

Home

WOODEN HORSE

Vol. 1

St. Petersburg, Florida

No. 1

St. Petersburg
Junior College

October 11, 1929

Price, 20 cents

Our Honor System

WHEREAS: It is accepted that the students of the ST. PETERSBURG JUNIOR COLLEGE, having reached the status of college men and women, are capable of assuming the responsibility of self government and,

the STUDENTS and FACULTY of the ST. PETERSBURG JUNIOR COLLEGE believes the student body to be worthy of the trust placed in its hands:

THEREFORE, the following regulations have been adopted by the STUDENTS and FACULTY of the ST. PETERSBURG JUNIOR COLLEGE in regard to student government:

1. Students are to avoid all appearance of cheating on written examinations and are to seat themselves in a manner that is in accord with this rule.
2. The instructor shall be present or shall absent himself from the class according to his wishes, but while present he is not to act as a proctor, but as an adviser to the group taking the examination. Therefore the students shall adopt **no moral code** of their own in regard to the presence of an instructor in the room, but shall adhere strictly to the rules set down by themselves.
3. Each student is required to write in full the following pledge (bearing signature of student) at the end of each examination, or whenever required by the instructor: "I pledge my word of honor that I have neither given nor received aid on this examination."
4. Each student is honor bound to deport himself in a manner becoming to his responsibilities as an "ex-officio" member of the HONOR COUNCIL. Each student is honor bound to report to an active member of the honor council any laxity observed on the part of less honest students.

The observance of any violations of the above rules shall be reported to a member of the Honor Council for consideration by the said body.

The Honor Council shall consist of the following members: The president of the Sophomore Class who shall be president of the Council and student association; the president of the Freshman Class who shall be vice-president of the Council and student association; the treasurer of the Sophomore Class; the secretary of the Freshman Class; three members elected by the Sophomore Class and two members elected by the Freshman Class.

All cases of violations of the honor code shall be tried by the Honor Council and all, or a representative number, of the Faculty, in joint session. Warnings and punishment shall be meted out by the president of the Council from the decisions reached by the consulting body.

THE WOODEN HORSE

Published by the students of the St. Petersburg Junior College, at St. Petersburg, Fla.

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The material found on the first page of the magazine is given the position of importance because it concerns the most important part of our college connections — the Honor System. In the past it has been the misfortune of some to find this out too late. We hope that we may all profit by good and bad example and guide ourselves accordingly. If we were to emphasize the Honor System in this magazine, in proportion to its importance, the entire magazine would be dedicated to the elaboration of the system in all its phases. We do dedicate the first issue of our college publication to the Honor System with the hope that the students, especially the Freshmen, will take to heart all that has been said concerning it and that it will not be necessary to have the matter called to the attention of the students because of any laxity on their parts. The Honor System is ours to use for our benefit. Let us use it—not abuse it! If we can all adhere to the Honor System, in the spirit as well as in the letter, we will have proven ourselves worthy of the title—college men and women.

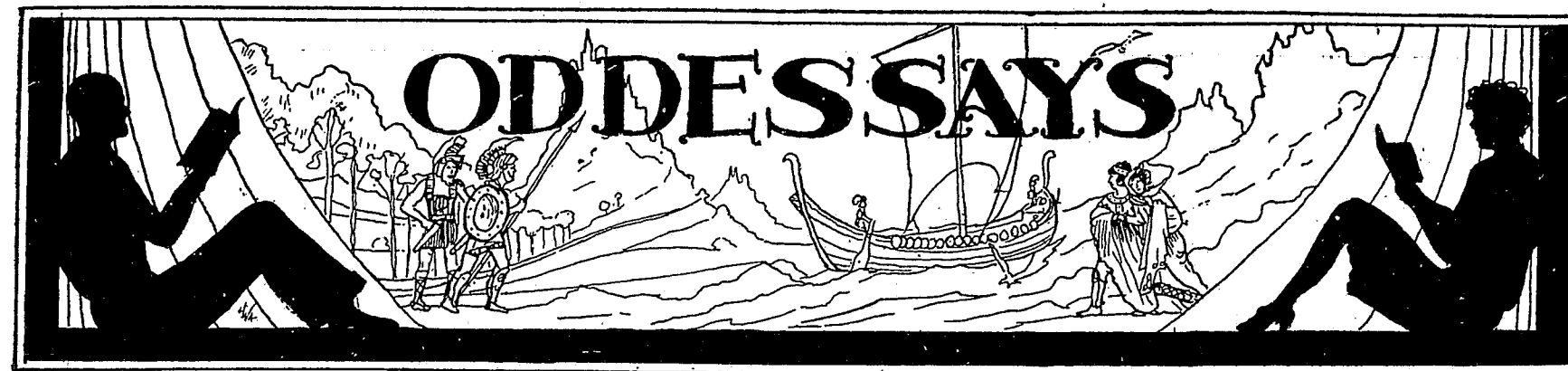
The Wooden Horse wishes to express its appreciation to the Board of Governors of the College and to its advertisers who have made this publication possible. We are grateful for the efforts of an alumnus, Mr. Harry Anderson, who furnished the drawings found in the magazine. The staff appreciates the co-operation of the student body in supporting the magazine, and the efforts of those who have helped much in preparing it for publication.

The Wooden Horse wishes to extend its hearty congratulations to the officers of the Student Association and Our Leaders of the two classes. The Wooden Horse will back you in all your undertakings on behalf of the Junior College, and wishes you the best of luck in your work. We are sure you will bear up under the responsibility placed upon your shoulders by your classmates and that you will show yourselves worthy of the trust placed in you.

Mr. Yeamans will make a capable leader of the student body because he has the group supporting him 100%. Miss Doris Frisbie is not a Florida product but she has so popularized herself as to acquire the confidence and friendship of all who know her. Faith Harris and Virginia Banks are capable young ladies and conscientious workers. A more representative and a more capable group could not be found any where in the class.

Mr. Holland, the Freshman leader is quite capable of carrying on the work and duties of his office. Dick is Freshman manager of the football team and is making himself quite active. We're glad to see such spirit shown on the part of the vice-president of our student body. Miss Helen Hoover will assist Dick in the leadership of the Freshmen. Betty Guild and Dudley Gilbert are public spirited and energetic workers. The college will expect much from them, and they are not of the calibre to disappoint us in these expectations.

