

The Ithacan, 1933-1934

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Ithaca College

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Student Council Dance
Saturday
No Urging Needed
It's Free

The Ithacan

Freshmen Men
Phi. Mu Alpha
Smoker
Next Thursday Night

Vol. IV, No. 2

Ithaca College, Ithaca, New York, September 29, 1933

Price: Five Cents

W. S. G. A. Girls Hear Dean Powell And Miss Coatman

Wednesday, September 28th, the annual mass Meeting of the W. S. G. A. was held in Little Theatre. With Pauline Craig, president, presiding, the new girls were acquainted with the officers who will represent them throughout the year. The minutes of the previous meeting were read by the secretary. Miss Craig explained the purpose of the W. S. G. A., to acquaint new comers with the constitution and by-laws by which they are governed.

Dean Powell, advisor of this organization spoke briefly of the responsibility of government as resting in the hands of the girls themselves. She recommended thoughtful consideration of the constitution by upperclassmen in view of its immediate modification and revision. The revised form will shortly be in print, and available for new students. Miss Powell stated that but one rule need govern women of this college; "Live your best self."

Two musical numbers, a vocal solo by Miriam Prior, and a violin solo by Frances Napoleon, accompanied by Frances Alexander, added much to the pleasure of the occasion.

The speaker of the evening was Miss Coatman of the Ithaca College faculty. Her talk was filled with many worth while pieces of advice of concern and interest to the girls.

Such excellent suggestions as the value of independent thinking, the necessity for many choices and the importance of choosing that which ultimately brings satisfaction were offered.

"Do not overestimate the importance of things", said Miss Coatman. "Insincerity is one destructive to original qualities in any personality. Poise does not mean imitation. A parting quotation is universal in applicability: "Now and then be idle and think!"

Phi Mu Alpha Plans Smoker; Has Election

At a meeting of Phi Mu Alpha fraternity members Wednesday evening, September 27, the following officers of that organization were elected: William Schnell, President; John Brown, Vice-President; Tom Brown, Treasurer; George Van-Kurin, Secretary; Joseph Short, Social Chairman; William Hahn, Warden.

Phi Mu Alpha will hold its annual freshman smoker Thursday evening, October 5. Invitations for this delightful affair, which will also commemorate Founder's Day, will be issued to freshmen men soon.

Look What's Coming

- Friday, September 29th
Student Receptions at the various churches.
- Saturday, September 30th
Student Council Informal Dance at college gym; 9:00—12:00
- Monday, October 2nd
Newman Hall house opening—8-10 P. M.
- Wednesday, October 4th
Phi Delta Pi Formal house opening—8-10 P. M.
- Friday, October 6th
Mad Hatter's Ball—9:00-12:00

Faculty Reception and Dance One of School's Most Congenial Events

The Ithaca College gymnasium was the scene of a colorful affair on the evening of Friday, September the twenty-second, when was held the Faculty Formal Reception and Dance for all students, but primarily for the freshmen. Good Mother Nature "gave us a break", dispelling somber rain clouds, and bringing us a faultless September evening.

The reception, held from nine to ten o'clock, gave both old and new students the opportunity of meeting faculty members and chaperones. Heading the well appointed receiving line were President and Mrs. Job. There followed two hours of dancing to the music of Wes Thomas' fourteen piece band, comprised of Ithaca College students. (You should hear the hot French horn). Refreshments of punch and cookies were served. (No, dear reader—not by the Ladies' Aid).

It is hoped that hereafter more of the male persuasion will escort partners. One can scarcely be expected to dance by oneself, (wait till Mary Wigman gets hold of this), nor is it exactly fair to those who bring ladies to be annoyed by "stags" desiring a dance. A "cooperative" policy might well be advocated for future dances.

Freshman Fashion Notes Straight From Council

Student Council, Bill Petty, president, presiding, met in the Administration Building, Monday, September 25th, with their faculty advisor, Mrs. Tallcott. Discussions relative to Frosh caps versus arm bands or pins were forthcoming.

It was decided that deference to the more advanced educational policies of Ithaca College, which bars hazing and similiar adolescent idiosyncrasies, the incoming class would be allowed to decide for itself whether or not members wished to purchase and wear caps. Some insignia of identification, however, was voted advisable.

