonlight, destined to remain youthful in appearance throughout her life. Doris Kirkpatrick capably takes this part.

You'll smile mistily at the deep love of Tom Moonlight for his young wife. PAPA'S BACK—Lt. Eric Davies returns to the stage of the Annie Russell Theatre in a completely different role.

You'll sympathize with Edith, Sarah's elder sister, who loves Tom. Edith is portrayed by Sarah Coleman, an actress well remembered for previous outstanding performances.

You'll chuckle with delight at the plight of the romantic couple Jane Moonlight and Willie Ragg, played by Anita Rodenbaeck and Mark Gilmore.

Come prepared to laugh loudly and long at Lt. Jordan's hilarious interpretation of Percy Middling.

Sadie Bond portrays Minnie, the Scottish housekeeper and features a sharp tongue with a Scotch accent. Need it be said that you'll roar with glee!!!

Gordon Felton takes the role of Peter, who reunites the family for a brief moment after many years of separation.

For an evening of unexcelled entertainment, see MRS. MOONLIGHT.

## Rollins Will Honor Army At Reception

President Holt plans to give a tea at his home on Sunday afternoon to which the faculty and staff of the Army Air Intelligence School and the trustees, faculty, and staff of Rollins College will be invited. The reception is for the purpose of giving an opportunity to the two groups to become better acquainted. The Army Air Intelligence School is a newly instituted part of AAF-TAC. The large group of officer-instructors and their families who are connected with the school created a housing problem which Rollins College has attempted to alleviate by opening Lyman, Rollins and Chase Halls to those of the

## Allied Arts Story And Poetry Contest Awards Are Given

Thursday, April 20, marked the end of the Allied Arts Short Story, Poetry, and Drama contests, and the winners were announced and rewarded on Saturday, April 22. Rollins figured very well in the awards, both old and new students participating.

The prizes are as follows: For Short Stories, first prize of \$25 was won by Dick Lane; second prize of \$10 was won by Rosalind Darrow; third prize, also -10, was won by Dick Lane; and fourth prize of \$5 was won by Daniel Peonessa.

First prize in Poetry of \$30 was won by Laleah Sullivan; second prize of \$20 was divided evenly between David Morton and Sister M. Theresa of Milwaukee.

In addition to this, the Ponce de Leon prizes for poetry were also awarded. First prize of \$50 went to Mykie Taylor of Clearwater; second prize of \$30 went to Eva Byron of Tampa; and the \$20 third prize was won by Leleah Sullivan.

The Drama prizes of \$30 and \$20 went to Miss Walker and Mrs. Sanford respectively both of Winter Park.

## Lucille David Will Sing Senior Recital Program May Third

Lucille David, contralto, will present her senior recital on Wednesday evening, May 3, in the Annie Russell Theatre. Miss David, one of the outstanding students of the Conservatory, has been active in music affairs of the campus throughout her college career. She is contralto soloist of the Chapel Choir, and is the president of the local chapter of Phi Beta, national professional music and dramatics fraternity. An honor student, Miss David was chosen as a representative of Rollins College in "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities."

Miss David, a pupil of Madame Louise Homer, has prepared an interesting program for next Wednesday's recital. It is as follows:

I  
Aria: Addis sospiri, from Orpheus —Gluck  
Der Tod Und Das Madchen —Schubert  
Wiegenlied —Schubert  
Auf Dem Wasser Zu Singen —Schubert

II  
Non Piu —Cimara  
Vorreiter Poteri Odiare —Donandy  
O Bel MiomAmato Ben —Donandy  
Madonna Renzuola —Donandy

III  
Aria: Connais Tu Le Pays, from Mignon —Thomas  
Styrienne, from Mignon —Thomas  
Mammy's Lullaby —Homer  
Beloved Be at Peace —Homer  
Sure on This Shining Night —Barlier  
Monks and Raisins —Barber

## 'Rolly Follies' Make Appearance Tonight

"Rec" Hall is to be the scene tonight of a gay, musical extravaganza depicting life at Rollins in its wondrous and diverse phases. Not a few of the higher-ups and even some of the lower-ups are sure to come in for their share of gentle torment at the hands of the Frenzied Freshmen who, it is rumored, have employed little justice tempered with less mercy in their efforts to bring a bit of choice vaudeville to our unsuspecting campus. Several new songs by Mary Belle Randall and Don Weisman together with skits of a unique nature are part of a show that will feature a large chorus and several solo artists.

