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Bee Gee News May 26, 1931

Bowling Green State University

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Ode to a Senior

You've had your ups—
You've had your downs—
You've had your smiles—
You've had your frowns—
You've had your fun—
You've had your play—
You've had your nights—
You've had your day—
You've had it smooth—
You've had it rough—
Get out—you're through—
You've had enough!

B. G. Key Staff (1932)

At a meeting of the Junior class held on May 20, the following members were elected to the 1932 Key staff:

Editor-in-chief: Wilson Egbert
Associate Editor: Lois Felsted
Athletic Editor: Clifton Olds
Activities Editor: Ruth Bernath
Treasurer: Ethel Beckman
Secretary: Josephine Nicodemus
Assistant Business Manager: No decision
Assistant Activity Manager: Kenyon Golding
Assistant Cir. Mgr.: A. H. T.
Assistant Typist: Carl Martens
Typist: Katherine Cleary
Assoc. Features Ed.: William Sloat
Assistant Business Mgr.: Clifford Stevenson
Assistant Theatre Party Mgr.: Calvin Parks
Business Manager: David Wilson

No decision. To be approved by the present Sophomore class.

Life

It's the little thing in life
That make the biggest splash;
When they hit the pond, the world,
With vim, and boast, and dash.

It's the ones who do the greatest work,
And strive and ne'er complain,
Who leave their mark upon the world,
And to history leave their name.

The small ones hit with a mighty splash
And then are seen no more.
The big one's ripples spreading out,
Soon reach from shore to shore.

Too quickly are we apt to praise
The one who shouts his name;
While working by us quietly
Is one whose goal is fame.

He works unheeded then, until,
His work has left its mark;
Not asking money, praise, or fame;
Just glad he's done his part.

E. H. T.

Gymnasium Ethics

Bowling Green has always enjoyed a high standard of gymnasium ethics and for this we all have reason to be thankful. This spring, however, a few locks have unfortunately been tampered with, and a few articles have turned up missing. Whether such actions have been serious or mere school-boy pranks we do not know, but we urge all students to carefully lock their lockers before leaving them. Such actions, coupled with the plain marking of all your possessions, fellows, will make the task hard for any light-fingered gentry.

Any such happenings (which might take place in any school) are deeply regretted by gym officials. They believe, however, that the careful marking of one's possessions will obviate all such occurrences in the future. This school relies on your actions, and appeals also to the sense of sportsmanship inherent in everyone of you. Let's back the gym officials in their task of protecting your property.

SKOL News

What parties those pledges can give! Skol's new pledges certainly demonstrated their ability along this line when they entertained the members with a delightful party—a Pajama Party to be exact. All the girls came dressed in gay pajamas to Shatzel Annex which the pledges had so nicely decorated for the occasion. Dancing and bridge were the diversions, and oh boy those eats! At the close of the evening, the pledges served delightful refreshments. They gave a party which we will never forget—or, maybe forget so we may ask for another.

The sorority wishes to announce the additional pledges, Ethel Beckman, and Janet Boone, who were unable to attend the first pledge services and became pledges at special services held before the party.

3-K

Tuesday evening, May 19, was a very busy one at the 3K sorority house. First, the impressive first degree was given to the eight pledges. Then, the officers for the next year were elected.

President: Naomi Doyle
Vice-President: Maxine Wright
Secretary: Josephine Nicodemus
Treasurer: Ethel Reda Miller

At this time the pledges reported the progress they had made with the plans for the annual picnic which will be held next week.

The 3K as an organization are very proud to say that they have successfully conducted a sorority home this year and only hope for a bigger and better year starting next September.

