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# THE WOODEN HORSE

Vol. 2

St. Petersburg, Florida

No. 2



## THANKSGIVING ISSUE



St. Petersburg  
Junior College Library

November 27, 1930

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something or other should take this fol-  
lowing advice: "To avoid trouble and insure  
safety, breathe through your nose. It keeps  
your mouth shut.""It's better to be alone than in bad com-  
pany." All of which means that you should  
leave the other fellow alone. You are prob-  
ably bad company for him.You test the genuineness of a coin by  
ringing it down upon some hard substance.  
Sooner or later the metal of your character  
will be thrown down  
upon the hard stone of  
adversity."I had rather excel in  
knowledge of what is  
good than in the ex-  
tent of my power and  
dominion."—Alexander.Woman is a great  
fact in the world of  
today. And facts are  
stubborn things.All things come to  
the other fellow if you  
will only sit down and  
wait.It is good news to  
the proverbial "broke"  
college student that,  
"The chief end of exist-  
ence is not to make a  
living but to make a  
life."Here is some sound philosophical advice  
for Freshmen, and also Sophomores, who  
are struggling to master tough subjects:

"A moment lost is gone forever."

"Without work, no amount of talent, no  
amount of influence will carry a man very  
far in this world."

"Can all your can'ts."

From the columns of the Wooden Horse  
of November, 1929, we take the following  
suggestion. "With the conclusion of foot-  
ball interest in the college there will be a  
demand for other activities to hold our at-  
tention. Why not scholasticism?"The spirit of the college is admirably  
expressed in these four words: "Finish  
what you begin."Those of Scotch descent will be sorry to  
learn that, "Money talks, but it never gives  
itself away."Take courage, men, "Women are meant to  
be loved, not to be understood."

—Oscar Wilde.

Some people have a habit of always tak-  
ing off their hats with profound respect  
whenever they venture  
to speak of themselves.  
(Which is, incidentally,  
quite often.) Self-re-  
spect is to be commen-  
ded but it should not  
be carried too far. We  
should express a little  
more respect for others  
and keep the expres-  
sion of self-respect to  
ourselves.Let's all be consoled.  
Someone is probably  
thankful for the fact  
that you exist. Mark  
Twain says, "Let us be  
thankful for the fools.  
But for them the rest  
of us could not suc-  
ceed."According to scien-  
tific reports from Mex-ico, one of the ancient tablets lately un-  
earthed there, had inscribed upon it the  
following: "Briendenwathenlot construdar  
ellosoder plaubraumustrabod medalundauf  
soltalinora deallawillingmutgurum." This  
means, "Brevity is the soul of wit."There are always those who enjoy making  
unpleasant remarks about others. A great  
deal of embarrassment and many misun-  
derstandings would be avoided if these re-  
marks were made directly to the persons  
concerned. These persons will either verify  
the remark or consign it (and you too) to  
a region of another temperature.**Horse Sense**"The first and best victory is  
to conquer self; to be conquered  
by self is of all things the most  
shameful and vile."—Plato."An obstinate man does not  
hold opinions, but they hold  
him."—Pope."If you don't believe in co-  
operation watch what happens  
to a wagon when one wheel  
comes off.""Be courteous to all, but in-  
timate with few; true friend-  
ship is a plant of slow growth."  
—George Washington.



# THE WOODEN HORSE

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Al Adcock.

## EDITORIALS

The Wooden Horse wishes to commend the students upon the attitude they have taken toward study this year. We feel that everyone has been making an honest effort to succeed in whatever course he has elected and we would like to urge each one to continue in this endeavor. After all, we get out of a thing just what we put into it, and the seemingly long hours of study will be more than amply repaid by the knowledge thus gained. An education means more to a person than knowledge, however. It gives one a sense of security—a feeling that he is mentally prepared to meet the world and is able to face and overcome its problems. It gives him background, a strong foundation upon which to build his future. We can't live just for the present—the future must be considered, so why not equip yourself now while the opportunity presents itself? If you haven't been studying as much as you should, remember "better late than never"; if you are doing your best, keep it up.

## THE SUCCESS OF OUR HONOR SYSTEM

The Honor System has been in existence here since the inception of our college, and has produced excellent results. It embodies all the ideals of right-thinking students. It trains the students to lead upright, conscientious and trustworthy lives, both in college and in later years. It builds up school spirit, student morale, and school morale.

The Honor System has functioned perfectly so far this year; and the Council seats have been occupied only in name, because there have been no cases to consider nor any punishment to mete out.

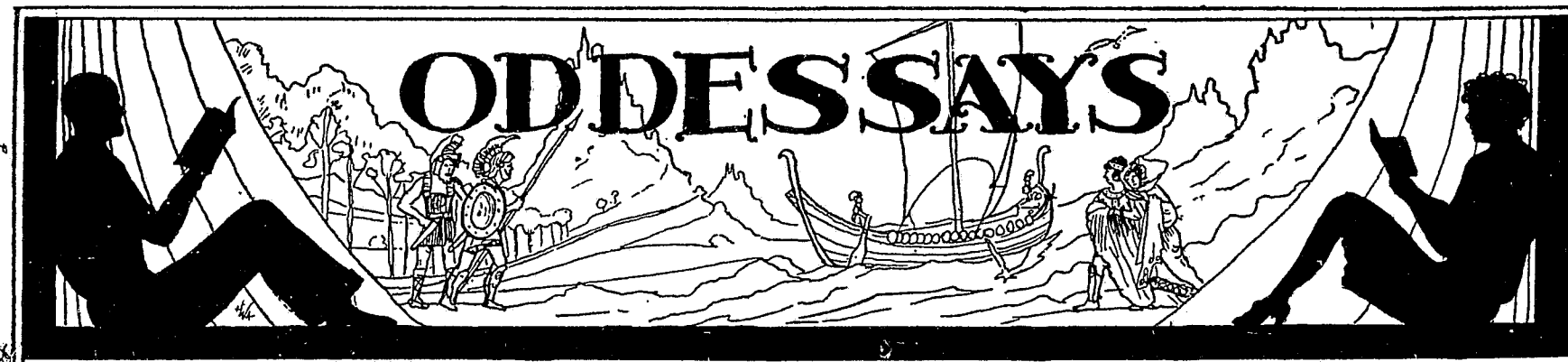
The old saying, "Things are not so bad but that they could be worse," still holds true. We all do a certain amount of grumbling and complaining; but, after all, we are not so bad off. A good dose of Thanksgiving once a year does all of us a lot of good; it makes us realize how much we have to be thankful for.

