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Once-A-Week, 1926-10-22

Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

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ONCE-A-WEEK

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OCTOBER 22, 1926

Announcements

Hallowe'en Ball

"The Amards" are now laying plans for their annual Halloween Ball, which promises to be one of the biggest events of the season.

Somehow or other, when that spooky old spirit gets into our bones,—that ghostly—witchy feeling,—there's just enough of the primitive superstitious in us, to make it irresistible. Everyone finds himself having a good time on Halloween. It's in the air, we think!!

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

Where have you heard that before? Sigma girls will be glad to show you all sorts and varieties of Christmas Cards.

You know that verse you want to send to that old high-school chum, and the one you want for a boy you haven't seen for two years—Sure, we have them all!

Mu Phi Epsilon Musical

Everything is nonpareil at Mu Phi Epsilon. We have initiated three new members and have seven pledges.

We have held regular meetings and are planning various activities for the coming school year, the first of which is an informal musical to be held Tuesday evening, October 26th.

Mr. Deland to Give Lecture-Recital

Enthusiasm!—Say, we're running higher in pep than ever before.

The reports the girls brought home from National Convention are most inspiring. In June 1928, Epsilon Chapter of Sigma Alpha Iota will be Hostess for the Convention.

On Monday night, October 25, 1926, Mr. Deland, instructor of Organ in I. C. M., will give a lecture recital on a Wagner Opera in the chapter house, for active, alumnae and patroness members.

"Phi Delta Pi"

We're glad to say a word right here to the G. A. R.'s (Grand Army of Reducers), because we know something which should be of vital interest to them.

Under the auspices of the Phi Delta Pi Sorority, the Gym will be open every Wednesday night to Conservatory students who wish to play Basketball, take reducing exercises, play with the dumb-bells, or execute some German gymnastics.

The work will be supervised by Miss Hugger and Miss Thorne.

Band Concert

There will be a Band Concert under the direction of Patrick Conway in the Little Theatre Sunday afternoon, October 31, 1926.

"Le Rendevous des Artistes"

Greenwich Village has nothing on us, boys and girls! Ithaca boasts its' own mecca for those who are endowed with a distinctly Bohemian tendency!

You of the artistic temperament,—you who delight in the wierd eccentric things of life,—have you found your niche in Ithaca?

Laughter and gay chatter, the sound of clinking glasses, music and revelry and of course, food,—delicious food,—yes we know where to find it all,—in Ithaca.

They all find it sooner or later,—people who delight in an atmosphere of this sort,—and what a variety of personalities it attracts.

You touch elbows with world famous artists, no less prominent personages than Caesar Thomson and his Understudy and Interpreter. Snatches of conversations in French and Italian intrigue your attention. Composers, poets, actors, dramatists,—the highlights and stars of every profession,—here is where they shake off the cares of the professional world,—escape the critics' eye, and enjoy the atmosphere of fun and frolic!

It matters not if it be a late breakfast of toast and coffee, or a mid-night feast of viands and meats,—the atmosphere of the "Far East" permeates everything. New students, we advise you to postpone your visit to this mystic land until you have sufficient financial means to "swing" a real party! But when you have the bank account, and lots of pep—we say—go to it! Go where, you say? Oh—have we neglected to specify where this wonderland is? How stupid! But then why don't you figure it out for yourselves!! Where could it be boys and girls, but at "Le Cafe Monarche."

"The Amards"

The Honorary Fraternity of Amards held their formal initiation Sunday evening, Oct. 17. Flora Barger, Louise Prescott, Ruth Wolfe, Tan Moesta, and Louise Peck were received into the fraternity at this time.

The beautiful ritualistic ceremony was impressively carried out.

Tell Us!

You've read the first issue of the Once-a-Week, and here is the second. Now if you are a normal human being, you "think things" after reading a little news sheet of this kind,—some good things we hope, and naturally some suggestions which, in your estimation would improve it.

The Once-a-Week is your paper,—yours to read,—yours to make! If you like it, tell us about it. If you have some suggestions, let us in on them! We thank You.

"The Staff"

"THE ONCE-A-WEEK"

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Ithaca, New York

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Blue Notes

A Weekly Colyum by D. J. F.

Well, here we are again. Wonder what the faculty thinks of us this year.

Wonder if the faculty wonders what *we* think of *them* this year.

Wonder if every body wonders what everybody else really wonders, anyway.

Wonderful, what one will wonder when one is wondering—

But speaking of the faculty, we noticed that in last week's "Once-a-Week" "faculty" rhymes with "specialty," which reminds us of a little verse:—

Ambitious artists, be of cheer,—
Music and poetry now are freer.
The best musicians play blue notes,—
And all who wish may now be poets.

Plato (or somebody) says, "He who sings at his dinner doth murder the song." And now the poor wretch who whistled in a saloon is in jail. Heavens, music is a dangerous profession!

