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Rollins College

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The Rollins Sandspur

Published by Students of Rollins College.

VOLUME 19

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, APRIL 21, 1917.

No. 28

Y. M. C. A. MEETING ADDRESSED BY REV. H. G. FITHIAN

Old friend of Rollins Boys a Welcomed Speaker.

Mr. Harry Fithian of New York, gave a live talk to the Y. M. C. A. boys on Tuesday evening.

He says, I admire the man that is a man. The sooner a man or a boy learns to stand alone the stronger he is. I would rather be a ditch digger all my life than go crooked."

"It is disobedience that has caused all our troubles. Disobedience to our conscience and to God. If we obey our conscience and we trust in God we will become good. We grow strong by resistance. If we commit an act against the will of God it is certain to return upon us. We can not escape it. Chickens will come home to roost.

"If you want to make a success in life be true. Have a goal. Get a vision worth while. All great accomplishments of today were visions once. Be able to say as Paul did before Agrippa, 'I was not disobedient I have kept the faith.'"

A NOTABLE COLLECTION FOR R. C. MUSEUM

The Thos. R. Baker Museum has just received a fine collection of Indian relics of great interest and value from the aboriginal cemetery, near Mack Bayou, Choctawhatchee Bay, Walton county, Florida, a gift of Dr. Clarence B. Moore of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

The collection consists of pottery, including various kitchen and other household utensils, also beads of shell and glass, and a few ornaments. A number of the utensils are sound, some cracked, and a few are in pieces. All the articles show skillful and painstaking work in making. A number of the pots and similar vessels have holes punched through their bottoms. These holes, Dr. Moore writes, are ceremonial, and made to "kill" the vessels in order to free their souls to enable them to accompany the departed in the flight beyond. It is the finest collection of Indian pottery that the museum has received.

Dr. Moore has been associated with the Academy of Natural Sciences for twenty years, and has many specimens of Indian relics of his gatherings in Florida and other Southern states on exhibition there. He is author of many scientific papers published by the Academy.

STATE OF WAR

As Other Southern Colleges Look At It

We note with interest in our most recent exchanges the attitude of other colleges of the South on the war upon which the United States has recently entered.

The last two numbers of the Florida Alligator have been very patriotic in tone. The baseball team has disbanded and all dates have been cancelled; the student body and faculty, by unanimous vote, had a telegram sent to President Wilson, endorsing his message and offering their services. The University Band is ready to enter the First Florida regiment of the National Guard, provided the Governor will assign them that position as a band; when the body is in action, the band will act as a hospital corps.

The girls at the State College for Women, Tallahassee, are going in vigorously for Red Cross work. The College Branch of the Red Cross Chapter, recently organized, has enrolled over 144 members, and has turned into headquarters approximately \$150. Classes are to begin soon. There will be no Junior Prom at the College this year. The amount of money which would have been spent on this reception will be sent to the Red Cross.

The Red and Black (University of Georgia) for April 14, states in a rousing good editorial, the stand of the school in backing the President. No action has been taken, but the students stand ready to offer their services in case of need. A telegram has been sent to President Wilson, assuring him that the University is behind him in anything he does.

The Ring-tune Plic, from Washington and Lee University, Va., of which we received our first copy last week, is by far the most enthusiastic on the subject of the war. As in the University of Florida, seniors enlisting before the end of the school year will be granted diplomas, provided their work has been satisfactory. The men are drilling under temporary drill masters provided by the Virginia Military Institute from its first class. It is expected that there will be material for three companies. An ambulance corps is also being organized.

We suggest that all who can, read the articles in these papers which have been mentioned above. They are of great interest to us at this time, when Rollins is doing its share toward getting in shape for service in case of need. Thanks to the prompt display of patriotism by faculty and students, our College holds its place with the rest.

SENIOR THESES

Themes of Local and Immediate Interest

The Seniors are now busy writing their theses of five thousand words, which are due on the 10th day of May. The subjects chosen by the various members are very interesting and their treatment at the hands of such advanced students will no doubt result in works of unusual value and literary perfection.

Anna Funk, the secretary-treasurer of the class, has chosen as her subject: "The Rural Schools of Florida." This work will be a general survey of the existing conditions at the present time of educational development in the country districts of the state.

