

WOODEN THE HORSE

Vol. 2

St. Petersburg, Florida

No. 1

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Junior College

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Our Honor System

WHEREAS: It is accepted that the students of the ST. PETERSBURG JUNIOR COLLEGE, having reached the status of college men and women, are capable of assuming the responsibility of self government and,

the STUDENTS and FACULTY of the ST. PETERSBURG JUNIOR COLLEGE believe the student body to be worthy of the trust placed in its hands:

THEREFORE, the following regulations have been adopted by the STUDENTS and FACULTY of the ST. PETERSBURG JUNIOR COLLEGE in regard to student government:

1. Students are to avoid all appearance of cheating on written examinations and are to seat themselves in a manner that is in accord with this rule.
2. The instructor shall be present or shall absent himself from the class according to his wishes, but while present he is not to act as a proctor, but as an adviser to the group taking the examination. Therefore the students shall adopt no moral code of their own in regard to the presence of an instructor in the room, but shall adhere strictly to the rules set down by themselves.
3. Each student is required to write in full the following pledge (bearing signature of student) at the end of each examination, or whenever required by the instructor: "I pledge my word of honor that I have neither given nor received aid on this examination."
4. Each student is honor bound to deport himself in a manner becoming to his responsibilities as an "ex-officio" member of the HONOR COUNCIL. Each student is honor bound to report to an active member of the honor council any laxity observed on the part of less honest students.

The observance of any violations of the above rules shall be reported to a member of the Honor Council for consideration by the said body.

The Honor Council shall consist of the following members: The president of the Sophomore Class who shall be president of the Council and student association; the president of the Freshman Class who shall be vice-president of the Council and student association; the treasurer of the Sophomore Class; the secretary of the Freshman Class; three members elected by the Sophomore Class and two members elected by the Freshman Class.

All cases of violations of the honor code shall be tried by the Honor Council and all, or a representative number, of the Faculty, in joint session. Warnings and punishment shall be meted out by the president of the Council from the decisions reached by the consulting body.

THE WOODEN HORSE

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

Josephine Williams.....Staff Editor
Marion L. Banks.....Associate Staff Editor
Ellen Thomas.....Literary Editor
George A. Wilson.....Business Manager
Gordon Reeves.....Ass't Business Manager

The "Wooden Horse" is not the inanimate, hand-hewed effigy its name suggests. It cannot be a hollow symbol, for its mysterious interior will always be crammed with interest and fused with soul.

The publication belongs to us, and in that very fact takes on the aspect of a cherished being. The magazine was first conceived among us; it is the child of our own thoughts and ambitions, as yet having no grandparents on whom to depend for reverence and tradition. That it becomes the independent, splendid success of our desires rests upon the execution of our duty as its guardians. To sustain its developing worth is to provide sufficiently for its financial requirements. It is, further, to correct and revise the inevitable faults kindly, with an aim toward improvement. Last, it is to wholeheartedly offer appreciation that it may grow in an environment of good will and confidence.

It is ours; let us support it.

Perhaps the least read-about and talked-of success story is that of Farmer Smith's two young calves who were tied together with a strong rope which was securely fastened at one end to a stake. Two pails of milk were set at opposite angles from the stake and for some time the calves see-sawed back and forth in an attempt to reach the bucket before the other had a chance. Finally after so many futile attempts, the two worn-out and

disgusted calves put their heads together and seriously talked the matter over. The little bird who afterward told this story to the Wooden Horse said he was not surprised to see them, a few minutes later, peacefully drinking from the pail on the right. When it contained no more, they both turned and lapped up the milk in the other bucket. "This," said the little bird, "is Cow-Operation," and the Wooden Horse nodded his pleased assent.

The staff wish to remind the students of the importance of whole-hearted co-operation in all of the college activities. It is especially necessary in a school of this size if definite aims are to be realized during the year. It is obvious that constant see-sawing between groups or the lagging behind of individuals will not make for a well-rounded year of activity. So, let's every one "cow-operate" and pull together to make this year the biggest and most outstanding in the history of the college.

Even a little college can have a big spirit and that statement applies to us.

We are a little school and we have a big spirit, so let's show it! School Spirit is not merely a burst of enthusiasm over football, it is a consistent buoyancy which is present behind all school activities—the thing that turns attempt into achievement. We're a bunch of red-blooded young Americans—let's put all of that youth and red-bloodedness together and put vim, vigor, and vivacity back of everything we do; for we're going to do big things in a big way . . . aren't we?

Just as the Wooden Horse of classic fame contained the greatest and cleverest Spartans, and was in itself the result of their combined efforts, so it is with the "Wooden Horse" of St. Petersburg Junior College.

To the business staff consisting of Manager George Wilson, whose fame from high school days is still remembered, and such able assistants as Gordon Reeves, Dick Wiersteiner, Jean Campbell, Carolyn West, Dorothy Touart, Adelle Way and Walter Hanson, we owe our gratitude for making the magazine possible.

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RAT-A-TAT-TAT

(Message to the most high, incited by sheer orneryness of the slave mass.)

To use the quaint vernacular, this being a rat is not the thing it was cracked up to be. Despite lurid descriptions of a rat's state of being which include every crawl-in-the-dust adjective to be concocted, we gaze askance upon ourselves, for we are happy.

Perhaps our hearts are not in the right place; subjectiveness is new to us. Yet there still remains a thump-thumpity-thump beneath the left lung to be accelerated by the simple word "college." Our souls we cannot call our own. Still, why should we? They are completely wrapped in the new events; that they be owned by the upper caste of this revered seat of learning was of our doing; we long ago bound ourselves in gladness to the school.

