

# WOODEN HORSE

Vol. 1

St. Petersburg, Florida

No. 2



Thanksgiving Number

November 27, 1929

Price, 20 cents

What ever serious remarks you may find amid the pages of the Wooden Horse are meant for the betterment of the school, and if perchance they seem biting at times, they are really not harmful if they incite those toward whom they are directed to better efforts, are they?

With the conclusion of football interest in the college there will be a demand for other activities to hold our attention. Why not scholasticism?

The honor students of the college should be given recognition by the college. Those who make an average of ninety or more deserve it. Are you an honor student?

If all the honor students of the college were laid end to end—we wonder how far they would reach.

Freshman, the man who thinks he has arrived is already slipping!

Many unpleasant remarks made by people about others would never have been spoken if the people who say such things would really know those about whom they speak.

Would it be fair to limit the membership of any organization that is working for the school if more than a limited number are eager and anxious to aid in its work?

Dignity is acquired thru experience in worldly affairs. Don't make the error of accepting dignity as snobbishness. There is a difference between the two, if you will look for it.

We accept silence as a sign of wisdom in a person. They may be merely wise enough not to display their ignorance.

The Yo-Yo: an idiotic apparatus controlled by Newton's Law of Motion. Especially adapted to the amusement of morons.

Digging for facts is better brain exercise than jumping at conclusions.

Silence is golden and speech is silver. Try to forget that the ratio is sixteen to one.

## Horse Sense

*"Some of us are as willing to let others think for us as we are to let others work for us."*

—Will Durant

By their actions, or lack of action, the majority of students are apparently numbered among the some. School Spirit does not merely include a wild burst of enthusiasm over a football game, in chapel, but it also embraces the necessity of work for the school as well as for yourself. It means participation in all school activities as far as you are able. It means conducting yourself in the college and out in a manner that will not discredit your school and your fellow classmates. It means doing your own thinking and working in lines of activity that will enable you to offer your best to the school.

*You can do anything that you will.*

The students of this college are taking advantage of the privileges granted them as college men and women. This indiscrepancy sometimes takes the form of tardiness to class beyond a reasonable length of time or the leaving of classrooms under any or no pretext. Please have enough respect for your instructor and classmates to refrain from this as much as possible.

Those who take advantage of the privileges granted them as college men and women usually are the ones who behave as high school boys and girls in chapel, thus causing embarrassment to those upon whom this conduct

reflects. Be considerate of others.

Some students are missing a lot by seeing too much of certain others. That is not the way to know people.

Sensitiveness may be a sign of delicacy but it is not conformable to the "survival of the fittest."

# THE WOODEN HORSE

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

Shapiro Weiss..... Staff Editor  
Jean Collett..... Assistant Staff Editor  
C. E. Jones, Jr..... Business Manager

## STAFF

Literary..... Kitty Dunlap  
Activities..... Dorothy Thorpe  
Sports..... Peter Stoner  
Jokes..... Edmund McCollough  
Generals..... Kathleen Badgley  
Clubs..... Jean Mair

## EDITORIAL

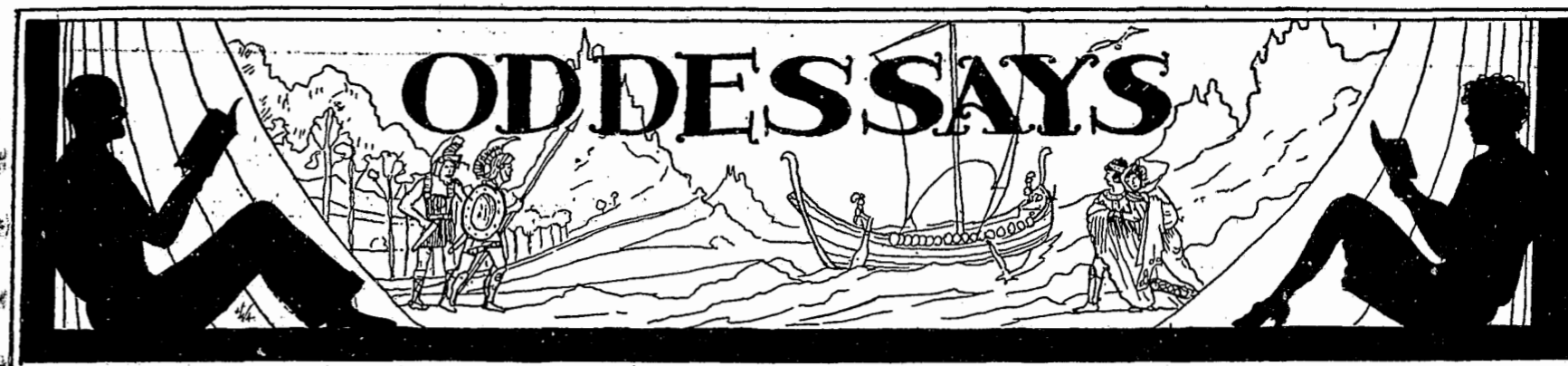
On every Thanksgiving no periodical has ever failed to numerate, where only those who have time to be thankful can read, a list of things to be thankful for. Usually those who do read are thankful for the fact that they do not have to read such pages if they did not want to; thereby demonstrating that they belong to the intelligentsia thru choice. We cannot be serious enough to be taken seriously, but nevertheless we have a number of things to be thankful for. Many among us are thankful that the football season is over. Some, because if it were not the college would continue to lose money because of the lack of support by the student body. Others are thankful because they can go back to their normal way of living which some of them did not leave. No doubt Head Coach Hutchison is thankful because he won't have to be eternally breaking up huddles, during scrimmages, which have degenerated into bull sessions while signals were being arranged.

We can be thankful for the fact that the support of the football team was not characteristic of the co-operation of the student body. The membership in all the college clubs has greatly increased over last year's numbers in a smaller student body. This shows that the students are showing more college interest than ever before. The scholastic average has increased noticeably over the past two years. We are glad that the students have come to accept the Junior College as a serious proposition and are being fair to themselves and the instructors.

The staff is thankful that this publication is edited only seven times and also thankful for the fact that the readers wish it were more often. Labor becomes less of a drudgery when the work is appreciated.

The Wooden Horse "trainers" are well pleased with the reception accorded it on its initial appearance. Much favorable comment was received from various alumni and friends of the college. We cite this fact, not because we are pleased with our work, but because in spite of that we feel that much could be done to improve the magazine. We want this to be entirely a student publication, and that means that as many as wish it should have the chance to contribute. If you cannot write well you may have ideas that are worthy of consideration. Please do not feel that your suggestions will not be appreciated and if you have any to make you are assured that they will be accepted in the same spirit in which they are given. This will be much easier as soon as we can find a home for the Wooden Horse where you may visit him.

