

The Tripod

The Undergraduate
Publication of
**Trinity
College**

TRINITY BASKETBALL TEAM TRIMS ST. MICHAEL'S

BOTH TEAMS PLAY POORLY
DURING FIRST HALF.

The Blue and Gold basketball team easily defeated the quintet of St. Michael's College of Winooski Park, (Vt.), in a listless game by the score of 34 to 16. Although the score of the game would seem as though the team had an easy time with the Vermonters, Coach Oosting's players were far off their usual form, and they missed many easy shots which should have been made to count. For the first time in several years, we had ten players in a game at one time or another. Inasmuch as the 'varsity was not functioning as well as usual, Oosting tried various combinations, but neither combination seemed to work exceedingly well together.

In the first ten minutes of the game, St. Michael's held the lead by a few points, but gradually the Blue and Gold crept up, and the half ended in our favor by a score of 16 to 8. In the intermission, Oosting must have told his players what he thought of them, for a different Trinity team took the floor. The team passed better, and were more accurate in their shooting so that they rolled up a 34 to 16 final score in their favor.

The St. Michael's team, although not quite up to the calibre of our team, exhibited aggressiveness and played a hard game. Connally, their tall center, led his team in scoring with eight points, and he played a good defensive game.

"Dud" Burr played the best game for the Blue and Gold, scoring eight points. Glynn and Smith, playing their first 'varsity game, made an excellent showing, and give promise to being mainstays on next year's team.

Trinity.			
G.	F.	P.	
Burr, rf,	3	2	8
Slossberg, rf,	0	0	0
Taute, lf,	3	1	7
Glynn, lf,	2	1	5
Mastronarde, c,	3	0	6
Smith, c,	1	0	2
Hallstrom, rg,	0	1	1
Apter, rg,	0	0	0
Whitaker, lg,	1	3	5
Deschamps, lg,	0	0	0
Totals,	13	8	34

St. Michael's.			
G.	F.	P.	
Mahoney, rg,	0	0	0
Lynch, rg,	0	1	1
Klein, lg,	0	0	0
Connor, lg,	1	1	3
Connally, c,	4	0	8
O'Brien, lf,	0	0	0
Hickey, rf,	0	0	0
Shea, rf,	2	0	4
Totals,	7	2	16

Score at half time, Trinity 16, St. Michael's 8; referee, Dillon; time, 20-minute halves.

'Varsity Record.		
Opponents	Trinity	
Jan. 7—Providence Col.,	27	30
Jan. 11—Worcester Tech,	13	21
Jan. 18—Harvard,	51	26
Jan. 21—Williams,	26	18
Jan. 27—Brooklyn Poly,	28	22
Feb. 3—Wesleyan,	31	25
Feb. 8—Dartmouth,	47	21
Feb. 9—Norwich,	33	37
Feb. 11—Pratt,	19	24
Feb. 14—St. Michael's,	16	34
Totals,	291	264
Won 6, Lost 4.		

INTERESTING RADIO TALK BY PROFESSOR DADOURIAN.

Man's great social problems could be solved even including the self-inflicted plague of war, if children were taught science properly, and the history of scientific thought, in the opinion of Professor Haroutune M. Dadourian of Trinity College. Professor Dadourian expressed this belief in the course of a radio dialogue with his wife, Mrs. Ruth McIntyre Dadourian, over station WTIC. Their subject was "The Scientific Method."

Science Professor Dadourian defined as "The result of man's effort to explore and to understand through the application of the scientific method the world in which he lives and of which he is a part." The so-called scientific method, he explained is not, strictly speaking, a method, but an attitude, a point of view, an approach on the part of the scientists toward his problems.

"Nothing is too sacred to the scientist for critical study," he said. "The scientist recognizes expert opinion, but he does not recognize authority. His supreme criterion for truth is verification by experiment. This emphasis upon experimentation is the characteristic which distinguishes the scientific method from all others. Scientists insist upon logical coherence and do not tolerate sloppy and inconsistent thinking, yet they recognize that it is not always possible to foresee by reasoning all the elements which enter into the solution of a new problem. The scientific examiner often tries to disprove his own theory, for a fact which contradicts the theory not only points out the direction in which it should be modified in order to make a truer picture of nature, but often opens up a new field of investigation."

