

4-11-1927

Once-A-Week, 1927-04-11

Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

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ONCE-A-WEEK

Published by Conservatory Students

VOL. I No. XVI

Five Cents the Copy

APRIL 11, 1927

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 Babbitt 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 unafrighted 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? So d' I!

Doris Joy Starr

No mon
No fun
Your Son.

Too bad
'Tis sad
Your Dad.

"THE ONCE-A-WEEK"

Student Publication of the Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools
Ithaca, New York

GENEVIEVE ELLIOTT	- - - - -	Editor-in-Chief
KATHRYN BOYLES	- - - - -	} Associate Editors
EVELYN BOZEMAN	- - - - -	
EVELYN SWANK	- - - - -	Business Manager
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Printed by the NORTON PRINTING COMPANY, Ithaca, N. Y.

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 condescended 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 Catskills are just as blue as the hills around Cayuga; the Hudson river rivals Six Mile Creek for sparkling beauty; and Spring seems almost ready to make her 1927 appearance.

How do you like these:—

Harry married Pearl. Pearl caught Harry stepping out. Pearl is a widow now. Pearl handled revolvers.

"It's an ill wind—" said the Kansas farmer, as his nagging wife disappeared in the tornado.

Housebreaker (to householder): "Hide me! If I'm found, I'm lost!"

Le Journal Amusant(Paris)

"I can well imagine a young American laying his coat over a puddle for some flapper to walk on and crying, "Step on it, kid, step on it!"

G. E. E.

SIGMA SIDELIGHTS

Home

Dear Editor:

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, lets keep the spirit of it for a while.

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

PHI DELT FEATURES

Just about two Saturdays ago when Spring was so much in our bones—several Phi Delt felt as though they must have a nice long walk to take in all the splendors that only Ithaca has, when adorned by this season.

They roamed all over for miles fully appreciating the scenery. The signs of Spring were too numerous to mention—but they couldn't resist telling about seeing baseball and lacrosse practice, an exciting tennis match and tramping through mud—"the thaw" that is the herald of Spring.

All Ithaca is a place of enchantment now—where the song of the robin announces each bright day. How fortunate we are to be living here.

Talk about a good time—well, we had it Sunday before last. "Betty" Milligan invited us to her house to a Phi Delt "T". We went—but what an effort it was to leave. She entertained us so nicely and everything seemed so like home—that Oh! but sometimes you just can't express how you feel about some things!

We are all sorry that Mabel Varner was called home on account of the sudden illness of her mother. She has our love and sympathy and we hope to welcome her back real soon.

There was a streak of "tough" luck over at I.S.P.E. last week. Mrs. Thorne, one of our "gym" teachers, who has patience and kindness unlimited, fell and strained her ankle. Like a true scout, she is right on the job though—but we all hope to see her with a strong ankle soon.

ALIKE

Rastus: "Ah done hear you' stayed in de haunted house last night. What happened?"

Sambo: "Bout two o'clock, Ah woke up an' a ghost came frew de side wall jes' as if de wall wasn't dere."

Rastus: "An' what did yo' do?"

Sambo: "Boy, Ah went frew de other side wall de same way."

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"Now, my son, tell me why I punished you."

Boy (indignantly): "Oh, gee! First you pounded the daylight out of me, and now you don't know what you did it for."

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Percy: "What's the smell in the library?"

Claud: "It's the dead silence they keep there."

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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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 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 friends 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-l-o-u-s," said the caller who spelled the words to keep little Johnny from understanding the gossip.

"There's only one 'I' in scandalous," remarked Johnny nonchalantly.—Kansas City Star.

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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 pushed it out of the perpendicular. Then they moved to Rome, renting the Tower to Galileo for a Physics Lab.

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