

The Wooden Horse
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FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1935

TAKING STOCK

It is wise in the course of living to pause at intervals to take stock of our situation. It helps us to clarify our problems and brings us to look on the future, if not more optimistically, at least more understandingly.

Human beings talk much more about what they need and want than about what they have. To use an over-worked phrase, we are reluctant to "count our blessings." We in S. P. J. C. are no exception to the rule.

We are continually voicing the need and the desire for better college spirit, a younger generation with a deeper sense of responsibility, a new college building—to mention only a very few of our "needs and desires." Perhaps, then, it would be apropos for this Junior College community to pause and count its blessings.

Many members of the S. P. J. C. student body—probably most of them—do not hesitate to assert that they are here because they cannot afford to attend college elsewhere. With this uppermost in their minds they fail utterly, of course, to recognize the advantages of their present situation.

Now, there is a theory, the truth of which is widely accepted, that price is a measure of value. If one subscribes to this theory he is apt to think that it doesn't amount to much to go to Junior College for, truly, it does not cost a great deal to attend here. This is mistaken reasoning. Junior College is cheap in price only.

In the first place, Junior College has all the advantages of institutions of its type recognized by those who conceived the junior college idea. To state these in brief it may be said that a junior college is the most effective means of orientation; that is to say, it is the instrument that has been found the most efficient to facilitate the transition of the high school graduate from the scheme of life followed in the secondary school to that of upper-division colleges. Probably the best evidence of this is the continued growth of junior colleges—new ones are founded continually—inspired by the success that has attended the trial of the idea. The junior college idea has been realized.

In the second place, Junior College has all the advantages of the small college. Graduates of judgment, returning from larger colleges in which they have matriculated, invariably remind us of this fact. They point to the opportunities afforded us through the possibility of close contact with our instructors and with student affairs. It is a trite but true statement that it is easier to "be somebody" in a group of a few hundred than in one of a few thousand. The danger of stifled ambition is not so great.

But in addition to these advantages—they are common to most junior colleges—our Junior College has many other features not so often found.

We have a friendly, co-operative, intelligent faculty—a faculty commended to us by men who have matriculated in some of the "famous" colleges.

We have unlimited opportunity for study. Protests that libraries are inadequate do not contradict this statement. True, our libraries are not complete but they are great storehouses of information

and there is always mail service providing a channel to sources too numerous to mention. And there are other elements favoring study and education that are found in abundance here. St. Petersburg's characteristics as a cosmopolitan tourist city afford us an opportunity of understanding trends of thought and of meeting recognized leaders in every walk of life.

In our Junior College we can, if we choose, engage profitably in a well-rounded program of extra-curricular, social, and athletic activity. It may be said that equipment is lacking. True, in many cases, especially in athletics. But while Junior College may be deficient in some respects, in others the facilities at our disposal are unbeatable; witness: swimming.

Lastly, in spite of the petty rivalries that flare up now and then—we all lose our temper once in awhile—the Junior College student body possesses at least the average friendliness, willingness to co-operate, ambition, and intelligence.

Now, most, if not all, of these facts have been summarized many times. But some things deserve repeating. We do well to pause ourselves on the back every once in awhile.

This is not intended to be pollyannish. It is not meant to imply that S. P. J. C. has everything. It is intended to take our mind off our "might-have-beens" and to focus our attention upon the task in hand. St. Petersburg Junior College is far from being the worst place in the world to go to college.

It can be just as good as any of those larger colleges to which we might have gone.

Asked to write an editorial for Freshman composition class, one member of the class offered the following, entitled "What Can We Believe?" The thought expressed is interesting and The Wooden Horse believes it worth publication here:

A truly educated person is impartial, analytical, and careful and deliberate in all of his decisions. And yet how can any one be impartial and analytical today if he cannot get all the facts about the answers of compelling questions of today and tomorrow and tomorrow's tomorrow? That is why the college student of today must be oh, so very exceedingly particular as to the truth and source of his facts, theories, and ideals. When he is told that this doctrine is right or that one wrong, he must consider these questions: Why is he being told this? What is the motive or interest that would unduly influence the one who is telling him? Has he who is telling him, all the facts in the case and has he deliberated on them? In other words, what is his opinion worth? Only in this direction lies sanity and clear-headed thinking that is essential if the world is to advance.—J. H. P.

