TWO PLAYS TO BE PRESENTED

A play, written by a local student, Miss Eleanor Hobart, will be produced by the English department on April 14. "The Nubian Slave" is the name of the one-act play. It concerns King Richard, and is taken from Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Talisman". Actors are taken from the play production class.

The Thursday preceding the production of Miss Hobart's play, April 7, the English Department will produce another one-act drama. This one is Milton's famous "Comus". It is reported that in the future there will be more one-act plays presented, perhaps by local authors.

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SENIOR STUDENT GETS JOB AT CEDARVILLE

Willard Ault, of Van Buren, a senior in the college of Education, is one of the happiest men in Bowling Green. On March 23 he signed a contract to teach mathematicies and coach the athletic teams at Cedarville College.

He certainly has a right to be happy to procure his first job in a college. Next year undoubtedly only a small number of new teachers are going to be needed and therefore those who are lucky can truly make merry. And to sign a contract months before graduation must be still more gratifying.

Ault has been a math shark at Bee Gee. He has been a member of the varsity football team for three years and the Bowling Green coaches never had a harder-hitting lineman nor smarter man in a football suit. Football and math, his two specialties, are to consume his time in the new position.

At present, "Wille" Ault is the president of the popular Delhi fraternity. His frat brothers are happy for his success and wish him well. Outside the fraternity, Ault is also popular, and his many friends wish him all the luck in the world.

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Henries Hold Confab On Projected Feature

An important meeting of the Henry County Club was held in the Women's gym on March 18th.

Dancing, games of ping-pong, and varied contests constituted the social portion of the program.

Soon after the refreshments were served, plans were outlined for future programs including arrangements for a new feature the club will attempt soon. All Henry County students are urged to attend the next meeting.

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FIRST SENIOR CLASS SUPPER IS A SUCCESS

The first tradition of the Class of 1932 opened last Wednesday night when the class held its first social gathering at Petzke's Grill.

Following the dinner short impromptu talks were given. Dr. Zaugg, class faculty advisor, expressed his appreciation of the fine friendships formed in the graduating class and urged their continuance. Miss Durrin and Wilson Ebewt then gave some highlights of the 1932 Key. A slight turn in the program was then presented by Willard Ault in "How It Feels to Have a Job." The chairman, in behalf of the class, expressed his gratitude to Miss Lois Felsted for her work in making the dinner a success.

Although the class was not fully represented, the enthusiastic group anticipates many more similar gatherings.

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CAPTAIN C. W. KNIGHT LECTURES AT B. G. S. C.

Last Tuesday night the students and faculty of Bowling Green State college were highly entertained by Captain C. W. R. Knight. Dean Hissong introduced the humorous speaker of the evening.

Captain Knight proved to be very interesting and educational. His lecture was upon "Eagles", although he showed many other birds in their natural habitat. His extraordinary pictures and his skill at cartooning along with his fine English afforded us an evening of the greatest pleasure.

His pictures portrayed some very fine scenery, especially in Scotland. We were able to learn something of animal life here with a detailed study of the Golden Eagle. We saw this bird in all stages of its life and then to prove he understood Eagles he produced "Mr. Ramsham". This was a fine species of the Eagle family. After "Mr. Ramsham" did a few tricks for us we were dismissed, all of us hoping to meet Captain Knight again.

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W. A. A. Circus

A Success

About 500 spectators attended the W. A. A. circus Wednesday evening, March 23. The circus is an annual affair in which the gym classes and W. A. A. members take part.

The program was well-balanced; the numbers included everything from trained animals to tight-rope-walking and Irish jigs. After the performances, the gym was transformed to a park plan dance hall. All in all, the W. A. A. circus was a big success.
Wise and Otherwise

The Bee Gee News has during the past few weeks been carrying some articles dealing with the present abominable state in which our library finds itself. The articles have nearly all of them been of a humorous character. Some stories have been turned in, which, because of their bitterness, had to be turned down.

Is it all smoke? No, there is a fire behind it. Let's be reasonable. We cannot hope to get rid of the fire by smiling at the cute curls which the smoke makes as it flies upward.

Here is a real situation as it occurred last week. The writer attempted to get a book, a Shakespearen play, from the library in order to make use of it in a public speaking class. The assistant procured the book, but the librarian would not let it go, saying it was a reserve copy. The assistant refused to get another copy unless she had the number. The writer searched the cards but found the play listed only under one number. Result, a professor was asked and was kind enough to loan her copy in order to have it in reserve. You may notice that the fire has not been extinguished;

It seems to us that no time should be lost in correcting a situation that is odious. Let's be reasonable. We cannot bring forth the desired response of bringing the supervisor back pell-mell, looking for all the world as though she were bound for the election booth. At this juncture you pull the desired bit of strategy. When the librarian is still a few paces behind it, let her blow her nose on it, catch her when she falls lifeless on the floor.

