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The Progress

Kentucky Intercollegiate Press Association

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PROGRESS PLATFORM
 A Campus Beautiful.
 A Professional Attitude among Teachers.
 A Greater Eastern.

A Debate Team

A very progressive step has been taken, we think, by Alpha Zeta Kappa, campus public speaking organization, in its movement to give Eastern this year an intercollegiate debating team. This is a field in which this school, so far as we know, has not heretofore had a representative, although students with marked forensic ability are numerous on the campus.

There are several favorable angles at which one may look at this idea of a debate team that will represent Eastern in contests against other institutions of higher education. The organization of the team, just the fact that students are interested in promoting such a team, would lead one to believe that there are college men and women who have an interest in life other than the wearing of purple shirts and being the campus cut-up. And the school spirit of the men and women who are willing to spend long hours, for that is what it will take, in the preparation of a debate can be questioned no more than that of the athlete who scrimmages every afternoon on the football field. Each is doing the thing which he does best.

Then, too, the fact that Eastern is being put before the public is a worthy motive for the organization. The student who participates in these contests will be helping to show people outside that Eastern does have a student body which is able to indulge in serious thought.

The chief benefit, however, in such an organization will come to the students who take a part in the actual work. Such an opportunity for broadening one's intellect, of increasing one's list of acquaintances, of learning to think under the strain or the pressure of give and take, and of familiarizing one's self with certain problems to be discussed, offers a liberal education in itself. The student with a talent for such an organization is indeed fortunate, and he owes it to himself and to Eastern to try to win a place on the platform at the first contest.

Childish?

"And when I became a man I put away childish things." These words, spoken by an apostle hundreds of years ago, have set us to wondering whether or not they might apply to ourselves at times.

Probably what brought the thought on was the hazing, or initiation, which took place on the campus this past week. After it was over, and we do not deny that we had a part in the proceedings, we wondered whether or not we had suffered a relapse to our high school days. Had we not been a party to a thing that was, to say the least, just a little bit childish? Maybe not, but the fact remains

that we felt just a little ashamed and disgusted with ourselves.

Initiation, or hazing, of freshmen is a tradition that exists on practically every college campus in the country. It is considered necessary to the upbringing of freshmen, in that it makes them fit to carry on as upperclassmen when they matriculate for their second year. We do not argue with the fact that we should have initiation of some sort. The question that we are raising is whether or not we do the thing so as to bring about this business of making more loyal upperclassmen in years to come.

There is probably argument that could be advanced on both sides. But we think that the main idea of inculcating respect and school loyalty will not be obtained if we continue to follow the methods in the future that we employ now. After all, there is a great difference in the temperament of freshmen. Some take punishment gleefully, and think they are deriving a great deal of favorable publicity from the attention they are getting; some take it stoically, and feel that they are the victims of tradition, but they recognize that it is tradition that is punishing them; but others think that they are being the victims of the personal grudge of some upperclassman, and wonder why.

There is nothing in the initiation, as it is carried on here, that serves to give the third type any more love or respect for the college. Let us initiate, but let us find a method of doing it that will attain, and not defeat, the end which such a practice is supposed to accomplish. The apostle has laid down a rule of conduct that we would do well to follow.

Opportunity

Eastern will journey to the mountain top tonight. One of the outstanding figures of this generation, a man who is recognized as a leader, is to be on the campus tonight. An announcement of the coming of Dr. Cadman is on the front page, but to those who heard him last year this announcement means more than the fact that just another speaker is coming. They realize that there is in store for them one of the most interesting and educational evenings of their lives.

Eastern is honored by Dr. Cadman's coming. But beyond the fact that a great man is coming lies the possibility for a liberal education in one evening. If Dr. Cadman follows the procedure of his visit last year and answers questions propounded to him by the audience, here might be a chance for clearing up some problem that you have been pondering over.

Any student who misses Dr. Cadman's address is not taking advantage of a great educational opportunity. It is seldom that students have a chance to hear a man of this calibre and as this is promoted by the school and is free to students there is nothing that will hinder any student from attending. Eastern will indeed visit the mountain top tonight.