The person who ought to celebrate a quarterly Thanksgiving Day, rather than an annual one, is just the person that the day doesn't mean anything to and who can always find something to grumble about.

We have some "football pessimists" around school now. Next time you see one (they're easily recognized) ask him how many tickets he sold or how many games he attended. What if the team, because they hadn't won the game the week before, said that they weren't going to try any longer? What would happen then? In the same way, how about the student who says that he cannot sell any tickets and isn't going to try? One's as bad as the other. What if things don't look as bright as they might, don't grumble until you have at least tried to help matters.

We can be thankful that our losses were no greater and you can be thankful that the Wooden Horse doesn't avail itself of more opportunities to lecture.

An old friend appears on the scene! The Wooden Horse, a proud remnant of his former self, entered the Armistice Day parade gallantly borne on the shoulders of the mob (isn't that what they say in novels?) and determinedly waving his poor little tail.



## OUR ULTRA UPPERCLASSMEN

For some unknown reason in the worthy institution of St. Petersburg Junior College, the strange notion has been spread abroad that a Sophomore is an object of great veneration; and, stranger still, the statement seems to have been accepted without the slightest doubt or inquiry. Can it be that the lives of our revered upperclassmen are entirely devoid of blot or stain? Is it true that in the past they have maintained the stolid dignity which so well befits them now? Lest Dame Rumor should lift the curtain in far less open manner it seems fitting to divulge the truth as the culprits themselves confess it. Ah, what darksome secrets have been brought to light through the medium of autobiography!

Let us begin with no less prominent a personage than Connie Crawford, who, though she herself seems to have lived a model life, includes in her autobiography one notable disclosure as to the lack of dignity of her sister Hilda. Casting modesty and propriety to the four winds, our staid and sober Sophomore, then a maiden of four summers, rolled out of the upper berth of the Pullman car while returning from a visit to Ann Arbor. 'Tis rumored that her mother, saddened in experience, to this day pins her in.

Woods Beckman's teachers, at least, will have no difficulty in believing that Woods seemed to have been a rather loud, bad baby, the distress and mortification of five nurses in the short space of three years. This dangerous Cupid unburdens his conscience in his autobiography by admitting that he once "shot an arrow into the air" which narrowly missed proving fatal.

"The day of my brother's birthday," Woods divulges, "he received a bow and arrow which I promptly acquired. I had been reading about William Tell, so I decided that I, too, could be a sharpshooter. I backed a guest of the party up to the nearest tree and proceeded to see how near

I could come to her head. Standing about five feet away I pulled the arrow and let fly. As I had not allowed for the slight deflection, the arrow hit the poor girl squarely between the eyes. For that skillful bit of archery I got a sound spanking, was put to bed and received not one bite of birthday 'eats.'"

Even demure and girlish Marion Banks confesses to a most undignified childhood:

"We climbed barbed wire fences, played 'cops and burglars,' walked the rafters in new houses, and even resorted to war-whoops now and then for amusement. Among my accomplishments I finally learned to shoot a bee-bee gun with the best of them, to ride a 'bike,' and to play ball as well as the boys. Oh! those happy-go-lucky days . . . the joy of being a tomboy!" That—from Marion!

Ellen Thomas also confesses to the blackest of stains making most damaging disclosures of past misbehavior at camp:

"It was most appropriate," she writes, "that I should have been placed in the cabin 'Cyclone Center.' There lived six of us, a group of young whirlwinds, up every night after taps, putting frogs in the bed of a counsellor who had excited our wrath, shooting fireworks at midnight, soaking our counsellor with a pail of water ingeniously tilted over the door, and in general driving the head counsellor well nigh unto distraction. The doctor did a rushing business one night after the six of us had purloined from the kitchen a watermelon and a carton containing ten packages of cream cheese." Gourmands as well—these Sophomores!

Ruth Childs tells us quite openly how she averted the sad fate of being graced with the name of "Spring" by arriving a day after this glorious season had been ushered in. "This must have had some additional significance," Ruth mournfully adds, "for it seems that I have been a day late ever since."

(Continued on Page 14)

## "MUSE"-INGS

### A TRIBUTE TO T. GOBBLER

Emblem of Thanksgiving Day,  
A rotund mass of feathers,  
Puffed and ruffled, camouflage  
For solid weight, and coupled  
With a gulping "Gobble, gobble"  
Turkey Gobbler, title both  
Of bird and man, to symbolize  
Thanksgiving.  
Incense of the giblet gravy,  
parsley-topped, and  
Yams in syrup, breathes about a  
damask  
Altar, silver-set, with glowing fruit.  
Forth the standard from the oven,  
Browned in sacrificial fires,  
Set upon the table, steaming . . .  
Droning heartbeats muffled warmly  
With a drugged sense of well-being  
Throb in sleepy gratefulness  
To the Harvest-father, Mind,  
That puffed the turkey feathers  
And first taught the prophet voice  
To "Gobble, gobble, gobble."  
—Marion May.

### TO A CHAPEL SPEAKER

O, must I listen while you speak?  
Your words shall stir me not at all!  
My heart is racing with the wind  
And singing in the wild birds' call.  
I'm nodding with anemones  
And kneeling where the violets are,  
And long before your voice is still  
I shall lie sleeping on a star!  
—E. M. Robinson.

### TWILIGHT

After the sun's passionate death, World,  
Your sweet, sad twilight grieves  
Like a pale nun before her crucifix  
Without hope and awaiting darkness.  
—Janet Gerwig.

The roof feeling playful  
Tossed back the shower of the rain—  
A million bounding droplets  
Like the sparkle of champagne!  
—Marion Banks.

### A SERENADE

Last night there floated in to me  
On the silvery rays of the moon  
The song of a feathered cavalier,  
A lilting, warbling tune.

