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Rollins Sandspur

VOLUME 51

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, FRIDAY FEBRUARY 21, 1947

NUMBER 15

Alumni Gather For Founders' Week

Animated Magazine To Present Varied Group of Speakers

Dr. Wellington Koo, Chinese ambassador to the United States, has been announced as the latest addition on the list of contributors to the Rollins Animated Magazine, Sunday afternoon, February 23, at 2:30.

Dr. Koo was formerly ambassador to the Court of St. James. He married one of the three Soong sisters, of whom Madame Sun Yat Sen and Madame Chiang Kai Shek are the other two.

Others appearing on the program are: Fred Stone, former Ambassador Alexander Weddell, Vivian Laramore, W. T. Holliday, James Carey, Carola Bell Williams, Lois Lenski, Kathryn Hanna, Eldridge Haynes, Justice William Douglas, Col. Charles Trexler, Laurence Duggan, Mrs. Prem Nath Dass, and Joe Tinker.

Chinese Ambassador To Give Convocation Address February 24

Rollins' annual Founders' Day Convocation will be held at the Knowles Memorial chapel Monday, February 24, 10 a.m. with His Excellency Dr. V. K. Wellington Koo, Chinese ambassador to the United States, as principal speaker. Dr. Koo is the former Chinese ambassador to France, was Chinese representative on the council of the League of Nations at Geneva, minister to Great Britain, chief delegate to assemblies of the League of Nations 1935-36 and 1938, and president of the 96th session of the League council.

The full academic procession with trustees, faculty, seniors, upper division and honored guests will march from the Center. President Hamilton Holt will preside at the program which is as follows:

Processional
Invocation — Dean Arthur Eayart.

Rollins chapel song — The chapel choir.

Address: "The People's Stake in Peace" — Dr. Wellington Koo.

Anthem — The chapel choir.

Conferring of Rollins Decoration of Honor

Awarding of the Algernon Sydney Sullivan Medallion

Alma Mater

Benediction — Rev. William Constance

Recessional

By vote of the faculty, classes will be held on Monday afternoon, February 24, beginning at 1 p.m. No classes will be held Monday morning because of the Convocation exercises.

Appearing in Animated Magazine



Eldridge Haynes



W. T. Holliday



Justice Wm. O. Douglas

Screen, Radio Techniques Blended with Deft Acting of Fred Stone, Excellent Supporting Cast in Sherman's Sensational "Mark Twain"

by Rudolfe Von Abele

Mark Twain, a lengthy episodic play about the last twenty-five years of the life and career of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, which is the current attraction during Founders' Week at the Annie Russell Theatre, would seem to be a rather ambitious effort, both on the part of the author and on that of the Annie Russell, which in my opinion fails to achieve all it aims. There is something inherently difficult about the job of making interesting and dramatically unified biographical plays which ramble over long periods of their subject's lives; and the difficulty becomes almost insuperable when the subject is a literary personage, most of whose interest to posterity lies in an undramatic and unstageable activity—namely, that of writing books. Mr. Sherman has made a valiant attempt, including the use of trick devices from the films and radio, to overcome his initial handicap. But the task, I fear, would have dismayed Shakespeare. And the play, therefore, never succeeds in really creating the Mark Twain of the uncensored letters, of "What Is Man?" and "The Mysterious Stranger,"—the bitter, unhappy, desperate, magnificent old man who was at the same time a child who took childlike delight in an Oxford degree and in parading along Fifth Avenue in his famous white suits, and who never quite grew up. Mark Twain was far more complex a character than Mr. Sherman presents him; and his humor, like all great comedy, had its roots in a profound sense of tragedy—was not, that is, a casual gag-style buffoonery, as in this play it too often becomes.

The resources of the Annie Russell Theatre have been strained considerably for the occasion. There are twelve scene changes, and numerous clever touches, including the opening, where Twain is represented in the person of Fred Stone, seated inside a huge dummy book, so that he looks like an engraving on a jacket; there are twenty-two speaking parts in the play, a large number indeed; and there is much varied and impressive lighting. All these adornments are applied by electricians, players and stage crew with commendable precision, ability and spirit. To carry off the play with reasonable coordination is obviously a difficult thing to do; but under the excellent direction of Howard Bailey, it is, in the main, achieved.

Within the limitations imposed on him by the part, Mr. Stone does a fine job of establishing the personality of Mark Twain. The touch of the veteran player may easily be seen in the refreshing naturalness of his acting, and the subtle variations of gesture and tone and mood which he performs so admirably. The play is his from first to last, as anything involving Twain would have to be.

Mr. Stone's is by far the largest share in the play, but a number of supporting roles are both important and well-handled. Sidney Lanier, as the unseen Commentator, reads his lines with a truly remarkable voice and flawless diction. Helen Bailey, as Twain's wife Olivia, plays with restraint and dignity. Jean Cartwright, as Twain's daughter Susy (who did not die the day of the conferring of the Oxford degree, but actually

died ten years earlier) does very well—much better than in *The Late Christopher Bean*. Her acting is growing steadily more controlled and less flighty. Reedy Tilton, as General Grant, plays excellently the invalid old soldier; his last scene, in which he cannot speak at all, is a fine piece of sustained silent acting. Barbara Lewis, portraying the Clemens' maid Katie O'Leary, carries off an intrinsically uninteresting stock part with her customary ability.

Edwin Waite, playing Twain's friend Colonel H. H. Rogers; Dean Eynart, as Twain's physician; William Barker as Rudyard Kipling; Ilo Lorenz as Clara Clemens; and Gene Sturchio as Alexander Graham Bell, all perform relatively minor parts straightforwardly and competently. Josette Stanciu, as Mrs. Grant, does the best she can with an extremely awkward part. And, as always, Gene Buysse, as the chairman of one of Twain's lectures, provides a few moments of beautifully played satire.

All in all, this is a well-handled, if somewhat slow-paced, production, for which the participants deserve real credit. They do all they can to redeem a play that is at times mawkishly sentimental, that is too haphazardly constructed and too long; but they cannot in the nature of things quite succeed. This is the Annie Russell Theatre's most ambitious undertaking since *Victoria Regina*, and from the technical point of view is extremely well done; but one could only wish that so much time and talent had been spent upon a project which had more intrinsic capability of being satisfactorily fulfilled.

Diverse Pleasures Planned For Alumni

Some 200 Rollins alumni are expected to stroll along the Walk of Fame, attend one of the world's premiere performances of *Mark Twain*, and fox-trot at the Kappa Alpha Theta formal dance during the annual Alumni Day to be held here next Saturday, February 22.

Alumni Day will officially begin at 9 a.m. Saturday morning when registration of alumni will be held until 11 a.m. at Alumni house. Then, ex-students will be free to watch Rollins' famed tennis players exchange shots in several exhibition matches or to view the exhibits in the Beal-Mulholland Shell museum.

