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Bowling Green State University

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A Welcome to Faculty and Students

We stand at the threshold of a new college year—the nineteenth in the history of this institution. We have reason to be thankful for the measure of prosperity that the college has enjoyed in the past. While it may still be classed as young, it has already achieved a rank in size of physical plant and enrollment, and a recognition among other institutions to give its friends cause for rejoicing. The financial crisis through which our country is passing may temporarily check our expansion along some lines, but if we are wise and devote our thinking and energy to improving the quality of our work and to cultivating the abiding satisfactions of life, we can make this year one of great advancement to the College and to each one of us in personal growth. It is to this worthy endeavor that I invite the faculty and students, new and old, at the opening of a new academic year and extend to all a cordial welcome.

H. R. Williams, President

Mind Your Own Business!

This matter of education was summed up by a little girl a long time ago when she compared an educated man with one who was intelligent. Said she: "An educated man is one who thinks the things of others while an intelligent man makes his own think's."

She hit the nail on the head and drove it home. We can moralize now and say that we at Bee Gee and particularly the new students of verdant hue should take heed. An educated man may be like Pope described, "bookful blockhead, ignorantly read, With loads of learned lumber in his head." Then again he may be intelligently self-reliant. The whole matter resolves itself around one thing fundamentally: will we mind ourselves and our own business?

That means more than a mere keeping one's nose out of other people's affairs. It means self-development. We are aware of the fact that there is no such thing as a self-made man. We who says he is such is usually speaking words that are unconven-

Deficiency of Students

"The relation between reading efficiency and academic progress is in general positive, and significant," said Professor Gray. "Many students are so deficient in reading as to be handicapped seriously in college work. Genuine improvement in both reading achievement and academic standing has been effected through the use of appropriate training and guidance."

Professor Gray outlined a program for improvement of reading habits which included a determination of the efficiency of all students at the time of admission to college; guidance in general reading and study habits for all students in connection with some particular course, such as English; conference sections in a required course in which corrective training and guidance may be provided for deficient readers, and a special remedial group for those students who rank in the lower quarter of the class in intelligence or are handicapped by unusual reading deficiency.

It does not stop there. It goes on, until the "tubes are twisted and dried" and the body has been tucked away in a shroud. Education is thus "mind your own business".
Why We Don't Behave
Like Human Beings

This curious title, reminiscent of the late George Dorsey, appears in the American Mercury for September. The author of the article, Ralph Adams Cram, states that the evolutionary principle of the popular imagination, the "Excelsior" idea, is pernicious. "It has done as much harm as the religious and social doctrines of Dr. Calvin and Rousseau."

Our standards, the author holds, are derived from the great men of the past, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Erasmus, Rabelais Montaigne, et alera. We are prone to measure ourselves and our associates by them. But the whole thing, he declares is wrong. There is no such thing as the evolution (upward) of the human mind. There were just as good minds four thousand years ago, in the days of Aknaton of Egypt as there are today in the bodies of Einstein and Eddington.

An interesting analogy is given. The author says he stood by the crater of a volcano and saw the viscous mass move slowly. There was a great mass of it. But here and there a little spray of the viscous mass would spurt into the air a few feet and reflect the rays of the sun in a brilliant manner.

We humans are like that, he says. The great mass of us move sluggishly along and are all about the same since the days of Homo Sapiens and his wife. But here and there all through the long history of man there are those who rise above the mass and scintillate in the sunlight of the higher altitudes. Such men were those we mentioned above, the outstanding names of the past.

Our standards, then, are high. But they are, we deduce no higher than they ought to be. We can all attempt to be somewhat better than the brute from whence we sprang even if it is beyond most of our reaches. But if this be true, it helps us a lot in understanding the actions of the mass of people along with the Prohibitionists, Republicans, Democrats, and a host of others.

—BGN—

Rules and Regulations

It is always the policy of a college paper to be Pollyanna-like as it possible can be. Therefore, since we don't want to be horsetale, we will compliment the inmates of the dormitories on their fortunate choice of a place of abode. Congratulations!

