

The Ithacan, 1933-1934

10-13-1933

The Ithacan, 1933-10-13

Ithaca College

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/ithacan_1933-34

Recommended Citation

Ithaca College, "The Ithacan, 1933-10-13" (1933). *The Ithacan, 1933-1934*. 4.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/ithacan_1933-34/4

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Ithacan, 1933-1934 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Ithaca College to Play Cortland On Saturday; First Game This Season

The Ithaca College football team will open its season in a somewhat auspicious manner by playing their traditional rivals, Cortland State Teachers' College at Cortland this Saturday.

Coach Freeman, the Blue and Gold mentor, has been having his troubles in selecting a starting lineup, due to the somewhat slow start of last year's veterans. Several combinations have been used by Coach Freeman both in offensive and defensive play. The starting lineup for the Blue and Gold will probably not be revealed until shortly before game time Saturday.

This year the Cortland Teachers' present one of the strongest teams they have had in several seasons. The fact that the Teachers have dealt out defeats to both Hartwick and Mansfield in the past two weeks puts them in the light of the winner.

However, the power and punch shown by the Blue and Gold last season should be an indication of a very good game.

Last year the teams played a scoreless tie at Ithaca.

Markham, Famed Poet Spoke To Students

On this past Monday evening, at Barnes Hall, a group of students from the College took the opportunity to hear one of the greatest living American poets, Edwin Markham. This brilliant, ageless gentleman held the interest of the audience while he recounted incidents from his boyhood; criticized the works of eminent American poets he has known; and brought the evening's programme to a brilliant finish with the reading of his own "Lincoln: The Man of the People" and "The Man With the Hoe".

With the statement of the fact that he was born in Oregon, Mr. Markham confided that "great men have come from the Far West, and the brighter they are, the sooner they come". Recounting further incidents of his youth in the cattle country, Poet Markham told about his life on the range. Of particular interest was the account of his founding an open air school. When he arrived at his first teaching position, he found nine pupils waiting to be
(Continued on page four)

KAPPA GAMMA PSI OPENS NEW HOME

Kappa Gamma Psi opened its doors, officially, to an enthusiastic crowd of visitors on Sunday afternoon, October 8th. This new home of the fraternity proved to be a very Mecca for members of the faculty and students, alike. The remarks made about the appearance of the house were decidedly of the complimentary type.

The guests were welcomed by Mother Ware and John Gleason, the president of the chapter. Then followed the inspection of the rooms. After the short tour was completed, the visitors were served the traditional autumn refreshments of cider and doughnuts.

The chapter enjoyed being hosts, and expressed a sincere desire to be able to welcome each of the guests again.

Notice

Beginning Friday, October 13, the "Ithacans" will be distributed through the departments. No papers will be given out at the office. These are the distributors: Band Dept., Roger DiNucci; Phy. Ed. Dept., Miss Mont; Drama Dept., Dorothy Fuchs; P. S. M. Dept., Miss Potter.

Ithaca College Band Gives First Concert

The Ithaca College Concert Band played its first concert of the season Saturday morning for the Southern Zone meeting of the New York State Teacher's Association at Kelurah Temple in Binghamton. This is the second year that the band has been invited to play before this group.

From all reports, Ithaca College has reason to be proud of her band, and can expect excellent work from the organization under the capable direction of Mr. Beeler. The program was received so enthusiastically that an encore was played after each number.

Dr. Albert Edmund Brown led the huge assemblage of teachers in community singing accompanied by the band.

(Continued on page four)

Musicians To Give Recital On Tuesday

The first formal student recital of the season will be held Tuesday evening, Oct. 17, at 8:15 in the Little Theatre. These recitals will be given throughout the school year, and will include a varied program for piano, voice, violin, and instrumental ensemble.

The aim is to give as many students as possible opportunity to participate. Public performance is an important part in the education of the student of music. To appear in recital, and to perform capably and with poise is the first objective of these concerts. Not only does the performer gain from having had the experience, but the listener derives certain values, whether he be a student of music, drama, or physical education. Most students in an institution like Ithaca College should have reached a high enough stage in intellectual development to appreciate and to enjoy good music. The opportunity of appearing on a student recital will be given to those students who, in the opinion of their instructors, prove themselves worthy.

The program for next Tuesday night is most excellent, and includes fine and talented musicians. Here it is:

- Piano—Liebestraum—No. 3Liszt
- Roy White
- Voice—a. Do Not Go, My LoveHageman
- Hageman
- b. Cunnin' Little ThingHageman
- Hageman
- Piano—Arabesque Debussy
- Phyllis Crandall
- Voice—Micaela's Air, from Bizet
- "Carmen" Bizet
- Lorraine Johnston
- Piano—Valse, Op. 70, No. 2 Chopin
- Marion Taber

(Continued on page three)

Freshmen Will Vie With Sophomores On Next Thursday

The much talked of Jambouree between the Freshmen and Sophomores looms prominently in the foreground of coming events. The day set for this event is Thursday, October 19th. The exact time has not definitely been fixed, so watch the bulletin boards where all last minute information will be posted. We hope, Ithaca's eccentric weather man being agreeable, to hold the Jambouree in the early part of the afternoon, at Percy Field.

