

The Ithacan, 1933-1934

1-19-1934

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Ithaca College

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E. Stroudsburg vs.
Ithaca College
Tonight in Gym.

The Ithacan

Seniors! Return your
proofs
Faculty! Make ap-
pointment for your
picture

VOL. IV, No. 14

Ithaca College, Ithaca, New York, January 19, 1934

I. C. Basketball Team Met Defeat Against St. Lawrence At Canton

Ithaca College's high geared basketball machine was stalled by a powerful Saint Lawrence University contingent at Canton last Thursday when the Saints coasted to a 36-20 victory.

Suffering under one of the worst letdowns the Blue and Gold has had in the past two seasons, the Blues were the victims of the worst lacing they have received in over three years.

Ken Patrick and Gid Hawley were the only members of the Ithaca College squad to meet with any success in finding the hoop. They scored a grand total of 15 points.

The first half saw a greater share of excitement as the lead changed hands several times. Hawley was first to break into the scoring column by sinking a single counter after he had been fouled.

The Saints retaliated by sinking two double deckers in rapid succession. Near the close of the half the Ithacans were on the long end of a 10-9 lead but the Larries staged a rally that netted them seven points.

The half ended 16-10 in favor of the Larries.

Just three minutes of the second half had elapsed when the Blues came within one point of a tie. From this point on Saint Lawrence held the upper hand and pulled themselves 16 points away from the collegians.

Tonight the Blue and Gold engages the strong East Stroudsburg State Teachers College five on the local court. It is expected the locals will hit their old stride and come through with a victory.

Athletic tickets will admit all Ithaca College students.

Dr. Martin Talks To Class On Graphic Art

Brilliant I. C. Faculty Member Interests Appreciation Class With Authoritative Lecture; Exhibits Art Pieces From His Collection.

One of the fine traditions of Ithaca College is carried out every year when Dr. Frederick Martin, head of the Martin School for Speech Correction, gives a lecture before the Art Appreciation class and their guests. This year the lecture was given on Tuesday afternoon, January 16, and the subject was upon graphic art.

Dr. Martin is very well versed on this subject and owns a rare collection of mezzotints, wood carvings, etchings, paintings and illuminated manuscripts. In fact he is an artist himself, and it is a privilege for students to have the opportunity of hearing Dr. Martin and of seeing his rare objects of art.

Dr. Martin explained that graphic art originated in China and that the earliest schools of art grew up where the people learned to write.

It seems that early forms of art occurred in Egypt where writings and illustrations were made on clay and bricks. The methods of wood carving and of etching were stressed by the lecturer who had many fine examples to show. A great deal of time was given to the mezzotints which are Dr. Martin's hobby and his collection is especially fine. The listeners learned that modern etching has replaced the difficult art of mezzotint for its simplicity, but that it lacks depth. Dr. Martin showed many fine examples of the Impressionistic School of Painting. Of particular interest were his illuminated manuscripts, one being the most artistic work of twenty-seven different monks who have made some exquisite miniatures.

I. C. Band's Program Brings Fine Ensemble Playing To Listeners

Again the Concert Band appeared in another of its enjoyable Sunday afternoon concerts given in Little Theatre. In addition to the four contrasting numbers of the program, several new features were presented.

Two vocal solos, sung by Lorraine Johnston, were a welcome addition to the usual program of instrumental music. The audience requested a repetition of the last number, Frimle's "Giannina Mia". Both selections were particularly delightful, the band accompaniment furnishing an unusual background for the clear lyric soprano.

"From the Shores of the Mighty Pacific," for Baritone, was a difficult solo ably executed by Clair Brenner. Much of the richness of the effect was gained in the band accompaniment. Two additional numbers were played on the program; the first, Carl Mader's "Chicago World's Fair Centennial March". An original march, "Irvington Boy's Band"

(Continued on page three)

Prominent Organists On Dedication Program

A service for the dedication of the new organ at the First Unitarian Church was held Sunday afternoon January 14, at 4 o'clock. Four prominent Ithaca organists participated in the program.

The organ is a two-manual instrument and was built by M. P. Moller Inc., Hagerstown, Md., and all of the guest organists demonstrated its facilities with different and pleasing effects. Two members of the Ithaca College faculty appeared on the program, Miss Louise Titcomb and Mr. George Daland. The other organists are both professors at Cornell, Mr. Harold D. Smith and Mr. Frederick C. Andrews.

The Program:
Compositions by Christoph Willibald Gluck

Melody, transcribed by Sgambati
Chaconne, from Alceste
Air, from Iphigenia in Tauris
Overture, from Iphigenia in Aulis
George Daland

Fantasy and Fugue on the name of Bach Franz Liszt

Frederick S. Andrews

Fantasia in G Minor Bach

Sketch in D flat Schumann

Eklog Kramer

Concert Variations Bonnett

Louise Titcomb

Chorale No. 2, B minor

Harold Smith Cesar Franck

Sophomores!