The college sees to it that none of the girls on or off the campus lose any of their pristine innocence while they are here. Likewise with the fellows. The fellows only have to take care not to be caught, while the girls never fail being ushered before the powers that be.

The rules and regulations of this budding university are such that life all thru the year is just one big game. Now you see me, now you don't. The authorities play tag with the students.

So naturally, the students play tag with the authorities—and the professors. They see how much they can cheat and bluff in an effort to get the best of two. Turn about is fair play, so it seems. And an eye always did go for an eye; also a tooth for a tooth.

So have a good time, boys and girls. Especially you in the dorms. Meanwhile you fellows raise your voices in praise and thanksgiving that you can do as you please.

—BGN—

Announcements

The State College of Bowling Green is inaugurating steps to introduce new students to the college. The plan gives the students time to consider their courses, learn how to use the library, meet students and faculty, so as to feel at home.

PROGRAM

For—

The Introduction of New Students

To—

BOWLING GREEN STATE COLLEGE

September 12 to 17, 1932

September 12, Monday
8 a.m. Registration of freshman and new students. Auditorium, Administration Building.
1 p.m. Registration continued.
8:00 p.m. President and Faculty Reception to all new students. Physical Education Building. Present Coupon A.

September 13, Tuesday
10:00 a.m. Meeting of all new students. Auditorium. Administration Building. Present Coupon B.
1-3 p.m. Meeting of all women. Auditorium, Administration Building. Present Coupon C.
1-3 p.m. Meeting of all men. Room 406, Science Building. Present Coupon C.
7:30 p.m. Rally. College Campus.

September 14, Wednesday
8-12 a.m. Inspection of campus and college buildings. New students will be assigned to small groups under the guidance of old students. Meet in front of Science Building.
1-5 p.m. Instruction on use of library. Main Reading Room, Library. Present Coupon D.

September 15, Thursday
8:00 a.m. Recitations begin.

September 17, Saturday
9:00 a.m. Entrance Examinations. Auditorium, Administration Building.
All new students are required to attend all of the Introductory Exercises. No one will be excused except on account of illness.

"What are you doing, dear?" asked a mother of her little daughter, who was making scrawls and scratches on a piece of paper.

"I'm writing a letter to Betty."
"But, my dear, you don't know how to write."
"Oh, that doesn't matter. Betty doesn't know how to read, either."

"Keep your eye on the Chevrolet," says one ad. "Keep both eyes on the Ford," says another. "Keep your eyes on the Studebaker," says still another. G. W. E. tried to follow this advice crossing Main Street yesterday and was hit by a Buick, not having any eyes left to keep on it.—Buffalo News.
Is a Revolution Impending?

A CONVERSATION

"That's a good question, John. Things do look pretty darned dark at the present time with all these newspaper reports of bonus armies and farmers' strikes and a dozen other things. Do you think there is one impending?"

"Without a doubt, I do. The reason, however, I believe to be not the present discontent and unrest, but something more fundamental than that. I mean the growing amount of talk and questioning concerning the basis of our civilization. Revolutions of the past have always been the outgrowth of that. The French Revolution was such; also the American."

"What can we do about it?"

"Act. The revolution of the future should be one unlike the French or American. It should be one of intelligence."

"But that would be hardly a revolution, would it?"

"It certainly would. What we need to do at the present is, as has been pointed out, follow the example of John D. Rockefeller Jr. in his disinterested dealing with the Prohibition question. That same could be done with the industrial situation. There is no use changing the owners of the industries from the capitalist to the soviet. That would merely make a nominal revolution. What is necessary is a change in the person who benefits from the industries and government."

"But how can that be done?"

"By cooperation between the social and economic philosophers and the industrial leaders themselves. Those latter are disinterested on the whole, and know their business."

"But that means that the industrial leaders will have to do away with their own system?"

"Exactly. And that requires disinterestedness. It is the only alternative to war and bloodshed such as the nations of the past, ours included have experienced. But it means also a new economic order minus the gross injustices of the present one. And those gross injustices must be done away with sooner or later."

"Then that means that intelligence will be the salvation of the future."

"Precisely. We have tried everything else, and it seems queer that we have never tried that. Monarchy, democracy, communism, what-not—all have failed and fallen short of the ideal for which they have worked."