Man cannot yet face his great social and religious problems squarely, the broadcasters, agreed, because of a psychological barrier—his prejudices and traditions. Emotion still rules these realms, they said, and Mrs. Dadourian believed that "it is just the critical attitude of the scientist, joined with tolerance, which we need in solving the problems of the so-called social sciences."

Universal scientific education, throughout a person's formal schooling, was Professor Dadourian's answer to the expression of this need. "The history of scientific thought is of the greatest cultural value," he said, "particularly as a means of making people open-minded toward new truths. Most people think that truth is final, immutable, unchanging, whereas the scientist views truth as something that grows with the growth of human knowledge and experience. To him, truth is relative, not absolute; truths are of varying degrees of validity."

Mrs. Dadourian thought that scientific discoveries have educated people just enough to make them credulous instead of scientifically critical. The professor replied: "Part of the function of scientific training is to teach people to discriminate between demonstrated facts such as television and fantastic unproved claims such as spiritualism."

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.	
'Varsity.	
Feb. 18—Clark at Worcester.	
Feb. 23—Norwich at Hartford.	
Feb. 25—Alumni at Hartford.	
March 3—Conn. Aggies at Hartford.	
Second Team.	
Feb. 24—Wesleyan Seconds at Middletown.	

COMING EVENTS

- Saturday, February 18:**
Basketball Game, Trinity vs. Clark, at Worcester Tech.
- Monday, February 20:**
12 noon—Lecture in Public Speaking Room by Professor Babbitt; "Greek Architecture."
7.30 p. m.—Glee Club.
- Tuesday, February 21:**
7.00 p. m.—Radio Dialogue WTIC.
7.45 p. m.—Professor Woods in the Small English Room, a lecture on "The Return of Classicism."
- Wednesday, February 22:**
Washington's Birthday. Holiday.
- Thursday, February 23:**
7.30 p. m.—Basketball Game at Hopkins Street Gym, Trinity vs. Norwich.
- Saturday, February 25:**
7.30 p. m.—Basketball Game at Hopkins Street Gym, Trinity 'Varsity vs. Alumni. Dancing after the game.

TRINITY SECONDS SCORE DECISIVE VICTORIES

GLYNN AND SMITH LEADING SCORERS.

The Blue and Gold second team continued on its winning streak and defeated the Pratt, and Wesleyan Second teams, by the scores of 36 to 21, and 27 to 12, respectively. The one-sided scores may well be taken as an indication as to the manner in which Coach Oosting's pupils clearly outplayed their opponents.

In the Pratt game, our players led at the half by 19 to 3, and at no time was the game in danger of being lost to the New Yorkers. "Jim" Smith scored 13 points in this game, and Glynn and Knurek followed him closely for scoring honors, with 9 and 7 points, respectively. Captain Deschamps played a strong game on the defense.

The Wesleyan seconds proved to be easy for the Blue and Gold, and they were outplayed at every stage of the game. They did not play well together whereas the Trinity defense worked to perfection, so well in fact that the score at the half was 12 to 2 in our favor. Smith and Glynn again led the scorers. Anderson played well for the Red and Black.

Trinity Seconds.			
G.	F.	P.	
Knurek, rf,	3	1	7
Bush, rf,	0	1	1
Fleming, lf,	1	0	2
Cutler, lf,	1	0	2
Smith, c,	5	3	13
Deschamps, rg,	1	0	2
Glynn, lg,	3	3	9
Totals,	14	8	36

Pratt Seconds.			
G.	F.	P.	
Osterling, rg,	0	0	0
Hayes, rg,	0	0	0
Kiessling, lg,	0	0	0
Grieves, c,	1	2	4
Paradis, c,	2	2	6
Filapeck, rf,	1	3	5
Gorley, lf,	0	0	0
Wetgen, lf,	2	2	6
Totals,	6	9	21

Referee, Dillon; score at half time, Trinity Seconds 19, Pratt Seconds 3; time 8-minute periods.

TRINITY MEETS CLARK TOMORROW NIGHT.

