Radio Workshop Players
“A Man With A Platform”
Thurs., Mar. 23, 2:30 p.m., Theater
Vol. 19, No. 14
Ithaca College, Ithaca, New York, March 19, 1948

Happy Easter

In this issue
THE ITHACAN DIVIDEND
See Pages 3 and 4

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Field Training Plan
For Radio Students

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Present seniors who are eligible under this plan will receive two weeks of experience during the spring semester and will complete their last semester in college. Each student who engages in such field work will devote his full time over that two-week period to the operations of the station to which he is assigned and will be closely associated with regular staff members for the period of training.

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Fraternally Yours

Delta Phi Zeta

Pleasings activities at Delta Phi Zeta are always a joy to everyone! For the spring semester we have had a busy schedule. March 15th was the Auxiliary garden sale for the senior Mad Hatter Ball to be held April 17th from 10 to 1:30 at the Ithaca Hotel. Red sweaters were sold at the gym. At first I couldn't believe it—that we have had the sweaters?!! But the students have been so good about buying them. May the Ithacans don't like Cortlandites, or maybe they just have other ways of showing their feelings. We are going to have the Sweaters—$2 a piece."

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TO BOO OR NOT TO BOO...

by Karen Ackley

The pun really seems so appropriate. Tonight, March 2, I went to a basketball game and was thoroughly shocked for one of the few times in two years, Teo no longer held up, and it took only me to show me, but the scene which greeted our cheerleaders when they got out on the floor to do a little plugging for Cortland was just plain embarrassing. I will gladly recommend that all students of said college, who attended Tuesday's game,1 must have had cement running down their appearance, booz and cat-calls loud enough to rock the foundation, filled the gym. At first I couldn't believe it—that college students, supposedly the cream of youth, would stoop to such grade tactics. But after the first few of these juvenile demonstrations, I was sure my ears weren't playing tricks.

Maybe the Ithacans don't like Cortlandites, or maybe they just don't approve of cheerleaders. I hope in the future they will have the decency and common courtesy to, at least, hide their lack of manners until we've left.

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Ithaca College students who are holders of tickets for the Bailey Hall Series are invited to a meeting of the Bailey Hall Club. The meeting will be held Thursday, February 22, at 8:15 p.m.

A Note of Thanks

Pat Fiuccina, Athletic Chairperson of the Phi Epsilon Kappa, and Joe H. Donavan, Director Interfraternity Council of Cornell University, have been informed by the Women's Auxiliary of Phi E.K. to express appreciation for the contributions made by the Auxiliary to the Physical Education Department, Timers, Scorers, Officials, Players, and to all others who assisted in making the 1947 Intramural League a success.

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Delta Kappa

Miss Margaret Jetter of Ithaca, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Jetter, has begun a new playwriting contest for persons interested in developing fairy tales, such as Hansel and Gretel, and plays in use in elementary schools. A cash prize of $25 will be awarded to the contest entrant who enters the best original manuscript. All entries will be judged by a panel of judges, and a short list of the best entries will be announced shortly.

Kappa Gamma Phi

Kappa Gamma Phi wishes to express its gratitude to the Kappa Gamma Phi Auxiliary for their cooperation and assistance in our efforts to determine the composition of the Phi Mu Alpha Fraternity at the University of Ithaca. We are grateful to the Auxiliary for their help in selecting the best men for the Fraternity, and for their cooperation in our endeavors in this connection.
Johnny was beginning to feel the ill effects of his excessive drinking. He had been binged by the sun, contemplatively reached the unseemingly fair spectacle. Perched atop a stool, he stood gazing into the azure blue mirror that lined the other side of the office. It was by this window that he plotted and planned. It was by this window that he dreamed of his past. It was by this window that he dreamed of his future. It was by this window that he dreamed of his life.

He fingered his glass of beer, then almost crushed it in his firm grasp. How could they laugh and dance, he thought, when at this very moment a thief under Joe's immense body. He had seen that his victim was running but more from the excitement of his first robbery than fear. He turned to his glass again, but once more he found his eyes to those who lie in watery graves at the bottom of the ocean? He could they laugh and dance, he thought, when at this very moment a thief under Joe's immense body. He had seen that his victim was running but more from the excitement of his first robbery. He turned to his glass again, but once more he found his eyes

A Star

A Star is hiding there,
Behind the darkest cloud.
Too shy to attract regard—
Or perhaps too proud.

