4-14-1934

Bee Gee News April 14, 1934

Bowling Green State University

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Recommended Citation
Bowling Green State University, "Bee Gee News April 14, 1934" (1934). BG News (Student Newspaper). 244.
https://scholarworks.bgsu.edu/bg-news/244

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GOLD MASK RETURNS WITH SUCCESS

The Gold Mask Club, after a year and half advance from our college stage, returned last Wednesday and Thursday nights in "Ladies of Creation". The play was unique in setting and characterization. The ultra-modern furniture, which had been made under the direction of Prof. E. C. Powell, not only spelt harmony for the beautifully gowned "Ladies" but also established the frolic, some modern mood of a feminine, interior decorator whose love affairs spoiled a single career.

The cast included Frances Byrne, of Perrysburg; Ruth Stickler, of Mansfield; Mary Florence Mong, of Greenville; Gertrude Erkman, of Sandusky; Don Bodetscher, of Lorain; Don Shafer and Ivan Lake (also the director), of Bowling Green; Fred Kendall, of North Baltimore, and Don Everett, of Lancaster.

The comedy written by Gladys Unger produced as great a success before the Bowling Green audience as it did during its "run" in New York in 1931 and 1932.

Toledo Field Naturalists Club Hears Prof. Holt

The Toledo Field Naturalist Club held their annual Bowling Green meeting last Friday night, April 13, with about one hundred in attendance. Prof. W. P. Holt gave the address of the evening on the characteristics of many Ohio rocks. His very interesting speech was given in conjunction with a display of the forms which he was discussing.

Following the talk, the members viewed the many exhibits of natural history which are to be found in the Science building. Louis W. Campbell, outstanding ornithologist of northwestern Ohio, was among those present.

The Club plans to go on their usual Lakeside field-trip on May 12 and 13, this year.

Member of Training School Faculty Awarded Honor

Miss Lydia Winkler, critic teacher in the sixth grade, was notified last Friday that she had won the only prize offered by the International League for Peace and Freedom in a contest recently sponsored by this organization.

The prize is a cash one and was given to the person sending to the League the best suggestions for a teaching program to promote world peace.

Miss Winkler, a student of history, is tireless in her efforts to promote peace.
INFANTILE THINKING ON THE BIBLE

It takes brains to read the Bible, but to expect magical benefits from it immediately is not understanding it. If man wishes to appreciate the Bible, he must not harbor the fear of being venturesome in his thinking; nor be dogmatic as to form, nor say his version only is divine, nor read it as beautiful literature or exact language, but take the Bible as a guide from God for life, economically and socially as well as divinely.

Men fight and argue over different parts of the Bible; and Christians answer the atheist by saying, "I believe so and so because the Bible says so," which many times does not prove a point for them. Why? Because man reads the words and not the meaning. Misrepresentation of the Bible has proved a great hindrance to advancing culture in the past and present, simply because man is afraid to think, being held down by unfounded supernatural beliefs.

God, knowing that man is a mere child, gave to man his gospel in childish writing; otherwise he would not have accepted and believed His Word at all. As time changes, man changes and religion must fit man, or he will not accept it. Does this process of adjustment mean that the Bible must change? No, it does not mean that the Bible still remains the same, and broadminded reasoning and interpretation shows that the Bible of yesterday embodies what man must have today. It is simply applying the old Bible in its true meaning.

Kicking the Gang Around

Lately one associate Saturday evenings the Five Sister spring formal was highly enjoyed by your campus correspondents. Darn clever these Five Sisters for decorating. Also the music was very good, especially the Five Sister song. The bridge tournament at the gate of the campus is still on with those prizes, Pat ought to be able to get anyone down, and Pat ought to be able to get anyone down. The question is, ou cat Mrs. Colbert? For jobs page Jeanne Forrest the very way she tells them lend to their enjoyment. The science department will strut its stuff this Thursday and Friday evenings. If you are interested in the muscles of the cat, the generating of electricity or the juggling of chemicals you had better not miss it.

When our professors drive new cars, we know that spring is here. It is very good looking, Dr. Zaugg. For a slight fee this column might tell Hulda Doyle the name of the author of those missives. How do you do it Huddy California, Findlay and now Bowling Green.

If you treat Ken Jackson and Bud Rogers very nicely, they may tell you about the girl that was going to Cincinnati and Dayton.

