PROGRESS IN THE FIGHT

The developments in our recent college disturbance have reached the stage from which some definite conclusions may be drawn:

First, That Bowling Green State College will undoubtedly continue to serve this section of Ohio as usual. It is true that no legislative action has as yet been taken on the suggestion of the Welfare Section of the Finance Committee to change the status of Bowling Green State College, but general sentiment is so strongly against their recommendation that it is reasonable to believe that such a measure cannot gain sufficient votes to pass it in the general Committee.

Second, That the opinion of the great majority of the legislators themselves indicates opposition to the suggestion.

Third, That the idea of turning a state college into a welfare institution is not good business from the standpoint of efficiency and expense and that it does not meet the approval of the public as a whole.

Fourth, That it is just as reasonable to discontinue colleges of law, medicine, engineering, dentistry or commerce on the theory that there is an oversupply of trained individuals in these professions as it is to apply this procedure to a college of our type.

Fifth, That some unfavorable publicity will certainly grow out of this unfortunate affair. Some folks may doubt the stability of the College. It is necessary, therefore, to counter this movement with a corrective publicity from every available source. The platform, pulpits and press will be utilized in this campaign. The radio is being considered as a helpful medium by which the prospective student may be reached.

Sixth, That while greater confidence in a more favorable outcome is felt than a week or two ago, yet it is imperative to apply this procedure to a college of our type.

Seventh, That the students and alumni are thoroughly aroused and are earnestly making an effort to protect the interests of the college. It is clearly evident that our college has endeared itself so deeply to its students and community that the least danger is a signal for a concerted call to arms.

Whisperin’ of a Purple Cow

Ellie Hobart is now looking as fit as a fiddle. . . . We understand that Gale Herbert is trying to organize a hate club for men who wanna be bachelors. . . . Information comes to us that the “17 year old wonder” graduated from high school at 14 (ask Darvan, he knows). . . . John Moore, steadily ambitious in politics, was taken down last week or so by one Braithwaite, and wotta take-down! . . . Which makes us think that Cryer is quite a politician, too. . . . We recommend Wally Lackey for a good job next year, and Vivian White a dandy, too, at least three hundred miles from Wal-ly; Mae needs the protection. . . . Why not a sign in front of the Seven Sisters. Five Sisters and Skol houses reading: “Hunk Your Horn For Carb Service?” . . . Merrill Gilifillan, we hear, is still minus the pin; looks like he’s going to be more lucky this time. . . . Aren’t those Jersies beecofiful. . . . The fellows are wearing! Especially that bird with the black mustache. . . . Note to some whom we have neglected: we are putting your names in this colyun as a courtesy gesture merely to satisfy your public; we know nothing has been done (this week) to merit recognition: Florence Smith, Jessie Middlestead, and Betty Kohler. Some have been kicking that we don’t get everyone into this column: Okay, Bob Butler, there’s your name. . . . Despite the so-called depression, we see that good prices are still being charged for term papers by the local professionals. . . . Our thanks to the Cla-Zel theatre for the free show last Wednesday; we see Paul Shaffer at last took Phyllis there. . . . The local epidemic of “white shoes” is infecting the smarties on the campus; Freddie Kendall sure is the “nerts” in hisan. . . . Why doesn’t someone pan the library these days? Seems to us it’s high time, with all the strict supervision what denies students their whispering and bothering privileges. The Don Everett-Hulda Doyle match hasn’t yet played out; ho-hum! Just another one of those things. . . . Why doesn’t Moss dress like Cupid once? . . . Vivian White figures prominently in the Toledo Blade last Monday; she is quite a heart throb at that . . .

Thank You, Mr. Young!
The student body takes this means of expressing its gratitude for the splendid hospitality extended by the Cla-Zel theatre last Wednesday evening. Gracias!

MARKS MAY DAY FETE

A sunny May Day was the setting for the coronation of the May Queen on the college campus, Wednesday afternoon, May 17. Miss Vivian White, former president of the Women’s League, was this year’s queen. Miss Dorothy Weaver was the maid of honor.

The College Band played the preliminary music and announced the beginning of the pageantry.

The approach of the May Queen was heralded by two pages, dressed in red and bearing two golden trumpets. The procession, followed by flower girls, Bonny Joice Gerbich and Ruth Ellen Miller, and crowned bearer, Billy Dean, preceded the queen.

The May Queen, in white satin gown and train, carrying an exquisite arm bouquet of various roses, forget-me-nots, and lilacs of the valley, was followed by her train-bearers, Bobby Demuth and Billy Beattie.

After the crowning of the queen by her maid of honor, the girls, dressed in pastel organdies and chiffons, hailed her. For her Highness’ pleasure an entertainment of music and dancing was given, beginning with a group of English folk songs sung by the Treble Clef club under the direction of Miss Marian Hall. Miss Irene Urschel and Donald Armstrong played the violin accompaniment with Miss Nadine Speakman at the piano. The Brass Quartet, composed of Eugene Witters, John Hartman, Joe Miller, and Alfred George, added more English folk music.

