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Rollins College

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More—Times, Wed Sat, "All the King's Men" and "Joe Palooka Meets His Match."

EDITORIAL

What Would You Have Done?

I knew the late Joe Tinker well. At first thought you would find very little in common between Rollins College and Joe Tinker—but please be patient while I tell you a story.

Everyone is familiar with Joe Tinker's fame. He was one of the now-immortal trio of baseball known as Tinker to Evers to Chance. While still alive, he was nominated for baseball's highest honor—Baseball's Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N. Y. In short, Joe Tinker lived, slept, ate, thought and talked baseball. It was his life. Even years after his retirement, Joe Tinker kept his interest in baseball alive by serving as an instructor in the Joe Stripp School of Baseball, here in Orlando.

One day Joe Tinker contracted blood poisoning in his toe. The infection cleared, but weeks later returned to plague him even more. Finally gangrene set in. After a consultation of the top medical men available, it was decided that an amputation was necessary. It was up to Joe Tinker to decide. Would he be willing to trade a limb to save his life? Could a man who had been so active stand by and have his very heart cut out of him?

Joe Tinker decided on an amputation. It was a bitter pill for the former big-league star to swallow, but discarding emotion and trying to think only objectively, he made his decision.

A few days ago President Wagner and the Board of Trustees were in the same situation. A similar decision had to be made. Football, with its high cost, was eating away at the financial foundations of Rollins. It was only a question of time before the patient would die. Rollins, the patient was ill. An amputation was the only possible cure—so football had to go.

True, the patient may limp a while, but in the long run, the patient will be finer and stronger than ever. B. F.

Not A Promise—The Simple Truth

I'd like to make a campaign promise that I would give you your money's worth with each copy of the Sandspur—but I can't honestly make that statement. True, we will be forced to work within a budget, and I intend to do so, but what I hope to offer Rollins and the student body cannot be measured in dollars and cents. The values of sincerity, courage, loyalty, and experience cannot be summed up with dollar signs. Let us consider these values one by one.

Sincerity: I will make a sincere effort to gather about me a staff capable of putting out the best paper possible. Regardless of experience, an editor is no better than the weakest member of his staff. To accomplish this, positions on the Sandspur Staff will be considered on the basis of ability. This alone will be the determining factor. Politics will be forgotten. Competition makes for a keener staff, therefore a keener paper.

Courage: This trait may cover a broad field, but in regard to the Sandspur I propose that every worthwhile issue receive a thorough coverage in the paper whether that subject be a controversial one or not. The truth of one's convictions lies in the courage to print what one may honestly believe. When there is a student body of over 600 someone is bound to be hurt at some time or other. That is inevitable. However, if it comes to choosing between hurting a few or telling the truth, then the truth must be my choice.

Loyalty: You don't have to be a member of an athletic team or a rabid booster to be loyal to Rollins. The Sandspur could be used as an instrument of betterment for Rollins, or as a detriment to Rollins. It is my desire that the Sandspur be used as an instrument of better public relations with the world outside our campus. One little slur could break down months and even years of progress. We must not allow the Sandspur to be used in this manner.

Experience: I can honestly say that if I didn't have the necessary qualifications I would never have entered the race for editorship. I think too much of the Sandspur and of Rollins to take over a job that I would not be capable of fulfilling. Before coming to Rollins I held positions on several papers in many different capacities. Among these were: sports writing for the Springfield Daily News (two years); feature writer for the weekly publication of the Westinghouse Corporation of Springfield, Mass. (four years); news and sports stories for the Winter Park Herald (summer of 1946); playground news for the Orlando Evening Star (two summers); sports editor of the Orlando Junior College paper (one year); editor-in-chief of the Orlando Junior College paper (one year); and finally business manager of the Orlando Junior College Yearbook. Although this may sound as if I've had quite a bit of experience, I am still learning new things about the newspaper business. It is only with an open mind that progress can be made.

I intend to keep all these promises in mind if I am elected. Regardless of who wins, I'll always be for a greater, more progressive Sandspur.

BILL FRANGUS

You Owe It To Yourself

You will note that one page of this issue is devoted to a pictorial review of the several candidates running for office. This has been done for your convenience. There are so many students on the campus that quite often names are confused with the wrong faces. These pictures are being used as a sort of pictorial ballot to be used as a guide in next week's elections. Who you vote for is no one's business but your own, but you do owe it to yourself to cast your ballot. Too many times a lackadaisical attitude on the part of the student body has resulted in the election of inferior candidates. These offices that are to be decided upon are important positions. It is your duty to give each office careful consideration, then cast your ballot for the candidate of your choice. B. F.

Rollins Sandspur

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Editor-in-Chief: Ken Fenderson
Business Manager-Circulation Manager: Herb Van Wagoner
News Editor: Derek Brown-Barkin
Sports Editor: Bill Peapack
Feature Editor: Dallas Williams
Society Editor: Bill Bowen
Photography: Annie Gervason, Stanley Scott

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Associated Collegiate Press

Distributor of

Collegiate Digest

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir:

There has been a great deal of talk following last week's talk in the Annie Russell Theatre by President Wagner. This was inevitable. Most of the discussions I have heard have been critical—critical as to the presentation and as to the facts brought out. Maybe this was inevitable too. However, I am inclined to disagree. And here is why:

The subject of President Wagner's talk was "The State of the College." NOT the state of football at this college so some students would have me believe. As the new head of the college, President Wagner, I think, wanted us to know what his job is and what he has been doing since he assumed his duties this year. However, in my opinion, he was justified in presenting the background of his job as he did. In so doing, it is claimed he won the sympathy of his audience. Maybe he did. If so, accord him as a clever speaker. I believe, rather, that he was the interest of his audience, which is the desire and aim of every speaker.

