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Bee Gee News March 15, 1933

Bowling Green State University

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STUDENT BLUFFING GIVEN APPROVAL

Several University of Washington professors said Friday it is perfectly all right for students to bluff—just so they don't get caught at it.

"Everyone has to bluff sooner or later in life, and college is a good place to learn how to do it," declared Prof. E. H. Ebery.

Yoder Chosen Captain; Shupe Selected For Brown Award By B. G.

The nine basketeers on the Falcon squad who won letters the past season, as named by Coach P. E. Landis Friday night voted to honor Ralph Yoder of Pioneer and Thurl Shupe of Canton.

Yoder, who was Brown award man last year, was made honorary captain and Shupe the tall boy from Canton was voted the annual Brown award, signifying that his mates considered him the most valuable on the team during the past campaign.

The announcements were made at the conclusion of a dinner given to the basketball men Friday evening at the Women's Club. Athletic Director W. E. Steller and Ivan Lake, local sports editor and ardent Falcon follower, were guests at the affair.

Coach Landis spoke to the men briefly, thanking them for doing their best and for the splendid record from their first year in Ohio Conference competition. Also he praised his men by saying that he would not have feared sending his men in the latter part of the season against the best outfits in Ohio.

Shupe modestly expressed his gratitude to his team-mates for bestowing upon him the highest honor for the season's efforts.

He also expressed hope that the depression would not destroy the group that remains for the cage team next season.

Bee Gee loses a valuable man in Ralph Yoder, but should succeed somehow in filling the gap and winning games from the many other men who improved remarkably during the season just ended.

Those who won letters are: Yoder, Pioneer; Shupe, Canton; Shafer, Upper Sandusky; W. Thomas and O. A. Thomas, Lima; Murray, Liberty Center; Johnson, Napoleon; Kunkelman, Kunkle; and Phillips, Stryker.

Lecturer To Appear At Bee Gee Tomorrow

Frederick Moore, author and lecturer and traveler in the far east, is expected to speak here tomorrow evening in the auditorium on some phase of the situation in Japan.

Mr. Moore comes to the college fresh from the scene of the existing strife. He has long been a student of affairs in the far east, and will in all likelihood deliver a valuable discussion on the subject.

This number is one of the regular lyceum series. Students will be admitted by presentation of the student activity books at the door.
Modes in Tolerance

"Professors are one of the chief curses of the country. They talk too much. Most professors are a bunch of cowards and meddlers. Men do not shrink from life unless there is some cowardice about them."

(Frederick Henry Prince, quoted in Time, February 13, 1933, p. 42.)

A curious, and very modern, type of bigoted intolerance is illustrated by these words of the crusty old gentleman of Pride's Crossing.

We will concede that the academical career is a withdrawal from life. Perhaps we need hardly do so, for the average American teacher is far too "cumbered with much serving" to present a very satisfactory picture of the cloistered and contemplative scholar. It seems to us that our schools, like our literature, have had an unfortunate thorough dose of realism, and in their eagerness to show themselves practical have well-nigh renounced their high spiritual birthright.

But we have made the concession. What we would still like to ask is what call Mr. Prince has for his abusive language. It is not immediately evident that the man who has rolled up his sleeves and wrested a fortune from the Chicago cattleyards has achieved the human norm or realized the ideal of the good life. Indeed the roll of those whose work the race unites in honor-

ing contains a liberal proportion of just the impractical visionaries whom he condemns. We boast of our tolerance, and in matters of religious creed we are tolerant enough.

We regret the folder is not for general distribution. A sample is displayed upon the bulletin board of the Administration building.

BGN—

Noted Discovery

Although the experiments conducted in our physics department have been usually of an inanimate character, developments of the last week in the laboratory show that one of our budding scientists and an eminent young mathematician of the fairer sex have been pierced by Cupid’s deadly arrow. Even if our laboratory is not equipped with a sphygnochronograph, this secret was revealed by the amorous himself Thursday of last week.

