

Baseball In Full Swing

Twenty Men Report For First Practice

Enough men for two full baseball teams answered the first call for practice March 23 when almost 20 aspiring candidates limbered up at the local Coast Guard field.

Under the direction of Manager Bill Hibbs and Acting Manager Eugene Raborn, several short practices have been held. Uniforms and baseballs for the team have been donated by the Boston Braves, Major league team, and catcher's equipment by St. Petersburg High school.

Manager Bill Hibbs is negotiating for games with Rollins, Tampa College, University of Florida Freshmen and the Coast Guard.

Among the promising candidates turning out for the first practice were: Gnagy, Gapen, Walton, Plumb, Porter, Graham, Raborn, Oliver, Meredith, Beckman, Moffat, Rose, Volk, Lingham, Hardin and Weeks.

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Carey Wins Tennis Title

Bob Carey, captain of last year's Trojan tennis team and runner-up to Matty Morrison in the 1931 school-wide tennis tournament, won the 1932 tennis title when he defeated Giles Walker 6-4, 6-3, in a match played on March 28 on the Spa courts.

Carey ranks number one on the team by virtue of his victory over Walker, with Walker ranking number two, Gordon Graham, number three, Billy Porter, number four and David Stallcup, number five.

Woods Beckman, captain of the golf team, is making a strong bid for a place on the team.

The tennis team won their matches with the high school team March 25 and are now making progress in their training for their matches with the University of Miami, April 18 in Miami.

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Sports Gossip

By Jimmy Hendry

Perhaps you didn't know that—

There are ninety feet between bases on a baseball diamond. . . . It takes the fastest righthanded batter 4 seconds to reach first base and a lefthanded batter a split second less. . . . A successful double play must be executed in less than 4.5 seconds. . . . "Lefty" Grove's fastest speed balls only take .37 of a second to reach the catcher. . . . Burleigh Grimes' slowest slow ball takes .67 of a second. . . . "Pepper" Martin can steal a base in 3.1, gaining almost a second on the time from home to first because of a lead from the bag. . . . Ben Chapman of the N. Y. Yankees is the fastest man in the major leagues. . . . Johnny Allen, recruit pitcher for the Yanks is an assistant professor at the University of West Virginia and is on a leave of absence. . . . Eddie Farrell, another Yankee, is a dentist by profession. . . . Lyn Lary is regarded as the best golfer among the major league ball players. . . . St. Petersburg is the only city in world where two major league baseball teams do their spring training. . . . New rules for basketball spell doom on the slow breaking systems of offence employed by many teams. . . . The ball must be past the center of the court toward the goal of the team having possession of the ball within 15 seconds after the possession has been obtained by that team. . . . Bob Fuchs, son of the owner of the Boston Braves, is a member

of the Rollins' Baseball team. . . . The queerest bunch of baseball players imaginable is the House of David "bearded wonders". . . . Woods Beckman was medalist and runner-up in the Friendly Five golf tournament held at Lakewood recently. . . . He shot a brilliant 35 on one nine. . . . Bob Hamilton, Lakewood champion, gave a bit of philosophy on golf in his match with Beckman after he had had bad scores on several holes and was trailing Woods by 4 holes. . . . "Somedays it is like this and then—it gets worse," he said.

The cabbage may be despised as a vegetable, but after all it does have a head.

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The Wooden Horse

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VOL. IV.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA, DECEMBER 7, 1932

No. 3

COLLEGE ATTAINS HIGH RATING

PLAYMAKERS TO HEAR Mc DEVITT MONDAY, DEC. 12

The Playmakers will meet Monday evening, December 12, at the home of John Roope, 1728 8th street north. Mrs. Ruth T. McDevitt, an honorary member of the club will give several readings and a discussion of some interesting phase of dramatic art. Two short plays will also be presented.

The election of a vice-president for the Playmakers, which had several times been delayed through inability of either of the candidates to secure the necessary two-thirds vote, was completed at a called meeting Nov. 28. Because of equal ability of the candidates the office was divided, Gulielma Daves becoming first vice-president and Harold Riker second vice-president.

Music Club Enjoys Delightful Program

Miss Sara Staff was hostess at the first meeting of the Music Club of Junior College which was held at her home on Monday night, November 27. A short business session was followed by a delightful program.

Viola Bennett opened the program with a violin solo, which was followed by a group of songs by Harold Riker. After a very interesting talk on the ballet by Gulielma Daves the program was closed by three enjoyable solos by the music director, Mrs. Ruth P. de Villafranca. Following the program, Christmas carols were sung and various games enjoyed.

Those attending were Hugh M. Overturf, Marjorie Lewis, Roland M. Moffat, Walter Brooks, Katherine Crowell, Virginia Markham, Franklin Roush, Helen Smith, Kathryn Latham, Gulielma Daves, (Continued on page 8)

REVIEWERS WILL MEET MONDAY, DECEMBER 19

The next meeting of the Reviewers' Club will be held Monday evening, December 19, the last Monday before the Christmas holidays. Members will not want to plan anything else for that night, for a program—shorter than last time, but unusually interesting—is being planned.