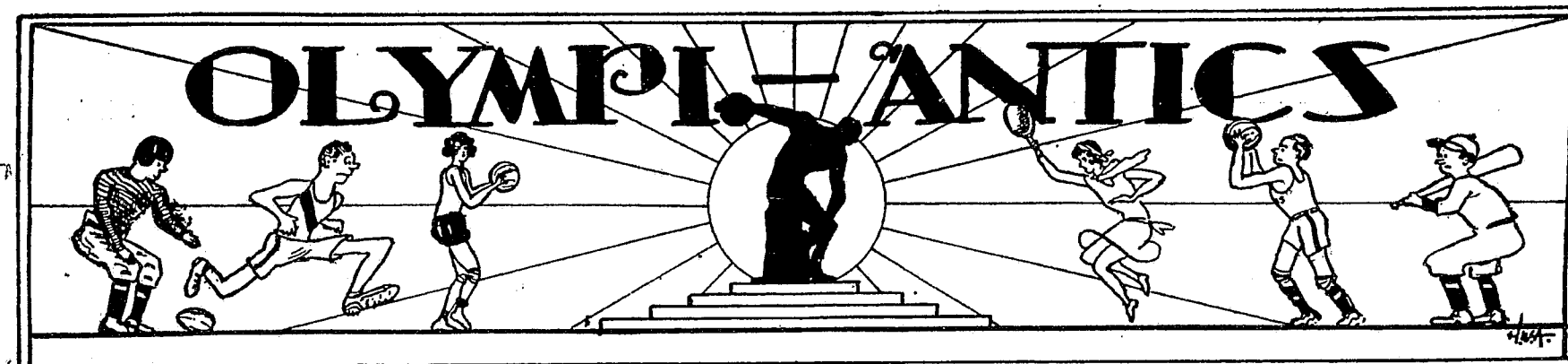
Gay charmer of the Southland,  
Wearing her gallant gray,  
What faery hand awakened thee  
And caused this lovely lay?  
—Martha Henry.

### DE ORIGINE

(The editors do not necessarily agree  
with the sentiments published in this  
column.)

Anthropoids, monkeys and men; I sing,  
Anemones, earthworms, and slimy things;  
I sing these low creatures to mournfully  
state  
That they're our progenitors—so is the ape!  
For through some strange process, O woeful  
reflection,  
Is'lation, mutation, or natural selection,  
Through avian, reptile, amphibian stages,  
In steady progression we marched through  
the ages;  
Up from the smallest of humble sea-  
creatures  
From one-celled amoeba. Alas, poor  
preachers,  
No longer can they quite wrongly believe  
That we are descended from Adam and Eve;  
Good Adam, though object of much adula-  
tion,  
Was never the product of separate creation.  
I'm 'reft of illusions, steeped in remorse.  
Biology now has its place in my course!  
Only one thing my cerebrum can't grapple  
Just why I possess such a huge adam's  
apple;  
But here's a solution that's doubtlessly  
true—  
The monkeys have eaten forbidden fruit too!

Forgive the worried editor,  
If, needing just four lines,  
She bores you with nonsensical  
And unpoetic rimes.



On Thanksgiving, the Trojans meet the Southern Freshmen instead of the Southern Varsity as had been originally scheduled. The Blue and White warriors expect to end a disastrous season by a glorious victory since they already have a close victory over the Baby Moccasins and now have a much improved team after the experience of encountering several major teams.

After opening the season with a victory over Southern Freshmen yearlings the Junior College Trojans played the strong Rollins Varsity team, members of the S. I. A. A., a team much out of the class of the Trojans who easily defeated them 41 to 0 in a night game at Rollins. After this overwhelming defeat the battered Junior College team went down before the strong Stetson Hatters, rated as a team in Florida second only to the 'Gators, by a score of 58 to 0. Many players were injured in this battle, and in the game the following Saturday they met the Richmond Academy Cadets of Augusta, Georgia, with a much weakened line and were defeated by a score of 36 to 6.

November 15th, the Trojans tackled the strong Rollins "Baby Tars" and held them to a 7 to 0 score in the first half, but as a result of the other three disastrous engagements the players were unable to stand the strain and let the Rollins outfit score at will, with the final result of a 46 to 0 score in favor of the visiting team.

The Trojans have a second addition to their squad called the "Pony Reserve." Friday afternoon these "ponies" played the High School Red and Black team in a close and thrilling game. Both teams displayed much fight and promised to be future grid stars.

Since we feel that the boys who go out to practice every afternoon and have devoted a large per cent of their time to football deserve a great deal of credit, we present the complete line-up:

Center	Raborn and Coss
Guards	Lindsey, Weeks, Oliver, Red Miller, Merrill and Acklin.
Tackles	McIntyre, Presstman, Hibbs, Holland and Sauters.
Ends	Gingery, Winner, Walton, Carey, McClure and Billy Miller.
Quarterback	Hendry and West.
Halfback	Morrison, Greene, Sands, Shelton and Hinman.
Fullback	Hewitt and Danielson.

Managers: There has been a change in managers due to the fact that the old ones have joined the ranks of the gridiron aspirants. The new manager is Fred Sackett and his assistants are Ralph Bradbeer and Paul Kaniss.

### COACH DAVIS

Coach Clair A. Davis was born in Jamesville, Penn. Before entering college he spent four years at Prep School at Williamsport, Pa.; he then entered Dickinson College where he took up the study of law. He was a star halfback on the Dickinson eleven the year Dickinson had the strongest team of its history. After graduating from college he coached the Tyrone High School basket ball team, which took second place in the state. When the noise of the boom reached him he hurried south in the gold rush of '25. He returned to Penn. and on New Year's Eve made a New Year resolution by taking unto him a wife. He then came to St. Petersburg, passed his bar examination and immediately began practicing law. In 1928 he was elected county prosecuting attorney. This year we find Mr. Davis entering into a new field, namely, coach of St. Petersburg Junior College, because he particularly likes to be among the boys. The first year of coaching is always the hardest, but his efforts have been appreciated and whether we won or lost we thank him for his co-operation in helping us and hope to see him next year.