An important business meeting from 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., which all alumni are urged to attend, will be followed at 1 p.m. by an annual luncheon served in the Center patio. Prominent alumni speakers for the luncheon include George E. Fuller, Jr., renowned broadcaster, Dick Kelly of *Architectural Forum* magazine, Ken Warner, editor of *Business Week*, and Bob Stevens of the Board of Trustees.

From 2 until 5 p.m. an exhibition of the work of 50 contemporary American painters is scheduled for the Morse Gallery of Art while at the same time an archaeology exhibition will be open at the Casa Iberia.

Curtains for *Mark Twain*, Rollins Players' Founders' week presentation, will be drawn for matinee performance at 2:30 p.m. and for the evening performance at 8:15 p.m.

Then, the laying of the corner stone for Corrin hall, dormitory for women, by President Holt, is planned for 3 p.m.

The Annual Alumni Memorial Vesper Service will be held in Knowles Memorial chapel at 4:30 p.m. This will be followed by the Gay Nineties tea, given annually by Henry B. Mowbray, in honor of alumni who attended Rollins before the turn of the century. As a climax of the day's activities the Kappa Alpha Theta formal dance will be held at 9:30 p.m. in Dubstead.

Center Basement to Be A 'Robbies' Minus Beer'

At Student Council meeting, Monday night, February 17, Independent representative, Bert Mullen suggested that the downstairs of the Center be fixed up as "Robbies' minus beer", with a juke box and booths. To meet expenses of the remodeling, sorority and fraternity groups will be asked to donate \$35 apiece and Independents will turn over all profits from their proposed show.

REST IN PEACE?

The Pilgrim Fathers of Rollins college may be spinning in their graves from horror or from pride, but they are certainly not resting in peace. Rollins has come too far and changed too much to insure any founder a quiet rest, and least of all during this week of oratory and exhibition. Honored daily and nightly with recitals, plays, lectures, parties and processions, Alonzo W. Rollins and Francis Bangs Knowles, the principal founders, Rev. Edward Payson Hooker, the first president, and others instrumental in the formation of the college, have undoubtedly awakened to the New Rollins.

Its 37 buildings, beach house, two jungles, 100 professors, and 600 students are proof of progress. Jacksonville, Orange City, Daytona, and other communities which competed for the college long ago buried such campaign speeches as these:

"It is utterly useless to locate colleges in out-of-the-way places, and in sparsely settled communities . . . Scholastic studies are no longer pursued in monkish cells, or in the solitude of caves and mountain fastnesses . . ."

"... a large sum of money is to be thrown away in building a school-house where there are not enough pupils to fill it."

"... a place surrounded by swamps, and about nine months out of the year the hooting owls hoot to the few families that will forever be the only inhabitants of Winter Park . . ."

The Winter Parkers were not to be discouraged; by dint of house to house canvassing and the aid of Mr. Rollins, they outbid the more populous towns, offering \$125,000 to Mt. Dora's \$35,000 and Jacksonville's meager \$13,000. Winter Park's 131 families rejoiced with speeches, poems, cake and lemonade — and set out for more money.

Said a charter trustee, "Do not for a moment doubt that somewhere God has His own money for this work, and will guide your hand to it. There are men of large hearts and means to whom He will have spoken beforehand of this matter."

God did help, and on November 4, 1885, the official academic life of Rollins began. Fifty-three students had presented certificates of good moral character; evidence that they had passed their fourteenth year; and passed tests in Latin and Greek grammar and composition, on the six orations of Cicero and six books of Virgil's Aeneid, three books of Xenophon's Anabasis, two books of Homer's Iliad, arithmetic, elementary algebra, plane geometry, English grammar, the history of the United States and of Greece and Rome — or equivalents. For his or her \$164, each was promised the best educational facilities possible, and Christian influences adapted to restrain them from evil and prepare them for a virtuous, happy, and useful life.

Is it from horror, then, or pride that the founders spin?

Rollins Calendar

Thursday, February 20

8:15 p. m.—Mark Twain, Annie Russell theatre.

Friday, February 21

8:15 p. m.—Mark Twain, Annie Russell theatre.

8:15 p. m.—Carlyle Seymour junior recital, Women's club.

Saturday, February 22

1:00 p. m.—Alumni luncheon, Center.

2:30 p. m.—Mark Twain matinee, Annie Russell theatre.

8:15 p. m.—Mark Twain, Annie Russell theatre.

9:00 p. m.—Kappa Alpha Theta dance, Dubsdread.

Sunday, February 23

2:30 p. m.—Rollins Animated Magazine, Rollins campus.

PROFILES



Perhaps you've noticed a slightly rounded male figure topped by a wicked eye and skewed hair-do, emitting strange tenor notes. If this figure frowns, or if you find the haunting song to be an authentic edition of "Who Threw the Whiskey in the Well?" or "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate", you have discovered one of Rollins' rarer species.

Indeed, you have happened upon Ernie Aurella Walker, one of many names and gifts. Sometimes he is Zeke, in consideration of his proudly evident North Carolina heritage and unique musical tastes. To friend Corliss, he of toothpick proportions and tragedy mask expression, Clarence seems a more suitable title for M. Walker. Those publishing companies sending his music to Miss E. A. Walker arouse his Irish rath; but, being in Chicago, they are safe.

Equally disturbing is lover-boy which resurrects days past when Ernie's campus operations rated three steadies a term. Later, Uncle Sam gave him the shiny uniform of the air corps to accompany his already well polished line. For further information on this subject ply him with alcohol and listen. Since the lady of today thinks he's just an angel, times or Ernie, must change.

Ernie didn't merely wear a uniform; he flew a twin engine plane in the Pacific for two and a half years without losing a single crew member.

This young man of round pinchable cheeks and slightly doubled chin, which he annoyedly explains is a larynx common to all singers, is a man of many talents. Back in '41 he couldn't decide whether he should be a music major or a boxer. As Dr. Honaas carried more weight than the Golden Gloves, the fighter still lurks in the shadows. He unsheathes his beautiful legs and flexes his muscles for intramural football, tennis, baseball. He bounces about the basketball court. And if his brothers Lambda Chi don't win, the "referee is just crazy."

Pretty boy Walker pays much attention to his appearance, as he might. After thirty minutes of carefully combing his $\frac{1}{2}$ head of hair, he runs his fingers through the lot of it so that the upper ends shoot off at all angles and the lower tufts trail tangledly over his ears. He's a bit of a Caruso with that dinner jacket and eye-catching purple sash encasing the rippling mid-section. The lemon jacket is wonderfully effective.

