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The Rollins Sandspur

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Rollins College

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# Rollins Sandspur

VOLUME 52

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1948

NUMBER 13

## FIND FAULTY FILLY FOOTWEAR



WE have all been vaguely conscious of the deplorable state of the female foot at Beanery, but so far nothing specific has been done about it. The sordid facts have at last been brought to light through the efforts of the redoubtable Stanely Rudd, Sandspur photographer. (We are thinking of starting a daytime radio serial based upon the perilous adventures of our Stan.)

There is a rule somewhere that has caused no end of distress among the male population of Rolly Colly. It states that neckties should be worn to Beanery. Now the wearing of neckties is usually accompanied by some other articles of clothing, notably shirts, pants, jackets, and sometimes even suits. All of said articles have a nasty habit of getting out of press and dirty, necessitating numerous and costly trips to the cleaning and laundering establishments around town. Unhappily, we are not all blessed with limitless funds and these trips constitute quite a drain on our resources. I think I can speak for the whole male enrollment when I say that we have been pretty faithful and patient about it all.

In this same rule, buried deep among the footnotes, there is a little clause requesting that female students wear high heels and stockings so that they will not be outshone by the impeccably dressed men. The danger of being outshone does not seem to trouble them overly much, all of which is very depressing to us males, and is very likely to foment a revolt. Already, a devil-may-care attitude is rampant among the dress-for-dinner gentry as may be noted in the above cut.

The solution lies with us. Rollins men! Arise and shoe your women!



### Race Relations Day To Be Sunday

Included in the program will be three outstanding films. The first, "Man-One Family," was produced by the British Information Service to promote better human relations throughout the world. The second is an animated color cartoon version of the Public Affairs Pamphlet "Races of Mankind," and is called "Brotherhood of Man." The last film tells the story of the great scientist, George Washington Carver, who has recently been honored by a commemorative postage stamp.

Dean Theodore S. Darrah will preside. Rev. Kenneth G. Rogers will offer the invocation and there will be special music by the Hungerford School Choir.

The Rollins College Studio Club met Wednesday night at the Alumni House to discuss plans for the remainder of the year. President Bob Boyle presided at the meeting, at which the Constitution of the Club was presented by the commit-

tee previously appointed to draw it up for approval.

The petition to the faculty for its consent to establish a chapter of Kappa Pi, National Honorary Art Fraternity, here at Rollins was also presented to the members for consideration.

Discussed plans for an Art Panel Discussion to be held, possibly at Morse Art Gallery, in the spring. This would include exhibition of the works of art students from the University of Florida, the University of Tampa, Stetson University, Southern College, Miami University, Florida State University and Rollins. Students from these colleges would be invited to participate in round table discussions on various phases of art, climaxed by an Artists' Ball.

The next meeting of the Studio Club will be next Wednesday night at 7:30 p.m. at which time Prof. Kleinhaus will speak to the group on "Comparative Anatomy and Its Relation to Art."

### Henry Wallace Takes Spur Pole

To the surprise of most everyone, Henry A. Wallace is Rollins' first choice for president of the U. S. If we accept this poll as the true state of the student body's political leanings, it certainly should give several food for thought, for, although the upper half of our economic order is well represented here at Rollins, there seems to be a definite hint that deep changes are desired in the government.

It should be indicative of something that of the 56 ballots registered as Democrat, 23 were for Wallace. There seems to be a rather well defined split, if not a downright chasm.

Stassen and Dewey have emerged fairly equal in approval, while Truman trails in fourth place. Taft slumped behind Eisenhower by one vote amongst the tailenders, so it may be assumed that Rollins wants neither the extreme right, nor yet a military

man. Vandenberg and Warren each received 2 votes, while Marshall and MacArthur polled one apiece.

The large independent and out-party vote is encouraging to this observer. People are thinking for themselves at last.

Local action: Dr. David M. Beights. Joe Master, and Jean Schnieder, polled one each.

#### Reactionaries:

Lemke (Socialist) ..... 3 votes  
Stalin (Communist) ..... 1 vote  
Robeson (Communist) ..... 1 vote  
Browder (Liberal) ..... 1 vote  
Ernester (Radical) ..... 1 vote

	Rep	Dem.	Ind.	Total
Wallace	4	23	46*	73
Stassen	18	2	9	30
Dewey	18	6	5	29
Truman	1	17	5	23
Eisenhower	3	2	1	6

\*A few registered as Progressive, Liberal and Third Party.

### Flamingo Announces

The editors of the Flamingo announce the winners in the fall edition of the Flamingo as follows:

Poetry: Mary Malta Peters for her poem, "I Would Shout."

Fiction: Jack Teagarden for his short story, "The Great P. U."

Non-fiction: Stuart James for his piece, "Untitled."

Each winner will receive a prize of \$5.

The judges of the contest were Mrs. Dean and Dr. Granberry.

Five dollar prizes will be offered again for the best piece of poetry, fiction, and article appearing in the winter issue of the Flamingo. Every student on campus has a chance to win one of these prizes, so get busy, and remember, the deadline is February 11.

### Gen. Wainwright To Contribute To Mag

Three of the expected members of this year's Animated Magazine have been announced by its editor, Hamilton Holt. Sarah Gibson Blanding, president of Vassar, Gen. Johnathan M. Wainwright, hero of Corregidor, and S. Kendrick Guernsey of Jacksonville, president of Rotary International, will contribute to the 21st edition of the magazine, which will be given on Sunday, February 22.

The Animated Magazine will be the climax of a Founders' Week that will be crowded with events, which will include exhibitions at the Morse Gallery and the Beale-Maltbie Shell Museum, lectures on Florida and the Americas, a special Rollins' Players Production, "The Glass Menagerie", numerous meetings for the Alumni, exhibition tennis matches, and a formal dance.