Unjust accusation and arrest did not tear our affections asunder, illusionments concerning the most high were never present to be painfully seared and mangled. We have known the inner character of these now elevated patriarchs since the days when we fashioned mud pies together and kept rats for pets.

It affords us great pleasure, that, in the face of much opposition, we do not even resemble the "Mus rattae." Our heads are carried high in anticipation, no shifty eyes here. Long, snake-like tails are conspicuously missing, the sensitive whiskers indicative of fear and misgiving have not yet begun to sprout.

We, as menial servants, victims of a down-trodden existence, stubbornly continue to feel elation, a joyous experience fused and confused with classes and classmates. We cannot possibly find place in our emotions for rancour. Surely, if rats we must be, we are white rats, kings of the species!

—MARIAN MAY, '32.

AND PRESTO—ANCIENT TROY APPEARS!

You say that dreams are empty visions—fleeting fantasies that vanish with the dawn? Whether they are that, or conscious fabrications for the subtlest literary purposes, I shall tell you of the dream that came to me one cozy night when, wearied even by Virgil's fascinating story of the Trojan War, I had fallen into a brief and fitful slumber. What a fanciful creation is the human mind, for lo, no sooner did I sleep than I beheld the walls of Junior College crashing to the ground, while forth from their foundations stood frescoed columns, majestic citadels, splendid palaces and mighty walls without which stood none other object than the fateful Wooden Horse! Indeed I could be viewing none but the topless towers of Troy—far-famed scene of the most glamorous of mythic conflicts.

Eager to behold in person the demigods and heroes who inhabited the ancient city, I made my way towards the Scaean gates to perceive with much astonishment the familiar faces of my former classmates clustered about in merry talkative groups as I had so often seen them at the portals of my alma mater. All of these erstwhile students were conducting themselves with poise and dignity save only Speedy Hewitt, who was showering himself with disgrace by constantly tripping over his long voluminous toga.

Passing from the famous threshold I made my way into the largest of the palaces to perceive no lesser personage than our venerated Dean Reed changed into the hoary Priam, while about him were gathered his fifty sons and fifty daughters resembling in some intangible way as many former students. He appeared to be giving a lesson on the history of the illustrious Trojan race, while near by, instructing another group in the chemical composition of some water from the river Styx, stood none

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"MUSE"-INGS

PROBLEM IN DUALITY

I spend my days determining the how and why of two times two,
And why as human beings we behave the way we do;

The process biological—evolution's span,
The origin and early growth of prehistoric man;

Why guinea pigs are so prolific,
What is, and is not scientific.

By day, I am as civilized as is considered retrospect

But O, the Night produces quite a different effect!

The moon, cold, ashen, dead, by day—becomes Diana, silver-clad,

To my relief. While from Olympus jealous Juno eyes with annoyance each dryad Her 'curly-fronted' Jupiter winks down upon from out the East.

Weird pipings prick the listening dark—Pan summoning his nymphs to feast.

Why should I by day pretend?
I shall be pagan to the end!

I guard my nightly friends from knowledge of my sacreligious day,
And take precaution, lest to Science, I my phantasies betray.

Imagine my humiliation, were my treacherous tongue to speak:

"The earth revolves about Apollo"—anticipation leaves me weak!

But worse, if Apollo discovers me Engrossed in my geology!

—ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

STORM

Black pines swaying in the white sheet of rain—

Blur of a street light through the torrent—Sudden lightning—silver rents in a dull grey heaven—

Black and white and grey; and the steady sound of it—

Storm.

—MARION L. BANKS, '31.

THE ETCHING

I saw an etching in the sky,
The moon against a pine—
A blue-white jewel of splendor
With a radiance divine.

O'er all the darkened landscape
It cast its silvery sheen,
A glamorous haze of beauty
With a sense of peace serene.

—MARTHA HENRY, '32.

A PUZZLE

Up through the ages from time most remote
Enigmas have troubled the mortal man's mind;

Pop Adam was puzzled by woman, no doubt;
Young Plato by Socratic questions, we find.

Einstein by limitless space was bewildered;
Newton and Paris by fall of an apple;
And I, humble student, am deeply perplexed;

The purpose of algebra I cannot grapple.

Who 'though they study, the midnight oil burn up,
Could ever extract the square root of a turnip?

Who, 'though they cogitate rather than slumber,
Could possibly cube the most cubic cucumber?

Only one thing I have gained from the course,
The steadfast assurance that it would be fine,

In choosing a tombstone for bold Mussolini,
To bury him under a radical sign.

Even pie retains none of its former delight;
A mystical symbol has usurped its name;
Confound the old Arabs, I owe them this plight;

May murderous malice their memory maim!

—HE WHO FLUNKETH.

HEIGH HO! YEIGH BO! Good Times are Coming So Cheer Up!!

ALMA MATER SONG

St. Petersburg to Thee!
In Truth and Loyalty,
We wave our colors brave on high
And fling them out across the sky.
Proudly our voices raise
Anthems of loving praise,
Long may they ring
The while we sing
Of Alma Mater days.

When college days are o'er
Think of the joys of yore,
Let loyal hearts thine honor be
Thy praise the lives that mirror thee.
Then may we stand anew
Inspired by love so true,
Strengthened and cheered
By bonds endeared
In Alma Mater days.

Loyalty Song

Fling out that dear old flag of white and blue,

We are your sons and daughters faithful to you,

Your ideals bright before us,

Your standard o'er us,

Loud ring the chorus,

Here's to St. Pete!

To win you fame throughout our sunny land,

For truth and honor and for learning we stand,

And unto thee we pledge our heart and hand

In never-failing Loyalty.

See the ball go around the end,
Good-by ole (Rollins) good-by.

It's loaded down with Trojan men,
Good-by ole (Rollins) good-by.

By, by ole (Rollins),

By, by ole (Rollins),

Good-by ole (Rollins), good-by.

