6-7-1928

The Winonan

Winona State Teachers' College

Follow this and additional works at: https://openriver.winona.edu/thewinonan1920s

Recommended Citation
Winona State Teachers' College, "The Winonan" (1928). The Winonan - 1920s. 156.
https://openriver.winona.edu/thewinonan1920s/156
Mr. Walter Grimm, instructor of typing, is teaching harmony at the Montpelier High School. Mr. Donald H. Windom, instructor in the English Department, has been appointed director of the English Department for the coming school year. The school presents an unusual opportunity for the students to study English in a professional manner. The school has an enrollment of 1,200 students, including students from other states. The school is located in a beautiful setting with a large number of trees and a small lake. The school has a good reputation for its academic programs and is well respected by the community.
begin when one realizes how much he has to learn and has nowhere near the ideal when he is no longer capable of learning. The years of his school may be all preparation for the, beginning, or, for those who are precocious and who come to the beginning while they are still in the primary grades, all preparation for the beginning of the public school system, and the full content of the public school curriculum. In the years of his school, he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question or for new hypothesis fitting newly discovered facts. Does an occasion arise when he has nothing to imitate, — he knows when to be serious and when to trifle — . He parts himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion, — said a few days earlier, "I finish my education next year. Then I go to work."
ABSENT FACULTY MEMBERS

Many of our absent faculty seem to be taking the vacation period as the same "old thing"—only in different surroundings. Those who are pursuing their pedagogical calling are:

Miss McKinley, at University of Illinois.
Miss Brunner, at Alma, Colorado.
Mr. Grimm, at University of Ohio.
Miss Ellingson, at Fort Collins, Colorado.
Miss Barnes, at Columbia.
Mr. Selle, at Columbia.
Miss Langmaid, Miss Southard, and Miss Talbot are at home.
Mr. Reed is at his summer home in Ely, Minnesota, and Miss Kavanagh is in Europe.

Sleeping in the open is supposed to make one feel well. Take a look at the average hobo.

Student (speaking without permission).

Teacher—You'd better not talk this period; you might faint.

Freshie—You must admit I'm good company."
Soph.—Yes, even a barn looks good painted.

The orator paused in his speech and then said, "You know the moment to ask myself a question." "Better not," cried a voice, "you'll only get a fool answer.

"What is the technical name of music?"

"Sheet music."

ONES IN A LIFE TIME

Bill hated notices. Ever since his fifth birthday, when he had been forced to greet his guests in a big red robe and feigned a solemn col.

He had squeaked and cried, "What's the big idea—notice—everybody has noticed—no notice, no real girls—catch them—and they looked at him—some of them.

"You're going to give the viole the vicious jerk. The knot had slipped. Get some traction from him to lift to tightest. He chocked, chuffed, and changed from dull red to a blood red. "Why, boy, I'm ready to let go, but it's quite a strain on me."

"That's about the time, got the viole a little of the right kind and still more, yes!"

We also find that many of the Methodist members have returned and are turning in the work. This is the truth.

It is a well-known fact that this summer is not a most successful tourney.

We welcome home all T. C. ers.

KNOWLEDGE

Knowledge comes, but wisdom falters.

Learn many things, but as we never think about them they are useless. It is the thinking about what we learn that turns knowledge into wisdom.

Both billions of dollars are spent that young people may get an education in which most cases means getting knowledge. We may say, "Knowledge is power." But it isn't. It only helps to power when it is rightly used.

We study that we may be better and happier. A knowledge of reading enables us to get the wonderful thoughts of the wise and good. The same might be said of other subjects of study.

The same study for study is that we may know more in order to do better. "Knowledge is power and what is false, what is right and what is wrong, and it is that knowledge that is the real thing. A knowledge is a fountain of life to him who possesses it.

IN YOUR SPARE MOMENTS

The Revolt of the Desert—Lawrence.
Sanctuary and Sanctuary—Dallas.
Lion Sharp.
Counterfeiter—Agnes Repplier.
Story of Philosophy—Will Durant.
Giants of the Earth—Yearg.
My Musical Life—Peter Dancres.
Catherine the Great—K. Anthony.
By the City of Long Sand—Howard.
A Daughter of the Samurai—Sugi-moto.
Nineteen Modern Essays—Galsworthy and Others.
Royal Bond to Romance—Rich.
What's the difference—Reed.
My Lady of the Chinese Court—Van Helsing.
One's Life Story—Daisy.
Jungle Peace—William Beebe.
My Musical Life—Salt.
Sweet Mary—J. A. Bailey.
A Childhood in Britain—A. E. Brain.

JES BECAUSE

Oh mueh, please let me keep him.
He's the very best dog.
When I found him, he was dearin'.
Near the tracks out in the fog.
Wandering down the halls we see.
A big dog, with a big dog's soul.
And replace over the meeting.
We are glad to welcome all students back.
And we know the best is back.
It was whispered to the alumni.
That many of the Wenonah Players are back bringing their play and music to campus.
These people have so much pep that the whole fourteen of them put their intension in every word and every action on the vaudeville show, which will be given in the near future.