## CLUBS

### THE RIDING CLUB

The newly organized Junior College Riding Club held its initial rides on Friday and Saturday nights, November 7 and 8. The faculty sponsor, Marge Holmes, and the club president, Dave Shaw, accompanied both groups. The program was practically the same on the two nights. Leaving Cass' Riding Academy at 8 p. m. the groups rode to Maximo Point where they were welcomed with a cheery bonfire. After a picnic lunch of "puppies," cake and coffee numerous tricks and games were enjoyed, among them the appropriate game of "Horsefeathers." Although many of the riders hadn't ridden for years and years, everyone had a marvelous time. The next rides are planned for December 6 and 7 when the moon will again be bright.

### SCI-MATH

After a short meeting held after chapel on Friday, October 31, officers for the Sci-Math Club were elected and plans were made for the coming year. The officers are as follows: Calvert Shelton, president; Carlton Lingham, vice-president; Marion Banks, secretary; and Harold Schuh, treasurer.

The first regular meeting was held Monday, November 10, at the College. Two new members, Josephine Williams and Matty Morrison, were initiated. Believe it or not, our dignified editor claims that she was "scared to death." Mr. Morrison, apparently, was not in the least perturbed; in fact, his genius for being "all hands and feet" tended to make the initiation more difficult to the old members than for himself. And besides—but ask Dick Holland, he knows. Another candidate, Wesley Lawton, who was unable to be present on this occasion, will be initiated at the next meeting.

### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB

The first meeting of the Modern Language Club was held in the College auditorium, Wednesday, November 12, at 7:30 o'clock. This meeting was in charge of

the French department, Miss Ruth Childs acting as president.

The first feature to be presented was a skit "La Fonda Imperial," very ably acted by Elizabeth White, Ida Smith, and Johnny Danielson. Next a reading, "Little Batiste," was given in French dialect by Pauline Rowe. A vocal duet, "Solo Mio," given in Spanish by Jean Campbell and Betty Hammond, brought keen pleasure to the audience by a perfect blending of voices. The college comedian in person, Johnny Shewman, was next presented, proving himself an adept farmer by planting seeds on the platform and raising a full grown bunch of carrots. A song, "Simonde la Salade," accompanied these productive efforts.

Ann Manket delighted her audience with a Spanish dance, interpreted in a graceful and charming manner. Ruth Childs played on her silver-toned saxophone, Fannie Brice's character song "Mon Homme" with plenty of spirit and spice. "Au Clair de la Lune," a song by the French division, followed by a round "Frere Jacques" were especially amusing as final numbers.

One of the most interesting features of the evening was a talk by Miss Natalie Sterling, who brought to her hearers an outline of her recent trip abroad. From the minute she set foot on the deck of her steamer until she again set foot on American soil, she had the rapt attention of her audience. She took them from the famous city of Pompeii, through the different countries, to the Passion Play at Oberammergau. All of these side-lights and experiences among strange peoples in strange lands tended to make Miss Sterling's talk one of vital and lasting interest to her hearers.

### THE PLAY-MAKERS' CLUB

On November 6, 1930, all of the dramatic aspirants brought a highly entertaining two-hour program to the members of the Playmakers' Club. The meeting was formally opened by the president, Wesley Lawton, who introduced the acting adviser, Miss Emily Murray. Miss Murray greeted the club and reviewed many interesting plays which she had seen on the New York stage this summer. The rest of the meet-

(Continued on Page 10)

## Oh Yeah!?

By UTOPIA TILLIE

The matter having been given careful consideration, a decision has been reached regarding all these football boys who vow and declare that they keep training. They're either angels or, to use the gentle expression, prevaricators—and we're inclined to doubt the former.

Our idea of the statue of what's the use: A football player on an afternoon when practice is called off.

Picture of a tender-hearted person: Doris Post bewailing the fact that a poor bedraggled little puppy persisted in standing in the middle of the street in a lot of traffic.

Harlan Gregory claims that the dome would be a good place to get warm in on these chilly mornings. (Referring to the sun streaming through the windows of course!)

'N then we heard from Bradfield at the Oklahoma State College for Women. Can you imagine her in a girl's school with no boys around?

Yes, my dears, it's quite possible for the back row, especially of lit class, to be co-ed.

Ruth Dreher is really ambitious! Didn't you see the suit case she was lugging around one day? And Walker, looking very pale, was clinging desperately to an umbrella and praying for rain(?)

Side-light on Homecoming: Victoria informs us that turquoise, blue and black were the accepted colors for evening. (She wore turquoise blue.)

All of which brings us to the trip to Gainesville and the Monday after the weekend before. Those "whooped down" expressions didn't lie 'n there's lots more we could tell . . .

If you hear the disturbing jangle of an alarm clock while perusing your early morning studies don't take it as a hint. It's probably just the result of an L. H. L. initiation.

The accident to Charlie Sands' eye during one of the games caused no little concern among the members of the fairer sex. There must be a reason.

Something ought to be done about this: When the dean included in his lecture the fact that the Estates-General hadn't met for one-hundred-and-seventy-five years Johnny Gingery remarked that there must not have been many members left. (And they shoot men like Lincoln!)

We never thought we'd live to see it—the Ford we've been hearing so much about. Haven't you seen Cal, with that tender look in his eye, caressingly flick a speck of dust from the right fender?

It is quite easy to discover the "heart-throbs" in favor with the fair co-eds. Merely listen to their yells from the bleachers.

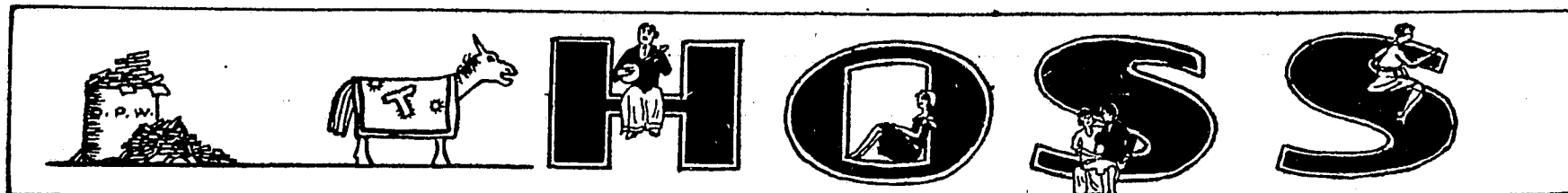
Having seen the adhesive tape patch which graced the seat of Dick Holland's football pants we think we understand what is meant by "clipping from the rear."

