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RELATION OF ART TO A LIBERAL EDUCATION

—By Miss Grace Wills—

A liberal education is one which gives the individual the chance to experience life in its fullest, enabling him, in some degree, to participate in all phases of man's activity. The least his contact with the various phases of human endeavor can give to a receptive student is a recognition of the existence and purpose of each of the important divisions of knowledge, a cognizance of their fundamental facts and principles, and a tolerance and respect for the creators and workers whose primary interest centers around each separate activity. The most it can give is a basis for discriminating judgment, a warm hearted sympathy based upon understanding and insight, a lasting joy in fine contacts, and a desire to make worthwhile contributions to society.

Art, that is, painting, sculpture, architecture, and the minor arts, such as pottery, textile decoration and jewelry, has always been an integral part of every civilization, and has helped raise man above the animal plane. From the very beginning he has shown his desire for beautiful expression. He decorated the walls of his home with pictures, his palaces and temples with sculpture, his tools and utensils with design and color, and his body with ornament. This is still true today. There is scarcely a home without pictures on the wall, a building which has been erected purely to a receptive student is a recognition of beauty, a good story this is the lasting thought which the reader takes with him when he has finished the book.

A group of celebrities, a film star, a prize fighter, a rubber tire manufacturer are forced to stop at Lohwinkel, a little, provincial factory town in central Germany, because of an accident which occurred while they were en route to Baden-Baden for a holiday. For a time life was completely changed,—life especially became different. The first remedy could be easily and quickly applied, and it would guarantee the earliest results. The latter would be good student training if some good spirit would move certain individuals to observe it.

Listen the next time you are in the reserve room and see what you think about it.

“AND LIFE GOES ON”

BY VICKI BAUM

—By Ida Roe—

Whatever happens, whatever may come, life still follows the same course. Besides Vicki Baum's admirable ability to tell a good story this is the lasting thought which the reader takes with him when he has finished the book.

A group of celebrities, a film star, a prize fighter, a rubber tire manufacturer are forced to stop at Lohwinkel, a little, provincial factory town in central Germany, because of an accident which occurred while they were en route to Baden-Baden for a holiday. For a time life was completely changed,—life especially became different for Elizabeth Persenthin, the wife of a fighter, a rubber tire manufacturer. Through the translation of Margaret
THE FLICKER'S NEST

A Night in the Sugar Camp

The sun, having finished its day's work drops silently below the western horizon, casting long shadows between the trees and lighting the heavens with brilliant hues. Such sights can never be adequately described, but must be experienced to be appreciated. Daylight fades from rosy hues to graying shadows, which gradually merge into darker and darker grays, until before we are aware of it the darkness has descended upon us. Such darkness, we think, we have not seen. We can almost feel it as the impenetrable wall. The ghostly sentinels that had been trees now seem to grow darker and darker until all is merged into a great blackness, against which the glare of our fire shows as if projected upon a screen.

The birds have long since ceased their activity and for the most part each has settled in a protected place for the night, and is silent, save for occasional peeps and twitterings as if it were resting uncompro

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“MERRIE ENGLISH”

---By Evelyn Emerine---

Soccer Match

Slice it, center—'op it quick! Stop it, Charlie—block that kick! Let Red 'ave it. 'e'll make good. Goalie's got it where 'e stood.

Where's the 'ref'?—the bloomin's toff! Full-back's fouled 'im. Put 'im off! Whistle's blowing, what's up now? 'E kicked 'arry, there's a row.

'End it! Yeah, a pretty bunt—Shorty, take your time and punt. What a 'uddle on the line. Blimey! Goal!—and jolly fine.

Johnny's down, 'e's winced 'ard. Stick it, boy, another yard. Nice one! caught it on 'ia calf. Score two! Whistle—ends the 'alf.

Land's End (Cornwall)

Tis the damp of the rain And the fog in the air, Takes me back once again To me 'ome over there. See the birds in the lea Of the rock at the bend, 'Ear the beat of the sea On the cliffs of Land's End.