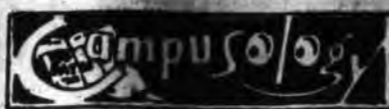
CLEANINGS

It seems that the fight for supremacy between the sword and pen is now at an end—the sword is no longer used in fighting, and the typewriter has taken the place of the pen.

Someone has said that you can readily recognize an American because he is always asking for a match. We differ with them there... we think he asks for the cigarette first.

And then there's that freshman girl who told an upperclassman that he had just about as much chance to rate a date with her as a hobo has of hopping a streamlined train.

The old-timer who committed suicide by turning on the gas has a relative today who does the same thing by stepping on it.



Your scribe gave two-to-one odds the other day that before the chapter period was over the Dean of the faculty would have blushed a deep shade of crimson. When two pitiful freshmen stood up to sing, expecting the rest of the assembly to rise, his honor, the dean, blushed profusely. Well, thank heavens, chivalry is not dead, and that "maroon and white is waving."

We learn that our editor of last year has been appointed associate editor of one of the leading newspapers in western Kentucky. There was a lad for you, boys and girls. Let the story of his rise to success be a moral lesson to you freshmen who are cluttering up the Progress office with journalistic tripe. This editor also cluttered up the Progress office with tripe when he was a freshman, but when he became a senior, and incidentally editor-in-chief, he not only cluttered the place up with tripe, but with cats, dogs, and a certain beauty queen's picture. So you see, you, too, can be an editor in ten easy lessons.

Now that the world series is over and yours truly is thoroughly cleaned in the region of the pocketbook, we will limit our gambling to pennyante and whist, and as a casual spectator to dog fights.

With the C. K. E. A. convention over and all of the teachers thoroughly talked to death, we will proceed to compile enough statistics to keep the convention going next year.

The recent class elections disclosed that a "powerful political machine" was operating in the junior class; so powerful was the "machine" that the best it could do was run a weak second.

The outstanding speaker of the C. K. E. A. convention, last year's baccalaureate orator, made an address which should be written down in golden letters (my father used to tell me that his lectures to me should be given the same treatment). We may all live to see his predictions about Germany and

Russia crystallize to an awful truth. Nietzsche, the German philosopher, once said that the worst thing Germany had given to the world was Nationalism, this disintegrating force which is gnawing at the vitals of civilization. Such a movement in the United States is not at all an impossibility. As long as we allow munition manufacturers and "Liberty" Leagues to dictate to us, we, too, may revert to barbarism.... After all, why should I let the other columnists steal the show with their heavy discourses on the sorrows of the world.

A cleaning party was recently held in Memorial Hall, in which a certain freshman was cleaned out of everything he owned in the course of a game of... shall we say croquet?

Moral for Today: No matter how dumb two dumb Irishmen may be, a smart Polock is dumber.

TO

Strange that I, a veteran, should twist my fingers While waiting to take you, A Freshman, to hear John Boles Sing songs of love, And all the hundred other silly things

That women like to hear. You are bound to like me: The shirt and tie are worn for you, (The tie is my room-mate's) And I've been reading poetry to Put me in a pleasant mood; Even my pipe (evil-smelling tube) has thought

Me a stranger for half a day, Gillette, Colgate, Palmolive, and Camay;

These have given their all To make you like me. Strange that my hands are moist As I walked on polished floors To tell a snooty girl that I have come for you.

L'envoi Be still, gnarled red hands, And know that there is balm In moist earth and growing flowers. L. M.

The camel is about the only creature that can't swim. It is buoyant enough, but there is something wrong with its balance, so that its head goes under water and it drowns.

The IONIC

Lloyd Murphy's Column
 .. of Pure Piffle ..

First honors for good sportsmanship go to this year's crop of freshmen. They are, by far, the finest lot that has been here for the three years that I have been here.... It would seem negligent not to mention Ruth Perry as deserving individual honors for the same trait.

Wonder if our civilization will ever reach the point where we will make an attempt to understand people before we judge them? (Apropos of nothing in particular). Since swimming is my favorite sport, a ducking party would be a Roman Holiday for me. I even let the water run in the basin while I write themes.

