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THE WOODEN HORSE

Vol. 2

St. Petersburg, Florida

No. 3

St. Petersburg
Junior College

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Nothing can bring you peace but yourself—nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

In the choice of a dog or of a horse, we exercise the greatest care; we inquire into its pedigree, its training and character, and yet we too often leave the selection of our friends, which is of infinitely greater importance—by whom our whole life will be more or less influenced either for good or evil—almost to chance.

Despair is the collapse of the ego.—Dr. Frank Crane.

The only real measure of success is the ratio between what a man is doing and what he might be doing.—H. G. Wells.

The general attitude of the students in the College this year is good, but it is far from perfect. In any group of students there are always those who give up too easily and sink to despair regarding their studies. There are also those who fall into careless habits of loafing and of shirking all common courtesies and moral obligations. Some of us need to go to a chiropractor—they work on the backbone.

It is rumored that one of our students has been missing a very important letter since the opening of college. He found it the other day when his Physics book accidentally fell out of his locker and disclosed said letter between pages one and two.

One of the advantages of a co-ed institution is that the constant presence of women there produces an atmosphere of refinement and tends to create more regard for the

niceties and cultural things of life. Some of the crudities and vulgarisms spoken in the name of frankness are a slap at a most desirable feature which exists at this college.

Professor Einstein states that space is the only reality. Judging some students by the portion of their anatomy above their ears, we come to the conclusion that they, too, are realities.

Keep your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do, and you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfillment of your desire.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder. That is why many of us are crazy about money.

If we were charged so much a head for sunsets or if God sent around a drum before the hawthorne came into flower, what a

work we should make about their beauty, but these things, like good companions, stupid people cease early to observe.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—Francis Bacon.

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we can not put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.—John Ruskin.

**In mourning for
those who violate
the honor system
and think they are
getting by with
something**

THE WOODEN HORSE

Published by the Students of the
St. Petersburg Junior College
at St. Petersburg, Florida

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Marion L. Banks Associate Staff Editor
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Catherine Shaw Exchange
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THE NEW CALENDAR

Among the topics of the day is the question of the new calendar which those in its favor would have our country adopt in 1933. We think it would be interesting for the Wooden Horse to play "Literary Digest" and take a straw vote on the issue. It also might make a good subject for a chapel debate next semester. We ourselves would like to know the opinions of the college students on the subject and will publish any material of this kind turned in to us. We might suggest someone's writing an essay in favor of the adoption of the new calendar and someone else's writing against it.

Both sides have excellent arguments and good refutations of the issues of the opposing side. The new calendar, if adopted, would have thirteen months, the new one to be called "Sol" and to come between June and July. Each month would have exactly twenty-eight days, the first day of the month always coming on Sunday. The extra day, since this would make a 364-day year, would have no name or no date and would

simply be a "blank" day celebrated as a holiday, would follow Saturday, December 28, and precede New Year's Day, which would be Sunday, January 1. Then, since every year has 365¼ days, there would be another blank day every four years which would follow Sol 28 and precede July 1.

This, as you can readily see, would be both advantageous and confusing. At present some people have a birthday only once every four years but if the new calendar were adopted, what about the babies that were born on the blank day? They wouldn't have a birthday at all.

Anyhow, let's hear what you have to say about it?

ON EXAMS.

Cicero in writing to a friend quotes from a drama "The Trojan Horse," "Too late they learn wisdom." Years hence, another Trojan Horse is wondering who will be on the fateful list headed by those words, which is only another way of reminding you that exams approach and the only consolation we have to offer is that you can think of Mr. Gager in the bookstore "so calm, so cool."

The Wooden Horse has seen the cobwebs dusted off the bookshelf this week and he shakes his mane (rather his shavings) despairingly and sighs, "Cicero was right."

Exams must go on being the bane of the students' existence.

There are a great many types of examinations ranging from the true and false tests, to a bar exam. But what I am speaking of are those horrible mid-term exams, which catch us unawares.

Let us not, however, forget our teachers, they too, have the same feeling of hatred toward exams as does the student, for they must burn the midnight oil and their vitality with the same amount of intensity after exams as the students do before. (The moral of this tale: "Weep for the night is coming," or "Down with exams"!)

DEATH OF MRS. REED

The Wooden Horse offers its sympathy and condolence to Mr. Reed for the loss of his mother, Mrs. Rebecca Weaver Reed, who died early Monday morning, January 5, at her home in this city.

(Continued on page 14)



THE ECLIPSE

After we had waited several hours in the rain at Wrexham railroad station and had been twice deceived, once by a freight train and again by a tin whistle, our train steamed in, and our journey to Criccieth, England, began. The night was dark and stormy, and boded ill for the object of our expedition. However, lulled by the rhythmic swing of the train and the shouts and songs which came faintly to my ears from adjacent compartments, I fell asleep.

I remembered nothing until we arrived at our destination. Here we alighted and set out to search for a "vantage point." After some time, we found an ideal spot on the top of a hill, the only drawback being that it was already occupied to capacity by a company of tourists, bent on the same errand as ourselves. We settled down, and having made ourselves as comfortable as possible, fell to admiring the scenery. The roseate dawn broke bright and cloudless. In the east rose the Sun, while over it sailed the moon, pale and subdued by the sun's splendor.

Precisely at 5:21-15 the moon touched the outer rim of the sun and commenced to obscure its face. Gradually the light faded as the sun became covered, and at last nothing was to be seen of it, except a thin crescent of light, which shone brightly in the clear sky. The darkness around us increased; birds fluttered and twittered in the trees; flowers closed; a hush fell upon the earth as the watchers gazed in awe at the imposing spectacle. The moment of totality arrived! The face of the sun was now completely obscured, and in the greenish darkness which hung over the earth, the fine corona shooting out around the edge could be plainly seen. The only sound which broke the stillness was the clicking of cameras as we gazed upwards, watches in hand. The seconds grew . . . twenty-three, twenty-four . . . thirty . . . still the moon lin-

gered! A full minute! People began to get excited. What was wrong? Had the astronomers made a mistake in their calculations?

