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when uncontrolled.It is better to let your job distract your
attention from yourself than it is to let at-
tention to yourself distract your attention
from your job.The man who doesn't read good books
has no advantage over the one who can't
read them."Advice, like water takes the form of the
vessel it is poured into.""Some are born great,
some achieve greatness,
and some have great-
ness thrust upon them."
—Twelfth Night.In all your actions be
discrete — philosophy is
nothing but discretion.There must be a lot
of wise men in certain
classes when a tough
question is asked, for
we are told that wise
men say nothing is dan-
gerous times."O sleep, O gentle sleep. Nature's soft
muse! How I have frightened thee, that
thou no more wilt weight my eyelids down
and steep my senses in forgetfulness." What
beautiful sentiment and how well it might
express the thought of some student who
have just been rudely awakened from gen-
tle sleep in a classroom.How well it is to criticize, both construc-
tively and destructively, but why not direct
some of the destructive criticism toward
yourself. Stand off and tell yourself what
you think of you.The present day world is a world of fast
moving action, and the important thing is
not where we stand, but in what direction
we are moving.The man who says, "It can't be done," is
liable to be interrupted by some one doing
it.What a priceless treasure true friend-
ship is! It is like the light of phosphorus.
It is best seen when all around is dark.The time to work is now, the way to suc-
ceed is to forget yesterday. Keep busy to-
day, and expect great
things tomorrow."The happiness of
your life depends upon
the character of your
thoughts." — Marcus
Aurelius."Never content your-
self with doing your
second best, however
unimportant the occa-
sion."**Don't**
Think it Over
Put it Over!There is always space in this column to
say something about school spirit, so here
goes—but instead of making a few poorly
expressed remarks ourselves, we quote a
very familiar and true bit of philosophy
from Kipling:It ain't the guns, nor armament, nor funds
that they pay,But the close co-operation that makes them
win the day—It ain't the individual, nor the army as a
whole,But the everlasting team work of every
bloomin' soul."That which is unsaid may be said; that
which is said cannot be unsaid."

THE WOODEN HORSE

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Marion L. Banks Associate Staff Editor
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Now is the time for all good students (however, we are equally concerned about you, Gingery) to hand in to the Annual their most charming tin-types. In the dim and far-away tomorrow you are going to enjoy perusing the year book and pointing with pride to that bright beam of intelligence shining forth even in your college days. But if no familiar, eager-for-knowledge gaze decorates the spot (x) where your name speaks out in silent eloquence, you're going to feel a pang of regret, and miss the greatest blues-chaser possible. Heed this warning!

It has also been suggested that the majority of the 95 per cent who aspire to move the world with their pens devote some of their pipe-dreaming time to writing out several literary gems, not only as a great favor to the Annual staff, but also as something they may quote to biographers in later years as a sign of their precocity.

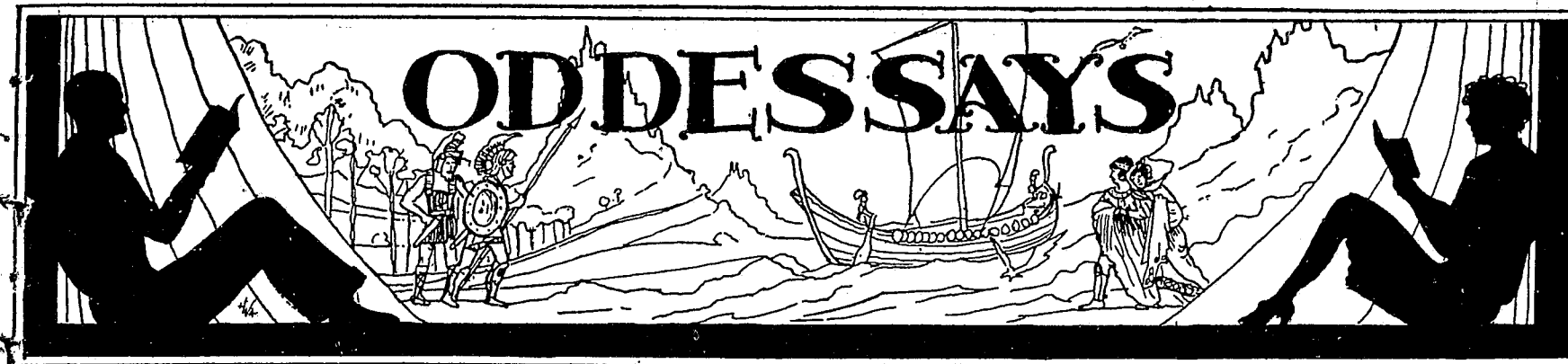
The Annual staff is a little unduly anxious to receive your pictures and stories,

but any high-powered talk that George Wilson may indulge in at your expense may be forgiven, considering that he is looking out for the welfare of the (hard-working) Annual staff. In all seriousness, then, let's co-operate with this group 100 per cent.

Fellow students, how it grieves me to inform you that your spirit has flown, your college is quite, quite dead. Pernicious anemia is the diagnosis, **College Spirit** not enough of pulsing red corpuscles, of vigorous sparkling blood coursing through the neglected veins of activity. Oh, there was a struggle at the last—game after game of basketball was played, a successful concert presented, but no organization can continue minus the support of healthy co-operation. Your Alma Mater is starved to this lifeless condition from the sparkling body of confidence and courage that it was. You are not interested? You intended to stand inactive even now? Of course not. Then, quick! Rally round, boost each enterprise, sweep away the languidness with new enthusiasm. Hear ye, the resuscitating process is on!

