

Ithacan, 1931-1932

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5-12-1932

## The Ithacan, 1932-05-12

Ithaca College

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ITCH-AGAIN!

# THE ITCH-AGAIN

(Formerly the Weak-for-Once)

Very, very Unofficial Publication of the Stewd-dents of Itchaca Collitch (Formerly the Consuaveatory and Afflicted Schools)

BOB DE LANY '30

Idiot-in-Cheese

THERE  
WON'T BE  
ANY  
MORE!

VOLUME II

VOLUME: TWO BARRELS

(Price: Two bits and a bite)

THE ITCH-AGAIN: TOISDAY, MAY 12, 1932

NUMBER 00

## Council Head Caught Plastered

### Still Waters Run Deep at Do-it Hostillery; Brown Raises Rumpus

One of the neatest exposures of the current year was brought to light early this morning when five members of the Stewd Council were discovered operating a still at 117 Do-it Place. The officers who made the arrest said they would never have discovered the jernit if it had not been that they followed another follower of Bacchus, who was found wallowing in the gutter in front of West-spinster Haul, from which place he had just been thrown out of, for not paying rent. Well, they followed this iniquity-dipper into his liar, and caught the rest of the outfit red-handed. At least the lad handling the mash was red-

fluence of the Crier School", said the Jug, ('says you', put in Beeler, passing out) "he might be a purty good fellow." And then the awful truth came out. He can't be a fellow, because he already has a B. S. degree. And the B.S., gentle reader, means just what some of you think it does.

All those who were taken to court were held during the day in the county jail awaiting bail. The last report given out tonight before we went to press (the charges) were to the effect that no relief was in sight as yet and probably would not be for several years, due to poor visibility and the size of the hills. Several members of the faculty were standing in front of the jail most of the evening, threatening everyone who came in sight of the place with an immediate and virulent death if they made any attempt at getting the culprits' release. The case (as well as those left in the cellar at 117 Do-it Place) will be brought before the county clerk on August the thirtieth come the millenium. But it will probably be thrown right out of court (as will also the plaintiffs and the liaryers.) The people of Tomkins county are highly incensed over the whole affair and the officers fear that a necking party may be in order. The editors of the *Itch-Again* are getting out handbills to this effect. From the way things are shaping up to chances are that Brown should be hung well. A committee has been disappointed to look into the matter.

When asked what he thought about the shameful affair, Mare Bugholts replied that he had very little to say except that he was damned glad he wasn't a college man, didn't believe in marriage and had raised his children the same way. "The whole affair", says Bugholts, "stinks".

## 117-YR. OLD PRODIGY WILL DRUM DRUMS AT PIDDLE THEATRE

It is with pride and pleasure that the *Itch-Again* announces the engagement of Morgan Droole, premier trap-drummer, who will perform for us one of these days, if you're all good boys and girls. So study hard, and poof! first thing you know, you'll be able to hear Droole drum. He was 117 years old in 1908 and hasn't lost a dollar since; he neither drinks, chews, smokes or cusses. (But you should see him eat Corn Flakes. It's a riot!)

Fifty-six years ago, it was, when John Greenleaf Whittier of the Crier School, discovered Droole walking up +2nd. St. near Broadway, carrying an over-ripe banana. "Why do you carry that over-ripe banana?" inquired Greenleaf. But Droole, genius that he was, just paused and peeled. "Why," insisted Greenleaf indignantly, "do you carry that over-ripe banana?" Droole raised his eyebrows, took a luscious bite, and replied: "Go thou and do likewise, Greenie ol' boy!" From that day until this, Droole has upheld all that is noisiest in moosic.

Walter Dammit, critic, calls Droole "the most unusual piece of humanity that ever played a drum. His art is subtle, sensuous and severe. I think he will travel far, and I hope he does."

Droole will arrive in Itchaca on Class Day, and will be immediately escorted to DeWitt Park where members of the fire department will chain him to the War Monument for three weeks. "I just love to be chained to war monuments," Droole told the New York representative of the *Itch-Once-a-Week*.

Morgan Droole will play several of his own compositions in his forthcoming recital, including *Concerto for Three Cymbals and a Tom-Tom*, and *Seven Short Songs for the Sweet Potato*. His complete program is as follows:

- I. Nanny of Nantucket.
- II. Potpourrie of Veal.
- III. Nanny of Nantucket.
- IV. In a Birch Canoe—with Variations.
- V. Nanny of Nantucket.

The program will close with improvisations, using twelve drum sticks, three Eversharp pencils, and a pair of loaded dice. Droole says that if the audience is responsive he will play with his whiskers.

The Pie Nu Awful Stewd Council, which controls the activities of the young blood hereabouts, met in the organ room yesterday to hash over who they want to take care of things next year. They sat on the question for a long time. When they got up the question was smoothed out nicely and the new ossifiers agreed to put forth their cleverest efforts to keep the Awful Council running. This year the council ran quite a bit, but it is hoped that in the future they can run over to Cortland or Elmira now and then. Nice place, Elmira.

## PIE NU AWFUL STEWD COUNCIL ELECTS FUTURE OSSIFIERS

The election results are hereby published for the first and last time: (Sorry . . . no more room. It wasn't so funny, anyhow).