COLLEGE IS GRATEFUL

The Junior college as a whole offers its sincerest thanks to Mr. C. E. Patterson for his large gift of books to the college library, and to the unknown donor of the books of Christmas carols presented to the music department. These practical gifts are greatly appreciated.

SHRINE CLUB TO BE SCENE OF BANQUET

At a recent meeting of the Junior College alumni, the Shrine club was selected for the annual banquet, set for Dec. 29.

The arrangements are being made by Jean Mair, Ruth Childs, Ernest Acklin, James Robertson, Florence Beaver, Charles Jones, Donald Benn, Shapiro Weiss, Clayton Shannon, Marie Kent, Richard Weirsteiner, and Gordon Gilbert.

Cytha Ferguson was named editor of the alumni news in the Wooden Horse.

High School Class Of '31 Plans Dance

At a meeting last Wednesday of the high school class of '31, called by Rudolph Earle, committees were named to make arrangements for an alumni dinner dance to be held Monday night, Dec. 19, at the Suwannee hotel. The committees were:

Mary Love Henry, Craig Owen, and Giles Walker, orchestra; Peggy Harrison, Milda Lockridge, Dot Sackett, and Billy Porter, arrangements.

GIRLS MAKE EFFORT TO REVIVE GOLF INTEREST

The golf club of the college has not met with the great success that it anticipated at first, but an extreme effort to revive it is being shown. In the attempt to regain old members and add new ones, Mary Sue Larkin, president of the Club, has planned to have those who are interested sign up and she will see each one individually. The hope still lingers that the club will soon be large enough to furnish a keen interest in golf.

Dean Reed, Home From New Orleans Conference, Says School Is In Accord With Modern Trend In Education

STUDENTS DEBATE ATHLETIC SYSTEM IN CHAPEL FRIDAY

At the meeting of the Debating club November 15 Kiernan Schoonmaker was elected president, and Helen Smith was named secretary of the organization. The club itself has been working steadily for the past month, and the results of its labors will be shown in chapel this Friday in a debate "Resolved that the present system of interscholastic athletics is detrimental to the college youth." This however is but a preliminary workout in preparation for the more important debate with the freshman team of the University of Florida, which is scheduled for the first week in March.

The club is meeting every Tuesday and is working with such vigor that Miss Augusta Center, club adviser, expresses confidence that such interest will insure a successful year. Three members, Paul Hanna, Kiernan Schoonmaker, and Bob Barton, have had considerable experience, and should form the nucleus of an excellent team.

Graduates' Success Is Reported Here

Dean Robert B. Reed has recently received word of the splendid record which three former students of Junior College are making this year at William and Mary.

Ellen Lamar Thomas, who was head of her class, graduated from the local institution in 1931, has specialized in education, and now is applying for a Florida teaching certificate. She is leading her class scholastically. Elinor Knighton of the same class is also making an excellent scholastic record. Marian Banks has recently been appointed women's managing editor of the William and Mary college publication, (Continued on page 8)

Local Report So Satisfactory Southern Association Does Not Require Explanation

With as high a standing as any college could well expect to achieve the Junior College is now in its second year as an accredited college, with the full approval of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools given without the slightest question, for, as Dean Reed states, the report which he and Captain Lynch took to the association was so completely satisfactory that they were not called upon to explain any phase of it. This report was the one which is demanded of all colleges by the association for the first year of operation after being accredited, and the readiness with which the complete report was accepted speaks highly of the scholastic standards of the college and the high rating it has attained.

Of great interest to Dean Reed was the discovery that the junior college movement is growing with astonishing rapidity; in (Continued on page 8)

Cercle Ribault Enjoys Social

Cercle Ribault, the Junior College French club, held its second social meeting of the year last Monday, December 5, at the home of its president, Jean Lee. Miriam Roberts, chairman of the program committee, provided an interesting and varied entertainment. Viola Bennett gave a violin solo, and Jean Lee spoke on the life and achievements of Jean Ribault, in whose honor the club has been named. Following this, Helen Smith sang a French solo. After the formal program the members sang French folk songs and played French games.

The first activity of the year, a banquet held at the Gypsy Inn early in November, was greatly enjoyed by the club members. Monsieur E. D. Verret of Quebec was the guest of honor and principal speaker. Appearing with him on the program were Mildred Robinson and Jamie Lee Henry. (Continued on page 8)

The Wooden Horse

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Exchange Editor.....Josephine Jones
Art Editor.....Gulielma Daves

EDITORIALS

WHAT ACCREDITING MEANS

Few of us realized, until Dean Reed came back and explained the results of his mission, of what importance to us it was that the report he had to give was an unusually worthwhile one to make. Only last year was the college accredited, a mark of recognition to be withdrawn the first time an unfavorable report must be made, for the approval of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools is only upon the basis of continued high scholastic standards. The value of this approval is the fact that while the Junior college remains accredited its graduates will find their credits accepted at face value without question in transferring to other colleges. Of equal importance but less tangible is the prestige of having graduated from a college which gives unusually valuable training, a prestige that will count for much in whatever phase of life we use our training.

