SCHOLASTIC MEET OF OHIO HIGH SCHOOLS
TO BE HELD AT BOWLING GREEN, OHIO

An opportunity to win scholastic distinction for themselves and their high schools is to be given to Ohio high school boys and girls by the State Department of Education on May 5th, when the fifth annual District-State Scholarship Contest is held at 5 state universities and colleges.

Boys and girls from central Ohio area will gather at Ohio State University, Columbus; those from the northeastern area, at Kent State College, Kent; those from northwestern area at Bowling Green State College; those from southeastern area, at Ohio University, Athens; and those from southwestern area, at Miami University, Oxford. They will be the guests of these various institutions and will be entertained by them while awaiting announcement of the results of their competitive academic efforts. Enjoyment and interest in the scholastic meet are the part of students, teachers, and administrators have increased steadily since the first one was held in 1929.

The events in this scholastic are the following subjects in the high school curricula: English I, II, III, IV; Algebra, Geometry, Physics, General Science, Chemistry, American and World History; Latin I, II; French I, II. Each team is allowed two entrants for any of these subjects, but no pupil can compete in more than one subject. A complete team consists of 30 pupils, but it is not necessary to have a full team in order to participate. Teams are classified according to type of school from which they come: city, exempted village, county and private. Certificates of award are granted to winning schools according to their classification and to winning individuals according to classification of their schools. Awards are granted for place positions in each university or college district and announced at the respective centers on the afternoon of contest, May 5th. The scores made by all schools and all students at all centers are sent to the State Department of Education, and from these scores the state ranking of schools and individuals are determined. These state positions of honor will be announced on May 19th, when state winners in the Eighth Year and Senior Scholarship tests will also be announced.

That the scholastic contest is achieving its purpose of motivating scholarship by the challenge it presents and the recognition of worthy achievement it affords will be attested by anyone who will attend one of these scholastic meets at any one of these five state centers on May 5th. The enthusiasm and pleasure of the students who participate in this matching of mind against mind, of scholarship against scholarship, would be refreshing to those who tend to doubt the worthwhileness of our schools.

High school students from 21 counties will gather at Bowling Green. Last year 1000 students from city, village, private school and county school systems participated in the contest. To administer the test and report the results by seven o'clock required the services of forty instructors and one hundred and fifty students.

NATURE Lore

Bird Notes
April 14—Hermit Thrush reported from Huron county. M. E. F.
April 15—Barn swallow and Tree swallow reported from near Sandusky. M. E. F.
April 17—Chimney Swift noted at Norwalk. J. I. K.
April 22—Lesser Yellowlegs noted south of Norwalk. Peculial Sandpipers observed north of Monroeville (Erie Co.) Bank Swallows, Shoveller, Red-breasted Merganser, noted in Sandusky Bay marsh. Bonaparte's Gull and Junco observed along Lake Erie, east of Huron. Myrtle Warbler, Hermit Thrush, Green Heron, L. Water-thrush, and Red-breasted Woodpecker noted at Milan (Erie Co.).

The columnist has observed 74 species this year, of which 51 (765 individuals) were recorded on April 22.

A garter-snake was captured in the woods.

Hiissong Article Published

The April issue of the "Journal of the National Education Association" has just appeared, with the list of "Sixty Educational Books of 1933." On it is An Introduction to The Principles of Teaching written by Dr. and Mrs. Hiissong. The list is prepared annually for the American Library Association and the "Journal of the National Education Association" in the Educational Department of the Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore. Hundreds of experts throughout the country cooperate in the making of the list. The publication of the list is considered as one of the outstanding annual services of the Journal.

Main Reading-Room last week!

Botany

Spring flowers much later this year. Dandelions blooming on the campus last week. Blood-root, Hepatica, Spring Beauties in bloom at Milan Sanctuary on April 22.