**Note to Administration**  
If you're mad about this edition, please try to recall your youths, even if you never had any.  
The editor of this *Departure from Dignity* realizes that sometimes we young-uns think we're so smarty-smart. But it's all in fun. Anyhow, I'm leaving town. Try and catch me, you great big nice bullies!  
—THE EDITOR.

## Crier School Gets Fed Up Proper; Picnic Planned

New velvet overalls have been purchased by the Crier Department for their next season's tour. As previously announced, here there and everywhere, the Crier School won't play with our Colitch any more. In the future they'll be afflicted with the Pinchdon School of Mechanical Engineering.

In a statement to the *Itch-Again*, president John Greenleaf Whitter praised Itchaca Collitch, Taughanock Falls, and Soviet Russia. "We leave this-here place with what you might call sort of a lump", he said.

The new overalls are done in salmon pink, trimmed with purple pockets to match. Across the backs are electric signs reading "Vote for beer".

**WHIRLED-WIDE  
NOOSE**  
Slung together by  
Dottie Dix Sanders

These damned questions have been coming in to me all year. A lot of them have been ignored, but a few I have answered personally. Now, to satisfy the hungry mob, this column will be devoted, during the next few minutes, to the easing of troubled minds.

- Q. A lady sent me some roach powder. Shall I cut her cold? —*Maurice Whitney.*
- A. No. She is obviously bugs about you. Or else she's no lady.
- Q. How do you get to eight o'clock classes on time? —*John Gleason*
- A. I don't.
- Q. Should a gentleman always stand when a lady enters the room? —*Ray Brown.*
- A. Of course, unless the lady happens to be the house mother and you have someone in your lap. In that case you make a noise like a sofa-pillow.
- Q. What is the answer to the eternal question of what becomes of the editors of college papers? —*Emil Purga.*
- A. A few of them are still in college, either because they couldn't graduate or because they didn't dare. Girl editors get married, provided their husbands didn't know them in college. In Columbia they hang them. Others ought to be and some are.
- Q. Should a gentleman take a lady's arm when crossing the street? And is there any reason why you should take off your hat while talking to one? —*Bob York.*
- A. By all means! Take anything you can get; an arm, leg, ear-ring, anything. I wouldn't advise you to take your hat off (Continued on page four)

## DEPRESSION DEPT. KNITS WAY THRU TO LARGE VICTORY

Luck was with the knitting team last Saturday night when the lads of the Depression Department met and defeated the veteran ladies of Poodle Junction. It was a peppy game from start to finish, featured by plenty of juicy gossip from the sidelines.

Held in the sewing room of the Home Dairy, there was a constant air of repressed excitement over just who would knit their way to victory, and it was not until the last minute of play that the locals seemed to have the game.

Fague dropped a stitch in the beginning of the first sleeve and threatened to unravel the game for the *Itch-A-gains*, but the yarn was recovered by Whittaker, who managed to gain several rows with his clever needlework. Later in the game Fague erred again when he broke through three thicknesses of imported worster and started a run up the center of a wash-cloth. The damage was repaired by Blanding, who uses the knit-pearl system.

Itchaca was again handicapped when Petty, star left-hander, pricked his thumb. Bravely he continued his knitting until Pete Buono, asleep at the time, was awakened and substituted. Yet the Depressions won the game with four sweaters, nine pairs of woolen socks, six wash-cloths, and twelve scarfs.

After the game both teams met in Execution Hall where the Ramrod Sorority served lemon crush and parkerhouse rolls. Ray Brown, coach for the locals, was presented with a beautiful miniature of the Venus de Milo. "This gift touches me, deeply," Brown told the gathering, and without so much as an invitation, insisted on rendering seven verses of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

When the meeting disbanded, several hours later, Brown was seen demonstrating a bit of plain sewing for a group of faculty members.

## DEPRESSION DEPT. PLANS ITCHING TOURABOUT

Medals are being struck, ever so prettily, for the forthcoming Itching Tournabout to be held during the week of finals. Contestants from all over the world have signified their intention of dropping in on Itchaca Collitch to compete for highest honors. Gertie Beevans, director of the affair, announces the rules, regulations and conditions, as follows:

1. No one can enter this Tournabout except employees of this publication and their families.
2. Contestants must come with well-advanced cases of dandruff. At sunrise on the third day, all entrants will be lined up in pairs in front of the Post Office, facing one another. On the count of three, each entrant will begin scratching his partner's head.
3. The first one able to spell Mississippi without blushing, wins the grand prize. Second prize goes to the postmaster, just as a bit of politics, and third prize will be served in large tumblers to the staff of the *Itch-Again*.
4. In case of tie, all contestants will be sent home with sound spankings.
5. The judges will be the Prince of Wales and Billy Tilden—both awfully sweet lads. In case neither of them can come—well, we'll see that they come!

## Local Vocalist Gives Way

### La Bella Pewee Scores Triumphant Triumph At State and Cayuga; Gets Up to P Flat

Miss La Bella Pewee, local vocal celebrity, appeared last night before an audience at State and Cayuga Streets that refused to permit the talented lady to retire until she had executed seven encores, including Carrie Jacobs Bond.

It seems that Miss Pewee was walking toward the Office Hotel for a glass of grape-juice, when her eye fell on the possibility of cleaning up, right there on the main street. It was a good notion, even if she did lose an eye.