The 'varsity basketball squad will leave tomorrow morning for Worcester, Mass., where they are to meet the strong Clark University quintet that night. Last year our team just nosed out Clark in the closing minutes of play, winning by a slim margin. This year, however, our team will be playing on enemy territory, so that the defensive will have to be on the alert every moment of the contest. Oosting expects no easy time with the Worcester boys, inasmuch as the Clark team is coached by C. M. Amiot, who also coaches the Fitchburg, (H. S.) Mass., team which won the National Scholastic Championship last year at Chicago. They scored an impressive victory last week over Northeastern by a lop-sided score of 47 to 22. This shows at least that the Clark boys have strong scoring power. This will be Trinity's last game away from home, because we play Norwich, Alumni, and Connecticut Aggies in the Hopkins Street gym. Dancing will follow after the remaining home games.

Trinity Seconds.			
G.	F.	P.	
Smith, rf,	2	3	7
Bush, rf,	0	0	0
Knurek, lf,	1	0	2
Cutler, lf,	1	1	3
Ebersold, c,	1	1	3
Glynn, rg,	3	2	8
Fleming, rg,	0	0	0
Nye, lg,	1	1	3
Deschamps, lg,	0	1	1
Totals,	9	9	27

Wesleyan Seconds.			
G.	F.	P.	
McCabe, rg,	0	0	0
McMann, rg,	0	0	0
White, lg,	0	1	1
Urmy, lg,	0	0	0
Olmstead, c,	0	0	0
Johnson, J., c,	0	0	0
Manuel, rf,	1	0	2
Anderson, rf,	4	1	9
Johnson, R., lf,	0	0	0
Ray, lf,	0	0	0
Totals,	5	2	12

Score at half time, Trinity 12, Wesleyan 2; referee, Dillon; time 8-minute periods.

Second Team Record.		
Opponents	Trinity	
Dec. 7—Westfield "Y",	20	27
Dec. 16—Agawam H. S.,	22	3
Jan. 7—Westfield "Y",	12	26
Jan. 9—W. Springfield,	25	35
Jan. 17—Roxbury,	32	16
Feb. 11—Pratt Seconds,	21	36
Feb. 14—Wesleyan Sec.,	12	27
Totals,	144	170
Won 5, Lost 2.		

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

Feb. 24—Wesleyan Seconds at Middletown.

INTERFRATERNITY LEAGUE.

The Alpha Chi Rho quintet added another game to their list of victories in the Interfraternity Basketball (Continued on page 3, column 2.)

TRINITY EMERGES VICTORIOUS AFTER CLOSE BATTLE

AFTER AND TAUTE GIVE
BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE.

In a hectic contest which was a thriller from start to finish, the basketball team finally emerged victorious over the strong Pratt College team of New York by a score of 24 to 19, last Saturday. Before Coach Oosting's players could stem the initial Pratt onslaught, the visitors had scored 14 points. The outcome of the game at this point seemed indeed bad for the Blue and Gold. However, the team braced and the defensive tightened, with the result that at half we cut Pratt's lead down to 14 to 10.

In the second half, our team started off with a rush, and after making several shots by the free shot route, Taute, the Blue and Gold forward, sank two double deckers from the middle of the floor which put us in the lead. After this, Pratt was unable to wrest the lead from us and we finally won out. The game was exceedingly rough at times, but the roughness was not unsportsmanlike in nature, being on the other hand of the enthusiastic type, with both teams having a keen desire to win. Taute with ten points to his credit was our outstanding star. Zykiewicz, captain of the Pratt team, played a good game for the losers.

The lineups:			
Trinity.			
G.	F.	P.	
Burr, lf,	1	0	2
Slossberg, lf,	0	0	0
Deschamps, lf,	0	0	0
Taute, rf,	4	2	10
Mastronarde, c,	1	4	6
Apter, rg,	1	4	6
Whitaker, lg,	0	0	0
Totals,	7	10	24

Pratt.			
G.	F.	P.	
Beaghen, rg,	0	1	1
Domroe, rg,	1	0	2
Shinzel, lg,	0	0	0
Doley, lg,	1	1	3
Zykiewicz, c,	1	1	3
Beagher, c,	0	0	0
Lafferendre, rf,	0	2	2
Gimmeno, rf,	1	0	2
Pedersen, lf,	2	0	4
McMinnigal, lf,	0	0	0
Orr, lf,	1	0	2
Totals,	7	5	19

Referee, Dillon, score at half, Pratt 14, Trinity 10; time 20 minute halves.