“Little World’s Fair” Is Great Success

Between 1500 and 2000 out-of-town folks, Bowling Green residents, and college students viewed the exhibition of the Industrial Arts and Sciences, last Thursday and Friday nights, April 19 and 20. Visitors were attracted from points as distant as Columbus and Detroit, and delegations from many high schools of this region were present.

Exhibits, varying in nature from physical and chemical problems, through biological and geological displays, to demonstrations in book-binding, wood-turning, and printing, and telescopic observations of the moon, greeted the eyes of the men, women and children who came to be entertained and instructed. And the consensus of opinion seemed to show that these desires were ably filled by our budding young scientists and engineers.

It would be impossible to list the outstanding or most popular displays, as such a list would include practically the entire exhibition. All praise should go to the faculty-members who planned and assisted the students who executed this successful undertaking.

It is to be hoped that the large attendance will encourage the Science Departments to repeat this "Little World’s Fair" in the not too distant future.

State College Musicians Give Program in William Co. School

The college male quartette, assisted by Kenneth Doehrting who played his accordion, provided three high schools in Williams county with a fine musical program on Thursday, April 19. The program consisted of a group of songs by the quartette, piano solos by Mr. Allenworth, a group of selections on the accordion, a second group of songs by the quartette, and a second group of accordian numbers. The musicians were all given a fine reception and they responded to a number of calls for encores. Programs were given at Pioneer, Kunkle and West Unity. Many compliments were paid the quartette for the excellent blending of their voices. The quartette consisted of Mr. Allenworth, first tenor; Mr. Collin, second tenor, Mr. Himes, first base, and Mr. Koop, second base. Mr. Doehrting delighted all the high school pupils with his playing of the accordion and was obliged to respond to many encores. The boys were invited to "come again, soon!"

The musicians were accompanied on the trip by Professor Knepper, who is visiting the high schools of Williams county in the interest of the College.
From Grandma’s Scrap Book

It was a Hartford Sunday School infant
who got the twenty-third psalm and Little
Bopeep into an inextricable tangle. She put
it: ‘The Lord is my shepherd and he lost
his sheep and he doesn’t know where to find
them.’

A local pastor prayed fervently for rain
during a severe drought, which began to
fall in torrents just as service closed, when
two farmers, walking home together, were
getting fully wet and one remarked to
the other, “The parson does pray with a
good unction.”

“Yes,” replied the other, “but he lacks
judgment.”

Come Home, Father.
Father, dear father, come home with me
now.
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home
from the shop
As soon as you day’s work was done.
Our fire has gone out—our house is all
dark
And mother’s been watching since tea,
With poor brother Benny, so sick in her
arms
And no one to help her but me.

Come home! Come home! Come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home.
Hear the sweet voice of the child,
Which the north winds repeat as they
roam
Who could resist this plaintive of
prayers?

“Please, father, dear father, come home.”
Father, dear father, come home with me
now.
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The night has grown colder, and Benny
is worse,
But he’s been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse—ma says he will die,
Before the morning shall dawn;
And this is the message she sent to
bring,
“Come quickly, or he will be gone.”

Father, dear father, come home with me
now.
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The home is so lonely—the hours so long
For poor weeping mother and me
Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead,
And gone with the Angels of light;
And these were the very last words that he
said—
“I want to kiss papa goodnight.”

Oldest Profession
A doctor, an engineer and a financier
began to argue which one of them belonged
to the oldest profession.

Doctor: “Mine’s the oldest. Eve was made
cut of a rib taken from Adam’s side wasn’t
she?”

Engineer: “Certainly, but before that
the whole world was made out of chaos in
6 days. That’s engineering, all right!”

Financier: “Heh, heh! Who made chaos?”

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Tomorrow—Y. M. C. A. - Y. W. C. A.
April 28—3-K Formal
April 39—Bee Gee News meeting
May 9—Emerson picnic
May 29—Truble Clef concert

Y. W. C. A., Thursday 7:00-8:00 p. m.
Shatctl Annex. Topies for Discussion:
What is your idea of an ideal young man?
How should a Y. W. C. A. girl act on a
date?