(Continued on page 8)

What! No Mickey Mouse? —

Sorry, but that's the way it is. We can state with reasonable assurance that Mickey Mouse will not be seen at the Morse Gallery of Art these next two weeks. Not even Donald Duck. Or Van Johnson. Or Lamour, La Grable, or any of your current, transient Hollywood Heartbeats. Unless this Eighth Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting — the finest ever shown in Florida — has happened to catch their fancy — which we are inclined to doubt (having read about their simple home lives, in all the movie magazines).

There's really no incentive to attend, is there? After all, only fifty (50, count 'em and handpainted, honest!) canvases, lovingly, painstakingly, selected by a committee which included three art museum directors, a world-famed collector and art patron, and a noted art magazine editor and critic. You'd just be wasting your time, of course.

It was the same last year, remember? The Morse gallery hung one of the most exciting shows that ever reached Florida. Yet it was too much trouble to walk that few hundred yards (slightly downhill) from the Center (and your gin rummy game) to pay your respects to American Art, or to express your appreciation to the hard-working directors of the gallery. Your gallery — have you forgotten that?

Nope. No Ziegfeld dancing girls, and nothing in technicolor. Oh, there's color all right — same kind of stuff was once done by fellows named da Vinci, Rubens, and Titian — I think those were their names; it was a long time ago, anyway. It's called oil painting and there's nothing really new about it. Not as new and shiny as technicolor. Fellows who did these ones are plain-looking guys, too — not as pretty as Van, of course — guys named Gross, Gropper, Brook, Davis, Carroll, Sterne. Plain guys with plain names. None of them's ever had a screen test that we know of; they've been more interested in observing and recording, rather than imitating and glorifying, the American scene and their fellow Americans.

But after all, who wants to see things as they really are? And it's too tiring to remember words like *esthetic*, *abstraction*, and *romantic lyricism*, isn't it? It's so much easier to snuggle down in a dark theater, munch popcorn, and forget the rude, rough, outside world and make believe we're Bacall and Bogart.

And after all, how could this exhibition of paintings be worth anything if the admission is free? How about that? If it was worth seeing, they'd charge money, wouldn't they, like they do at the movies? Yes sirree, at least forty cents, if it was worth anything. Of course, there are several paintings in the exhibition worth more than a thousand dollars, and one of them is worth four thousand dollars. But look what it costs to make a moving picture?

And there is always a Mickey Mouse.

M. D.

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Proof Readers: Betty Lee Kenagy, Sally Hobbs, Helen Ellis

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"If I tell you the truth, dear, you'll only think I'm bragging"

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Sandspur Indulges in Sheer, Sheer Whimsy; Or, Have Some Cabbage From The Back Files

Kenyon in Ohio, Would Like To Move In On Country Club of the South

The Kenyon Collegian, weekly student newspaper of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, recently published a story urging an interchange of Campi with Rollins during the winter months. The story ran as follows:

"Because of a certain reticence which has been observed on the part of the faculty in adopting the admirable suggestion offered in the Collegian last week, there is at present a movement on foot toward a highly satisfactory substitute."

"It may be remembered that last week complete abandonment of classes at Kenyon was proposed. In lieu of such an arrangement why not arrive at some agreement with one of the southern colleges, say Rollins. During the warm part of the winter in Florida, when it is so jolly and cold here, perhaps the

students of Rollins grow tired of the heat, and would like to exchange campuses with us for a time. Surely no Kenyon man would object to such a scheme."

"There is only one hitch to the plan. Rollins is co-educational. Since this is true there would be no accommodation for the young females on the Kenyon campus. It has therefore been suggested that the co-eds be allowed to remain in Winter Park. This would give the Rollins lads time to relax, away from the malignant influence of the female of the species, and would, at the same time, give the Kenyon men an opportunity to test their resistance to feminine wiles."

(Ed. note: The proposal advanced above was flatly refused by the Sandspur, edited at that time by a man.)

More Sheer Whimsy, Or Have Some More Cabbage

Estelle Bakal comes from Brooklyn, they have hundreds of old apartment buildings. Some of them have dumb-waiters which run up and down with bits of old Dodgers in them.

Aldine Baker on the other hand does not come from Brooklyn and probably doesn't know anything about dumb-waiters. Miss Baker did take modern dancing once and it did wonders for her. Miss Baker is incisive, intelligent but one would never know it because she goes around with Bob McCorkle, which is a cross between a grizzly bear and a teddy bear.

Phyllis Baker is the younger sister of Aldine and is profiting by her mistakes. She never took modern dancing, which is a disadvantage, but she doesn't go with Bob McCorkle which is a very clever move.

Anna Ballinger is no relation to Ballinger Ale people. She doesn't even drink ale. She has a nice man-

ner and appreciates intelligence, but as for her own — Ballinger, Ballinger, Ballinger, Boom! Amark was covered last issue.

Fagan Barber is not a barber, but he is well named Fagan. "Fagan," I sez to him the other day, "Youse is a viper." "Aw shut yer trap, Bunky," he sez. Fagan smokes cigars which make me sick green. He also smokes pipes which I never touch. He's not green, neither does he go with Bob McCorkle which is redeeming.

Oliver Barker is retund. He pitches a fine game of softball. He's a nice, happy, but isn't as happy as Bob McCorkle. Damn! He also isn't Hawaiian like Eddie Aloof.

Murray Bayler once paddled out into the sunset in a wicker basket just like Tom Casey does and McCorkle ought to do.

Of course you don't know Walter Beard. He's a science student and

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"Nature is Wonderful," Announces Lola; Choras Girl Arrives Thirsty For Nawledge

By JESS GREGG

(Concerning the letters of Lola La Rue to Ruby Delle)

Dear Ruby, Nature is wonderful and Rollins is wonderful. I mean nature is really wonderful. Because here at school people fall in love just like in college movies. I mean boys and girls go around here as close together as Simenize twins. I mean I realize school is going to be very educatin.

I told you how my fiancée, Mr. Fawcett, said a sweet nineteen year old girl like I should not be dancing in nite club shows but that I should be at college where my best points would be more developed, and my cousin Vyvyanne LaMarr said Why not send her to Harvard? which I think had a vulgar meaning. I mean Mr. Fawcett said if I could make the best of school and become educated he would make

me his wife and so he picked out the best school he could find and here I am at Rollins.

Vyvyanne was agest it becuz she is terribly ignorant and she sez the only figures a girl needed to remember was her own and the only dates she should care about are the kind which send orkids, but then Vyvyanne is not thirsty for nawledge like I.

