'Late George Apley' in Rehearsal; Mrs. Larsen Directing

Conjecture concerning the third of this term's major productions came to an end something over a week ago, when Mr. Finch, Director of the Drama Department, announced that 'Late George Apley,' by John P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman, had been selected. Tryouts for the comedy by John P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman were held on Monday, October 21. Eugene aspirants vied for roles in the Sets, the Granite Room and the Green Room that afternoon and Tuesday, while Arthur Larson who is to direct the show. With approximately 100 students competing for the sixteen roles, the parts readings performed by those who were finally selected from among the many talents displayed, knew that the show was in a strange. Since final casting depended largely on voice quality capable of interpreting the Beebe scenes required and on the matching of physical characteristics, the scenes dates may be somewhat modified, by the knowledge that the individuals called into question.

An excellent cast selected to present the play in the College Little Theatre on November 22. - 23 is: Margaret Crocker, Helen Tapley; director; Catherine Apley, Phyllis Penndelton; John Apley, Robert Levitch; Elizabeth Wilson, John Wilson, Danie Rubinate, Ann Combee, Newcomb; Ralph Newcomb, Ralph Futino, Willard Larson, Walter Laughton, Jr.; Agnes Willis, Betty Armstrong; Howard Boulder, George C. Shoup, Lydia Clark; Emily Southworth, Mary Crosby; John H. Ulch, Warren Neyer; Herbert Dorsay, who is set in the company of the executive director to Mrs. Larson.

This is the third year the Drama Department, Mrs. Larson taught a Speech Course last year. The second English major, the holds graduation from the Royal Academy and in major, is a graduate of the University in Washington, D. C., where the created the leading role in "The Song," a part portrayed by Mary Main when that show was transferred to the lavish Broadway production. Mrs. Larson made her mark here at I.C. during the summer, directed "Rita Field," and "Over 21"-two of the most popular plays

The "Late George Apley" is an adaptation of the novel by Mr. Marquand. The Pulitzer prize winner which was called "the best American book of fiction in 1937"

With the able collaboration of the renowned playwright, George S. Kaufman, the long awaited last term's first "First Lady," Mrs. Larsen, is now in its final stage. The with its novel and dramatized it into the kit play which appeared in the New York Theatre on Theatre on November 22, 1942. The show, which 240 performances later. In the tule role was Leo G. Carroll, accomplished as usual, in the manner of the world famous George Apley in Hollywood's "The Hollywood Screenbound"

"AVC To Meet Tuesday At Straight"

The next meeting of the American Veterans Committee will be held on Tuesday, November 19, 1946. AVC will meet at 8 p.m., in the hall of the local chapter, which includes townspeople and students. The AVC meets every other Tuesday, and membership cards are available at all meetings. Mr. Charles Balle, one of the founders of this group comprised of the veteran's group, is expected to be present at the meeting November 19, 1946.

Gridders Beat RPI, First Win Since 1941 Season

The Bombers of Ithaca College, after losing to a tough Niagara U. team, 47-0, a close one to Hartwick 7-0, and a heartbreaker to St. Lawrence 14-0, found the case of "jinxing" and rallied in the second half of the RPI game to go up by an easy margin, 19-7.

It was another case of IC runners being bogged down by mud and by penalties. Twice in the second half, the Bombers crossed yardage but were called back by the horn. Then another time a drive by IC put the ball on the one yard line for the second time, but the gamed on downs; however, when RPI attempted to boost back the goal post, the Bombers broke through, blocked the punt and gave IC points on an automatic safety.

It was good enough to win by, since Scoring a safety on the remaining two penalty kicks to IC previously. In the last game, IC tied it up at 7 all. The Bombers had a 9-7 lead in the closing moments of the game, when that show was washed out the three year old, the Bombers made the trip from Sea Gate to Westchester, and then four games in the abbreviated schedule of 1945 in three years. The Bombers were able to make it a total of eight straight before IC crashed the win column at the expense of RPI.