In our first edition we made the statement that we hoped we should never have to call the Honor System to the attention of the students. We are doing so now, only to commend them upon the efficient manner in which they are putting it in effect. It is being carried out in a way that speaks well for co-operation of student and instructor. And that, by the way, is another thing to be thankful for.



## THE ART

Mary and Bill met for the first time at one of those hundred percent intellectual gatherings where the women know all about Puccini and nothing about corned beef and cabbage, and the men are overburdened with theories of relativity, immortality and companionate marriages, though they are unable to recognize a screw driver from a hammer.

They were drawn together by the omnipotent presence of affinities, as they loved to tell each other. It was their art which made them anxious to share their ambitions but the fact that Mary had beautiful eyes and hair and that Bill had a most poetic moustache helped greatly.

After a very simple ceremony they moved their respective typewriters into a small flat and settled down to their art and each other. They loved to talk of their literary ideals. Bill was a poet and Mary revelled in Chaucerian prose (just to be different).

They lived happily for quite awhile on their art, aided by the little store of money Bill's father had given him when he left Podunk. Bill realized that Podunk was too low brow for him so he had come to New York, the goal of every small town failure, with a little money and many blessings. Now he was beginning to wish the blessings had been a little more lucrative for he and Mary discovered that even art and beauty, altho it was its own excuse for being, could not exist without food.

"Bill, they simply do not appreciate your work here. I'm glad they didn't buy your 'Crystal Crucifix.' It would be sacrilege to give such a lovely thing to the dirty printers." Mary said comfortingly when Bill's most cherished poem had been pronounced, "Sentimental Tommyrot."

"Mary, don't you worry, when you finish 'Ye Knightes Tayle' we will have success and money as well." Bill reassured her, but she cried:

"Oh, don't talk of money, ugh, that mundane word. "We write for art's sake only."

And so the typewriters clicked on while the food grew less and the bills helped start the fire every morning and kept the blaze going for a longer time each day. Mary and Bill insisted they weren't a bit hungry but whenever they went to the meetings of the intelligentsia they ate ravenously of the chocolate eclairs and sweet pickles offered by the hostess.

At last Bill said, "I'll have to do something other than write poetry. The Muse is not a very good provider. Maybe I can get a job on a newspaper or a magazine."

Mary protested but Bill was adamant, so the next day she made him a weak cup of coffee with the last few grains in the can and sent him off hopefully to make his place in the world.

For several weeks he tried vainly to secure a position while Mary struggled with her Chaucerian prose and tried to warm over day before yesterday's hash for dinner. Then one day he came home with a more hopeful expression:

"Darling, we can have a feast next Saturday," Bill announced one evening. "I have had quite a few offers lately and I've at last decided to accept. One editor offered me a hundred a week to do the stock market reports, but I declined because so mercenary an occupation is hard on my work. You know I could never get the meter of my verse right if I had to listen to the ticker's mechanical sound. So I took a job on another paper as staff poet for fifteen dollars a week."

"That is splendid Bill, we don't need to worry about horrid old money any more now."

Fifteen dollars is not very much when one had to busy shoes for two as well as food so at length Mary sought to sell her Chaucerian prose.

When Bill came home she proudly showed

him a neat ten dollar bill exclaiming:

"Your little wifey is going to be famous after all. I broke into print today and they paid me ten dollars for 'Ye Knights Tayle'."

Bill wanted to see the magazine at once but Mary shook her head.

"This is a very select magazine and it doesn't have a general sale. It is owned by an old gentleman who wears lavender ties and speaks French (how lucky that I took French in High School!) He was very sweet to me and said, 'Ma cherie, your poems are very beautiful, all in French of course, and I will give you ten dollars, he said two hundred and fifty franc but the bills had pictures of Lincoln and his memorial on them. Of course I should have told him that 'Ye Knights Tayle' was prose but somehow he was so trusting and sweet that I couldn't bear to disappoint him."

Bill then gave a humorous account of his employer, who was a regular old bear: "I am the only one in the office who isn't afraid of him. I jolly him along and he calls me Adolphos. 'Adolphos, my boy, you will be a great poet some day; you pick up things so quickly' and then he will chuckle to himself and tell me to write him another poem."

Each day Mary and Bill laughed over the events of the day and told each other funny little incidents in the day's work. Every Saturday they bought fifty cent tickets and saw a show at a ninety degree angle from the highest balcony. Afterwards they would have little suppers of Welsh rarebit and beer (it wasn't real, but poets can imagine anything) at the little cafe on the corner.

They were very gay and almost never quarrelled (except when Bill left the top off the tooth paste tube, which annoyed Mary's artistic sensibilities). The few fusses they had only endeared them to one another for they were so contrite and willing to please afterwards.

One Wednesday Bill came home with a serious face. He held Mary's purse in his hand, almost accusingly.

"Mary, I found this in my office today; how did you happen to be there?"

Mary wavered, offered an unconvincing answer, then confessed:

"I didn't sell any of my Chaucerian prose

at all. It's 'Tommyrot' too. I had to do something, so I got a job writing receipts on the Cooking Page of the Times. I didn't want you to know that I wasn't a good writer . . ." and she began to cry.

"Don't cry, dear," Bill whispered. "You are more of an author than I am anyhow. I'm no poet. I'm just the janitor at the Times. That's how I happened to find your purse . . . I was sweeping up after closing time . . ."

The both looked extremely disconsolate, then Mary began to laugh.

"Why this is something better than art for art's sake—it's art for love's sake!"

For supper they had one of Mary's "Chaucerian Proses" but in the Times the name of it read like this: "Honeymoon waffles with sugar."

#### NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

It was one of those lazy July afternoons; the lazy hum of the bees, the lazy chirp of a lazy bird, and my own instinctive laziness made the thought of any sort of physical activity unbearable. I was reading Washington Irving's story of that lazy man Rip Van Winkle and was so in sympathy with Rip that I went to sleep with him.

When I awoke a sort of giddiness assailed my senses; I felt as if I were far above the earth in a rarer atmosphere. Gradually I regained my complete senses. WHERE WAS I? The whole room had taken on new aspects! Where were my rows of books? Who had stolen my antique reading table? The only familiar objects were the couch on which I had been reclining while reading and the window which had furnished light. Possibly I had been carried to another place; possibly kidnapped, or even shanghaied! I rushed to the window to see if any familiar objects outside would furnish a clew of my whereabouts. I shrank in terror; far below me lay the earth, white and glistening in the sun. Every moment I expected a plunge which could terminate in nothing but my death.