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Speculation

Far across the darkened midnight seas,
Beyond the silent orb of nocturne light,
Remain the delicate celestial mysteries.
By all our tomorrows, this night.
For we are puny mortals, born to make
Our tiny imprints in the rock of Time;
And when our night is through, and sun appears,
Though mortal life on this terrestrial sphere
How brief we find that time to death from birth!

Those perfections we call Neptune, Mars,
Or speculate on Martian habitation;
Those empty skulls with scientific knowledge?
For Someone must have made those timeless stars;
Some fancy there be life upon the moon,
Suppose they calculate the end too soon,
Or was a purpose in this eke to fill
The secret mystery bent upon us still,
To wander groping, always thus unguided;
If such solutions we're supposed to find,
How much sooner finality to view!
Always! Such egoistic minds we own!
How find we time so many woes to bear?
Evaluating Time by mortal years;
Fools inventions such as we condone!
As stars and planetary firmament,
Before such vast and ageless things
That you may know how it's eternally fired!
Is not attainment that which you desired?
That's not right, take it out.
You hammer, pound, twist, claw,
Beat, bong, crash and saw.
Seiter wants this place in shape.
Move the chairs, move the table,
Now set the light, move the spot,
Open the switch box, open the knife,
Run to the shop, run to the dock,
Run to the east, run to the west,
Take back the brooms, bring out the mop.
Carry the trunk, carry the drop,
If it were longer I'm sure I'd die.

Wail of the Stagehand

You hammer, pound, twist, claw,
Beat, long, crash and saw.
Pull, push, clatter and shout,
That's not right, take it out.
Fly it high, fly it low,
Drop the flag, let it go.
Lower the lantern, fasten the drape,
Seiter wants this place in shape.
Move the set, fix the door,
Keep the scrap off the floor.
Move the chairs, move the table,
Move the piano if you're able.
Now set the light, move the spot,
Look out for the wire, it's more than hot.
Open the switch box, open the knob,
Carefully though if you value your life.
Run to the east, run to the west,
You wonder why, but Seiter knows best.
Lash on the flat, brace the wall.
Pant the pent, let's hope it won't fall.
Carry the trunk, carry the drop,
Take back the brooms, bring out the mop.
The work is hard, the hour goes by,
If it were longer I'm sure I'd die,
It's work for the strong and not the meek.
Thank heaven its only once a week.
Roger Moore Drama

The Brook

Life's running brook, so mildly made,
Streams down from mountains, sky high,
And carries sparkling gems from shade
Into the light. Here, life delayed,
They live their dream. . . Nature's life.
Thru bustling on, bewildered rush,
The bustling gems in Spring. Dance along the water, pass the brush,
Until they face the Summer's rush,
When budding leaves cease their race.
Now Autumn comes upon the stream.
Its gems slower, weary moves.
The storms have fallen, leave the dream.
Behind, it flows no more supreme.
Winter, the victor, now rules.

Thru bubbles creep along the shore,
Moving onward toward the sea,
Then depart. They, from land, now pour.
The making room for many more.
So run, and dance, and be.
So we all live and soon do pass away.
From dark we come, to dark we go
Some day.
Richard K. Kuss Drama

Opea on a Tropical Night

Tonight the park's entwined with
Like pearls upon the velvet rim of
And people, bunched like books,
High up on shelves,
Sit listening in rapt profundity.

In the sky, there floats a waxen moon,
Shimmering yellowed as through a sieve,
And blinking stars are waltzing with themselves.
In lively step to a Strauss melody.
All is music in this caverned site,
For fifty men, conceiving wonderous notes.

Crickets pluck the fiddle strings of night,
And gentle breeze plays the piccolo.
As in and out the swaying palms they slip.
Nature, too, becomes a symphony.
Here, within this dome, this universe.
Intoxicated by the silken night,
We see of children the earth sit, thus entranced.
A tropic segment of humanity.
For in this park, two elements conpire:
Together, for a moment, we may become:
A Second from Eternity

Sleep fabled from my eyes, gray mist captured true reality.
Dreams escaped in waking moments. Mem'ries stirred by dawn anor
From music rapturized by notes of past actuality.
I no more lay in the barren abode of today's repose.
Fog was thick. I could see light beams glancing off roof-tops, snow white;
Yet, only scenes visioned on childhood days gulf'd my mind that dawn.
Bells did chime. Sounds I heard were daily tolls ending slumber's
Arms empty of your love now closed 'bout you as dawning broke through.
Dreams I lived in a rich past that we two hoard in reverie.
Fog was thick. Here I was miles from your love. Cherished
Bells did chime. I awoke losing visions of an ecstasy.