So drop whatever it is you're doing, leave your money at home, and pass through the majestic portals of "Rec" Hall sometime before the curtain parts at 8:15. We doubt if you'll be sorry you came.

## Rollins Publications Near Completions

### Tomokan, "R" Book, Flamingo Survive Despite Uncertainties

This year's publications, despite all conceivable difficulties, including the question of whether they should be published at all, and then the looming minus condition of students to edit them, have finally gotten on the beam and according to latest reports, are coming out in fine shape.

First in importance is the Tomokan, the Rollins yearbook. Edited by an editorial board composed of Jean Hamaker, Merlyn Gerber, Marge Hansen, Nancy Ragan, and Larry Rachlin, the book has begun the first stage of its printing. The draft has not yet been returned for proof-reading, so in all probability the book will not be completed by commencement, as has been hoped.

The "R" Book, Rollins' Freshman Bible, is reported by editor Larry Rachlin ready for printing, except for a few minor details. The cover will be the usual gold and blue.

It was reported at the last meeting of the Publications Union that enough "R" Books are being printed to take care of the demand of two years, so there will be no necessity for another printing next year.

The Flamingo, Rollins' magazine, has shrunk from a quarterly to a precarious annual, but its appearance about June 1 is eagerly anticipated. This book will contain stories, articles, features, and poems.

The Flamingo is also edited by a board, composed of Carolyn Kent, Jane Welsh, and Ben Briggs.

Remember the end of last year, when it was decided by the Publications Union that due to war economies and other difficulties, all publications except the Sandspur would be discontinued? Rollins just can't do without her traditions.

## Publications Union Qualifies Applicants for Literary Posts

### Student Council Meets With President Holt To Discuss Beanery

The long-discussed problems concerning the Beanery, which have come to a climax within the last two weeks, are being actively discussed, investigated, and rectified by the Student Council.

Two weeks ago a motion was made that Mr. Brown examine Beanery conditions, take any action he might see fit, and make a report to the Council. Last week he reported that a representative group had investigated, the result being a memorandum from Dr. Holt. The points listed in the minutes for that week were to be improved or explained:

1. Better milk allowance.
2. Remove restricted signs.
3. Cream to be designated for use for coffee or for cereal.
4. No seconds in meat for a chosen few.
5. More fresh vegetables.
6. How does refusal of seconds and saving of left-over foods help save points for the benefit of the students?
7. Less use of foods found objectionable by the majority of the students.

At the meeting this Monday Dr. Holt and the Council discussed whether or not these suggestions had been followed through, and whether there were any new specific complaints since the new policies had gone into effect on April 6. It was noted that the restricted signs are still up (specific cases being the sign on the orange juice Sunday morning, and on the milk), and that on only one occasion (Monday) has milk been served three times a day. Seconds are still not allowed. It was mentioned that an Orlando paper had said that there is too much milk in Orlando now, and Dr. Holt replied that the college cannot deal with a variety of dairies in trying to get a larger supply of milk. The cream situation was also discussed, and the Council decided that the problem is insufficient supply. Dr. Holt expressed the opinion that everyone should be able to have an equal share, and be permitted to use it as he wishes.

Dr. Holt had a memorandum made of these points for further investigations. The Council agreed that conditions have been better lately, and that they would allow time for the improvements to take effect before taking further action.

### ATTENTION, ROLLINS STUDENTS:

At seven o'clock on Thursday evening, April 27, the applications for editor, business manager, and advertising commissioner of the Rollins publications for the year 1944-1945 will close. The deadline for these applications has already been postponed for one week; there has been little response. Thursday evening is your last opportunity. If you are interested in any of these positions, don't fail to apply.

### Union Decides to Postpone Elections For Late Applicants

At the Publications Union meeting Thursday evening, April 20, letters of application for staff positions were discussed. An application for editorship of the Sandspur was submitted by Grace Seebree, this year's News Editor. Letters were received from Larry Rachlin, Merlyn Gerber, and Dorothy Churchill applying for the position of editor-in-chief of the Tomokan. The offices of Advertising and Business Managers received no applicants. It was, therefore, decided to postpone the Student Council elections another week in order to give the students ample time to consider the positions offered and submit further applications. A list of the staff positions will be posted on the bulletin board in the Center so that all who are interested may have an opportunity to apply.