We've decided that Frank and Doris must be Siamese Twins since one has never been seen without the other.

Jimmy McClure, the proverbial Scotchman, always sings two little words instead of "Three Little Words."

Good heavens! I almost forgot to mention Mary Frances Hubert, better known as "Georgia"—don't you just love to hear her say—

"Oh yeah"?



Jim McClure: "What is this they're having in town—a chorus girls' convention?"  
Simeon W.: "Naw, chorus girls don't have any conventions."

Slogan 1898—"Remember the Maine."  
Slogan 1930—"Forget the Stein Song."

Tramp: "I've asked for money, I've begged for money and I've cried for money."

Lady: "Have you ever thought of working for it, my man?"

Tramp: "No, not yet, mum. You see, I'm going through the alphabet and I ain't got to 'w' yet."

Walter H: "What is your new brother's name?"

Ruth C.: "I don't know yet. We can't understand a word he says."

Farmer's Wife to Druggist: "Now be sure and write plain on them bottles which is for the horse and which is for my husband. I don't want nothin' to happen to that horse before the spring plowin'."

Customer (in drug store): "A mustard plaster."

Drug Clerk (force of habit): "We're out of mustard; how about mayonnaise?"

Anne M. (leaving college): "Good-bye, sir, I am indebted to you for all I know."

Dean: "Don't mention such a trifle."

Banks: You'll drive me out of my mind!

Beckman: That's no drive—that's a putt.

Mary F.: "How did you find the weather while you were away?"

Mrs. Holmes: "I just went outside and there it was."

Gene Raborn in chemistry class: "I couldn't get the first problem. I wish you would explain it."

Miss West: "Well, Gene, what did you do first?"

Gene: "I went to the next problem."

Mr. Reed: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"  
H. DeGroat: "At the bottom, I guess."

#### LIFE IN JUNIOR COLLEGE SOCIETY By Johnny Danielson

Miss Hilda Crawford was a bridge hostess for 10 guests at her home. (Miss Crawford plus ten guests, eleven players. Four into eleven, two. Ergo: Miss Crawford was a bridge hostess for eight players and three kibitzers.)

Harry Hewitt won a silver cup at a horse show this summer.

Elsie Shippey entertained some friends with several luncheons overboard her father's yacht, "Elsie Lee."

The Poetry Guild will meet next Wednesday. The speaker will be Mrs. McClintock and the listeners will be half asleep.

George A. Wilson, why does he talk all at once?

James Alexander McClure, Jr., enrolled in Junior College after returning from a boys' camp at Elkhead, Indiana, where he had been out of the way all summer.

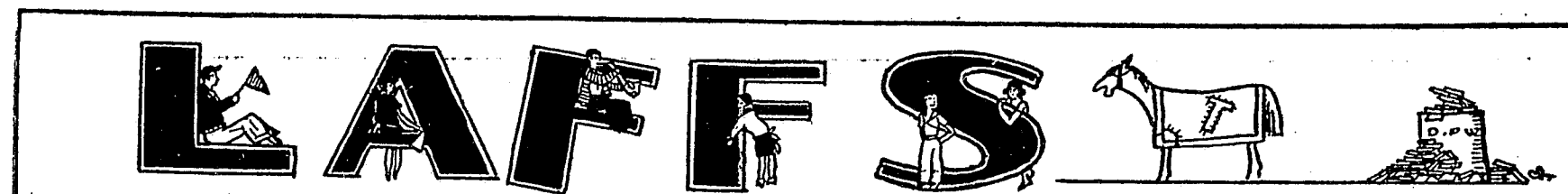
Woods Beckman is again playing golf at the Lakewood Estates Golf Course and is one of the hazards the greens committee ought to consider at their next meeting.

Joan Beazley, who gave a bridge tea Wednesday, dealt the sandwiches and ate the cards by mistake.

Marion Clark gave a picnic luncheon Tuesday for her friends from the college and a small party of ants from next door.

Dave Shaw was injured when thrown from his horse the other night. But that being his night off, the incident passed. Dave has been riding off and on like this for years. Miss Elizabeth White wanted to help Shaw but her foot was stuck in the sirrup. On the way back, Dave lost his horse's bit. (Lose another, Dave, and make it two bits you owe to Cass.)

(Note: Anyone who wants to criticize this column, send a stamped envelope to the editor who will be glad to steam the stamp off and use it.)



She: Don't you love driving on a night like this?

He: Yes, but I thought that I'd wait until I got out in the country a little further.

Knute Lindsey: Are ya familiar with Robert Burns?

Ruth Walker: Why, I'll slap your face.

Dean Reed (In history class): Who came after Queen Elizabeth?

Connie Crawford: Philip of Spain but she gave him the air.

Cal Shelton: Have you heard the last thing about Rudy Vallee?

J. Danielson: No, but I'd like to.

Coach (to a player who had just been seriously injured): Cheer up, son, there is another game next Saturday.

Stenographer: Your little girl wants to kiss you over the phone.

Busy Manager: Take the message. I'll get it from you later.

R. Bradbeer: My brother is working with five thousand men under him.

P. Kaniss: Where?

Bradbeer: He's mowing lawns at the cemetery.

They call her "tonsils" because they are always taking her out.

"Biddie" Campen: Did you make the debating team?

Droopy Wilson: N-n-n-no. They s-s-said I w-w-asn't t-t-t-tall enough.

Mrs. Hubert: Mary, come upstairs immediately.

Mary Frances: But I'm all wrapped up in my problem.

Mrs. Hubert: Tell Johnny to go home.

Dick Holland: How did you get in the habit of wearing a mustache?

Dick Wiersteiner: Oh, it just grew on me.

Mrs. Adcock: Well, Al, do you think your teacher likes you?

Al: I think so, Mother, because she puts a very big kiss on all my answers.

Thunderous roar from grandstand: We want a touchdown! We want a touchdown!  
Small voice: I want a sack of peanuts.

By the time the average college boy of today succeeds in accumulating the horsehide, the pigskin, the coonskin and the sheepskin, poor father hasn't much hide left either.

