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The Winonan

Winona State Teachers' College

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May 17 has a double significance at Winona State this year. It is the day chosen for the first performance of the all-college play, Peer Gynt, written by the Norwegian dramatist, Henrik Ibsen. It is also the day set aside as the Norwegian Independence Day.

The following bits of information in regard to the play have been carefully guarded—until now.

The idea behind the play is to show such of the really great dramatic literature which is not usually shown because it is hard to do... Ibsen, himself, calls the play "a fantasy—pure and simple"... The part of Peer Gynt—played by Jim Davidson—is longer than that of Hamlet... Arden Burtleigh is designing masks for the trolls and witches...

Joyce Harp will sing Solveig's Lullaby... Harold Nipp has some lighting tricks in store... Jim has been objecting to parts of the play because his grandmother is going to see it... sixteen sets are being made... scenes... costumes... reproductions of old Scandinavian dress... are a riot of color and design...
Editorials

Hats Off...

Among other purposes, clubs seek to provide for the social development of the students and for the improvement of the college. College improvement may be brought about through improvements in relationships between the college and its communities. An organization which deserves recognition for its service to the college is the V.W.C.A. Club. It gave to the college $500 with which to furnish our new Holzinger Lodge.

A stormy generation twenty years would reveal the coin by coin collection of this money. It is a mixed tale of sales of laundry kits and handbooks — another indication of unselfishness.

A gala event, the Prom, took the work of tireless players has been an organization faithful to this cause. Contests and plays have brought the "mountain to Mohammet," for our halls have been filled with students and citizens of neighboring communities. To this cause the Science Club contributed with Science-Night, something new and interesting to students and townsfolk.

Cataloging school activities is not the purpose of this editorial, nor is it to place any one club as being superior to another. It is only to indicate what clubs may do to benefit and build up the college.

Independent...

With the buzzing of warplanes and the blasting of bombs getting louder, we feel more than ever for fear and in security in the future. Agged prophets shake their heads and say that it's just a matter of months until we are involved.

We have no interest in the profits or "gains" of war. We're young — practically beginning our lives and careers. We want to determine whether or not we fight — we want to see the entire question from the viewpoint of the student body. We fight — we want to see the entire question from the viewpoint of the student body.

It agrees with me.

Speeching of light-housekeeping — one student in conversation with a counselor mentioned that she did lighthousekeeping. Queried her: "And who keeps this lighthouse with you?"

"It's midquarter all right — Mr. Grimm just changed the seating in his music 210.

Was Bill K's face red when he was asked whether he was in the Senior High School Day — and asked around — it is none other than a junior here at T.

"Kiss is a noun, but generally used as a conjunction. It is never used as a verb.

Did you know that there are five foreign-born Canadians in the university? The first was an Italian by the name of Blank (a dark, good-looking soph.)

The Music Column

The music, a ball of gold

If it's upon the purple night,

To burst into fragments of vermillion,

Jade,

Cobalt,

And still, like bright pebbles

From a child's hand

Into a velvet pool of deepest jet.

Music of a Summer Night

Not long ago, on a night when the moon was shining, I had just such an experience. I had gone for a walk, and when night began to fall, I turned toward home.

As I went along a quiet street I passed a darkened garage. Inside it was a beautiful music. It was playing upon the purple night." I stopped and stood listening until the melody ended, and an announcer gave its name and composer and told the orchestra and conductor with whom he was playing.

Until that moment I don't think I had quite realized how important a conductor is. I had listened to music and taken all it had to offer, completely unconscious of the fact that it was the result of hard work by some one hundred men. Listening to the radio has tended to make most of us unconcerned with the work behind each piece in an orchestra program. We do give some credit to the members of the orchestra, — that is the players; we realize the composer, though usually in a rather distant fashion. But this is the leader and unifying force — the most important element in the group, we too often ignore.

The question of the minds of many listeners is, "What does the conductor do?" First of all there are some qualities which he must possess. The first, and perhaps the most important of these, is leadership. He must impress his men and his listeners in such a way as to induce them to follow his will.

The second requisite is knowledge of the technique of conducting. This he must learn somehow, but he should learn it by first learning certain principles patterns which, when inscribed in the air will transfer what is in his mind to the mind of his players. These signals cannot be the mere gestures of an automaton. They must convey not only time and entrance cues, but the most subtle shades of meaning. These are the tools of the conductor. They are visible to the audience, but behind these must be an enormous general musical knowledge.

He must know the standard way of performing a piece. This in turn may lead him to interpret new scores, and he must know old ones thoroughly. All of this brings numerous duties which keep the conductor busy the year around. The conductor may have only a few weeks each winter, his work continues.

The ultimate goal of any musician is to present the work of the great composers in such a way as to make his audience completely unashamed of him as a player — to make himself a mere conveyer of thought and emotion. Music played in such a way is in for what greater part the work of the conductor. To him should go the praise.