Sophomores, both active and passive, did you know that there is to be a Junior Prom? And did you know that such proms are sponsored by Sophomores? You didn't? Well, for your information:

It is true that representatives of the Sophomore class and a few active members who have responded to the notices for meetings are making arrangements for such an event. It is to be held on February 1, 1934, at the Crescent, and the music is to be furnished by Bob Opitz and his orchestra.

Is it asking too much of you, who either have overlooked the notices or have been too busy to respond to them, to please make an attempt, at least, to attend important meetings that will be held in the course of the next two weeks?

We want this Prom to be a success—so far we have accomplished something in even deciding to have a prom. Sophomores, it is up to you! Attend meetings, cooperate with the committees, and show a little class interest and loyalty!

TALENTED DRAMA STUDENT TAKES LEAD



MISS DOROTHY QUILLMAN AS "ERSTWHILE SUSAN"

Quillman Plays Second Time to I. C. Audience; Play Taken To Keuka

On Friday night, January 12, the Drama Department presented the third performance of the comedy "Erstwhile Susan" before a good-sized audience in the Little Theatre here. Early Saturday afternoon the cast and crew, numbering thirty-four members of the department, set out by bus for Keuka College, Pen Yan, N. Y., where the play was given its fourth showing at 8:15 that night before a large and enthusiastic audience in the college theatre. Each member of the cast gave her or his best performance before an audience so responsive that the continuous laughter and applause often threatened to interrupt the progress of the play. Dorothy Quillman, in the title role, surpassed herself and drew not only a burst of applause at her exit in Act One, but several curtain calls at the end of the play. Sharing acting honors with Miss Quillman were Mary Askaris and John Brown, with sterling performances also turned in by Carlton Bentley, Michael Fusco, Joseph Short, Gertrude Quick, and William Cornell.

Prior to the performance the Ithaca College Players were guests of the Keuka College faculty and student body at a formal dinner held in the college dining-hall. During dinner the Keukans entertained the Ithacans with college songs. After the performance an informal reception was held in the Lounge for the visiting cast, refreshments being served by the Arion Dramatic Club. The receiving line was made up of the faculty of Keuka College, headed by President and Mrs. Norton, the deans of departments, and Mae H. Baker, director of dramatic activities.

The appearance of the Ithaca College Players at Keuka College was arranged and sponsored by the Arion Dramatic Club and Miss Baker, and our own technical and executive staffs were ably assisted by the following members of the Keuka College student body: Thelma Davis, Olive Durant, Helen Benedict, Doris Jones, Ruth Taplin, Marion Watkins and Emily Powers.

Mu Phi Epsilon Entertains

Mu Phi Epsilon had a busy and enjoyable day on Saturday entertaining Alice Allen Drayton of Boston. Mrs. Drayton is Province President and was on her annual tour of inspection.

Several of the girls met her at the station and entertained her at luncheon at the Smorgasbord. The afternoon was taken up with various matters of business and at 6 o'clock the members all met at Ye Hosts for a dinner. Following this, Fannie Mossman and Winifred Ruland were initiated at the Home of Florence Wilcox, and a special business meeting was held. Mrs. Drayton spoke and congratulated the chapter on its work. Lambda girls were particularly interested in hearing more about the plans for the biennial convention to be held in Atlantic City June 19, since they belong to the entertaining province.

The evening closed with the following enjoyable musical program:

- Voice
My Shadaw Hadley
Cuckoo Lehmann
Fannie Mossman
Dorothy Diener at the Piano
Piano
Waltz in C# minor Chopin
Winifred Ruland
Vocal Duets
Two Sisters Brahms
Love hath not departed Brahms
Martha Holland and Miriam Prior
Phyllis Crandall at the Piano
Second Arabesque Debussy
Phyllis Crandall

Resume Of Holiday Music Heard In City

Ithaca College Is Prominent In Presentation of Christmas Music

ITHACA, N. Y. Jan. 5—Excellent and abundant Christmas music was heard in Ithaca this year. Outstanding on Dec. 17 was the annual performance in the First Methodist Church of the Christmas portion of The Messiah by a massed choir under the authoritative conductorship of Bert Rogers Lyon. Of the choruses, For Unto Us a Child Is Born was exceptionally impressive. The soloists, all thoroughly versed in the Handel tradition, were Lorraine Johnston, Mrs. Florence A. Wilcox, Frederic Vaughn and Ralph Ewing.

The Sage Chapel Choir of Cornell University, led by Prof. Paul J. Weaver, sang modern American Christmas compositions at its vesper service on Dec. 17, the major work being W. B. Old's Christmas Chorologue. On the same day the Presbyterian Choir, under Eric Dudley, gave a miscellaneous program consisting mainly of carols. Of interest at the midnight Christmas service sung by the choir of the Church of the Immaculate Conception was a mass composed by George King Driscoll, young

Debate Club Active

At a recent meeting of the Ithaca College Debate Club the following officers were elected: President, John Brown; Secretary-treasurer, Mary Evelyn Connors.