THE "IVY."

Work on the "Ivy" is progressing. Things are beginning to take definite shape. Ads are coming in, though not too prolifically. We hope the Alumni will support this book because it promises to be one of the real big things which are at present moving along. Just fill in the required information and send your subscription in today.

PROFESSOR PAUL SPENCER WOOD LECTURES.

At the invitation of the Brownell Club, Professor Wood will lecture Tuesday, February 21, 1928, at 7.45 p. m. in the Small English Room. His subject will be "The Return to Classicism." All students are cordially welcome.

The Tripod

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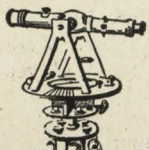
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THRU THE EDITOR'S TRIPOD

AMERICAN COLLEGES.

During a recent vacation we made a trip to one of our rival colleges. This visit should have been of no significance if we had not been there during classes. Several very great blunders in the American college seemed to glare at us.

The first obvious fault in that college was a lack of sympathy or trust between professor and student. One may say, and very justifiably, that in one visit one cannot see to what degree these forces are lacking, but one can very quickly see an absence of harmony when one remains in a classroom for just a few moments.

We sat in a dark corner of the room quite unobserved by either professor or students. One student was called on to recite. After a pause, the man began to flounder and stumble. The professor asked him whether he had done his lesson and the latter assured him that he had spent considerable time in its preparation. A few words of prompting and the man began, somewhat hesitantly to be sure but, nevertheless, it could be seen that he had worked on it. Soon he stumbled again—the professor, rather discouraged, called on several other men who did equally as well. “Haven’t any of you done it?” he asked. They all answered “Yes.” Apparently the lesson had not been too simple, but the professor would not be convinced. “Let us continue at sight from this point” was the casual remark that ended this recitation.

We asked the men later about their work and they told us that the professors were unacquainted intentionally with the ability of the individual and each thought his courses the only ones of import. This is what one calls lack of trust. The student and the faculty are not in sympathy. One thinks the other too stringent and the latter calls the former lazy and uninterested.

The students of this college had never been fortunate enough to go through a year's work with only a final examination. We spoke to sev-

eral about their mid-year examinations. One of them showed me an examination paper which seemed to put the emphasis on the amount of detail that a man could remember. To this professor principles and laws were of no value. Another showed us his paper which was full of tricky questions worked out by the ingenious professor to fool the poor victim. This man gave us the impression that the work which had been emphasized during the year did not appear on the examinations but material which had been passed over had suddenly become important. Now, we thought this a very weak point for the student because high school and grammar school teachers do this thing and a college professor would hardly stoop so low. Yet, the men insisted that we get the right impression and assured us that it was true.

Before we continue, let us make clear what we are driving at. Just now, the system here is as nearly perfect as any educational plan could possibly be. Failures and flunks are due to previous training or lack of training. The college is not at all responsible for the man who cannot make the grade. If the preparatory work were as it should be, college would be for every man one step up instead of four.

But we must ever be watchful that we too do not slip off the rocky path into the muddy swamp where we should be content to wallow aimlessly with the great institutions of higher education.

The worst thing at that college was the result of a movement which ended in 1918. We have all read about a Great Struggle which was fought, presumably to free the world but actually to allow any country foolish enough and to force some countries not so foolish to adopt a democratic government similar to ours. We have learned, some of us, that in order to perpetuate our democracy we must use methods not unlike those used before 1914 in monarchies. Here is the point—whereas, before the war we had no training camps, we now have several hundred and many are directly connected with colleges. Before the war discipline was a Teutonic element; today we embrace it. Discipline—we have it even in our gymnasiums—people must wear uniforms. If they don't they are violating laws of discipline and must pay the penalty—if they do they unconsciously throw overboard all ideals of personal liberty. In the college that we visited it seemed that discipline was a great scepter and was held by the faculty. Men are ruled by others a few years their seniors like school children. The student of today can think and sometimes does just as clearly as those who treat him like a high school freshman.