The Animated Magazine was originated by Hamilton Holt, president of Rollins, who has been its continuous editor. About fifteen to twenty members participate each year in its presentation which takes place in a stand erected on the football field. Dr. Edwin Osgood Grover, vice-president of the college, is its publisher.

### English Association Meets Under Starr

The newly organized Association of English Teachers of Orlando and Winter Park held their second meeting Tuesday night, discussing "Minimum Requirements for English Composition in High School and College."

Invented by Dr. Nathan C. Starr, head of the English Dept. at Rollins, the group meets once a month to discuss the problems of teaching English on the high school and college levels, and will attempt to find means to make the student's transition period less difficult.

"We are trying to avoid theoretical discussions and committees that will require a complicated machinery," Dr. Starr said. "We have a loosely constructed group, whose purposes are essentially practical. We try to solve problems, not talk. We hope we will eventually be of use to the whole state."

Members of the association are English teachers at Rollins and surrounding schools. Under the terms of the loose construction policy, the only officers are Dr. Starr, Chairman, and Mrs. Magoun, Secretary.

### WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE ROLLINS COLLEGE ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT?

Jim Ernster: Is there an athletic department? I thought that it was Jack and the Rover boys.

Gordon Marks: They don't have the facilities to work with; notably a gym.

Frank Allen: How long do they expect to keep good teams on the field the way they're treated?

Elly Cain: No transportation to Dubs.

Pete Thompson: Burn down the old gym.

Bob Custer: There isn't any athletic department; just Jack McDowall.

Ottis Mooney: They shouldn't have voted the football men out of intramural basketball.

Warren Kuehl: They do as well as could be expected.

Nan Morgan: I don't know, but there must be something.

Cecil VanHoose: It's dictatorial. The boys assume the role of peasants. Not at all well-rounded.

Sandie Reinsmith: What do they do with all that money?

Ray Holton: Seems all right to me.

Milford Talton: They don't offer the athletes enough inducement.

Anonymous: McDowall.

Bill Koch: Needs stronger competition and swimming team.

G. W. Mooney: One sweater that wears out in one year for four years of football.

Anonymous: They don't come through with promises.

Jack McDowall: Plenty. But we are always striving to improve.

Joe Justice: Naturally—being in it, I can't see anything very much wrong.



## State of the Sandspur

There have been several articles written in this space crusading against the students' opinion that the *Sandspur* is dull, drab, and generally uninteresting. As long as the student body contains the entire circulation of the paper, the absurdity of trying to stem the overwhelming tide of public thought with a few reproachful editorials is all too obvious.

We are told that the most stimulating issues so far were those carrying the Ohio Wesleyan debate in the form of letters to the editors. Therefore, we have included a section called the **Thundering Heard** in which all long suppressed poison penners may be brought out into the mellowing light of mild notriety. We have a few that fairly drip with controversy for this week, and we hope that the influx will increase.

As a sop to the funnies-and-headline reader, we have included a cartoon by Bob Boyle, and have used the largest type available for our banner heads. The *Sandspur* Poll, under the able supervision of Galluping Dick Hollister is another brand new *Spur* baby, but vast numbers of nearsighted students cast their ballots in the wrong box, leaving the results while interesting, not too significant. You might drop us a line if you think of any good reasons for or against continuing the poll. As a matter of fact you can write us about anything; the nastier the better.

## Calendar

### Thursday, February 5

"Henry V," Annie Russell Theatre, 2:30 and 8:15.  
John Martin lecture, Congregational Church, 4 p.m.  
Tertulia, Casa Iberia, 7:15 p.m.  
Pan American Club, Casa Iberia, 8:15 p.m.

### Friday, February 6

"Henry V," Annie Russell Theatre, 2:30 and 8:15 p.m.  
Pi Gamma Mu, Alumni House, 7:15 p.m.

### Saturday, February 7

"Henry V," Annie Russell Theatre, 2:30 and 8:15 p.m.

### Sunday, February 8

Race Relations Meeting, Annie Russell Theatre, 2:30 p.m.  
Inter-American film, Annie Russell Theatre, 5 p.m.  
Carol Kirkpatrick's Senior Recital, Annie Russell Theatre, 8:15 p.m.

### Monday, February 9

Civic Music presents John Charles Thomas at Oriando auditorium.

### Tuesday, February 10

Town Hall lecture, Winter Park High School, 8:15 p.m.  
French Club, French House, 7 p.m.  
Rollins Scientific Society, Alumni House, 7:30 p.m.

### Wednesday, February 11

"Mind of America" lecture, Annie Russell Theatre, 4 p.m.  
Organ Vespers, Knowles Memorial Chapel, 5 p.m.  
Phi Mu patrons' coffee, Fox Hall, 8 p.m.

### Thursday, February 12

John Martin Lecture, Congregational Church, 4 p.m.  
Community Service Committee, Alumni House, 7 p.m.  
Studio Club Art Studio, 7:30 p.m.  
Pan American Club, Casa Iberia, 8:15 p.m.

## 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.*

## THUNDERING HEARD

Site:—

Something is happening to Rollins. Anyone who has been here over two years has enough perspective to see the trend. A movement is well underway which clearly has as its object the undoing of everything which has been done in the past to earn for Rollins the position which it has held, up to now, in the American educational system; the position of the foremost liberal college in the country. I am the first to agree that change is a vital factor of progress and development. But when a change which is being brought about solely through the actions of one man or a small group of men is universally opposed by those who have the proper perspective to view the change, that change cannot be in the right direction. The plain fact is that I have yet to meet one student here of junior or senior standing who does not deplore the new course our school is taking. Let's take a moment off and see what they are doing to our school.