The Club has adopted a new constitution, and has made plans for the next semester. The names of the people who desire to join the Club were presented to the Executive Committee who now has them under consideration.

Ithaca musician.

Carols Are Broadcast

The Ithaca College A Cappella Choir, Ralph Ewing, conductor, gave a successful broadcast of Christmas carols over the NBC network on Dec. 19, under the guest leadership of Carleton Martin, director of the St. Louis Symphonic Choir. The same program was given for the Syracuse Kiwanis Club and at the Ithaca College Christmas assembly. The Ithaca College Choral Club, which toured recently in four different states, sang for the Phi Mu Alpha fraternity on Dec. 10 and for the Sigma Alpha Iota sorority on Dec. 20. Bert Rogers Lyon is the director of the Choral Club.

The instrumental department of the Ithaca Public Schools, under supervision of Bernice H. Finch, presented an elaborate and interesting Christmas program on Dec. 20. Organizations participating ranged from a kindergarten rhythm band to the Senior High School Orchestra led by S. Carolyn Marsh. On Dec. 21 the High School Chorus gave its annual carol program, directed by Laura Bryant and accompanied by Mrs. Edith Kimple Edminster. The program was built about Joseph Clockey's cantata, Child Jesus, and featured the Junior Boy Choir directed by Florence Coatsworth. Carols were played by the High School Band at open-air performances on Dec. 20 and 21.

Otto and Lanning in Composer's Club

Three Ithaca College students are now members of the Composer's Club. The two newly elected members are Richard Otto and F. Van Lier Lanning. Both submitted original compositions which were duly examined at the January meeting of the club, and judged sufficiently meritorious to admit them to membership. Again we extend congratulations.

The Ithacan



Friday, January 19, 1934

Published every Thursday of the school year by undergraduates of Ithaca College, Ithaca, New York

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 128 East Buffalo Street

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES—\$2.00 per year. All mail subscriptions payable in advance.

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ADVERTISING BOARD
ROGER DiNUCCI
Director of Copy.....ELVA GROSS

Ithaca College Basketball team is scheduled to play Syracuse University within a few weeks. This game is an event for our school, and will furnish a most interesting competition, since the Syracuse team is one of the most powerful, at least in name, ever to meet athletes of Ithaca College.

We can believe that our team is well enough prepared to challenge Syracuse. We have implicit confidence in our athletes, and feel quite sure that they will be victorious in this all-important game. Or if, because of some slight accident in play (and in all contest there is a multitude of "accidents" to rather turn the tide), Ithaca College should lose this game, we know that their lost victory would be a very hard-gained one for Syracuse.

The Yavitsmen will be prepared, and the entire school wishes them, sincerely, an unparalleled success.

To those who have seen Katharine Hepburn's splendid acting in the screen version of Alcott's "Little Women," it is interesting to note just how much laurel she gathered from her stage acting in "The Lake" in New York City.

Hepburn, so greatly eulogized for her screen playing, failed to get any fervent praise from the critics when she appeared on the New York stage. Most of the reviews agree that Katharine has much to learn about acting. This judgment seems to prove that there is a vast difference between acting before cameras and acting on the legitimate stage. Movies are made in many 'takes'—with periods of rest between them. If a scene turns out badly it can be done over again. On the stage is is very different. The actor must be at his best throughout an entire play. There is no going back to do parts of a drama over.

Perhaps Hepburn's brilliant cinema success led critics to expect too much from her. At any rate, her acting did not give them what they wanted. Some reviews say that, at times, she was a little immature. It may be the play; it is the consensus of general opinion that "The Lake" is not all that it might be. As one critic said, "it moves along nicely, promising well, and then peters out."

But, remembering "Little Women", we can certainly lay the most extravagant encomiums at Katharine's feet, and do it sincerely. In that film she showed a grace, a youthfulness, an artistry, and a delightful physical beauty that is worth the profound admiration she is getting. We look eagerly to Hollywood for a great deal more from this dashing, debonaire Hepburn—a graduate of Bryn Mawr, with an interesting past.

Musicians marked with interest the return to opera of young Marian Talley recently in Chicago. After a very strange seclusion on a Kansas farm where she literally hid herself at the peak of operatic fame, she has returned, singing Gilda in "Rigoletto" in which role she made her debut several years ago.

Her odd seclusion is difficult to understand, but all that is passed, and people are only glad now to see her back. Music critics welcomed her very nicely, saying that her performance was very good, and that her voice was as fine as ever. It seems good to hear a little praising about American singers.

—R. E. W.

BAGATELLES

By A. Propos

The Cops and Robbers game played so frequently at Phi Mu Alpha is catching . . . Bill Cornell heads the gang in the Little Theatre . . . What a show! . . . Fusco can be heard shouting . . . Lights . . . Drama . . . Camera ! ! ! . . . Wotta Show ! ! ! . . . Rumors of an opera . . . Rumors of lots of things . . . Pit Band Hubbard getting his cigarette and clarinet confused . . . The hat seemed uncalled for . . . maybe . . . 'twasn't . . .