Mary Conaway has decided to take as the theme of her composition "West Virginia Coal." It will treat of the formation, and distribution of coal, closing with an economical and sociological survey of the mining fields and towns of West Virginia.

Alfred Hanna, the president of the class, has selected for his thesis a subject in Florida history: "Florida, an English Colony." This work will give a world of historical setting and the conditions governing the transfer of Florida to Great Britain. A detailed study of English land grants, including the famous Turnbull slave colony at New Smyrna, is being made.

Paul Thoren has chosen for the subject of his essay "Moral Education In Florida Public Schools." This will be a genetic study of the Florida public school system and an investigation into the importance of ethical and moral teachings.

Edwin McQuarters.

Topic, "Russia as a World Power." Tracing its development historically and economically. Observations on Russian characteristics, tendencies and institutions, which are calculated to make for a truly democratic state. Its probable relation to the other powers after the war and especially with regard to the United States.

INTEREST IN RED CROSS WORK STILL CONTINUES

The full attendance at the last two meetings of the Red Cross organization testifies to the earnestness with which the girls are undertaking this work. Last Monday evening Dr. Hottard demonstrated head bandaging, gauntlet bandaging, clavicle bandaging and the making of a tourniquet. Yesterday evening he demonstrated splint bandaging of fractures.

Mrs. M. P. Capen of Jacksonville, spent a delightful week-end on the campus with her daughters, Marie and Sadie.

THE ROLLINS COMPANY IMPROVING RAPIDLY IN MANEUVERS

Students' Spirit and Skill Wins Much Admiration

The boys are right on the job every day for drill. Each one is trying to make his squad the best.

The elementary movements have been learned so that practice is the only thing necessary for their perfection, and "extended order" is now being taken up. Captain Ayres, of the Orlando Co. C, Florida National Guards, with several of his corporals, has been here daily conducting the drill.

On Monday night Elmer Rodenbaugh took about twenty of the boys over to Orlando to drill with Company C. They drilled for about an hour under the direction of some of the officers of that company.

An election of Officers, held on Wednesday, resulted as follows: Captain, McGowan; First Lieutenant, Wagner; 2nd Lieutenant, Hilyard; 1st Sergeant, Giddings. All non-commissioned officers are to be appointed by the commissioned officers.

Captain Ayers states that the quickness shown by the Rollins men in learning the drills is remarkable, considering the fact that only a few had had any previous military work.

If the present rate of progress is kept up, he hopes to start training with guns soon.

ROLLINS BOY JOINS AVIATION CORPS

Marshall Dancy left here recently to join the Army Aviation Corps. He is stationed now at Fort Screven, Ga., awaiting orders to be transferred to either the New York or California training stations.

Dancy came to Rollins from Geneva, Ala., in 1914, and since that time has been one of the most dependable students.

He made the Varsity team in football in 1915 and 1916, playing guard both years. He was also an active member of the Canoe Club.

If there was anything the boys wanted "pulled off" and needed some help, Dancy was sure to be called on, and he was never backward when asked to lend a hand.

By Dancy's leaving, Rollins has lost a lot of pep and grit. May the next year bring to the school more students such as he.—Brother "Rough-Neck."

The Rollins Sandspur

"STICK TO IT."

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SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1917

"Wake-Up."

No mistake about it, we were absolutely asleep, mentally sluggish and physically lazy with no reason for being so, when last Tuesday morning in chapel Dean threw out the challenge "Wake-up." We were all caught; none of us were alert and alive with an honest purpose for the week's work and now we are ashamed to have been so shown up. We had just been singing "Rejoice, strong men," etc., too, but not meaning a thing in the world by the song. It is high time we were meaning something and honestly doing something. Those who are so abnormal as to have nothing more to do this year of course may still sleep on in peace but for us more human students it is really high time to "Wake-up."

What is this but a lie? The teacher wishes to know what you have in your brain, and you give him what you take from a piece of paper, not the product of your brain at all. All flimsy, shallow and superficial work, in fact, is a lie, of which a man ought to be ashamed. Vanity is another provocative of lies. From a desire to appear well before others, young men who are naturally ignorant and inexperienced, will sometimes be tempted to pretend that they know more than they actually know.—Student.