Once upon a time, not very long ago, Rollins had something unique. It was a school with an idea—an idea that had aroused the interest of every liberal-minded educator in the country. This idea was the now utterly defunct conference plan. (Those few travesties which still hang on in the name of conferences are little more than farces and will end as soon as they can get around to printing a new catalogue, in which, of course, the conference plan along with individualized education, will not be mentioned.)

For those of you who have not been here long enough to remember or have not read your catalogue carefully, a conference was just what the name implies, a meeting with the professor in which the particular subject was discussed and the student's individual problems were dealt with. Classes were group discussions, led by the professor. Learning, under that system, was enjoyable and came easily. Until two or three years back there was no place in this school for the straight lecture-examination type courses which have become the standard here. Under the conference plan professors discussed the subject extemporaneously and kept it alive and vital. Now many of them do nothing but drone the notes they took back at the old alma mater in 1902. Is it any wonder we sleep?

One of the wonderful things about Rollins which they can't change no matter how they try is the wonderful climate. Rollins is ideally situated for participation in year-round outdoor sports, and until recently we took good-natured recognition of this fact and proceeded to make it easy for the students to make the most of their good fortune. As a result we acquired the reputation of being a school where a good deal of golf, tennis and swimming was done in our spare time. It was. However, it seems that some of the boys up north who had nothing to do in their spare time except complain about the weather or get drunk at the "tables down at Mory's" were a bit jealous of our good fortune and coined the phrase "country club," with application to Rollins.

Instead of laughing and saying, "sure we are, don't you envy us?" or replying with the epithet "beer-

hall," a few big-wigs down here smarted under the appellation and set out to change things. As a consequence we haven't a swimming team; proposals, nay pleas, for a gymnasium go unheard; athletic scholarships have been reneged or cut in half; our nationally ranked tennis players find it virtually impossible to get excused from classes to play in local tournaments. Perhaps the prime example of this sort of stupidity was reached last year when our girls' tarpon team was refused permission to participate in an R.K.O. Sportscope which would have been filmed at Rollins because, "it might bring unfavorable publicity to the school!"

With Hamilton Holt's passing from the active presidency of Rollins, everything that he fought for and instituted, everything that made Rollins the best place in the whole world to get an education for living, is being carefully and methodically undone. In another year or two the work should be complete. Rollins will be another good little school in a nation full of good little schools, and like the rest it will, because of inadequate finances and facilities, never be anything but second rate. It makes me sick!

It might be good to close with a quatrain I wrote down once in a moment of disgusted anger. It seems to sum up the new administration's ideas. It might even make a good motto for them:  
Forget the sun, the lakes, the pines,  
Tear down the palms, plant ivy vines!  
Hooray! new leaders break the trail;  
Let's have a third-rate, southern Yale!

Signed, J.

To the Editor:

For the past few months something has been stirring in my mind. What has happened to Rollins?

Let's go back a few years. The college used to be called the Rollins family. Now I am afraid that we can no longer call ourselves that. With over-crowded conditions existing today, it is more a rat race. Professors no longer have the time nor patience to spend with the pupil that he had before. He is too busy teaching a class of twenty-five or thirty students instead of ten or twelve. He does not understand the student as well as he used to. He emphasizes grades more than education. He cannot have as many conferences with each student as before. In other words, the school is more "big college" than the old Rollins family.

I believe something should be done about this, but being a mere student, my hands are tied. It is up to the faculty and staff to take action. Either let's have the "big college" with tests, final examinations, and a cut system, or else let's go back to the Rollins system. The Rollins plan originally was to have as few tests as possible, and to emphasize close relationship between professor and student. And above all, grades were to be kept as quiet as possible.

Anonymous.

## Fashion Forum

Aided by Rollins College Board representative Barbara Coith, Miss Joan Wall of Bennington College conducted a fashion forum for Rollins girls Thursday, January 29 in the Alumni house. The forum, sponsored by the Bates Fabrics Company, was part of their national promotional program.

Representatives of the sororities and Independents were present in the Alumni house to hear Miss Wall discuss the Bates College Board program, show samples of the new Bates bedspread line, and lead a discussion of current fashion trends. All girls present were requested to fill out a questionnaire discussing clothes and furnishing problems, to aid the company in determining college needs and preferences. They also rated the ten new bedspread patterns in order of preference, and commented on their good and bad qualities.

The discussion of modern fashions revealed that Rollins girls, on the whole, approve of the new styles. They voted for cotton dresses fourteen inches from the ground, slightly padded shoulders, ballerina skirts, cotton blouses, solid color pastel and one piece cotton bathing suits; but vetoed padded hips, the new shoe styles, and peasant blouses.

## Campus Scenes

By Marj. Colt

Have you ever stopped for a minute while munching your food and conversing a mile a minute with your friends, to listen to the music that is played over the loud speaker in the beanery? Well, I have and I am most dissatisfied with the whole repertoire.

Now, I agree that it is a delightful idea to have music while you are eating—it creates a kind of salon effect—but somehow I feel that the music that is played in the beanery is the cause of indigestion for many people. Such selections as Louis Jordan's "Choo-Choo Charoogie," Johnny Mercer's "Ugly Chile," Guy Lombardo's "My Own Grandpaw," and Ray McKinley's "Bongo, Bongo, Bongo, I Don't Wanna Leave the Congo," in my opinion, simply do not blend with corned beef and cabbage or spam and fried eggs.