Bee Gee News

Bowling Green State College
Commencement Week

Program

Friday, May 29
8:15 P. M.—Senior class play.
Saturday, May 30
3:00-5:00 P. M.—Elementary Graduates Ten.
8:15 P. M.—Senior Formal Recital.
Monday, June 1
8:15 P. M.—Elementary Graduates' play For Graduates only.
Tuesday, June 2
3:00 P. M.—Senior Sunset Picnic and Bonfire, "Follow the Will O'Wisp".
Wednesday, June 3
4:00 P. M.—Senior Luncheon.
3:00 P. M.—Elementary Graduates picnic.
Thursday, June 4
5:00 A. M.—Senior Sunrise Breakfast.
7:00 P. M.—Theatre Party.
Friday, June 5
10:30 A. M.—Breakfasts.
2:00 P. M.—Senior class day exercises.
6:30 P. M.—Senior formal dinner-dance.
7:30 P. M.—Elementary Graduates dinner.
Saturday, June 6
9:30 A. M.—Alumni Day.
12:30 P. M.—Luncheons.
2:00 P. M.—Baseball, Alumni vs. Varsity.
6:00 P. M.—Alumni banquet and dance at Shatzel Hall.
Sunday, June 7
2:30 P. M.—Baccalaureate Service. Sermon, Dr. T. W. Fessenden, pastor, of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Toledo, O.
4:00 P. M.—Reception.
Monday, June 8
Commencement Day
9:00 A. M.—Senior Colors hoisted.
10:00 A. M.—Academic Procession.
10:30 A. M.—Commencement Address—"Privileges of our Profession", A. L. Lyman, Ph. D., Professor of the Teaching of English, University of Chicago.
12:30 M.—Senior colors hauled down.

Be Big and Generous

Once in awhile even a college student develops a bad case of dislike for a teacher. Very much to the student's disadvantage. The remedy is usually very simple. Get better acquainted with the teacher and he'll be big enough to meet the situations generously.

Popularity Bug

The pesky "popularity bug" bites some people so viciously in the pants they don't use sense.
ON PAPERS

The so-called "higher criticism" which has become fashionable, and which was evidenced in the article "Term Papers" which appeared last week, certainly produces a quick change of atmosphere. After all, however, such attitudes should be taken with a grain of salt, as should the contemporary college movies in which pajama parties and coonskin coats figure prominently. The rah!! rah!! element, the "gyp the prof" attitude and the careless study habit are no more indicative of the college student than are those classes in life which society commonly denotes as morons, imbeciles, and boobs. We do not mean to draw an analogy at this point, neither do we mean to cancel all the charges laid at modern collegedom. What we do seek to do is to draw a healthy lesson from those mechanized and cross elements in our school system and by drawing this lesson obviate all further contact with these elements.

The present social system seems to have introduced this "machine" idea of education to the excess. Emphasis is not placed, by the student, on thorough research, and a searching analysis of the problem. Rather, by our emphasis on the money element, we have placed real education in the background. It is with this in view that some modern "scholars (?)" go to college to slide through as painlessly as possible. The real scholar does draw benefit from term papers and in this light such efforts are not lost on the student body.

I once long ago watched a forest fire. It crept up the mountainside, dying here and springing up in full blaze hundreds of feet away. Recently there have been several "flareups" in the colleges of the U. S. most of them close together, but springing up and dying away, nevertheless, in widely separated areas. These sudden "blazes", destructive as they are to property, are characterized by several things: mob action, vandalism and publicity. It is indeed unfortunate that erstwhile educated people would stoop to a mob vandalism and concerted violent action to register their disapproval of certain features in American college life. It is unfortunate that much of this should be headlined, which serves as well as the fashion dictums of New York and Paris in creating fads and fashions. Were these conditions not attendant with the registration of disapproval, the worst features of human nature would not be displayed.

Underneath these sudden revolutions these is another force, a force which vitalizes and keeps burning the flames of such revoluiion. For a convenient verbal handle, let us label this "scholar's skepticism." This condition, aggravated by the democratic view of life that we get thru our life, produces a cross current of criticism whose whole basis seems to lie with the situation as it now is. The only prerequisite is that the institution or condition must exist. Producing in this way a feeling of dissatisfaction with everything, rather than a scholarly understanding of life, we have inculcated into our youth a desire to destructively criticize without thinking of another solution to the situation. The absolute negation of actions and institutions, just because they exist, will never serve to stimulate to constructive thinking which if we are not to return to the barbaric stage of civilization.