There is a saying that some are born great, and also that some have greatness thrust upon them. This is **The Road To Greatness** true in a few cases, but by far the greater number of successes come to those who achieve greatness. If every student would only stop to think: "Why am I in college?" the answer would invariably be, "To achieve greatness." Greatness can mean fulfillment of any of the countless aims in life. It may mean financial success or fame or skill or again just mental, physical and moral perfection. What formula is there for achieving greatness? The answer is, there are thousands. Some students have found them in the lives and works of great men and have quickly adopted them for themselves. I am not concerned with any special formula. The selection must be the individual's, but the point in every one is this: "Hammer your iron when it is glowing hot." This means that right now, while we are in the plastic age, we should mold our destiny by intense mental training. Very often around the Junior College we hear this, "We

(Continued on page 7)



PITCHERS I HAVE PAID FOR

I adore pitchers! Like women, they always have their mouths hanging open, ready to gush forth their inmost treasures to a simple crook of the finger or turn of the wrist. But contrary to the fair and unreasonable sex, they can be shut off in the middle of a gush. Their revelations are for the most part satisfying and refreshing, and one can live peaceably in the same house with a dozen or more. With this last remark, which is by way of a flourishing broom-gesture, I sweep the last vestige of femininity out of my mental door. Of pitchers I sing—safe, silent, cheerful, and charming—never insisting on a last word, always knowing their proper place to be in the home!

What can so gracefully enamor the eye, rising plate-rail-wise, as a pencil-blue pitcher, squatty and soothing! It is reminiscent of balmy spring mornings when it sheds its luxury of creamy content over ruddy strawberries basking in breakfast bowls. My fingers invariably caress its ample curves when submerging it in nine o'clock suds. Its radiating hominess always sets me to humming as I place it in its high accustomed spot upon the plate rail. And yet, I am awed by it; it was made for nothing less than cream. It would surely shudder and shrivel should I fill its well-bred cavity with less fastidious top-milk. I eye it an apology for the thought, where it dozes contentedly upon its rotund base, the lamplight sketching a grotesque twin behind it on the wall. I know it dreams of early sunlight when it shall bristle importantly amidst the pleasant tinkling of silver and the reassuring crunching of toast.

A wee pitcher from Prague preens itself from a tall cabinet. Its glistening white apron front peers out from beneath stiff peasant flowers of vivid vermillions and blues. It is as shiny and quaint as the newly-scrubbed face of a little Dutch girl. I touch

it gingerly to assure myself that its poppy will not rub off. It is a charming bit of grace upon a white cloth, and where it curtsseys low, although the meal be frugal, one breathes deeply of atmosphere and leaves the table satisfied.

The very essence of Bacchus chuckles in the Saturninity of my dull checkered—pitcher from Italy. It calls to mind Milton's famous line, "... And laughter, holding both of his sides." I love its crude symmetry, its unkempt air of openly yawning from upon its hanging shelf. It flaunts its naughtiness and guffaws boisterously at my reprimanding finger. I set it on the library table, fill it with some light wine, or innocent cider, and lo, its wanton spirit infects everyone present. I scold it and pat it by turns, pleading with it not to behave like an overgrown puppy cavorting in the forbidden flower-bed, but it mocks me with a diabolic gurgle that leaves it dry! I hasten to cleanse it and set its absurd bulk where it belongs. But there's something insidious about that piece of clay! I'll wager it has a secret cloven-hoof, and some day I shall find my lovable disturbance gone, leaving on its shelf a broken reed, perhaps from the Pipes of Pan.

My slim black pitcher wears an aura of poise, sophistication, a classic Grecian air. Sometimes I am sure that it has always been. It is just such a one as Lilith would have chosen; Dido might have approved its languid handle; I am sure Sappho would have bequeathed a line to it. "... One soft dark slur of beauty—the Lesbian..." It is the violin among my pitchers; it is a symphony in black!

Last of all, I stand before an odd little moss-green mug of a pitcher. Its surface is a series of interesting bumps, which upon examination prove to be elf-shapes, pixies, imbibing strange, potent ale they have drawn from a barrel. Something warm

(Continued on page 13)

"MUSE"-INGS

ST. PATRICK'S DAY THROUGH LIDLESS EYES

Hist, the wearing o' the green,
Splices twice the length of me,
And I spit a writhing spleen
On the ghoulish Irish glee.

Flaunting shamrock in a flood
Of gluttoned mem'ry snared in toils.
The sluggish venom of my blood
Today is foamed through sweated coils.

I rear my head in stiffened spiral
And strike St. Patrick till I slake
My vengeance for his heartless trial
Of Irish reptiles—I'm the snake!

—Marion May, '32.

WITH DEEPER MEANING

Last night I dreamed I was a star,
Very small and new;
I could not shine consistently
As heavenly bodies do.

I twinkled nervously, afraid,
And breathed a fitful prayer,
Then looked about the heavens for God—
To find you swinging there!

You gestured reassuringly
And held my fingers—so—
And did not seem afraid at all,
But taught me how to glow!

I leaned to kiss you gratefully,
You nodded "No," and smiled,
"Be careful, lest you lose your head,
There are worlds between us, child!"

—Elizabeth Robinson.

SILHOUETTES

Walking in the moonlight
Across my pathway lie
Silhouettes of nature,
Entrancing to the eye.

Lovely leafy patterns,
Etched from tree and grass
In graceful flowing tracery
Are outlined as I pass.

—Martha Henry, '32.

TO T. P.

My girl, your worldly vanities are like
A snowfall falling;
Sweep it as you will
Your doorstep's always white with trades-
man's bills.

I tread a murky hall, dark things seething,
Battle a spectre tall, black things breathing;
I cry out in my grief, bereft of belief,
But no one hears, no one hears.

—Janet Gerwig, '32.

MOONS

The new moon is a viking ship,
Sailing 'cross the skies,
On a daring pirate cruise
In search of lordly prize.

The full moon is a citadel
Upreamed by viking king;
A gorgeous, silver fortress
Where his warriors booty bring.