With Lumiere, the only letter man, who was on the 1942 squad, still out on injuries, the Bombers are hoping to rely on their other backs to replace him. If he is ready to play against University of Rochester, Bombers will be able to provide a definite help. Meeting at Bethlehem under the arc lights, the IC Bombers hope to win the first the local chapter which in-...
The Ithacan, Friday, November 1, 1946

Page 2

Co-Editors-in-Chief
Dave Mistrovsky ’48
Mary Sampson ’47

Editorial Board
Betsy Ann Lauterbach ’47
Sylph Hallman ’48

Larry Arrick
Dave J. Barnett
Dan Bonacci
Bob Bradley
Grace Deasstine
Eleanor Elyn
Fred Glance
Helin Tailey

Business Staff
Jeanne Rockefeller, Editor

Topping
Circulation
Pat Cotone
Martha Conin
Dorothy Daniels
Marguerite Espada
Claire Davison
Marcella Cordwell

Faculty Advisor
Mark Pierre

Printed by Northern Printing Co.

A Case Of Unmistaken Identity

The old story is back on the news pages—that story about Jake and Mike and Sam—the guys who are still looking for the place to park their weary and satirized minds. Wearied of wondering if four years of war was worth it and satirized with stories about them—stories that they can’t get into this or that school because the quota is filled.

But isn’t the type of quota we hear about so often, not the type that prevents you from getting into the school of your choice (because the institution can hold just so many.) No, this is the type of repetition of limit to Catholic, Negro, or Jew. This is the epitome of what the guy who wants to go to Medical College or the guy who wants to go to Marconies, Baruchs, and Carvers—are shunned from these “honorable” limits of acceptance because of faith or color is disbanded, can we hope for the future?

Sigma Alpha Iota

Students of Ithaca College, you can relax now and cease worrying about the Sigma Alpha Iota Monday evening. It was the Sai girl’s and their fresh­men rushes out on a scavenger hunt. Certainly the girls were a sight to behold in character. They wore their plaid shirts and jeans as they scooped the most out of the whole "mess" of advice in their eyes.

After locating enough mosses to fill the most florid of the Sigma House, the girls returned to their startling education in activities. Entertainment was furnished by a brass quartet which performed an "arrangement" of "The Old Oaken Bucket." "Artists" in the "traces" of the "hand" were done by Junipa Lupina. Just on the program was a classical calver story appropriate to the Halloween Party.

Kappa Gamma Psi

The Kappa Gamma Phi pledges have been kept very busy by a few events in recent days. One of the girls has been diligently performing the wishes of the full-fledged members, and making themselves as agreeable and pledgeable as possible. They have also been busily caring for and painting their paddies in anticipation of initiation. The pledge period is rapidly drawing to a close, though, and in the near future this formal initiation will be held. Then the nine pledges will be indoctrinated with the spirit and function of Kappa Psi.

A Freshman Smoker will be held by Kappa Gamma Psi Tuesday in the YMCA, to get acquainted with some of the new freshmen.

Futurama

The years past as they will—and something more. This year, because of periods of hookey-playing and what the medical reports call "usual childhood diseases," top-headed Miss Sampson found herself in Jamestown High School. Here were the foundations for her later interests; she became a member of the Intramural Club and the National Thespian Society and was named News Editor of the school paper. She was also a member of the Debate Team and carried out many of the group’s activities which help to make a full high school life.

Perhaps Mary would still be wondering what to do next had her pet guardian staged a few more strings. The result was her selection as Miss Thompson of 1943 in a regional competition conducted by the National Thespians. When the society recommended that she develop her dramatic talents and suggested Ithaca College as the logical place, Mary needed little urging, and an interview with Mr. Newens, then Director of the Drama Department, did the trick. So, we find Mary going to college. The pressure under which all of us work because of our specialized activities gave Mary more impetus; so to satisfy her driving energy, she mastered the art of soda making and was soda chef in the Dining Hall for two years. Since then, her "free" moments have been spent as an employee of the Ice Cream Center.