WHAT COLLEGE DID FOR ME

When I started to college, I remember one class in particular. Distinctly do I remember a certain geography class and a remark my new instructor made. She was explaining the effect of running water upon the rocks and stones in the river. In short, she was explaining to us the great geographic feature, erosion.

Picking up a small rock with very, very jagged edges, she compared it to us college freshmen. She said that water erosion smoothed the rough edges off the stone in just the same way as our life at Bowling Green would wear off our rough edges. Of course anyone who knows anything at all about college freshmen understands that this is really a very fitting remark.

Now, when I went home and repeated this (for you know all students in their first year at college go home and repeat everything that they have done, seen, or heard since they were at home last), you can imagine the alarm of my parents. They thought they had turned out a perfect flower of youth, and now some high-handied instructor had used this perfect daughter in comparison with a rough, jagged-edged rock. Was that all we were to gain at college, they wondered?

I am now a Sophomore in college, and I'm still not so pleased that the geography instructor was quite right. I have grown so much broader in many ways, and I'm sure a great number of rough edges have been knocked off. Still, I am far from being a perfect human being. I have broadened intellectually to the extent that I realize that no person can know everything (and this is something that no high school student knows or will even believe without knowing. I have broadened morally and socially to the extent that I can now speak at ease with most any type of person, and this I consider a great accomplishment for me.

The rough stone which entered college as a Freshmen has passed through one stage of its erosion, and it has acquired a certain partial smoothness of form which will enable it to make its way down the stream of life to further growth and breadth. This is what two years in college has done for me. What has it done for you? What could four years of college do? What will life and experience do?

M. L. B.

DIRT

Dirt, or earth, as it is sometimes called, can be found in large quantities on the necks of small boys and under city sidewalks. It was originally used to pull fish-worms out of, but a number of other uses have been found. The discoverer of dirt is not definitely known, but it is thought to have been the result of laboratory research on the part of certain soap manufacturers. Dirt has the peculiar property that when combined with soap it comes off.

Liquid dirt can also be obtained under the name of mud. Mud is particularly useful in making streets where the cost of paving is prohibitive—

Flatter Than Flat

The ancients thought the world was flat, and ignorance was bliss—at that; they had no cocktails, no swell cafes, no Greta Garbos, no cabarets; they had no taxis, no Pullman cars, no Ringling Brothers, no movie stars; no Fords, no Darrows, no Coolidges; no Prince of Wales, no derby hats; they had no steams, no submarine; there were no Curtiss Nor Wright machines; they had no Sandburghs, no poisonous gas, no hula dancers; who wore clothes of grass; they had no sherry, their wine was mild; they had no painted women who were really wild.

The ancients thought the world was flat, and really, I guess, it was at that.

To call on a girl friend and find a bent pin on the chair is a rare sign that there is a small boy in the family.

Platitudes vs. Practice

Fanny world with that word. We preach and scold the youth to be honest, moral and spiritual. They (the youth) go out only to find the movies making heroes of villains, and many a newspaper poking fun at the churches and with now and then a supposed saint gone crooked. Some confusion is making streets where the cost of paving is prohibitive—

The good hard thinking of the youth is superior to the present.
Since Bowling Green won the provincial debating tournament, many young debaters, in this section of the country, undoubtedly would like to come to Bowling Green seeking to become more familiar with speech training. In the growth of the institution, we believe, sufficient progress has been made to include enough speech work in order to make a state minor. Furthermore, that the time has now come when a separate speech department could be created, so that the minor credits could be counted as such. Let's hear a few comments.

Lessons In Etiquette
(From the Five Bro. House)
1. Do not boot a speaker with whom you do not agree. Eggs and tomatoes are proper in this case.
2. If you are on the outs with someone do not pull him by on the street without appearing to notice him. Stick out your foot and trip him.
3. After seeing the girl friend home from the theatre (Bucket of Blood), a gentleman should not expect to be invited in. No invitation is necessary if he can get his foot in the front door.
4. Do not razz an opposing player at an athletic event, as all razzing should be reserved for the umpire.

It has been shown that when potassium iodide (KI) is put into compound with two parts of sulphur (S), a reaction takes place and the compound (KISS) is formed. There is no explosion, although a slight sound may be heard.

