Phi Delta Pi Formal house opened Monday, September 25th, when was held the Freshman Orientation dance. Good any personality. The reception, held from 3:00-7:00 p.m., was attended by all the freshmen. Good any personality. Refreshments of punch and cookies were served. Of our musical advent.
They have much to learn. Give me the man who can see the rain- 
ning clouds, the leaf falling—and feel a stirring in his soul. 
Only he can live. Let him alone exist.

—R. E. W.

Peddler's Penning by John Coates

With what of boshalking, back- 
slapping, bellows and how-come-yer's I offer you, I quite 
forget my friend, the Peddler. 
Had the queer old fellow with his 
jack of "Latinations, fables, tales 
of human strivings", gone his solitary 
way into some summer twilight, or 
would I find him once again? De- 
spite my curiosity, I escaped the 
cheerful hubbub of domic- 
itization to seek the half-remem- 
bered doorway.

What doubts might I have entered 
and wondered were it not for the 
toiling of a distant clock, my 
gold friend round the bed which 
is at the top of the long hill.

The customary retirement, 
a small silver coin, gained me the choicel 
of his numerous scripts. A stiff paper 
was the first my finger fingers 
touched.

He sat on the edge of his narrow 
couch and turned over, a hand 
exhusted. I rather think he was 
blinded by his disregard for all 
advice, his determination to con- 
form to his inability at adaptation. Despite 
custom, grooming, from, he would 
not stoop, and so had bidden his 
head.

A natural corollary. Like some 
beings, so impressed with their own 
actions are trite, stereotyped things. There is 
too much boredom, foolishness. 
Dying—too much superficiality. So many 
people live on, contentedly un- 
aware of the true beauties, the 
true poesy of life. This shallow- 
ness, I see, can exist only because 
of a want of intelligence, sympa- 
the, understanding. I often wonder what are 
the ideals of our youth. If ideals do 
exist, it seems they are very weak 
 indeed. I think we have indeed 
lost something. Something very 
worthwhile—a very beautiful— 
has gone away. There is too much 
genuineness—so little truth.

Youth of today are afraid to be 
sincere. They are afraid to 
express what little beauties they 
do feel. They are too much con- 
cerned about others' thoughts 
and opinions. They are at a de- 
plorable point where they would 
virtually ridicule for seeing 
beautifully, for speaking beau- 
tifully, for even thinking beauti- 
fully. One who would live for 
beauty must not be born now. He 
would be too much alone—and perhaps unhappy. But 
then—such solitude—such 
would bring him peace, for soli- 
tude can be, he feels, so very swift. 
Youths are not thinking enough. They are not being suf- 

iciently serious about human 
There is too much boredom, fool- 
head, vapid, insipid, mass-produce- 
ing. Wire-cranking has now 
been the criticism which by a 
man is judged either good or 
bad. Wire-cranking is overwhelming 
many youths think they must be 
a half-wit (wire-crafter) to be 
better. Once they see into—get 
the emptiness of it all, they will 
not think of the evidence of the 
thing is so omnipresent.

Youths in sin-sincerity— is a condition 
for which one is born. Wire-crack- 
ing is insincerity, so much more 
impatience, so very petty. But 
perhaps youths are evolving life 
and beauty. Maybe they are 
ashamed. They never should be.
There were also those hearts 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 contradicting and get into the swing of this column. My only wish is to recall a fantasy of the recent faculty dance. It all passed before me as an aftermath of the whole affair.

First, there passed before me the opening annual dances; the reception line. Forbidding and austere, to view from the distance, the awfulness was itself 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 favour of ambitious youth. Youth was serving—but perhaps I should leave out this item. 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. The faces, in a strange shift, became the single Something. The individuals had forgotten the part they played and had become the single Something. The faces, in a strange shift, had become the single Something. The individuals had forgotten the part they played and had become the single Something. The faces, in a strange shift, had become the single Something.

There were finely-featured faces on ample. Of ease... some entrance. And perspiring faces. Some were showing rapture. Some were showing a great multitude of hearts.

...flushed faces... calm faces... long faces... fat faces... some entrance... some entrance. There were finely-featured faces on ample. Of ease... some entrance. And perspiring faces. Some were showing rapture. Some were showing a great multitude of hearts.

There were faces of all ages and conditions. The younger looking of the group were vibrating in the tempo of the lilting tunes of the band. But, those faces, which were scintillating to a different tempo, were dancing to a new melody in the tempo of a premonition. 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. The faces, in a strange shift, had become the single Something. The individuals had forgotten the part they played and had become the single Something.

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THE 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, family—quite so. Simple tickets for her concert are: $1.00, $2.00, $3.50, and $5.00.

Onip Gahrlowitch, formerly ensign at Ithaca, as conductor of the Detroit Symphony, returns Feb-

Page 3

The Ithacan: Friday, September 29, 1933

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notify 20th, as piano soloist. Any who heard him play the Brahms D

minor piano concerto with the Syn-

Phony last season will need no fur-

ther introduction to a distinguished

artist.
For years and years, men and women have been talking and writing about mountains and valleys, streams and trees and flowers. I am concerned with poets, but I sometimes wonder about mountains and valleys and where I was born and have lived. Lehigh Valley which, by the way, and mountains that, for size and height are the fourth in the nation, although they are not so long ago), I used to climb to the top of the mountain in a great rock known as the Ithaca. Yes, I see them, but they are not beautiful.

I will write about the Lehigh Valley as the centre of the coal fields of Pennsylvania. Ah, already I see a look of interest coming 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 where 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. For years and years, men and women have been talking and writing about mountains and valleys, streams and trees and flowers. I am concerned with poets, but I sometimes wonder about mountains and valleys and where I was born and have lived.

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