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Bee Gee News July 7, 1931

Bowling Green State University

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BEE GEE NEWS

VOL. XV.

BOWLING GREEN STATE COLLEGE, JULY 7, 1931

NO. XXV.

Fishin'

Hot weather! What a multitude of things, not sins, are covered up by those two words. If you go without stockings blame it on the hot weather. If the tires on the machine go flat twenty miles from home when you have your "best girl" out for a ride, blame it on the hot weather.

But on what can you blame the craze to go fishing? When you see the autos go by loaded with fishpoles and your fingers itch to feel the line give a jerk and begin a battle with a two inch minnow, what is to blame but the hot weather?

Naturally, when you get out in a boat where the sun can cook you without a bit of interference, and where mosquitoes and flies can get a square meal at your expense, you do not seem nearly as warm as you would be in the classroom.

It seems as though the action created by those six-foot fish, cools off the atmosphere to such an extent that you are as cool as an ice house.

Just think of the many happy evenings you can spend on your return to Bowling Green, in relating to your friends how cool you were when fishing. Think of the cool weather you can create by recalling that fish you lost.

What if you do get sun burned and a freckled nose? Who cares for small matters like those when you can recall all the bliss of a day's outing in a boat?

And so if you, who are bemoaning the hot classrooms, will kindly go fishing next week-end, I am sure you will be much more able to stand the hot weather during the rest of the summer.

Fishin'

It is too hot to work today
So college I decide to skip
I think that I'll just run away
An' set out on a fishin' trip.

Get down the fishpole, dig the bait
Then out to find a spot real cool
I journey to a clear small lake
To catch some fish, it is a rule.

I fish all day, then journey home
As cool as ever hope to be
How hot it is near the college zone.
But heat does not now bother me.

For fish, I sat all day in wait
And now that I am back
Heat does not bother me, of late
The flies are all I lack.

—Slim, the fisher

Some one has said that Senator Brookharts favorite song is "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes".

The NEWS Presents



Clyde Hissong, Ph. D.

Down in the southern part of the state, in the vicinity of West Milton was born Clyde Hissong, who is now Dean of our College of Education. As a lad he attended and graduated from one of the so-called "district" schools. Later he graduated from West Milton high school. Not feeling sufficiently prepared to make his way in the world he decided to go to college, and so the following year he attended Earlham College in Indiana. For reasons common to college students he did not return to school the following year, but secured a position as teacher of a rural school. The next year he received a promotion, having been transferred to the West Milton village school.

His reputation as a successful teacher made its way over into Montgomery county, where for three years he was employed as instructor of mathematics and science in the Englewood school. In the mean time he attended summer school at Miami University, and after having served for two years as principal of Oxford high school returned to Miami where he received his Bachelor's Degree in Education.

It appears that by this time his reputation came to the attention of some influential North Carolinians, for the next year found him Director of the Farm Life Boarding school at Pinehurst, North Carolina. But dear old Butler county beckoned his return. And so for the next four years he held the position of Assistant County Superintendent, working with Mr. Swarz who was at that time County Superintendent of Butler county.

But four years without a promotion look-

ed bad to him. And so in an effort to prove to himself that he had not reached a productive plateau, he came to Bowling Green as Director of the Training School. During the four years he held this position he worked out his Master's degree at Columbia University. Then in 1927 he was transferred from the afore mentioned job to the position of Director of Instruction in this college. He served in this capacity until 1929, at which time he was made Dean of the College of Education. At the present he quite ably fills that position.

In June of this year Mr. Hissong completed the requirements for his Doctor's degree, and at the Spring Commencement of Ohio State University was granted the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

During the past fourteen years Dr. Hissong has, either as student or as teacher attended school the year round. And even though he has the acme of educational symbols, he will continue as the ambitious student he has been in the past.

