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CHRISTMAS EXTRA!

Elizabeth Matthews is
Madonna in Pageant

Immediately following the White Gift Service Sunday night, Ye Merrie Masquers presented the annual Christmas Pageant, with Elizabeth Matthews as the Madonna. Virginia Block was the author, aided by Louise Tompkins.

The pageant was based on a twelfth century legend of the Tumbler Monk who performed his stunts before the statue of the Virgin, much to the displeasure of the other monks of the Clairvaux monastery. Unlike recent pageants, it consisted of two scenes, the first one showing the refectory of the monastery on Christmas Eve. The abbot and the monks discussed their Christmas offerings, but when Jules said he had none other but his tricks, the others were astounded. Astrolabe, a young boy, pleaded in Jules' cause, saying that this form of offering was the only kind the young monk knew, and yet Jules was as devout as the other monks.

In the second scene, designed by Jacqueline Byrd, we saw the Madonna in a niche of the monastery chapel. Jules had fallen from exhaustion after doing his tricks for the Virgin, and was found on the floor in front of the statue by the abbot and the other monks, who had come with their offerings. The Tumbler begged forgiveness of his Lady, and as he did so, a light shone around her, and the Madonna stepped down from her niche and wiped the tears from his eyes. The brilliant light revealed the Madonna lovely in a white cape, underneath which was a tunic of orchid metal cloth, over a blue velvet robe.

Miss Blair directed the production, and Ye Merrie Masquers were aided in the staging by members of the play production class. The cast included:

Abbot..... Betty Lane
Jules..... Louise Tompkins
Bernard..... Virginia Block
Eusebius..... Harriet Ann Jackson
Josephus..... Marion Bankson
Junius..... Rosalie Bates
Astrolabe..... Nancy Penn
Choir Boy..... Charlotte Urner
Townspople.... { Florence Shelley
Louie Brown Michaels
Frances Quirk

A Conglomeration

In all this great and grand creation,
There's not a more beloved foundation
Where girls from every place and nation
Gather to get an education.

'Tis here we struggle with dictation,
And many a doleful recitation.
We haven't even a relation
To help us out of some temptation.

Sometimes a girl with deliberation
Will try to cut her recitation,
And then is filled with great vexation
When she fails examinations.

There's no such thing as affectation
Nor men to carry on flirtation,
Our one and only inclination
Is to rest from dissipation.

To-morrow we look with expectation
For gathered there at Hollins (?) station;
There will be a conglomeration
Waiting for homeward transportation.

Annual Y. W. Christmas
Party Held in Keller

While the weather man tried his best to make it snow and look like Christmas, the Y. W. brought the first taste of the forthcoming holiday to the children of the neighborhood in the shape of the annual Christmas party. Keller was bedecked with green boughs, and a large tree held the place of honor in the center of the room. Bright lights and gay tinsel made the decorations complete.

Shortly after lunch the children began to arrive. Short, chubby youngsters with big eyes and prominent dimples; slight, thin, little ones who smiled wanly as if they understood, all too well, that this was probably the only Christmas they would get because the chimney was too small; shy, frightened children who retreated into the nearest corner and emerged only to the lure of "The Farmer in the Dell"; bold, outspoken children who were at home the minute they arrived, joining heartily in the games and running the length of the room when nothing else occupied them. Each clutched in his hand a letter, to the patron saint of all children—Santa Claus, confident that the girls "at the college" would deliver it to the right person. And so they came, herded into the room like a flock of sheep.

And then the storm broke. Only the charm of "London Bridge," "Farmer in the Dell," and "Drop the Handkerchief" could restore any semblance of order. Wholeheartedly, as if every game depended on them, the children joined in. Some of them told the Christmas story and old Keller's walls rang with "Up on the Housetop" and "Jingle Bells." After the entertainment, presents and ice cream were handed out and the noise began anew. Horns blew without let-up, tiny cars raced from one end of the room to the other and back again while their owners cheered them on. Little girls set up house-keeping in one corner of the room, and marbles rolled everywhere. All too soon the grand march was formed and the children departed, ready to begin anticipation of the event in '36.

At four o'clock the little colored children crept in to their party. For some minutes they stood fascinated by the tree and the pretty lights, and then they too joined in the games. "Going to Jerusalem" had the biggest attraction, despite the fact that after the first two times around none of the original crowd was playing. They thought nothing of entering the game at any time and had to be watched closely to be sure they didn't get in again once they were put out. They too succumbed to presents and food and again turned Keller into a combined race track and doll house. Some of them consented to dance and sing while the rest looked on and applauded. Then they struggled into worn coats with ripped linings and departed into the night with lovely memories of "the white folks' Christmas tree," and joyful anticipation of the one that was to come next year—only 365 days away.

Weather Forecast

Generally fair during the next two weeks for social butterflies flitting around, hither and yon; neither too hot nor too cold.