In our Red Cross training work here at Rollins we are too apt to think that we are taking up a new venture. Matter of fact the society of Red Cross is a much older organization than the majority of us would believe. The history of the association has been one of great interest and dates back to the early centuries of this era. The following clipping from The Lawrentian will give

just a glimpse of its earliest days.

"The Society of the Red Cross is as nearly as old as the Masonic fraternity, which claims to be the oldest association in the world.

"During the early days of Jewish history, an organization of Hebrew matrons administered to the wounded soldiers and to all prisoners condemned to death. The sponge filled with sour wine which was brought to refresh Christ on the cross was held to his lips by one of the sisterhood.

"Such a society as this naturally grows weaker during times of peace and safety, but the stress and suffering of war calls forth new branches and new recruits."

CANOEING IN ARTIC FLORIDA

ERIK SCHJOTH PALMER

Continued from last week's Sandspur.

Suddenly the gear of my thoughts clicked into mesh with everyday things again. I was tired, my legs and feet were cramped with sitting so long in one position and I was aware of an immense hunger. I looked up. The point that had so long fled before us had suddenly leaped near and lay a scant hundred yards away. I laid one hand on the gunwale and it slipped. Investigation showed that the drops of spray had frozen on the varnish!

We ran ashore still drowsy and half tranced. But the wind that found us, when we rose above the sheltering lee, soon shocked us rudely awake with the edge of its malignant chill. A half hour's scurrying activity produced a huge fire along a cypress log that lay, waisthigh on the ground and made a reflector for the heat. The tents were soon facing it, and the remains of that never-to-be-sufficiently-blessed ham stilled the internal growlings before we turned in to sleep. Alas for that sleep! Beck's Point is but thinly clad in woods, and our customary beds of moss could not be procured. The heat of the fire, thrown down from the slant of the tent roofs, kept the upper side of the would-be sleeper warm, but Mother Earth was but a step-mother that night. We rolled uneasily, trying to find some way of lying without touching the ground. At last I slept in spite of it all and woke to find a disconsolate huddle of feminine figures active about the remains of the fire. The ground in their tents must have been even colder than ours, for they had not slept at all. Hot coffee and flapjacks soon made the world brighter, however. We gave them our bedding for mattresses and let them sleep till near noon, while we gossiped about the fire.

Noon found us under way again, passing the Munroe bridge and ferry. We were soon passing the Wekiva Ranch, lying in the angle between the St. John's and Wekiva Rivers, which has recently been made a Bird Sanctuary. The effects of this are already visible in the variety and multitude of the bird life. Later in the afternoon we saw a flock of a dozen or so ibis flying overhead, with the low sun shining on the under surfaces of

their wings and gilding the pink and white of unneeded splendor.

The entrance of the Wekiva into the St. John's is masked by a pair of small islands, and only the outflowing current differentiates it from a dozen other cuts and sloughs. Once in it, however, the curious clarity of the sulfur laden water identifies it. It flows through a low marshy region, in an inextricable tangle of meanders and divisions, now broad and shallow, choked by the fronds of the pale bottom grasses and reeds that flourish in sulfur waters, now narrow, deep and swift, riffling over and around the bulk of some sunken and sodden cypress log. There are literally myriads of fish, flashing away from the shadow of the advancing canoe; and here and there an occasional alligator slips from his sunbath into the stream and slides his wavering bulk through the labyrinth of sunrays and shadow bars, with effortless ease, into the shelter of an overhanging bank. The stream is kept clear by the cabbage palm cutters, who bring their clumsy barges up for loads of the fibrous cores; and the main channel has been signposted.