—The Editor

Students Hear Recital

Edna Swanson Ver Haar, Contralto, and Stanley Deacon, Baritone, presented a delightful recital at the College auditorium last Wednesday morning. Mr. Deacon's group of Negro Spirituals, portraying the emotional religious quality of the Negro, was the outstanding performance of the evening. His "Mamselle Marie", by Guion, showing the French Catholic influence on the Louisiana Negro, was especially good. Of Miss Ver Haar's selections, "I Love Life", by Mana-Zucca, was most outstanding.

New Building

The Practical Arts building situated north of the Science building will be ready for use in September. It provides permanent quarters for three departments—namely, the Home Economics department on the first floor, the Music department on the second floor, and the Commercial department on the third floor. In connection with the Home Economics department there is a Practice Apartment where girls will be given practical training in household affairs. The girls will be assigned then for certain periods. The building is nearing completion. Dr. Williams is now working on equipment.

Some summer students may have noticed the new building on Ridge Street. It is a new grade school being built by the city. When it is completed, the college will use it for student teaching.

BEE GEE NEWS

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THE STUDENTS AND FACULTY OF
BOWLING GREEN STATE COLLEGE

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BOWLING GREEN, OHIO
IN CARE OF B. G. S. C.

For Men Only!

There are 955 students attending school this summer. Of this number, 759 are ladies and 196 are men. That is approximately four ladies for every man. Have all the men been educated?

Statistical Survey

Dr. Williams is having a statistical survey made of this term. It will show the courses offered, enrollment, credits earned, total cost of each course, and cost per credit hour. Mr. Jordan is doing the statistical work. Last summer the average cost for every semester hour was \$3.27. Six hours of credit for one person costs the college about \$20.00, while he is paying only \$10.00 of it.

A Scientist says a mosquito can fly fourteen hours without stopping. But the trouble is they don't.—Judge.

Why the Detour?

Let's use the front doors to the Ad. building.

And if there's no hell what are we to compare the weather with.

Dr. Kohl says that if all the cars in the United States were placed end to end it would form a line to California and half way back again, or if place around the border of Ohio it would make a rim four cars deep, and if all the men who try to lecture in hot weather were laid out along the Maumee river it would be a fortunate thing.

Sweet Young Thing—The doctor told me such a funny thing.

Mamma—What did he say?

S Y T—Do you think he made a mistake? He told me I had caught cold, and to come home and get dressed, then go to bed.

"Oh, sad's the lot of Georgie Glass who, tho' he is no fool, Got writer's cramp and flunked his class in Correspondence School."

TO A LADY IN AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

O Rare Little Lady, what means life to you,
In your old-fashioned garden—with your heavenly smile,
As you watch the maddening crowds pursue
The Gods of Earth in their erstwhile style?

But some day too soon, shall I stand alone
In an old-fashioned garden—with heaven's own smile,
With my dreams all dreamed—my races all run,
No need that I then, should your secret beguile.

—Anna Marie Gary

The Cotter's Saturday Night--July 16

The Scottish Musical Comedy Company will present "The Cotter's Saturday Night" on Thursday evening, July 16, at 8:15. Brimful of delightful and inimitable humor and joyous laughter is the famous musical play "The Cotter's Saturday Night" which is an outstanding feature on the Redpath list. Based upon Robert Burns' immortal poem of the same name, this play was written by John Daniels. In a quaint old Scotch setting of the eighteenth century, John Anderson the Cotter, his family and some of his friends are shown spending a Saturday evening with songs, stories and laughter.

Wood County Club Sponsors Dance

The Wood County club invites the faculty and student body to an all-college dance next Friday evening July 10. Let's spend this week-end at Bee Gee and make the dance the best ever.

Probably Soaked

Wife—What! You're bathing your feet with your socks on?

Husband—I've got to—the water's so cold.—Le Petit Bleu.

Entertainment

July 7—Rev. Paul Sharp, "Oberammergau".

July 14—Chapel. Prof. Laura Zisbes, of Ohio State University.

July 16—"The Cotter's Saturday Night."

Social Calendar

July 10—Dance, Wood Co. club

July 15—Tea Dance at Shatzel Hall from 3:30 to 5:30

July 17—Picnic

Chapel, July 1

The illustrated lecture given in Chapel, July 1, was one of the best organized illustrated lectures ever given at the college. The high points of interest in Ohio were pictured and discussed. From this lecture we may glean a new slogan—"See Ohio First."