Now as to the facts presented. It is claimed they were "padded" to show football was a financial drag on the college. I do not believe these facts were "padded." Why? Because I believe that President Wagner, or anyone for that matter, would never be so stupid as to jeopardize his position by presenting in the public unreliable figures which would be checked by that public with the figures in the treasurer's office.

And that is precisely what this critical public can do. However, instead, these uninformed people, equipped only with opinions, are speaking critically of the talk. Now criticism when constructive has meaning, but criticism just for the sake of criticism is valueless and unjustifiable. You need facts to back up your arguments, not opinions; otherwise your arguments have no worth.

It seems to me if you listened to President Wagner as objectively as you could, there was only one conclusion you could reach: under extant conditions, football had to go. Regrettable as agreed, but there it is. So unless you can prove valid your critical remarks, forget them.

This is our school. It can only improve through an extended cooperative effort on the part of the whole Rollins Family. So let's live up to our responsibilities to our selves and to our school.

HANK GOOCH

UMMN — — — LIFE SAVERS



Call "Help" and any one of these sturdy students will jump in and save you. Left to right are: Robert B. Hannum, Sally Lane, Josh Poole, Jack Miller, Joanne "Jo" Dunn, Mary "Skook" Bailey, Bob Heald, standing. Emory Hunter, Instructor; Pauline Seidman, Mary Webb, Mr. Art Heil from the Orlando Red Cross Life Saving and Water Safety Department, and Fleet Peoples. These students will complete 18 hours life saving and a 30-hour course in instructing. Others not pictured are: Stanley Rudd, Mary Ella Waite, Barbara Fiedelson and Franc Stauffer.

THE IVY TOWER—By Ives

The following tale is passed on because it deserves classification as the height of something or other. OUGHT announced HITE, as per Miss Bennett:

The day after the world's Irish had made whoopee over a guy named Patrick something or other, one of the better known inmates of Chase Hall came dragging in two meals late and looking somewhat more than 50% dejected.

"What in the hell happened to you?" he was asked by a guy with a lumpy vocabulary.

"Been celebrating" was the tired reply. "Guess I overdone it." "But you're not Irish," protested his assailant.

"I know, I know," returned the apostle of dissipation, holding his throbbing temples, "but my grandfather once owned an Irish Setter that I was very fond of. It was for him."

For needs is some crooked mill to muddle their wickers.

NEWS ITEM

French suit
String and strap
Uppity snoot
Till mishap

FURTHER DETAILS
French suit
(Sandy beach)
String and strap
(One of each)
Uppity snoot
(Awfully vain)
Till mishap
(Shrinking rain)

History: Feeling waxed pretty high when during the early days of our Republic John Jay returned from England after negotiating a treaty that many Americans considered disgraceful and humiliating. In the storm of indignation Jay was lashed in effigy; and it was reported that on the walls enclosing a certain home were chalked these words: "Damn John Jay. Damn everyone who won't damn John Jay; damn everyone who won't put lights in his windows and at up all night dressing John Jay."

PROFILE



JIM BEDORTHA

By TOM PICKENS

For the duration of these years, the great man had remained silent, staring cynically at the gloom-filled cubicle of Robbins from nicotine-trained eyeballs. At last he spoke, and his audience leaned forward, eagerly waiting for the pearls of wisdom to drip from his lips.

"If you're going to write a profile about me, don't say anything about my drinking. My father will cut my throat."

"Okay, I'll say you're abstaining from obtaining."

"Okay then, I was born in '29 during a January thaw. I came on a shock to my parents because I had been preceded by three normal children, and also because my mother was trying to deflate my father's ego by claiming a false pregnancy. Hoover wasn't the only bungler in '29."

"From the first I was a weak infant, and was forced to remain in the hospital for six months under the care of a highly skilled veterinarian. Finally the day arrived for me to go home. I still remember Mother looking down at me in my little kernel and saying sweetly, 'Christ Almighty.' Then she covered my head with a towel and took me home in a magnificently decorated garbage can."

When I reached home the fun really began. People were always dropping in to see the new baby and as a result I became the recipient of many wonderful gifts: straight runners, fish hooks, bear traps, eight pairs of straight pins, and a toll pen hammer. These failed in their appointed purpose, but my father rose to the crisis manfully. "With all his cleverness," he built me a play pen of electrically-charged barbed wire, and put it over a trap door in the cubana floor, leaving the little one to play. After I had fallen through a few times and shaken the house on its foundations, so that it sat on a 30 degree angle, he was persuaded to desist."

Guilty drained a brew and continued.

"Puberty presented some hazards. I developed several complexes, gathered all sorts of conflicts, and was a source of family and teachers alike. It was during this period that I learned to distinguish between men and women, through a method which, though socially unacceptable, is still the safest."

It was after I came to Rollins that I began to appreciate education. I love my professors dearly, and am trying to construct a suitable relationship between them and human beings."

The pile of devastated grog bottles was growing to monumental proportions and Guichy was sitting on his haunches, crooning a merry little ditty.

"That's from my next musical," he explained. "I got the idea for it working in the steel mill when a concrete block broke on my head. It's going to be about the future, you know—Buck Rogers and such. The theater is my first love. There's nothing I love better than to see the name Jim Bedortha spread all over a theater marquee."

The mighty Bedortha was sinking fast, but he managed to remain coherent long enough to state, "Of course you realize that if I was able to express myself fully I would write an autobiography for all this."

