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Barons Fraternity

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February 28, 1939 Bowling Green, Ky.

PLEDGES
by
Baron Doc Francis

As the time for new members to be brought into the Barons rolls around, we are found with eight pledges. These eight were chosen from a group of approximately forty submitted names. Each has proven himself to be of good moral character and of strong will. They are: Karl Fratcher, Leitchfield, Ky.; Clarence Mitchell, Clay, Ky.; George Windauer, Franklin, Ky.; John Bob Newman, Greenville, Ky.; Brodie Gates, Madisonville, Ky.; Joe Will, Louisville; Russell Caugherty, Glasgow, Ky.; and Norman Burke, Bowling Green.

Since this is such an outstanding group, we thought it appropriate to give you a bit of information about the boys who are soon to be Barons.

Fratcher is a junior majoring in agriculture. He is generally very quiet until he has something really worth while to say. He is characterized by sound thinking and willingness for work.

Mitchell, also a junior, major of agriculture, is possibly the best-natured fellow on the campus. He also is a sound thinker.

Williams is following a pre-med course and has a junior standing. This is his first year at Western, but he already made many friends and proved to be an outstanding person.

John Newman is one of our freshman pledges. He formerly lived in Bowling Green and was well-known by a number of the Active Chapter before he enrolled at Western. He has a fine cooperative spirit and is always ready, willing, and quite capable.

Brodie Gates, another freshman, is taking pre-med work. Though usually quiet, he has made many friends in his short stay at Western. He is unusually well-mannered and sincere in everything he does.

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CAMP NEWS

Arrangements have been made to withhold the recording of the deed for the camp land for some four weeks; so we may have a chance to get up the entire amount of money and save the time and trouble of making two deeds. Thus far, only two further donations and a couple of promises for a future date have been received here.

The active has in more than half their cash, and we are earnestly hoping those associates who are planning to do so would do as soon as possible.

Baron Minker has carried on extensive correspondence with many of the fellows and with the paper attempting to do his part in helping finish successfully the big task we have begun. All and any help is needed. Not a hint, but watch for a P.O. Box #520 B.G., Ky.

DO YOU REMEMBER?
by
Baron Herbis Crafyon

As time passes, so does realization of past experiences. To all the associates who have passed from the field of acquiring knowledge that of accumulating an income, I present this article as a reminder of one of your cherished past experiences, typical of a college day.

Damn that alarm clock. It's really too reliable. If only it would skip a morning or two, things would be fine. I reckon it would if I'd forget to set it at night, but you must remember that I'm in a civil. ambitious state then. Anyway, I made my 6:00 class, and for once didn't go to sleep. Must have been thinking about what she told me last night.

Chapel! And of course there's no doubt but what I should go to Van Maten and hear the dean speak, but dancing is lots more fun; so Goal Post it is.

I know that hour would pass, and now for that History class with Dr. Stickles.

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BARONISM
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Ray Gaines
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Lewie Harman

PARTY
The Barons held a joint party with the Alpha Sigma Fraternity at the E. U. Friday evening, Feb. 23, at the Ky.-Tenn. club house on Barren river.

Dancing was enjoyed from 8 to 1 and refreshments were served during the course of the evening. Entertainment(?) other than dancing was furnished by Baron "Sully" Sullivan with his incomparable rendition of "Old Man River" and "Louisville Lady" and Baron Blackburn Stephens' version of "St. James Infirmary."--

Tom Milliken will be back in school where he will get his degree in May. We are all glad to have him back and also to have someone who can tell Sam "Scrooge" Rabold what to do! So far as we know he's the only one living.

Dear Follows:
I wish to apologize for waiting so long to write to tell you how much I appreciate both of the last two issues of "Baronism." As you know perhaps, I am pretty much "on the ball" so to speak, while I am up here. I work all day and go to school and study all night. Week ends are the only available time to catch up on my correspondence, and this past week end Bill Bass and I painted the city of Louisville a gaudy red. We saw the All-Star game and from there on out used paint brushes. Just about all other week ends I have been in Bowling Green.

The "Baronism" of last week did much for me and to me. It brought back memories that I'll never forget as long as I live. I'll never forget one incident that continually passed through my mind after I had read the paper. About two years back going into about the third month of that school year, we had only about ten members in the organization. Even though we had had about ten meetings not one single person had missed a meeting. It was the night of a big prize fight and we were all there. As soon as the meeting was over, we turned on the radio, turned off all lights except the light in the crest, and settled down to enjoy the fight. A roaring fire was going in the famous stove of the Baron Castle, and cocktails were being passed around frequently. Everyone, even old Hard, was smoking a cigar. We started discussing pledgship for the first time.

