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The Rollins Sandspur

VOLUME 18

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, APRIL 1, 1916

No. 15

BUCKETS AND BROOMS TO THE RESCUE OF CLOVERLEAF

On Monday morning, March the twenty-seventh Cloverleaf came as near to being annihilated as the students and friends of Rollins College may ever hope that it may come. Oh, Cloverleaf, above all campus edifices how fortunate we have thee still with us! Cloverleaf, thou "Home of the free; abode of the fair!" Cloverleaf stands uncharred, unstained, thanks to her valiant defenders.

Shortly after breakfast a southwest wind fanned into fresh life a smouldering fire in the trash pile just off the campus. The flame arose as if after a long night's sleep and stretching, spread itself. Gathering up as a tardy breakfast, the fragments of the previous evening meal (such as half burned barrels, papers and leaves), it rushed into its work, driven on by the urging wind. It leaped the cart road and set ablaze a pile of leaves at the edge of the campus. On the flame came increasing in vehemence. Straight across the lawn it whirled its way, heading squarely for the southwest wing of Cloverleaf and leaving in its trail only blackened stubble and the fresh white ash of dry grass. It fell upon the clump of palmetto at the end of the tennis court with a roar of delight and spread on toward its intended victim.

But the dastardly conflagration was not passing unseen. The watchful eye of Miss Wilde saw and through the halls rang her voice giving the S. O. S. signal. Like minute-men the volunteers rushed to the front, risking all for love of home. more than half a dozen, forsaking the pressing household duties of a Monday morning, snatched up brooms and buckets and hurried to the first line of defense. Some were armored in complete covering of Bungalow aprons, others with heads bound tightly in true pirate fashion with rough white towels.

The fire had but two rods to advance and it would be upon its prey. But in presences of danger the heartened and the defenders were emboldened and by swish of broom and splash of water the firing was kept at a safe distance. The news of the encroachment of danger spread over the campus to the lads working at the boat house. Not to be out done by the valor of their sister students they caught up the hose cart from the hose-cart room at the back of Lakeside and rushed as reenforcement to the field of action. With reluctance the entrenched first line fighters yielded their places to the better equipped volunteers.

The fire was extinguished with no damage done.



CANOE SONG

(Tune: Paelzische Wahrheite)
Is sorrow pressing on your soul?
Then launch your old canoe!
Away with carking care!
O, breathe the crystal air,
And watch the flash of sunlit flaws
Across the sparkling blue,
Come, raise a song,
With voices strong,
And lift the boat along!
At eventide, the camp fire flickers
'Mong the trees,
As its incense floats in perfume
On the breeze.
And then our songs, in harmony
Across the lake,
Again the drowsy echoes shall awake.

ERIK SCHJOTH PALMER.



PUTTING ONE OVER ON DALTON AND BUDD

Dalton and Budd were both very wicked, unusually wicked. At least that is what Steve and I thought about them, altho no one else seemed to worry about their sinfulness to any extent.

If I were running this town I should see that Budd and Dalton should not be allowed to stay in the community. They gambled, swore, and fought game game roosters on Sunday and were only engaged in Florida fruit growing as an excuse for making an honest living. In one part of their place they had a large chicken farm from which they made all kinds of money both by fighting roosters for high stakes and selling them to other parties. They knew well enough that if Dalton's uncle caught them at this they might as well say Good Bye, as he was very

strict on such matters. Budd and Dalton wouldn't go with our crowd or to church and Sunday school as Steve and I did, and they flirted outrageously with every girl in town, and it makes me mad to see everyone speak to them so nicely as if they were the whole salt of the Earth and we were simply nobodies.

Steve and I would do almost anything for each other but almost anything the other way for Dalton and Budd. We had stood their misconduct long enough and now just at the right time an opportunity had presented itself that we might put one over on them which would give us a great deal of fun at their expense.