I mind well the time, When I'd just lost me job, Young—me life in its prime, But I hadn't a 'ob'. 'All for one, one for all,' Came the word from a friend—That's America's call, So I left me Land's End.

I've been 'applid 'ere, And I've pulled in the cash, But the weather's too clear And I don't like the 'hash,' So I'm longin' to start Down the paths the waves wind, Such an ache in me 'art, That 'twill break at Land's End.
fied, for their only contact has been with such, and such has given them their standard for art judgment. It is the purpose of art in the schools to build up an understanding of true beauty. No one can be liberally educated, no one can be truly cultured whose taste rises no higher than a liking for the crude, gaudy, false art that is so prevalent in all fields of so-called artistic production today.

It is extremely difficult for many people to approach the really fine in art because of judgments based upon false aesthetic standards. These standards are so firmly rooted in the many years of living with them, that only the very few are willing to cast them aside and approach true art with the honest desire to learn and enjoy. Following is a list of factors which help create false aesthetic judgment: (1) a liking based upon experience with a similar work in childhood or youth; (2) interest based upon a subject matter which treats of some activity which is keen in the mind present; (3) a favoring of the old and familiar in art; (4) a desire for the basing of one's opinion upon the criticism of another, a sham appreciation; (5) truly sincere judgment which is directed by a defective understanding of the technique of art; and (7) that criticism based upon a false conception of the purpose of art. No one who has no realization that the purpose of art is sympathetic vision, not scientific truth, edification or moralization.

Art exists for our enjoyment; therefore, there are many who feel that if one derives pleasure from works that are poor artistically, one should let well enough alone. But he will never get real pleasure from inartistic productions; he gets easy entertainment, and his ready ability to comprehend gives him satisfaction. This pleasure is only momentary, however, and is easily swept aside by a new experience. If he retains his pleasure for any length of time it is not because of the artistic elements in the work, but because of the natural associations which the subject matter recalls. The picture itself, if it is a picture he has seen, is soon out of mind for he has used it only as a substitute for nature. But real pleasure is deeper than mere passing fancy, more lasting than momentary entertainment, and a work of art has artistic qualities to offer which are peculiar to itself alone and which give it its own particular charm. Dr. Oberman, in his recent article on "Mathematics", said, "It is the right of every individual to know and love the beautiful. In fact, the thrill that comes from the contemplation of the beautiful is one of the greatest pleasures that life can give." I quote this because it so adequately expresses what I want to say. One must know what constitutes the truly beautiful in art before he can have any real love for it; he must study it before he can understand; and there can be no pleasure without understanding. The beautiful cannot be grasped at a glance. It takes many contacts, contacts based upon one's knowledge, one's emotions, and one's longing to appreciate. The joy one then gets from these sympathetic and intelligent contacts with the fine cannot be measured by words. "It is the right of every individual to know and love the beautiful." If we do not give the student the opportunity to experience the great pleasure that art can give him, we are robbing him of his heritage.

In the attempt to develop enjoyment in the real in art, the student comes in contact with contributions made by artists of the past and of the modern school. This recognition of the present as one with the past in honestly producing artistic expressions helps develop a tolerance toward changing thought and new experiments. No one can be liberally educated who refuses to approach new movements with a sincere desire to understand.

To make life living rather than mere existing, man must have the lasting pleasure, the real enjoyment that comes from contact with truly fine things. Although all cannot get equal pleasure from each of the various activities, art offers an opportunity to the student who can respond to get a deep happiness; and to him who is able to do so, a chance to try out a new experience, to find in it what value he can, to recognize his own limitations, and thru that recognition, to acquire the right attitude toward those who create and see beauty where he cannot.

**SPRING SPORTS**

Baseball, track and field, archery, and tennis have made their appearance. This week is the beginning of six weeks of fun, living in the open air and sunshine. Get out your tennis racquets; the courts are lined; the hurdles are up. These places for activity are waiting for the arrival of all girls who really want to have a good time. This is a good way to earn W. A. A. points. Watch the Physical Ed. bulletin board for notices of the sports you are interested in.