Nor do I feel that it is appropriate to play "Oh, Holy Night" previous to and after the Christmas season. It kind of throws me off kilter. Variety is the thing. So help me, if I ever hear "White Christmas" again, I'll scream. They must have played that particular selection at least twenty-five times a day for three solid weeks. I, a northerner, do, by all means, appreciate a white Christmas, and I'd certainly say we had one this year (I know Bing Crosby must have had a lot to do with it, too!), but even if they had played another version of said song, I doubt if it would have helped the situation much.

May I take this opportunity to suggest to whoever is in charge of selecting the records to be played, to listen to the "Hit Parade."



## Gently Down The Stream

Now that I have had the "Time Of My Life," I can start studying again. That show was a lot of fun to work on, possibly because of the odd lot of Rollins Characters that were in and around it. Around it means people like Gail Hastings and George Johnson. They did their parts, though, for they were always available for bridge games in the green room. But it was too bad the audiences were not in a position to appreciate Dixie's ad libbing. That kept things interesting; there was something new and different every night. We got the pin-ball machine free of charge, but the outfit that owns it didn't lose a penny on depreciation. Oh no, it was the first thing going and the last thing to stop each night. Bedortha, Belt, and sundry others gave those pretty flashing lights a workout. To bad the show had to close, isn't it?

Concerning one thing I have an unhappy touch. Last spring I mentioned a late Sunday night music program on CBS. It promptly went off the air. Several weeks ago I discovered it was with us again and said so at once. So, of course, last Sunday night when I turned on the radio, it wasn't there again. I heard instead a concerto for an oboe. Well, I tried. Can I help it if CBS doesn't read the Sandspur? I had intended to put in a plug for their historical "CBS was there", one of the best programs that I have ever heard but I'm a little afraid to now. Still, you might try. Sunday afternoons.

Important note to Joan and Betty Lee: Please read the masthead of this issue carefully. Temporarily at least, your fondest hope has

been realized. For the first time in six years a man is an editor of the Sandspur. A man. A man, I might point out, from Massachusetts. I hope this pleases you, well, that the editor part pleases you. But remember. You are NOT eligible to vote for him come elections. See you soon.

Theatrical note, partly to fill up space: Last Thursday night there were three different plays performed in Winter Park, and all three were full up with audience. I can remember when the plays in the Annie Russell were only given two nights, due to lack of attendance.

My class schedule being a little different now from the fall term, I hardly ever get to see Lee Smith, the slap-happy sailor, any more. This is sort of bad, since he can always raise my spirits a little, possibly because his always seems to be so high. He always has a good word for his friends and he seems to have plenty of friends. A pleasant person like him should. Wonder if he will forget the double-take I did when I saw that he had pledged Lambda Chi?

Darn, there goes the fire siren again. And me without a car. I went to the fire out in Altamonte last Sunday night. The two drunkards who accompanied me became more and more worried, as we shot over the roads, that it was the Seminole that was making the sky ahead of us a brilliant crimson. They were a very relieved pair when the blaze turned out to be a little farther down the road. Just somebody's house, that's all.

Frankly, this seems to be a pretty poor column this week. No inspiration.

## SPLATTERDASH

Studying and listening to good music: The high point in the week-end was the Symphony Sunday afternoon . . . Dave Beach and Joe Diedrich did a little backwoods exploring, they say.

Honors go to the Delta Chis for their scholastic average. They refuse to divulge any of their trade secrets or say what they did last week.

The Lambda Chis had a cold but eventful week-end at the Pelican. Rumor has it that only two drowned, no one is sure who they were or what the liquid was. Keith Turner and Bud Johnson impressed their dates by being the only ones with nerve enough to break the ice and go swimming. H. B. Baxter got a new name—"Smart boy."

The Lambda Chi's spent a chilly week-end at the Pelican. Don and Martha, Sabe and Van, and George and Dottie, just stayed glued to the fire. Ernie and Bud battled it out on the ping pong boards, while Tiny and Mona made up the cheering section. No one will ever forget the look in Pat Furey's eyes, as she regretfully assumed the angle in a friendly Lambda Chi hearts game.

Bud, Stan, Keith and dates were the only unfortunates who ever seemed to venture on the beach, while Pat and Dud seemed to lose every bridge hand they played. There is no need of mentioning just how stags H. B., Buzzy, Jerry, "Long John," and Kenny kept themselves occupied. That's right, they slept.

Seems Bill Schafer's role of a

policeman in THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE came in more handy this week-end when some obnoxious men took a fancy for a couple of KA girl friends.

We hear that Brownie and Ed Granberry are really hitting it off these days.

What was Marge Colt doing down at the Winter Park police station getting guns, this week-end?

Valerie Stacy seen at Dubsdread with Mick Haworth. Well?

Sheila Monroe seen with a non-Rollins man Saturday night. Trying to get back at someone, Sheila?

Friday, January 30, Sigma Nu took a quick trip to Stetson, where they played a benefit basketball game for the March of Dimes against the Sigma Nu chapter there. Needless to say our boys swamped them, 29-27. Markland was high point man for the Blue and Gold Stars.

X Club refused to make any comment on their activities during the past week. All their members look like a good time was had by all.

Naturally the K. A.'s spent another conservative week-end, reading.

### Where IS Bob Boyle's Cartoon?

The Club Francais will meet Friday night at 8:15 at the French House. Students and faculty are invited to attend to see the French film, "Chantier Sur les Ruines," which will be shown.

## PROFILES



Ottis Alfred Mooney first opened his little brown peepers to the cold world as we know it on the 21st of November in the year 1924. What he saw was the beautiful little village of Wauchula (Florida) and his mother, who happened to be present at the time—as mothers usually are.