The door behind me opened and closed. Companions? Possibly more terrors! Fearfully turning I faced a man who immediately impressed me as a highly intellectual type. My glance was all embracing; it

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## Hutchison, Man's Man

*Yea-a Coach! Yea-a Hutchison!*

*Yea! Yea! Coach Hutchison!*

In this manner the Junior College expresses just a little of its feeling for its well known and immensely popular football coach. For three years this yell and this sentiment has become increasingly widespread. For three years his name has become more and more the synonym for victory and for camaraderie with his boys and with the whole college.

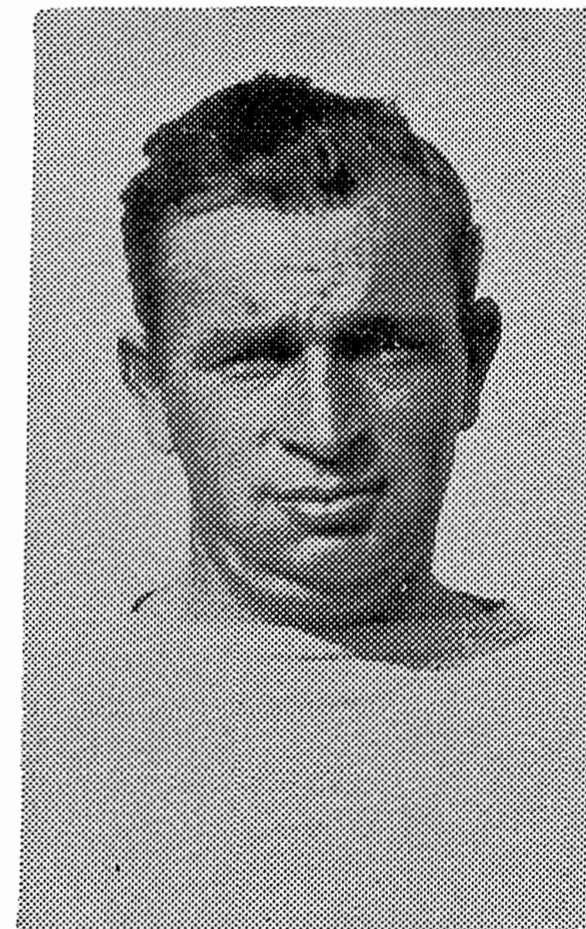
Coach Hutchison was born in Altoma, Pennsylvania, in 1891. There he started his football career at the early age of ten, when he played on his Grammar school team. From that time on he was destined to be in the football spotlight wherever and whenever he participated in his favorite sport. The Altoma High School claimed him for four years, and there he became an outstanding performer in football, basketball and baseball. It was in football that he starred, however, where he played the difficult position of fullback.

He graduated from Altoma High in 1909, and the fall of that year entered Ohio Wesleyan College. In four years of conspicuous playing there he gained the reputation of being a gridiron terror. In his first year he was elected captain of the Frosh eleven on which he continued in the capacity of fullback. Through his outstanding performances in the following two years he was honored with the position of varsity captain in 1912. He played both at tackle and center at different times throughout his college football career. Upon his graduation from Ohio Wesleyan in 1913, "Hutch" was appointed to the position of assistant coach at his own Alma Mater.

We next see our popular coach 'way down

in Texas—in San Antonio where he was aviation instructor in 1917 and 1918. Here he again gained prominence as captain of the Kelly Field Army Team, which team had only three points scored against it during the whole season.

In 1920 Coach Hutchison returned to Altoma and became coach for a professional team. Following the southward trek he arrived in St. Petersburg in 1923, and four years later accepted the position of coach of the first football team of the St. Petersburg Junior College. Slowly and surely he began to mould what little material he had into a team which the following year remained undefeated throughout a tough schedule of games. Whatever outstanding players the college has produced owe their finished ability to the careful attention and coaching of this sharp-eyed and soft-spoken mentor. A number of his finds are making names for themselves as a result of his teaching. Through his efforts games were scheduled with some of the



stronger varsity elevens of the state. The ability of his comparatively inexperienced players and their showing against older and heavier elevens spoke volumes for his ability as a coach.

But the ability of Coach Hutchison lies not only in the making of good football players but also in making great friendships. And this, perhaps, is one of his greatest secrets of success; for all his boys respect and admire him. We hope that he will continue to guide the Trojans to victory, while we on the sidelines yell:

*"Yea-a Coach! Yea-a Hutchison!"*

*Yea! Yea! Coach Hutchison!" —M. K.*

## CLUBS

**The Reviewers**—The first meeting of the Reviewers was held Monday evening, October 28, at the home of Miss Porter. Judging by the large number attending the first meeting, we have many modern literature enthusiasts in the Junior College.

Th meeting was called to order by Shapiro Weiss, presiding officer. The program for the evening was presented by Miss Kitty Dunlap.

A most interesting report of "Roper's Row," by Warwick Deeping, was given by Frances Smith. Following this, Lois Davis gave a review of Alfred Noyes' most recent book, "Sun Cure." After a discussion of the two novels, Dorothy Thorpe read a paper concerning the life and works of Elinor Wylie. Some very impressive extracts were selected from Eric Maria Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," and interesting parts of the book were described and discussed by Miss Dunlap.

At the conclusion of the program the acting president explained that it would be necessary for those wishing to apply for membership to write a review of a recent book and present it to the committee in charge.

At the close of the business meeting refreshments were served which carried out the theme of the Hallowe'en season.

All those who attended the first meeting felt that the new year for the Reviewers offers a promise of a very broad and interesting study of the current literature.

**Sci-Math Club**—The second meeting of the Sci-Math Club for the year 1929-30 was held at the Junior College administration building Monday evening, November 4.

Business was dispensed with following the reading of the minutes and the meeting was turned over to Aloysius Coll, secretary of the St. Petersburg Industry Board and connected with the Publicity department of the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Coll spoke on Florida's resources and her outlook for

the future; dwelling particularly on the prospects for the tung-oil industry. After his talk, Mr. Coll answered questions which the club members chose to ask him about this interesting subject.

Two new members were initiated into the club by solving problems requiring some mathematics and not a little science. These two students were Christine Wiehe and George Walker. Following the initiation refreshments of ice cream and cookies were served by Dorothy Thorpe. Hostesses for the evening were Jeanette Kinkade, Dorothy Thorpe and Elinor Knighton.

**The Playmakers**—The first meeting of the Playmakers was held at the Junior College October 28, with Frank Hodgkinson acting as presiding officer. Following a short talk by Miss Center, upon the purpose of the club, reports were given on last year productions.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: Frank Hodgkinson, president; Edythe McKim, treasurer; Faithe Harris, secretary.

