

WOODEN HORSE

Vol. 1

St. Petersburg, Florida

No. 5

AN' YE TOLD ME THIS WAS BUTTERMILK
THAT WAS YESTERDAY
TO-DAY IS APRIL FIRST



April 1, 1930

Price, 20 cents

NOT SO FOOLISH

People have the privilege of acting the fool one day out of each year but in many cases it requires about 364 days for the effects to wear off.

If all fool's names and fool's faces were to come out in public how much privacy would there be in this world?

"I would rather be a wise fool than a foolish wit."—"Twelfth Night."

Wise men hesitate, only fools are certain. Of that fact we are quite certain.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. We notice a conspicuous scarcity of angels around the college building.

A wise man or woman need know the proper use of only two words to have command of the English language. Those are "yes" and "no."

Advice from a former fool: Write and fear no man; don't write and fear no woman.

Folly in fools bears not
So strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when
Wit doth dote.—Shakespeare.

He who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot, is a fool; he who dares not is a slave.

It is a great piece of foolishness to try to be wise all by yourself.—Pascal.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.—Pope.

What one fool can do another can.

To a type of fool: Nothing is easier than fault-finding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business.

The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinion.—J. R. Lowell.

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knoweth himself to be a fool.—Shakespeare.

Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.—Tennyson.

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not is a fool—avoid him; he who knows and knows not that he knows is asleep—waken him; he who knows and knows

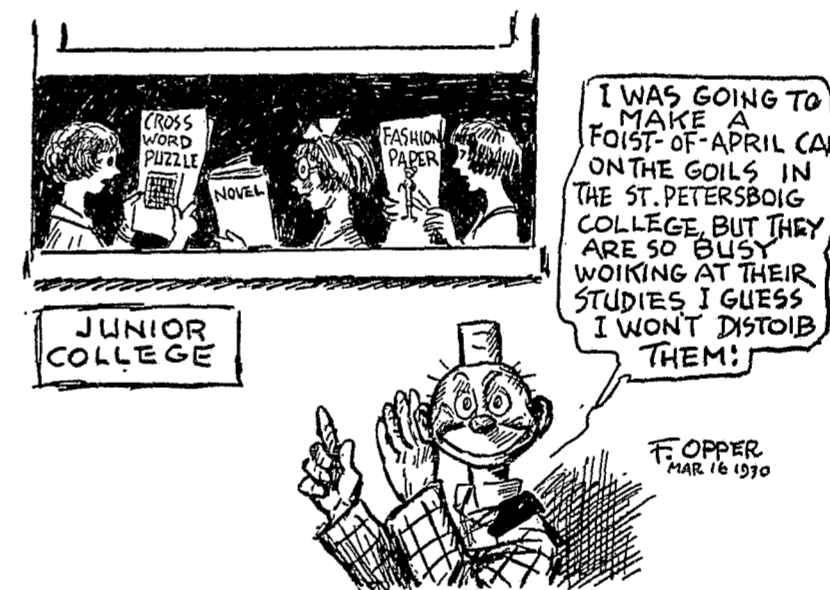
that he knows is a wise man—follow him to the end of your days.—Confucious.

There's no fool like an old fool—unless it's a young one.

My flower, seek not thy paradise in a fool's button hole.—Tagore.

A fool and his money are soon parted. Now we know why we are so broke all the time.—But aren't we all?

When a woman makes a complete fool of a man she usually has quite a bit to start the process with.



THE WOODEN HORSE

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

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RESOLUTION ON THE DEATH OF AINSLEY C. NORTHRUP

Resolved that in the death of our classmate and friend Ainsley C. Northrup, we the students of the Junior College have sustained a distinct loss;

That despite the fact that he had been with us only a few months, he had won a place in the group that will be hard to fill;

That he had proved himself worthy of our trust, admiration and esteem;

That he had ever shown a willingness to co-operate in student activities and to give of his time and talent in promoting the best school spirit.

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions, together with our heartfelt sympathy be sent to the family of Ainsley C. Northrup and a copy be published in our college magazine.

Josephine Williams
Richard Holland
Mary Byrd Harris,
Committee.

Approved by the Dean of the St. Petersburg Junior College.

We regret that we cannot possibly send representatives to the Junior College Press Conference to be held in Biltmore, N. C., at the Buncombe County Junior College, as

we are sure many interesting facts could be garnered from such a gathering. We will send for exhibition purposes copies of our magazine and an invitation to hold the next conference in the Sunshine City. We hope our successors will be successful in bringing that meeting to St. Petersburg as it will mean a great boost to the college in national as well as local recognition.

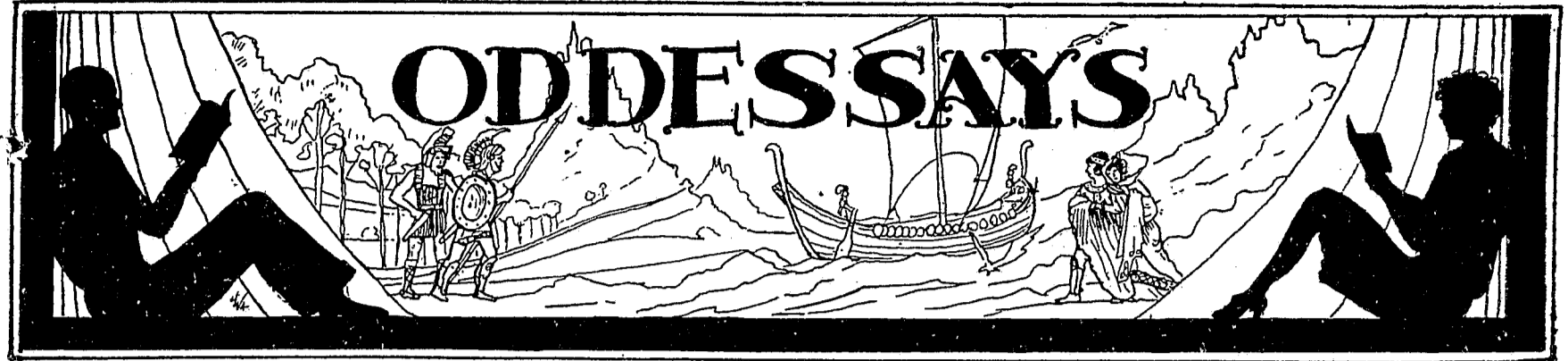
This is our last edition of the Wooden Horse for this year. We have tried to give the school something that will help it in becoming firmly established and something that will be considered among the leading activities of the college. We have come to realize just what difficulties are encountered in introducing a project of any kind and we hope that we will have passed on to the classes to come something on which to base their future work in a Junior College publication.

