Why We Join Fraternities

Fraternities, according to an article run last week in this paper, are an asset to college life. Now it is not the purpose of this writer to refute what the learned author said in behalf of college fraternities. Every one of the 10 reasons listed can be called good reasons for calling such organizations assets. But we wonder if a student, joining a fraternity, thinks of even one of these reasons except to justify an action already taken.

In the first place, I believe that one is approached, or “rushed” as the saying goes, by fraternity men, not because they can do any good for the new member, but that the new member might do the fraternity some good on the campus either through the medium of athletics or scholarship. In other words, I think the fraternity is guilty of having as its objective the maintenance of the organization rather than contributing to the welfare of its members.

Again, I believe that students join fraternities because of two reasons: (1) it is generally done and (2) it panders to ethnocentrism. Of the first of these not much need be said, for it will at once be accepted by everyone who does any thinking on the subject at all. Any student here during the year will bear me out in saying that members seek to get their friends into their organizations before those with whom they are not well acquainted. And the friends respond not because he is in sympathy with the ideals or activities of the organization but because his friends are members. If he would be a “regular fellow” he must needs also sign the pledge.

Students join fraternities possibly for another reason, as stated before: it panders to the belief that they are joining a group which is more or less exclusive; in short, they are a bit better than those who have a different pass word and grip as well as a different label. Witness the feeling on the campus at the present time—more particularly in the winter terms—between the more outspoken and less thoughtful members of any one fraternity. Who of us, after all, does not like to feel he is a little higher than the other fellow? Especially when we come from homes such as the rank and file of students at Bee Gee come from, we are not well acquainted. And the friends respond not because he is in sympathy with the ideals or activities of the organization but because his friends are members. If he would be a “regular fellow” he must needs also sign the pledge.

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Whether or not these, which I regard as real reasons for joining a fraternity, are pernicious in effect on student life I do not say. The ten admirable contributions listed by the professor may entirely offset the effect of the reasons given why students originally join fraternities; and they may not. At least, it is a question which all serious students will open-mindedly discuss and think about.

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Editorials

There seems to be quite a bit of interest aroused by the recent articles on the justification of the fraternity system. It is well that it should come in for its share of scrutiny along with many other of our institutions. Dimnet tells us that a philosopher is one who takes nothing for granted—too often we do. So far as this paper is concerned, it won't be main open for conviction one way or the other. Let's have another article on the question next week from someone, preferably a fraternity member. Surely they should delegate someone to verbalize their opinions.

Next week marks the last of the first summer term, and the last issue of the NEWS for the summer. If any of you want to break into print while you're here, the dead line is this Thursday at 4:00 o'clock. Have your articles in the news box below the office windows by then. Anything is acceptable as long as it bears a semblance of intelligence.

Wonder how many of the adult students here have added something to their lives by attendance at summer schools. If no changes have been made in their intellectual make-up, it would be far better for them to quit wasting their own time and the state's money in this way. Better spend the summer by the lake engaged in fighting flies and keeping away from mosquitoes. On the other hand, those who have gained something higher—vision, insight, a new light on an old problem—will have profitably spent their time. Now is an excellent time to take stock of how much you have been enriched, if at all.

Agrees with F. L. H.

I am writing to tell you and the college in general that I think F. L. H. has quite a case against the college with his several charges as set forth in the article "Are We All Like That?" Why should we submit to the tactics of those who have made this school what one professor has termed a "glorified high school"? Of course, it doesn't do to be always harping on the faults of the various departments, but don't you think that one hint to the wise is sufficient?

In the case of the library there have been many hints. You can draw your own conclusions. Go to F. L. H. There are hundreds here in school that are behind you.

Disagrees

The article entitled "Are We All Like That?" which was printed last week in the Bee Gee News seems to me to belittle the author's state of mind. This humble writer would suggest that the author go to the doctor for a few pills for dyspepsia; evidently that is his ailment. Such things have been cured, you know, if they are not allowed to become chronic—no one wants to be a Carlyle of Bowling Green dimensions.

There was a dear lady named Polly, who thought open stacks were pure folly; She closed up the shelves to studious elves, and drove F. L. H. off his trolley.

A Sample of What the Mail Man Doesn't Dare to Read.

Shattel Hall, Bowling Green, O.

June 16, 1932

My darling Jim:

Will you please tell me why you wanted me to come to B. G. this summer. I'll bet you guess, this campus is so devoid of men (real HE men I mean) that I guess you'll have to come and see me immediately. If you were to tell the truth, I bet you are gloating over the fact that I can't misbehave. Don't worry, I'll get even with you, and how.