—Martha Henry, '32.

MUTTERINGS OF A MISANTHROPE

(Addressed to the Literary Editor and supposed by
the misguided author to be excellent advice).

Poetry, unless it has
Some rime or rhythm—just a bit—
I think should have some sense to it.
If not, pray tell, what good is it?
For naught but trash cans is it fit
Like broken glass and last year's jazz.

I cannot write those soulful bits
About the moon, the rain or trees:
If verse must be so trivial,
Then why can't it be funny, please?
Description doubtless has its use,
But not as poem's sole excuse;
Though romance may essential me,
Why not romance in privacy?
Ah, what dark crimes, did we but know it,
Are perpetrated by the poet?
(Not intended, of course, for publication)

—Elizabeth Brockman, '31.

The page is filled,
The last rime penned,
Be Allah praised,
This is the end! ! !

OLYMPI-ANTICS



NEW TEAMS ORGANIZED

As never before in Junior College, athletics are coming to the front. Football and basketball are over and golf and swimming are under way. Later on, diamond ball and possibly track teams will be organized. These teams have long had and will continue to have a reasonable amount of success. Your support is necessary for a still better season in each sport. Go out for some team and whether you make it or not, you will benefit by the training.

GOLF

Make way for the king of golfers, the conquering hero, Wilson Stevenson, winner of the grand Junior College Peewee Golf Tournament. In a thrilling final playoff, Stevenson defeated Phil Miller by the low and close score of 41 to 42. On the heels of the golf tournament came the organization of a varsity golf team for inter-collegiate competition. Matches are expected with Rollins, Southern, and possibly with the Florida Freshmen. The golfers are Beckman, Stevenson, Miller, Shaw, Hopkins and Degroat. Practices are being held three afternoons a week on the Pasadena course.

SWIMMING

A long awaited activity has arrived—a Junior College swimming team is organized. A first call brought candidates Saltsman, Beckman, B. Miller, Oliver, Weeks, Holland, Hinman and Bowman to the Spa tank. Practices are held Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights at 7:30. Meets are being scheduled with Rollins and Southern and entrance in the state A. A. U. at Gainesville is assured. The attendance of the student body is necessary to defray the expenses of the visiting teams.

GIRLS' RIFLE TEAM

The Girls' Rifle team composed of Elsie Shippey, Edna Hoffman, Carolyn West and

Ellen Thomas have been shooting their way to fame for the last two Friday nights in the Festival of States rifle matches. Ellen Thomas has held high score among the college students both times. The girls were a little afraid they would have to fight the navy last Friday when Carolyn West was uncertain as to whether she had been shooting at her own or a U. S. Coast Guardman's target. Fortunately it turned out that she had only been AIMING at his target—she hit her own.

TROJANS

The game with the Junior College Alumni ended a successful season for the Trojan quintet. Of twenty-two games played, the Trojans won thirteen. By winning five out of eight games in the County League at Clearwater, Junior College was given third place. Inter-collegiate competition was encountered twice; the Trojans dropping both contests to Southern Varsity and Freshman teams. One member of the team, Roy Winner, was chosen to play on an all-county team entered in the state-wide tournament in Miami. Coach MacArthur, to whom the successful season can be attributed, announces his letter men to be: Morrison, (captain); Gingery, Acklin, Winner, West, Hendry, Gnagy, Danielson, Hinman, Miller, Carey, and Shelton. The team may resume competition if a post-season tournament is scheduled in the county league.

TROJANETTES

For the first time in the history of the college, a girls' varsity basketball team is organized. Three games have been played so far, and two more are definitely scheduled to follow. Their schedule and scores are as follows: Trojanettes and the Moore Sisters, 8-17; Lealman, 11-15; Clearwater High School, 9-27. A return game with the Moore Sisters and one with the Southern College Co-eds are to be played soon.

CLUBS

GLEE CLUB

The Junior College Glee Club, directed and accompanied by Mrs. Gertrude Cobb Miller, gave its first concert on Wednesday night, February 25th, in the college auditorium. Mrs. Laura Fullerton Yoke, concert pianist, christened the new piano with a series of solos. The entire program, which included a clever playlet, musical selections and Glee Club numbers, was well presented and enthusiastically received. The same program was repeated on Friday night, March 6th.

REVIEWERS

The members of the Reviewers' Club assembled for another of their jolly meetings at the home of Shirley Holt, Wednesday evening, February 18th. The program included an interesting report by Dorothy Touart on "Arrowsmith" by Sinclair Lewis, a recent Nobel prize winner, after which two tales of adventure, Richard Halliburton's "The Royal Road to Romance," and Rockwell Kent's "N and E" were discussed by Wilson Stevenson. A short sketch of the life of Alfred Noyes and the reading of "The Highwayman" and "Forty Singing Seamen," two of his most popular poems, followed, being given by Jo Williams assisted on the chorus by two strong and manly voices. The serious part of the program was concluded by Marian May's review of Anne Douglass Sedgewick's "Philip-pa," after which the attention of the members was directed to more material pleasures in the guise of cake and coffee.

SCI-MATH INITIATION

After passing a preliminary examination on Wednesday, March 4th, a promising group of candidates formally entered the Sci-Math Club the following evening, after an interesting process of initiation. The degree of severity used in initiating prospective members was dependent on the grade they received in the examination so Edna Hoffman who, when asked if figures

lie, declared that they could often be seen sprawling on Florida bathing beaches, suffered most intensely.

A number of the candidates showed unusual fortitude, Elsie Shippey deserving special commendation for her fearless leap into space from a second story window. Some so enjoyed the painful process of initiation that they made more trouble for themselves than was strictly necessary. Ask Walter Hanson how his knees feel. We hear he used them as a landing gear.

