The Winonan

Winona State Teachers' College

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SWISS BELL RINGERS TO BE PRESENTED
MORNING AND EVENING

MINN. FINANCE COMMITTEE VISITS LOCAL COLLEGE

The Minnesota Finance Committee of Administration and Finance, consisting of Messrs. Henry Rhinos, Paul Martin, and Mr. E. W. Austin, Purchasing Commissioner, and H. W. Austin, Purchasing Commissioner, respectively, visited Winona Teachers' College on Saturday, December 1, for the purpose of looking over the building and the program already recommended by the State Teachers College Board. This consultation is charged by law with the duty of reviewing all budget asking and with making such changes in this department as will harmonize the entire financial program of the state.

The local college is asking for an increase of $6,800 in the present general maintenance of $14,000 in order to construct first in the rural education of the two-year program, and second, for $7,000 for the third and fourth years of the degree program. There is request also for an increase in the first allotment of $14,000.

For general and special repairs, betterments, and improvements of the College Board for $9,500, for the first year and $6,000 for the second year, and all the usual needs, as well as such special needs as stage heating, new sidewalks and playing fields for $5,000, for the painting of the interior of College Hall, a tennis court, cement tennis court, and certain additional equipment.

For its building fund the college is asking for $10,000 to finish the third floor of Shepard Hall. This comparatively small amount will provide for the needs of a few young women. The college also requests that the Board of Education direct that an appropriation of $65,000 whereby to finish the north wing of Shepard Hall, and to cover the porches, shutters, underground tunnel, new sidewalks, and painting of this building. While Mosey Hall was fully built and equipped for $7,500 before the war increased all prices. The Shepard Hall appropriation, of the same increased costs of that date. But before the construction of the building could be contracted for, the prices of labor and commodities had almost doubled so that the original plans had to be cut by nearly one half. Practically the same situation is to be found at Mankato, where a similar dormitory is similarly incomplete.

FOR WINTER QUARTER

With the beginning of the new year, the teachers college has the privilege of welcoming back several former students as well as new students.

The piece of green candy which always made the first team, was given by Captain Pete Deanovic and quicksands prepared and well served was by no means the best team and the evening’s entertainment.

The dinner which was well prepared and served by Mrs. Peterson, the Comptroller, was a fitting conclusion to a highly successful season.
A REMINISCENCE

Enchantment — green, crimson, golf bluffs rising in the light of day, but shadowy Winona in the holy luath of night; mighty trees with outstretched protecting arms, waters, blue in peace and indolent content — beauty, beauty alluring with tenderness. From every atom that it parleys the melody laden Winona — Winona in the sparkle of the night world, Winona in the dying light, Winona in the early morn;

And finding in the strangest garb the messenger of mirth;

But to get back to my attitude yesterday, I went to the WINONA ELECTRIC CONSTRUCTION CO. for Mother's present. Somehow, something electric seems to be the very essence of desirability to her. A heater would be nice or a copper popper or a percolator or maybe I'd better get another carving iron for the one that I lost at the late. You'll prick up your ears when you hear of the marvelous bargains.

We went to PENNY'S, too, such attractive things for Xmas have they — gloves, hosiery, and nearly all of Santa's toys. But what I was ready to buy was an umbrella. They had a rack of the finest ones with carved handles and wooden stems. You'd wish for rain every day if you could carry one of them.

The NEEDLEWORK SHOP had some things for kiddies too — stuffed elephants and dolls with bat
ing programs. We've seen the stamp of friendship, and we've been warned against the scoffing rift of adversity, friendship whose dancing beams warmed the hearts, of all entwined, friendship wrenched from kindly words with a passing thrush.

"Living with people there upon that kindly earth And finding in the strangest garb the messenger of mirth; And thus I learned from high and low, throughout that stretch of years, that kind of a girl.

"Too soon it is to know the loss of thee, though here thou seem to fail, the vast extent Of if thy talent has been wisely spent; Though here thou seem to fail, the vast extent Of if thy talent has been wisely spent;"
CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MR. BOOTS' CLASSES

E. Boots

THE LOVER OF THE BEAUTIFUL

I do not know that Italy was so beautiful! I exclaimed to my guide.

Signor Vittorio, smelling very much of garlic and goodness knows what, was smiling broadly, hat in hand.

"I think, Meces is satisfied," he replied.

"Satisfied? Why is it wonderful! Dreamlike! Undescribable!"

I looked about me enraptured. I am always when I see anything beautiful. There is so wonderful! We see her; we understand her; we appreciate her; and yet we cannot describe her. She is so mysterious; she awes us. She has the power to quiet our minds, to make us happy, to still our fears. She is the greatest teacher. I must be alone to fully appreciate the splendor of her. I wished to think, to dream.

