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Once-A-Week, 1927-03-28

Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

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CALENDAR FOR WEEK OF MARCH 28

Mon. A. M. 8:15 Assembly—Mrs. Gertrude Martin from Cornell—Speaker.

9:00 Chaperons Meeting, Williams Hall.

P. M. 7:30 Sorority and Fraternity Meetings.

8:15 "The Full House" presented by Dramatic Department—Little Theatre.

Tues. P. M. 4:00 Student's Recital.

8:15 Advanced Student's Recital.

Wed. P. M. 8:15 Oratorio, "The Seasons" by the Chorus conducted by Mr. Lyon.

Thurs. 8:15 Senior Monologue—"The Witching Hour" by Miss Katherine V. Boles.

P. M 4:00 Faculty Recital—"The Tyranny of Tears" by Mr. Williams.

Fri. A. M. "Last Day of school".

Sat. Spring Vacation!!

"THE FULL HOUSE" TONIGHT

"The Full House" a farce-comedy by Fred Jackson will be presented in the Little Theatre tonight at 8 o'clock. It is a well written comedy, full of action and humorous lines. The cast is as follows:

Parks John Burns
Susie Katherine V. Boles
Ottily Elsie Waters
Daphne Anne Little
Mrs. Winniecker June Woods
George Howell Roland Fernand
Ned Pembroke Ralph Rider
Nicholas King Bob deLany
Seargeant Karl Brigandi
Mooney Walter Weaver
Kearney Floyd Fox
Mrs. Fleming Adele Heyman
Mrs. Pembroke Gladys Ayers

"The Full House" should appeal to every Conservatory student. It is a play of a thousand laughs.

MISS SPEAKMAN'S RECITAL—MARCH 17

"Miss Speakman will give a monologue this afternoon"—could be heard all around school Thursday morning and we went eagerly in to hear her. And what a delightful hour we spent listening to her read the play—"The Climax" by W. J. Locke. The artistic presentation of the characters and the realism and clearness of the scenes made it a real work of art. The play is full of variety and the audience responded very nicely to the changing moods. These Thursday Afternoon Faculty Recitals are creating a great deal of interest. We look forward to them each week with much pleasure.

DRAMATIC STUDENTS GIVE CLEVER PLAYS

Three one-act plays were presented before an appreciative audience in the Little Theatre last evening by students of the Williams School of Expression.

"For Distinguished Service" is a play somewhat beyond those inexperienced in the ways of the world. It abounds in sophistication and subtlety, and therefore is not a wise choice for young students. However, Thelma Hingre played the main role with good insight and poise. Helen Rodgers had a difficult part to play, and did it with utmost sincerity of purpose. Genevieve Elliott was good as the maid.

The second play, "All Gunned Up," was a most unusual study in contrast values. Robert deLany proved himself the possessor of a rich sense of humor. He read his lines very cleverly, putting in original action which convulsed the audience. Ralph Rider played the part of his assistant with good understanding, and Raymond Hall acted creditably. Louise Prescot did some fine work, and Doris Hunt played her part with an unaffected manner that was a joy to see.

"Finger Bowls and Araminta," a comedy of small town life, closed the enjoyable program. Dorothy Lamb distinguished herself by her sympathetic portrayal of Araminta. Delia Hodges fairly stopped the show when she entered in an uproariously funny costume, and continued in her part of an eccentric old maid. Evelyn Swank, as the character who constantly quoted scripture, added greatly to the success of the play. Julie Sutton and Elsie Waters played humorous parts with fine ability.

Credit is to be awarded to Delia Hodges, Viola Potter, and Evelyn Swank, who coached the respective plays, and to those who took part in them. A delightful evening's entertainment was made possible by their enthusiastic and untiring efforts.

INTERESTING ASSEMBLY

Last Monday morning, March 21st, we had a delightful time when Mr. Conway's Band entertained us. Those of us who managed to be down at 8:15 were amply repaid for our trouble. If we always had such a wonderful assembly, Conservatory Hall would be packed, we think. Besides the ensemble numbers which thrilled us all, there were several instrumental solos, and trio numbers. Especially were the vocal solos by Mr. Knox Dunlop, with the band accompaniment, enjoyed. The last selection was directed by Miss Ann Zeigler. We wish she hadn't dashed off before she acknowledged the applause—nevertheless, from all appearances, she makes a dandy conductor.