Johnny says: “I know the way to do
things.”
Joe says: “I can do things, and I know
the why.”

POET’S CORNER

Hopes

Into the abyss of despair
I threw my hopes away
And stood at the abyss’ brink
Watching their agony
And soar again.
There I saw hope of renown
Looking like a mawkish clown
As it tried to rise in vain.
There, too, was the hope of wealth
Rightly called the imp of pelf
Marked with a crown of self
Inert, dead it lay.
I turned aside and all was dark
The hopes that were my light had gone
Now what and where away?
And then I saw a tiny beam
A flickering, faltering little gleam.
Gropingly I followed it—
A sprite it was, a dancing thing
Tripping along with lilting swing,
A glowing light hallowed it.
I wondered at my joyous song
As hand in hand we swung along.
And then I learned to see
This was a new hope with me again
A hope to serve my fellow men
And all was well with me. —P. C.

Sowing and Reaping

We must not hope to be mowers
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Unless we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.
It is not just as we take it,
This mythical world of ours:
Life’s field will yield as we make it
A harvest of thorns or of flowers
SOCIAL EVENTS

SORORITIES

Las Amigas
The pledges, Helen Bourne, Ruth Edgar, Lois Kindinger, Joan Lewis, Ruth Muir, Kathryn Phillips, and Harriet Stratten, are working diligently toward their goal—admission into the sorority. They are now completing the first degree and are preparing to start the second. The girls are taking their pledgeship seriously and we are proud of them.

The members of Las Amigas are busy planning the spring formal of May the 5th.

Quill Type Review
Quill Type members met for their regular two-week meeting Wednesday evening, April 18. The members were pleased with the large turn out this last week. The meeting was probably the largest one of the year.

Through the courtesy of Donald Badertucher the Boy's Glee club quartet consisting of Owen Callin, Howard Haise, Alden Allenworth, and Erich Koop, sang four numbers. Ruth Nochteib read a paper on current events. Naomi Curtis, accompanied on the piano by Marie Waterman, played a violin solo. Florence Pinert read a paper on the Toledo Art Museum. Geneva King entered the annual radio play tournament:

1. Where did Margaret Mcmahon get her ideas for the masterpiece "The Kiss"?
2. Did Sue Holman enjoy the ride she took Saturday night? It was quite O.K. by the college rules, because it took place in "her corridor."
3. Who grins at all the girls, but winks at only one, inmate number—?
4. Who went straight up to the Lab. on Thursday night? Physics.
5. Ask Jerry Masters and Peg Leigh about the double drama in Columbus on Friday night.
6. Who was Molly Finklestein afraid to help Miss Gray?
7. Where did LaVerda Hutchinson get her hoarseness?
8. Where did Margaret Lea find her book review, and Clara Traucht are "burning oil" upstairs now.
9. Who's been saving butter in a desert-dusted upstairs room?
10. Doesn't Mary Cramer make a splendid hostess in her black pajamas? We refer to the dinner of April 22.
11. Can't someone persuade Lorene to write some romantic poetry for Viola? She has the inspiration, but no time.
12. Why was Clara Clarion elected home from the Little World's Fair?
13. Have you seen our new "Dining Hall" members yet? Essex, and Clara Traucht are "burning oil" upstairs now.
15. We thought Christmas came but once a year, but Sunday when the strains of "Silent Night, Holy Night", and "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear" echoed through the Hall, we began to doubt the reliability of our ears. We aren't disturbed anymore. We hadn't fallen asleep and found it is to be the Christmas of 1834. The closing piece God Be with You 'Til We Meet Again, convinced us that the good dinner had been too much for the girls; their spirits couldn't be restrained. Maybe Sunday Tea Concerts would be a solution to the difficulty.
16. Heaven's, who wrote this column? Two out of fifty-two guesses should be right.

Dennison University.
Bent Shoulders, by Allen Woodman, Baldwin-Wallace.

