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Once-A-Week, 1927-01-10

Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

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ONCE-A-WEEK

Published by Conservatory Students

Vol. I No. VIII

Five Cents the Copy

JANUARY 10, 1927

CALENDAR FOR WEEK OF JAN. 10

Mon. A. M.	8:15—Assembly. A Big Sing!
	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 in Conservatory Hall.
	7:30—Phi Mu Alpha Meeting.
Wed. P. M.	8:00—9:00—Preparation for exams.
Thurs. P. M.	8:00—9:15—Studying for exams.
Fri. P. M.	8:15—Conway Band Concert—Ithaca High School.
Sat. P. M.	All evening—Preparing for Exams!!!!

—Notice—

Block Week begins, January 17th.

Mid-Week Attractions begin the week of the 24th.

Registration for new term, Underclassmen—Jan. 25th.

Registration for new term, Upperclassmen—Jan. 26th.

Instruction begins Jan. 27th.

ENJOY LIVING

"The first sad week of school!" groaned an upper classman. "After the gorgeous vacation at home, what on earth can we find up here that's interesting? Life is too short either to be bored or worked to death—that's school!" But it isn't! After a good time, with the usual round of Christmas dances and parties, can't we settle down to the routine of classes with interest and joy. The work we have chosen,—we say we love it,—let's enter into it, and all the other school activities, with a zest and conquer that restless and discontented feeling that vacation leaves. The world is yours—so to speak,—so go to it! (if you'll pardon the slang.) Support your class loyally, put your hand in the Student Government's, write for your *Keynote*, contribute your bit of news to the *Once-a-Week*!

See if it doesn't bring satisfaction. Then the joy, conversations, and winter sports, with a dance or movie date on Friday or Saturday night,—isn't there something to make you enjoy this first sad week of school? Try!!

E. D. B.

WILLIAMS HALL

Happy New Year Everyone! Williams Hall is once more on the map and will continue to stay there. From the south, east, north and west our girls returned,—eager for fun and work again. We all had a Merry Xmas and right now we want to wish everyone a Happy New Year and the best of luck. Early Sunday afternoon the telephone started ringing, for our girls are ever in demand—oh how sweet it is to be able to say Williams Hall once more upon answering the phone.

Gladys Ayers and Dottie Van Antwerp had calls of course, and are eagerly awaiting more,—to say nothing of the rest of us.

During the New Year, you will hear of the many wonderful events of the Williams Hall girls, and we promise that you will not be disappointed in our exciting doings.

—H. R...

I. S. P. E.

I. S. P. E. is the largest school of the Conservatory's Affiliated schools. Its director is Dr. Sharpe, who is the apple of every Phi-Ed's eye. He rules with an iron hand (especially in the weekly physiology exams), but we must take into consideration that the Phi-Eds are all husky brutes, who, sometimes need a little "taming-down". Doc's able helper in this "taming-down" process is Miss Hugger, the dean of women in I. S. P. E. Nothing escapes that lady's cold blue eyes and everyone extends his deepest sympathy to the unlucky person who does something he shouldn't and gets caught by Miss Hugger.

One of the characteristics of I. S. P. E. which makes the interest in the school livelier is the competition between the students. At noon or between classes, a group may be seen around the horizontal bar or rings. Of course, the freshmen all *try* to show their powers in gymnastics, but their feeble attempts are laughed at by the upper-classmen. One of the chief competitors is Bugbee. While his other classmates are showing their ability, Bugbee stands on the outside of the circle looking bored. When everyone has finished, he rouses himself and strolls to the center of the group. Then the miracles begin. He distorts himself into different shapes and figures while the poor insignificant freshmen pole into the background with their mouths wide open. When he has finished, he leaps back into his corner to resume his bored position. We must admit he's good at it but we can't admit that he's better than Janice Greene, one of the noble Juniors who is his equal in gymnastics and perhaps his superior in dancing. She can do every step of the Charleston, clog, cake-walk, and tango. We prophesy that she will someday be behind the foot-lights.

The Phi-Ed bunch is a jolly, good-natured group. Dirty and bleeding half the time from their efforts, they may always be seen with wide grins on their faces. They are usually eating (when eats can be procured) but they are excused for this because *Everybody* knows that, in order to build up strong muscles, hearty food must be eaten (such as hot dogs with strong mustard). The Freshmen may be seen three times a week, good-naturedly hopping through folk-dancing class while the upper-classmen sit in the balcony watching them, with amused expression on their faces. This can be overlooked by the freshmen, however, as they know how "puffed-up" they will feel when they can take the place of the upper-classmen next year.

The Phi-Eds are always in a hurry. They push, jostle and crowd to get in their lockers; they rip their clothes trying to change costumes in a hurry after every class. They come running downstairs just in time for a class and sometimes late. But, as no one seems to mind the rush, everything goes off all right, and no bones are broken.

On the whole, I. S. P. E. is a school to be envied by the other schools and we hope it will always be this way.

—One of the Bunch.