Mr. Fawcett said to me Lola if you are going to school I would not use my stage name. Oh I said but I composed my nody plume all by myself and would feel naked without it. And anyway my real name is Dora Grabbwhist which does not sound as cultured as Lola LaRue. But when we looked at the register and found Rankin Shrewsbury and Gertrude Musselwhite and Rebecca Sokol and Eli Maimowitz and Dr. Moos present we de-

(Continued on page 4)

Coeds and Sin

Although it has never been the policy of the I. A. H. M. (International Army of Heather Merchants) to interfere in anything, an issue has arisen of such paramount significance as to compel us to make public our convictions. We stand as one man in defense of the present late hour rules for girls, which are being viciously attacked by divers misguided, fanatical, wild-eyed student movements.

These maddening crowds of zealots frenziedly advocate that girls should be allowed to stay out to all hours — to all hours mind you! — on the grounds that by so doing they will learn to use their freedom more wisely. The blind stupidity of this assertion attests to the emotional irrationality of these agitators. The time-honored maxim, "Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child" is still as true as when it was framed by Golgol the Terrible in the sixth century B.C. Every thinking person must admit that intelligent adjustment to life in all its multivarious phases comes not from practice in living, but is only attained after a protracted period of maturation under iron discipline.

These fanatics feebly protest that too stringent discipline may result in repression which often seriously warps the individual. We answer that only through unremitting repression of the lusts of the flesh are we able to prevent SIN from getting a strangle hold on humanity.

When we try to point out to members of these decadent movements that, even on a purely practical basis, abolition of late hour rules would prevent many parents from sending their girls to Rollins, they retort with the ridiculous assertion that on the contrary it would increase the enrollment because the parents would realize that the responsibility vested in the student would result in fewer transgressions of the fundamentally sound codes of behavior, and would better fit them for the responsibilities of later life. We admit that millions of such people do exist, but we refuse to sympathize with the admission of students to Rollins whose parents are so debased that they would not protect their children from temptation.

We, whose standards have never been questioned, have been accused of having a double standard regarding sex. Granted! It is generally conceded that women are temperamental, weak, domestically inclined, impractical, unscrupulous, as opposed to men who are practical, intelligent, imaginative, strong, kind, honest, courageous and true-blue. This being so it is only logical that girls should be treated as the inferiors of men and as such protected from themselves.

The degree to which SIN is flourishing under the diabolical guise of the "love of life," and the "Joy of Living" is appalling in the extreme. The good sage Gila Upsha-

Sandspur Prints Steel's Review of "Sun Up" Condensed Version Brings Campus Crisis

Last night the Rollins Student Players' fourth production of the season hit the boards of the Annie Russell theatre with what we can only regretfully describe as a dull thud. "Sun-Up" by Lula Volmer is historically important as the first of a series of "folk" plays that will reach from here to dooms-day if the Carolina Playmakers have their way.

It suffers, as the pioneer always must, by comparison with folk plays that have come after it. What was once so new is now bromidic. Motivation is almost non-existent; melodrama and folk lore mix to produce a stupid "star" play which has, startlingly to Aristotle, a two-act beginning, no middle, and two ends.

In the central role of Widow Cagle, Miss Caroline Sandlin was excellent. Her portrayal owed nothing to Lucille La Verne's tradition. Her accent was flawless, and she handled herself with calculated cleverness.

She managed to hold the play up almost alone; certainly she received little help from the author and not much from her fellow actors. Perhaps the best work in the minor parts was done by Miss Charlotte Stout, who in the first act played a vixenish mountain girl with great vivacity and a reasonably secure accent; she was less adept in the other scenes where the author's handiwork would have been too much for any living actress.

Mr. Carrow Tolson, whose name incidentally was omitted from the program, did a good job in the role of the son. He looked the part, certainly; he is healthy and handsome. But his accent varied from speech to speech; for example, he gave three distinct pronunciations of the word "poor". Mr. Jess Gregg, in more crepe hair than an actor should use for a role less than King Lear, spoke with an accent which was hardly North Carolina's but was at least consistent. Mr. Clyde Jones, as The Preacher, was adept — as much as we could see of him: the lighting during his scene concentrated on his hands and feet. His accent was excellent, but he appeared only briefly. As The Stranger, Mr. Jack Liberman added a delightful soupçon of Brooklynese to the philological excitement; his acting was, however, competent, and his entrances and exits were either shrewdly acted or well directed.

From the point of view of this

has hath said, "happiness is the seed of Satan", and he was right as attested by the PRIVATE SIN SURVEY recently conducted by the Heather Merchants in the interests of social decency. The number of coeds found in TEMPTATION'S arms in public houses, in canoes, and such places is truly horrifying. Were it not for the late hour rules this sort of thing would indubitably go on after eleven o'clock.

"But," say these rabble-rousers and their following, "You don't ob-

ject to the audience, the best thing about the production (except Miss Sandlin) was the set, and the worst thing, the lighting. The widow's cabin was beautifully and solidly designed by Mr. Allen, who blended rust, red and grey. The clothes were good (pastels and dark grey and red), well designed and well blended, except for the costume worn by Mr. John Sharp as the idiot boy: in his brilliant red patches, he was more like a Benois peasant from "Petrouchka" than a Carolina mountaineer.

As for the lighting, we think that Mr. Richard Verigan should be boiled in oil. Only a part of the left-hand corner of the stage was sufficiently lighted to show facial expression. From where we sat only the wildest gestures were visible in the center of the stage. Any one who was fool enough to wander any distance to the right was present only as a disembodied voice. Miss Sandlin made a beautiful Rembrandt when she kept to her chair on the left-hand side, but she had to move occasionally. Even the traditionally celebrated "business", dropping the cornucop pipe, was invisible to many of the audience.

There were a lot of first-night jitters. Miss Stout sat down on a chair that wasn't there. Mr. Gregg dropped his whiskey bottle four times too soon. There was gratuitous bit of on-stage prompting. Yet the performance as a whole showed capable directing and precise timing.

We wish we could more strongly recommend this play. It is the only play approaching literary value that the players are giving us this year. It employs the southerners of Rollins, a group with a good sense of the theatre; it makes use of a Rollins natural resource. Couldn't the players do another folk play next year? Couldn't they do a comedy — and perhaps write it themselves?

Oh yes, The winter-dwellers of Winter Park gave their usual vivacious performance. The coughing, sometimes now in musical harmony, was timed to distract the maximum from each scene. The sharp in-take of breath at each "damn" or "hell" was almost spontaneous. Though one or two men are overacting their roles as elderly eccentrics, it is still clear to anyone who goes to the Annie Russell theatre "in the season" that what happens on the stage is very small potatoes beside what goes on in the audience.

So these things going on before eleven, why should you object to them after eleven?

Therein lies the crux of our position. We object to SIN no matter what the hour! The I. A. H. M. not only condemns the revolt against the existing regulations, but demands that more stringent rules be immediately enacted so as to insure the girls protection against SIN, to the extent of compelling them to be in their rooms fifteen minutes after dinner if necessary.

'Nature is Wonderful'

(Continued from page 3)

cided I wouldn't be too conspicuous as Dora Grabbwhist.