ATTENTION

The Board of Trustees unanimously voted that the same regulations which have governed the vacations for the past year or so, remain in effect for the Spring Vacation, namely: No cuts to be allowed and any students who absent themselves from classes either before or following the vacation period will have to make up the work by private coaching lessons at $1.00 for each class lost. No excuses, because of illness or any other cause, will be accepted.
“THE ONCE-A-WEEK”
Student Publication of the Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools
Ithaca, New York

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EVELYN SWANK
MARIE BARTON
Business Manager
Assistant Business Manager

NOT THE AMEN CORNER
When it comes to the art of leading a discussion just so far, and then ending it then and there, we give the medal to President Williams in his class on “Religious Problems.” Quite naturally we of the combative nature—we argument craving fools, we inquisitive mortals, we would enjoy nothing more than a really “hot” discussion on any one of the following:

1. How did it all come about?
2. Who or what started it, anyway?
3. Where are we likely to end up when it’s over?
4. Does the Devil wear red?
5. Where is Hell and why and how much?
7. Why is an atheist? Why not?
8. Who knows what is good?
10. Is a nickel enough for collection?
11. Should we turn the other cheek?
12. What’s the idea?

You will have to admit they sound tempting, don’t they now? But say, you never saw the like! Mr. Williams can manipulate those discussions with such discrimination, that he actually lets us talk about the important things, and keeps us from “chewing over” the good old points of clash. Some feat to accomplish in I. C. M.—we would say! But seriously, if “college life” has been as much of an earth-quake to you as it has to thousands all over the United States, if you’re “up in the air,” so to speak, and would like to know just what you believe and what you’re willing to let the other fellow believe, “listen in” at 11:15 on Tuesdays and Thursdays, Elocution Hall! It’s far from being a Revival Meeting, but it IS an excellent way of inventory-ing, to see what we are, and what we want to be.

Dr. Martin,—you’re next!

G. E. E.

Right before her husband
He gave her a necklace;
He, as every one knows,
Was too darn reckless.

NOTICE
At the request of the State Education Department, the classification of students in our school in the future will be as follows:

Students attending one year — Freshmen
Students attending two years — Sophomores
Students attending three years — Juniors
Students attending four years — Seniors

with the proviso that advance credit shall be allowed as heretofore for work successfully completed elsewhere. Under this ruling the three year students will, therefore, graduate from the Junior Class.
LITTLE ESSAYS ON GREAT SUBJECTS
by Doris Joy Starr
No. 1. Freedom.

"Give me liberty or give me death!"—An immortal phrase, that, immortal because so divinely dangerous. Were the whole world to rise up and say those seven words, really meaning them, and God were to take said world at its word and mete out one or the other, about 98 per cent of the worlds population would immediately drop dead. This great majority has made freedom impossible for itself,—has in reality, forged its own chains. (Luckily, most of the captives wear these chains of their own forging, without much protest,—accepting them as a part of life's necessary routine.) It is a matter of doubt as to whether most of them even realize their own bondage, except perhaps at rare intervals when they happen to come in contact with one of these folk who form the 2 per cent free population.

At such a time the bondman may be profoundly disturbed by the revelation of the unchained soul; he may be shaken to the heart with the sudden understanding of real freedom and its joys. If such is the case, there is some hope for the the prisoner, he too, may eventually become free. But unfortunately, most of this worlds slaves are used to their shackles that they look with consternation upon a fellow-human who walks scot-free. In fact, their immediate concern seems to be to rush forward and do all they can to shackle him like themselves. If they succeed in doing this they draw immense sighs of relief at having tamed, and slipped the wings of another "queer bird."

"All right then," we hear the world saying with scorn, amusement, or indignation, as the case may be. "Tell us what binds us! If we are not free what is a free person? Tell us, we'd like to know."

Now it is hard indeed to try to explain a thing to the scornful man, to the angry man, or the man who is merely amused. However, one can always state his views in unbiased black and white and leave them there to be read at the leisure of those who scorn when indignation has cooled off a little and amusement has worn itself out. And this is exactly what we are doing. What constitutes the shackles of a man's life? It is the relationship to him of all the other people in the world and the influence and power over him of all their thoughts and actions. It is all those who should naturally create in himself for his own life. He is bound by law, by convention, by precedent, by fashion, by form, by etiquette, by fear, by opinion, by marriage, sometimes even by love itself. He is dominated by the mob, he is a slave to the rest of the 98 percent population, just as each other one of the 98 percent is a slave to him. His thoughts are mirrored in theirs,—just as theirs are mirrored in his. They plod along through life, companionable, handcuffed, one to the other.