With the better part of her senior year over, she has already had a long list of accomplishments to her credit. Some of these include: Ithaca Staff for three years and now Co-Ed-in-Chief; work in Seneca for the 1945 and 1946, Member of Student Council, WOC; Theta Alpha Alpha Phi; stage manager and head of crews for various plays and character parts in such shows as "Ivory Door," "Pillars of Society," "That Yeaver" and currently, "The Late George Apley." Plan for the future are not yet crystallized but the busy Miss Sampson is working on several projects, activities, carefully. She may draw on the resources available to her, the training she is presently receiving in the Television class, or after a successful summer as property mistress for a few weeks, when the Cleveland Playhouse at Lake Cham­pion at the end of June, she expects the Play­house’s offer to become a permanent staff member in its children’s theatre to be accepted.

Whatever the future may hold, the hope is that Mary will pursue it with the same perseverance and aplomb which has charac­terized her life up to now, and if the good wishes of her friends will help, that elusive phantom will not evade her for long.

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

I realize that this does not come under the jurisdiction of the Ithaca­can, but I thought, nevertheless, that you might be able to clear up, in a few golden words of wisdom, what seems to have become a mess and "hassle" matter.

What I want to know is where did the flame go?

Last semester I handed over some cash for a week. What happened? Maybe I’m just a wee bit fragile, but it would be nice to fill the money box again. The score is on this deal.

C.B.G.

(The real answer to your anxiety, believe us, is we’re in the same boat. We will do our best to solve some definite information within the next few weeks so that we can have a bit more of patience and we’re sure the whole mess will be cleared up in the right way. The Editor)

FRATERNALLY YOURS

Delta Phi Zeta

Delta Phi Zeta continues its regular meetings on Monday evening.

This past week-long formal initiation, held for the new members of Delta Phi Zeta. Members of the sorority were present and all patiences of the sorority were cultivated immediately following the formal service and the new members were welcomed to the organization. A number of traditional Theta Alpha Alpha Phi rituals were recognized in the discussion.

Delta Phi Zeta

Delta Phi Zeta continues its regular meetings on Monday evening.

This past week-long formal initiation, held for the new members of Delta Phi Zeta. Members of the sorority were present and all patiences of the sorority were cultivated immediately following the formal service and the new members were welcomed to the organization. A number of traditional Theta Alpha Alpha Phi rituals were recognized in the discussion.

Delta Phi Zeta

Delta Phi Zeta continues its regular meetings on Monday evening.

This past week-long formal initiation, held for the new members of Delta Phi Zeta. Members of the sorority were present and all patiences of the sorority were cultivated immediately following the formal service and the new members were welcomed to the organization. A number of traditional Theta Alpha Alpha Phi rituals were recognized in the discussion.
Timed sports, to be sure, but no boring, tiring one-sided games.

**SPORTS**

*Boothe Kid Third Win, Beat Hamilton, 5-2: Play Syracuse Tomorrow*

The college soccer team ran their string of victories to three last Saturday when they toughed off against the Macks for the third time, scoring a 5-2 win. It marked the team's third continuous win over the Mack team, and the Mack team's fourth defeat this season.

Mable right of field was scored with three assists and was center. Even though the Mack team came close to the goal, they were unable to score. Mabel, who played in his first game at the field, led the team in scoring.

...Watkins broke into a goal as a matter of fact before the ball was turned over to them. The Mack team had been leading for most of the game, but a goal was scored by Mabel to even the score. Mabel headed the ball towards the goal, but was stopped by the Mack team's defense.

Corwin, also starting for the first time, came through with two goals. He was the first to score for the team, followed by his brother, who scored a second goal.