Why not pay attention to our bulletin boards, and dispense with chapel announcements that could just as well be made there?

Others' Editorials

(Brown Daily Herald)

Dean Arnold's opinions and statements on the problem of admissions to college are refreshing to those who, after seeing freshmen come and go without graduating, wonder what is being done to secure the type of college student who has the ability and stability to make good in the present day university.

"The main problem is whether or not there is a real probability on the basis of his record in school and his accomplishment to date that he can meet the college requirement," declared Dean Arnold. "I am certain that the old policy of requiring 15 units scattered in many fields will not hold in the future."

The time has come when all colleges will demand less in the way of quantity requirements and will substitute instead, quality. Colleges will seek, though they will be faced with a difficult quest for intangible qualities, men with fine personality, worthwhile intellectual interests and pursuits, sensitivity to what is going on in the world about them, and ambitions and ideals worthy of the highest type of man. These are the qualities which the Admissions office must find for grades, in themselves, too often fail to show the merits and demerits of an applicant.

SHORT STORY CONTEST

One purpose of The Wooden Horse is to encourage individual, original work along literary lines. This year the college paper is continuing the traditional Wooden Horse short story, essay and poem contest, which is open to all regular students of the Junior College. All the manuscripts are subject to the following rules:

1. The short story selected shall contain a minimum of 1000 words or a maximum of 2500 words.
2. The humorous essay selected shall contain a minimum of 500 words or a maximum of 750 words.
3. The serious essay selected shall contain a minimum of 500 words or a maximum of 750 words.
4. Poems to be entered are limited at the discretion of the writer.
5. All manuscripts must be typed on white paper (one side of the paper only).
6. Manuscripts are to be turned over to the editor in an unsealed envelope bearing the name of the contributor. No marks of identification are to be on the manuscript.
7. The work must be original.
8. The writer of the best manuscript in each division of the contest, will receive a free annual.
9. No manuscripts will be accepted after Friday, April 19, when they will be turned over to the judges.

∴ Poetry ∴

I HAVE NEVER BEEN TO WAR

By Willard Dean

I have never been to war,
But I have heard that it is glorious;
That you charge and fight 'gainst men
Possessed with demon aims
Toward your country, home, and
God;
That as you hew the fiends to earth,
You make more safe the lives of men,
More safe the Reign of God.

I have never been to war,
But I have heard that it is cold and sleet,
Mud and slime, and in the midst
Two hands grapple and claw
Until the air is rent with screams
Of pain and red is dyed the mud;
While, howling o'er the battle scene,
A ghastly specter smiles in glee
With every well delivered stroke,
With every slumping arm and head.
Each dies for Country and for Home;
Each dies to save the lives of Men,
To save the selfsame God.

But God gives no eternal rest;
Man wants no rest to last;
Beyond the Shade is still the Sun,
Ere Night is o'er, the Day's begun,
And Life when Death is past.

SPRING IS HERE

By Helen McClung

At times I stare through the window,
And see the grass and trees,
Hear the soft, sweet sighing
Of the warmly scented breeze.
Then my teacher—cruel one,
Why must she make a fuss,
And fondly accuse poor me—
"Helen, you're not with us!"

And sometimes I am dreaming
Of happy summer days,
Of frisky sheep, contented cows—
But when my head I raise,
Then teacher points her finger
At unattentive me,
"How you expect to get a grade
Is more than I can see!"

And often in fleet fancies
I wander o'er the hills,
A-walking through the clover,
And a-picking daffodils;
And then I find a shady tree
Beside a brook—alas!
I hear my teacher's biting words
"Helen, you're asleep in class!"

My fingers ache—that theme I wrote
Was long and hard to do;
My poor head throbs—a test I flunked;
It's very sad but true,
My ankle hurts—oh, woe is me
When down the steps I fall;
And finally I must admit
My heart is cracked—oh, hell!

DIAGNOSIS

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AND SO WHAT?

