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Once-A-Week, 1927-11-03

Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

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ONCE-A-WEEK

Published by the Students of The Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

VOL. II No. 7

Five Cents a Copy

NOVEMBER 3, 1927

CALENDAR

for the week beginning November 3rd

THURSDAY

FACULTY RECITAL

4 P. M. in the Little Theatre. Mr. Talcott will read "The Show-Off."

FRIDAY

ONE-ACT PLAYS

8:15 P. M. in the Little Theatre. The Williams School of Expression will present a program of four One-Act Plays.

SATURDAY

MATINEE

2:30 P. M. in the Little Theatre. There will be a Matinee of the One-Act Plays.

PLAYS

8:15 P. M. in the Little Theatre. The last performance of One-Act Plays will be given.

SUNDAY

IN BY TEN

Remember, girls, and boys, too, only ten o'clock permissions are given on Sunday evenings—
So Don't You Be Late!

MONDAY

ADVANCED STUDENT
RECITAL

8:15 P. M. in the Little Theatre. The Ithaca Conservatory will present its Advanced Students in Recital.

TUESDAY

RECITAL

4 P. M. in the Little Theatre. The regular Tuesday afternoon Student Recital will be held. Don't start cutting—Recital is required.

WEDNESDAY

W. S. G. A. BOARD
MEETING

7 P. M. in Miss Speakman's Studio. There will be a meeting of the W. S. G. A. This does not mean there will be a mass meeting of W. S. G. A.

THURSDAY

ASSEMBLY

8:15 A. M. Mr. Harry Stutz, Managing Editor of the Journal-News will speak to us. We're all looking forward to having Mr. Stutz next week so don't fail to come. After Assembly always get your "Once-a-Week."

"THE ONCE-A-WEEK"

Published every Thursday morning by students
in the Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

KATHERINE V. BOYLES - - - Editor
ELSIE WATERS - - - } Associate Editors
MARY EVELYN MASON - - - }
MARIE BARTON - - - Business Manager
GENEVIEVE HERRICK - Associate Business Mgr.

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received as late as Monday noon.

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YOUR OPINION

Judging from the discussions in Mr. Williams' Ethics classes, the influence of public opinion is getting to be quite a popular subject. On one point at least we all agree, and that is that unless public opinion is back of a law it won't live.

Yes, the approval of the public is what makes any enterprise a success. Whether its a moral, political, or educational issue the people have the right to reject anything in which they do not believe.

One of the biggest voices of the public is in the newspaper. It centralizes opinion—be it good or bad. Just as the big dailies are community and metropolitan voices, so is the school paper a student voice. We want the Once-a-Week to voice the real Conservatory sentiment, not the ideas of only four or five editors.

If you have some school ideal that you would like the rest of us to know about, let us have it. Or if you have an opinion about some local matter write us about it because we'd like to know.

Every time we take an active interest in any school issue, we are building school spirit. And that, after all is the life of a school, its spirit. The Once-a-Week appreciates the fact that it can voice your interests, either signed or anonymous.

We want your opinion!

K. V. B.

STUDENT TYPES

As one walks around the "Con" and the buildings connected with the various schools, there are many types of students noticeable to the observer.

There are, to my mind, three really distinct types of students.

The first type consists of people who are here to work and get the most out of their studies. They possess an air of vigorous alertness and "go-to-it-iveness" which, to my mind presages future success. They are usually more contented and happy than the other students.

The second type consists of people who are naturally brilliant enough to "get by" without much effort. They are clever enough to do only work enough to get passing grades. Otherwise, they have no really serious intentions in regard to their work.

The third type is the type which never works at all. They never seem to consider studies first. They are here, it seems, only for the pleasure—study is of secondary importance. The "date" on last night's movie is of more concern to them than any study.

Let us examine ourselves and our attitude toward our studies. Are we really getting the most out of them? Making the most of our opportunities? Never was there a better time to learn, and to better ourselves than now. Let's go at those studies! After all, that's what the folks who believe in us would like us to consider of first importance. So—let's try!

R. BROEDEL.

AT OUR DANCES

The other day while at an informal Conservatory dance, many Cornell gentlemen were there also. They literally walked in, grabbed a girl and fell to dancing. Does the informal dance mean a free-for-all where the general public is invited? Does it mean that some class or organization sponsors these dances for Cornell?

I don't mean to raz Cornell or anybody else, but why must we, the general student body, stand back with poker faces and look on? On this certain occasion the men outnumbered the women three to one; and all the while brave and dashing Cornellians came flocking fast and thick.

I sincerely believe that, as long as we do not go to Hill frolics for nothing and must pay why can't they treat us fairly. In many places "stags" are charged extra, so why can't we, as people who are alive, do something?