Near the mouth, the Wekiva is joined by the deeply coffee-colored flood of an equal stream flowing in from the north. Here the signpost had somehow become twisted, and we failed to notice, in the gathering dark, the change from the glassy white of the Wekiva water to the dark, tan-stained brown of the wrong stream as we turned into it. A mile or so upstream we stopped to cut a young palm for a salad. The leading canoe, around a bend ahead, failed to hear our signal and pushed on. We had planned to stop for the night at a point where a railroad crosses the river, as this is the only feasible place for a camp between the source and the mouth. The leaders pushed on, expecting to find the trestle around every bend. We cut our cabbage and went on, somewhat surprised at the high and dry character of the northern bank, so different from the descriptions we had had, and finally finding a splendid campsite in a bit of high hammock decided we were out of course. We unloaded the 38 revolver into the air to recall the strays, made camp and started supper, expecting them in every minute. At last two of us started in an empty canoe to follow the missing ones and, as it turned out, to confirm our idea that we were in the wrong branch. Cabbage cutters had cleared the river to a scant quarter mile above camp, and from there on it was a sinister mess. Huge fallen trees lay bridged from bank to bank, with screens and curtains of interlacing vines and briers swinging and trailing on all sides. The ray of our acetylene searchlight, mounted in the bow, picked out unfamiliar forms against the writhing black beyond, and the tall reeds, in sparse groups here and there, nodded and swayed weirdly in the silent rush of the hurrying waters. None of us knew the name of the stream, but it soon dawned on me that the jesting gods of the

midworld wilds had snatched us a quarter world away, and that we were lost in the liquid jungles of the River of Doubt. All at once, we heard voices and our missing pair slipped swiftly around the bend ahead, pointed downstream and nearly done. Their canoe was loaded deep with supplies heavy and hard to handle in that swift current around the sharp bends and amid the complications of snag and tangling vine. Once again let me say a word of praise for the American girl in the woods. These two youngsters, Stan and Gypsy Girl had pushed through that infernal tangle for some three miles upstream before it struck them that we were off the track. Gypsy is slight, though apparently built of tungsten steel and Para rubber, and swung the bow of that heavy canoe, at the end of a hard day's work, against the current on the bends, jerked it away from threatening snags, helped push it under the bridging logs through all the pettily wearing annoyance of clutching briers without a protest or complaint till she was, all in. They stopped the instant Stan discovered this for himself. Luckily there was a bit of high land right there and a dead and down pine, and in ten minutes they had a fire and a big cup of coffee apiece.

We were soon back in camp, with the runaways resting by the fire and tucking away an enormous supper. It was the most comfortable camp I have ever seen. We had found a tiny glade in a stand of short leaf pine, and the ground was ankle deep with the brown springiness of the needles. The cold had moderated a bit, we were all healthily tired and thoroughly windburnt, full of a weird stew and happy. That stew deserves a word. Take three cans of baked beans, three of corn, one of evaporated milk, some water, a couple of cans of tomato soup, a double handful of crackers and a smell or two of onion, and combine them in a big kettle. Fill your pipe before you eat, for you won't have energy enough to roll over to get your pouch out of your hip pocket after the fifth helping.

It was so warm in this cozy pocket of the woods, that the girls cried out against having the tents up, wanting to sleep at least one night under the open stars. We were all tired and turned in early. I had hardly laid my head on my rolled up coat before some fiend was shaking and dragging me up from the league deep sleep I fell into. I sat up and a huge drop of wet plunked on my nose. We rushed those tents up in a hurry over the sleeping girls and our own beds, threw tarpaulins over the stuff, rebuilt the fire, and turned in again, listening contentedly to the drumming roll of the rain on the waterproof cloth. In another wink it was dawn.

The rain had ceased in the night, but had left a damp-edged chill in the breeze, and we were a somewhat sombre group as we peered out ruefully into the brush where the wood for the breakfast fire stood. Every branch and twig was pearled with

(Continued on Page Five.)

WEEKLY CALENDAR

April 21-28

Saturday 7.30 p.m.—Alpha Alpha Reception.
 Sunday 9. a.m.—Young Women's Bible Class.
 11 a.m.—Church services.
 Monday, 6.45 p.m.—Red Cross lecture in Knowles Hall.
 Tuesday, 6.45 p.m.—Young Women's and Young Men's Christian Association meetings.
 Wednesday 8.15 p.m.—Joint Recital by Mrs. Kraus and Miss Hall, Knowles Hall.
 Thursday, 6.45 p.m.—Choir rehearsal.
 Friday, 6.45 p.m.—Red Cross Lecture in Knowles Hall.