Mr. Storms: "Young man, what is this I hear about you kissing my daughter last night? Explain yourself! How was it?"

Benny Taylor: "Great, sir, great!"

"THE ONCE-A-WEEK"

Student Publication of the Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools
Ithaca, New York

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"TOO WEEKS"

Did it seem simply great
Like a kind act of fate
When we heard we'd be off for two weeks?
Did we think it was long
Oh most generously long,—
Time to vamp all the old home town shieks?

Did we worry a mite
As we pulled out of sight
Of Cayuga—so sparkling and blue?
Or if held up by snow
Did we murmur our woe
To the girl friend or boy friend so true?

Did we mind if the train
Was slow,—limp and lame—
Did we show disapproval at all?
Or regret being rooked
On a dinner meal,—cooked
And then served when so cold and so small?

Did we care when the folks
Listened not to our jokes—
When they made us pay visits and calls—?
Did we dream that the hours
Would fade like the flowers—
And we'd soon have to pack Spanish shawls?

No,—we surely were blind
To the passing of time,
And the two weeks sped by like the wind,
And before we could yell
We were saying fare-well
To the "sweethearts and wives left behind."

Well, it may not seem right,—
But we're here to recite
That it isn't half bad to be back!
After all's said and done—
There's no place 'neath the sun
That can beat Ithaca,—that's a fact!

—G. E. E.

Dotty Hunter: "I want the life of Julius Caesar."
Mr. Corner Book Store: "You're too late; Brutus took it!"

Dr. Sharpe: "This is absolutely the worst recitation I ever heard.
Why, I did half of it myself!"

BLUE NOTES

(A Weekly Colyum by D. J. S.)

Not having had the opportunity to do so before, Ye Colyumist hereby wishes all Ye Readers a Bright and Happy New Year! May Ye have the strength of mind to keep all the New Resolutions Ye have made; may Ye write in rainbow colors on the New Leaf which Ye have turned over, and may no blots mar its pristine freshness and beauty; may there be Music in your Souls, Love in your Hearts, considerable Harmony, Counterpoint, History and Psychology in your Minds, and enough of the Root of all Evil in your Pocket-books to last until another New Year.

(Editors Note: And after that, what?)

Chevy (thoughtfully): "A music bill reminds me of "Kathleen Mavourneen."

Chase: "Why?"

Chevy: "Because 'it may be for years, and it may be forever—'"

"Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie."

French Motto.

GEMS FROM THE PHILOSOPHERS NO. 4

"Two things are wanted by the true man,—danger and play. Therefore he seeketh woman as the most dangerous of toys."—Nietzsche.

CUPID TELLS A SECRET

(Lines Composed to Cheer a certain Disconsolate Young Man, who Loves a Fair Young Typist, and doesn't Know whether she Loves him, or Not.)

When she's awful, AWFUL lonely,
And the skies are gloomy gray,
And the clouds lost in the chimney-tops,
Weep mistfully all day—
And the tired-out leaves drop sadly down,
And next Spring seems too far away,
(She thinks a little thought of you,
And smiles,—'cause the sky, it seems so blue).

And when the work is 'specially hard,
And nothing suits the boss,
And people either have the grippe,
Or else they're extra cross,
'Cause something is so awful high
Or something else a total loss,—
(She thinks a little thought of you,
And smiles,—'cause the work is nearly thru).

And when the boss growls "no such thing
As love that stays and stays
Thru hardship as in happiness,
In glad or lonely days,—"
And when the clerks all say "look out,—
Real love ain't like in books and plays!"—
(She thinks a little thought of you,—
And smiles,—'cause she knows it isn't true).

Joy.

(Ed.: We trust the Disconsolate Young Man will thank "Joy" for this heartening information).

Mrs. Nuwed: "Now look what you've done—knocked off my cook book, and lost my place and I haven't the vaguest idea what I'm making.

MU PHI EPSILON

Not all the pleasant part of a vacation is at the beginning. If you think so just stand by at Mu Phi House when every one is returning and watch the joy registered as each one gets back.

As the taxi stops in front it acts as a signal and you are sure to hear much noise, someone coming down stairs, three at a time, and a general rush all over the house towards the front door. If you escape without a black eye or your neck broken you may call your vacation a huge success.

Then everyone tries at one time to tell how, where and why they spent their days of freedom until it sounds like Bedlam at recess. If you try to keep it straight and comment on anyone's adventures it is sure to turn out disastrously for you might get June's Jack linked with Irene or Earle sending "specials" to Betty, or Betty's "Youngie" spending the vacation in Annville.

After a time the excitement begins to die and gradually everyone slips into the grip of a powerful reaction that renders them helpless so far as work is concerned. So here endeth my story for I'm too tired to write longer.

PHI MU ALPHA

Brothers Brown, Lyon, Dunlop, Beeler, Smith and Confer attended the Phi Mu Alpha National Convention at Rochester, New York December 30 and 31. While there, they met Brothers Dann, Quarrels and Erickson.