Suddenly to the startled eyes of the watchers, the moon appeared to quiver. It swayed between the sun and earth. All gasped—then held their breaths in terror. The forces of the universe had been overcome! The earth and sun were engaged in a terrific contest for the moon!

The atmosphere became more tense as the struggle went on. First the sun appeared to gain—then the earth. Flames from the sun shot far into space. A crackling sound as of immense electric sparks was heard. The earth quivered and pulsed. The moon swung about like an enormous white balloon. The pulsations became more violent; a great blue light shot into space, and enveloped the moon like a cloak. There was a tearing, rending sound, and the earth reeled, while the moon began to fall toward it; and the sun, as if giving up an unequal struggle, burst into innumerable fragments, which went humming into space. Everything now became pitch dark, save for the moon, which glowed with a strange light as it rapidly approached the earth, accompanied by a continuous sound as of far off thunder.

Suddenly the crowd scattered, flying hither and thither in an endeavor to escape the awful death which was flying toward us. From all sides came cries and screams of terror. Pandemonium reigned in the struggling mass of people trying to escape disaster. Trains hurtled along at full speed, and crashed into each other. Cars fought a way through the crowd. Many sought to escape by boarding boats and pushing out to sea. Anywhere but the hills which would meet the full force of the impact!

The moon loomed larger overhead, still glowing with an unearthly radiance. On it

(Continued on page 13)

"MUSE"-INGS

MY IDEAL GIRL

Not one girl, nor two nor three,
Has all the things that interest me;
I'll make one from all the rest,
And let this one be known as best.

To this paragon of girls
Childs must give her brunette curls
And also add her pretty nose,
Both gifts as lovely as the rose.

Hoover's touch, cause of deep sighs,
Would be two understanding eyes,
Dreamy stars: Dan Cupid's mail,
Translucent pools for Muse's sail.

Diana Campen's stately grace,
Suggestive of the Grecian race.
More? Why yes, her throat's smooth curve
Would to my Psyche assets serve.

But ere another asset's toyed,
Clark must yield up her sang-froid.
Her self-possession, perfect poise,
Station gazers to mere boys.

I pause a moment to reflect
Before more natures I dissect.
Might not coy Constance, so demure,
Add a more Elysium lure?

And now to graces standing trial
I add the gracious Touart smile,
To make my girl as near replete
With charms as humanly safe to mete.

Is that all? No, one thing else
This girl must have ere my heart melts—
Marion Banks' joyful mind,
Sunny perfection of its kind.

If all these charms to one were lent,
With her I think I'd be content,
But one thing sure, those graces fine
Would not be shared, would be all mine.

And as the old-time poet said,
When, by fair maid, to song was led,
"If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

—A Nonymous

THE REPLY

Nor does one boy, I'll tell to thee,
Have all the things that interest me,
But since your girl can not be real
I'll make a boy for her, ideal.

Since I would have him tall and bold,
I'd give him Holland's manly mold.
Since a brunette you've made your girl,
My boy shall have Hendry's blond curls.

His eyes must hint of other lands
And romance, as do Charlie Sands',
And to his mouth I think 'twere fit
To bequeath Ging'ry's smile and wit.

Tho he must speak words sweet and fine,
I would not have him have a line;
For though there's charm to Ben Greene's
drawl,

He tells the same old things to all.

His poise and manner must be sure,
Like those of Mr. James McClure.
He must know how to smoothly dance,
And have a pleasing nonchalance.

J. Danielson has something lent,
For he must be indifferent;
Not too much, of course, but so
At times I'll not his feelings know.

Possessed of these, he'd be the best,
But you recall 'tis all a jest—
For with the charms of this ideal,
You know the boy could not be real.

—Anne Anonymous

A PLEA AGAINST PROPRIETY

Just this one time, dear God, help me to
step aside

The beaten path laid out for me by cus-
tom, and my pride!

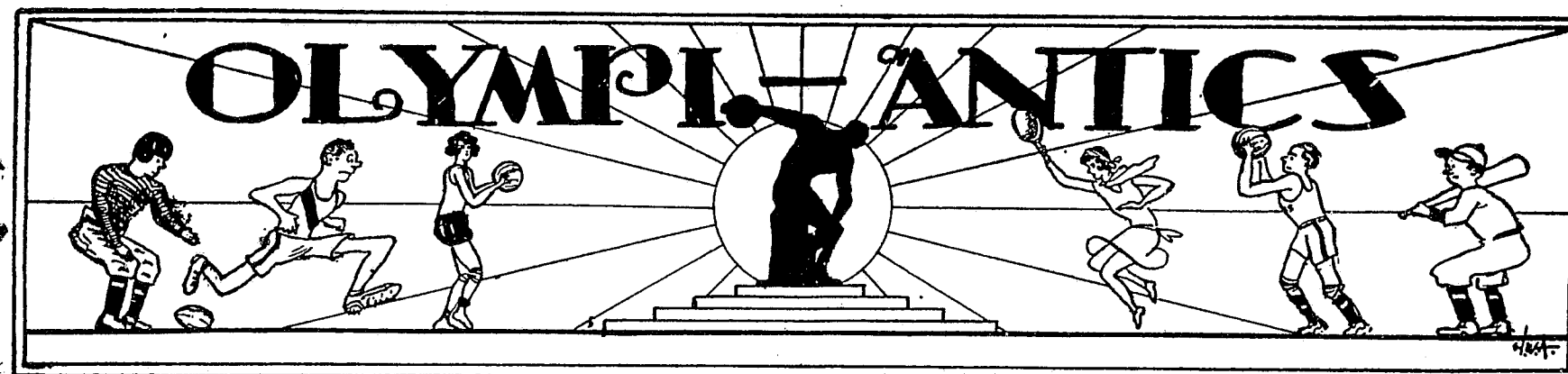
Help me to stray into forbidden gardens;
leave reasoning behind,

And follow blindly my long-shackled heart,
and not my conscious mind!