A conflict occurred when an application for the editorship of the R-Book was received. Nick Morrissey, present editor, stated that there will be sufficient R-Books printed for use during the next two years and so this will not necessitate another publication next year.

This was followed by a discussion on the advisability of holding the annual Florida Student Government and Florida Inter-Collegiate Press Association Conference again here at Rollins. It was decided that Jean Hamaker, President of the latter Association, should write a letter to the Secretary-Treasurer in St. Petersburg suggesting that long news-letters be exchanged and circulated through the state instead of holding a conference now with the present transportation difficulties.

## Senior Class Holds Important Meeting

On Wednesday, April 19, the senior class held a meeting for discussion of commencement plans, with Betty Lanza, president of the group, presiding over the meeting.

Nancy Boyd was elected chairman of the class will and prophecy committee. The class will and prophecy is a feature of Class Day exercises. Nancy Ragan, Evie Long, and Charlotte Smith are also on the committee.

The chairmanship of the commencement invitations committee was assigned to Frances Acher.

The Senior Loan Fund is a fund contributed by the seniors from their contingent deposit fees for a humanitarian cause. A committee to handle this fund was appointed, with Betty Lanza acting as chairman, and assisted by Nancy Ragan and Barbara Cheney.



## One Little Word—

The word **cooperation**, or the form it may have taken throughout the ages, is as old as the world itself. Some Power created the world, and peopled it, and watched to see it develop and grow. Through many millions of years life has gone on; the inter-dependence of man and nature has yielded the expected growth and the improvement which was an inevitable result of the intelligent use of that cooperation.

After contemplating that expanse of time we arrive at the period of our own important little lives, the present. A million years from now only a few of us will have recognition; the rest will be insignificant, beings whose lives made no visible mark upon the development and further improvement of the world, except in one way: not one of us will have lived out his life completely apart from his fellows; it cannot be done. Every one of us will have leaned heavily upon the cooperation of those with whom he is associated, and one of the most important precepts by which the world has come this far will have been preserved and passed on to future generations by us. A universal spirit of cooperation will not have died in us.

We are students of a college where not only the knowledge of books is taught, but also the importance of living happily and usefully. It is here that most of us will get the last grooming we will receive before we are expected to make our own way. This is the last place in which we will be able to learn objectively all the tricks of living in a world where, the moment we enter, we must be equal to the tasks we have to do, and the people with whom we are surrounded. Why, then, aren't we making more of the opportunity we are being given here, to learn these things to the fullest extent possible?

There is not one student in this college who could be called lazy. If he were, he would not be in college. But there are many students who will lay down their own duties if they find that those tasks will be done for them; there are students who are indifferent to the affairs of their fellow students, not caring at all for the fact that they could help in small ways to make life more pleasant for them; there are students to whom old overworked **cooperation** is a stranger.

There are students like that, but there aren't many of them. Those few, however, are tearing down a good average the others work to maintain. They know who they are. To them only is the responsibility for changing their attitude to be given.

## Rollins Sandspur

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*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.*

## THIS 'N' THAT

### POME

He looked up—  
Then, in a flash . . .  
Vivid colors played on his cheeks,  
His head swam.  
A wild look appeared in his eyes,  
He fell . . . hard.  
He was never the same man again.  
She looked up . . .  
To her too, the giddy feeling  
came . . .  
A blanket of scarlet hid her face.  
She gasped . . .  
She fell hard . . . very hard,  
And she was never the same again.  
Has Dan Cupid scored another  
time?  
Has the flower of romance blossomed  
once more?  
Ah no, my fren.  
It was only an icy sidewalk.

The latest heard via the Rollins grape vine is that our dear English professor is to be awarded the Medal of Honor by the S.F.T.P.O.-C.T.A. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals). It seems that the other day he risked his life to save that of a squirrel at the expense of great personal danger and risk. He suffered a terrific gash in the upper region of his cranium requiring four stitches, plus numerous other smaller gashes and bruises. As far as we can find

out, he was pedaling pell-mell down the hill on Osceola Ave. when a squirrel ran out in front of him. Seeing a car about to pass the bicycle and rider, he ran back to the tree from whence he had come. In order to save the life of this fine little animal, Mr. MacVeagh heroically slammed on his brakes, which caused him to skid into a curb, turn a half summersault, take a head dive and land on his left eyebrow. The squirrel escaped injury. Mr. MacVeagh's only regret was that a man watering his garden 100 yards away did not get to see the spectacular spill. P.S. For lessons in the art of falling off a bicycle in acrobatic spills, see F. W. MacVeagh. A nominal fee is charged (paid Ad.)