Dalton had just taken his annual vacation and was going to take a big spree to New York or thereabouts for the period of about a month. It happened that Budd could not be in town on the day that Dal-

(Continued on Page 6)

FORMER BLUE RIDGE DELEGATES SHOW "MOVIES"

An unusually vivid account of the activities of Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. student conferences was given Tuesday evening in Knowles Hall which took the place of the regular weekly meetings of those associations. Stereopticon views of the Blue Ridge buildings, conference grounds were thrown upon the screen under the management of "Gym" Greene and James Noxon. It was the latter who explained each picture's particular interest and at the same time gave a few personal glimpses into the life and work of the Florida, and more especially the Rollins men who attended the Conference held in North Carolina last June. The views were followed by several short talks on various phases of the ten days of Blue Ridge life. Miss Anne Bel-lows took up the religious side which she disclosed to be a wonderful inspiration. Mr. Noxon spoke of the social atmosphere and the recreation offered, while Miss Elizabeth Russell dealt with the question why one should go to conference which she answered in terms of the attainment of a wider vision and of a faith in "the more abundant life." The enthusiasm manifested over the conference idea attested that surely at Blue Ridge there must be much of this "abundant life" and that Rollins students were deeply impressed with the plan for the coming summer.

FAST TENNIS

Some of the fastest and most exciting tennis ever witnessed upon a Rollins court was played Thursday afternoon between Charles Sherman and Maurice Wheldon. Flashy playing, combined with steadiness and good headwork was to be seen at every stage of the game. As this was the final match of the tournament the match had to go to the best three out of five sets. At the end of the third set the score in games stood 3-2 for Sherman. Things looked pretty blue for the surprise of the season, Wheldon. However, neatly pulling himself out of a bad hole Wheldon forged to the front and by steady consistent playing won the next set evening the score once more. In the last set Sherman was clearly out played and Wheldon won the final set of the match. The match was hard fought and most interesting to watch as there was not a single moment which did not show some good playing.

Miss Gladwin—"Now remember, young ladies and gentlemen, a preposition is a very bad thing to end a sentence 'with.'"

JOKES AND JESTS FROM THE CAMPUS-APRIL 1

Life is a joke
All things show it,
Look at the Sandspur
Then you'll know it.

If you get less than 90 per cent.,
You'll not escape that final event;
That final event!
In June "Old Sol" is roasting hot,
Escape that final you'll surely not,
You'll surely not!

Wagner—"You know Berk, I am
not going to take one exam next
commencement."

Berk—"Why how's that, old fel-
low?"

Wagner—"Well, you see I am go-
ing to study my head off, and it will
be impossible to take them without
my head."

Teacher—"Johnnie, do you know
what a blotter is?"

Johnnie—"Yessum, its de t'ing
wot youse hunts for, while the ink
gets dry."

Prof. Powers (in French class)—
"Miss Hanchett, that word means
straw."

Tiny—"Well I said hay, that's the
same thing."

Prof. Powers—"Easter Sunday,
Miss Hanchett, I want to see you
wear your hay hat."

Pair-o'-dice-lost—Finder return to
John Milton and receive reward.

Tilly—"Does that fountain pen of
yours leak that way all the time?"

Mary—"No, only when I have ink
in it."

Stuck on itself—a sealed en-
velope.

Late to bed

And early to rise

Makes students weary

And gives them weak eyes.

Powder

A new brand of talcum powder has
recently come into general use, and
from a comparison of the table sent
us there is little variation in the cost
of this powder and that of Colgate's.
It has not yet been tried under ser-
vice conditions, but its enthusiastic
supporters claim that it will not cause
erosion of dress jackets if brushed
off immediately after returning from
dances and spooning. As far as we
are able to ascertain its chemical
formula is as follows: 2 SO, FT,
C(H). EKS2, which clearly shows
C(E). EKS2, which clearly shows
present.

Ray M. (at work in lab)—"Pro-
fessor, where can I find this hot
conk? Bill looked all over for it."

Prof. (aghast)—"Hot What?"

Ray—"Why hot conk, here it is in
the book; Filter and to precipitate,
all Hot conc. H2 So4 and HNO3"

The Night Study Hall

Oh, here's to the health of the Night
Study Hall,

Friend of Academites and others
we ween

More than one has it saved from the
powerful clutches

Of Dean Enyart, Ferguson, Palmer
and Green.

Long may it prosper, but let its dark
shadow

Grow smaller and smaller, e'en tho'
'it may thrive,

And with college privileges may they
at last

Be rewarded who have gone
through its terror alive.

Prof. Powers—"Monsieur McQuar-
ters, voulez-vous ouvrir la fenetre?"

McQuarters—"What page is it
on?"

Little Miss Virgie sat in a corner
Computing the value of II.,

She entered the table and picked out
a log

And said "Oh! how brave am I."

Our science instructor went to the
lab.,

To give his poor student some work;
And when he got there

Of students it was bare—

For the air had changed to H2S

While he had been away.

Little Miss Hanchett cut her hair
And doesn't know what to do

For all the wishes in the world
Can never bring back a hair.