Plans for a jamboree at Percy Field, Frosh vs. Sophs are underway, as are the preparations for the Student Council Dance to be held Saturday, September 30th, in the college gymnasium.

Speech and Drama Dept. Had Fine First Meeting

Monday, evening, September 25th, the department of Speech and Drama held an informal social gathering in Elocution Hall. The spirit of good fellowship, so evident in the entire college, prevailed throughout the evening, and the affair, the first of its kind this year, was voted a great success by those present. A varied program of songs, games, and musical entertainment, followed by dancing, provided ample amusement for the participants. Refreshments were donated by Mr. Newens, who unfortunately was unable to be present, due to illness in his family. Among the patrons and patronesses were: Dr. and Mrs. Broughton, Mrs. Job, Mrs. Newens, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Mr. Roberts, and Mr. and Mrs. Landon. A committee has been chosen to arrange similar affairs in the near future.

DON'T WRITE! "ITHACAN"

Of course all you students want your parents to have an "Ithacan" each week. Then you won't have to write such long letters—let the "Ithacan" tell them all about it. For only one dollar you may have this paper sent each week directly to your home. Take advantage of this unusual offer. Just give your dollar to Joseph Short, business manager, and he will arrange everything. R.E.W.

Iturbi, Spanish Pianist, Ventures Into Conducting

Iturbi, the Spanish pianist, recently made his debut as conductor with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra in the Lewisohn Stadium in New York. Iturbi, one of many piano virtuosi to step into the broader field of conducting, presented with unusual success a Beethoven-Wagner program: Overture to Tannhauser, Prelude to Lohengrin, Symphony Eroica, and the Third Piano Concerto.

Iturbi at all times showed fine powers of leadership. What is more, he showed himself to be an excellent pianist, for his performance of the Beethoven Concerto was astounding.

New Yorkers had heard warm reports of Iturbi's conducting in Mexico City. After his New York debut, elogies continued to form about him.

On August 23, the pianist-conductor gave a second program in Great Hall of City College, offering Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, and Mozart's Piano Concerto in E flat. Iturbi conducted well, and in the Concerto played his double role with amazing ease.

His men responded freely to each subtle movement of his baton, expressing his soul through their minds. This alone should bespeak Iturbi's ability to conduct.

The joy of it all is that he can be both a fine conductor and a fine pianist. Such men do not happen too often. Iturbi conducted his programs entirely from memory, in a way that told of assiduous, comprehensive study. We await anxiously further news of our musical adventurer.

Freshman Officers Elected Tues. Evening

On Tuesday evening, September 26, the freshman Class assembled for the election of officers.

Freshmen who were not present at the meeting, please read, swallow, and digest the following list of people elected to be the leaders of our class: Robert E. Osmer, President; James Thompson, Vice-President; Mary Alice Whitman, Secretary; Henry Carney, Treasurer.

Mr. Craig McHenry is class adviser for the freshmen.

Pres. Job Speaks On Social Change At First Assembly

Such students as were unfortunate enough to absent themselves from the first assembly of the year, missed a truly inspirational talk, when President Job addressed the students.

A creditable demonstration of enthusiasm was displayed in the few minutes given to the singing of the Star Spangled Banner, Annie Laurie, and the Levee Song, under the leadership of Dr. Brown.

An announcement concerning the publication of the Ithacan was made. The paper will be distributed at the fraternity houses and dormitories each Friday. Students living outside may call at the Ithacan office for their copies.

President Job made several announcements of interest. He stated that no regular assemblies will be held this year, but such as will be called, will prove worth attending. He called attention to the error in the College catalogue concerning the week in which Thanksgiving recess falls. Mention of the one dollar per day penalty for tardiness in paying or making definite arrangements for payment of tuition fees, due ten days after registration, should be noted.

The theme of Dr. Job's address concerned present social and economic conditions which are altering so rapidly as to bewilder even the now advanced thinkers. "Onslaughts upon the existing order of things", Dr. Job said, "are viewed with alarm by many." He continued his thought provoking dissertation by saying that

(Continued on page four)

Nancy Morabito Has "Cayugan" Editorship

We would like to acquaint the Freshmen with the Cayugan, our annual publication of the college activities. You will not have this brought to your attention until later in the year but we want each Freshman to know the members of the Cayugan staff. In this way you will feel that this year book means as much to your Freshman class as it does to the graduating Senior class.