While looking in the dictionary the other day a friend of mine, Ann Nomimus, discovered the following definitions pertaining to the higher art of college. They were so very fascinating that I was sure that you too would be interested.

**College:** A fountain of knowledge where all go to drink. 2. Sometimes the only thing that a student can get out of college is himself.

**College-bred:** A four year loaf made with father's dough.

## Reporter Dodges Meandering Sprinkler to Admire Walk of Fame's Inscriptions

"Feature story on the Student Walk of Fame," said the assignment slip; so out trotted your reporter, displaying a pleased grin. And why not? The assignment would merely involve a quiet stroll along the walk—no hustling and bustling to get interviews from busy people. The dead-line finally drew near, and your optimistic reporter ventured forth.

Approaching the walk, she gave a startled yelp; for there by its side whirled a sprinkler. The time was late, however, so with a do-or-die air she dashed up to it, hurriedly scanned two or three stones, and retreated hastily as the spray swung around. This type of action continued for almost twenty minutes before the wet and bedraggled reporter decided that loyalty to the dear old Sandspur could be carried only so far. For this reason you are asked to withhold any complaints in case your own little master-piece is neglected in the following review.

Setting the pace in the faculty section is Dean Enyart's self-portrait. Unfortunately, the dean has been hiding his artistic talents under a bushel basket up till now. Farther up the walk we see a word of warning from Nancy Duffy. "Think before you step," Dean

McCluskey, in an effort to prevent anyone's forgetting his sweet potato pipe, as if anyone could, has drawn some musical notes above his name.

Dorothy Ault and Mary Nell Goldman, apparently carried on some lively 'x' and 'o' games in their adjacent rectangles. Larry Rachlin left this quotation for posterity: "He sat down amidst Florida sunshine and—loafed." Continuing, we see Bette Stein's turtle (some say she calls it a title), and Helen Cobb's unbelievably small footprint. Come now, Helen; it really isn't yours, is it?

Marjorie Hansen added a footnote to hers, as follows: "Hansen is as Hansen does." Gini Vose, as might well be expected of an art major, drew an artist's palate; and just as appropriate are Connie Clifton's tennis rackets. Dorrie Halbrooks broke into verse with "Even tho I may die, this ain't where I'll lie." Lee Adams and Robert Haglauer, not to be outdone, embedded a gleaming Phi Delt coat of arms midway between their stones.

A scribbled "I'm in a hurry", adorns Elizabeth Chidester's space, and since your reporter feels the same way, this story must now end.  
The End.

## General Delivery



"And then there was one—" And suddenly, along the same line as last week, I realize that I am that one. Leaping at the call of duty and the deadline, I start my dual role of editor (jg) and editor, period. If you are curious as to the nature of said dual role, refer thou to last week's *Sspur*, same column, same paragraph.

However the Sandspur must go on. A new staff is soon to be drawn up, and everyone has a chance to try their hand at the jobs of news and feature editors. Just to keep this thing formal written applications are in order.

Word comes from the Independents that all seven sororities on the campus have entered the Campus Sing. As was announced last week, the Sing will be formal and that a formal dance will follow on the Center Patio. The entire college is invited, as are the army and navy officers who will participate in the Sing. Any other officers who are acquaintances of the students may be invited also.

Music will be furnished by Stuart Martin's orchestra, with which Don Weisman is now playing the piano.

An evening comparable to the good old days of Rollins is in the offing, so all students should plan to attend.

The story of the week proves that chivalry is not dead, or even sleeping. Mrs. Edmonds, remembering the fun she and her girl friends had on slumber parties in the old days, decided to give one. The 'girls' all came. Dean Edmonds, Prexy, and other unnamed ones, also remembering the old days, solemnly serenaded the ladies with assorted ballads, in a setting complete with moonlight.

The Rollins Women's Association carried on the program of welcoming the Army to Rollins, with a new angle. The coffee given in the Alumni House Tuesday evening was strictly a hen affair, honoring only the Army wives and female civilian attaches of the Intelligence School who are living on campus at present.

