Forensic Activities

Plans are nearly completed for the Pi Kappa Delta convention to be held here on April 16 and 17. Committees have been appointed to handle the convention, rooms for the meeting have been arranged through the courtesy of the administration, and a program of events has been completed. The student body, and all others interested, are cordially invited to attend any of these meetings. Especially do we call your attention to the finals in all events, which will be held on Friday, April 17.

In the field of extemore speaking the subject for men extemore speakers will be "Modern Advertising", including the various phases of this problem. The women's extemore subject will be the "Radio" and its bearing on modern life. Oratory will not be limited to any field, but the choice of subjects will rest entirely with the individual. The debaters will speak on "Unemployment Insurance" and "State Medicine".

BOWLING GREEN STATE COLLEGE, APRIL 7, 1931

NO. XIII.

B. G. S. C.
Bowling Green
Ohio

Editor Bee Gee News,
Bowling Green, O.

Dear Mr. Editor:

After reading the last issue of the "News" I immediately grabbed my pen and set out to write a few words discouraging you from shooting yourself and asking you to shoot something else instead. Now Mr. Editor don't turn the "Blander Bus" on yourself by any means. The threat to shoot something seems terrible to me, for I have been told that shooting is the most painful death.

Good men are very scarce, in fact they are almost as scarce as good college papers, as the B. G. students are all aware. There is still some hope for you and the "News". You know that knowledge brings knowledge, then what is fifteen years in the production of such a masterpiece? You may become an expert someday, who knows?

Now one of the bad features of the "News" is that it is always in the "past tense"! Its news, but past news. In fact it is almost ancient history. Chapel programs should be announced in advance, not two weeks later. Of course we know that this is the only way of some knowing what they are all about. It should be called the Pullman Hour, because of the sleepers.

We do not see why, Mr. Editor, you should have on your payroll one who is not of the student body or faculty of our college. It is undoubtedly discourteous to our intelligent student body of 1,000 to give such a one the honor of scraping together our ancient history. This should be done by one of our own body. The "News" that we are good at ancient history. We are just as intelligent even if we don't choose to wear a moustache.

Again we find the worthwhile activities receiving little space. The Fearful Five, the Helhi, The Bass Clef and the Sorrowful Seven are quite prominent, but the activities that reflect the true character and ideals of our school are sadly neglected. Give everything publicity, Mr. Editor, and quit printing just a news. Make it a "College Paper" if you can. Take a look at other college papers, and see what it is that makes them worth the time to read. Tell us what is going to happen, but don't bother our feeble minds with something that happened two weeks ago.

Now, Mr. Editor, you may say that your assistants are insufficient. If this is your excuse, then for the sake of a good school journal, fire the whole bunch or ask them to resign. There are plenty of good men with ample experience in our halls who could contribute worthwhile material if they were given the responsibility. Let's have people on our staff who can adequately fill each position.

As I conclude this epistle I hope you are fully aware of what I have been shooting. I never need a "Blander Bus". It's a gift with me, and the reason—I never get lower than D. If you have at last come to realize that to have a real college paper you must shoot something, they may I suggest that you shoot it on the run, for only a poor sport would tie it outside and then shoot.

Yours until better are made,
E. A. S.

Note: This is splendid. Now come across My dear E. A. S. with constructive material.—Editor.

THE FLICKER'S NEST

APPLE SAUCE

Webster defines apple-sauce as "sauce made from apples". Webster didn't know the half of it. Modern "apple-sauce" as we know it has no more to do with apples than apoplexy. When a student says he couldn't pass a course because the instructor "had it in for him"—that's apple-sauce. When he fails to make an assigned reading because he "couldn't get the copy from the library"—that's apple-sauce. When an instructor fails a large part of the class because the students were not "up to standard" for such a course—that's apple-sauce. When a course has to be made unnecessarily hard in order to limit the number taking the course—that's apple-sauce. When a signed, impersonal contribution is said to have been refused publication in the Bee Gee News—that's apple-sauce. When buildings are dirty and windows remain unwashed because there is too much work for one person to do,—that's apple-sauce. When a man is so busy with his work that he has no time for his friends,—that's apple-sauce. When you long straw a professor in order to raise a "D" to a "B",—that's apple-sauce.

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E. A. S.

Apple-sauce" is a childish substitute for inborn honesty, but if you are genuine you will have little need for it. Therefore, (to mix the figure with the subject) whether we recognize the symptoms as "bologna", "hooey" are "apple-sauce", so long as we do recognize it as such, we may sing unanimously "Long may she wave!" E. C.

Three Kay Sorority Party

The Three Kay Sorority girls who stayed in town last week-end enjoyed a bridge party at their sorority house Saturday afternoon.

Misses Josephine Nicodemus and Mary Miller were awarded prizes which were in keeping with the approaching Easter season.