Please do not be harsh in your judgement of the Wooden Horse. Remember he is yet a colt and will grow and improve with time.



THE WOODEN HORSE.

Back in the days that Homer and his like wrote about, a certain wooden horse played a mean trick on the Trojans, which made them very "Illium" indeed. This helped the founders of the present restaurant union to wipe them almost off the map.

It seems that some beauty contest judge of international fame became immoral and eloped with Helen, the union's most beautiful waitress, thus causing the tips and cover charges to drop enormously. This angered the head waiter as greatly as receiving a ten cent tip from Midas or Creosus. Reaching for his shotgun, he grabbed a sling instead, because of a frightful mistake on the part of the inventor, that necessary implement for a military wedding was not forthcoming. Then Agammemnon, short for Garcon, gathered all his waiters and hash slingers around him and headed them into dugouts for the raid on the non-unionists under Priam.

Priam, who was so frantically opposed to unions that he wore only fancy two-piece under-garments, had prepared for the union workers by having non-crashable gates built in the walls of Troy. After ten years of sorties and rough and tumble scraps to make life interesting, some of the Greeks suddenly remembered orders they had taken, and wanted to rush home and fill them before the customers became impatient, thereby showing more consideration for the customer's time than is shown nowadays.

When the Greeks were about to give the war up as a hopeless task, Ulysses, the original One-Eyed Connely, offered a good method for crashing the gates of Troy. The Trojans, he told them, were fond of good horseflesh (merely from a sportsman's standpoint—it had nothing to do with the brand of hash they dished); in fact they were fanciers of thoroughbreds and usually cleaned up in the Kentucky Derby without wire tapping.

As soon as all the plans had been made

the Greeks rode away and left a giant wooden horse before the gates of Troy. The Trojans admired him so much that they brought him in and gave him the keys to the city. Instead of using the keys to crash in on some free shows and campaign cigars, the block-head turned the keys over to the Greeks who had hidden just around the corner.

Headed by Achilles the Greeks "snuck" up on Troy while the people slept, and as previously related, caused it to become quite "Illium." Thus a whole city was wrecked because of a wooden steed! "Aeneid" awful?

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

All Quiet on the Western Front
by Remarque

Whether it is called "A l'Ouest, Rien de Nouveau," "Nothing New in the West" or by any variations of this title in as many different languages, "All Quiet on the Western Front" is still one of the most talked of books on two continents. Paris, London, Berlin, New York, all display this story widely and an increasingly large number of people are reading it.

In this novel, by a German, we see something of the war from the other side of the trenches. It is a bit surprising to find that the atrocities that we attributed to the Germans were not in turn attributed to the Allies by the German publicity departments. It is rather a shock to suddenly realize that our much cherished ideas of "making the world safe for democracy" and so on were mostly aroused by the psychologically planned propagandists who started the war. We had no idea that the Germans had similar feelings on the subject of "righteous" warfare. This book makes everyone wonder if they haven't been somewhat cheated on the matter of this war. What was it all about anyhow? Who was it that started the fight? One thing is certain, the ones who started it all didn't do the fighting, and

what did the rest of us have against the enemy?

Each time we have a war it is going to be a little harder to have another. The people are beginning to realize that these wars aren't theirs and if they aren't why should they fight? There have been increasingly numerous demands lately that the ones who start the wars should be the ones to fight them, but then of course there would be no wars.

"All Quiet on the Western Front" is a bit crude in places but this only makes the story more convincing as it is the tale of some German soldiers in a war. War coarsens and tears down in a little while all of the traditions that have been carefully built up in centuries of toil. The dialogue and setting are vivid in their realism and authenticity while the characters really seem to live.

The author does not attempt to mince any of the details of war. This is no glamorous affair but a great human struggle, infinitely compelling and interesting. The style has a kind of rugged appeal with its vulgarity and straightforwardness of manner. It is rather like it's English prototype in many ways, although *Journeys End* omits the references to women which are rather crudely brought in in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

The American edition has been somewhat purged but even the censorship and the loss that inevitably occurs in a translation, cannot mar the value and forcefulness of the book. The German edition, is, naturally, more gripping, but the English version is sufficiently good to warrant reading. "All Quiet on the Western Front" will be thoroughly enjoyed from the standpoint merely of pleasure but it affords the added enjoyment of presenting a problem for the world to solve, and it is the general public who must answer this question of war.

HELL WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

It was a very hot day even for Hell. The Devil mopped his perspiring horns with a flame colored handkerchief and switched his tail nervously.

"This heat is terrible," he said to a small red devil, who was manipulating a fan energetically. "I really feel I owe it to my-

self to get away from here for a bit."

"It's not the heat, it's the humidity," corrected the little devil admonishingly.

"I think I'll go up to the world for the summer," the devil continued, overlooking the interruption, "the change should do me good; for I'm simply wasting away down in this God-forsaken place."

"Your Highness," suggested the devil's secretary of state, "A man from Cook's Paris office was damned the other day. Doubtless he could give you information concerning de luxe tours to the wilds of New York."

The Cook's man was duly called in and the devil was soon persuaded to buy a Tourist Third ticket to the heart of the big city. The tour made perfect connections with the subway via Forty--Second street.

The day of departure dawned at last, with no sign of rain in the Hellish heavens. The excited devil donned his best red suit, and carefully stuck his handsomest gold stick-pin into an orange necktie. On his way to the train he passed a former flapper slowly burning in Hell fire while a band of merry devils gleefully chanted "Red Hot Mama" as they danced around her.

New York was not quite as bright as Hell and the devil rather missed his pleasant home fires and hot coals. At first everyone stared a little at his bright costume but there were many other odd costumes in the city and the red suit was soon forgotten in the general rush to get somewhere. People were too busy to think of anything but themselves for more than a minute or two. The impersonality of it all was quite a blow to the devil's pride for he had been accustomed to much attention at home.

"It is better to rule in Hell than be ignored in New York," he was thinking when he heard his own name mentioned. He turned around, beaming with pleasure, to see who had spoken. A very unpleasant looking man was glaring at another who seemed to be very angry.

"You go to the devil!" said the first while the polite rejoinder was, "Oh, get the Hell out of here." The devil prided himself on being cosmopolitan but he still retained a spark of patriotism and he resented hearing his mother country spoken of so derogatively.