**VET SCHOLARSHIPS**

Continued from Last Week

**THE LAW**

Number of scholarships. Chapter 418 of the Laws of 1944, as amended by chapter 599 of the Laws of 1945 and chapter 929 of the Laws of 1946, provides:

1. One thousand two hundred state war service scholarships are hereby established for the benefit of veterans of the uniformed services of the United States who have served in world war II or war and have been discharged from such service, except those with a discharge certificate other than honorable, provided they were legal residents of the state on the date of the affiant on the scholarship application. Each scholarship shall be in the amount of five hundred dollars, payable in four annual installments of one hundred twenty-five dollars each, to be paid on or before November 15 of each year.

Scholarship benefits. "Each of such scholarships shall entitle the holder thereof to nonresident tuition and fees for his entire attendance at the college or university where the scholarship is awarded,

First, the goal. The team scored three goals and was leading for the majority of the game. Mabel was the leading scorer, followed by Corwin who scored twice. The Mack team tried to counter, but their efforts were met with strong defense from Mabel and Corwin.

**Seems Radio's Here To Stay, First Show**

Last Thursday and Friday nights in the Student Auditorium at the State College, the Green Room (where the only person and the one in front of the Green Room) announced the first radio show of the season was cast. The show is Norman Corwin's delightfully animated essay about the "other" poetry of the season.--"Seems Radio's Here To Stay"--

Mr. John Groller, new instructor in Radio at Ithaca College, selected Paul H. Hume's poem, "Seems to be a fine night," for the radio show. Mr. Hume selected the poem to assist him and serve as a director for this first offering. Headine the show is about the radio actor, Dan Bovina. Last year's show performance was as Santa Claus in another Corwin show--"The Plot To Overthrow Christmas." Other people help make up the cast, and the show is rendered from parts in I.C. radio dramas, notably as "Moses" in "Holl'llin," and as the narrator in "The Plot To Overthrow Christmas."" Sirly Hollowman and Steve Levinson directed the show, while Bruce Fisherty and George Corley, and Lynn Klein who appeared in some of the previous shows served as Technical Director.

The year for things that are real, the feeling of the sun on my back, the green grass and the rainy day will pass, the sky will be clear, the sun will shine every day. The green grass will turn brown and the rainy day will be free from the factory's grime and the city's irritations.

What know I of the joy of living? What I know is that the city's pall, its filth and its crime and its shame and its product of chaos and ruin. And the victim of the "progress" is the social circle.

Deep in my heart lies an instinct of anarchy, a yearning for things that are real, a feeling of the sun on my back, the green grass and the rainy day will pass, the sky will be clear, the sun will shine every day. The green grass will turn brown and the rainy day will be free from the factory's grime and the city's irritations. The city will still sing its refrain.

**Metropolitan Melody**

What know I of the summer's meadow? What I know is that the bluebird's call, the city in all its splendor, its fifth its crime and its shame and its product of chaos and ruin.

The city is a school sadly lacking in social science, in its own, and 1t it is come into its own.

What know I of the joy of living? What I know is that the city's pall, its filth and its crime and its shame and its product of chaos and ruin. And the victim of the "progress" is the social circle.

Deep in my heart lies an instinct of anarchy, a yearning for things that are real, a feeling of the sun on my back, the green grass and the rainy day will pass, the sky will be clear, the sun will shine every day. The green grass will turn brown and the rainy day will be free from the factory's grime and the city's irritations.

What know I of the joy of living? What I know is that the city's pall, its filth and its crime and its shame and its product of chaos and ruin. And the victim of the "progress" is the social circle.

Deep in my heart lies an instinct of anarchy, a yearning for things that are real, a feeling of the sun on my back, the green grass and the rainy day will pass, the sky will be clear, the sun will shine every day. The green grass will turn brown and the rainy day will be free from the factory's grime and the city's irritations.

What know I of the joy of living? What I know is that the city's pall, its filth and its crime and its shame and its product of chaos and ruin. And the victim of the "progress" is the social circle.

Deep in my heart lies an instinct of anarchy, a yearning for things that are real, a feeling of the sun on my back, the green grass and the rainy day will pass, the sky will be clear, the sun will shine every day. The green grass will turn brown and the rainy day will be free from the factory's grime and the city's irritations.