R. C.

CONGRATULATIONS PLEDGEES!

Once-A-Week wishes to congratulate all the girls wearing Phi Delta Pi pledge caps. We know what it really means and we feel that you all are worthy of the honor. Carry your heads high, Dottie, Elsie, Marie, Janice, Miriam, and Kay. We are proud of you!

SOPHOMORES

Classified in accordance with the new ruling of the state Board of Regents of New York State, the Sophomore class which assembled to elect its officers had very much the appearance of a scattered remains of the Frosh class of 1926-1927.

The officers were elected according to the rotation system adopted last year.

President . . . Fred Cannon, Thornton, Texas
Band School
Vice President . . . Jeanette Dutcher, Seneca Falls, N. Y.—General Music Dept.
Secretary . . . Mildred Lawton, Sardinia, N. Y.
Expression Dept.
Treasurer . . . Edward Decker, Rochester, N. Y.
Phy.-Ed. School
Reporter . . . Genevieve Herrick, Towanda, Pa.
P. S. M. Dept.

Great things are to be done this year by the Sophomores—Just watch out! The Junior Prom is one—and next month's class dance is another.

Thass all for now.

G. H.

YOU "SCHOOL MARMS AND MASTERS!"

The numerous practice teachers are getting a taste of the real thing at the Parochial schools and at Forest Home.

Yes,—why Fay likes it so much that he's going to teach every day.

And—what do you know—Mildred Scott has a whole school at Odessa. She's *the* supervisor at the Union grade and high school. Thass what we'd call real experience. Here's good luck to you Scotty, we know you can do it!

"AND THEY KILL MEN LIKE——"

It was in a crowded classroom that a boy of short stature, but deep voice, arose and confronted his classmates. His was an air of no small importance, and he flourished in his hand a tiny pack of white tickets. Came a great announcement! "Season tickets for the New York Players, the Stock Company, which made the grand success last year. Ten dollars, that's all. A bargain; a miraculous offer; a highly beneficial——" and etc., and so-on. But his speech was cut short by a howl of derision. A general hissing and stamping of feet grew into a terrific roar. Over the speaker's face spread a look of hurt surprise. With a struggle, courage returned. He faced his audience, and drawing a deep breath, demanded, "What's up?"

"Dumbell," snapped a Phi Mu, "Those are substitute tickets for the class dance tonight. Ten dollars? You mean ten cents."

E. L. W.

REELS FROM REAL LIFE

(Phi Mu Alpha)

REEL III

There took place in the mansion of Sinfonia, on Sunday, October thirteenth the result of much careful planning and diligent labor. In the afternoon of this memorable day the portals of the edifice were thrown open to whomever it might concern in any way. In answer to this invitation came throng upon throng of sight seers and spectators to view the sacred and secret interior of the House on the gorge.

Refreshments were served and the story goes that a good time was had by all.

The call of the wild proved more strong to some of the brothers than the call to entertain. This being the case, on Thursday and Friday of last week the chance observer might have seen different members of Phi Mu Alpha wending their way from the city of their Alma Mater in varied directions, bent upon arriving at their respective homes by that precarious and muncert in means of travel known in the common vernacular as "Bumming".

With these few meagre gleanings of information we send this reel upon its way

THUS DRAWETH THE THIRD TO AN END

I OFTEN MARVEL AT:

Elsie Water's overwhelming dignity.
Eddie Bedell's lack of cheerfulness
Floyd Fox's Corpulency.
Wesley Carpenter's Falsetto voice.
Irmasue Meek's aggressive manner.
Margaretta Shanaman's extreme talkativeness.
Rowland Cresswell's bashfulness.
Everett Griffith's reticence.
Helen Rodger's listlessness.
Nat Shepherd's frivolity..

—R. R. B.

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SIGMA SIDELIGHT

Perhaps you would be interested in knowing who visited us during this past week end.

Mrs. Elliot Springstead (Kay Weeding), Catskill, N. Y.

Miss Beatrice Jones, Hilton, N. Y.

Miss Imogene Hitch, Laurel, Delaware. (She is now with Schubert's Golden Dawn).

On Monday evening, October 24, the pledging service was held for Josephine Lautner who has become one of the patronesses. We were especially pleased to have so many of our patronesses here for the pledging.

Miss Gretchen Haller, who so successfully made her debut in Chicago October 3rd, will give a recital in Elmira November 4, 1927.

Our monthly informal was held at the house, Tuesday Evening, November 1st. Those who performed were: Kitty Hill, Ula Henry, Grace Hoosier, Ruth Beardslee. The evening was then turned over to Committee in charge of the occasion and a delightful bridge party was enjoyed by all.