MY BREAKFAST

My breakfast 'tis of thee
 Now thou art lost to me,
 For thee I sing.
 Puffed rice and cream of wheat
 For jam and muffin sweet
 For things we have to eat
 My song shall ring

My usual breakfast thee
 Lost! Lost! thou art to me,
 'Tis thee I love.
 Of breakfast food a dish
 For water full of fish
 A few dried dogs I wish
 All other things above.

Let this song swell the breeze
 And ring from all the trees
 My breakfast song.
 Oh let me early wake,
 Let me my slumbers break
 That I may breakfast take,
 For thee I long.

Dear Miss Hills, 'tis to thee
 Who guards the beanery
 To thee I sing
 Be not cruel I implore
 Lock not the beanery door
 When I stand close before
 A hungry thing!

D. D. B.

KILL FLIES AND SAVE LIVES

Kill at once every flie and burn his body.

Observers say that there are many reasons to believe there will be more flies this season than for a number of years.

Clean up your premises; see and insist that your neighbors do likewise.

Especially clean "out-of-the-way-places," and every nook and cranny.

Flies will not go where there is nothing to eat, and their principal diet is too filthy to mention.

The Fly is the Tie That Binds the Unhealthy to the Healthy

The fly has no equal as a germ 'carrier'; as many as five hundred million germs have been found in and on the body of a single fly.

It is definitely known that the fly is the 'carrier' of the germs of typhoid fever; it is widely believed that it is also the "carrier" of other diseases, including possibly infantile paralysis.

The very presence of a fly is a

signal and notification that a house-keeper is uncleanly and inefficient.

Do not wait until the insects begin to pester; anticipate the annoyance.

April, May and June are the best months to conduct an anti-fly campaign.

The farming and suburban districts provide ideal breeding places, and the new born flies do not remain at their birth place but migrate, using railroads and other means of transportation, to towns and cities.

Kill flies and save lives!

Recipe for Killing Flies

The United States Government makes the following suggestion for the destruction of house flies: Formaldehyde and sodium salicylate are the two best fly poisons. Both are superior to arsenic. They have their advantages for household use. They are not poison to children; they are convenient to handle, their dilutions are simple and they attract the flies.

Preparation of Solution

A formaldehyde solution of approximately the correct strength may be made by adding 3 teaspoonfuls of the concentrated formaldehyde solution, commercially known as formalin, to a pint of water. Similarly, the proper concentration of sodium salicylate may be obtained by dissolving 3 teaspoonfuls of the pure chemical (a powder) to a pint of water.

A container for the solution can be easily made. An ordinary, thin-walled drinking glass is filled or partially filled with the solution. A saucer, or small plate, in which is placed a piece of WHITE blotting paper cut the size of the dish, is put bottom up over the glass. The whole is then quickly inverted, a match placed under the edge of the glass, and the container is ready for use. As the solution dries out of the saucer the liquid at the edge of the glass is broken and more liquid flows into the lower receptacle. Thus the paper is always kept moist.

Other Simple Preventives

Any odor pleasing to man is offensive to the fly and vice versa, and will drive them away.

Take five cents' worth of oil of lavender, mix it with the same quantity of water, put it in a common glass atomizer and spray it around the rooms where flies are. In the dining room spray it lavishly even on the table linen. The odor is very disagreeable to flies but refreshing to most people.

Geranium, mignonette, heliotrope and white clover are offensive to flies. They especially dislike the odor of honeysuckle and hop blossoms.

According to a French scientist flies have intense hatred for the color blue. Rooms decorated in blue will help to keep out the flies.

Mix together one tablespoon of cream, one of ground black pepper and one of brown sugar. This mixture is poisonous to flies. Put in a saucer, darken the room except one window and in that set the saucer.

To clear the house of flies, burn pyrethrum powder. This stupifies the flies, but they must be SWEEPED UP and BURNED.

—Merchants' Association of N. Y.

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Personals

Last Monday Ruth Green underwent an operation for appendicitis at McEwan's Hospital in Orlando. She is steadily improving.

Miss Enyart, Anna Funk, Gertrude Hall, Katherine Gates, Coach Royal, Norman Fletcher and John Boone composed a party enjoying a motor trip to Daytona and a dip in the surf last Monday, Coach Royal acting as host.