"Then that also means that from the colleges there will come the means of remaking the social order."

"Not entirely. It does mean that it will come from intelligent people. If they are produced in the colleges, that is where it will come from. But it is bound to come."

"It seems to me that a revolution of that type is the only one that will last. It will mean constant injury rather than working to save and maintain an established order. It will come closer to Utopia than anything ever has done in the past."
DORMAN'S LUNCH
Welcomes You to B. G.
A GOOD PLACE TO EAT AT ANY TIME

SHORTY DOHM
CUT RATES
HAIR CUTS... 25c
SHAVE ...... 15c
Open Early and Late
143 West Wooster St.

S O S DINING ROOM
WELCOME STUDENTS
Satisfying You Means
Success to us
S. O. Stevenson
Don Stevenson
530 East Court St.

Smiles
Bilingual Domestic Scene
"Hitler lover Papen?"
Answer (emphatically): "Nein".
—Selected.

The New Olympiad
Just a couple weeks ago the Los Angeles Olympiad was finished. Everyone (nearly)
followed the sports with interest of varying degrees as a welcome release from much
talk about the depression.

But there is about to start (it has started) a different sort of Olympiad—the gab-
festival which is commonly called a political campaign. It seems that in this sport
there is little sportsmanship and no rules, except that the costs of campaigning are
kept darkly secret. The prize is the pie in the political office. Great stuff.

A New Book
A new book is forthcoming this month by the famous and stimulating Hendrick Wil-
lem Van Loon which is called "Van Loon's Geography". Having seen a preview of the
book, we can say that it appears to be an elementary but unique interpretation of the
world we live in.

The author starts the book in an interesting fashion. All humans since Homo Sapiens could be thrown into the Colorado and no sign of them would be left in 100 years save a mound and some vegetation.
That seems like the height of pessimism (or depth) but at least it is wholesome as an antiseptic against some of our Pollyana ideas of human worth.

That Document Again
The police power embodied in the Eighteenth Amendment, says Mr. Shouse, never
belonged in the Constitution and should be eliminated. This is a good, strong plea, but
by no means an unanswerable one. When you come to think of it, there are so many
things in the Constitution that, in the opinion of its authors, never belonged there.

There is in the Constitution a system of electing Presidents and Senators that never
belonged there; a system of voting rights—Negroes and women—that never belong-
ed there; and, in general, a spirit of democracy that, according to many of our best
modern authorities, would never be in the Constitution if the tough old birds who
wrote it had continued to have their way.

—"By Products."
REEDS

("They put ... a reed in His right hand."
—Matthew, xxvii, 29.)
Whether soft airs stir lightly
Or angered winds be harsh,
The living reeds lean sp'ghtly
Along the marsh.

Who has not seen them lifting
Their shining assegais
Under the free and drifting
Foam of the skies?

Once for a King impassioned
With truth, yet sore betrayed,
There was a scepter fashioned
From such a blade.

Clifford J. Laube

FIREFLIES

I watch the fireflies that flicker through
Their golden rhythms in the purple dark,
Beholding what stupendous miracle
With every blazing of each tiny spark!

I see His hand which holds the selfsame torch
That set the ageless suns and stars alight
Reach down through dark immeasurable voids
To kindle frail, small lanterns of a night.

Adelaide Love

BGN

Not Ours

A laundry in South Kensington is circularizing householders with the following message of good cheer: "We cut your laundry in half."—London Star.

BGN

WE OWN AND OPERATE
THE ONLY DRY CLEANING PLANT IN BOWLING GREEN.

SANITARY DRY CLEANERS

139 E. Wooster St. Phone 28

THREE PUTTS, NEGRO'S METHOD OF LIFTING THE DEPRESSION

Thomas S. Shope, editor of The North Georgia Citizen, a clever weekly newspaper, enjoys getting out and interviewing the mountain folk who come down to do their trading in Dalton. The other day he found an old Negro down for his weekly purchases of coffee and tobacco, and asked him what he thought about the depression.

"Depression ain' nothin' but a go'f game," said the Negro, "but when a man can't git nothin', he gets mad."