The first day I got here it was warm and I wore my sheer white dress and people were very nice to me and all the fraternities rushed me especially John G. Antonio who is going to help me with my history all of which goes to show you that people can be nice to you without an interior motives.

I have already lerned the southern accent so you see my education is all ready begun. I mean Aggie Chawker, who is a girl, talks jest like a southerner and I said to myself Lola if she can do it so can you becuz I remember how Dixie Lee Washington's southern accent got her a millionaire.

Well my dear you have no idea what their is at Rollins besides books. You know that Hoover vacuum cleaner we have? Well his son goes here my dear. And my dear he is so sophisticated. I mean I went right up to him, my dear, and said I though I and he ought to know each other becuz we had one of the vacuum cleaners he sells and besides my cusin Vyvyanne La-Marr used to go out with a Hoover vakume salesman or maybe it was a fuller brush man but I was not sure becuz Vyvyanne knows so many people, but I said it was a

Hoover man so as not to hert Bud's feelings and he said Im glad and my dear he is going to tell me all about vacuum cleaners soon he says and I think that will be wonderful for my education.

And believe it or not as Riply says Deedee Honig is here all so; you remember Deedee dont you becuz she was in some musicals in New York and when we saw each other last week Deedee said hello Lola I see your blond now, and I said hello Deedee.

I don't know many people yet becaws there are more people at Rollins than almost anything, but Ive met a boy named Dudely Darling and I asked him if he was any relation to Dollie Darling who used to be in burlesk except her real name was Clara Henry and Dudely said they weren't related anyway altho its a small world after all.

I am tsudying Shaksper and who ever wrote it has talent and ought to go far. I suggested this to Jane Russell she said she hoped he would go far. Far far away she said, and I knew right then that she was being soureastic and did not care about nalgewde.

I am also studying french which is a very refined langwige which all those foreners in Franse speak. Last year they had a Barren teaching french here and I would loved to have met him becuz I have never met any royalties altho I did meet Joan Crawford once.

Notorious Criminals, Gambler Found Out; "Requested" to Depart by High Ones

Dudley V. I. Darling, outstanding leader of the Gestapo and head of the gambling syndicate at Rollins, has been notified of his resignation from school. Mr. Darling is being held on thirteen charges by the local police and Gang Busters including: bigamy, using the mail to defraud, accessory before, during and after the fact, hitch-hiking and crocheting. Also murder and kidnapping. When faced with these charges and the evidence to substantiate them, Darling Dud hung his head whereup the police promptly hung him. Needless to say, Mr. Darling will not be able to fulfill his duties as president of the Amazons in the future.

Because he did not show up at the Election Ball the other Satur-

day night, Jack Buckwalter, notorious bookie of the Dramatic Dept., is to be dropped from the records of the College. His date, who was there, had no idea where he could be found. Ramor has it that he was swilling beer with Father Divine at his home in New York. Another unconfirmed report said that when last seen John the Henry was stowing away on a weather-bureau balloon. The Associated Press stated that Jack was known to be en route to Oooooomsk, Norway, disguised as a submarine and that he had narrowly missed being scuttled by an unexpected belch.

Formerly popular, Jenelle White, late of the K. K. G. and S. P. C. A. is no longer being carried on

the roster of Rollins' hod-carrier team. Miss Wilhite was caught using the illegal overlap grip on her hod during the last contest instead of the standard interlocking double-thumb heist. Rather than submit her school to disbarment from participating in any coming events, Jennie graciously withdrew (egged on by a bottle of Russell and Russell hair rinse, a hat pin and 17 cash) from participating in future intersubway sports.

Gracia Tuttle, most blessed girl on the campus, has also dropped all her studies at Rollins. Anybody stumbling over them is asked to return them to Gracia at her home 208 Interlachen Ave., any time between 8 P.M.

Sheer Whimsy —

(Continued from page 3)

science students huddle in Knowles and never come out into the fresh air. That ain't healthy, it ain't. Once a science student died over in one of the less used corners of the chemistry lab and nobody knew it till they came to claen out the place in the summer.

Did Betty Berdahl take modern dancing? It did her good if she did, but I don't think she needed it till they came to clean out the her any good, but she's a good pal. It must be hell to be a good pal.

Betz is a sucker. Pauline I mean. She is the biggest asset the college has and yet she does her homework. She never takes a trip

off somewhere to beat Alice Marble that she doesn't take a copy of Early English Poets along. Isn't that silly? Why should she study? She must have believed Confucius when he said, "Learn something new in the morning so that in the evening you can die without regret."

Dougie Bills has a romantic voice and a romantic way of saying things, but he isn't so damn romantic. Does he put Norine under his thumb? Does he want to put Norine under his thumb? If not, why not?

I'm sitting down in the office of the Winter Park Herald and Rollins ought to donate them a few typewriters. There is a dirty old dictaphone with a record on

(Continued on page 5)

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Last night I went to the liberry to meet Dick Kelly and had to wait a while and since there was nothing to do I just walked around and looked at all those books and it all seemed so silly since no one could read all those books, not even peopl who just sit at there desks and have not very much to do like Dean Enyard.

Anyway looking at all those book titels made me very exosted and I asked Miss Sawyer the libertian to pick out some real intelligunt books that I could tell Mr. Fawcett Id red, in the post card Im going to send him. She suggested the Romance of Anthropology and I said I wanted something hevier than a love story so she gave me Rojays Thesorus and the works of plato who fiddled while Rom burned if I remember correctly and just then Loois Bills came in and said What are you doing with two books Lola and he told me a story about a shoris girl who got mad becuz someone gave her a present of a book when she already had one. Well I new he was directing his shaft of satyr at me and so very cawmly I let him know about the liberry by my bedside containing every book Kathleen Norris ever wrote. And walking away very dignifydly I yelled at him, I said You and comparisons are odorus.

Anyway Rubye Rollins is marvelous. And education, hear I come redly or not.

Love and k.

Lols.

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Three Little Girls in Blue

Wesley Davis' Oration On Poetry Awarded Annual Reeves Prize

Wesley Davis, speaking on Poetic Fury, A Lost Element in Contemporary Literature?, is this year's winner of the annual General Charles McCormick Reeves oratorical contest on Monday, February 17, in the Knowles Memorial chapel. The judges for this contest were Mr. Richardson, Dr. Phelps, and Mr. Stephen Dunham.

Wesley will receive the \$50 Hamilton Holt award in addition to the \$75 essay prize awarded to him earlier in the term.

Also receiving the \$75 prize for essays are Douglas Bills, Henry Jacobs, Sheldon Marks, Don Paonessa, and Roger Schoning, all of whom competed for the Hamilton Holt oratorical award.



