HEART OF A COLLEGE

Perhaps it is but the fickleness of the human mind that induces us to turn our eyes to surface beauty. We are prone to worship and set up as an ideal that which appears a brilliant and dazzling gem. Higher virtue, rarest beauty like the greatest people is not for the casual observer. It is he who delves into the deeper realms of mystery who finds the richest treasures, the purest gem and the finest people. All is not outward show, for appearances are oftentimes deceiving. So we must conclude that it is association with our friends and neighbors that teaches us to know true friendship and true greatness.

There are men who are associated with us in our school life who like the purest gems are not judged by outward signs and first appearances. College students are mere human creatures, struggling to a higher plain, who are capable of appreciating man's greatness. They are not slow to recognize the common elements in their fellow students or even their instructors. In fact in some of their instructors they find virtues worthy of copy, yes probably worthy of worship, for in the ultimate truth they do not worship the man himself but that indescribable something which guides and sways his whole being.

Good instructors are the school even though the classes be held in the great outdoors. We have among this faculty just such men. They are the foundation and column stone of the school whether in social or school life. The value of such men cannot be over estimated, they are at once an asset, never a liability to this institution. No man is perfect; if so, he would not be man, but a God. College students do not wish a God for an ideal but they do want men after whom they can model their lives. An ideal too high becomes discouraging; it is the one somewhere within reach, a human being with his share of divinely proportioned virtues and vices must be our guide. Having tried to picture to you fellow students the ideal man, I wish with your consent to acclaim we have a number such fine men and women in our faculty.

HOME COMING

There's no use arguing, if you aren't here for the annual Bowling Green Homecoming Day celebration, which this year is also to be an anniversary celebration, you are going to miss the time of your life. Defiance college is to play the local varsity in the afternoon and there’ll be other things to take up your time on the eighth of November.

Have you been here on the other Homecoming days? This is the third one of those annual events started in 1923, and President Jonathan Ladd, of the Win One club says that it is to be the best one of the lot.

Plans are not definite yet but if it is better than

(Continued on Page 2.)
THE FACULTY- STUDENT BALL GAME

As the result of a challenge, hurled by the men's gym class and accepted by the faculty, a game of ball was played Thursday, July 18 on the Athletic field. Dignified and bespectacled pros threw aside both dignity and spectacles, and, for the time being, proved themselves just as human as anybody else. The game was called at 4 p.m. It was fast and furious. Beauty on the side lines lent color to the hilarious event.

Prof. Clutts won the toss-up from Capt. John Rudolph and elected to take the field. The battery for the faculty, pitcher Coach McClain, and catcher, Prof. Crowley, worked like a machine. However, they allowed the youngsters to annex four runs in the first. When the faculty came to bat, Prof. Crowley was hit by a pitched ball and took first. Manager Rutter protested to umpire Biery that Crowley hadn't tried to dodge, but his protest was in vain. In spite of the mighty Rudolph Brothers' battery, the Pros received three runs in their half of the first.

The faculty should have heeded the warning, "There goes your old ball game" in the third inning for twelve batters of the students came to bat before three were retired. But with Coach McCandless pitching in the fourth, the students acquired but one score.

Dr. Williams and Dr. Kohl, who were put in as pinch-hitters drove hot ones thru first in the third inning. Dr. Williams repeated his stunt in the sixth. Mr. Carmichael was sent in as utility pitcher in the sixth. His left-hand delivery baffled the Students. Prof. Zaugg, who batted for McClain in the fifth, sixth. His left-hand delivery baffled the Students. Dr. Williams' mighty clout so surprised a group of lady spectators that they fell backward from the bench upon which they were sitting.

It isn't often that a ball game is run over the regular number of innings just to please the spectators. But the spectacle of Prof. Beattie in topcoat and glasses trying to catch fly-balls with his hat; of Dr. Kohl acting as water boy and holding up the game while he gave Prof. Clutts a drink (of water) in order that the latter might better see the pitched ball; of Dr. Williams' von Billows in the sixth, who batted for McClain in the fifth, sixth. His left-hand delivery baffled the Students. Prof. Zaugg, who batted for McClain in the fifth, sixth. His left-hand delivery baffled the Students. Dr. Williams' mighty clout so surprised a group of lady spectators that they fell backward from the bench upon which they were sitting.