SIGMA SIDELIGHTS

Sure 'nuff we're all back from Xmas vacation, that is all that are coming except Christine Drude. Oh! Don't misunderstand me she's here but you see Christine stayed to help Mother Mulks take care of the house. She says Ithaca wasn't so bad the first week because there was the pre-Xmas anticipation but she was glad to see us back the second week. And we were in general glad to get here not only to see each other but to see everyone in the school and Ithaca too.

Now wasn't it fine tho' to be home. Golly, it sort o' makes a person—but we mustn't reminisce, the future has too much in store and these seventeen weeks until Easter must spell "accomplishment". The first week started with a joyful reunion when Mrs. Lyon gave the Sigma girls and faculty a reception for Gretchen Haller after her interesting and delightful program in recital. We who had not known her before became easily acquainted later when she came to the House for dinner.

If you could hear the shouts of "May I have the eighth dance?" and "I have that, but how about the fifth?" you'd sense the dance at hand. Thursday night the Chapter is giving to its pledges and alumni a formal dance in the Bank Building.

Do you know a mighty sad thing has happened? Ruth Robinson didn't come back. Now don't jump to conclusions! It's not that at all! She has already begun to travel in Lyceum in the Carolinas for twelve weeks. We all miss her dreadfully and poor Jo Haught is minus a room mate!

Some of the girls saw girls from last year. Viola Wasterlain and Ev. Martin were guests at Mary Lou Evan's house. Lillian Speakman was up to see Ethel Griffith and this week she's going to New York to talk to the Alumni Chapter of Sigma there.

Burns' Bakery

Have you ever tasted our delicious pies and cakes?

Come in and give us a try.

WHO'S WHO AT THE "CON"

By K. V. B.

Dotty Van Antwerp, who has brought back a new pin which she declares is permanent this time.

Helen Storms, who isn't so tempestuous as her name but she does show favoritism to a certain make of alarm clock. (Neither "Big", nor "Little", but just right!)

Bob Boothroyd who thinks Ithaca is a dumb place during holidays.

Eddie Galvin who was a true son of Uncle Sam, Christmas week.

Ivan Waugh who is "Ispe's unknown quantity".

Gretchen Mack, who has the school's sweetest nickname.

Don Johnson, who is growing a moustache.

ALUMNI NEWS

Mr. Carroll Bowen, 324 Woodward Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., was a caller at the Conservatory during the Holidays. Carroll is a student at the University of Buffalo.

Sandy Smith, a graduate of the Conway Band School, spent a few days in Ithaca recently. "Sandy" is teaching in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Mr. Estus Bardwell of Detroit, Michigan spent Christmas in Ithaca.

Miss Gretchen Haller who gave the delightful concert in Conservatory Hall last Tuesday afternoon is an alumnus of 1924.

NEWMAN HALL

"Hello Everybody! Happy New Year! Did you have a Merry Christmas?" These exclamations and many more, have been floating around Newman since Sunday. Santa was good to everyone.

Adele Heyman didn't get married and she's back with a new hat and a taste for Limberger cheese sandwiches.

Peg Lowrey has a picture on her dresser which is the cause of pilgrimages from all parts of the house. The man is her brother!

"Tan" Moesta learned "Black Bottom" and is teaching it to "Mary Lou" Day.

Mary Hayes learned a lot about "Little Audrey". Ask her to tell you of Audrey's adventures.

Marie Barton is back again, and it certainly seems good to have her with us.

Ethel Reidy says she had a marvelous time and left Allentown just as she found it. We wonder!

Ev. Bozeman was in Allentown too. It seemed to have a bad effect on her. The first day home, (in Ithaca we mean)—she left her galoshes somewhere—and now she skids to class. Ask Ev. where they are!

Jane Woods is wandering around in a daze and wakes only to write two or three letters to the same person!

"Skeeter" McCoy and "Pat" Peters are the only ones missing from our dorm. Skeeter will be back this week but Pat won't be back before next semester.

F. Kinnear.

Martha Stahler: "I'm sure Mr. Lyon is German."

Bee Jones: "How's that?"

Martha S.: "Because his marks are so low."

Give a sentence with the word osmosis.

"Where osmosis when the lights went out?"

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WE COULDN'T RESIST THIS

There is a fellow in our class who is very popular with the ladies and is quite a shiek. One of the rules of his code is to be always attentive to some woman, usually to a young one. He is never with the same woman more than once and his attentions are short lived. He is also a fellow who does little studying and a great deal of dolling up for the ladies he meets. Every night you meet him all slicked up dashing off to some one of the girls' halls or to some part of the city where he is well acquainted.

Another thing about this fellow which few people know, is the secrets of his room. He invited me in one night to look over his domain and the first sight that met my eyes was a photograph of a beautiful girl dressed in a bathing suit on his dresser. To my right and to my left all I could see was pictures of some girls whom he had met. Besides these which were in sight he told me that he had a whole trunk full.

Now that I have told you the secrets of this fellow you will probably want to know his name. He is the fellow who sits next to the writer in Physiology; *Jimmie Hogan*.

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