

11-8-1928

Once-A-Week, 1928-11-08

Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

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Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools, "Once-A-Week, 1928-11-08" (1928). *Once-A-Week 1928-29*. 8.
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ONCE-A-WEEK

Published by the Students of The Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

VOL. III No. 8

Seven Cents a Copy

NOVEMBER 8, 1928

PAUL ROBESON, KING OF HARLEM

When Paul Robeson, famous colored singer and actor, was suspended from the American stage by Equity, for one month and threatened with suspension indefinitely, there was much controversy among his friends in Harlem as to what he would decide to do. A certain Miss Dudley, whom no one seems to know much about, declares that he signed a contract to appear in an all negro review which she intends to open this fall. Mr. Robeson is at present engaged in the London presentation of "Show Boat", where he has been more than successful and where he has been received socially both by the colored and white-races.

This remarkable singer was born in Princeton, New Jersey, in 1898. His father was a pastor of the Zion church and Paul received a very correct education from the first. He attended a white school and won honors in all subjects and a scholarship to Rutgers college where he was star on the football team. After graduating he decided to study for the lawyers profession and accordingly entered Columbia University where he graduated in spite of the concentrated efforts of almost every one who knew him to turn him to the stage. In his first year at law school he played in "Simon Cyrenian" at the Harlem Y. M. C. A. where many saw him and were greatly excited over the fine negro actor who was so intent on becoming a lawyer. In 1922 he was lured into accepting a part in the matinee performances of "Taboo" but it was not until he had tried the law business and discovered that his real life's work was the stage, and that the world is kinder to the colored actor than to the lawyer, did he accept the stage as his permanent business. In 1923 he won instantaneous success in Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" and "All God's Chillun Got Wings." After his performance in "Black Boy" the critics got excited over his voice and since then he has been torn between the concert stage and the legitimate theatre. He was given a good part in the Theatre Guild's production of "Porgy" but had to give it up because of the strain on his voice. Since then he has been playing in London and whether he will decide to stay there and enjoy his success, or whether he will return and fulfill his contract is a decision which many are anxiously awaiting. No matter which way he decides, he will be doing right so far as Harlem is concerned, for to those people Paul Robeson could never be wrong.

CULTURAL ADVANTAGES IN KERN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Surrounded as we are by all kinds of cultural advantages, we seldom stop to think of those less fortunately situated. In Kern County, California, however, there is such a place;—not, we are anxious to assure you, that the people are uneducated. Far from it. These people are largely college men, geologists, and engineers, who in pursuing their careers, have found it expedient to take up their residences in this out-of-the-way part of the world. Kern County is largely desert and is visited by frequent windstorms. There are few towns of any size, and the hard, vigorous life of the inhabitants necessarily makes such cultural advantages as libraries, theatres, etc, out of the question.

However, Bakersfield, the capital of the county, seeks to remedy, as far as possible, this cultural lack. It maintains a library, with branch libraries in eight towns of the county. This principal library carries on a service extending to all parts of the county. It has, in fact, a traveling library, which, working on a certain schedule, makes the rounds of the county, serving the need of its people. It brings, of course, books—the one thing which saves these people from utter desolation, and which also keeps them from stagnation and from losing that necessary contact with the outside world. But it is not only in the distributing of books that this traveling library serves its purpose. It stops at the schools and sees if it can supply the things which are difficult for these outlying schools to obtain. It brings them maps, dictionaries, pictures, records, films and projecting apparatus. Sometimes, too, the person driving the library car will bring a geranium slip from her own garden to help beautify some more than unusually barren spot. So it is that this library serves a very great and splendid purpose. Nevertheless, I dare say most of us would rather be right here with all our comforts and culture than to depend upon a traveling library!

OUTDOOR RECREATION AND OUTDOOR STUDY

(From *The American City*)

"Now some maintain that love of nature is not teachable—which probably is true; and others say that love of nature cannot lean in any way on knowledge—which probably is not. To understand nature must surely be to have the capacity for deeper reverence.