It isn't often that a ball game is run over the regular number of innings just to please the spectators. But the spectacle of Prof. Beattie in topcoat and glasses trying to catch fly-balls with his hat; of Dr. Kohl acting as water boy and holding up the game while he gave Prof. Clutts a drink (of water) in order that the latter might better see the pitched ball; of Coach McCandless with his rakish lid, was too good to terminate. The score keeper was warning, under penalty of intense and sorrowful ejection, not to tell when the agreed upon five innings was over. In consequence, the game ran six innings before the pros discovered the trick and kept them separated from their dignity as long as possible.

Who the youngsters received the long end of a 21-8 score, the real stars were found on the faculty team. The brilliant catching of Prof. Crowley, the wonderful catching in outfield by Dr. Martin, and the mighty slugging of Prof. Clutts together with his ability at first base will go down in college history. It is to be hoped that many candidates for next year's varsity were present. It was a fine opportunity to glean some valuable points on technique from the superior playing of the faculty, even tho the playing was done with an indoor ball on a diamond covered with long cut and uncut grass. Close observation of the playing of the pros would have shown them how not to play at least.

Prof. Holt says: "A friend is a person who knows all about you but likes you just the same."

Don't these sleeveless gowns get your goat?

THE NEW LIBRARY

We are glad to announce that final plans for the new Library are under way and rapidly nearing completion. The new building, estimated to cost about $275,000, will be located at the corner of Court and Wayne streets, opposite Williams Hall. Tunnelered connections have already been made, connecting the new building with the heating plant; the architect is making final touches on the plans and the excavation is to be finished this fall. The building itself, will be erected next spring.

Beyond doubt it will be the most beautiful building on the campus. In keeping with its purpose there will be an effort to make it as pleasing as possible.

Standing three stories high, it will be rectangular in shape and will measure 76 by 152 feet. A sub-basement will take care of the heating and ventilating pipes.

Two salient points of the library proper will be a stock room accommodating 106,000 volumes and an immense reading room measuring 40 by 150 feet. There will also be a rest room and kitchenette for the library staff.

The building is planned so that as the institution grows and the needs of the library increase it will be given over entirely for that purpose but at present seven of the rooms will be used for class-room work. Some smaller rooms will be devoted to seminar and office use.

The corridor of the first floor will be of unusual width and so arranged that it can be used for exhibition purposes. Here and in the large reading room there will be an opportunity for fine architectural and artistic treatment. A check room and attendant will be found in this lower hallway.

The main entrance will be on Court Street, but there will also be a prominent entrance at each end and a drive at the rear for delivering books to the receiving room.

The lower floors will be of marble and the floor of the reading room will be fitted with cork blocks or some such material to make it noiseless.

We are sure to be very proud of the new building even as we are enthusiastic in praise of those now erected.

G. E. LUKE.

HOME COMING

(Continued from first page)

the others you know that there must be something in store for you. The alumni and former students are planning to return to the school full of the greatest amount of pep that has ever been shown on the campus. They say that the college is going to belong to them and it sounds as if they mean it. Come along with them for the celebration.

There's going to be plenty to keep you busy on that day with mass meetings, parades, luncheons, breakfasts, dancing, and the game. Plan to make this place your stopping place for that day because there's going to be a hot time in the old town that night.

BEE GEE NEWS

A Problem for Educators

Chas. Clark: Why hasn't the maid of the mist found a husband from among her innumerable suitors?
The Country Life club held four meetings. President Robert Orwing, V. Pres. Robert Wyant, Chairman of Program Com. Betty Ann Johnson and Chairman Social Hour, Helen Docks, ably organized and conducted very interesting and profitable evenings. The following appeared upon the program:

- Reading, Florence Anderegg.
- Piano Solo, Vivian Murdock.
- Current Events, Peg Coverett.
- Reading, Miss Insley.
- Be Fair and Sane in Politics, G. W. Beattie.
- Piano Solo, Florence Carr.
- Group of Readings, Gertrude Pierce.
- Vocal Solo, Ramon Current.
- Reading, Helen Hilgeneck.
- Miss Dock provided games and dancing for the social hour. Miss Purdy's and Mr. McCandless cooperation being greatly appreciated.

THE FACULTY AND STUDENT RECEPTION

The annual Faculty and Student Reception was held on Thursday evening, June 19th, on the lawn at Williams Hall.

Having made and renewed acquaintances with the faculty members and students, the following program was given.