There is the monster against whom we must prepare to fight. At Trinity, the problem is not yet important, but even here we see frequent evidences of overlordship. The student of America has allowed it to happen. Now instead of the student governing as before the war it is another body which administers.

The impressions we took from that college were not too good. One of us remarked that he felt he had just been in a prep school. There was the student body clad in gym uniform bowing before its superior in a reverence, mingled with fear, waiting for his commands—ready to obey meekly not alone but in the company of the student body of America.

And yet, there have been youth movements.

WE FROSH.

Dear Mother:

It seems like years since that vacation and even if I did flunk a couple of courses I did what the upperclassmen told me to do—I crammed and crammed and crammed some more. You know I didn't get such bad marks considering. About 25 went out and lots more went on pro. Yes, I'm on pro and I think it's pretty good. It's the nearest I'll ever be to a prof so there you are.

The big time of the year went over big—nobody pie-eyed—that is drunk and the dean went home, happy that no one needed reprimanding. One thing I haven't been able to dope out—how there could be so many cabs waiting for the promenaders after what happened over on Vernon Street last fall.

We have a great basketball team this year. We've trounced about everybody except the big colleges. There are two men who seem better than any on the team and one is Tronarde and the other Tuat, both names begin with T and of course they must be loyal to both Trinity and name.

About three months ago they were talking about the haze of five years since. They have begun to build and the first unit of the building plans has been completed. We have a cement basketball court now.

Yes, something else happened besides the revival of the Glee Club. I wrote a story for the Literature column. The rest of the class thinks it rather poor, but I'm confident that writing is my future vocation as I've often told you, mother, and the more experience I have in writing classics like the last one, the better author I'll be later, in life—I'm dead now, you know. Lot's of love to father.

Yours,

HARRY.

OBIRE OCULIS

With the end of the basketball season coming around so quickly some of us have begun to look toward the spring with its baseball and track.

Merriman's ball players should have a good combination this spring. “Pete” Eberle, last year's captain, is the only big loss to the team. The material available is very good. Batteries will be just as they were last year and the infield will not need much touching up with new men. Generally speaking, we should have a good season and we hope that any ball players who have not been out will make their appearance this spring.

If Ray Oosting can do as much with his track squad as he has done with the hoopsters, there will be a repetition of last season when the team beat Clark and Connecticut Aggies. The team lost several good men by graduation, among them were Captain Cahill, “Andy” Forrester and Bob Condit. Cahill quarter-miler, is scarcely replaceable. George Hey and Conran are the only veterans in this run and they must improve a lot to get into Cahill's class. Forrester has left none as good as he to do the broad-jump. Perhaps the spring will reveal someone who has not let us know of his ability. Condit and Even were equally good in the weight events, so that the loss of the former will not be so badly noticed. Right now there is promising material in the Freshman Class and several of the men are running regularly during the week. We hope that the season will begin with a good-sized squad that will report regularly and that will stick. Track is an individual sport and a person is, therefore, able to make his own way without fear of hindrance from others.

**

A. D. C. will probably elect within a few weeks. We hope that the selections will be just. Last year there was, according to many, a slight mix-up in choice. This does not mean that the present members of the organization are not worthy. What we wish to say emphatically is that there were some others who deserved the honor as much or even more than some who were elected.

**

There will probably be some rumor concerning new cheers and more cheerleaders. A very true rumor if certain plans go through. We need more yells and better yells. They should be original, appropriate and effective. We hope students will make suggestions for yells and we hope to have more leaders to help establish these cheers.

SENIORS ELECT OFFICERS.

The Senior Class held its election last Wednesday noon. About twenty-two men were present to elect unanimously all the officers. Arnold Henry Moses of Merchantville, N. J., was elected president of the class. Mr. Moses was editor of “The Tripod” last year. Sherman Johnson Beers of Lanesboro, Mass., and John Mansfield Young of Glen Ellyn, Ill., were also elected vice-president and secretary, respectively.