Old St. Pete Forever

Old St. Pete forever,
We're here today,

Ready for battle,

Eager for the fray.

We are always willing

To fight for you;

Here's to the VARSITY,

The white and blue.

The Way of the Blue and White

Hail to the Blue and White,
Our standard so bright.

It will lead us on to victory!
Every man do or die,

Ring out the old war cry,
Rally to the call, boys,

Fight! Fight! Fight!

Yea, fight for the Blue and White,
Fight with all your might.

Bring our Alma Mater Victory!

On, Trojans, never give in,

Our colors must win,

For that's the way of the Blue and White.

S-s-t Boom St. Pete!!!

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! St. Pete, St. Pete!

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! St. Pete, St. Pete!

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! St. Pete, St. Pete!

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! St. Pete, yea!

Who's gonna win! win!

Who's gonna win! win!

Who's gonna win! win! NOW?

We're gonna win! win!

We're gonna win! win!

We're gonna win! win! HOW?

By rough, tough, hard, game

Football.

Sock 'em in the wish-bone!

Sock 'em in the jaw!

Send 'em to the cemetery—

Haw! Haw! Haw!

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

NEW STUDENTS

It is a recognized fact that certain old students have already found out more about certain new students than we reporters have, but to the college as a whole may we introduce: Mary Hinkle from Niles, Michigan. Mary is Connie Crawford's old high school chum, and it was Connie who persuaded her to come to St. Petersburg. Great things are expected from Mary when basketball season begins.

Mary Frances Hubert is that striking brunette whom Sheldon Lindsey persuaded to come to Junior College. If you've been fortunate enough to hear Mary say "Howdy," you will have guessed that she hails from Georgia.

And then there's that naive blonde—may we say?—who is usually seen with—well, most any one of twenty-five boys. Mary Elizabeth Campen, popularly known as "Biddie," attended Salem College in North Carolina last year. Ask "Biddie" how she enjoyed the Lakeland trip.

We are most fortunate in having with us Martha Tippey, who for the last two years has studied at Marion College in Indiana. Martha's beautiful soprano voice has been practically a nucleus for our college radio broadcasts. She is ever ready and willing to co-operate with the school.

From Tarpon Springs comes Carolyn West, the girl with those gorgeous brown eyes. Carolyn was president of her class last year, and her ability to make friends has already impressed the Junior College.

With such talented and congenial new students the social as well as the academic phase of our college life should be materially enhanced.

FACULTY

Our faculty has already proved their worth, and we do not feel that we need any introduction to this congenial body of intelligentsia.

Captain Lynch, our president, is a big

man with a big mind. We like his sincerity and consistency.

Dean Reed does not devote himself exclusively to prosaic intellectual pursuits. It is rumored that this revered instructor has been seen frequenting such a common haunt as the Civic Diamond Ball Stadium. However, the Dean does not allow his sportive instinct to interfere with his physical well-being, for he always departs at 10 o'clock. It may be that he learned this habit while in Princeton in order to take advantage of his beauty sleep.

Mrs. Marguerite Blocker Holmes is not only a peppy rooter for the Trojans but likewise for "dear old England" where she spent 'appy 'ours during the past two summers. She has a method all her own for leading chapel singing, but it brings results.

Atley Tilghman Glisson is unanimously acclaimed the handsomest teacher in St. Pete and its outlying districts. We are of the opinion that this bears directly upon the popularity of Spanish among the Freshmen. ? No es verdad?

Vera Dumas has pledged her life to the spread of education. She delights in studying at Chicago when she is not busy teaching Junior College girls how to teach. By her blue Ford you will know her, for they are inseparable.

Walter E. Ervin, A. M. (Columbia) is only the beginning of the story. Has he ever told you about the good old days he spent in Colorado, California, Indiana, Kentucky, North Dakota, New York, and the rest of the forty-eight states? What a mine of experiences . . . and stories! But best of all he likes to tell of the days when football was really slaughter for the player. It wasn't so long ago since he was a hero on the gridiron.

Miss Porter is proof that "precious articles come in small packages." She has a decided weakness for poetry and book reviews, which probably accounts for the fact

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OLYMPIANTICS



SOUTHERN GAME

In the opening game of the season the Trojans journeyed over to Lakeland and nosed out the Baby Moccasins of Southern College 13-12. After scoring both their touchdowns in the first half the Trojans found themselves on the defensive throughout most of the last period, trying to preserve their early lead. Their success was due as much to luck as anything. A pass by Southern, which would have tied the score, was incomplete by the narrowest of margins.

Getting off to an early lead, the Davis-coached machine looked impressive and seemed destined to win in a walk. Morrison's short punt early in the game was fumbled and recovered by the Trojans. A march down the field followed and was culminated in the first Trojan score of the year when Johnny Danielson went around right end for a touchdown, from the 10-yard line. Ross kicked goal.

In the second quarter a pass, Morrison to Danielson, placed the ball in a scoring position. Two more passes from Morrison to Winner resulted in another touchdown.

Southern scored in the third quarter. After recovering a fumble deep in Trojan territory a couple of passes from Melton to Swindel gave Southern their first score of the game.

Their other touchdown came in the last minute of the game. They recovered another fumble and carried the ball to the 6-yard line with first down and goal to go. On the fourth attempt, Swindel went over and the score was 13-12. The pass from

Melton to Swindel was incomplete by inches and the game ended soon after the next kick-off.

WORK-OUTS

Football surely would be a fine game, and someone could make himself tremendously wealthy, if he could figure out a way to play the game without the necessity of daily practice. People pay their money to see twenty-two well trained, young giants,

prance out on a gridiron and go through a succession of events, known as football. It is a colorful sight and well worth the money.