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FAC-SIMILES

This late in the year we need no introduction to our faculty. We are all on the most friendly terms, and sometimes we think that they are quite human in spite of hard assignments.

Captain Lynch seems to be a man far in advance of his time. One who is too honest to make a good politician in this day and time. What appeals to us most in his talks to us is his absolute sincerity and earnestness. If we only knew enough to follow his advice! Lucky many of us do.

Dean Reed has the peculiar habit of reminding one of Woodrow Wilson. Perhaps it is because both were at Princeton at the same time. Our Dean is not an old man though; he was a member of the Princeton Debating Team when Mr. Wilson was president of the University. Incidentally the Princeton debaters defeated Harvard that year.

Walter E. Ervin, A. M. (Columbia) is not the half of it. Did he ever tell you about the time he taught at Center College, Kentucky, the year they made football famous? He ranks among his disciples majors, colonels, admirals and Beau MacMullen. He isn't over his fondness for football yet, being one of the ardent supporters of the Trojans in the faculty.

"Il ne passera pas!" and she means it. Miss Brackett is as determined as the famous Petain at Verdun. They won't pass either unless they work. Miss Brackett is a strong believer in the Honor System as a student institution. Her hobby, by the way, is current literature. Perhaps she will read some poetry to us this year in chapel. You would be surprised at how interesting she can make it sound.

The Co-ed you saw in the Education Class is none other than Professor Vera Dumas. We still have a soft spot in our hearts for Miss Dumas. It was she who guided the present Sophomore Class through three years of a stormy high school career. It is comforting to have her with us yet.

David Belasco has no monopoly on good play production. You ought to see some that

Miss Center produces; or maybe you have? Whenever we want something good by way of dramatics we always look to Miss Center—and she has never disappointed us!

Atley Tilghman (pronounced Pete) Glisson is the handsomest teacher in Pinellas and contiguous territories. But that is the least of his virtues. Have you seen the Mrs.? We would be envious of Mr. Glisson if we were not so stoical. We will be expecting Mr. Glisson to give us another Spanish program in chapel before long.

William A. (Pop) Gager is not usually addicted to talking to himself. We don't believe he has ever said anything to ruffle the feelings of anyone. He never advises—he only suggests. His suggestions are well worth considering, too. A good diplomat was lost when Mr. Gager took up the spread of education; but a good mathematician is a fair exchange in our opinion.

Miss Porter is interested in marble playing, but her real hobby is reading book reviews. She is the genial head of the Reviewers, the leading literary club of the college. Miss Porter is also secretly fond of detective thrillers put out by the Crime Club. We wonder if she was ambitious of becoming a detective when she purchased the Baffle Book. All of which goes to show that everyone has weaknesses of some kind or another.

Miss West is our court of appeals. Whenever your anxiety over the latest gets the better of your studies—Go "West" Young Man! She seems to understand our little affairs, and best of all sympathizes with us. How funny they really must seem to her though! And can she bake chocolate cake! We will not willingly miss Sci-Math when she is hostess.

Mrs. Marguerite Blocker Holmes is not really interested in Calisthenics. It is only her method of leading singing. Pardon our saying so, but "Our Margie," is the peppiest one of the Trojan rooters, in the faculty and out. We have adopted her on the Wooden Horse in spite of her fondness for poetry;

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CLUBS

The Sci-Math Club is the one honorary fraternity of the college. It was organized during the first year of the Junior College. To become a member in this organization a student must have an average of 85 in any one branch of Science or 88 in any one Mathematics course. The Sci-Math Club has the largest membership of any student organization, which speaks well for the ability of the Junior College students along mathematical and scientific lines.

This club's second year was one of activity. The initiation of new members at mid-year was a gala occasion, and one which will be long remembered. Numerous lecturers were heard as well. During the '28-'29 school year the club pins were obtained. On them are engraved the Greek letters: Sigma Mu.

The faculty advisers of the club are: Miss Frances L. West, Instructor of Science; Mr. W. A. Gager, Instructor of Mathematics; and Mr. Walter E. Erwin, Instructor of Physics.

The first meeting of the club was held Monday, October 7, at the home of Miss West. At this meeting officers were elected and plans for the coming year were discussed. The following officers were elected by the members with unanimous votes: Ed McCullough, president; Dorothy Thorpe, vice-president; Kathleen Badgely, secretary; Charles Jones, Treasurer. After the business of the evening was discussed the club participated in a number of games prepared by Miss Badgely. Following the games, refreshments were served by the hostess. The club had the pleasure of entertaining three of its Alumni Members at its first meeting, Miss Florence Washburn, Mrs. Pauline Pringle and Miss Margaret Griffin.

The Playmakers—"Great clubs from little paddles grow." And in like manner has the Dramatic Club grown up into the Playmakers. The Playmakers was the first organized club formed in the Junior College,

under the supervision of Miss Center, head of the Speech Department. It was organized by students of the P. S. classes, and in the two years of its existence it has been one of the most representative clubs of the school.

Last year it was a popular contributor to our chapel programs and no doubt has furnished more enjoyment to our student body than any other of our organizations.

Its greatest achievement in '29 was the sponsoring of "The Merchant of Venice," which was under the personal direction of Miss Center. After such a success we need not prophesy what the future may hold but will wait, see, and enjoy.

The first meeting of the Play Makers will be held on the second Monday of October. The club will then be reorganized and plans will be made for the acceptance of new members.

The Reviewers—The membership of the Reviewers is composed of students who are interested in the reading and studying of contemporary writings. The club was organized by Miss Gertrude Porter, who felt that many of the college students would enjoy this study of current literature.

The regular English courses of the college do not offer readings from modern authors, therefore it gives the opportunity to many college students to be "up-to-date bookworms."