Several of the new members, pleading other engagements, departed immediately after being initiated, thereby missing the refreshments which probably contained ground glass. A few of the candidates, who failed to appear, will be dealt with at a later date.

GIRLS' RIFLE CLUB

The Girls' Rifle Club members were considerably perturbed to receive mysterious epistles reading: "Take a ride Feb. 17 to Shirley Holt's house," and signed, "Scarface Al." Like brave gun-women they steeled their hearts to meet any emergency and when they placed themselves "on the spot" they discovered that "The Big Shot" Elsie Shippey, had prepared a delightful "blow out" for them. They spent an enjoyable evening reading movie magazines, telling stories, playing Bunko and Shhhhh!—just a little craps. Elsie seems to have an uncontrollable desire to rattle the cubes—lucky girl, she won every one of Helen Lynch's poker chips.

PLAYMAKERS

Thursday evening, February 26th, the Playmakers were entertained at the home of the treasurer, Woods Beckman. The president, Wesley Lawton, conducted a short business session after which he expressed the appreciation of the club for Miss Center's return as adviser. An interesting program followed, arranged by the program committee and announced by the chairman, Betty Hammond. A brief review of the origin of the ballad was given by Margaret Good, followed by the presentation of a unique arrangement of the ballad called, "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury"; those taking part being Pauline Rowe, Margaret Good, Josephine Williams, Ruth

Childs and Shirley Holt. A short play "The Rising of the Moon," was given by Al Adcock, Jimmy McClure and George Weeks, after which Janet Gerwig read a paper on Lady Gregory and the Irish Drama. The concluding number was a picturesque play entitled "Moonshine," the lines of which were carried by two characters, Ralph Bradbeer and Hugh Overturf. At the close of this interesting and informative program, refreshments were served by the host.

L. H. L'S AND M. D'S

Foremost among news items concerning the L. H. L's is the fact that they have accepted four new pledges. These girls, namely Peggy Burroughs, Virginia Kent, Eleanor Pilkington, and Dorothy Touart, have recently been honored at a bridge party given by Jane McClure. The club is planning many other social functions for the future, the most important of which will be a backward dance to be given April 3rd, at the Garden of Allah.

The boys of the M. D. Club, not to be outdone by mere girls, have recently been hosts at a pledge beach party. No one remembers the exact pastimes enjoyed, but from remarks dropped here and there, the evening seems to have been spent in various diversions such as story telling, eating, singing, and shell collecting(?). Members intend to give another beach party in about a week, and arrangements are being made for the annual farewell dinner party which will take place some time in May.

SPANISH CLUB

A small group of students from El Circulo Espanol journeyed to Tampa Wednesday evening, March 4th, to attend "Del Mismo Barro," a Spanish presentation of the talkie "Common Clay." Imagine if you can, a Lewis Ayres and Constance Bennett spouting pure Castillian, but nevertheless our students reported the picture to be sufficiently comprehended and highly enjoyed. As a result of the success of this experiment Mr. Glisson intends to chaperone the entire club to the next Spanish picture "Sorrel and Son" which is due in about two weeks. A social meeting is being plan-

ned in the near future, and all first year students are urged to apply for admission.

RIDING CLUB

"Horses, horses, crazy over horses," the members of the Riding Club answered the creak of the saddle and trotted off Saturday night. Such a large number responded to the call, that several members feared they were destined to ride the Cass' goat, but eventually enough steeds were secured and the services of Billy Whiskers were not required.

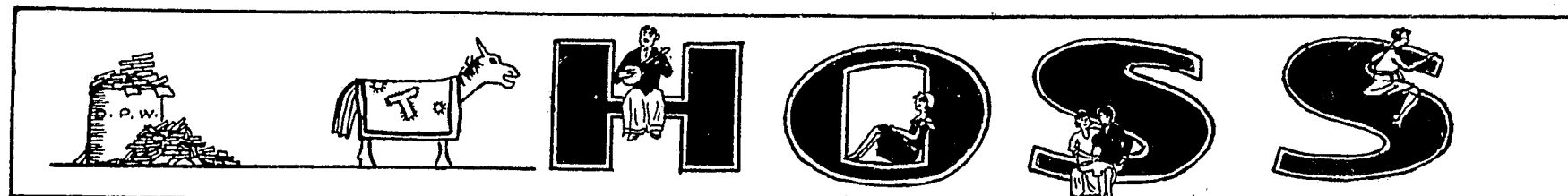
The party pranced gaily through every mud puddle between the stables and Maximo Point and all agreed that considerably more than three-quarters of the earth's surface was covered with water.

A great variety of steeds were represented. Peggy Burroughs rode a diplodocus named Hercules, while Kitty Dunlap proudly piloted an Austin model—a pony called Monday. The remaining nineteen members of the party on ordinary horses spent their time either jumping over or running under these two extremes.

EDITORIALS

(Continued from page 2)

have so much work to do," or "I am so tired of studying." Those persons should be reminded that for the last four years they have been in school on entirely voluntary attendance. Constant self-improvement should be the motto of those students who intend to get something out of college. One month of intensive self-improvement is worth one year of dull routine work. American students would be surprised to learn that the average European high school graduate is fourteen years old and when seventeen has finished college. We should speed up our work by intensity. The young dean of Chicago University is working on a course which will give chosen students their degree in six months. The ordinary student takes thirty-six to cover the same work only to find that benefits came from the few periods of intensive application. The first part of the success formula is found in the word **Work**, the other in the quotation, "Hammer your iron when it is glowing hot."



Evelyn P.: "Something is preying on Red's mind."

Margie A.: "Oh, never mind, it will die of starvation."

Bill H.: "Bill, if I saw you riding a donkey, what fruit would come to my mind?"

Bill D.: "Can't imagine."

Bill H.: "Pear."

Dean R.: "What is the 15th Amendment?"

Erny A.: "I pass."