Did we hear a faint whisper of music for the occasion? (A false echo—maybe—). Of a certainty the following will be enjoyed: Tug of war, leap frog race, three legged race, wheel barrow race, soccer shuttle race and broad jump relay. Nothing dull-sounding about that afternoon's program.

Those who need exercise, and those who think they do not; any who crave relaxation, or who enjoy recreation; all who love a merry crowd and a noisy good time; hie ye one-and-all to Percy Field for the Jambouree. It's a date!

Gym Became Fairy- land for Dancers at Mad Hatter's Ball

It was a merry crowd who "stepped through the looking glass" on the evening of Friday, October the sixth, and found themselves at the Mad Hatter's Ball. The evening featured "atmosphere" which was created through the ingenious efforts of Delta Phi lassies who know their fairyland. At one end of the transformed gymnasium, a mad-hatter, accompanied by a bunny and a cat, watched the merry ball. The Ithaca College "mad-hatters" were pleased to notice that the hitherto bare stage boasted a stone wall covered with trailing flowers, while garden nooks were magically transplanted to either end.

Even though the orchestra was lacking in quantity, the quality of the musician's playing was a motivating force for the dancers. The variety of rhythms was especially conducive for the appropriate relaxation of both dramatic and physical education students, to say nothing of the moderate desires of the musically inclined collegiates.

Such interludes as were granted during the course of the dance furnished ample time for refreshment which seemed a necessary process, even in wonderland. The doughnuts and cider were exceptionally good and no one hesitated to approve them verbally or by action.

Chaperones for the occasion were Miss Powell, Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. Kelchner and Mrs. Harris. Even the "mad-hatters", themselves, would not resent the sociable company of these ladies, who viewed the ball in a congenial manner.

Dancing ended at midnite as all good balls in wonderland should end. The return through the looking-glass was regretful, but filled with sentiments concerning the particularly delightful evening.

Upperclassmen Pledged

On Tuesday evening of October 10th, eight upperclassmen pledges of Phi Mu Alpha met at the chapter house for the purpose of taking the fraternity examination. Those pledges were as follows: Earnest Eames, Miles Lombard, Richard Otto, Joseph D'Andrie, Robert Johnson, Jerry Barnell, Glenn Brown, and Stephen Sayles.

Large Casts Selected For "Red Harvest"; Roberts' Third Play

Nancy Morbito, Madge Pitroff
To Head Casts

It will be noticed that rehearsals have been started for the presentation of "Red Harvest", the latest play from our playwright, Walter Charles Roberts. As playwright-director, Mr. Roberts, assisted by the Senior class of the Dramatic Department, has chosen the following people to portray the characters which he has introduced in "Red Harvest":

Zinna Meek, Chief Nurse, Nancy Morabito, Madge Pittroff; Rose Clarkson, Assistant Chief, Emily Dwyer, Dill Crocker; Carol Whiting, Agnes Welch, Beatrice Gerling; Mary Luddy, Dorothy Garber, Mary Laskaris; Miss Bruffel, Virginia Beeler, Betty Dodge; Miss Ellis, Ruth Bryne, Amy Lou Martin; Miss Smith, Gwyneth Lukens, Sally Osborne; Miss Van Worter, Dorothy Quillman, Gertrude Quick; Miss Bissley, Marjorie Murch, Mary Whitman; Miss Hoyle, Celia Kohn; Miss Black, Dorothy Humberstone, Hazel Baugh.

Miss Ambers, Barbara Buchanan, Lillian Libowitz; Mrs. Keane, Mary E. Connors, Betty Lasher; Miss Day, Dorothy Fuchs, Martha Littler; Holly Farrell, Angela McDermott; Sally Farrell, Priscilla Houston; Mrs. Tralton, Gertrude Brown, Dale Ferguson; Sister Therese, Mary Campfield; Sister Denise, Beulah Greene; Mme. Sarboreaux, Laura Knipe; Major Allison, William Petty, Edward Flynn; Major McMann, John Brown.