I plan to write each associate whose address I know and who does not live in Bowling Green. I can think of about ten of these. There are about five Barons close or in Louisville whom I intend to approach individually. Although I have been a bit lax in writing in to the club you can always count on me to be working for the Barons. Even tho' some of my efforts may never be felt, I will always be trying in some way or other to repay at least some of the things the Barons have done for me.

I want you to know that I certainly do appreciate the splendid work of the editorial staff.

(Signed) Baron Slate

Dear Barons:
Thoughts of you always arise within me at a time like this, for you are inseparably associated in my memory with the words "beer, gin, whiskey, drunk, tapped-out," and "inebriate." But a momentary explanatory note: I have just returned from a beer party in honor of our legal fraternity's new pledges (14 of them compared to the opposition's 5) and in my capacity as part of the hosts, I, of course was obliged to keep pace with the neophytes with regard to the number of bottles of beer consumed. We had 17 gallons; so it was pretty hard for me to do, but I managed to get out alive.

I wish at this time to apologize for my negligence in failing to make some comment upon the triumph which you all have realized in obtaining the Baron camp. Excepting the organization of the group, that, in my opinion, is the greatest step forward that has ever been taken with regard to the perpetuation of the club. I could continue on for pages telling you just how much I admire the ingenuity and perseverance which have enabled you to secure the place, but I realize that it is useless, for I'm sure that you know exactly how I feel in regard to it. But enough of that. I'm sure you got the idea now that I think that it's a fine thing. With the Hon. Chas. Gadd to draw up the deed, I'm sure that the legal end of things is well taken care of. You may inform the Chancellor of the Exchaquer that I shall make a contribution to the fund before the first of May. I'm afraid that you will have to

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GOAT'S EYE VIEW OF KIAC
by
Goat Brodie Gates

"A little toddy never hurt nobody," is an old saying that will hold true in some cases, but in my case it is just the reverse.

On a little week-end party given by some unknown person, yours truly had a very happy time on some few jiggers of gin and other hard nourishment. As you know, a boy just out of high school is led to his own conclusions that he has left adolescence behind and has become a man. With a few vivid explanations as to the requirements of what it takes to be a man, I was led to believe that a prescription of hard liquor given consecutively in very potent doses was one of them.

There had been about six or seven gin bucks consumed, when as if struck by lightning, this humble exponent of what should have been a man became a mere baby. With a capacity load in the stomach I went into a short period of delirium, doing and saying things that any normal person would not, even if on a heavy bet. We will not mention any of the idiotic and unreasonable occurrences of the evening, but I must say that the spirit of intoxication is not one that will soon leave a person's mind. There is an old proverb that says, "Give a pauper fifty cents, and he will within an hour he a millionaire," and we certainly proved it! When that light and dizzy feeling hits you, you don't care for a thing; and if you do by any chance have any money, you become one of the most generous persons alive. I will never forget that memorable evening when I cut off the ties of my friends and there must have been an enemy among them, for a beef steak would have done little good.

Upon awakening the next morning there were traces that could stand a well needed application of beef steak, but that was the least of my worries. My head felt as large as a basketball and as though my brain was rolling around. Have you ever taken an English walnut and listened to the sound of the nut on the inside when you shake it? That is the way my head felt when I moved it, and when you drop the nut, that is the way it felt when any noise was made.

With the rot-gut experience in the past let us look into the future and see the man, or the baby man, who has learned better than to associate with "Old Joe"!

Dear Barons:

I am sorry that I have delayed in writing, but time just seems to slip by unnoticed.

I think that the purchase of the camp is wise; for it not only affords a lot of pleasure to all of us but also acts another prop in the building of a greater club.

When I was in B. G. last, I was told of the new pledges. Believe me I sure miss being in on the boating, but I know they are in gentle hands.

Now, I come to the part I wish I did not have to write. However, the time has come when I must hand in my long delayed resignation.

I do it with a deep regret and a feeling of loss, but yet I feel an inner contentment that there will always be a Baron Club in the future.

Therefore, I, Walter Hardman, do hereby resign from active membership in the Baron Club, and in so doing apply for associate membership this 20th day of February, 1939.