Starr and All-Star Chorus

But I Know What I Like

By ARTHUR MAJOR
Art Antics

In case you didn't know it, Anne Smith, that sultry, Bacall-like warbler who wowed us in the Frosh Bowsy show, is the same one who was the only one of her art class to know about Henry Moore, the English sculptor, when the class was quizzed by Professor McKean. Dangerous Dame — brains, beauty, and talent!

Hope you've taken our tip and had a peek into the art studio recently. Looks like la rive gauche (the Left Bank, you dopes!) — professional models are causing a sudden improvement in attendance as well as drawing ability. Our Pulsometer (pat. pending) records a 82 point three percent rise in diligence.

An unprofessional model — sitting for the advanced art students — is Wes Davis who, like his Thesplan prototype, John Barrymore, is having his portrait painted. Proposed title: The Latest Christopher Bean.

Center street gallery tells us that Nate Friedland's first oil painting has been selected to replace Bob Boyle's as the Rollins Art studio exhibit. It's title: Calcutta Station (That's India son!) Hey! Scoop on the forthcoming PLAMINGO! It will feature a postcard-size reproduction in full color of Vincent van Gogh's Public Garden At Arles ... and all you have to do is lift it out of the magazine, and it's ready to

frame! Clever — these tropical birds!

Rollie, our pet studio cricket, gives us all the inside dope. Rollie chirped to us, confidentially, that many of the art majors are buzzing about an Affair. They would like to have The First Beaux Arts hall of Rollins college take place this spring — a costume shindig, with a pageant, gay sets, et cetera. Not quite The Chelsea Ball, nor exactly like the Beaux Arts Bal de Paris — but you know! Anyway, it's what a cricket's chirping — Little Rollie of Ollie Avenue — but what do you think?

Morse Gallery of Art is a MUST for the entire college beginning this week. Here are fifty paintings — every one of them significant in the contemporary development of American painters. Every style, every esthetic interpretation of the artists' worlds, are represented, from the romantic to the abstract and surrealist. Famous names, including Grosz, Gropper, Kuniyoshi, and Speicher, are represented. Rollins college may add a proud feather to its cultural cap — this exhibition is unquestionably the outstanding achievement of the current year. Students should find as much esthetic gratification here as would a Moslem on making a pilgrimage to Mecca.

It's still pink — in spite of the rain

Like we said: I don't know a thing about art, but!

Sheer Whimsy —

(Continued from page 4)
It in front of me. I put the earphones on and set it to running: "The presto Streamlined desk stapler is sturdy, sure, safe! It never backfires and slings staples in your teeth just when you don't expect it. The Presto is made to grace the finest desk. If yours is a finest desk, use a Presto!" How about you, McCorkle, do you use a Presto?



Gently Down The Stream

Once upon a time there was an actor who was quite a practical joker. He was working in a show with a young couple who, as the run of the show progressed, grew more and more interested in each other. They had a love scene which presently became somewhat more than acting; in short, they put their hearts into that scene and it became one of the high spots of the play. One day their engagement was announced. The joker saw his great opportunity. When the man was safely on stage, he strolled over to the girl waiting in the wings, and after congratulating her, said idly, "I suppose of course he has told you?" "Told me what?" said the fiancée. "Why, about his glass eye; I thought of course you knew." This statement was greeted with disbelief, so he escorted the girl to the dressing room, where he had previously taken the precaution of putting a

glass eye on the makeup table.

"See," he said. That day the famous love scene fell flatter than a pancake, with the poor girl merely rattling off her lines, and all the while peering from one eye of her partner to the other, trying to decide which might be the false one.

Last Saturday Dick Verigan and I were working like mad in the shop of the Fred Stone theatre, building Mark Twain. In wandered a slightly bewildered gentleman. Looking around him, he asked us, "Is anyone out front?" We told him, no, and he said "Well, is Mr. Thompson here?" No, we knew of no Mr. Thompson here. "But," he said, "Mrs. Thompson is here to see Mr. Thompson." Dick said he still knew of no Mr. Thompson. The stranger looked around once more at all the scenery and asked, "But, isn't this the funeral parlor?"

INQUIRING REPORTER

What does Rollins need?

Julie Goodman: Free beer in all the fountains.

Ed Granberry: More friendly women, fewer big wheels, and more hula skirts.

Nancy Palmer: A skiing resort on some high mountain and jet propelled planes to take us there.

Joan Joerns: More Liverpool rummy and less bridge.

Oscar Caswell: A new gym.

Dee Raymond: As far as I'm concerned it's got it!

Bill Gooch: No compulsory athletics for veterans.

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Sunday-Monday-Tuesday

Double Feature

Joel McCrea, Jascha Heifetz

— in —

"RAGGED ANGELS"

Plus

"WAVE, A WAC AND A MARINE"

with Margaret Lindsey

Wednesday and Thursday

Double Feature

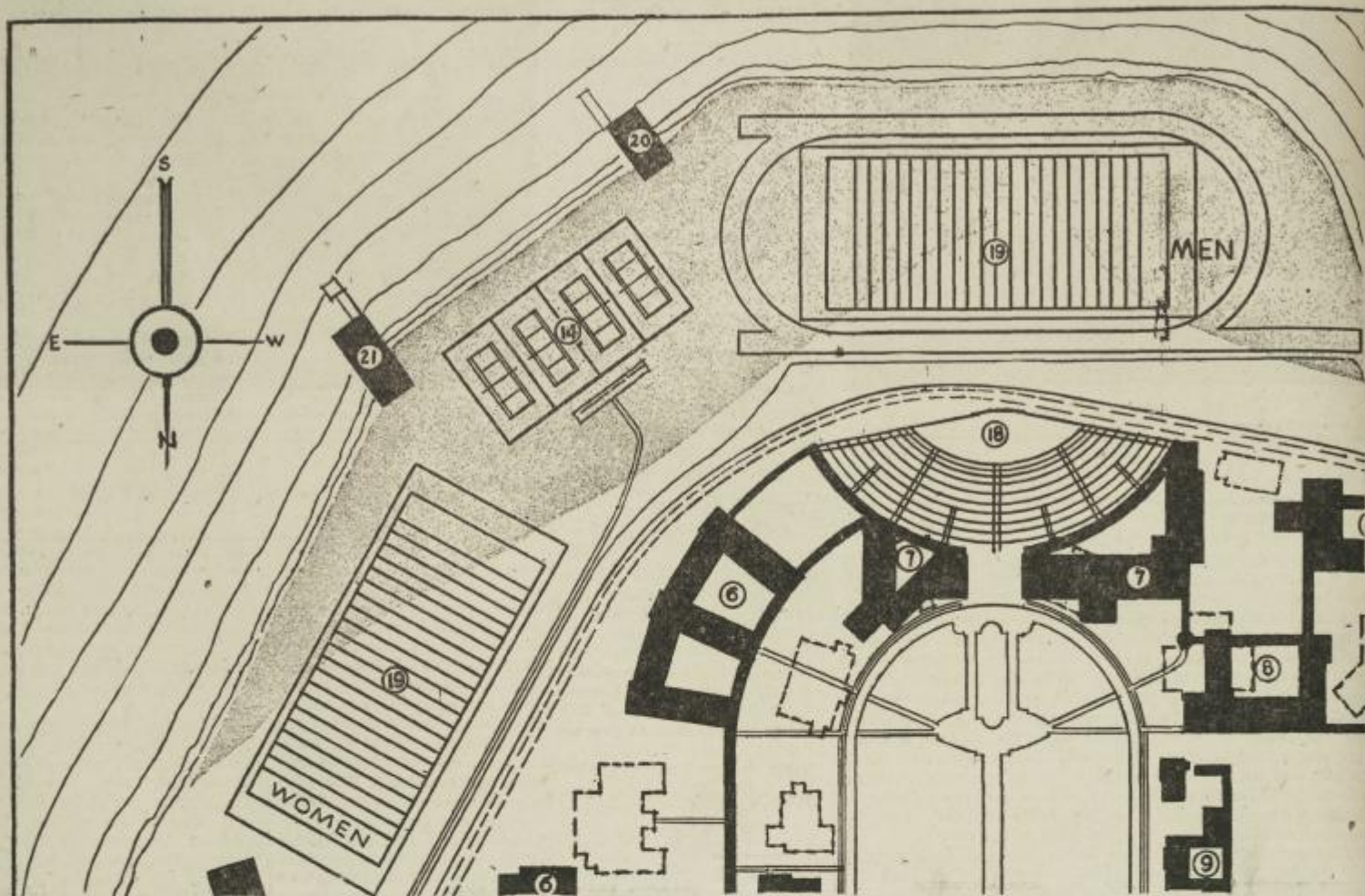
"THE UNWRITTEN CODE"

