Once-A-Week, 1927-04-11

Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools
CALENDAR FOR WEEK OF APRIL 11th.

Mon. A. M. 8:15—Assembly
9:00—Chaperone's Meeting—Williams Hall
P. M. 7:30—Fraternity and sorority meetings.

Tues. P. M. 4:00—Student's Recital—Little Theatre

Wed. P. M. 8:15—Senior Monologue Recital by Martha Harrison
P. M. 4:00—Faculty Recital—Little Theatre

Thurs. P. M. 8:15—Senior Monologue Recital by Evelyn Swank
Fri. P. M. 8:15—Senior Monologue Recital by Evelyn Bozeman

Sat. P. M. Junior Class Dance in Gymnasium

Sun. P. M. 3:30—Band Concert in Little Theatre

WILLIAMS HALL

We wanted free life
And we wanted fresh air.
So we got—vacation!

And a fine time we had! Because for once in the history of Williams Hall there was no quiet hour and for one whole week the rafters squeaked with joy and even the mice were allowed to snore.

Many of the girls couldn't bare to leave their beloved Alma Mater so it isn't strange that during vacation, that—"Midge" Littlefield forgot and dated with "Steve" Steger. Ruth Palmer never once bragged about the "Phy Eds". Frieda Bonstein and Mary Hayes never worried about their phone calls. Gladys Barr thought of "Herbie" only once. "Dot" Gish's voice never trembled when she spoke of Miss Hugger's dancing class. "Martie" Minus continually played "Thinking of You" to remind her of darling Jack. "Sally" Anderson was reducing but decided to eat "A Fruit-Cake". Agnes Dahme, of course we all knew she would do it, locked herself in her room and dramatically quoted Shakespeare. "Julie" Sutton sewed quite a lot and we soon discovered that she was making a wedding dress. Lelia Babbs lost her dignity and even went to the Happy Hour.

MISS ELSIE HARRISON GIVES SENIOR MONOLOGUE

Miss Elsie Harrison, an "old grad" who returned to the Williams School this year for her degree in Oral English, presented with artistic skill her senior monologue on Friday March 18, in the Little Theatre. Miss Harrison read Edith Ellis' delightful story "Mary Jane's Pa" with a technique that would rival any professional reader on the platform today. A full house responded quickly to her sympathy and warmth and her clear-cut delineation of character.

This was the first of the annual senior monologues. All the monologues under preparation are from the best literature and every student at I. C. M. should avail themselves of the privilege of hearing them.

MISS GENEVIEVE ELLIOTT GIVES MONOLOGUE RECITAL

The second monologue recital of this season was given in the Little Theatre on Thursday evening, March 31st., by Miss Genevieve Elliott. The play was "The Witching Hour" by Augustus Thomas. Miss Elliott's presentation was decidedly worth-while and much credit is due this young reader. The situations in this tense drama are very difficult to interpret and Miss Elliott handled them with the ease and poise of an experienced artist. The time values which were frequently used, added greatly to the mysteriousness of the plot. The several characters in the drama were always vivid to the audience and the performance was very artistic.

"BATTLE HYMN OF THE ENDOWMENT"

Oh, our eyes have caught the vision that our founders' eyes have seen,
We have entered on a mission that in future days will mean
Marble halls and lofty towers on a campus wide and green,
With I. C. M. forever marching on!

Chorus
A million dollars for Endowment!
A million dollars for Endowment!
A million dollars for Endowment!
Keep I. C. M. forever marching on!

Come you followers of beauty, high endeavor brightly gleams;
Golden the voice of duty, precious is the stuff of dreams,
Worthy are the lists we enter, strong the captains of our teams,
Keep I. C. M. forever marching on!

Chorus
So with loyal hearts united and a swift-winged spur at heel,
Armor-clad and unaffrighted let us prove our mighty zeal,
When our army is victorious and our glorious dream is real,
Keep I. C. M. forever marching on!

Chorus
'Member how we sang this tune the morning the Endowment Thermometer registered $22,000 in the shade? An' every time Mr. Brown hollered "Sing it again!" the temperature went up?............'Member?

Doris Joy Starr

No mon
No fun
Your Son.

Too bad
'Tis sad
Your Dad.
Dear Readers: 

Claverack, N. Y. April 4, 1927

An editorial this week is quite out of the question! Even editors must take a vacation, you know, for their life is a continuous round of galley proof and copy! (Romantic, isn't it?) It is generally conceded by the roaming populace that an editor has a glorious black-and-white Collar-Job, with a swivel chair, a mahogany office and plenty of assistants. But have you ever considered the long gruesome hours he spends in mortal combat with a lead pencil, grinding out a word or so to the tune of ruffled hair, chewed pencil, and much perspiration?

However, let us unpack some smiles and rejoice that the kind Fates, in planning the "Rules for School Children" decided that every year there would be a vacation or two to break the monotony! As a reporter from Eastern New York, may I say that the Craft are just as blue as the hills around Cayuga; the Hudson river rivah year there would be a vacation or two to break the monotony!

It is rather cruel that duties follow us home but we must be dependable and the Once-A-Week must come out and of course Sigma wants always to do her share to interest its readers.

Yes, it's vacation now and even though it won't be when this is off the press, let's keep the spirit of it for a while.

You would have enjoyed seeing George Snyder slight from the train in all his pomp and glory at Wilkes-Barre. Mother Hubbard had nothing on him considering the number of Sigmatics around him.

And Howard Nettleton! May I suggest that every one take an especially good look to see if his face has more than its share of Pennsylvania coal dust. Indeed he threatened bringing a jar of it back. (We wonder whom the grudge is against.)

The girls at the house were probably surprised to see "Rusty" Llewellyn during vacation as much as he was to find it was vacation. He is coming back for the summer term.