**Vocal Solos**

- Land of My Dreams: Hains
- Little Mother of Mine: Burleigh
- Friend O’ Mine: Weatherly
- Robert Place

**Vocal Solos**

- The Bells of Youth: Speaks
- The Sweetest Flower that Grows: Hawley
- Irene Canary Mooers
- Violin Solo

- M. C. McEwen
- Wieniawski

**CHAPEL**

Program rendered by String Quartet at Chapel, Tuesday, June 24:

1.—Weber—“Allegretto,” from Piano Sonata Op. 70.
2.—Tschaikowsky—“Ondante Cantabile” from String Quartet Op. 11.

**Members of Quartet**

- First Violin, Helen Hull.
- Second Violin, Eugene Shockey.
- Viola, M. C. McEwen.
- Cello, Glenna Craw.

**PARTY IN GYM**

Friday evening, July 11, we enjoyed an “informal” in the gym.

The decorating committee knew how to decorate. Tiger lilies combined with greenery were used in profusion, producing an unusually artistic effect. The flowers, together with piano lamps, reed furniture, rugs and other touches helped to convert the gym into a bower of beauty.

Dancing was the order of the evening. The music was furnished by an orchestra. As it was a typical July evening, the punch and wafers were very popular.

Dr. Williams, Prof. and Mrs. Perry, Prof. and Mrs. Reeds, Prof. and Mrs. Swartz, Miss McCain and Miss Doan were in attendance.

All who enjoyed dancing had a pleasant evening.
Are you too old to remember the solemnity of the occasion on which you elected your Alma Mater? It was almost sacred, this selection of yours, for you felt that you were pledging your all on the altar of learning—talent, industry, love, hope, trust. You expected to devote to your college the best days of youth. Such high expectations are not trivial. They are the sacrifices which your school has a right to demand of her worthy sons and daughters. But have you lived up to your ideals? Just what has your specific contribution been? Have you placed your all on the altar? If you have failed in any way to give your best, it will be well to remember that the old adage, "we get out of life what we put into it," applies also to college. This isn't a sermon; it's a reminder.

The noted lecturer, Ralph Parlette, once said: "You'll go where your size takes you and you'll stay there as long as you keep your size." By size he meant mental size or growth. When the desire is present, ways for growth will be found, and with progress toward a conscious ideal comes satisfaction.

Is your ability or talent potential or dynamic? Everywhere one may see people like large stones on the top of a mountain—chuck full of potential energy. It would be fun to shove such people out of their state of rest and watch results. They owe it to the rest of us to exercise their talents.

A popular instructor said the other day that the first year of college isn't wasted if the student learns to study in that time. What a pity that the art of studying isn't mastered before coming to college! That gives us another chance to point the finger of accusation at the high school.

We, the summer staff of the B. G. News hope this visible evidence of our labors will meet with your approval. We've tried to make it better than any previous issue and will gladly entertain constructive criticism. We're not pleased if you're not.

We do not presume to say what is the greatest factor in school spirit. We feel confident, however, in the assertion that the type of chapel exercises we've had this summer certainly puts the student body back of B. G. N. C.

Have you put in your order for THE KEY? Do so at once if you've neglected it. See or write Carleton Jones, Earl Davidson or Clement Premo. THE KEY is one of our choicest possessions.

Did you ever see a more fluent person than Mr. Schwartz, or anyone more kindly than Mr. Perry or more frank than Miss Haywood, or more happy than Miss McCain? Nope, we never did.

WE HAIL YOU, DEAR NORMAL COLLEGE

Ernest Hesser.

We hail you dear Normal College
Ohio's great seat of knowledge.
O cheer then dear brother
Sing then dear sister,
Buck-eyes from this grand state, Rah! Rah!
We raise high the flag of victory,
Our team is the greatest ever,
Orange and Brown float high, Rah! Rah!
We wave high our banner
We love you dear Alma Mater,
We honor you Alma Mater,
We have reliance, winning a great big score. Rah! Rah!

Refrain.

Dear Alma Mater staunch and true
We pledge our heart and hand for you
Our loyalty to you we're deeding
And here's to you always leading
Dear Alma Mater staunch and true
We pledge our heart and hand for you
No other school so grand has e'er been seen as Normal College Bowling Green.

We honor you Alma Mater,
We love you dear Alma Mater.
We wave high our banner
You're the commander,
Orange and Brown float high, Rah! Rah!
Our team is the greatest ever,
Just see them break up that line, Rah! Rah!
A touch down we're making,
Their men are shaking,
Orange and Brown float high. Rah Rah!