But while we congratulate ourselves on this we must stop to realize that we are receiving the benefit of the records which the students who have gone before us have made. Let this, then, be an incentive for us to uphold the standards they set for us, that our successors may receive the benefits of an accredited institution—that our college may grow and prosper.

THE NEWSPAPERS IN SERVICE

Few of us realize the great spirit of service which dominates the newspapers of our country. Unquestionably no other institution in the United States can equal their record for honesty, impartiality, and genuine service to the nation. Due to the depression practically every business concern has retrenched in some way, by cutting down useless expenditures or by cutting its personnel to a minimum. Yet all the while this has been going on, the newspapers have been forced to keep their staffs intact, and to give even better service. Consequently at the present time we see the majority of the papers bravely struggling on in spite of the fact that they are operating at a loss. Service, service, always service! Service to the nation in time of prosperity; service to the nation in time of depression. The papers are published by men who have the welfare of our country at heart. They are none too well paid, yet in return they serve the nation in an unselfish way which puts the political office-holders, the supposed servants of the people, to shame. Working night and day, collecting the news as accurately and as honestly as possible, evaluating and summarizing it, the newspaper men do all in their power to keep the citizens well informed and to keep public opinion in the safest channels. Perhaps it is that the necessity of accuracy breeds truth and honesty; however that may be, there seems little to fear for our country's welfare while such a powerful influence as its press continues to serve its best interests so whole heartedly.

We are glad to hear that Stetson College has been put on the accredited list. However as it is a four year college the St. Petersburg Junior College can still claim to be the only accredited junior college in the state.

The Newark Ledger comes out with a clever and humorous piece of advice which applies equally well whether one is listening to a political speech or to any other form of windiness: "Don't confuse the spelling. Bologna must be chewed. Boloney is the kind you swallow whole."

EDITORIAL SCRAP BOOK

Jimmy Phillips' straightforward talk on the general spirit of the college was very timely. The Junior college is much in need of a more general feeling of friendliness among the student body, and he expressed this need in very clear terms.

An open house party can do much to break down a pervading feeling of aloofness and foster a spirit of friendliness. The Didos did their bit at a good time, but it will take the combined efforts of the whole student body to make the college a more pleasant place to live in. Still, we congratulate the Didos.

The K. T.'s idea of taking an adviser was a good one. The faculty members have always shown their willingness to help the students, and in the capacity of club advisers their influence can be very valuable for keeping these organizations real college clubs in every sense of the word.

According to Mr. Ervin, a noted scientist has discovered that a woman can catch any wary male if she uses frequently (and under the proper conditions) the magic formula: "You are so wonderful!" Even with that settled, most women still have the problem of making him stand still long enough to let it sink in. Therein lies the art.

Considering the extremely good showing the swimming team made they certainly deserved more support than they got. Twenty students is a small number to attend any athletic meet, and in the future the attendance ought to be much better.

The Literary Digest hits at us (the staff):

"A correspondence school is offering to inmates of prisons a special course in writing. In a way, this school has the same idea that we've had for a long time—that there aren't enough writers in jail."

IDLE VAPORINGS

By T. D.

Practically everyone thinks and expresses his opinions to a greater or a lesser degree, yet how few, oh how few, speak from a real personal conviction, one which they have arrived upon after thinking it out. What I am driving at is the all too prevalent practice of repeating other people's thoughts without first giving them more than a flighty, careless consideration. However I realize only too well that not one of us would admit that we were guilty of this habit.

CONTINENTAL CHATTER

Edited by Ruth Schiller

The chatter this week pertains to the organization of the German Club, officers, and general outline for the activities of the year.

Die Schuler des ersten Jahres und des zweiten Jahres der deutschen Klassen und frühere Mitglieder bilden den Deutschen Verein. Der Hauptzweck des Vereins ist, natürlich, um mehr Gelegenheit zur Unterhaltung in der deutschen Sprache zu gewinnen, und deutsche Lieder und Gedichte zu lernen. Die Versammlungen finden mehrere Male des Jahres hindurch statt und interessante Programme sind entworfen; Verschiedene Leute werden über deutsches Leben und deutsche Sitten Reden halten.

Die erste Versammlung dieses Jahres fand am Freitag, dem dritten Dezember bei Frau Sargent, der Lehrerin, statt. Sie sangen und spielten, "Taler, du musst wandern," und versuchten, ihr Deutsch zu gebrauchen, und alle haben sich schon amüsiert. Das nächste Mal wird der Herr Dr. Mar über seinen neusten Aufenthalt in Wien sprechen. Er war diesen Sommer in Deutschland, um Medicinen weiter zu studieren.

