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Ogden College

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THE CARDINAL

Faculty Number

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No. 12

Panoramas.

I envy the airman his panoramas. They must be superb. They must conquer the most prosaic soul and humble it to amazement and rapture.

But there are panoramas for the mind's eye. Every individual has his own peculiar kind of mental panorama and what it is is what he is. Between these personal panoramas there are differences as wide as the sky. They are narrow or wide, full or empty, drab or splendid, with all gradations between the extremes. The panoramas of some minds might be measured with a yard-stick. To measure others might require a parsec. Michel Angelo saw St. Peters in the dark long before he saw it by daylight. He saw above, below, around and through it. He saw the myriad details that went into its construction. He saw far into future centuries whenever returning throngs would be thrilled by its sublimity. Michel Angelo's hodcarrier saw his hod, his ladder, his supper and his bed.

There is the composite panorama of the human mind, the mental vistas of all men brought into one stupendous whole. This "Ledger of God" has been growing and filling since the world began. It is now so vast that any one mind can compass only a minute fraction. It has expanded from the earth to Aldebaran, from a shout to the radiophone, from a few grunts of dawning intelligence to many million books. This awe-inspiring panorama, still expanding, must go on expanding far onward into the mysterious spaces that beckon the pioneer.

His private panorama is every man's supreme concern. It is his kingdom where he is undisputed monarch. He should inventory its content and estimate its extent and campaign unweariedly to add to it by conquest.

Founder's Day Friday.

Friday is Founder's Day. By custom, that means a holiday, and to quite a few of us, that is about all that it means. But we should take the day more seriously and consider the greatness of the man who made Ogden College possible and pay some slight tribute to him. Thus it is that we have the holiday, that we devote a space in our paper to the occasion, and that we lay special stress upon the day and what it signifies.

The catalogue, in its crisp business-like manner, treats the matter as follows: "Ogden College owes its foundation to the wise beneficence of Major Robert W. Ogden (1796-1873), who, by will dated December 7, 1870, bequeathed the sum of \$50,000 for the establishment of a school in or near Bowling Green, Kentucky, bearing his name. His will also provided that the residuum of the estate, amounting to a little more than \$60,000, should go to the College, and that the sum thus received should be invested by the executors in stocks or bonds, the interest accruing thereon to form a fund out of which to pay, as far as it will go, the tuition fees of any of the young men of Warren County or the State of Kentucky who may wish to avail themselves of this fund and desire to be educated at the College."

However, if we read between the lines of the above paragraph, we can see a great deal more than what is printed there. We can see a longing of a man to provide for the young man of his community that what he was forced to miss. We can see that this man's only ambition was to guide the boys past the pitfalls that he had stumbled into.

Was this ambition realized? Suppose that we consider the question for a minute. Suppose that Ogden did not exist.

What a calamity. How many of the boys that have taken advantage of Old Ogden's offers would have ever seen inside a college's walls if it had not been for our institution? How many of our graduates would have made the splendid mark that they have reached if they had not had the chance of a college education? A dozen other questions might be asked which, when answered, only reflect honor upon the little school of which we are a part. And we find that we owe the existence of this institution to one man, Major Robert W. Ogden.

Bowling Green and Warren County have never accomplished anything that has equaled the work of their greatest benefactor. In fact, it would be a hard undertaking.

In closing, the final paragraph of the late Senator D. W. Wright's Founders Day address made several years ago is still appropriate. Senator Wright said, "So lived and died Robert Ogden, the father and founder of Ogden College, and Warren County's greatest benefactor. He was not without his faults—in that respect, at least, he is like the rest of us—but fortunately his faults were interred with his bones and the good he did and not the evil, lives after him. We do not, says Emerson, judge the course of a ship by the zigzag movements we see when close to it, but we get away from it so as to get a proper perspective and then its course appears wondrously straight before our eyes. And so, as we look back over the life of Robert Ogden whose memory we honor today, we lose sight of the faults and failings to which he, as flesh, was heir, and we see the straight course of a life of simplicity, sobriety and industry laying up for generations yet to come a recourse to opportunities and advantages which he was denied and which we today through his goodness are partaking."

The Cardinal

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Which One Do

You Represent?

Once upon a time when the lower animals could talk, centers of learning, where the most educated and keenest thinkers of all animadom gathered the younger generation together in order that they might be best fitted to be, sprang up throughout the whole animal kingdom. The most experimented animals were naturally the teachers and all who so cared had an opportunity to investigate the greatest philosophies of the time.

Gradually with the increase in population, the idea of colleges and universities developed, the cities in which they were located became the seats of learning and these schools were of great value.