Trinity College

“Don't pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the riches of life which has come to you by the grace of God.”

—Phillips Brooks.

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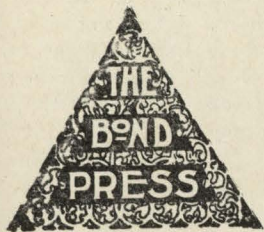
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INTERFRATERNITY BASKETBALL.

(Continued from page 1, column 4.)

League, when they defeated the Alpha
Tau Kappa team, by a score of 21 to
4, last Tuesday in Alumni Hall. New-
berry, the Crow center, was the out-
standing player of the game with 10
points to his credit, more than twice
enough to defeat the Kappa's.

Alpha Chi Rho.			
	G.	F.	P.
Jackson, lf,	2	0	4
Griswold, lf,	0	1	1
Mannweiler, rf,	2	0	4
Barto, rf,	0	0	0
Newberry, c,	4	2	10
Hardman, rg,	1	0	2
White, rg,	0	0	0
Cooper, lg,	0	0	0
Belden, lg,	0	0	0
Totals,	9	3	21

Alpha Tau Kappa.			
	G.	F.	P.
Forastiere, rg,	1	0	2
Coles, lg,	0	0	0
Dower, c,	0	0	0
Toomajian, rf,	0	0	0
Knurek, lf,	1	0	2
Totals,	2	0	4

Score at half time, Alpha Chi Rho
14, Alpha Tau Kappa 4; referee,
Leeke; time, 8-minute periods.

* *

In the second game, the usually
strong Faculty team, playing without
its two stars, Ray Oosting and Stan
Leeke, was just able to nose out the
Sigma Nu quintet by the close score

of 16 to 15. The first half especially
was devoid of baskets, the score be-
ing tied at two all. However, in the
second half, both teams seemed to
find themselves and they rolled up
many points. Miller and Durand
played well for the losers, while
"Johnny" Merriman played a good
game for his team.

Faculty.			
	G.	F.	P.
Merriman, rf,	4	0	8
Smith, lf,	2	0	4
Brill, c,	1	0	2
Peiker, rg,	1	0	2
McKee, lg,	0	0	0
Totals,	8	0	16

Sigma Nu.			
	G.	F.	P.
Berger, rg,	1	1	3
Durand, lg,	2	1	5
O'Leary, c,	0	0	0
Childs, rf,	0	0	0
Ihrig, lf,	0	0	0
Miller, lf,	3	1	7
Totals,	6	3	15

Score at half time, Sigma Nu 2,
Faculty 2; referee, Whitaker; time, 8-
minute periods.

THE LITERARY COLUMN

Albert Victor De Bonis, '29, has writ-
ten this column. It is the best contri-
bution that has been submitted. It
will be concluded in next week's issue.

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"THE BOX OF FIGS."
Albert V. De Bonis.

Characters:

Yussouf, a merchant.
Selim.
Zeb, a boy, servant of Yussouf.
Abbas, a friend of Yussouf.
King Jaafar.
Aboolfazl, a wise man, counsellor to
Jaafar.
Guards, attendants of the king, idlers
in the street, and children.
(The curtain rises upon an ancient
street in Teheran. In the center of
the stage is a stall upon and about
which are displayed the gaudy wares
of the merchant, Yussouf. Yussouf
is squatting in the midst of his mer-
chandise.)
Yussouf (yawning)—"Ach, how
slow everything is today! This ac-
cursed sun! Allah, how it boils!"
(He gets up, rearranges some of his
wares, and sits down again. He
stretches wearily and begins to hum
a tune. Enter Selim.)

Selim—"Greetings to you, Yussouf."

Yussouf—"May Allah grant you
eternal happiness, my lord Selim.
Does my lord desire something to-
day?"

Selim—"Perhaps, Yussouf, perhaps.
We shall see. I have stopped to look
at your goods. (He looks about at
the things on the stand. At last he
points to a large box which stands be-
side Yussouf.) Have you another box
like that one there, Yussouf? But
much smaller, about half the size of
that. I should like to see it, if you
have one."