"Outdoor recreation takes one physically to

THE HOME TALENT PLAY

To those planning to become teachers of Oral English and coaches of community plays, any cooperation on the part of the townspeople is an immeasurable help. In this connection it is interesting to note that the citizens of almost every community are becoming more and more interested in home talent plays. This is, of course, exhilarating to the would-be coach; but it likewise brings with it the question of what plays to put on. Finances are frequently not sufficient to pay royalties. Royalty plays are, generally, of course, much better than non-royalty plays. However, if worse comes to worst, it is more than gratifying to find a helper in the person of Mrs. Mabel Foote Hobbs, Dramatic Consultant of the Playground and Recreation Association of America. For those who are forced to produce a non-royalty play, she has compiled a list of the best of such plays. A brief description of the play, the number of character, the settings, the price and where it may be obtained are included. There are plays to be presented entirely by men, or entirely by women, but principally by mixed casts. There is also a bibliography of short stunts and minstrels. And when it must be a play for some special holiday, she has a list for such occasions, also.

ASSEMBLY

Next Thursday morning we are going to have an interesting assembly. Colonel Joseph Beacham of the Military Department of the United States Army stationed at Cornell University will address us.

nature. Nature study—whether in the field, the museum, or the school—takes one intellectually to nature. Somehow, in the course of these transportations, one may reach nature spiritually.

"Recreation and study are closely coupled, but if the linkage is to be defined, the probe must reach the dark recesses of man's inner life. However, without probing we may know that recreation in the out-of-doors and study of the out-of-doors—both are parts of the needful preparation for highest citizenship, whether spiritual or civic."

—Laurence Vail Coleman

Director, American Association of Museums

"THE ONCE-A-WEEK"

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

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For thirty weeks (beginning September 20th,
every week except regular School Holidays),
\$1.50 Single copy seven cents.

Forms close Friday noon before publication.
However, *last minute notices* may be
received as late as Monday noon.

Printed by the
NORTON PRINTING COMPANY, ITHACA, N. Y.



SOLILQUOY ON SOLITAIRE

Cigarette fiend, drunkard, and opium-eater, a wave of pity wells up in my heart for you—for you I have nothing but tolerance and pity. The whale had his Jonah, Ceasar his Brutus, and Napoleon his Waterloo. I, too, have my cross to bear, my burden to carry. It is an affliction, an obsession, a mania, yes a disease, irresistible, immovable, impenetrable. I play solitaire.

I have striven and tried till my soul is weak to conquer the insidious habit, but still I play. If our legislative politicians could see, or rather hear me, engrossed in the perfidious game, they would rise up in alarm and exclaim, "There ought to be a law against it. It is deadly to the morale of the rising generation."

Yet viewed with an unprejudiced eye, it has its merits. Without a doubt Job acquired his patience from playing solitaire. Probably he acquired a vocabulary too. The difference between Job and I is that he kept patient inside and boiled outwardly, while I boil inside and outside too. There is nothing so exasperating in this world as that one missing card which is always necessary to beat the deck. And you're always at a disadvantage. It isn't like bridge, where a little adroit cheating will help the game along. When you get in a tight position in solitaire, all you can do is throw your cards against the wall and swear. Many the time that game has driven me to use language that would have shocked a truck-driver to tears. I am absolutely certain that Saint Peter will turn me away from the Pearly Gates because I play solitaire. The Golden Streets will never want a person so afflicted. But then, neither will the devil.

E. Griffith.



PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK

Tickets are now on sale for the biggest play to be given this year, so reserve your seat today.

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back" one of the most famous plays of all time, will be played in our Little Theatre Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights of next week.

The cast will be headed by President Williams, Dean Tallcott, Mr. Sisson, Miss Latham and Miss Strong and these people will be supported by John Nash, Mary Lieb, Katherine Boyles, Pauline See, Marshall Whitehead, Don Foxe and Elsie Waters.

Do not fail to see President Williams in the part made famous by no less an artist than Forbes-Robertson, namely "The Stranger" who comes to the quarrelsome group of boarders in Mrs. Sharp's third rate English Boarding house and who lends his Christ-like influence toward changes in the lives of each.

Dean Tallcott's portrayal of Joey Wright, a retired bookmaker of racy disposition, who possesses money, loud vests, and an otherwise extremely interesting personality is made very real.

Miss Latham should be irresistible as the penurious, abusing and much abused Mrs. Sharp, proprietress of the London Boarding House in which the entire action of the play takes place. Miss Sharp is said to be at least one of the reasons for the onetime current expression that some women would "skin a louse for its hide."

At last we are to see Mr. Sisson's love making abilities, in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" he is the artist lover,—and how this artist does love. One must see Mr. Sisson's interpretation of Christopher Penny, to know.