The judging committee included Prof. Herman A. Miller, Director of Dramatics at Ohio State University; Marguerite Fleming, Dramatics Director of East High School, Columbus; Lucy Lay Zuber, Carolina Playmaker, Author, Frederick Hilis Lumley, Radio Specialist of Ohio State University; Virginia Rita Gunn, Radio Continuity Writer, William E. Knepper, Pioneer Radio Writer, Tod Raper of the Editorial Staff of the Columbus Dispatch.

FRATERNITIES

Delhi
The Delhi Fraternity held an unusually entertaining dance on the evening of April 21 at the American Legion Hall to the music of Eddie Norton's Japanese Garden Orchestra. Forty-eight couples were present at the occasion, including a number of the alumni and guests from the Commoner and Five Brothers Fraternities. The faculty guests included Dr. and Mrs. Carnichael, Prof. and Mrs. Reeshe, Dr. and Mrs. Overman, Dr. and Mrs. Martin, and Prof. Biery. After the dance the group recongregated at Dorman's restaurant, where more dispersing for the evening festivities were enjoyed before finally

Dean Dorm
The Eight Wonders:
How Betty ever makes her eight o'clock classes?
How Marie could actually stay in B. G. for one week-end?
That Ruth, in this modern age, can really blush real blushes.
Why Amy C. is planning a visit to Cleveland.
Why Helen insists upon going to the Library via Thurston Avenue.
Why Kate has suddenly become interested in the prolonged life of a turtle.
How Mary can be so cool and calm when the friend from the old home town is mentioned.
And—Wonders of Wonders:—The Sophomores were gone for the week-end, and once, the Freshmen held full sway. There was quite a celebration at Dean Dorm, but Mother Dean was a good sport, as usual, and gave the other-wise trampled upon Freshies a break.

Emersonians Hold Interesting Meeting With P. T. A. Group
Emersonians assumed the parts of earnest parents and teachers, Wednesday, April 18. With Rose Solomon as chairman of the annual P. T. A. meeting, the parliamentary drill became an exciting game.

Brilliant extemporaneous speaking characterized the discussions, which covered everything from the free activity movement to providing a school nurse and a radio. In a committee of the whole, with Linda Diff as temporary chairman, reading material to be provided for the schools, was debated so violently that the committee was forced to rise. Certain members became so obstreperous that the sergeant-at-arms was called upon, and one of the aforementioned members was led out by the collar. As dutiful teachers, and indignant parents, the Emersonians were equally enthusiastic.

Esther Albery was elected to membership.
Kicking the Gang Around

It all began with the Little World’s Fair. Such a lot of walking around in hot, crowded rooms never before was attempted by ye correspondents.

We wonder if the Victorian Age has returned, if it was Kendall’s personality or the atmospheric condition of the room that caused two cats to faint... speaking of Fred, we’re wondering how that black paint got on his apron ...

One of the Armadillo’s nearly went mad with it all... maybe it was because their substitute care-taker was not so able to look after them as a more informed person would have been ...

Speaking of Science, did you all see Prof. Moseley’s picture in Ripley’s “Believe It or Not?” Tis a fine attendance record you have, Professor ...

The Delhi’s gave their formal last Saturday night... the orchestra was grand... and the decorations were really neat... and so they rate a corsage of orchids ...

Were your correspondents ever foxed... under the impression that the Phratra Formal was Friday night, they tore out to the Ad building to grab themselves a look... the front door was locked, but this didn’t daunt them. Ethel was acting as a cub assistant and maintained that she heard someone cut the lock; the manager was Anthony or Fred, we’re wondering how that black paint got on his apron ...

There they stood on the back walk glaring at each other. Apparently the conversation of the two felines was not about the weather. Tuddy—her hair standing out around her matronly figure, her green eyes blazing—growled warningly, “Say, you young Tom, clear out of my yard. At my age of a long nine years I’ll not have my peace disturbed or my domain invaded.”