Jes' let him lick my hand.
An' pretty soon come to town.

But mures, you understand.
For when I put him down again
His eyes just said he knew I'd probably leave him there— and then
I had to take him back.
He's kinda homely, mums, you know.
He's colored tan and black.
But when I put him down to go keep a law suit
An' something in my throat seemed worse
And my heart missed a beat.
I wondered what is that
Jes' let him lick my hand.
An' pretty soon come to town.

I could go on telling you all jokes forever, but what's the use?
You would only laugh at them.

Ike—I want some powder.

Drugget—"Mum's the word—Mum's the word.
Ike—No, vimmer's.

Drugget—Ike—No, I will take it mit me.

If you don't like jokes, Dandy dryness makes you groan.

Just stroll around occasionally
With some good ones of your own.

"I'm taking my girl to the gal-
ley this afternoon,"

I suppose she is painted, but why hang her for it?

"Now I've got you in my grip,
Blissed the villain, showing his tusks in spite of his value.

Hi! Gang! MEET ME AT

The Collegiate Lunch MEALS—LUNCHES PUNTOIN SERVICE

BARBER SHOP

A R A B O C K W O R K B A R B E R S H O P

B O T T L E M E N'S S H A N I N G 105 Main St.

WOMEN'S ATHLETICS

Women's athletics of W.T.C. are held in the summer between terms and without with a bang on Monday, June 16. With the help of Miss Helen G. Gallinn, the summer season is bound to be active for the students. This year the word "cone" is keeping its popularity. A tennis tournament has already been started, in which ten girls have entered. In addition to golf and tennis, two swimming classes—one for beginners and one for more advanced swimmers—are held twice a week at the "Y" pool.

During Miss Myer's vacation, Miss Florence Jermay is playing the organ for our chapel exercises.

Miss Sadie Williams, supervisor of music at Dallas, Texas, was a guest at this school on Thursday, July 5. She gave an illustrated talk on music appreciation.

Boy (to his father)—"Dad, can you sign your name with your eyes shut?"
Dad—"Certainly.
Boy—Well then, shut your eyes and sign my report card.

Paster—This morning I will have for my topic "The Great Food of Genesee."

Prominent Member of Congregation—"I have decided to pull the string, but I can't stay, but I'll hand the subscription list with $1,000 to relieve the suffering Geneesians.

Have you ever been in love?
That's my business.
How's business?"

"If we want light we must con-
ue our lamps.

"Now I've got you in my grip,
Blissed the villain, showing his tusks in spite of his value.

Hi! Gang! MEET ME AT

The Collegiate Lunch MEALS—LUNCHES FOUNTAIN SERVICE

PLACING TOP MEALS SUCCESS FOR US

CANDY

ICECREAM

WINOCOA CLEANING WORKS

Dry Cleaners, Dyers and Tailors

419 EAST THIRD ST.

Phone 175-G.

"Original Dyes" for all your commercial, and tailor's work.

The Stager Jewelry Store

A ROCKWOOD BARBER SHOP

105 Main St.

Ladies' and Men's Hair Cutting

STUDENT BARBER SHOP

AT WINTON S. C.

105 Main St.

Phone 1919-A.
WHERE DID I HEAR THIS?

"Before you leave this class you must know how to teach poetry!"

"You never saw two more interesting animals than my cats."

"Briefly is the soul of wit. Your example makes your papers not marked on weight."

"As I said before, this is a course in which you are going to get out of it just what you put in."

"If a bon and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many pancakes will it take to shingle a doghouse?"

"Fill out the blanks for graduation this week."

"See that the pupils are engaged in some purposeful activity."

"Where is thinking?"

"Now, isn't that a worthy interest?"

"We have now run five minutes over. We will make that up over the curve of the earth. Let us consider it."

"Once upon a time there was a school full of teachers who said, 'Take this for tomorrow's assignment.'"

"Busy."

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"Well, let's go to the class."

The Broken Spell

It was the most trying moment of her life. Her brother held-up by handlets, her sweetheart poisoned from wood alcohol and her aged father dying slowly, surely from the whooping cough. Ah, surely her cup of woe was full. Her life was one long pell-mell sorrow.

She would go to the haunted house—the house of black dis- torted aspect—of ghastly distemper structure. The house of sheeted figures, gibbering voices and cold slimy touch. She would go there and end it all.

The way was long and black. Owls screeched out their warning as she went on. Coughing sounds urged her on. Terrifying sounds as she went on. Closer, closer it steps — one — .

Clutching, grasping hands slid from the crevices of the crumbling walls.

"To bad!"

"How sad!"

"Do you sing soprano?"

"A. H. — How does the first verse start?"

"J. — telegraphed home last week."