Will never forget Lorraine Johnston as she sang in The Little Theatre last Sunday afternoon . . . Dr. Martin's lecture another high light of the week . . . as was Erstwhile Susan . . . From all reports Kueka College will not be forgotten for some time . . . Petty and Flynn will vouch for that.

Dale Ferguson seems extremely worried . . . which of course doesn't mean a thing . . . I mean . . . I wonder why I wrote it . . . Space, no doubt . . . "Poor Butterfly" rhythmized by the Casa Loma boys . . . Soon some one will say something about a cigarette . . . and some one will believe it . . . and now "The Man From Mars." 'Tis a new tune . . . The latter added as an interpretation.

Skyline has the edge, and too, they advertise . . . in our paper that is . . . Art Houck paints well with iodine ? ? 'Tis rumored that N. M. can't see anything in Bagatelles . . . well, well . . . neither can I, my dear . . . but they do say that 'tis liked . . . The Ithacan Staff is quite cognizant of the fact that only a certain class peruse this column . . . but even so, every one enjoys his or her name in print, yea, even those blessed mortals clinging to O'Neill's method of concealment. . . Some are so transparent that reality is difficult to allude. . .

Now to get back to the certain class . . . That class is composed of the dear old students of Ithaca College who are for ever looking about into nooks and corners for bits of the juicy. . .

Jack Brown wants to sing the leading role in the forthcoming opera . . . DiNucci is a potential singer, too . . .

People seem to miss the real point of life . . . 'Tis what I heard . . . Who is the Man of the Hour? . . . There really is one . . . A Junior Class Meeting ! ! !

The ceiling fell at The Kappa Gam's . . . Dr. Barbour's "lovely twittering."

Will everyone concentrate for Bill Nicholas . . . "Tis the one sure way".

There were five sophomores at the Soph class meeting . . . Something or other is lacking . . . As usual if the prom is a success . . . the whole class will take the credit . . . if not the workers will take the brunt . . . What ever that is . . .

Phi Mu Alpha is sending a delegation to Bro. L. Tibbett's coming concert on the hill.

That upside down screen at S.A.I. Among the other things we like: Carmichael's Book "Rhapsody in Mud" . . .

'Tis a resume of the infancy and life of Jazz . . . Joe Venutis ranked as the first Jig-fiddler of the day . . . We also heard . . . The bands for the Cornell Prom . . . Johnny Hamy and Claude Hopkins . . . the weakest bill in years . . . 'Tis jingled that the committee had hardly heard of Venutie and his Band composed of men like the Dorsey brothers. . . .

It is interesting to note that two men who were ring leaders in the profession fifteen years ago have grown up with it have retained their ranking positions . . . They are "Miff" Mole and Frank Trambaur . . .

Geyer and Devaux "take off" in second band occasionally . . . Quite smarty . . .

Starr Cole (h) is back—"minus". Every now and then there are bits about this and bits about that . . . one of the biggest bits is that ray of sunshine that scurried o'er Ithaca once last week . . .

That sale of books at the "Corner Book"! You mustn't miss it . . .

The "Mary Blue Shirts" in "Let-tem Eat Cake" is what they call "Wowing'em" . . . Gaxton and Moran star; with music by the Gershwin bros. . . . Lines of "Men in White" have been censored six times.

Poor Anthony . . . They say a conversationalist is not 100% unless—50% of him listens . . . Am reminded of a scottie with its cocked head . . . Visions of a sunset blinds me . . . Bon nuit!

Rantings and Ruminations

by TOM MURRAY

Well, here we are. Was just thinking how time flies, lamenting the fact that I must again concoct another of these so-called columns. In the depths of a fore-mentioned lamentings, I recalled the words of one French poet, Ronsard. This gentleman may not have been writing any column but he evidently was concerned with the all too swift elapse of the hours. His speculations led him to say that it was not time that flies but we that go. I am not sure what I believe—but things change awful fast, to say the least.

It was certainly gratifying to hear several people trying the pitch of "Journal", to see if it was in the key of D. At least it shows that some one is reading this column—or is it my vanity?

Overheard M. Murch making poetic observations on a dish of ice cream. Her expression was something like this; "How alone it looks—how ashamed it must feel." Then the girls all laughed—because they felt the same way.

Was the silent hand also in a discussion on a phase of psychology. (I've always been silent in that kind of talk—as others may tell you.) Well, any way some of the lads were discussing neuron patterns. The assemblage was rather perplexed until Will Musser drew near. The question was put to him. It seemed like a "natural" to Willie. But, my friends, his personal theory would have amazed—and amused the great Mr. Wiggam. He was sure that nerves entered into it somewhere but he wasn't sure just where. It is best done in quaint Pa. dialect.