Miss Nancy Morabito is the Editor-in-Chief and will be assisted by Miss Marion Wickman. Mr. Thomas Brown will assume the responsibilities of the Business Manager and Mr. Bernard Goodfellow, those of the Photographic Editor. Other members of the staff are: Edward Flynn, Christine Biltz, Frank Geyer, William Nicholas, Metcalf Palmer and Dorothy Humberstone.

Cornell Concert Series Includes Fine Artists

Each year music lovers, enthusiastically welcome the University Concert Series, available to Ithaca College Students at the same reduction offered to Cornell. This year's Bailey Hall Series offers a variety of entertainment, including soloists of violin, piano, and voice, as well as the New York Orchestra, conducted by Nikolai Sokoloff. In deciding upon the concerts a word of explanation, in regard to the artists who are to appear, may prove helpful to students.

Thursday evening, November 9th, finds Joseph Szigeti, Hungarian violinist of wide repute, appearing in Bailey Hall in his eighth American tour. Sufficient to say, he was recognized as an artist by Joachim, who accompanied Szigeti, then a lad of twelve, in the Beethoven Violin Concerto.

Of outstanding interest to all is

(Continued on page three)

The Ithacan



Friday, September 29, 1933

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"BEAUTY IS TRUTH"

I have come to think, and am quite convinced, that most youths of today know very little about true life. About them all there is an appalling ignorance of beauty and much shameful superficiality. I am one of them, but this I know—not completely am I one of them. Of this am I proud; for this am I most grateful. There is such a wearisome shallowness in life today. Of course, ideals and attitudes, of necessity, will change with the progress men make. But why should we not always be sincere? Why cannot the beauties of life exist for everyone? I rather think everyone does not care enough to even wish to penetrate a thin, horrible surface to delight in the untold loveliness beneath.

To me, the conduct of youth seems but a mass of convention. Speech and actions are trite, stereotyped things. There is too much sham about living—too much superficiality. So many people live on, contentedly unaware of the true beauties, the true poesy of life. This shallowness, I see, can exist only because of a want of intelligence, sympathy, and understanding.

I often wonder what are the ideals of our youth. If ideals do exist, it seems they are very well masked. I think we have indeed lost something. Something very worthwhile—very beautiful—has gone away. There is little genuineness—so little truth.

Youths of today are afraid to be sincere. They are afraid to express what little beauties they do feel. They are too much concerned about others' thoughts and opinions. They are at a deplorable point where they would virtually ridicule for seeing beautifully, for speaking beautifully, or even thinking beautifully. One who would live for beauty must not be born now. He would surely be too much alone—and perhaps unhappy. But then—perhaps solitude would bring him peace, for solitude can be, at times, very sweet.

Youths are not thinking enough. They are not being sufficiently serious about things. There is too much boring, foolish, vapid, insipid wise-cracking. Wise-cracking has now been made the criterion by which a man is judged either good or bad. It is overwhelming. Too many youths think they must be a halfwit (wise-cracker) to be liked. Once they see into it—get the emptiness of it all, they will not think thus. The evidence of the thing is so omnipresent.

Not to be shallow—to live in sincerity—is a condition for which one is born. Wise-cracking is so intolerably stupid, so very immature, so petty. Perhaps youths are evading life and beauty. Maybe they are ashamed. They never should be.

They have much to learn. Give me the man who can see the rain-filled clouds—a red leaf falling—and feel a stirring in his soul. Only he can live. Let him alone exist.

— R. E. W.

Peddler's Pennings

by Catherine James

With what of handshaking, back-slapping, hello's and how-are-you's of the first few days of gay return, I quite forgot my friend, the Peddler. Had the queer old fellow with his pack of "facts and fancies, tales of human strivings", gone his solitary way into some summer twilight, or would I find him once again? Determined to satisfy my curiosity, I escaped the cheerful hubbub of domestication to seek the half-remembered trysting place.

What doubts I might have entertained were definitely dispersed when, to the tolling of a distant clock, my aged friend rounded the bend which is at the top of the long hill.

The customary reimbursement, a small silver coin, gained me the choice of his numerous scripts. A stiff paper was the first my groping fingers touched.

.....