Living in Wauchula, Ottis got to his adolescent period as a rather sheltered youth, caring little for the cares and woes of the world, except maybe to read the daily Bolita returns. Wauchula being what it is—a town that trains do not whistle at, much less stop at—gave little Ottis that quiet charm and air of graciousness that characterizes him today.

In 1939, the Mooneys moved to Maitland, and Ottis was enrolled in the Winter Park High School, along with his older and equally reclusive brother, G. Washington (Mooney). Here in the cultural center of Central Florida, Ottis came under the influence of such potential men of letters as Milford Talton, Daniel Strong, and in neighboring Orlando, David McKeithan and R. Leland Daniel. These fellow students played no small part in the molding of the younger Mooney's mode of life, for, by close observation, one cannot help but see the marks of distinction that hinge around his countenance now.

In 1943, Ottis graduated from high school, and amid the lusty cheers of his mother and father, who opened the front door of their house so he could hitch-hike to Gainesville, Ottis wended his way to the campus of the University of Florida. He had by the time he graduated from high school become quite a large lad—as far as stature is concerned, so he was greeted by the director of Florida's gridiron efforts with a zeal and affection that amounted almost to friendliness.

Our boy's exploits on the grid field were plenty good enough to land him a starting berth on the club, and he held down the position of guard his frosh year. By the time his second year had rolled around even the coach could see that he was no ordinary human, so Ottis was shifted to the position of right end, a move that remains unparalleled in its daring all through the annals of football history. Baseball also beckoned and Ottis casually became Florida's first baseman, a position given him no doubt because of his remarkable faculty at putting people at ease on their first meeting. He was often to be seen in the diamond, glibly making conversation with an opposing team's base runner.

Then came the day when "Al" transferred to Rollins, much to the



It doesn't seem quite possible that one girl could be on the Rollins golf team for three years; in "R" Club; secretary of the Class of '48; secretary-treasurer of the Pan-Hellenic Council; president of Kappa Kappa Gamma, and major in English all at once, but tall, attractive Lee Bongart does it graciously and competently.

"Bogie" (as she is inappropriately named by her Kappa sisters) is from Champaign, Illinois, where she attended the University during her freshman year, distinguishing herself by being selected to "Terrapin," the honorary swimming club and being on the business staff of "Illio," the University of Illinois' yearbook.

Lee is well known for her golf game, and can be seen (with her partner, Alice O'Neal, clubs in hand, on the way to Dubs, or the nearest golf tournament when the season rolls 'round. She has played in most of the big national tournaments throughout the country and has usually qualified for the championship flight. "Bogie" hopes to continue with her golf after graduation, and will play the circuit this summer.

Then, naturally, Lee is one of the mainstays for Kappa during intramurals and has made the varsity basketball, volleyball and golf teams as well as Tarpon.

All these activities, however, do not prevent Lee's charm from making an irreplaceable place for herself in the Kappa house. Who else do we know whose personality is so bewitching that after soaking her laundry for two weeks can persuade her roommate to do it for her so she may be ready for the next golf trip? This is a fact, obtained exclusively from Alice.

Natural beauty, poise and charm are things we all admire in girls, and of which Lee has more than her share. After all, it isn't easy to look like a Grecian goddess on a basketball court or after 27 holes of golf, but Lee does it in her own unassuming manner. This may be another reason for Tom Brochlehurst's KA pin that "Bogie" wears with her Key. "Brock" has become almost as permanent at the Kappa House as the portrait of Cornelius Pugsley that adorns the outer hall.

Don't you agree that, with the distinction of beauty, charm, poise, leadership and personality—that this IS the portrait of a truly outstanding senior?

We hear that Lee has also done a wonderful job this week-end of nursing her "little sister," Marnee Norris.—ED.

delight of Dr. Waite and Miss Packham. Continuing his favorite pastime of football for the past (Continued on page 6)

## UPPERCRUST

Friday afternoon the Chi O's started the weekend off right by joining up with some of the Sigma Nu's to go to Stetson. Among the gang that were guests of the Sigma Nu's were G. B. Wright, Dixie Koos, Ginger Butler, Mikki Branning and Terry Weaver. Zoe Weston took off for the Pelican with Big Chuck Brakefield and joined Pat Furey and Van there for the Lambda Chi weekend.

Bev Burkhart and Zoe Weston both made Libra this year, and Bev also made Key Society.

The Gamma Phi's gave another of their wonderful breakfasts Sunday morning. Coffee and sweet rolls were the main fare. Tenna Head was here this week for Becky Hill's wedding. Joan Rainaud took off for the beach over the weekend.

The Pi Phi house was quite empty over the weekend. Pat Warren, Jolie Wheeler, and Van Lewis MacDaniel all went to the Pelican with Dud, Bud and Sab respectively for the Lambda Chi weekend. Allison, Ellie Cain and Betty Bitzer went up to DeLand with Frank, Gordon and Palmer for the exchange Sigma Nu basketball games. Our boys were victors with a score of 29-27.

There were two visitors over the weekend. Marie Sommers' pin-up boy from Florida was here, and Ginny Phipps arrived for a between the semesters visit from Louisville. Barbara Coith brought honors to the house by being tapped for Libra. Barbara by the way will leave for New York this week to be a Bates College board member.

### ALPHA PHI NEWS

The owner of Claudia Hutchison's Sigma Nu pin turned up this week in the handsome form of Johnny Clark, from Washington. With Johnnie came Claudia's brother, Lyle, who is a Phi Delt from G. W. Saturday night found Claudia and Johnny the centers of attraction at the Officers' Club along with Ginger Brooks and Lyle, Ed and Nancy, Harvard and Jean, Freddie and Bill, Cecil and Magnolia. Flannagan was tagging it. Nan Morgan's Beta man, Bobby Robertson, arrived on campus Sunday night for a short visit before going back to the University of Virginia.