"Come, take rest at my abode this night."
"Gladly, for my heart long veiled in strife
Is light, True friends, I at last have found.""Come, for long waits my beloved wife."
Riding over the town they go; chatting near, chatting far.
"Adieu, Comrade of mine, loyal and true."
"Why in haste? Do drink! The road was dry."
"Love I found and lost by time and thine."
"Whether thou, than love." His heart bled dry.
Riding over the world he goes; searching near, searching far.
"Adieu, Comrade of mine, loyal and true."
"Love I found and lost by time and thine."
"Rather thee, than love." His heart bled dry.
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Richard K. Kuss Drama

Lilimar

An Experiment in The Romantic Ballad Form

Through the forest, 'oer the gloomy marsh;
Crossing rivers, seas so swift and wide;
Past the sands that circle Egypt's Nile;
Back to great King Arthur's tabernacle.
Riding over the world he goes; searching near, searching far.
Haunting love lanes for love divine; searching for Lilimar.
Guardian of Justice, he battles
Monsters, Hate and Evil, ever cruel;
Doomed made by man or those of God.
Riding over the world he goes; searching near, searching far.
Haunting love lanes for love divine; searching for Lilimar.
Living life's long worldly tournament
With a code of moral righteousness.
Ridiculed by those of Satan's band,
In his heart, dwells monstrosous loneliness.
Riding over the world he goes; searching near, searching far.
Haunting love lanes for love divine; searching for Lilimar.

Richard K. Kuss Drama

A Second from Eternity

Wild currents dashed along, fog bell songs showed rocks, chartless on maps,
Warning men of danger. Nature's own bell brought me to my home.
Fog was thick. River's fog ... I once had cursed ... splashed its waves
Over the world he goes; searching near, searching far.
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Richard K. Kuss Drama
Jim bowed to Gale Mikles, College
finals he pinned Leonard
in
National Collek!_!ate
Don Thomas of Waynesburg, 2-0,
in
eron, 175-poundcr, was felled by
ominated there by pins. Everett Cam­
le11e
opening
prov~
raduring are Capt. Ed Van Gor­
der and Jack Brokaw.
rallied
And Chuck Farrell, who tallied 45
A.
After building up an early lead,
Edinbora, Pa. State Teachers
With the season dosed, statistics
rlose
... 1
Beat All-Stars

A freshman in the Phyl Ed Dept., Dick is
Nigeria District A.A.U. 121-lb. champ,
and not only first dual season in

Tape and Liniment

After a rather shaky start, Ben Light's Bombers turned in a
recereable record that included two hard earned victories over Cortland.
Throughout the season some twenty different players represented
the Blue and Gold forces on the hardwood. Naturally there has been
much speculation and comment on the player or players who actually
was the"m" in the Ithaca lineup.
From game to game various players have risen to the occasion and
supplied the necessary spark or scoring touch that kept the local forces
in the ball game. As the season progressed, it became apparent that there
was good team spirit as the local lads faced the toughest portion of its
schedule.
Bob Vorobiev turned in a 24 point performance. Passineau and
Lombardo turned in some fine backcourt work while contributing their
share of points.
Dick Ferguson bobbled early in this year by a charlay horse was
forced out of the Bombers final home game with a ruptured blood vessel.
After ra mid-season slump, Dick Steinskci came back to drop four set
shots before foulding out of the contest. By virtue of this shapskot
Ithaca kept within striking distance of the Red Dragons.
Possibly the most persevering member of the team-"Bud" Smith
turned out to be one of its brightest stars. Kelegated to the monitory of the
Jayvees, Bud came back in mid-season and asserted his poten~talities
with a terrific performance in the first Cortland encounter. As an under-
study for Vorobiev, Bud benefited so much by his' susceptibility to fould-
out, with a season of competition already under his belt Smyitv will
prove a valuable man to have around next fall. 1948
Quiet and unassuming Andy Stropya readily into the role of
a ball player's ball player. Possessing his share of stamina, Andy proved a
most valuable team man. He work off the boards was typical of his fiery
floor play. Time and again it was Andy who broke up immy plays or
stole the ball off the boards. Many times his value was overlooked by
the spectator as he rarely was a high scorer. Playing best with the going
tougher he cur-tered in spectacular performances against Cortland and
conducted 14 points in the season's finale against Gannon.
That's all that can be asked of any min.
Even though they played but seven games all season the men of
the Jayvee squad who moved up to the varsity from time to time throughout
the season gave their best. That's all that can be asked of any man.