We look forward to the time when future classes will edit the magazine in a greatly improved style, though we are by no means ashamed of our work. We make a plea to the class of '31, especially, to take up the work and give to the college something that it will be proud of, and hand to their successors at least a little more than they received from us, or rather from this year's work in collaboration with us. Here's to bigger and better **Wooden Horses!**

—The Staff.

We are taking advantage of this opportunity to express our appreciation of the efforts of Mr. Dickay, Mr. Opper, Mr. DeBeck and Mr. Momand in creating cartoons especially for this edition of our magazine. Each of these gentlemen was very obliging and quite willing to help us with his characteristic creations. We are quite proud to be able to publish them in our magazine, and will keep in the college as treasured mementos the originals of these drawings.

We wish to acknowledge an oversight on our part when we failed to publish Miss Margaret Good's name on the list of honor students. Margaret is a Freshman and deserves much commendation on having made a semester average of 90.



PAY TO THE ORDER (Faithe Harris)

Ambrose Catullus Johnson was strangely perturbed as he entered the Birmingham Royal Affiliated Order of the Paradisial Mortuary Society. The sage individual at the desk peered up with a professional air of indifference. "Well," he queried peremptorily, "What kin I do fo' you brotha'?"

Brother Johnson made no effort at preamble but countered question with question.

"You all done remember I is joined you' society right smaht back?"

After a moment's ponderance the other answered condescendingly, "Yes, pears like I recollect some of dat signification."

Ambrose swelled visibly. "Well what I aims at is dis—What all 'at membership 'title me to in de way of funeral rites?"

"Why in case of unexpected deceaseament or natural expiration we gives a first-class most mournfullest funeral of any burial society in dis here town. What yo' want with funeral ceremonies? You ain't got no on-healthful 'pearance."

Ambrose shook his head dubiously, "May not look onhealthy to you nigger, but Martinus Ulysses Barnhill done threaten to present me with a one way ticket to de Holy Land."

The official of the Birmingham Royal Affiliated Order of the Paradisial Mortuary Society raised his eyebrows and closed his lips on a nasal "mmm." "Looks powerful much like you's gwine to take a trip, brotha'. What for 'at dangerous nigger got his eye on you?"

"What I mean, he's got fifty dollars wuth of reasonments and seein' how my purse is complete deflated I gwine to have to make powerful sudden arrangement for dis funeral."

"You sure gwine git quick service? If yo' dues is paid up to the first of last month, yo' remains gwine be interred with lavish rituals. Lemme me."

He ran his fingers down the pages of his ledger.

Ambrose's heart went the way of mercury on a cold and frosty morning.

The man at the desk shook his head mournfully, "I'se feared you done forgot to pay dem dues," brotha' Johnson.

"No sir—I'se not forgot 'em but I'se terrible feared to. What I owe?" he demanded.

"De dues up to date is eight dollahs and no cents.—Wid the slight additionment of thutty cents for delegates badges to the National Inquestial Convention."

"Ambrose let out a tortured howl and turned to the door, "Yo' ain't talking to me brotha'. My financial resources am plumb embarassed."

Night settled on dark town and Ambrose's future looked as black as ebony. Suddenly the rotating brilliance of an electric sign across the street attracted his attention. "Sparkling — Cool — Refreshing — Drink Coca-Cola." Underneath a smaller sign in the proprietor's uncertain printing carried this message, "Five cents refund on return bottles." The night was sultry and Ambrose gazed hopelessly at the sign.

Finally an expression of inspiration overspread his countenance. "Hot Ziggety damn!!!" he exclaimed as he turned on his heel and made for Candazy Flooring's elite boarding house. Skirting around to the back of the house he surveyed a scene of littered delapidation. Scraps of pasteboard boxes, watermelon rinds, jagged tin cans, and discarded Coca-Cola bottles gave accumulated evidence of former repasts.

A systematic and gruelling search brought to light no less than twenty-seven Coca-Cola bottles. No collector of rare and valuable glass ever followed the trail of possible relics more fervently than Ambrose combed the alleys and backyards of Birmingham's darktown. Even the bleachers of Sunset Baseball Park proved not unproductive.

Two weeks passed and Martinus Ulysses Barnhill found the illusive Ambrose always one lap ahead of his threatening razor.

At last a lean and hungry figure approached the proprietor of the Coca-Cola stand. "How much I done got, boss? The white man referred to a grimy notebook, added a long column of straggling figures and announced with finality, "One hundred and sixty. That's eight dollars. You want it now Sam?"

The negro hesitated. "Yo' sure 'at ain't eight dollahs and thutty cents, boss?" he pleaded wistfully.

"Nope, eight dollars. Just as I said. You'll have to take a check."

The negro attempted further remonstrance, but the man at the stand waved him aside impatiently. "Clear out now let the trade get in."

The black man turned away mutterin', "Yo' ain't gwine beat me out of dat thutty cents. I'll get it somehow."

The white man snarled sardonically, "If you can get it, you can have it."

Sometime during Ambrose's life he had secretly witnessed the alteration of a check under the skillful hand of a check protector salesman and it had made a profound impression upon him.

Two days later the bank cashed a perfectly respectable looking chek on the Coca-Cola firm and Ambrose triumphantly pocketed the sum of eight dollars and thirty cents.

Martinus Ulysses Barnhill had suddenly been called out of town by an inconvenient lawsuit between two dusky brides in Georgia, Ambrose found no need of the immediate service of the Royal Affiliated Order of the Paradisial Mortuary Society and life once more subsided into peaceful and indolent content.

He took precautionary measures, it is true, to avoid the Coca-Cola stand, but this was only a matter of policy. Ambrose's policy had always been that discretion is the greater part of valor. This unbroken calm lasted nearly a month, then a ponderant shadow fell across Ambrose's path. He looked up and gazed horror-stricken into the eyes of the white man he had so recently outwitted. A moment he stood paralyzed and open mouthed and then a certain

dusky streak went flashing down the avenue.

The white man, left alone, shrugged his shoulders and laughed indifferently.

"Dern fool," he soliloquized, "I just wanted to ask him why he risked a life term in the penitentiary for the sake of thirty cents. Must have been something drastic!"