Chapel, July 14

Due to an error in last week's issue, it is necessary to announce that the chapel talk by Professor Zirbes, head of the Elementary Department of the Training School of Ohio State University will be given July 14 instead of July 7 as previously stated. She will speak on some phase of the child activity curricula.

A Bit Mixed

A small boy was told that when visitors came to the house it was his duty to pay them some attention. Shortly afterwards a Mrs. Daniels called, and the youngster shook hands with her and remarked in his best drawing room manner:

"How do you do, Mrs. Daniels? I've just been reading about your husband's wonderful experience in the den of lions."

Young co-ed—I don't like these pictures. They don't seem to do me justice.

College photographer—"Justice"? Young lady, what you want is mercy.



Baccalaureate

(Thru Colored Glasses)

Members of the *Graduating Class*:

You are now about to be graduated from this institution and, in accordance with academic custom, it is considered desirable that you should hear a Baccalaureate address.

Like most academic customs, this is a meaningless one; the words you are about to hear will have no more value than any other piece of advice, which is to say practically at all. Some of you are not listening, and of those who are, only a minority will remember what they hear, and of that minority a small fraction is perhaps capable of acting upon counsel—and the same small fraction which, because of innate intelligence, needs guidance least of all. However, wise men yield to foolish customs to avoid the wear and tear of combat; and so we shall go on through with the ceremony.

As I look upon the fresh young faces before me this beautiful Sunday morning—faces so many which plainly reveal that you stayed up most of last night drinking or necking or both—I am moved to consider why you ever came to this institution in the first place. With many of you, no doubt, the motive was primarily economic. You or your parents have read the highly dubious statistics about the increased earning power of individuals who have passed through institutions such as this. With many others it was either static or dynamic social snobbery.

If you belong to a family which has already arrived, one or more generations ago, you came here as part of a family tradition. If your family is on the make, you came here because you believed by so doing you could drag yourself and your clan, a few rungs up the social ladder. You can also, in the jargon of America today, "contact" a lot of the right people who will be useful to you socially and in a business way for the rest of your lives.

As an alumnus, you will be in a preferred position to get tickets for the great arena contests which so strikingly parallel the sports of the Roman Colosseum—though these enterprises today seem stricken with a malady which many of us hope may prove fatal. And then, of course, some of you were sent here by your parents to get you out of the way, or because you were too lazy to go to work; while not an inconsiderable number are frightened of life and have postponed, by the handiest means, the moment when you must face its so-called realities.

And a very few are scholars born and Heaven help you! They have selected a small lot of mostly second-rate masterpieces from literature (chosen primarily because of their freedom from sex embarrassments) and by isolating the hidden skeletons of authors purposes and of syntax, have successfully locked the doors of the worlds' libraries against the most of you forever.

I shall merely describe the less "savory". You are now being graduated with a label of education which, in the case of every one of you, is a grotesque misfit. After your years in these academic shades, your favorite periodical is the Saturday Evening Post; your best-liked author is whoever wrote the "Current Success" in the bookstores. Your favorite melody is "The Indian Love Call". You have studied several foreign languages, not one of which you are able to read or speak, and the chances are overwhelming that you never again will open a book written in one of them, or attempt to utter more than one two halting sentences while making one of your conducted tours through the duller parts of Europe.

Your recreations will come down to four: the movies, bridge, golf, and driving your car along congested highways on Sunday afternoons. Your courses in science will boil down to an ability to identify the odor of sulphide of hydrogen. For rest, if your lack of knowledge of the problems by which you and the rest of mankind are confronted is not complete, this is through inadvertence on our part and not design. We have been subjected, and in turn subjected you, to a whole series of inhibitions, these inhibitions being imposed by your parents, by the trustees, of this institution, "Public Opinions" of the better elements of the community and by their own education, which was certainly not superior to yours.

