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GIRLS REVEAL SECRETS OF DORMITORY ESCAPE

SNEAK OUT

Last weekend Sandspur reporter, Ina Snooper, heard several fair co-eds comparing notes on a research paper on how to sneak out of the house. Since several of them have put in so much time and effort, we feel that it is only fair to let all 640 students in on their difficult research.

A rather ingenious way would be to open the door and close it twice, so that the housemother will think that you've gone out to get

a breath of fresh air and have come right back in. If that doesn't work send your date to the fire station to get a net so you can jump from the third floor. A rather dangerous way would be to pole vault over the wall if you live in a house with a patio. Might try a sky-rocket or touch off the automatic sprinkler to divert the housemother and when the firemen come in, you go out. If nothing else works go on a strict diet so you can go through the bars.

POME—The dent in the sidewalk Rollins Orphanage she will be un-

were discovered. Flivverick sent the Clubbers nuts to the Newfound-

Center aBement. we must all agree on that. Lemraet Enaj, Retnuh Me. their secret spik day. All profes-

sants, faculty, alumni, townspeo-

ple, and liberies marched down

All the rest eat peanut butter. This's star full-back, Amn Rose-

4. Don't mix chemicals near the moka and public relations o ces. Hummy yelled, "Yolkas!" and at-

foolish, as if people were taking

tell them please to not at the girls

to become a reality, we are ini

STUDENTS LEARN TO ACCOMPLISH SECRET DESIRE—HOW TO KILL

There are times in each of our lives when we get the urge to kill one or maybe all of our professors. The fiberick idea is very fiberick, we must all agree on that.

There are various instruments one can use in disposing of his teachers; a hatchet can be very effective. Just stand at most any yardage, and simply hurl.

A pistol may be used standing at arm's length and pulling the trigger. This is assuming, of course, that you are on the verge of blindness.

The knife is probably the most popular. There are three different ways in which the knife may be used: the slash, the throw and the plunge.

and smorgasbord to be serve

The slash—stand facing the victim and then move one foot back and bring the knife diagonally across the body.

The throw—same procedure as the hatchet—hurl from any distance. All this is so much fun!

The plunge—stand behind victim and thrust the knife directly into his back. (This may also be done from the front, providing you can stand his fiberick amile.)

A good recipe which is less messy than the above is:

- 1/2 cup cyanide
 - 1 dash arsenic
 - 1/2 cup nitroglycerin
- mix well and serve hot continued on page 1

EKOJ

"What's your cat's name?"

"Ben Hur."

"How did you hit on that name?"

"Well we called it Ben until it had kittens."—Yale Record.

EMOP

Damned if it ain't.—Yale Record.

or

Blue Plate.

I'm sorry sir that goes with the

or

ager.

I'm not the waiter, I'm the man-

or

Quiet; everybody will want one.

or

Catch him next time he surfaces.

or

day.

Drat, and this is Maudless Tues-

or

He won't drink much.

or

Guard?

What do you think I am, a life

my soup!

Waiter, Walter there's a fly in

EKOJ

Bob Harding on train: "We're nearing a tunnel, honey. Aren't you afraid?"

Girl: "Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

SEX AND FREE LOVE ON THE ROLLINS CAMPUS

CENSORED

LIVE WIRE

Tappa Kega Beer really gave a terrific party atop the high diving board down at ye old lake front. Funniest incident of the evening was when Al Ways slid off and caught his pants on a nail half way down; no one could quite reach him. It was really lucky he didn't fall all the way down because the water had receded out to the middle of Lake Ginny.