As soon as Miss Pewee opened her mouth, a large crowd gathered and began playing a game called "Toss It," the object being to stand at a distance of six feet and toss pennies in the lady's mouth while she sang. If a player hit either of the teeth, he was at once disqualified. It is a tribute of some sort or other to Miss Pewee's genius that she got every penny coming her way. Women are like that.

Miss Pewee is a singer. She can sing. Everybody knows this. At least, everybody who was within a mile of State and Cayuga Streets last evening. She has a method of reproduction that is distinctly her own, and which puts her to the front, wherever she goes.

Her first number *Naughty Boy Blue Come Blow My Horn* was given with a wide range of vocal gymnastics, combining the tender with the terrific. This was followed

by *Juices and Joys*, a picturesque ballade of the good ol' days. It was here that Miss Pewee undid herself. Never before has she sung with quite the same color. It was dramatic, rheumatic, and almost, not quite, grammatic.

There were about eleven other selections, put forth in Miss Pewee's special form. These included *By the Waters of Cascadilla*, from an old, old lyric of Craig McHenry's, and *Lift Me, Oh Lift Me*, from the Scandinavian.

For her final rendition, Miss Pewee offered *The Bull Song* from "Lickme." No one accepted the offer, but she sang it just the same. It was here that she demonstrated her possibilities of pitch, and she created a heavy suspense among her hearers as she approached P above high C. (It was only an approach).

Miss Pewee was the recipient of a large bouquet of loose and varied vegetables which filled the street with the fragrance of wild life, and sent the audience home with very vivid memories of a very vivid voice.

After the concert, which again showed Miss Pewee's great promise (promised over ten years now), she stopped for a small purchase at a drug store. "I can't pay you just now," she told the clerk. "But I'll be back tomorrow to settle up—in pennies!"

## FAMINE AT WEST BUFFALO IS NOW IN FULL SWING

(Special to the *Itch-Again*)  
Conditions at West Buffalo are said to be worse, worse and worst. The foreign correspondent of the *Itch-Again* reports much foreign matter in the food and promises a first class death list by June 1st. One hundred and fifty girls are slowly starving, and the waiters are waiting patiently for the day when they must carry the young ladies out. Seats are now selling for this event.



(If you insist, we'll say the food's grand. But how can you get up a paper like this if you don't give somebody a razz now and then? Would you prefer excerpts from Genesis? We know a few that wouldn't sound so blamed nice in print).

"There is wicked men, there is spirits depraved;  
There is food that is worse than stew;  
Then give the folks the worst you have,  
And the rest will be thrown at you!"

## NEW RULES FOR LIBRARY ANNOUNCED BY THE LEHIGH VALLEY

John Chacona of the Woolly Corner, has taken over the library. New regulations go into effect July 4 at midnight.

1. Wipe your feet before entering.
2. All cartoons, initials and signatures made in library books must be in ink!
3. If you want an illustration, map, or photograph for your scrap book, do not tear it out. (Ask the librarian for scissors).
4. All books marked "Reserved" are to be felt or smelt. Anyone caught reading a reserved book will forfeit all privileges. And then where will you be, huh?
5. The regular library hours are from 1:00 to 5:00 a. m., Sundays and Holidays only. If you want a book during the week, knock three times, whistle twice, and hold your left hand over your right nostril. The book will be brought to you, but don't get sore if it's the wrong one. We all make mistakes.
6. Books returned uninjured will be subject to a fine.
7. All library conversation must be interesting. Any student caught telling a risque story will be brought before the Dean of Women, where he or she will be required to tell the story again.
8. Wipe your feet before leaving.

## BEAU BRUMMELL IS REVISED WITH GREAT SUCCESS

The Debauch Hornery Society will hold a meeting about July 8th. Speeches will be spoke, lantern slides slid, and various papers read and discussed. If you have anything of weight, bring paper, and add to the general disgust. Members will be asked to contribute a little something for next year's food-festivals which will be dedicated, as usual, to scholarship, poisonality, and all-round-roundness.



handed. The rest of them was re-headed. Following the arrest about half of the guilty parties (and what a party) broke down and confessed that they were duped into it (the dupes) by the leader of the gang. Pointing, of course, with a certain degree (B. S. Ph. D. Ph. D. B. S. S. Ph. D. bsbbsbs) of pride, to Ray Brown, they laid all the feet at his blame. (Brown says it's the best one he's had this year).

When arranged before the jug of the jewvanile court all pled guilty to the charge except Brown, Brown, Schwan, Brown, Kainu, Dersham, delany, Brown, Beeler, Schwan, Kainu, Beeler, Dersham, and Brown. Brown pled and pled but nobody had any sympathize with him. He claimed he was a victim of circumstances, but we know a damn sight better. "If he could get away from the evil in-

## PRESIDENT WHOEVER APPROVES BAY'S BOYS' BAND SYSTEM

Herbert Whoever called at Room 50 last September to listen to the band. Pay W. Bay, director, told Mr. Whoever the band could play without tuning up. "You're a damned liar," laughed Herbert. Bay got sore and lifted his baton. The band was surprised, but it played, without tuning up. Whoever was impressed. "That's what I call music!" he asserted. "You would," replied Bay with a slap on the back. And the band has been playing that way ever since.