Miss Strong will play the "bossy" wife to Major Tompkins played by John Nash, and a peep in at the rehearsals warrants to assertion that this couple will be responsible for numerous laughs, and not a few tears in the coming performance.

The rest of the cast are admirable and a play that will rate as one of the School's best, is bound to result.

Just a word about the play—a newspaper criticism of the original production in New York states that the powerful effect on the

FOR CON STUDENTS ONLY

Every year, there seems to be a necessity for an editorial on the attenuation of noise in the Lobby. Webster defines a lobby as a room in which to wait, before gaining access to another room. Strange enough, he did not mention that it might be used as a substitute playground for over-grown children. Prevailing circumstances call for the remark, that perhaps some Conservatory students could correct him, in that oversight.

On numerous occasions, certain boisterous personalities, have warranted requests from authorities, that the Once-A-Week remonstrate with the school population in general, and beg the students to be a little more considerate of others. By others, we mean teachers who have their studios off the main Hall, and who teach all day in those studios; boys and girls who are trying to make the most of an extra fifteen or twenty minutes before a class; and visitors who are willing to be well-impressed by a school's atmosphere of refinement, but who cannot, very well, if they have to imagine most of it.

The main trouble is, that people have not a sensitivity delicate enough, to warn them when they are "o'erstepping the bonds of modesty". In other words, they have not eyes to see when they are being very boresome, and if they had, the intelligence would be lacking, for them to comprehend the fact. This is usually the case. But in a School of Fine Arts, we hope that a mere suggestion is enough to reverse conditions, and result in the modification of both actions and voices, while in any part of the building.

We know that old one about a pun, but perhaps the best way to remind you that "noise often annoys", is to tell you fairly, frankly, and firmly, that if you want to "make whoopee" please go out-of-doors, until the feeling wears off.

E. L. W.

audience was such as had never been witnessed before. The subtle transforamtion of each character in the play from mean, selfish quarreling mortals into men and women of charming personalities and high ideals by the advent of "the Stranger" into their midst so effected those witnessing it, that each, as they left the theatre, seemed more courteous, considerate and kind to all whom they met. This is truly one of the most stirring plays given here for some time.

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"No, he didn't."

"Then what did he say?"

"He said he knew you when he was a little boy."

Foreman—Now, then, hurry up, can't you?

Laborer—All right, boss. But Rome wasn't built in a day.

Foreman—No, perhaps not; but I wasn't foreman on that job.

Customer—Are you sure this suit won't shrink when it gets wet?

Jacobsen—Mine friendt, effery fire company in town has squirted water on dot suit.

IT IS COMING

?

DECEMBER 10 - 11

Reformer—It is time we had a moral awakening. Let us arise in our might and gird our loins. Let us take off our coats. Let us bare our arms. Let us—

Feminine Voice—Hold on! If this is to be a moral awakening, don't dare to take off another thing!

Virginia Ham—I know he's rich, but isn't he too old to be considered eligible?

Ethyl Gass—My dear, he's too eligible to be considered old.

Appel—Poor old Bob Griffin! Another good man gone wrong in old age.

Alden—What's the matter? Has he robbed or murdered someone?

Appel—Oh, no—much worse than that. He's taken to golf.

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Ethyl—He said he would kiss me or die in the attempt.

Methyl—And did you let him?

Ethyl—Well, he has no life insurance, and I pitied his poor old mother.

Marie Kisser—How do I know your love will be everlasting?

Willie Necker—That's the way I always love 'em.

Bozo—Two years ago I could have bought that valuable piece of property for a song.

Bozo—Oh, I could sing, but I couldn't get the right notes.

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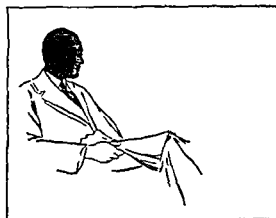
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Fortune-Teller—I see by your hand you'll die when you're 57.

Uncle Eli—But, my dear woman, I'm 59 now.

Fortune-Teller—Why, then you should have been dead two years. You're living under false pretenses.

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NEW VIOLIN TEACHERS

We all want to welcome our new teachers in the Violin Department to our midst. They are Mr. Adolf Pick, master violinist and is head of the department, Mrs. Joseph Lautner, Miss Ruth L. White and Miss Eugenia Adamus.