Bee Gee News for 1924 will be larger and better. The plan is to make the Bee Gee News a 6x9 in., 20 page booklet, with many cuts, more personal, ample space for alumni and former students, short stories, jokes, etc.

The staff feels the time is here to expand the usefulness of this sheet and its success depends upon the cooperation of all.

Tell the B. G. News Staff about your work—have the paper sent to you. Let us keep in touch thru the pages of the Bee Gee News.
JULY COMMENCEMENT

Thursday, July 24, 10 O'clock A. M.
Dr. Bode of Ohio State University will deliver the commencement address.

The following are to be graduated from the two-year elementary course:

Thelma Anna Arters.
Sylvia Biederman.
Josephine Helen Boelner.
Vivian Beatrice Craun.
Eula Creighton.
Pearl May Eddy.
Theresa Mary Eishen.
Vera Foster.
Emma Fraver.
Elizabeth Anne Johnson.
Annabelle K. Kirschner.
Magdalena Klingman.
Orpha Rupp Martin.
Peryle Berndt Metzger.
Thelma L. Noble.
Lenora F. Recker.
Florence J. Roach.
Reva D. Robinson.
Hazel S. Rudolph.
Linda Christine Stotz.
Mary Tudor.
Erma A. Waggoner.
Pearl J. Weida.
Ruth Wenig.
Alice Dunford.

Two Year Music Students:
Frances L. Buerstorm.
Ramon W. Current.

Industrial Arts Students:
James Monroe Elton.
George E. Figgina.

Degree Students:
Ethel M. Crawford.
Dewey T. Fuller
M. G. Hoskinson.
Marie Starns.
Clement D. Veler.

The total enrollment for the second summer term stands at 857. The following counties lead the list in contributing to this number:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>County</th>
<th>Enrollment</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wood County</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hancock County</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucas County</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandusky County</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allen County</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Wert County</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fulton county</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams County</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seneca County</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Putnam County</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auglaize County</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erie County</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ottawa County</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marion County</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wyandot County</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crawford County</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE, 1924

Oct. 4—Open.
Oct. 11—Capital University at Columbus.
Oct. 18—Ashland at Ashland.
Oct. 25—Toledo University at Toledo.
Nov. 1—Michigan Central at Mt. Pleasant, Mich.
Nov. 8—Defiance at B. G. Home Coming.
Nov. 15—Bluffton at Bluffton.
Nov. 22—Cedarville at B. G.

TIPS FROM THE TRIP TO NIAGARA FALLS

Woman’s Magic Art at Work.
Several of the Eve’s of the Niagara trip practiced the fatal art of the Gorge Route Conductor. They however changed the forbidden fruit from apples to cherries.

Professor Holt is not susceptible to woman’s magic charm; at least Marjorie was so convinced after having spent a whole half hour trying to induce him to treat.

Trouter says Doc. Lindsey was running in competition with the Adam’s Express Company. He is capable of it, anyhow Dorothy Rymer thinks so.

Lindsey: Say, where did we ever see those girls before?

Troutner: Why those are the girls we sat out last night with.

While visiting Canada was heard to sing:
This is the place, this is the place, this is the place for me. What’s the significance?

Prof. Holt furnished a vast amount of amusement for the passengers on board the City of Erie. He took his Daily Dozen trying to locate the owners of three unclaimed traveling bags.

The sun was sinking in the west
As Troutner tasted just for test
A shred-wheat biscuit warm and clean
Which seemed to him ‘tis plainly seen Excelsior.

On Board the Ship
The youth was sleeping in his bunk,
When all at once a chunk, yes, ‘twas a chunk,
Of cold smooth ice slid down his B. V. D’s,
Which made him shake and shiver to his knees.

Prof. Holt, after wasting his substance during the Niagara trip in hurling baseballs at innocent, but elusive nigger babies, wrote home to his better four-thirds: Dear Mabel, you don’t know how many times I have missed the babies!

THE COMMENCEMENT DANCE

“So glad to see you. It’s wonderful to dance with you again.”

“One, she’s God’s fairest woman. She can’t be stringing me. Asked me to come back, too.”

“Nope, strictly pre-war stuff. A baby could stand it!”

“That peach with the head rag and seven veils? Sure, come on.”

“Now, little darlin’, just one no-break.”

“Gad, have you seen that perambulating windmill that Jim stuck on me? If I find him tonight!”