The following took part in tryouts: Gladys Boyle, Helen Hoover, Dudley Gilbert, Constance Horning, Ardeth Horning, Betty Guild, Dick Holland, Shirley Holt, Margueretha Fitz and Bert Ross. The meeting adjourned for a social time.

The second meeting of the Playmakers was held at the Junior College Monday, November 18. After the business meeting the time was spent in presenting tryouts. The following people took part: John Patrick, John Gingery, Edward Strout, John Hewitt, Manley Welsh, Marion Banks, Constance Crawford, Albert Adcock, Elsie Shippey, Josephine Williams, Julia Kelsey, Mildred Kaniss, Peggy Cooper, Murial Riley, Willis Yeamans, Wesley Laughlin, Dudley Gilbert and Woods Beckman. After these plays were presented the meeting was turned over to a social time.

**The Poetry Guild**—While the Reviewers have been discussing the more modern prose, the members of the Poetry Guild have been reading the old forms of poetry. At the first meeting of the Poetry Guild ballads were

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## CO-ED CLARA *says*

Just think—it won't be long 'till Thanksgiving and we'll all have something to be thankful for—a holiday!

Funny how one hears things, isn't it? I heard that the quotation "As ye rip so shall ye sew" made an emphatic impression on Virginia Banks.

And what do you think of the six young ladies from our midst that talked and chewed gum so loudly that the usher hinted that they might have to leave earlier than they had intended.

The other day I was talking to one of our football stars (yes, me!) and I asked him who was the fastest man on our team. He said "Speed Horn," for right after he'd met a girl he made a date with her, and then had to look her up in the phone book to find out her name.

Speaking of football—everyone was yelling, "Yea Norman!! Yea Park!!" and someone near me said, "Is he a new member of our student body?" (Honest Injun.)

You know some people are really kind hearted. Mrs. Holmes is thinking of appealing to the Humane Society because one of our cute little wooden horses was made without a tail.

Johnnie Hewitt has an ambition! To get married and be able to give Johnnie Jr. a nickel every time he asks for it. Touching, isn't it?

Would anyone but Harry Worrell dare to go to sleep in the history class, and then have to have the dean wake him up? Harry!!

Dot Turville has started the fashion of wearing wastepaper baskets on her feet in the library—or was it a new game, Dot?

To the tune of "Farmer in the Dell" Marjorie and Laurie began their careers as gym teachers. The children liked the teachers and their games, and the audience enjoyed everything.

Don't be surprised if there are some catty remarks in this for one of the stray kittens came in and is perched on my lap. He said, "Clara, tell everybody the college is perfectly grand!"

A Cupid has flung one of his sharpest darts at one of our football stars, Bat Collins. Bat had thought of coming back to play this year, but in order to prevent a feeling of jealousy among the other members of the team, he graciously decided to get married instead.

Some people eat raw meat, others live on fruits, and still others on almost nothing at all but "Banks and Stoner, Inc." have gone in for pasteboard and plenty of fresh water.

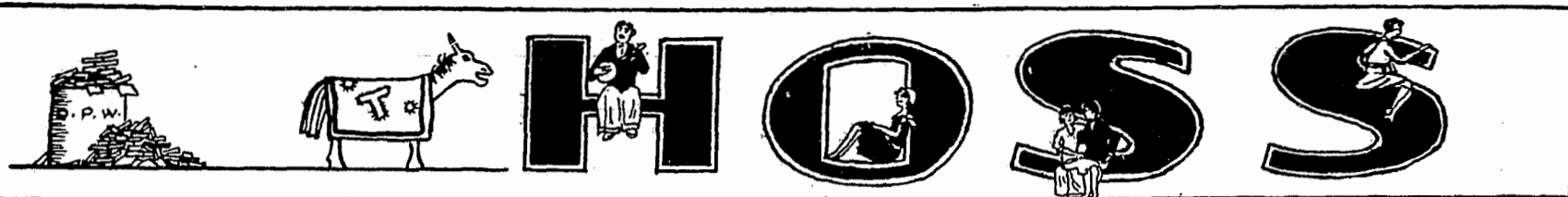
Why did the team want to go to Palm Beach? Was it to play football? Remember, there are many interesting places over there to visit, especially when one isn't keeping training.

One of the faculty remarked that the school looked like a harem without the team. There is a problem for you!

Some folks can get by with anything. Julia Kelsey nearly killed a cop in the last football parade, and then when he followed her to school for an explanation, Julia just said, "Why, I didn't even see you." (!!!) He was good-looking, too.

New definitions appear every day. One fair member of the college thinks a down is every time that all the players fall down. What's a touchdown?

—CLARA



Don't get sore at your baby brother for crying. You would cry too if you knew you might grow up to be a college freshman in sixteen or seventeen years.

Furen—"Presstman wants me to lend him a dollar. Do you know anything about him?"

Worrell—"Sure, I know him as well as I know you. Don't lend him a cent."

Cook—"So you were over at Tampa last night?"

Hodgkinson—"Yeah, so I hear."

"Yes, my daughter is now receiving a man's wages."

"Oh, when did she get married?"

Mother—"When I was your age young lady, a nice girl never thought of holding a young man's hand."

Nichols—"But, mother, nowadays a nice girl has to hold a young man's hands."

Scot (looking for a movie)—"Here's a guid place. It says 'Two-thiry to ten-thirty, conteenuous."

Scotty—"It's nae use. It's a quarter to three, noo."

Captain Lynch arrived at the gate of heaven and asked for admission.

"Where are you from?" was the query.

"St. Petersburg," was the reply.

"Well, you can come in—but you won't like it."

Reed—"The students claim that your lectures are too pedantic and unintelligible."

Porter—"Impossible. Why, sir, perspicuity is my penultimate appellation."

Holland—"I'm continually thinking of my girl. Can you advise me how to get her off my mind?"

Ross—"Marry her."

"What good would that do?"

"Then you'll have her on your hands."

Teacher—"Rastus, what animal is most noted for its fur?"

Rastus—"De skunk; de more fur you gets away from him de better it is fur you."

He—"Did you take your father apart and speak to him?"

Hee—"No, but he went all to pieces when I told him."

Politician—"How's public sentiment out your way?"

Cracker—"Still going strong. There was sixteen cars parked in our lane last night."

As the inebriated gentleman stood on the street corner a red fire engine passed, running at breakneck speed, siren shrieking and bells clanging. The i. g. gave chase but was soon outdistanced. Disconsolate, he seated himself on a convenient curb and angrily remarked, "Well, he can go hang! I don't want any of his old peanuts anyway."

Boyle—"I understand that the girls of your time 'set their caps' for men, grandma."