Free?—He is about as free as an ant in an ant hill,—he is at liberty to leave the ant-hill, and penetrate the vastness of the outer world—but does he? No, because the proper thing to do is to keep to the routine of the ant-hill—or the routine of daily life,—just as all the other ants are doing, or the other human beings! Occasionally though, one comes across an ant who has climbed to the ecstasy of a flower or leaf far away from the little heap of dust in the garden path. And occasionally, one does, come in contact with a person, whom one instinctively knows belongs to that small percentage of perfectly free people. How one knows it, is difficult to analyze. Perhaps one discovers the first clue in the depths of the eye, in the modulations of the voice, in the plasticity of bodily movement, or in some other more intangible expression. However, one feels that it is there,—the unchained soul, the mind that thinks for itself, the spirit not afraid to soar into high or uncharted regions, the heart that goes out without restraint in its sympathy, its love, or its passion.

Rare people—these free ones! Others cannot influence them, cannot dominate them. They are alone as untouched and shining as a star in the sky.
SIGMA SIDELIGHTS

The "light" is rather dim this week. We've even seen tear dimmed eyes because of anxiety for April 1st—No, not because it's April Fools Day either. Well, it's good to get home but then again it's nice to come back so it must follow that we want to be where we aren't. Letters from Ruth Robinson tell how glad she'll be to get back for she misses "the girls" altho she is ever so much enthused about her work.

Since this is the last number before Spring Vacation you might like to know that Doris Wilhelm is going home with Kitten Evans. Lillian VanTassel is also going to Morristown and Ruth Flory is coming up from Ephrata. Evelyn Martin is going to skip away from teaching for the week end. It has been suggested that Mary Louise ask her father to put an addition on their home and make it a Sigma fraternity house. Kitty Miller and Margaret Jacobs and perhaps Lillian Speckman are also planning to visit at Evans. Mary Lou says everyone else who can come is welcome and you bet if we can we will and if we can't we'll wish we could.

"THOSE LITTLE THINGS"

Oh, it's just the little homely things, the unobtrusive, friendly things, The "won't-you-let-me-help-you" things that make our pathway light.

And it's just the jolly joking things, the "never-mind-the-trouble" things, The "laugh-with-me-it's-funny" things, that make the world seem bright.

For all the countless famous things, the wondrous record-breaking things, Those never-can-be-equaled things, that all the papers cite.

Are not like little human things, the every-day encountered things, Those "just-because-I-like-you" things, that make us happy quite.

So here's to all the little things the "done-and-then-forgotten" things, Those, "Oh, it's-simply nothing" things that make life worth the fight.

—Anon.

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of Your Neck

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Your appearance has an assessed valuation in social life or in business, and your haircut is an important operation and should have the attention of a good barber every ten days or two weeks.

IT PAYS TO LOOK WELL

W. B. Allen

224 E. State St.

NEWMAN HALL

Everyone is counting the days until April first and the beginning of Spring vacation. We suspect that several at Newman are counting the hours. "Ev" Anthony has her vacation all planned. She is going to visit several out of town friends. We don't know what Midge Littlefield plans, but she probably wishes she could spend it here, if Steve is here. Wild horses couldn't keep Jinny Curtis from Baltimore and Skeeter McCoy is anxious to get back to Williamsport again—Chris. Ruth Dawson has the diet habit too, and we wonder if she'll try it Spring vacation regardless of chocolate bunnies.

May we cast our number as some of the famous people—wouldn't Mary Hayes make a good Lady Macbeth? and Pat Peters, a Cleopatra, she loves alligators so, and Ruth Reed an Elaine of Astolat. We'd like to see Ruth's flaming tresses all spread out as she floated down—a la style Elaine. Georgiana Stillwell would make a good Joan of Arc. She could carry armor well. "Dahme" would make a second Queen Elizabeth for she could rule with an iron hand. We suggest Amelia Robb for "Peter Pan" and Doris Russell for Juliet providing she lets her hair grow. Adele Heyman could be Katherine from "The Taming of the Shrew", and our own dear 'mother Middaugh" could be the lady who lived in a shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do.

"You seniors aren't what you used to be."

"How's that?"

"You were juniors last year, weren't you?"

—Missouri Wesleyan Criterion.

Little words of dumbness
Said in class each day;
Make the flunking student
Homeward wend his way.
—Denver Clarion.

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"We grind our own lenses"
WHO’S WHO AT THE CON
by K. V. B.

Karl Brigandi, who seems to be at home in any school in Ithaca, including all the affiliated ones.

Elsie Harrison, whose speaking voice is the envy of the whole Williams School.

Kendall Zeliff, who is constantly being annoyed by people mispronouncing his name.

Martha Harrison, who typed this column.

