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The Winonan

Winona State Teachers' College

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WENONAH PLAYERS WIN APPROVAL

RANGE QUINT VICTORIOUS 33 TO 20 FOR MINNESOTA STATE JUNIOR COLLEGE TITLE

The Iron Range district was credited with its second state basketball championship Saturday night when the Eveleth Junior College quint, champions of the northern division, defeated Winona State Teachers College, southern division champions, for the state junior college title at the University of Minnesota armory by a 33 to 20 score.

Except for a brief period at the start, the speedy Eveleth team managed to keep a safe distance ahead of the Winona quint, whose team work seemed to be better, possibly due to the large armory floor and the long period of idleness during spring vacation. At the end of the half the score stood 17 to 9 in the northern champions favor.

Winona failed to show the speed and accuracy of their play in the games which, played before the holidays, brought them the southern championship. Although every man on the team, fought and tried hard to bring Winona on top, the brand of ball they played was inferior to their form in earlier games and to the smooth passing Eveleth team. Coach Habermann used all of his squad in an attempt to get the boys going but with no noticeable results.

Captain Champa, one of the high scorers in conference, was held to one basket. Bannon, his running mate was responsible for 8 of the team’s counters. All of the boys deserve credit for their fighting spirit regardless of the outcome.

For Eveleth, captain Champa, forward, and Lampi, center, by feeding one another managed to prevent the dribbling tactics of their opponents. For Winona, Captain Champa, one of the high scorers in conference, which by its beauty and delicacy of handling surpassed that of the first night in its enthusiasm for theoma. No slight praise would suffice to express appreciation of the work of Miss Davis of the department of Reading and Speech in producing so successful a presentation, and the work gives large promise for the more ambitious production of 'The Tempest' at the close of the year.

Ably Acting Revealed

The dual character of Clarence was well played by Horace Zimmerman, whose ably acting showed a restraint seldom found in amateurs. Cecelia Kovaleska, as Cora, was a charming bit of femininity with light heartedness and a more balanced work of Bryant Spencer, as her brother, in their portrayal of the adolescent characters which Booth Tarkington never fails to include. Miss Kovaleska’s acting showed real talent, and Spencer’s work was exceptional in its ease and boyishness.

Harold Kelly was especially successful in putting maturity into the part of the sedate, harassed father. In the character of Miss Pinney, the governess, Hazel Norton showed both poise and charm, balancing well the pretty, nervous, jellousy wife, a part well taken by Ann Strom. The conscientious painstaking work of Virginia Pierard, Helen Doebler, Gust Wall, and William England in minor parts of secretary, maid, butler, and roomsaver showed the finish always necessary to sustain the excellence of the whole.

Orchestra Wins Praise

The Teachers College orchestra in its work of last evening proved itself as notable an addition to the musical organizations of Winona, and reflected credit upon both the leader, Walter Grimm, and the members. Between the second and third acts a violin solo, The Shepherd’s Dance by Edward German, was given by A. M. Christensen, which by its beauty and delicacy met with such favor as to call for an encore, to which he responded with Masseen’s Meditation from Tannhauser.

The second performance of the play was given on Thursday evening, March 20, before the students and faculty. This audience even surpassed that of the first night in its enthusiasm for the reception of the work of “The Players.” Miss Davis and “The Wenonah Players” wish to thank through the columns of “The Winonan” the various departments of the school that so loyally helped in the production of “Clarence.” Much appreciation is expressed also for the generosity of the Hillyer Furniture Company and the Christiannson Music Shop in loaning the furniture and the piano used in the stage settings. The special lighting fixtures were loaned through the courtesy of the Winona Masonic Benevolent Association.

METHODIST CONFERENCE

Shall the north and south branches of the Methodist church unite? Is consolidation of all Protestantism possible? Where can youth serve in the church today? It is to help answer these and other vital church problems that Winona State Teachers College has been invited to participate in a national convention of Methodist students, the first of its kind ever held, at Louisville, Kentucky, April 18, 19, and 20.