“Tan overcoat, inside pocket, right down behind the locker.”

“She may tell her line to you, boy, but she’s saying her prayers to me.”

—Masquerader.

The inventor who perfects a carbon paper, the use of which cannot be detected, will have a statue erected to his memory by men who answer letters from many girls and girls who answer letters from many men.
Let me tell you about some of the trips we have taken under Mr. Moseley's guidance. The first excursion we took was to see the nest-
ing place of the Great Blue Heron. These nests are found in the woods of Horatio Waggoner near Hessville. That was a wonderful sight. We could hear the hoarse calling of the birds just as soon as we entered the woods. After walking or wading through the marshy spots we came to the trees where the herons were. There we saw the nests situated at the top of the tallest trees. Mr. Waggoner told us there are probably a thousand nests in the trees there. The parent birds consume almost a ton of fish daily in feeding their young. I am sure those of us who were lucky enough to take the trip will not soon forget the majestic quietness of the parent birds as they came and went with their offering of fish for their little ones.

I must also tell you about our trip to the quarry at Gibsonburg. We stopped there on our way over to the Herony. It was a most interesting sight to see that quarry! The little trains were steadily pulling the stones to the hopper. There these large lumps of stone were taken on an endless belt to the crusher, and over there to be crushed into stone suitable for road purposes or to be sent to kilns to be burned for lime.

Did we have something to eat? We surely did. Right there in Gibsonburg we rested our weary bodies and refreshed the inner man. We just sat down on the grass near the curbs and ate our fill. It was all the fun in the world. I feel very sorry for folks who can't enjoy things like that, don't you?

Then our next trip was to Walbridge Park at Toledo. What do you think would attract us there? No, not the dancing and other like attractions, but the animals. We laughed at the antics of the monkeys. Babe and Toots received their full share of our attention. To make a long story short, there wasn't an animal that we missed.

On our way down we stopped to see the Ford Glass Works. It surely was an interesting sight to see the different processes thru which the sand had to go from the time it is put into the kilns at one end of the factory until it comes out finished plate glass at the other. Shades of Dante! If any one is in doubt as to the reality of his Inferno we can assure him that we saw it right there at Ford's Glass Works. If you don't believe me, ask any one of the party and I am sure he will use stronger language than I am allowed to do here. It was one of the most interesting and instructive experiences that we have ever had.

No, that wasn't all. The best is yet to come. On Saturday, July 19, we had an all day trip to Castalia and Sandusky. We wouldn't have missed that trip for anything. Of course we were nearly dead but what was that compared to what we saw. It would be easier to tell you what we didn't see, best I can to tell you a few things we saw. Our first stop was at Spiegel Grove in Fremont, O. There we went thru the grove and saw the many different kinds of trees to be found. The giant oaks were of particular importance. A truly inspir-
ing sight they were. How we wished we might have had a longer time to explore and study the many beautiful and interesting exhibits in the Hayes Memorial. We were admitted into the private cemetery in which Ruthford Hayes and other mem-
ers of his family are buried.

We then went on our way stopping near Bellevue to see the sink holes. There the ground water enters the rock and flows underground until the water breaks the surface of the ground in springs near Castalia, O. While at Castalia we visited the famous Blue Hole. Let me tell you not to miss the very next opportunity you have of seeing that marvel of nature.

I wish I could draw a veil over the picture of sorrow and devastation we saw in the storm-stricken region of Vickery and Sandusky. Giant trees were twisted, torn and leveled to the ground. Piles of debris were the only remains of once beautiful homes. Sights that were almost unbelievable, were silent and gruesome witnesses of the fury of one of Nature's rages. I am sure all of this party felt, as never before the force and greatness of a Power to whom all must bow.

If you ever get a chance to attend one of those nature excursions conducted so efficiently by Mr. Moseley, make the most of your opportunity.

A Philharmonic Club, under the direction of Prof. R. M. Tunnicliffe was organized at the beginning of the summer term for the purpose of giving the musically inclined students an opportunity for singing exercises. The club planned to meet three days each week during which time intensive prepara-
tion was made on part songs for a concert to be held Wednesday evening, July 23rd.

Besides the part songs in the concert there will be mixed quartet numbers and also instrumental and vocal solos by students of the music department.

The twilight community sings were held each Wednesday evening from seven to eight o'clock on the steps of the administration building. The weather has been excellent for the occasions and the group was very fortunate in being composed of individuals with musical ability. Standard songs were sung and the meetings were both educational and recrea-
tional.