Why cannot all instructors have the same sincerity that a certain science instructor here has? His (or her) enthusiasm is quite contagious, inspiring tired students to one more last drive that usually finishes the exercise before the laboratory period ends.

Before I die I expect to see these Unique States of America enjoying the benefits of a Socialistic form of government. And I still believe that the majority of American youth would refuse to fight a capitalists' war.

The worst pest outside of captivity: LEWIS (RED) CORUM. One may as well try to study with a handful of trained fleas doing their daily dozen on one's anatomy.

Older people often make the mistake of thinking that youth wants to grow up rapidly. We don't. Why should we be in a hurry to assume the responsibilities of a world that someone else created? Please don't judge us by your standards. Judge youth by the standards that youth sets up for youth. Yeah, I know, I'm growing old fast. But I have learned one or two things from the Aged Ones. I'll never crucify a Christ, nor fight against my brother, be he my blood brother or my French brother, or my German brother, or my Italian brother.

A WORD to the Y's

The Y. W. C. A. at its first regular meeting, Tuesday, October 2, made plans for the coming year, including a membership drive to begin immediately, and a picnic scheduled for October 20.

One of the most important decisions provided for the organization of discussion groups to be led by Miss Floyd. One of these discussions, at an early date, will concern world problems.

A change was made in the system of planning activities for the Y's. Formerly cabinet members did this work, but now all of the members are invited to participate.

Vesper services will continue to be held each Sunday evening at 8:15.

The Madison

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MAROONS WILL PLAY TIGERS ON SATURDAY

Winless Eastern Team Will Tackle Tiger in His Den

TEAM IN FAIR CONDITION

With three defeats behind them, the winless Maroons are hoping for better things when they meet the Georgetown Tigers on Hinton field, in Scott county, Saturday.

The men in red are in as good shape as they have been for the past three weeks, and that does not mean that they are in first class condition.

The Hughesmen are confident they have what it takes, however, to twist the Tiger's tail before he can crawl off Hinton field, and with boys like Greenwell and a few other good boys opening holes in the Georgetown forward wall, the Maroons might cash in on their first winning effort.

Georgetown, under a new coach, is putting its hope in its captain and plunging fullback, Day, who incidentally is a punter that makes the ball travel after it leaves his toe.

Last year the teams struggled for four quarters and ended with honors even, but this year one of the two teams is expected to score.

Most major league baseball teams have now forgotten about their claims on this year's pennant and are now claiming next year's.

INITIATION GOES FEMININE AND FEATURE EDITOR SIGHS

By DON MICHELSON

Alias and alack! The upperclassmen have turned out to be ninnyes and milkops. Where are the boys of head shaving, ducking, and paddling? Sunk into oblivion, we fear.

Why we can remember when a freshman received a sound thwacking, a healthy sousing, and a rumped dignity, all for the price of his freshman hat.

But the worst thing to our mind is that the upperclassmen haven't even been successful in starting a decent race riot.

Now, of course, we are not trying to agitate, but we believe that Eastern must maintain her dignity, even if the freshmen must pay the price.

Oh for the days of "shorn heads, unsheduled baths, bruised-shins", and general strong arm methods for freshmen!

FROSH WILL MEET TRANSY

First Little Maroon Contest to Be October 25

TEAM TO BE HEAVY

By MORRIS CREECH

The best frosh team that has worn Eastern uniforms in many seasons will have its first opportunity of the year to match its brawn and brains with that of another eleven on Thursday, October 25, when it meets the freshmen of Transylvania on Transy's home field.

From the enthusiasm being displayed by the freshman candidates, combined with their weight and experience, the conservative observer might predict anything from a lopsided score to just an ordinary victory for the Little Maroons.

The freshman line should average about 170 pounds. While the backfield may not be as heavy, it is quite probable that, in this sector, the difference in weight will be made up in speed.