The girls are planning for more of these informal meetings after the Easter recess. At the regular meeting Tuesday night at the house committees were named and plans discussed for the coming rush party.

Lois Felsted
BEE GEE NEWS

Published by
THE STUDENTS AND FACULTY
Bowling Green State College

Deb Wysong
Bob Brewer
Bob Checks
Cliff Olds
Dave Wilson
Margaret Burkland
Lucilla Kuhman
Herma Luggar
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Single Copy.................. 5 cents
Per Year.................. 25 cents

Send All Remittances To
BUSINESS MANAGER BEE GEE NEWS
Bowling Green, Ohio
In Care of R. G. S.C.

Wanted: Nonsense in quantities for the Bee Gee News. The editors are willing to share their salaries for all high-powered copy turned in. The more we have to pick from, the better the quality of the paper.

Material for cuts should be given to the Editor at least four days to get cuts made. Impossible to get cuts made for this issue.—Editor.

New regime in sight. Doctor Overman now parts his hair in the middle instead of combing it back.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A BLADE OF GRASS?

Four fellows walking toward Library "Kitter-Wampus" across lawn west of building, ornery cop shows up, "Hey there. You boys will have to stick to the walk and stay off the grass." "All right, we're sorry." "Well I'll have to tell you in a different way next time. "You won't have to tell us again we'll walk where we belong after this."

Lawless you say or perhaps malicious destruction of property. Nothing doing. They were all perfect gentlemen and we don't think they would cross that lawn again even if they knew they would not be seen. Just a little careless of the effect on the grass and the effect of their example on others. Just think if a thousand-odd students started walking across there. In three weeks it would look like the home stretch of the Fort Miami race track. Our lawns are having a sick spell owing to the hot dry summer and dry winter. We know of a dozen places where students have cut across the grass near the end of walks and killed off every spear of grass for several feet. Now while we don't allow any roller skating on our campus walks our Prexy is perfectly willing for you to wear them out walking on them, so just go ahead and walk on them. Now, of course, we like high heels, (more or less), and we don't mind be walked on a little, (perhaps). Still and all if we were a poor little blade of grass and had to be punched about five inches beneath the surface of the ground we would just as soon it was done with a crutch as a french heel. So girls let's quit cutting across the lawn to the end doors of the dorms. Don't wait for us to give you a personal "call".

Four years ago when we came here there was a board fence just inside the walk south of Williams hall to keep people from walking across the lawn. It couldn't be called an ornament by any stretch of the imagination. If a word to the wise is sufficient we won't have to put up another. Do you know what some poor farmers have to do? Well I'll tell you. Most farmers have a long narrow strip of land running from the farm buildings near the road nearly to the farther side of the farm. This is for his cattle, sheep and other stock to walk on when going and coming from one end of the farm to the other. Well you wouldn't believe it but unless the farmer has been able to get his livestock a college education he has to put a fence on each side of that strip of land to keep them from wandering all over the place and destroying crops and lawns. But then why should we be telling you all this. You are all college people. Heads up. Let's stick to the walk. L. C.

Sorry to hear about Dave Wilson. Dave was always a hustler and was forced to work his way through school. Here's hoping him a speedy recovery. His makes the fifth or sixth appendicitis case in Bowling Green College this year.

Then again there's the absent minded prof. who committed suicide and forgot to turn off the gas when he finished.

"Wake up, Bill, there's a fire on the Row."
"Fraternity or Sorority?"
"Fraternity."
"Let the damn thing burn."

Motto of the Phi Bete: Study like hell. Motto of the Athlete: Study? Like hell.

She: I doubt if I can pass my exam. He: Don't be silly, you can. She: Who's a can?

Couldn't Kid Her

The bride stepped up to the counter and asked the clerk for a can of floor wax. "I'm sorry," he said, "we have nothing but sealing wax."

"Don't try to get smart with me," snapped the bride, "why should anyone want to wax a ceiling?"

Not So Comfortable

Mrs. O'Brien: 'Was your old man in comfortable circumstances when he died?'
Mrs. Flannigan: 'No, he was under a train.'

COMMONERS NEWS

Most of the residents at the Fraternity house will travel home for the short spring recess. All, I am sure will carry with them the pleasant memory of the Easter dinner that was served by the house matron, Mrs. Smith on Sunday, March 29.

At one o'clock twenty hungry college students entered the dining room. No one was injured in the scramble for the most promising place at the table as it was well laden with the food that boys like. The silence that followed was occasionally interrupted by a cry from Walter Burnett, who came late and was worried lest no food should be available to satisfy his great hunger.

With the exception of one all had eaten to such an extent that movement was almost impossible. Brother John Hough, of Potsdam, N. Y., brightened these dull after dinner moments, when one's food is being enjoyed for the second time, with several humorous readings.

