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Hollins Student Life (1935 Dec 19)

Hollins College

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A Conglomeration

In all this great and grand creation, there’s not a more isolated foundation Where girls from every place and nation Gather to get on an education. ‘Tis here we struggle with devotion, And many a dolorous reflection. We haven’t even a relation To help us out of our condition. Sometimes a girl with deliberation Will try to cut her recreation, And then is filled with great vexation When she fails examinations. There’s no such thing as affection For men in carry on flirtation, Our one and only attraction Is to rest from distraction. To-morrow, we look with expectation For gathered there at Hollins (Station), There will be a congolomeration Waiting for homeward transportation.

Forecast

Generally fair during the next few weeks for social butterflies fluttering around, hitter and you; neither too hot nor too cold.

The “Wittiest of the Witty” Present Stunt

Tuesday night, in Keller, we witnessed a touching scene. Dr. E. Marion Smith and Kathleen Whitehead, newly elected members of Peace’s group, came stumbling into Keller, laden with沿路 and pet animals, mostly pets. They were supposed to be at the Tea House waiting for one of those big, gray buses. The old, A. D. A. members learned much of themselves, especially Dr. Brooke, who had not realized that she “almost” woke up when Katie Lavinder walked out of one of her classes. Either, we learned, is struggling with a hundred and one Greek myths. Peace, Reffoldt and Leila Berkeley lost bit of their senior dignity during the stunt, and Bobbi must not forget that she has put her glasses on her forehead.

Congratulations, Dr. Smith and Katie, and we hope that the bus arrived in time.

Mother Goose Gets High

Beverly, Beverly “Where were you?” asked we. I went to the dances With my sweet E. Beverly, Beverly What did you do? I stayed home By the Sage.

Ratty, Witty, pudding and pie Kissed the “Krypts” at V. M. I. When W. L. E carne me to play Bobbi turned her head and walked away.

Poor Little Janie Sat on the corner, Now please don’t ask me why. She rolled her big eyes And caught a Chi Phi. And said, “How’m I doing?”

Bess, Bess Dalton Have you any bull, Yes sir, Yes sir I’m always full.

One for the model men Another for the nate, Keeps them always flattened, And they’ll ask to come again.

Why you just say... Whither may I wander? Upstairs and downstairs, Except in urgent Knaves after ten o’clock.

Hark, hark the dogs do bark, Clerk is going to town. Smirks must be giggled For Pig won’t be rapped. When she’s trying to quiet East down.

Iiturbi Grants Interview to Hollins Reporter

“Mr. Iturbi is in 436,” the clerk informed me. “As if directing frightened young reporters to famous musicians was an everyday occurrence in his life. Even the elevator girl seemed unconcerned. “Fourth floor,” she sang in a monotone. “436 is to your right.”

Down a long carpeted corridor we went... 434-435-436—this was it. A door. “Just a minute,” he called. In a few minutes the door opened and Mr. Iturbi stood before us.

“Come right in,” he invited, “sit down, now. What is your name?” We told him about ourselves and Hollins while he wriggled into a brown coat and glasses. It was easy to talk to him. He is so human—so very, very human. “Now,” he continued, slumping into chair. “What do you have to ask me? by the way, is that window too cold on you? I’ll close it if you wish.” He smiled again. He has a charming smile, broad and hearty, it makes one feel all warm and friendly.

“You’ve done some conducting, haven’t you?” we asked, as we hesitated.

“Oh, yes,” he spoke jerkily with a charming Spanish accent, “I conducted the Madrid Symphony Orchestra.”

“Do you prefer to conduct from memory or from a score?” we asked, and leaned on the table beside him. “From memory, by all means,” he answered. The screen in the open window gave an ominous bang of reality.

“No, I don’t believe, we went on, “in the slow practice method.”

Mr. Iturbi frowned. “That depends heavily on the work. That with his left hand, of course, I always practice slowly, but if you mean by that such a piece as I add fifteen or twenty times, why that’s not good.”

He turned his nose up in disgust. “That’s all right for exercises, but when you are ready to learn the piece, however, it must be mastered.”

The telephone rang furiously and Iturbi sprang to answer it. It was someone else telephoning him and he asked, “What?” He paused, frowning. “I have someone with me now,” he explained, and we looked out the window, trying not to feel too important.

“What is the first thing you do, Mr. Iturbi, when you go to memorize a new piece?” we questioned.

Iturbi pointed to a green book lying on the bed. “I’ll read that tonight,” he explained, “I read my new pieces as I read a book.” He leaned over the desk and the screen continued to bang with every gust of wind through the open window.

“Could a good pianist be an accompanist?” we asked.

Iturbi nodded, his dark head vigorously. “A good pianist can accompany, or conduct or play piano—A loud bang from the screen interrupted him. Iturbi jumped up. “Let me fix that thing,” he offered, and hastened across us until he feared he was going out the window, he screwed the screen into place.

“I have a good paper,” he said, a good teacher must be a good pianist.

“Good paper,” he said, “our teacher’s been settled.”

“Why, yes,” he answered emphatically. “A good teacher must be a good pianist. People who say they can’t play but they can teach,” his nose went up in the air, “they can’t. It’s better to say a piece should go like this,” he ran his fingers through the air as if on a keyboard, “then the telephone rang again, and Iturbi, snapping his fingers in disgust, went to answer it. He threw rapidly in Peace’s office, the phone, and then hung up. “They have tuned the piano over at the Academy,” he informed us, “now I can play.”

He sat down and we talked informally a few minutes, then rose to go. He walked to the door with us. We shook hands and promised to send him a copy of the interview. He handed me his address on the back of an old envelope, and we started down the hall.

One is very much impressed by any contact with Mr. Iturbi. Hearing him play on the stage makes one feel humble and gives the realization that you have brushed against something truly great. To talk to him informally and naturally makes one feel humble, too—but not uncomfortable. He has a personal magnetism that makes you feel the minute you meet him that you have known him all your life—it is an indescribable something—he has called it—Genius.