Sergeant Bennett, Luke Perry, Frank Adams; Sergeant Brown, Thomas Murray, Ralph Westervelt; Corporal Topley, Oliver Vogt; Corporal Pendell, Welton Stone; Private Adams, Elvin Pierce, George Horner; Private Hawley, William Cornell, Stephen Strake; Private Transky, Michael Fusco; Private Holmes, Douglas Jackson; Private Breen, Carl Heidt; Private Collins, Robert Moseley; Private Rockman (Bugler), William Musser; Private Allen (Courier), Paul Devine; Courier (G. H. Q.), Carlton Bentley; Wounded Poilu, Van Lier Lanning; French Officer, George MacDonald; French General Fred Midlmena; 1st Blesse, Richmond Roderick; 2nd Blesse, Joseph Short.

"MESSIAH" TO BE GIVEN BY CHOIRS

Plans are under way for the annual presentation of Handel's "Messiah" under the direction of Bert Rogers Lyon. It will be given Sunday evening, December 17, at the First Congregational Church. The chorus will be composed of several of the united choirs of Ithaca, and a number of Ithaca College students will participate. The following churches are cooperating: The First Methodist Episcopal, The First Congregational, St. John's Episcopal, and the State Street Methodist. There will be about one hundred and fifty in the chorus.

Those who heard the production of this oratorio last year will look forward to hearing it again with great anticipation. It provides an opportunity for students not only to participate under Mr. Lyon's capable direction, but also to hear the work done in its entirety. In fact, the production of the "Messiah" should be looked upon as an outstanding musical event of the season.

The Ithacan



Friday, October 13, 1933

Published every Thursday of the school year by undergraduates of Ithaca College, Ithaca, New York

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 128 East Buffalo Street

Editor-in-Chief.....ROY E. WHITE
Managing Editor.....JOSEPH SHORT
Business Manager.....Wm. NICHOLAS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—\$2.00 per year. All mail subscriptions payable in advance.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor of Music.....THELMA FIELD
Editor of Drama.....DOROTHY GARBER
Sports Editor.....MELCALF PALMER

REPORTORIAL STAFF

MICHAEL FUSCO.....THOMAS MURRAY
EDWARD FLYNN.....CATHERINE JAMIS

ADVERTISING RATES—Furnished on request. All ad copy must be in the office of the business manager not later than 2 p.m. Tuesday prior to publication.

ADVERTISING BOARD

Director of Copy.....ROGER DiNUCCI
.....ELVA GROSS

NORTON PRINTING CO. ITHACA, NEW YORK

It is my plan, in cooperation with the "Ithacan" staff, to make the "Ithacan" a paper of more literary merit.

There is so much written trash in so many school papers. Most students have become lazy from reading the valueless. In general, they think of the paper only as a sort of joke sheet. They want always to be entertained—in the most unentertaining way imaginable. They crave humor. How on earth anyone can be entertained—even indulge in hysteria—by reading straight through a column of jokes is quite outside my reason. That such people can exist fills me with great wonder.

By reading only the humorous, light columns readers quickly form the habit of reading only those things that are light—nothing else. They read only what is reputed to be "good"—which means "funny." Anything written seriously and with the intent of informing is not read. Many things of real worth are not even seen. Articles that would interest and inform are ignored.

Perhaps the students are lazy. They may have become so from reading always trivial things. They have weakened their minds. It requires too much concentration—too much effort, to read something worthwhile.

And yet, the informative, instructive part of the paper is certainly entertaining, and is the most valuable part of the pages. It is here the worth of a paper is revealed—not in the jokes. It is here that earnest students are writing very nicely—poetry, reviews, stories. Here, these writers place the creations of their minds—fine, beautiful things which all readers should feel it a prerogative to see and enjoy. Such things as these make the character of the paper, as well as the foundation. Those who deem such writing uninteresting are only those who never read it. Those who do read it fully appreciate what fine work it is. They know it is the thoughts of people like themselves—earnest, truthful thought.

Especially in Ithaca College ought we to have a more literary paper—a finer, more beautiful publication to be read by students of the finest arts. It ought not to be ordinary. It ought to be quite foreign to the coarseness of most like papers. So—dear readers—that's what we are trying to make of the "Ithacan"—a fine, beautiful paper—fit for the students of fine arts.

—R. E. W.

IN SYMPATHY

The 'Ithacan' is the voice of the entire school in giving sympathy to Miss Lowrie, whose brother died recently.

BAGATELLES
B. A. Propos

Funny thing criticism. It's an asset to be able to take it.....Much easier to give, isn't it? I wonder if there has ever been anything in the whole wide world that hasn't been criticised.....Paradoxical world!

The MAD HATTER'S BALL not exceptionally mad.....Gym wasn't as nude as usual.....floor excellent.....dancing seems awfully silly at times.....whirling to notes.....Did they have cellophane in Alice's time, or was that representing something? Mirrors—Where! I imagined a lot of things.....