Mrs. Townsley entertained Mrs. Shellbank, her daughter Hope, and George Cutler with a theatre party and dinner at the Colonial Inn in Orlando last Monday.

Miss Gonzales, Majorie Tallman, Dorothy Bennett, Robert Hutchinson and Aaron Taylor enjoyed the movies in Orlando last Saturday evening.

Drs. C. R. and Anna A. Darrow, parents of Richard and Dorothy Darrow, former Rollins students stopped over on the campus last Thursday, on a trip from Jacksonville to their home in Okeechobee. Dorothy is now attending the High School in Okeechobee. Dick expects to attend the University of Chicago next year.

A pair of quail made a short visit to the Chemistry Laboratory during the 1.30 period on Tuesday of this week. The cordial tho somewhat distressing welcome extended to them by the Organic Class and the serving of Monochloroacetic Acid and noxious Chlorine gasses compelled the happy pair to cut short their stay. Having come to the south windows they continued their trip toward lake Virginia.

Secretary W. R. O'Neal was on the campus last Tuesday afternoon.

Irving Berk and Melvin Wagner were in Orlando last Monday enjoying the matinee at the Grand.

Robert Van Buskirk a former student of Rollins has been commissioned ensign in the navy and assigned to duty at the Brooklyn navy yards.

Ellison Adams, a former Rollins student, and now editor of the Winter Park Post, has made application for a position with the American Ambulance Corps in France, and expects to sail sometime after May 10th. Mr. Adams states that he feels sure of securing an appointment with the corps, and in the likelihood of his doing so will leave the Post in the hands of Arthur Ivey, a former Rollins student, who has had experience as night editor on the Orlando Sentinel.

Dr. and Mrs. Ward returned to Winter Park last Wednesday, after a visit to Sanford, where they attended the State Convention of the Congregational Church, which meeting Dr. Ward addressed last Tuesday.

Invitations have been issued for the Alpha Alpha dance this evening, which as usual will be a delightful affair.

GRAND THEATRE

Matinee at 2:30.

Night at 7.

10c.

15c

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ORLANDO - - FLORIDA

CANOEING IN ARTIC FLORIDA

(Continued from Page Two.)

glittering drops that lay in wait for the intruder's wrists and neck. It was warm and cozy in the tents. However, Len jumped at it with a cheery "Whooppee!" and the rest followed, for we had a long day ahead.

It is wonderful what a difference in the appearance of things a warm lining in one's stomach makes! It is also wonderful what a volume of bacon, flapjacks, oatmeal, brown sugar, coffee, canned milk and the like is necessary to provide said lining in a gapless form! We voted after breakfast not to break camp, but to stay there forever. Cabbage palm salad, catfish stew, alligator tail steak, roasted turkeys, probable deer and possible bear, certain bobcat fricasse, sweet potatoes and oranges were to be had for the taking or stealing.

We headed down stream again by nine and soon turned out of the dusky flood of the Rio Dubida into the pellucid clarity of the Wekiva and once more pushed against the rush of its liquid glass. We were due to enter known waters soon, for Len had been down as far as the railway trestle only a few weeks before. But—

The name Wekiva means Mystery, and the river is well named. Its myriad channels and backwaters, changing with the season, wind and interlace marvelously. We pulled steadily for an hour, then rested fifteen minutes, consuming the remainder of our provisions in hourly lunches, then pushed on again for an hour and repeated da capo ad infinitum. Ever the mythical railway trestle fled before us, ever Len cheered us on with the announcement that it must be just around the next bend, or the next one after that anyway. That day stretched and stretched, till each hour was an ordinary year. Our strength stretched with it, however, thanks to the wood gods, and we drank in the changing play of light and shade from the racing white clouds overhead over the endlessly varying changes of the scene. There was plenty of wind far overhead, but it rarely reached down to the mirror of the river. Below us the bottom shifted slowly past, dropping into dusky pits where the whirls of some sharp bent ate into it, again rising as the river widened till we had barely room to pass and the clutching fingers of the trailing

growths beneath held us back. But always the wonderful lucent clarity of the water showed every crevice and cranny of the white sands, lifting them up so that a paddle, plunged down at arm's length, failed to touch the leaf of a young lily just sprouting from the bottom and seeming a bare half yard down.