Hoff had her charge of the week in the form of C. J., who finally hit campus after settling himself with a very convenient job in Tarpon Springs.

Who were the Kentucky Colonels squiring Glo Parker and Ginger Brooks around the town Friday night?

Sunday morning the Gamma Phi Beta had another coffee on the patio which was quite a success. The actives give credit to the pledges for the grand do-nut dunking sessions.

Allis Ferguson has been in the infirmary with flu, but is convalescing now.





## Henry V

By R. J. Salamanca

When in the prologue to his Henry the Fifth, Shakespeare makes the chorus say:

Oh, for a muse of fire that would ascend the brightest heaven of invention, princes to act, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene,

he was describing what for his time was only the imaginative dream of an author conscious of the inadequacy of the tools at his command; if he might sit down for two hours today to see J. Arthur Rank's Two Cities film version of his play, he would agree, I am sure, that his muse of fire had at last been found, and that in the persons of Laurence Olivier and an excellent cast of English actors, he had indeed princes to act. For this motion picture is worthy of Shakespeare. It evidences sympathetic intelligence in direction, in scenic and musical background, and in acting that is very refreshing when set beside the majority of recent Hollywood productions.

## "LOVE THAT MAN" — DIBNER

This is a potpourri smelling vaguely of gin and shishkebab. It's hardly a drama but it is Saroyan. With no beginning and hardly an end in sight, the Armenian sleight-of-hand artist weaves a plotless spell over actors and audience to everyone's intense delight. It may be described (finally) as a series of character sketches soaked in every kind of writing except playwrighting. Disorganized, disorderly, it's Proust and profanity.

But don't get me wrong. I love Saroyan.

And Saroyan loves everybody. That's why everybody at some time or other staggers and wafts or plods across the stage. And I mean everybody. And that, incidentally, is why Barbara Lewis, who produced this version of Time of Your Life, and who must be an incredibly brave young lady, is also an incredibly wise one.

The Fred Stone Talent Nursery & Farm for Embryonic Theatians is as we all know the proving ground for its neighboring mink-lined Mecca. A lot of proving was done from last Wednesday to last Saturday night. Everybody had a chance. An endless cavalcade of motley and not-so-motley characters scuffed the sawdust floor of Nick's Pacific Street Saloon. They dropped many Saroyanesque

pearls of parable and pure slush before departing into the night. They strutted their stuff with enough promise and professional dexterity to shake loose an awful lot of stars pasted on the dressing room doors across the street. This is most admirable when one realizes that the entire production was student work—directed, acted, and designed by students.

Elinore Bellen as Kitty Duval, portrays an uncommon whore with wistful ambitions. Shackled and shamed by her trade and yearning for some other life, she tries to achieve a dream state not unlike the one so powerfully conceived by Tennessee Williams in his current hit, A Streetcar Named Desire. Against the rude pattern of Saroyan's confusing and at times dubious comedy, the effort is not wholly convincing. Miss Bellen's interpretation is sensitive and compelling in spite of these limitations.

The difficult task of enacting the role of a young and steadily cham-

pagned philosopher is thrust into the lap of Howard Fisher. With no opportunity to wave his arms about, to emote, to make like an actor ought to make, Mr. Fisher in his first appearance on any stage, anywhere, does remarkably well. Armed with a fistful of Mr. Saroyan's sugary homilies, an air of aplomb, and a quiet voice, he does a notable job. All that one can ask for, in his performance, is a little of that racing information. He seemed to have all the right hunches.

Jim Wray tussles with Nick's drab lines and does them to a fare-thee-well. Bill Barker as a somewhat sadistic vice-squadder with vicious overtones of his own, gives a convincing performance. There were moments when I was tempted to hiss. Beverly Ott, despite a short stay, left a memorable impression as a dissatisfied matron who escapes into drink.

But it took the gyrations of a quintet of novices to produce the surprise performances of the evening. Art Swacker as the Lenny-like stooge who loves Kitty Duval and who runs the young philosopher's sometimes quaint errands; Jack Redding as a half-tight sharpshooting old sourdough; Pete Sholley as a love-lurchy adolescent; Jim McMenemy as an ankle-coated

pasty-faced stew; Ken Fenderson as an agile itinerant actor whose tragic humor bewilders everyone, especially himself . . . these are heart-gladdening performances, simply because they are honest enough to seem unrehearsed. Jim Ernster as Arab, the somewhat befuddled but positive barfly, gives an effective performance, as does Mary Jane Whitley, who portrays a slumming and slightly bored rich dame. Dave Meifert, Ken Newbern, Dick Glather, and Bill Shaef-er gave creditable performances despite limited opportunities.

The remainder of the cast acted with dignity and competence. A list of names is not necessary since the program and a previous issue of Sandspur has already obliged.

The saloon setting and lighting by Bill Davis was good and included some nifty painting by Dan Hudgens of the Rollins Art Studio. The set representing Kitty Duval's hotel room was somewhat sparse, as though everyone at this point had suddenly become tired and said, The hell with it. The iron bed, a rumpled sheet, poked through the parted curtain, seemed hardly adequate. Mr. Saroyan would not have liked it, I'm sure. Not even for Kitty.

But don't get me wrong. I love the guy.