The Reviewers opened their activities for the year '28-'29 by giving a masquerade party for the new members. The guests and hosts came dressed as characters from some well known piece of literature. This furnished great amusement and that night "the ice was properly broken" for a year of sincere co-operation. Monthly meetings were held the rest of the school year at which the members read papers on some of the prominent modern authors and gave reviews of the more recent novels. The last meeting of the year was held with the Sci-Math Club. The members of the Poetry Guild and Playmakers were guests at this meeting. There were plays, debates, puzzles, and refreshments. Each person left with the feeling that the clubs were all going to be

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CO-ED CLARA *says*

Can you imagine anything worse than seeing a boy that wouldn't eat pie? Well neither can I, but there is not only one freak of that kind right here in our school but a whole team of them. I almost believe I've guessed the cause of this sudden insanity—ever hear of a person named Hutchinson? Well, Saturday he is taking his anti-pie-eaters over to Lakeland and I believe it's our duty, girls, as future scientists and cooks, to follow them and see what happens over there.

Someone asked the other day what Co-ed Clara did and I heard them and said, "I just go 'round and meet folks and find out all about them and then write it down where the rest of you can read it so we'll all know each other better here at college."

What do you think Richard Holland the president of the Freshman Class, said when I asked him what he liked to do? Dick said, "Oh, My goodness!" Now if you can make anything out of that you're better at puzzles than Clara.

Oh, girls! Let me put you wise right now—I heard that Mr. Ervin doesn't mind having flappers in his classes just as long as they don't flap.(!!?)

All the Art in this Junior College isn't done under the direction of Mr. Dodd—No, sir! Have you seen Art Miller's beautiful blue Ford (hand-painted?) anyway it gives the front of the college that certain little touch that makes it cozy.

You know, I just met Beth Nash not so long ago and she's real cute even if she isn't a Sophomore. Here's what I know about Beth—comes from Long Island, likes to hear "Hang On To Me," and can get more people on one roadster than any other girl I know!

Dorothy Turville is a new student to some of us. Dot comes from Washington, D. C., and graduated from St. Mary's Seminary. Lots of us knew Dorothy in high school and that's why we're glad she's back.

If you want to really enjoy yourself make it your business to meet Susan Larkin. Susan is from Atlanta, Georgia, but you couldn't be with her long before you knew she was from somewhere "in de Land of Cotton." We asked Susan if she had a good time at the picnic and she said, "Oh, Yeah!"

Ross Lyons is another interesting Freshman. Ross had a pretty hard time at the beginning of rat season but now things are going better. Ross likes to fence and do Chemistry problems after lunch.

The Horning girls are from California and proud of it. After meeting them we agree with Columbus when he said, "Go West, Young Man, Go West."

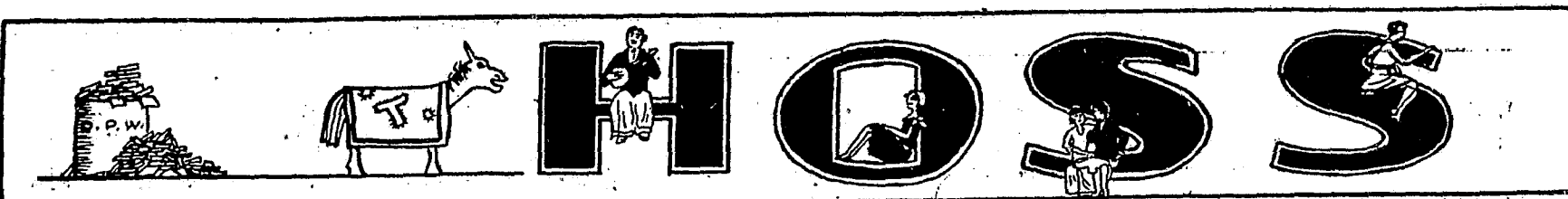
Manley Welch is a cruel, cruel man that likes to read blood-thirsty poems. He said the other day that he'd go over to the library and bring back some poems to read to me and I sat and waited for hours!

Sue Gaither comes from Maysville, Kentucky. Sue's easy to get acquainted with and is bound to know somebody you know—just try it!

Say, don't you just love the beautiful red shirt Al Furen's been wearing? It reminds me of something I've seen some place, but I just can't remember. Any suggestions?

Now that we've all met each other, let's plan on having fun at the game Saturday. How about it?

—CLARA



We understand that one of the more active Freshmen showed his agility when he climbed one of the pillars in front of the building. Let it be understood right here and now that Freshies must come to school with their pants patched.

The Noisy College Foursome will now favor us with: "We s'pose they call the Freshies Rats, because they gnaw it all."

Mrs. Holmes: "What part of speech is woman."

Pete S.: "None. She is the whole oration."

"Georgia," said Miss Porter to her colored maid, "I don't like that young man of yours. He has an air of braggadocia about him."

"Yes'm dat's jes' wot ah been tellin' him—dat he'd have ta git 'nuther job and quit workin' 'round dat stable."

"Did you know that Mrs. Gager can't cook anything but stewed apples?"

"I bet Pop gets tired of her sass."

Miss Dumas: "Decline 'kiss' in Latin."
Freshman Girl: "Why I've never done that in English."

Dean Reed: "Abe Lincoln said that all men are born free and equal."

Mr. Glisson: "Did he say anything about the ones who grow up and get married?"

Rev. So-And-So: "How do you like the new male quartette at our church?"

Dot: "Oh I don't know yet. You see I've only been out with two of them."

After all, Mr. Ervin, isn't the best way to raise children the milky way?

Song of the Month—"I Often Have Been Sore Before in Body and in Mind, But Never Before Have I Been Sore Any More Than I Am Sore Behind," being sung by impertinent Frosh.

"There's a man down there on the corner whose eyes are like little birds."

"Howzat?"

"You should see how they flit from limb to limb."

Gould: "I wonder why Virginia is so crazy to marry Pete—I thought he deceived her."

Kinkade: "She's probably out for revenge."

Ed McCullough and his lady friend are certainly talkative in public."

"Yes, but when they're alone they're very likely close-mouthed."

Canning: "I have no use for miserly men."
Kaniss: "But I always like them a little close."

Mr. Reed: "Well Earl, how did you get along with your barbering this summer?"

Curry: "Oh fine, I made a scraping acquaintance with several prominent men."

The answer to this question

Will put me much at ease—
If the Rats like Mr. Ervin much
Is he a piece of cheese?

We understand that George Thomas and Sam Bond are going to form a partnership as architects when they have received their degrees.

They ought to make a swell pair of drawers.

Yeamans: "There's my girl. What do you think of her?"

Welch: "Can't say."

