Bee Gee News October 27, 1931

Bowling Green State University

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Bee Gee To Have Homecoming Queen

According to a committee regarding the Homecoming program, this year will feature the inauguration of a new tradition, the election of a Homecoming Queen. The queen, according to the committee is to be elected from the student body by popular vote. Watch this paper for further announcements.

Glee Club

For some time there has been a feeling that some provision should be made for the men students, outside of the music department, who were interested in singing. At the opening of school Mr. Fauley, of the music department, issued a call for men to form a Men's Glee Club. At the first meeting nearly thirty responded. This has increased until now some forty men come to rehearsals. The students are very much interested and are already hard at work.

The following officers were elected at the last meeting: Elmer Steiner, president; Earl Campbell, manager; William Miller, secretary-treasurer; Howard Braithwaite, librarian.

The future looks very promising and we will hear from later. Rehearsals every Monday night at 7:00 p.m., Room 203 P A.

Y. W. C. A. Meets

The first regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held Thursday evening, Oct. 15, in Shatrel Annex. The new president appointed the various committees which will aid the officers in carrying on the work of the association. The officers this year are: Naomi Doyle, President; Florence Heineman, Vice-President; Margaret Reuman, Secretary; Maxine Wright, Treasurer.

The appointments included Lois Kemmis, chairman of program committee, Clarice Singer chairman of publicity, Bernice Kaiser pianist, Florence Heineman chairman of social committee.

Miss Alma Liedom and Dr. Ruth Bourne will serve as active faculty advisors, and Mrs. H. B. Williams, Mrs. W. C. Jordan, and Mrs. Clyde Hissong will be honorary members.

After the business meeting, Miss Opal Knott rendered a vocal solo, following which Mrs. Ingmire gave a highly interesting and inspirational talk in which she urged the group to "shine forth through polished windows, so that you may rise and take others with you."

DR. JAMES ROBERT OVERMAN

This week the News takes great pleasure in presenting to our student body another member of the faculty who is deserving of recognition. Prof. Overman received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Michigan during the past summer.

Dr. Overman was born in Bedford, Ind., and attended the public schools of Bloomington, Ind. He received the degree of A. B. at Indiana University and completed the requirements for the degree of M. A. at Columbia University.

Dr. Overman entered the teaching profession as Principal of the high school at Freelandville, ind. He next assumed the position of Head of the Mathematics Department of the Kokomo, Ind., high school and later the Shortridge High School Teachers College, Columbia University. One summer term was spent as an instructor in the University of Pittsburgh.

He has been head of the mathematics department of Bowling Green State College since 1914. In 1930, he was named Dean of the College of Liberal Arts. During his teaching experience he has written books of great interest in the field of mathematics.

They are "Principles and Methods of Teaching Arithmetic", "A Course in Arithmetic for Teachers and Teacher Training Classes", "Drill and Remedial Tests in Arithmetic", and an "Experimental Study of Certain Factors Affecting Transfer of Training in Arithmetic."

Defiance-Paulding County Club

The Defiance-Paulding County club held the second successful meeting of this year on Oct. 20, with fifteen members attending the club adviser, Miss Bowers, present. After the business meeting all participated in games, which provided much enjoyment for everyone present. Then followed the surprise of the evening, ample refreshments, which furnished the last happy note in an evening filled with the happy harmonies of good fellowship and friendliness. All students from Paulding and Defiance counties are urged to attend the next meeting to be held Nov. 3.

America vs. Europe Again

In Europe educators believe that a University education is not distinctly beneficial to the humber minds; that theoretical training causes many to lose much common sense that nature has been generous enough to bestow upon them; that a superficial acquaintanceship with fundamentals is far more detrimental than none at all.

European universities exist for the very best minds only. Their function is to train these minds in productive thought, not to waste time with mere facts. If a student cannot keep pace with the more intelligent who are able to produce original work, he must drop out and usually save himself.

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Forensics

International Debate. Bowling Green State College will be host to the English Universities debate team on Thursday, November 5. The debate on Free Trade will be held in the auditorium at 8:15 p.m.