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

(As Carl Sandburg would have written it)

Strapping, tall, the mighty forger labors in his reeking fetid shop;

Bareheaded,

Swarthy,

Brawny,

Grimy,

Big shouldered he stands—muscles and veins protruding, tanned face dripping with sweat, all thews and sinews,

A dago working for a dollar six bits a day.

Billows blowing, forge flaming, sledge swinging with monotonous beat,

Working eternally, slaving incessantly and all the time evincing a joy identical with that of Manhattan Al grinning beneath his brown derby.

Dirty urchins in the street after eight somniferous hours in a humdrum school-room reach their smudgy fingers for the glowing sparks that fly like chaff.

Their hands need washing.

Sunday at a church with a steeple like a broomstraw.

He hears the parson's brawl and in the choir his daughter sings. He seems to hear her mother's voice, a silver angel carolling in paradise. Well he remembers how the Junk Man came and took her away.

With joy in the heart beneath his ribs; so well deserving his nightly rest upon a hard, cramped cot, onward thru life he goes.

And laughs and shows white teeth, tremendously glad

God gave to him the reeking shop, the roaring fire, the clashing anvil.

—Ellen Thomas.

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Backgrounds

(John Patrick)

I cannot credit myself with having discovered a new division of science or of having founded a different branch of the arts, for the subject of backgrounds is familiar in some respects to nearly everyone. Still I am convinced that this particular division which I have chosen, namely—"The Background of Moods," is of comparatively virgin material. True, it is rather well known in certain limited classes, but I strongly suspect that the people as a whole know little or nothing about the sustenance of a mood through the medium of a proper background.

The time has been, when anyone departing from the recognized standards of conduct was considered to be rather a queer sort and therefore was shunned and laughed at by his fellow men. It mattered little that the greater part of the geniuses and masters, leaders in their fields, were of this moody class, they were laughed at also, when out of hearing. Imagine if you can, dear reader, the drab existence of the standardized Pleb of yesterday. Say the individual's complex is one of good humor. Think of getting up in the morning with a idiotic smile on your face. As for myself, I can think of nothing more distasteful than such a condition, especially after a rather strenuous night. Think of wearing that same face all day and going to bed with that same imbecilic grin. Yea, even in the coffin that fool's face belies and refutes the solemn beatific endeavors of the funeral sermon as it strives to soften the path of the bewildered soul.

A man rich in moods is rich indeed. To you then, O possessor of moods, I say—You are gifted of the Gods; cherish this gift, it is one of your dearest possessions; study the following paragraphs closely.

* * *

It is a dismal night; the wind, the driving rain, and the lonely, empty house all serve to make it the more dismal. It is only 8:00 o'clock. I have the whole night in which to be something. What shall I be?

Although the night is dreary and the house is damp and empty, my soul is flooded with a wealth of contentment, so I will have to be content with being contented. Perhaps the student wonders just why my soul has chosen the mood of contentment when nearly any other would be more in keeping with my sordid surroundings. In answer, I wish to make a statement that this process is fully explained under the heading—"Intricacy and Inner-workings of the Soul," page 165, in a text-book which I will some day write. At present, I can only say that the soul and auxiliary parts are as yet undefined; in fact, I understand that there is no such thing as the soul, but enough—my time is limited,—besides we must get back to our background before the mood eludes us.

Now then, our mood is present, but it is far from being a fixed element; for moods vary, or even give place to new moods; indeed, sometimes they—however, it is best that I withhold this information until the student has fully grasped the essentials of fixation.

Moods are stubborn things and, in-so-much as it is impossible to force the mood to blend with the circumstances, it is therefore necessary to blend the circumstances with the mood. Thus I build a background and so domesticate my mood that it will feel at home and will therefore become fixed. All those not learned in the art of background making should study the following lengthy procedure closely—

First there is the fireplace. I do not say that it is impossible to obtain a desirable setting without a fireplace, but I am sure that there is an important element lacking in its absence. Make a fire; not a mere flicker of waste-paper and shavings, but a real rip-roaring fire; fashioned of hardwood and coal. Now that the fire is taken care of, we must chose a companion. I wish to say that it is impossible to gain the full enjoyment of a mood when the role of companion is taken by a second person, unless there is some driving element common to both. Choose a male companion as nearly as your own age as possible. Above all things never select a women to play this important role. Of course, there is the married man, but he is eliminated for

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ACTIVITIES

The big dates in Junior College Dramatics will be Thursday and Friday nights, April 10 and 11, on which evenings the Playmakers will present their carefully rehearsed version of "Twelfth Night." Members of the cast have been laboring mightily and under the careful guidance of Miss Center are working themselves into their respective parts. The sets for the play are under construction by Ernest Rager and Harry Anderson, alumni members of the Junior College. Those who saw the Shakespearean play of last year will remember the beautiful scenery and lighting effects produced by Mr. Rager and Mr. Anderson.

The play is quite a musical one in places and a number of songs will be sung including the carousal songs in several of the comic scenes, clown songs and a solo or two. Mrs. Miller of the Junior College Faculty naturally acquires control over all things musical and she has taken over the task of voice training for the singers. Mrs. Miller will probably assist the production with the aid of her High School Orchestra as the College Orchestra will not be prepared for the event, having to concentrate its attention on the May Fete.

The business end of the production is capably managed by Edyth McKim with Dudley Gilbert as her assistant. Woods Beckman is official property man for the play. Mrs. Johnson will have charge of the costuming and when we realize the importance of the costumes to the play we know that her task is no light one.

Rehearsals are progressing rapidly and often far into the night so that when the curtain opens on the stage of the Girls' Junior High School at 8:15 on the evening of the presentation, the Playmakers will be able to present one of Miss Center's usually finely polished productions.

CHAPEL PROGRAMS

The first speaker of the month was Mr. George Merrell, president of the County School Board. Mr. Merrell had just returned from the sectional meeting of the National

High School Orchestra. The musicians are chosen from various high schools of the United States. These members attend the summer camp where they are trained to play at these national meetings. Mr. Walter Damrosch is the guest conductor of this organization and great results are accomplished by these students.

This is the first chapel visit which we have had from Mr. Merrell, and we hope he will "drop in" again.

Reviewers—A most interesting program is being planned for the Reviewers' meeting tonight to be held at the home of Miss Marie Kent. The evening will be devoted to mysteries, both mysterious and farcial. The cream of the evening's program will be the reading of a few chapters from the novel written by Merle Patrick, a member of the club and a popular young writer of the new school. The Baffle Book also will furnish its store of puzzling but interesting situations. Members are requested to leave their guns and black-jacks at home as all the crime perpetrated during the meeting will be strictly legal.