Has Scott told you yet there is dancing out at Pop's? If he hasn't, you should feel slighted—nearly everyone else has heard about it. If you will pardon this little "plug"—you ought to drop out and help him put the boys through college.

The lads of the Drama had such a fine show at Keuka that they are certain they could book the place for a return.

Well, I've been all the column getting to it so I suppose I might as well spring it now. This is really the feature of the effort of this week. The rest of this stuff—as you may guess, is largely filler. Well, the other day, my stoooge and I were at coffee. This idea came to me. I give it to you—with no malice aforethought. (And prior to its New York opening) Anything you don't like about it you must blame on my stoooge.

Lines To Agnes McGee

Her orbs are blue,
Like a policeman's coat.
Like day-old spaghetti
Her hair.
Like a barberry hedge
Her brows stick out—
And this is

Only fair—
That underneath her roamin'
snout,
Her incisors are white—
But spare.

Her ears remind one
Of Lindy's plane,
They have that expansive spread.
Her lips stand out like exit signs,
They are that color of red.
Like a main-land reef
Her chin protrudes;
Her complexion is
Laissez-faire.

We could go on
With this eulogy
But the strain's too much
To bear.

And now, dear reader,
As you may note,
This person has nought
Of charm.
She has all the faults
And none of the grace
To give her an escort's arm.
She has no brains—
You can tell at a glance,
And her I. Q. tally
Is bare.
But when you talk of
Parties and gin,
You may be sure that she'll
Be there.

But boy, oh boy, can she dance!
And so for now, my friends, I
must away.

It's just as Bill Cornell says in
this next play—"When he re-
turns, he'll be back." And the
same goes for me.

ADVERTISE IN THE ITHACAN

STATE

Sun. - Mon. - Tues.
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
Madge Evans in
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PAUL MUNI
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"THE WORLD CHANGES"

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Sun. - Mon. - Tues.
"TARZEN"

Wed. - Thur.
Barbara Stanwyck in
"EVER IN MY HEART"

Fri and Sat.
Bob Steele in
"GALLANT FOOL"

NUTS, NUTS, EVERYWHERE, And Not A Nut To Eat!

New York City

DEAR CLIFF:

I've been giving a lot of thought, lately, to peanut cookies. You know the kind I mean—the small, round, mustard-colored things, peppered with shelled peanuts. You buy them by the pound at the corner grocery. To me, there is no delicacy comparable to this peanut cookie. Not only are they crisp, sweet and nourishing—as a radio announcer might say—but peanut cookies are fun to eat! When you bite them they break into tiny pieces, scattering the floor with crumbs and dislodged nuts. That makes eating them a sort of contest, a kind of race against the law of gravity. In fact, there is nothing quite like an evening at home with a group of friends around the fire, eating peanut cookies. And if you have a dog lying on the rug it's even more sport watching the dog await his big moment—when someone crushes a cookie and springles the hearth with vitamins.

There are a number of other exciting games that may be played with peanut cookies. My favorite is called, "Pick the Peanut".

1. Each contestant selects five peanut cookies from a hat bought at W. J. REED'S (No other hat is capable of surviving more than two games. A REED hat is good for 107 games before it show signs of use).

2. Contestant holds cookie in left hand until starter gives the signal. Starter then takes REED handkerchief from the pocket of a REED overcoat and waves it in the air. The game is on.

3. Contestants picks the peanuts from the cookies, one nut at a time, using the finger-nails of the right hand. As each peanut is dismantled it must be tossed into the hat, which is on the floor, a good distance from the peanut-pickers.

4. Contestant who first exhibits completely dunduded cookies win the game, receiving a gift of the REED hat and all the nuts tossed there by the contestants. (Peanuts that miss the hat are disqualified and must be returned to the cookies).

5. Any contestant who breaks a cookie or is found eating a peanut instead of aiming it at the hat, must be punished at the discretion of those present.

6. There is one difficulty in playing "Pick the Peanuts". Some cookies have more nuts than others, making the game unfair to anyone selecting cookies with lots of peanuts. Nothing can be done about this until the National Biscuit Company sees fit to stabilize the distribution of peanuts on its little round mustard-colored cookies.

Meanwhile, it is always an excellent plan to keep W. J. REED in mind when men's furnishings are in order.

Nuts to yez,

BOB DE LANY '30

W. J. REED

146 E. STATE STREET

**Concert Band Program
Plays Fine Ensemble**
(Continued from page one)

composed by Richard Otto, first trombonist, was the closing encore of the program.

"Capriccio Espagnole" by Rimsky-Korsakow was particularly effective. Decidedly Oriental in flavor, the rhythmic and dynamic effects achieved by the players held the audience's whole attention.

For sheer beauty, however, the Andante from Tschaiikowsky's Fifth Symphony, was the high spot of the afternoon. Technical problems sufficiently overcome, the band delivered the spirit and the meaning of this superb composition, which in the last analysis, is always the test of the performance.