Grandma—"Yes, Gladys, but not their kneecaps."

Shippey—"Where is your chivalry?"

Johnnie—"I turned it in on a Buick."

Pee—"Yep, I had a beard like that once, and when I realized how it made me look I cut it off."

Ungee—"Well, I had a face like yours once and when I realized I couldn't cut it off I grew this beard."

Miss Center—"You brute! Where did you kick that dog?"

Tramp—"Ah, madam, thereby hangs a tail."

Fresh—"What is a Laplander?"

Soph—"A stewed flapper on a crowded street car."



"Anna," said Miss West, "would a long stocking hold all you'd want for Christmas?"

"No," replied Miss Brackett, "but a pair of socks would."

"Why is it that men like girls that pet better than others?"

"What others?"

Two wise crackers went into a restaurant and said, "We want Turkey with Greece."

The waiter replied, "Sorry, sirs, but we can't Servia."

"Well, get the Bosphorous."

The boss came in, heard their order, and said: "I don't want to Russia, but you can't Roumania."

So the two wise birds went away Hungary.

Little boy—"I say lady, me brudder does fine imitashuns. Give 'im a penny and he'll imitate a hen."

Old Lady—"Dear, dear, and what will be do—will he cackle?"

Little boy—"Naw, he won't do no cheap imitashuns o' that sort; he'll eat a worm."

Scala—"What is ignorance?"

Wag—"It's when you don't know something and someone finds it out."

Mr. Ervin—"Can you give a familiar example of the human body as it adapts itself to changed conditions?"

Lois—"My aunt gained fifty pounds in one year and her skin never cracked."

Guild—"He says he thinks I'm the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call?"

Childs—"No, honey; let him keep on thinking so."

Business Card

"Mr. John Hewitt, Personal Escorter College kids took to skule and returned in gude condition if received the same. Military dissiplun. Rates—25c a week. No extry charge for nose wipin'."

Van Dusen—"I bet I know what you are thinking about."

Kitty—"Well, you don't act like it."

Fitz—"Isn't this a becoming gown?"

Jo—"Yes, but has it all arrived?"

Wife (showing husband expensive fur coat)—"One really can't help feeling sorry for the poor thing that was skinned for this."

Husband—"I appreciate your sympathy."

She was an old-fashioned spinster.

"Has the canary had its bath?" she called to the maid.

"Yes," came the answer, "you may come in now."

"Yah, your muvver takes in washin'!"

"Well, she couldn't hardly leave it on the line all night wiv your muvver living next door."

Gold digger's chant—Buy and Buy Sweet-heart.

Silk manufacturer's lament—I Get the Blues When It Rayons.

Ode to Big Ben—Let Me Have My Dreams.

"And is your daughter happily married?"

"Oh, yes. Her husband is scared to death of her."

She's so dumb she thinks a tramp steamer is a ten-cent Turkish bath.

"Why is it that a drunk man always thinks he's the center of the universe."

"I suppose because everything revolves about him."

Banks: "Bill you used to have something about you I liked, but you spent it."

"Anyone can see a lot of grace in that dance."

"Her name isn't Grace—it's Helen."

## "PEPPY" DIARY

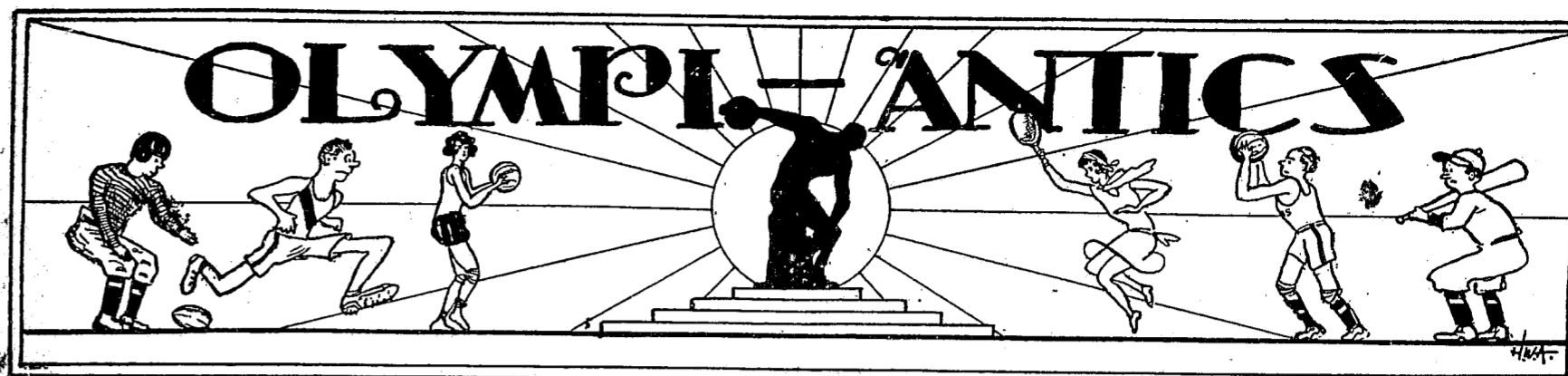
### October

- 11 The first issue of the "Wooden Horse" eagerly welcomed by all.
- 12 Trojans win a glorious victory over Lakeland.
- 14 The first meeting of the Play Makers held.
- 15 A Postmortem held in the Biology Laboratory, on the interior regions of a frog. A squeamish time was had by all.
- 16 The cheer-leaders were elected today. Now we can make some noise. Ra! Ra! Ra!
- 18 Pep Assembly. Dean Reed asked Banks and Al to move on as they were wearing a hole in the floor, where they stood.
- 19 The Blue and White was defeated by Norman Park in a gridiron clash.
- 21 Ten girls went for a ride in the "blue ford." Good work, "Al".
- 22 Before football practice—"Pete": Did anybody just see me talking to somebody just before I was talking to somebody else?
- 23 The case of "Crabby" and Jeane still flourishing.
- 24 Johnnie was seen out riding with his harem just before football practice.
- 26 The Trojans met Southern in a football clash.
- 28 Edith is heard singing in the halls: "I want someone to love me." Don't be bashful, boys.
- 30 The Students' Flower Song (just out): Silently, one by one  
In the record book of the teacher,  
Blossom the cute little zeros  
The for-get-me-nots of the teacher.
- 7 Impromptu parade up Central. Oh, those banners.
- 8 Exams! Exams! 'nuff sed. One consolation tomorrow will be Saturday. Let's Go Trojans.
- 9 Stetson varsity game—"Our bones gonna rise again." Isn't that press box a nice shady idea?
- 11 Whoopèe! A holiday! Another parade.
- 13 And just think, we're going to have another holiday on Thanksgiving.
- 14 Chemistry lab. It's really amazing that so many test tubes can be broken in only four hours.
- 16 Another varsity game—Southern. The faithful few—very few—rooters were there.
- P. S. Did you know that Miss Brackett's hobby is cooking? Uh-huh. She fixed supper Saturday night for the Red Cross girls that Jean collected, and we were given a piece of the cake. Gosh, cooking is a wonderful hobby.
- 18 Mr. Gager's new radio seems to be working fine. We always knew that some day something would be invented to make teachers stay up late. They say that Pop doesn't leave the dials until the hours when only co-eds are up.
- 20 Chapel—play. Doesn't Pete make you shiver??
- 21 We nominate as campus sheik: Harry Worrell. An' why? 'Cause he can string a line longer than George Presstman can. yo-yo.
- 22 The football team has started for Palm Beach. Didn't chapel seem deserted?
- 23 Last game of the season. Only two games away from St. Petersburg, the first and last.
- 25 Has everyone paid his Wooden Horse fee?
- 26 Mr. Erwin says it's too expensive to die these days. "Expense no object" is some people's motto.
- 27 We live for Friday.