What can we say for our chosen queen and her attendants? Do they not speak for themselves?

We all know Jean Mair, our queen, from the many pleasant parties she has planned to break the monotony of school life, and if anyone has missed knowing Marie Kent, her maid of honor, he should certainly make up for it while there is still time.

They say that things run in families, and the two Banks sisters have proven that popularity does in some families, anyway. Helen Hoover, grim guardian of our grades, has triumphed over this disadvantage and won us with her charm. Mary Byrd Harris and Constance Horning, though not entering until Sophomores, have won their way into the life of the college and we welcome them as attendants.

Edyth McKim, Betty Nichols and Virginia Cliver most of us know from high school days and we know how they add to a fete by their work of last year.

Doris Frisbie has taken an active interest in all phases of college life during the

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CO-ED CLARA *says*

The atmosphere is tense; everyone is breathless, for the curtain is about to rise on the first act of this year's Shakespearean Play. Isn't it thrilling! I'm going to read my program before I scream with excitement.

I see that Constance Horning is going to play Viola. I'll bet she does it well, too. I wonder if she will look as cute as they say she does, in men's clothes? This is Connie's first part in Junior College Dramatics but she is not inexperienced in expression as I've heard rumors to the effect that she has made a special study of it before coming here.

And who is this? Orsino, played by Richard Holland? You know I think that Dick is so handsome! You just know he would be picked for these noble parts. But can you imagine him as being love-sick? I think it would be a scream to see him mooning over someone—even in a play.

And Gladys Boyle as Olivia! I heard them say that she plays the part perfectly but I can't think of her as being proud and haughty. You know she always seems so jolly and gay all the time. She has a sweet voice, too, and I'm just dyin' to hear what she does with it in Shakespeare.

Peter Stoner will certainly have to step some to keep up the reputation he established as Shylock in the play last year. You know Malvolio is such a different part to play. I know I won't help but scream to see him in yellow stockings. The play is worth coming to for that scene alone.

Merle Patrick is playing the part of Sebastian—why he is supposed to be Connie's, I mean Viola's, twin brother. I wonder if they will look really alike. If they have borrowed Ardie's head dress they might. But you can't tell what a little makeup will do. The last I heard about Pat was that he was in the author business. I guess

he is just taking time out to indulge in a little acting.

Who is that staring at us so? He says he can't enjoy the music because of our chatter? Tell him to go shake his ears! Now isn't that funny! That's what Maria says at one time in the play. You know I always did admire Shakespeare for being human. Faithe Harris is playing Maria. I never saw her act but she has an excellent sense of humor and she should fill the bill. She has done well in rehearsals according to what Malvolio's been telling me.

Just think of Ed. McCollough as Sir Toby Belch. I saw him leaning affectionately against the flag-pole the other day and was almost shocked until I heard him recite some of his speeches in the play. He had a couple of parts in the "Merchant of Venice" and performed them both well.

Pep Gingery as Sir Andrew Aguecheek is the funniest thing out. I have to giggle every time I think of how he looked that afternoon when he had his pictures taken. In contrast to Sir Toby, he ought to be a perfect riot—and I just can't wait for his duel with Viola!

Here's Frank as a clown again. You know I thought he'd break his neck in the last May Fete, but I guess you can't hurt him. The way he hops about in the play almost put the cast on edge 'til they got used to it. And he's going to sing too! You wouldn't think he could sing, but you know you can't tell about these football players.

Edyth certainly worked hard to bring the crowd here, didn't she? There goes the curtain. Oh, isn't the scenery lovely? Ernie and Harry certainly deserve a lot of credit for that—all right, I'll keep still—I just said—well, I'll save it for after the play just to please you.

—Clara.

H O S S

Teacher: "What are you going to be, De-Guire, when you grow up?"

Jean: "Oh, I'm going to be a Cook."

Hodge-Podge: "Why do you always address the letter carrier as professor?"

Errul: "It's something of an honorary title. You see, I'm taking a law course by mail."

Mr. Reed: "When I was in Africa I once shot a lion at midnight in my pajamas."

Beers (innocently): How'd he get in 'em, Mr. Reed?

Mrs. G.: "Why, my dear, whatever happened to your face?"

Mr. G.: "Had an argument over a traffic mixup."

Mrs. G.: "But why didn't you call an officer?"

Mr. G.: "It was with a cop."

Motorman: "I'm sorry, sir, but you'll have to smoke that cigar at the other end."

Al: "Can't. It's lit there."

Mr. Glisson: "Your biscuits aren't as light as mother's."

Mrs. Pete: "Well, I might say that your roll is lighter than Dad's."

Installment Man: "See here, you are seven payments behind on your piano. What are you going to do about it?"

Jo: "Well, the company advertises 'Pay as You Play,' and I play very poorly."

Pat: "What have you in the way of drinks?"

Native: "Five policemen and three federal agents."

Neighbor: "Has your son's college education proven valuable?"

Mr. Holland: "It certainly has. It cured his mother of bragging about him."

Excited: "A man just hung himself in my cellar!"

More So: "Did you cut him loose?"

Excited: "No, he wasn't dead yet!"

Mother is the necessity of convention.

Traveler: "Have you any reservations?"

Night Clerk: "Heck, no; I'm no Indian."

Jones: "Why do you call me Pilgrim?"

Ardith: "Because every time you call you make more progress."

Hoover (on initial bid): "One 'no trump.'"

Beckman: "What am I supposed to do now?"

Hoover: "Take me out in your best suit."

Beckman: "I have it on, but aren't you going

to wait for the punch?"

Mother (during Festival Week): "Promise me you will stop crying and I'll take you downtown to see the accidents."

"I believe I'm getting neuritis," said Mr. Erwin, as he turned away from the radio with a grimace of pain.

"Don't," said the better two-thirds, "We wouldn't understand a word they said."

Tourists: "The mosquitoes are pretty bad around here, aren't they?"

Largo Booster: "Have ye ever been in a place that had good 'uns?"



L A F F S

Frank (after finishing song at rehearsal): "What do you think of my execution?"

Voice back stage: "I'm in favor of it."

Not: "I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

So: "Well, did you find it?"

Hot: "Rather; he's in the hole now."