JUST THIS ONE TIME, dear God, help me
to bid impulse live and spread her
wings,

That I may mount, and for one hour rise
above the sham of things!

E. M. Robinson.



TENNIS TOURNAMENT

From all the rest, Matty is best. This is
practically the outcome of the tennis tour-
nament as far as the



boys are concerned. Carey, West and Hol-
land made determined
bids only to yield to
Morrison in the finals.
Morrison's group now
leads the others by vir-
tue of first and second
places. The girls' tour-
nament is not yet completed. Eliminations
are down to Ellen Thomas, Ruth Walker,
Ruth Childs and Helen Hoover.

VARSITY BASKETBALL STARTED

The spirit of varsity basketball has been
revived again after an intermission of one
season. A squad of eleven men are holding
daily workouts under the direction of Coach
McArthur and a lengthy schedule of games
is being prepared. Games with local and
nearby city teams are being arranged. Coach
McArthur is also planning on en-
trance into a county league and on games
with Freshman teams of Southern, Rollins
and Sacred Heart Colleges. The squad in-
cludes Hendry, Morrison, Shelton, Daniel-
son, West, Eberhart, Carey, Acklin, Miller,
Gingery and Wilson.

ATHLETIC PROGRAM

The tennis and golf tournaments are only
two of the events in a program of intra-
mural athletics. After golf comes basket-
ball, in which the four groups will present
two teams each. Later on in the year, dia-
mond ball will occupy the groups and even
track and field events will be scheduled if
enough interest is shown. Let's not forget
the club's slogan, ninety per cent of the
students engaged in athletics.

PEEWEE GOLF TOURNAMENT

Hey, Presstman, what green are you
standing? Tee, off, Evelin, not see
off. High score here and low at school.
These are just a few of the mental
hazards to be heard on the Vinoy fill
these afternoons. Many of us are chas-
ing a golf ball through rain pipes and
rat holes for the first time and are liking it.
Just who will be the
fortunate thirty-two,
the lucky sixteen, etc.,
on down to the skillful
one is still a prominent
question. However,
among those with
low scores so far are
Holland, Stephenson,
McClure and Hendry.



RIFLE CLUB

Rising in the cold, long before daylight,
on the morning of December 20, the mem-
bers of the Girls' Rifle Club started on an-
other of their very original and enjoyable
adventures—this time a breakfast party at
Madeira Beach. Before sun-up the six girls,
Elsie Shippey, Edna Hoffman, Eleanor
Tyler, Carolyn West, Ellen Thomas, and
Catherine Shaw were huddled together
drenched with rain, hilariously trying to
start a fire with huge, wet logs—and no
kindling. Mr. Archibald, manager of the
beach, felt the pangs of compassion in his
soul and gave the girls the use of one of
his new brick ovens and a huge beach um-
brella. (There you are—the comforts of
home even in the wilds). The bacon and
eggs were both cooked and eaten with gusto
and much help from many cooks. All of
them were reluctant about leaving and only
the promise of a canoe ride in the very
near future could lure them away.

Since returning to school after the holi-
days the girls have been having target prac-
tices several times a week—there is a con-
test, you know, with the Boys' Rifle Club,
that must be faced some time soon.

CLUBS

POETRY GUILD

The members of the Poetry Guild met at the home of Marion Banks on Wednesday evening, January 7. Marjorie Allen Seifret was the poetess for discussion. A number of her charming poems were read by Marion May, Marion Clark and the sponsor, Mrs. Holmes. The rest of the meeting was devoted to an interesting, informal discussion. It was decided that special topics concerning Amy Lowell would compose the program for the next meeting. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess, after which the meeting adjourned. This club has no regular membership but is open to all who are interested in the reading, writing or discussion of poetry.

FRENCH CLUB

The first meeting of the French division of the Modern Language Club was held in the Junior College auditorium on December 10. Many friends were present, as well as the majority of the members of the club. Every person, when the roll was called by the secretary, responded with a French sentence containing the name of a mineral, vegetable or animal. Upon successfully concluding the business of the meeting, the president, Ruth Childs, turned over the remainder of the evening's entertainment to Miss Janet Gerwig, chairman of the social committee.

Miss Juanita Saunders delighted the audience with several vocal selections. Mr. Gene Osborn, a talented pianist, gained much applause by the manner in which he played several difficult selections. A French play, "Service d'Ami" created a great deal of merriment. The cast included George Weeks, Louis Rottenberg, Joan Beazley, Dorothy Touart and Victoria Bedford. Last, but not least on the program came the initiation of two new members, Elizabeth Roberts and Wilson Stevenson. The two candidates were becomingly arrayed in bridal regalia, though of the rustic variety. Amid gales of laughter, the

bride swore away her freedom, as did also the blushing bridegroom. Although a duet, "Au Claire de la Lune," given by the newlyweds was rather lacking in spontaneity the audience drew the conclusion that at least there was hope that they might "live happily ever after."

The singing of the French national anthem completed the evening's entertainment. Professor Francisco de Villafranca expressed himself as very pleased with the interest that the French students were displaying in the many school activities.