### November

- 1 No school this afternoon. Trojans battled with Rollins on the gridiron. We won. And how!
- 2 Everyone was very tired today. The party was a great success last night.
- 4 Things very dull around school today. Just classes!
- 5 We are making preparations for the Stetson game. On to victory!

W. H. F.  
(Wooden Horse Feathers)



There are a number of interesting side-lights to football which the casual fan never sees. A few of these might be of interest to the fans at large, so the following (greatly censored) is submitted for the reader's approval.

One of the astonishing things, which was a frequent occurrence, was the disappearance of all the doughnuts that Clement Coss was forgetful enough to leave in the back of his truck. The fellows certainly showed a weakness for these and altho the penalty for eating 'em was eight laps around the track, the said articles continue to disappear whenever the opportunity offered itself.

Another impressive feature of the daily routine was the singing of "Club Room Ballads" and the reciting of lyric poetry by Manley Welch, John Gingery, and Earl Curry. And speaking of singing, it did our hearts good to hear George Presstman and Dave Beazely burst forth merrily in their delightful mezzo-sopranos, into some song of youth, flowers, spring, or love.

One characteristic of the club room life that will long remain in memory is the truthfulness of Al Furen. Remember the story about George Washington and the cherry tree? Well, Al doesn't remind me of it. A number of delightful and boisterous games were invented in the club room. One which was enjoyed by all was a little game that was something of a cross between an Easter-egg hunt and hide-and-seek, called "Steal-all-the-soap-you-can-before-someone-steals yours." It was a real good game and did much to develop that virtue which Franklin advocates in his saying, "God helps those who help themselves." They also derived much pleasure from playing a modified version of "Button-Button, who's-got-the-button?" Usually someone's shirt or trousers were attached to the button in question.

Many of the fellows have succeeded in

developing unique ways of training and methods of obtaining exercise. One way in particular was originated by Johnny Hewitt and Harry "Baby Face" Worrell which deserves honorable mention; pushing a Ford five or six miles to a gas station is good exercise, they claim. Various other methods might be explained but it is feared that the value of them is so great that the originator would not desire to release their secret until a copyright had been obtained.

News spreads through the locker room like wild fire; there are no proverbial Scotchmen there—they give everything away.

—R. H.

Tropical night, soft silvery moon beams setting the earth a-glisten—Palm Beach Saturday night. For many of the beach-nuts it was just any old bath day but a Trojan squad was riding the old Wooden Horse for all it was worth. It was an ideal evening to "break training" with delicious Southern madamoiselles literally "busting" things up. A high school circus afforded an incomparable get acquainted affair and it would seem that the performance of the evening before had given added impetus to the speed of some of our warriors. Many means were used to get into the dance which followed the P. T. Barnum affair some "nickled," some "dimed" and others hardly winked at stooping to "One-eyed Connellyism." (shame). It was still dark when the majority of our heros had donned their PJ's and snoozed off, i. e., went to sleep. It seems strange that later in the morning there were so many yawns—for the majority got at least three hours sleep. Nine-thirty came and the bus went. A long discourse could be prepared on the return trip but the ems and ens are not sufficient—however may we enquire of Furen—Al, which in your mind, is cheaper, crossing via the Bradenton Ferry or taking a short cut

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## NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

(Continued from page 4)

started at the shock of coal black hair, took an extended trip over his high forehead, followed the path between high arched eyebrows down to the end of his long, sharp nose, jumped to the straight firm mouth, and after seeing the determination in the sharp chin ran quickly down over the rest of the man's seven foot height. His size did not tend towards alleviating my fears although he seemed to have a kind attitude. He, (shall we call him Prof? he certainly looked like a college professor) Prof. beckoned for me to follow and turned toward the door. Silently I followed into the next room. What's this?! Mrs. Prof.! and three little Profs.! That was my assumed relation of the woman and the three children to my first acquaintance for they resembled him exactly in their features and were dressed according to my standard in judging sex from clothing. The young folks seemed to be anticipating something. This was explained when the mother announced dinner. I realized then that I was very hungry even if I were not yet fully recovered from my fright. Anyway a little meal would not make the crash, when we hit the ground, any louder nor would it make my fate more disagreeable.

Prof. motioned me to a table in the middle of the room and gave me a seat. The table held nothing but a bowl of green, blue, and white pills. I did not understand their presence but supposed they were for ornamental purposes. I could not help wondering why the good women had insisted that we sit down without first putting something to eat on the table.

It happened that the pills were at Prof.'s place at the festive board, and while I was expectantly waiting for food to be brought, the educated gentleman, with all the pomp of grandfather when carving the turkey, reached into the bowl and brought out a single blue pill. This he handed to me. What to do?

Soon each of us possessed a blue pill. I supposed that this was a devotional exercise to prepare one for the coming meal. But wait! It must be candy! The Prof. family are munching their pills. Then I took a

chance and munched. What a sensation! Never had I derived as much pleasure and satisfaction from the best porterhouse dinner I had ever eaten as I did from that little blue pillet. Surely this was magic!

Now what? The white pills are produced. Mine dissolved immediately upon being placed in my mouth and gave all the satisfaction of drinking a large glass of fresh cool milk.

I suspected that jealous appearing little green pills surely must be bitter, but hopefully placed it in my mouth. Date pudding! and that was magic!

After I had enjoyed the dessert I was handed another white pill and finished the meal with a concentrated glass of milk.