## LOOEY BEVENT WARNED!!

The senior class has issued a warning to Looey Bevent of the Treeban-King hardware company, who is measuring the boys and girls for their capsgowns. It is charged that Looey tickled two young ladies in the front lobby on Monday afternoon.

"If you can't measure without tickling," the warning reads, "then you must leave the city." Looey could not be reached for a statement, but it is likely that he'll go on tickling. It's the same old struggle—capital vs. labor.

### STARKE MAINYARD EFFACED BY BUREAU

Starke Mainyard, editor, author, editor, author, and editor, has been effaced by the Collitch Effacement Bureau. He will retire to Saugerties, New York, where his talented talents will be etc., etc., etc., etc.

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## THE ITCH-AGAIN

(Very, very Unofficial Publication of the Stewd Dents of Itchaca Collitch)

(Formerly the WEAK-FOR-ONCE)

Members of the Disappearing Dress

Incapacitated 1588

Floundered 8815

IDIOTORIAL BORED

Idiot-in-Chief.....BOB DE LANSY '30  
Janitor.....CLARKE MAYNARD '32  
Electrician.....HARRIS DERHAM '32  
First Violin.....MAYOR BUGGHOLTZ '00  
Proof Reader.....DISEASED

BUSINESS BORED

Monkey.....WILLIAM BAGLEY '33  
Nonno Yer Damn.....ROGER DINUCCI

Entered as stale matter U. S. Post Office

PRINTED BY THE SNORTON PRINTING JOINT

### CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER

IT IS with a sense of humble pride and joy that the ITCH-AGAIN congratulates the Effacement Bureau in securing the effacement of Starke Mainyard at Saugerties. Mr. Mainyard is capricious, capable, caustic, callous, candid, colorful, cadent, ceaseless, censorious, certified, capacious, capital, captivating, careful (now and then), changeless, charming, cheery, chilly, circumstantial and circumspect. This ought to put him where he belongs at Saugerties. It is with a sense of humble pride and joy that the ITCH-AGAIN congratulates all who have contributed to this effacement, including Pop Jones, Mr. John, Ted Carpenter, "Chad", and our own Harry. Life is a beautiful thing.

### A PLEA

WE ALL ought to feel good. Feeling good is such a good feel. Come, let us get up in the morning (just once!) and breathe and smell and feel. Feeling is probably the greatest of the various little things we do. Then let us feel! And let us eat carrots and go for long walks, and breathe and eat carrots and walk a lot, and feel, and be humble with pride and joy. Life is a beautiful thing.

### THIS HERE SERIOUS SERIES FOR SCIENCE

WE ARE humble with pride and joy that Itchaca Collitch stewd dents are in a position to hear the Serious Series for Science now being conducted under the guidance of Hey W. Hay in the Piddle Theatre each Sunday morning just before breakfast. Mr. Hay's running comments make us humble with pride and joy. Next week Mr. Hay will discuss the evolution, development and metamorphosis of the Pollywog. "The pollywog is an animal," explained Mr. Hay. But aren't we all? Life is a beautiful thing.

### PORTRAIT OF A MAN EATING SOUP

FAR BE it from THE ITCH-AGAIN to blow anybody. But when parents can come to the Collitch and find here a spirit that they like, perhaps we can be excused if we print bits of their stuff (especially if told to do so by some husky faculty member).

Here is part of a letter received by an instructor in Depression and Grammatic Artz, from a parent:

"Dad and I slipped over from Elmira t'other day to give your joint the once-over, and say, take it from me, it's the nuts! I only wish I had my health. What I wouldn't do!

"Our visit was one long joy. Everybody went out of their way when we passed through the lobby. Really, it was a sight. And oh, your campus! How joyful we are that our little Tom-Tomkins can sit under those trees and study once in awhile. And we want to thank you, too, Mr. Blobberts, for all the things you did. Really, you're so like the picture Tom-Tom painted of you when he was home for Easter. He had said that you were always giving something away, and do you know! when we had that big fight over the meal check at the Monarch I just knew, somehow, that you'd win out.

"And please thank the stewd dents for showing us the buildings. We'll never forget the experience."

All in favor of ending this, signify by the usual sign. Carried. Life is a beautiful thing.

### ERRATUM OF WHAT-NOT

DEAR PRINTER: Fill up the rest of this space with a lot of words. It's all the same. Thanks. Tell, if, you, tomorrow, and, the, I, you, he she it, where, ailment, feed, ensue, condone, forgive, paltry, natural, petulant, register, scroll, account, mutinous, argumentation, circumstance, if, choose, clear, horizontal, honest, home, renounce, deception, induction, journey, prohibit, innocent, delirium, inquisitive, meddlesome.

### SENSIBLE SERMON

A Weekly Itch-Again  
Creature

By Bunny Burstem '32  
(And Single)

The text this week, boys and girls, will concern the good old practice of rolling in dough.



A number of great men have said they would rather be rich than be president. Who the hell wouldn't? It isn't everyone who can be both. But few of them have the courage of their convictions. Those few who have been convicted are now languishing in Atlanta. Those who are not yet caught are vacationing in Havana or Florida. It's only a matter of time (deposits) until they too will be a cell-out. You can fool some of the students all of the time, but you can't fool with the board of regents.