Prof. Palmer (in chemistry class)
—Lutz tell me about carbon dioxide
etc."

Lutz—"Well, carbon dioxide is—is
—the—eh—result of decomposition.
It is generated when live animals are
left dead upon the field."

Miss Wilde (in household econo-
mics)—"What is germicide?"

Marjorie—"The side the germs are
on."

Prof. Palmer (in French III)—
"What is the meaning of 'tout do
otout'?"

Lillian—"It means that a train is
coming."

Deep Wisdom—Swelled head.

Brain fever—he's dead—A Senior.

Fair one—Hope fled.

Heart busted—he's dead—A Junior.

Played football—Nuff sed.

Neck broken—he's dead—A Sopho-
more.

Milk famine—'Tis sad.

Starvation—he's dead—A Freshman.

Noxon (in French II.)—"Profes-
sor, how do you make l'habit (the
coat) feminine"

Prof. Powers—"Make it a dress."

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SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1916.

'Most forgot the editorial page, but here it is.

APRIL FOOL!

April Fools' Day or All Fools' Day is the name given to the first day of April in allusion to the custom of playing practical jokes or sending out friends on fools' errands on that day.

Various explanations of the origin of this custom have been proposed, among them one that the idea originated in the miracle plays of the Middle Ages. In these plays Christ is represented as being sent from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, then to Herod and back again to Pilate, the crucifixion taking place about April first.

However, this seems an absurd explanation and the following one is generally accepted. Old New Year's Day was on the twenty-fifth of March and when the revised calendar was adopted, thus placing the New Year festivities on January first, those people who objected to the change were the butts of the jokes of those wits who amused themselves by sending mock presents and paying calls of pretended ceremony on April first.

Practical joking of all kinds has grown from such practices, but the sentiment is now growing against such jokes which cause real unpleasantness and great inconvenience.

E. R. '18

SPRING!

As Spring is budding forth in all its glory we seem to feel new energies awakening within us. The sight of the new green things seems to make us stronger. And unconsciously we bend greater energies to our work, and realize, here in the College as well as elsewhere in different walks of life—there is work for us, each and all—and that according to what we put into life, and our work, we will receive full recompense in return.

ROLLINS FOLKS HEAR GODOWSKY

Fortunate indeed were the Rollins students who made a part of the large and delighted audience who attended the Godowsky recital in Orlando, Wednesday evening. The "Wizard of the piano" was in fine form and roused the greatest enthusiasm by his consummate artistry and stupendous virtuosity. Godowsky's marvellously beautiful tone is a constant joy and so perfect is his command of all the resources of the keyboard that one scarce realizes his wonderful technical skill and digital dexterity.

One thing to be remarked (with gratitude) is the entire absence of "pounding"—a temptation to which most pianists yield—even the great Paderewski sinning most conspicuously in this respect.

Godowsky, with the interpretive power of a poet, has the hand of steel in a velvet glove which makes him one of the very great pianists of the day—Perhaps his Chopin group gave the keenest pleasure and the house was spell bound under the magic of his fingers. Let us hope that in the near future, Rollins may listen to recitals like this in her own auditorium, for nothing more enlightening to the student and cultural to the general public can be imagined.

The members of the Girls' Glee Club were among the crowd of Winter Park people who attended Godowsky's recital Wednesday night in Orlando.

ANNUAL DEBATE

On Monday evening, March 27, the Freshman College and Senior Academy Classes held their annual debate in Knowles Hall. The subject was, "Resolved That the United States Should Make Military Training Compulsory In All Secondary Schools and Colleges Enrolling as Many as Fifty Male Students." The Freshman team composed of Harold Hill, Virga West, and Florence Stone with Grafton Charles as alternate supported the affirmative. They were opposed by the Senior Academy team, William Reynolds, Katherine Gates and Ray Martin, with Maurice Whelden as alternate.

Much interest was taken in the preparation for this debate and excitement was at a high pitch when the two teams took their places and Dean Enyart as chairman introduced the discussion. Interest and tension increased as the discussion proceeded. Each speaker did so well that no one could tell just what the judges were likely to do. While the judges, Dr. Enlow, Dr. Baker and Miss Fisher were consulting, Gertrude Hall of the Senior Academy Class sang "Dearest" and "When Coninna Sings" much to the delight of everyone. As the judges still did not appear, the audience sang America. Finally they came in and Dr. Enlow, after tantalizing us by making lengthy remarks and telling a long story, pronounced the decision in favor of the Negative. Needless to try to describe the excitement which immediately seized upon

the Academy or the satisfaction which has been written all over the faces of the entire Senior Academy Class ever since.