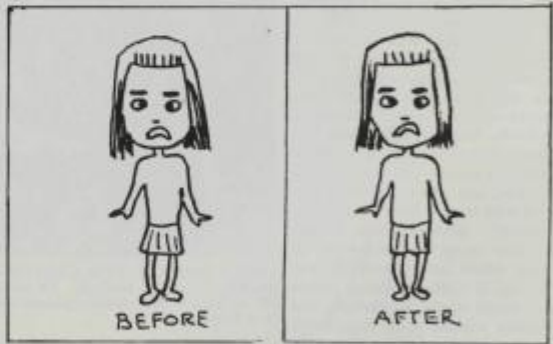
Iota Felta Thi chose ther new leaders this past week. Jim Naeium is new prexy, Bob Sled is the veep, Mal Formed is secretary, and Dan Delion is the fiberick. Congrats, fellows!

Mary had a little lamb, She also had a bear, I've often seen her little lamb, But I keep thinking this is Thurs-

day. Eta Beta Pi went to the Sea Gull this past weekend. Fun was had by awl. Jan Sen and Al Lice decided to swim to Africa. A telegram received just before this went to press read . . . "Made it." Her roommate wired back . . . "What's new."

Things seen around campus lately: Iris Fry running to first base with Don's jacket, Petal Smith warming up Bobby Leader's pitching arm, Dick Seylor singing, "I got loaded," Don Brinegar, Mary Ann Kuhn, and lots of people—who are they?

Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November, All the rest eat peanut butter, Except Grandmother, She rides a bicycle.



WHERE IS THE SEAT OF YOUR ILLS?

You are a mess and you know it.
Lousy or less and you show it.
How your fiberick suffered till
Dr. Schlottnick, Dr. Schlottnick,
Has made you a pill!!
(They go to the seat of your ills)

LOOK FOR THE YELLOW AND PURPLE
BOTTLE



NEW, MODERN, PRIVATE !

Do you have trouble finding a place to park? Can't you drink in private? Your story is sad!! But we have the solution—The Passion Pit. It is just the place to be alone . . . with or without your date. Visit us once and you'll never go anywhere else.

JUST THE SPOT FOR LATE DATES!

WHAT DO
YOU
EXPECT TO
FIND
WAY
DOWN
HERE?

ASPHALT BELLIES

Girls intramural football games are becoming closer and more fliberick as a result of a little coaching by Knute Rocky Darrah. With the 76-0 victory of Tappa Kega Beer over Esta Beta Pi on Monday, the 102-0 victory of Tappa Gega Beer over I Fleta Thi on Tuesday, the 75-0 victory of Tappa Kega Beer over Phi Saw Wood on Wednesday, it is impossible to predict this season's winner.

The most exciting play of the season so far came during the clash between the fliberick Tappa Kega Beer sorority and the I Felta Thi. Thi's star full-back, Ima Rosebush, hurled the sheepskin far down the grid iron in a pass intended for her left end, Ophelia Rump, but it was fabulously intercepted by Tappa's star center, Lotta Middle, who

dodged 79 inches for pay dirt. It was a brilliant play that will be remembered in football history.

Crew will soon be taking over the girls intramural spotlight. This year the Phi Saw Woods should have no trouble capturing the cup since their entire last year's team graduated.

Under the direction of Zoom Zoom Justice's kid sister, Sara, the varsity shot-put team earned its grain took top honors with her fliberick shot-put of 50 feet, but to the disappointment of the entire Rollins Orphanage she will be unable to compete again this season because of an injury to her knee received when kicking a twig on the loggia.

All underwater basketweaving courses this week were rained out.

BANNER YEAR FOR JOSEPH'S ATHLETIC (?)

LIL BOYS

The athletic achievements of Rollins during the 1951-52 season were vigorous. Sports went on in all kinds of weather except sunshine. With the many activities at Rollins it was difficult for the Physical Education Department to arrange its schedule but after heavy planning it was thought best to put basketball in the winter and baseball possibly in the spring.

