Announcements—Week of Nov. 8

Mon. A. M. 9:00—Chaperons Meeting—Williams Hall.

P. M. 7:00—Sigma Meeting—Sorority House
7:30—Mu Phi Meeting—Sorority House

Tues. P. M. 4:00—Student Recital—Little Theatre
7:00—Organization Meeting of Williams School of Expression.
8:30—Phi Mu Alpha Meeting
8:15—“Not Herbert”—Little Theatre.

Wed. P. M. 2:30—Matinee Performance of “Not Herbert”
7:30—Meeting of Outside Girls at home of Idelle Bellis, 322 S. Cayuga.
8:15—“Not Herbert”—Little Theatre. Open Night at Gym.

Thurs. P. M. 8:15—“Not Herbert”—Little Theatre.

Fri. P. M. 8:15—“Not Herbert”—Little Theatre.

Sat. P. M. 2:30—Matinee Performance of “Not Herbert”
8:15—“Not Herbert”—Little Theatre.

Mon. A. M. 8:15—“A Big Sing”—Assembly.
9:00—Chaperons Meeting—Williams Hall.

P. M. 7:00—“Ithaca Alumni Club”—Elocution Hall.
8:15—Student Recital, Music Dep’t—Little Theatre.

Pajama Party—Shhh!

The true Hallowe’en spirit prevailed at Williams Hall last Monday night, when the girls of that house and their guests from Mu Phi enjoyed an “informal” Pajama Party.

A little impromptu dance was staged between the hours of ten and twelve. The big attraction of the evening, however, was the barrel of cider and the box of doughnuts! Tho’ she probably doesn’t want it known, we’re going to state right here that the party was Mother Tustins idea, and that it was she who arranged to have such an abundance of drinks and doughnuts for the occasion.

Altho the party waxed hilarious at times, due to the fact that some of the girls (Frosh excluded) partook of a trifle more cider than was necessary,—the evening passed without any serious mishaps.

We regret to say, however, that Mary Louise Masten was found guilty of “hooking” two doughnuts. But we freely forgive her, since she was ill the next day from the effects of her misdemeanor. “Honesty is the best Policy”, Louise.

We were indeed sorry that Miss Hanisch, a specially invited guest could not attend our party, but we know that she and “Floyd” did enjoy the movies, so it’s O. K.

H. R.
Important If True

A man should never be ashamed to say he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than he was yesterday,—Pope.

Personality marks are posted twice a week now. They'll soon get your number!

Did you ever stop to think!—

That whenever we are in the presence of other people, we are being tho't about? We are being watched continually.

Folks have to think, you know, they can't help it,—and if we come within their line of vision,—some tho't about us passes thru their brain.

Whether it is good, bad, or indifferent depends fundamentally on us, doesn't it?

If we realized how many impressions we make and how easily we make them we might be a trifle more careful of our conduct, n'est-ce pas?

What? No Smoking! What kind of a party is this?

"A man who has friends must show himself friendly."

You know, there's a lot to that! Try being just as gracious and friendly as you can for one day, and note the result! You'll be surprised!

Who said: "I know not what you and others may say, but as for me, I would as leave study Phi Ed in a box car as study Public Speaking and Aesthetics!"

Bob Boothroyd is really quite the poet, isn't he? We wonder who furnishes the inspiration,—the blonde or the brunettes!

Martin Hall, we know you're "on silence," but that doesn't mean "off writing!"

Let's hear from you thru the "Once-a-Week."

Talk about Revival Meetings! It takes the Seniors of '27 to revive the old spirit of '76! Napoleon himself would have had to sit up and register, had he been here! Oh, it's a great life we lead,—we grand and noble Seniors!

"Tan" is angry with "Ed",—wonder why!

We overheard her say:

"Yes,—we're thru! Shall I return your letters?"

"Yes, please,—there's a lot of good stuff in them I can use again."

Three Mysteries: Love, Women, and Hash.

Freshman: "How often does the Once-a-Week come out?"

The editor used

This in a pinch

He needed exactly

Another inch.

Who's Who At the Con

By K. V. B.

Carl Williams, who has learned to believe in the old saying that "the most precious articles often come in the smallest packages."

"Dotty" Hunter, who disagrees with Mr. Williams.

"Pat" Peters and Everetta Fisher who like to casually trip off to New York City for the week-ends, and visit their friends among the four "million"—pardon, of course we meant, the four "hundred".

Dean Brown, who should be given more opportunity to display his dancing ability.

Genevieve Elliott, our Editor-in-Chief, who needs only a hair ribbon and a pair of rompers to become our ideal eight year old sweetheart. Flora Barger, who should be hailed as a martyr when it comes to sacrificing beauty for art.

Elwyn Swarthout, who says, "Off with the old, and on with the new!"

Al Emmons, who takes his job as doorkeeper so seriously that he has recently been seen walking around with a black eye.

Dorothy Walsh, who should wear a blonde wig all the time.

Steve Steigiger, who certainly must know something about married life, judging from love scenes he enacts at Methodist Hallowe'en parties.

Tann Moesta, who must have a friend at the Florist's.

Phi Mu Alpha

"Brother Troke" continues to make life miserable for Jimmy Kavanough.

Brother Boothroyd has been appointed director of the Public School Music Choral Club.

Brother Dunlop made a big hit Sunday afternoon, Oct. 31, as Soloist with Patsy Conways' Band. The tremendous applause, following his rendition of "Invictus" brought forth "Duna" as an encore, which was equally as well received.

Brother Bert Lyon is drilling the Methodist Episcopal choir in the mysteries of Handels' Oratorio "The Messiah", which he expects to give in the near future.