Several times in the past we have been tempted to raise Ned about things in general but they've always beat us to it by raising the tuition or the white flag. Now that nobody knows who to blame this on to, we feel that the time has come for all good newspaper men to come to the aid of their graduation fees.

I wouldn't dare write this this week only I'm mad at the editor and this might get back to him. In fact I'm damned sure it will. Besides, that's a helluva way to run a school. The coat and pants did all the work and the vest got all the gravy. Nobody got enough salary and nobody did enough work; not that we give a damn but it looks like hell to strangers.

It used to be that when you told anybody you went to Itchaca Collitch they looked you over, sniffed, and turned on their heel with "Just another of the idle rich". Now they look you over sniff, and say, "Just another of the idle." Well, that's the way it goes. It ain't what you say it's the way you say it. And you gotta admit that parting with our sheckels was a pleasure.

When we started operating under a new policy everybody thought that within six months we'd have a flock of new buildings, an endowment and a train-load of enthusiastic alumni in each week-end. Instead of that we're using the same tin-cup in the basement.

Editor's Note: The writer deserves to be expelled. Mark Twain said, "Anybody'll take a dare'll suck eggs."

### DON'T READ THIS!

This is an old trick, not the least bit funny, but heck! It's easy to fill space. Thanks an awful lot!

### THEY'RE IMMENSE!

- 1.—Drop in at BURT'S for his special mammoth cones!! 5c
- 2.—Or a pint of ice-cream!!! 15c

"BURT" ROOT  
You know where!

### RAW RARE MEMOS EXCAVATED BY FATHER NEWENS

Dearest: Meet me at 7:00 near the tennis courts. Don't forget to bring your "Methods", so we can study, dear.

Sweet: How can I bring my "Methods" when I don't take "Methods"?

Dearest: Then bring your "Psychology". We'll study that.

Sweet: I passed "Psychology" a year ago.

Dearest: Then bring your "Anatomy". We can study that.

Sweet: I'll be there at five o'clock.

The Itchacan Staff donates the following mess of punctuation marks to Mrs. Hastings, who can spread them around these pages to suit herself: -.\*.\*.(("'"&&ææ???, .. ... ;:; :::: ///// 00 999 88" : : :; ;;" # ? ? ) ) ( ( .

### AN OPEN LETTER (Wide Open)

Larry Loosejaw, Dean of Men, received the following letter from Belladina Baker, Home Secretary of the American Federation for the Abolishment of Backward Babies:

"Dear Larry:

"Well, aren't you gay! How my heart goes out to you for all you did for the Federation kiddies at Easter time. You and your students were so dear. How can we ever forget the gra-and chocolate bunnies you sent to us. Three children died within a week, and seven more are approximately over the bleak horizon as I write.

"If all goes well, we ought to be rid of the whole troupe in another month. The Federation thanks you all, bless your dear little hearts.

"Ever thine,  
BALLADINA.

"P.S. Come up sometime. We'll stir up a cake."

### PRESIDENT JOB FORGASTS SHOWERS OF HOT PROTEST

Today: Warm weather in the main office, with breezes blowing toward the staff of this yellow-sheet.

Tomorrow: Considerable pressure, with little relief in sight. More hot air from the office.

Next week: Sunshine everywhere. *Maybe!*

### STARKE MAINYARD EFFACED BY BUREAU

Starke Mainyard, editor, author, editor, author, and editor, has been effaced by the Collitch Effacement Bureau. He will retire to Saugerties, New York, where his talented talents will be etc., etc., etc., etc.

### Bring Your Snapshots

TO US.

We'll finish 'em!

### HEAD'S CAMERA STORE

109 N. Aurora St.

### BALBOA DISCOVERS THE PACIFIC; DEWEY GETS VANILLA BAY

The Department of Drama, formerly the Vilhelm Pool of Depression, will swish across the stage of the Piddle Theatre next week-end in their extravagant extravaganza, "Mother Mayme, Queen Quincy," under the direction of Water Blobberts. Two casts will perform at the same time, giving the audience a chance to choose as the play goes along. The theatre will be divided into two cheering sections. The section which coughs the most wins the cast it wants. Meanwhile, the play will go on. (Oh, the play must go on!)

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And Beat It

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CLEANING CO.

### Aw Nuts!

—And Bolts,  
—And Screws,  
—And Hammers.

### DUMSEY'S HARDWARE

### STRAND

Thurs.-Fri.-Sat.  
JOAN BENNETT

—in—  
"THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE"  
Sun.-Mon.-Tues.-Wed.  
"SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION"

with  
Ricardo CORTEZ Irene DUNN

### STATE

Wed.-Thurs.-Fri.-Sat.  
Sylvia SIDNEY Chester MORRIS

—in—  
"THE MIRACLE MAN"  
Sun.-Mon.-Tues.  
"THE MOUTH PIECE"  
with  
WARREN WILLIAMS

### TEMPLE

Fri.-Sat.  
RICHARD TALMADGE

—in—  
"THE YANKEE BOY"  
Sun.-Mon.-Tues.  
"BEAST OF THE CITY"

with  
JEAN HARLOW  
WALTER HUSTON

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Flowers from PRATTS  
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And fix up your lady friend with one  
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# MATERNITY NOTICES

## Stigma Alfalfa Aida Tottie Would

The girls have been all very busy this weak-end. They had a dance and sang in the glee club. We have a large membership—some of our girls are big figures.