"Are caterpillars good to eat?" asked little Tommy at the dinner table.

"No," said his father, "What makes you ask such questions as that while you are eating?"

"You had one on your lettuce but it's gone now," replied Tommy.

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P. S. M. NOTES

About time you heard from us? Oh, yes indeed! The P. S. M. department has started out full well this year with the following officers:

President Herman Toplansky
 Vice-President Fay Swift
 Secretary Genevieve Herrick
 Treasurer Norma Covert

JIMJAMS

The OTHER day
 I heard a
 Student
 Say,
 "Don't cry over
 Spilt milk—
 There's enough——"
 And I heard
 Another
 Say
 "He who laughs last
 Didn't hear——"
 And another say
 "All the world's a stage
 But the most of us——"
 And I just
 Chawed
 Right ON
 For quite a
 Spell.
 And then
 I says, says I
 "I guess
 You were
 There TOO!"
 Congratulations!
 And if you
 Liked the sample of
 The Con's new plays
 Just
 Pass your PLATE
 For more
 From
 Time to
 Time. I
 THANK you.

GLEE CLUB

A girl's glee club has been organized in the P. S. M. department. Rehearsals are held every Wednesday at 3:15 under the direction of Prof. Lautner.

The officers of the club are:

President Mary Gertrude Smith
 Vice-President Kathryn Evans
 Secretary-Treasurer Marie Barton

A bankrupt gave as his sole assets his golf clubs. These should get a man into a hole, not out of one.—*London Opinion.*

MRS. TUSTIN
DEAN OF WOMEN

Mrs. H. Louise Tustin, for several years house mother of Williams Hall has recently been appointed Dean of Women of Ithaca Conservatory. The news has come as a pleasant surprise to her girls, both new and old. The new girls who have but made her acquaintance this fall, look forward to the year under her supervision. The old girls, who have had the privilege and inspiration of her leadership in the past, know that her splendid vision, her firm guidance and her whole souled entering into their interests, will in the future be in store not only for the girls of Williams Hall, but for the girls of the whole Conservatory. So, even as they have greeted her in the past as House Mother, we all now extend our cordial congratulations for her future as Dean of Women.

GOING UP

(Read from bottom line up)

let you off about here.
 time and they
 hear you in
 but they don't
 at, and it is about here;
 wish to get off
 what floor you
 You tell them
 are like this:
 Elevator Operators.

—Judge.

Mono—Hey, give me that shovel.
 Gram—That snow shovel?
 Mono—Sure it's a shovel.—*Juggler.*

I—Why don't you get some fenders and a tail light on your Ford?

II—Oh, I think it looks snobbish to put a lot of extras on a car.—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

Don't you think a good Alma Mater for I. S. P. E. would be "Phy. Ed. a Lover"?

ONE-ACT PLAYS
TO-MORROW AND
SATURDAY

The Williams School of Expression and Dramatic Art will present a group of four one-act plays in three performances, beginning to-morrow night. This is the year's first program of one-act plays and it is a very unique group.

The plays are: "The Neighbours", by Zetta Gale; "Lady Fingers," by Glenn Hughes "The Valiant," by Hall and Middlemass, and "The Twelve Pound Look," by Sir James Barris. The cast includes both new and advanced students.

Tickets for outsiders will be fifty cents but students may obtain them in advance from Miss Howland for twenty-five cents.

Each of these plays is one of the best of its kind and together we guarantee they will afford an unusual evening of entertainment. All we ask of you is to—come.

STUDENT COUNCIL
COMPLETE

As a result of last week's election, the new council members are:

Paul Lester
 Walter Beeler
 Fay Swift
 Bob de Lany
 Ben Phillips

The Student Council is now complete and ready to take charge of all our problems. If we cooperate as we want to do this should be the biggest year in the history of the school Student Government.

FAMOUS INSECTS

Speakno Weevil
 Bee Mine
 Ant Tipathy
 Locust Valley
 Tick Tock
 Cricket Bat
 Bug Ahoo
 Book Worm
 Math Yougososoon
 Fly Leaf
 Gnat Tillydressed
 —LAWSON PAYNTER

"Oh," gushed Mrs. Van Blah, "it must be wonderful to be a humorist. Please tell me a funny story."

"Madam," replied the famous humorist, "I'm pleased to meet you."—*Penn State Frosh.*

I've discovered the only ones who are as silly as men are women.

Married guys are smarter than those who are single. They HAVE to be.

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Student: "Yes, I had."

Landlady: "Had what?"

Student: "Had better board elsewhere."