"Well, how do you lift the depression?"

"I lift it," replied the Negro, "by practising what he preached."

"What is that?"

"Marse Shope," the Negro replied, "all it takes to overcome it is three putts. Putt yer faith in Gawd, putt yer Ford in de garage and putt yer women in de fields."

—Selected.

EVERYTHING
FOR
THE
FAMILY,
FARM
AND
HOME

MONTGOMERY
WARD & CO.

Simple Scheme

"Do you know," said Professor Brown to his bosom friend, "I cannot understand how people forget the ages of their children. I have no trouble. For example, I was born twenty-three hundred years after Socrates; my wife was born eighteen hundred years after the death of Tiberius Caesar; my son, John, was born two thousand years after Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus was chosen tribune of the people; and our daughter Amanda, was born fifteen hundred years after the beginning of the Folk Wandering. It is perfectly simple, you see!"

BGN

Entirely Possible

William Allen White, the Kansas editor, was talking about droughts.

"One summer, during a terrible drought," he said, "a tourist was passing through Arizona. He put up one night in a town so dried up that even the trees had yellowed and withered.

"Do it ever rain here?" the tourist asked the landlord.

"'Rain?' said the landlord. 'Why, strange, there's five-year-old bullfrogs in this here town wot ain't never learned to swim yet.'"—The Presbyterian Advance.

BGN

The colonel's wife sent the following note to Captain Green:

"Colonel and Mrs. Brown request the pleasure of Captain Green's company to dinner on the twentieth."

Captain Green's reply gave her a shock. It reads as follows:

"With the exception of four men on leave and two men sick, Captain Green's company have great pleasure in accepting your invitation."—Richmond Christian Advocate.
Welcome Students

Headquarters for Approved Athletic Garments for Men and Women.

PLAY A GAME OF GOLF at KELLER’S
10c; 3 games 25c S. Main St.

HARVEY’S RESTAURANT WELCOMES YOU
128 W. Wooster St.

WELCOME STUDENTS TO BOWLING GREEN
YOUR BANKING BUSINESS IS CORDIALLY INVITED AT THIS STRONG BANK.

THE BANK OF WOOD COUNTY
CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $100,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS $12,873.33

THE SEA
This wild, terrible beauty shall leave no pattern—
No pattern upon the sand
When the last bright flash of jeweled foam is spent.
Like a coin within the hand.

This dark and emerald music rising and falling,
Crashing, note upon note,
Shall leave no echo of its cold, clear singing
For Time’s deep throat.

Let us linger long and passionately on this shore
Where the breakers fall,
Knowing there will be left no fragment of its pattern:
Knowing this is all.
—Daniel Whitehead Hicky.

Thoughtful Editor
 ‘I really think my poem should be published in your paper.”
‘Why so?”
“My dear friend, we have a number of other old subscribers. Their feelings must be considered.”—Christian Science Monitor.

Two for a Nickel
It was in a country store back of Covington.
A one-gallus customer drifted in.
“Gimme a nickel’s worth of asafoetida.”
The clerk poured some asafoetida in a paper bag and pushed it across the counter.
“Charge it,” drawled the customer.
“What your name?” asked the clerk.
“Honeyfunkel.”
“Take it,” said the clerk. “I wouldn’t write asafoetida and Honeyfunkel for five cents.”

—BGN—

“How much are eggs?”
“Fifty cents a dozen, thirty cents a dozen for cracked ones.”

—BGN—

That’s the Question
“What are the town fathers debating?”
“Whether to keep up the good roads and fine the motorists for speeding, or maintain a mudhole and charge them for hauling ‘em out.”—Monitor.

—BGN—

Unsolicited
A corn syrup manufacturing company received the following letter:
“Dear Sirs: I have ate three cans of your corn syrup and it has not helped my corns one bit.”—Farm and Home.

—BGN—

Rapid Recovery
Los Angeles: Bessie Schlacker, artist, today was completely recovered from an automobile accident in which she lost an arm and a leg. She amazed witnesses by walking to a hospital for treatment after the crash. The limbs were artificial.—Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.