It is proposed that every college and university in the United States where any considerable number of Methodist students are enrolled will send at least two delegates to the conference. Plans for the selection of representatives from Winona State Teachers College by Methodist students here, it is expected, will be under way immediately.

At the conference both experts and students will present the various fields of the church, showing what they offer in the way of service, what they are doing to meet the demands made upon them and what the possibilities are. This conference is very unique in that it has been called by students and is under student leadership.

Each college or university in the United States, which has a group of Methodist students, is expected to send at least two delegates. These delegates are to be selected by the various groups of Methodist students to represent them.

SEATON TO INSPECT ORGANS

While the Organ Fund Canvas continues without success, the city of some of the liberal supporters of the college, the total figures of cash and pledges have now reached $29,028.47. The executive committee, having received proposals from a half dozen standard organ builders, requested Mr. Horace Seaton to go to Chicago this week to inspect personally a number of organs which are representative of the workmanship and special patents of the various forms. Several agents of organ companies have been in Winona to make a survey of the building conditions, and to meet the committee.

Our friend Socha (Gust) Wall brought in a little story that might have been humorous about the time Chris Columbus began going barefooted. He said he had brought it all the way from Minneapolis. We think that Gust carried that joke a little too far.
A SIMPLE DEDUCTION
(With Apologies to A. Conan Doyle)

By WALLACE MORAN

Where are you going, my pretty maid?

"I'm going a-shopping, sir," she said.

"Who was that? Oh, the young lady,—why, my dear Watson, that is so simple. Well, of course you noticed that she was different from the average young lady. She was—keen? Yes keen, that's the word, keen!... Watson, I fear you will never learn this American slang. Keen means—well, I can't just explain it, but when one sees it, he recognizes it and he never forgets it. However, my dear friend, I want to assure you that this young lady was keen. I presume you did not notice the neat little newspaper she carried?... No! Well I can't say that I blame you. That, Watson, was a copy of the Winonan... Yes, of the Winonan State Teacher's College. Beginning to see it now, eh Watson? Do I think she is typical of the school? Absolutely, Watson, absolutely!... Why, my dear friend, I don't quiet see how we can stay in Winona indefinitely...."

"Watson, that interests me. Why should a young lady carry her school paper about when she goes shopping? Rather unusual, what?... Why, certainly, Doctor, I think I should enjoy a walk down town."

"Look, Watson, there's the young lady. See, she's consulting her Winonan. Too bad—she's gone, Watson. She stepped into that large building on the corner—Choate's I believe. Surely we shall wait. Watson... Ah, here she comes, do you catch what she was saying? Something about going to Bigelow's for her study, I believe. Doctor, I must have a copy of that paper... What luck, Watson, she dropped it! I'll just scan this—now I have it, Watson, all right."

"Yes, I know, Mother. But it seems to me you two would be lots better off with Mabel and me. The gaunt, old man, who had just come in, seemed to know the place that he had worked for so long was gone, Watson. He stepped out of the big white house of his father. He stopped for a moment, looking reflectively one of the chimney stacks that were laid in an orderly border along the path. Then resolutely he stepped upon the low porch and opened the storm door.

"Hello, Mother."

"George."

"His mother, wiping her little transparent hands on her apron, came from the kitchen to greet him."

"Where's Dad?"

"Out doing his chores. He's a little late this morning. That rheumatism just cripples him all up in this kind of weather."

George took off his heavy overcoat and gloves, and held his hands toward the stove in the corner of the room.

"How's Mabel?" Ann Mead asked as she poured more coal into the stove from a black scuttle.

"Yes, I heard you. I guess he's still holding up his end of the load."

"Yes, I know, Mother. But it seems to me you two would be lots better off with Mabel and me."

"I'll just scan this—now I have it, Watson, all right."

"Yes, I heard you. I guess we'll stay here tonight."

"Father has kep' this place goin' sixty-two years, and I guess he's still holdin' up his end of the load."