**Come!**

—By Evelyn Emerine—

Come out in the air that's clear and clean. Come out to the earth so firm and green. Come out to play! Hear the spring sports call.

**TREBLE CLEF CLUB WILL GIVE**

**IT'S ANNUAL CONCERT APRIL 20**

The annual Treble Clef club concert will be held in the auditorium April 20th at 8:15 p.m. Admission is by Student Activity Tickets or 25 cents.
Utmost Beatrice: Why did my uncle name his son Weatherstrip? — Gordon Mummaw.
Answer—Because he came just before the war and kept him out of the draft.

Unmercenary Barefax: Can you tell me why girls are like street cars?—Jane Ladd.
Answer—Simply this, There's always another coming along and they're always faster after midnight.

My sweetest Bea: Why, Oh why does everyone call my brother's girl friend Appendix?—Orlo Thomas.
Answer—Elementary, because she's a pain until you take her out.

Unresisting Beatrice: I love my girl very much. Should I marry her now or wait until I get a good job?—Paul Shafer.
Answer—Wait you may find you are mistaken.

My dear Miss Barefax: Why do most Photographer's daughters say no?—Merill Gillifillan.
Answer—It must be heridity. Their fathers develop negatives.

Talented Beatrice: Mah wife Dina an' I got a new chile. What can we name dis heah pickaniny?—Mose.
Answer—Name it Dynamos.

Dearest Bea: My girl friend's fiancé claims that he is a prominent army officer. Is this true or is he just kidding?—Florence Smith.
Answer—He may claim to be a big shot in the artillery, but he only horses around with the cavalry.

Modest Barefax: What is the height of noise?—Blake Wendt.
Answer—Two skeletons working a jigsaw puzzle on a tin roof in a hail storm.

Al Bloom: Missus Ottist, I vant you shulda make me a doughnut sign.
Miss Wills: Certainly, Mr. Bloom, but I thot you were a butcher, not a baker.

Bloom: Sure, I am a butcher; I vant a sign, "Doughnut Hendle de Feesh."

Art Hallberg: Last night I met a girl who had never been kissed.
Ford Murray: Impossible; I should like to meet her.
Hallberg: But she doesn't exist—now.

A Five Sister had died and all her possessions were being auctioned off.
"What am I offered for this beautiful bird?" cried the auctioneer.
"One dollar," offered a bystander.
"Two," roared another.
"Make it five, daddy," chimed in the parrot, "and I'll give you a kiss."

Caroway: Why aren't you coming to church any more, young man?
J. Purday: Oh, the choir is terrible.
Caroway: Well, what do you expect for a dime—a Russian ballet?

EAST COURT CAFETERIA
HOME COOKING AND BAKING
A Convenient Place to Eat.

SPEAKERS SWEEP TOURNERY
(Continued from page 1, col. 3)
the college for the year and leaves the college with practically a complete veteran outfit for next year, since none of the speakers will be lost through graduation.

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"AND LIFE GOES ON"
(Continued from page 1, col. 2)
Goldsmith the reader recognizes the powers of the young German novelist. She knows how to weave interesting people into a clever story, and give us a glimpse into the intimate lives of unusual characters which we do not generally have an opportunity to meet.

In comparison with her other books, this story is written in the same style as "Grand Hotel". She uses the same types of characters,—for instance the dancer in "Grand Hotel" and the screen celebrity in "And Life Goes On" are almost parallel characters.

Somehow these people in this book do not seem quite real or natural. Perhaps it is due to their oddity and uniqueness of character. Their emotions and thoughts are hard to understand, not because they are abnormal personalities, but because they are not familiar to the average individual.

It is not a particularly cheerful aspect of life which one views in this book. On the contrary, all living seems very drab, common-place, and boresome. Sometimes into a life a change may come which for a time seems to give to that individual existence a glory and a brightness, but later all the glamour passes away and the individual again goes back to the dull routine of living which exhibits that slightest bit of alteration in personality.

Doctor (having painted the patient's neck for sore throat)—"Three dollars, please."
Patient (indignantly)—"Three dollars! Why, last week I had my kitchen painted for two-fifty!"