Dean R.: "You're mistaken, you flunk."

The only time a horse gets scared nowadays is when he meets another horse.

Gingery: "I was over to see my girl last night. A boy threw a brick through the window and it hit her in the ribs, breaking three of my fingers."

Stephenson: "Do you think you could learn to love me?"

Ruth H.: "Well, I learned to eat spinach."

Ida S.: "Do you like meat balls?"

Johnny D.: "I don't know, I've never attended one."

Herb. DeG.: "It's to be a battle of wits."

Bob C.: "How brave of you to go unarmed."

Mrs. H. in comp class: "If you can't express yourself properly—"

Bill M.: "You can go by freight."

Miss Center: "What's the most common impediment in the speech of the American people?"

Edna Hoffman: "Chewing gum!"

Dot T. and Al A. were eating at the cafeteria. Dot noticed that Al took a quarter out of one pocket and put it in the other. "What's the idea?" she asked curiously.

"I'm tipping the waiter," said Al.

Cal S. was not able to be present due to absence.

Mrs. Miller (stopping Glee Club in the middle of the piece): "Just a minute. I hear someone on the back row who is not singing."

Ellen T.: "I suppose you'll see the Trojan columns while you're in Rome."

Jo W.: "Yes, I'll probably read it every morning."

Matty M. (looking at flat tire): "What in the world could have caused that flat?"

Harry S.: "Dunno. Must have been that fork in the road."

Droopy: "Can you imagine anyone going to bed with his shoes on?"

Shirley H.: "Who does that?"

Droopy: "My horse."

Jean C.: "Cal's new Ford is awfully cute."

Peggy B.: "Yes, you ought to see it play dead on a lonely road."

Matty Morrison: "Have you got your automobile paid for?"

Herb DeGroat: "Practically. Three more payments and it will belong to the fellow who got it from the chap I sold it to."

Margaret G.: "Why do you call your Ford the Crapshooter?"

Charlie B.: "Shake, rattle and roll."

Eleanor T.: "I almost kissed the best looking man in the world last night."

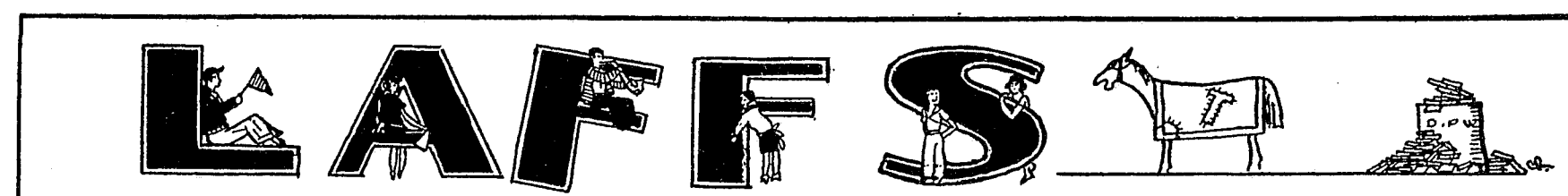
Ruth C.: "Why didn't you?"

Eleanor: "Oh, the alarm clock went off too soon."

Stranger: "I represent a society for the suppression of profanity. I want to take profanity entirely out of your life and—"

Bob Carey: "Hey, Dad, here's the man who wants to buy your car."

Jean Campbell thinks that a scholarship is a floating university.



Janet Gerwig: "What are you going to do with this month's allowance?"

Bob Cary: "Don't know whether to take you out again or buy a roadster."

Lazy Poet to His Girl

You are wonderful,

Marvelous gal,

Ditto, et cetera

And so forth, et al.

—The J-Tac.

Mrs. Erwin: "Tell me quick, Walter. Which is the right side of the road to keep on when you're running down a hill backwards like this?"

Mrs. Newlywed: "We hadn't been married a week when he hit me with a piece of sponge cake."

Judge: "Disorderly conduct. Fined five dollars and costs."

Mrs. Newlywed (sobbing): "And I made the cake with my own hands."

Judge: Assault with a deadly weapon, one year."

Harry Saur: "I love the good, the true and the beautiful—"

Della Way: "Oh, Harry, this is so sudden."

Marion Clark: "I hate people who never let you finish a sentence and jus—"

Marion May: "Take the words right out of your mouth."

Miss Center: "What were Webster's last words?"

Vic Bedford: "Zymose, Zyme, Zymatic."

Shaw: "I know what the matter is. We students write things down in our minds and then we lose our heads."

Miss West: "When do the leaves begin to turn?"

Virginia Z.: "The night before exams."

Soph.: "Did you take chloroform?"

Frosh.: "Who teaches it?"

Gingery: "I wore these pajamas for six weeks."

Holland: "That's nothing, my ancestors wore knight clothes twenty years."

Mr. Erwin: "Tell me what destiny is?"

Masters: "Uh, Mr. Erwin, I've got it in my head but I just can't explain it."

Bill Miller: "How did you get that cut on your nose?"

Gingery: "Hic—musta—hic, bit myself."

Bill: "Gwan—how could you bite yourself way up there?"

Gingery: "Musta stood on a chair."

And then there's the story of the tourist who wondered why the college student was glaring at the poor little pigeon.

One way of securing Wooden Horse assignments—Wesley Lawton heroically dashing seven miles on Charlie Rogers' motorcycle to obtain the missing article on New Students. (However the rain descended and Paul Revere rode not).

He: "What street is this?"

She: "Belvedere."

He: "Oh, I didn't know you had a Belvy Street here."

Kind Lady: "Little boy, why are you crying?"

Frosh: "I've just had the measles and had to cut school a month."

Kind Lady: "Well, never mind—you can't have them again."

Frosh: "That's why I'm crying."

Usher (to cold, dignified lady): "Are you a friend of the groom?"