He sat on the edge of his narrow cot and ruefully rubbed the bruised lump on his head, much as he had done twenty some odd years ago after falling down a flight of stairs he had been warned to avoid.

A new and difficult train of thoughts was slowly penetrating. For the first time it occurred to young Alexander that possibly he was not too tall for the doorway after all, but rather, that the difficulty lay in maladjustment. Possibly the reason for his toboggan-like existence, since his graduation, which had finally brought him to this—"this dump", as he expressed it, could be in part explained by his disregard for all advice, his disinclination to conform, his inability at adaptation. Despising custom, scorning form, he would not stoop, and so had bumped his head. A natural corollary. Like some others, so impressed with their own importance that the light of it dazzles them, eclipsing all objects, he had blindly bumped into the protruding reality of his environment.

"That doorway, now,—well, there was a reason for its being low. You had to accept that much. The doorway would not change, so it was up to you", so ran the new and sober thoughts inside of Alexander's throbbing head.

"By Jove—I've got it! I'll go back and talk to Peters about that job as night watchman—"

Alexander bowed his head slightly as he crossed the threshold of a low but resolute doorway.

"Mozart" by Marcia Davenport; Reviewed by Thelma Field

Here is a book that may be heartily recommended. It is neither a textbook nor a romance, but the truth, written for the lay reader, and a copy may be found in the Ithaca College library.

Mrs. Davenport has written about the real Mozart; there is nothing imaginary about the book. Historically, it is an excellent biography, and artistically, it is impressive, yet entertaining. Mrs. Davenport was truly prepared to write, for she had become really acquainted with Mozart, having done what Dr. Johnson said a biographer should do, "eat and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him." She believes that she knew what he looked like, how he spoke, and what he did, day by day.

This biography is fascinating and one which every college student should enjoy. Mrs. Davenport's style is free, well balanced, and the book is easy to read. She has abandoned formal documentary technique, and used original documents in direct quotation. The characters tell the story themselves. Imaginary conversation is employed to make the book more realistic and is identified by single quotation marks. All the descriptions are authentic, for she travelled across Europe, investigating and examining documents, paintings,

and prints of the period.

The reader seems to live Mozart's short but brilliant life beginning with his displays of genius as a child, followed by his experiences during the times devoted to tours upon which the father took his talented children to the musical centers of Europe. Then we see how he absorbed all types of music with which he came in contact, how versatile he was, yet how insignificant looking he was, how much he loved society and dancing, and how impractical he was in worldly matters. One learns that Mozart was outstanding in his mastery of orchestral effect, in his coherent treatment, and in the beauty of his melodic style.

His struggles for recognition and for money, his sad and early death, and the pauper's funeral are all of assistance in making us realize that his music has stood the test of the centuries and is alive for us to enjoy today.

Segdra

by Ruth Bynne

I would become a part of the darkness now
That I have seen the sun with sweet-edged knives
That cut the blackness into light, steady,
Slow, and tender, growing in all its warmth
Until the Zenith, then, recline. I would
Become a part of darkness now, that you
In all your brilliancy might cut my heart.

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Rantings and Ruminations

by TOM MURRAY

What I am about to tell you may be called a fantasy—or just plain dreaming. It no doubt lacks the imaginative properties of the "Vision of Mirzah". It is, without a doubt, wholly innocent of the philosophical tone of the "Rasselas" of Dr. Johnson. But, then, what do you expect? I shall cease my contrasting and get into the swing of this column. My express wish is to re-call a fantasy of the recent faculty dance. It all passed before me as an after-math of the whole affair.

First, there passed before me the ogre of all formal dances: the reception line. Forbidding and austere, to view from the distance, the awfulness wore itself into a jovial good-fellowship, as it passed closer to me. Before this omnipotence, there passed the faces of the students. These same faces were aglow with the hope and fervor of ambitious youth. Youth was serving—but perhaps I should leave out the age item. Anyway, the youth of the school was paying its respects to the omnipotence. Slowly the vision faded and in its place was a single mass. The individuals had forgotten the part they played and had become the single Something. After the fusion, the scene again shifted and a new vision appeared.

I was now gazing on the martyrs of evening—the band. They were suspended from space by bonds. These creatures were present but only approximately so. Active in their part, these spectres were graciously dispensing Joy to the disruption of Gloom. In turn, this too passed.