NOTICE

The census takers for the 17th decennial census will be on campus during the first and second weeks of April. Enumerators will personally interview all students in their dormitory living rooms for the requested information.

It is to be noted that all information recorded is entirely confidential and will be used for statistical purposes only.

All students are officials while the information is being solicited.

Torchbearers Light Up Annie Russell Audience

By JESS GREGG

A satire on amateur actors can be a risky business when contrasted to amateur action. The necessary perspective is liable to be missing, the satire becomes realism and alas, vice-versa. Mercifully, this was avoided in "The Torchbearers" which opened at the Annie Russell last Tuesday, thanks to some spirited direction and a few sharp performances.

George Kelly, who wrote this comedy, has never shown much interest in plot. The bright substance of his plays has always been characterization and a prodding of the foibles of the middle class. Unfortunately, times change, the extravaganzas ripe for lampooning yesterday become quaint or unimportant today, and the satire loses its life. "The Torchbearers" was written early in the twenties. Since it is doubtful how valid the comedy might be out of context of that era, Director Dorsett wisely let it be played as a period piece, reaping additional visual humor from the appalling fashions of that feverish age. It is a pity, however, that the play was not more extensively cut. Sometimes the dialogue became desperately wearisome, and you can't laugh at a clothe hat forever.

If the play was sometimes down at the heels, the cost was always on its toes. As an inept Bernhard, Cynthia Crawford, gave a bright performance. While playing straight, she was always charming, though sometimes uncertain in technique. From the moment, however, she uttered those memorably awful lines, "My sweetie here!" in the play-within-the-play, her portrayal assumed strange and wonderful dimensions. Seldom have these old ears heard a more hilarious sound than that stilted melody she

produced in the name of laughter. The Mrs. Pampinelli of Betty Lou Kepler came close to a Helen Robinson grandeur. Let it be said that she moved well, that her playing did not lack detail, that she got most of her laughs. Still, for this critic, at least, the character never fully came alive. It was the work of a clever and obedient actress who has apparently never imagined what it must be like to be over twenty-one.

The audience seemed much pleased with Jack Belt's delineation of a dazed thespian. Full of abortive gestures and gorgeous vocal incompetence, Belt was one of the few who fully grasped the playwright's intention. Rannin Walker, who has given many good performances, returned to his "Type 1 A," or "Whatever happened to Richard Hayden?" characterization, now so familiar to audiences at the Annie Russell. He was funny, but it was uncreative, surface stuff not worthy of his promise.

Fred Taylor exacted a good bit of humor from his brief role, and with only half a mutuality, too. Jim McMenamy, always amusing, played the part of a man who got sick, and, reader, I DID enjoy that, every moment of it. I admitted the work of Marianne Kuhn as a thrilling middle-aged flirt, but I do wish someone would decide that dumping flour on the hair does not necessarily suggest hoary locks.

Cameron MacCardell bested a thousand role. Peggy Burnett, looking very handsome, did right by her real-life portrayal, though failing to make it sufficiently distinctive from her make-believe part. Anna Garvelson was cast as an English maid. She played an American. Vivian Brown made the most of her lines, not one of which was spoken.

The production side was rather fun. Wilbur Dorsett's direction was fast and neat. Indeed, so hysterical a pace did he set in the second act that the third seemed woefully long by contrast. The costumes were the real McCoy, bright and harrowing, but the set will not get a kind word out of me. But I don't think the audience noticed it. They were having too good a time.

The French Had A Word For It

Pictured above—George Lyburn and Mary Lou Mills, standing; Lee Gibson and Ray Wain, sitting.

Wandering into the Administration Building the last day of registration was really an earth shaking experience.

Frontie students wandering higher and yon, tipping over ink wells, tearing up schedules and in general raising heck with everyone from the registrar to the secretary to the secretary of the department of registration week at Rollins College.

The Rollins R-Book has truly stated the picture when it said that the registration process is excruciating only as far as the French custom as far as red tape is concerned.

Undoubtedly there must be a least nine hundred miles of cat's combs under the Administration Building to hold the thousands upon thousands of students' records that are filled out during these yearly registration periods. At the end of a four year stretch these little cards, that in the majority of cases, bear the same identical information.

Ah yes, have you ever tried to chase down your adviser on the last day of registration. It always seems that he or she, as the case may be, has decided to take it on an extended tour of the Upper Ganges River in India, or some other far-offen place.

Many frantic phone calls finally locate him and get you scheduled changed.

Undoubtedly registration can be easy if you had your schedule planned for the four years you are here but after all everybody loves to procrastinate and Rollins admits as some of the best in the nation.

A traveling salesman sent his wife a check for a million kisses as a birthday present.

"Dear John," she wrote in a knowledge, "I can't begin to express my appreciation of the check you sent me on my birthday. I gave it to the milkman this morning, and he cashed it."

ROLLINS COLLEGE ELECTION CAMPAIGN EXTRA!

GRASS GREENER AT HOME

By ED GRANBERRY

There are hundreds of opportunities today for the young college graduate in the many growing industries in Florida. Nearly every possible field or profession imaginable is represented. It is true that jobs are harder for the college graduate to find now than they were two or three years ago, but nevertheless there are boundless opportunities open to those who are interested in making something of themselves.

At present Florida is the world's largest producer of phosphate. This industry alone offers a great deal to grads interested in chemistry, mining, public relations, business administration, and engineering.

