Science Building Exhibit Planned

Under the capable directorship of Dr. Martin, a public exhibition is planned for the nights of April 12 and 13. Taking part in the project are the Industrial Arts, Biological Science and Physical Science Departments, which means that every part of the Science building will hold new wonders for the visitor.

Novelties as well as educational set-ups are to be featured throughout both evenings, with the students taking active part, thus enabling the citizens to witness a rare treat—college students at work. Additional information regarding this display is expected to be available for publication next week.

Pi Pappa Delta Convention

TULSA, OKLA., MARCH 28-APRIL 1

Leonard R. Linsenmayer won second place in the National Convention tournament, in Men's Extempore Speaking. The award was a gold medal and a cup for the college.

Men's debate team went to the 7th round.

The other contestants were: Helen Clingaman, Marguerite Caurette, and Robert Christy. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carmichael accompanied the contestants.

Women's League Elects Officers

Officers of the Women's League were chosen for the coming year recently. They are: Vivian White, president; Josephine Niedermus, first vice-president; Joyce Parke, second vice-president; Mildred Lantz, secretary; and Margaret Foster, treasurer.

Emersonians Meet

Regular meeting of the society was held in room 103A. Due to this being 'rush week' the attendance was quite small. A very interesting program was enjoyed by all those present. The program consisted of the following numbers:

Spring Myths—Hulda Doyle.
Spring Fever—Mildred Daniels.
Song—Bernice Kilian.
Spring Poems—G. Bates.
Child's Essay on Spring—Wesley Watson.

Parliamentary drill was conducted with Robert Boyer as chairman, and all members participating enthusiastically.

We would like for all members to remember the date of the next meeting, April 13. The topic of the evening will be "Literary Ohio."

FIVE-BRO. FORMAL SATURDAY NIGHT

Ye Olde Five Brothers held their annual spring formal, Saturday night, April 2nd in the women's gym. About fifty couples including alumni, neophytes, and faculty guests, President and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Landis, Mr. and Mrs. Crowley and Mr. Stellar danced to the splendid music of Lake's colorful orchestra. Punch and wafers were served as refreshments.

The gym was beautifully decorated in red and black, traditional colors of Ye Olde Five Brothers. At the end of the eleventh dance the men all gathered in the center of the gym and gave the Five Brother yell, "Buckets of Blood."

Attractive favors were given the young lady guests and everyone dispersed at 12 o'clock having thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Music Students Go to Cleveland

A number of the B. G. music students, together with several music professors, are going to attend the National Conference of Music in the Cleveland Public Auditorium. The convention extends from April 3rd to the 8th.

These who will probably make the trip are: Irene Urschel, Helene Harmon, Marion Sheets, George Hilgeneck, Hilda Hilgeneck, Margaret Sams, Christina King, Sidney Baron and Miss Stensland, Dr. Williams, Profs. Fauley, McEwen, Church, and Tunncliffe.

Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Hilty music supervisors of the city schools, are also planning to go.

3K's Rush All-Fools' Day

We had a party Wednesday evening at the home of Lois Hartman. 'Twas one of those Rush Party affairs, which were so prevalent last week. April Fools' Day was two days away, yet we thought we'd rush anyway to go.

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Wise and Otherwise

Another year is drawing to a close. We often think of what WE have gained from college, as we retrospect. Some will perhaps at this stage of the year think of their physical advancement; some of their intellectual; some of their social. Whether or not we look back and decide that we have gained something from these many weeks since school started last fall, the chances are we did get something of value.

But, most of us should stop to think, have we actually GIVEN anything to the collective life of the school? What has Bee Gee gained from our having been in classes this year? It would be well for more of us to reflect on this and consider that after all, even though we ourselves might have gained something, unless the school also gained, our year has been more or less of a failure.

We on this campus often speak of the lack of spirit shown here. But that's no reason to shift back to the grim reality and necessity of this column.

Nothing to It?

What are You?

Take the first letter of your name in column one, and the first letter of your second name in column two. The words will describe you.


Because he possesses seemingly indefatigable ambitions.

Because he never heard of taking life easy.

Because of his tireless energy and nerve.

Because of his most apparent joy of living.

Because he belongs to Book and Motor.

Because he plays a squawk pipe in the band.

Because he won't be back in Bee Gee next year.

Because he is a man with a future—and a past.

Because he has openly opposed the existence of this column.

The Bee Gee News nominates Darvan Mooreman for the Hall of Fame:

Because he won't be back in Bee Gee.

Because he plays a squawk pipe in the band.

Because he is a man with a future—and a past.

Because he has openly opposed the existence of this column.

There will be an interesting social meet-
What do you think about the Leap Year Dance?

