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Bowling Green State University

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WARDEN THOMAS ADDRESSES STUDENTS

A group of four hundred students evidenced interest in the country's penal institution and prison situation by assembling in the men's gym to listen to the message delivered by Warden Thomas of the Ohio State Penitentiary, last Wednesday.

Mr. Thomas made no oratorical pleas for the prison nor lengthy outbursts directed against his critics, but contained himself with discussing the problems of youth, and why young men go astray. In answer to this latter inquiry, Mr. Thomas maintained this failure in life to the extent that one became a criminal is due to failure to think right. The Warden declared that nine-tenths of the crimes are premeditated, and that the culprit never expects to be caught. He emphasized self-control and mastery of temper as the secret to avoiding trouble.

Following the lecture, a short period was devoted to questions and a discussion of religious life in the pen.

3K'S ENJOY MOONSHINE

What a moon! What a marvelous time we had swimming and splashing in the Maumee! 'Twas a trifle cold when we started, but we didn't let a little thing like that bother us.

All this happened at our picnic at Vollmar's Friday night. The pledges had charge of the refreshments. We surely did justice to the eats. Knockers, adorned with shots of mustard and catsup nestling in the soft downy rolls, floated down on floods of unfermented grape juice. The aforesaid went to the heads of a few, if one could judge by their actions. At any rate, we had a good time.

We were very sorry that Geraldine Everett could not be with us. She was injured in an automobile accident after attending a dance at Kenyon College. She is in a hospital at Mt. Vernon. We hope she will be with us before school is out. Other girls know where we live by this time.


We are sorry to lose five of our members by graduation. These girls have been loyal members and will be missed.

The 3 K Sorority will hold forth at the same house next year. Here's hoping our friends know where we live by this time and will come back to see us again.

Au revoir.

MAY DAY FESTIVAL

Reminiscent of the old Roman custom of devoting certain days of the month of May to a celebration in honor of Flora, the goddess of flowers, was the May Day celebration of yesterday.

We couldn't have asked for a better day for the occasion. The setting was most ideal. The circle in front of the administration building was transformed into a court with a green velveted playground where dancers seem to catch the spirit of May and happiness in the interpretation of their dances.

Queen of the festival was Isabel Gunn. Her entrance to the court with her attendant Helen Thomas, the senior girls who bore the chain of flowers, the representatives of other classes and the dancers was most impressive. Receiving the crown of Queen, Miss Gunn ascended the throne to preside over the events of the occasion. Various dances were then given by the students of the physical education department.

Still in keeping with the old custom the spectators of the Queen's coronation and her festival shared in the merriment of the day by enjoying an hour or so of dancing at Shatzel Hall Annex. This fitting close for the afternoon's festival was made possible by the Seven Sister Sorority.

MUSIC STUDENTS ENJOY PICNIC

Practice teachers of the Music department left the Music in the P. A. building on Monday, May 16 from 11:00 to 1:00 in order to hold a picnic on the banks of the Portage River, south of New Rochester.

The group accompanied by Mr. Tunncliffe and Miss Stensland consisted of: Ellen Mignin, Lucy Newman, Roberta Krouse, Arline Hutchins, Ruth Cohanour, Helen Rosendahl, Marjorie Sams, Helene Harmon, Beulah Steen, Virginia Baker, Christina Honeck, Mary Loomis, Christina King, Hazel Faashaugh, Gordon Mumaw and Sidney Baron.

Fingers, wont to dance so lightly and chimerically upon the ebony and ivory keys turned to the successful preparation of food in the form of sandwiches, baked beans, cake, cookies, fruit, coffee and ice water—all of which was rapidly, completely and joyfully consumed.

One slight mishap occurred on the return trip; Miss Steen was obliged to change a tire in a heavy rain which came up quite suddenly. Cook, musician and mechanic at once, one might say. Who said that versatility died with the Greeks?

ORCHESTRA CONCERT PRESENTED

Wednesday evening the College Orchestra under the direction of Mr. McEwen presented its sixth annual concert. The program began with the Overture from the opera Mignon by Thomas. This difficult but beautiful number was played very well and pleased the audience greatly. Four movements from Mozart's Symphony in G Minor completed the first part of the program.