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The next day brought a blizzard. From little eddies of snow came great, sweeping clouds of small, icy flakes. In the morning, Peter had done his work as usual, but when he came in, chilled through and through he looked grave. All day he petted about the house, looking at everything in it as if he had not seen it for a long time. Once Ann saw him stroking the arm of a little, worn, three-cornered chair that he had made for Della many years ago.

Della! The thought of the daughter who had grown so straight and handsome brought tears to her eyes for a moment. Then her lips drew into a smile, and without looking at him, said, "How's Mabel?"

"Yes, I heard you. I guess we'll stay here tonight."

"Father has kep' this place goin' sixty-two years, and I guess he's still holdin' up his end of the load."

"Yes, I heard you. I guess we'll stay here tonight."

Ann looked up with a smile. "We will, too, Peter." Dr. Kittridge stirred nervously.

"That's what I came about. He stopped, hoping for encouragement from the two old people. Since the undemonstrative pair said nothing, he went on.

"You two aren't as young as you used to be, and these New England winters take even young people, sometimes."

"You mean we wouldn't be able to stand another winter, where we've thrived over sixty years? Pshaw!" he spoke incredulously.

"That's about it, Mead."

"Have you been talking to George? Doctor?"

"No. Last winter hit you both pretty hard and after this winter— Dr. Kittridge shrugged his shoulders and sighed.

Ann's hand trembled a little more; Peter drew hard upon his pipe, blowing out short, quick puffs of smoke. That was all.

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Della! The thought of the daughter who had grown so straight and handsome brought tears to her eyes for a moment. Then her lips drew into a straight line; the tears disappeared and left a hard, little glint in their place. The city had taken her. No one knew where she was now. The city had taken George, too, and left in his place a loud-mouthed, superficial business man who might have been anyone of the thousands like him. He, in turn, got from the city, a wife who looked at her husband's people with raised eye-brows, and a trace of impatient amusement. He got money, too, money to furnish a low-slung car and a "warm, comfortable flat." And it was to that George wanted to take them.

Peter, dragging a little the leg stiffened with rheumatism, walked to the kitchen window and looked out. The backyard was choked with drifts, and the wind still whipped the snow fiercely into the air. He hardly noticed the intensity of the storm. This morning he had hardly been able to fight his way to the house from the barn. It was worse now. He dare not even go out. The awful realization that Kittridge was right had come to him. To leave the place that he had worked for so long was a new idea. After a brief, old-fashioned house was home for him, home. No other place could ever mean that, now. He shuddered at the thought of seeing Ann treated with that exaggerated consideration that seems to shunt, "Let a young body do that. Yours is worn out!"

"She could not stay here. What was he to do? Ann, watching him secretly, could not know the struggle that went on in his heart. There was not an outward sign of emotion to tell her.

"Well, Ann, I suppose we might as well cover the furniture and just let it stand, when we go?"
When we go — where? — 

Peter walked to the stove and sat down dejectedly in the old rocking chair. It was not like him to submit so easily, and Ann realized that he was nearly worn out. Her tense body relaxed and she looked at him tenderly. 

"Do you want to go, Peter?"

"It's the only way out."

Her eyes shifted slowly to the window. The wind sounded harsh and penetrating in the stillness. She stood looking at the work of the storm with unwinking lids. Gradually, her body became tense again and radiated determination. Then, without changing her position, she said slowly.

"No, Peter, that ain't the way out. I always expected to die here. I didn't want to live on my children — ever. If we're through here, we're all through."

Peter raised his head from his hands, still staring straight ahead. He seemed scarcely to hear her.

"You ain't fed the cows yet, Peter. It's dark. I'll hold the lantern for you."

The old man watched her uncomprehendingly as she tipped the chimney of the lantern and held a match to the wick. She threw an old shawl around her shoulders, and stood waiting. Still he sat looking at her stupidly.

"But we can't go out in this storm. Even if I got through, you aren't so strong, Ann. Why, we'd never get back to the house."