(Continued on page 4)
FIVE SISTER NEWS

On last Saturday evening approximately fifty couples attended the annual Five Sister Formal. Entering the Women's Gym through an archway covered with ivy, they found it transformed into a beautiful old fashioned flower garden. A colonnade was seen at the furthest end and on either side were trellises covered with ivy and dogwood. The orchestra was seated on the southern side of the garden against a background of ramble roses. A low ceiling of blue with a silver moon in the center completed the transformation. With Dr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Sineq, Mr. and Mrs. Church and Mrs. Forrest as the chaperones, the Five Sisters and their guests spent a most enjoyable evening dancing in this old fashioned garden to the music furnished by the Variety Rhythm Boys. At the end of the sixth dance, the president of the sorority, Mary Florence Mong and Fred Hipp led the Grand March. Another special feature of the evening took place at the close of the seventh dance when the Five Sister song was sung—first by a trio composed of Mary Sams, Arlene Gill and Fanchon De Verna and then by all of the Five Sisters.

PHRATRA PHASES

Anyone around desiring to read the latest funny sheet? (Some of them are the colored kind too.) Just ask our Pledges for one of their novel book covers, and they may also be kind enough, to loan you the assistance of their unique green spectacles.

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Dean Dorm

Ridge Street will be closed to heavy traffic this, because of large cracks left in the street by roller skating fans.

Wanted—A practical minded man who desires a practical minded woman. Inquire of T. H. P.

There's a girl in the house who must have been born in a barn. Why...does she persist in leaving doors open?

Wanted—A referee for two feminine pugilists.

"Non Euem Laude of practice teaching," says Herma.

Tragedy! Lives Lost! All because of the sensational view Ruth exposed to the innocent public.

Orchids to Mother Dean.

A"dRoneyCo.
The Women's Athletic Association held its annual election of officers at the regular monthly meeting Wednesday evening, April 11, in the Women's Gym. President Hon. Miss Blessing was re-elected for the following year. Millicent Gambar will be vice-president; Mabel Grauer, secretary, and Elizabeth Frost, treasurer.

The Association also elected Heads to direct the various sports during the following year. Mary Cramer was elected Head of Tennis; Dorothy Nantel, Hockey; Geneva King, Basketball; Arlene Sparrow, Individual Sports; Kate Lehman, Hiking and Volleyball; Linda Dill, Archery, and Mary Ellen Keil, Soccer.

W. A. A. VISITS TOLEDO U. FOR SPRING PLAY DAY

Members of W. A. A. of Bowling Green visited Toledo University, Friday, April 18, to join the Toledo U. association in Play Day Program. Rainy weather restricted their activities to indoor sports. But the girls of both colleges spent an enjoyable afternoon playing volleyball, basketball, ping pong, deck tennis and badminton.

After the games the Toledo girls entertained the Bowling Green girls at a supper in the University cafeteria. The evening was spent dancing to the music of an orchestra composed of members of the Toledo University W. A. A.

W. A. A. ELECTS OFFICERS

(Continued from page 3, col. 3)

She was about to knock when I came whistling down the hall and let her in. Nora, looking more placid and domestic than ever, was mending stockings. She scarcely looked up as we came in, and the stranger's crisp "Hello, Angel!" startled her.

"Don't call me that," she said. "It sounds cheap."

"No, it doesn't. You know it suits you," countered the other girl. "You should have objected two years ago if you meant that."

They were friends, then. After that day I often wondered whether they really were friends.

With the advent of the stranger Nora abandoned every attempt to make up to her own mind. She let Shirley do it for her. Shirley could "work her" for anything, glee club bids, dates, hours of typing on English themes, even the real lace collar Nora's aunt sent from Ireland. She didn't mean to be selfish; she just couldn't resist taking things from someone who was so ready to give. Sometimes I used to be so exasperated with Nora that I practically forced her to plan something without Shirley. At the crucial moment, however, a shining brown head would pop in through the half-open door, Shirley would call, "Hello, Angel! What are you doing?" and all our plans would topple. I have never known it to fail.

And then came the change. There must have been a great quarrel—oh, why must I miss a thing like that? Nora slammed the door as she came in, threw her books down on the desk, and jerked off her hat.

"I'll never do a thing for that girl again. I've been a fool long enough!"

How she did talk! She analyzed the case, disposed of Shirley, and planned a new life for herself in five minutes. She typed six pages of her term-paper for English, making all the corrections, and talked all the time. She had at last made a decision. I never saw her so animated, so determined, so business-like before. It suited her, although her face was a little changed. Somehow she was on her guard now.

For a long time we worked at top speed. Half an hour yet, at this rate, I thought, looking at the clock. . . . And then a familiar step sounded down the hall, and a shining brown head popped around the corner of the door. I saw Nora brace herself, and a sympathetic thrill ran up my spine.

"Listen, Angel! I can't do this alone. Won't you please help me—just this once?"

Something hard left Nora's face. When she left—with Shirley—I felt limp and "let down". But maybe I like her that way after all!