**SIGMA ALPHA IOTA;
DELTA DELTA DELTA
ENTERTAIN AT TEA**

Mrs. Frederick E. Bates of 310 N. Aurora St., a patroness of both Sigma Alpha Iota and of Delta Delta Delta sororities, entertained at tea on Sunday afternoon, January 14, from 4 until 6 o'clock. The guests included the active members, alumnae, and patronesses of these sororities.

The colors of the two different chapters were carried out in the decorations. Smilax and sweet peas were used on the mantle-piece in the living room; in the hall were long-stemmed red roses, and yellow frsias were employed on the dining room. The receiving line was as follows: Miss Gertrude Evans, national president of Sigma Alpha Iota; Miss Eloise Conner, president of the active chapter of Delta Delta Delta; and Miss Grace Van Zant, president of the active chapter of Sigma Alpha

**Episode—In Which Grandma
Finds Her Self-Respect
And Bill—A Dinner**
By Catherine James

The front door closed and Grandma Wilkins was left alone to the privacy of her thoughts, which, we must confess, were not as serene as one might suppose the thought of a mild little old white-haired lady to be. In fact, at that precise moment they were most unruly, for Grandma Wilkins was rather upset.

"The very idea," she stormed at Peter, the well-fed, self-satisfied feline stretched out in the chair, "them thinkin' someone had to stay with me while they was gone for the day! Timid? Me scared—scared to stay alone in this house—me who brung up seven boys on a back woods farm with bob cats and prowlin' theives and not a neighbor nearer'n six miles—me afraid!" and she nodded her head so violently that Peter opened one wary eye to see what unusual proceedings might be taking place.

"T'ain't only this time," she continued heatedly, "it's always, 'Now mother, don't do this and don't do that, let me do it for you.' Or 'mother that's too much for you to try to make the bed, I'd rather you didn't.' Or again, 'No, I don't need your help—just go and sit down somewhere and rest.' Rest—yes, rest—that's all she did—that's all she was good for! Had-

Iota. Those who poured were Mrs. Jerome Fried, Mrs. Abram Bates, Mrs. Irene Belding, and Mrs. Edward Amherst Ott. Several girls from Sigma Alpha Iota assisted in the dining room: the Misses Elizabeth Eddy, Catherine James, Margaret Stull, and Mary Ilene Custer.

n't she overheard Helen telling that Mrs. What's-Her-Name, that Egbert's mother was 'such a care, and that she was so afraid she'd fall and break her hip or something', and that 'she was always trying to do more than her strength permitted' Bah! She'd show 'em yet that they couldn't wrap her up in lavender at eighty-one. Why her mother lived to be ninety, and if they thought—" but here Grandma's indignation simmered down and a bit of luxurious self-pity took its place. A suspicious moisture collected in her eyes and she took out her handmade linen handkerchief.

"That's just it," she informed the cat, "I ain't needed anymore—ain't no earthly good to no one. They don't need my help no more—land sake, I hain't cooked a meal in years, let alone keep house for anyone! How's a body supposed to keep their self-respect I'd like to know?" But Peter, either dubious as to the answer, or too descreet to air his views, preserved a dignified and stoney silence. After a time, in which Grandma rocked back and forth absent-mindedly in her cushioned rocking chair, she sighed a long, long sigh and "guessed" 'twas only natural for younger folks to like t'run things their own way, and prob'ly they were doin' just as good as they knew how. They was awful kind and thoughtful—only—only—well, they didn't understand, that's all. If she could only do something fer someone—someone who really needed her."

At this point in her reflection the door-bell rang with unusual violence, startling the little old lady into sudden action. She opened the big front door of the big white house of the very respectable Judge Wilkins, and beheld a tall, lanky, tattered youth of possibly four years and twenty—un-

(Continued on page four)

**FROSH HAVE FIRST LOSS;
DEFEATED BY MANLIUS**

The previously undefeated freshman five met defeat at Manlius Saturday when the cadets won a hard fought overtime 31-33 victory.

After playing four closely contested periods the score was deadlocked.

In the overtime period the cadets scored two points which was their margin of victory.

Rules For Infirmary Visitors

- Ring twice before coming upstairs.
- Ask permission to see patient before entering room.
- Visiting hours 3-5, 7-8 P. M.
- No visitor to remain longer than one-half hour.
- Do not sit on beds. Use chairs.

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FAMOUS VIOLINIST DIES SUDDENLY IN NEW YORK CITY

Paul Kochanski, who for years has been one of the world's ranking violinists, died suddenly at his home in New York City, after an attack of abdominal trouble.

Mr. Kochanski made his debut in America in 1921 with the New York Symphony under Walter Damrosch and immediately created a profound impression by the dignity, the depth, warmth, and beauty of his distinct interpretation of the Masters.

At the death of the celebrated Leopold Auer he became Professor of Violin at the Conservatory of Petrograd. He began this type of work at the age of 21 in the Warsaw Conservatory and has a number of noted pupils to his credit.