With the increase in the number of schools there developed the feeling of rivalry between them. Such things as intercollegiate athletics and college spirit arose. But it was not long before college spirit had degenerated into a mere shaw. To be sure, it was discussed, but no one seemed to know just exactly what it did mean. Some claimed that it meant a series of "rah-rahs" at an athletic contest. Others seemed to think it meant the giving up of all studies and the living of a life of ease for four years. No one seemed to remember that it had once meant a concerted action in seeking the truth and of preparing for service. Because Mr. Mink was such a "slick article" (so he was called) he became a leader of one group. Mr. Jackal was the chief of the "Parasitic" Club and Mr. Opossum became the president of the "Society of Bull." Now each discussed college spirit fervently and worked for

the best interests of his society, never caring whether the college lost prestige as an educational institution or whether the students ever amounted to anything worth-while.

When it was discovered that Mr. Hare was the swiftest of all animals, that Mr. Kangaroo was an excellent jumper, that Mr. Panther tackled best, universal physical training was no longer required. Instead, they hired Mr. Tiger at twenty thousand dollars per year, while Mr. Fox, with all his intelligence, received only five and Mr. Tiger spent his time developing the particular characteristics of Messrs. Hare, Panther and Kangaroo, while the development of their minds was not considered. All the other students were required to develop their lungs only—by cheering.

The colleges had now become useless, so today there are none and all the animals run wild—ignorant and of little worth.

A Boyhood Incident

The clouds love the northern mountains. They often brush them with their downy bosoms and caress them with their wet or icy hands. They spread them in winter with clean warm coverlets and bathe them in summer with medicated waters. Among such mountains I was born and grew. One day in the early spring of my seventh year, I was sent on an errand to a neighbor's. The snow masses were beginning to soften. The road track itself was still hard but the snow at the sides was already soggy. On my way I noticed a hole where an ox's leg had slipped off and gone down two feet or more to the ground. I thought what fun it would be on my return to take a good run and plump my leg into that hole. I did just that and my foot went to the very bottom.

So far so good! "Easy is the descent to Avernus." But to get out—there's the rub. My foot was fast. I wrenched and twisted in vain, first in rage, then in a grim fight for life, then in panic. Night was falling. The snow would soon freeze again and grip me tighter than ever. People driving by would not see me and I should be crushed. Monstrous

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night-prowlers that would terrify Hercules began to circulate in my forebodings.

Fifty miles to the west a mountain called the Crouching Lion was lord of the horizon. A solemn, majestic profile showed distinctly the great head, the mighty shoulders and paws, a monarch gorgeously throned in the sunset. Other mountains were courtiers attending. The lush air of spring, perfumed by melting snow, was like fluid life. The zephyr fingers of evening began to play her lullabies. The situation stands out in my memory like a beautiful stage scene which I see from the darkened theatre, my vanished self in the foreground, frightened and helpless, trapped in troubles of my own seeking, an unconscious symbol of humanity.

I wriggled and writhed and shuddered. At last, much against my stubborn will, I decided to pray. Then, lo and behold! my hands were hardly clasped when my foot came loose! I did not stop to philosophize. I raced for home and mother and if my shadow has been rather thin ever since, it may have been

(Continued on Third Page.)

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(Continued from Second Page.)

strained at that time in trying to keep pace with me. I take it that mischievous Evening, the new-born Spring and the great spaces, rebuked, perhaps, by some mightier Mystery, tired of jesting with me and danced away to other frolics.

A good scare may be very educative. Since that childish episode, I have met many ventures and adventures. I certainly have not quite so rashly jumped into holes by the wayside nor so thoughtlessly "put my foot in it." Perils are a "major" in Life's curriculum. Their schooling makes wild creatures lithe, astute and swift. Danger, difficulty and disaster are the diet of the strong and the wise. Feed on them to the limit of your digestion.

An Every Day Opportunity

About a month ago, Mr. Ward Sumpter made the Phi Kappa Phi at the University of Florida. Those of us who know Mr. Sumpter were not surprised at his election to this honor fraternity. We are sure that he deserved the distinction. Here is the significant thing about it: Mr. Sumpter was elected on the basis of the work he did in Science, while a student at Ogden College.

Hardly a week passes that news is not received from some former Ogden student who is making good at some other college or university. Almost without exception, they succeed. Covington at Princeton, Sumpter at Florida, Perkins at Vanderbilt, Stout at "State", Wither- spoon at Yale are only a few of the current examples.

Their success leads us to reflect that our own institution is a Senior College, doing four years of college work up to the standard maintained by the other colleges of the country, and that upon the completion of one's course here, he has the same fundamentals of broad, liberal training which he would receive at any of the larger universities.