Although the above plan is my favorite I have also another plan for circumventing the dread embarrassment of dismissals. For this, however, you must go to the drug store. Here you should purchase some sulphur, some pondered mercuric bichloride and a spray gun. Then, sometime when no one is looking, insert the spray gun through the doorway again.

We recommend Otho for the hall of fame for three reasons: (1) he is the horn-tootest horn tooter in the band (as the above excellent cut shows him to be); (2) he is the loudest tenor in the glee club, and his voice is a darling and a joy forever to those beside him; and (3) he is recognized as the most indefatigable talker on the campus.

We know that Otho will be quickly recognized by Bee Geezeites as this week's most acceptable addition to the hall of the august and worthy.
Baseball Practice Shows Weaknesses

RALPH YODER GETS BASKET BALL BROWN AWARD; MILLER HONORARY CAPTAIN

The baseball squad has started practice and Coach Stellar’s worries also. In college baseball a great deal depends upon the pitching. Without good pitching a team seldom can break into the win column. Last year, Spangler and Van Camp, are not in school, consequently it will be necessary to make an infielder or outfielder into a moundsman.

The Farrell twins from Custar, have strong arms and it was Mr. Stellar’s hope to make Harold his mound performer. But this has somewhat faded into a mere possibility because sometime during the last few weeks chemistry got them down. (It must be a joy to coach pro ball where grades in Chemistry, Hygiene and English don’t count.) Gerald is a mighty good first baseman. It is hoped that the fears will not prove realities.

However, if worse comes to worse, Coach Stellar will try to find a hurler among the following: Ralph Yoder, Cooney Martens, Wally Pisel, Bob Thornton, Wilbur Thomas or Whitie Hagedorn.

A good infield, both defensively and offensively, are available in: G. Farrell or Hyatt at first base; Yoder or Rickets at second; Perry at short, and Martens at 3rd. Behind the bat are two experienced receivers and good sluggers, in Tennant and Hawkins. Both of these men shall probably be in there all the time if not behind the mask in the field spoiling home runs. Shaffer and Dindot shall likely fill the other two outfield berths.

The freshman rule hurts quite a lot, but another year it should not. It is probable that the new field shall be ready this spring. If so, this will make much better playing conditions.

The “News” is happy to announce that the varsity cagers honored the snapshooting Ralph Yoder of Pioneer with the 1932 Brown Award. This means the fellows considered Ralph the most valuable player in the past fairly successful season. Willie Miller, of Napoleon, a former Brown Award man was made honorary captain.

Coaches Announce Baseball Schedule

April 19—Tues.—Northern.
April 23—Sat.—At Defiance.
April 27—Wed.—At Bluffton.
April 30—Sat.—Hillsdale.
May 4—Wed.—Defiance.
May 6—Fri.—At Toledo.
May 10—Tues.—Bluffton.
May 17—Tues.—At Findlay.
May 20—Fri.—Toledo.
May 25—Wed.—At Northern.
May 28—Wed.—At Northern.
May 29—Sat.—At Hillsdale.
June 3—Fri.—Findlay.

HOWDY DO!

BEE GEE NEWS STAFF

Above is shown the hard working (?) group which has been laboring to give the college a paper each week. Several members of the Staff were not present last week when the picture was taken.

Y. W. C. A. Reviews Events Of This School Year

The Y. W. C. A. started its activities of the year shortly after school opened and has afforded a group of girls some very worthwhile entertainments.

Along with the necessary business, there has been a number of enjoyable social times. Probably among the most outstanding of these were the Treasure Hunt, the Y. W. - Y. M. mixer, the annual party at the home of Mrs. H. B. Williams, and the Xmas Party at the Juvenile Home. The second semester has seen more discussion groups than social.

President—Naomi Doyle.
Vice President—Florence Heineman.
Secretary—Margaret Neuman.
Treasurer—Marie Wright.
Reporter—Marie Gaeth.

Shatzel Snitches

What do you know? There are some jobs yet! Boyer and Wahl are the lucky ones so far. Hurry for you, girls.

We had many guests for the W. A. A. circus. Several co-ed’s mothers were here who brought supplies for a Bernath-Weis birthday party. It is rumored that a grand time was had by all.

Helen Weis’ roses created quite a sensation. Shatzel hasn’t received its share of flowers since “depression”. We are indebted to Helen’s folks for a supply of lolly pops. Happy birthday, Helen!

Emerine and Boyer are going to start charging for ringside seats at the wrestling match. At the last one a tooth was broken.

“The Final Stretch”

Today marks the ending of all vacations during the current school year but it also signals the beginning of the last lap or the home stretch.