"Signor Vittorio," I said, "there is a hill. Now go back to the hotel for I wish to see it still." We saw him go away and I of course called "Signor Vittorio," and he exclaimed: "It shall be as Meces desires.

I watched him descend and then walked very slowly, stopping at every other step that I might miss no detail.

Afterdreaming for some time I wandered to the valley below and from there followed a narrow path which curved and wound about small hill.

Surely, I came to a bold and striking sweep of white stone stairs which lead up to the top of a cliff. I ascended and found myself in a beautiful cliff garden overlooking the Bay of Naples.

All was the vision and splendor of bloom. Here were red roses, white roses, pink roses, roses of every shade. The verdant, cliff garden was filled with flowers, palms, and fig trees. Below was the blue, blue bay and the tinted town. Above was the clear sky. Beyond was the majesty of the意大利 mountains. I because enraptured.

My meditation was disturbed, however, by the voice of an old man. I turned hurriedly just in time to see him stumble and then lean against a tree for support. I at once went to his assistance. He was an old man, with a white beard, and an old hat.

He told me that he had fallen and was very much of the opinion that I should please assist him to his living room.

I saw the door was closed, however, by the voice of an old man. I turned hurriedly just in time to see him stumble and then lean against a tree for support. I at once went to his assistance. He was an old man, with a white beard, and an old hat.

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"The outard signs," I thought to myself, "are of a lover of the beautiful, for the mind of love is always the mind of delight.

"The tide," I thought, "is far out on the ocean. In comes the silver tide. It rises up and stretches far. The close walls of the room, The blue, blue bay, and the tinted town, The blue sky, and the great, majestic mountains. I am at once with my support. He is an old man, with a white beard, and an old hat. He told me that he had fallen and was very much of the opinion that I should please assist him to his living room.

"My task," I thought, "will be kind and task, needing all my strength and mind. I shall not flinch nor weaken. I shall find that even if I see me ever through, I shall not want for task to come to me, and seek a new one when this is done. And shall finish what I have begun. Although attainment may be far to seek. And I shall, for this above, that I may ever keep My mind and hands all ready for All task.

"I shall conquer loneliness and Be Greater than grieves which try to master me."

RUTH BECKER

SONG OF A ONE-O'CLOCKER

Over the hills of old T. C., Down the steps to the street,
I hurry again to my rest,
Let the lazy, and rest too fast.

My friend is slow as slow can be;
He hasn't a one-o'clock class, you see.
So swiftly, swiftly, as sails a ship,
I haste with many a slide and slip,
To reach the dorm where dinner is set.

But to enjoy my meal no time is left;
And I swallow it whole, without a chew,
You would, too, if you were set.

Up with the book — no hat this time.

Although we told this is far from wise,
Cost wide open, hair a-flying,
In haste like a doctor when someone is dying.

Twenty minutes to study my books
Which accounts for the "E" in the test I took.

Ah, dear friends! 'Tis sad but true,
This is the life a Soph must pursue.

Hazel Peterson

OUTWARD SIGNS

I like to think that every human face Shows by shadow and by smile what's taking place In the mind.

And that likewise hands may show By their movements to and fro Something of character.

— Georgina Kleinig

My solace

My marks are all below grade,
I've paid none of these;
I've no Book rentals and class dues,
The best I can hope for are D's:
With their hearts all palpitating.
And he never, never tarries,
To the Maker of this creation:
And full of animation,
All the world astir
Its beams in colorful array,
Rises up and stretches forth
When the innocent brightness
There is no time to brood, no time to weep
When there is work to do, and I ask For this above, that I may ever keep
My mind and hands all ready for
All task.

Thou shalt conquer loneliness and Be Greater than grieves which try to master me."

— Ruth Becker

Morning

When the innocent brightness
Rises up and stretches forth
When the innocent brightness
My friend is slow as slow can be;
Here's to your number —
And here's to your number —
And full of animation,
All the world astir
Its beams in colorful array,
Rises up and stretches forth
When the innocent brightness
There is no time to brood, no time to weep
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Vain

When asked to write some verse
Of known not what to say
I'd rather call the sinner
Than try my luck today.

I thought of all the rules and such that poets seem to follow; but meter was for me too much, that my poor head was hollow.

I've heard it said that sentiment, With feeling, joy and sorrow,
Reveals a poet's temperament;
With feeling, joy and sorrow,
Trees and skies and ocean sand
Bring heavenly inspiration
But the sun doth not command
My thoughts — 0 perspiration!