The concluding event was dancing of spring rhythm dances by the girls of the physical education department. Following the dancing the recessional began and the picturesque ceremony faded as the last couple who had formed the green archway disappeared.

Phratra Memorial Daily Dance

The Memorial Day Dance to be sponsored by Phratra, Tuesday evening, May 30, will have many pleasant surprises and unique features in store for all students on the campus. This is the new sorority’s first attempt to assist with all-college affairs and all the members are doing their part to make it a success.

College students are urged to come, dates or no dates. A good time is in store for you! Don’t miss it!!

The officers who will carry on the work of the Phratra sorority next year have been elected as follows: Lucille Boober, president; Ethel Burkam, vice-president; Winifred Stoner, secretary, and Marie Waterman, treasurer.

Continued on page 2, col. 2)
BEE GEE NEWS
Published Every Wednesday
By The
STUDENTS AND FACULTY
BOWLING GREEN STATE COLLEGE

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IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BOX

Editor Bee Gee News
Dear Editor:
The suggestion that a bird house be erected at the South end of the triangle has been noted. It will cost approximately ten dollars for post and lumber for such a house. Plans for such a house have already been drawn, and we are now in need of financial aid in carrying out this, and similar aid in carrying out this and similar suggestions. It might interest the entire student body to know that a little over fifty dollars has already been contributed and spent on pool, bird-bath, sun-dial, trees, plants, waterlilies, fish, etc. We would very much enjoy a moribehue blue spruce about six feet high, which would cost about thirty dollars. All contributions will be cheerfully accepted, and the money spent as wisely as possible.

E. G. Powell

Dear Mr. Editor:
Once again the May Day Festival is over and once again we have given vent to our heathenistic instincts, our superstitious nature, and our pagan love of the mysterious. As I, with 1000 (?) other college students and townpeople, watched this idiotic procession as it wound through the streets and once again we have given vent to our pagan love of the mysterious.

While out walking on Saturday evening I saw the campus dotted with white flannel-suited youths and gayly attired maidens, being lured me. Once inside I couldn't help but be curious, I followed them and found that they were going to the Spring Sport Dance. How many were out there because they felt grateful for the return of spring? Why did they make the long walk from the Administration building to her throne? Why was she the center of attention? To show her thankfulness for the return of spring? No! Only because she was the choice of a group of organizations who coerced their members into voting for her; because she looked upon the affair as a means to add to her ill-gotten prestige; because she wants it to be remembered in years to come that she was the Queen during the May Day celebration at B. G. S. C. in 1933.
How long are we going to keep such nonsense in existence? By such a performance are we able to impress upon our legislators and the public the necessity for our college? Our ancestors performed this rite without having gone to college. —Ironicus.

To Bee Gee News Editor
While out walking on Saturday evening I saw the campus dotted with white flannel-suited youths and gayly attired maidens, being lured me. Once inside I couldn't help but enter into the merriment and jolly spirit of the dancers. The size of the crowd was just right, the punch was good, all in all I had quite an enjoyable evening.
Yours, "White Sweaters"

Whisperin' of A Purple Cow

(Continued from page 1, col. 1)

...Someone oughta write a history of Gilfillan's pin; maybe a half-dozen other BMOC's pins could be put in for spice...

John Moore has been admitting lately that he's a darn good student; we always suspected something... Helen Moore back on the campus last week or so just made things look like old times; too bad time must go on... Dick Ellis and Marie Schmidt are still that way about things...

ANNOUNCEMENTS

NOTICE

Students who expect to teach next year on certificates obtained by virtue of 32 or more hours applying on the Two-Year Elementary Course and passing the teachers' examination, should note that to renew their certificate to teach in 1934-35 they will be required to have completed prior to July 1, 1934 at least 38 semester hours of training.

C. D. PERRY

There will be a citizenship rally in the gymnasium, June 1 sponsored by the Kiwanis club of Bowling Green for all young people of Wood county who come of voting age this year and others interested. Grove Patterson, editor of the Toledo Blade and well known speaker and Judge Amos L. Conn of Wood county will deliver addresses.

— College Chorus Concert, Wednesday, May 31st, 1933.

What Should College Do?

Among the papers left by Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University from 1869 to 1909, was a memorandum for a lecture on the qualities a student should take from college for success in after life. Occasionally we wonder what the colleges are seeking to do for their students. Fathers wonder what equipment their sons need. We may clear our minds by studying Dr. Eliot's brief notes.

"First, an available body. Not necessarily the muscle of an athlete. Good circulation, digestion, power to sleep, and alert, steady nerves.
Second, power of sustained mental labor. Third, the habit of independent thinking on books, prevailing customs, current events. University training, the opposite of military or industrial.
Fourth, the habit of quiet, unobtrusive, self-regulated conduct, not accepted from others or influenced by the vulgar breath.
Fifth, reticent, reserved, not many acquaintances, but a few intimate friends. Belonging to no societies perhaps. Carrying in his face the character so plainly to be seen there by the most casual observer that nobody ever makes to him a dishonorable proposal."