Mama Sulks has been having a lovely time of late—very late. The Bane of Women was our guest at tea and the Hilaria Flumpeters accompanied us when we sang over the hill and far away. Miss Offmen, our sweet and girlish president, recently rendered a so-low in the usual morning assembly. It was lovely. We congratulate her upon getting a job after the way she played.

We are soon to take in some girls and they are certainly going to be royally taken in; we don't do things by halves. No indeed; Stigma Alfalfa Aida is in the front rank—very rank; Evangeline Beevans, our rational president was away recently, and has returned with all the news of what our many chapters have did. They have done quite a few things. All the rooms in the house have been done over and we anticipate a very fine school year.

## Flapper Clamber High Bunney Burstem

This morning I seen a bird. It was yellow. It reminded me of daze of my youth and of when they was a halycon. We like to offer congratulations; here is a little:

We were all away this weak-end. We went to church in Auburn. There we played and sung. Oscar Wigled plays but he don't sing. We had a fine time and Charlie Budesheim went away for the weak-end. But we don't sleep much at nights, because nights we get ready to study; the rest of the time Mike Franko keeps the house clean.

We have just put on the Racket-tears; something was fine; it wasn't us, but we done the best we knew; we done very little.

Now the time is at hand—not a foot away; when we—you know how we feel about it all. Life has so much to offer. We are to give a dance and then we are going to eat. You pay; we eat. We have did the best we could. Face life with a smile. To thine worst self be blue.

## Moo Fie Epilogue Hallie Flaws

*Prologue:* Dorothea Dix Sanders went home for the weak-end.

Helena McGovna went home for the weak-end.

Posalie In-stead wanted to go home for the weak-end.

Hallie Flaws went home for the weak-end.

Margie Shannon (Irish) went home for the weak-end.

Dottie Les'go went home for the weak-end.

Maria Harvis went home for the weak-end.

Jeanneate Fryce went home for the weak-end.

*Epilogue:* Dorothea Dix Sanders returned after a weak-end.

Helena McGoxna returned after a weak-end.

Posalie In-stead returned after a weak-end.

Hallie Flaws returned after a weak-end.

Margie Shananon (Irish) returned after a weak-end.

Dottie Les'go returned after a weak-end.

Maria Harvie returned after a weak-end.

Jeanneate Fryce returned after a weak-end.

The usual Tuesday night meeting will take place on Wednesday morning as usual. Rather unusual.

## The Ramrods Tottie Gabler

Then we all went away for the week-end . . . but where was I? Well the Ramrods have all been in a play. They do so enjoy playing in the Piddle Theatre. Really, we can't tell you how much we enjoy . . . but where was I? Excuse the interruption. The Ramrods so enjoy playing in the Piddle Theatre . . . Dear me! Why do girls leave home?

Don Juan Fatigue has been away for the week-end. He has just returned. Where was I? Yes, he has just . . . Oh pl-ease. Well, the time is going rather rapid and so am I. Oh what have I said?

The weather is beautiful and life has so much to offer. Ever try it? What have I said? Do tell. To thine own self be blue. The Breath of Life . . . try some. We recommend it. (G. C. Billiums) Speech defects . . . you have them . . . so do most of the Ramrods. A taste for tasty literature—how to stimulate it . . . we cannot advise you now . . . ask Dorothea Dix Sanders . . . she knows—or she used to.

We suggest sixty minutes of story and verse . . . You could stand more but you wouldn't. (G. See Billiums).

The Ramrods are going to have a picnic . . . you will too if you wade through this. Times has come to a pretty pass . . . pass the butter. . . *Tempus fugets.*

We shall be with you nexweak. Be sure to try the Breath of Life . . . can't get along with it or without it. *Sic transport glorious Monday.*

## Pie New Awful! Balter Boros

In case you don't know what wonderful vocalists the frat gets be sure to listen at the Little Church around the Corner of the Park every Sabath; there you will hear it. Afterwards you will hear it at the cultural center on the hill (that is where they are putting on a new roof). The new roof is the result of the fine vocalists the fraternity gets.

And now isn't life lovely on the cultural center—especially with the fine vocalilts that the frat gets.

Vocalilts isn't all the frat gets; it gets composers; Ed Odell is a composer. We have learned that he is a composer by repeating the sentence many times; that is the way the children learn. So Miss Bones says. Miss Bones is not a member of the frat so she says. She has a radio, but nobody knows it but her. She does not like to have people hear her radio, so she takes in boarders so they can't. (Miss Bones will not like this write-up.) Miss Bones teaches Music and the Parochial school. We have a nice fraternity.

We are going to have a almnus reunion and we publish a paper. In the paper we tell all that we know. The paper is very small. It is called the *Helter Tympany*. We want you to get the best out of life and to support the cause of Woman Suffrage. Some of us are going to graduate; the others are going to teach school. We believe in teacher training. So does Miss Bones. Miss Bones has a radio.