D. E. accuses this column of copying Winchell.....Detective.....hey? Did not Hampden copy Booth (or so they tell me) or perhaps you don't know the definition of Bagatelle.....So few people, I have discovered, do.....It's a lot of fun anyway, Donny.....so forgive.....I'll try at times to be different.....but look what happened to Colombo.....Speaking of Winchell, I see where his "Broadway Through a Keyhole" is to have its premiere October 17.....It's to be an all night affair.....Strange how that man is hated.....

Have heard about the punch.....murder will out.....surprising.....Like that line credited to Keats. "I have known women whom I think would marry a poem, but would want to be given away by a novel.".....That parental-urge.....

That line last week should have been....."The boys from Savage look lost".....I still think so.....Perhaps the metropolitan atmosphere.....so distinctively devilish.....

Head-liner Hearst wants to "Unite the English Speaking Countries".....Has he ever lived with an Englishman.....Hè seems so Americanish.....They tell me that E. Oppenheim had Hearst in mind when he wrote "The Millionaire".....

That romance has been nipped.....am glowing gloriously.....

W. J. Reed is showing a new thing in the derby line.....light weight.....Tis a darb.

Spats will be worn by those lads who go in for them.....Ties are all kinds.....They're featuring plaids.....Thumbs down on anything but a two button or four button double breasted.....The total number that is.....An innovation—that Raglan coat.....Specially the Harris Tweed.....uncopiable.....fancy.....

There's a mirror in the lobby.....it catches all the mid-day glances.....vanity being it's noon day meal.....

Sorry about Arthur hurting his ankle.....Nice lad.....George Hoerner clever with a pencil.....The band Department hit Binghamton last Saturday.....W. Petty looks so much thinner with his beard.....George Scott dis-interested.....or perhaps that isn't the word.....

Robert Montgomery Jewish.....You knew it?.....Lovely.....They tell me the boys who went to Bing'ton had their meals a la Dutch..... As it should be.....perhaps.....The small time big timeness of the Silver Slipper brings me way down.....

Wish she'd wear her hair up.....The rinse not so noticeable.....

The dresses of our ladies will be longer.....so they do say.....consumation of excess material.....

Looking forward to the snap of the snow 'neath my feet.....makes heat reassuring.....bitey weather amplifies ambition.....don't ya think so.....

Mary's hat makes me feel slidey..... Upon seeing it I could but hear a Siren.....ringing in my ear..... Have you noticed the hats..... All shapes and sizes last Sunday.....There's one to-ed who seems to have a new one every time she makes an exit.....The one I like the best of all is that black little thing she wore last Fall..... Newness doesn't always mean the most desirable.....

Flighty as a falling leaf in autumn.....but less colorful.....description of a divorcee.....

They're selling standing room in hree or four of the Legits in New York.....Things theatrical perkin' up.....

The gorge seems to be losing its popularity.....They tell me that the Ithaca College basket ball team won't

have a chance against Syracuse..... The Ideal gets a lot of business from our boys and girls.....Wonder if they do right by our little Nell..... meaning no one particularly.....I wonder how much the lads and lasses of I. C. contribute during the school year.....lots more than you think, I betcha.....

I don't know why, but I feel as though the Cornellians dislike our institution.....Wonder if the co-eds will offer better competition than they usually do.....It's probably because I don't get around, but I can't find any on the Campus up there.....but then the Campus is so large.....

Carmen wants publicity.....He's from Granville, too. Flynn and Morabito have a mad on.....He didn't answer back.....that's why.

Surprising! That band at the Mad Hatter's Ball.....excellent.....noticed how well they played without Thomas.....Will some one tell him?

The Sun's shadows have cuddled up.....The secrecy of evening entrancing.....Lullaby. DiNucci has found his "gerl"!

The Cycle
by
Nelson Shephard

Life is a mystic pool at which many weary travellers drink. Some pause to dip their cups and sip sparingly; some there are, who drink deeply and long; but some there are who, finding the contents of their cups distasteful, stare at the pool despairingly, then fling their cups far from them;—but the pool, only momentarily ruffled, remains for those travellers yet to come.

How Did Eggs
Get In This Thing
Anyway?

Dear Bob:—

You get the tie, all right.

If you remember (and when there is a free tie at stake I know you won't forget) you said "if I write that ad you've got to give me a tie to match the new suit I just bought."

So come and get it. It's here. It and a flock of others have arrived since you were here. In fact, just now as I'm sitting up on my roost pounding out this reply to you, another shipment has come in.

You know, Bob, Maurice picks out the ties and he's a hound for the happy colors and neat effects so popular with the gang. Tie salesman have long since learned that they might as well haul out the exclusive numbers right off the bat,—the common-place is out of place here.

