Mrs. Owen Tells of Congressional Life

That government has adventures which seldom find their way to the eyes of the voters was shown by Ruth Bryan Owen, distinguished politician and daughter of the late William Jennings Bryan, in an address in the college auditorium last Wednesday evening. The occasion marked another of the entertainments sponsored by the college for the benefit of students and citizens.

Pictures drawn from the experience of an active representative at Washington comprised the body of the lecture. Is it the business of a representative to be the spokesman of the constituency, the speaker asked, or should he use his own judgement when confronted with matters of weight? Mrs. Owen made clear her position on the question by stating that neither of these was his duty, and both were. A representative must lead the citizens from his district along intelligent paths.

Followed then a discussion of how this ideal of being a good leader might be accomplished. There was nothing, however, of the abstract in her charming speech. Each group of facts carried the audience a definite step forward toward the solution of the one outstanding problem of a congressman.

Mrs. Owen's personality is such that the words of her mouth find their way into the consciousness of the audience. She has poise; her every gesture is eloquent; her voice is splendid. In the words of Dr. Williams, "she has inherited a generous portion of her father's platform ability".

ENGLISHMEN CLASH WITH B.G. DEBATERS

On Thursday evening, November 5, a crowd of 300 heard a clever and interesting discussion of the proposition "This house favors free trade," at the college auditorium.

The affirmative was skillfully upheld by Stuart Craig and John Needham, both graduates of English universities. The negative team was composed of Marguerite Crosette and Leonard Linzemayer, both of whom are members of the Pi Kappa Delta championship team of the Province of the Lakes. Dr. Zaugg was an able chairman for the event.

The debate was no-decision, or something like a tie football game; however, we feel justly proud of our arguers and know that if first downs had been counted we would have the longest score. The Englishmen demonstrated the characteristics of the British, keenness, shrewdness, and self-confidence that we had expected. Bowling Green's standard of debate is indeed at a high level and we fear no opponent whether foreign or native.

After the formal discussion of the evening, members of our local Pi Kappa Delta chapter and the noted guests enjoyed refreshments and dancing in a pretty downtown tea room. Just as the clock was striking twelve, good-night was said, and more history for Bee Gee had been made.

ALUMNI RALLY FOR 10th ANNUAL HOP

Under the auspices of the Inter-fraternity and Inter-sorority councils, one of the largest social functions in the history of the college occurred Friday night in the men's gymnasium. It is reported by reliable authorities that 1400 students and alumni were present.

The initial event of the evening was the crowning of the Homecoming Queen, Miss Ruth Carter, a genial Wapakoneta freshman. Preceded by the college band, and the Huber twins as heralds, and Owen Dindot, Miss Carter, arrayed in an elaborate queen's garb, was followed by two tiny flower girls.

Her attendants, the President, the two Deans, and the two coaches comprised the remainder of the procession. After some snappy numbers by the band, Dr. Williams welcomed the throng to the festivities of the week-end. Short talks were given by the coaches.

The freshmen then gathered in the center of the gym, performed some stunts, sang some songs, and did some cheering.

Then followed dancing, which was next to impossible under the congested conditions.

The music was good, yet one could not hear it because of the hum of voices which sounded like the rattling of the wind through a tree which had tin leaves.

At exactly forty-five minutes past eleven o'clock the festivities terminated with the members of the social committee wondering how next year B. G. could accommodate the crowds with a growing student body and ever increasing number alumni.

Three days of frenzied activity, marking the tenth annual Homecoming of Bowling Green State College, have passed leaving in their wake piles of neglected text books.

From Friday evening on there was not a vacant moment in the entire schedule, for when there was not an actual event on the program, there were scores of group meetings for breakfasts, luncheons, dinners and banquets.

Over 2000 fans attended the Findlay Bee Gee game Saturday afternoon. Saturday night the annual Gold Mask play was presented at the college Auditorium. It was "Beverly's Balance" and featured the following alumni players, Jean Sherer, Clement Premo, Burton Dewese and Helen Whipple. Members of the student body in the play were Helen Walrath, Virginia Porter, Clifford Stevenson and Fred Kendall.

BEE GEE NEWS

HUNDREDs FLOCK TO B.G. FOR HOMECOMING CELEBRATION

VOL. XVI.

BOWLING GREEN STATE COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 10, 1931

No. 8.
Wise and Otherwise

Attention, reformers & aloria! Dancing has its benefits. We are told by the papers that a Denver citizen, Richard Foringo, who is facing a charge of bootlegging, is escaping appearing in court on the ground that he is now in a marathon dance. Five weeks, the account says, have been accumulated, and all chances of winning would be lost if Foringo were to stop. Very graciously, the court decided to wait. Sure, and why not? Nothing but a prohibition violator.

The fraternity song: "My Coat Belongs to the Pants That Belong To Somebody Else."

There was the college professor who transferred to Barber College and was given the Chore of Experiments' dissecting.