"Great! Of course, it wouldn't bother me anyway."—Irene Knapp.

"Swell"—"Cookey" La Lande.

"I think it would be lots of fun, but—"—Helen Weis.

"Maybe some of us poor unsociable fellows would get a break."—Wallace Lackey.

"I like it."—Ruth Wolfe.

"Gee, now's my chance."—Bill Thomas.

"I think it would be grand."—Ruby Fans.

"It would be fun."—Corine Amos.

"Suits me."—"Buzz" Bartlett.

"Me too."—Roberta Rae.

"As a future old maid school marm, I think it's my great chance."—Lois Von Kaemig.

"It's the best thing old Bee Gees will ever have."—Alice Cutter.

"Why not give the girls a chance?"—Cookie and Millie.

"Oh! for a good time! Eh? What?"—"Sal".

"Sure, for variety is the spice of life."—Tuffy Hawkins.

"I'd go but I pity the girl."—Thurl Shupe.

"It's a break for me."—Paul Papsdorf.

"I think it would be fine."—Clarence Leiter.

"Make it a square, and it's O.K. with me."—Gale Herbert.

"I'm pure as the snow, but I'll drift."—Dewayne Burke.

"I'm tied up."—Blake Wendt.

"It's O.K. with me."—Lucile Slage.

"It's the proper thing."—R. Alloway.

"Swell Idea!"—Martha Gaeth.

"I think it would be fun."—Christina King.

"You've got my consent."—Stanley Fisher.

"Sure—why not?"—Mary Alice Ryan.

"Oh, I think we ought to have it."—Ruth Doughty.

"I'm not to be trusted."—Don Lowell.

"Let her go."—Tubby Tennant.

TWO DEBATES

Two Bowling Green teams exchanged debates with Defiance college Friday afternoon. Our negative team composed of Wesley Watson, Stanley Fisher and John Moore travelled to Defiance while our affirmative team, Wallace Lackey, Harold Seibert and Wayne Champion met the negative team of Defiance here. The question debated was "Resolved the United States should recognize politically the Soviet Regime."

Advice for Girls

Football men are the bunk; they tackle everything.

Tennis men are harmless, but they like their rackets.

Baseball men are dangerous; they hit and run.

Basketball men are too jumpy.

Don't date journalists; they put everything in the paper.

Botany students enjoy cutting up too many things.

Members of the band blow their own horns.

Life

CHAPTER I
Glad to meet you.

CHAPTER II
Isn't the moon beautiful?

CHAPTER III
Oozum love woozum?

CHAPTER IV
Do you—?

CHAPTER V
Da, da, da.

CHAPTER IV
Why the sam hill isn't dinner ready?

The End
The Flicker's Nest

The Sugar Camp
I leave the farm house and start down the lane
That leads to the woodland, past fields
fenced for grain
And come to a gate that I open with care
Then I leap o'er the brook flowing silently there.

From there, on the hill, a small house I can see
And my heart seems to thrill for I know
I shall be
Within that rude building 'till midnight each night.
For two weeks or more, with a fire shining bright.

I hold in my hands a new bit and a brace
And spiles in my pocket, just one for each place.
I sort out the pails, place them all in a row.
Each one clean and bright and "rarin' to go".

Then walk through the woods, inspecting each tree
And pick out the maples that look best to me.
I choose the south side, and into it I tap
For I know the sunlight increases the sap.
With all the trees tapped, and the buckets all hung
I ease up a bit to wait for the run
Then early next morning, with sun shining bright
I know a "party" is planned for that night.

Then I harness the team and hook to the "boat"
And from the first pail I moisten my throat
I've waited a year for this drink of fresh sap
When back to the shanty I fill up the pans
And poke up the fire into long golden bands.
The sap starts to simmer and soon there's a bubble.
But the thoughts of fresh syrup banishes trouble.

By the lantern's red glow through the volume of steam
I sit by the fire—read a while—then I dream
Of the oncoming days made delicious with things
Which Old Mother Nature, and sap-season brings.

Now who is the chemist with concoctions rare
Who can use what He wants yet has plenty to spare?
Who rules all the world with a sweep of His hands
Yet can take time to put "fox-fire" on the pans?

The Lord and Creator, the Giver of Things
That the rain and the sunlight and springtime still brings
To Him we give all the glory and praise
And recognize Him as our Guide all our days.
John L. (Jack) Powell.

Music Dep't Plans

Series of Concerts
The various organisations of the music department are preparing a series of concerts to be given during the month of May. Definite plans have not yet been made but following is a general schedule:

- Men's Glee Club
  May 2
- Band
  May 5
- Girl's Glee Club
  May 12
- Orchestra
  May 19
- Chorus
  May 26

College Briefs

Miss Helen Wright, supervisor of music in Syracuse, New York, visited our music department last week, before going to the National Music Conference in Cleveland April 3-8.