In this country he was associated with the Civic Music Association and became a progressive figure in this work; he also appeared on many programs of this type in our larger cities. He received the greatest praise of Pitts Samborn, probably the best known critic of the day. His death will be mourned by his many admirers throughout the country.

THEME SONGS OF POPULAR "STUDES"

- "Your'e O. K." Dr. Job
- "You've got Everything" Dr. Brown
- "Lovely Lady" Mrs. Talcott
- "Coffee in the Morning" Student Body
- "Shadows on the Wall" "Psyc." Class
- "Blue Hours" 7-8 A. M.
- "Boulevard of Broken Dreams" Buffalo Street
- "Winter Interlude" December and January
- "A Dream Walking" Roy White
- "Touch of your Hand" Joe Short
- "My Suppressed Desire" Tom Murray
- "Sweet and Lovely" "Fran" Alexander
- "So Shy" Miss Campfield
- "My Wild Irish Rose" Angela McDermott
- "Temptations" Zanin
- "I found a new way to go to Town" Halstead
- "Sometimes I'm Happy" Ken Randall
- "Doll Dance" DiNucci
- "Dark and Handsome" Claude Grace
- "Night Owl" Art Hauck
- "Roll 'em Girlies" Bernie Windt
- "Moonstruck" Mockler
- "Sobbin' the blues away" Ray Harrington
- "Buckin' the Wind" Bill Petty
- "Life is a Dream" Clyde Owens
- "Got the jitters" DePasquale
- "It's only a Paper Moon" "Pris" Houston
- "We make a Peach of a Pair" Morette and Houston
- "Big Time Charlie" Walt Ninesling
- "Tired of it All" "Dot" Haneman
- "Where's Elmer" Kellogg
- "Jimmie had a Nickel" James (Kale) Cahill
- "Singing in the Rain" "Emmy" Roberts
- "Hey, young Fella" Geyer
- "Oriental Urchin" Marie Ward
- "China Boy" Glenn Brown
- "Poor Butterfly" One Negus person
- "Way down East in Maine" Phil Silva
- "Cryin' myself to Sleep" Martha Littler
- "Georgia on my mind" Mary Laskaris
- "Sweet Madness" Prior and Bentley
- "Cacelia" Paul Devine
- "You're my Thrill" Tom Jones
- "Lazybones" Otsey Vogt
- "Stardust" Mary Custer
- "Dancing Lady" Marion Taber
- "The Big Man from the South" Tavis
- "Good Morning to You" Mr. John
- "Heat Wave" Murch
- "When Yuba plays the Rhumba on the Tuba" McKerr
- "Snowball" Gertie Brown
- "Beethoven's Fifth" Budeshim

Notice

For the benefit of any of the student body who are yet unacquainted with the procedure necessary for securing publication of such news as they desire to read in their paper, the following is intended.

Fraternity news is the charge of fraternity reporters. If your fraternity has not yet appointed someone to assure your representation in the paper, this action should be taken at once. The following fraternity reporters are active to date: Kappa Gamma Psi, Charles Mockler; Mu Phi, Louise Titcomb; Phi Mu Alpha, Richard Otto; Sigma Alpha Iota, Thelma Field; Phi Epsilon Kappa, Malcolm Letts. Dormitories, likewise, should have a representative to cover any "Personals" calculated to be of interest.

Departmental representation is the responsibility of the Editorial Staff. Consult the paper, if in doubt as to the personnel. If you desire to read more material concerning your particular field, see the reporter for your department, music, dramatics, or physical education, and he will gladly cooperate to the best of his ability. Worthwhile suggestions for improvement are always welcome.

Special news items, assigned articles, and such detailed work as is required by the Editor-in-Chief, are the duties of the Reportorial Staff. These may be supplemented at any time by signed contributions from any member of the school who wishes to submit material for publication. All such material is subject to correction and revision by the Editor or Director of the Copy.

Finally, members of the staff are human beings, and therefore capable of error. Misrepresentation and omissions are not intentional. Cooperate with your staff, and it will give you its best.

GRANDMA FINDS HER SELF RESPECT

(Continued from page three)

nistakably of that species of what town folks called "bums."

"Are you-all th' lady of the house?" he inquired in a soft lazy drawl.

Grandma's shoulders straightened slightly as she replied,

"Yes, what kin I do fer ya?"

"Well, mam, ah'm a stranger in these parts, and work's been mighty hard to get. Ah wonder if you'd have a bite of food to give a fellow, mam?" and he favored her with a delightfully boyish grin.

"Hungry, be you?" Immediately the prim starched person of Grandma seemed to radiate that housewifely concern that all proper New England housewives have felt over the stomachs of their families and guests since the days of the sainted Pilgrim Mothers. "Come on in an' set down 'till I kin fix you some dinner. Fact is, I was just about to get me a cup of tea, so you kin eat with me."