"I know it." A tight, little smile twisted Ann's thin lips. "Are you afraid to go, Father?"

At last he seemed to understand. He got up, his eyes fixed on Ann's, took down his mackinaw, and put it on. The two walked to the door, Ann holding the lantern in her left hand, and Peter's hand with the other. At the door, Ann hesitated.

"Just a minute."

She disappeared into the little bedroom off the kitchen. It seemed to Peter that he had been standing there hours, when he heard Ann call in a firm voice that sounded almost cheerful, "I'll be along in a minute, Peter. I'll be along."

She came to him, the same smile hovering in her eyes. Together they went out into the storm.

Three days later, George stood at the window of his father's house looking out on a cold, clear twilight. The lamp had not yet been lighted. In the corner, on a low chair by the chimney, sat his mother. She looked so utterly helpless as she sat there, slumping back and forth, staring vacantly at the face of her husband, that one could scarcely recognize the resolute figure of Ann Mead. She was rocking slowly, quietly, steadfastly. When George gently helped her up, leading her to her room, she seemed not to notice it. Her eyes kept the vague look of horrified surprise with which she had watched at her husband's death bed and by his coffin.

The next day, after the few friends who had attended the funeral had quietly gone, George seated his mother in his low-slung, prosperous-looking car. She looked back at the little white house with its long, narrow porch, and at the rows of clam shells bordering the path visible where the wind had swept the snow away. Again the tight, little smile twisted her thin lips and lit up the tired, little face. In a low, quavering voice she said.

"I'll be along in a little while, Peter. I'll be along."
AN APPRECIATION

The old staff — there it is. Look at it. That is the body that made your paper what it is. For a year it has given you your paper regularly, always reaching the high standard it set for itself with the very first issue. You have looked forward to the morning when your Winonan was given to you and have been unwilling to turn to the routine of your first period class until you had read it all. You enjoyed it, of course. But how much thought have you given to the work that went into it, to the people in back of that work? They never made much noise, to be sure, but that was because there was too much to be done, and because they knew their business too well.

If there were any weak parts of the staff, we never knew it. The strength of the unit, covered that, and the finished product was a success. Did you contribute to that success of the Winonan, or did you “let Elizabeth do it”? If you did the latter, you’ll admit she did it, and did it well, with the help of the rest of the staff. Certainly we owe them all a great deal.

Most of the members of that staff are now working on the annual, the Winonah. There isn’t a vacation waiting for them after they give the responsibility of the Winonan to others. There is more work to be done for you, and they are doing it, quietly, faithfully. Just as they have done the work on the paper, hoping for your cooperation, but getting things done whether they get your help or not. They are doing their share and all of yours that you leave undone, just as they have done through the past year. In addition to this responsibility, they have always had as much work as any other group of students. It is just another proof of the truth that “it is always the busy people who get things done.”

When we say to them, “We who have been entertained and benefited by the school publication that you made worth while, appreciate your work; we who are coming on after you, thank you for the start you have given us,” we are merely paying a small part of our debt. Let us give them all, beginning with Alvis Mack and going through the entire group as fitting a compensation for their work as we can, complete appreciation.

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CORNER STONE EXERCISES TO-DAY

The exercises for laying the corner stone of the new building will take place at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon according to the following program:

CORNER STONE LAYING

New College Hall
WINONA STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
March 28, 1924

Invocation, Rev. Geo. S. Keller

First used, Corner Stone Laying, Training School, June, 1914

Introductory, Pers. G. E. Maxwel

For the Students, Mr. Mark Elliott

For the Alumni, Mr. Leo F. Murphy, '08

For the Citizens, Dir. S. H. Somers

Address, Chief Justice Samuel B. Wilson

Hail Winona

ubaracters In a snappy, fast, basket ball game. Both

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAMS

First Team played the Junior Girl's First team

won after a hard fought struggle. The Junior team displayed unusual skill in passing the ball, and the game from beginning to end was

peppy and interesting. The Seniors seemed to have the advantage from the start and with their excellent team play and sportsmanship displayed by all four teams.