Miss Porter of the Music department succeeded Miss Sheetz at the piano for the next number, Variations Symphonique by Franck. Miss Porter played to perfection the piano concerts of the Symphony and is to be complimented on her fine cooperation.

The next number, The School of the Rauna by Pierre, was very interesting in that the violinists played with the wood of the bow. The Waltz of the Flowers from the Nutcracker Suite by Tchaikowsky ended the program.

The audience, as a whole, was very well pleased with the ability of the orchestra. Sidney Baron's program notes were greatly appreciated by the information they gave concerning the various composers and their compositions. These notes aided better understanding of the selections.

TRACK

Bee Gee has participated in three track meets in the last two weeks and has been victorious in two of these.

The freshmen team looked good in defeating DeVilbus high of Toledo in a dual meet. They meet Fremont high school this week and we are all expecting them to crash through with a victory.

The varsity lost to Bluffton in a dual meet but last Saturday they took Ohio Northern into camp. The track season will be brought to a close this week by the conference meet at Bluffton. While it doesn't look like our boys will carry the honors they have a good chance and if they have the opportunity we may feel sure they will come through.

She's young and pure and innocent, And she knows nought of men; She never drinks, nor smokes, nor swears And she is almost ten!

He was seated in the parlor And he said unto the light, Either you or I old fellow, Will be turned down in the night

Vienna Wright: "Ever heard the duck song?"

Gracie Hanna: "No."

Vienna: "Waddle I do."
Time, we are told by some, doesn’t mean very much to people of the South Sea Islands. Maybe that is the difference between the “civilized” and the opposite—an evaluation of time. We haven’t very much in the way of time left until the semester ends. What have we done with our time for the past nine months? We wonder.

Perhaps the hardest thing to do when leaving college is to separate from old friends. There’s a place, large or small, in our “hearts” for those with whom we have associated for a long period of time. And a certain few we have picked out for special friends. Then, when graduation time comes and those few must leave, the days begin to look melancholy. But still we pity that student who has been so busy with his books that he has not been able to make friends. Maybe we’ll only meet once a year, or more seldom than that, but there will always be a sweet memory of happy days.

Those who are leaving the campus this semester, never again to return, will perhaps feel not only the loss of their friends but of the old scenes as well. Even the disagreeable parts of college may become hallowed when we look at them for the last time. Bee Gee does have a “spirit”. We can recognize it after having been here a few years. That spirit will grow in the future; we graduates can help it grow by our own contribution of feeling for the college.

Sixty percent of the students sleep through at least three hours of classes each week, according to a survey in an eastern university.

All the world seems to need is an exchange of consciences so each one could function in the land where it sees best.

A liberal is anybody who thinks the country he lives in is the only one that hasn’t any brains.

BEE GEE NEWS

POLITICAL NEWS

Some years ago, we beheld a bright and glittering future before us. College was not only the acme of culture but an alchemist’s formula for social and economic advancement. To go to college was not only the dream goal every parent set for his youngsters, but a coming necessity. But in the meantime our social order suffered a rude awakening. The pleasant dreams of rapid advancement and mushroom culture faded away before a problem at hand. The depression was on the road. In order to realize the hopes and dreams of a better era, thousands of us entered school at the expense of parents who sacrificed everything for our advancement.

The question presents itself. Are we justified in spending money that our parents could use? To this only one answer could be given. We are—if we make the most of our opportunities in the development of personality and brain. We are about to enter on a new era. This holds no glamorous pictures of overnight fortunes, of sudden culture. It is to be an era of dogged, determined work and not of butterfly actions. It is to be an era of careful planning and even more careful action. Youth will face a tremendous task in rehabiliting the social and financial systems of the world. Those who neither care nor can face this problem of intellectual leadership in this new era had best forget the beautiful tales of the wonder of being educated, and settle into the ranks of followers. Either that or the educational system must train followers, and not leaders. College and college students cannot carry a divided allegiance in times of crisis.