The end of this school year is in the not-too distant future, and now is a good time to consider summer plans. According to Dean Cleveland, there are numerous opportunities for summer jobs for those who are interested. Among the application forms which have come to her attention are those for prospective counselors at the Mary Gwynne Camp at Brevard, N. C., and for varied jobs at the Blue Ridge Assembly in Blue Ridge, N. C. Students may obtain more information concerning these openings either from Dean Cleveland or by writing in the first case to Mrs. P. H. Gwynne, Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.; and to the Blue Ridge Assembly, Blue Ridge, N. C.

Mr. Averill, familiar to all Rollins students as the genial Center postmaster, who has been in the Orange General Hospital for some time, is reported by Miss Cynthia Eastwood to be improving steadily, and although he is still unable to walk, due to a leg operation, he is happy and looking forward to returning to his post.



## Your Chapel Tower

By DEAN HENRY M. EDMONDS

### THE FAMILY

It is the religious tie that finally must bind us—not commerce, not culture, not communication, not contact, not canon, but communion in the realization of our common relation to God, as children of one Father. It is the family tie that must save us—oneness of origin, oneness of destiny, oneness of impulse and direction.

The story is told of a man walking across a Welsh moor in a fog. He saw something coming toward him. He thought first it was a hobgoblin, but he held his heart and went on. As it assumed more shape he took it to be some mammoth animal, but he held his heart and went on. As it drew nearer still it looked like a monster man, probably an enemy. But he went on. Finally he was face to face with it. It was his brother.



## Kappas Take Honors At Annual Horseshow

Barbara Stanley Stars; Kappas Win For Second Year

The annual Intramural Horse show was held last Saturday at the Shedd Stables, and for the second straight year the Kappas walked away with the honors.

Barbara Stanley piled up the most individual points with thirteen to her credit. Ainslie Embry followed with ten, and Billie Jean Lawton was third with nine. The end of the show found the Kappas leading with twenty-six points, the Thetas second with seventeen, the Alpha Phis with fourteen, the Pi Phis with ten, the Phi Mus with six, the Chi Os and Independents with three, and the Gamma Phis with two.

In group one of the Beginners class: first, Joan Sherrick; second, Joan LeDuc; third, Joan Harris; fourth, Molly Rugg.

In group two of the Beginners class: first, Marilyn Miller; second, Marnie Knight; third, Ann Egford; fourth, Shirley Evans.

In group one of the Intermediate class: first, Nieta Amaral; second, Ann Woodfill; third, Betty Kenagy; fourth, Alice Merwin.

In group two of the Intermediate class: first, Betty Lanier; second, Mary Kramer; third, Jean Murray; fourth, Sally Wright.

In group one of the Advanced class: first, Ainslie Embry; second, Ann Cory; third, Billie Jean Lawton; fourth, Katty Betterton.

In group two of the Advanced class: first, Barbara Stanley; second, Bea Baer; third, Sally Siegmund; fourth, Jean Ort.

In the Jumping Class: first, Billie Jean Lawton; second, Barbara Stanley; third, Marty Rankin; fourth, Jane Welsh.

In group one of the Bareback class: first, Barbara Stanley; second, Billie Jean Lawton; third,

## Volleyball Season Opens With a Bang

The volleyball season started Tuesday with sand in the eyes and no spectators as the Chi Os and Gamma Phis fought out a 28-27 decision. It proved to be the most interesting game of the week as one team forged ahead only to be overtaken by the other.

The second game, on Tuesday, was between the Kappas and Independents, in which the Independents smothered the sorority team 41 to 17.

Thursday the Pi Phis and the Phi Mus played a low-scoring game. Although the Pi Phis were always in the lead, the Phi Mus were within five points of them throughout the game. Final score: Pi Phis 19, Phi Mus 17.

The last game of the week brought the Thetas and Chi Os together. The Thetas displayed the power that brought them last year's championship by defeating the Chi Os 39 to 14.