Die Klassen haben schon Lieder und Spiele gelernt, und haben die deutschen Weihnachtslieder neulich angefangen, besonders "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht," und "Tannenbaum."

Die erste Klasse hat Offiziere neulich gewählt; namentlich, zur Vorsitzerin, Fraulein Mary Linn Lynch, zum Vize-präsident, Herr Ben Roope, zum Sekretarin, Fraulein Dorothy Nahhas, und zum Kassenswart, Herrn Carl Fritz.

Judge takes a poke at nobody in particular:

"Men of fifty are the steadiest drivers, a survey shows. By that time, you understand, they have found that it is safer to keep only one head on their shoulders at a time."

Much has been said and even written concerning the factionalism which found rebirth in our school elections. Admitted such a condition did exist, I hardly think it was the intent of either group that this schism should be to the disadvantage of the college, or that they realized that it might have a reaction of too great apathy in school spirit or of a neutral feeling of disinterest among the students when the stimulation of rivalry wore off.

P. T.

By PETER RABBIT

Let us imagine that today is Friday. We are all sitting around in the "Y" locker room in various stages of undress. "Bat" Bary, in one corner, is singing softly to himself as he pulls off his other sock. "Grabber" Walker and "Sissy" Appley are, as usual, in a heated argument of their respective shades of "It." Johnny Hollis, in another corner, is whistling "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You!" and scowling fiercely at Harold Riker who is admiring his muscles (?) in the mirror.

Suddenly there comes a tremendous bellow from the general direction of the gymnasium. "What's the matter with you guys? Think I'm going to wait here all night for you birds to get your dribbles on?"

The building shakes slightly as we tread softly up the stairs into the gym and line up against the wall. We count off in fives and are deployed accordingly over the floor. Keith Smith, our husky instructor, is warming up to his task. Under his expert directions the grunts and groans commence.

We do a body twist to the left, and recover. We bend double, knees straight, until the palms of our hands touch the floor. "Repeat!" (the most despised word in a gym instructor's vocabulary) rings out again and again. Thus we go through one exercise after another until we all begin to stagger a little; even Walker and Appley are too tired to argue. Suddenly, from the back row, the threatening mumble, "All police cars stand by" brings Keith out of his trance and we get a short rest. Very short! ! !

Mr. Smith blows his whistle and we line up again. We are informed that we will spend the remainder of our hour hopping gracefully (?) over and about the parallel bars. Gordon Graham leads off. The exercises, easy at first, begin to get more and more difficult. Bob Barton stubs his toe and swallows a front tooth. Paul Hanna dives "spread eagle" over the apparatus into the waiting arms of Earl Coy. Jimmy Phillips comes flipping over and lands on the back of his lap with a resounding "thunk." Soon we are all limping as well as staggering.

Finally the bell rings. Our time is up. We totter gamely back downstairs into the locker room to take up what is left of our lives in the same place they were when we were so rudely interrupted. Another hour of P. T. (physical torture) is over.

Shall the Twain Ever Meet?

By HAROLD RIKER

Barbara and I—you see, Barbara lived up stairs—Barbara and I had been playing together for several years. I'd take her riding in my little red auto and she'd take me up on her back porch to serve tea. I even let her play on my violin and pet my bunny. So, you see, I got to like Barbara pretty well. We had talked it over several times and finally decided to get married when we grew up, in a few years. She told me how she would keep house and be as good a cook as her own mother. And I told her that I'd make enough money to have a big house, a big dog, and a big candy counter in the back room. (Her dad was a groceryman, so that took care of the other food). We had everything planned and then she had to bust my gun.

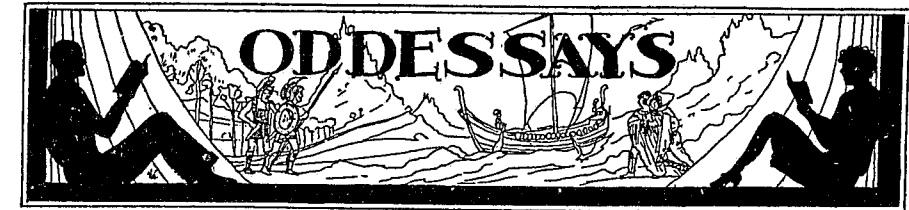
For a long, long time—three days, anyway—we didn't speak. I'd sit on my porch and she'd sit on hers. I wouldn't even let her pull roses off our rose bush by the fence. I guess she got pretty lonesome and afraid I didn't love here at all any more, so one day she called over to say that she had a new watch. I had to go over to see it. Then she made up.

I told Mom that Barbara and I had the same interests, but of course I didn't tell her about our plans, because they were secrets. I guess she—Mom—would have been surprised.

One day Dad told me we were going to move away. Barbara cried, too, when I told her. But I promised I'd write and tell her all about what I was doing. She said she'd write too. She even told me she would wait till I came back for her. And just before we left, I kissed her. We were behind the car, and I don't think anybody saw us, but—well, I didn't care, anyway. I did feel sorry for her, because I knew she'd miss me a lot. But I suppose she'll get used to it. Anyway I promised to come back someday.