Pen Pictures of Pros

A man of medium size, with rounded face and twinkling eye walks toward our camera. As he uses he shows his stop and turns toward us. A grin slowly spreads over his face as he tells of some amusing episode or some new joke. Perhaps he even pauses occasionally to barter his auditors. At intervals he punctuates the conversation with a chuckle, as if the spirit of joviality had filled him literally to overflowing. Here is the picture of a democratic high-brow.

In the classroom this man is a very sedate and earnest gentleman. As he lectures he brings the hammer down on the glowing metal in perfect rythm to his thought. But even here, the spirit of jovial good-naturedness is not entirely lacking. At times he uses the hammer blow of wit just as effectively as his sledge. Wit, ginger or pop—call it what you will, this is what he adds to a well rounded personality.

Statesmen remember sadly that a platform is also something you get out on.
**Some Call It Thinking**

I wonder who started that rumor about the seventeen men coming down from State for this semester. Seventeen wouldn't help much but it would start the ball rolling. Can't remember whether the ratio was three girls to every man or four girls at the last returns. If many more girls get kicked out, we may get down to a two-to-one average. What price proportion? I wish they'd put benches around on the grass behind the Library to save the wear and tear on the Ad steps. That stone is so cold. All this wishing sounds like I believe there really are fairy godmothers. Well, I do, but hardly godmothers.

St. Peter: "Who's there?"
Professor: "A math professor and two friends."
St. Peter: "What, a math professor with friends? Enter."
Stranger: "Say, kid can you direct me to a bank?"
Bob Lewis: "Mister, I ain't no bank director."

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**Exchange Column**

"Follow the Leader" is a game that grows on us more and more as we get older. In childhood we fight and kick for independence but when the "bloom of youth" has gone, so has this craving for freedom of action. We conform to most everything that is expected of us. We breakfast at seven, lunch at twelve, and dine at six. To break this rule very often throws our orderly soul into confusion.

In the classroom we give to the teacher the rights of a dictator. His words become our words and where he goes, we follow after. No real teacher discourages independent thinking, but so few students have the initiative or the energy to make any attempt in this direction. So many answers to questions are merely matters of opinion, and too often the majority of the class will leave it to the teacher and one or two students to discuss these matters and settle them for the entire group. There is very little growth, intellectually, in this sort of work.

This desire to conform is quite evident outside the classroom. One boy wears corduroy trousers and the next day six wear them. One girl puts on white sport shoes and the next day the campus blooms with them. "Simon says thumbs up, and Simon says thumbs down", and there is not a one of us who does not make some effort to play the game. Strange, is it not, that so many students spend four years at college, plus a considerable amount of money, merely to learn how the game is played? Even the oldest of rules frequently need revising.

—Teachers College News, Charleston, Ill.

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**Women Athletes Banqueted**

The W. A. A. banquet on Tuesday was attended by about 30 people. Everyone enjoyed the informality of the affair. Especially did we like Miss Hartman's radio speech. Her theme song was "Service", in keeping with the tennis idea. Tables were decorated as tennis courts. It was a shame that more people did not enjoy the good time.

On Friday the last meeting of the organization was held in the form of a hike. A treat was furnished for the girls. This ice cream was especially welcome after the strenuous games they played.

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**Week at Williams**

The swimming season is here! Louie and Jadies have "tried out" the water and they say it's great.

Some of our Williamites believe in being prepared—they went up to the courthouse and witnessed a trial last Thursday. Mae, Polly, and Pete must have had something in mind when they went to learn about law.

We wonder why Ruth and Bunny like tennis so well. Of course they all do, but we think there must be other reasons behind it.

The snap shot craze is here again after having been absent practically all winter. You can hardly blame the girls for feeling like taking picture amid such weather.

Love changes with the seasons and here's proof. Several of our girls have ditched their old B. F's for new beaux. We won't mention any names but that's all straight goods.

The girls of the Hall sent flowers to Geraldine Everett who is confined to the hospital. She was injured in an automobile accident two weeks ago.