What know I of the joy of living? What I know is that the city's pall, its filth and its crime and its shame and its product of chaos and ruin. And the victim of the "progress" is the social circle.

Deep in my heart lies an instinct of anarchy, a yearning for things that are real, a feeling of the sun on my back, the green grass and the rainy day will pass, the sky will be clear, the sun will shine every day. The green grass will turn brown and the rainy day will be free from the factory's grime and the city's irritations.

What know I of the joy of living? What I know is that the city's pall, its filth and its crime and its shame and its product of chaos and ruin. And the victim of the "progress" is the social circle.

Deep in my heart lies an instinct of anarchy, a yearning for things that are real, a feeling of the sun on my back, the green grass and the rainy day will pass, the sky will be clear, the sun will shine every day. The green grass will turn brown and the rainy day will be free from the factory's grime and the city's irritations.

What know I of the joy of living? What I know is that the city's pall, its filth and its crime and its shame and its product of chaos and ruin. And the victim of the "progress" is the social circle.

Deep in my heart lies an instinct of anarchy, a yearning for things that are real, a feeling of the sun on my back, the green grass and the rainy day will pass, the sky will be clear, the sun will shine every day. The green grass will turn brown and the rainy day will be free from the factory's grime and the city's irritations.

What know I of the joy of living? What I know is that the city's pall, its filth and its crime and its shame and its product of chaos and ruin. And the victim of the "progress" is the social circle.

Deep in my heart lies an instinct of anarchy, a yearning for things that are real, a feeling of the sun on my back, the green grass and the rainy day will pass, the sky will be clear, the sun will shine every day. The green grass will turn brown and the rainy day will be free from the factory's grime and the city's irritations.

What know I of the joy of living? What I know is that the city's pall, its filth and its crime and its shame and its product of chaos and ruin. And the victim of the "progress" is the social circle.

Deep in my heart lies an instinct of anarchy, a yearning for things that are real, a feeling of the sun on my back, the green grass and the rainy day will pass, the sky will be clear, the sun will shine every day. The green grass will turn brown and the rainy day will be free from the factory's grime and the city's irritations.

What know I of the joy of living? What I know is that the city's pall, its filth and its crime and its shame and its product of chaos and ruin. And the victim of the "progress" is the social circle.

Deep in my heart lies an instinct of anarchy, a yearning for things that are real, a feeling of the sun on my back, the green grass and the rainy day will pass, the sky will be clear, the sun will shine every day. The green grass will turn brown and the rainy day will be free from the factory's grime and the city's irritations.

What know I of the joy of living? What I know is that the city's pall, its filth and its crime and its shame and its product of chaos and ruin. And the victim of the "progress" is the social circle.

Deep in my heart lies an instinct of anarchy, a yearning for things that are real, a feeling of the sun on my back, the green grass and the rainy day will pass, the sky will be clear, the sun will shine every day. The green grass will turn brown and the rainy day will be free from the factory's grime and the city's irritations.

What know I of the joy of living? What I know is that the city's pall, its filth and its crime and its shame and its product of chaos and ruin. And the victim of the "progress" is the social circle.

Deep in my heart lies an instinct of anarchy, a yearning for things that are real, a feeling of the sun on my back, the green grass and the rainy day will pass, the sky will be clear, the sun will shine every day. The green grass will turn brown and the rainy day will be free from the factory's grime and the city's irritations.

What know I of the joy of living? What I know is that the city's pall, its filth and its crime and its shame and its product of chaos and ruin. And the victim of the "progress" is the social circle.

Deep in my heart lies an instinct of anarchy, a yearning for things that are real, a feeling of the sun on my back, the green grass and the rainy day will pass, the sky will be clear, the sun will shine every day. The green grass will turn brown and the rainy day will be free from the factory's grime and the city's irritations.