It is a shame that I can't finish this story, but I don't even know where Barbara is now. I've often wondered. Probably she's waiting for me yet.

Only those who do the small things that most people forget have exceptional success.



MIND AND MATTER

Over logarithms
And philosophy
They ponder
Seriously,
Then,
Holding hands,
Go rushing out
On to the
Pier!

A SOULFUL PLEA

"In the gloaming, oh my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
That your face is powder-painted,
How am I, Sweetheart, to know?
Twice this month I've had to bundle
Every coat that I possess
To the cleaners—won't you, Darling,
Love me more and powder less?
—Exchange.

Call of the Stomach

By MARY GRAHAM

To consume food and drink in almost any form is my favorite pastime. Perhaps that statement should be qualified. I do not mean that I am a gormant; nevertheless, I do enjoy this indoor sport. Here is about the only case in this sorrowful world of ours where necessity can be combined with pleasure. Therefore, we should all make the most of it. I think that I can say with modesty that I am capable of this. You think that I am gross and materialistic, and that the aesthetic in life is of paramount importance. Yet how does the uplifting, calm, and beauty of Il Penseroso compare with a juicy, well-turned beef steak? Only the favored few can enjoy the delights of meditation from which the profound scholar of Il Penseroso derives pleasure, but anyone can sit down before an appetizing roast and attack it with gusto. Priests of the Middle Ages thought that fasting made the subject holier. However, if you will note the girth of these holy men you will see that they did not follow this devout practise. I contend that a full stomach breeds a pious mind; probably these priests of olden times held the same opinion.

I find that in this hectic world of ours I cannot indulge in this favorite pastime to a completely satisfactory degree. Breakfast, says the philosopher, should be eaten slowly in a happy, cheerful mood. (The man who said this never had to catch the 7:15.) I rise with many growing protests, hastily assemble my toilet, and sit down at the breakfast table. My mood is far from happy; my slumbers have been rudely interrupted; and I am turned out at the break of dawn. One eye follows the hand of the clock while the other directs the bacon to my mouth. Almost always, just when my favorite dish has been served, I have to dash out to catch the bus. With aching stomach I await the luncheon hour. This is a disappointment, for some forgotten lesson looms over me, tasting the soup with sulfuric or carbolic acid. But ah, when I return home! Here I can eat whenever and wherever I please.

Why Fractions?

At some time you have probably seen two numbers perched one on top of another, suggestive of one drunken man standing on the head of another. This is not a hallucination caused by intoxication; it is a scientific fact; namely, a fraction. Mathematics teachers have a positive passion for these imbecile contraptions. Little children, hardly tall enough to reach their desks, are forced with inhuman cruelty to work such unheard of arithmetical calculations as

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Under the commanding gesture of the teacher's ruler a future genius of the business world remained after school to labor hopelessly with this problem. And the civilized teachers lament and condemn the barbarous tortures of the American Indian! The child who failed to solve this simple task later became a master of high finance. He has no need for knowledge of infinitesimal parts of the dollar since he deals with millions. So you can see that these agitating exponents of man's desire for exactness are only of minor importance. If the matter is not of sufficient moment to be termed a whole number, why bother with it at all? If I am owed a half cent, I never get it anyway. Science is already cluttered enough with troublesome devices without the addition of these funny-looking pestiferous children of man's brain.

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College Welcomes Furnace With Rejoicing

North, east, or west wind blow,
Let it rain or let it snow;
Junior college can't come to harm
It's got a furnace to keep it warm.

The Junior college has reached a great stage in its development. For years the winds have blown unobstructed up and down the halls. The students, poor things, couldn't even forget their agonies of winter days by drawing pictures of the frost etchings on the windows; the temperature was the same inside and out, so the windows had no frost. And then, happy day, came the oil stoves. The air became dry and thick, filled with noxious fumes. Nevertheless it was progress. By taking care, one might warm as much as seven square inches of his anatomy at one time.

Then the college became ambitious; it wanted a furnace. And now at last its hope has been realized. A furnace, like a well-trained servant, is out of sight below, quietly doing its duty. But in all seriousness, Dean Reed has spent a long weary time trying to finance a furnace, and the college owes him a vote of thanks for his efforts.

Students Enjoy Spanish Chapel

How many students were aware that Mr. Gager was a Spanish shark? After that announcement he made in chapel there can be no doubts in the minds of any of us.

Mr. Glisson and the Spanish department put on their chapel program with great success last Friday. Having the devotions and prayer in Spanish gave an unusual touch of solemnity, and the announcements got more attention than usual. Thanks to Josephine Jones' explanation of the three act play presented, it was almost as interesting to those unacquainted with Spanish as to the Spanish students themselves.

What gives more satisfaction than to be able to read and understand a foreign language?