## Happier, Most Happy, Happiest Dominico Rialto

I am going to write the news of my sister sorority this weak . . . The Pie Helts are lovely Bimbos . . . we all love them . . . the Happiest boys in the World are we Tra . . . Laa . . . laaaaa . . . We have had a fine time in our big house all fighting to keep up the rent and to keep the landlord from watching in the keyhole . . . we also do the same for the Hie Belts . . . they are only fragrant little wisps of feminety cast upon the waters of East Benica Boulevard. . . Oh, where am I? . . . I am not a very good writer. . . You may have gest as much. . . I am taking intelligence

testing to see if I can find out why I am such a fine writer . . . or was it bad writer . . . Well . . . you take the intelligence . . . and find out which it is. . . The Hie Helts are going to get very mad with me. . . Who Cares. . . It is all in a lifetime . . . and they will get used to . . . getting mad with life which is such an inspiration. . . Well . . . and . . . but why . . . which there fore. . . Here are some puncturing marks that I forgot (,,???) . . . ;;;;--\*\*\*\$\$\$3322 !!,,.. ????) You take care that you employ them with certainty and versimilarity.

## Skelter Fries Gin Her-Man

The Skelter Fries are a sociable sorority. Come up some time. We girls just love to go to wild pictures . . . we loved to see Tarzan, there we saw Art—bared . . . it ought to have been barred . . . Excuse us. We couldn't help it. Neither could Tarzan. . . What would you wear so far from your mother? and without any farther? We have so many fine alumnuses. My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair . . . you ought to see it . . . but remember this is a social sorority . . . we bob for apples . . .

And now where was I? Or where was you . . . Oh H . . . Who Cares? Besides we have a lovely chapter house, look in some time—the curtains well, never mind the curtains—we don't.

We are a mixed crowd — we take in everything . . . in that respect we are likes the Stigmas . . . We all use Elgin Watches. You should see our Swiss movements . . . but we are a social sorority.

We occasionally have banquits . . . Who quits? We are a social sorority. We have no Crier School members. We are a social sorority. . . Ithaca thou lovely city . . . You look at it; we're in a fog . . . we are a social sorority.

## Hie Epsom Blobber Sick Hollered

Everything is back from normal. We had a convention and there were a few there besides Director Pill. Not much of anything, though. You know we Psychical people must hev our moments.

We have had a smoker. You could have had one too. Leave it up to us Phi Its. We have initiations, only ours are different from yours. We like initiations, they are so anesthetic; they make you feel so unnecessary. Did you ever feel unnecessary?

## Better Try Flapper Licorice Hickert

We girls just want you to know how like shrinking violets we can be. Very violet . . . rhapsody in Boo Hoo. We are very young and most unhicksticated. You try it some time. We have no pretensions to being a social sorority. . . we are rather tough. . . but who can help that. . . it is all in a lifetime. Isn't life at College just lovely? Anne of Green Fables . . . Cinderiller . . . Caterpillar . . . Oh, Where am I? That is just what we have wanted to know . . . But that is what life is for, to make us and then break us. . . This is sad . . . will be with you at a later time in a weaker mood.

## A. B. BROOKS

& SON

DRUGS

126 E. State St.

"Good to the last Pill"

# The TRITE Studio

PHOTOS PHOTED

We'll treat you WHITE 'till you're black in the face.

Get your face lifted onto a plate.

NOTICE!

This space reserved for the material I didn't get from the guys that promised it. Stretch this space to ten columns.  
—THE EDITOR.

## BRAINS FOR SALE

Publix Market

(Incorporated 1868)

## Ithaca Savings Bank

Tioga Street—Corner Seneca

## SHUT YOUR TRAP



OVER A  
GOOD  
5c  
CIGAR  
FROM  
THE  
Cozy-Corner

## PITCHERS - TOOK

At

## TOMPKIN'S

138 E. State

Come in and get shot and give the folks at home a laugh.

# SAY, MEN!

You need no longer be told that you have an offensive foot. Our shoes will do in a pinch.

Let 'Doug' Card fix you up at his counter. He'll dress everything but your hair.

WHERE?

AT

## ROTHSCHILD'S

Clothing for men of all descriptions.

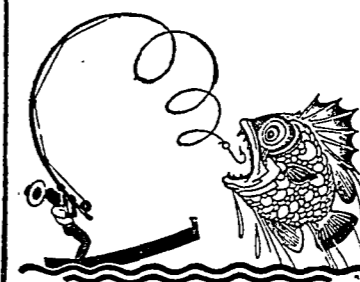
## Come To Hickeys, You Hicks!



Let us rehair your beaux.

How'd you like to be

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You'd have to handle a lot of heavy trade. That's what we do. But we like it.

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For all occassions

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## May Dress Sale

5.95

Value

7.95

THIS SALE is all that you would expect a May Sale to be! Here are all the sheer chiffons, the prints and the georgettes to make it complete in every way! Low enough for you to buy a complete summer wardrobe.

New

SPORT and DRESS  
HATS

1.49 - 1.95

Rockers  
FASHION SHOP



# OSSIFIED COLYUM

WANTED—40 ft. copper tubing, copper boiler, 10 lbs. mash. Person wants to make a bicycle. Call Dersham 23998.

NOTICE—Will the person who took Witzler's clarinet kindly call 2007 and receive reward?

WANTED—Responsible position in bank. Experienced. At liberty June 1st. Wire No. 14666. Sing Sing, New York.

FOR SALE—Call anytime. Ask for Ella.