Brother Swift spent the week-end of October 22, at the home of his parents in Binghamton. If these visits continue we shall have to divulge the reason for his homesickness.

Brother Gelder was home over the week-end. His parents bro't him back Sunday and attended the Band Concert.

Brother Bagarts parents were up to see him Sunday afternoon, Oct. 31, 1926.

Mu Phi Epislon

Mu Phi has lost its talented reporter for a week—hence the prose form. Since the last weekly issue, we have had a very successful Hallowe'en party. At 11:30 everyone assembled in Mary Louise's room where a bounteous feast had been laid. You should have seen Betty as Paul Revere, Louise as a Broadway flapper of the "70," Kay as a model and Sparkie in the unusual dress of "Napie" Napoleon. Other guests were "Thuthan" and "Thammy" who 'lipped':

On Monday night we all attended a glorious Pajama party at Williams Hall. Fun galore! The Billites are sure good entertainers.

Sigma Sidelights

Did you hear the latest?—

Bob Boothroyd may turn S. A. I. At least it must be admitted he's a good candy salesman.

It makes our hearts rejoice when we see the pledges serving refreshments as loyally as they did at Mr. Daland's recital. Really they may turn out to be quite accomplished yet.

We thought—as a whole, the girls in Sigma were passably intelligent looking until Ev. Swank appeared on recital as Olga Olsen. Horrors! Our fondest hopes were shattered!

Recently we enjoyed the privilege of entertaining Miss Sherrill at dinner.
Blue Notes
A Weekly Colyum by D. J. F.

Br-rr!

After chilly October comes frosty November,
Then too-brief vacation in snowy December —
And next comes the shivery, bleak January,
When none but the hardy on street-corners tarry.
The ice will be icy, and the slush will be slushy,
And we'll be mitteny, mufflered, furred, and galoshy.
Yes, it certainly is a hard, cold, dangerous world but
after all, as D. Parker says—
Razors pain you,
Rivers are damp,
Acides stain you,
Drugs cause cramp,
Guns aren't lawful,
Nooses all give,
Gas smells awful,
You might as well live.

Our readers all tell us that we are too frightfully cynical regarding
"La grande passion", so just to get even, we weren't going to say a
word about love in our Colyum this week. But here is something so
seasonable we simply couldn't resist it—

"Before you love,
Learn to run through snow
Leaving no foot print."

Old Turkish Motto

Of course it's all according to whom or what one happens to love
though somethings aren't so disastrous. Just listen to this—
A buttery sugary, syrupy waffle—
Gee, but I love it somep'n awful.
Ginger-cakes drippin', in chocolate goo,
Oo! How I love 'em! Oo! Oo! Oo!

Now the worst that could befall a victim to such an
affaire d'amour would be an attack of indigestion, a tummy-ache, and a night-mare.

A SUDDEN THOUGHT
(on passing thru the Con lobby after recital)
The world is so full of a number of people,—
I wish I could live on the top of a steeple.
And speaking of recital, here's a poem
we bet won't be hard to translate—
Qu'aucun de nous pour son talent
Ne se fasse jamais entendre;
Que sa voix, ou son instrument
Parte des qu'on voudra l'entendre
Mais qu'il cesse avant d'ennuyer:
O l'insupportable homme
Qui par son art sait egayer
Des amis qu'il assomme!
And to think that the Election went off O. K. without our vote! It
inspires us with the following gem (Ed: An Emerald?) entitled:

IRISH TUNE

Says Al Smith to Sal Smith,
"Are you a cousin, Miss, to me?"
"No sir, I ain't a 'cussin', Sir,"
Miss Sally Smith, says she,
"But the polls is so dam crowded, sir,
I can't get in to vote."
(And this Colyum is so ditto, we
Can't blue another note).
Amard Ball A Success

If you were there, you know,—if you weren't there, you've heard about it by this time,—The Annual Hallowe'en Ball given by the Amard Fraternity Friday night, Oct. 30, 1926. "The Rainbow Men" rooted in full glory, and the masqueraders enjoyed a bewitchingly jolly dance that was exceptional because of the friendly cordial spirit that permeated the atmosphere from start to finish.

Newman Hall

Newmanites are busy folks these days. Lights have been burning far into the night, while industrious pupils pursue knowledge in the form of Psychology, History or French.

We are also preparing for a tea on Sunday afternoon, November seventh.

All in all, we haven't much time to waste. If you'll forgive us for our brevity this week, we'll promise to have a lot of news in the next issue—after we've finished with prelims!

F. Kinnear.

"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the Hen as the farmer crossed the barnyard.

Phi Delta Pi vs. "John's"

Every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday o'clock the kitchen of Egbert Hall is the scene of slashing knives and rollicking laughter.

At seven-thirty the clamor has died down and in its place are sandwiches varied in kind, bountiful in size and delicious in taste.

At nine-thirty the Phi Delta Pi girls go from dorm to sorority house—then from sorority house to dorm again selling their Specialties.

If you should meet them in the progress from house to house—stop them—buy a sandwich—they love to serve and satisfy all.

WHAT! HO!!

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"Toby": "He surely does know some wicked songs."

Virginia: "Does he sing them to you?"

"Toby": "No, but he whistles the tunes."

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Why don't you come in and see the wonderful novelties we have? Thanks for a call.

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Radios, Corona Typewriters and Athletic Goods for Every Sport.

Lew Cody:

"My parents taught me not to smoke—I don't
Nor listen to a naughty joke—I don't,
They make it clear I must not wink
At pretty girls, or even think
About intoxicating drink—I don't.
I kiss no girls, not even one
I do not know how it is done
You would not think I have much fun—I don't."

George Snyder: "Well, I gotabegoin'. Slong."

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