THE RIDING CLUB

"Hi there!" "Is everybody here?" "Where's my boss?" "Let's go!" "On to Maximo!" And the club leaves Cass' stables for an enjoyable ride to Maximo Point, where a bountiful midnight lunch awaits. The club has had three such rides since the last issue of the Wooden Horse; they were on December 5th and 6th and on January 3rd. The morning breakfast ride was postponed twice because of the "unusual" weather we have been having. At any rate—'twas the day before Christmas when those early bird riders assembled for their long planned breakfast ride. A brisk canter into the woods, a cheery fire, and bacon and eggs, well repaid the efforts of venturing forth in the gray dawn of the coldest day of this winter. On the return to Cass' stables the Times photographer took several group pictures, one of which appeared in their Sunday paper for January 4th. The next ride will be during the first week of February.—Save your pennies, everybody!

REVIEWER'S CLUB

The second meeting of the Reviewers was held Tuesday evening, November 25, at the home of Marion Banks. A very interesting program was presented. Victoria Bedford gave a resume of "The Winged Horse", by Auslander and Hill. (This, as you remember, was the "horse" which had caused Mr. Gager so much concern a short time before). Then Carolyn West recommended "Years of Grace" by Margaret Ayer Barnes for our literary digestion, and Edna Hoffman recommended, with reserva-

(Continued on page 10)

Oh Yeah!?

By UTOPIA TILLIE

Listen my children
And you shall hear,
How the college students (?)
Began the new year.

But first let us see
How they ended the old;
And this is the story
As to me it was told.

Dick Holland, our leader
So calm and sedate,
Was tucked into bed
About half-past eight.

And Biddie, the co-ed,
So sweet and so fair,
Until the bells rang
Played lone solitaire.

But Gingery, the wit,
In his own merry way,
Welcomed the year
With what Frenchman call lait.

And then there's the girl
Who lives out in the wilds,
She claims she was dancing—?
Her name is Ruth Childs.

One more stayed at home—
I'm sure you know Hoover
She was reading a book
And no power could move her.

While the Walker named Ruth
Took (so eager for toil)
Her last chance of the year
To burn midnight oil.

You'd expect to find couples
In a secluded spot
But in Central's bright glare
We found Adcock and Dot.

What surprised us the most
Was rambunctious De Guirre,
Who stayed home alone
To end the old year.

Then along came the new
And as "Deanie" had reckoned,
They started to school
January the second.

'Twas a sight just to see
Their bright, happy faces,
In their joy to get back
To their work and their places.

For Jimmy McClure
Was so enthusiastic
He had all his lessons—
An act really drastic.

And one boy called Beckman,
Who prolongs his night,
Came early to chapel
To start the year right.

And drawling Ben Greene
(You could tell by his looks)
Was simply delighted
To see his dear books.

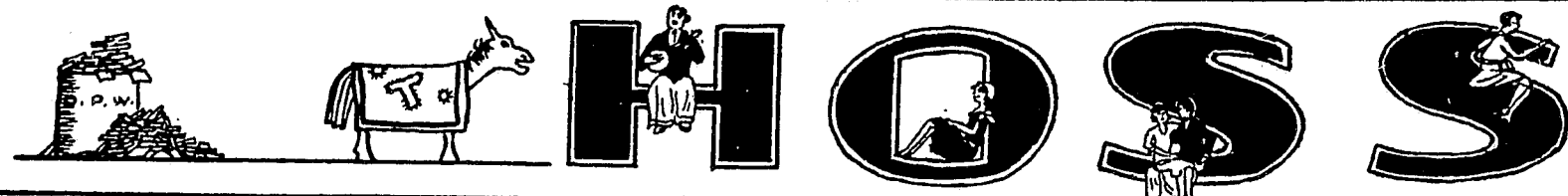
To school very early
Came chick Marion Clark
For after these two weeks
To work seemed a lark.

And even the porch
Felt the change in the air
For the benches deserted
Seemed lonesome and bare.

But this is the wonder
I'M sure you'll agree,
I can't keep the secret
So share it with me.

No one looked sleepy,
Not one person yawned
Which gladdened professors
Of whom they're SO fond.

OH YEAH! ?



"Please!"

"No!"

"Oh, ple-ease do!"

"Positively, no."

"Please, just this time."

"I said 'NO!'"

"Aw Ma, all the boys go barefoot now."

Mr. Gager: "Mr. Reed, you have a very hard-working wife."

Mr. Reed (absent minded): "You're right, I wish I had a couple more like her."

The students get the paper,
The school gets the fame,
The printers get the money,
And the staff gets the blame.

S. Walton: "What are you running that steam roller over the field for?"

J. Hendry: "I'm raising mashed potatoes this year."

Dot T.: "Who is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

Janet G.: "That's a deaf mute with the hiccoughs."

Another good place for a zipper would be on string beans.

Johnny G.: "I want a quarter's worth of rat poison."

Clerk: "Do you wish to take it with you?"

Johnny G.: "No, I'll send the rats in after it."

Dick Holland: "Do you work in the shirt factory?"

Johnny D.: "Yes."

Dick: "Why aren't you working today, then?"

Johnny: "We are making night shirts this week."

She: "Aren't you a little Germanic?"

Him: "Derned Teuton, I am."

Gingery: "Well, my face suits me."

Ruth: "Sure, you're behind it."

Mrs. Hoffman: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?"

Edna: "I did. It was just half past ten."

Do you know that:

1. Exams will be on us before we know it?
2. The Sophs are giving a dance at the Princess Martha?
3. The wits have at last formed a frat and girls are not allowed to join?
4. They don't want to?
5. Helen Hoover was on time for Physics class once this year?
6. Our Junior College was at last approved at the Southern Conference?
7. Our Junior College is the most outstanding one in Florida—in fact the only one?
8. The white Trojan T's have been given out?
9. Mr. Ervin has bought a new car—and how?!
10. The school is really going to have a basketball team?

Miller: "So you lost your watch?"