Ruth Dreher: I don't believe a person could be that fat.

Dick Touart: How fat?

Ruth: This paper says that an Englishwoman lost 2000 pounds.

Elsie S.: "I've been asked to get married lots of times."

Margaret G.: "Who asked you?"

Elsie: "Mother and Father."

Coss: Do you believe in clubs for women?  
Ross: Yes, if kindness fails.

Sands: "Why the black crepe on the door? Room mate dead?"

Greene: "That's not crepe; that's the room mate's towel."

Acklin: What! A man just hanged himself in your cellar? Did you cut him down?

Gingery: No. He wasn't dead yet.

Mr. Erwin: Well, well, the old alma mater looks just the same. They haven't even straightened that lamp post I bent when my buggy ran into it back in 1895.

Professor: Beg to differ with you but that's the thirty-second lamp post that has been there since you left.

McIntyre (on the stand): And then he backed into the fender.

Judge: Which fender?

Mac: The fender.



## Exchange Column

Exchanges have been received from: *The Southern*, Southern College, Lakeland, Florida; *The Flat Hat*, William & Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.; *The Trend*, Oklahoma College for Women, Chickasha, Okla.; *The Palmetto & Pine*, S. P. H. S., St. Petersburg, Fla.; *The Palm Leaf*, Aiken Open Air School, St. Petersburg, Fla.

The International Federation of University Women met in Prague this last July. Thirty-five countries were represented. The council of the International Federation of University Women will meet in April, 1931, at Wellesley College, Massachusetts. In April, 1931, the American Association of University Women will celebrate their fiftieth anniversary.

Enrollment in the University of Florida for the 1930-31 session is within eight of the twenty-two hundred mark. There are ten students from foreign countries and 142 students from other states.

On November 5th, the College of William and Mary revived an ancient custom by presenting to Governor John Garland Pollard of Virginia copies of original Latin verse. This ceremony took place in accordance with Article 17 of the ancient charter of the College of William and Mary, dated the eighth day of February in the fourth year of the reign of King William and Queen Mary (1693).

The Virginia Intercollegiate Press Association is holding its fourth annual convention at William and Mary College. This association was established in 1926, for a double purpose—the recognition of achievement in college journalistic circles, and the promotion of higher standards among college publications. Every college in Virginia is entitled to membership.

We wish the editor of the *Southern* success in his effort to revive the clubs and organizations of intellectual value.

## CLUBS

(Continued from Page 6.)

ing was devoted wholeheartedly to the membership tryouts.

"Overtones," a psychological, one-act play by Alice Gerstenberg, was effectively given by Dorothy Touart, Caroline Byers, Jean Campbell and Janet Gerwig. Pauline Rowe, a new student of the college, presented the dramatic Russian selection of "Pauline Pavlowa." A part of Ibsen's "Doll House" was interestingly interpreted by Joan Beazely and John Shewman. Then, in absolute contrast, Naomi Edwards impersonated an old maid from the country in a selection, "Waiting for the Train." "Young Fellow, My Lad," read by Eleanor Brown, carried the audience back to the days of the World War. Ann Manket gave her listeners an idea of a small boy's first "Kiss." Herbert DeGroat and Wilson Stevenson presented a tense situation in the "Brink of Silence." Betty Hammond, Hugh Overturf and Ralph Bradbeer did credit to the immensely difficult selection of the "Valiant."

## THE POETRY GUILD

The Poetry Guild has started the year's activities with two very interesting meetings. The first meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Marguerite Holmes, the faculty sponsor, on October 22, and many original poems were read by Elizabeth Robinson, Lora Kerr, Marian Banks, Martha Henry and Janet Gerwig.

The second meeting, held at the home of Ellen Thomas on November 19, was a general discussion of the members' favorite poets. During the social hour the hostess had a candle-lighted, birthday cake in honor of the sponsor. Plans were formed to make a systematic study of some prominent poets of the day. The first to be studied will be Marjorie Allen Seiffert.

## REVIEWERS' CLUB

"Go out Fourth Street South to the Lakewood school, turn right and it's the first house on the left. You can't miss it, for if you stop to think about it, you can't turn any other way." Many such instructions and maps were given to those who wished to go to the first meeting of the Reviewers' Club.

(Continued on page 14)

## TROJAN TALENT

### RADIO

Good afternoon! St. Petersburg Junior College speaking.

To the varied life of college has been added another feature, that of a radio hour over WSUN, every other Thursday at 4:30. So far we have presented four programs. The first, a semi-classical program, which included solos by Martha Tippey and John Shewman, a piano solo by Shirley Holt, and a reading by Elizabeth White.

The date of the next program happened to fall in the same week as that of the birthday of the Roman poet, Virgil. So in honor of this great writer of the Middle Ages, the students who had studied Virgil in high school presented a program. It included various speeches on his life, works, and contributions. Old Latin hymns offered a pleasing variety. Also an original poem in recognition of Virgil's greatness, by Ellen Thomas, was read by Ruth Childs. Katharine Rea concluded the presentation by Tennyson's "To Virgil." Others appearing were Marion Howland, Edna Hoffman and Jane Ray. This program was favorably commented on and pronounced by one person as the "best radio program he had heard this year." This person was in no way connected with the college.

Our third hour over the air introduced to the radio audience the college student body in an enthusiastic pep meeting, interspersed by talks by the coach, Mr. Davis, and the captains of the team for the first three games, Speedy Hewitt, Clement Coss and Sheldon Lindsey. This program was very well received and proved that the college hour had an audience that tuned in at every program.

Our last program was presented by the alumni of the college. The speaker of the afternoon, Dean Reed, talked on the "Record of Our Alumni." His remarks showed that, scholastically, the college stood very high and that the graduates of this institution were making a place for themselves in higher universities. There have been no

failures of S. P. J. C. graduates. Jimmy Robertson, first president of the student body, spoke on the Alumni Association of the Junior College. Miss La Rue Stinger, a former student who has a beautiful soprano voice, gave two vocal numbers. Dick Girardeau, who also studied at the Junior College, sang two old Irish airs. The program was concluded by two piano numbers played by Florence Beever.