If any of you are able to think straight and act upon your thoughts, that fact is a tribute to the indomitable power of the human mind to survive even the worst of mis-educations. So now go forth, and conquer the world.

Author Unknown

Note—The above is accepted for the Bee Gee News in the sense of a take off, certainly not seriously.

Hereafter all contributions to be printed must be signed. G. W. Beattie

Off Campus Activities

The College is offering practice teaching to 45 student teachers at the Lincoln School, Corner of Detroit and Lincoln, in Toledo. Miss Hayward has charge of the work. There are 325 children receiving instruction. The student teachers are getting four hours of credit and are not carrying additional college work. This school is maintained in order to accommodate more students with practice teaching. The cost to maintain it for the six weeks is \$3,175. It yields 180 hours of student teaching credit. The cost is considerably less than in the training school. For each semester hour, it is \$17.64 and for each practice teacher for four hours credit, it is \$70.56.

The college is offering practice teaching at the High School in Bowling Green also. There are five critic teachers supervising the work there.

Shatzel Snatches

A Snitch In Time

We are appreciating the fact that the college supplies numerous napkins or our table linen might resemble Joseph's coat.

* * * *

The student teachers were entertained by their critics at a tea given last Tuesday in Shatzel Annex. We have heard rumors of the sandwiches being delicious.

* * * *

A committee has been appointed to investigate our H2-O difficulty. How can we obtain water in our fountains instead of the dining room?

* * * *

Wanted: A lot of electric fans to cool off the perspiring maidens.

* * * *

It seems that one group of girls that reside on the second floor are fondly attached to the croquet set.

* * * *

Watermelons are ripe at Shatzel.

* * * *

Will the females who contribute their songs to the girls who live upstairs please entertain us at night during recreation hour instead of during the day? We would appreciate it very much.

* * * *

One of our studious inmates waited at the library desk twenty-minutes for a chemistry book. Upon signing for it—she found it written in German. Keep faith, girlie!

* * * *

Thanks to the young gentlemen who complied with our wishes. We enjoyed the serenade very much. Now that you have played your instruments to perfection, give us some of your lusty songs!

* * * *

We have a zoo! Information given in private.

* * * *

Today's soup was better than yesterday's.

* * * *

"If you want work well done select a busy man; the others have no time."

Extra! Extra!

Grad Found in the College Library

Bowling Green, O.

June 23, 1931

For three years I worked to become a senior, three years spent in satisfying this requirement and that. English, chemistry, and calculus were studied in their turns until I finally became a member of that select fifty, the senior class of 1931. Then came June 8; there were commencement and congratulations and the class became a fond memory.

But I ventured to return during the first week of this summer term and was caught reading in the library. Soon a gallery had formed. Students stood and gazed at the monstrosity. Why should anyone already graduated visit the library?

Yours,
Britt

Dr. Williams and Dr. Kohl attended the meeting of the Maumee Scenic and Historic Association at Napoleon, Wednesday evening, July 1. The purpose of the association is to improve and beautify the Maumee river between Toledo and Fort Wayne. Gov. White was present and delivered an address. There were guests from Ft. Wayne, Dayton, Hamilton, Cincinnati, and various points along the river from Toledo to Ft. Wayne.

It Was Too Cold

"Gladys, have you done any outside reading?"

"No, teacher, it has been too cold to read outside."

She Wills He Will

Mr. Ross—Do any of you have any trouble with the words "shall" and "will"?

Dean—No, my wife says, "you shall," and I reply, "I will."

Court Scene

Useless Partner—I'm afraid I played badly in that set, but my racket is a bit warped. I'll have to keep it in a case.

She (bitingly)—You ought to keep it in a glass case.—Humorist.

A Combination of Models

A college boy drives to school every morning in a much-delapidated machine.

"What kind of a car you got there boy?"

"R. F. D.," was the answer.

"R. F. D.?"

"Yep. Rescued from dump."

Not Fetters

Customer—I want something with lots of iron in it.

Grocer (having his little joke)—Have you tried the chain stores?

Even the pavement is bulging at the heat. At least that is the way it is acting back of the dormitories.