The Scribe Pencils

In his Notebook

The Political Science 330:

Mr. Jederman went to hear an address by one of his students in the Political Science Class.

"It is a good talk but I heard the same thing almost forty years ago," the speaker's only comment, "but it was much better then."

"At that rate," the speaker continued, "if we keep on having these meetings, we'll all be rich by next year!"
Again Peeps Did Say

Wednesday 17th.

Did today have the fortune to bear one eminent Dr. Joshi, a foremost Indian educator. I so thoroughly enjoyed his educational lecture at the morning chapel that I looked forward to seeing him more intimately at the tea held in the social room later in the afternoon by the club of International Relations. Here again I responded so pleasurably, that I betook myself after my fraternity meeting to hear his evening lecture held at a mid-town church parlor. Of all his principles it was evident that his viewpoint was prejudiced against England and perhaps right-ly, but overly so.

Tuesday 30th.

It did arise early and leisurely prepared my person for a journey to Faribault with the tests and measurements of advanced psychology. Upon arriving at Somsen Hall did find the school bus in readiness and with unfavorable speaking did travel forth. At our destination in a state institution we did have to cause to observe the feeble minded populace of this land, and others with varied degrees of mental deficiency. Indeed it was a pity to look upon them. Some seemed quite happy, however, and need less pity than other normal persons who frequent other institutions. The group did visit also the schools for deaf and blind individuals and here did credit the fine teaching processes for the deaf and blind individuals and here did credit the fine teaching processes that were being utilized. Immediately upon departing, as a precaution, the student group did have cause to count persons present rather than risk leaving some member behind. Home at last, weary (but thoughtful), I find myself possessing little inclination to again visit such sorry cases of humanity, rather than risk leaving some member behind.

To that Editor:

One of the editors chased me into a corner — well, at least a wall — and demanded some copy to fill out this page.

"We just must have something."

This you see, from her viewpoint, is doubtless only something to fill space.

But I have another reason for wasting valuable typewriter ribbon. Should I not write this I would probably make the society column, Forbid it.

Coming back to the Teachers College is simpler, strangely enough, to sinking into a big soft mattress, preferably one of my mother’s feather ones. Home-like, comfortable.

But make no mistake. I like Iowa. It’s a great state. McGregor’s boy Bailey knows that.

Some persons make the mistake of speaking rough and saying little. Better, I think, to be silent and say nothing.

That editor, is a good reason to fill up the page with something else.

— Adapte Bremer.

Some girls are like corcks; some will pop the question; others have been drawn out.

West

West Lodge Preceptor says:

Confusion has had its day! Now after living in the fog for some time, you’d like to call it, with 21 fine fellows at West for (8) months, I’d like to have my say. May I present the prize sayings of some of the fellows at West that I have carefully guarded for this issue of the Winonan! All in fun, I hope.

Everett Peterson: Famous men get heads on dollars, but women, rather, get heads on them.

Francis Hatfield (our philosopher): Remarkable that so much trouble left in the world when so many people are looking for it.

Roger Pederson: Opportunity doesn’t always knock at West — sometimes it smiles from Shepard.

Ralph (corner of “that there car”): Will person can’t teach a drive car without her hugging her.

Gordon Erickson: Girls who are sweet enough to eat generally do.

Karl Byroth (chemist): Hug energy goes to waste.

Robert Waiters: Woman is always shy about telling her age — several years shy.

Ray Johnson: Many a truth is spoken through false teeth.

Hope the Westereners don’t say preceptor talk too much.

Notes from the Lodges

Lucas

Undoubtedly all of the T.C. students saw, sometime last week, at least one of the Lucas Lodge newcomers. In case the students saw them but didn’t know their names they were: Irving “Stoop” Peterson, Minnepolis; Ernie Steenrod, Spring Grove; Gilmore Pile, Elgin; and Donald Fairbanks, Canton.

Garbed in a palm beach suit with proper accessories and topped with the traditional Lucas Lodge Turkish top gentlemen spent a day bowing and scraping before their elders. Incidentally, the new boys painted those enlightening signs for one another. The boys received training during their leisure hours at the lodge in the controlling of such accomplishments as bed-making, sock washing, shoe shining, and room cleaning.

Tuesday May 30th, the initiatives became more concrete and the various committees of the Lucas Lodge conducted the activities.

To a Friend

Love and laughter in the rain.

A Good Place to Trade

— H. P.

Thoughts on Writing a Test

Permit me now to write a ditty. Full of wisdom, full of pity.

For your pretty little brains

When they suffer thinking pains.

Are they scared and held and battered?

Are they trembly, stars, and tittered.

From the punishment they’ve taken, till they’re achin’, achin’, achin’?

Do they sigh, rebel and whimper, all the time a-gettin’ limper?