Well, fellows, here's wishing each of you the greatest success in your future.

(Signed) Walter Hardman

Dear Barons:

First let me thank you who attended the Baron Convention for the high honor you paid me by electing me Secretary-Treasurer of the Alumni Association, even though I could not attend the meeting.

The duties of secretary-treasurer, however difficult, will really be a pleasure for in this way I can keep in touch with all of the actives and associates. They will be owing me the letters now. We have undertaken a gigantic task, one which needs the support and cooperation of both the actives and the associates. Thank you for giving me an opportunity to share even more of the responsibility.

(Signed) Tom Milliken

A BARON WANTING A TWO WEEK CAMP

Dear Follow Barons:

On receiving my "Baronism," I wasn't surprised to read that the Rotary Camp was already our property. I wasn't surprised because I had the opportunity of seeing the fellowship, action, determination, and fight written on each of your faces. To you goes the credit. We may have helped, but without your determination to make even a greater name for the man, or the baby man, who has learned better than to associate with "Old Joe"!

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be very judicious in your use of the place, for it will be only too easy to give the place a black eye in the minds of the local populace, school authorities, etc., and that must be guarded against if possible, for you know just how that would hurt the organization's standing, especially in B. C., and with parents of the local gals.

Unfortunately, I am not in possession of any good jokes, or perhaps I should say "jokes." However, I did see these in Winchell's column (by the way, how many people do you know that pronounce columnist correctly). 1. "Yes, he's usually in the unfortunate position of one who has just missed the train of thought." 2. "They call her Venus de Milo. Yeah, hand's off!" But on second thought, they're not so hot.

(Signed) The ORIGINAL Keeper-of-the-Most! (Hamard)

Cont. from Column (2) Page (3)

Baronism, I'm afraid it would have flopped. So as an associate who is proud of such an active organization, I thank you for such a tremendous step forward.

Due to the differences in the closing dates of the various schools, and the inability of many of the associates to get there in time for the whole camp, is it in order to ask that a camp for two weeks or nine or ten days be considered? I'm sure that every associate would appreciate this and any active who has ever been on a camp, I'm sure will be in favor of such an extension.

The possibilities are that I will have on the camp a sweet little southern girl. Most of you know her.

(Signed) Dan McIlvrey, Jr.

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Joe Will is classed as a sophomore. He was in school at Western about three years ago. Joe is interested in scouting and after graduating he will probably be connected with the Boy Scouts of America. He is a born leader and is always willing to accept more than his share of work.

Russell Daugherty, a freshman, is studying pre-law. He is a very well-mannered boy and always gives a good personal appearance; is popular on the Hill, being President of his class. He is also an excellent musician.

Norman Burke, also a freshman, is the only local boy on the list. He is well known and outstanding at Western as well as in Bowling Green.

Well there they are fellows. We are very proud of each and every one of them. We are confident that they can carry on the work that you fellows have so well established.

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He is a small instructor, but why didn't I get a letter this morning. Reckon I'll get one tomorrow.

By eleven o'clock I'm wide awake and ready for a class, but about 11:30 my stomach begins to howl and I see food.

The instructor would let us out late. So now I have to wait at the Post for dinner.

One o'clock class, and why did Mother make me take a nap after dinner when I was young. I've still got the habit.

Two o'clock and just for my pride, I really got a little knowledge.

Believe it or not I'm through for the day. Did you go to work or just loaf around? Bridge is fun in cold weather, but those warm afternoons call for the outdoors. It beats me how they pass and you still haven't anything to show for it. Supper, and believe me I'm on time. That teacher has no control over me now.

Gee, wish I had a date tonight. I'll have one tomorrow night, though. Reckon I ought to study. But Steve said there was a good show on. Haven't got the money so reckon I'll wander over to the Goal Post and see what's happening.

How did it get so late? I intended to study, but bed is the only place for me. Yes, and don't forget to set the alarm.

If this recalls a fond memory, my time is well spent. Of course this is not my typical day, because I'm a studious, ambitious boy. Maybe I should not have gone to that collegiate movie, but do you remember?

* * * * *

Charlie Gadd,
Ralph Dudgeon, and
Ezell Velborn were all
seen at the KIAC in Richmond
or at least we claim we could see
them. Frank Eadi was in
Bowling Green yesterday! As said so
many times,
"Send us some news."

* * * * *