Yussouf (rummaging in his heaps
of goods)—"I will see, my lord. In a
moment, I have something that you
will like." (In his search, Yussouf
overturns a bale of cloth, revealing a
plain little wooden box which he does
not notice.)

Selim—"What is that, Yussouf?
Oh, that thing would not do at all. I
hope you do not mean to show me any
such trash as that."

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Yussouf (pausing and looking up)—
"What, my lord? Oh, that box. Nev-
er, my lord, never would such ugliness
defile the shop of Yussouf. It is a
thing of no value, my lord. It would
shame me to offer it to you. All my
wares are of the best, my lord, sold
at an honest price."

Selim (ironically)—"Yes, I have
noticed that, Yussouf. Come, come,
I know what a rascal you are. But I
am surprised that you should keep
things of no worth here. Will you not
try to convince me that this box has
some great virtues, in spite of its
plainness?"

Yussouf—"I tell you the truth, my
lord. That box does not belong to me.
If it did I would make a fire with it.
It is good for nothing else."

Selim—"Oh, it is not yours. But
why do you keep it, then?"

Yussouf—"Because I am kind-
hearted, my lord."

Selim—"Oh, you are."

Yussouf (after maintaining a digni-
fied silence for a moment)—"For an
old friend I would do much. Do you
remember Abbas, the jeweler, my lord,
who used to have a shop in the next
street some years ago?"

Selim—"Yes, I remember Abbas."

Yussouf—"Well, seven years ago,
Abbas went with a caravan to Mecca.
He never came back. He must be
dead by now. But before he left, he
came to me with this box. (Yussouf
lifts the box from the ground and puts
it on the stand.) He said to me, 'Yus-
souf, you of all men have been a friend
to me, and I have come to ask yet one
favor more of you. I have here a box
of choice figs which I cannot carry
with me on my journey. Neither can
I leave them with any but you. Will
you keep them for me, Yussouf? When
I come back we will share them.' To
please him, I took the box and
threw it there, where it has been ever
since."

Selim—"And you have not opened
it? I could never have believed it of
you, Yussouf. But come, I cannot
stay any longer today. The sun is
beginning to go down, and I must wait
upon our young king. He is going to
inspect his new domain today, and I
am already late. I shall come some
other time, Yussouf."

Yussouf—"May it be soon, my lord
Selim. Allah be with you! (Exit
Selim.) Oh, Abbas, may you burn
forever! May you be loaded with
firewood! That I should waste time
talking about a fool when I might
have made money. Tfoo! (He spits
upon the ground and sits down an-
grily.) What a heat! No more cus-
tomers today. No one dares to come
out until the sun goes down. (He
looks idly about until his eye lights
upon the box of figs. He takes it in
his hands, looks contemptuously at it
for a moment, and then throws it
down.) Accursed trash! Abbas, the
fool, might well have eaten his figs
before going to destruction. But he
had always the soul of a dog and the
brain of a camel. Figs! To think of
leaving figs to rot in a box while he
plodded across the desert. A horse
would have known better. (A silence,
while Yussouf sits meditating.) Even
Abbas might have known. Bah!
Could he have been lying? (He is
struck by the thought, and stops to
consider it for a moment.) Abbas.
Liar! What could he have put in that
box? May the fiends seize him if he
deceived me! We shall soon see.
(Yussouf picks up the box hurriedly,
and fumbles with the lock. After
some time he presses a spring and the
box flies open. A heap of jewels falls
into his lap. Allah, the compassion-
ate, the merciful! What is this?
Oh Abbas, thief, liar, brother of dogs!
(As he talks, Yussouf scoops up the
gems and lets them run through his
fingers, stopping to hold some of them
up to the light.) They are worth
hundreds, thousands of gold pieces;
there is a fortune here, and I never
guessed it. Bah, Abbas is a pig. (He
pours the jewels into a leather bag
and then calls in a loud voice.) Zeb!
Zeb! May the spirits of evil take that
child! Zeb! (A sleepy boy appears
from behind the stand.) Awake, fool.
go quickly and get me a measure of
figs from Haroun, the fruit-seller. A
measure of figs, remember it. And
be quick or I will flay you. (Exit

Zeb with a coin which Yussouf hands
him. Yussouf conceals the bag under
the counter.) Oh Allah, the most
beneficent, who hath taught man that
which he knoweth not, mislead Abbas
so that he may not come back. Let
him be destroyed for his evil deeds;
may he have a rope around his neck;
may he be led into the midst of the
fire, and be struck with a thunder-
bolt." (Yussouf has come forward
during this speech. Enter several urch-
ins who steal up behind the mer-
chant and begin to upset the goods
piled upon his stall.)