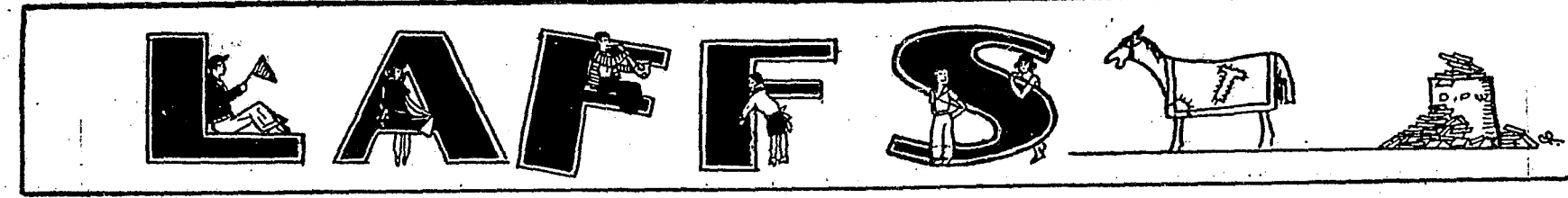
Yeamans: "Why?"

Welch: "She's your girl."

"The man who bets is doing wrong."
"But the guy that doesn't is no better."

"Why is it that a wagon tongue never wags?"

"For the same reason that a woman's tongue is always waggin'."



Mr. Gager (after writing LXXX on the board): "Now what does that mean?"

Freshman Flapper: "Love and kisses."

Chic-Chic: "What are you doing with those opera glasses at this musical show? Don't you know it isn't proper?"

Wild Willie: "Well it surely shows good form."

Movie of the Month—"Whack, Whack, Whack," a resounding, slapstick comedy, with sound arrangement. Showing regularly in Rat Court.

Mrs. Holmes returned home on the SS. Bologna after a sojourn in the British Isles. When asked about her ocean trip she remarked, "Well, the thing that impressed me most was this—that there are times when what goes down must come up."

Fresh: "I used to play the organ in Chicago."

Soph: "'Smatter? Did the monkey die?"

Mr. Reed: "Do you believe in heredity?"

Mr. Ervin: "Certainly. Why?"

Mr. Reed: "I hear your son has been acting a fool."

Book of the Month—"The Broken Stick," by Ilamm Hard. The short biography of a college paddle.

First Rat: "Why are there no insane asylums on the Sahara desert?"

Second Lunatic: "Because there are no mad people there."

Miss Dumas: "Why is it that when we speak of mankind we always include women."

Mr. Glisson: "Simply because man embraces women."

"Mr. Ervin called his wife down yesterday."

"What for?"

"To answer the phone."

Art: "What are you stopping for?"

Taxi Driver: "I thot I heard the lady shout stop!"

Art: "Well-er-er, she wasn't talking to you."

Freshie: "What's the matter with Al Edgerton. He isn't looking well."

Second Hopeless: "Perhaps he's dying to meet the undertaker's new young lady assistant."

Mr. Gager was handed this one the other day: One of the Sophomore girls went upstairs to dress at 7:45 o'clock. She is nineteen years old and weighs 111 pounds. State the wait of the young man downstairs.

Mrs. Reed: "What in the world are you looking in that mirror so for?"

Mr. Reed (absent-mindedly): "I was trying to figure out where I had seen this fellow before."

"I": "I have a friend who is always breaking his word."

"T": "He must be an awful liar."

"I": "No, he stutters."

Miss West: "I wish you would carry out my plans."

Stoner: "Where do you want them buried?"

Alumnus: "Miss Brackett is still single isn't she?"

Alumna: "Yes. They say she's a matchless woman."

"Is your girl religious?"

"Religious? Man, she won't even darn socks."

"Is she mad at him again?"

"I'm not sure but only last night she was up in arms against him."

Ed. Fisher: "My girl burst into tears the other night."

Ed. A. Cat: "Oh, I must have seen you squeezing her back together again."

SONGS

Alma Mater Song

(Tune: Pi Rota Phi Anthem)

St. Petersburg to thee!
In truth and loyalty,
We raise our colors brave on high
And fling them out across the sky
Proudly our voices raise
Anthems of loving praise,
Long may they ring
The while we sing
Of Alma Mater days.

When college days are o'er
Think of the joys of yore.
Let loyal hearts thine honor be,
Thy praise the lives that mirror thee.
Then may we stand anew
Inspired by love so true,
Strengthened and cheered
By bonds endeared
In Alma Mater days.

Loyalty Song

(Tune: Illinois Loyalty Song)

Fling out that dear old flag of white and blue,
We are your sons and daughters fighting for you,
Your ideals bright before us,
Your standard o'er us,
Loud ring the chorus
Here's to St. Pete!
To win you fame throughout our sunny land
For truth and honor and for learning we stand,
And unto thee we pledge our heart and hand
In never-failing loyalty.

Old St. Pete Forever

(Tune: Stars and Stripes Forever)

Old St. Pete forever,
We're here today,
Ready for battle
Eager for the fray.
We are always willing
To fight for you;
Here's to the varsity
The white and blue.

Junior College Song

(Tune: Indiana)

Junior College, O, Junior College
Junior College, we're all for you
We'll fight for our Alma Mater
And for the glory of white and blue.
Never daunted, we will not falter
In our battles we're tried and true.
Junior College, O, Junior College
Junior College, we're all for you.

Football Song

(Tune: Wisconsin)

Go on, Trojans,
Go on, Trojans,
Plunge right through that line.
Run the ball around the end,
Touchdown sure this time.
Fight on, Trojans,
Fight on, Trojans,
Fight on for our fame.
Fight, fellows, fight, fight, fight,
We'll win this game.

Team Song

(Tune: He Wears a Beta Pin)

To Letter Men—

Now you wear the Trojan T
Yes, you wear the Trojan T
You've earned the right to wear the Trojan T
Field of white with T of blue
Speaks of our faith in you,
O, aren't you glad to wear a Trojan T?