On Friday afternoon, June 27 a peppy crowd of about sixty students accompanied by several faculty members, hiked to Richard's Grove, a distance of about two miles. Out-of-door games were enjoyed, especially base ball. There were many "Babe Ruths" in the crowd. Later bonfires were built and weiners and bacon were toasted and all enjoyed the picnic lunch.

I'd like to be a janitor,
And with their cohorts stand,
A good black cap upon my head,
An eager, open hand
There's no hot water? What cares he?
He never takes a shower,
Suppose the place is cold as ice;
He's cosy in his bower;
I wouldn't be a millionaire
Could I my pathway choose,
I'd rather be a janitor,
And sit all day and snooze.

Trees.—Jack proposed to me last night, and I ac-
cepted him.
Bess—I was afraid of that. When I rejected
him night before last, he said he was going to do
something desperate.—Sun Dodger.
CHANSONETTE VALENTINO

Clatter and clash—
Slinga da hash,
Smasha da deesh, an'
Twirla mustache
Loopa da loop,
Sloppa da soup,
Winka da lady,
No giva da Whoop.

SHE LOVES SHE!

You are a dear—
I love each glance.
I'd love you, too,
If I had a chance.
You are pretty,
And adorable, too;
You little darling,
I'm glad I'm you!
—Flamingo.

Prof—(exasperated) Will you fellows quit exchanging notes back there.
Stude—We ain't passin' notes. Them's dollar bills.
Prof—Dollar bills?
Stude—Yeh, we're shooting craps.
Prof—Oh pardon me. I thought you were passing notes.—Malteaser.

Athlete: A dignified bunch of muscles unable to split wood or shift the ashes.

Wife—Some day you're going to be mighty sorry you married me!
Hubby—Some day?—Brown Jug.

Will—Say, who's this girl that you are always writing to?
George—Well, to tell the truth, she's a married woman.
Will—A married woman And may I ask to whom she's married.
George—My father.—Purple Parrot.

Student to chum: "I don't like to ask in class but what kind of an animal is a solo."

There are meters iambic,
There are meters troche,
There are meters to me unknown.
But the meter that's neater, completer and sweeter,
Is to "meter" in moonlight alone.

Mr. McEwen—We have so many scales here it seems like an aquarium.

Mr. McEwen—Try again Miss —— and see if you can't come up to mi."

Miss B— had kept Johnny, a little negro boy after school. Johnny's usual grin had faded from his face. Miss B—, seeing his doleful expression said: "Johnny, can't you smile a little bit?" Johnny replied: "No, I can't. Not just now anyway." Miss B— asked: "Why not just now?" Johnny replied: "I only smiles when I'se tickled, and I sure ain't tickled now.

The real purpose of education is lost at times in a maze of bookkeeping. The professional art flounders in the morass of attendance records.

LOST AND FOUND COLUMN

WANTED—To buy, beg, borrow or otherwise acquire a course in Science 62B.

WANTED—An opportunity for practice teaching and observation in grammar grades.

WANTED—A Men's Dormitory with a swimming pool.

WANTED—Professional advisor who will guarantee against duplication of courses.

FOUND—Splendid chapel program for the summer.

FOUND—An ideal bit of campus between the two dormitories.

WANTED—To know Zougg's politics.

WANTED—More copies of reference books in demand.

WANTED—More campus pride.

WANTED—A pleasant young man to act in the capacity of groom for the tennis courts.

FOUND—B. G. N. C., the one place in the world where you can get your money's worth in recreational value.

WANTED—A literary critic to explain diary—Boob.

WANTED—A bumper to keep the other fellow on his own side of the walk.—Rudy.

WANTED—More sauce and less ceremony at the college cafeteria.

LOST—Ten pounds in four hours somewhere along the road between Weston and Bowling Green.—Dinty.

LOST—Fifty-two inches of favorite snake. He carried with him an unknown number of mice but left behind him seven skins. Finder can have his clothes by calling at Science Dept.

FOUND—A college where snobbishness and aloofness has reached an irreducible minimum.

LOST—Some honest-to-goodness tennis courts.

FOUND—A person who never told Mrs. Sharp an untruth in order to get an excused absence.

LOST—Any amount of real, hilarious, genuine, militant school spirit.

FOUND—Some fine men and women among our instructors, but few large enough to draw the best students from the field dominated by our college.