Plebe Ervin Hagedorn of Toledo, the highest ranking pledge scholastically, was given his third degree Tuesday night and now is proudly displaying his Fraternity pin.

Plebe Franklin Moss was given his Lincoln degree into the Fraternity.

Logan County Club

The Logan County club held its first meeting of this semester on March 24 at 7:30 in room 105 A. After a short business session, a very interesting discussion was carried on by the members concerning the chapel situation and how it could be improved.

The next meeting will be held at the home of our faculty advisor, Mrs. His song, on Tuesday evening, April 7 at 7:30. All members are urged to be present as a very good time is anticipated.

How about some different hymns in chapel? Aren't we wearing out certain pages in our hymn books? Let's try some new ones, what say?

Wouldn't it be nice if we could hear our own college string ensemble again or how about our band?

Chapel Notes

A very pleasing program was furnished by the music department. Here's to more programs of such a type. Miss Gertrude Blount also gave her oration, which she will deliver at the Pi Kappa Delta convention.

Regular meeting of Country Life will be held Wednesday night. Be sure and sign up on the cork board if you are coming, as light refreshments are to be served and we want to know how many to plan for. P. S. Bring a dime!

—The Committee
**A Low Down on Unemployment**

According to the census report there are 2,515,000 unemployed in the U. S. A. To show you that scarcely any bad situation exists among these unemployed who, Democrats tell us, should be so classed, let us look at a few other statistics.

Number of students and teachers in American colleges and universities—900,000 (4-year unemployment for the most part).

Number of “bums” in the U. S.—800,000: Total of 1,400,000 for both.

Since we know that a certain number are always unemployed of 1,500,000, gives us a total of 2,900,000.

We believe therefore that the census figures are slightly “off” and that they are attempting to be too optimistic in order that they may combat ill feeling or that they have forgotten the great class of unemployed (and therefore merit severe condemnation) the students.

Shiek: “And why do you call me Pilgrim?”

Flapper: “Well, every time you call you make a little progress.”

“What a beautiful dog,” exclaimed the hashful admirer. “Is he affectionate?”

“Is he affectionate?” asked Miss Petright.

“Indeed, he is. Here, Fido! come, doggie and show Jack how to kiss me.” Clipping

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**SCHATZEL SNITCHES**

A snatch in tune—

Item 1—We know one cause of Monday morning Mal de mer—a dozen roses and a box of candy.

Item 2—The inmate of cell 35 wishes to publicly thank all those who offered her condolences in her hour of bereavement.

Item 3—The other night some good looking Uniforms appeared at Shatzel and gave the girls palpitation of the heart—especially when one of the Uniforms lost his hat. We wish more of them would get A. W. O. L.

Item 4—We join the Microbe Hunters. We found Vitamine Q in hash.

Item 5—Now that we are lodging Royalty in the house all us girls are losing our inferiority complex.

Item 6—Alarm clocks!—All Through the Night—to keep the house chairman posted.

Item 7—Wanted! A private detective to find missing articles too numerous to mention. Apply 118 Shatzel. Furnish references.

Coach Carmichael is drilling his verbal dualists for the convention of Pi Kappa Delta. On the sixteenth and seventeenth these B. G. representatives and other P. K. D. cohorts will virtually talk us out of house and classroom.

---

**THE CLA-ZEL**

TUE. and WED., March 7-8
Richard Barthelmess

In

*The Lash*

THUR. and FRI., April 9-10
Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner

In

*Sit Tight*

---

**J.C. PENNEY CO.**

Spring Shirts
98¢

The smartness every man wants in a shirt is present here. And besides, you choose solid colors or fancy patterns in broadcloth that has always sold for more!

According to the daily town paper a new track record had been established at the inter-class track met held last Monday, a week. The alleged record had been made in the 440 yard dash by McArtor with a run of 46 and a fraction seconds. We fear this is a great mistake since the world's record for the outdoor is 47.4 seconds held by Meredith, of Pennsylvania made in 1916. With all due respect to McArtor we think this should be corrected so that in case Pete Bowen, Meredith or Williams should happen around they will not be ashamed to run on our track.

O. E. L.

To the Editor—McArtor only ran around the track three times.

Wonder whether the B. G. Blues is dead or merely in a coma, as the 103 year old inhabitant of Toledo. Since its debut we have heard nor seen hide or hair of it. Maybe its debutante party was too expensive (in mental power). Perhaps it has not yet been awakened by some fair young Lochinvar who would take up the cudgut against or for it.

Why not take up a collection to buy corn plaster for Cop Stevens. Just think of all the tramping and bulky weight that his dogs have to support.

According to exam answers from some of the recent exams of our professors we glean the fact that “Carlyle was a man of the people who often swept the streets with a hand brush.”