## RSS 'Researches' At Coronado Beach

With true scientific spirit the Rollins Scientific Society left for the Pelican last Saturday in order to get first-hand information on what a sardine feels like. Packed so tightly into the cars that the drivers were lucky if they could find their own hands to drive with, the Society started for Coronado. Spirits undaunted by flat tires, broken springs, and other minor items, they piled out and swarmed down to the ocean. Being a sea-going crew, they lived in the water, coming up occasionally for a breath of air and a mouthful of sand. With all the aquatic activity, however, they managed to find time to eat a little. Bridge, chess, and monopoly were the order of the evening until the waterlogged ones fell into bed. Despite horseplay and the snorers' chorus, early morning saw everyone up and doing.

After another long, eventful day, the cars were reloaded and the homeward trek began. They arrived before curfew, thoroughly convinced that a combination of sea, sand and sun is unbeatable, and looking forward to another such jaunt.

Connie Clifton; fourth, Buffy Hensen.

In group two of the Bareback Class: first, Ainslie Embry; second, Katty Betterton; third, Sally Siegmund; fourth, Martha Timberlake.

The judges were Mr. and Mrs. Julian Cooper of Tampa; the announcer was Mrs. E. B. Acree; and the sponsors were Mrs. Anna N. Wheeler and Mrs. Acree.

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## OVERHEARD

IN THE PI PHI HOUSE

Jean Scruggs: Omigod, where's my girdle? They have lice next door.

Joan Harris: He had gender but no sex.

Clyde Taylor: Mine had presence of mind but absence of body.

Jean Murray: That way half of it won't roll around in the bowl.

Betty Fusfield: Then I started wiggling and trying to get out.

Eleanor Plumb: I call him Adam—he must have invented the loose-leaf system.

Pat Henderson: Hair today; gone tomorrow.

Nonita Cuesta: Ther're two kinds of girls: those who neck and bridesmaids.

Joan Warren: She acts as if she had begotten her ancestors.

Dottie Payne: The tables were reserved but the people weren't.

Bunny Sloan: Yeah, she can turn out a story a day on her tripewriter.

Jessie McCreery: With her hooks she doesn't need eyes.

Ann White: It's better to have loved and lost than to have one.

## Reggie Mentation

AAFTAC's reveille roused Reggie especially early this morning. He tried to burrow deep into the pencil dust and shudder his lithe white wings, but a bit of morning air whiffed through the window of his pencil sharpener demesne. It was air suggesting greenness and dew, and high-piled clouds of ambition. He pawed through the dust, trying to get a foothold. In a little while he sprang out of bed, brushed the graphite out of his antennae and tuned in to Breakfast Brevities.

Musings of Reggie while dressing: Martial music is good for morning blues . . . what is the fourteen-day Palmolive plan? . . . wondre what ever became of Rosie . . . never writes me any more . . . probably run into her some day . . . thought I was a jerk . . . show her . . .

Collecting himself from his ablutional reveries, he found all six of his legs pawing through the Sspur files, ad causam, ad referendum, and ad nauseam. "It's later than you think," warned the quotation on the wall. Reggie let out a termitey whimper. He put on his tricorner hat, he put on his three gold stars, and he put on his straight pin-sword—he pronounced it with a w for old world flavor. Then he paraded his unwieldy unifrom up and down the copy desk, before the Sandspur Department's mirror—Yorick!

At this hour it was still quiet in the little house on Fairbanks Avenue. Br. Gimbling hadn't awaked

in the wabey attic, and Mr. Honaas hadn't even gone out for his morning paper and stretch. It was so quiet you could hear the pin plop as Reggie in his strange gyrations trailed it behind him.

"Old Blood and Nuts," grumbled the spider and went back to sleep with his eyes open.

"I'll show her," grumbled Reggie and strode up and down, wings folded behind him, deep scowl, grimset chin, puckered white eyebrows.

And so, dear reader, let us leave Reggie poised for another turn and try to recall what did become of Rosie, the pretty little widow with the many children at home. Flash-back with me to the story of what spoiled Reggie's romance.

As we found out last year in "Expostulation and Reply"—not syndicated—there was some upset over her insurance, due to expire shortly. Rosie frequently fretted about it, and the Sspur friends of Reggie secretly believed she was enamored of him more for his nickles and dimes cached in the Sspur Bldg. than for his charm or his military bearing which he picked up from the ASTP. Many were

## Hooker Holds Open House For College

On Sunday night, April 23, the boys of Hooker Hall extended their hospitality to the Rollins Family. The doors were thrown wide open as an enthusiastic crowd enjoyed the evening's proceedings, which included dancing and a big community sing. Mrs. Marshall's floral decorations lent a distinctive touch to the heretofore masculine surroundings of the dormitory.