But how do they get "well trained" anyhow? Well, that part of it is not colorful! But let me tell you some more about it.

In the first place you report for practice and the coach says, "All right, boys, two laps to get up a sweat." That's about 4 o'clock and as a matter of fact you can just about sit in the shade and sweat when he says it. Then—

"Hurry up, you guys, and prance out on a gridiron and go through a success of events known as football. It is a colorful sight and well worth the money.

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(Continued on Page Twelve)

TROJAN FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

October 25—Rollins Varsity at Winter Park.

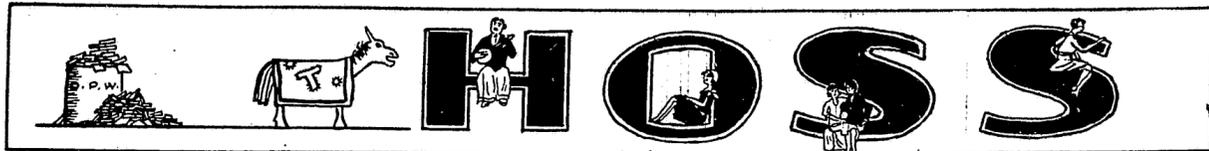
November 1—Stetson Varsity at St. Petersburg.

November 8—Augusta Junior College (Augusta, Georgia) at St. Petersburg.

November 15—Rollins Frosh at St. Petersburg.

November 27—Southern Varsity at St. Petersburg.

There may be other games, but the arrangements have not been completed as yet.



Miss West (in chemistry lab.): "What do you want?"

Cal Shelton: "My bottle."

Jimmy McClure: "Well, Doctor, how am I?"

Doctor: "Your foot is still a bit swollen, but that doesn't disturb me."

Jimmy: "I understand, Doc, if your foot was swollen it wouldn't disturb me either."

Father: "What happens to little boys who tell stories?"

Son: "They're kept in after school."

Father: "And what happens when they grow up?"

Son: "They're kept late at the office."

Miss Porter: "What do we call a lady who keeps on talking and talking when people are no longer interested?"

Bill McIntyre: "A teacher."

Ben Green: "You know that excuse you told me to tell Mr. Ervin when I come late?"

Charlie Sands: "Yes, I said it was a sure fire excuse. Wasn't it?"

Green: "It was. He sure fired me!"

Soph: "Did you know that a man with a cold wasn't a man?"

Fresh: "Well, what is he?"

Soph: "He is a little hoarse."

M. Banks: "In my family we are very romantic—in fact my sister died of love."

Jo Williams: "Of love?"

Marion: "Yes, her fiance shot her."

Visitor: "My word, I'm thirsty."

Photographer: "Do you want a large or small picture?"

Doc Merrill: "A small one, Sir."

Photographer: "Then please close your mouth."

Scrub: "Is the captain double jointed, sir?"

Coach: "No, why?"

Scrub: "I just broke his leg, then."

Mrs. Holmes: "Correct this sentence—Before any damage could be done, the fire was put out by the voluntary fire department!"

Speedy Hewitt: "The fire was put out before any damage could be done by the voluntary fire department."

Ned West: "Quick, Doctor, do something! I was playing a mouth organ and swallowed it!"

Doctor: "Keep calm, and be thankful you were not playing the piano."

Bob Cary approached Jimmy McClure saying: "Hello, pal, lend me a nickle, will ya? I want to call a friend."

Jimmy: "Here's a dime—call up all your friends."

Prospective Employer: "Have you any knowledge of the silk and satin department?"

Matty Morrison: "Spent all my life among them, sir."

Employer: "And sheets and blankets?"

Matty: "Born among them, sir."

He: "Every morning you are my first thought."

She: "Your roommate tells me the same thing."

He: "Oh, but I get up an hour before he does."

We know that most of the boys are in training, but when we note their domestic appearance in chemistry aprons we wonder just who they are in training for.

There is a crying need for typists for the Wooden Horse. One of the editors was actually found crying in the stall one afternoon over this sad lack. Volunteers please!

Heard at the Hallowe'en Party

"I'll tell your fortune, Dick," said the gypsy.

"How much?"

Ten cents."

Correct."



THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST IT
"Now let's see. Your name is—?"
"John Gingery, a hunnert and thoity pounds."

She was only an optician's daughter—two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.

Ben Green (in library): "What'cha lookin' for?"

Ida Smith: "Adam Bede."
Ben: "Maybe it rolled under the table."

Erwin: "Is it true that wine is made from dandelions?"

Ross: "From all I gather, Sir."

A letter from Al Capone says he knows a dry spell is coming on. He feels it in his joints.

She: "Am I the first girl you have ever kissed?"

Gingery: "Now that you mention it, you do look familiar."

Erwin: "When water becomes ice, what is the greatest change that takes place?"

Danielson: "The price, Sir."

Nealy (arrested for speeding): "But your honor, I am a college boy."

Judge: "Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody."

Ben Green: "Have you ever been in a railway accident?"

Charlie Sands: "Yes, once. I was in a train and as we went through a tunnel I kissed the father instead of the daughter."

The Jury Grunted

A young lawyer, pleading his first case, had been retained by a farmer to prosecute a claim against a railroad for killing twenty-four hogs. He wanted to impress the jury with the magnitude of the damage.

"Twenty-four hogs, gentlemen, twenty-four—twice the number of you there are in the jury box."—Loyola Ho-Hum.

LIFE IN JUNIOR COLLEGE SOCIETY
(By J. CONRAD DANIELSON)

Ben Green spent a brief, delightful vacation in the North this summer, returning at the end of sixty dollars.

The Sophomore girls recently gave a tea for the benefit of the Freshmen girls and the neighborhood for several blocks around.