The following players have provided most of the freshman competition for the varsity and it is possible that they will be found in the starting line-up:

Ends, Norman Lee of Maysville, Joe Molsberger of Frankfort; tackles, Louis Von Walden of Covington, J. C. Cummins of Pikeville; guards, Farris of Corbin; Moore of Frankfort; center, Lacey of Harlan; backs, Harold Everling of New Boston, O. Norbert Rechtin of Bellevue, James Caldwell of Harlan, and Elwood Douglas of Ashland.

Should Coach Portwood find it necessary to draw on his reserves he will find plenty of potential dynamite in his score of benchmen who are always ready and straining at the leash.

Although some difficulty has been experienced by the officials in arranging contests for the Little Maroons this season and some dates still remain open, the following encounters and dates have been definitely fixed, according to Mr. McDonough:

Oct. 25—Transylvania, there. Nov. 9—Morehead, there. Nov. 23—Centre, here.

It would be nice to see the weather man caught out in the rain without an umbrella, after he had predicted fair weather.

Even been successful in starting a decent race riot. Our football players seem to be content with gambling on the gridiron and other gyrations, rather than give freshmen impressive tutoring on the Art of Being Respectful to Upperclassmen.

Now, of course, we are not trying to agitate, but we believe that Eastern must maintain her dignity, even if the freshmen must pay the price.

Oh for the days of "shorn heads, unsheduled baths, bruised-shins", and general strong arm methods for freshmen!

MEN IN RED

Gather around, children, and listen to the lives of those "Three Musketeers" of the gridiron—Hill, Young and Fox.

The first in line is that Adonis of the bow and string, "Fiddler" Edward Hill. He was born in Mid-diesboro, July 12, 1912. Being a very versatile griddler, the "Fiddler" played any position in either the line or backfield for the Pineville High eleven, two years in a row. He then went to Harlan where he played end. After finishing high school, the "Fiddler" gathered his extra shirt, hound dog and violin and migrated to Eastern. Here at Eastern, Hill has been a very outstanding athlete, having participated in football, basketball and track.

Hill had the distinct honor a few days ago of being elected president of the senior class. Congratulations, boy!

The next man in line is Richmond's own pride and joy, president of the "E" club and vice president of the senior class. Presenting folks, Earnest "Dog" Young. Extraordinary is not the word for this young man. Magnificent seems to fit him better. For the last six years "Dog" has held down the position of center in football. He has played basketball for five years—three in high school and two in college. Intercollegiate golf can also rank him as one of its stars.

There are very few men in Eastern today (as in other days) that can boast of the splendid collegiate sports record that belongs to Ernie Young.

The last of these "Three Musketeers" is that silent, easy-going Clifford Fox. Born in Fateville, North Carolina, in 1913, this pigskin booter played football at Thomasville High and at Morrow's Hill. His last year at Morrow's Hill he made th-all-state team as fullback.

Clifford is pulling hard for the berth of fullback on the team, and it would be a good thing to keep your eyes on him, kiddies.

YE OLD GRADS

Where They Are and What They Are Doing

Clifton (Earnest Raymond) Dowell and (Big) Ben Hord, both of the class of '33, are teaching and coaching at Catlettsburg. This coaching combination of Hord and Dowell should get results, for these boys have had few equals at Eastern on either the gridiron or the hardwood. They were no mean performers in baseball, track, and tennis either. Hord has a wife—but Dowell has none as yet.

Miss Betty Stewart, class of '33, is teaching Home Economics at Burkesville, Cumberland county. Betty did graduate work at the University of Kentucky before starting her teaching career.

J. D. Turley, Jr., class of '34 and editor of the "34 Milestone, has the destinies of the Carr Creek boys in his hands this year. J. D. is teaching Manual training at Carr Creek and coaching the basketball team. J. D. should have little trouble demonstrating his basketball plays with illustrations, and what have you.

Ben F. Wilson, class of '33 and student par-excellence, is head of the department of commerce at the Gulf Coast Military Academy, Gulfport, Mississippi. Ben was awarded a teaching fellowship at the College of Business Administration of Boston University after receiving his degree at Eastern. Ben takes the place at the military academy after having completed one year of graduate work in accounting at the Boston institution. This hard-working student is known as Captain Wilson now.