Such days come now and then to the true worshippers of the Red Gods, days when the magic and mystery of the outdoors draws very near and the Isis veil of nature shreds to a fleeting rush of mist that promises every moment to clear away; and one senses the animate affection of Mother Earth for all her creatures. One knows that time and appearance are but illusions, and feels that every tree and vine and leaf is thinking and whispering and drinking in the ripened wisdom of the rooted things from the breast that bears and nourishes them. Ever the mind sinks into reverie, and senses the teeming rush of conscious, active life behind the green and brown silence, while the body swings tirelessly at the appointed task.

We all felt it, I think, for we swung along for long stretches without a word or sign, till at last, and quite surprisingly, the railway trestle hung across the vista ahead; and the man-built, utilitarian ugliness of it, emerging from a merciful screen of great trees and festooning vines at one side and diving into another on the other, shattered the crystalline illusion. We shook ourselves awake and pushed on a bit faster, for we still had some eleven miles to go against the current.

In one respect, we were very fortunate. The river had just recently been cleared of floating growths, and we found only three belts across it of the massed water hyacinth and water lettuce, that are the curse of these waters. It is no joke to push a heavily laden canoe through these. You charge the edge, and the canoe slides in a third of its length maybe before stopping. Then the bowman digs frantically on alternate sides, pushing the stuff along and opening a trifling space ahead. The stern paddler keeps up a steady thrash, with the stuff clogging his swing, but not resistant enough to push against, and bit by bit, with many heartfelt curses for the misguided individual who in-

(Continued on Page Six.)

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GIRLS' GLEE CLUB VISITS SANFORD

On Friday evening of last week, the Girls' Glee Club visited Sanford and presented their concert there. The members of the Womans' Club of the town received the girls with the greatest cordiality, and in spite of a heavy "April shower" there was a large audience in attendance.

Following the program, the entire club in response to a hearty invitation extended by Mrs. Phillips, Marion Phillips' mother repaired to the Phillips' home and were informally tho' delightfully entertained with further music, and were served with delicious ice cream, cake and fancy crackers.

By ten-thirty however, the club started once more for Winter Park, and enjoyed a most delightful ride home by moonlight.

THE DELPHIC SOCIETY

President Hanna called a special meeting of the Delphic Society last Wednesday morning at 7.45.

Katherine Gate's resignation as a member of the program committee was accepted after which Gertrude Hall was appointed to fill the vacancy.

It was also agreed upon by the Society that any member refusing to take part on any program when asked shall be fined twenty-five cents and that no member shall be called upon more than once in three meetings.

A motion was made and adopted that the Society meet at 7.30 p.m. instead of 6.45. It is desired that all the members notice this change and be prompt at the next meeting on the evening of April the 25th.

Miss Briley, an old student of Rollins and Miss Currier, both of Winter Garden, were on the campus last Saturday afternoon. They took on Virga West and "Peg" Hall for a couple of sets of tennis. The local girls winning 6-4, 6-4. The Winter Garden girls will be on the campus again this afternoon and the clay court will be the scene of a fast match of doubles between our girls and the visitors.

Harland Fromke spent last Friday and Saturday on the campus visiting his brother Maynard, returning to his home in Lake Alfred last Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Patterson, Malcolm McGowan and Maynard Froemke, all of whom enjoyed the week-end at the Froemke home.

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CANOEING IN ARTIC FLORIDA

(Continued from Page Five.)

troduced these ornamental (?) things, you struggle through. And after a hundred yards of that amusement, pulling against the unobstructed current is a pleasure!

With only one pause to stretch our legs ashore, just above the trestle (the only ground accessible from a canoe between the source and the mouth), we pushed on holding to our regular schedule of an hour's paddling followed by fifteen minutes for lunch. We had no regular dinner that day, but consumed a surprising amount, nevertheless. The afternoon was a repetition of the morning, except that it was Wekiva Springs that now eluded us around the next bend ahead. I had about concluded that they too were a myth, when suddenly we were in the pool just as twilight was darkening into night. We paddled across, climbed stiffly out, hauled out the canoes, lit our pipes and started up the hill toward the Wekiva Hotel. The trip was over.

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