The English team has been selected to represent all of England. They are: Mr. Stuart Craig, of University College, Nottingham, and Mr. John Needham, St. John's College, Durham University. Each received his degree in 1930. Each was a leader, in his university, in debate, athletics, golf and rifle shooting.

Bowling Green will be represented on the rostrum by two seniors who are accomplished debaters: Miss Margarette Corrette and Mr. Leonard R. Linsenmayer. Each was a winner in the Pi Kappa Delta debate contests, Province of the Lakes, 1930.

The question is one of particular interest, since England is a Free Trade country. Reserved seat tickets will be placed on sale during the week preceding the debate.
Wise and Otherwise

It has come to our august attention that a scientist in whose breast there glows an overpowering love of mankind has (now that the summer is over) invented a toy-like pistol with which to kill flies. If a person is from Chicago, all he needs do is take a hasty aim, pull the trigger, and a fluid hits the fly in the head with such an overpowering smash that he zooms to the floor in a swoon. The scientist, however, has done nothing about the spot that will likely fall on grandma's fresh wallpaper.

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100,000,000 years, according to Prof. Adolph Knopf, chairman of the Research Committee on the Age of the Earth, is the minimum age of the earth. We wonder how many lives will be affected by this astounding news. Who cares, anyway?

Page the Music Department—
"When the last jazz band has disbanded
And the horns are twisted and bent,
'Twill be then a long suffering public
Has decided its wrath to vent."—0—

An atheist, the president of the Association for the Advancement of Atheism in America, has written to President Hoover in behalf of the organization, asking that he proclaim a "Blamegiving Day" instead of a Thanksgiving Day. This, he says, should be observed in order to blame the deity for the deplorable state of affairs at the present time. In the request, much was made of the fact (?) that the intellectuals of the country would approve the movement. We are told that nearly all colleges have their local chapters of this Association. Does Bowling Green?

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"Dad" Elliott has come and gone. True to his prediction there are those who believe his work and bemean his character. It is hard, isn't it, to hear the TRUTH? And how often do we hear small, dawdling, insignificant characters justifying, or attempting to do so, their own meanness by belittling those who far surpass them in achievement and character. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY PUTS FRESHMAN 'ON HIS OWN'
No longer are the "3 R's" taught to the tune of the hickory stick; at least such is not the case at Chicago University. Compulsory class attendance and close faculty supervision have been abolished in this new plan for higher education. The student is mentally on his own; he will not be called up "on the carpet" when he fails to progress as fast as his schoolmates. At the end of each course he comes to his professor for comment. Those whose work is satisfactory are notified, and those whose work is poor aren't even "commented on". At the end of two years the student is thoroughly aware of all the work he has pursued. If he passes he goes on into the university; if he fails he probably is advised to quit. In the meantime the genius may have gone ahead and graduated. It's cafeteria there.

"Alfalfa Bill" Murray says unemployment wouldn't be so bad if there was good fishing anywhere.

Again the time has come when the professors say, "They shall not pass."

JUST WHISTLE
(And he'll think you're a moran)

Dr. Charles Shaw, New York University professor, who said that people who whistle are morons, inferior and maladjusted individuals, is clear fagged out from answering telephone calls, opening mail and replying to newspaper articles. But in spite of all the doctor's arguments, the present business depression, and the six-weeks strike des Young America passes it off with an "Oh Shaw!", and still continues with puckered lips and the impromptu music.

AMERICA VS. EUROPE
(Continued from page 1, column 3)

humiliation by entering government service. Europe says: "We must risk boys to get men."

America's plea is somewhat different. "Let us give a chance to every one of these poor boys", says America. So the teacher attempts to fill the small, medium, and large vessels with the same lecture, but must have care not to overload the smallest vessel. The results show that very often the large vessel is not filled. Even though the average output is somewhat better than the average of the European University, the elite often fail to get the kind of training that holds them to the rigorous of pioneer work. America can not point so confidently to the University as can Europe when greatness crowns the career of one of her students.

To be sure there are drawbacks in both systems. A European faculty will seriously ponder over the achievements of a prospective candidate for teaching an elementary course. Yet in the large lists of American graduates each year, there is a percentage who have never had the thrill or a new idea. Why not a fusion of the two systems?