Our next program, which will go on the air the Thursday after Thanksgiving, will be composed of selections by the college Glee Club. Following that the Wooden Horse will broadcast its half hour. Some time during the year the Spanish and French departments will each be given their turn to perform. The Playmakers will present a play a bit later, and we hope to hear from that college orchestra Mrs. Miller is so hopefully planning on. Of course there is much talent here in the college that has not been mentioned, but it will all be heard from sooner or later.

Our programs have been eagerly listened to in Tallahassee and Gainesville, especially by old S. P. H. S. graduates. Any of the students in the college who have no means of listening to the programs are welcome to come down to the station and hear them over the loud speaker there.

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Holmes, who has helped in such a "big way" to make our programs a success, also Dean Reed, who has co-operated in every way possible.

This is Elizabeth White speaking. Good afternoon.

I used to think I knew I knew,  
But now I must confess  
The more I know I know I know  
I know I know the less.—Exchange.

Either skirts are not so long as the style pages keep contending they are, or they're building the sidewalks lower.

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

### M. D.

The M. D., a fraternal club, has renewed its activities for the year and has given a beach party to entertain pledges. Many other activities are planned for the season. The officers of the club are Al Adcock, president; Sheldon Lindsey, vice-president; Dick Holland, secretary and treasurer. Those pledged are Cal Shelton, George A. Wilson, Ernest Acklin, James Alexander McClure, Jr., and Louis Hinman.

### HOMEcoming

Several Junior College students forsook the popular "study racket" of the college and migrated to Gainesville to enjoy the glorious event of Homecoming.

We understand that Marian Banks and Edythe Clarkson were the only two in the entire metropolis who had rooms to themselves, and how they got them! Banks says that in spite of the handicap (?) of having the boy friend in the orchestra, she enjoyed the dances immensely, especially the "F" club dance in the gym Saturday night—after that thrilling game!

Ask Edythe Clarkson if it rained! Of course she didn't admit it herself but the Wooden Horse heard that she nearly ruined her evening dress and slippers from running across a rain-drenched campus. "It was gorgeous, too!" someone adds (we suppose they were referring to the dress).

Biddie Campen was so excited that she fails to remember the name of the frat house in which she attended the lovely tea dance. Anyway, it matters little, for there were so many tea dances, that almost anyone might be it.

Victoria Bedford had a "perfectly wonderful time" every minute she was there, and who wouldn't when there were two football games, and twenty-three dances slated during Friday and Saturday.

Ethel Thompson claims she "did" seven

dances, and from the way she dragged around the next day we believe it.

Johnny Shewman apparently didn't lose his voice cheering for the fighting 'Gators. Ask him how many gates he crashed in the short time that he was there!

They all seemed to have a great time, in their own "big" way.

### L. H. L.

The L. H. L. Club at a recent meeting held an election of officers for the present year with Marian Banks as president; Helen Hoover, vice-president; Jeanne DeGuire, secretary; and Eleanor Whipple, treasurer.

The club members have been busy for the past few weeks with pledge parties. Ruth Dreher, Joan Beazley, Ruth Walker and Mary Elizabeth Campen were pledged at the last club meeting held November 13 at the home of Helen Hoover.

Active alumni members of the club include Mae Babington, Jane McClure, Virginia Banks, and Gene Collett.

Miss Claudia de Villafranca has recently arrived from Costa Rica to visit her brother Francisco de Villafranca, our new French professor. She likes it so well here that she wishes to stay. Miss Villafranca cannot speak a word of English but she is rapidly beginning to understand it. She has had some very interesting experiences, having spent much of her life in France and having traveled extensively in Europe. She is a former professor of French and Spanish at the Instituto de Alajuelo, Costa Rica. With such a background it seems very fitting that she should open the "Maison Francaise" and the "Casa Espanola," two new language schools for children. Her plans include arrangements to conduct the classes entirely in Spanish or French and to use songs, games, plays and nature study plans and everyday conversational drills to make up an interesting program.

### HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Orange and black streamers, dim lights, lanterns, gaudy and original costumes, provided the setting for the good time at the annual Hallowe'en party of the college.

After the usual "Hello," "Good Evening" or "What a cute costume," everyone sat down and was entertained by the following program:

A "Maurice Chevalier" of "Sweeping the Clouds Away" and "Having a Wonderful Time" by Pauline Rowe, who dressed and imitated Maurice so well that if he, himself, had heard her we would have said "Is that I, or am I someone else"; a Hula-Hula dance by Ruth Childs which would put Hawaii on any map; and movies of our actors and actresses taken by our famous camera man, Monsieur Villafranca. (Anyone who was not fortunate enough to see these pictures may, by asking Joan Beazley to say "ou" or Richard Holland to repeat his "Dance of the Merman" with the blonde mermaid Doris Post, get a good idea of what he missed). An enlightening spiritual session with the noted crystal gazers, Elsie Shippey and Shirley Holt closed the interesting program.

Two kind gypsies, namely Dorothy Touart and Janet Gerwig, willingly and thrillingly told fortunes and read palms for the curious.

The grand costume march came next. The judges, consisting of Mrs. Holmes, Mr. Glisson, and Mr. Villafranca, thought'n thought and finally a box of fudge went apparently to a made-up, short-shirted, silkstockinged creature right from "de Bowery," but Droopy Wilson ate the candy. No one knew the Shriners were having a convention, but one popped up with all the trimmings, including the Turk's cap and medals! We all wondered what a Shriner would do with a crocheted hanger for an evening dress, but Edna Hoffman knows.

Then came what the boys thought was the best part of the evening, the eats, properly called refreshments—ginger bread and punch.

The evening was concluded by dancing to music provided by an Orthophonic Victrola.

Yes it was loads of fun and credit should be given the following committees who worked hard to make the party a success!

General chairmen: Elsie Shippey and Ruth Childs.

Decorations: Eleanor Tyler and Joan Beazley.

Refreshments: Shirley Holt and Mary Frances Hubert.

Entertainment: Ruth Childs and Adelle Way.

On committees: Ellen Thomas, Margaret Good, Ida Smith, Ethel Thompson, Dorothy Touart, Victoria Bedford, Helen Hoover, Janet Gerwig and Pauline Rowe.