Possibly the fastest-growing industry in Florida at present is the vacuum citrus industry. This industry started as a mere infant only a few years ago and has risen steadily. In addition to orange and grapefruit juice, the industry is experimenting with pineapple juice, raised under the same high-vacuum conditions. Here may be the developing of a new sideline for citrus growers that could well turn into a veritable gold mine.

There are many other positions open to young men and women in the State of Florida. At the last count the number of race-track bookies had been seriously depleted. This is certainly a thriving business that offers a world of excitement, and the only real requirement is that you need a green sash. Naturally, the mortality rate on these jobs is rather high at present, but it promises to go down as politics goes up.

Another interesting and lucrative business that seems to thrive extremely well in this state is that of politics. Any person who can muster enough lung power to blow over the first eight rows at any graduation, over a black string tie, kisses babies both young and old, shakes hands like he was pumping water and has an Ipana smile will surely succeed in this capacity.

Last, but not least, is that world-renowned job of beach-combing that has been made famous from the South Sea Islands of Kokoninaga to the shell-strewn beaches of Sunny Florida. The possibilities in a job of this sort are immeasurable. You have no boss; as one can see, this has many advantages. One does absolutely nothing that you don't have to do or don't want to do. This naturally leads to total and complete physical disintegration, as most people usually picture a beachcomber as having a bottle under one arm and a dusky South-Sea-Salad maiden under the other.

As any college grade can see by now, the business opportunities in Florida, both real and fancied, are just as good as anywhere else in the world and certainly not any worse.

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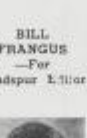


MARY SKOOK BAILEY
—For Sandspur Editor

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Candidate for Secretary of the Student Council



JEAN CURRIE
Candidate for Vice-President of the Student Council



MARNEE NORRIS
Candidate for Secretary of the Student Council



CORKY HALL
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TAR CREW PREPARING TOMAHAWK PARTY FOR VISITING INDIANS

Baseball Squad Hits The Road

By BILL FRANGUS

The Tar baseball squad embarks on its first road trip of the season when it travels to Tallahassee to meet the Florida State University nine. Two games will be played in Tallahassee against the same opponent; one game will be played on March 31, the other on April 1.

The Tars will return home and begin preparations for their game with Clemson on April 6. This will be one half of a doubleheader in which Clemson will also meet Bradley.

The hitting of Harry (the horse) Hancock and the twirling of big John Gray have been two of the brightest factors of this young baseball season. The rest of the squad is fast rounding into shape, and will soon hit mid-season form. The infield especially looked sharp in reeling off four neat double plays in the second game against Alabama; this is pretty fair baseball in any league.

Tarpons Stage Water Show

By NORMA JEAN THAGGARD

Tarpon club opened its season of spring shows this Sunday (March 26) afternoon with an aquatic extravaganza staged at the Mayfair Inn in Sanford, Florida. The eleven shapely performers who donned their gold suits to swim in this water fantasy set to music were Nancy Neide, Norma Jean Thaggard, Irma Schaefer, Saretta Hill, Pat Roberts, Ann Lewis Turley, Sally Lane, Darlene Evison, Mary Welsh, Bobby Doer, and Jo Dunn. Opening the show, a quartet composed of Neide, Schaefer, Turley, and Roberts swam a smooth and easy ballet. This was followed by a beautiful routine by Doer and Dunn. Next, the entire group offered an exhibition of strokes and ballet tricks; while Welsh, Neide, and Thaggard demonstrated some basic springboard dives.

Synchronizing their 30 arms and 20 legs then, the team swam a mass pattern of intricate strokes

STATE CHAMPS AGAIN?



Back row: Jim Covello, Buddy McBryde, Don Work, Dick Williams, Joe Hull, Rusty Williams, Bob McManigle, Francis Natolis, John "Walter Mitty" Gray, Harry Hancock, Clyde Stevens, B. J. Leathers and Dave Shelley. First row: Buzzy Rodenbough, George Widdens, Lyle Chambers, Bobby Riggs, and Chuck Ayres.

and surface formations. The ballet closed with an exceptional duet by Neide and Thaggard.

For presenting such an excellent exhibition for their guests and visiting New Jersey Giant baseball team, the management feted the girls with a dinner and individual gifts. Future engagements will see the squad representing Rollins and winning an admirable name for themselves at Silver Springs, Cypress Gardens, Rainbow Springs, San Lando Springs and the Orange Court Hotel in Orlando. In May an exciting water show will be given by Tarpon. One half will be formation and feature work in the afternoon, and the second half torch swimming and fire diving in the evening. The club invites all students to attend every show.

The Tarpon club is a girl's group of specialized swimmers who through hard work have learned the knack of making the



Tarpon Mermaids executing intricate pattern during recent exhibition.

difficult look very, very easy. Coach Nancy Neide deserves much credit for producing such a finely functioning unit of swimmers. The girls themselves say, "It's fun 'cept when the water's cold." Although there are 23 girls in Tarpon club, only 6 wear Tarpon keys. Fifteen compose the Tarpon team. To earn the privilege of wearing the Tarpon requirements are 1) swimming ability, 2) spirit, class attendance, 3) contributions to the team, 3) election to the performing squad and, 4) participation in four major water shows. Tarpon will choose new "key" members this spring.

Dartmouth To Arrive Thursday; Lake Maitland Scene of Races

Rollins Cops State Golf Title

By BILL FRANGUS

Rollins played the role of giant-killer in the recent Florida Inter-collegiate Golf Tournament held in Deland, March 22 through March 25. After the smoke had cleared away, the Tar squad had an aggregate of 593. This was one stroke better than Miami, the defending champion, who had to be content with second place, Florida Southern College wound up in third slot.