L. H. L.: "Did Pete have a swell wedding?"

M. D.: "Positively; they even used puffed rice."

Jean: "I thought Junior and Ardith were going to stay for the dance?"

Ed: "They were, but he was shown some new steps, so they are sitting on them."

Jean: "But don't you want to be the kind of girl people will look up to?"

Mae: "I'd rather be one that people look around at."

Al: "I've come to see you about a job."

Dealer: "But I do all the work myself."

Al: "Fine; when do I start?"

Mother: "Now, do you know where bad little girls go to?"

Kent: "Oh yes—they go almost everywhere."

"What is a pedestrian?"

"A person with a wife, daughter, two sons and a car."

"I don't think much of the rumble seat."

"Same here, but suppose we had hoop-skirts too."

Klett: "When I dance with you I feel as if I were treading on the clouds."

Hoover: "Snap out of it! Those are my corns."

Distracted Mother: "Cal, what are you doing? You mustn't shoot at his stomach!"

Cal: "But we are playing William Tell and he has eaten the apple!"

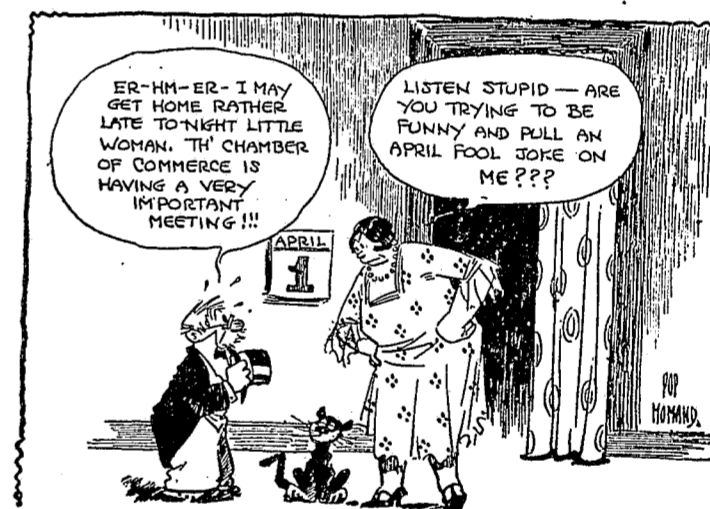
"Does yo' take this woman for thy lawfully wedded wife?" asked the colored parson glancing at the diminutive, watery-eyed, bow-legged bridegroom, who stood beside two hundred and ten pounds of feminine assurance.

"Ah takes nothin'," gloomily responded the victim; "Ah's bein' tooked."

Professor Brown (at the telephone)— "What's that? You can't catch my name? Spell it? Certainly. B for Brontosarus; R for Rhizophoracæ; O for Ophisthotelæ; W for Willugbæya, and N for Nucifraga.

Sue: "Just feel the electricity in my hair."

Gladys: "That's not surprising; you always did have such shocking thoughts."



Emphasizing the difficulty of learning the English language, a Frenchman recently commented:

"When I discovered that if was quick, I was fast; if I was tied, I was fast; if I spent my money too freely I was fast; and that not to eat was to fast, I was more or less discouraged. But, when I was confronted by this sentence—"The first one won one one dollar prize"—I gave up trying to teach myself and decided to allow the experienced to guide me.

The members of the younger generation needn't think the clutch used in an automobile is something new. Dad can tell you it was often used in the old-time buggy on a quiet country road.

BACKGROUNDS

(Continued from page 5)

the simple reason that there never was or never will be a married man that had the good luck to experience our present mood of contentment. If you should be so foolhardy as to select a feminine companion, I assure you that at the first dumb question, your mood will flee from you without ever a backward glance. The prince of all companions is none other than the old family dog. I think you will have little trouble in coaxing him from the damp cellar, but to seduce him away from his allotted corner in the kitchen might prove somewhat of a task. If you have any difficulty, however, mention in an off-hand manner that the mistress is absent for the evening, but be sure and see that there are no obstacles between kitchen and fireplace or serious results might happen to both dog and obstacle.

Now there is a tendency for the amateur background maker to cease his activities at this point; the pleasant appearance of the dog and fire proving too great for his æsthetic tastes and, overcome by a desire to reap the harvest that his own hands have fashioned, the individual is wont to quit with the job but half finished. Now I warn against this, be resolute, turn your back on that seductive scene and depart for the kitchen for it is in this chamber of nutrition that the next articles of your background are to be found. Following there is a thorough search of every nook and cranny starting in the pantry and ending in the dining room. It seems that darling Mother, foreseeing some such move, has with a perfect presence of mind, placed the desired articles squarely in the middle of the center table, knowing full well that it would be the last place in the world a starving youth would be apt to look. Among the other items, apples must be present. This is a point I insist upon. You can lay a fairly preposing scene without the fireplace or in a pinch the companion, but without apples—no—a thousand times no. For centuries apples have simmered in a row and I don't intend to do away with them in my background. My advice to the apple-less individual, is to change the mood into grief or joy, anything that don't require apples.

Oh, well—perhaps I've been too harsh and if the person is set in his moods, chestnuts can be substituted in place of apples, but personally I do not care for chestnuts, roasted or otherwise.

The next step in the forming of our background is the preparation of pop-corn. Some people may be content with a mere sack or even a dainty little dish but never let it be said that I encouraged such a paucity of material. Nay, a kettle is more to my liking, or if the student wishes, a dishpan or wash-tub could easily be substituted according to that individual's capacity. I wish to warn the reader that an overabundance of this material is as undesirable as an under-abundance. The corn itself is all right in the early part of the evening but as the fire burns low it is time for the moody crunching of "Old Maids."

Music is the next thing we will take into consideration in regard to the building of our background. No background is quite complete without this important element. I advise the use of the radio or the fifty record phonograph, though in the latter the student must be careful in his selection of records for nothing is quite so deplorable as a sudden change of elemental atmosphere. Did I say deplorable? Nay, it is more often fatal for what is so grievous as a serene, philosophical mood with a musical background of the "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," suddenly changed to "Yes, We Have No Bananas," or something equally as dumb. Even under the most favorable of conditions, I could not vouch for the safety of the machine. I do not mean to say that "jazz" should be eliminated from your list entirely. In case of an extremely well-stocked cellar, the jazz element in music is indispensable in following up the proper mood. With a few exceptions, nearly any form of music could be used in supporting our present mood. The first of two exceptions is the choice of blue music. When I point out that this form of music is the main factor in supporting the despondent, which as you know is the exact opposite of our present, contented mood, the reader can readily see why it must be discarded. The second is the choice of any music in which woman's voice is used. Let me say that there are only two moods wherein the use of the woman's voice is of any value. These are—

the cynical, and the musical; in the latter case, the feminine voice is used in a spirit of contrast. My choice of a suitable musical background would be the male chorus of not more than eight voices and preferably of four. But enough for music and let us take up the next topic in our list of items.