So intoxicated was he by this strong feeling of affection that he carried a valuable stop-watch from the Science building. During its absence his colleagues vainly attempted to solve its mysterious disappearance. As they were about to abandon their futile efforts, teh above mentioned with a pronounced crimson glow upon his physiognomy entered with the missing article. Although he claimed that his actions were due to pure absentmindedness, further investigation revealed that he has been known to arrive at a meeting twenty-four hours late, it is only logical to conclude that his stop-watch facilitated him in fulfilling a prearranged and amorous appointment.

BGN—

THIS GLOOM BUSINESS

(Continued from page 1, col. 2)

shock of watching my audience walk out into the climactic crescendos rather than endure my optimism.

"Well, misery loves its own company," I consoled myself, half aloud.

"Very true," someone at my elbow retorted snappishly, and would you kindly remove your umbrella from my hat?"

I complied hastily with the lady’s request, apologized, and galloped joyously to board my oncoming bus, only to be severely reprimanded en route by an old gentleman who muttered something about "a wild generation of puddle-jumpers."

I elevated my soul during the journey homeward by thinking fondly of a poem I had learned in grade school. The one line I remembered is, "It isn’t raining rain today—it’s raining violets."
When a Fellow's Mother Knows

Maybe grown-ups have their troubles,
But I'm very sure a boy
Has his worries and vexations
That his peace of mind destroys.

But there's one thing I have noticed,
That his worries and vexations
Somehow, someway, they all vanish
When a fellow's mother knows.

Sometimes, when the things that vex you
Seem just more than you can bear,
When you feel no friends are left you,
And you really do not care.

Then, with such a load of trouble,
How could anyone suppose
They would vanish into nothing
When a fellow's mother knows?

—Cameo Eldina McDougle

Devere Thomas: "But how did you get her to believe such an outrageous lie?"

A. Thompson: "I don't believe in long engagements, do you?"

Herbert: "I'm a self-made man, sir!"

Cryer: "Yes, so I would assume. Who interrupted you?"

—BGN—

For Student Cooks

Do you know there are certain basic foods that are needed to meet the minimum requirements of good health? In the course of each day's meals include at least the following:

- 1 pint of milk (at least that amount)
- 3 servings of vegetables, one of which is potatoes, and one leafy vegetable daily or at least four times weekly.
- 2 servings of fruit one; of which is fresh.
- 1 egg daily or at least three weekly.
- 1 serving of meat.
- Cereal, including bread, at least half of which is in the form of whole-grain products.

As these various foods are worked into the menus, a wide assortment of other foods will be included too—as sugars, fats, and oils. Including these in well-prepared combinations will do much to guarantee good health.

This list of essential foods can be cut out and placed in the kitchen for daily reference.

BEE GEE NEWS

News Brevities

Since the appearance of the grades on the little white cards the last few days, the general question on the campus has been: "What did you get in . . . . ?" (We notice the answer is not, generally, "A").

Formal initiation services were given by the Five Sister Sorority Thursday, March 2, to four pledges: Arline Gill, Grand Rapids; Ardele Korchel, Postoria; Ethel Butler, Bowling Green; and Lois Sioleth, Bowling Green.

A meeting of the Mathematics Club will be held March 15 at 8 o'clock. The hour will be given to the study of various methods of proof of the Pythagorean theorem as presented by Doris Dunbar. All interested are invited to attend.

The Y. M. C. A. will have a meeting on Thursday night at seven o'clock. There will be a fine program so all fellows show up.

The Liege String Quartette from Belgium that was to appear here on March 20th as one of the numbers on the "Entertainment Course" will not fulfill their engagement here because of the financial scare. They sailed for Belgium on the 11th from New York.

The members of the Home Economics Club of Bee Gee were hostesses to the high school and college clubs of Northwestern Ohio last Saturday, at a regional conference held in the recital hall of the Practical Arts building. Dr. Williams and Mrs. Grace Wagoner, County Home Demonstration Agent, were the speakers. A luncheon at the Woman's club and a tea in the dining room of the Home Economics department were other features of the day's activities.