Lady: "No, indeed! I'm the bride's mother."

"Have you seen any rats around here?"

"Gnaw."

A college graduate is a person who had a chance to get an education.

Exchange Column

The following exchanges have been received:

The Hilltop, Mars Hill Junior College, Mars Hill, North Carolina; **The Flat Hat**, College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia; **The J-Tac**, John Tarleton Agricultural College, Stephenville, Texas; **The Rollins Sandspur**, Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida; **The Nocatula**, Tennessee Wesleyan College, Athens, Tennessee; **The Normanlite**, Norman Junior College, Norman Park, Georgia; **The Southern**, Southern College, Lakeland, Florida.

We are glad to welcome among our exchanges **The Bay Window** from Muskegon Junior College, Muskegon, Michigan; **The Kernel**, from Middle Georgia College, Cochran, Georgia; and **Martha's Mirror**, Martha Washington College, Abingdon, Virginia.

A very fitting motto is that in the Senior edition of the J-Tac: "We have launched our ship; the ocean lies ahead."

A generous gift gives Rollins a new chapel. This chapel will be a memorial to F. B. Knowles and will be the fourth unit in the architectural plan for Rollins.

We note the change in size of the J-Tac, from John Tarleton Agricultural College, in Stephenville, Texas. It surely is nicer—but then everything from Texas is nice—me included.

Educators and philosophers held a week of conference at Rollins College in January, planning a curriculum of the essentials necessary to the further development of the College of Liberal Arts.

Girls in Montana must have done their studying while they slept (in the morning.)

The Montana State College students recently went on a five-day strike as a result of the new regulation requiring girls to be in their dormitories by 11 o'clock instead of the previous 2:30 deadline.—The Hornet.

Ye Scribes & Scribblers

The Wooden Horse (most aspirative beast) endeavoring to stimulate individual effort along popular literary lines and to perpetuate what shall be considered the best works accomplished this year in the writing of short stories and essays, announce with no uncertain whinny a Short Story Contest open to all students of the Junior College. The quadruped informeth us that the winning entries will be published in the Annual and nayeth forth the following rules and regulations:

1. The short story selected shall contain a minimum of 1,500 words or a maximum of 3,000 words.
2. The humorous essay selected shall contain a minimum of 1,000 words or a maximum of 1,500 words.
3. The serious essay selected shall contain a minimum of 1,000 words or a maximum of 1,500 words.
4. Poems to be entered are limited at the discretion of the writer.
5. All manuscripts must be typed on white paper on one side of the paper only.
6. Manuscripts are to be turned over to the editor in an unsealed envelope bearing the name of the contributor. No marks of identification are to be on the manuscript.
7. The work must be original and each contributor is requested not to seek outside aid in the writing of the work.
8. Manuscripts will not be accepted after March 28, on which date the manuscripts are to be submitted to the judges.

It is not against the university rules for students to chew gum or eat mints during exams, says the DAILY TEXAN, and relates an interesting instance occurring in an English class a few days ago. The professor brought a goodly supply of mints and placed them at the students' disposal for an enjoyable exam. A good thought, eh what, Trojans? ? ?

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

INTRODUCING OUR NEW STUDENTS

Already our college life is revealing the evidence of the impetus created by the new second semester students. With the arrival of George Saltsman, our high school aquatic star, the college has seen the organization of a swimming squad. George has been attending Mercersburg in Pennsylvania, and his host of feminine admirers are glad to welcome home the boy "with that school-girl complexion."

The presence of the Misses Betty Williams and Eleanor Pilkington, has already proved an asset to both the scenery and the social life of our school. Miss Pilkington comes to us from the State Women's College and is making up credits in education. She is an L. H. L. pledge. Miss Williams has been attending Converse in Spartanburg, N. C. She has pledged—well, Gingerly, mostly.

Now I suppose you are wondering when I am going to introduce those three blondes you have been watching. The one with the big, blue "come-hither" eyes is Miss Virginia Kent from Toronto. Miss Kent really has a head start, you'll agree. Blonde number two is Miss Virginia DeGraef of Auburndale. You will know her by that Pep-sodent smile. From Pennsylvania we welcome Miss Helen Hadley, a graduate of Swarthmore College. Miss Hadley is taking special work in speech and French, and incidentally there is not a single boy in either of her classes; so fellows, you will have to hail Miss Hadley and introduce yourselves.

Then if you prefer vivacious brunettes to naive blondes we know you will like Miss Ruth Draper and Miss Cleora Whitacre. Miss Draper was born in Cuba, but is not Spanish. She comes to us from the State Women's College where she is a Lambda Delta. Miss Draper has already identified herself as an excellent basketball player and a good sport. Miss Whitacre is one of our last year's Freshmen, and her friends extend a hearty welcome. Surely you will remember those big grown eyes.

From the University of Florida comes Dick or "Parky" Hopkins. When you hear the sputter of a motorcycle or the sound of a Southern drawl—that's "Parky."

Gene Ballard is the contribution of Princeton, W. Va. We girls have already branded him as thoroughly eligible, so watch your step, Gene.

Come on, students (and Freshmen) and make these new Junior Collegians feel at home.

CRAWFORD-ROSS WEDDING

Wedding bells rang out for two more Junior College students when Hilda Mary Crawford, popular member of the Sophomore Class, was married on February 3rd, at Dade City to John Ross, local football star. Their many friends will be happy to know that they are making their home in St. Petersburg at Twenty-fourth Avenue and Fifth Street North. The Junior College wishes them every happiness.

DEBATING

The Junior College debating team, organized since the return of Miss Center, has recently engaged in a series of inter-scholastic debates. The first, held with Rollins College on the question of free trade, resulted disastrously for the college group, an audience decision (for reasons best known to Pete Glisson) awarding the laurels to the opposing team. The second, presented before the Junior College February 24th, on the same subject, brought victory to the Freshmen of the University of Miami, while the last, given during chapel period March 6th, occasioned Junior College one more defeat before the Rollins Freshmen. Interest is still high however, and our debaters, Bob Cary, Jimmy McClure and Dick Holland deserve much credit.