Madonna

The "Wittiest of the
Witty" Present Stunt

Tuesday night, in Keller, we witnessed a touching scene. Dr. E. Marion Smith and Katie Whitehead, newly elected members of Peace's group, came stumbling into Keller, laden with suitcases 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. Bruce, who had not realized that she "almost" woke up when Katie Lavinder walked out of one of her classes. Esther, we learned, is struggling with a hundred and one Greek myths. Peace, Reifsnider and Leila Berkeley lost a bit of their senior dignity during the stunt, and Bébé must not forget that she has put her glasses on her forehead!

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

Mother Goose Gets High

Beverly, Beverly
"Where were you?" ask we.
I went to the dances
With an S. A. E.

Beverly, Beverly
What did you do?
I got the Frat pin
Of a Sigma Nu.

Betty, Wettsy, pudding and pie
Kissed the "Keydets" at V. M. I.
When W. & L. came over to play
Betty turned up her nose and walked away.

Poor little Janie
Sat in 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?"

Baa, Baa Dalton
Have you any bull,
Yes sir, Yes sir
I'm always full.

One for the modest men
Another for the vain,
Keeps them always flattered,
And they'll ask to come again.

Goosey, goosey, gander
Whither may I wander?
Upstairs and downstairs,
Except in fraternity houses after ten o'clock.

Hark, hark the dogs do bark.
Clark is going to town.
Smirks must be gagged
For Peg won't be ragged,
When she's trying to quiet East down!

Iturbi Grants Interview
to Hollins Reporter

"Mr. Iturbi is in 436," the clerk informed us calmly, 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... 433-434-435-436—this was it! A cheery voice answered our knock. "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. What did you say your name was?" We told him about ourselves and Hollins while he wriggled into a brown coat and grinned at us. It was easy to talk to him. He is so human—so very, very human. "Now," he continued, slumping into a chair. "What did 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 happy inside.

"You've done some conducting, haven't you?" we began hesitantly. "Oh, yes," he spoke jerkily with a charming Spanish accent, "I conducted all summer."

"Do you prefer to conduct from memory or from a score?"

Iturbi laughed 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 finality.

"Do you believe," we went on, "in the slow practice method?"

Mr. Iturbi frowned, "That depends," he replied, gesticulating with his left hand, "of course, I always practice slowly, but if you mean by that repeating a difficult section fifteen or twenty times, why that's not good." He turned up his nose in disgust. "That's all right for exercises, but when you are ready to learn the piece," he paused, "it must be done as a whole." The telephone rang furiously and Iturbi sprang to answer it. It was someone else to see him and he asked them to wait. "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 jazz—" A loud bang from the screen interrupted him. Iturbi jumped up, "Let me fix that thing," he offered, and leaning across us until we feared he was going out the window, he screwed the screen into place.

"Can a good pianist be a good teacher?" we asked after he was settled.

"Why, yes," he answered emphatically, "A good teacher must be a good pianist. These 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

Music Students Present
Christmas Concert

The Christmas concert which is presented every year by the Music Department was given on Wednesday evening, December 18, in the place of a regular convocation. Under the direction of Miss Burnham the Ensemble Club gave its initial presentation of this year. The members of the club are Caroline Stephens, Harriet Holland, Margaret Parsons, Mary Franklin Jones, Rebecca Rice, Frances Sydnor and Miss Burnham. Those who took part in the concert were pupils of Mr. Erich Rath, Miss Adelaide Louise Campbell, and Mr. Donald L. Bolger. The following program was presented:

ORGAN: Pilgrim's Chorus, from Tannhauser, Wagner
Rebecca Rice

PIANO: Allegro from Sonata in F Major, Mozart
First Piano—Sarah Davis
Second Piano—Mr. Rath

SOPRANO SOLO: Les Regrets, Godard
Charlotte Urner

PIANO: Etude de Concert, Chaminade
Caroline Dalton
Capriccio, Op. 76 No. 2, Brahms
Martha Bishop

ENSEMBLE: Air from Suite in D Major, Bach
Arranged for clarinet, violin, viola, cello, flute, organ, piano
Under the direction of Hazel Burnham

ORGAN: Toccata and Pastorale, Max Reger
Margaret Parsons

PIANO: Prairie Dusk, Guion
Pinwheel, Palmgren
Frances Sydnor

SOPRANO SOLO: Alma Mia, Handel
Dweller in Dreams, Walther
Eleanor Schaeffer

ORGAN: Hymn of Glory, Pietro Yon
Dorothy Tysor

through the air as if on a keyboard, "then explain how it should go." The telephone rang again, and Iturbi, snapping his fingers in disgust, went to answer it. He spoke rapidly in French over the phone and then hung up. "They have tuned the piano over at the Academy," he informed us, "now I can practice."

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 scribbled 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 about him—someone has called it—Genius.