Immediately following the debate the Senior Academy Class entertained the Freshmen at a delicious spread in Carnegie Hall. Last week the Sandspur asked whose victory this would celebrate. Whose was it?

PUTTING ONE OVER ON DALTON AND BUDD

(Continued From Page 1)

ton left so had said Good Bye the day before.

I was working in the telegraph office the next day after Dalton's departure and was overwhelmed with surprise and delight when I took the following telegram from the instrument.

"Budd:—Uncle is on his way to Florida for a few weeks change. You must look out for him. I changed our birds to Johnson's farm and buried our wealth in the grove between the sixth and seventh orange tree in the eighth row. Dalton."

My eyes as well as my mouth opened wider at every word of this. Here was wealth, valuables, money, within our easy reach. It would be a simple matter to change its hiding place where it would take them almost forever to find it again.

The telegram delivered I rushed for Steve at my first opportunity, "We've got the chance of our lives tonight Steve." I cried as soon as I saw him. And then I told my story.

But Steve couldn't go that night. He had to drive his mother to the next town and was afraid to slip out when he came back. I kept my eyes open the next day and was quite relieved to find the ground undisturbed around the treasure. The next evening my folks needed me and so we couldn't get it then but still the treasure remained unmolested. I was sure there was not less than a quarter of a million in that box and it might be imagined that Dalton and Budd would be just a little uneasy when they found it missing. I was getting afraid, however, that Budd would hear from Dalton and if we didn't change its hiding place pretty quickly we would soon lose the chance altogether. The course of one evening would make us entirely even with Dalton and Budd. But that evening never seemed to come. One thing after another and we couldn't both get off at the same time and it was a little too ticklish a job for just one of us. Three weeks and more slowly slipped past but still the treasure remained where it was. Budd, I noted, in the meantime, had sold all his chickens for he found that Dalton's uncle would stay for some time. But at last Steve and I both got a night that we could have all to ourselves.

We set out together at midnight with a shovel and sacks for the treasure. I led the way with a small pocket flashlight in my hand in case of emergency. We climbed through the barbed wire fence in the grove and were soon looking for our price-less spot.

"Here we go, Steve," I whispered, "and all undisturbed. Gimme your shovel."

Here we were at last digging for the treasure. It was the exciting moment of our lives. At last we were putting one over on Dalton and Budd. We weren't going to let them know where it was for a month if they didn't find it before. My! How miserable life would be for them in the meantime!

"Is it there?" whispered Steve who was just as excited as I.

"I don't seem to find it. Hello! I've struck something. A box. We've got it, Steve. We're even at last."

"Now let's pull it out," said Steve, making use of my electric light. "There's handles on it. Let's pull." But, easier said than done. A big root seemed to hold it. Besides it was partly rotten and might fall to pieces.

"Guess you'll have to break it open. We can just lift out the contents and put it in our sacks."

"All right, here goes," I said, and my foot came down on the top of the box with the force of seven steam pile drivers. Crash! The box and the contents in the box melted away beneath my foot and instead of standing on the pile of anticipated gold I found myself standing in a shallow semi-liquid mass that sent forth an order strong enough to penetrate to the soul.

Steve was tearing down the path at a thousand miles an hour. I myself soon started at two thousand miles an hour.

We had struck their store of high priced eggs.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER SHAW, '18

Too much fun
Too much sport
Nothing done—
Bum report.

Marjorie (in cooking class looking at small double boiler)—"Oh, what a darling little coffee pot!"

When anybody wants a pipe organ tuned, see Hutch., he knows how to bluff.

Mary—"What was the result of Bacon's taking bribes?"
Shaw—"It cooked his bacon."

A Bit of Freshman Poetry
'Tis midnight, and the setting sun
Is rising in the glorious west,
The rapid rivers slowly run
And the frog is in his downy nest
The festive goat and sportive cow,
Hil-arious leap from bow to bow.
Ex.

O, the meanness of a Senior when he's mean;
O, the leanness of a Sophomore when he's lean,
And the leanness of the leanest
Isn't in it with the greenness of a Freshman when he's green. Ex.

Maurice Whelden and Aaron Taylor enjoyed a pleasant week-end visit at the home of the former in Orange City.