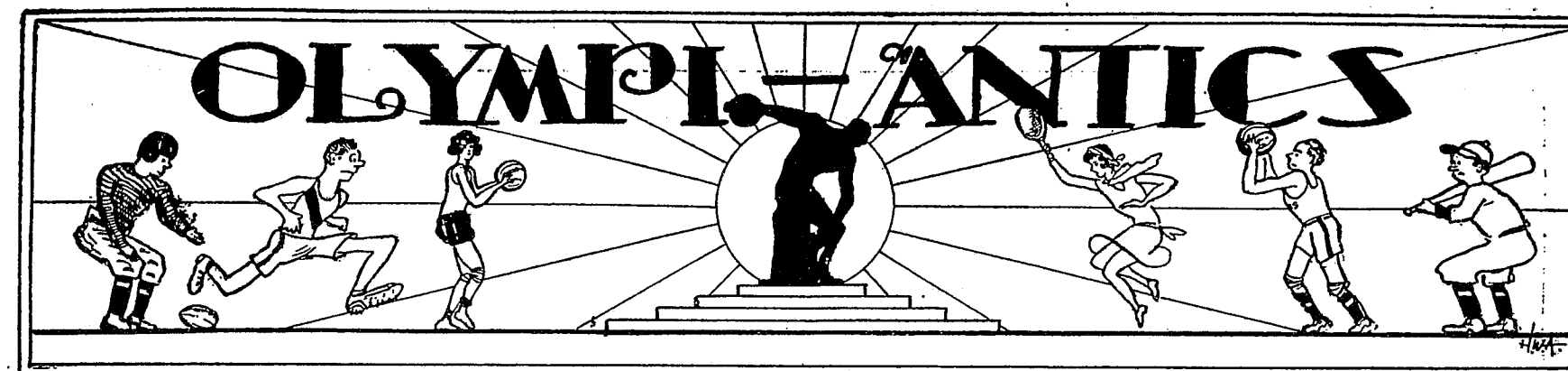
To Non-Letter Men—

When you wear the Trojan T
When you wear the Trojan T
Then Trojan standard bearers you will be.
Loyalty you'll pledge anew
To those colors white and blue
O, aren't you glad to wear a Trojan T?

You're a Wonder

(Tune: Rueben, Rueben—)

You're a wonder, you're a wonder,
And when we are old and gray,
We'll insist that yes, by thunder,
You were some (team—boy) in your day.



THE SPORT OF MAUL

For the past month the Trojan football team has been practicing on the high school field in preparation for what is probably the hardest schedule that our boys have ever faced. Coach Hutchinson has faced the task of rounding out a team with only few experienced men to form a nucleus, with measurable success. The rooters who journey to Lakeland to witness the first clash of the season with the Baby Moccasins are assured a first class squad to represent them.

Johnnie Hewitt and Roy Klett form the main cogs in the forward wall, having played on last season's successful Blue and White team. Clement Coss, captain of the Green Devils of 1927 and of the first Trojan team, is back filling Big Roy Winner's post at end. Bill Fort, another prominent member of the famous Devils of 1925-26-27 is holding down the other end. With a greater selection to pick from Hutch is even more pleased with his backfield. Dave Beazley, a find of Coach Hutchinson of last year, is back, bigger, blonder and better than ever. Watch "Hurricane" go. Frank Hodgkinson, another veteran, has been displaying a lot of class and fight in taking care of his quarterback task. Frank calls signals and his knowledge of football is exemplified in his superb directing of the plays. George Presstman, who comes to us fresh from a season with the Florida Rats is the third formidable backfield man. Presstman carries around 220 pounds and is being used as a line-crushing back. George was originally a line-man, holding down a tackle position on the Green Devil team of 25-26-27, but is showing more form in his present capacity and we'll bet he'll be a marked man before the season is much under way. Pete Stoner, a newcomer to football this year, rounds out the backfield and is being used as a punter as well as ball carrier. Pete weighs in stripped around 175 pounds and he declares he's going to weigh

185 before the curtain rings down on the Trojans. Mears, Cook, Worrell, and Furen are the lighter men in the backfield whom Coach Hutchinson is counting upon to run the ends ragged. They are all fast and the members of this quartette in addition to this qualification, are all veterans. With a team like this representing us let's get out and show 'em we're behind them. They deserve our whole hearted support and the team would like to see as many of those that can possibly make it on deck when the whistle blows to start the season in the first game on Saturday. With one exception, (the Miami night game) all the games are at home, so let's establish some college atmosphere at that high school field.

A Review of Last Season's Basketball Season

Owing to the lack of a coach, interest in basketball was very slight at the start of the season, but a few who wanted to play organized a team and rapidly developed into a team of the calibre to make them a threat to any Junior College team of the South.

The team was built up around Captain Dave Beazley. His experience, fight and hard playing, coupled with his skill at dropping them in the basket, contributed largely to the team's success. The forwards positions were capably taken care of by Crabby Cook and Johnny Danielson. This pair was great on offense and sure on defense. Klett held down the standing guard part and was the key man in the defense. The remaining member of the quintet was Harry Worrell, who could handle any task assigned to him. Bob Andrew was the manager and was instrumental in securing the out-of-town games, which at the start of the season looked hopeless. The schedule was an ambitious one for the first year, and although a little discomfort was felt physically on

(continued on page 15)

BACK THE

Blue and White

The Trojans are your team. Show your spirit by backing them 100% strong in Lakeland tomorrow.

Your team depends upon your support to help win games for the school. Crowd our home field at every game! CHEER THEM ON!

BLUE AND WHITE SCHEDULE, 1929

October 12	Southern	at Lakeland
October 19	Norman Park, Ga. Jr. College	Here
October 26	Southern	Here
November 1	(Friday) Rollins	Here
November 9	Open (probably Ga. A.&M.)	Here
November 16	Stetson	Here
November 23	Miami (night game)	at Miami

ALUMNI ACTIVITIES

By Mrs. Pauline Banta Pringle

St. Petersburg, Florida, October 11, 1929.

Dear Mary:

So much has happened in the last few weeks that I really do not know where to begin to tell you all about it. Perhaps the thing most interesting to you would be news from Junior College graduates.

