

10-29-1926

## Once-A-Week, 1926-10-29

Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

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# ONCE-A-WEEK

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OCTOBER 29, 1926

## Calender—Week Nov. 1

- Mon.—Nov. 1. A. M. 9:00—Chaperons Meeting—Williams Hall.  
P. M. 6:45—House Meetings { Williams  
Newman.  
7:00—Ithaca Alumni Club—Elocution Hall.  
7:00—Sigma Meeting—Sorority House.  
8:15—"A pair of Sixes"—Little Theatre.
- Tues.—Nov. 2. P. M. 7:30—Amard Meeting.  
7:30—Phi Mu Alpha Meeting.  
8:15—"My Son"—Little Theatre.
- Wed.—Nov. 3. P. M. 2:30—Matinee Performance of "My Son."  
7:30—Open Night at Gym.  
Executive Committee of W. S. G. A.—  
Egbert Hall.  
8:15—"My Son"—Little Theatre.
- Thurs.—Nov. 4. P. M. 8:15—"My Son"—Little Theatre.
- Fri.—Nov. 5. P. M. 8:15—"My Son"—Little Theatre.
- Sat.—Nov. 6. P. M. 2:30—Matinee Performance of "My Son."  
8:15—"My Son"—Little Theatre.
- Sun.—Nov. 7.
- Mon.—Nov. 8. P. M. 8:15—Faculty Recital—by Leon Sampaix—Little Theatre.

## Dr. Reigger Opens Novel But Interesting Class

Dr. Ott with his ideas of platform technique has found himself decidedly in the back-ground since Dr. Reigger opened his class on Dramatic Entrances. This initial performance was given in sight singing class last week when Mr. Vigilante demonstrated to the satisfaction of all present, the most effective way to make a dramatic entrance, Dr. Reigger accompanied him from Leidenschaft.

This class is now quite large so if any others would like to join they must make it snappy for there is room for only a very limited number. Too bad Dr. Reigger didn't use the Theatre for the class—it would have been more effective.

What sort of a chap is he?

Well, after a beggar has touched him for a dime he'll tell you he "gave a little dinner to an old acquaintance of his."

A dog is the only animal that didn't have to go with Noah into the ark.

Why didn't he?

Because he had a "bark" of his own.

## —Wedding Bells—

Folks around school are striving manfully to regain consciousness, self control and a certain amount of poise and posture after the earthquake-volcano-and-dynamite-explosion-effect of Rose Graham's marriage Monday evening—October 25, 1926 to Mr. Wesley Pietz of Longbranch, New Jersey.

Really—such a sudden and wholly uncalled-for shock to our nerves and Diarys is in no sense to be laughed at!! It's serious! Think of it! Our Rose *married*, at the home of Miss Van Vost, (whom we always considered our friend) and none of us informed of, invited to, or incorporated in the ceremony!

Oh, we must make an exception or two, for of course, Tan Moesta was Maid of Honor, and Maud Shone was present.

The Bride and Groom left immediately for a brief stay at Valois Castle, before going to Longbranch, where they will make their home this winter.

It might be interesting to note that Rose and Wesley met at an Episcopal Church Social about a year ago.

That's an idea,—we must start attending these church affairs. While we are recovering from the shock, we want to wish the bride and groom the happiest variety of happiness, ever and always,—and—well,—shall we wish that their path be strewn with "roses"??

## Personals

Thelma Beale was the guest of Julie Sutton last week-end. Miss Beale is from Asheville, North Carolina, and was a student in the Dramatic Department for several months last year.

Mable Varner spent last week-end in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. as the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. M. Horner.

Norma Covert and Pat Hanisch accompanied Benita Dodd to her home in Jamestown, N. Y., last week-end. They made the trip by automobile.

Judith Banyar is spending several days with her sister in Penn Yan. Elsie Pettys recently returned from a short visit to Elmira.

There was a young fellow named Hall,

Who fell in the spring in the fall,

'Twould have been a sad thing

If he'd died in the spring,

But he didn't—he died in the fall.