W. C. J.
The Dope Bucket

Our record (and we are proud of it!) is still unblemished. Little old Bowling Green really anticipated a few losses at the beginning of this season, but the fighting Falcons would not have it thus. Our first stand against the stalwarts from Berea was most successful and courageous effort of our Falcons. Surmounting the Mounts was a fete that surprised the state; but the fight with Western Reserve has been our greatest success.

In the mud and rain and wind we slid over Detroit to the tune of 13-0, which we believe would have mounted to 25-0 with more firma terra.

Now for a dip into the future. Accidents thus far have been few and far between, but our stars, Perry and Stevenson, have been worrying us a trifle lately. In the Detroit game, Perry tore a ligament in his back, and as a consequence has been unable to don football togs since. We are hoping desperately that he will be with us soon to tear off gains again. After several sleepless nights, Red Stevenson consented to an examination which revealed that his injury was not serious, but that nerve endings had been injured.

Our pony backfield has been functioning very good so far, but Coach Stellar feels the need of a big, smashing, half-back. Recent practice sessions show that Willie Shaller, the versatile Sophomore, probably will be the answer to this need.

Bluffton, having defeated Findlay, 18-0, is going to be plenty tough, but we are going out and prove to the Beavers that the bigger they are the harder they fall.

Sports Editor

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Don’t make the actress laugh it spoils her face.

Bits From The Bleachers

Look at the mud.

Red, your mother wouldn’t even know you now.

Grab’em round the waist.

Their on the other edge of the mud now.

Smear ‘em.

I’d rather get soaked than carry an umbrella.

Several blankets were seen—whose bed was robbed?

Murray is so little he crawls under the mud.

The eyes of many spectators were attracted the other evening when a group of ten girls crossed the campus enroute to the filling station out Wooster street. Perhaps it wasn’t the girls that attracted all the attention, but the baskets, bottles and jug they carried. The Freshies from Dean Dorn with England and Beaver fully enjoyed a weiner and marshmellow roast topped off with pickles, catsup and cider.

Skol Scrawl

The Skol sorority held open house from four to six on Tuesday, Oct. 20. Tea was served to twenty guests and the dancing and informal chatting that followed served in making it a happy time for all present.

At a business meeting held at the house on Wednesday evening definite plans were made to entertain the Skol Alumni royally over the week-end of Homecoming.

The only Scotch gangster died happily because he was taken for a free ride.

Then there’s the man who writes “Most Embarrassing Moments” who married a green country girl for his art’s sake.
The Flicker's Nest

OLD DOCTOR BROWN

When I think back to my "old home town"
And recall the people I knew,
Plainly I see old Doctor Brown,
And recall what he went through.

I sit at my desk and idly dream
Of the life I spent back there
And into my mind comes old "Doc" Brown
And his chubby little bay mare.

They tell of him that it mattered not
Though the time be night or day,
If the mercury fell or the sun grew hot
The old chap was out and away.

Long years of toil with rich and poor
Helps any man grow old
But old Doctor Brown, with a kindly face
Cared little, it seemed, for gold.

His aim in life was to do his best
For every patient who came,
Grateful praise always followed his name.

His office was small, yet tidy and neat,
Up over the country store
At the foot of the stair by the unpaved street
His sign hung up on the door.

I see it plainly in my mind
When I'm driving into town
Two single words in black and white,
Just simply, "Doctor Brown".

Within the narrow, dusty stair
Which lead to his office and cares
Hung another sign—with a hand pointing up
Which read "In his office, upstairs".

Each week-day morning, just about nine
Old "Doc" came down the street
Unlocked the door, took out the small sign
Which covered the other—beneath.

There these signs hung 'till the close of the day
Telling people with sickness and cares
That old Doctor Brown, with a heart filled with love
Was "In his office, upstairs".

The years rolled along, time just wouldn't slay;
The old doctor gave of his best.
The people who knew him were saddened one day
As they carefully laid him to rest.

His friends gathered 'round and a marker they placed
As they talked of his labor and cares
And they took his own signs to place on his grave
"Doctor Brown"—"In his office, upstairs".

—John L. (Jack) Powell