“Hell,” rumbled Blimpy, way down in his throat, “I’ll not have a fat ol’ dowager like you dictating to me.”

Blimpy’s cars went back flatter and flatter to his head and his eyes deepened into pools of black antagonism. Tuddy’s eyes became jade; she bristled with indignation. The crisis was near at hand and then—

Blimpy’s goddess of plenty and provider of liver intervened. She plucked him from the scene of conflict by the nape of the neck in much too playful a manner.

When Tuddy’s goddess opened the back screen door, Tuddy waddled in offendedly.

‘The ol’ witch cat!’ muttered Blimpy as his goddess carried him home with a firm grasp. “It’s a good thing for her that you came along to save her beastly neck! That’s it—hold tight, darn you! But next time—”

Poor Kit, how could he know that Tuddy has never yet lost an argument?

A Lady of Creation

She put forth tentacles into the world and after finding some security took for granted that her effort was responsible for her position. She thought she was a maker of opportunity; and yet she never forgot to be opportune. She thought she had created; she thought she was free; she thought she made the merry-go-round that gave her pleasure. The magic of her successes led her to yield to the spell of her convictions. She thought herself a creator; but her difficulties were yet too few. She saw opportunities and took them. But she neither made the opportunities nor her insight.

If she had been a creator she would not have kept a secretary who was only a “handkercchief. If the secretary had been a man the Lady of Creation would have lost her pose. If the manager had been on the same social level, the Lady of Creation would have lost her role. She still needed slaves and puppets. She was still a cheat.

And the only way the Lady of Creation could get down to brass tacks and talk about her “ownliness” was under the influence of liquor! How absurd to intelligently! Tense moments are always a sign of immaturity and stupidity.

She was just a Cleopatra or a “Robber Baron.” The secretary was the eunuch or the slave. The manager was Anthony or Frick. The world looked at the Lady of Creation and felt that this Lady also had stepped beyond the puppet stage. As usual she had challenged people and conditions and thought herself ahead of the times—creation and felt that this Lady also had stepped beyond the puppet stage. As usual she had challenged people and conditions and thought herself ahead of the times—creation and felt that this Lady also had stepped beyond the puppet stage. As usual she had challenged people and conditions and thought herself ahead of the times—

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MUSICIANS PRESENT JOINT RECITAL

Marjorie Maxwell, Soprano, and Dudley Powers, Cellist, with Rhea Shelters at the piano, presented a joint recital at the College Auditorium on April 16. The program was as follows:

1. Lally—Catalani
2. Toccata—Frescobaldi-Cassado
3. Melodie—Frank
4. Aria—Depuis le Jour—Louise—Bridge
5. Intermezzo—Granados
6. Clouds—Charles

Miss Maxwell
Mr. Powers
Miss Shelters
Miss Maxwell
Miss Maxwell
Miss Maxwell

FIRST GRADE MUSEUM

An outstanding event of interest as well as information to the entire Training School was the museum sponsored by Miss Simmons and her first grade. The idea grew out of a study of transportation by beat that was carried on in a class in social studies conducted by Mrs. Reamsnyder, a student teacher, who had shown the class some articles brought to her by boat.

The children solicited their friends at school and at home for things that came across the ocean in a boat.

These articles were labeled in manuscript writing by the children themselves and attractively displayed by countries in one of their classrooms.

The children conducted the grade groups and others of their friends through the museum and gave interesting bits of information about items in which they were most concerned. Some articles of special interest seemed to be: an intricate paper fire, a fire from “Jewish Life”—Ernest Bloch; Melodie—Frank Bridge; Mr. Powers; Hills of Gruza—Mednikoff.

April Children—Carey
Clouds—Charles
Rise Up and Reach the Stars—Coates
Miss Maxwell

Unusual Chapel Program

Last Tuesday morning, there was an unusual chapel program. The speaker for the occasion was Ivan Lake, a former graduate of B. G. State College and a reporter on the Sentinel-Tribune. He talked on “The Biological Process of Sewage Disposal,” using motion picture slides to acquaint us with the process.