A city agricultural student seeing a calf called it a cowlet. The truth of the matter it was a bull.

The Bell Weather
People are like a flock of sheep. Get the bell weather to jump a fence and the whole flock hop over the fence.

You've probably heard of the Scotchman who wouldn't send his child to school because he had to pay attention, but have you heard about his brother who put a nickel in his mouth to prevent seasickness?

A Beautiful End
"Is this the speedometer?" she cooed as she tapped the glass covered instrument.
"Yes, dear," I replied in a gentle voice.
"Don't they call this the dash light," she asked softly, fingerling the little nickel-plated illuminator.
"Yes, honey.
"And is this the cut-out?"
"Yes, Tootles," as I took my foot off the accelerator not more than a hundred feet from a fast moving train.
"But what on earth is this funny little pedal?" she said in a curious tone as she gave the accelerator a vigorous push with her tiny foot.
"This, sweetheart, is heaven," I said in a soft celestial voice, as I picked up a golden harp and flew away.

Boots and Men
"Uncle Joe" Cannon sees a resemblance between boots and men. He figures it out like this:
"Boots go on feet; so do men. Boots sometimes get tight; so do men. A boot will shine when polished; so will a man.
A boot to get on needs a pull; so does a man.
Some boots have red tops; so have some men.
Some boots lose their soles; so do some men.
Boots are tanned; so are some men in their youth.
Some boots can't stand water; neither can some men.
When a boot is well sooted it is a hard case; so are some men.
A boot when old gets wrinkled; so does a man.
A boot to be of much account must have a mate; so must a man.

Definitions
Fraternity House—A place to go to find out if you need a haircut. They say you can tell a girl by the clothes she wears—no wonder we know so little about women today.
A skin you love to touch—that immediately surrounding a mosquito bite.

Kisses
I'd kissed the sweetest maidens so enchantingly demure,
Who meekly turned their pretty little heads.
I'd kissed the chaste and innocent, the virtuous and pure,
And incidentally also kissed co-eds.

I'd kissed the senoritas and had known their latent fire,
Inspiring all the Romes of Spain;
And urchines had come to tell of their desire;
They'd pleaded for a kiss, and not in vain.

I'd kissed them on the forehead, and I'd kissed them on the cheek,
I'd kissed them where the others all had missed;
I'd kissed them on the impulse in the middle of the week,
And any time I kissed them, they stayed kissed.

I'd taken on all comers in this game they'd nicknamed love;
I'd shown a thousand girls the way to bliss.
And then you came along and gave my whole technique a shove.
For you, my love, have taught me how to KISS.

"Freshmen"
We have it from a reliable source that some freshman thinks that Moses hid in the bull rushes so he wouldn't have to turn in his Lab. notebook.

Educational Responsibility
Education as one agency for directing the thoughts of the public, shares a great responsibility in this mechanical age. What people think is vastly more important, than rapid transportation, radio or mass production. In the long run material prosperity and physical comforts, depend alone upon safe and sane ideals of the public to preserve the physical, mental, moral and spiritual welfare of the people is of the utmost importance. History proves that when the quality of the people lowers, the material welfare of that people rapidly sinks from its former high standards.

To make the point a little plainer, the individual who conforms to the high standards accepted by society, as right, usually gets along in life and enjoys material prosperity over a longer period of time, than the individual who violates the accepted social standards, the latter (the violators), usually get by for a time; then the exposure, disgrace, defeat and failure. All because their thoughts were wrong.

Seven Ages of Women
Safety pins.
Whip-pins.
Hair pins.
Fraternity pins.
Diamond pins.
Clothes pins.
Rolling pins.

Prof.: "Fools ask questions no wise man can answer."
Don Lowell: "That's why we all flunk."

If you don't get the point of some of these jokes, don't worry. It may have been broken off in the press.

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There are meters iambic,
And meters trochaic,
And meters in musical tone.
But the meter that's neater, sweeter, completer
Is the "meet-her by moonlight alone":

Man is a "worm of the earth"—he comes along, wriggles about a while, and finally some chicken gets him.