Quite a number of those who struggled through the teacher training course last year have obtained positions in the city schools. Three of the girls, Polly Pringle, Freeda Byrom, and Emma Gilbert, are at West Central. Polly is trying to hold her own with the fourth grade while Freeda and Emma have started their teaching careers with the third grade. Winnie Dyess is at the Roser Park, but she is so quiet that we never hear from her. Margaret Griffin is becoming a success in the profession as a first grade teacher at the Lakeview school. I certainly feel sorry for her. Just imagine trying to teach everything to someone who does not know anything. Leroy Kaufman teaches geography at Child's Park. He is the only man teacher in the school and his women colleagues say that he looks extremely intellectual and dignified at the faculty meetings. I expect he has to look that way—for protection and the like. Virginia Roush is assisting her mother with the Lakeview Country Day School. Will it not be nice when her mother can retire and leave all the burdens on her daughter's shoulders? Fond fathers do that for their college sons—why not mothers for the co-eds? Helen Ormsby, at Lealman, must be overcome by her duties as "schoolmarm." No one seems to know what has happened to her, but I have an idea that grading papers keeps her fairly busy. Vivian Parsley has what seems to me to be the hardest place of all. She has three or four grades to teach at Rio Vista. Luckily, however, there are only a few pupils in each grade. Florence Washburn, in spite of our wagering that she would have changed her name before September, is teaching the fourth grade at North Ward, and says that she is not going to give up her work after becoming a "Mrs." because she would "miss" it too greatly. Elizabeth Putman is at Clearview and I know she is doing well for she always does things well. Katherine Bellerby is the only one who is outside of St. Petersburg. She is at Dunedin and you just know she makes her pupils "toe the line." Finally, as a climax to this teaching process comes Clayton Shannon as physical training instructor. Now tell me honestly, can you think of him as anything but a football hero?

Others of the class of '29 are attending various colleges throughout the United States. Donald Benn is in Tennessee, and Jack Lentz is at Duke University. As you know, Donald wants to be a banker and then travel (get his idea?) I suppose he is studying the ethics of business and what not. Jack is head over heels in—do not get excited—not love, but science. More than likely, he will end up as an absent-minded professor of anatomy or something else just as bad. Helen Denny and Kay Warmington are at William and Mary College. They say that they like the school fine because there are not many rules. I wonder why. Bill Gautier is continuing his pursuit of knowledge at Stetson University. There may be others at college but I do not know who they are. I wish all of the alumni would write to me and tell me what they are doing.

A great many more of the graduates are working, here or elsewhere. Hank Balgemann is with the Donnelly Publishing Company of Chicago and at present, he is an apprentice, but from what a "certain party" told me, he will soon be promoted to a proof reader. It is so hard to realize that those college boys and girls who, only last year, were so happy-go-lucky and carefree can really be taking their places in the affairs of the world. The wonderful part of it all is that they are making successes in whatever they are doing.

Harry Anderson, Vania Baldwin, Eugene Greenlaw, Milton Holt, Lora Kerr, Ernest Rager, and Fred Templeton are working in town but I do not know where or at what. Before I write you again, I am going to ask them what they are doing. I hope they will not think I am too curious. Margaret Pearce is reigning supreme at the Palm Book Shop. She is still the same sweet, lovable Margaret. Frances Persons is working in an office. She went to business college this summer and obtained a position before she had finished the course. Great, is it not?

What do you think about having an Alumni Association? Several of us have talked it over and we have all agreed that it would be a fine thing. In that way we could keep in touch with each other, our teachers, and the College. We thought it would be best to get a temporary organization now to make plans and then, at Christmas time, when you who are away come back, we could elect officers and make it permanent. Do you not believe that would be the best way to do it? Please answer real soon and tell me all about yourself.

With love,

PEGGY.

HELL WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

(continued from page 4)

"Sir," he said, approaching the man and presenting his card with stiff formality, "I will be at home on the seventeenth of next month, and I request the pleasure of your company at that time."

Then, turning on his heel in the most approved manner, he stalked off with dignity. But the man happened to be a newspaper reporter and he hurried after the devil calling, "Hey, wait a minute! You know that's really a swell publicity stunt. You look like the devil. I say, Won't you let us have your life story?"

Before the devil realized what had happened he was reading the huge headlines in the paper and learning his own life story with amazed incredulity.

"Oh, yes," the flaming one replied enthusiastically, "I adore children, and spaghetti is good too—go on the stage? heavens no! our family has always considered the stage so wicked and demoralizing—I am from one of the Four Hundred of Heaven you know—Yes, Peter is a sort of cousin, I suppose—of course, I haven't seen him in ages,—my health, you know,—the doctor recommended a warmer climate!" and so the story went on and on with the most astounding statements. The devil, who was by nature conservative, felt that his good name had become a rather dubious thing. Perhaps this was the poetic license one heard so much about!

The next morning he was besieged with offers to go on the stage, make talkies, endorse cigarettes, and even to sponsor a Junior League Ball. His name was on every one's lips. He had become popular overnight and yet he had never heard of Professor Elliott's Five-Foot Shelf nor could he speak a word of French, even of the kind waiters speak.

He basked in public acclaim, growing fat at campaign banquets, and waxing eloquent over the beauties of New York and especially of the wonders of "Gin-and-ginger-ales."

One night at Texas Guinan's new night club he was greeted by the resplendent Texas herself, who murmured in his ear,

"You look like a God tonight."

"That's a doubtful compliment, my dear,"

he smiled indulgently. "You see we aren't on speaking terms any more."

Five hours later the devil was gloriously, pugnaciously drunk. It might be more delicate to call him inebriated but it would not be as expressive. He laughed happily as he contrived new schemes to gain popularity. He started his repertoire of tricks, changing the tables into dogs and the chairs into cats, pretending all the time that it was raining. He was in the act of producing a grand piano from a bottle, when there was a scream, a pistol shot, and a roar of confused yellings.

The crowd hurried out, in utter forgetfulness of the devil's poor tricks, and he crept home, humiliated and defeated.

The next morning he searched the papers vainly for some mention of his name, but the front pages were crowded with the news of the sensational murder committed at Texas Guinan's the night before. The devil could not find his name even in the lists of witnesses to the tragedy. Disconsolately he wandered down to the Chamber of Commerce to register a complaint against the inconstancy of the public. After standing in line for sometime he came to a snappish looking little man who asked irritably:

"What the devil do you want?"

"Why, I AM the devil," was the astonished reply.

"Well, this is no place for you, move along!"

Alone, on the street again, the devil looked hopefully for recognition at the blank faces of pedestrians; but the immobile faces showed no enthusiasm even when he revealed his horns and tail. These people saw only what they looked for and the thought of tails never entered their minds. They realized vaguely that the man before them was different but it was too much of an effort to wonder who or what he was, as it really made no difference to anyone.