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE "WOODEN HORSE"

(With Apologies to Alfred Noyes)
By JEAN LEE

The air was a stifling curtain drawn tightly about one's head. The lake was a shimmer of sunlight couched in a close-bound bed. The road was a long path of brilliance over the earth's hot floor. And the general came trotting—Trotting—trotting—The general came trotting, up to the great white door.

He'd a hat askew on his forehead, no tie had he at his throat. His gloves he had thrown by the wayside, along with his vest and coat. His face was clouded with frowning; his eyes were raised on high. And he rode with a headlong canter, A mad, "don't-stop-me" canter, A brief-case for his armor, under the heated sky.

He rushed through the two white columns that mark the entranceway, And up to the door marked, "Stable," where the Horse is kept away. He fussed and fumed in his anger to the ones he met standing there, To Lord Crowell's brown-haired daughter, And Ruth, Lord Schiller's daughter, Both waiting upon the threshold, giving vent to their keen despair.

"Where is the Horse, O General?" they cried with no delight. "They have it not in readiness, not for the great Greek fight. Yet, if they press us sharply, and hurry us through the morn, Then look for it by noontime, Watch for it by noontime, I'll get it here by noontime, than be looked upon with scorn." With these last words of promise, he made his way downstairs,

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But he checked his eager mount up short to make one last affair: To tell the maidens him to warn, should there be cause to fear, If the Greeks should already be there, (Oh, may they not be there!) Then he gave his mount full rein again as the road ahead lay clear.

He did not return in an hour; he did not come in two; And up from the lower regions, just before twelve bells were due, When the sun could go no higher in its circle of the sphere, A stout Greek troop came tramping—Tramping—tramping—A troop of Greeks came tramping, much to the Trojan's fear.

But just as the troops came stamping, about to storm the door, And the Trojans were filled with the longing of seeing their homes once more, A sound was heard in the distance, "tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot," in the distance. 'Twas the general Hollis riding—Riding—riding—The maids leaned from the casement, ready to give assistance.

With a glance of his eye, he saw it, that white banner waving clear. He spurred his horse ever onward, yet swerved as he drew near. The way to the right lay open without much need for force, 'Twas but a few seconds' til noontime, (could he gain the Place by noontime?) The clock struck twelve as he entered, carrying The Wooden Horse! (Continued on page 7)

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Swallowing Pills

Most mothers in all parts of the world know what an ordeal it is to get a pill successfully swallowed by a child.

The Spanish mother commands her "hijo" to swallow his "pildora" in a staccato tone sufficiently sharp to make even an incorrigible gulp at least twice. The Chinese mother on the other hand, sings directions to one of her swadling, yellow-faced brood about taking his "*/@/*" (medicine). "No likee? Takee any-way."

But in America pill swallowing gets a set back in juvenile circles. American children, you know, are brought up to believe in freedom—the kind that knows no restraint. Mother must explain the "whys", the "wherefores", and perhaps the history of the pill. Then the child offers his argument for the negative and mother has her rebuttal. If the child's argument is a good one, or if mother grows tired in her efforts, she gives up with a sigh, consoling herself with the thought that surely, someday Egbert will become a great lawyer. This may be so, of course, if Egbert gets well without the pill, and he should, judging from the number of lawyers today.

However, though mothers get gray from the ordeal of administering pills, they may not ever (Continued on page 8)

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OVER THE T-CUPS

By KATHRYN CROWELL

We've all been so busy this past week painting offices, collecting dimes, and one thing or another that it will be a real vacation to pause a moment over the tea cups. And we're so glad to have the dean with us again. We won't call this a business meeting so it won't be necessary to suspend the constitution in order to have refreshments as the K. T.'s did at a recent meeting.

Speaking of refreshments reminds me of "slusious" cider and sandwiches served at the Didos' open house. Isn't it too bad that everyone ate so many of those sandwiches that poor Skippy had to go to the kitchen after some crackers!

All of you who didn't come to the music club meeting certainly missed one of the most delightful gatherings of the year. Besides the lovely program they had a real old-fashioned "sing" of Christmas carols. By the way, you music clubbers, won't you please take pity on Otto Koch's growing dementia and pay your dues—That might go for some other organizations too—

We can't seem to get off that subject of eating. This time it's peanuts—a box apiece was consumed by all present at the M. D. dance at the Coliseum—and they're so fattening! And how did you all survive your Thanksgiving feast? In keeping with the true holiday spirit people were even fed at back doors. At least, this was done for some late arrivals at the Arquiris Pledge party Thanksgiving Eve.

My dears, have you heard, some of the Junior College girls are going Victorian! It seems Jean Murphy walked back to her Alma Mater from Ninth street, following an escape from the clutches of a villainous collegian. Does anyone know how this epidemic of chairs started? There is the collapsible chair in

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DIDOS ENTERTAIN

The Didos Club entertained its friends at an open house, held in the home of Jane Glascock the evening of November 26. Between seventy-five and one hundred guests streamed in and out during the evening and amused themselves with dancing, singing, cards—and regaling themselves on an abundant supply of refreshments. Altogether the party was such a success that the club will give others throughout the year "If you like it," as the members expressed themselves.