Highlight of the basketball season was the fact that the team could play on the court. Coach Joseph started out the season with incredibly bad material. None of the men had ever played before. The indomitable spirit displayed by the coach and his staff in the faces of the most hideous talent ever gathered was fliberically good. The coach didn't stop smiling once with the result that the team didn't win a game. It only scored three baskets all year and two came when a visiting fool got confused and shot for our basket and was about to do it again when one of the Rollins men got confused and blocked the basket. The first game was costly, as Captain Bones fell down and broke his back while leading his team onto the court. He was lost for the remainder of the season. Coach Joseph didn't stop smiling. The game we wanted most to win we lost. The Rollins team was gullible but their lack of experience made them somewhat ineffectual against five opponents. We didn't win, 73-0. Coach Joseph was still smiling, but by then he felt pretty foolish, as if people were talking behind his back.

VISITING TEAMS FIND IT EASY TO DATE HERE



Rollins Returned to rowing circles was heralded by the return to water to Lake Maitland lake bed. Coach Sad, pulled out of retirement for the occasion, set about reviving the old sport by building a boat-house and buying shells for his anxious boys. With only the prospects of races with the big three, Amherst, Dartmouth, and Bergen Junior College, our inexperienced crew launched preparations. Practice went well. Tummy was shifted to stroke; Holly Sturgis, coxswain, also bailed. Our first race was a memorable one. Although the erratic current of Lake Maitland left the boat-house stranded 120 feet from the water, the spirited crew managed to enter the race.

During the race, Holly, who had too many spirits, suffered from

severe indigestion and caused the shell to lurch heavily to one side. Tummy yelled, "Yoiks!" and attempted to right the shell. Phineas Manly hearing Tummy's exclamation, thought he was quickening the stroke, and began to row furiously. The rest of the crew foresaw the calamity and huddled like sheep near the bow. The resulting debacle was witnessed by all as the worst in the annals of Rollins sport history. It was indeed unfortunate that Holly could not swim and had to be left retching on the nearby bell-buoy. Although without a shell, the crew has managed to repair a few oars and is planning to revive the sport next year when water again returns to Lake Maitland.

Thank you Sloyd

ECONOMICS CONFERENCE

ROLLINS ADDS SHRD L SHRD L SHRD L CMFV

SALE!

SALE!

FLIBERICKS

2 FOR 5c



Do your friends shun you just because you can't clap your lips together like you can your hands? Are you

a wallflower just because you haven't got that "lippy" appearance so sought after by women of culture and fliberick breeding? Then what you need is the new look; large flabby lips. Hurry on down to your nearest drug store, and ask for BANG-UP'S U-BANGI LIP STRETCHERS. They come in sizes: Small, medium, and super bluper. You will be "flabbergasted" by the wonderful results you will get.

ONLY ONE (1) SHILLING

team. He cleared not less than \$968.00. He spent all his time in the lake re-trying to sell back to the coach. The coach wasn't so good. (Golf wasn't so good.)

Swimming is a big sport at Rollins. We've got a big team, a big coach, and a mighty big lake. Captain Bob Door and sprint star Alan Kaiser-Fraser were the only two to reach the other side. Captain Door, however, was frightened out of his trunks by a starting pistol, the impact of which broke you can guess what. The teams as a whole was pretty green, and after a lap most of them were pretty blue and when they failed to win a meet all season all of them were red. But swimming is a big sport at Rollins, and you can bet there'll be eager undergrads diving in that lake next year, whether the AA fills it or not.

With the spring came baseball, polo, and pollenation. When the mounts contracted azoturia, more commonly known as Monday Morning Disease, the four young malleteers unhorsed and reorganized behind the Seventeenth Century Restoration Club for a hot season of croquet. Captain Tiedtke was, as usual, outstanding. His long shots were flawless and his mallet drove the ball through the wicket every time. We beat the doublets off Stetson in a rough match characterized by a good deal of unnecessary pinching, and when Captain Tiedtke failed to hit the post in the final round I almost dropped my tea.