LASTING PRIDE
These are strenuous times. Fortunes in stocks, bonds, real estate have become a mere song. People who have put their work and pride in money, find little for consolation just now. Even in those days of financial depression many people have built about a pride of honor, charity, courage and helpfulness. Such pride makes no change in the financial conditions.

There was a young girl from Dover
Who came to Bee Gee in October
Her style was a whiz—Clipping
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Now, when I went home and repeated this (for you know all students in their first year at college go home and repeat everything that they have done, seen, or heard since they were at home last), you can imagine the alarm of my parents. They thought they had turned out a perfect daughter who was really wild. Of course, they had better not have heard this. They would have been shocked.

The trouble with these Freshmen is that they have perfect mothers for once. If only they had some real human mothers who would be honest, moral, and spiritual. They (the youth) go out only to find the movies making heroes of villains, and many a newspaper poking fun at the churches and with now and then a supposed saint gone crooked. Some confusion.

To call on a girl friend and find a bent pin on the chair is a rare sign that there is a small boy in the family.

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Funny world is this today. We preach and scold the youth to be honest, moral, and spiritual. They (the youth) go out only to find the movies making heroes of villains, and many a newspaper poking fun at the churches and with now and then a supposed saint gone crooked. Some confusion, but not yet our trouble.

The good hard thinking of the youth is superior to the present. 

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The ancients thought the world was flat. The dirt was well under the water, and the tentacles of the oceans were the highest place on the earth. Their wine was mild, no painted women who were really wild. They had no Sandbergs, nor Wright machines; no Greta Garbos, no cabarets—no cocktails, no swell cafes, no taxis, no Pullman cars, no steams, no submarine; no Prince of Wales, no derby hats; they had no steams, no submarine; there were no Curritucks, nor Wright machines; they had no Sandbergs, nor Wright machines; no poisonous gas, no hula dancers. Who wore clothes of grass; they had no sherry, their wine was mild, no painted women who were really wild.

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BEE GEE NEWS

THE FLICKER'S NEST

Giggle, Chuckle, Chortle

To hear some teachers talking, you would think that a teacher should have a face that looked like a horse, or as a man who needed prompting. If he is on the alert, however, he may find many things to make life more liveable, and his days more pleasant. The following are selected at random, as all contributions to the Flicker's Nest are selected, and no other excuse seems necessary.

Definitions:

"Ambiguities means having two wives living at the same time."

"A brazier is a kind of garment the Italians wore instead of having their houses heated by furnaces."

"An epistle is a wife of an apostle."

"A grass widow is a wife of a vegetarian."

"A Mayor is a he horse."

"A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off."

Literature and Art:

"Lord Macaulay suffered from gout and wrote all his poems in iambic feet."

"The Lark that soars on dewy songs' means that the lark was going so high and flapping its wings so hard that he broke it's fingers.

"Michael Angelo painted the dome of the Sistine Madonna."

Bible, Religion, Myth, etc.

"Solomon had 300 wives and 700 porcupines."

"Sarah was Abraham's half-wife, otherwise midwife, sometimes called columbine."

"Achilles was the boy whose mother dipped him in the River Stinx until he was intollerable."

"The Esquimaux are God's frozen people."

Geography:

"A mountain range is a cook stove used in high altitudes."

Science (7):

"A grasshopper has three pair of wings — anterior, posterior and bacteria."

"Buburb is a kind of celery gone bloodshot."

"A liter is a nest of puppies."

"To collect fumes of sulphur, hold a deacon over a flame in a test tube."

"The plural of ox is oxygen."

Teachers everywhere can supply similar collections, and wise indeed is he who collects similar material for the proverbial "Fannie day" when everything else seems to go wrong; when all is lost, save temper.

Dr. Kohl: How does suicide become a crime?

Don Stevenson: When it becomes a confirmed habit.

Dr. Kohl: Nonsense. Why is suicide a crime?

D. S.: Because it injures the health.
WHY IS A HEN?

Unaccustomed as I am to writing for publication or dodging over-ripe tomatoes thrown with malice, I feel it my duty to give a little light upon the subject. Of course, to make such an article worthwhile, we must have an extensive knowledge of this and that which might lead an acrobat to jump off a seventy-two story building, to give old sailors a thrill, but, as Little Red Riding Hood said, "Let the festivities proceed," so we will say, "Hurrah for Patrick Levinsky."