COUNTRY LIFE CLUB ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

The members of the Country Life Club held their regular meeting at the training school Wednesday evening, March 19. The following officers were elected:

Hattie Fenske, President

Helen Prentice, Vice President

Sec. and Treas. 

After a discussion in regard to the carnival, which is to be given at a future date, the members of the club repeated in unison the American Creed and adjourned.

THE WINONAH

"How is the Annual coming?" is a prevalent question being asked of the members of the staff. And the answer is usually "Slow but sure." Vacation gave everyone a chance to rest and now they are working all of their spare time.

Progress has been made rather slowly up to the present, but practically all the material is assembled and the final touches are being put upon the work.

Purchases have been made for the Art work which is of such quality that students will appreciate when the completed book is turned out.

However, not all payments have been made and the cash is needed. The Staff would greatly appreciate a little extra effort on the part of the students in attending to this matter. The business managers have given their time and are willing to give more if people will do as much by going a bit out of their way, both by listening to announcements in Chapel as well as following them out.

Very little time is left before the material must be sent to the printer. The hard work for the 1924 Annual is nearly completed, though the most difficult problems have been before the Staff the last few weeks. This staff feel sure that their efforts will be fully repaid when in a few weeks the book will be put into circulation.

DEBATERS ARE AT WORK

The W.S.T.C. Debaters are busy preparing for a contest with Rochester Junior College, which will be held during April. The question of the debate is, "Resolved: That the Minnesota Legislature at its next session establish a state
As she gazed into the mirror
At her reflection,
"What a fright I am
Without my complexion."

Our Bug House Song Hit
The flower song from Pillsbury — "Lilac why
do you lie like that."

We wonder — Is this Sinclair woman oil right?

Carl Gerlicher says it's easy enough to be a
woman hater until one gets a car.

Nearly every one who takes penmanship
draws A's, for the first three or four weeks.

We understand that Miss MacIntyre had a
rather dull time while "Bobby" was ill.—You'll
pardon us Bryant?

Red Passel reminds us of Mr. Maxwell's
HELLDIVERS. Now you see him — and now
you don't.

Is it a coincidence that Walt's white shirt
appear simultaneously with the arrival of Dolis
Ternquist?

Our Pachyco-paralyist Kissler let Santag beat
him at billiards, and then borrowed a dollar
from him.

Now death, where is thy sting? Our marks
have been sent home.

Kelly just stepped in, and then stepped right
out when we said we were looking for jokes.

We understand that Johnny Ott will not be
with us next year, as he has accepted a position
as yell leader with the International Corres-
pondence Schools.

So we took the fifty thousand bowls of soup
and hollered for crackers.

As she gazed into the mirror
At her reflection,
"What a fright I am
Without my complexion."

Our Collegiate Fred Lund
Had a position last summer
On the Reeds Landing ferry
One day the captain fell in
"Don't stand there like a dummy
Give me a yell" he shouted
Our ever ready Fritz responded
Immediately with
Nine ra's for the captain.

The parting words of a barber. "Which side
please?"

When the good boys are discussing—
Heels Blisters Wrens
Tigers Beetles Lemons
Weenies Owls Pigs
And So Forth don't listen, they may be talking about you.

A dollar may be only worth one-half of what
it used to be, but that's no sign it's twice as
easy to borrow.

Which professor was it that threw his wife out
the back door and kissed the garbage?

"Opposites attract opposites," said the tall
man as he ordered a short cake.

Bughouse Poetry
Mary had a little lamb,
It followed her to school;
She went to take a final exam,
And she flunked it like a fool.

So Mary changed her plan, they say,
And took a pony the next day,
And when she got her paper back,
She pulled a nice big "A".

Wallie Morgan's dome and a large timber
collided. The timber was shattered, while
Wallie received a slight cut.