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He called her Question Mark.

She called him Parenthesis.

They fought.

He puts a dot over her eye.

He goes into a state of comma.

She makes a dash for her mother's home.

This left him without exclamation or quotation whatever.

He thought she would be gone for only a little period.

But she stayed away until he got the semi-colon—(Summer Coal in).

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There is a young fellow named Schwartz
Who is making a name 'round these parts.
He takes time between classes
To flirt with the lasses
And breaks all their trusting young hearts.

THE COMPLETE EGOIST

A mollusk who dwelt in primordial slime
Was always himself to the innermost core.
As being himself took up all his time,
He never did anything more.
Still just as he was after ages had flown
He stands on my specimen-cabinet shelf,
A fossil, immortal in durable stone,
A monument raised to himself.

—Arthur Guiterman.

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Meeting added demand is one of the contingencies provided for by the corporation. In its power plant near the Remington Salt Works the New York State Gas and Electrical Corporation can produce 6,000 kilowatts of electricity, more than sufficient to supply the present demand in the City of Ithaca and points in Tompkins, Seneca, Cayuga, Chemung and Tioga Counties.

The machinery room of the plant is a marvel of design. Each unit is so placed as to afford the best layout and ease of operation and care. Automatic controls are a feature of the room, while the central switchboard is the focal point of interest to the layman. The room is spotlessly clean, and it is painted in black and gray. The machinery paint is green.

The turbines are operated by the four huge boilers, which consume an average of 50 tons of coal per day. Automatic stokers feed the coal to the boilers, and the ashes are carried off to drop through hoppers in cars, run on a narrow gauge track, which carry the ashes from the building

RECORD KEPT

The various recording devices are almost human. Every conceivable kind of record is kept, and information on any phase of operation is instantly available. The total equipment forms a complete and delicate unit, each part of which must be kept in perfect order. The power plant is a responsible function in the work of this public utility. It must be ready for service at every minute of the day, and it must be prepared for any kind of an emergency.

Three voltages are used in service in the city, 2,300, 220 and 110, in three and single-phase. There are in addition two transmission lines, one carrying a voltage of 22,000 more than 28 miles. The other, carrying 11,000 volts, goes over lines totaling 46 miles.

All the world's a stage but who's the devil's understudy?

I don't drink
Nor smoke
Nor chew
But gee, how I love onions.



MISS HALLER IN RECITAL AT ELMIRA

Miss Gretchen Haller one of I. C. M.'s most noted alumni will appear in recital at the Park Church in Elmira to-morrow night. Those of us who heard her last year will agree that her voice is well worth going a much greater distance than Elmira to hear.

If you would like a motor trip and a delightful concert, see Mr. Lyon about the ticket. They will be \$1.00 for outsiders but Conservatory students will be given a special rate of fifty cents.

ON THE TRAIN

A few odd months ago, in Galveston, Texas, I boarded a local train to a nearby town which was staging a rodeo. On returning next day, I watched a young man ahead of me who, at times, seemed very nervous and excited. Occasionally, consternation would seem to possess him as he'd clench his hands and with wild looking dilated eyes seem to be suffering some mental torture. This kept up at regular intervals until, in one of his composed moments, he came to where I was sitting.

"Pardon me, sir, but I—I want some one to talk to." He smiled somewhat apologetically. "May I sit with you?" After a pause, "You know when a person is with a bunch of fellows, funny things happen, don't they?"

He looked at me, expecting an answer. "I don't know," I said, at a loss of words. Maybe they do."

We talked casually about twenty minutes "I said I wanted to talk to you didn't I? Well I don't know who you are and you shall never know who I am. Sounds peculiar, doesn't it?" and he laughed nervously. "I've no reason to tell you what I'm going to, but by Hell I've got to get this off my mind. When I finish you may think it absurd and call me a fool but you will be the only one to hear of it! He looked at me, his eyes searching my face as if he wanted me to say something. His bluntness of speech, directness of manner, came as a surprise. Then that look of intense torture came over him. He covered his face with his hands, breathing strangely, why clammy drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. He cried

desperately, "I've never told anyone and it happened three years ago. No one knows anything about it and Oh, God, I'm number three." He seemed to lose control of his emotions and continued in a panting and husky voice. "We were two fellows in our Fraternity up in a mid-Western state. Don, Dick and I had charge. It was very dark that night, so dark that we stumbled along the road. On the edge of town was an old house that had been ruined by a flood, but still remained with its broken windows, caved-in roof, and crumbled chimney. Its whole attitude spelled dilapidation and desolation. It was considered by many people to be haunted, and as a part of this initiation, the pledges were to go through the house.