Under the mystic sway of the Orphic disciples, the vision arose, showing a great multitude of hearts. There were hearts of all ages and conditions. The younger looking of the group were vibrating in the tempo of the lilting tunes of the band. But, too, there were also those hearts which were scintillating to a different tempo. These were dancing to a new melody in the tempo of a precious memory. Gradually, this faded.

Then appeared a myriad of faces. There were long faces. . . fat faces . . . flushed faces. . . calm faces. . . perspiring faces. Some were showing rapture. . . some were the example of ease. . . some entrance. There were finely-featured faces on broad shoulders. . . stronger faces looking down into gentler faces. And so this cavalcade of the faces passed along under the motley beams of the terrible lights (that seem traditional with the dances) that converted every feminine face into a spectre-like unreality. The gruesome rays cast by the lights gave the artificial complexions an inhuman, brazen tone. Yet for all the strangeness of color and shadow in the faces, the phantom-like beings danced on into the shadows on the wall. The visages gradually escaped and left the vision empty. The mass was gradually drifting to where each was again an individual.

The dust of the dancers was subsiding and leaving only the bare, green bleachers under those ghastly lights as the vision faded wholly from me.

This may or may not strike you as a fantasy—but, regardless of the opinion and irrespective of your taste, I call it my fantasy of the dance. Let the chips fall where they may—I have finished.

ARTISTS IN CORNELL SERIES

(Continued from page one)

The appearance of that popular young coloratura soprano, Lily Pons, on Tuesday evening, December 12th. Familiar to musician and layman alike, is the delightful charm and artistry displayed by this new star of the operatic world. Obscure in 1931, the name of Lily Pons is, in 1933, familiar—justly so. Single tickets for his concert are: \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, and \$3.00.

Ossip Gabrilowitch, formerly entertained at Ithaca, as conductor of the Detroit Symphony, returns Feb-

ruary 20th, as piano soloist. Any who heard him play the Brahms D minor piano concerto with the Symphony last season will need no further introduction to a distinguished artist.

(Continued on page four)

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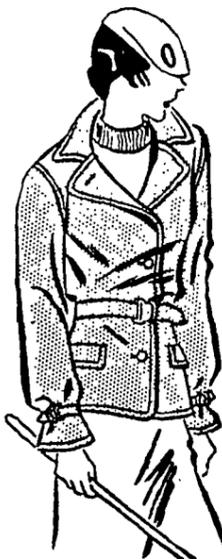
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"HOME"

by Jack Cox

For years and years, men and women have been talking and writing about mountains and valleys and streams and trees and flowers. I haven't the slightest prejudice concerning poets, but I sometimes wonder if any of them ever visited the town wherein I was born and have lived all my life. It is a place called Nesquehoning and is one of several small towns in Pennsylvania's renowned Lehigh Valley which, by the way, and contrary to public opinion, is absolutely no relation to "Rudy."

To be sure, we have mountains; mountains that, for size and height are far superior to those surrounding Ithaca. But they are not beautiful.

You will recognize the Lehigh Valley as the centre of the hard coal fields of Pennsylvania. Ah, already I see a look of understanding come over your face.

Yes, it is true, when coal is taken out of a mountain, the beauty of that mountain is taken too. Huge, man-made craters appear on the surface; trees and flowers disappear; birds and animals cannot survive; and the only vegetation is a lot of small, stumpy trees which are called Scrub Oak, a term which is far too generous.

When I was a child (which was not so long ago), I used to climb to the top of the mountain to a great rock known as the Indian Rock. There I would sit for hours gazing at the village in the valley below. To the left and just outside the town, I could see the coal breaker. It looked huge and formidable standing there in a sea of dirty, black coal dust.

Still farther to the left of the breaker, I could see more of this dust piled into great banks which, in themselves, resemble mountains of coal. Just behind these banks there is a turn in the valley, and it is around this turn that the mine itself is located so that it cannot be seen from Indian Rock.

But I could see a small stream running through the valley, and I knew that it came from the mine. Being born in the very heart of the mountain, I knew that it should be clear and pure like all other mountain streams. However, before it comes out where it can be seen, it must run through veins of coal, then through the tunnels of the mine so that, when it finally comes into view, it is black and ugly, dirty black that fairly reeks with dirt and filth. I have often wondered if that stream was always black and if it should always remain black. Some of the older residents have told me that, before they began to mine the coal, the stream was clear. Others say that it has never changed. As far as I am concerned, it may have been red or green at one time.