Why get Walt in on this? I know you thespians (educated for actor) stick together like ham and eggs but give him credit for knowing a good thing when he sees it as well as you do. But any more wise cracks out of you and your next neck-tie will be of hemp instead of silk.

As an ad writer—you're a good actor. When you wrote about the sweaters you missed a bet in not telling about these leather jackets with the free-swinging sleeve. Finest glove leather—chrome tanned—washable—zipper front and everything.

And another thing—here it is the Fall of the year and you never said a word about top-coats for these zippy evenings. I know we showed you these top coats for we are so proud of them we yank a fellow up to the second floor on any old excuse—or no excuse at all—just to show them to him.

Which reminds me about my other hobby,—those honest-to-gosh hand woven Harris Tweed coats. And boy, oh, boy if you appreciate good woollens and like a coat that slips on your shoulders like nobodies business—when you come in for that tie come up where I am and get an eyefull of the handsomest Scotch coats you ever slung an arm in.

Don't forget—you've got a date with me!

A dare for yours

Cliff (over 21)

P. S. You signed yourself '30—but honest I'd said not a day over 25—why sign your age, anyway—is it necessary? ?

W. J. REED
146 E. State St.

STATE

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday

Paul Robeson in
"EMPEROR JONES"

Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat.

WALLACE BEERY
Jackie Cooper — George Raft
in
"THE BOWERY"

STRAND

Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed.

Leslie Howard in
"BERKELEY SQUARE"

Thurs., Fri., Sat.

Roland Young in
"SATURDAY'S MILLIONS"

TEMPLE

Sun., Mon., Tues.

Helen Twelvetrees in
"MY WOMAN"

Wednesday and Thursday

"BITTER SWEET"

Friday and Saturday

Tim McCoy in
"POLICE CAR NO. 17"

Advertise in The Ithacan

Rantings and Ruminations

by TOM MURRAY

In which I go to Hell with myself--
As I was walking along the dusty road in a rather pensive mood, I was suddenly interrupted by a low but stern voice. I turned to look for the person who might be speaking to me but, to my absolute dismay, I saw no one. I did see, however, a broad trail leading away into what had, but a moment ago, been a dense woods. The strangeness of the voice from the wilderness and the new trail rather piqued my curiosity so I decided to follow the new prospect for adventure.

The road was of fine cinders and was easy to tread upon. My feet touched it but lightly and only at intervals. Here was a strange adventure; but at the time I did not care particularly what I was headed for, so I permitted myself to be whisked down this open road in this rather undignified manner.

After several moments of this informal whisking, I was brought up to the bank of a strange looking river. The stream was of the blackest hue possible and seemed to ooze along rather than to flow. Faint clouds of vapor were rising at intervals along the surface of this river. I then noticed that there was a boat landing near me on the shore of this strange stream. And on the sign that was perched over the landing were the gracious words:

The Chamber of Commerce
HADES
Welcomes You

Imagine my surprise! I was about to make a hurried retreat when I heard the voice again calling to me. I stopped in my tracks; There, half-way up on the cindered shore was a craft of an ebony color to match the stream it floated on. An old gent stood in the prow and beckoned me to go for a ride. I edged closer to the boat but was not intending to take any ride with the be-whiskered old skipper. The least I could do, I thought, would be to talk myself out of this predicament. As I came yet closer, the old "geezer" began to brag about the rush business that he was doing.

"Yes, sir, I've ferried this stream man and boy for years but never a year as lucky as this one."

"Is that so?"

"You betcha, why you know I've had such a rush that I had to draft two men to row this old tub. And here they are."

He turned around and pointed out the crew. Again I was surprised. There at the stroke oar sat a short, heavily-muscled lad who had once been a school chum of mine. The rower was wearing a foot-ball outfit and a fireman's hat. He spoke to me in a very familiar Maine accent. I recognized him instantly. The other toiler was taller and had a full beard. He kept muttering something about some harvest—but it didn't seem to have much of a connection with his present status so I marked him down in my mind as a petty officer of this new waste land.

Upon an invitation from the skipper, I got aboard to take a ride. He promised to show me some of the people I had once known in my youth. I was sure that all my bills were paid so I felt that I had nothing to fear. I climbed aboard and soon was on my way across the murky depths.

When we arrived on the opposite shore, I clambered out of the boat, eager to again behold some of the faces of my friends. The first one I met was a tall blond chap (famous for cigarettes and coffee, somewhat of a poet, noted for his voice, and something of a waiter). This lad I recognized instantly as a very close friend. But the peculiar predicament that he was in was surely amazing. Here he was wildly gesticulating at a solid faced cigar-store Indian, apparently trying to sell him some advertising space. All the while this was going on the Indian kept muttering that it was Custer's last stand. So intent was this former friend upon his work that he failed to notice me, so I passed on to seek the company of

another shade.