Mr. Adolf Pick, Master Violinist, is a graduate of the State Conservatory of Prague. He studied under Anton Bennewitz, who was also teacher of Cesar Thomson, former teacher in I. C. M. Mr. Pick was concert master of the Municipal Opera Houses at Neuremberg and Halle, Germany. Also he was conductor of the City Symphony Orchestra and head of the Violin Chamber Music in the orchestral departments of the City Conservatory in Berne, Switzerland. Mr. Pick appeared as violin soloist and later as guest conductor in many music centers of Europe.

Here is an excerpt from the Prague "Tribuna":

"Pick is a vigorous conductor, full of elementary rhythmical impulse. He loves the beauty of sound and cultivates it even in the most simple melodic line. He knows how to win the co-operation of his musicians and he understands how to win the audience. In spite of the two modern works his success was big."

Miss Ruth L. White is a graduate of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music. Later she received the Artist diploma and in 1928 the Bachelor of Music degree in Violin. She has taught violin at Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, Nova Scotia and later had charge of the Violin Department at the Oklahoma College for Women. At both institutions she appeared in recitals.

Miss Eugenia Adamus graduated from the Ithaca Conservatory of Music in 1924 and was a post graduate in 1925. She studied under Cesar Thomson. After leaving there she appeared in musicales given under the auspices of the Glen Springs Hotel, Watkins Glen. Later she went on a Lyceum Tour. Now she is again with us working for her degree.

Mrs. Lois Wilson Lautner is a graduate of the Institute of Musical Art in New York City and Bethany College, Lindsberg, Kansas. She was a pupil of Franz Kneisil, Hans Letz, Tirindelli and Hugo Kortschak, the violinist. She also studied composition under Percy Goetchius. In 1921 she was the winner of the Selzman Prize for composition. Mrs. Lautner has done extensive concert work in the West and Middle West from the age of twelve until recently.

FACULTY RECITAL

On Thursday afternoon, November 8, at 4 o'clock in the Little Theatre, Miss Jean Lee Latham will read "Porgy" by DuBose Heyward. This is a very popular play of the South Carolina negro. It is a Theatre Guild Production which had a long run in New York. As it proved very popular it has re-opened in New York for another seasons run.

VOLUNTEERS TO AID IN CHURCH SERVICES WANTED

The Churches have sent in the requests that students of the Conservatory who wish to play some instrument, or sing, or help out in any other way on their Sunday Evening services, should leave their names with Miss Evans, or better, dial 7863, and talk to Mr. Gavitt, personally. Anyone who will volunteer to do this, will be taken to their destination by car, around 7:30 in the evening, and returned by 8:00, if necessary. The services are over at 8:30. There is no financial reward involved, but the cause and the resulting experience, make the proposition one well-worth considering.

DICKENS AND CRUIKSHANK TAKE THE STAGE

If you are one of that vast army who has read Dickens with delight or who has found joy in looking at Cruikshank's sketches, then *When Crummies Played* is the play for you to see. Even if you are not one of those who can never resist a story of Dickens; even if you have passed Cruikshank's illustrations by with scarcely a glance—this play is more than likely to amuse you. It is, in fact, a burlesque of the 19th century. It was written by Sir Nigel Playfair concerning the same Vincent Crummies that one discovers in the pages of *Nicholas Nickleby*. It is a rollicking sort of production, a true caricature of the times. The play is a play within a play, *George Barnwell* being the title of the play, as it were, on the inside. It is, moreover, a thoroughly clean play—quite an oddity today. Indeed, the seeker after clean, mirth-provoking entertainment will do well to hunt up the Garrick Players on his coming visit to New York and see Charles L. Wagner's production of *When Crummies Played*.

HAUNTED HOUSE

If your house is old and
Attic stairs are steep,
Better not to climb them
When everyone's asleep.
You might find a fey one
Still amidst the clutter,
Sewing where the stars shine
Through a broken shutter.
Sewing on a white gown
With spider web for thread,
Lace for a christening?
A shroud for the dead?
By moonlight, by starlight,
Her needle bright with rust,
Her hair as pale as silver
Her gown as frail as dust.
What can she be sewing
So delicate and fair?
She's making a wedding gown
Nobody will wear.