Danielson: "Yes. It wasn't going, and now it's gone."

Agent: "Lady, your husband was killed in a train wreck."

She: "Oh, my! Oh my! Now who will wipe the dishes?"

Dumb: "Have you any wild ducks?"

Waiter: "No, but I'll take a tame one out and aggravate him for you."

Ernie: "Something terrible happened to my mother in San Francisco."

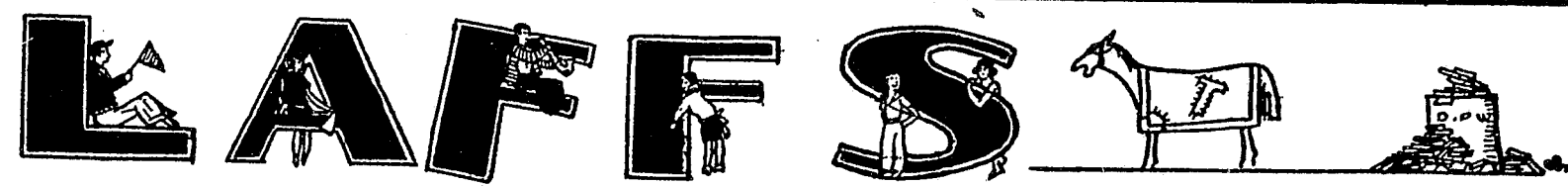
McClure: "I thought you said you were born in Los Angeles."

"This is a big party we're tossing," said the bouncer as he threw Presstman out.

Peggy: "Here comes the parade and your aunt will miss it! Where is she?"

Dot: "She's upstairs waving her hair."

Peggy: "Mercy! Can't you afford a flag?"



He: "Good heavens! My wife has just run away with a man in my car."

Man: "Not your new car?"

Mr. Ervin (in cafeteria): "Say, my plate is wet."

Waitress: "That's your soup, sir."

Miss Center: "What's a Grecian Uhn?"

Hammond: "Oh, about ten dollars a week, unless he owns the restaurant."

Them: "Boss, we want our money."

Him: "Not your money. You want my money."

Certain musical notes prevent sleep. So do certain promissory notes.

Love:

A Her: "What show did you see?"

Another: "Jack, darling, what show did we see?"

He: "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll."

She: "Oh, Cuthbert! It's doing it."

Geo. A. Wilson (in restaurant): "I don't like the flies in here."

Waiter: "Sorry, sir, there'll be some new ones in tomorrow."

Dean: "Congratulations, my boy!"

Farrer: "But you just said that I flunked out of medical school."

Dean: "Ah, but think of the lives you have saved."

Catherine Shaw: "What was Mrs. Gab talking to you about?"

Jo Williams: "Oh, business."

Catherine: "I know. But whose?"

Child aged five to same aged three: "Aw, this is nothin'. You should have seen the blizzard back in '30!"

Margaret Abbott (on scales which present fortunes): "Now, I'd like to see what my future is with my coat off!"

"What is known as modern jazz was played by pre-historic races 7,000 years ago," says a music critic. This will cause many of our parents to long for the good old days of 70,001 years ago.

Mrs. Ervin: "Wait, Walter. Are you sure you've forgotten everything?"

"Why is it that you encourage all of your clerks to get married?"

"Well," replied the knowing boss, "I find that married men are not in such an awful rush to get home early as single men."

Barber: You are very bald, sir. Do you know what is the cause of it?

Feddup: I don't know, but I suspect that my hair falling out had something to do with it.

New Stenog: Sharpleigh called about his account this morning.

Dunn-Brown: And you told him I'd just left for Europe?

New Stenog: Yes, and that you wouldn't be back till this afternoon.

"And you mean to stand there and tell me that Lungheigh was killed by a bolt from a clear sky?"

"Sure, a workman on a 20-story building dropped the bolt."

And then there is a man who thinks he is a cobbler because he shoosed all the flies.

MODERN SCHOOL DAYS

School days, school days,
Flippant, fresh, and fool days,
Speeding, and stepping and similar tasks,
Whoopee, and petting, and pocket flasks,
You were the Queen of Co-eds row,
I was your football Romeo,
And you chalked on my Ford,
"I choose to go."
When we were a couple of kids!
Hey! Hey!

Exchange Column

The following Exchanges have been received:

The Southern, Southern College, Lakeland, Florida; Ward - Belmont Hyphen, Ward-Belmont, Nashville, Tennessee; The Distaff, Florida State College, Tallahassee, Florida; Virginia Intermont, Caldron, Virginia Intermont, Bristol, Virginia; The Sullin's Silhouette, Sullins College, Bristol, Virginia; The Flat Hat, William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia; Nocatula, Tennessee Wesleyan College, Athens, Tennessee; The Hilltop, Mars Hill Junior College, Mars Hill, North Carolina; The Rollins Sandspur, Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida; The J-Tac, John Tarleton Agricultural College, Stephenville, Texas; The Roman, Rome High School, Rome, Georgia; The Palmetto & Pine, St. Petersburg High School, St. Petersburg, Florida.

We are very proud and grateful to find the poem, "The Etching," by Martha Henry, one of the five exchanges in the "Distaff."

Sullins College! You sure have a keen paper. We enjoyed it immensely. May you issue many more!

The latest sport at Rollins is Ping Pong. What d'ya say, fellows?

Popular refrain the last week in January: "And I forgot to remember."

Beneath the spreading chestnut tree
The smith works like the deuce,
For now he's selling gasoline,
Hot dogs, and orange juice.

If caught robbing a fish store, be nonchalant, smoke a herring.

Bill: "I started out with the thought that the world had an opening for me."

Phil: "And you found it?"

Bill: "Well rather; I'm in the hole now."

"Ah, well, somewhere behind the clouds the sun is shining" . . . Maybe, and under the sea is land, but that doesn't help a guy when he falls overboard.