I gaze at space, and dream and dream,
And I'd almost rather call the hearse
How much can one take to the final goal?

— Irene Garrigan

Money

Stars in the sky come down and we cry
Money! Money! Money!
Stars of the earth, from the time of their birth, sigh
Money! Money! Money!

How much did he make?
How much did he take?
How much did he own?

We hear over the phone.
Has he very much gold?
Not, does he look odd?

Is he wealthy by looks?
Not, how well does he cure?
When Shelley lived, he was not

For he was of a different mind.
He craved no radio, but allowed
Two a gift of God to view the cloud.

So, he would be content if I
If I saved a little more than I spent.
Tis enough for any poor earthly goal.

How much can one take to the final goal?

— Irene Garrigan

My Locker

My dear old locker, here's to thee,
And here's to your number —

I know I have cursed you many a time,
But yet I love you, locker of mine.

How many times have I bumped my head,
And oh, the terrible things I've said.

Yet you've stood through thick and thin
And held all the books I've ever begun.

Only a dollar I paid for the key
I mean the first; I had to buy three.
I know my money has been well spent
But I grieve to hang out the sign, "For Rent!"

— Helen Hycker

Help!

When the needle, dark and drear,
And a car was flying near
Not a star was twinkling high,
But a car was creeping near.

Suddenly, a very thin call
Which no man nor beast could claim —

"Oh! gravity, shrinking moans,
Frozening the narrow in my bones.

Murder swiftly came to mind,
People of the Hickman kind,
Casting their lives thick and fast,
Till it seemed I'd never last.

Farewell, I a warning cried,
As my roommate, peeped, did thing.

Me for my mounting care:
"Soon we'll be a bill of fare!"

The window she did fly,
"Why is English?" Many an impatient Freshman has asked himself.

In my dreams — 0 perspiration!
With their hearts all palpitating.
And he never, never tarries,
To the Maker of this creation:
And full of animation,
All the world astir
Its beams in colorful array,
Rises up and stretches forth
When the innocent brightness
There is no time to brood, no time to weep
When there is work to do, and I ask
For this above, that I may ever keep
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All task.

Thou shalt conquer loneliness and Be Greater than grieves which try to master me."

— Ruth Becker

Lines written in June

Days are short and minutes fleet
Topics, tests, and papers due;
Lakes are calling; friends are meeting
Unleashed currents of azure hue.

Study bells to us are calling,
Dread, I a warning cried,
Causing shivers thick and fast,
Which no man nor beast could
Groaning, wailing, shrieking moans,
And held all the books I've ever begun.

Only a dollar I paid for the key
I mean the first; I had to buy three.
I know my money has been well spent
But I grieve to hang out the sign, "For Rent!"

— Helen Hycker

Lala Hall
**FLASHERS OF THOUGHT**

Thought is the life of the soul; the soul’s mirror, whereby the immortal is discerned as if it were the outward; the father of wisdom; the candle which shows us the ways which lead to tranquillity and peace. Thought is to the spirit what health is to the physique. Thought is sublime.

Flash of thought in a writer are struck out by the rapid pen, and that flash of a man’s own mind is more profitable to himself and will procure him more favorable reception from the public than any amount of second-hand conversa-

There goes the wee bird with wing;
There is a wee bird that goes

**WEE BIRD**

There is a wee bird that sails outspread
sails great and feeling souls. But you
reception from the public, than any

**THE TIDE**

What is the most interesting
thing in the world? What is it
that absorbs the attention of
the greatest number of people?

What phenomena do most people
have a live interest in?

Is it religion? No. For too many
men this is only a Sunday in-
terest.

Another craze centers around the
beauty painter. Hours of precious
time and dollars from hard-earned
money are willingly given to beau-
ty, the external surfaces of our
’me’s’. Hours of diligent concen-
tration are put forth to improve the
inner make-up of our ‘me’s’.

Another craze centers around
the comic hero or heroine.

Thought, moved by some invis-
able, mighty force, is perpetually
striving beyond what is present,
viable; forever crying out against
baseless fear; freeing man from
happiness in imaginings of unseen,
unimaginable bliss.

An indi-
great number of people? In

Friends are not men who are
put forth to improve the

After all, isn’t it the ‘little me’
in every one that occasions an
interest in most men? Whose at-
tention does not brighten before a
mirror? Indeed these mirrors, be-
cause they reflect our little ‘me’s’
are so precious that to break one
has come to mean seven years of
bad luck. Whence sprang the
word “vanity” if not from the
pleasure one takes in admiring this
‘ego’?

What man has no desire for
reciprocation? Men must be
loved in turn. “Unsolicited devot-
tion” is a term to be used sparingly.