with Ann Savage, Tom Neal
Plus

"HOUSE OF DRACULA"

with Lon Chaney, Jr.
Cartoon — "Hare Remover"

W H E N ?



Pictured above is the architect's drawing made several years ago in New York for the proposed new athletic expansion program, which to this day has never proceeded beyond the 'dreams' stage according to sports editor Wagner in his weekly editorial below. On the extreme left (19) is the proposed recreation field and field house for women. Tennis courts (14) separate this field from the huge modern stadium and field house on the right (19). Numbers 20 and 21 are the new modern docks and boat houses to be used by the crew. The plan also shows the new walkway for the completion of the project. Further information in Sideline Slants below.

Bradley Sounds Call To Organize Crew

Crew coach U. T. Bradley recently sounded the call to all fraternities and independent men on campus to organize their groups and appoint a representative from each organization to contact him at once so intramural crew can get underway.

Coach Bradley wants each group on campus to scan their personnel and have their representative report to him at once the probable crew members from each group.

Regular crew sessions will be held on Lake Virginia as soon as the organization is completed.

GIRLS' SPORTS

BY NAN VAN ZILE

The girls are preparing to tee up the ball and take a swing for low score in the Annual Girls Intramural Golf Tournament which begins this week. Each group on campus has entered three contestants. They are as follows:

Chi Omega — Gloria Schneider,
Dixie Koos, Joyce Junglas.

Independents — Claire Mosack,
Jinx Sheketoff, Babe Wolf.

Pi Phi's—Laura King, Jean Bohrer, Marilyn Miller.

KAs Whip X Club In Volleyball Tilt To Open Schedule

The Rollins intramural volleyball schedule for the winter term moves into its third series of games this afternoon on the college courts at 4:30 p.m. when the Lambda Chiis battle the Delta Chiis, and at 5:30, the X Club tangles with the Independent team. The current schedule, which began last Monday, will terminate on March 5 at which time the volleyball victor will be announced.

In the initial tilt Monday afternoon, the KAs sprang a surprise on an overconfident X Club squad and beat them two sets out of three. In the second battle of the afternoon, the Lambda Chis defeated the Sigma Nus. Results of the Independent-Delta Chi and KA-Sigma Nu games yesterday afternoon were not received in time for inclusion in this week's issue.

Phi Mu—Doris Brooks, Midge Estes and Ann Jones.

Gamma Phi's — Peggy Shaw, Eleanor Seavey, Ruth McDaniel.

Theta's—Lois Nurdy, Pug Shaffer, Yvonne Fulton.

Kappa's — Lee Bongart, Alice O'Neal and Edie White.

Alpha Phi's—Ainsley Embry, Jo Farnham and Marilyn Hoffman.

Rollins-Bumby Score Monday Rates Protest Due to Discrepancy

The nip-and-tuck race between the Rollins (O'Brien)-Bumby Hardware basketball teams moves into the final weeks of play in the Orlando Civic League climaxed by the protested game Monday night between the two teams in their first encounter of the second half.

The protest was made when it was found by the Rollins-manned team that the scorekeeper was in error having allegedly taken two points from the college score. The score at the end of the protested tilt stood 49-47 in favor of the Bumby quint. Tuesday, a letter of protest was filed with the governing board of the Class-A division of the City League by the Rollins entry and action on the protest will be announced later this week.

Last Thursday night's Rollins-Rutlands battle was forced into an overtime period when the fourth quarter ended with a 48-all tie. In the overtime period, Rollins surged ahead three points to win 54-51 with Joe Justice, Jim Blalock and Buster Hancock sinking field goals. Blalock was high scorer with 16 points to be followed by Hancock with 13 and Mandt with ten.

SIDELINE SLANTS

By H. RUMMEL WAGNER

NOW IS THE TIME
THIRD INSTALLMENT

Above, and spread across the five columns of this week's Sandspur, your sports department is printing with permission of the Treasurer's office and the local architectural agency here in Winter Park, the plans drawn several years ago for the improvement of the Rollins campus. This campus plan, one may easily note, includes a stadium, tennis courts and recreational facilities to be built on the lakefront by means of an extensive fill in Lake Virginia. It seems, however, that these plans have either been pushed into a side drawer or completely forgotten by the Board of Directors and the men who put the OKs on all building instructions.

This is Founders Week here at Rollins! Not only will students read this column but also the alumni and those persons interested in the development of Rollins who will be on campus during this period. Surely when the V-E program is discussed, as it will be many times during the next few days, consideration should be given to this proposed gym-fieldhouse-stadium and a remedy provided so Rollins will once again be able to compete in intercollegiate basketball. Until such a time as adequate and proper facilities are available, intercollegiate basketball will be shelved just as these plans have been for the past four years. This is the week when alumni, faculty and present students should all get together in a big huddle and formulate plans for a modern athletic building program to be undertaken at once on the Rollins campus.