CLUBS

(Continued from page 6)

tions, "And Company". Janet Gerwig, in reviewing Marc Connelly's play, "The Green Pastures," read some entertaining scenes, notably a discussion between Noah and the Lord about what should go into the Ark, which was followed by interesting comments from those who had seen the play on the legitimate stage this summer. In conclusion, Jo Williams made short comments on each of a list of new books obtainable at the public library. May we add that Bob Carey claimed the stair corner to be the most comfortable ever and could only be induced to leave it by the promise of refreshments.

SPANISH CLUB

Atencion socios. El circulo se vinire a orden. Thus la presidente Ida Smith called the Spanish Club to its first meeting. Each member responded to the roll call by answering, in Spanish, his name and correct address. Weirsteiner, the address fiend, told me afterward that his check showed some startling errors. But that ordeal over, the members were captivated listeners to Senor Villafranca's smooth, musical voice as he read from a book of lyric poems. Miss Villafranca next entertained with her impressions of St. Petersburg and of the college. Club candidates were then nominated by various members. Among those nominated were el chico Jimmy McClure, la muchacha Bob Carey, Ned West, Herb DeGroat and Ellen Thomas. Contrary to expectation, these first year students passed the initiation with high honors. After Herb DeGroat decided who was the prettiest girl in the college, thus ending the initiation, a se levante la session was proposed and the meeting adjourned. For their next meeting, the club will go to Tampa to attend a Spanish talkie.

SOCIETY NOTES

Marion Lucetta Banks was lost to members of the Playmakers acting in "Society Playboys." Miss Banks, having written the play felt that she should do something nice for the cast.

The M. D.'s gave a stag smoker for Ernest Acklin, the best excuse they could find.

WHO'S WHO 'n WHAT'S WHAT on Campus

HOLIDAY ACTIVITIES

The L. H. L.'s and M. D.'s contributed their share toward making the holiday's social season a success for the students and alumni of Junior College.

The girls of the L. H. L. Club had a house party Tuesday, December 30, at a cottage at Pass-a-Grille. In the afternoon most of the members transported the food and cleaned house. Early in the evening the remaining girls arrived to spend the night, and the boys to spend the evening. Open-house reigned, piles of sandwiches that reminded one of a high school cafeteria, slowly but surely vanished, and bridge and other games were played. "Sunshine" made her first coffee, which was good (it was said), over an oil heater. The girls present were Jeanne DeGuire, Mae Babington, Ruth Walker, Joan Beazley, Helen Hoover, Margaret Hoover, Eleanor Whipple, Gene Collette, Jane McClure, Marion Banks, Virginia Banks, Mary Elizabeth Campen, Dorothy Potter and Margarethe Fitz; and all but two actually slept!

The adviser, Mrs. Holmes, chaperoned the party, and by contributing some of her wit and pep, helped to make it "the best ever."

The M. D.'s, not to be outdone, met at the home of Bill Gautier, who is president of the original club, and after getting acquainted, they discussed plans for a dinner party. "President" Bill Gautier, "Chaperone" A. T. Glisson, "Charter Members" Bill Gautier, Jack Lentz, Jimmy Robertson, Sheldon Lindsey, A. T. Glisson, "Members" Cal Shelton, Droopy Wilson, Louis Hinman, Jimmy McClure, Ernest Acklin, Crabby Cook, Merle Patrick, Al Furen, Dudley Gilbert, Gordon Gilbert, Dick Holland and president of the '30-'31 group, Al Adecock, and their dates had a jolly good time at the dinner part, held at the Concord Hotel, New Year's Day, and the informal dance at Al Furen's afterwards proved this to be an exciting climax after all the other enjoyable holiday functions.

WHAT'S THIS?

The humorists of the college have banded together in the Pi Epsilon Omega Club. Who are the members? Well, if you see anyone appearing to scratch his nose with his knuckles, he is probably a member giving the high sign. The purpose of the club is the study of true humor and the preservation of wit. We can't suggest a more suitable meeting place for the club than the college porch where so much humor seems to originate. It is rumored that Ernest Acklin is the chief wit, but this may be only half right. The charter members are Sauers, Acklin, B. Miller, Danielson, Overturf, and Gingery. And girls, doesn't this slay you? Article ten of the constitution reads: No girls will be pledged; girls being natural humor anyway.

DECEMBER CHAPEL PROGRAMS

Chapel programs during the month of December, although not widely varied were of timely interest to the student body.

Mr. Cecil of Washington, D. C., spoke forcefully on the importance of co-operation, particularly between the members of the football team and the students. Mr. Cecil demonstrated an ability for telling stories which made his talk highly entertaining as well as worth while.

The college was privileged to hear Mr. Lyman A. Pickett, the new secretary of the Y. M. C. A., who stressed the value of good character, and related helpful pointers in character building. He closed by making a plea for the college students to take advantage of the facilities of the "Y." We appreciate the friendly attitude of Mr. Pickett.

And then, we would not forget the morning Mrs. Holmes reviewed the high lights of the discussions and forums which she attended in Cleveland during the National Council of Teachers of English. It matters not on what subject she chooses to speak, we always enjoy listening to her.

The last chapel program was conducted by Mr. Gager, who spoke on the Honor System. In the latter part of his talk he clearly defined "Work" giving a helpful point for each letter of the word.

We have enjoyed them all and we hope that the visitors may be with us again.

JUNIOR COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

"Music hath charm" was proven to be a bona fide statement when try-outs for the Junior College Glee Club were announced last October. The large group reporting at the first practice insured the popularity and, in a way, the success of the club. The try-outs resulted in a mixed chorus group numbering about forty. These young diligents have been preparing numbers for a program which they plan to give the latter part of February, and have been devoting two nights a week to this end.