For Rollins, this coup of the State Tournament was a major victory. Miami had been so sure of repeating last year's victory, that they did not bring back the trophy with them when they left for Deland, and this year's matches.

Although the entire Rollins squad played steady golf, it was Jule Arnold who turned in the best individual efforts in the meet. He was the only member of the Tar squad not eliminated from the championship flight in the first round. He advanced to the quarter-finals before losing a heart-breaking match to Tommy Sullivan of the University of Miami.

First Mother: "How did that naughty little boy of yours get hurt?"

Second Mother: "That good little boy of yours hit him in the head with a rock."

Visiting Crewmen Out To Avenge Last Year's Defeat

By ED GRANBERRY

On Saturday afternoon, the Rollins Tars and the Dartmouth Indian crews will match oars over the mile-long course on Lake Maitland.

Last Saturday the Tars were defeated by a close margin by a crack Boston University crew under the tutelage of Jim Newbury.

During this week, Dr. U. T. Bradley has been working both his crews over the two-mile course on Lake Maitland in an effort to smooth out the rough spots in the Rollins shells. In addition, the Tar oarsmen have been getting instructional tips from action movies taken by Wes Emery and Hugh Davis from the coaching launch. These movies have been beneficial in pointing out the past mistakes of the crews.

Dartmouth's first race of the season will be against La Salle in Philadelphia on Wednesday. They will arrive in Winter Park on Thursday.

Under the canny coaching of Jim Smith, the Dartmouth eight has always given the Tars a rough race, and this time are out to revenge last year's defeat; however, Brad's men have other ideas and are sharpening their tomahawks in anticipation of a scalping party.

Women are just a rag, a bone, a hank of hair—but, what's wrong with the junk business?

1950 INTRAMURAL SOFTBALL SCHEDULE (First half)

- Mar. 29 Sigma Nu vs. Delta Chi.
30 Independents vs. Kappa Alpha.
31 Lambda Chi Alpha vs. Sigma Nu.
Apr. 3 Delta Chi vs. Kappa Alpha.
4 Independents vs. X Club.
5 X Club vs. Sigma Nu.
10 Independents vs. Delta Chi.
12 X Club vs. Lambda Chi Alpha.
13 Kappa Alpha vs. Sigma Nu.
14 Independents vs. Lambda Chi Alpha.
17 Kappa Alpha vs. X Club.
18 Delta Chi vs. Lambda Chi Alpha.
19 Sigma Nu vs. Independents.
20 Delta Chi vs. X Club.
24 Kappa Alpha vs. Lambda Chi Alpha.

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Bill was an all-round athlete. He chose football as his favorite sport, made the varsity teams at Pomona Junior College and also at the University of Oregon.



A Theta Chi, Bill enjoyed a social life. Found that it eased the pressure of rugged athletics and his heavy study schedule in Personnel Management.



Upon graduation, Bill chose a future in the Air Force. He "flew" his first Link trainer as an Aviation Cadet in 1940. By March, 1941, he had won his pilot wings.



The 1st Observation Squadron, Fort Riley, Kansas was Lieutenant Reynolds' first assignment. While there he met the future Mrs. Reynolds. They married a year later and now have two fine sons.



The Squadron moved to Panama, then to the Pacific. Bill advanced from pilot to operations officer to squadron commander. He came home a Major and qualified for a Regular Commission.



Recently commended for peacetime work—organizing and improving instruction techniques—Major Reynolds, a "Pilot-Professor", looks forward to a long and gainful career in the U. S. Air Force.



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COEDS IN SPORTS

By Kay McDowell and Marianna Kuhn

The Tarlets have certainly compiled an outstanding record this year in the basketball court with a record of thirteen consecutive victories against no defeats. With two remaining games left to be played the girls are pointing towards an undefeated season. In the last two outings Rollins defeated Pat's Plasterers by a score of 47-32 and administered a whipping to the American Fire and Casualty team in the time of 40-13.

A new ruling added to the volleyball regulations this year states that any side hitting the ball into the five tenton areas about the court will be ruled out. You'll have to learn to control that ball! Last, but not least, here are the final intramural golf results. Betty Rowland took top honors in the championship flight, while Lynn Wallace took the first flight and Phyllis Bristol downed Marianna Kuhn to capture the second flight.

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Giant-Killer Copeland Uses Rough Racquet

By PAUL BINNER

...and anyone I can't whip on the tennis court I invite down a dark alley after the match, and if they're too big for that I take them down to Robin's and drink them under the table, and if... The preceding statement is just a snatch of what I have on my little wine-voracious after this afternoon's interview with Eddie Copeland's little brother Norman.

Norman operates a touring range when fully tanked, 100 miles out of Daytona Beach.

CRAZY-LEGS IN ACTION



NORMAN COPELAND

Florida. About the time Norman had reached to tender age of 13, brother Eddie, already a pro and seely in need of pupils, shoved a tennis racquet in his hands and at special reduced rates proceeded to instruct him in the manly art of striking a defenseless tennis ball with a rather nasty looking club. After a short period of instructions brother Ed went off, amid the blare of trumpets, to more lucrative fields of instruction. One year later Ed came home in triumph and Norman was chosen to be the sacrificial lamb in a little exhibition match for the home town crowd. Eddie tripped out onto the court fashionably attired in a "Bill Bill Tilden" tennis sweater, a pair of eggshell flannels, and his Fred Perry sneakers; while Norman shuffled on to court in a bathing suit, no shoes, and an old shirt (not styled by the Tuggerly). Of course, as you might have guessed from the buildup, Norman won the match. Ed had to give up the game for two months to recuperate.