The Wooden Horse room, those inexplicable and humorous (spills) in the library, and then this terrible business of carrying chairs from the auditorium to the dome. A temporary solution to the last item was found by a couple of the members of the Music Education class who, after reaching the top of the dome and riding no seats there, squatted in Indian fashion on the floor.

Hark! Is that a cowbell or is it the school bell I hear? It seems that their tones are similar. At least, that must have been the case when Miss Porter dismissed her Freshman Composition class fifteen minutes before schedule to the tune of the horn on Marjorie Lewis' car.

Maybe we all had better get our Spanish books and do some studying in preparation for the next Spanish program in chapel. The most widely understood word was "carramba."

Well, folks, the hour is growing late, and those industrious students who have been laboring in the office all week are still on the job. We hope Hugh doesn't demand a bonus for being injured in the service—had you heard?—he fell from a ladder, and how that paint did fly and, incidentally, so did Hugh!

We must fly too, for the hour is very late. How about having our next meeting at Ed Turville's; it is reported that he has some unusually attractive ash trays at his residence! Hasta luego, Mis Amigos!

A suggestion from the Porch Parasites: Will someone please put a back on the front porch railing?

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CLUB BRIEFS

K. T.—

The meeting of the K. T.'s on November 23 burst into glory at the home of Bob Barton. The club was honored by having present its newly chosen sponsor Walter E. Ervin, and Mrs. Ervin. Sandwiches, cakes and hot beverages closely followed the business session.

The meeting of November 30 was held at the home of Edward Turville to discuss plans for a dance to be given during the Christmas holidays.

L. H. L.—

The L. H. L. club entertained a group of friends at the home of Miriam Roberts the evening of November 12. Bridge and dancing were enjoyed until a late hour. A committee composed of Maude Dew, Mary Waterbury and Miriam Roberts planned the giving of Thanksgiving baskets to needy families in town, and a miscellaneous box to the Jacksonville orphanage.

Details are being arranged for a tea to be held at the Yacht club on December 30, while the club is planning also to honor the alumni who are returning to the city for the holiday season.

AT RANDOM

Have you seen "Peter" Munoz's installment mustache—a little down each week?—W. E. Ervin.

Lest we forget—classes begin at eight-thirty, chapel at nine-thirty, lunch at twelve, and sleep at twelve—P. M.

Marie Good's betrothed is way, way up north, yet Marie received a diamond. How did you do it, Marie?—soap coupons, maybe.

Have you ever seen anyone who looked quite so irreproachable as does Gulielma Daves?

What does Dean Reed know about Alabama mud-holes?

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M. D.—

The M. D. club honored its new pledges, Joe McCreary, Donald Beggs and Earl Cooper, and its alumni, at a buffet supper given at the home of Jack Slaughter, November 25. Following this the couples adjourned to the Coliseum, where a loge had been reserved, and enjoyed dancing for the remainder of the evening.

The M. D.'s announce that their Queen's ball has been postponed until the first of the coming year.

ARQUIRIS—

Miss Gulielma Daves and Miss Mildred Dry were formally accepted into the Arquiris Club at a pledge service and party given on November 23 at the home of Miss Ardis Campbell.

The evening was spent in playing games of bunco and in dancing. Members of the club filled a Thanksgiving basket for a needy family.

At a recent meeting of the club at the home of Miss Marie Good, plans were made for a progressive house party during the Christmas holidays and for the annual Valentine Ball.

DIDOS—

The Didos wish to announce the officers and members of their club. They are: Joe McClure, president; Kathryn Latham, vice-president; Martha Tesier, secretary; Jane Glascock, treasurer; Elizabeth Japour, Margaret Loomis, Betty Weeks, Virginia Wilkinson, LaPreille McNew. Miss Helen Lynch is the club advisor.

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Sharps and Flats

By ROLAND MOFFAT

Once again the halls of our Alma Mater are ringing out with joyous Christmas carols, thus reminding us all that Christmas is rapidly approaching. As in former years, the program will be made up of carols, sung by the entire student body, and will be greatly enriched by the addition of a complete set of new carol books which has been added to the music library. This splendid addition was made possible by a gift of money which was given to the Music Department recently. Let us all show our appreciation of it by taking the best of care of these new books.

Singing carols on Christmas eve is a custom as old as Christmas itself. This year the members of the Music Club are planning to sing carols at the various hospitals, children's homes, and institutions throughout the city and by so doing they hope to

"spread the good tidings of great joy" to those who are shut in and less fortunate than others. Who can think of a better or more inspiring way to spend Christmas eve?

Several students have suggested to members of the staff that in each forthcoming editions of the paper there be printed the words to some late, popular song. The music editor would appreciate any suggestions or comments along this line. Kindly voice your opinion of this new idea either directly to the music editor or to some member of the staff.