By the way, we asked some one the other day what she would live on if she lost all her money, and she said "Applesauce and dates." (N. B. Applesauce is always served with dates.)

A cynical miss
Was asked for a kiss,—
She replied "If I kissed you, what then?"
The confident mister
Replied as he kissed her,
"Why then you might kiss me again!"

Dear! Dear! Isn't it awful what this world is coming to?
Cheer up, Christmas will soon be here!
(And so will Exams.)

Kids is Kids

Judging from all reports, we are led to conclude that the Amard Party Monday night was a "howling success," if one can judge by the uproarious gaiety and hilarity which seemed to prevail during the entire evening.

But of course there was some excuse for such pandemonium, because in reality, it was a kid party! And talk about kids!—Every type from "Our Gang" to "Thithter Thusie" and then some.

Johnnie Burns and that hot necktie of his made a decided hit.

Then of course we were especially impressed with Miss Speakman's curls, and Jimmie's baby face!

"The Farmer in the Dell," "London Bridges," and all of those highly intellectual games afforded amusement for the little tots, and when "suckers" were passed around, their delight was unbounded.

The youngsters danced, pantomimed fairy tales, and then were entertained by several readings and stunts which were joyously received!

The lunch of milk and cake was indeed something to write home to the folks about. We wonder why they didn't serve Mellons Food and Zwieback!

Members of "The New York Players" including Miss Edith Spencer, Mr. Frank Jayner, Mr. Alexander Lockwood, Mr. Wilmer Walter were guests of the evening.

The Joys of the Lobby

The reception room is the place to be
If you're feeling alone or blue.
'Tis there you may hear the fiddles squeak
With notes that are far from true.
You may hear the children, small and sweet,
Seek out each key with care.
You may hear them counting, one—two—three
As they slowly labor there.
From the floor above come the notes of song
Sounding out loud and free;
And from Mr. Brown in accents clear
You may learn how "de-ep the sea"
When the band adds it's tune with a mighty crash,
Our endurance can hold us no more,
We grab our books, our slickers and hats
And rush with all speed for the door.

Newman Hall

We're still here, folks. Don't forget to drop in and see us occasionally. We're usually here—and we're proud of our house. Come in—we'll show you around.

Our housemeetings are as peppy as usual. Our president is Maude Shone. Girls, and others—we don't believe any house ever had a better president than we have. Maude is with us, and for us, in everything we do, and we are willing to help her in every way possible.

The girls here are lucky. Several of them have been enjoying visits from their parents lately. Mr. and Mrs. Konwiser were here, and so were Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, and Louise Perrine's mother and father. Lillian Johnston's mother arrived Monday.

Gretchen Mack is getting boisterous again—she bounced off the arm of a chair in house meeting Monday. Her room-mate is equally foolish, for when walking with George the other night, Miss Lee lost her shoe. If you need anyone for an auctioneer, call on Peg Brown. Her voice will carry as far as you wish. As an afterthought—we wonder how Skeeter McCoy will get down hill this winter without Agnes Dahme's sled.—
To be continued in next week's edition.

F. Kinnear.

Steve Steeger: "I want a girl that is young, rich, handsome, and so on, and so on."

Mim Boyer: "And so on what?"
"And sew on buttons."

She is the sweetest little thing,
So petite and everything;
Swell fur coat of lightest gray,
Eyes of blue that seem to say,
"Love me honey, I am yours
Your my sweetest 'eetle boy."

Do I love her, bet you're life,
She's to me my hearts delight;
On my lap she often sits
While I kiss her ruby lips;
She's the kind that can beguile,
Even tho she has no style.

You who read this little verse
Cannot help but think at first,
That I'm raving 'bout a girl
Who has set my head aw whirl,
But you're wrong, it isn't that,
It's our Conservatory cat.

"Bob."

The Girl Friend

In my class she softly saunters,
 Pink of cheek and reddened lip;
 She will always make some hit,
 For she passes out good banter. (1)
 If she doesn't know her stuff,
 (Which is due to the chronistics (2)
 Or perhaps it is nights-mystics) (3)
 She replies "I'm over worked,
 Now you know, I'd never shirk,"
 And she gets away with it,
 While we others have a fit.

Then in class she often patters
 Of THAT LINE SHE GOT LAST NIGHT, (4)
 Of that man—he was a sight;
 Or perhaps her getting fatter
 Is the line of conversation
 That broadcasts from her station.
 She sure is *forte* on looks,
 With a SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH, (5)
 I'll say that she's got such
 A lot that's not in books,
 That she'll be getting by
 Just the same as you and I.

*1 Not liquor, A certain conversation.

*2 Not in Websters. Found only in the Freshman Handbook.

*3 Commonly known as gorging.

*4 Not a clothes line.

*5 She must use palmolive. No she doesn't need to take Listerine.
Googly Eyes.

"Dunny": "That reminds me, I was to bring home some pepper."