Yussouf (turning on them)—"Ah,
seed of Eblis! Imps of darkness! Have
I not told you what I would do if I
found you here, again?" (The child-
ren scatter, and mock at Yussouf from
a safe distance.)

First Child—"Yuss-s-s-ouf. Oh
Yussouf!"

Second Child—"Yah! Yah! Yah!
Blah!"

Third Child—

"Little Yussouf has a stand
Where he keeps all his riches;
He often scratches with his hand
His head because it itches.

Yussouf—"Begone, demons!" (He
runs at them.)

First Child—"Run, Abdul, here he
comes!" (The boys run away.) (Zeb
returns with the figs. Yussouf seizes
them, fills the box and puts it back
under the bale of cloth. Zeb disap-
pears behind the stall, yawning. Yus-
souf sits down again.)

Yussouf—"If Abbas should come

back—. Pah, he must be dead. Yes,
long since. People do not return
after years like that. Allah be
praised! I am a rich man." (Enter
Abbas, in rags, and covered with dust.
He peers around at the once familiar
street, and looks hard at Yussouf for
some time before speaking.)

Abbas (hoarsely)—"Yussouf, Yus-
souf, my brother!"

Yussouf (starting)—"What? Who
is it? Abbas! Can it be? By the
Luminous Book of Muhamad I am
lost!"

Abbas—"What are you muttering,
Yussouf? Do you not remember me?
Abbas, your old—"

Yussouf—"Why, Abbas, where have
you come from? Allah! I did not
know you at first. God is good! Oh,
I never thought to see you alive again.
Welcome, Abbas! welcome!" (He em-
braces Abbas, and spreads a mat for
him to sit upon.)

Abbas—"Oh, Yussouf, my friend,
you do not know what troubles I
have gone through. The caravan was
attacked by robbers, and they took
everything I owned. I am ruined,
nothing is left to me in this world.
But even so, Yussouf, I was glad to
escape with my life. They were bar-
barians, savages, those robbers! I
thought they would cut me to pieces
for their sport."

Yussouf—"Poor Abbas!"

Abbas—"But you know, Yussouf,
you understand, I did not fight. Allah
forbid! I stood still and gave them
what they wanted. That is, all except

a few jewels I had put into my mouth
when I saw those thieves coming. But
when one of them held his scimitar
close to my throat I could not help
opening my mouth to scream. I felt
the cold, sharp steel, and I tried to
pray to Allah. And so they took all
my poor gems. And then I wandered
like a jackal for years in the desert.
But I will tell you all about that later,
Yussouf. I am so tired now. (A
pause.) Yussouf, do you remember
that I left a box of figs with you to
keep for me when I went away?
Could you give them to me now? I
would like to see something that be-
longs to me, however small it may be."

Yussouf—"What? No, I—oh, yes,
yes, I know now. You did ask me to
keep a box for you. It must be here
somewhere. I had not thought of it
for so long that I forgot for a mo-
ment. I will find it for you, Abbas.
(He pretends to look through his
goods while Abbas watches him
anxiously. At last he takes up the
bale of cloth and seizes the box.) I
think this is it. Yes, Abbas, is this
the box you mean?"

Abbas—"Yes, yes, that is the one.
(He grasps the box eagerly, and runs
his hands over it fondly. Then, with
tears in his voice), Oh, Yussouf, Yus-
souf, you best of all friends, how
thankful I am to you! I shall open it
at once, and give you some of the figs
for your kindness."

Yussouf—"May the nineteen angels
of darkness devour him!"

(Concluded Next Week.)

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