The path I was following lead me up to a huge music stand, behind which stood a rather portly gentleman (famous as a chorus conductor of assembly programmes). This shade was mumbling to himself something about his cousin Charley in Detroit. I could not see any real meaning to this, so rather than interfere with any private religious rites, I again wandered on down the trail.

I next encountered a lad who was delving deeply into a mountain of law books. A rather fleshy person but agile enough with his mind. He kept repeating that Jefferson did, so why couldn't he? Tied securely to a post was a grey old donkey, while on the opposite side of the law books was an elephant, bound down to the earth as if in submission.

I next observed a young lady seated beside a rocky wall, tracing sonnets in stone with a badly beaten pen. She was likewise intent upon her work but did look up long enough to suggest that I get myself a pen and join her. Her suggestion was that it would build me up, socially. With this, I again went on.

Next I saw a huge dance band down by the river. There I saw many faces of old friends. At different intervals they took turns on the choruses. A sleek lad stood up and "went to town" on a fiddle. Another jammed away on a clarinet that squealed out a delightful bit of "Maniacs Ball". But before the entire outfit, stood a short, stocky lad with a fine line moustache. He was dressed in a swallow-tail and was waving a baton trying to keep the band in order. But strangely enough, no one recognized me and I, again, went on my own way.

I next encountered a tall dark lady with her hair pulled back tight against her head. Her lips were—well that's alright, too. Anyway, she was running up and down the Plutonian shore asking "Has anybody here seen Kelly?"

But the time for my departure was announced by a middle aged man in a white uniform (much the same as a chef would wear) who kept calling "Time to r-ring it up" and "Don't sleep—go home and sleep." I hurriedly sought the old skipper in an effort to get across the murky stream.

As I bade goodbye to this land of shades, I expressed the desire to come back again some time. The old man of the whiskers nodded affirmatively, "You will be—to stay."

Maybe I will.

MUSICIANS TO GIVE RECITAL NEXT TUES.

(Continued from page one)

Violin—Vorspiel, from Concerto in G minor Bruch
Clyde Owens
Voice—a. Possession Sharp
b. The Leaves and the Wind Leoni
c. The Eagle Busch
Pauline Craig
Piano—The Chase Rheinberger
Alberta Christy
Brass Group:
Trombone—Evening Star Wagner
Richard Otto
Quartette:—
a. Requiem Bantock
b. Mountains Rasbach
—Both Transcribed by Beeler
Richard Otto Carmen Caiazza
Miles Lombard Willard Musser

S. A. I. VERY KIND; GAVE HOBOES PARTY

Sigma Alpha Iota entertained Wednesday evening in true 1933 fashion with a Hoboe Party in honor of freshman girls.

Each hostess as well as guest was attired in hoboe garb. We hear that the entertainment provided was that which only a hoboe could enjoy. Gaiety and frivolity reigned supreme, and dancing was found to be a part of a hoboe's life. Rations in paper bags were handed out at the back door to those who requested them.

Much of the success of the party may be attributed to Molly Smith, who was general chairman of the affair.

FROSH AND SOPH. JAMBOREE

Percy Field
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19th



Women's New "Mirror of Fashion" Fall Footwear

\$6.95 and \$7.50

Suedes . . . Genuine Mandruccas and Satins in Pumps, Ties, Straps!

Shoes that are light and comfortable to wear because every pair is made by an expert. All are in perfect step with the fashion.

Phoenix Chiffon Hosiery in Gibson Girl Colors, 85c and \$1

ROTHSCHILD'S

61 Complete Departments

Asiatic Gardens

Good Chinese and American Dishes
Priced Right

We urge you to come in the first time

The second you'll come of your own accord

Opp. Strand Theatre
313 E. State St.
Phone 2823

A custom made suit is the best investment in money and appearance

E. A. KOHM
Merchant Tailor
222 East State St.

Ambassador Restaurant

Specialize in Home-Cooking

Stop in after the theatre or dance for all kinds of Light Lunches and Sandwiches

FOR RESERVATIONS

Dial 2492 105 N. Aurora St.

City Laundry

(Formerly Home Laundry)
Prop.—B. L. MELLBERG

COMPLETE LAUNDRY SERVICE
One day service when needed

Call for and deliver

218 First Street - Phone 8355

They're Knockouts!

MEN'S SUEDE-CLOTH SPORTS JACKETS

\$3.15

Good-looking? You bet!
And just as warm as they are handsome. Fleece-lined to keep out winter winds. With zipper front.

Sportswear—Second Floor



Treman, King & Co.