This statement will carry a different meaning to various students. To the Freshmen, for example, it will mark the close of the first year of college life, no longer to be classed as “greenies”, while to the Seniors it will mean a parting from many dear friends. But one thing is certain and that is that the record books will be closed at the end of the home stretch. To some the year will have been a pleasant dream while to others it may have been a nightmare. We cannot all win out in our battle for grades, if the “curve” runs true to form.

So, our final word of advice to you as you turn on to the home stretch is: “if you can’t bear down, bear up.”

Week at Williams

“Brownie” must have started something when she fell near the cemetery while skating last Friday night. The next day Marguerite Hanna fell and broke her arm at the same place. The cemetery’s a dangerous spot, girls. Better keep away.

Talk about your modernistic art! The girls at Williams are getting quite adept at drawing pictures of their emotions, but you must have a good imagination to appreciate these masterpieces. Da Vinri would turn over in his grave with shame at his puny efforts when confronted with those of our budding young artists.

Two of the girls at Bill’s Hall seem to have lost their appetites. “In the spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.”
Freshman Only. What Do You Think of College By Now?

"I've been so busy I haven't had time to think of it, who wants to, anyway?"
—Minnie Milloff.

"It's a great life if you don't weaken."
—Vic Sosnecki.

"I wonder, can it be all that's cracked up to be?"
—Hope Conrad.

"There is at least one thing that I like about college."
—Margaret Fogle.

"I'd like college better if I didn't have to study."
—Wayne Champion.

"Between its ups and downs it's on the level."
—Marge Goeke.

"To me it's one big whirl!"
—Ruby Farris.

"It's interesting, but too much work."
—Naomi Curtis.

"It wouldn't do to print what I think of it."
—Eleanore Harter.

"It's O. K. That is, at times."
—Mary Alice Ryan.

"Personally, I don't think the profs give us enough work."
—Leota Beeler.

"College life is great, but the lessons are tough."
—William Seigel.

"I'm non-commital."
—Wendell Stevens.

"I'm afraid you better leave me out of this."
—Lyle Beek.

"Darned if I know."
—Jim Zimmerman.

Getting a New Suit

One day late in autumn, I picked up a tree toad that was stiff and nearly dead with cold. I put him in a wide-mouthed bottle to thaw, and found by evening that he was quite alive, sitting with his toes turned in, looking much surprised at his new quarters. He made himself at home, however, and settled down comfortably, ready for what might happen next.

The following day he climbed up the side of the bottle and slept several hours, his tiny disked toes holding him as easily and restfully as if he were stretched upon a feathered bed. I turned him upside; but he knew nothing of it until later when he awoke; then he deliberately turned round with his head up and went to sleep again.

At night he was wide awake, winking and blinking at the lamp, and watching me through his window of green glass.

A few nights after his rescue, the toad sat upon the bottom of the bottle in a very queer attitude. His eyes were drawn in, his head was bent down, his feet curled up —his whole body huddled into a ball less than half its normal size. After a time he began to kick and gasp as if in pain, rolling and unrolling himself desperately. I thought he was dying. He would double up into a bunch, then kick out suddenly and stand up on his hind legs with his mouth wide open as if trying to swallow something. He was trying to swallow something and the thing had stuck on the way. It was a kind of cord, and ran out of each corner of his mouth, passing over his front legs, thinning and disappearing most strangely along his sides.

With the next gulp I saw the cord slip down a little, and, as it did so, the skin along his sides rolled up. It was his old suit! He was taking it off for a new one; and, instead of giving it to the poor, he was trying to economize by eating it. What a meal! What a way to undress! What curious economy!

Long ago the naturalists told us that the toads ate their skins after shedding them; but it was never made plain to me that they ate them while changing them—in deed, swallowed them off!—Three great gulps more and the suit—shirt, shoes, stockings and all—disappeared. Then Mr. Toad winked, drew his clean sleeve across his mouth, and settled himself, as well as the very air of one who has magnificently sent the waiter away with the change.

—Velma Foltz.
Hurry!

What's the rush?

Professors bid students to "improve their minds" by study. To make that possible, they hand out a long list of books to read and re-read. With his usual child-like faith, the student hurries to read everything that is assigned him.

Social life of the campus makes many demands on the students. In order to keep up, they rush through with their studies and dress for the party. After a hectic evening of dancing and bridge, they rush home and catch forty winks.

One hour off at noon. Bachelors carry home their milk bottles, mix some soup, wash their dishes, and rush back to class two minutes before the professor calls the roll.

Friday afternoon comes. Horn toot before the dorms and lodging houses. Hurried students grab their clothes together and scamper to the vehicle that awaits them. They drive home at sixty per. The process repeats itself each week.

