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The Eastern Progress

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Kentucky Intercollegiate Press Association

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Progress Platform

The creation of a professional spirit among students of education.
An active Alumni Association.
Student participation in government.
Encouragement of intra-mural athletics.

The Library Improvement

Not a better proposition for the enhancement of Eastern's campus has been considered recently by the board of regents than that which had to do with the borrowing of federal funds for the improvement of the college library.

And since the city of Richmond is planning to acquire relief money for the improvement of its gas mains, the project for a library at Eastern may be harmoniously coordinated so that, as far as employment of unskilled laborers is concerned, two birds may be killed with one stone.

As to the acquisition of a building debt which, as we understand, has been placed at a figure of \$85,000, there is little need for undue worry on the part of those concerned with the operation of Eastern about how it is to be repaid.

The Daily Register in endorsing the plan thru its editorial column the other day explained that the present library structure was built for an annual yearly average of 350 students against a present average of 1,300.

To get such an improvement will mean that the project must have 100 per cent support from everyone concerned. Herein we can pledge the support of the student body, for we feel fairly assured that patriotic Eastern students today will want their successors to have a library to which they may point with pride.

Governor McNutt Speaks

No man ever spoke more wisely in behalf of public education than did Governor Paul V. McNutt of Indiana in his recent address here before the delegates of the Central

Kentucky Education Association. No speaker addressing a local audience ever imparted as much food for practical thought as did he.

But, after Governor McNutt had completed his talk, we were left with a weighty question—did he address the right group? True, those assembled were gathered together for the purpose of discussing Kentucky's educational problems, with a view toward furtherance of the cause of education among those responsible for modeling state laws governing educational appropriations.

Can the supposedly more intelligent voters of the state, the leaders of a cause as old as the world itself be depended upon to do their part, or will they remain content to stand idly by and watch other voters seat incompetent public officials; officials antagonistic toward that which is for the enlightenment of Kentucky's citizenry, and that which would tend to draw the state out of the educational quagmire into which so hopelessly it seems to have sunk?

In support and recognition of the work being done by the Educational Commission, only the who'se-hearted backing of each teacher in Kentucky will make significant the commission's report before the legislature. Only each teacher's influence with voters in Kentucky will indicate that there will be sent to the legislature men who will mindfully listen to the report and help assure the forcefulness of it.

Of course Kentucky must be mindful of the fact, as set down by Governor McNutt, that the provision for education is not the only function of government; that education is a part of the whole, but that it is certainly an equivalent part. And, according to the Indiana executive, it is axiomatic that, if expenditures are wisely made, they will be economically sound.

Yet, those in any way connected with education, whether in Kentucky or in the United States as a whole, if they are to be spurred into defense of their cause, should constantly remind their legislators today of the one glittering statement which Governor McNutt made in regard to schools. That was: "The roads and the buildings can wait, but children cannot and must not."

Live Again—and More Fully

As we were glancing over a high school paper of the past year, we came across a well written, touching editorial expressing the editor's thoughts on his last composition for the paper. A member of the graduating class, he was looking back over his four years in high school with a mixture of pleasure and regret. Regret for the things left undone seemed to predominate his thoughts. He wrote as a warning to underclassmen in order that they might profit by his experiences and try to avoid the pitfalls which he had found. This was from a high school senior to high school under-graduates.

What became of that editor? Did he come on to college? What a shock it must have been to him to

become a freshman—to start in all over again. And what an opportunity it gave him to put his own suggestions into practice. Most people wait until too late to change their ways, and then proceed to tell others how to do better, and what they would do if they could start over again. College is the one time in life when it is possible to re-live the past to some extent, the extent of correcting past mistakes.

Freshmen, you have the chance of a lifetime. For four years you have been in high school. You have made mistakes, of course. No one is infallible. However, no matter how serious the errors you have made, do not let them affect you, except to create in you a resolve to conquer in the long run.

Now you have entered a world which is partially or wholly new to you. But it is the world you have left, reproduced on a larger scale, and with an added coat of sophistication. In this new world, it is possible to correct many of your past mistakes. No doubt, you have many regrets. You can think of many things which you might have done in high school and failed to do. You have found which of the many things that occupy your time are the most important in the final count. Are you strong enough to face about and change, if you realize that you are striving for a worthless goal? Are you even brave enough to admit that it is the wrong goal? If so, you have a splendid chance to start with a fresh slate and make your future inscriptions of the type which you will be proud.

The senior year in high school is a splendid opportunity in which to coast on previous laurels. Either one is, or one is not an officer in various associations. If one is not, there is no further chance, and some interest in the project is lost. If one is, it is the last position to which one will be elected. In either case, with or without the honor, one is liable to slacken one's speed. During the year one becomes accustomed to thinking of one's self as permanently this, that or the other, and stops working. College is very good for a "swelled head." You may have been a star at dear old Alma Mater high school, but now you are the greenest of green things—a freshman. So start out to work, and start in the right direction.—Kentucky Kernel.

Is It Fair?