Even Texas, who passed with an abstracted look of worry, failed to know him, and when he tried to speak to her she called a policeman and told him not to be so "fresh."

"This is a Hell of a place," said the devil dolefully, "I am going home. Home was never like this even if it is hot!"

FAC-SIMILES

(continued from page 5)

she is the guiding hand of the Poetry Guild. We hope we don't get mixed up in it!

The High School has a great claim upon Mr. L. A. Herr and Mrs. Gertrude Cobb Miller, but we like to consider them as ours too.

Miss Helen Lynch can make the girls do something we never could do—move fast. Her tri-weekly dancing classes are a constant source of amusement for all who have time to stop and watch.

We have a hunch that sometime back B. M. Hutchinson used to be a track coach and hasn't gotten over the habit yet. He never seems to run out of numbers when telling the boys how many laps to run—especially if they break training. No doubt about it, "Hutch" certainly knows his football. We expect big results from him this year. Mr. Hutchinson is the "biggest" man in the faculty during football season.

There you have them. Take 'em or leave 'em, we love 'em!

CLUBS

(continued from page 6)

carried on through the following year in the right spirit.

The Poetry Guild—It is not as you think, fellow students. The Poetry Guild was not organized in the spring or while the charter members were under the influence of a Florida moon. Instead it was created in the fall of 1928 by Mrs. Marguerite Blocker Holmes. Its purpose is to bring together the men and women who are interested in the reading of poetry and to encourage the writing of poems by students.

At each meeting a poet is studied and read. Several members of the club have presented original poems. Following the round-table discussion a social hour is enjoyed. This Guild has many promises and we are looking forward to more poems from the Poetry Guild.

Debating Society—The Debating Society was formed during the spring of 1929. Such a club was suggested by members of the Speech I class who were studying Argumentation and Debate during their second

semester in the Speech Dept. Quite an interest was shown in this organization by the men of the college. Several debates were held last year, one of which was presented in the college chapel.

The Debating Society will soon reorganize in preparation for a series of debates with teams from other colleges in the state.

An active debating society is something every college should have. All ye Freshmen who are debaters—we welcome you!

Men's Glee Club—About the middle of the year, Mr. Fory discovered the Junior College cultivated warblers. He organized these warblers, gave them a little workout and presented them before the college chapel as the Men's Glee Club. They stood approved. They even came back and sang for us at our college party and gave us a farewell song at the close of the year. We are all hoping the Men's Glee Club will get an earlier start this year.

We could not expect the Freshmen to have such songsters as those of the Sophomore class—but perhaps they have a mocking bird?

OLYMPI-ANTICS

(continued from page 11)

some of the trips, notably the journey to North Carolina, on which Dave Beazley and Carl Hilner transported the entire squad. Consequently the boys were rather crowded.

We are looking forward to the coming basketball season, and indications point to an even better team and a stiffer schedule.

A word might be said about one of the most ambitious projects of the past season. A mighty marble team, comprising some invincible members of the Sophomore Class, swept away the helpless Freshmen in the first marble tournament held at the Junior College. The Freshmen will be glad to know that this tournament is to be an annual affair and some of our budding Freshmen may win their spurs at this manly sport. True there are no letters to win, but we firmly believe that no letters are needed. Anyone can tell a marble player when he sees one, so you won't have to have a letter to be identified.

TROJAN TOPICS *in* BRIEF

"Hutch" is coaching the Trojans again! The pie consumption has decreased 95 per cent among the members of the squad. (We allow a 5 per cent discount for those who "chose to run.")

How about the sale of football tickets this fall? Don't forget that a great deal is accomplished towards winning the game when you get a large enthusiastic crowd out there.

Who is going to handle our take-offs on the faculty now that Willis Yeamans has assumed the dignity of his office?

We wonder if you saw the ad mentioning S. P. J. C. that St. Petersburg ran in the school section of the Cosmopolitan Magazine? We are growing up—really!

Football supports many of the larger Universities—let's get together and support football in the Junior College.

Mr. Gager:

"Our school building would fall if it weren't for mathematics."

Looks mighty suspicious when that very thing starts in the Math. Room!

Some of our Star Maulers would be much faster if they would quit getting their signals mixed with their favorite phone numbers.

It seems that some of our prominent organizations have ceased to function. At least we don't see them advertising themselves on the walls of our school.

Speaking of Clubs, this year seems to have heralded in more of a school spirit instead of club or clique spirit. That's fine! Let us stick together in a body and everybody will have a good time instead of being shut up in a clique and snubbing all who aren't lucky (?) enough to be members.

There seems to be a number of young men around school who exemplify what the well dressed college man should wear. We wonder what they would look like in a football uniform.

Speaking of football, what about the man who is so anxious to "catch a drag" when the coach isn't looking? Why doesn't the Honor System function there?

We seem to have the usual number of love sick couples, although, strange to say, this seems to prevail among the upper classmen. Last year it was the same. Perhaps it takes a year to get even the hand-holding stage. Freshmen, wait 'til next year—you have plenty of time.

How did you like Miss Center's production? Miss Center and her actors and actresses are to be commended on the clever manner in which the play was presented. We will have more just as good, as soon as the Dramatic Club is completely organized.

Here is a rare bit of English verse picked up by Mrs. Holmes in her recent tour of the Island Kingdom.

"Oh the bally bloomin' spider
'E crawled up the blinkin' spout
Then the bloody ryne came down
And drove the spider out
Then the jolly sun shone thru
And dried up all the ryne
And the bally bloomin' spider
'E crawled up the spout agyne."

Mrs. Holmes won't say much about her trip abroad, but it is rumored that she was surprised to find that no ill will existed against "we Americans" for what happened in 1776.

Who called that machine behind Mr. Ervin's desk a soap box? Don't they know that no matter what its use may be, a soap box has no legs?

Back of the Switch—

lies the secret whereby clear vision at night is possible. The student is unconsciously benefitted in academic work by the aid of the modern electric lamp. **Q** So different from the early type of incandescent bulb which radiated only a yellow glow. The fiftieth anniversary of this modern convenience is being celebrated October twenty-first in staging Light's Golden Jubilee in commemoration of Thomas A. Edison. **A** Light is our daily companion.

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