State at Cayuga — Dial 2333



Elva Gross Submits Interesting Article; Music of Debussy

It is true that appreciation depends greatly upon our intellectual insight. However, there is an intimate understanding which exists between certain composers and listeners and this element far surpasses any intellectual familiarity of composition. One's own individuality is projected to the extent that a "temperamental affinity" results. This subjectivity is essential in understanding Debussy. One's interest must be singular and responsive to a spiritual appeal.

Debussy is incorrectly termed an "impressionist". Impressionists must convey direct transcriptions of natural sounds through general tonal impression and notation. Debussy inhabits an alien world. He is "symbolic" of that world—an expressionist. Painting may be impressionistic; its purpose surely is an objective transcription of natural situations. But music, and especially in terms of Debussy, is quite opposite from direct transcription; it conveys meaning, to the exclusion of personal sensibility and emotion. In Debussy's own words, he strives towards "une transposition sentimentale de ce qui est *envisible* dans la nature". We may consider that the literary and plastic arts are concrete and actual; they abhor abstract, disembodied emotion. On the contrary, music resents the concrete and actual. It breathes freely in abstractions and disembodied emotions.

The "influence" of Moussorgsky is often spoken of when thinking of Debussy. Authorities show us that rather than an "influence", Moussorgsky was "an affinity of method", although not of artistic aim. Moussorgsky did not possess the rich musical inheritance of the western world. He was a Scythian with characteristic qualities of covetousness and wildness, while Debussy was a Roman, over-civilized and refined. The wild gypsy songs and plainsongs of Russia and Moussorgsky doubtless affected Debussy but not to the extent that he surrendered to their influence.

The great use of the pentatonic scale seems an attempt to recall a more primitive state of aesthetic consciousness. Probably Debussy's greatest fault can be found in his lifeless, often torpid rhythms. He seemed over anxious in his sacrifice of the usual means of musical expression. Occasionally, his purpose is defeated through over-zealousness.

Debussy's aim for personal expression was subjected to so much restriction that a premature yet normal exhaustion and sterility resulted. His half-hearted resistance to fame brought about a lack of the spontaneity which made the real Debussy. To strengthen his decline, illness added its influence. To Beethoven and Wagner, illness brought depth of understanding and sympathy, but for Debussy, it dulled the fine edge of his artistic fitness. The result was subtle but fatal. His innermost sanctuary of soul was invaded. The "Martyre de St. Sebastien" is full of the spirit of death, mysticism and sensuality. He portrays a bitter zest in his fiction and endurance of pain.

Like all geniuses, he suffered and died, unhappy, because the world robbed him of that which was his own. Some of us can appreciate his sacrifice while others, intellectual but not understanding, will term him sensuous, sensational, and shallow. Let us, rather, respect him because he is above all, the embodiment of everything that is infinitely "human".

BOB DE LANEY TO BE AD WRITER

Beginning with the issue of October 20, Bob de Lany of the class of 1930, will write the bi-monthly advertisements for the W. J. Reed Clothing Company, appearing on page two of the Ithacan.

Mr. De Lany is in New York, rehearsing with the Repertory Playhouse Associates. His columns, "Before Breakfast" and "Notes and Notions," were Ithacan features of the past several years.

National President Inspected S. A. I.

Epsilon chapter of Sigma Alpha Iota, national professional music fraternity for women, has been subject to a thorough inspection by its national president, Miss Gertrude Evans, during the past week. Epsilon, the local chapter of Ithaca College, is proud to claim Miss Evans as a member. This inspection of the Ithaca chapter follows a tour of inspection, began in October, 1932, which took Miss Evans in all but two of the States. She not only carried on an extensive inspection program in colleges and universities where chapters are established, but Miss Evans also visited institutions in which there are not chapters of music fraternities.

Sigma Alpha Iota consists of sixty-three active chapters, twenty-five alumni, and two provisional chapters. The membership totals approximately seven thousand, five hundred initiated members, a great majority of whom Miss Evans interviewed privately during her recent tour. Over fifty chapters were visited last year and this year's tour of the East will conclude the inspection. The chapters at Susquehanna University, Eastman School, Columbia University, Syracuse University and New England Conservatory will be visited by Miss Evans before the Christmas holidays.

Sigma Alpha Iota maintains an office for Miss Evans at her home, 614 E. Seneca Street, and Epsilon chapter is most fortunate in being able to receive its national president as a frequent and honored visitor at the chapter house, 440 E. Buffalo Street.

MARKHAM, FAMED POET SPOKE TO STUDENTS

(Continued from page one)

taught but found no school house. He said "Give me an axe and two or three husky young men and I'll soon remedy that." This he did by making a corral around a live oak tree. Inside the enclosure he built nine desks and a circular seat for himself at the base of the tree. By virtue of this invention he sets forth the claim that he is the originator of the open air school in America.