Frances Park

MISS LATHAM'S PLAY TAKES FIRST PLACE IN CONTEST

The students of the Williams' School of Expression are taking to themselves a little reflected glory. When they write home now, they do not begin by talking about themselves; instead they say, "Do you know, Miss Jean Lee Latham, one of our faculty, has been covering herself with glory, and we're all so proud. Her one-act play, *Glass Houses*, which has been produced here twice, once last year and once this year, took first place in the West Virginia state contest, which is a part of the nationwide contest conducted by the Drama League of America, through Longmans-Green and Co., publishers. Thus the letter runs: Moreover, another of her plays, *Little Chap* which has never been seen here, won third place. As a result of this contest, *Glass Houses* will compete in the nation contest, with, we believe, decidedly more than an average chance of winning. In any case, Longmans-Green will undoubtedly publish the play. The school is more than happy to extend its congratulations to Miss Latham.

STUDENT COUNCIL NOTES

The election last Thursday resulted in the following additions to the Student Council:

Walter Beeler	
Joseph Borelli	
Craig McHenry	
Alva Ogsbury	
Alfred Patten	
The fully organized group consists of the following other members:	
<i>Name</i>	<i>Organization</i>
Herman Toplansky	Senior Class
President	
Stanley Norwood	P. S. M.
Vice-president	
Mildred Alderfer	S. A. I.
Secretary	
Roland Fernand	Amazons
Treasurer	
Kitten Evans	W. S. G. A.
Ernestine Brown	Outside Girls
Charles Hagen	Phi Epsilon Kappa
Agnes Reabold	Mu Phi Epsilon
Howard Nettleton	Phi Mu Alpha
Don Foxe	Junior Class
Joseph Lester	Sophomore Class
Nelson McGinn	Freshman Class
Clarence Andrews	Band School
John Nash	Dramatic School
William Wilkie	Phy. Ed. School
Helen Hammett	General Music

An active season is ahead of the Council this year, and plans are already under way for the Six Student Scampers. We extend a greeting to our new colleagues, and compliment the student body for its wise choice.

We Don't Quite Understand:

Why?

We have not seen more of the Conservatory Students—The I. S. P. E. Students have been here in droves. Last year we held regular receptions for the "Con" "Studes". Let's start. About time for Skates—Skiis and Toboggans.

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THE DETECTIVE TRIPS

The great detective examined the scene of the crime. Here he picked up the ashes of a cigarette, there a piece of dirt still moist. He measured and smelt, attentive to the least indications while admirers and amateur operatives followed and watched in silence. Finally, having seen and noted everything, he sat down and said slowly: "The assassin is five feet and eight inches in height, blond, hair close-cropped, smokes New Silver cigarettes; came alone in a small four-cylinder coupe, walks with a swinging gait, long steps, wears no ring, has gray-blue socks and a black felt hat."

"Excuse me," said one of the admiring circle, "but was it a man or woman?"

"A —" repeated the great detective disconcerted. "Ah, gosh, I don't know."

Mike—Hold on, Pat. Don't come on the ladder till I get down. It's old and cracked.

Pat—Aw, I don't care if it does break. 'Twould serve the boss right to have to buy a new one.

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Mistress—Mary, what time is it?

Maid—Half-past two.

Mistress—Oh, thank goodness. I still have 20 minutes to catch the train.

Maid—"Yes, ma'am, I knew you'd be r̄ushed so I set the clock back 30 minutes to give you more time.

Hingus—Did you hear that Dismuke's hair all turned white within two months.

Dingus—Some great sorrow?

Hingus—No. He quit dyeing it.

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CALENDAR

for week beginning November 8th

THURSDAY

8:15 A. M.—The weekly assembly will be held in the Little Theatre.

4:00 P. M.—Miss Latham will read "Porgy" in The Little Theatre.

FRIDAY

2:00 till 5:00 P. M.—The Little Theatre, Elocution Hall, and Rooms 50 and 12, will be reserved for the teacher's Convention.

7:30 P. M.—There will be an Orchestra rehearsal in the Little Theatre.

SATURDAY

9:00 till 12:00 A. M.—The Little Theatre, Elocution Hall, and Rooms 12 and 50, will be reserved for the Teacher's Convention.

MONDAY

7:30 P. M.—The orchestra will rehearse in the Little Theatre.

7:30 P. M.—Also Basket-ball practice in the Gym.

WEDNESDAY

7:30 P. M.—Another rehearsal for the Orchestra, will be held in Conservatory Hall.

THURSDAY

8:15 P. M.—Regular Assembly—and your Once-A-Week.