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# KA'S HOOPSTERS HEADING AT HALF

## Kats Cop Crown; Crush All-Stars

Playing before a small crowd the Thetas kept their victory string alive with a hard earned victory over the Girls Intramural All Star Basketball Team 36 to 31. At half time the score was tied as both teams played keen heads up basketball right down the line. The Thetas led by Yvonne Fulton, who scored 15 points, finally went out front and from then on were never headed. Nancy Morrison of Kappa was the high scorer for the All Stars with 11 counters. Defensively Mickey Dean stood out for the victors while was outstanding for the All Stars. The All Stars made a much better showing than last year when the Thetas swamped them by an outlandish score. The following participated:

All Stars: — Forwards — Nancy Morrison, Marney Morris, Lee Bongart, Alice O'Neal, Judy Baker,

Guards: — Corky Hall, Connie Hubbard, Kaye Haenichen, Carol Posten, Jean Clarke, Doris Jensen. Thetas: — Forwards: Mikki Dean, Norma Depperman, Yvonne Fulton.

Guards: — Mary Upthegrove, Edie La Boiteaux, Shirley Fry, Pug Shaffer.

### Humphries Aces 12th

Last Wednesday Bob Humphreys joined that small group of select golfers that have scored a hole in one. Playing with Ed Brinson and Jim McMenemy, who were more excited than he was incidentally, Humphreys scored an ace on the twelfth hole at Dubsdread, a 150-yard par three. He used a number six iron and had to be told that he had a hole in one. This he didn't believe, until Brinson fished the ball out of the cup. The last Rollins student to accomplish this feat was Hymie Goodwin who registered an ace last spring on the ninth hole.

## Personalities in Sports

by Lefty Saurbrun

Whenever sport fans get together these days, there is always a good argument as to the relative merits of individual sport heroes. Difference of opinion is the spice of life; so from now on this column is going to cover four different people in their respective sports who are or have been outstanding. I believe we have at Rollins our Lujack's, Krammer's, DiMaggio's, and Nelson's, and it is the responsibility of a good college sport page to recognize them.

Shirley Fry The nation's sixth ranking woman tennis player and Wightman Sup team member is one of our outstanding people; she has a fine temperament wonderful ability and a fighting heart. I believe this year Shirley will rise to new heights, and honestly, could it happen to a nicer person? Whatever happens Shirley, the world of sport will be better because of people like you.

We've got our Sneads, Hogans, and Demarets but there is only one Pete Dye who has dominated the Rollins Golf Picture since his arrival from Urbana, Ohio. Pete has the physical power, determination and great golf swing to take his place among the country's fine amateur players. I followed Pete one round he played in this recent Orlando open, he had a 73 with some very tough breaks yet he never lost control of himself, a competitor of the highest order if ever I saw one. Stay in there Pete for we look for great things from you.

Last but not least Myron McBride, the North Carolina flash who came to Rollins as an all state football player and a participant

in the annual North and South Carolina high school stars benefit game. "Short Cake" however, went out on the baseball diamond and led our team and all batters in the state with a phenomenal .500 batting percentage. Buddy can really clout that pill and if you have any doubt about it come out this year and watch him go. Personally "Short Cake" I hope you land in the New York Giants farm system.

And some day we who love baseball will see you perform in the Polo Grounds, up in Yankee land.

### STANDINGS

	Won	Lost
K.A.	6	0
X Club	5	1
Independent	*4	2
Sigma Nu	3	3*
Lambda Chi	2	4
Delta Chi	1	5
Alpha Phi Lambda	0	6

(\* Includes protested game)

### NEXT WEEK'S GAMES

Monday, Feb. 9

8:00 P.M.—Alpha Phi vs. Lambda Chi  
9:00 P.M.—Sigma Nu vs. X Club

Tuesday, Feb. 10

7:00 P.M.—Alpha Phi vs. K.A.  
8:00 P.M.—X Club vs. Delta Chi

Wednesday, Feb. 11

8:00 P.M.—Ind. vs. K.A.  
9:00 P.M.—Delta Chi vs. Sigma Nu

### Overheard

Jim McMenemy: Humphries just had a hole in one!

George Cocalis: That's nothing. I just hit a 250 yard drive!

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### KA's On Top

#### Sigs Protest Indies

By Harry Levene, Jr.

Bill Custer and the K.A.'s topped an aggressive X Club five 22-20 to go into an undisputed lead in the Intramural basketball standings.

A packed house saw the X Club jump off to an early 5-2 lead, but the K.A.'s caught them and at half time led by a 13-10 score.

The K.A.'s extended their lead to five points early in the third quarter only to see three quick buckets by the X Clubbers put the latter ahead by a point. The K.A.'s retaliated with three straight baskets and a lead they never relinquished.

Both teams had registered victory number five on preceding nights as the K.A.'s downed the Lambda Chi's 47-23 and the X Club swamped the Delta Chi's 53-13.

In a game played under protest the Independents upset a surging Sigma Nu team 17-16. Mickey Hawthorn's "long tom" with thirty seconds to go and his successful try at a foul shot with twelve seconds remaining in the game brought the Independents from behind to snatch the victory away from the Sigma Nu's.

Jack and Gene say —

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## Student Recital Friday At Dyer

The weekly student recital by members of the Conservatory of Music this Friday at 4:30 p.m. in Dyer Memorial will include the following numbers:

Romanza in Ab.....Mozart  
Idyll No. 8, Opus 39.....MacDowell  
Mary Lee Ayer, pianist  
L'Esclave.....Eduard Lalo  
Sin tu Amor.....Miguel Sandoval  
Catherine Sorey, soprano  
Mrs. Knapp at the piano  
Sonata Op. 53, Allegro con Brio.....Beethoven  
Olga Llano, pianist  
My Lady Walks in Love-  
liness.....Charles  
Sea Fever.....Masfield  
Lord Randal.....Scott  
When I Think Upon the  
Maiden.....Head  
Joe Peoples, baritone  
Barbara Herring at the piano  
Intermezzo Op. 18, No. 6. Brahms  
Nachtfalter.....Strauss-Tausig  
Carlyle Seymour, pianist  
Larmes.....Faure

Chanson des Noisettes...Dupont  
C'est L'estase Langoureuse...Debussy  
C'est L'histoire Amoureuse, Auber  
from Manon Lescaut  
Carol Kirkpatrick, soprano  
Carlyle Seymour at the piano

## Ottis Mooney

(Continued from page 3)

two years here, Ottis established himself as a first flight wingman who can (and he usually did) play the entire game.