For uniformity of appearance, Designed and constructed with this purpose in mind, the garage makes an excellent utility building in addition to providing a shelter for the automobile.

cubic foot. When there is no basement, however, facilities for storage must be provided at ground level, seen at the same time.

Just print your name, address, and phone number on this convenient piece of paper and then wrap your chewing gum in it.

Name _____

Address _____

Phone Number _____

The Rollins Sandspur

VOLUME 56

ROLLINS SANDSPUR

SEVEN

NUDE COED FOUND IN LAKE VIRGINIA

SECRET SOCIETY IS FORMED AT ROLLINS

Deep in a concealed tomb under the Kappa Alpha mansion, a new secret organization on the Rollins campus hold their secret fiberick rituals.

All secret societies have names. Only one of them, however, is called WHW but WLTB. To write a complete story of WHW but WLTB is impossible since no one knows anything about it. One thing is certain—it's not a drinking organization! At least no one's ever heard of them drinking in their concealed tomb. They may be a singing outfit. Although no one has ever heard them singing in there. Some boys like to sing in the shower, but at the K.A. house there aren't any showers. The reason can be stated in three parts: In the first part, they don't like to see the boys get the water all dirty, in the second part, the water drips down from the fifth floor into the cold dark tomb, and in the third part, the water was cut off at the same time the telephone was disconnected.

What they do is a mystery. Grand Yorum Dimitri Kyle didn't say anything. Senior societies have long been a part of the Rollins campus life. Clason probably will be—remember when he was elected to the Eagle Society about seven or so years ago. Chief Great Retiree Dixon didn't have anything to say, but Dignified, O Quiet One Hull had a great deal to say, "I'd druther play ball."

Which brings me to the question of the sandwich man. Though we don't have any football this year, Mrs. Brown won't give me late permission anyway, and it doesn't matter anyway we won the baseball game this afternoon by a length and a half.

This week's social season got underway the first day of school last September and there will be a field trip at Mt. Plymouth tomorrow ending up to observe the behavior at the Hawaiian Dance Friday. Speaking of shakes, the dance will be followed by a shower, turned on in honor of Dean Cleveland's draft notice. "Philo Pance, in his last year as a member of the WMW but WLTB (you may think it's a radio station, but there aren't any dials on this frequency), will give an exhibition of base ball in which he hits the ball and then runs out and fields it, any time anybody asks for it. Remember last year, when Pance caught his fly in the bleachers? Everybody thought it was a splendid performance.

One nice thing about the WHW but WLTB outfit is that their cozy den is completely equipped with checkers, bicycle tracks, roller skates, fibericks, ping pong, pool

The local visitors were guests of the Rollins Sandspur. Following the dedication ceremony, they attended the open house at the Rollins Sandspur. The Rollins Sandspur is a vital health and corrective force now available through understanding of the exterior of the house. This is a rule of design for an attached garage and for any separate garage close enough to the welling so that both buildings are



NEW DARKROOM RULES SAY NO RED LIGHTS

locked by 10:00 P.M.
1. All doors in Carnegie must be locked by 10:00 P.M.
2. The careful not to break the more key orders than he can fill.
3. The enlargers.
4. No red lights may be used in the enlargers.
5. No red lights may be used in the enlargers.
6. No red lights may be used in the enlargers.
7. No red lights may be used in the enlargers.
8. No red lights may be used in the enlargers.
9. No red lights may be used in the enlargers.
10. No red lights may be used in the enlargers.

CLASS OF 1952 REVEALS THEIR SECRET MOTTO

The Hopeful Class of 1952 announced last weekend big plans for their secret skip day. All professors were properly notified, and the students passed up the posters. Mount Plymouth has been properly prepared and plaques of the senior class motto have been placed every five feet around every wall. Just a reminder—the 1952 motto is "trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent." Thank you, John Vercen.

(Continued on page 3)

WE LIKE 'EM, NUTS TO YOU

Professor—Will you men in the back of the room please stop exchanging notes?