While in high school he didn't lose a single intercollegiate match and he also did all right in his extra curricular endeavors too, in that he won the East Coast and State Jr. Davis Cup Championships. Shortly after graduating from high school he joined the Marines and remained associated with them for 3 years; taking a 20 months scenic tour of various picturesque tropical isles nestled invitingly in the warm waters of the Pacific Ocean, under their auspices.

After disengaging himself from the Marines in 1945 he entered Rollins in January of 1946 and has been a semi-permanent fixture on the tennis courts since. Since being here, he has played every place on this team from number two to six, has record of only one loss in intercollegiate singles play that much more impressive.

So that I don't give the impression that Norm spends all his time playing tennis I might just mention briefly that he also knows a bit, he holds the Camp Lejeune novice light-weight title; he played three years of baseball in high school, and he also plays intramural football and softball.

"By the way, Norm, why did you come to Rollins?" "Well, let me think." "Was it because you heard it was a tennis-minded school?" "No, I really don't think tennis is that important."

"Was it because it's here in Florida?"

"No, I didn't give that much thought either."

"Was it because of all the beautiful scenery?"

"No, I'm the sky type and I'm not much interested in women."

"Well, maybe you came because your brother Ed was here."

Tar Drippings

By BILL FRANGUS

Enough past mortuaries have been written about football at Rollins, so this column will be devoted mainly to baseball and golf.

The little-publicized Tar golf squad scored a major victory last week. They returned from Du-Land with the Florida Intercollegiate Championship. Another state championship for the Rollins rumpus! Members of this fine Rollins squad include Jugs Arnold, Clyde Kelly, Billy Keyes, Jimmy Brass and Larry Bentley.

At first glance the Tar's three won and three lost record in baseball doesn't seem too impressive, but when the figures are broken down a different light is thrown on the subject. Two of the Tar's three victories have been scored at the expense of Alabama, perennial power of the Southeastern Conference. In fact the Tide has a record of seven Southeastern titles in the past ten years. The Tar managed to break even with a good University of North Carolina team and dropped a heart-breaking one-run decision to a strong North Carolina State team. Opening their season against such strong opposition is certainly one way of compiling a winning record the hard way. Rollins has scheduled some of the best collegiate competition available and are more than holding their own against them—which only points to one meaning in this context—the Tar may be well on their way to another state championship.

One of the most gratifying factors of the young baseball season has been the splendid support accorded the team. The grandstand and bleachers have been well-filled in addition to several car-lined against the right field line, packed with student-spectators.

The Rollins lasses wrapped up the city basketball title without necessitating a play-off. Having capped first-half honors the Tarlets reported in the second-half thereby sewing up the league banking. Now that it is definitely established that the State Girls' Basketball Tournament will be held in Orlando, I hope this fine team gets a chance to show their wares in state competition. They certainly have the material and ability to cop the state title.

The Tar netters won their twenty-seventh straight intercollegiate tennis match at the expense of Davidson. Records are not available, but this seems to be some sort of a record-breaking achievement in intercollegiate tennis circles.

College Pitching Terrific--Chambers

By CHARLES WOODS

"Baseball, that's my game," said Lyle Chambers, who took to the sport in the first grade of grammar school as a duck takes to water. In the 8th, 9th and 10th grades, Lyle played left field on the Winter Park High School varsity. However, Lyle, wanting more action, moved to second base during his 11th and 12th years of high school baseball. During his high school career, Lyle was a heavy hitter, hitting 400, which helped the Parkers upset Orlando High School in a thrilling game for the district Championship. When Lyle graduated, he was the only member of the Winter Park High School to receive five varsity baseball letters.

When Chambers came to Rollins, he continued playing second base like a master. "The hitting is much harder, though," commented Lyle. "The pitcher's playing college ball are just terrific. I feel lucky if I get a hit game," he continued. College pitching must be hard to hit because Lyle hit a 300 clip in the Florida Coast League against such pitchers as Charles Ayres, Leitchworth of Auburn, and Newson who shared the hurling honors with Wallace Jones at Kentucky. Just for a laugh, Lyle edged out his coach, Joe Justice, for the second base job.

"No, I guess I came to Rollins because of the extremely fine educational opportunities for young men of character and ability who wish to pursue serious academic objectives under some of the most enlightened minds in the country."

"Oh."

State Champs Tar Golf Squad

By SCOTTY WITHERELL

Under the supervision of play-coach Clyde Kelly the Rollins linksmen will play teams from such "big" schools as the University of Miami, Duke, and Wake Forest. Already Rollins has played two matches, losing a close 10-9 to 7-5 match to Miami on March 4 and upsetting Southern 17 to 1 last Saturday.

The Rollins team, when it attains full strength, will be a worthy opponent for any college in the South. Here's how it stacks up:

Clyde Kelly, from Sarasota, Florida, is a Junior at Rollins. He was city champion of his home town for two years and was runner-up in last year's DuSedreth championship.

Jugs Arnold, from Gainesville, Florida, has been playing on the Tar team for two years and is its current number two man.

Billy Keyes, from Columbus, Georgia, attended Washington and Lee University last year and was number one man on its team. He is well-known in southern golf circles.

Jimmy Brass, from Orlando, Florida, Jim is a Freshman at Rollins and was the Florida State high school golf champion in 1949.

Larry Bentley, from Plymouth, Michigan, was Junior state golf champion of Michigan for the past two years.

As Rollins plans to use only a 4-man team this year compared to last year's 6-man team, competition will be much keener for starting berths, and it should result in a vastly improved squad.