His intramural activities include playing for the X Club's basketball, volleyball, and softball teams and rooting like hell for their crew team. To prove his own versatility, his efforts on the links are now down to slightly (?) above par figures.

After graduation this year, Ottis plans to give the coming generation the benefit of his years of scholarly research and possibly to coach, too.

After slinging all this bull about him, I only hope that he passes enough courses this year to graduate as he plans.

## "Menagerie" Rehearsals Underway; Dean Stars

Rehearsals for Rollins Players Founders' Week production, "The Glass Menagerie," are underway all over the campus. Starring Nina Oliver Dean as Amanda, the presentation will be given Feb. 17 through Feb. 21, in Annie Russell Theatre, with a special matinee Sat., Feb. 21.

What with "The Male Animal", Economic Conference, and "Henry V" lodged in the Annie Russell, director Howard Bailey and the roaming foursome, which comprises the cast of the forthcoming Players' offering, have been spotted on the Horseshoe, in Woolson House, and in Fred Stone Theatre living room, and on the Lab stage. At the close of the film, "Henry V", they move to their home ground, the Annie Russell stage.

Mrs. Dean will be seen in her Rollins stage debut, portraying the role created by the late Laurette Taylor on Broadway. She previously appeared with the Barnard College, University of Virginia, and Harvard Dramatic Clubs, the Brooklyn Amateurs, Miami Civic Theatre, and the Theatre Guild in New York.

Sidney Lanier, who had leading parts in "Tartuffe," "Mark Twain," and "Joan of Lorraine," plays Tom, Amanda's son. Betty Pottinger, who most recently appeared in Fred Stone Theatre production, "The Old Maid," and student presentation of "Time of Your Life," takes the important role of Laura, the daughter. Bill Schafer, also of the "Time of Your Life" cast makes his first appearance on the Annie Russell stage as Jim, the gentleman caller.

"The Glass Menagerie" opened on Broadway in 1945, with Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, and Julie Haydon in the cast. Tennessee Williams recently followed its outstanding success in New York with his smash hit, "A Street Car Named Desire."

## Kirk To Give Senior Recital February 8

Carol Kirkpatrick, talented voice major, will give her senior recital in the Annie Russell Theater Sunday evening, February 8, at 8:15 o'clock. The program is as follows:

Mozart—Ridente la Calma  
At lo so  
Un Modo di Gioia  
Schumann—Mondnacht  
Erstis Grun  
Schubert—Auf dem Wasser zu  
Singen  
Ungeduld  
Verdi—Caro Nome  
Intermission  
Faure—Larmes  
Dupont—Chanson des Noisettes  
Debussy—C'est L'estase Langoureuse  
Auber—C'est L'histoire Amoureuse  
Smauck—When Chloris Sleeps  
Bliss—The Little Shepherd Song  
Watts—The Buckle  
Love Went A-riding

Carol will be accompanied by Carlyle Seymour.

She has given concerts in Daytona Beach for the Music Club and for disabled veterans in Welch Convalescent Hospital. She has also appeared on two radio stations in Orlando and has given recitals in Winter Park at the Woman's Club and at the various hotels. She was a member of the Rollins Chapel Choir and All Saints Episcopal Choir until her graduation in December.

## Setzer's Recital In Chapel Wednesday

Robert Setzer, student organist of Knowles Memorial Chapel, will be guest organist for the Organ Vesper Recital next Wednesday, February 11, at 5:00 P.M. in the chapel.

The program consists of the following:

Prelude and Fugue (a 5 voci) in  
Eb.....Bach  
(St. Anne's)  
Three Chorale Preludes Brahms  
"My Inmost Heart Doth Yearn"  
"Beautify Thyself, My Soul"  
"My Jesus Calls to Me"  
Chorale in A Minor.....Franck  
Benediction, Op. 33.....Karg-Elert  
Toccata in F.....Widor  
from Fifth Symphony for Organ

This recital, together with another to be given next term, will constitute Bob's Junior Recital. The second recital will also be presented during the Organ Vesper series.

Bob, will present a recital at 5:00 P.M., at the church each Sunday during the Lenten Season, commencing Sunday, February 15. Evening prayer and a talk by the rector of the parish, Rev. James A. Duncan, will follow each program. Bob will be assisted from time to time by soloists from the choir and by conservatory students.

## OVERHEARD

He: It isn't any of your business what I have on.

She: How do you know what my business is?

Bobby Rawlings: Ah have an uncle with ah wooden leg.

Corky: That's nuthin' — Jack Flannelly has ah cedar chest.

Chuck Whitney: Sure the dog bit me—my stomach growled.

Penny Drinkwater: I don't care if he is from Harvard. I still like him.

Marge Colt: Don't talk to me about the Navy. I know too much about it already.

Nitz: One more card and I might go gin again.

Behrens to Sermons: Scissors please!

On Golf:

Humphreys: Honest, fellows, it rolled right down the No. 12 pin. What backspin!

G. W. Mooney: So I pulled out my nibler.

Jim Johnson: With a No. 2 I'm a beast, mind you, I'm a beast.

Trammel Whittle: It's a 50-50 chance. Sometimes I play the ball —sometimes I play a divot.

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