Ed Waite led the singing and Don Weisman played a piano which mysteriously appeared from out of nowhere. The punch bowl line extended as far as the Morse Gallery and in some cases even to Lake Virginia.

When the party dispersed, the boys toured the campus serenading the girls' dormitories with such favorites as "Maggie Murphy", "Mister Moon", and the spiritual, "Stay With God."

All in all, the first open-house party of the year was an overwhelming success and it is hoped that other houses will follow the example of Hooker Hall.

the plots of no avail to separate these lovers, but at last an accident befell which upset their nuptial plans through fate and not conspiracy. One twilight while Reggie and Rosie were swinging on a tendril of the grapevine in the trellis, a caterpillar arched by at top speed, yelling "Fire! Fly!"

Rosie screamed, "Oh my poor children will burn! Write to me in Duluth!" and was gone. Reggie recalled his last glimpse of her, the red and black polka dot wings beating heroically in her shortsweeping inimitable African crawl stroke. She headed straight for her grapefruit tree home in the grove across the lake—Yorick?

Reggie watched the retreating form until it disappeared twenty yards away. Then his glance fell upon a dismal lonesome Firefly.

"Uh, doc, did I interrupt something?" asked the firefly in glowing terms. "Who's the lady?"

Reggie gazed with soulful eyes and replied, "That was no lady, bug."

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## Response to Blood Bank Continues

Three weeks ago the first "Rollins Blood Bank" was announced and with undreamed of alacrity the time-table was filled to capacity and more students were clamoring to donate their life-blood. Now claiming its own blood bank Rollins has had three afternoons with all time filled up. Nearly eighty students have donated and still more are volunteering.

Not only are the students donating blood, but Rollins is making use of its native talent for assisting the technicians are nurses' aides Marjorie Coffin, Emily Cobb, Laleah Sullivan, Jessie McCreery, Jean Woodfill, and Nancy Butts.

After one-sixth of the plasma and hemoglobin are removed from a student he is given a glass of cold orange juice furnished by Rudy Tietjen, manager of the Center, and a soft bed to rest awhile—a lovely time to get a little relaxation after a busy day of rough and tumble college life.

Under the supervision of Mrs. W. Frank Allen of the American Women's Voluntary Services Dean Cleveland's committee, Betty Lanza, outgoing Pan-Hellenic President, Emily Cobb, incoming president, Dodo Bundy, Independent president, and Eileen Lawless, Freshman Class representative, have made amazing progress toward bringing the students into closer contact with the War.

## Mixed Doubles Tennis Tournament Will Be Played Next Sunday

Sunday afternoon, April 30, a mixed doubles tennis tournament will be played from four until seven p.m. on the College courts, and will be followed by a picnic supper served by the court for the participants.

Partners will be paired up by the drawing of names from a hat. The drawing will take place promptly at four o'clock by the courts, and play will follow immediately.

If you are interested in playing, please see Dodo Bundy or drop your name in box number 21.

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## Christopher, of Last Year's Flamingo, Wins Allied Arts Prize for Laleah Sullivan

Twenty years from now we can say we knew Dandy Sullivan when... Elsewhere in the Sandspur you will see that Dandy has just won fifty dollars through her efforts in the field of poetry. Her good luck has had a rather startling effect on her. She says Quote "The judges must have been skunked and I intend to evade a thirty day stretch in jail by paying a few bills."

Although Christopher was published in the *Flamingo* last year, for the benefit of those who were not here, we are printing it again below:

### CHRISTOPHER

Tiny Christopher,  
Half-past eight,  
Half afraid, reached  
The Heavenly Gate.

Gentle Christopher,  
With light gold hair  
And unsure steps, climbed  
The Heavenly Stair,  
And the great Saint Peter  
Met him there.

Saint Peter asked him  
If the way was hard  
Or his flesh was weak  
From the path he'd trod.  
Said Christopher, "Please,  
May I speak with God?"

So Christopher stretched  
And Saint Peter bent,  
And hand in hand  
Together they went.

And Christopher walked  
Where the grass was green  
To the prettiest garden  
He'd ever seen.

There were roses and lilies  
Everywhere,  
And they found God molding  
A robin there.

Saint Peter stopped  
By a honey-comb  
And said, very softly,  
"Christopher's home."