Ruth Childs gave a bridge tea for Helen Hoover, yesterday, because Helen gave one for her last week. The Playoff will be held next Thursday.

John Cornelius Gingery hasn't been heard from since 11:45 this morning.

Mr. Guild and his daughter Betty, will sail on the Olympic Saturday if anybody else calls him Mr. Geld.

The editors of the Wooden Horse gave a welcoming party to the staff of the magazine. Ruth Walker served oats to fifteen guests in one of the stalls.

Mr. Shelton de Lindsay, who spent the summer hunting in Africa, spent most of Sunday morning looking for a collar button. Mr. de Lindsay says one of his most exciting escapades was the shooting of a white polar bear in the tropical wilds. Upon examination, this bear was found to be anemic—one of those rich bears that come south for its health.

Martha Oxford announces a dinner dance for her friends next Friday, followed by a Hallowe'en Bridge on the 31 of October and a beach pajama party on July 4th. Her 1931 schedule is still incomplete.

Nurse—Another patient for you, doctor—a victim of congestion.

Doctor—Of the lungs?

Nurse—No, of the traffic.—Annapolis Log.

At all events, the correspondence school does leave its stamp.—Stamford Chaparral.

ODDESAYS

(Continued from Page Three)

other than our erudite Miss West, who had undergone only a slight metamorphosis into the stately and sapient *Minerva. Needless to say, Priam's children sat, as have we, in open mouthed astonishment at their instructor's knowledge, until hungry for her nectar and ambrosia, she soared through the air in the direction of Mt. Olympus and the dinner table. The place of Hygia, goddess of health, was taken by Miss Helen Lynch, who had been summoned from Olympus to assist in reducing the contour of Cupid—ah, you've guessed it—Mr. Ervin, who, at her instruction, was undergoing the most torturous of calisthenics through fear lest his excessive avoirdupois would not permit him to wield his bow with the accustomed deftness. Miss Porter had become ill-fated Cassandra, for no matter how often she admonished her pupils to please take fuller notes and thereby avert some vague impending disaster, they simply refused to believe a word of it.

Rumor had it that Miss Dumas' many flying trips from one school to another had warranted her transformation into the winged Mercury. She must have been sliding down a rainbow on some urgent errand for Jupiter, since she was nowhere to be seen.

Droopy Wilson, clad in most becoming toga, was busily selling each Trojan Mr. Gager's latest compilation, "Statistics on the Dead and Wounded of the Trojan War Carried to the Seventh Decimal Place." With Droopy's compelling personality behind them, volumes were selling like hot cakes.

About the hall could be seen our former genial M. de Villafranca in the guise of Aeneas, who, when embracing his wife on the darksome night of Troy's sad downfall, clasped only the empty air. Johnnie and Ruth I discovered in the guise of Hector and Andromache, while Paris and Helen were very much in evidence, Dick and Biddie having been transfigured into these immortal lovers. Helen Hoover, whose monthly revelations of grades had occasioned so much woe of old, had become grim Eris, goddess of discord!

*Homer was never more erroneous than when he declared this worthy pedagogue favored the Greeks.

The sight of this last fateful diety struck terror to my heart, so, making a hasty departure, I wandered once more outside Pergamean walls. There I beheld eleven stalwart Trojans engaged in an encounter with as many husky Spartans, Helenus, once Roy Winner, catching bloody javelins from out the air as he had once caught forward passes; while Venus, the most loyal of Trojan supporters, who still bore a marked resemblance to Mrs. Holmes, spurred them on to victory. Joining a group of Amazon maidens, staunch supporters of the Trojan cause, among whom I recognized such familiar faces as Elsie Shippey's, Ruth Walker's, and Ruth Childs', I burst into fifteen loud and boisterous raahs for the Trojans. And there was mother by my bedside warning me not to sleep so audibly but to please discontinue my nocturnal manifestations of school spirit until the morrow.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page Two)

No minor positions have as yet been assigned as the staff wishes to try out all newcomers. Contributors to the first edition are:

Margaret Good—Editorial, "Co-Operation," Faculty.

Shirley Holt—Clubs.

Ruth Childs—New Students, Over Trojan T-cups.

Calvert Shelton—Cheers.

John Gingery and Albert Adcock—Jokes.

Ben Green—Sports.

Marion Banks—Editorial, "School Spirit," "O Yeah!?"

Elizabeth Brockman—Alumni.

Johnny Danielson—Jokes, Miscellaneous.

Marion May—Editorial.

Betty Hammond—Activities.

Victoria Bedford—Wooden Horse Line-Up and Officers.

The speedy and accurate typists who will give their services in preparing copy are Marian Howland, Betty Hammond, Ruth Hamilton, Francis Miller, Madge Miller and Marion Clark.

We've always heard of "music while you eat" but Spanish while you eat is a new idea. (See cafeteria).

Oh Yeah!?

By UTOPIA TILLIE

For a while we were worried about Johnnie Gingery 'n his big reform—but only for a while. All worry ceased when he began "mama-talking" all the innocent little Freshman girls. (But why limit it to Freshmen?)

"Biddie" Campen (yes, she's a new girl—don't you think she's cute?) insists that the gulls at the pier either resent the insult inflicted upon the pigeons in the banishment of the "dead-eye" club or they just recognize Junior College students.

What more could we ask, girls? The halls (or rather the porches) are literally crowded with the male of the species. Moral: Make "Hey-Hey" while football season lasts!

Someone has suggested that we bequeath a pair of crutches to the school—just in case of emergency. We'd like to add a beach-chair.

Imagine borrowing a dollar from the dean! Doesn't that sound just like a freshman? (It was.)

Did you ever see so much studying around school? The library actually had to hang out a sign of "Standing Room Only."