Clerk: "Black pepper?"

"Dunny": "No."

Clerk: "Red pepper?"

"Dunny": "No."

Clerk: "Then what kind of pepper do you have to take home?"

"Dunny": "Wall 'pepper'."

Help Wanted!

"Stormy" found a little mouse
 Sitting on her bed
 "Stormy" sure was frightened stiff
 And awful things were said.

Next day she got a pussy cat
 To catch the tiny mouse
 But Mother Tustin would't keep
 That kitten in the house.

If anyone should know a way
 To make those mousies sick
 Just go at once to Helen Storms
 And tell her of it. Quick!!

THE MONARCH RESTAURANT

"A Good Place to Eat"

—Alumni News—

You will be glad to hear that the Ithaca Alumni Club of 1926-27 is organized now, and ready to plan class reunions, class dues, class programs, and all that sort of thing.

They held their first meeting in Elocution Hall, Tuesday evening, October 12, 1926.

You all know Bob Boothroyd,—well Bob gave a talk at the meeting and introduced the new and first Executive Secretary of the Alumnae Association, Miss Alice Stone, '24.

Mrs. Hazel Pomeroy Card was elected President for the ensuing year; Miss Marguerite Waste, Vice-President; Miss Julia Vail, Secretary and Treasurer; Mr. Douglas Card, Chairman of Events.

It was voted that the first Monday night of every month should be the regular meeting night of the Club.

After the meeting was adjourned, the members present were guests of the faculty and students at the opening performance of the Little Theatre Stock Company: "Six Cylinder Love" by William Anthony McGuire.

The following members were present: Hazel Pomeroy Card, Martha C. Case, Mildred Minar, Doris Homes, Maud Haupin, Mary Clynes, Vera Milks, Blanch Farlin, Robert Boothroyd, Margaret Denman, Mrs. Helen Craig, Mrs. F. D. Whiting, Mrs. Lillian Baxter Neil, Helen Pritchard, Hazel Woodard, Marguerite Waste, Julia Vail, Janice Carey, Mrs. Furey, Mrs. Margaret Crumb, Bernice Finch, Mrs. Matteson, Florence Jarvis, Aileen Niedeck, Mary Aldrich, Florence Allen Wilcox, Mrs. Sue Sullivan, Lillian Starr, Anna Thomas, Mrs. Unger, Lena Marsh and Gertrude Evans.

Sweet—Ginn

Many of you remember Eleanor Sweet, of Carthage, New York, who graduated with the class of '23. We have received word of her marriage to Mr. William Everett Ginn, August 17, 1926. We're wishing all sorts of happiness for Eleanor and William, aren't we?

King—Walker

Susie King from Ewisville, Arkansas, who was with us in '24, was married recently to Mr. L. D. Walker. They are living in Magee, Mississippi.

We know an ammunition manufacturer, who became the father of twin daughters, so he named them Nell and Shrapnel.

My girl is so tall she has to stand on a chair when she wants to brush her teeth.

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Lew Cody says he beats his girl up every morning. Yeh!
He gets up at eight and she gets up at nine!

"Literature Klass"

Dear ma-ma

schul is gettin harder und harder. One guy made a ter-r-rible mistake in thu literatur Klass this mornin. You no thuts where we are seen what literatur can do fur me. it put sum of them tu sleep so the teacher, thats missis tall-cut, she asked one of them suden like "will you tel me how much you have gotten out of klass so fur." thu sleepin pupil kinda dazed awoke and recited "if you want tu kno reel bad i will tel you thut i have gotten out uf this klass onley six times so fur" und he closed his optics und slept.

tuday we decided tu send "forget-you-nots" to his funeral.

rudolph.

One of us is crazy.

I don't care as long as you don't get violent.

Frosh: "What are your favorite amusements?"

Jack Downs: "Dancing and wrestling."

Frosh: "There's quite a difference between dancing and wrestling."

Jack: "Indeed there is. In wrestling some holds are barred."

First Newmanite: "You know that pudding we had for lunch?"

The Second: "Didn't you think it was mediocre?"

First Newmanite: "No, tapioca."

Hello, old top—New car?

No! Old car—New top.

You're so cheap, you remind me of a Chevrolet.
Yes, but my clutch is different.

Yes—We Have Had

A splendid business from the I. S. P. E. both fellows and girls, but, have seen hardly any of the "Con," outfit, wonder why? We have heaps of things you need and will enjoy. Lamblined Coats, Fur Coats, Wild Pony, African Coon, Australian Lamb, and Raccoon as low as \$15.00 as high as \$450.00. Leather, Cloth and Fur Windbreakers priced \$5.00 and up. Wool and Golf hose—Suit cases, Handbags, Hat Boxes and Trunks, Sport Shoes, Typewriters, Radios, and every kind and type of equipment for Athletic use. Anyway pay us a kind of a social and inspection call.

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