Charlotte Reese, who holds the record at present for long distance telephone calls, not to mention flowers and specials. “Buffalo calling.”

Ralph Rider, who says he has not kissed every girl he ever met because some got away!!

Genevieve Herrick, who has the band school all to herself.

MU PHI EPSILON

Mu Phi held another enjoyable informal musicale on Monday evening March 21.

First day of spring was greeted by a great bustle at the Mu Phi house. Such a moving! For is not spring the time to get out in the open air and get full benefit of the first signs of nice weather? Well, that's why we all moved out on the sleeping porch. Roll was taken Monday night and we had one hundred percent attendance. The few who were brave enough to stay out all winter welcome (?) our coming (ask Ann). We don't need so much sleep in the spring anyway.

(Says Betty).

On Monday evening March 28, Mr. and Mrs. Daland will be the guests of Mu Phi Epsilon. We are to have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Daland speak on the opera “Lohengrin.”

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MEN

Ever since the world began there have been men—and men, and men, just like the fact that there are fur coats, and fur coats, and fur coats. Although men are somewhat alike they do vary to the extent that there are three kinds—the good, bad, and indifferent. All three types however, act in much the same way under like circumstances. Men adore women and they adorn themselves to attract women. In the spring a young man's fancy may turn to bright ties, light suits, and dapper Stetson's, flirtation and even romance but not to real love. It takes the hardships of a long winter to make a man think that his girl is the one and only and that it would be better to sit across from her at breakfast every morning, than to freeze the car sitting with her by the lakes every night. However, some men fall in love naturally, some make it their business and other poor unsuspecting ones get dragged into it by some calculating woman. All men love the illusive and the fear of losing makes them more eager and ardent. Men never know what they want and when they get what they think they want, they don't want what they think they wanted at all. If a thing is hard to get, a man won't give up hope, but if it is too easy to attain, he loses his fascination for it—another good reason why so many nice girls remain at home! The more chaste, the less chased, the less chaste the more sought after. According to Curwood there is a man for every girl but according to Hoyle there are several girls in every man's life. But the average man is conceited enough to rival a Valentino and sport enough to play fair and give and take in equal measure. But so much for men. They all have their idiosyncrasies but we must admit that although we can't always get along with them, somehow or other, we can't live without them.

M. L. B.
YOUR STUDENT COUNCIL NEEDS YOUR CO-OPERATION

Our school has great need of a room for study. There are so many times when we have a period between classes and would like to use it for study. But where can we get anything like a proper atmosphere?

Since we can't have a library, there's just one thing we can do. That is to make the best of what we have—which is, unfortunately, the "Lobby".

Due to its very location and several uses this room can not be converted to an ideal study hall. However, with consideration from every student and an added bit of concentration it will be possible to make our "off-hours" valuable ones.

Let's help the Student Council to help us.

It's a strange paradox that an empty head is sometimes full of the darndest things!

Character is what you are, reputation is what the neighbors say you ain't.

It is said that a burned child dreads fire; and a newly married man certainly avoids his old flames.

Dr. Sharpe: "Well, Kelly, in what course do you expect to graduate?"
Red: "In the course of time."

He was only the butcher man's boy, but he gave every girl in town the cold shoulder.

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THE STYLE SHOP

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Ethel: “I wonder if Jack loves me?”
Madge: “Of course he does, dear. Why should he make you an exception?”—Boston Transcript.

(Continued from page 3)

No other college goes into such varied fields of learning. We’re, indeed, a general store. If we haven’t just what you want we’ll order it C. O. D.

Of course, we’ll admit that some indications of serious study such as Phi Beta Kappa and Ph D’s are rather scarce among the students; but then, Aristotle, Gilda Grey, Beethoven, Cicero and Eddie Cantor never gained these, either.

The beauties of the spring evenings, the April Showers, and the cozy nooks in Cascadilla Park, are always overlooked in the catalogues. But then, the more they’re overlooked the better, no doubt. I too pass on with but a momentary longing glance at the secluded spots.

No other college holds so many recitals, meetings, concerts and social affairs (ah, yes! social affairs) to which special permission is given to every girl to go. That’s a big point, “Ye seekers after the truth,” work it right and you can easily average 4 or 5 nights out, per week.

Coney Island charges a dime a thrill and a throw, but trolley riding down and hiking up the hill in slippery weather can compete with them coming and going.

We mourn the lack of co-operation between the various groups; and the lack of the proper spirit as shown in Assembly and other places,—but trust that the promise of a new campus and the gradual growth and improvement of traditions will greatly improve the, Esprit de corps.

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