Why is a hen? Well, in my opinion a hen is because. If there were no hens, because would not answer the question. But, as we all know a hen is, it is therefore a challenge to all who say that pork is a cause, if not, pray why not? There is perfect absurd to say a hen is not; because so many pages of type could be made, I leave you to your own resources: "Why cannot a hen be are?"

Well, there is more to be considered than a shallow investigation will disclose. The best books on the subject are found nowhere, and their names are "Why a Hen I and How," and "If So Why Not!". These books should be written in the near future and by no one in particular. If these books are not procurable at the nearest food agency, they can not be obtained by writing to the Prince of Wales.

Of course, a short article like this can not deal at length with the isness of a hen, because so many pages of type could be covered with a thousand tons of combination salad and for the same reason I think that Prexy's speech on the conciliation would not answer the question. But, as we all know a hen is, it is therefore a challenge to all who say that pork is a cause, and if not, pray why not? There is perfect absurd to say a hen is not; because so many pages of type could be made, I leave you to your own resources: "Why cannot a hen be are?"

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A freshman taking an Exam. in Prof. Schwarz history class handed in the following composition:

"General Bradock was killed in the Revolutionary War. He had three horses shot under him, and a fourth went through his clothes."

Soph.: "Say, didja ever take choral-form?"

Fresh.: "What period does it come?"

Laugh Fool! Laugh!

Prof. Abernethy: 'Now, how do you get constants?'

Kunkie (From Kunkle absentely): "Shatzel 305".

Feeling Better

I'm feeling a lot better. Just gave a Prof. a piece of my mind for rubbing it on a hard working kid who just didn't make the grade.

The idea of a man or woman sitting around on a stool for six weeks shooting high sounding stuff at us kids. Then just because we don't soak it all in they snort and tell us "beat it for the bushes". My idea of some of this stuff is like our policeman at home. Always strutting around when not wanted and never on the job when and where needed. Exchange

Develop by Contact

Flint on steel causes a spark. Matching your wits with another is an inspiration to both. If you are anxious to improve, seek the society of people keener than yourself. Genius inspires genius, and genius inspires all. Associate with the most intellectual that will tolerate your company.

"If you know a man's conception of God, you know the man." — Quellen

A Boston Prof. says "Poetry is a spontaneous achievement". Some of our professional readers think our poetry capable of spontaneous combustion.
TOO MUCH SUGAR IS POISON
A flapper does a lot of flapping. Everyone has a tendency to flap a little, but to flap and flap is like trying to live on sugar alone—a little is wholesome, but too much is poison.

Question of Etiquette
Would it be polite to say "hey" to a grass widow?

CHAPEL
The Hon. R. D. Cole, of Findlay, Ohio, addressed the assembly in "Causes of War in Peace Treaties."

Seemingly the translation of the student term "Independence" is "Let's raise Hell."

One of the biggest and toughest jobs of a teacher training institution is to satisfactorily locate its graduation.

Many college speakers are most versatile. "They can address the most diverse meeting in a most diva-gu-tious fashion."

Ohio counts that day lost,
Whose low descending sun
Sees not some student mob,
Put a faculty on the run.

An Ideal Love Story
A glance shot out
A man fatally smitten
Life sentence. Amen.

Bill: "I just lost a fortune."
Joe: "Playing the market I suppose?"
Bill: "Not at all."
Joe: "How come, then."
Bill: "Jane returned my frat pin."

College love seldom survives the college debt.

Will an unemployment apple work?
Can a jigsaw jig?
A fraternity pin elevates petting to love.

Arrange the words as you think proper—
There are two kinds of pedestrians, the —— and the ——.
There are also two types of professors; the —— and the ——.
1. buried; 2. quick; 3. dead; 4. dead.

"Does Bill still walk with that old slouch of his?"
"No, I hear he is going with better women now." Ill, Siren

Mary: "He acted so foolish when he proposed to me."
Sue: "Well—just think what a foolish thing he was doing."