If I didn't think so much of you, dear, you wouldn't be getting this letter. Six hours of work kept me so busy that I don't have time to read the newspaper any longer (they're long enough). These old maids up here are so mean that they would sit up all night in order to turn out a twenty-page theme so that one of my four or five page themes wouldn't be even a drop in the kindest professor's bucket. I wish you would come up and wring some of their necks.

On second thought I think I would feel easier if you would stay home and wring your mother's clothes.

Gee, dearest, some of those profs, you told me about are absolutely the berries. My math. teacher is the cutest thing. His name is Ogg (not egg) and he came to B. G. since you left, so you won't know him. He's wonderful about explaining infinities and the like, and say, Jimmy, if I cared about your smoking, I should like to have you get a pipe just like his. That psychology professor you told me about, (Dr. Zaugg you know) well, he seems like a daddy to all of us girls, I don't wonder you liked him. Dr. Kohl can't be beat for being a good prof., everybody likes him because he takes all the blame if you answer a question wrong. Now I wish you could be that way, Jimmy, I'm strong for men like that. Don't think I have classes under all the profs. I mention because I just couldn't be like that. I haven't had that Eng. prof. by the name of Carmichael yet, but the girls

Announcements

During the summer of 1932 the following entertainments are scheduled:

July 12—Dean J. B. Edmondson, School of Education, University of Michigan.

Evening

July 18—Concert, Welsh Imperial Singers.

Campus Gossip

When Dr. Zaugg called on that Hunter lad the other day, he was informed that the boy didn't know the answer at all; he was merely chasing flies—it seems that Helene Harmon and Al Burgutt are again among the unemployed, by choice; ahem!—has anyone tried to spell the name of the Thursday night speaker?—we hereby nominate Willie Miller as the frankest man on the campus—chapel programs such as the one last week would be a "sure-cure" for chapel sleeping, reading, gossiping, and scuffling—Goldswich began his practice teaching Tuesday and pulled a quiz on Wednesday; nine work Roy—congratulations on a good article, P. L. H.; can something be done about it? We hope so! However, the crack about the instructors was neither understandable nor justifiable—Dora Doyle's sister, Hulda, dropped in for a couple of days this week—Penny and Steve were in Illinois somewhere the week-end of the Fourth. Ur-umm—the gold medal goes to the ladies who drive in from Fortosia for a seven o'clock every morning—Coach Steller has a new car; we'll have to listen for a different rate from now on — the Seven Sisters crashed through with a big picnic; a few organizations are alive—Bernice Barton's favorite expression: "Has the mailman come? Was there one for me?"—the Toledo Sunday Times used a picture of some of our B. G. co-eds to illustrate an article on the Defiance uproar, and labeled it as one of the causes of said strife. There may be a connection somewhere, but we fail to see it. According to law, co-eds cause enough trouble on our own campus, without having to cast their abilities abroad.

Doctor: My dear man, you appear to be suffering from clergyman's throat.

E. Brooks: The hell you say!

Doctor: Ah—but I will make a further examination.
What do you think about about two hours classes?

They're O. K., if you have your 10 minute intermission for a breathing space.—Ida Roe.

The classes may be O. K., but I don't like the assignments.—H. Walters.

Not so bad—if the Prof. let out on time.—"Bill" Hill.

They're at least one hour too long.—A. Schooley.

Tain't so bad if you like it, not us'ns.—V. R. Long! I mean.

It depends on the length of the Prof.—"Sunshine".

They're all right if the men are in an agreeable mood.—Erma Wahl.

Just right for an afternoon nap.—Elizabeth Wahl, One Who Knows.

Three hours could be worse.—Trawatha L. T.

It all depends on the class.—M. E. Long.

Ain't got any!!!—Peg Covrctto.

They're all right—when padded chairs are used.—M. Scheffer.

You can sleep just twice as long.—G. Ingmire.

It would be better if we had couches.—B. Brigham.

I think one hour classes are too long.—"Willie" Clapp.

Fine if they allow you to sleep. Otherwise they are terrible.—C. Hiestand.

I like them—it's more fun to cut them.—Bob James.

They are not half as bad as four hour classes.—Hope Conrad.

Boy, they're swell if ya don't have any.—"Min" Miloff.

Look for the answer on page 10 of this issue.—Ruth Marquart.

? A Question?

Is college a place where the students go to attain higher standards of education, or is it a place where one goes to learn the habits of the different professors? We find that many of the principles set up are not as elastic as they should be, and the things you learn from one professor won't hold true with the next.