When I had grown tired of watching the breaker in its sea of coal dust and the stream of black water, I would look to the right and see the town—my home town—with its endless rows of identical houses. Nearly everyone, except he who was fortunate enough to be able to build his own house, lived in a house built by the coal company. These were built in long rows, all designed alike and all painted alike—a terrible shade of red.

I never looked for any length of time at the town itself but would often allow my gaze to wander farther down the valley to the right where I could see the one and only point of historical interest. That is the Switch-back railroad.

This railroad was built to carry coal from the mine to Mauch-Chunk from where it was shipped to market by the way of the Lehigh Canal. It is the oldest railroad in America and the cars run entirely by gravity. On either end they are hoisted up a plane by means of stationary steam engines.

The old roadway and the original cars are still in use, but they carry only passengers. Hundreds of people visit our little valley each year for the sole purpose of riding on the Switch-Back railroad, but I doubt if they ever notice the town.

I don't blame them at all. I wish I never had to look at it again. Trying to describe it to someone who has never seen it is like trying to explain the fourth dimension.

ASSEMBLY HEARS PRESIDENT JOB

(Continued from page one)

the best policy to follow was uncertain. Thus, the expedient procedure is found in holding fast to those things which are good, and the only reliable principles.

Regarding the impending social change in our immediate future, namely the return of hard liquor, Dr. Job spoke fairly and with sound judgment based upon experience unknown to this age of college students who have grown up during the reign of prohibition. In view of the new situation facing the American student population, this year, Dr. Job stressed the proper sense of perspective in looking at the liquor question.

Instead of being "smart and different," unwise use of this freedom is an ancient sorry and sordid story. The president charged the students of this college, as men and women of prospective public leadership, to forego playing the "radical spectacular collegiates," recognize that individuality is of necessity bounded by society, and make their conduct sane and careful.

He briefly reviewed present changes in the economic fabric of our government. The urban population of laborers, untutored in the art of using spare time, will find a thirty hour week leaving them in that unfortunate condition of "nothing to do." Already the decentralization of industry is apparent. All this, Dr. Job pointed out, has a definite and direct bearing upon educational policies. Especially pertinent to a group such as this is the undeniable fact that future education will consist largely of teaching people, not vocations or preparation for more study, but rather how to live, live happily, live usefully, live abundantly. Education must not belittle the value of work, but enable the mass to supplement work with those things which make for enriched leisure; expression through the creative arts, through reading, and physical recreation.

The outstanding feature of President Job's address was his optimistic view based upon serious study and consideration. His prediction that what are now ridiculed as "fads and frills of education, will become fundamental policies of tomorrow," is well worth considering.

In brief: forward looking thinkers are agreed that leaders of community recreation are the coming instructors, and institutions training men and women for these positions, the colleges of the new day.

ARTISTS IN CORNELL SERIES

Continued from page three

May 4th, closes this series with the performance of the New York Orchestra with the well known Sokoloff conducting.

An additional concert is scheduled for March 20th, featuring a sixteen year old violinist, Yehudi Menuhin, who is reported to have captivated the public much after the fashion of the boy, Mozart. An otherwise normal boy, young Menuhin's musicianship borders upon genius.

Tickets for this concert are not included in the Bailey Hall Series, and do not go on sale until Tuesday morning, March 13th. Prices are: \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, with a reduction of 50 cents for current season subscribers.

For tickets, call 3331, or address Department of Music, Cornell University, 320 Wait Avenue.

MR. ROBERTS CAN'T KEEP SECRETS

Thursday afternoon, Mr. Roberts received the following announcement from Mrs. George E. Zickler (formerly Miss Minna Law—A graduate of Ithaca College from the Department of Speech and drama:

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Zickler, Jr. Announce the birth of "George Edward" on September 17, 1933.

EX-PRES. WILLIAMS LEAVES HERE

Ex-President Williams and Mrs. Williams left Ithaca, Thursday, September 28th, for Chicago, where they will remain a short time before

leaving for Florida. Mr. and Mrs. Williams are to remain permanently in Coconut Grove, Florida, where it is reported they are to build a new home.

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