Senior: "What is it that has eight legs and can sing?"

Frosh: "I don't know. What?"

Senior: "Silly! A quartette!"

## "THE ONCE-A-WEEK"

Student Publication of the Conservatory of Music  
Ithaca, New York

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KATHRYN BOYLES	} Associate Editors
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### Blue Notes

A Weekly Colyum by D. J. F.

We were goin to begin our Colyum this week with some sort of optimistic observation concerning the weather. Something such as this, perhaps:—

O glorious Indian Summer, we welcome thee at last,—  
Our first exams are over, and all of us have passed!

But recollecting that it is our business and duty to make our Colyum as "blue" as possible, we revised our poetic creation thusly:—

The gutters all are full of leaves,—it must be Indian Summer;—  
Yet still we're pretty dum, we find,—and some of us are dummer!

Ye Colyumist has been receiving much fan mail of late, the following two letters of which are representative specimens:—

1. Dear Colyumist,

No one appreciates your words of wisdom more than I. But I want to ask your most sage advice on a burning question. You seem well-versed on the art of love, so will you please tell me thru your column, what I can do to precipitate a proposal which has been on the verge of declaration for some time?

Anxiously awaiting your reply,

Brown-Eyed Susie.

2. Dear Colyumist,

Your column contains much valuable philosophy on love and other topics of general interest (Editors Note: there aren't any others) so I venture to ask your advice. I love a most adorable girl but she does not seem to return my affection. What shall I say to her?  
Sentimental Tommy.

Right here and now, we take this opportunity to declare most emphatically that we are supposed to be a Colyum of Wit and Humor,—not a Department of Advice to the Love-lorn.

We never give the Lover-lorn our advice. They neve take advice any way, and besides we refuse to have anything to do with love in any way, shape, or manner; we prefer to look on the brighter side of life. However we will say this much to Brown-Eyed Susie. Don't do anything to hasten the proposal, Susie. Bad luck always comes when you least expect it. And Sentimental Tommy, all we can reply to you is,—Why say anything? Don't you know when you're well-off?

Personally we don't believe in matrimony,—which reminds us of this little limerick, entitled:—

Expensive

There was a young man with some money,—  
He married and soon he had none. He

Said to his wifie

"You're dearer than life!" (we  
Don't know if he meant to be funny).

Oh, we received such a nice, chatty letter from Queen Marie, the other day. She says she may drop in to see us, on her way to Niagara Falls, and talk over old times. Illy and Nick, who were but tots when we used to play tag with them in the castle yard, are nearly grown up now. Yet it seems only yesterday we were punching Nick in his royal nose for riding his velocipede over our doll. We wouldn't dare punch it now, though. How tempus does fugit!

## Who's Who At the Con

By K. V. B.

Lew Cody and Dorothy Gish, who are not movie stars at all but just two of our "Phy Eds."

Marjorie Tompkins, who prefers men with moustaches.

Jimmie Kavanagh, who tends the piano at Recital.

Kathryn Olson, our switchboard operator, who hails from the land of njuns and Broncho Busters.

"Pat Hanisch," who strikes terror to the hearts of the timid Con gymnasts.

Julie Sutton, who likes to handle all the money and act in all the plays.

Nick di Nardo, our "fidlin' favorite", whose stage personality is the envy of the whole school.

Joe Tat, who would be our choice for an ideal cayeman.

Miss Lillian Speakman, who looks, and is—a lovely lady.

Doris Joy Starr, who is the Con's own poet laureate.

George Snyder, who refuses to waste any energy while making a piano talk.

Fay Swift, our cameraman, who prefers Ithaca to Hollywood.

There is a young fellow named Dinnie,  
Who at times delights to wax funny.

But I'll tell you one thing—

That boy surely can sing.

And some day will be making big money.

M. L. B.

Say, Dad, can I have a nickel for a poor old man who is down at the corner crying?

Sure you can. Here's a nice new nickel! You say the poor old man is crying?

Yes, father, crying "Peanuts, five cents a bag."