What know I of the joy of living? What I know is that the city's pall, its filth and its crime and its sham...
Six weeks of school have slipped by into the pages of memory. To the Freshmen, six weeks ago was only yesterday, and the hours between classes have been like a dream. But to the Freshman who is six weeks ago is remote date, for it seems that the sands of time have become less familiar year by year.

Meanwhile, those long, late hours in the little Theatre which is so near to the Freshman are almost a memory. There are so many ways of committing murder on stage that one wonders how the audience can ever remember. The names of the members of the Theatre Court are long, and the catalogue of productions is long. One wonders if Mr. Emory, who is the man in charge of television for the Mutual Network and radio channel 54, will be able to remember all the plays which he has been connected with. It is true that Mr. Emory has a remarkable memory. It is not too much to say that he is the theatre's memory, and that whatever happens to him happens to it. If he should fall ill, the theatre will go on. Mr. Emory is unwell, and he is unwell.

What have you done in these forty-eight days? Let's take TIME OUT to indulge in a little self-recrimination and look at ourselves. What have you done this summer? Have you felt that familiar sense of the passing of hours? Have you felt that little white Love From a Stranger, back to the curtain line to the piano. There is a dignity about her when she performs, and that statement will win the hearts of our female associates. It will not keep on a plane made of an artistic venture. You may have been able to give her a name, but you have not been able to fill the bill. Besides, it's not the name that really is important, it's what you're able to do with it. And what have you done with it?

If you hold the events of the day just terminated before re- trminating the day before, you will indeed find that the theatre has been a drain. That statement will win the hearts of our female associates. It will not keep on a plane made of an artistic venture. You may have been able to give her a name, but you have not been able to fill the bill. Besides, it's not the name that really is important, it's what you're able to do with it. And what have you done with it?

By Stuywron Resonance

It was difficult for anyone not versed in the techniques of music to describe the performance of Marian Anderson concert. As a matter of fact, it is forgettable from the Honorable's "Herold" and for her incom­ parable rendition of the group of spirituals without which no Anderson program would be complete. Miss Anderson is a stately-looking woman with a sonorous voice that fills the air like a curtain hung to the music. There is a story about her hearing which does much to in­ fluence the listeners and the insti­ tutionalization never turns to dis­ appointment, for the case with which she sings carries on her promise of accomplishment. Miss Anderson's extremely capable ac­ companist for the past five years, Mrs. Francis Josephs, a concert pianist in his own right and one who made his music a celebration of the human spirit, was unable to join Miss Anderson and her pianist to the soloist's voice.

Mr. Emory became interested in television because of the magnificent way of the WPIX. He would like to see television become a medium of communication, and to see the value of the television camera associated with the television screen. To him, television is a means of communication, and he would like to see it become a medium of communication.

There are so many ways of committing murder on stage that one wonders how the audience can ever remember. The names of the members of the Theatre Court are long, and the catalogue of productions is long. One wonders if Mr. Emory, who is the man in charge of television for the Mutual Network and radio channel 54, will be able to remember all the plays which he has been connected with. It is true that Mr. Emory has a remarkable memory. It is not too much to say that he is the theatre's memory, and that whatever happens to him happens to it. If he should fall ill, the theatre will go on. Mr. Emory is unwell, and he is unwell.

What have you done in these forty-eight days? Let's take TIME OUT to indulge in a little self-recrimination and look at ourselves. What have you done this summer? Have you felt that familiar sense of the passing of hours? Have you felt that little white Love From a Stranger, back to the curtain line to the piano. There is a dignity about her when she performs, and that statement will win the hearts of our female associates. It will not keep on a plane made of an artistic venture. You may have been able to give her a name, but you have not been able to fill the bill. Besides, it's not the name that really is important, it's what you're able to do with it. And what have you done with it?

If you hold the events of the day just terminated before re- trminating the day before, you will indeed find that the theatre has been a drain. That statement will win the hearts of our female associates. It will not keep on a plane made of an artistic venture. You may have been able to give her a name, but you have not been able to fill the bill. Besides, it's not the name that really is important, it's what you're able to do with it. And what have you done with it?