The selection of suitable reading material, I will leave to the student's own choice. Personally, there is and always will be, only one book that is synonymous in every respect with my mood of contentment. This book is "Eben Holden," the tale of a man and a small boy, who, having lost their home, go in search of another. I would advise the choice of a book or story rich in descriptions of the old home, tales of simple country folk or the like.

The last element in the forming of our background, is the choosing of smoking facilities. A pipe should be the sole implement used in the smoking of tobacco. Individual tastes differ so much, that it is difficult to prescribe the use of any one brand of tobacco. I have found that a mixture of two parts of Blue Boar and one part of Buckingham is not only a cool, pleasant smoke, but one that fairly reeks of old taverns and beer on the tap, a pleasant combination of musty feudal castles and yet possessed of the subtle perfumery of the English rose garden.

A complete change of the individual's raiment must take place before the student can settle down to the enjoyment of his labors. The neck-tie, shirt and trousers are quickly discarded and a soft lounging robe takes their place. Let me warn you that too much luxury tends to—the shoes? Oh, yes, they are taken off and slippers are fitted in their stead. A huge, over-stuffed chair, well padded with pillows is pulled before the fire and a single reading lamp is placed behind it. The last two remaining articles, namely, a smoking stand and a foot stool, are arranged within easy reach, and now all is in readiness.

* * *

The fire is throwing a warm glow that radiates solid comfort and contentment with every sputter of the blue tongued flames. How cozy, how utterly comfortable it all is. The storm that shrieks and swirls its

fury about the little house only serves to heighten the sense of warm security that seems to be a part of the room. From a shadowy corner, the radio pours forth its soft flood of golden voices. That old song, "My Buddy," its crooning melody, blending in perfect harmony is rendered thrice-sweet by the memories of other buddies in by-gone days.

Reading and eating pop-corn with now and then an occasional sip of ale or the munching of an apple, the early part of the evening is soon spent, and now the bottom of the kettle is in sight, the fire is burning low and it is time to lay aside the book and hold commune with your thoughts and your mood.

The light is turned out and the walls that a moment ago were adorned only in their coating of wall-paper, are now swarming with hosts of ghosts and hob-goblins that dance and sway in fantastic patterns before our startled eyes. The fire is a crater of glowing embers but lo it has changed to a picture frame, and now it has changed again and a face appears in the ruddy coals. Leaning back in the soft pillowed embrace of the chair, pipe in hand, we listen to the noises of the storm. To the wind as it sweeps in fitful gusts, shaking the window panes and expending its fury in whistling rage against the impregnable house. To the rain as it drones in a sleepy monotone on the tinned roof. To the noisy gurgling of a water-spout as it discharges its burden into the street. To the steady dripping patter of rain-drops falling on the sodden earth.

But all inside is warm and soft and desirable. I think it best for forewarn you, my students, against a destroyer of moods that is a frequent visitor to all moods of peace and contentment. It creeps upon its victims unawares and—Was that thunder? It must have been a passing car.

The fire is dying down and the dog, stretched at full length on the hearth, turns over and sighs in his sleep. The rain is droning on the roof and pattering against the window. The wind has died to a soft whisper. My soul is flooded with a wealth of warm, cozy, dreamy contentment. The voices on the radio are singing "The End of a Perfect Day."

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ACTIVITIES

(Continued from page 6)

whole of her two years, and her popularity is unquestioned.

Alice Cassatt in this one year, has proven wholly worthy of the honor voted her by the student body.

Miss Marie Kent was hostess to the Play-makers on the evening of March 13, at her home. After the business meeting a most entertaining program was presented. Miss Betty Guild gave an interesting talk concerning the recent sensation of Broadway, Mei-Lan-Fang, a Chinese actor. Miss Guild exhibited some pictures of the actor to illustrate her talk. A general discussion was held on Chinese dramatic customs and traditions. Miss Beth Nash was assigned the task of caring for, and adding to the Play-makers' scrap-book, which she willingly accepted. After the discussion Miss Jean Mair and Miss Lois Davis presented a clever walking rehearsal of a social comedy.

The last number on the evening's program was an exceedingly humorous situation involving three characters whose parts were played by Miss Colleen Cooper, Mr. Al Furen and Mr. Al Adcock. The presentation showed the result of careful rehearsing.

Delicious refreshments were served and the group was entertained with a few radio selections before adjourning.

FRESHMAN BRIDGE TEA

For weeks, Dick Holland or Jo Williams or—well—everyone, was talking about the bridge tea that the Freshmen were giving on March 1 at the Huntington Hotel. They made so much fuss about it, that I decided I had better go. I did and I was positively thrilled to pieces. I felt just like a tourist at a real party. I walked all around to see everyone, as it didn't cost any more and all of the girls looked so sweet. They wore picture hats, earrings, long "traily" dresses and just enough of this and not too much of that. I had to stop and just take a long breath, everything was so lovely.

There were so many people there, they couldn't take care of them at first. Then when everyone was settled, an afternoon of bridge was begun. It wasn't one of those painful parties where you just have to

keep track of trumps and everything else, but you could indulge in a bit of gossip now and then.

The punch and the prizes were lovely and everyone left in the best of humor. The Freshmen should be congratulated upon their ability as bridge tea hosts and hostesses.

Members of the Junior College enjoyed a theatre party and a dance in the mezzanine of the Florida Theatre after the show, a week ago last Friday. It was one of the most successful college affairs of the year and satisfied even the most skeptic.

The office recently finished an interesting project in attracting students to attend our institution. Letters were sent to the parents of all members of the graduating class of the High School, citing the advantages of the Junior College and quoting from numerous letters received from other colleges concerning the work done by former students of this institution. That is an excellent method by which the approach the parents; now, what about our becoming acquainted with the Seniors and giving them a little-first-hand knowledge on the things we do that would interest them? Let's think it over.