LISTENING IN—

And that's my weakness now—

And five hundred dollars invested at six per cent will—

Take off at least a pound a day with proper exercise you will lose—

In the first race: Mad Mullah, first; Rolling Along, second—

La Petite Marie, leon quatre, page—

Nellie Paskonitz missing since last Thursday. She was wearing nude stockings and

Fat people are inclined to eat too many Dog biscuits. Give you dog plenty of exercise and a good scrub—

Behind the times. Keep pace with current events and—

When the gong rings it will be exactly twenty one—

Eggs beaten to a froth. Add a pinch of—

A Clinch right over the Mike, folks. Sammy rocks the Filipino with a one-two—

Eyes of blue and this is my weakness now.

Then there was the Scotchman who made a fortune buying old "Model T" Fords and selling them to his friends as vibrators.

Ker—Why do you call those twin sisters "tonsils"?

Choo—Because everybody takes them out.

1st Student—My father invested in a subway, and it went under.

2nd Thug—'Snother mine started a dough nut factory and went in the hole.

Then there's the one about the Scotchman who bought his wife a set of paper plates and an eraser.

Perry (at 5-Bro. House)—Where are the fo'ks?

Osborn—Wat fo'ks?

Perry—The fo'ks you eat pie with.

Right—Life for my grandfather is just one long wheeze.

Left—Good sense of humor, eh?

Right—Nope, asthma.

The custom of compiling credos for certain groups of individuals has grown in such dimensions that I believe the time ripe for organizing a schmitzel in the opposite direction. The average college man does not believe:

That all college professors are absent-minded.

That O. O. McIntyre is so hot.

That his room-mate has any taste in clothes or women.

That his father realizes how much money it takes to do a week-end up right.

That his sister can dance.

That the grinds learn any more than ones that barely pass.

That this is very funny.

Nit—Are you badly hurt?

Wit—I don't know—I'm waiting for the morning papers.

Bao—That dog is worth five thousand dollars.

Hao—How could such a little dog save so much money?

It is estimated that Notre Dame's football squad plays before more than a million people in a season. Why join the Army and see the world!

Used to Questions

Attorney (after cross examination) — I hope I haven't troubled you with all these questions.

Lady (on stand)—Not all all. I have a small boy of six at home.

A little fellow had been listening to a visitor's praise of his little brother.

"And who are you, my little man?"

"Why I'm the baby's brother."

"Does your man work, Mrs. Waggs?"

"Oh, yes, he peddles ballons whenever there's a parade in town. What does your husband do?"

"He sells glasses during eclipses of the sun."

An artist saw a laborer who he thought would make a good model, so he offered him ten shillings to let him paint him. Instead of quickly accepting the offer the laborer seemed to hesitate.

"It's an easy way to earn ten shillings you know. A chance like this doesn't come often."

"I know the money is good," the man replied, "but yuh see I was wondering how a fellow got the paint off."

And then there was the Scot who persuaded the post office department to sell 13 two cent stamps at one cent and a quarter. (26 cents.)

"Believe me I am master in my house." "My wife left me too."

"Your suit certainly shrunk since the rain. What material is it?"

"Scotch Tweed."

As bright as the seat of a Scotchman trousers.

As uncomfortable as a giraffe in an Austin.

Some keep their girlish figure, others double it.

Keep that schoolgirl complexion ought to be adopted by the rouge industry.

"What reason did you jurymen have for acquitting the murderer?"

"Insanity."

"What, all twelve of you?"

When one cheats they fool themselves the most.

"We develop by action. The more we do, the more we can do. The busier we are, the more leisure we have."—Briggs.

"The best work is done by men whose pride won't let them do inferior work."

"How trite to say 'she's as pretty as she can be'! Most girls are."

"The ability to speak several languages is valuable, but the ability to keep one's mouth closed in one language is valuable."

"A lot of hard luck comes from sitting around waiting for a soft snap."

"If prosperity will only return, no questions will be asked."

"Marriage may or may not broaden a man, but there is no doubt that it flattens him."