Charlie Sands told me to be sure 'n put his name in the paper—I suppose the appropriate theme song would be, "I'd do anything for you."

"Due to the absence of an alarm clock the quartette scheduled for the Junior College radio program was changed into a trio."—Is that complimentary to Johnny?

What with this new rifle club starting up don't be surprised if you see students running around in bullet-proof vests. Safety first, you know . . . and what an excellent opportunity for some of them to remind us that they spent the summer in Chicago!

Speaking of football! We've in favor of having more games in Lakeland. Southern has such charming boys—and frat houses!

We haven't heard so much about "dear old England" this year. Maybe a European tour gives one a broader outlook.

What about these new girls? They seem to be "going over" in no uncertain fashion—in fact we're all jeal'!

Dick Holland informs us that he's doing the aerial work for the team this year—blowing up footballs.

Since the dome has been closed there hasn't been as much borrowing of money around school . . . (?)

"Droopy" Wilson vows and declares that he is going to slow down. (It's hard on the dean having to repeat chapel announcements.)

Have you noticed the attempt of certain boys around school to be unconcerned about their good looks? We may attribute this ambition to a remark dropped by Ruth Childs to the effect that the "eyes" have "it" (whose eyes?)

Do tell! There's jealousy among our dear professors! Mr. Ervin, upon glancing in Mr. Villafranca's first period class, was heard to remark, "Oh, what a cute little class!"

We seem to have several students of Parliamentary Law. I know you've heard them practising on the porch—"all in favor of this movement say I."

Oh, Gee! Here I am, rambling on and on about everything in general and nothing in particular when I've got to go and study. . .

—OH YEAH—! ?

OLYMPI-ANTICS

(Continued from Page Seven)

get your wind. Then report over to 'Big Bertha.' "Big Bertha," by the way is the 2-ton charging machine and a 15-minute engagement with it is another step toward complete "punch-goofiness." While you are recuperating from the effects of that you are hitting your old 200-pound friend, John J. Dummy, a few licks.

"Well that's not so bad, so we'll go down under a few punts," says "The Man," in a very cordial tone. "You backs go down there and receive punts and block,—hey, get away from that water faucet,—and you linemen go down and let me see you make some tackles!"

Maybe for a "breather" you get some forward pass offense and defense practice. Then 5 or 6 miles of signal drill and a light scrimmage only a hour and a half long.

"That's all for today, boys. A couple of fast laps and be on time for practice tomorrow."

DOC BEATTY

Few students have ever heard of one of the most valuable cogs in the whole Trojan grid machine. He is Dr. Dale C. Beatty, the genial osteopath, who takes the "kinks" and "charley-horses" out of ailing gridmen. "Doc," as he is known to the boys, is always willing and anxious to do all he can to keep the players in shape.

This is the fourth year "Doc" has taken care of the "ailing," and every boy on the squad extends his heartiest appreciation for the services rendered.

MANAGERS

Being assistant manager of any football team is like being a fireman on a locomotive—you have a chance for advancement and that's about the only ray of light in the whole thing. Yes, taken from any angle, it's a pretty thankless job.

I could list any number of tasks which confront assistant managers. Some of you would read them and blush. Others would laugh. Therefore, I will confine myself to the more conventional duties of our two assistant managers, Bill Hibbs and Bill Miller.

Both boys are hard workers, and that is a necessary characteristic rather than one to be desired. Cleaning out the dressing room daily is merely routine. Carrying the 200-pound tackling dummy to and from its "mooring mast," lugging a big bag of head-gears in and out, and taking care of the hundred and one wants of the players are a few of the things which confront the assistant m-g-r-s daily. Of course there are many others. One especially, a very pleasant experience which the boys will enjoy just before each home game, is that of lining off the field.

But as the novelists say, in the face of almost unsurmountable odds, both Bills go about their tasks with a smile and really deserve much credit for their work.

CAPTAINS

Coach Clair A. Davis, new Trojan mentor, has inaugurated the policy, this year, of electing a captain before each game. This method should prove to be both popular and successful as it has a great many advantages.

Sheldon "Knut" Lindsey, the 150-pound dynamo of the Trojan line, was chosen to lead the team against the Southern Freshmen in the season opener. His fighting spirit and inspiring leadership were important factors in our 13-12 victory over the Baby Mocs.

"Knut" is a veteran for the Blue and White. He has already captained one Trojan team. Last year he attended Stetson University and was recognized as one of the most aggressive linemen on the Freshman team. We are glad to have "Knut" back with us this year and wish to congratulate him upon the honor of leading the Trojans in their opening battle.

Clement Coss, the "Doughnut King," was chosen captain for the game with Rollins. Clement is playing his second year of football for the Trojans. He was captain of the strong high school eleven of 1926 and led them through a tough schedule with only a 3-0 defeat at the hands of Hillsboro to mar their record. Coss is one of the most outstanding linemen in college circles in Florida today, and no finer leader could have been selected for the engagement with the Tars.

WHO'S WHO 'N WHAT'S WHAT

(Continued from Page Six)

that she was made the ambitious head of the Reviewers' Club, the leading literary club of the school.

Frances L. West is not only efficient in the science laboratory but is equally skilled in domestic art. From a very reliable source we learned that she makes marvelous divinity, that fairly melts in the mouth. She knows the old adage, "the way to a man's heart . . ."

William A. Gager is more familiarly known to the collegians as Pop because of his interest in us. Like a good father he never advises—he only suggests. He is perhaps the youngest man in the county with such a large family.

Miss Center has made a name for herself in the realm of Dramatic Art. Her play productions are almost professional in every way and the characters take pleasure in acting under her direction, which is a splendid recommendation. We have missed her this year but are eagerly looking forward to having her with us the second semester. You Freshmen have something in store for you if you have never met this celebrated personage.