The deep mourning over the
death of our loved ones, even in
the grief expedited for the departed
soul by us for the spirit left behind?
Certainly, we could not be so crude
as to mourn over the escape of a

**THAT LITTLE “ME”**

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BASKETBALL SQUAD LOOKS PROMISING

Four Veterans Return

Basketball got a better start this year than it has for many years. When Coach Galligan issued the call for men, over thirty answered. After the first week, Coach cut the squad down to nineteen men, who will comprise the squad for the present. These men are the following: Capt. Henry, Deanovic, Hudd, Enker, Fisk, Davies, Skarnes, Hetzler, Miller, Michelsen, Kern, Mullen, Pollard, Evans, Griffith, Kramer, Kaover, Kaustov, and Rowell. Coach plans on cutting the squad down to fourteen men in the near future.

With Henry, Skarren, Deanovic and Kekaitis back from last year, and Hudd, who was ineligible last year, and Davies and Kern, former Winona High stars, and the rest of this promising squad, the prospects for a winning season look bright.

Pete Deanovic, the protege, the Business College Team, came over to scrimmage the squad Wednesday afternoon. Pete swore to be doing very well with his team.

T.C. played the Dover Bisons last Friday night. It was the first game of the season, and proved very good because the Dover Bisons put up an interesting struggle. Even though it was an easy win, Coach Deitrick put up an interesting struggle. It sure was good. By the end of the game, Pete had scored twenty points in one night, and was called a bright star for the future.

Well, we took a look at the highly advertised Iron Range during the Thanksgiving Vacation. We went in Pete's College Ford. Some ride! The range people certainly are having a fine time with their visitors. The high light of the trip, we think, was when we went to see the high school at Buhl. It was on a Saturday, and everything was locked up, and Mr. Atkins, the superintendent, was ready to leave. We thought that we wouldn't get to see the school, but as soon as Mr. Atkins found out that Pete wanted to visit a visitor around the school, he gave him a skeleton key for any door or room in the building, and told him to go ahead and show around and to leave the key on his desk when we were through. That certainly was very fine of him, and we had complete charge of the building for a couple of hours looking around.

We thought that we were in a casket. They have wonderful buildings for school on the range. It would take a day to tell all the amazing things we saw in the high school.

We also looked down a hole into a lot of black space and were told that it was an underground mine that was not in operation any more. We saw a ladder going down into it, and also a bucket, and thought how unhealthy we would feel if about to descend into a black pit like that. After looking into that pit, we took much pleasure in listening to Mr. Nicholas' stories of cave-ins and other adventures so frequently experienced in the region beyond.

We won't forget the pasties Mrs. Nicholas so kindly made for us. It's a strong call and a clear call that gives us such a feeling.

And all I ask is a chilly day, to make the mount优秀

FOOTBALL FEVER

(Apologies to John Masefield)

I must play Football again, this time and the hard game, and fast backs, to bring out our game, and the halfback's punting, and the halfback's blocking; and a right line to make the holes and set the opponents rocking.

I must play Football again, for 'tain the call of the game, and punting, 'Tis a strong call and a clear call that gives us such a feeling. And all I ask is a chilly day, to make the mount优秀

A WARNING

Listen, all you students, to this tale of woe. It's all so very true of one you all didn't know. He played at tennis, basketball, and track, and never on the football field was there a faster back.

Now many an opponent's forward line he sent home an awful wrench. With Henry, Skaran, Deanovic and Kekaitis back from last year, Mullen, Pollard, Evans, Griffith, Kramer, Kaover, Kaustov, and Rowell. Coach plans on cutting the squad down to nineteen men this year, and he will be a welcome addition to the squad as he is a cracker-jack shot and dribbler, and no mean pivoter. He says he is coming down next year to take the game of the season, and proved very good because the Dover Bisons put up an interesting struggle. Even though it was an easy win, Coach Deitrick put up an interesting struggle. It sure was good. By the end of the game, Pete had scored twenty points in one night, and was called a bright star for the future.

THE LAST BASKET

By Paul Nissen

Basketball seems to be getting the upper hand again in the school. The prospects look better than ever this year with Captain "Scotty" Henry back in his old forward position, Pete Deanovic, last year's center forward playing center, "Ole" Risty from Morristown, who looks well on the forward position, Pete Deanovic, last year's center forward playing center, "Ole" Risty from Morristown, who looks well on the forward position.

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Dear Mrs. Prof.          

I'm a poor boy, very good looking but lacking in financial stamina. My grandfather is always angry with me because I can't entertain him. Even hair raising stories have no effect. Suggest something. 

Sincerely, 

Joseph.