Teacher: “Describe the respiratory system.”

Student: “The air enters the nose, then the right respiration; from there it goes to the left ventilation and then leaves the system.”

**Why All the Rush**

All heat up trying to keep up with the modern rush. Attempting too much in a short time is no satisfaction. Take your time, do less but do it better, be happier.

Ouch!

Hiram: “As man is never older than he feels. Now this morning I feel as fresh as a two-year old!”

His wife: (sweetly) “House or eggs?”

It’s a Gift

“My boy, think of the future.”

“I can’t; it’s my girl’s birthday and I must think of the present.”

**Just For Fun**

“How long in jail fo’ Mose?”

“Two weeks.”

“What am the charge?”

“No charge, everything am free.”

“Ah mean, what has you did.”

“Dene shot my wife.”

“You killed yo’ wife and only in jail for two weeks?”

“Dots all—den Ah gets hung.”
School Age to 18 Years

Dr. William John Cooper, U. S. Com. of Education believes the age limit of compulsory education should be raised to 18 years and made universal in the United States.

Education for Leisure

How fascinating a program to present to our youth, when the educators may place emphasis upon the necessity of a thorough training to occupy leisure time. The youth then will select from the educational program those leisure activities of greatest appeal to his peculiar inclination for since they tell us, his leisure is to be greater than his working hours. Therefore education must adjust its program accordingly.

Polo will displace Physics.
Golf superior to Geometry.
Radio preferable to Rhetoric.
Bowling to Biology.
Sailing to Science.
Archery to Ancient Languages.
Croquet to Chemistry.
Tennis to Trigonometry.
Poker to Philosophy.
LaCrosse to Law.
Billiards to Business.
Bridge to Home Economics.

With a full array of leisure courses, colleges will be as badly crowded as our prisons and the prisons will be more seriously over populated.

"What was that joke about that the Prof. told in class?"
"I don't know. He didn't say." —Colgate Banter

"What's the matter with Joe, he looks terribly."
"Oh, he's suffering from high blonde pressure." —Rice Owl

5 Bros. When a brother gets a new shirt, the big question is not 'Does it fit him?' but "Does it fit me." —Cougars Paw

"What is a fraternity?"
"A clothing exchange for members only." —Pit Panther

A couple dozen embryo pitchers are to be found in the gym each evening going through warming up exercises, preparatory to spring baseball. The smack of the ball in the glove, and the other customary noises customary which accompany these "apple slingers" are just as good harbingers of spring as are the first robins, and the marble contests engaged in by the Training School children.

Man Like

Apes have been educated to ride motorcycles, smoke cigars and drink beer." Now when they learn to smoke cigarettes and paint their noses they will be quite like—

"The elephant lives in peace because he preys on none and none dare attack him.”
Let us all help American to be an elephant nation.

A Few Don'ts For College Kids

1. Don't blame all your troubles on the Prof.
2. Don't compare subjects you like with those you don't.
3. Don't expect a Prof. can pound every thing into your head.
4. Don't cut yourself from college activities.
5. Don't be blind to the abilities of others.
6. Don't cut classes.
7. Don't forget the educational value of hard persistent study.
8. Don't attempt too much—Quality always counts.
9. Don't overlook the danger of accepting out of date methods.
10. Don't rush into something new, just because it sounds plausible.

In the Army

"Companee atten-shun," bawled the sergeant to the awkward squad.”

Companee, lift up your left leg and hold it straight in front of your." By mistake one member held up his right leg, which brought it out, side by side, with his neighbor's left leg.

‘And who is the galoot over there holding up both legs?' shouted the hard-boiled sergeant.

Mistaken Identity

Two college boys were returning home late at night in their little Chevrolet after a gay night in Toledo, when the car nearly swerved into the ditch.

"Hey", yelled John, "better use a little more care there or you'll be killin' us both." Who, me?" came back Mohr, "Why I thought you were driving."

Students who belonged to an engineering frat at the U. of Pittsburgh were recently confronted with an amusing situation. The weiners and rolls for a hot dog roast had been assembled when it was found that no stove was available. Some engineering "shack" proposed that the dogs be short circuited. A board was procured, two nails driven in, and an electric wire connected to each. The dogs were strung between the nails—time 1 1-2 minutes.

The "Red Cat" Western Reserve humorous publication was recently suspended. Shades of Julius Caesar, Boston moved westward?

A notice on the board informed us that Key write-ups were to be in last Wednesday? Wonder if we think of the work that goes into one of these annuals.

THE STATE BANK

: Of ::
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Capital ad Surplus $125,000.00

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E. E. Bailey, Vice-President
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"The elephant lives in peace because he preys on none and none dare attack him." Let us all help American to be an elephant nation.

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