Do they need rejuvenating?

Must be cast his fiery dart to some other pulsating heart.

Leaving me heart-whole and fancy free?

If I paint my face and curl my hair, Wear a silken gown so fair.

Then his eyes might open.

But fear of him without a doubt

Will put my hopes to utter rout.

From his darts I’m sure to flee.

— N. Werner.

Spring Fever

In the singing rain

Herb picked on a gable,

Shouts a fluffy robin

Are there times he is able?

In the broad bay window,

Rose against the pane,

I lean, heart-a-thumping,

Gasing at the rain!

Robins know he’s happy,

Me, I know I’m glad.

Robins likes an anglerworm,

Me, I like a lad!

— H. P.

A Poem

Wind and rainclouds all around me,

In a bitter wilderness

Toos the leaves of trees, bruising them,

Headless of their stalks, sighing pain.

Murmured patiently,

Lost in the rain’s insistent chant.

And all the while

A small aching voice inside of me

Cries and cries about for you,

But you do not hear.

The sound so lavishly

In the all-engulfing storm of emotions

Raging between us.

— Only, eventually the rain will cease,

Soaked by a mightier Fowler than ours.

But for the storm between us

There is no cessation — no end — no peace —

— M. B.

Hide and Seek

Cupid, that cruel, heedless fairy

Seems around this place to tarry,

Yet he never will be able

Must be cast his fiery dart to some other pulsating heart.

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Broad Jump  	 Walters  	 Davidson (W)  	 Stuhr (W)  	 4  	 5
Javelin  	 Webb  	 Breckner (W)  	 Lind  	 3  	 6
Discus  	 Webb  	 Lind  	 Delano (W)  	 1  	 8
High Jump  	 Davidson (W)  	 Kalbrenner (W) Oberneier  	 8  	 1
220 yd. low hurdle  	 Kalbrenner (W) Carlson (W)  	 Gowanlock
Miley Relay  	 Winona first (Davidson, Libby, Sulack, Dettloff)
440 yds. 	 Libby (W)  	 Dettloff (W)  	 Fetzer  	 8  	 1

Have you seen all the new swanky clothes — one 6-0, the other 8-3. The contests were staged at Eau Claire. Winona lost these 4-2.

Winona's Upper Iowa Meet

Event  	 First (3)  	 Second (3)  	 Third (1)  	 WSC U.I.

1-mile.  	 Oberneier  	 Walters (W)  	 Whitaker  	 3  	 0
440 yds.  	 Libby (W)  	 Dettloff (W)  	 Fetzer  	 8  	 1
100 yds.  	 Delano (W)  	 Davidson, Norman  	 Kromy  	 3  	 1
130 yds. high hurdles  	 Davidson (W)  	 Stuhr (W)  	 Brokken (W)  	 9  	 6
800 yds.  	 Oberneier  	 Sulack (W)  	 Edelen (W)  	 4  	 5
220 yds. low hurdles  	 Davidson (W)  	 Kromy  	 Walters  	 3  	 0
3 miles  	 Whitaker  	 Falsbrough  	 Waite  	 3  	 0
220 yd. low hurdles  	 Kalbrenner (W)  	 Carlson (W)  	 Gowandick  	 8  	 1
Milby Relay  	 Winona first (Davidson, Libby, Sulack, Dettloff)

3. Eddie Siebold
4. John Carlson
5. Chuck Libby
6. Chuck Sulack

Tennis Novices Lose First Two Matches

Coach Charles Fisk was greeted by seven tennis aspirants after his first call, and he received a startling revelation. Not one of the seven holds a letter in the sport and only one, little Eddie Siebold, has ever carried the T. C. banner into the battle.

Winona lost these 4-2.

The convention was sponsored by the American Federation of College Women which controls W.A.A. in colleges and high schools.

The second theme of the convention which controls W.A.A. in colleges and high schools.

Winona to a 7-3 victory over La Crosse. He allowed eight hits and struck out eleven men. Ralph Spencer knocked the Warrior's only hit of the seventh inning and was out at first base.

Charles Fisk immediately rated his players as to ability with the possibility that players may gain higher positions by beating those listed above them. The order of making is:

1. Bill Raymond
2. Newton Van Denwater
3. Eddie Siebold
4. John Carlson
5. Chuck Libby
6. Roy Stuhr
7. Jim Davidson

The T. C. squad was riddled by the loss of Harry Johnson, Elton Van Denwater, Fred Kaczrowski, and Jack Kalbrenner. Because of the Warriors four errors, they were striving hard to take the double-header.

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Do You Want a Teaching Position?

W.A.A. Notes

If Winona weather allies itself with the sports lovers of the college, W.A.A. enthusiasts expect play to continue in the future. A brief recitation to the grounds in front of Qoden Hall has proved most satisfying. Just a short warning, Carol! Beware of windows!

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