By the way, you know the girls all got a drawing room and according to reports privacy is most desirable but not at the expense of comfort. Reports say next time "chairs" will be in vogue.

Now it's time to get back to real vacation again.

E. M. S.
ONCE-A-WEEK

SPRING SONG
(A Sonnet)
Oh, sweet, mysterious melody of Spring,
That in soft languor doth one hour enchant me,
And in the next, with restless beating wing,
Flying against my answering heart, hath whispered—
Soft as the flutter of feathers—of rest in the storm,
Fairy fire in the rain, and silence in the thunder,
Magic voices in silent places, and the warm
And windy meadows a sea of flowers to plunder,
Oh strange and rapturous melody of Life,—
I cannot capture thee, nor yet let thee go—
Thou art an endless chord one voice cannot sing—
Thou art a mystery man cannot know—
(Yet in Spring-dawn my listening heart doth hear
The song of eternal Springs—
And mystery vanishes in the singing flight
Of a bird with shining wings.)

D. J. S.

Guest at Party: "Why, in heaven's name does that fellow shut his eyes when he is singing?"
Mr. Knowall: "He's so kind-hearted he can't bear to see others suffer."

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When the lady bees get together,
And conversation is all of a hum,
Watch out when they're through
With the weather,
For somebody's gonna get stung.

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If one goodnight kiss contains 40,000 germs, how many germs are there in the entire output of good-night kisses of a real enthusiastic couple for one evening.

Excerpts from the Diary of a certain young man who unfortunately thought that he had so much work to do here that he couldn't possibly go home for the vacation period.

Saturday April 2, 1927.
Up early this morning to see friend, off for home. Nearly everyone has gone now, except Pat and I. Ithaca seems like the Lost City. Here and there a Cop appears to see that we do not cross the street on the red light. I have decided to get those Chapters in Principles of Ed. outlined this afternoon. Nearly time for Lunch so I guess I won't be able to start now.

P. M. Had a good Lunch but it's getting pretty lonesome, I wish I had a letter. Pat and I discussed the situation in China but we decided we wouldn't do any thing about it this time. Haven't got started yet on that outline. Pat and I went to the Happy Hour tonight. Went home.

Sunday April 3, Same year.
Up early this morning (early for Sunday) it was just 9:30. Bill and I had breakfast at The Ithaca, (not Hotel, somewhere else). After that to church, where I heard a solo by some person who should be studying in Europe or Asia. Well, there is simply nothing doing, and no place to go. Pat and I have had a fine idea, I thought of it first. We are going to have a picnic, with everything—dogs, pickles, etc. as much as we can safely carry. The date has not yet been fully decided, but soon at any rate. Wrote letters after dinner. Pat came to my room and fell asleep, nice company for a fellow who is beginning to feel like Robinson Crusoe.

Monday April 4, Ditto
Snow nearly all gone, two fires in town. Dear Students when ARE you coming back. Smith, Pat and I played Bridge after breakfast. Time for lunch. Nothing much to do except eat and sleep. Will start
on my outline this P. M. Well, the Great Decision is made, we are
going to have our picnic to-morrow. Went home after lunch, had a
letter. Felt better.
Tuesday April 5, Ditto
A nice day, Ya! One inch of nicely formed round hail stones have
fallen, and now it's raining! * % @ c. and this was the day set for our
picnic. Well you never can tell, you know this is Ithaca.
I have decided to drop my diary and go on with my outline, I
think it is more important. Will see you all Monday.

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BOSTON YOUTH
"The story I heard about Miss B-i-n-k-s and the m-a-j-o-r is even
more s-c-a-n-d-a-l-o-u-s," said the caller who spelled the words to
keep little Johnny from understanding the gossip.
"There's only one "l" in scandalous," remarked Johnny nonchal­
antly.—Kansas City Star.

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ONCE-A-WEEK

THE AMARDS

The little room at the foot of the stairs has been somewhat de­serted for the past week except for an occasional visit by someone of its members who was not fortunate enough to spend Easter vacation at home.

We are all eagerly waiting for school to start after having a good rest (at least we hope we have) for only two more months and the annuals of another year will be torn from our calendar.

We have lots to look forward to in the next two months. Gradua­tion monologues have commenced and three or four of our members are busy putting the finishing touches on months of study. Besides this, there is the usual rush and excitement that always goes with graduation.

We certainly are proud of one of our members, Genevieve Elliott who left nothing to be desired in her most splendid and artistic presentation of Augustus Thomas' "The Witching Hour".

Well, fellow Amards, here's hoping you've all had a most enjoyable vacation and are full of "pep" and ambition to make these last two months the best ever.

We just want to say;
"We're glad to see you back!"

R. F.

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Through my window I hear strains
Of modern jazz played on a flute.
What would Euterpe say to one
Who could her instrument pollute?

Terpsichore hides her face in shame.
Black-bottom is the dance to-day.
She cannot watch the antics through
But turns and slowly walks away.

Thalia to a movie went
Where Ignatz did his "stuff"
Such comedy she never say.
This is enough! Enough!

Most young ones have a different way,
To-day, to study stars.
Urania this, knew nothing about
So hastened off to Mars.

Callipe read students verse
In a college magazine,
She threw it down and then declared,
Such verse she'd never seen!

The Muses were right when they were young
But they are out-of-date.
They'd like to learn to do these things
But started far too late.

M. T.

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EUROPE?

Mr. and Mrs. Pisa, eminent Italians,
lived in a tower. Mr. Pisa used to
lean against the base of this tower
so heavily (while waiting for Mrs.
Pisa to powder her nose and come
downstairs), that eventually he push­
ed it out of the perpendicular.
Then they moved to Rome, renting
the Tower to Galileo for a Physics Lab.
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