THE BIG PARADE

The Festival of States committee, desiring some civic organization to represent the State of Ignorance or Erudition (we know

(Continued on page 14)

Advice to the Lovelorn

(And Other Troubled Spirits)

Isaac Adogonacat, international adviser to the lovelorn, has been living in St. Petersburg for two weeks behind false whiskers. Mr. Adogonacat experienced a need for immediate rest and seclusion after sprouting his newest grey hairs over a heart rending petition for counsel as to how to grow green peas. His hair now successfully dyed, he has come out from behind the shrubbery, that is to say, he has kindly consented to answer a few of the many epistles flooding his doorstep. His understanding heart is revealed in these few examples of timely suggestions:

Dear Isaac:

I am very fond of horseback riding but due to my color scheme, I have felt shy about choosing a steed and have forfeited many good times because I would not commit myself. What shade of horse goes with red hair?

Yr. ob't. s'vt.

—Phil Miller.

Phil, my dear:

If you would enjoy yourself in this day and age, you must rouge your lips and act as if you do not care. Aside from that, I take it you ride a horse in the usual manner, and in this case the hair cannot help going wherever the nag goes, so why worry.

Love,

—Isaac.

Mr. Isaac Adogonacat, Esq.:

Please advise us to the proper wearing apparel on a Freshman beach party that never comes off.

Yours in apprehension,

—(Miss) Peggy Burroughs.

Dear Miss Burroughs:

Apricot and prune on a cream background would make tasty pajamas. Fleece line them in case of icebergs, and go whether or not the party takes place, or isn't that what you mean?

—Your Uncle Isaac.

Sir:

I am subject to three o'clock hunger pangs because I used to bite my fingernails

in anticipation of getting out of school. I have lately substituted peanuts to the diet but my Lit. teacher embarrasses me by expecting me to answer questions. What to do?

—Dave Shaw.

My darling: I don't approve of Lit. teachers. Check out and enter some nice seminary.

—Isaac Adogonacat.

Isaac, old man:

My sugar pie likes a man who smokes a pipe. "Such a person is like a strong whiff of the elements," she says. I tried it once.

—Mattie Morrison.

Mathew, my Mathew:

Rather than don the tobacco habit it is better for you to continue being a sissy.

—Ike.

CHAPEL PROGRAMS

With the opening of the second semester, a program committee has been organized solely for the purpose of providing entertainment every Friday during the chapel period.

Among a number of interesting speakers secured by the committee is George H. Peterson whose address on problems facing the American youth of today produced an enthusiastic response. Mr. Mark Dix next graced the rostrum, his subject dealing with conditions existing at the present time in Russia.

The Elsie Barge School of Music furnished artists for the next program. Miss Barge and two of her faculty presented piano and vocal solos. The following Wednesday, Johnny Shewman, accompanied by Gertrude Cobb Miller, entertained us with varied vocal selections.

Al Lang, well known participant in civic affairs and a staunch supporter of the Junior College, next discoursed upon the opportunities provided by a college education, concluding with an introduction of Clay Reiser, recreation supervisor of Camden, N. J. Mr. Reisner's interesting but didactic subject dealt with the value of bringing to a successful completion undertakings once begun.

And then will we ever forget Parocles himself, teetering upon the platform, and declaiming to the world at large the parody of the rotten apple?

Know Your Hero

(Intimate Glimpses Into the Lives of Great Contemporaries)

JOHN DAVID GINGERY

On February 30, 1909, there was born into the world a boy destined to become great even before his college days were over. This boy grew up and became adept at grapefruit dodging, but that is another story. Farther down the street on the same night John David Gingery was born. The story is often told of how the infant Johnny looked up into his father's eyes and distinctly said, "Da, da, may I have the car tonight?" The kind father consented and promised the younger Gingery a motorcycle if he would not smoke cigars until he was two years old. His second year came and Gingery walked bravely forth into the highway of life to bottle and sin his way to the pop. Imagine, if you can, that trim, athletic little figure entering the city of Philadelphia with nothing in his pockets except a five-cent piece and an old police tag. Then followed a varied career of horse-shoeing, watch repairing and ballet-dancing which culminated in his entering college. Some affirm that he was mistaken in his enrollment and that he should have gone to the other side of the lake. However, in college, this future poet produced one masterpiece, "Oscar, I Love You, Oscar," a sentimental poem about a boy named Oscar. His college days over, the youthful Gingery looked about for new worlds to conquer, and being told that he was no good on earth, he took up aviation. It is a well known fact that rain makes things wet and so we reluctantly write "finis" to John Davis Gingery—the boy who never owned an umbrella.

MARY HELEN LYNCH

(Alias Elsie Dinsmore Reincarnated)

Sagittarius ruled the starry heavens when the year 1906 (conservative estimate) brought to this evil mundane sphere the arch-angel incarnate in the person of Miss Mary Helen Lynch, better known as "Lynch", "Lynchie," etc., whose chaste and flawless existence has more than offset any evils occasioned by that of the shadowy

Gingery. Deposited most appropriately in a basket, the precocious babe proceeded at the age of one to conduct a series of criss-cross passes with her rattle; while at two she amazed the world by hitting flies, and crawling with all the deftness of an Olympic tank star. The mystic number four she declares to have guided events of her life, for four years she spent in Gainesville, four in Arcadia, four in S. P. H. S., four in college, and four in teaching, but since this would make our stern instructress a demure young thing of twenty summers, consider the data worthless. Mother, father and sisters could divulge no blot on her career, the stealthiest sleuthing revealing that even on Hallowe'en, the night when elfin pranks run high, she curled demurely by the fire purring, or rather knitting, and perusing Pilgrim's Progress. However her illustrious father whispers that the paragon secretly eats only with her knife, so perhaps this one vice will spare her the fate of the virtuous who never fail to die prematurely. She would have died six weeks ago had a baneful barracuda rather than a friendly Yacht club sail boat picked her up when floundering helplessly in the icy waters of Tampa Bay. She avows that she unwittingly placed a foot upon one gunwale, whereupon, of course, her frail canoe tipped over.