Highlights of this spring's schedule are the Florida State intercollegiate golf championships to be held at Stetson this week, and the Southern intercollegiate matches to be held in Athens, Georgia, around the middle of April.

Come out and give your golf team the support it deserves. Home matches are played on the DuSedreth course and usually start at 1:30 in the afternoon.



HORNER

Inter-Fraternity Sports



ROBINSON

Lively Skirmish For Softball Honors Anticipated As Campus Fraternities Gird For Action

With the intramural race for the Clark Trophy still far from being decided, one of the most popular spectator sports is now under way. This sport is softball or diamondball, as it is called by some. Call it what you like, the games at Sandspur Bowl are chock full of thrills and chills.

Last year the championship was won by the Lambda Chi, orphan team of the league. Picked by many to finish far behind, the Lambda Chi played heads-up ball to assure the pennant. This year's Lambda Chi team remains virtually the same. The only loss to the squad has been Dick Darty but his absence may not be felt if replacement Bill Mincey rounds into form. The pennant winners are probably the bravest-hitting team in the league and could repeat.

The X Club finished second last year and were the only team to beat the champions. Their losses have been heavy through graduation with four of last year's first-stringers not around this year. They still have their capable right-handed chucker, John' Joe Swack, good in the field. With such hitters as Jim Bryson, Art Swack and Jim Inman they will stir up a lot of trouble for opposing moundmen.

The Sigma Nu could well prove to be the sleeper team of the league. Their chances rest in the hands of Little Oscar Cashwell whose chucking can be as sparkling as a bowl of left-over gravy one day and emotional the next. If Ken Flowers stays in the lineup regularly the boys from Rollins Hall will stay in the fight to the end.

The KA's are undergoing a heavy rebuilding program with losses from graduation a big factor. Needed to make them a threat are one good pitcher and at least three hitters to brighten up their attack, which is anemic.

The Independents remain an unknown quantity at this writing. In two practice games they have been beaten by the Sigma Nu. This could be an indication of the Sigma Nu strength as well as the Independents' weakness.

The Delta Chi's youth movement moves now into the softball wars. They are another outfit looking for a capable twirler and some hitting strength. One will not suffice, however. They need both.

The Alpha Phi Lambda's are just taking up this game of diamondball and their prospects are not rosy at this writing. Time will tell. The winner of softball will stand a good chance of grabbing the Clark trophy. Needless to say the games will be played with incentive—a polite word for fight. And when games are played with fight... anything could happen... Sandspur Bowl every afternoon at four-thirty.

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ON YOUR TOES! Cleverest women's unanimous opinion is "extra boys here are like a shot of plasma to anemic Rollins social life." . . . Ois left for Miami, so Gloria Gilbert receives title of most eligible woman of the week. . . Bird-dog seen pointing Lake-side. . .

WHAT'S THIS? Shep-dating. Why of Boston all weekend. . . It was old home week for Carolyn Heghs with all the Alabama boys here. . . Dick Baldwin must have had a fine time at the Henderson—which do you like better—the mother or daughter? . . . X Club reports Lyle Chambers is lovely, he was ivory, he's engaged! . . . Ruth Pale and Cal Dixon seen on

court—can this be love? . . . Kappa Alpha Theta Robbins slept through the dance—N. C. . . It's rumored around that Bob McCourt came to Rollins strictly for an education. . . Dan Dougherty makes lots of friends dishing out sandwiches. . .

COMMENTS OF THE WEEK—Bill Muncey—B period Saturday "This education can't be here to stay." . . The phone rang in the Sigma Nu house. Dan Pinger went in to answer it then came out and called "Dan Pinger"—Do you answer yourself yet, Dan? . . . Lambda Chi's congratulating Jack Poole on finally making it. . .

KAPPA ALPHA—THE A COUPLES—At the Kappa Alpha Theta Ball we saw Marie Elizabeth White and Mary Brenner, Dottie Manning and Warren Reider, Jess Currie and Frank Scott, Kit Bowen and John Whitmire, Dawn Peters and Jerry Walker, Joan Jensen and Bob Dwyer, Buck Daffley, Jess Chapman and Sister's Wade Gardner, Al Forehand and Helen DeTroy, Mae Wallace, Pat Posten, Betty Davidson, Carol Peirin, and Ann Greene—all having a riotous time with Delta Chi dates, Ellie Smith and Joe Poppe, Daryl Stamm and Reed Talt, Cathy Sorey and Joe Peoples, Cathryn Hovest and Norman Manish, Phyllis Daley and Jim Duffin, Nancy Reilly and Warren Warden, Nancy Neide and George Johnson, Bob Peck Linda Schultz, Margaret Smith and Bill Barely. . .

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Gamma Phi's Semi-Formal

The Duhundred Country Club will be just "dripping" with fun this Saturday night when the Gamma Phi's hold their "April Showers Dance" to the tune of Ingram Wilcox's hand. Betty McCord and her dance committee have planned one special brain-alarm (not to mention all the others); just wait till you see it! The patio will be sprinkled with fans, umbrellas, raindrops and real ones we hope, and girls in their springest formal—dressed up, boys, is semi-formal! Thanks go to Harry Hancock for all his brilliant suggestions and hard work, too. We'll see you there about 8 p.m., and plan on having a wonderful time—no April Fools about it!

PI PHI SCHOOL

At its 1940 convention, Pi Beta Phi voted to establish some form of educational project in a memorial to its founders. After consultation with the United States Commissioner of Education and other authorities, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee was chosen as an ideal site for a Settlement School. In 1942 thirteen pupils of all ages assembled in a single room under the guidance of one teacher for the regular three months' school term required by the county.