New British Teachers who defeated the Bombers in a pre-Christmas
encounter was selected as the New England representative in the
National Inter-Collegiate Basketball Tournament held at Kansas City.
Big Jim Horringer has decided to forego coaching for the present and
has left for spring training with the Allentown (Pa.) club of the
St. Louis Cardinal chain.

"Doc" Yarvis has an embryonic group of soccer officials organized.
The Ithaca chapter of the National Soccer-Football Officials Association is
headed by Howard Meath, President, Ross Hutchinson, V.-Pres., and
Bob Slocum, Sec.-Treas.

Jim, an undefeated freshman in dual competition, ranks 1st in the
national A.A.U. 186-lb. class. He enters the national championships
for Ithaca April 14.

1948 Varsity Wrestling 1948
The trouble with this little delay in getting out the Ithacan is that this column like the others, now has more than it can cover adequately in one day. So let's go right on.

First, word about Frank Well's adaptation of Swift's Gulliver's Travels as directed by Bruce Flaherty. (All that looks like into a memoir) The program was planned for Monday night last week but was cancelled because of the far bigger problem that the Ithaca College Radio Workshop was忍受ing. This was due to unforeseen circumstances, Dr. Landon wasn't able to cover his evening classes and evening airing over WHCU FM did not have Doc. Landon. Incidentally, the Thursday evening show was much more the polished show of the two. Special mention to Waldman who made the sick sign on the board; to Bill "swing" Grammer for his Gulliver and to Dick Kuss as the Giant King. Harry Robertson was one of those rare shows that really doesn't go Rome; WKNP, Corning: WENE, 8:30 to 9:00. This bit of stuff featured the Society Combo, Marcia McGranath, Benny Doyle, and Roger Moore. We hope they stay on the hill-like him.

Just a short note. Last week, the radio workshop and our college had eight different shows on WHCU-FM. A new time all new time all new time. It's a good time.

The seniors are all astir right now with preparations for going out discussions, while additional time and Don is the tyrannical Pledgemaster. Secondly, both these musicians have received reports from unimpeachable authorities that the IC students supervise the room-mate Roudi, who ordinarily could sleep until eight. Don, completely forgetting his "good idea" day, went inside his own hands and moved into another room, and Paul kept on going to church to pray for his new minister's friend's increased reliability.

Since the twenty-five year old Engineri majors in Piano, it is not without wonder that one may see him playing for all types of grand throned, would be crooners. Because of this particular talent, he was much in demand while in the Coast Guard, and made a score of friends who otherwise were not particularly akin to long-haired musicians. Paul is also a member of Adelphi, and sings in both the Choir and the Men's Chorus, an activity which pleases him greatly. When Paul finally meets his rich wife, he'd like to settle down to a life of leisure and has a number of perce-isms. To that end, he's given much attention. But now, because I've made the affable Engineri out to be an almost spiritual being, don't think that he has prudish tendencies, for I assure you, Paul is a man of the world.

Don Roudi chose to major in one of the most difficult instrumentations in the music profession is beyond definition; but, I suppose, with a position at his disposal, he is used to handling situations of a similar nature. It is easy to play the baritone, and Don, being one of the few who have and lived, but here is a position that he's had his eye on for a number of years. Oops! Pardon me — not four consecutive years, for Don spent little time on the USS TSSS. This was after he had missed out of the "V" for being too rich, and being too rich, he was not at all popular. Since Don is back at school, one can see that he failed in his quest, but he says that he'll catch up with one who he's about fifteen. Then he'll be right down in Honolulu, because he's "seen a lot of beautiful women there." Don has little or no free time, but Paul informs me that "Dee makes a habit of raising a mistake that never materializes, but his real hobby is collecting pipes and humming cigarettes." The twenty-five year old brother of last year's Cayuga business manager, Ralph Rothen, does this because it happens to be true. By the way, I got a letter from another of Don Roudi's ambitions, I'm sure the Senior class would like to plan for open houses, teas, dances, etc. in cooperation with the Ithaca College Radio Workshop. The Workshop is happy to send out their program at any time. I have a number of perce-isms. To that end, he's given much attention. But now, because I've made the affable Engineri out to be an almost spiritual being, don't think that he has prudish tendencies, for I assure you, Paul is a man of the world.

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