THE GENERAL’S LADY

By Frances Gerding

(Continued on page 6, col. 1)

Besides the native dialect, the General’s Lady spoke the flowing, musical Spanish that is such a delight to the ear, and I had seen shelves of her book cases devoted to Moliere and Maupassant, Goethe and Schiller. Ten years had not left their mark on the features of the General’s Lady. She had the same pale skin and dark blue eyes, the same lithe slimness and delf grace, which had set her apart in a city of beautiful women. Even her hands showed the generations of culture behind her.

“Silent or speaking, the General’s Lady was a glamorous figure, and I hoped, as our friendship ripened under the strange white stars, that I would not go away without knowing and perhaps helping her—she was so beautiful. I dreamed of the night when I should hear her voice, watch her hands in the story which I felt existed somewhere in the span of ten years.

But when I heard it, the stars were not present. It was one of those afternoons which sometimes occur on the plateau of Cuzco. The Incas selected it because it was high—a natural citadel and sometimes the days had the coolness of a northern spring, without April’s promising freshness.

I can see the General’s Lady now, as she lay back in her favorite chair—a wicker lounge type with cushions of soft green, reminiscent of a Long Island veranda. Her white crepe frock had a blue jacket which melted into blue green against the cushions. Her image still enthralls me—from her smooth, gold head to her slim, white hands and her scarlet finger-tips. The ever-present book lay open in her lap, but she had not been reading. Her eyes rested on the distant hill, at the new excavations. The General could be seen, an the intensity of his interest was easily detected, although his face was inscrutable.

“An Incan temple,” I remarked, dropping into another chair opposite the General’s Lady.

“Yes,” the General’s Lady seemed to be a great way off—perhaps somewhere in the past. Then she added, half to herself, “Perhaps this time he will find his priestess.”

I knew that I had come at the right time.

“Tell me,” I begged breathlessly, “Why does the General seek an Incan priestess?”

“Because he has seen her reincarnated.” The General’s Lady’s voice was still distant. “He wants the original.”

The General’s Lady, then, conscious of me for the first time, for she smiled a little sadly at my complete astonishment.

“You’ll never be satisfied until you hear it all—and it is rather beautiful.”

I waited soundlessly for her to go on speaking; her voice husky with emotion.

“You see, I came to Cuzco a bride—with all the brilliant hopes that a twenty-year-old has—a bit of civilization in a desert waste—” She stopped and glanced about, and then said, waving one of her expressive hands and taking in the garden,
the awnings, the hacienda itself, and the
terrace with its furniture from New York,
"I've accomplished that. Yet the General
has never been so happy as he must have
been that year before I came. New York
and a fiancé were far away and there was
a girl—a dusky-skinned lovely thing who
was the descendant of an Incan priestess
and a Spanish Conquistador. Her father
was a Spaniard—he liked the General, gave
him this estate when he—and the girl—
died. She fell in love with the General and
he with her. Or perhaps it was the symbol
of her that he loved. I have schooled myself
to believe that. They all thought that she
was a reincarnation of the priestess—and
I did, too."

Her voice stopped again. I did not move,
or even breathe. The General's Lady was
living over the past. She picked up the
threads of her tale and went on,

"I saw her once. The day I came here.
She was dying—heartbreak, I suppose. Her
child had just died. The General did not
ever know there was one. She wanted noth-
ing except to be with her. Or perhaps it was the symbol
of her that he loved. I have schooled myself
to believe that. They all thought that she
was a reincarnation of the priestess—and
I did, too."

The General's Lady pointed to a tiny
cemetery where I had often noticed the two
lonely graves.

The General came slowly toward us. He
pushed open the low gate and stepped up
on the terrace with its furniture from New York,

"My dear friend, I stay because I love
him this estate when he—and the girl—
died. She fell in love with the General and
he with her. Or perhaps it was the symbol
of her that he loved. I have schooled myself
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