Dr. Todd's class in physical education methods had a very interesting trip to the fresh air school of tubercular children and the Lucas County hospital last Thursday afternoon. This was the first of several trips which have been planned to such institutions.

—BGN—

What! Willie's Women!

—By Evelyn L. Emerine—

'Georgie' and his papa,
Hatchet and a tree;
Honesty and courage—
U. S. liberty.

Phonographs and banjos,
Radio and jazz;
Dances, dates, and jigsaws—
A holiday we has!

My! This giddy generation
Cannot make its culture last
If it holds no veneration
For the heroes of the past.

Dr. Slater: "Imagine my grandfather at 118."
Jane Ladd: "118?"
Doc: "Yes, at 118 N. Main street."

D. Mooseman: "What was the matter with my Physics experiment?"
Doc Martin: "Why you have a loose connection."

John Delo: "What are you studying that box so hard for?"
Lucille Pierce: "I'm trying to find out how to take these pills."
John: "Doesn't it say on the box?"
Lucille: "Yes, but it says, 'take one pill three times a day,' and how can I do that?"

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UHLMAN'S
I'm Answering You, Vachel Lindsay!
—By Rolla Foley—

Hey You!
Vachel Lindsay,
You say a negro will never get all that savage blood out of him—
Don’t you?
Well—Lindsay—he won’t—
It’s a fact!
You say at church he must stand up, like a fool, and express himself with a
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
He’s gotta! And he’s also gotta dance
around with loud shouts to express his emotions.

It’s true I’ll admit it!
But Listen You White Man!
Did you ever stop to think that you also will never get rid of all your savage blood?
You’re laughing aren’t you?
Now let me tell you. You, you white man.
You’re “two faced” and we negroes ain’t.
We gotta yelp—that there rhythm:
Boom-a-Boom—the devil will get you soon!

Hallelujah!

But you can keep your feelings under cover (awhile)
You, you white man.
You go to a marvelous opera—you are fasci
icated.
You can listen to Jascha Heifets draw the
bow over his violin, and Rachmaninoff’s
fingers wander over the ivory.
Tears stream down your cheeks.
You are very sophisticated:
Bu
But after that opera you’re off to a night club
where you can dance, and scream, and
throw confetti, and blow tin horns, to the
rhythms beat out by a hot jazz band.

—BGN

The less you study,
The less you know;
The less you forget;
The less you forget,
The more you know.
Why Study?
—BGN—

Lost, Strayed or Stolen

The members of the Bee Gee News
Staff. If anyone sees them, kindly
notify the editor.
In the meantime, if anyone should
happen to have an inspiration of the
journalistic or literary type, please
hand it in by Thursday or Friday of
this week. The News Needs News.

expectedly. I’ve never seen him since. How
Can I locate him?—Viola Bates.
Dear Viola:
Try advertising (it pays) in the Bee
Gee News or some other world famous news-
paper, as they give the best results.—Flora
Fixit.

Dear Miss Fixit:
I once had a beau who was on the verge
of proposing when he was called away un-

Dear Flora:
How can I become a shark in chemistry?
—Helen Zimmerman.
Dear Helen:
Natural ability goes a long way, but if
this is lacking, see Kendall and Delo for
some assistance.—Flora Fixit.

Dear Flora:
Where can I find some fresh jokes?
—Wayne Champion.
Dear Wayne:
I’m so glad that at last you’ve found out
your jokes are stale. They sound too Bally-
Hoo-ish. Why not give another magazine
a break—say the College Humour or Snappy
Stories? Here’s wishing you luck.—Flora
Fixit.

Dear Flora:
I’m very fond of listening to good bass
players over the radio—what nights are the
best orchestras on the air?—Maynard
Gamble.
Dear Maynard:
Thanks for regarding me as an authority
on radio programs! Despite my limited
knowledge of the subject, I think Cab
Calloway’s orchestra on Friday nights
would be a safe bet.—Flora Fixit.