This standard presented by able Dr. Eliot might profitably be an ideal for parents as well as for educators.

Quoted from the Philadelphia Public Ledger by the Presbyterian Magazine, May, 1933.

Doc Nordmann (To Fritz Evers)—I want to compliment you for your masterful playing of the CELOPHANE.

Dr. Slater: How long have you worked in this office?
Alma Leedom: Ever since they threatened to fire me.
The Flicker's Nest

Lilac Time

"To him who in the love of Nature holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

Lilac time is here. Rich and poor can enjoy them to the full, since lilacs know neither caste nor class, and are never influenced by the gold standard. A short trip through town or country at this season of the year brings this lovely odor and we hardly know if we smell or taste it. Certainly we see and feel it, for it causes us to square our shoulders and look forward more hopefully because of the conscious pleasure it brings to us. What a pity more people do not make use of this simple unassuming shrub which can be grown so easily and does so much toward making our dwelling places home like. Somehow lilacs are associated with pleasant memories; memories of home and graduation, and marriage, and loved ones; memories we are pleased to recall. Orchids bloom and are gone; roses soon fade and fall; violets are beautiful for a day, but lilacs linger lovingly. They are no more a flower for the aged than for the children; indeed lilacs know no age limit. One needs but to observe children carrying armloads of bloom, or the grandparents noddingly understandingly as if to companions of a lifetime, to realize this fact. Too often we spend large sums for expensive gardenias and fragile lilies when hollyhocks and lilacs would provide more genuine pleasure. Perhaps we have placed false values in the past, but we need not pause to know that lilacs pay huge dividends and no peregrinations will yield more genuine pleasure. Perhaps we have placed false values in the past, but those who "nose" for lilacs will not go unrewarded. Perhaps you have schooled yourself to look for these two classes. Have you ever got intoxicated?—Ralph Yoder.

Quill Type Program

At a meeting early in the school year the members of the commercial club decided to open their last meeting of the year to students and friends of the college. The time has come for this last meeting which will be held Wednesday, May 24 at 7:30 P. M. in the Recital Hall of the Practical Arts Building. A very interesting program has been planned for this meeting. Those appearing were selected by the faculty advisors because of their outstanding performances on programs throughout the year. The program will be given by the following members: Mary Louise Frazier, Ruth Harris, Irene Knapp, Dorothy Robinson, Selma Bechdolt, John Davidson, Naomi Curtis, Ruth Miller, Marjorie Sterling, and Elda Plummer, Josephine Haley and Ruth Harris.

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Snow Fairies

The snow fairies dance and whirl by in glee, I smile from my window as they quickly pass me: The wind is their servant and carries them far Till they brighten the landscape and blots out each mar.—

But, once I’m outside in the keen frosty air Their wings brush my cheeks and they play in my hair.

By the touch of each pointed and silver-starred toe As they flit o’er my face, they love me I know,— They pinch at my cheeks and kiss each bright lip They weight down my eyelash, I blink, and they slip,— Then on to another friend blythely they fly

And laugh at my silliness, quite on the sly.

—Alice Elizabeth Hoag

DOES THIS FIT YOU?

Worse than being head over heels in love in college is being indifferent or socially starved through lack of contact with the opposite sex, Prof. Harry C. Steinmetz of Psychology, Department of San Diego State College, declares.

“…for heaven’s sake, and for your own, make yourself attractive to the opposite sex, do a little flirting, and get a date. Get into the running.”

And as a remedy Prof. Steinmetz says: “If you haven’t a date this week-end, forget your silly pride; fold this paper so the title of this editorial shows, and walk around with it; flip it about carelessly in class today and tomorrow; interpret it where you see it as a welcome to become acquainted.”

So come on Bee Gee students, let’s follow the learned psychologist’s advice. Use this article for a “Get Acquainted” invitation. Let the lonely hearts of B. G. S. C. take advantage of this opportunity to obtain a few evenings of happiness and companionship during the remaining weeks of the term.

OVERHEARD ON MAY DAY

Mary: “Did you see the May Day performances?”

Lucille: “Did I? Even tho’ I sat on not quite % of an inch of seat, had both feet go to sleep, and sunburned my nose I wouldn’t have missed it. Did you?”

M: “Of course! Say, didn’t Vivian look too angelic to be real? Talk about your beautiful brides—oh boy!”

L: “She certainly did—and didn’t you just love the dresses? I simply adore organdie, and fluffy chiffons! Wasn’t that dance sweet—bet it was hard to learn, but it sure was pretty.”

M: “Uh-huh! I like to hear music out-of-doors, don’t you. Makes you feel so funny inside. Did you go to the Tea Dance?”

L: “Sure! and did they only have the floor waxed for a change. Did you like the punch?”

M: “Promise not to breathe a word of this—but I had no less than five cups of punch—and did the cookies only diminish when I stepped up. Couldn’t even eat any dinner—so you can imagine. Gee, I love May Day, don’t you?”

And at this point my informers drifted away leaving me to transcribe my hurried notes on their conversation. I hope they will forgive me—but I’m sure we all agree.

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