Student—They aren't notes, sir; they're cards. We're playing bridge.

Professor—Oh, I beg your pardon.—Yale Record.

An American bomber group moved into their new British Base, one of England's best women's colleges in prewar days. A few minutes after the officers had settled in their rooms, bells began to ring all over the halls. An adjutant rushed over to see what was the matter. Behind every door, he found a button with the sign: "Ring twice for the mistress."

How did you puncture that tire?
"Ran over a milk bottle."
"Didn't you see it?"
"Now, the kid had it under his coat."—Yale Record.

UNIDENTIFIED CO-ED'S MURDERER SOUGHT

Members of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the local sheriff, the campus grapevine, and O.O.O.O. looked into every nook, cranny and empty beer can on the campus today, searching desperately for any

cize to the fiberick murder of the lovely, mauled, unidentified coed found floating dead in Lake Virginia last night.

Late last night a piercing scream upset the placid couples quietly watching the placid water. The Winter Park Police soon crashed the gates behind Beanery and asked what was happening. The bruises on the coed's neck were quickly checked for finger prints—they were thought to be those of the chief bottle washer of the Speech Shack, but he had quit in protest to the leaky showers last spring.

Bewildered by the innumerable angles to the baffling problems of the case, the Winter Park constabulary called in members of the dog catchers association of America who turned the whole matter over to the FBI. They dropped all matters and rushed to Rollins. G Men soon discovered the facts that are not known to anyone and according to last minute reports of the situation they won't tell. According to word received in the Sandspur office... and this is by eye witness observers in the library... several men were seen walking toward the Center.

Innumerable professors have been called in for questioning. So far they have not revealed any of the info gleaned from this torture. Irrate mothers, harassed administrators, and stunned students have waited anxiously for the capture of the Campus Desperado. All window blinds must be pulled at least once in the sorority house by 3:00 A.M. and there is to be no single dating until further notification from the Deans.

The poor unidentified girl's parents were shocked that such a crime could have been committed.

THE DENT IN THE SIDEWALK

Write such awful, awful poetry!
How could anyone of human born think!
And fly to the moon—Yan-a-n-a-n-a!
But first I'll climb out the window!
I know, I'll suck your blood!
I know, I'll suck your blood!
Oh joy, I've found my brain!
But not! I see it more clearly now, it looks like a coiled chain.
First page?
What's this I see on the twenty-
But anyhow, I'll look.
I do not think I'll find my brain.
I must get to my book.
It's getting darker and darker now, and both are caked with blood.
My house and skirt are on the floor.
My shoes are full of mud.
I wake up in the morning.
But never find my brain.
I search his rotten contents
And open that book again.
Each night I go to my study
For killing you tonight?
What other reason would I have
I know that I am right.
But it's true I tell you,
You think that I'm insane.
You don't believe me do you?
The remnants of my brain.
Between those shiny pages lie—
But that book holds my brain.
I looks rather fiberick to you I know.
The one with the title "Raid"—
See that book in the corner there—

Employer to job applicant: "For have no basements or only partial 'Look, Doc,' he pleaded, 'the kind of the house and grounds. This Apolka and County Farm Bureau presidents in 23 other Florida counties a capacity audience on the subject 'Christian Science: Its Call to Healing and Redemption' and was introduced by Mr. Herbert Hoffer, First Reader. Mr. Kamaek is an Grocer. 'The bank returned your tional problems, but to root out and which ensure humanity."

MURDER	EDITORIAL BOARD
LIVE WIRE	
NEW DARKROOM	
NEW CLUB	
SPORTS HISTORY	
RAYNELAC	



"GOODNIGHT DEAR. I JUST CAN'T WAIT to tell the girls we're finally pinned!" And so with the sound of the house mother's hesitating footstep, mad hand shakes are broken and the girls all rush to get in the house before the lights are blinked twice. Impossible? No, just S. D.