The dawn! These green, and blue, and white pills were merely the fulfillment of the prophecy of my economics teacher who had said the day before that soon, for saving time and chewing, concentrated food pills would take the place of our long meals. They had been introduced overnight!

My mingled surprise and delight had caused me to forget for a time my predicament. The Prof. seemed very unconcerned, however, and the fact gave me a little better feeling of security.

Mr. Prof. next led me thru a long corridor to the front porch. What a view! Blue skies stretched far ahead with here and there a lazy white cloud to lessen the monotony. I went to the edge of the veranda and leaned over. There was no visible means of support whatever, and I now became resigned to a certain doom. What was to keep us from falling the one thousand feet to the ground? No harm could come from inquiring of the professor, surely, and my curiosity was aroused to the limit. He explained that he had perfected a process by which he could make certain materials defy the law of gravitation and that he had constructed this huge mansion in the air of those materials.

I did not trust the professor's process very much and immediately expressed a desire to be on the ground. Prof. willingly led the way to some spiral stairs which in our home would have led to the cellar but which in this case led to a small landing. From somewhere Prof. produced a rope ladder

which was long enough to reach the ground. "A long trip," I thought to myself. The professor explained that he was very sorry but his regular landing apparatus had some dirt in the carburetor and hence he could not take me to the earth.

After thanking Prof. for his kindness I ventured onto the ladder. When I had descended about six steps I looked up to say good-bye to Prof. My heart stopped beating and came up to bump my tonsils. A maniac looked down at me—Prof. was crazy. He was waving a long sharp knife thru the air and finally, with a maniacal cry, he maliciously slashed the ropes.

A rush of air; down, down, down I fell, still clinging to the ladder. With a jarring thump I hit the ground. Deliriously I tried to disentangle myself from the meshes of the rope ladder. When I opened my eyes mother was standing over me watching while I crazily tore one of her best curtains to pieces. That journey from the couch to to floor had been the longest two feet I had ever fallen in my life.

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Ultima Thule, by Henry Handel Richardson.

Australia seldom figures in our novels but when it does one can be sure that the story will be delightful in its style and subject. There is something about the bush country of Australia which "gets" you no matter how hard you try to avoid it. Like the Tropics it has a powerful influence, exerting a tragic spell over the lives of its people.

Australia is to England what America was in the times before the Revolution. It is a place where one goes for a new lease on life, but the terms are typically Australian and bind the freemen to the soil.

"When, for the third time in his life, Richard Mahony set foot in Australia, it was to find that the fortune with which that country a few years back had so airily invested him, no longer existed. Thanks in part to his own want of acumen, in part to the trickery of a scoundrel, he was a ruined man; and at the age of forty-nine, with a wife and children dependent on him, must needs start life over again. In surroundings to which foreign travel, a wider knowledge

of the beauties of the old world, had rendered him doubly alien."

Ultima Thule is the record of Mahoney's struggle. He finds that the conflict is as much with his personality, unable to adapt itself to the sudden change, as it is with the unsympathetic country. The book reveals to the reader in a vivid way the disintegration of Richard's character and depicts graphically the lacerations of his feelings.

Richard's wife is good and self-sacrificing but she is of a different mold and is never able to understand Richard. He senses this and in a sudden burst of emotion he cries:

"Good God, Mary! . . . It sometimes seems as if we spoke a different language. The fact of the matter is, you haven't a note of music in you!" But it is Mary who survives the monotony of the bush life. Her soul is less susceptible to the deeper meanings and consequently she is untouched by the very things which shake Richard so violently.

Ultima Thule is beautifully written in a simple, expressive way which impresses the reader with the sincerity of the author. The atmosphere of Australia is very real and infinitely touching. One feels acutely the pain of Mahoney, and yet one accepts the inevitability of it all, too.

The characters are well drawn. The reader is apt to regret the small part the old German naturalist plays. He is so wholesomely interesting after the slight dementia of the other characters that his brief appearance is disappointing.

This book is on the whole rather depressing, but it is well worth reading for its depth of feeling and charm of style.

## Ode to a Junked Ford

Thou battered thing which hath so long been on duty, how well hast thou served me from the first time, when in thy shining newness, couldst and didst plunge thy dashing, erratic way at forty miles an hour, to this last sad moment. In the days of thy middle age, how often didst I endeavor to cover thy dulled, blistered sides with not uncolorful hues? In vain did I replace in thee many a new and half worn part to keep thee intact. Yet, what is thine end?



How well doth thy brief existence portray the life of men and women, when, in their youth do sport their flashy way around, with a speed that even you, old Ford, didst not excell. In middle age do they pursue life in a slower and staid way though not wholly immune from wild dashes now and then. In vain do the fair sex endeavor to cover the lines of age with paint as even with you, dear Ford. And so to old age, stamping and bumping their weary and infirm way along the walks of life, till, at last the breakdown came, even as yours did, and they, like you, are discarded for what—the junk heap.

Some folks will Dumas anything  
To get an education,  
But here I set some gentle hints  
For your assimilation.  
You cannot learn much history  
Unless you Reed a lot;  
And to get Lit you'll take a bit  
Of Porter you'll get caught;  
You must know trig and algebra  
To Gager distance well;  
Stay in your Holmes if you desire  
To write themes that excel.  
Go West to learn the facts about  
Bugs and biology;  
You must work hard to get the grades  
You desErvin psychology;  
"Brackett" est the Francais pour  
"Work and French comes easy";  
To Glisson in the Spanish tongue  
You'll have to keep quite busy;  
There is no doubt about the height  
Of our dear reader's bliss—  
'Twould be to Lynch the guy he thinks  
Responsible for this.

#### CLUBS

(Continued from page 6)

read and discussed. The subject of old poetry forms was so popular that the members decided to read sonnets at the meeting in December.

Anti-war poetry and poems will be discussed at the November meeting.

The first assembly was held at the home of Faithe Harris. Every minute was interesting, and when it was time to leave the members felt that they had barely

touched this old form of poetry. The meeting was inspiring and made one want to store this subject away, then some day when there was more time, come back and read more ballads and delve further into their origin and history.

**Red Cross Workers**—We read that the modern girl is "too forward," and that she lacks that certain amount of "becoming shyness." Judging by our co-eds we cannot believe that. We even have proof to establish this point.

The Red Cross asked Dean Reed for some assistance in their recent drive. Dean Reed asked the girls. The girls said nothing. Why? Because they were too bashful!

That must have been the reason for after chapel twelve girls signed up to help in the drive. Only ten showed up, but they all meant well.

After the Southern Varsity game the girls came down to the college administration building, and Miss Brackett served them a most "filling" lunch. They reported at the Red Cross headquarters at seven o'clock and worked for two hours.