WANTED—Class of 1932. Jobs, jobs, jobs.

LOST—At the Infirmary. Three credits in Principles of Education. Finder-keepers.

WANTED—Cellophane and more cellophane. Second floor, administration building, all hours.

LOST—Between the first and eighteenth hole. Thirteen strokes and six dollars and a half. Found at the same place—several new words.—Pres. L. B. Job.

FOUND—While shaving. Diamond brooch. Owner call C. Meade. Box 19.

WANTED—Sixty million votes to put across Beer and a Brown Derby. Call Tammany Hall or wire Al Smith.

FOR SALE—Two used baby blankets and one old Dodge. All three are guaranteed not to run. See Beeler (But don't let him see you).

FOUND—One extra good curriculum which has never been used for anything. For that matter it never will be, but we want to get rid of it. Call Al Browne at the Moosic Mastication building, between midnight and fore.

FOR RENT—Westminster Haul. Suitable for Pretzel factory (This is Flapper Klammer Hi's idea, they live next door).

FOR RENT OR LEASE—Four room apartment, (three of them closets clothes et al). Modern and up-to-date, except heat, lights, plumbing and elevators. Will be spending, among other things, the winter in Florida. Call 7777. Gorge D. Vilhelms.

LOST—Forty pounds and a lot of sleep. Also one perfectly good boy friend. Answers to name of "Ducky" if you catch him unawares. Phone or wire description to the back office and receive reward. Don't bother to bring him back, get the papers (I'll bring the tobacco). Janet Rice.

FOUND—Between the S. A. I. and Cascadilla gorge. Several things. Call 9015-J and explain.

"It is a shame and a double shame", said Mr. Browne, "that a student body which prides itself in knowing all the latest about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter, must content itself with the tame, conventional phooey which characterizes the Ithacan style. Judge, for the honor of Ballyhoo, please do something".

The Judge looked the case over and decided it would be a good idea to agree with Mr. Browne. He ordered up a copy of *Ballyhoo*, read the first two pages and stopped.

"Mr. Mainyard," he bellowed, addressing the editor of the college weakly, "from now on you will be naughty!"

Mr. Mainyard choked back a sigh. "Judge," he said, "you're my pal!" and swept out the court room. (It needed it).

WE FORGOT WHO'S AD GOES HERE

## GIRLS!

What you need, we've got.

Just say the word.

The NORWEGIAN SHOPPEE

Ladies furnished

## ITHACAN STAFF IS HAULED IN FOR ASSULTING STUDENTS

Nine, ten or eleven staff members of the Ithacan, weakly paper published by our neighbor, Ithaca College, were hauled into police court this morning, just before press time, to explain why in hell they print such gosh-darned pretty-pretty stuff. It was claimed by Al Browne, spokesman for the faculty, that the College publication had become unbearably "good". Speaking in terms that flowed and flowed, Brownie-Boy presented a full case to the judge that pleased him very much.

HOLY!  
HOLY!!  
HOLY!!!

Gosh al' mighty!  
Get them shoes fixed!

Leather from contented cows

216½ N. Aurora Street  
(Opp. Crescent)

## WHIRLED-WIDE NOOSE

(Continued from page one)

unless you want to wave it at some babe across the street.

Q. What does one do after leaving a young lady in the Little Theatre?—*Charles Budesheim*.

A. This puts me in a difficult position, because I happen to know what you did. Try leaving her in the Ideal sometime without paying the check. Boy, does that make 'em mad?

Q. What shall I do about *It*?—*Sebastian Alig*.

A. Congratulations! Why worry?

Q. I want to be responsible for big things in life. How do I start?—*Helen McGivney*.

A. Try adopting an elephant.

Q. I have a job in Saugerties next year. What books should I use in the fourth grade?—*Starke Mainyard*.

A. The Revision of Sir Laffalot, and the Montgomery-Ward catalogue. Cab Calloway has published a book of Rote songs that should go big. The W. Fay Ray method entitled "Dopey Ditties for Dumpy Dupes" is a big cellar.

Q. Would you if you were me?—*Cas Campbell*.

A. Send self-addressed stamped envelope.

Q. Do you know of a good cure for violent headaches in the morning?—*Bill Petty*.

A. Three eggs, beat with a little flower. Tie to the table leg and shake unmercifully. Go to school and let the cat eat it. You will no longer be bothered with back-fence serenades. Others jump off the Fall creek bridge.

Q. If X equals Y, why bother?—*Joe Lautner*.

A. I'll bite. Y?

Q. Is there any future in the stage as a profession?—*Boob de Lanie*.

A. It all depends on whether you want to act on one or drive one.

Q. What is the approximate cost of a college education?—*Clyde Owens*.

A. From four to seven years of your time. All your ideals and most of your high school philosophies. Books and paper do not come high, but the shows mount up.

## WARNING!!

Students will be allowed to read the *Itch-Again* in all afternoon classes today. Any student found paying attention to the instructor will be suspended from the subscription lists.

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A Farm I See?

## NO — A PHARMACY!

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Etcetera Etcetera

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We want  
May 15.

ready  
will be

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You plus Partner  
plus Bank Restauraunt  
plus Ten Piece Band

Equals—

One helluva good time!

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Breakfast served  
6:00—6:30

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