Apparently Burnam Hall has again become a place for the men of Eastern to do a large part of their unpurposeful loafing after their meal hours. This condition was called to mind last year, and for a period of time it seemed that the situation had been effectively remedied. After both the dean of women and the dean of men spoke to the men students in a mass meeting, there seemed to have been created among them a spirit of cooperation which no longer permitted such promiscuous, undignified assemblage in front of the girls' hall. Certainly, it is not impossible that the same cooperation may be accorded to the deans again this year.

Of course it is understood that part of those responsible for that assemblage in front of Burnam Hall this year are freshmen, who perhaps may be excused for the time being because they are uninformed. But a large number of the men who have been seen making the patio of Burnam Hall a smoker and a hang-out are not freshmen. They are none other than upperclassmen, who at least should know better and who should set a better example for their inferiors.

If we are not incorrect in the statement, Mr. Keith recently discussed the matter with the men here, but all of them did not hear what he had to say and he has not received the support due him.

Contrary to some campus opinion, it is not that the men are not wanted to call upon the women in

the dormitory, but it is that graciously they are being asked by both Mrs. Case and Mr. Keith that their calling upon the women be carried on in a more refined and dignified manner, a manner more becoming to the students in attendance at a school of this order.

Whether to keep up appearances seems too conventional or not, it is certainly embarrassing to the institution to have a visitor view the women's dormitory after the meal hours, and upon inquisitively turning at the sight of so many men loafing there, say: "Oh, is this a fraternity house?"

Before you condemn this editorial, as condemn it you may, let just one question about the matter reside in your mind: "Is it fair to allow the existence of such conditions at Eastern?"... If you cannot grasp the ethical viewpoint, then will you attempt to see the common sense side of the matter and allow your better judgment to give you an understanding why it is not right for you to call upon any occupant of Burnam Hall in any way other than that which is recognized by the better practices of etiquette.

Above all, is it not respectful that you show the women of this school the common decency of attending them in accordance with established custom, and not clutter their premises with huddles which emulate foul language and cigarette smoke?

Women buy 65 percent of the men's neckwear sold in the U. S.



After three rigorous sessions in chapel within twenty-four hours, we might say that the girls should really appreciate the handsome notables participating in the C. K. E. A. convention. There were many "ooh's" and "ahh's" murmured during the inspired address by the handsome, silver-haired governor. Sorry to disillusion you girls, but the gentleman is a faithful married man.

One enthusiastic sophomore sitting in the back row of the second balcony, proved beyond a doubt that he is a full-fledged, died-in-the-wool Democrat. At the mere suspicion of favorable Democratic comment by the patriotic superintendent of public schools, the zealous lad pounded his copious hams together in no uncertain manner, attracting more than a little attention in his vicinity. ... Quick, Heinrich, the Flit!

Then there is the acquiline-nosed business man from Louisville, who by this time must be convinced that he is right. Yes, sir, "you're right, Mr. Altscheler, you're right."

A sad, sad tale is circulating around the campus concerning one of those proverbial Good Samaritans. It seems that one of these aforementioned species tried to save his room-mate the embarrassment of having his parents (who were visiting him) find a generous quantity of spiritus fermentae in his bureau drawer. So the obliging Samaritan placed the said spirits in his own laundry kit. Forgetting completely about his good deed (as Good Samaritans do), he mailed his laundry kit home, spirits et al. He was quite noplussed to receive a very denunciatory note from home, dwelling on the sins and risks of mailing specimens of John Barleycorn. ...

The annual traditional dumbest freshman has been unearthed by this time. This particular lad had a date for the recent dance with a fair co-ed, but on reaching Burnam hall he completely forgot her name.

So the poor boy had to go back to Memorial hall and spend the next two hours finding the boy who had introduced him to the fair damsel. The victim arrived at the dance quite late, a sadder but wiser freshman.

This year's crop of freshman have proved themselves entirely different. Many of the boys have embarked upon physical culture (we'd better leave out the word "culture") courses entitled: "Moulding Mighty Legs." The course is open to those freshmen dumb enough to waste precious money. ... And there are plenty of dumb freshmen.

Where are the poets of last year? A year ago at this time the masters of prose, lyric, and free verse (mostly worse) were busily plying their nimble pens, officiating their masterpieces to loved ones. ... Well, we might as well confess. ... The PROGRESS staff has passed a rigorous law forbidding drooling love poetry. Any person or persons convicted of writing amorous sonnets, or anything resembling them, will suffer untold punishments.

So Cupid, stay your spell— Keep your arrows in your quiver; So that freshmen never, never (poet's license)

To their loved-ones, sonnets tell. ... SWISH!! CRASH!! ... At this point a short, blunt missile whizzed thru the air, giving warning that even the CAMPUS-CLOGEAN must refrain from poetic outbursts.

Today's moral. ... Your mother may be your greatest friend, but, after all, a blanket is always a comfort.

NIGHT'S GLORY For Mrs. Donovan

The western edge of the earth seemed aglow, Blue and gold were fusing, Lavender creeping in where rose had been, Night began to draw her curtain. Soft shadows taking the place of the glow. Slowly over the tops of the pine trees Night's glory arose. Casting her gold over the blue. Pieces of glistening gold in the blue. Blanche Wimble.

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