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Be your guide.
If any
Let your conscience
Contained therein
The information
Texts and
Wherefore of
The why and
Such as
Mere details
Of course in
Child.
Care my
Take a
Always
Perfumes
Becoming
And
Shades of powder
Such as
Matters
Important
In
Therefore
This out.
Found
Have
Presidents
And
Deans
Down to
Up
From instructors
The people
Nearly all
The top.
To get to
In order
Of a thing
Bottom
To get to the
Necessary
It is
Sometimes

PERSONALS

On November 1st, Everett Griffith attended the Little Theatre contest, which is held annually for Herkimer, Iion, and Little Falls.

Miss Helen Kinney has left for home, because of ill health. She will return as soon as her doctor permits.

Mr. Pavelec had the misfortune to injure his knee, and is using a crutch. We extend to him our sympathies.

John Fague entertained a friend from his home last week-end.

Miss Gertrude Evans visited friends in New York City, the week-end of October 26th.

Miss Helen Crawford's parents visited her, at Williams Hall, recently.

Miss Josephine Alexander's mother visited her not long ago.

GRIFFIS GAFF

Griffis is pretty dead this week. Everyone is studying for a change—welcome change.

"Kay" Ceccolini suffered a slight attack of rheumatism doubtless caught from "Buddy" Klein, from so much hill climbing, but a visit from her "Doc" soon cured her.

Emily Rogers has left school and "Dusty" alone in the suite; but Jessie McCune kindly took up her abode on third leaving all "singles" on second!

The old "Third Floor Gang" of last year received a Hallowe'en box from "Bob" Covert. Maybe she'll be back next year.

The inseparable "twins", Ann and "Sally" Pusateri in some unknown manner succeeded in tripping each other up at the foot of Buffalo hill last week, with more or less serious results. Doubtless they're just advocates of stockingless females.

Since "Gin's" return from home, she's been more or less in a fog. Ann wanted to borrow her clock so she could wake up at 6 for early mass; but "Gin" thought she asked for six clocks to take to church. Maybe they do in Pittsburg!

Ruth Nason sat in rapt silence during last week's Assembly. If she would only show as much interest in all programs.

We're just beginning to recognize "Quack," whose hair has returned to its normal blondness. We were petrified for fear she'd begun dyeing so young. And all for the Masque Ball!

A PARODY—THE FORD

The Ford is my chariot, I shall not want.
It maketh me to lie down in wet places; it destroyeth my soul. It leadeth me into deep waters; it leadeth me into the paths of ridicule for its names sake.

It prepareth a breakdown for me in the presence of mine enemies. It will fear more evil when it is with me; its rods and its shafts discomfort me. It anointeth my face with oil; its water boileth over. Surely to goodness, if Lizzie follows me all the day of my life, I shall dwell in the house of nuts forever.

We are entirely in sympathy with Mr. Martin Edwards, of the School of Physical Education, who was called home suddenly by the death of his brother.

Miss Isabel Glass was a very good substitute in recital last Tuesday. Her presentation was well-received. It may be interesting to know, that Miss Glass was notified only a few hours before Recital, that she was to go on.

Williams Hall gave a pajama party Tuesday night, October 30th. Games were played and refreshments were served.

On Sunday, October 28th, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Kemmerer of Emans, Pa., visited their son, Martin T. Kemmerer, a student of the P. S. M. department.

Miss Pauline See has returned to the Conservatory to study Dramatics.

NOOMAN NOOZ

Accidents, wrecks, smash ups! Well I guess!!! And how!! However the victims recovered sufficiently to "trip the light fantastic" at the Amard Ball, so that's that! But just the same, we hope that there will be no more tough breaks like that.

Helen McGivney, Pauline Feinstein and Grace Jessup went home to Schenectady for the week-end. Judy Cohn went to Binghamton with her parents.

Wednesday night was formal night at dinner and the dining room surely looked attractive. We all enjoyed it immensely and wish to thank Miss Ward for her interest and trouble.

There seems to be no more news, excepting that a slight tragedy occurred in Room 14 Sunday. The clothes pale in the closet got tired of being weighted down with all the clothes, and fell to the floor. It took the combined efforts of Sally Lawes, Sue Reynolds, Iolanda Quista, and yours truly to persuade it to go back to its natural position.