Prof.: Will you men please stop exchanging notes in the back of the room? Hess: Them ain't notes. Them's dollar bills. We're shootin' craps.

If women refuse to think, why did "Dad" Elliott state in one of his lectures that the most intelligent questions that were asked of him on this campus came from a group of women students?

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Males Get Wise!

In a late issue of the Literary Digest, there appeared an article in which the limitations of females in serious thought were lamented—and lamented quite convincingly.

Other indications along the same line, from some professors and men students on the campus, have made us very disgusted and have given us the desire to point out to you men a few of your mistakes.

Of course, male ego cannot be overlooked, and oh, the wisdom of women to allow them to think themselves the greatest persons on earth.

But, to be practical, we have observed that the girls are as eager, if not more eager than the boys, to discuss great, vital questions. Conversations involving sociology philosophy, government, capitalism, and religion are started with the little difficulty those girls, but boys seem to like to talk about themselves, or their immediate interests. (Maybe they're catering to our inferior minds.)

Perhaps men don't want women to think seriously; it sounds logical. Maybe they know that any serious thought the women will prove to be so superior that the men will cease to be the men they think they are. How disastrous!

Let's ask the professors: two questions:

1. Are the best thinkers in all your classes men?
2. Are all the barren-minded students women?

If women refuse to think, why did "Dad" Elliott state in one of his lectures that the most intelligent questions that were asked of him on this campus came from a group of women students?

This article has not been written for the condemnation of males, but merely to present a strenuous objection to having females set apart as possessors of "peanut minds." We're getting tired of it, and we suggest to the men that they stop flattering themselves that they are so wonderfully wise.

The Kampus Kapers knows Knocker appears to inform the College of all the Knows that we poor students may not be uninformers as to the state of affairs on the Kampus. But we went to the well and found it K-bunk. Funny how some studies can find time to Knock and Knock but never have time enough to contribute their inspirations to the News where (at least) those responsible have enough backbone to let others know who they are.

Mae: "I hate Bcb.
Georgia: "Why?"
Mae: Well, I offered to take whatever he thought my kisses were worth, and this morning he sent me a bill marked "physical labor."

der if we haven't too much now to really enjoy. Papa got quite a kick out of the nickelodeum music box; sonny's too balse to even more than passing'gly comment on a great picture like "The Five Star Final."

Congressman Guy Hardy of Colorado has a faded old clipping in his possession about the difficulties of a pioneer newspaper out in his country, which reads: "We begin the publication of the Rocky Mountain Cyclone with some phew difficulties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought our ouphlits phor this printing opphiche phaled to supply us with any cphs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weeks bfore we can get any. The mistake was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't ligue the box ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mixup will happen in the best regulated phonimals, and iph the ph's and c's and x's and q's hold out we shall ceph (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a passion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it's a serious aphair."—National Republican.

NEW SONG HITS

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There was the college professor who transferred to Barber College and was given the Chore of Experiments' dissecting.

Prof.: Will you men please stop exchanging notes in the back of the room? Hess: Them ain't notes. Them's dollar bills. We're shootin' craps.

Prof: Oh, pardon me!
"With Malice Toward None..."

This week, beloved reader we have with us the presidents of several leading organizations on our campus today. They will favor us with brief speeches in which they reveal the various secrets of their varying successes. In the following paragraphs, they tell what made them what they are today:

Maxine Wright, port president of Emerson Literary Society: "I want to tell my public that I have only Gillette razors to thank for my tremendous success. In the following paragraphs, I heartily with me when I state that Gillette Razors were an enormous factor in my being elected president of Emerson Literary Society. I am certain Prof. Schwarz will agree wholeheartedly with me when I state that Gillette blades give closer, smoother, easier shaves, leaving your skin in finer condition and your pocketbook flatter."

Ford Murray, half-pint president of the Sophomore class: "Whatever degree of success I have enjoyed up to now, I am positive was directly due to my long and continued use of Lux Toilet soap. I heartily to the superior combination of my mother and Spur ties."

Alonzo Zilch, puny, perspiring president of the Junior class: "The key to my huge popularity, I believe, is my persistent penchant for wearing Spur ties. I have one perpetual favorite in particular which has seen hard usage for 30-odd years. Spur ties are kind to my throat. They simplify my living to a great extent when dressing, all I have to do is hook one on my Adam's apple, and I am fully prepared to meet the world with a bright and shining neck. All that I have been, am now, or can ever hope to be, I owe to the superior combination of my mother and Spur ties."

Alonzo Zilch, puny, perspiring president of the society for the Prevention of Prevaricating among Poor People: "You can fool some of the people all of the time."

Do you want to be popular too? Why, what a foolish question. Of course, you do, Dear Reader, of course you do.

"Do you want to be popular too? Why, what a foolish question. Of course, you do, Dear Reader, of course you do."

"Those Dizzy Dennisonians!!"

Do you know Kitty, the veterinary's daughter? Well, she likes her dried beef! And how!