Then God turned round  
With a Heavenly grace,  
And the rustle of angel wings  
Filled the place.

Christopher spoke, "Since  
This home is new,  
My mother was worried,  
And father, too—  
So I told them I'd come  
Directly to you."

## Army Intelligence Proves Reticent About Rollins

Find out what the Intelligence thinks of Rollins, they tell me. Well, I tell them that the Intelligence, in accordance with their title, is very loathe to commit themselves. We can hardly blame them—it's only common sense.

However we can say with pride that we received no complaints. As a group the men and women find that their setup here is very agreeable. The vacation from the kitchen particularly appeals to the wives. Of course it isn't quite like home to them but for a temporary establishment it does well.

We have been asked by the officers not to compare the beanery food with what they have been accustomed to as—either way it would get them into trouble. Suffice it to say that they have no complaints on that score either.

One of the campus' main attractions, they say, is the lake, as if we didn't know, but we always like to be flattered.

With that we have all that could possibly be gleaned from the officers, their wives and children and even their animals. We leave you with the thought that in the next war maybe YOU can be stationed in Orlando and live at Rollins, once more.

Christopher spoke,  
For he thought he should,  
And God told Christopher  
He understood.

Then God took Christopher  
By the hand  
And together they stood  
On the soft green land.

And God told Christopher  
Not to weep  
For the ones he loved  
But to go to sleep,  
For they'd come tomorrow  
And tomorrow would keep.

Then God made Christopher  
A feathered nest  
And He tucked him in  
And his dreams were blessed.  
And Christopher closed  
His eyes—to rest.  
Laleah A. Sullivan.

## What They Think—

Which do you prefer to date—the Army, Navy or Marines—and why?

Nieta Amaral—The Navy, they only ride the Waves.

Gloria Spanley—The Army, 'cause the Navy didn't live up to my expectations.

Betty McKensie-Reid—The Army, there are more of them around.

Betty Lanza—It depends on the man, not the service.

Shirley Polhemus—I don't have any preference. They're all fighting for the same thing. Author's Note—I've found out that same thing.)

Marge Wunder—The Army, for obvious reasons.

Dottie Phelps—The Navy definitely, 'he' preferred it.

Bunny Sloan—The Marines, I'm just prejudiced from the beginning.

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## Rollins Awards Twelve Honor Scholarships To Seniors of Schools East of the Rockies

The mailman's whistle is a familiar and welcome sound throughout the United States, but to twelve high school seniors it marked one of the most momentous moments in their lives. To each of these seniors came a long, white, business-like envelope containing greetings—not from Uncle Sam, but from Miss Steuve, telling them they had won an honor scholarship to Rollins.

These students are winners of a competitive examination, in which over two hundred students of schools east of the Rockies participated. The six first students will receive scholarships to the extent of eight hundred dollars; the other six will receive scholarships of five hundred dollars. There are six boys on the list, and they have been told that they can accept the awards if they are able to attend Rollins until March, 1945, before they go into service. Six alternates have been chosen in case some of the original winners cannot accept. The winners have been asked to notify Miss Steuve of their decision by May first.

The committee reports that this year's group of winners are all unusually high-ranking students.

Among those winners is Patience Thompson, daughter of the former Isabel Edwards, who attended Rollins from 1914 to 1916, and taught history and English at Rollins from 1919 to 1921.

The roster of next year's "brain trust" reads like "See America First". They are:

Margaret H. McDowell, Lexington, Kentucky.

Helen M. Stewart, Superior, Arizona.

Darrell Matthews, Kansas City, Missouri.

Bill A. Arimm, Miami, Florida.

John A. Morgan, Van Wert, Ohio.

Patience Thompson, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin.

Charles W. Stonebarger, Dayton, Ohio.

Raymond T. Elgin, Leeds, Alabama.

Muriel C. Fox, Newark, New Jersey.

Patricia A. Burnett, Lexington, Kentucky.

Milton Alexander, Dixon, Illinois.

## Army Reception—

(Continued from page 1)

group whose efforts to find living quarters have so far failed.

There are about eighty persons from this group on campus at present. These and the other personnel of the school are among the invited guests for Sunday's reception.

General and Mrs. House will be among the guests.

Each sorority and the independent group will be asked to send two representatives to the tea.

*Carole King*  
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