Miss Fannie Mae Castle, (Mrs. Bill Hand), class of '31, is keeping house and looking after Bill when he finds time to leave his drug store in Bellevue. Bill was formerly a student at Eastern, but received his degree in pharmacy at the University of Cincinnati.

T. C. McDaniels, class of '34 and voted the most popular boy at Eastern last year, is teaching social science and coaching at Finchville, Shelby county. Mac will be missed on the basketball court this year and it will be difficult to find his equal among the serenading enthusiasts.

Miss Emma H. Cord, class of '29, is teaching at Irvine. She attended the C. K. E. A. meeting at Richmond October 5-6. (To Be Continued Each Issue.)

UNION DOWNS EASTERN, 14-7

Maroons Lose Third Straight But Manage to Score for First Time

BARBOURVILLE, Ky., Oct. 13.—Eastern Teachers College football team lost its third consecutive game of the season yesterday to the Union College Bulldogs before a Teachers Day crowd of 3,000 persons here but broke their streak of scoreless quarters by pushing over a touchdown in the last quarter of the contest. The score of the game was 14 to 7.

The contest was a state S. I. A. A. encounter, the second of the year for Eastern but the first for Union. It was Union's second victory, however.

Union started the scoring in the first period after gaining the edge in a punting duel. Two line backs from Eastern's 2-yard line took Young, Union halfback, over the goal for the first marker. Burch kicked for the extra point.

After being held on even terms in the second period, Union took to the air successfully in the third frame and a pass from Young to York on the 30-yard line netted another touchdown. Burch again added the extra point.

Late in the final period, Eastern took advantage of a break to score its only marker. Cox, Eastern halfback, intercepted a Union pass almost on his own goal line and carried it to the Union 10-yard stripe before being downed. A pass to Tarter on the 2-yard line netted the touchdown. Hedges kicked for the extra point.

BOBETTES

By BOB RANKIN

NEW YORK...ships and sailors muttering strange oaths into their beards...spaghetti and holding hands with an Italian girl while I tried to learn her language.

PITTSBURGH...smoke and dirt...job hunting...and free meals at the Salvation Army.

PORTSMOUTH...heat, sweat and weariness...molten steel cascading into the molds...pounding of heavy machinery.

HUNTINGTON...college...fraternities...my first tuxedo...discussing philosophy and drinking black coffee until the wee small hours at Andy's...a course in Chaucer...sorority teas...and the "reefer man."

More Things I Like

Autumn...riding on trains...fencing...strong tea...toasted rye bread...midnight lunches...black suits...blue ties...sophisticated women...the smell of printers' ink...walking aimlessly in the rain... "Celestia Aida"... "Prelude in C sharp minor"...hearing Jack Fulton (with Paul Whiteman's orchestra) sing "Sylvia"...dancing to Duke Ellington's "Mood Indigo"...all of Whistler's etchings.

Unclassified

Miss Hugo and Miss Walker; I sincerely appreciate your effort to keep me dry...but the next time we shall need a larger umbrella... Now that there is trouble in the Balkans some new war correspondents may be needed...just received a rejection slip from the new college magazine FORMAL...I guess they don't appreciate talent and anyway I think UNIVERSITY is a better magazine...I notice that a lad by the name of Bob Rankin is writing for the Dayton High paper...as far as I know he isn't any kin of mine...I am of the Virginia Rankins, suh!... "Monk" Everling, another lad I knew back yonder... Suggested reading: Testament of Youth; Men of Art.

Women I Know Edith...tall and slender...with hair the dead-gold of autumn leaves...Blood-red lips half parted in an unsung song...has a trick of holding her shapely hands thus and so, as though holding whole annals of mystery...in a brown suit she is rather gamin and in the un-repressed white of a taffeta dance frock she is divine...Edith.

Two's company, three's a crowd and four is the average load for a two-passenger automobile. The great silence that you heard in the past weeks came from the freshmen celebrating the opening of the initiation period.

(To Be Continued)

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