### HOOVER WINS AGAIN

We are proud of the fact that one of our students has received a great honor in the award of a scholarship to the New York Homeopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital. This scholarship was presented to Helen Hoover by the Southern Homeopathic Medical Association which held its annual convention in St. Petersburg. Helen has taken an active part in college life and is one of our most popular students. We are glad of her good fortune and hope that now she may achieve her ambition for a medical career.

And now we come to rings, of which there are several types, ranging from wedding rings to nose-rings. However, this is all about class rings. After due consideration and contemplation, much sales talk, and a few gray hairs on the part of their illustrious and dignified president, the Freshman class has at last ordered its rings. The rings themselves will never know what a bother they were nor the trouble they caused. They are of the same design as the rings the class of '31 so proudly wear, but of course, the Freshmen think them much better. The rings are to be obtained through Rogers and Waters' Jewelry Company.

Copied from the Prospector, Texas College of Mines: The Washington Post some time ago gave the following quotations from school examination papers in Baltimore, Md. If you were a teacher, how would you mark such answers?

"Typhoid fever is prevented by fascination."

"George Washington married Mary Curtis and in due time became the father of his country."



## ODESSAYS

(Continued from Page 3)

Ruth tells us that even her mother discloses the following testimony against her:

"According to words jotted down in my baby book in moments of enthusiasm I was the sweetest and cutest baby ever born. However, I am inclined to disregard these statements as my mother now tells me that I was a regular little rascal."

Shirley Holt did not attain young ladyhood without performing her share of childhood pranks. Shirley's father was a jurymen, and this young scapegrace, hearing her mother's statement that "Father would stay in the jury box tonight," jumped to a disastrous conclusion, for, as Shirley goes on to say, "nothing would do but for her to go to all the neighbors and tell them that her father was in jail! Mother spent

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the next day calling on the neighbors to explain the situation."

The first little boy who dated "Jo" Williams squandered his pennies on two movie tickets and then, determined to get his money's worth, used several seats for himself and his possessions, thus keeping "Jo" at a distance, and nobody else in between.

Ruth Walker remembers the chagrin she felt, when, at the age of two, she returned from a life abroad knowing only two languages, French and German, much to the disgust of her youthful associates. Thus spurred on, her early determination to master the English language has stood her in good stead, for she is now in a position to write her "Personal Experiences and Reactions During the Great War" without bothering to have them translated for her American public.

One of our Sophomore girls makes honest but startling revelations as to her unconventional youth. The following incident from babyhood really should be suppressed.

"On one of her daily rambles," writes the culprit, "whether the heat or what impulse prompted her, no one knows, but in the center of Main street, she calmly removed every stitch of clothing that she wore. And there she stood, adorned only in her golden curls, until Daddy came to the rescue. The next day and for some time thereafter she was tied to the back porch." But the stunt wasn't even original, Ida. Lady Godiva beat you to it by at least a thousand years.

So you see that the past reveals dark moments for even our lofty Sophomores. Be comforted, ye Freshmen, even the great have sown their wild oats!

## CLUBS

(Continued from page 10)

Club, held at Miss Porter's lovely home, on the evening of October 27.

Robert Hendry, an alumni, assisted by Ruth Childs, had charge of the meeting which was on Carl Sandburg. Marion Banks read a paper on the new poetry and Josephine Williams acted as chairman. Janet Gerwig read some of the "Rootabaga Stories" from Sandburg and everyone sang ballads from his "Songbag." Cider, candy and cookies were served at the conclusion.



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## Over the Trojan "T" Cups

Dean Reed would have us believe that Necker was one of the ministers of Louis XVI. Well, everyone has a right to his own opinion, you know.

Dick Holland confesses that the only time he ever saw the sun rise was one morning when he had to get up an hour early to wash a streak of lipstick off his shirt sleeve before going down to breakfast—said streak having been acquired when Dick heroically caught a young lady about to fall down a flight of stairs.

Sign in parade: "Two Years of College at Home"—sounds like an ad for a correspondence school, doesn't it?

We wonder if Jimmy McClure's remark in chapel about the Wooden Horse probably being the only horse that we could ever ride, had anything to do with the organizing of the Riding Club.

The front porch is the place where:  
Ben Greene auctions off big moments to little girls.  
Football boys bum cigarettes.  
Knowledge is dispersed without the aid of a text book.

Speaking of training, one of our Trojans was found guilty of keeping "Queen Victoria" out all night.

According to Senor Glisson, a man may choose either of two things: A wife, or a European tour. Girls, doesn't that simply slay you to have your rating compared to that of a European tour?

It is estimated that twenty per cent of the bruised shins in Junior College are the result of a player getting in his opponent's way; while eighty per cent are the result of a player leading his partner's weak suit.

There will be a meeting of the French Club just as soon as Pauline Rowe decides just which idiom she will use to call the meeting to order.

Things that we are told in chapel:  
That it is not necessary to be dressed to come to the Hallowe'en party.

That, in other words, Mr. Wilson wishes to announce that—

Members of the Modern Language Club conclusively proved their sagacity when they failed to be baffled by the eighth miracle as performed by John Shewman. After scattering and watering some carrot seed on the auditorium platform, Mr. Shewman lowered his hand and plucked a healthy bouquet of mature carrots from between the boards.

Miss Betty Hammond has several offers from radio stations in the North to remain in the South.

The greatest liar in history is the man who vowed that he had never seen a woman out of patience.

Whoever said that Johnny Gingery was the college wit was probably half right.

Monsieur Villafranca is our model for what the well-dressed professor will wear.

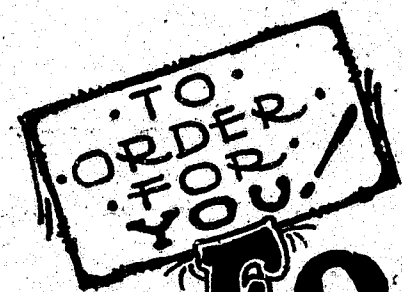
Do your words flit about you as nimble servants? NO? Then study carefully this little lesson on the art of nonchalant conversation.

For surprise: "Now ain't that some-thin'?"

For indifference: "Now ain't that some-thin'?"

For sarcasm: "Now ain't that some-thin'?"

And then, of course, the same formula may be employed to express any other possible mental reaction.



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