J. Francisco de Villafranca, M. A. (Yale) is being given a "warm welcome" in the Junior College. This is Mr. Villafranca's first year with us, but already we claim him as one of our own. We are wondering what became of the pictures he snapped at the picnic, especially those of the faculty doing their favorite stride into the camera. We suggest that they be screened for the entertainment of the student body. Mr. Villafranca has had a rich background of experiences, and he is willing to repeat them in any language that you prefer. Don't ask for all at one time, however.

Mr. L. A. Herr and Mrs. Gertrude Cobb Miller really belong to us too, though we see them less often. The high school has some strings on them so that they are forced to divide their time, but they are always on hand when we need their help.

Miss Helen Lynch is the answer to why Junior College girls stay young. They have to be "playful" to pass the course. She is a graduate of Florida State College for Women, with an A. B. degree.

There you have them all—a hard working

group. We love them even if they won't agree with us that "All work and no play makes 'Jack' and lots of it!"

JUNIOR COLLEGE PICNIC

The term "College Activities" or as the Freshmen call it "College Life" is something new and amazingly interesting to these beginning students, who wander around the halls with a bewildered expression on their faces.

The Junior College may be a comparatively new school, but it has its ideals and traditions upon which to base the fundamental characteristics of the school. As in the previous years, the Junior College picnic was a huge success. It was given by the Sophomores in honor of the Freshmen and was entered into with such a spirit of informality and good fellowship that everyone, including the "Freshie" enjoyed himself to the fullest extent. Madeira Beach was the scene of this jollity which took place on September 26.

Ruth Walker and Calvert Shelton were in charge of the games, the two most fascinating of which were egg throwing contests and a tug-o-war. Happily, the latter contest required all entrants to be boys attired in bathing suits. The Freshmen were overwhelmingly victorious in the first game, but it is a difficult matter to determine the outcome of the second game, which was held after supper. It is needless to say that many boys took an unexpected swim at the finish of this egg throwing contest . . . (of course, just for recreation and the necessity of exercise!) An interesting sidelight was the taking of moving pictures by Monsieur de Villafranca.

The committee in charge of the picnic supper was very efficient and due to Elsie Shippey's careful management and supervision no one went home hungry. During the supper, Dick Holland, spokesman of the Sophomore class, gave a welcoming address to the new students, while James A. McClure, Jr., responded in behalf of the Freshmen class.

A dance at the casino was the climax of the successful day at Madeira. Even our dear professors enjoyed the dancing, proving that our college is just one big happy family!

COLLEGE TEA

The "Little Sister" tea was given by the Sophomore girls in honor of the Freshmen girls on October 10, and was a well-planned social function.

The girls strolled into the spacious and beautifully decorated hall of the Princess Martha Hotel, anywhere from 4:30 to 5:30, although it was scheduled to start at 5:00 o'clock sharp. (But did you ever see a woman on time?)

The program, in charge of Miss Ruth Walker, was interesting and well received by the audience. Mr. Dickie Barnes opened it with a piano selection, and was followed by Mr. John Shewman who sang two popular numbers. Petite Jean Campbell sang a semi-classical ballad. They were both accompanied by Mrs. Miller. Miss Pauline Rowe gave two readings which were clever take-offs on the "Sweet young thing."

The faculty, (ladies only, of course) were smartly dressed and many favorable comments were heard about them, such as "Who is that girl in the chiffon? Is she a Sophomore?"

"What? The girl sitting beside Miss Dumas? Why, that is Mrs. Holmes, the English teacher at college!"

With this startling reply, the guilty Freshman simply wilted. Oh, well! Mistakes are made.

The refreshments were served immediately after the program, although a few timid souls hesitated to get in line for the buffet service. Sandwiches, dainty cakes, and tea constituted the delicious menu.

It was close to 7:00 o'clock when the last guests departed, taking with them the memory of a lovely tea, and leaving behind them the Sophomore committees, who were grateful for the fact that another successful "Little Sister" tea was over.

CLASS OFFICERS

The college is pleased with the selection of the officers of the Freshman and Sophomore classes. The faculty and student body feel assured of a successful year with such capable leaders at the helm.

Richard Holland, the president of the Sophomore class and manager of the football team, is one of the busiest boys in school.

Helen Hoover, our peppy brunette and

vice-president of the Sophomore class, will continue her good work this year.

Marion Banks, the art editor of last year's Annual, has been elected secretary of the Sophomore class. Calvert Shelton who holds an exceptional record in scholarship and athletics, is the newly elected treasurer.

Of the Freshman class, James Alexander McClure was chosen as president. Jimmy was president of the A. A. last year and was one of the most well known boys in S. P. H. S. His cheery smile and nonchalant air always win him a place in the sun.

George "Droopy" Wilson, business manager of the Wooden Horse and that spry little person with good looking ties that always has something to do is the vice-president of the class.

Joan Beazley is the secretary of the Freshmen. She is an honor student in English as well as other subjects so we know Joan will hold her own.

James Hendry, the treasurer of the class, is also treasurer of the Spanish Club and one of our "peppy Trojans."

Automatically the president of the Sophomore class becomes president of the Honor Council. By the same reasoning the president of the Freshman class becomes vice-president, the secretary of the Freshman class, secretary, and the treasurer of the Sophomore class, becomes the treasurer of the Honor Council.

THE SCHOOL CLUBS

The Junior College has four very interesting clubs, three of which are open to everyone while the fourth, the Sci-Math Club, is for those who have received honor-roll grades in a science or a math. The other clubs are The Reviewers, The Poetry Guild and The Playmakers.