STATE'S PAGEANT

The weather man played a premature April-fool joke on St. Petersburg recently, almost causing the abandonment of the spectacular pageant in which a number of our husky stalwarts were to take part. We didn't realize what a bunch of gay Cabelleros we had until we viewed them in attendance to the Festival Queen. They looked quite handsome, which is nothing unusual. Miss Center was in charge of arranging the pageant insofar as the collegiate participants are concerned as this type of production falls under the jurisdiction also.

Our sympathy goes out to Carolyn Byrer who recently suffered the loss of her father, Harry M. Byrer. Carolyn came back to us after the funeral services in Pennsylvania and is still carrying on.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE GIRLS
BASKETBALL GAME

The much announced Freshman-Sophomore girls basketball game took place at the Girls Junior High Monday, Feb. 27, with a strong Freshman team and a little-practiced Sophomore team. A poor crowd attended but they made up what they lacked in numbers by the volume of noise and other forms of encouragement.

The Fighting Sophs and the Stalwart Freshmen came upon the floor fresh as daisies and with every outward show of confidence. The Sophs started off with a rush, ringing up two points early in the game and following them shortly with another well-earned two. Then there was a lull in the game when the ball zigzagged back and forth, demonstrating the excellent work of both teams' centers and guards. The Fighting Sophs then put on a spurt which netted them two more points and a free throw which Harris unerringly sunk, whereupon time was called for the general recuperation of both sides.

Play was resumed and the Freshmen came across with two points beautifully netted by Durham.

The second quarter started with another basket for the Freshmen by Durham, much to the mystification of the Soph guards. Then the Sophomores came across with some excellent play, netting two baskets, one by Boyle and one by Harris. Following this the Freshmen received another one skillfully donated by Walker, a very promising member of her class. The half ended at this point with both teams still on their feet, though rather groggy and worse for wear.

The third quarter began rather slowly, several substitutions having been made, but the Freshmen made basket after basket through the excellent play of their guards and the uncanny accuracy of their for-

wards... It seemed as though nothing could stop them although the Sophs tried their utmost... Harris scored again for the Sophs and Mary Byrd Harris stopped a terrible left to the chin, leaving the game at this point, and was followed shortly afterwards by Collett, who was forced out by blisters on her feet. Mair took Collett's place at center, playing a good game when the quarter ended... This quarter was a trifle longer than most because the timekeeper couldn't make himself heard.

The fourth and last quarter saw both teams with blood in their eyes bent upon victory, but the Freshmen scored consistently, Harris scoring once for the Sophs. The game ended with the knowledge that Freshman skill had downed a Fighting Sophomore team and only one regret was felt, that more of the student body did not see the game... Score: Freshmen 23; Sophomores 12.

| | Sophomores | Freshmen |
|-----------|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Forwards: | Harris Boyle | Durham Walker |
| Guards: | Frisbie McMullen | Hoover Chamberlain |
| Center: | Herman Collett | Childs Kelsey |

High point: Sophs, Harris 10; Freshmen, Durham 17.

Substitutions: C. Horning, Walker, Chamberlain, Guild, M. B. Harris, Mair, Work-izer.

The date of the long heralded marble tournament has been definitely set for the week following the production of "Twelfth Night," in order to allow the contestants a little time in which to practice. As yet no coaches have been chosen by either the Sophomores or Freshmen, but several candidates are under consideration. A strenuous session at marbles is expected for both teams prior to the tournament. The players will be chosen by elimination. The win-

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ODDESAYS

(Continued from page 4)

VOICES

(Dorothy Thorpe)

The wind gives strange voices to the trees. When a gentle wind is blowing, the leaves whisper secrets in soft tones. Sometimes they sing gentle lullabies to sleepless folk. As the wind rises, the trees are people preparing for the day. They speak carelessly, in hurried tones. When the storm wind blows, the leaves are like soldiers, shouting and singing on their way to battle. There is a crash of drums occasionally and now and then a lull when the fighters pause for an instant. Immediately they begin again, shouting louder than before. The crack of a gun is heard with the falling of a branch and many little warriors lie upon the ground, their voices stilled. Sometimes the wind gives the voice of the sea to the trees, and they talk the secrets of the deep water. There are always strange things to hear by walking near the trees in a wind.

OLYMPI-ANTICS

(Continued from page 13)

ning class will have its numerals inscribed on the imposing Robert B. Reed cup, resting in our trophy case. A number of stalwart warriors from each class are expected to compete for the honor of their year. Last year, the first tournament, the trophy went to the class of '29, the first class to graduate from the Junior College. Thus in passing they leave behind them foot-prints—that is, inscriptions, on the cup of time, or tournament, as the case happens to be.

TENNIS

With the close of the basketball season near at hand, the interest in tennis has greatly increased among the students in the College, and especially among the girls. There are some Freshman and Sophomore girls who have been practicing vigorously lately in the hope that each class may be able to form a team and compete with the other in singles and doubles matches. It is hoped also, that some matches with outside teams may be arranged. There are quite a few girls in the College who are good tennis

players, and with Faithe Harris, Helen Hoover, Ruth Walker and Betty Guild as a nucleus a first-rate team should be formed.

Harry Worrell and Sewall Welch, with the aid of other fellows not yet known, will represent the boys in any tournaments arranged. The Dean will probably be the leading figure on the faculty tennis program as he is an ardent fan in that form of sport.

BACKGROUNDS

(Continued from page 11)

Outside, the night is dismal. The wind and the driving rain all serve to make it the more dismal. But inside, all is warm and soft and desirable. Stretched on the hearth before the dying fire, a dog is lying, asleep. Nearby in a chair, well padded with pillows, a man is lounging; he is also asleep. From a shadowy corner, the radio pours forth the soft golden strains of the "Rosary."

SPRING CLEANING

The old building has been having a complete overhauling lately and is beginning to look years younger under the hands of our spring cleaners. The dome shines resplendant in a new coat of paint and the roof, miracle of miracles, has been fixed to resist even the terrific rain we had last Friday. Mr. Gager cannot become accustomed to the changed conditions; it does not feel natural to have such a downpour going on and still be dry in his room. After touching up the dome and the roof, the dirt eradicators started in on the windows. These were taken out bodily, leaving nothing but empty holes. They were repaired, the windows, not the holes, and re-inserted. During the process the building received quite as airing. This job is not quite completed, but thus far some of the windows look nice enough to construct new buildings around. We do not realize just how lucky we are to have a building of our own and even though we poke fun at it, we are all proud of it. Of the eighty-three Junior Colleges in the South few can boast of a separate and individual house of learning.