By BOB KNIGHT

Captain Kidd, one of the greatest pirates of all time, was a British sea-captain, sent out by the British government to suppress piracy in the Indian Ocean. . . . When President McKinley declared war against Spain, he had in his pocket Spain's letter conceding our every demand. . . . Do you realize that if you had four coins in your pocket you might have any one of 126 different amounts? . . . If a single oyster lived until it had great-great-great-grandchildren, the shells of all its offspring would make a pile eight times the size of the earth. Think of its wife's relations too. . . . No witches were ever burned at Salem, contrary to popular belief. . . . Moslems sleep with a sprig of yarrow beneath their pillow, hoping that it will bring her the man of her dreams. . . . Nome, Alaska, is farther west than Honolulu. . . . Only a 40-foot cube could be made of all the gold that has been mined in the world since Columbus discovered America. . . . The annual "Thieves' Fair," where for 24 hours the eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out," replaces "Thou shalt not steal," caused discomfiture in Los Angeles, O'Connell, France. Merchants bewailed the depression, which they claimed has made even shoplifters overcautious this year. Food stuffs and other wares were spread out in the public square to tempt stealthy fingers during the three-day festivities. The penalty for getting caught stealing is that the offender must purchase the goods. Police who were on hand to enforce the rules said that little thingy was was attempted. . . . The "St. Louis Blues" was written by W. C. Handy, a negro born in Florence, Ala. . . . Spain has such long chess matches that sometimes the players leave the continuance of the games to their sons in their wills. . . . One of Mark Twain's favorite dishes was saucisencartoffelbier-sauerkrautkranzwurst, a variety of German sausage. . . . Cocktails, according to an English expert, are about the worst form in which alcohol can be taken. . . . Moslems believe that the world is a big blister that they now choose between motor bus and airplane. . . . 258 colleges and universities in the United States have religious affiliations; Catholics lead with 75. . . . The ancient Egyptians practiced plastic surgery. . . . Long hair was worn by Buffalo Bill and the other Indian fighters as a matter of honor. They believed that their Indian captor was entitled to a respectable scalplock in Lee Spotted Tail. . . . The natives of Annam have an official who bears the title of Master of Sorrows. His duty is to curse in the house of a dead person, to drive away evil spirits. This official also curses at weddings.

A Treatise on the Science of Eating Popcorn
On A Large-scale Home Consumption Program

A MASTER REVEALS ART FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE

By George Burkert

This is a treatise on the science of eating popcorn. I refer to the comprehensive, large-scale, wholehearted, soul-satisfying, home-consumption process, not the small-time nibbling-out-of-a-bag variety. I have long wanted to write such an article, but have been held back out of modesty, and possibly the fear of the large-scale popcorn eaters in this or any other parts. Now, however, I feel that humanity should have the benefit of my skill and experience.

Before proceeding further, I want it definitely understood that I have nothing against popcorn wagons. Neither would I want to endanger the income of their operators. Such popcorn-eating is all right in its place, just as a preliminary skirmish or to keep in practice for the real thing. In eating popcorn out of a bag in public is to a real, large-scale popcorn eater what shooting squirrels would be to a big-game hunter.

First you select an evening when you have nothing else to do (professional popcorn eating is no grab-and-run affair), and be reasonably certain that you aren't going to have company. Guests will cramp your style, hinder your free swing, so to speak. Then go into the kitchen and get your utensils all lined up.

Having placed your popcorn popper on the stove to get it thoroughly hot before dumping in the popcorn, place a good-sized dishpan on the kitchen table alongside a pan containing a large lump of butter, and a free-giving salt shaker. I shall not dwell on the popping process. Anybody can pop popcorn. The science comes in eating it.

Assuming then, that you have the dishpan quite full, and have seasoned the fluffy stuff generously with melted butter and salt. Now fill a large glass with cold water, take the dishpan full of corn, and—oh, yes, don't forget the toothpicks—put it in your favorite chair in the living room. (If there are others in the family, you may give each a small dishful, but be careful not to spoil them by excess generosity.)

At this point you discard all eating etiquette. Whereas the popcorn enters out of bags, the public take one kernel at a time and use the thumb and one finger (which one is a matter of choice, although the favorite seems to be the first), you use all the fingers of one hand, creating a scop that is a long, low, and a little curved pan to your mouth. Success is largely a matter of timing. The mouth must be opened to its greatest width just as the fistful of corn arrives. The grinding motion of the teeth must start at the proper moment to avoid congestion.

There was the professor who found that he was unable to meet his classes one day so he wrote the fact on the blackboard. One of the better (?) students went to the board and erased the "C". The class burst into peevish laughter. Professor turned around, sneered at the offending students, erased the "L" and stroled out of the room. Since no more sensible erasing can be done this will have to be unaccompanied upon.