A Painter's Tragedy

Skippy on his knees scrubbing and singing vociferously—Hugh slapping on paint swaying in rhythm on his high ladder—A mite too much rhythm—The ladder tilted—and tilted—Hugh down—with the paint—and the brush trailing on the wall—An agonized scream—Tense stillness—An excited crowd clamor at the window—On the floor drenched in oozy paint, Hugh inertly sprawled. Over him Skippy, his shoulders heaving with emotion—The tragedy of a painter's fall.

We would like to know just exactly how many girls "Sissy" claims—You tell us, "Sissy."

From Our Contemporaries

From the "Campus column" of the Ward-Belmont Hyphen come these definitions:

A Rhodes scholar is a man who is always in the road or rather underfoot.

Tuition is the uncontrollable movement of the muscles; a sudden tuition of the nerves.

A dormitory is a specie of camel and also a desert fruit in cardboard boxes.

In the "Cackling Column" of the McGill Daily we find this poem. (Inspired by the shadow of R. L. Stevenson.)

"I have an education that goes in and out with me, And what can be the use of it is more than I can see; It is very, very abstract, and it's pumped into my head, But I feel it slipping from me when I slip into my bed." "If I should waken early—say—before the sun was up!!! I'd likely find the shining dew on every buttercup;

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But my good-for-nothing knowledge would be with me just the same, And I'd likely try to stand and think— The flower's family name?"

The Moberly Mirror has a clever personal column, "Lotta Hooie's Column" in which advice is given to the students about all sorts of personal subjects. Here is one of the letters to Lotta and the advice she gives. "Dear Lotta Hooie: We are two girls who—would like to sort of blossom out and go places. What shall we do?"

Lotta advises thusly: "Here's a little advice all young things should regard:

'Listerine, listerine, Keeps you sweet and fresh and clean,

If you use it every day Home of nights you'll never stay.'

And remember, you can buy a hat and a pair of stockings with the twenty-five cents you save."

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WITH THE ALUMNI

By AN OLD GRAD

ALUMNI BANQUET DEC. 29TH AT SHRINE CLUB

All alumni are urged to make plans now to attend. You can't afford to miss this outstanding alumni gathering of the year. Jean Mair, general chairman of the Banquet committee, has assured the Old Grad that there will be plenty to eat, lots of fun, and a grand old get-together, where friendships will be renewed and old memories revived.

No extra charge will be made for those alumni who have paid their dollar dues. And the Old Grad will let you in on a little secret. It has been rumored that there may be dancing after the dinner. Watch the daily papers for further announcements.

Alumni who have not been seen by members of the membership committee and who are planning to attend the banquet should get in touch with Donald Benn, 330. Moffett Court, or Josephine Williams, 2509 1st Avenue South. If you are interested in a dance after the banquet (as a function by itself and not a part of the banquet) please state this in your communication.

And now it's Dr. James Pearson, an alumnus with a real pull—Matty Morrison is practicing Ervinian theories of educational psychology on junior high pupils across the lake—Donald Benn back in town with an M. A. from University of Iowa. He was president of the first Junior College graduating class.—Mary Byrd Harris vacationing in Aruba, Dutch West Indies, after flying from Texas to New York to catch the boat—Jean Mair greeting customers at Barnhill's with that same friendly smile. She's still queenly—Janet Gerwig and Milton Rogers studying at the University of Pittsburgh—Harold Clizbe back in town. Three or four years ago he was Junior College's Weismuller—The college goes modern with an electric water cooler—And the OLD GRAD says water systems may change and new faces be seen within the college halls but the pigeons still call it home.—An ambition: To see Marshall Musser playing polo at U. of F.—A typographical error in a local newspaper sends Shapiro Weiss to F. S. C. W. at Tallahassee—And the Old Grad suspects that George Weeks would like to take his place—Jean (DeGuire) and

Persons and Things

Oh my. The way some people do wear out the side walk in front of college. And as far as that goes, no more than thirteen people should sit at one time on one of the front porch benches. And how! Ogden Nash offers us advice in his poem entitled "Common Sense." He says, "Why did the Lord give us agility, if not to evade responsibility." But don't blame me.

At test time, let's not have any "idle vaporing of a wild imagination."

Has anyone seen more of a person in eighty-six pounds than one sees in Kathryn Latham?

Who has seen that seldom occurring accident Betty or Martha Tessier without the other?

Crabby Cook are back in town.—Pauline (Banta) Pringle is bringing up a future Trojan.—SEE YOU AT THE BANQUET DECEMBER 29th.

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GOOD HAIRCUTS

ARRIVAL OF THE "WOODEN HORSE"

(Continued from page 4)

Thus was the Horse delivered to the Greeks upon that day. To the Greeks, the Trojans gave it without undue affray. (Twas not so, if you remember, that it happened long ago.) Fair, all fair, they got it. As a gift, this day, they got it. May the Greeks their Wooden Horse enjoy, not knowing its work and woe!

The things we prize most we will not talk about.

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