From this humble beginning the school has expanded through the sustaining interest of Pi Beta Phi's everywhere. In 1947 the first Seniors received their diplomas without leaving the community. This year 392 grade pupils and 120 high school students were enrolled.

Today these Pi Beta Phi's contributions to the educational program: provisions of all costs of instruction for full-time physical education, music, and art, and crafts departments; assistance in the selection of the county-paid teaching staff; aid in the purchase of needed supplies; supplemental salary for the principal of the high school to insure better trained supervision; health supervision for all students through the facilities of the Health Center; and dormitory housing for eight high school girls and an equal number of boys.

The physical education instructor places special emphasis on health and sports, particularly basketball and the past half year has also assumed the duties of principal. Arts and crafts, with one full-time and one half-time instructor for weaving, wood-working, and other crafts is helping to keep alive mountain crafts, the heritage of the Southern Appalachians.

Berkman from St. Pete, Dawn Peters from Baltimore, Henri Nameroff from Hollywood, Florida, and Nancy Downey from Milwaukee, and Mike Dix.

ALUMUS Mary Lee Rothermel will make the Alpha Phi's and Jerry Murphy happy with her visit next week. . .

PLEDGING—Pi Phi proudly announces the pledging of Ellie Shaw and Mary Jane Mallory. . . Sigma Nu, Frank Staiger.

INITIATED—Chuck Ayres, Don Geddes, H. B. Roberts, Bob Harding, Charles Spitzberg, Jim Wesley, Bill Fricks, Cal Dixon, Joe Williams, Clason Kyle, and Leo Robbins.

STEADY—Jo Gunther, Gamma Phi and Buddy High, Sigma Nu. **PINNED—**Joan Patten, Alpha Phi and Larry Bently, Sigma Nu. **Lib Lallimes, Chi Omega and Damon Lyons, Delta Chi Maris Mulholland, Kappa Alpha Theta and Dick Shannon, Phi Delta Theta from Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.**

MARRIED—Mellann Thoms and Mildred Talson.

NEW OFFICERS—Alpha Phi: Lambda—Fred Rogers, president; Bob Neuhaus, vice-president; Jim Krisher, secretary; Charlie Robinson, treasurer; Sam Gregory, social chairman; Norby Menz, Student Council representative—Al Forehand, alternate—X Club . . . Jim Kelly, president; Buddy Tate, vice-president; Jim Imank, secretary; Max Grubbs, treasurer; Buddy Tate, Student Council representative—Joe Swiggard, alternate; Scotty Withersell, intramural representative. **Independent Women Officers—**Ann Lewis Turley, president; Edith Schultz, vice-president; Jo Ann Raulerson, treasurer;

... AND A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL



Pictured above enjoying the Theta-KA dance: Bobbie Davis, Joan Jensen, Rocky Flanders, Joel Hull, Jimmy O'Neil, Ed Taylor, Bob McManigle, and two visitors.

YOU CAN'T WIN FOR LOSING

Why does it have to be like this? Why does a boy always have to kiss?

No matter the face—no matter the name:

Alone with a girl they're always the same.

When driving along a road that's dark

His strongest impulse is to park

Maybe he likes the lipstick taste, Or maybe he has some time to waste.

But times like this are warm and free

When a boy is on a necking spree

After the wrestling match is done you wonder who has really won.

Your lipstick's gone or smeared a lot

And a swell hair-do is all shot.

But in the light he must look queer with lipstick smeared from ear to ear.

I'd really like to meet a boy

Whose company I could enjoy.

A boy I could admire and respect

Simply because he wouldn't neck.

II

Our stunner baby is simply this:

It's a boy who makes us want to kiss!

You spend an hour on a hair-do.

To see a date you fry and stew;

You turn your very warmest glance

Yes, you and flirt and look so sweet

Big ace would melt if you turned on the heat

With luscious lips and pointed nails

You trap us poor pretending males.

And so we face it—and like it too.

Just what do you expect us to do?

If a boy wouldn't kiss and neck

You'd say, "O! What the heck! That's mother's little lambie pig; You can't have fun with such a guy!"

So go, don't try to fool us guys.

To make us stop—turn off those eyes!

The boys you get to neck with you

Do it because you want them to!

THE ROVING PHOTOGRAPHER

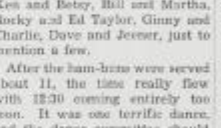
All Rollins students have voiced their opinions on the football team being disbanded. To get an idea of the general response to Dr. Wagner's address to the student body, your reporter asked, "What do you think of the decision to drop football?"



Fred Geagan: "I am sorry that the school had to cut out football, but in view of the financial situation it was the only thing to do and I don't see any future in being any more poorer when the school needs it."



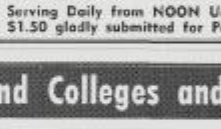
G. W. Mooney: "I am in favor of football, but I don't see any future in being any more poorer when the school needs it."



Mary Haley: "I'm certainly in favor of football, but I don't see any future in being any more poorer when the school needs it."



Betty Whiskey: "I'm for football. What else? I feel that there are other things in which to cut down expenses."



Mary McHenry: "I am in favor of football, but I don't see any future in being any more poorer when the school needs it."



Blandy and Bud: "I am in favor of football, but I don't see any future in being any more poorer when the school needs it."



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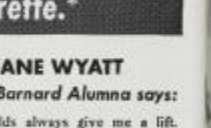
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