"A little wop named Tony, was the first to go through. We waited about 15 minutes and sent the other guy after him. We talked and joked. Don seemed a little nervous and cussed a bit. After nearly twenty minutes of waiting no one showed up. It couldn't have taken 15 minutes for them to meet us at the lower gate. A half hour passed, and the minutes seemed like hours, dragged into forty. Dick suggested we go into the house and find them. We did.

"Thru the sagging door and old musty rooms, we trooped, Dick ahead holding the lamp that showed a pale flickering light. Our footsteps sounded hollow, like the echo of the knell of death Upstairs, where the other dirty paper hung loose from the ceiling, we searched in vain. We yelled but no voice answered. 'What's this ' I said and we saw a small door leading to the attic. Dick was up first. He stopped suddenly at the top, uttering an exclamation. I was directly behind him. I can see him yet, his body standing like a statue, with the burning torch in his hand, casting grotesque shadows.

"Not one of us moved. A sudden death-like stillness seemed to stop our breathing. There, a few feet away from us was Tony, half-lying over a broken chair, gripping a length of wood, his head crushed with a heavy iron bar. And over in the corner was his pal, face upturned, eyes staring with an old dagger sticking from his chest."

He finished with white lips, drawn tightly back. Cold beads of perspiration covered his forehead and hand. A pitiful strangled cry came from his lips; a cry that no words could describe and with face turned upward, with shaking hands high above his head he cried:

"It happened three years ago to-night. Three years—we were all there,—Don, Dick and I"—He hesitated, lounging on the seat.

"And—and every year after that one of us has gone insane!"

R. C.

—And I says, "Have ya got a date for the senior ball?" and she says, "What's it to you?" and I just up and walks away.

—Sun Dial

AN OLD PORTRAIT

Dusty and still, in the gray foam of her gown,—
Faint hands quiescent,—folded in the foam,—
The fading of foam of shadow, gray to gloam,—
And darkest of all, the dark hair flowing down;—

Dusty and shadowed, yet her eyes seem
Still lovely and living in the dim young face,—
Still fixed on beauty in some far-off place
Beyond the unfathomable abyss of dream.

—DORIS JOY STARR.

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Rufus: One time I was so sick dat dey had de doctah fo' fo'teen
weeks an' I was unconscious fo' 8 days.

Rastus: You don' know nothin' niggah, I was so sick dat ebery
nite dey looked in de papers fo' de casualty list to see if my name
was dar.

"Oh, I adore music. Do you play the nocturne?"
"Which nocturne, madam?"
"Oh, *the* nocturne—you know!"

The man who waits for his ship to come in all too often finds it
a receivership.

Jim: Well, old man, I see you're going to Paris. Are you taking
your wife?"

Joe: "Fool! Do you take sandwiches to a party?"

FROM A TOP FLOOR WINDOW

Here in my high and lonely tower
I watch you down in the street,—
And I wish,—oh I wish for a rose-red flower
To drop with my heart, at your feet!

But alas, I haven't a floweret fair,—
And you never have glanced above you,—
So how will you know that I see you there
And how will you know I love you?

—DORIS JOY STARR.

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STATE STREET

"HE'S MUCH BETTER"

She: How did you make out against Harry this afternoon?
 He: Well, he beat me out. 6-3, 6-3, I think it was.
 She: Too bad. You must have been off.
 He: No, I guess he's just naturally a better player.
 She: You're too modest. I know that.
 He: No, really. I could never beat him. . . . My serve was a little wild, though.
 She: There! I knew something was the matter.
 He: But he'd beat me anyway. Honest, he would. . . . I wish I had a little better luck with my rackets.
 She: Why? What happened?
 He: Well, I played with three broken strings.
 She: Well, of course you lost. What do you expect?
 He: No, honestly. Don't think I'm framing an alibi. He'd have won anyway. Really he would. . . . Don't you hate a soggy court?
 She: I detest it. Was it very bad?
 He: Terrible. Harry seems to thrive on them.
 She: Well, naturally —
 He: Oh, I'm not trying to make excuses. He's just a better player. . . . Have you ever noticed anything queer about his eye-sight?
 She: No; what do you mean?
 He: I mean, I thought he called a few balls out that looked pretty good to me. Not that I'd insinuate that he did it on purpose. And they weren't on crucial points—always.
 She: Oh, I think it's outrageous for him to do a thing like that. No wonder you lost.
 He: Pooh. It didn't make a bit of difference. . . . My back-hand was pretty weak today.
 She: How discouraging!
 He: But really, now, you must promise not to think I'm advancing excuses. He's much better than I am. Really he is.—*Parke Cummings.*

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