The programme then took a serious tone as Mr. Markham pronounced his theory that two things make a poet—sublimity and a deep delving into the human life. He pointed out that Milton achieved sublimity in about 300 lines of the first three books of "Paradise Lost." The remaining nine books are devoted to a discussion of theology. Mr. Markham maintains that no man can attain sublimity in a discussion of factual material.

In the discussion of Poe's "The Raven", which Markham read very effectively, he expressed his great admiration for the work by saying that he would rather have written those lines than any other lines in American poetry. He also stated that this poem was an evidence of Poe's personal belief in immortality.

Those who heard Mr. Markham will long remember the appearance of poise and strength the poet made; as well as the interesting ideas and criticisms which he set forth.

ITHACA COLLEGE BAND GIVES FIRST CONCERT

(Continued from page one)

The program played by the band was as follows:

Overture—Rakoszy Keler Bela
Encore—Charge to the Lancers
Piccolo Solo—Through the Air

Damn
Played by Moreland Potter
March of the Toys—from "Babes in Toyland" Victor Herbert
Encore—On the Mall Goldman
Xylophone Solo—Overture, Morning, Noon, and Night Suppe
Encore—The Rosary Nevin
Played by Glenn Brown
Valse Des Fleurs—from Casse Noisette Ballet Tschaikowsky
Encore—The Stars and Stripes

Who's Who on the Campus

CHARLEY MOCKLER—The Miniature Musical Mogul. Witty. Does not care for meat but is fond of green stuff. May get to be a big-timer.

GEORGE VAN KURIN—Fiddler. Good guy. Hair combed like an artist. And that moustache.

BILL CORNELL—Tall. Red. Navigates about town in a sort of uncertain vehicle. Something of a Thespian. Got a cigarette?

JOE RODERICK—From Maine. Enticing accent. Short order cook. Fireman. One of the "muscle men." Enjoys tumblers and tumbling.

CHARLEY BUDESHEIM—The College Rubinoff. Has private laugh. Also a flashy drummer. Often found at his Bach.

MIKE FUSCO—Spirited actor. Artist in Italian dialect and imitations of famous people about town. Public speaker of the first water.

ED FLYNN—Knows Indian lure. Also competent actor. Well dressed but has little to do with the female life at school.

LUKE PERRY—Tall. Dark. Taciturn. Moves slowly but very surely. Easy to meet. Fine ideals. Well meaning but often mis-understood.

TOM BROWN—Good musician. Cayugan. Smooth hair. Another of those lads from Granville. P. S. M.

CHAD—The man every one loves. Great painter. The patron saint of the Little Theatre group. Knows all the ropes in his profession. A pioneer of the movie industry. His friendship a highlight in one's college career.

STEPHEN STRAKA—The Red Menace. Buys books instead of food. Also buys the middle seat, front row, at a Hampden production. Has been known to leer during dramatic productions. Ambitious.

MRS. TALLCOTT—English and psychology. House mother Phi Mu Alpha. Calm. Her laugh. Those eyes that look through. Intelligent.

MR. LYON—Voice instructor. "Daddy." The general of I. C. His walk. Stern. Makes excellent faces. Active.

DR. BARBER—German instructor. Meek. Absent-minded. Versatile. Educated. The way he prowls about.

BILL HAHN—Known as Wild Bill to his friends. Another of the Penn. Dutch exiles. Does quite a few tricks on a French horn. Speaks English occasionally.

The Seasons by Nelson Shephard

Our love found root at the Spring,
Showed promise of rich Autumn harvest,
But a sudden Frost blasted it—
Now it is Winter.

CHIROPODIST
I. Kirschner
139 E. State St.
Ithaca, N. Y.
Telephone 8903

(Incorporated 1868)

ITHACA SAVING BANK

Tioga Street—Corner Seneca

James Lynch Coal Co.

Incorporated

D. L. & W. COAL

—the Standard Anthracite

Phone 2204

CAR HEATERS PRESTONE

Prepare your car for Winter

Now at

Lang's Garage

24 Hour Service



The Corner Bookstore

Fiction RENTAL LIBRARY Puzzles

Old and New Used and New
BOOKS TYPEWRITERS
Text and General For Rent and Sale

Fraternity Paper College Supplies
ENGRAVING STATIONERY
Engraved Paper College Pennants

HILL DINER

Open every day and night
until 2:30

Friday and Saturday All Night

Special—Thursday Night
Spaghetti and Meat-Balls

S. A. Frisby

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

of Ithaca

at State and Tioga

Extends a Welcome to the

Faculty, the Staff and the

Students of Ithaca College



Every Event
is an occasion
For Flowers

There is surely some one, to whom
you wish to

"Say it with Flowers"

The Bool Floral Co. Inc.

215 E. State St. Flower Fone 2758