## Phi Epsilon Kappa

For the past two weeks, the Phi Epsilon Kappa Fraternity of the I. S. P. E. has been holding special meetings. The outcome of these meetings was not made public until last Monday morning at the I. S. P. E. assembly. An announcement was made to the effect that last Monday was "Tap Day." Nine boys of the upper classes were tapped. This means that in the near future these tapped-members or pledges as we shall call them will be taken into the fraternity through the usual ritualistic ceremony.

The pledges are:

1. Ronald H. Bartlette
2. Frank Bell
3. Harry Cody
4. Robert C. Johnson
5. Albert F. Sherman
6. Winston Tuthill
7. Ivan Wahl
8. Joseph G. Wild
9. John Ayers

As we are limited to the number of pledges, we regret that more could not be taken in at this time.

You know what happens when Greek meets Greek!  
Sure, they start a restaurant.

Senior—Did you ever see a wooden marriage?

Frosh—No, what kind of a marriage is that?

Senior—A marriage between two Poles!

Now lets all sing the Waddle song—"Whad'll I Do?"

## To the Rainbow Men

Rainbow men, we think you're fine  
 You sure have a worthy line.  
 Come again.  
 We would like to hear you more  
 Than we ever have before  
 When we can.  
 Other songs like that on onions  
 Makes us laugh from bob to bunions.  
 May you always keep the fun in  
 I. C. M.

M. E.

How can I make you forget I have a past?  
 Approach me with a present.

Yeh! You see I call my car the "Loose Leaf."  
 Why?  
 Because it's Paige.

## "Mu Phi"

M aster mischief oft holds sway but it's  
 U ltra fine to chase grief away.

P enetrating every hall  
 H appiness echoes from wall to wall  
 I nto the hearts of one and all

E ntertainment  
 P lay and  
 S ong  
 I nspire and help the whole day  
 L ong  
 O h, how happy we all should be:  
 N one so joyous and young as we.

They say "Men Prefer Blondes"—those desiring information on the subject apply to "Jimmie" Kavanaugh. He seems to be upholding the proverb.

I never can remember the moving pictures I've seen.  
 How's that?  
 They go in one eye and out the other.

## Phi Mu Alphas

After the Fraternity meeting Tuesday night, Brother Lyon chaperoned brothers Gelder, Nettleton and Witzler on a snipe hunting excursion out the lake road. It is rumored some of the farmers missed several apples the next morning.

Brother Porter in his pursuit for happiness has taken up chess.

Brother Beeler was a guest of Brother A. Smith at his home in Canisteo over the week end. While there he met Brother Angell and Howard Foster who send their love to the student body.

He kissed her on the cheek,  
 It seemed a harmless frolic  
 He's been laid up a week  
 They say, with painter's colic.

## L. & K. Freeman

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Ithaca, N. Y.

## Alumni Personals

Franklin Gergits 1924, visited The Con. a few days ago. He has started violin classes at Sayre, Pa., and says he will come to see us often. He is also teaching in Northampton, Pa., Bethlehem, Pa., Allentown, Pa. Mr. Gergits did some radio ensemble work over Radio Station W. S. A. M., October 12th, 1926.

Alice Ridley who was graduated in 1924 and who received her B. O. E. degree last year visited The Conservatory last Saturday. Miss Ridley is teaching expression in the public school of Batavia, N. Y. Her address is 31 Tracy St.

## "Bard" Is Here!

Criticism class Wednesday morning didn't amount to much as a class, but it certainly was sociable! Why? Estus Bardwell walked in, fresh from Detroit, Michigan. Seemed like old times, didn't it?

Welcome home, old man.

Dear Folks,

Really we've been too busy getting settled into the swing of things to make much of a ripple on the social and literary life of I. C. M., but now, we are ready to work and play with the rest and boost the Once-a-Week with might and main.

Perhaps you'd be interested to know that Janice Greene is our new president and she certainly fills the office admirably. Her sunny disposition discloses immediately the fact that she is from the sunny southland.