—Blue and Grey.

FROM
the
Book
Shelf

Heaven's My
Destination
By THORNTON WILDER

By Mary Graham
To the lovers of The Bridge of San Luis Rey, Thornton Wilder's new novel, Heaven's My Destination, will come as a shock. Nothing could differ more in style, treatment and selection of subject. San Luis Rey and The Woman of Andros, which followed, are characterized by a classic simplicity and beauty in style and both treat the remote and unusual in subject.

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THE WOODEN HORSE MAGAZINE
CASUAL

The Romance of Two Bored Theatre Goers

By Ruth Ford

In a certain small southern town, during a certain little theatre production, a certain young man who was very much interested in the drama, and a certain young woman, in whom the drama was very much interested, sat watching the play—side by side, yet quite oblivious of, and unknown to—each other.

It wasn't at all a romantic introduction that led to their little love tale, for the young man didn't turn to gaze in wonder upon her beautiful features, nor did the young woman recognize in him the man of her dreams. He turned, and with affected nonchalance endeavored to speak to her—because—her elbow was on his side of the arm-rest, approaching his ribs.

"Enjoying the play?" He was greeted by a tremendous yawn which resolved itself into pretty indolence, framed by short dark curls and a floppy hat—a girl quickly familiar to the young man from her several newspaper pictures which he kept at home. She surveyed him with half-closed eyes.

Play? It's a marathon—they'll drop from sheer exhaustion if they keep on much longer. The young man seemed a bit embarrassed, looked at her elbow, coughed twice, then, as her position remained unaltered, turned his attention once more to the play. He had now two disturbing ideas, rather than one, for seeing her and knowing her for who she was, he felt almost responsible for her boredom—and that elbow—well—He spoke again.

"Are you here alone?" Her eyes widened as she took inventory. Tall, dark, and rather nondescript hair, but blue eyes. She liked blue eyes. She was alone, and I could go alone—"Her voice trailed off.

"I only mean," he said, "that if you aren't enjoying the play—and it isn't very good, that, well, maybe you'd let me take you for a soda and home, that is, if you wouldn't mind."

"Do you think you could trust me?" she said.

"I think you're quite safe," he answered solemnly.

She gave him a look, then for a few moments there was only the sound of the players behind the foot-lights, accompanied by a loud snacking of gum a few seats away. Suddenly she was on her feet, but half-way down the aisle she turned back.

"Well, are you coming?" He jumped up, grabbed his knees on the seat ahead of him, and uttering a hasty apology to a lady with streaky blonde hair for falling on her lap, arrived breathless, outside the theatre.

"Uh—Don't lose yourself now. The car's over here—sort of an old crate, because it more or less grew up with me—but it runs."

She thanked him as he helped her into the car, thanked him again for a soda, climbed into the car once more—and thanked him, then, with a few dabs from her compact, replenished what lipstick had been left about the rim of her soda-glass.

"Beautiful night," he said. "Uh-huh." She peered into her pocket-mirror, rearranged her hair. The tone of his voice changed. "O. K., baby, where do you live?" She looked almost injured. "Now did I say you had to take me right home?"

"You said—"

"Oh, please, never mind what I said. Let's talk about something else. We—we both like acting. Why not talk about that?"

He smiled rather quizzically. "Because you might be more of an authority on that subject. 'Have you had much experience?'"

"Not much."

"Are you talented?"

"Some people think I have talent."

"Well," she was childishly persistent, "do you?"

"Do? Well, isn't that a question for you. If I should say 'yes,' I would be conceited, and if I said 'no,' I might be lying. What should I say?"

But the glint in his eyes did not suggest dramatics.

"If you'd go home, your mother'd tell you."

She caught her breath—then added—"I mean, I couldn't tell you what to say. You've got to think that out for yourself. Where are you going?"

"I thought perhaps you'd like to get a little closer view of the moon on the water. I thought you might like to drive on the beach."

"You're much too thoughtful," she said sarcastically, "and the moon on the water isn't any closer or than—the moon on the cement road."

He grabbed for the gear shift. "Then I'll take you home."

"Good lord, do you have to take every little thing I say so seriously?" She looked at him reprovingly. "A girl's got to have some resistance, you know."

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