PITCHERS I HAVE PAID FOR

(Continued from page 3)

kindles within me. Perhaps I didn't buy this blessed gnarled thing, after all! Perhaps I only dreamed that I had, to awaken and find it blinking sleepily on the corner shelf! Once, there was a man who walked deep into the Catskills and came upon queerly-shaped little dwarves who later quenched his thirst with a forest-bred ale. That man slept, they say, for twenty years! I like to think that they filled his mug from my pixie-pitcher. Or perhaps it is really an evil gnome on which the good fairies cast a spell of punishment, causing him to remain my pitcher for twenty years, then, to be restored, an humble and apologetic subject, and to scamper off to Sleepy Hollow!

For me, to own a pitcher is to turn the key that unlocks the "Giant's Garden." But then—as I mentioned before—I adore pitchers! Unlike women, they leave so much to my imagination. —Elisabeth Robinson.

not which) awards the honor to the Junior College. To the parade committee, Ida Smith, Delle Way and Jimmy Hendry, we make the following suggestions:

1. That the Sci-Math Club arrayed in rubber gloves and aprons be led by Miss West, deftly juggling potato salad from one test tube to another—that with empassioned gaze they march, each bearing on high the Torch of Learning, a Bunsen burner.

2. That the English students bear aloft huge placards upon which they reveal how many different ways they can misplace a modifier.

We suggest:

Hunters in wild Africa.

Hunters wild in Africa.

Hunters in Africa wild.

Wild hunters in Africa.

3. Following the suggestion that the Rifle Club carry their rifles thus representing their organization, we suggest that the Riding Club carry their horses.

OUR ERUDITES

In to the wee small hours the midnight oil has cast forth a feeble flickering ray with the result that six Sophomores and six Freshmen have attained the high standard for honor students set by the college. The following students are to be congratulated on having an average of 90 with no grade under 85.

Sophomores

Ellen Thomas	96
Elizabeth Brockman	94
Marion Banks	92
Margaret Good	91
Mattie Morrison	91
Harold Schuh	90

Freshmen

Marian Howland	93
Peggy Burroughs	92
Amy Fetzer	92
Marian Moore	91
Madge Miller	90
Elizabeth Roberts	90

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"Your studies are suffering, son. Do you need a coach?"

"No, Dad, a roadster'll do."

Then there is the bird who wondered whether the B. and O. Railroad fired their employees who use Lifebuoy soap.

She was so dumb she thought noodle soup was a kind of shampoo.

Indications among students this fall seem to point out the prediction that no one is going to suffer frost bites from cold cash.

We congratulate Roy on being selected as a member of the all-state basketball team, but tehn Roy has been a Winner all his life.

Chapel Speaker: "Young people, I'm not much of a speech maker, but I have several little things in my head I'm trying to get rid of."

Voice from rear: "Try a fine tooth comb."

Over the Trojan "T" Cups

Referring to the walking float that the college plans to enter in the Festival of States parade, Gingery claims that he wants to be a wheel so he can roll.

Sophomores may use their last year's annual pictures as the dean seems a bit doubtful as to the possibilities of improvements in a year.

Now that we've read about the old German custom of presenting the bride with weapons, we realize how much wiser husbands are nowadays.

What a disturbing effect little things can have—for instance Jo Williams' sneeze in Lit. class.

Well-Known Young Man-About-School

A certain very well known young man—about school, when liberally sprinkled with salt (through no fault of his own), was informed by an equally well-known co-ed that he needed it. Just how would one interpret that remark?

From the L. H. L.'s comes the stupendous announcement that for once in the club's history all of the dues were paid at the same time!

Popular expression around school: "Don't Erwin."

Due to the efforts of every one to secure a place by the fire, the recent M. D. beach party took on the aspect of a contortionist's meeting.

If you should happen to overhear some of the students talking about explosions and gas attacks, be calm: They're probably merely discussing Chemistry lab.

What is this younger generation coming to? In chapel they even make requests for forward girls! (But then this is basketball season.)

A Pekingese puppy passed the school in such a hurry the other day that George Weeks thought it was a dach-hund. . . .

When Hilda and Johnny got married it proved our contention that the locker-room romances are among the assets of Utopia Tech.

'N we heard a secret! All rose petals don't grow on stems. Just ask Dick.

Mr. James Alexander McClure, Jr., is a brave man. He walked around school all alone the day that the rifle guard was suggested for his protection.

When a one-armed negro has an accident on our pet corner it causes excitement. A heated debate was held on the porch for at least an hour but no decision could be reached because it was discovered at the end of that time that no one had actually seen the accident. That is one way of passing time on a rainy day at least.

All of which reminds us of the "unusual" weather we have been having lately.

We would advise Ralph Bradbeer not to drink his own concoctions, especially moonshine for a Carolina folk play. No wonder his sputtering was so realistic.

As a rule Doris Post doesn't care for pianos, but our new baby-grand seems to have special appeal.

The dean has proved himself to be an absent minded professor. After making a belated trip to the office for the key to the above mentioned instrument he forgot to unlock it—imagine his embarrassment!

Among life's incongruities: The Girls' Rifle team nobly battling the Navy in the Festival of States rifle tournament, their opposition consisting mainly of two teams from the Coast Guard.



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