The Playmakers Club is for those who are interested in dramatics. At their meetings they produce plays and have sketches or readings. It is from this group that the cast for the Shakespearean play is chosen. Miss Center is its adviser but until her return in February, Miss Murray, from the high school, will take her place. Eligibility is judged from try-outs presented before the club.

The members of the Poetry Guild make up the poets of the school. They read and discuss poetry both current and classical

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Our Question and Answer Box Concerning Alumni

Question: Where are the Sophs of yesterday?

Answer: Gone but not forgotten, scattered to the four winds of heaven, and so on.

Question: What became of Ed McCollough?

Answer: He is at Ohio State University, continuing his studies.

Question: Don't be so dignified! What about Crabby Cook?

Answer: He is at Southern College; so are Harry Worrell and Al Furen. (But doesn't it look funny to see Jeanne by herself?)

Question: Oh, this is terrible! What about those nice Horning girls from California?

Answer: What do you suppose? They've gone back to California, to LaVerne College.

Question: Dear, dear! And Marie Kent? And Mary Byrd Harris? Have they gone away, too?

Answer: Alas, 'tis too true. Marie Kent is at the University of Toronto and Mary Byrd Harris is at Mississippi State College for Women.

Question: Didn't anyone stay in Florida?

Answer: Oh, yes indeed. Mildred Kaniss,

for instance, is at the Florida State College for Women. Shapiro Weiss, Sam Green, Ed Fisher and Earl Curry are carrying on at the University of Florida. (By the way, have you heard Pat? He's playing over the radio with Banzai Currie's orchestra.) And Rollins has stolen all our football men! Peter Stoner, Roy Klett, and Frank Hodgkinson are there. Lois Jane Davis went there too, though of course she doesn't play football.

Question: Is that all?

Answer: Oh, yes, I nearly forgot our rising young teachers. Several of them are teaching right here in St. Petersburg. Virginia Banks is at Roser Park—

Question: What, Virginia teaching already? I can hardly imagine her being a dignified pedagogue.

Answer: Well she is, and I hear she's making good at it, too. Then there's Fainthe Harris at West Central, and Virginia Cliver right next door to us, at Central Grammar, and Edythe McKim at Euclid, and several others, too; but I haven't time to tell you any more now.

Question: Wait a minute! Where's—?

But the oracle has departed, perhaps to gobble a hasty lunch at the cafeteria.

WHO'S WHO 'N WHAT'S WHAT

(Continued from Page Fourteen)

and even boast that they sometimes write their own. Mrs. Holmes is its sponsor.

The Reviewers are interested in current literature. They have reviews and resume's of the latest books given at their meetings and keep well informed on contemporary books and authors. They are ably guided by Miss Porter.

The Sci-Math Club is open first semester to those who have made a grade of 83 or above in science or 90 in math; second semester the required grades are 85 in

club consists of talks on either of the two subjects by authorities, and in stunts, tricks and various entertainment by the members or their sponsors, Mr. Gager and Miss West.

A new club which is being organized by Mr. Villafranca and Mr. Glisson is a Spanish-French club. There will be programs in both languages and other forms of entertainment.

All of the clubs have interesting programs and are well worth the students' time. They have monthly meetings at the homes of the members or at the school and enjoy refreshments and socials after the

Over the Trojan "T" Cups

We hear the Wooden horse has at last found a stall. We might call it a barn, but then S. P. J. C. isn't really that bad.

The Sophomore can but notice the unusual emptiness of the cars parked around school. This year the love element seems sadly lacking; that is, compared with last year's showing. Perhaps the boys are all in training.

Mr. Gager, in extolling the safety of his classroom to newcomers who survey its walls with doubtful eye, assures them that there is practically no danger of being hit on the head with falling plaster.

We feel that Cal will make a good treasurer because he is so interested in Banks.

Girls, Girls!

And then we have the football heroes tall, dark and handsome: Johnny Danielson and Charlie Sands. But then they're "back numbers," you know—20 and 19, respectively.

Scotch?

At last we have a parallel for the story of the tourist who ordered a cup of hot water, and then added some ketchup to make his own soup. Some of our own dear football boys actually had the audacity to order glasses of water at the pier, and then, with some limes and cubes of sugar left over from the Lakeland game, they made their own limeade. Such economy deserves admiration!

Mr. Glisson is bemoaning the fact that since he joined the married ranks, the percentage of girls in his classes has steadily decreased. Mr. de Villafranca seems to have taken this evidence as a precious hint, for he readily verifies the rumor that he is a temporary bachelor—the result being that one of his classes is made up entirely of the fairer sex.

Perhaps the greatest tragedy in Junior College history was the painting of the front pillars. All the names that had been immortalized there were submerged in oblivion. Those aspiring to fame will now have to seek other means to this end. Why doesn't someone engrave his name on the bulletin board?

Mystery

Although Freshmen aren't usually sagacious enough to "read the handwriting on the wall," more than a few are inquiring about the inscriptions they have discovered here and there exalting the virtues of the mysterious "Utopia Tech."

Seen at the Freshman Tea

The debonair John Shewman, with all the nonchalance of Murad I, indulging in a dainty sandwich, a sweetened wafer, and a cup of tea.

News comes that Miss Center is home again. Huge things are expected of the second semester speech classes as Miss Center says she is feeling better than she has for years; in fact 120 pounds are to her credit.

Mrs. Whipple: "Daughters need discipline now-a-days."

Mrs. Walker: "They certainly do. Why only last night I had to put Ruth to bed without breakfast."

You'd better be careful about making remarks on the porch. It is our duty to warn you that anything you say may be held against you. The Wooden Horse always hangs one ear out the window.

And then there's our brand-new Freshman, Margaret Abbot. Margaret has adopted Junior College as a remedy for a bad case of homesickness contracted at Tallahassee. Now we wonder just what the attraction here can be!



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