Their program includes numbers which present the Glee Club in several foreign lands and return them to American soil for their final songs. A few specialty acts intersperse the program bringing out hidden ability in surprising form.

The director, Gertrude Cobb Miller, is well known in musical circles in this city for her ability and for her co-operation. We appreciate her untiring effort and patience as well as the time she has given the club.

The advent of this club represents a step forward in the development of the Junior College and judging by the enthusiasm and support with which it has been received it is sure to have a place as a regular organization in the school.

THE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

The symbolic pageant "One Night in Bethlehem" was given Friday morning, December 19, by the Playmakers of our Junior College, under the splendid direction of Miss Emily Murray.

It was the old but beautiful story of the birth of Christ, simply, yet artistically presented. The scenes were colorful, and vividly depicted the time which the pageant represented. The sincerity of the actors in interpreting added realism and although the story is so well known the audience followed it with a new interest.

The effort shown by these young actors and their splendid work was appreciated, and particularly the kindness of Miss Murray and Mrs. Miller of the high school, who so willingly gave their time in directing it.

Those taking part were: Matthew Morrison, Tiras, the inn-keeper; Bob Carey and Kenneth McKenzie, boys serving Tiras; Naomi Edwards and James Hendry, travelers; Woods Beckman and Albert Adcock, scribes; Harry Sauers and George Presstman, Roman soldiers; David Shaw, man; Betty Hammond, Mary; Wesley Lawton, Joseph; Louis Hinman and Shirley Holt, travelers; Hugh Overturf, George Wilson and Simeon Walton, shepherds; Dick Holland, George Weeks and Philip Miller, wisemen; Ned West, Malah. The musical selections were given by Jean Campbell, Martha Tippey and John Shewman.

MISS CENTER'S RETURN

With the coming of the second semester not only will we be thankful that exams are over, but also that Miss Center will have returned. Unfortunately, both for her and for us, Miss Center has been ill during the first semester, but now, we are happy to know, she is quite well and anxious to return to her work at Junior College.

The Dramatic Club is especially eager for her return since it is hoped that another Shapkespearean play may be given this year. The Freshmen, after hearing so much about Miss Center from the enthusiastic Sophomores, are awaiting the opportunity to attend her classes. All in all, Miss Center will receive a warm welcome back in Junior College, February 2, 1931!

THE WOODEN HORSE CIRCUS

Not content with upholding the journalistic interests of the college, the Wooden Horse conceived the idea of sponsoring a unique circus. (However, we have a notion that "Holmsie" put the bug in his ear!) The performance was held on the High School stage, Friday, December 19th and ended in a big dance in the ring. While the circus was not what one would call a huge success it did help us along in our annual fund, the increase of the latter being the aim and object of all our present endeavors.

ODESSAYS

(Continued from page 3)

could be discerned huge mountains and valleys, all cold and bare, criss-crossed by inky chasms.

A whistling sound, under which all others faded into insignificance, was heard. The air appeared to have become compressed. Breathing was difficult. Horror-struck, I turned to flee, but too late! There was a blinding flash, and a terrific thud, followed by a grinding, tearing sound, as the moon struck the earth! I felt a violent blow upon my head and woke up.

The train was just arriving in Criccieth. On the seat beside me lay my bag, which had fallen from the rack above my head.

Outside it was raining heavily, and it was only too evident that the eclipse would be a hopeless failure.

—Eleanor Metz—'32.

AN ESCULENT VEGETABLE

In memory our childhood days return to us not as they were, but as we would they had been. The bright spots are enlarged to brilliant suns, while the dark blots are diminished into utter nothingness, if they have not by this time been transformed into suns themselves. We remember the old swing under the oak tree, the day the circus came to town; but we forget the hard hickory stick, the castor oil, and the pugnosed girl who terrorized us with her threats to "tell our mother."

As I remember my early days of existence, however, I recall distinctly one little blot that refused to dissolve itself in time, but instead grew up to be called an abomination. It was nothing less than that salubrious food, spinach. Among the first words I remember was that familiar phrase, "eat your spinach." If I expressed a desire to go to play, if I wanted some bread and jelly, or if I wasn't hungry and didn't want any dinner, I must "eat my spinach." Rewards and good times became based on how much and how often I ate spinach. From that time on this particular vegetable and I became the deadliest of enemies.

Fakers in any form have always aroused in me an utter disgust. After long years of eating spinach with my eyes shut in an

effort to imagine it was anything from a roast turkey to a Charlotte Russe, I found that it neither made my hair curly, nor my cheeks red. With a sigh I classed it along with the long list of things in my mind that weren't what people thought they were. Then I knew that I was growing worldly wise. I knew that bears weren't lurking in the linen closet, that the ape-man in the circus wasn't really an ape—and now I knew that spinach had no powers of beautification!

Years later, my mother became interested in health lectures and insisted on taking me with her. Just as I would become interested in the speaker's personal explanation of how to "be young at eighty," he would thoughtlessly mention spinach—Nature's gift to humanity. How could I feel anything but contempt for these friends of this slimy, sandy, stringy spinach? One day I noticed a circular on health written by a new lecturer. Idly I glanced over the model menus, mechanically I looked for my old friend. It was not there. I was fascinated—here was a man I resolved to hear talk. I went again and again. He gloried in talking of carrots, beets, tomatoes, and cucumbers; he expounded long and heartily on the benefits derived from apples, oranges and prunes; he exhausted his vocabulary on whole wheat bread and bran, but not once did he mention spinach. I was thrilled beyond measure. But even here I was to be disillusioned, for on the last night of his lectures he exhibited a little blue book called, "Spinach—America's Food" and explained, "Friends I have left this vital, energy-producing food until this last night. How many of you really know the possibilities of this familiar garden vegetable—", but I waited to hear no more.