Newman's First Reader

Lesson III

Who are those four girls?—Those are four Newman Hall Girls. What are those girls carrying?—They are carrying long sticks of wood! Oh, are those girls carpenters? Oh, no, those girls are not carpenters. Oh! Are those girls going to build a house? Oh no! Those girls are not going to build a house—Those girls are pledging Amard!
Oh!!!

M. R.

IF YOU WANT TO
SQUELCH SOMEONE
TELL 'EM TO—

Impersonate a hermit.
Extinguish the optic fire.
Find yourself in the lost column.
Beat it via the ankle express.
Peddle your piffle elsewhere.
Show your goloshes the gravel.
Stay awhile, candle; you can go out later.

He is so musical that he is always harping on his wife's faults.

He believes that a cash boy is a millionaire's son.

If a thought struck his head it would make a dent.

The teacher in Freshman English told her class to write an autobiography, and the Fresh went to look for the material in "Who's who."

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Missionary (to cannibal)—What makes your chief so talkative?
Cannibal—Oh, he ate a couple of barbers this morning.

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Whizz—Wouldn't that be unconstitutional?

Gec—No. The Constitution only gives the right to bear arms.

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GREETINGS

Not to be outdone by "Nooman Nooz", "Griffis Gaff", "Sigma Side-lights", etc—we've decided to burden you with "Williams Warbles." Not that others are burdens—but just in case—ours might be.

We haven't even told you about our house elections that took place somewhere back in the dark ages (about a month ago.) Congratulations (?) may be paid to Ruth Wolfe, Pres.; Mildred Latshaw, Vice Pres.; Virginia Jarvis, Secretary; Miriam Chaffee, Treas.; and Dorothy Loesgus, Freshman Rep.

And then—you who didn't come to our bridge party last Saturday really missed a good time. Dot Wagner even enjoyed our candy! And Mary Lou Masten proved her faith in fairy stories—she took home the "luck" prize.

Just by way of recreation after the hard lesson from Nooman's First Reader—wouldn't you enjoy a bedtime story?

"Twas a cold and frosty night. The wind howled outside. Inside a cherry fire burned in the fireplace. The clock struck ten! Hallowe'en! Silent pajama clad figures stole into the room and took their places on the floor. A shriek—then another—more wild and piercing than the first filled the air.—A witch? No—only Alma—imitating an old maid's reaction at sight of a mouse. And doing it only because the "Coo Coo" board told her to do it. The room became a stage from which each figure on the floor made his contribution toward the entertainment. Time elapsed. Then—not so silently the pilgrimage toward the dining room began—each wayfarer returning with cider—and as many doughnuts as his pockets could accommodate. A voice spoke—"Time for bed"—Perhaps it was the voice of the Assistant (It's rumored that Mother Fowler has one) who spoke. At any rate the room soon became quiet. Williams settled down to sleep.

U. J.

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Dine wisely
and
keep well

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Customer— I want a pair of garters, please.

Clerk—Yes, madam. Something like those you have on?

Diner—Waiter, please close that window.

Waiter—Is there a draft, sir?

Diner—No, but it's the fourth time my steak has blown off the plate.

Teacher—Johnny, your essay on "Our Dog" is word for word the same as your brother's.

Johnny—Yes, Teacher, it's about the same dog.

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405 College Avenue

Little Richard—A fib is the same as a story and a story is the same as a lie.

Little Roy—No, it isn't.

Little Richard—Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is an editor.

Little Roy—I don't care if he is. My father is a real estate man, and he knows more about lying than your father does.

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Joe, senior—Uncle Eli Podger can never remember where he parked his auto, when he comes to the city.

Joe, junior—How does he ever manage to find it again?

Joe, senior—Easy enough. He waits around till everybody else in town has driven home, and then the last auto left has to be his.

"Do your children use a toothbrush regularly?"

"I should say! Every morning when they get up they race to see who can get to the toothbrush first."

"Do you believe Stella's teacher can make anything out of her voice?"

"Well, she's made over \$100 out of it already!"

"You are an honest boy," said the lady, as she opened the roll of five one-dollar bills, "but the money I lost was a five-dollar bill. Didn't you see that in the advertisement?"

"Yssim," replied the boy. "It was a five-dollar bill that I found, but I had it changed so that you could pay me a reward."

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Hubby—You have changed washerwomen, I see.

Wifey—Yes. How did you know?

Hubby—Instead of getting Aronoff's Rakemann's and Mattessian's shirts, I am getting some strange garments I never wore before.

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