This is the Harmon-y House. All we hear is "Harmon-y!" (how unique.)

One of the inmates is always singing "Sox, sox" (he's her T. B. U. hero—and he knows his socks!)

The other twin sings "He's from Missouri where men are men!" (oh yeah?)

Then we have with us that sweet little miss they all love to kiss. (It's none other than Little Bo-Pep.)

HOME-COMING JINK AGAIN SLAPS B. G.

For the fourth time this season an hour of football has decided nothing. Having played good football in the first half the Falcons managed to score a lone touchdown. The kick for the extra point was blocked. Howard Poe, starting his first game this year, twisted and side-stepped to three first downs in the first four plays. But this excellent maneuvering did not last long, and possession of the ball was lost in scoring territory. On the next march down the field, Perry went over. It looked like Bee Gee was inspired.

In the second half, the teams chose to make it a battle of punts, but neither team gained an advantage. Straight football followed; both teams seem to be tiring. Findlay using many substitutes, opened a last minute aerial attack and was successful. But, to our eyes it looked like luck. The Findlay receiver standing on the one yard stripe, pushed Lewis aside illegally, and fell over for the goal for six points. The kick was blocked; thus, another terrible tie. The Homecoming Jinx, it must be.

GRIFFEN'S BARBER SHOP

CUT RATES

Open early and late

150 S. Main St.

MEN'S SUEDE LEATHER JACKETS

$5.95

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Church is the man to
Rebuild, Repair, Renew your shoes
REPLACE RECOVER
All style heels
When in need don't forget

CHURCH SHOE SHOP

146 W. Wooster Street
Five Brother News

Stuart Himes presented the Fraternity with a large banner having the Five Brother insigna upon it. The banner is fully five feet long and three feet wide making a wonderful display, being done up in the Fraternity colors of Red and Black. His gift comes at an opportune time as it will serve as a welcoming sign to returning Alumni over Homecoming. Stuart has been fairly active in the sign making line and his work is greatly appreciated by the Fraternity.

The Five Brothers annual homecoming banquet was a huge success. Olde Skull Golding acted as Master of Ceremonies and speeches were given by Dr. Kohl, Prof. Powell and many of the returning Alumni. The attendance was much better than was expected. A contest was held among the returning Brothers to see who could tell the biggest and best story. It was hard to decide, as Carl Laurie, Erwin Price, and Robert Thompson told stories so near par that instead of presenting any one of them with a highly finished Five Brother paddle, the prize for the best story, why all three of them receive the paddle, but in stoop-and-take-it fashion.

Seneca County Club

A talk by President Watson outlined the aims of the organization. The key-note of this address was the object of forming and maintaining social contacts between members of the Club. Replies to questions disclosed the fact that there were some Seneca County students who had not attended the meeting. It is suggested that those students be certain to be on hand when the Club holds its next session. If they don’t—who knows but that they may miss something?

Defiance-Paulding County Club

The Defiance-Paulding County club met on November 3, for the third enjoyable evening of the year. The business meeting was in charge of the Vice President, Rose Booth, after which the entertainment committee took charge. Games and dancing provided pleasure for all. Refreshments were served, after which everyone left for home, anticipating a next happy meeting on November 17.

Dope Bucket

To prophesy football scores from dope is impossible. Defiance beat Findlay 7-0. Defiance crushed Bee Gee 15-0. To predict the impossible then, Findlay will defeat our Falcons. But and if (add these two words always are too important) it were not Home Coming maybe Findlay could win. As far me I don’t see how or why we could think of being beaten with all the old-timers in the stands. Let’s look at some more dope. Bee Gee won from Detroit 13-0. Our final opponents from Mt. Pleasant, Mich., ran all over Detroit City recently to the tune of 43-0. Without any ifs and buts this cannot be classed as a set up, but probably the toughest of all.

Barring further injuries and expecting pecting those who are out now to return, we should make the Findlayites and those who hail from the Wolverine state know we’re plenty tough yet. We always save the best till last. For your Alma Mater, for yourselves, for your Dads or sweethearts; but at least for the love of football let’s close with a bang.

LOGICAL

Voices in the dead of the night in the dorm: “Wake up, quick, wake up!”
“Can’t.”
“Why not?”
“Ain’t sleeping.”

I. M. Short says: “If three cats kill three rats in three minutes, how many cats will it take to kill 100 rats in 100 minutes?” For further information see Walt Burnett.

My girl dresses in three things and two of them are shoes.

“Who is that disturbing our sleep,” is a common complaint. It’s that good little girl, always up at six.
Can you beat it?

BUTLER’S DRUG STORE

Meadow Gold Ice Cream served at our fountain

Broadcloth SHIRTS

Can’t Be Told From §2 Quality $1.39

Oh, Man! What a price for genuine 2-ply DOUBLE SHRUNK white lustrous broadcloth identical with $2 shirts in most stores. Buy several.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.