We should do well to remember that Ogden in itself supplies a liberal education, and that the graduate from Ogden is just as much an educated man as the A.B. graduate of any institution on the face of the earth.

—President Whitte.

The Popcorn Age

I call this age in which we live the "Popcorn Age." The little boy stands fascinated by the panfull of popcorn when the corn begins to pop; we are all little boys now-a-days as we watch the myriad instantaneous changes going on in our world. What is going to pop next? What is to follow the submarine, the airplane, the radio telephone? Inventions are popping so fast around us that we have time for 'little more' than to watch them, play with them a little while, and turn to the next one. Mathew Arnold says:

"But we, brought forth and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise,
What shelter to grow ripe is ours,
What leisure to grow wise?"

Like children bathing on the shore,
Buried a wave beneath,
The second wave succeeds before
We have had time to breathe."

The real danger in an age like this is that we shall not allow our traditions and our institutions to change to fit our new discoveries in the mechanical world. If our traffic laws had been left as they were in the horse age fifty years ago, city streets would not be adapted for automobiles today. We do not want our whole nation to burst all at once like a gigantic popcorn. Therefore more study and deep thought are necessary in the "Popcorn Age" than ever before.

—Edgar Z. Palmer.

This space is reserved for Jack Daugherty. Poor Boy!

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Spring Musings

Spring Fever and its allies, Spring-fishing and Spring-camping, as well as the occasional and illegitimate Spring-absence from classes, are primarily and necessarily the privileges of the student. If one could only be forever a student in the Springtime!

Pity the poor professor, who was once a student in the Springtime! The poet who said that "age cannot wither or custom stale his infinite variety," in referring to a renowned scholar and educator, undeniably broke a law of the finite world. The professor, though sometimes capable of demanding a salary that will support a small family, bites finite and financial dust if his demand is not fulfilled. What chance does he have, then, to become infinite in variety if he is denied the fulfillment of his winter dreams of coming Spring?

"How narrow and sour is the man who has lost that boyhood instinct and craving to be up and gone with the first rays of the sun, when Spring begins to creep in and conquer Winter. Indeed, many have lost it! Countless thousands of the more unfortunate workmen, and the teachers of knowledge, have fought hard to keep this instinctive longing. But Spring waits for no one; she desires those who can give their time to her, to seek and find unequalled delight in her—." Though a man of few words, Noah Webster so well expressed his appreciation of those Springtime emotions, which he considered among his most highly valued boyhood possessions.

But the student, with all this freedom thrust upon him by the common agreement of those who are no longer of student age, cries out at imaginary injustice. He faithfully and foolishly denies himself the privileges granted him by age in its fictitious musings, and lets the beautiful Spring Days, that might well be put to better advantage, pass by unused.

—W. C. Lee.

The other morning the seniors gave us a pleasant surprise by conducting chapel. Owing to the fact that they didn't have enough talent among themselves to conduct the chapel properly, they engage

our Normal "Sisters" from across the way, and believe me, they sure gave us a high-class entertainment. We all enjoyed it, I think, with the exception of Walter Pickles, who wouldn't have minded it so much if they could have kept a secret. Don't let them get your goat, Pickles!

There has been much trouble as to whether the debating team should receive letters. Some maintain that letters should only be given to the members of athletic teams. One Prep kills that argument by saying that Lawrence Duncan has done more than anyone else in trying to put athletics into debating. I agree with him on that point.

Talk about publicity, we have it. A few issues before this one, "Shorty" put an "ad" in the paper for a dress suit. Just this morning, Mr. E. B. Stout stopped me on the street and told me to tell "Shorty" that he could have his suit. There's your chance "Shorty."

Boys, it breaks my heart to tell it but we have another hopeless case in our midst. I presume you all know our baseball captain, Mr. L. S. Fant, anyhow he's the guilty party. The other day I noticed that L. S. had some money in his pockets and I suggested that he take me down to Noel's and buy me a chocolate milk. He slowly and sadly turned me down; of course, I tried to find out how he got that way and bit by bit I drew this story from him. It appears that a certain little girl on Park street has a longing for a car and between them they formulated this plan, that by saving their money they could buy a car in a couple of years. So, from now on, all of L. S.'s money will go on buying a Stutz Bearcat. Believe me, he sure has it bad.

Think not on Yesterday, nor trouble borrow

On what may be in store for you Tomorrow,

But let today be your incessant care,
The past is past, Tomorrow's in the air.

Who gives today the best that in him lies

Will find the road that leads to clearer skies.

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