A dinner invitation, even to this day, invokes in me a sudden and sickening terror. On one memorable occasion, the hostess endeavored to carry out a color scheme of green for St. Patrick's Day. I lived through the spinach soup, managed to nibble at the spinach leaf salad, but when a dish of unadulterated spinach was brought on, my morale broke down.

Your best friend may not tell you, but I implore, beware of a person who eats spinach—and likes it.

Ruth Hamilton—'32.

EDITORIALS

(Continued from page 2)

Mrs. Reed was a native of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, and gave years of active and untiring service as president of the Clearfield County Children's Aid Society and as an officer of the state board of the Children's Aid Society of Western Pennsylvania. She was a charter member of the Susquehanna Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and held the office of registrar of this society from its organization until a few years ago.

During the World War Mrs. Reed served in the Liberty loan campaigns and in the work of the Red Cross. She was also active in the work of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Clearfield hospital and the Clearfield Woman's Club. In addition, she was a member of the local Garden Club and had a great number of friends in this city.

RADIO PROGRAMS

Good afternoon, everybody. S. P. J. C. speaking.

The teachers of our fair college were given a new thrill one Thursday afternoon last November. They made their initial appearance over WSUN in a program featuring the variety of subjects offered in the college. Mr. Gager frankly confesses that he really was excited. All of the speeches showed originality: Mr. Gager spoke of the aims in Mathematics; Mr. Glisson delivered his in Spanish; Mr. Villafranca emphasized the importance of accent and of speaking French; and no two speeches were alike. Miss Dumas and Mr. Gager would make good announcers, we hear.

During the program Mary Frances Hubert gave two piano selections, Ruth Childs a saxophone solo and "Betty and Jean" a duet.

The last program before the holidays was devoted to advertising our circus. For the information of any doubtful person we wish to state that the Junior College program is listened to all over Florida. A short while ago your announcer received the name of a Miss Jackson, in Palma Solo, Florida, who hears our programs. She has written, requesting information about our college as she wished to study here next year.

Our programs are discontinued until

after the finals so the students may devote their time to the pursuit of their studies.

Good afternoon. This is Elizabeth White speaking.

Cornered at Last

The bazaar was in full swing when a young man strolled round the stalls. He had no intention of buying anything. As he passed a tastefully decorated stall, the pretty saleswoman detained him.

"Won't you buy a cigaret-holder?" she asked.

"No thank you, I don't smoke," was the curt reply.

"Or a pen-wiper worked by my own hands?"

"I don't write."

"Then do have this nice box of chocolates."

"I don't eat sweets."

The young woman's patience was exhausted.

"Sir," she said grimly, "will you buy this box of soap?"

The young man paid up.—London Tit-Bits.

A salesman sold an elderly negro farmer a tractor. Some time after the machine was delivered, the salesman called on his customer for pay.

"Can you pay me for that tractor, Uncle Jim?" he asked.

"Pay fo' de tractor!" he asked in astonishment. "Why, man, yo' done tole me dat in free weeks de tractor would pay for hisself."—Canning Trade.

Nurse—"That new patient in Ward B is very handsome."

Matron—"Yes, but don't wash his face. He has already had that done by six nurses this morning and is beginning to complain!"

"One man in New York dies every minute."

"Yeah? I'd like to see him."—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

A mathematician claims he used Einstein's newest theory in a magazine article twenty years ago. Next time we are in a doctor's waiting room we shall look it up.



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How can we expect "Knut" to pass a history test when the Dean insists on asking things that happened before he was born?

When Gingery rushed into the ring just after the monkey act, the spectators thought it was an encore.

Dame Rumor whispers that Dave Shaw, the big boy from the Wild West, beats his sister up every morning. He gets up at six and she gets up at seven.

As a salesman "Droopy" Wilson makes an ideal customer. His last call ended in his buying a suit of clothes, some shirts, and several pairs of socks; but then the merchant added a promise of an ad to make it a fair deal.

We wonder if there is any logical reason why Dick Holland should edit the "Horse Sense" column.

From the L. H. L. house party comes the report that Marge Holmes almost froze to death in her fur coat. Well, it takes a chaperone to freeze at a house party.

Since the formation of the Girls' Rifle Club the boys can but notice the improvement in the way in which the girls are shooting their lines.

The accident which added the glimmer of comedy to the May Fete last year seems to have been paralleled in our recent circus by the weak stitches in Harry Sauers' clown suit.

You can scarcely imagine the huge surprise of the guests at the M. D. banquet when Cal discovered a piece of steak underneath his parsley.

Mr. Glisson, on a recent horse back ride, is said to have approached the crowd with his hair and clothing literally covered with

sand spurs, and with the tale that he had seen Peggy Burroughs fall off her horse. (?)

Our Statistics:

Number of students in college..... 8
(conservative estimate)

Number of names embedded beneath
the paint on the front pillars.....1500

Number in Sophomore Class, 3 students,
the Sophs and Johnny Danielson.

Miss Porter in Lit Class: "He was a Scotchman, and was given an education." Probably that's the only way he would ever have got one.

Speaking of appreciating people—the college had to stand bail for John Shewman at the "hoosegow" so he could sing on the Wooden Horse radio program.

And then we noticed Mary Waterbury walking out of school with a pair of roller skates.

Phil Miller can tell you how embarrassing it is to be asked if you are looking for an apartment when you are merely taking your girl home.

Professor de Villafranca has offered his advanced French students an opportunity to commercialize their knowledge. The student making the highest exam grade will be given a complimentary copy of next semester's text. Other faculty members please copy.

Now that we've heard the future of Jimmy's voice, we suggest that he take up astronomy.

Here's to bigger and better basketball trips to Clearwater! And how our boys can whip a creamery and strip an orange grove!



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