- Ruth Fehnrick and Gladys Muggy spent the week-end at their homes in Port Clinton.

- Thelma Brown, who was injured in a skating accidents two weeks ago, has resumed attending classes.

- Marguerite Hanna, who sustained a broken arm in a fall, reports that it is mending nicely.

- Alberta Frederick has given up her studies here for a more serious job—that of housekeeping. She was married during the Easter recess.

VISIT
WARD'S
READY-TO-WEAR
DEPARTMENT

MONTGOMERY
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What the Season Will Do

A WORM'S EYE VIEW OF A COLLEGE ROMANCE
Ho hum! Spring is here now. And are we worms happy? And how! It's not so hot having to stay in the cold ground all winter. This worm's life isn't so easy. There are too many ups and downs connected with it. We no sooner come up for air than we have to go down again or be stepped on by some college student. Anyway, I think they're trespassing on our property. Who were here first, I'd like to know. We worms or the students? I never did have much use for them. They're quite silly, really. Here it is spring. Quite an ideal season to be out plowing the fields and planning summer gardens. But what do we find these college students doing? Why, they're acting like a bunch of love sick cows. Even the squirrels are getting suspicious.

From my spot here by the curb I can see a couple in the "Fall-apart Four" parked a few wiggles away. And such conversation! They keep arguing about whether they love one another. Sometimes one of them gets angry and hot words ensue. But they usually make up.

Gee, these people are changeable as the weather. In fact, they change with the weather. In the fall they start getting over their summer romances. Winter finds them giving the "affairs de coeur" the cold shoulder. But oh! When spring comes along sap starts running from the trees, and saps start running after new loves. The romance waxes fast and furious, sometimes ending in marriage. By fall the love-birds are divorced—maybe—and the girl finds herself a college widow.

That's ONE thing we worms don't have to worry about. After thinking it over, I guess a worm's life isn't so bad after all. Whoops! Here comes a co-ed. I'll have to make that hole in one if I want to save my skin. So long! Exit Worm

Week at Williams

What was the big argument about in Room 16 last Wednesday afternoon? It seems that two of the girls suffered bad effects.

If you want to see a room that is really upset, call at 133 "toward the end of the week" as Skinny Carstenson puts it.

Could it be another sign of spring—our co-eds are spilling water over everything dressing up in dolls clothes, and chasing each other around the corridors.

We know that the girls at Table 4 enjoy their meals. They get to laughing so much that the rest of the dining hall wonders what it is all about.

Now that the spring vacation is over we can be out until 8 instead of 7. Aren't we glad that spring is here.
Pen Pictures of Profs

A rather sprightly figure comes before the lens of our camera. This gentleman moves with a springy step and the erect figure of a youth of twenty summers. He bows and smiles at us as we pass by a little further on, he lightly touches his hand to his hat as he passes a lady. Soon his swinging stride carries him out of sight. We move our camera into the classroom. His personality energises all hearers; his ideas provoke thought. Questions as to source material evoke from him a ready response, an excellent recitation brings eager commendation.

Outside of class, the interests of this man are innumerable. No field seems to bar his querying search. His personality radiates to all his listeners when he speaks. Time has given to him the dignity of a patriarchal sense of personal pronoun. But of all these pictures, the most gallant view that we have of him, is that picture of a scholarly, white-haired gentleman spreading sunshine to those he meets.

A Freshman Looks at College

You will recall that last week's Bee Gee News carried a column of more or less humorous answers of freshmen to the question, "What do you think of college by now?" According to the staff mathematician there were some twenty-two answers to the aforementioned question and these answers varied as much as our March weather. Now if the truth were known, the chances are that if that same question were to be answered by the freshmen in all seriousness, the answers would probably be as dissimilar and as humorous as those that appeared in the last issue. As there has been the custom in years past, let us blame the difference of opinion on to the fact that no two people have the same point of view, or in other words, stories of the wreck are bound to vary.

But to the average freshman the real truth about college is just beginning to take form. A certain amount of "cockiness" is naturally taken out of a high school senior as he seemingly steps down to the level of a college freshman-much of which is done through the process of wearing a freshman cap and singing solos for the upper classmen, while standing on the steps of the Administration building. Then too according to the staff mathematician there were some twenty-two answers to the above-mentioned question and these answers varied as much as our March weather. Now if the truth were known, the chances are that if that same question were to be answered by the freshmen in all seriousness, the answers would probably be as dissimilar and as humorous as those that appeared in the last issue. As has been the custom in years past, let us blame the difference of opinion on to the fact that no two people have the same point of view, or in other words, stories of the wreck are bound to vary.