With this column, we will temporarily bring to a close our campaign for these new athletic facilities. There is little more we can say or do without stepping a little too firmly on someone's toes. It's up to the students, the faculty and everyone interested in the progress of Rollins to see that this program gets underway as soon as possible. The sooner the better! Then Jack McDowall and his staff will be able to point with pride to intercollegiate schedules that would build morale by leaps and bounds.

THIS 'N THAT: Bob Hayes' brilliant sports editorial in the *Sunday*
(Continued on page 7)



Undefeated X Club Wins Basketball Crown



Fred Mandt, stellar X Club forward, leaps for the basket as he prepares to sink one in the above action shot taken last Wednesday night. The X Club defeated the Lambda Chis in the game 32-25 with Mandt paving the way as high scorer.

Staff photos by Paul Enfield.



Rangy Ralph Chisholm of the champion X Club quint takes the ball right out of the hands of Delta Chi's Frank Mayer in the above photo snapped in the heat of the game. Carley Emery is also seen in the shot.

Baseball Starts March 3

Baseball coach Joe Justice announced yesterday that varsity baseball training sessions will get underway on Harper-Shepard Field starting Monday, March 3, and requests that all students of Rollins interested in baseball come out for the initial session on that day.

A tentative schedule was announced two weeks ago and the final schedule will be released as soon as all squads contacted reply.

X Clubmen Win Ten Straight Tilts To Lasso Rollins Intramural Trophy

by BOB WILLIAMS

The X Club, winners of ten consecutive basketball games in the Rollins intramural cage contest during the winter term were declared undisputed champions last Friday night in Rec Hall when they stopped the Lambda Chi quint, 32-25. This game marked the conclusion of the 1947 basketball schedule for Rollins fraternities and independents and placed the X Club team three games ahead of the second place Lambda Chis.

Wednesday night, the X Clubmen chalked up their ninth win by rolling over the Sigma Nus 48-36 paced by Mandt, Cox and Swacker.

In winning the basketball championship title, the X Club were led in scoring honors by Fred Mandt and Harvard Cox with better than a 29 point average for each game. Mandt tallied 123 points and Cox 83. In second place was Blalock of the Lambda Chis with 85 points.

The runnerup position was split between the Lambda Chis and Kappa Alphas with seven wins and three losses each. The Independents, by forfeiting both their scheduled games last week lost game points as a result and were placed in a tie with the Sigma Nus with three wins and seven losses. The hapless Delta Chis brought up last place with 10 straight defeats.

All-Star Team

Now that the current season has had the final curtain closed for this season, this sports scribe is going out on a limb and attempt to pick an All-Star team. We're sure our selection won't meet with the approval of all our readers, so we suggest for those who disagree that they submit to the sports department their choice for the top ten.

The first choice is Fred Mandt of the X Club who proved to all who attempted to match wits with his style of playing that you can't guard a man who shoots with either hand and from any position. Running a close race for the forward slots were Jim Blalock and Harvard Cox who played stellar ball for the Lambda Chis and X Clubbers respectively.

The guard positions were a toss-
(Continued on page 8)



Dave McKelthan of the ICAs dashes in from mid-court in this action shot for an attempted shot at the basket. Tony Randall is seen in the left background rushing in to assist McKelthan as he approaches the goal.

SIDELINE SLANTS

(Continued from page 6)

Sentinel-Star certainly receives a hearty second from this department! Just who does Florida think it is? The invincible Army team! The way they talk, one would think the 'Gators could lick any team in the country, and after a glance at their '46 results, we doubt if they could whip the Winter Park high school team. When the 'Hurricanes' of Miami, University of Richmond, Georgia (Extension), Presbyterians and several other colleges not yet confirmed feel that Rollins is good competition, the Wolf, that is 'Bear' Wolf of Florida must be wandering around in the swamps suffering from malaria when he refuses to even consider Rollins bid for a game.

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Profile —

(Continued from page 2)

Ernie is industrious. This prospective Dr. Honaas is well known at several nearby churches, not on the sinner's but the singer's seat. He's fond of his classes, particularly German, about which he constantly swears.

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X Clubmen Win —

(Continued from page 7)

up between Bob McKennan and John Brown of the Lambda Chi and Tim Tyler and Harry Hancock of the X Club. Because of their wonderful floorwork, this columnists nod goes to Brown and Tyler.

McKeithan of the KAs and Caswell of the Sigma Nus hold down close runnerup positions followed by Custer of the KAs and Boyle of the Independents.

The Final Standings:

	Won	Lost
X Club	10	0
Lambda Chi	7	3
Kappa Alpha	7	3
Sigma Nu	3	7
Independents	3	7
Delta Chi	0	10

The High Scorers:

Mandt—X Club	123
Blalock—Lambda Chi	85
Cox—X Club	83
Boyle—Independent	71

The Noose

Now that everyone has recovered (?) from a rather rough weekend and has stopped taking Bromos let's get down to some serial news.

The Freshmen really put on a bang up show last Thursday and it proved what a wonderful class it really is. Bill Shaffer did a great job as M. C. and congratulations to Dick Rankin for all his work on the production.

What a party Harper's threw last Thursday afternoon — that's the sort of thing we like to see, and we hope they keep up the monthly party.

Betty Roebuck, Freddie Sommer, Sally McDowall, Susanna Urie, Carol Kirkpatrick and Mimi Stockton went Gainesville way for the ATO Valentine Ball.

The KA's have some real brotherly love and Bill Custer's Ode to Brockelhurst is an example of true fraternal love.

T'was a balmy summer evening
Old Brockelhurst was there
Slumping very sadly
Upon a bar room chair.

While songs and witty stories
Came through the open door
He slipped off very sadly
Upon the bar room floor.

"Where did it come from, some-
one said,

"The wind has blown it in,"

"What does it want?" another
cried,

"Some whiskey, rum, or gin?"
These sad remarks our good friend
took

With stoical good grace

But then what else could old
Brock do,

While lying on his face?

Brock's reply will be in the next
issue of the Noose and until then
The Happy Hangman.

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OUTSIDE
READINGFaculty Schedules Commencement For June 2;
Senior Classes End May 29, Letters Due May 30

Several changes in the Commencement program for 1947 were voted in at the faculty meeting, Thursday, February 13. These alterations in the schedule were recommended by the Faculty Administrative board.

(1) Commencement will be held Monday Evening, June 2, rather than June 4 as previously planned.
(2) Classes for seniors end

Thursday, May 29, and senior reports must be filed with the registrar's office not later than Friday, May 30.

(3) Classes for undergraduates run through Tuesday, June 3, as scheduled at present.

(4) Class Day exercises will be held at 4:30 Friday afternoon, May 30.

(5) Baccalaureate will be Sunday, June 1.



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