Perhaps you met some of them on the street—did they seem very bashful?

**Girls' Gym**—An explanation is due someone, especially those who have tried to study at school on Thursdays between two and three o'clock. One would just begin to accomplish something after lunch, when strains of "Heigh-ho-the-merry-o" and "Here we go Lobby de Low" would reach us. One always has a meddlesome curiosity at times like that, so we would "follow the tune" and at the end of it find the Sophomore girls' gym class. They were being instructed in "How to entertain the children on the playground."

Everyone took this class, more or less, as a recreation hour for the "dignified Sophs" and laughed at them—even when the girls were looking. Now, however, we are rightly impressed with the seriousness of it. Last week twelve girls assisted on the grade school playgrounds during the noon hour. This work is an important part of the practise teaching and all of the girls seem to be enjoying it.

**The Hallowe'en Party**—Friday evening, November 1, a queer gathering assembled at the Junior College. People from every land were there and there were also present folk from long ago. Such a diversity of races and ages one would think could hardly be congenial, but nevertheless they all joined in a very modern treasure hunt which carried them many, many blocks before the "treasure," a large box of chocolates, was found by Peggy Cooper.

Immediately following the search the hunters went single file through a terrible, mysterious Chamber of Horrors. Only by keeping a firm hold on one's mental faculties could one pass through this awful place safely. However, everyone came through all right and on leaving the wierd hall found themselves in the brightly lighted and gaily decorated auditorium where fortune telling, apple bobbing and contests took place. A word must be said about these contests. There were two teams, blue and white, with a captain, cheerleader, and scorekeeper for each side. It was noticed that Art Miller in the pillow race put the case on the pillow so deftly that one doesn't wonder he's so popular with the girls.

Naturally, there was a grand march so that the judges might decide who had the most original costume. (Oh, yes, the people were all in costume. By now you must know it was a Hallowe'en party.) After much argument and indecision Kathleen Badgley, representing Saturday night with towels, bath mat, soap and wash cloths, was awarded a silver compact for the most original costume among the girls and Harry Sauers, depicting what the well dressed thug will wear, received a lovely tie for the most original costume among the boys.

A yo-yo contest was staged in which Eva Queen, Ross Lyons and Dudley Gilbert entered. Dudley won and his prize proved to be a rubber mouse.

After the program was finished refreshments of gingerbread and cider were served and it is rumored that were it not for the fact that the cider was sweet, certain Sophomore boys—well, you know how it is. Anyway, everybody was enthusiastic about the party and they are all looking forward enthusiastically to the next college affair.

#### OLYMPI-ANTICS

(Continued from page 11)

thru Jacksonville? Comes the answer. "Vowelly speaking, I. O. U." (Famous last words) Seven-thirty P. M. saw St. Pete's winter population normal once more and Banks (the elder) happy again.

And other things too humorous to mention.

Fitting it is indeed for us at this season to sing the praises of our good Knights of the Pigskin. They have just brought a most successful and satisfactory season to its close—a season in which glory has heaped upon glory. Victory has not always been theirs but a real fighting spirit has made even defeat a kind of moral triumph. You have the real stuff fellows, and we're proud of every one of you.

Next year's eleven will feel a genuine loss in the absence of the entire veteran backfield and many of the forward wall stalwarts. Beasley, Hodgkinson, Stoner, Worrell and Presstman have borne the brunt of the passing, kicking and ball carrying this season and not one will return next year, Furen and Cook have starred at the end positions and both are sophomores, Hewitt at center, Coss at guard and Klett at tackle shone in all the battles. They are scheduled to leave us in the spring. Weiss, Curry and Welch, as strong reserves will be missed also.

Handicapped as much as they will be by the lack of these mighty Trojans, a strong team can easily be built on the foundation which remains. Gingery, Shelton, Stewart and Yeoman have shown real fight in their games at end. Sauers at guard and Gregory and MacIntire at tackle are mighty game and have aided a great deal in the success of 1929. Horn and Mears make up the remaining framework for a strong backfield. We certainly hope to see all of these fellows back next fall.

And here a word for the hard working managers, Miller and Holland—good work.

Digging for facts is better brain exercise than jumping at conclusions.

## TROJAN TOPICS *in* BRIEF

There is a lot of work done in this college by just a few students. Not because they want to have their hands in everything, but for the reason that if they did not, nobody else would. Where is that so-called college spirit we hear so much about?

It seems a shame that when good speakers are arranged on the program for the Sci-Math club meeting that the sponsors are unavoidably detained.

The backing of the idle majority of the college was as great a discredit to it as the playing of "Hutch's" Trojans was creditable.

Jack Lentz, now attending Duke University, graciously states that even though the Wooden Horse is a colt, it is a thoroughbred.

Picture Puzzle: Find Soph. No. 1.

Two of our sophomore "femmes" were sitting on a green bench down town thinking of "dumb things to do." Finally—

"I know what I'll do," said Soph No. 1; "I'll get married."

"That would be dumb," answered Soph No. 2. "Who would you marry; Ed?"

"No, that wouldn't be dumb!"

Ask Harry Worrell about his new girl friend, Anna L. Gestic. He says she is a hot number.

The Trojans were allowed to break training in West Palm Beach, so Pete Stoner went out and purchased a half-dozen cream puffs.

We have been slamming the student body on its support of the football team. They are, on the whole, giving excellent support to all other projects, which shows that their spirit of co-operation is not dead. Perhaps they do not like football.

John Gingery is a lover of action. He does not believe in waiting for anything—not even cues.

John is an ardent booster of Florida. His favorite dessert, we learned, is sliced oranges.

Poor officiating is not our alibi for losing the West Palm Beach tilt—it is the reason.

"Crabby" Cook gave everything he had in the last game, and it was enough to satisfy any coach.

We call Al Furen "River" because his actions are restricted by "Banks."

After the Palm Beach trip the dean suggested that we forget football with the exception of the debts contracted. Which debts was he referring to?

The main difference between now and then in football training is that now the fellows can commit infractions without having a guilty conscience.

Frankness is certainly desirable, but it does seem a bit crude when over-used, along some lines, in co-ed class rooms.

On being asked by Coach Hutchison how he liked our 150 lb. center, a Palm Beach fan remarked, "do you mean that little devil that was playing in our backfield all day?"

To John Gingery goes the honor of having completed the longest Trojan pass in a game this season. "Pep" was a green horn in football but has shown remarkable improvement of form. With a little more weight on his frame he will be a valuable asset to the Trojans next year.

The Trojans are lucky to have a coach like "Hutch"; and the coach is lucky too.

## 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. ☐ 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. ☐ Light is our daily companion.

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