What's all the rush? Isn't it possible that we all could enjoy life a bit more thinking of what we had read? Maybe we would enjoy parties more if we didn't have to work until five minutes before the time for the orchestra's first piece. Maybe we would digest our food better (and be healthier) if we took more time to eat. Maybe we'd do better to stay on the campus over the week end rather than "recuperate" in the rush of going home.

In other words, maybe we would do more living if we tried to make things move more slowly.

Leap, Girls, Leap!

What a deplorable situation! Here it is 1932—another Leap Year and our fair Co-eds are thus far letting a grand opportunity slip by. Stand up for your rights, girls. Insist on having a Leap Year Dance where you can enjoy men's privileges for a night. Remember, you will never have another dance while you are here at college.

Let's act now.

Just picture the hustling, bustling Co-eds on the eventful night, dressing unusually early because it is they who will have to call for their dates. See the many couples strolling down the streets to the dance, the girls walking on the outside in their capacity as escorts.

Once arrived at the Gym, the girl proceeds to arrange for the exchange dances. She aslo keeps the "B. F." well supplied with punch. (If she doesn't, he will). What a merry time is had by all, with boys and girls swapping roles for a night.

But just to prevent the girl's losing all her femininity, the boy takes her home as per usual. (He'll probably insist on doing so, anyway.) What happens when they get there is better to be imagined than described. Judge from experience.

Now that you've had a preview, how do you like the idea? Back us up, all ye Co-eds, Dutch Date Debaters, Sorority Sisters, Frat Brothers, and who-not. Talk it over with your classmates, playmates, roommates, and checkmates, and make the Leap Year Dance a reality.

If, by any chance, you should run into the Inquiring Reporter this week, give him your opinion about the dance. Here's hoping!

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE—

Professor Beattie without his beard.

All clocks in all buildings agreeing as to the time.

A top on Barney Kennedy's Ford.

The end of Dutch Date debates.

A Senior not afflicted with Senioritis.

"Steve the Cop" in civilian clothes.

Dr. Zaugg at a "kid" party.

A newspaper that wouldn't mention this depression.

More contributions to the Bee Gee News.

Less slams about the same.

Off for an Extra Economy Course!

Gaily they march ... eager for the extra savings enrollment at Penney's insured! And being bright young things, the chances of "flunking" are nil.

Back to the campus they'll come ... all smartly attired, all richer in shopping wisdom, all happy in the knowledge of THRIFT as demonstrated so fashionably—at Penney's!

J. C. Penney Company, Inc.

How to avoid a morning mouth—get a job as a night watchman.

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KER-CHOO!

In spring—sweet spring, when fond lovers are looking at the sky by day to drink in its blueness, and at the stars by night to feast on their loveliness—we usually get the disgusting sniffles.

Do you want to keep her disillusioned? LADIES! Do you want to keep that fellow with a hang-dog look on his unquestionably handsome countenance? Then you must get rid of the sniffles.

Oh, in spring, when young men's fancies should be lightly turning to thoughts of love, don't spoil it all by sniffing. Besides, think of the social good of it all! Each sniffle enhances the chances by circumstances for others catching it. Do you want to be anti-social?

No, gentle reader, you don't want to be anti-social. You men don't want to lose the respect of the ladies any more than the ladies want the men to catch them sniffing.

We recommend "Snifex". Sold at "Would Flash House". Get a bottle today. Only $5.00 if you act at once.

Follows some testimonials by ardent users of "Snifex":

"It made me popular over night."—Wallace Lackey.
"Better than L. P.'s."—W. Pisel.
"Haven't had morning mouth since the first dose."—Kate Cleary.
"I believe it will make one grow!"—Ford Murray.
"Good for the disposition"—Mary Mong.
SAY "SNIFEX"

Husband Is Girl's College Objective

Do girls go to college solely to seek husbands?

Yes, emphatically declares Margaret Rippler, editor of a University of Arizona student literary magazine, who has thrown the campus into turmoil by her caustic statements.

"The average girl goes to a university because it's the best place to meet men with money," Miss Rippler avows. "They can sort the bright and wealthy ones out from the chaff—something the hometown folks wouldn't let them do. Only about two per cent of the men students have any real intelligence. Witness the many June marriages every year of gold-digging co-eds and dumb males."

Most girls, she said, get about one proposal out of every 20 "dates". The average co-ed, according to Miss Rippler, is engaged from two to 10 times during her four years of college.

"But the fraternity pins are taken passively. The girl doesn't want to experiment too far with love until she is certain she has the best looking, most capable and wealthiest man she could possibly get."

"Doc" Martin: "What is the worst poison in the world?"
B. Kennedy: "An airplane. One drop and you are dead."