"Never mind, mam, ah just as leave wait out here. Ah'm not dressed up very good you see, mam, an' well, ah'd hate to bother—"

"Tain't no trouble" she interrupted, glad to git ye'r bite, young fellow. Like I was tellin' Peter here, seems like I hain't waited on a body fer so long—I'm used to it, bringing up seven boys like I did." This as she drew him inside, looking for all the world like a big hungry dog, as he followed the diminutive person of Grandma into the kitchen.

"Where you from, son?" asked Grandma through the rattle of pans and dishes.

"Well, ah was born in North Carolina, mam, but ah worked in Washington until ah lost my job along with lots of others. Then ah went home, but ah could see that wasn't any place fer me if ah aimed to eat."

"Pretty hard times, all right all right," Grandma agreed. "Reckon I'm going to need some wood here in a minute, son. Take this basket and fetch me a few sticks, there," and she pointed in the general direction of the wood shed. Obediently he disappeared.

Meanwhile Grandma busied herself laying the table in the kitchen. She found the old checkered cloth (the one Helen never used). She brought out a platter of cold chicken—left over

from Sunday's 'company dinner'. "Can't git a meal—too old am I—wish they could see me now! Woudn't Helen throw fits, though?" and she chuckled to herself at the picture of their faces, should her very respectable son, the Judge, and his conscientious but unimaginative wife suddenly walk in upon the somewhat irregular procedure taking place in the Judge's most respectable kitchen.

Presently the boy returned with the basket full of wood. But when he offered to fix the fire for Grandma, she refused curtly. "No, I'll do it myself—you go sit down and—and rest!" she finished triumphantly.

When the meal was all ready Grandma, with an eye for the bedraggled appearance of her guest, suggested that he could "Wash up a spell," if he liked. While he was thus engaged, Grandma made a journey of her own into the private quarters of her son, the Judge, returning with what suspiciously resembled a shirt and tie. Rapping on the door she said,

"I'm leaving something here for you to change into when you're done in there."

When the young fellow reappeared, he wore a half bashful, half pleased grin—and the Judge's blue shirt and striped necktie. Neither the strangeness of his position, nor the dignity of his new clothes affected his appetite one whit. He did full justice to the chicken, fried-potatoes, sweet corn, bread and jelly, cookies and blueberry pie which Grandma heaped upon him like some bountiful haired patriarch. With the last mouthful of pie, Bill, for that was his name, Grandma learned, pushed back his chair with that air of well-being and ll's-right-with-the-world that only the satisfaction of a full meal brings.

"Sure was powerful good, mam, Ah swanee, but ah never tasted anything so good in all my life. Reckon there's mighty few folks like you, mam, that would treat a —a—bum like he was a gentleman come t'call."

"Nonsense," snapped Grandma, trying to hide her pleasure with rather poor success. "Iain't done no more'n anyone would fer a boy when he's down. Never can tell when we'll be needing help ourselves, any of us, I always says."

"All the same, mam, ah sure do appreciate yor kindness. Mind if ah smoke, mam?"

"No, go ahead. Where you headin' fer now?"

"Well, mam, that's hard to say. Ah'd like to get a job, but jobs are mighty scarce. Maybe ah'll strike out to the coast and get me a place on a vessel somewhere. Ah'd sure like t' see th' world, mam, while ah'm loose."

"That's just like all you young fellows, always wantin' to go somewhere where you ain't. Don't know's I blame you much though", she conceded after a moment's reflection. If I was your age don't know but what I'd do th' same. I allus did want to go to Californie. Ever been there?"

"No, mam, ah can't say's ah have, but ah'm fixin' t' get there some of these days."

Reflectively Grandma started piling up the dishes.

"Please, mam, might ah help you do th' dishes. Ah can't repay you for your kindness, but ah'd like t' help you clean up here," he offered suddenly.

Somewhat surprised at his unexpected offer, Grandma consented. Awkwardly he dried the flowered china and polished the tapering glasses. "If Helen ever looked in now!" thought Grandma.

When everything was once more in its place, the boy (with the banana Grandma had given him in his pocket) took his leave, still marvelling at his good fortune and the kindness of "that little lady" as he called her. For her part, Grandma suddenly found her knees doing queer things under her from sheer exhaustion.

"Guess I'll take a nap", said Grandma, once more addressing Peter, who quite approved and curled up on the bed beside her. "Maybe I'm good for something after all. Guess that there young feller kind of thought so 'bout th' time he sat down to th' table. H'm, Egbert'll wonder where his shirt went—he'd had a fit if he knew—but he won't know—never." And with a contented sigh, Grandma drifted off

to sleep. She was still sleeping when Helen and Egbert returned that night. Helen tip-toed in and tip-toted out again and closed the door softly, saying to her husband as she did so, "Poor mother—she is getting very feeble."

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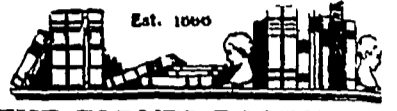
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