WANTED—To meet educators of national reputation at summer school.

Coeds are not in school for husbands. They know the average collegian will have to serve as office boy at least two years before he will be eligible financially. But the average coed cannot tell you what she is in-school for.
Two radio fans were talking.
First Fan: I got Hong Kong last night.
First Fan: How did that happen?
Second Fan: I didn't get it on the radio. I got it from the wife.

You may be excused for being blue, but never for being green.—Yellow Jacket.

A university is a detour of four years with an indefinite goal.

Students are shameless about their experiences; they elaborate upon them.

Pep is essentially a manufactured product. It takes from one to three animated white-duck lads to elicit feeble cheers for anything. And how these mannikins have to work! They jump and twist, and wreck their vocal cords in order to call attention to the prowess of the heroes in the immediate foreground. And the funny part of it all is that they succeed.

. . . philosophy of the college man is absolutely hedonistic. He works for Alma Mater because he knows that sooner or later he will get a personal thrill out of the labor. He will get a piece of felt and the plaudits of the assembled multitude or a good respectable graft.

The good provider makes a better date than the interest man, pious blurbs to the contrary.

The literary horizon of the average college student is bounded on the west by Zane Grey and on the east by the American Magazine.

There is nothing quite so illuminating as the sight of University men and women playing "three-deep" or "drop the handkerchief" at a student-mixer. They have all the dash and verve of somnolent hotcakes.

Man will not make any further advance until surgery is able to remove from man the faculty that makes for reminiscence.

Fraternity men argue that they are democratic, but they laugh when a man's trousers fail to reach his shoe tops or because he wears a light blue necktie.

Mary had a little lamb
And wasn't she a-flutter
When she went out to look for it,
And found it had turned to butter?

Mother—"Poor Harold is so unfortunate. Caller—"How's that?" Mother—"During the track meet he broke one of the best records they had in college."

Mother—"Strange how Fleet dislikes to have me brush his hair." Father—"It's inherited, I guess. When I was a boy, I hated both sides of a hairbrush."

Wife—"I can't find my last season's bathing suit." Hubby—"Perhaps a moth ate it."

Father—"Well, Howard, how did you get along at school today?" Howard—"Dad, my physiology book says conversation at meals should be of a pleasant character. Let's talk about something else."

Harold—"What makes you think they're engaged?" Robert—"She has a ring and he's broke."

Abe Martin says: "Ther's nobody so blind as th' feller who thinks his straw hat is good enough fer another season."—Eating onions makes strong talk.—Hippity hop to the bobber shop.

In days of old, when knights so bold, Wore clothing made of tin; Their arms could lovely waists enfold Despite a jagging pin.

Fleet—"Tell me, why is it that cows don't crow?" Howard—"Oh, just 'cause, I suppose."

Mah Jongg is fascinating, but is there any other game that can provide the thrill of your partner's kick under the table that indicates that he has the pedro?

Aunt Het says: "It may just happen so, but every woman I know that is bitterly opposed to short skirts has ankles that ain't much."

"Won't you come into my parlor?"
"Said the spider to the fly.
"Parlor nuthin'—getta flivver!"
"Was the modern fly's reply.

This letter was actually written by President Lincoln: "Hon. Secretary of War, My Dear Sir: Please have the Adjutant General ascertain whether Second Lieutenant of Co. Regiment, Infantry, is not entitled to promotion. His wife thinks he is. Please have this looked into. A. Lincoln."

An eccentric man is one who pays his taxes without kicking—Never judge a man by the umbrella he carries. It often belongs to some other fellow. Talking movies will be a blow to people who can go to the movies to talk—Habit clings. Man who worked his way through college is now working his son's way through.

Harold—"Bill never completed his education, did he? Bob—"No, he died a bachelor."

Charlie—"We men ought to be proud of our bald heads." Clayton—"Why." Charlie—"Because that's about the only thing we have left that women haven't tried to imitate."

"Would you like to see where I was vaccinated?" asked a pretty girl who was out motoring with her beau. "You bet I would!" he exclaimed. "Well," she said, pointing to a hospital they were passing, "right in there."

Mother, (writing)—"Shall I send father a kiss from you, Bessie?" Bessie—"I think you had better not, mama, I just ate some onions."

Jane—"John tried to kiss me last night."

Mother—"What in the world did you do?" Jane—"Oh, I was up in arms in a minute."