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Taking all of these facts in consideration along with the item of retaining a portion of what he should have learned from text book and class room discussion, let us guess that the average freshman appreciates these many experiences of the past seven months but prefers to go on rather than to have to go through those dreadful trials again.

The Mailman - - An Appreciation

The mailman is perhaps the best friend we have on the campus, (besides Steve the Cop) but we seldom realize the fact. How often have you ever so much as thought about the mail carrier and your indebtedness to him? Who brings us daily news from our home-towns, long-awaited-for letters, good things to eat in laundry bags, and samples of all kinds from companies? The trouble with most of us is that we have been waiting upon for so long that we no longer think much about those who wait upon us. We would fully realize the importance of the taken-for-granted mailman if we should meet him coming in some morning with his thousand one parcels, but even greater would our appreciation be if he failed to come for a day. Come, students we can not afford to forget "old faithful." Three cheers for the mailman!

CLA-ZEL THEATRE

Tues. and Wed., April 5-6

Greta Garbo in

"Mata Hari"

Thurs. and Fri., April 7-8

Richard Barthelmess in

"Alias The Doctor"

This Coupon and
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New Study Plan at University of Chicago

After three months trial the new study plan at University of Chicago has proved successful, indeed, much more of a success than students and instructors had thought possible, according to President Hutchins recently.

Briefly, the plan eliminates the old system of grades, attending classes when one does not wish, and examinations. Students go to class to gain knowledge, and not to strive for grades which will allow them to pass.

If a student does not wish to attend class, and can prove to his adviser that he can learn more outside of class, the adviser gives his approval.—Teachers College News, Charleston, Illinois.

Men Preferred

Girls leave rings around the bathtubs, burn too many lights late at night, wear out the plush on the furniture, despise common foods, leave bottles about and strew cigarette ashes around, according to the boarding house keepers catering to University of Kentucky students.

Boys are preferred even thought they use many cuspidors.—The Reserve Weekly, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, O.

Other Campus' News

Six students of the University of Denver attended lectures in bathing suits and were suspended. Out West it's "go vested, young man, go vested."

Co-eds of Missouri University have put themselves on a "five-cent budget." During the depression they expect only a coca cola and a sad realization of their incapacities. —The Reserve Weekly.

Leaves O'Grass

DISILLUSIONED

Beauty, I thought I had found it
Ah yes, it must have been present;
For me it enticed, was exquisite,
Lurking below in the moon-light stream,
How calm, how radiant, how pleasant!
But for me, it was only a dream.

Youth, I, too, surely had tapped.
I laughed, and was gay—and was merry,
From its fountain, I eagerly lapped
Of the joys and wonders of springtime;
But ethereal, it left—on the wings of a fairy.

Love, I had sought far and wide,
Ever hopeful, expectant and waiting,
O'er mountain, vale, and tide;
But elusive and ever evading
It lingered—mocked me—and died.

Hulda Doyle

A BIT OF SUNSHINE

A little bit of sunshine came
And lingered 'round my door.
It laughed and twinkled merrily
And flickered on the floor.

It made the day seem brighter when
It slid into my room.
The darkness seemed to melt away—
Together with the glow.

I love the sunshine God has sent
To help us through the day.
It makes my cares seem lighter when
I see a sunny ray.

—Ruth Nachtrieb

The Clairvoyant

Ernst Lothar, a leading dramatic critic of a Viennese paper, has written a novel that lately has been translated into the English. The skill with which Lothar manipulates the scenes witnesses the degree of merit he possesses as a critic.

"The Clairvoyant" is the story of a man who had a strange power which he used more or less as a parlor joke. He was surprised to find that others looked with more serious eyes upon the power. Consequently he is entangled in love affairs, the outcome of which is intensely interesting. The work closes in a manner that is pleasing, but is entirely natural to life.

The book is of the type that might be treated lightly; but Lothar deals with his characters seriously. He makes the reader realize that even in this "scientific" age, the majority of us are caught by the glamour of mysticism such as clairvoyancy. He shows us that, even though we are superficially skeptical of such, we at the same time harbor in our minds a misty half-belief that is powerful enough to lead us into strange adventures.

Realism and romanticism is skillfully blended with an admirable insight into character and makes the story one that is indeed unusual. It has within it something for all kinds of tastes.

The words of the father might be used to summarize the whole story: "The Man who knew the future had named his son in commemoration of hidden mysteries. He had wandered far from his native place and traveled far and wide, now he was returning home. He knew more than other men: now he had learned more still: that ignorance may be a diviner gift than knowledge and that secrecy is the gift of God". Which has a firm hold on Truth.

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