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**THE PEARL OIL CO.**
The best service
And
The best merchandise
Stop at the Fleet Wing Sign
Phones 104 and 450
B. G. DEFEATS FINDLAY

The long range guns of the Falcon base ball team proved too much of a handicap for the Findlay nine, last Tuesday. A long home run by Yoder started B. G.'s scoring; this followed by a lousy triple by Tennant who scored a moment later on an error by the Findlay catcher produced the second run. Findlay matched these two markers in their half of the second inning. However a plaid triple by Perry and Sheffer's hard hit single again brought the lead to Bowling Green; but this was matched by a run in the last of the eighth by Findlay. The final run of the game and the run that brought home the well known bacon was the result of a single by Ricketts, a clean steal of second and a single by Tennant. Again we see that Coach Stellar's men bunch their hits to good advantage. All six hits figuring in the scoring.

Hawkins pitched his usual good game.

The final score, B. G. 6; Findlay 3.

NEW STANDARDS FOR PRACTICE TEACHING

To be eligible for elementary practice teaching a student must have at least 30 hours of advanced credit and at least twice as many quality points as work completed. To be eligible for secondary practice teaching a student must have at least 90 hours of advanced credit with at least twice as many quality points as hours completed, 20 hours in major subject and special method course, prerequisite or parallel, in subject to be taught.

It will be noted the requirements for a grade of "C" or better in Principles of Education, English, Composition and in one-half of practice teaching have been removed.

The above standards will become effective for all students assigned practice teaching after September 1, 1932.

Cryer: "I'm sorry, but my efforts are confined to singing in my bath!"

Noble: "Oh, do sing, and I'll warn them that you're rather out of practice."

Roscoe Miller: "I'll have you know, hic-I'm part of the Standard Oil Co."

Bob Butler: "And what part are you?"

R. M.: "Hie, one of the tanks."

B. Miller (1) What's your girl's name?
B. Miller (2) Autumn.
B. Miller (1) How's that?
B. Miller (2) She falls for anybody.

Englishman: "What is this bally American holiday you Yankees celebrate the last Thursday in November?"

American: "Thanksgiving Day, dumb one. It is to be regretted that you ridiculous Limejuicer have nothing for which to be thankful and consequently have no such holiday."

Englishman: "No Thanksgiving Day, my eye! Certainly we have. We celebrate it on the Fourth of July."

TOUGH LUCK!

Bowling Green's baseball team lost its first home game of the season Friday; dropping a tough ball game to Toledo U by a score of 9 to 8.

The game started out with a bang. After the lead off man for the Rockets, Wiles by home, ticketed one of Hawkins for four racks the Falcons did a little bit of ticketing themselves and when the dust had settled the boys from B. G. had scored four times thanks to Shenefeld for a couple of passes but thanks more to a screaming liner to the fence in deep center field for a home run. The Rockets not to be outdone came back with two runs in the second and three in the third but by the end of the fourth the Falcons had caught up and they forged ahead by scoring one in the sixth. However, the Rockets crossed the platter twice in the seventh and once in the eighth which proved to be just once too often as far as B. G. was concerned. Radenbaugh banged out a homer to start off the last of the eighth but that was the end of the scoring for the day.

Sheffer with a homer and single and Martens with a double and a triple were the heavy stickers for the Falcons.

Miss Hedrick: "Give me a sentence with the word Annapolis."

Vie Sornoski: "Annapolis more digestible that a banana."

Farmer: "Say, that mule you sold me is plumb blind. He goes around running into trees and fences."

Prof. Battice: "Boy, that mule isn't blind, he just don't give a damn."

One thing about the wicked—they don't rejoice when other people get in trouble.

Myrtle Metz: "Do you cry when you're kissed?"

Gladys Metz: "No, I just keep a stiff upper lip."

Under a spreading chestnut tree
A stubborn auto stands
The Smith an angry man is he
With trouble on his hands.

The carburetor seems to be the cause of all his woe,
He tightens half a dozen bolts,
But still it doesn't go.
He sits beside the road to give His brain a chance to cool
And ponders on his training at The correspondence school.
And then he starts his job once more
And just by chance 'tis seen
The cause of all his trouble is
He's out of gasoline.

Red Calderwood: "Hoy waiter, were these catfish dead before they were cooked?"

Waiter: "Sure, I skinned them alive and they died of embarrassment."