We also had a most enjoyable hike out to Buttermilk Falls. Delicious refreshments and the very highest spirit of fun and good sportsmanship were the main features of the occasion. So you see we haven't been idling time either.

We are all busy, hard-working, earnest minded folk, but we love a good time and we want to make ourselves better known in I. C. M.

Very sincerely,

The Outside Girls.

C. Jenkins, Reporter

## Mrs. Lyon Entertains

On Monday afternoon, Oct. 25, Mrs. Lyon gave a tea to the Chaperons in honor of Miss Arnold and Mrs. Fuller, who are now cooperating in teaching the rapidly growing Conservatory Sunday School class.

I had a date last night with one of those "Orange" girls.

Whad'yu mean?

"Aren't Chu" going to take me here, and "Aren't Chu" going to take me there?

I'm a Movie actor; I played in "The Covered Wagon."

I saw "The Covered Wagon," but I didn't see you.

I was inside the wagon.

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## History

Caeser crossed the Rubicon,

- (1) Demi made a speech;  
 (2) Columbo crossed the ocean  
 Landing on the beach.

- (3) Aleck conquered Asia,  
 Old Sock (4) gave us philos;  
 (5) Johnny signed the Magna Cart,  
 Which made him awful cross.

- (6) Wash saved our democracy,  
 I think at Valley Forge: (7)  
 (8) Link, he fought for slavery  
 And this he won b'gosh.

- Ezra founded dear Cornell,  
 (9) Grant the Conservat'.  
 Now the Con girls, so they say  
 Frequent hilly frats. (10)

- \*1 Nickname of Demosthenes.  
 \*2 Same as 1  
 \*3 Pet name of Alexander the Great.  
 \*4 Name given Socrates by his wife.  
 \*5 English name given to John because of their love for him.  
 \*6 Not the daily wash.  
 \*7 Not a blacksmith's forge.  
 \*8 Not a golf link.  
 \*9 Our own Mr. Egbert.  
 \*10 Place inhabited by "Sons of Shieks."

—Bob Boothroyd.

## Newman Hall

Marjorie Tompkins says her roomy—Skeeter—can sure turn summer-saults. The other day Helen was standing on the piano stool, by her bed. She slipped, fell on her bed—and bounced off—landing on her feet on the floor—turning a complete summersault on the way.

We've lost one of our dearest Newmanites—Rose Graham. When she burst in late Monday night and told us all about it, we were assailed by mixed feelings of surprise, joy and sorrow. We hated to say good-bye to Rose, but we certainly wish her joy and happiness in her new venture.

Religious discussions are in order at our house. If you want to know what your sole is—ask Peg Lowry or Cecile Stevens. And if you have any suggestions to make on the possibility of re-incarnation of souls—file all such matter with Lillian Johnson or Madeline Hoff. By the way—"Hoffie" wants an inspiration for a play. We'll appreciate your co-operation.

F. Kinnear.

## "It Pays to Look Well"

Ithaca Hotel Barber Shop

## Our Do - nuts are Delicious

Burns' Bake Shop

119 N. Aurora St.

## Here is an Item to Interest You Imported French Beret Caps

Right direct from France the rage of the Continent. Spreading to England, already arrived in America and shown at Treman, King Co. We have them in Navy Blue, next importation will be in Colors. They are now on the broad Atlantic, soon will be in our store. Come in and try one on. Right smart for the younger set — either sex. Don't overlook our Fur Coats, Sheeplined Coats. Fur, Leather, and Cloth Windbreakers.

## Treman, King & Co.

Athletic Goods, Sporting Goods and Good Goods

Why do cigarettes have Oriental names?  
 Because they have such fine shapes and thin wrappers.

Knowledge comes easy to me because my ancestors were smart people. For example, my grandfather sat in the Presidential chair at Harvard. That's nothing. My grandfather sat in the Electric Chair at Sing Sing.

I believe every person should sing at his work.  
 My brother can't.  
 Why not?  
 He's a trombone player.

## Crescent Lunch

"A good place to eat"

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 Opposite Crescent