Facts are handed out of each course but the accompanying principles are merely set ideas of the instructor, which in some other class will be pointed out to the student as an idea that is taboo.

In order then, as we see it, to be in line with the class and the professor it is necessary to comply to that particular instructor's ideas of right, and in the next hour unable to adapt ourselves to the opposite.

Perhaps we find our English teacher degrading the person that abbreviates, leaves out punctuation, or uses slang, only to find the professor of the next hour indulges in these quite freely.

Perhaps our History instructor says "Never ditto", and in the next class room the black board is filled with material closely resembling the Morse code.

One of our friends or our room mate is ordered from the class room for wearing her hat in class time, only to go into the next class and find the instructor wearing one through the entire period.

Is learning the traits of the professors a secret of getting along with them, and therefore a mark of an educated student?

Library Gossip

Miss King's absence is greatly felt around the library this week—she had her tonsils lifted last Monday. Students still persist in writing down wrong numbers and expect to get books with them. Last evening's paper carried the story that Graham McNamee would not broadcast any more fights from the state of New York—one shocking statement to one of our librarians, The B. G. News continues to "slap" the library, much to the amusement of the library force, for that which is said is downright laughable and ridiculous. Gossip has it that Miss Blum is making frequent visits to the reading room—your writer thought that the summer students were able to conduct themselves as a student should.

The new student assistants seem to be getting along very well. Upon observation one can readily see that the Reserve Room is certainly an asset to own library, and due credit should be extended to Miss Burling for initiating the plan. Students still don't seem to realize that there are 12 hours to get books on 7 day charges, before the 8 o'clock hour at night. I see by the trucked back of the desk that the magazines are back from the bindery. We wonder how soon they will be available. The favorite expression of the student assistants is "The Book is on Reserve."

(Continued from page 1, col. 1)

the next hour classes. In the summer the students go for the same reason.

Chapel is all right in its place, but it doesn't belong to a college, especially B. G. Perhaps chapel does do us some good. Our dear music Prof, compliments us on our singing—and that's worth going for; its one way of getting a compliment from the institution.

Everybody is thankful for one thing about chapel and that is we don't have to take an examination after the semester is over. Chapel attendance could be worse—in some schools you are required to attend every morning. Thank Heaven! B. G. hasn't found that out.—Exchange Editor.

Husband: Briget, do you know any thing of my wife's whereabouts?

Bridget: Yes, sir, I put them in the wash.
Irma Wahl: I can't marry him mother. He's an atheist, and doesn't believe there's a hell.

Mother: Marry him, my dear, and between us we'll convince him that he's wrong.

Garbage Man: Any garbage today lady?

New Cook: Why, yes, I'll take six cans.

Burnett: Wasn't your egg cooked long enough?

Garth: Yes, but not soon enough.

A little colored boy was sitting slumped down in a chair with his feet resting on top of the table, when his mamy came in the room and said:

"Lord, yo' is a lazy boy, yo'se zackly like yo' pappy. Thank God I didn't marry dat man!"

Benny: D'you notice you don't hear that knock in the engine any more?

Penchef: That's right. How did you fix it?

Benny: Oh, loosened up one of the mudgards.

Frosh: "There's mother's ashes in the jar on the mantel piece.

Second Frosh: So your mother in with the angels!

Frosh: No, sir; she's just too lazy to look for an ash tray.

Registrar Perry: What is your name?

Frosh: Jule.

Registrar Perry: You should say Julius.

(To next Frosh): What is your name?

Second Frosh: Bilious.

Small Boy (coldly): Madam, does your husband know you speak to strange men?

Seibenek: Did you hear about the mass meeting held by people in favor of prohibition?

Prof. Newman: No.

Seibenek: They had it at the Pennsylvania Hotel in the third telephone booth.

Bell Hop: I've a Christmas message for you sir.

E. C.: Shove it under the door.

Bell Hop: Can't, sir. The bottles uncorked.

What does an old maid say at the end of her nightly prayers?

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UHLMAN'S

AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE OF A

(Continued from page 1, col. 3)

street lamp on the corner of Thurston and Court filtered. To my terror, there moved into the beam of light, a spectre, large and black with no definite shape and as silent as the years of eschatological ages. What shall I do? The suspense is getting terrible . . . . a light!! but how? with ten thumbs; oh for a gun!! At last, illumination and a Botany text held high in lieu of a better weapon . . . there sat a large black cat as contended as Dr. Ogg with his pipe.

Motherly Old Lady: My dear, does your mother know you smoke?

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