THE NEW FLAG POLE

The St. Petersburg Chapter of the Woman's Relief Corps was instrumental in obtaining a flag pole for the Junior College from which to fly the new flag that they had been wanting to present. The pole was officially inaugurated with a short formal exercise and a few words of appreciation by the Dean. To the tune of "America" the flag was hoisted by the presidents of the two classes, Mr. McCollough and Mr. Holland.

RINGS

The long expected rings are in and by the looks of them they are well worth waiting for. The Freshmen are to be congratulated on having chosen so attractive a design. The center of the ring bears an ancient seal and a Trojan head adorns both sides with the numerals beneath them. The rings are imposing enough to be the official sign of any institution and none would be ashamed to wear one anywhere.

Illness has been taking its toll of our number and we are sorry to have to be separated from some of our friends even for a short time. Ruth Childs has been out for awhile but we are glad to welcome her back again. Our Queen of May is ill at present but she is expected to be out in time to put in plenty of practice on the May Fete. We hope to have her with us soon. Our old classmate Al Edgerton has been forced out of school because of recent illness but we notice that he has been able to be up and around and hope that he will be quite well in a hurry.

O RARE BEN JOHNSON

Ben Johnson loved to wander in Westminster Abbey with his friend who was at the head of the Abbey. One day they happened to be discussing tombs and the friend laughingly asked:

"Where do you want to be buried, Ben?"

Johnson answered immediately: "I'd like to be buried here in the Abbey, but I couldn't afford more than one square foot."

Johnson was promised his "square foot" in Westminster, so when he died a good many years later his friend buried him standing up so that he could fill the limited space.

Prayers for the dead were forbidden in the cathedral but Johnson had implored his friend to write a prayer on his tomb stone. The friend was a clever man so he conceived the idea of breaking up the word "orare" meaning "to pray" into two syllables, so as to make it unrecognizable to the inspecting authorities. Now one can see, carved on the old poets block in the Abbey, the words, O Rare Ben Johnson, which literally means "Pray for Ben Johnson," although many people have thought that this inscription was a tribute to the rare art of Ben Johnson. When the friend died, though he was by no means distinguished in any way, the same inscription appeared on his own tomb. "O Rare,"—"Pray for my soul."

JUNIOR COLLEGE PRESS CONFERENCE

"The Highlander," an interesting paper published by the students of the Buncombe County Junior College, will be host to a press conference to which representatives from all the Junior Colleges in the South will be invited. This will be of interest to those who are anxious to see the Junior College plan of education obtain a fast hold in the country. Such a conference will tend to bring about organization of the 83 institutions in the South. St. Petersburg is unable to send representatives this year but copies of "The Wooden Horse" will be sent to North Carolina in order to reach there for the exhibition on April 4th and 5th. We wish "The Highlander" success in its undertaking.

DEBATING

The University of Florida is sending out one of its minor debating teams on a Florida tour in a couple of weeks on which they will debate against Stetson, Rollins and Southern. It is possible to have them here at the Junior College also for an invitational "no decision" affair if the students are willing to organize a team. It will require a great deal of time to prepare for the event and unless such time can be expended it is useless to consider the idea. The subject they are using deals with the United States and Disarmament.

Principles of Debating: Read, read much, read more.

TROJAN TOPICS *in* BRIEF

College Clubs:

The most entertaining—The Playmakers.
The most interesting—The Reviewers.
The hardest to make—Sci-Math.

We can lay claims to international prominence through the cartoonists who have obliged us with work from their pens. That is the advantage we have in attending an institution located in the "Mecca" of people who have reached the heights in their chosen professions.

The "irreproachable" Jones was caught in the act of holding a certain young lady's hand in the hall the other day. This matter really should be reported to the Honor Council, but—well, ain't love grand?

Will Miss Center's play be a success? We'll let you judge for yourself.

At a recent dress rehearsal Al Edgerton was seen to sneak up on Merle Patrick and give him a resounding kiss, much to the surprise of everyone, especially Pat and Al.

The World's Famous Lovers

Romeo and Juliet
Anthony and Cleopatra
Crabby and Jean
John Clark Hewitt.

Mrs. Holmes wants ten stalwart lads to act as courtiers in her May Fete, and they must be graceful. Men, beware of flatterers.

Now that we have three flag poles on the campus why doesn't someone get up in chapel and challenge somebody else to a flag pole sitting contest?

It's quite fitting that our president should crown the Queen of May. It's probably the only time he'll do so, and get away with it.

Rejuvenation: The Reeds and the Glissons playing on the lawn at the bridge tea.

Ruth Childs was elected attendant to the Queen but she is giving up the honor in order to present one of the dances for which she is noted. We admire your spirit, Ruth!

Marian Banks says she enjoys attending school here because everything is so realistic. The ceilings look almost as if the plaster was really missing in places; and the rain, why you couldn't tell it from the real thing, it's that life-like... Besides, she always wanted to be an exponent of the back to nature movement.

Why doesn't someone suggest to someone in authority that we dig up some of the broad expanse of cement in front of our steps and plant shrubs and flowers there? Something with our new flag pole as a center would be appropriate.

We missed Miss Brackett while she was in the hospital and we are glad to see her back in school, well and hearty. Now the French classes can settle down to their regular routine.

If the rest of the May Fetters follow the fashion set by the Queen and the leader of the nymphs the May Fete should be a "swell" affair.

Poor Bird!

Miss Porter: The early worm gets the bird.

Johnny Hewitt says the boys have advantage of the girls in the contest because when they take dates to the play they sell the tickets themselves. The girls can get even by buying their own tickets.

Striving for Better Service

¶ No industry spends more money in research and experimentation to improve service than the electrical industry. Electricity is manufactured at a power station. Not a day goes by but trained men devote hours of study to the problem of distributing electricity more efficiently and more economically.

¶ A large capital investment is necessary in the distribution system of your electrical company. But every day better service is achieved through the better service methods discovered and applied. The electrical industry does not stand still.



Building in Florida
for Florida

Your Electric
Company

first

—IN FACILITIES
—IN RESOURCES
—IN YEARS OF
SERVICE

*Tie up with a bank
as big as your future.
First National invites
Your Account*

Compliments
**American Bank and
Trust Company**

St. Petersburg, Florida

1st National Bank
of St. Petersburg, Florida
WITH TRUST DEPARTMENT