



The Tripod

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Number 23

OGLEBLOTZER OUTLINES BACKGAMMON BUILDING

Brinky Balks at Brownstone as Sad Students Satisfy Sudden Sleep

SOUTH DAKOTA QUARTZ

"Give Me Quartz, or Give Me Pints" Pleads Philipino Principalo in Chapel Address Before Ten Students

Outlining briefly the original causes which brought it about, and dwelling from time to time on the salient features of the new plan, President Reuben B. Ogilvy addressed the college body in chapel yesterday on the subject of the new backgammon courts. Briefly and skillfully, Mr. Ogleblotz told the fuller details of the project, stressing especially the fact that the new courts are to be built of full South Dakota quartz.

Madden Gets Man.

In opening, Mr. Ponsonby told of how the idea had originated in the loyal minds of the alumni and trustees. "There was," he said, "no more loyal soul among the great files and rosters of our alumni, than that of Buck Y. Madden. Good old Buck; I remember very clearly the first time I met him. It was in Central Park, and the marsupials were just reaching their first bloom. Suddenly a crisp, clear voice broke out of the peaceful silence around me. How well I remember those words, Ha! White socks, tan Oxfords, and a blue serge suit—can it be?—it must be old Oglethorpe's boy grown up. I was amazed to see him apparently throw himself on his face at my feet, poking methodically at my shoes with a foot-rule. Suddenly he rose to his full height with the cry, 'Six inches from shoe-top to trouser-cuff! It is indeed young Reub!', and weeping for joy he threw both arms around me and embraced me. That was Buck Y. Madden—clear, cool, loyal to old friends, and yet human."

Voice Vanishes.

Mr. Oonthout then went on to describe the proposed location for the courts, explaining that the presence of the cattle and horses on the south campus had made it advisable to change the location of the courts to a point just north of the Psi U House. "There are," he said, "Psi U's and Psi U's. I have even known some Dekes in my day. But how was I to know that Hood was going to speak as he did that night?" Here a sob wrenched his voice, and he was able to proceed only with difficulty. "Perhaps some of you know that I smoke a pipe," said Mr. Oglebottom in continuing. "Well, it was moonlight on the Tennessee—" Here the great man's voice faded off into near silence, and THE TRIPOD representative was unable to hear him any further. The account of his speech follows in detail from yesterday's daily press:

"During the last few days an important decision has been made about the stone to be used on the new backgammon courts. For over a year this problem has been carefully studied. Our first thought was that the courts should be of exactly the same stone as that used in the paving of Broad and Front Streets. This is, as you well know, Portland brownstone, quarried down the river at Portland just across the river from Middletown. The trim on our old buildings is of sandstone. The architects long ago decided that there

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FACULTY PENTATHLON SQUAD
Which Held Its Seventy-Sixth Annual Pentathlon Yesterday Afternoon from Dan to Beersheba.

There will be an egg-roll on the campus of old South College tomorrow afternoon at half after two. Mr. Phaden of the Dynamics department will act as referee, and no professionals or members of the Class of 1931 will be allowed to participate. Those wishing to enter should report to Naylor (absent) not later than tomorrow.

SHORTY SHEPERD SHAKES COLONEL B. COSTELLO

Pentathlon Palls Until Shark of English A. A. Breaks Chinning Record

TALKS INCESSANTLY

Costello, S. Duck, and Ogleblotzer Forced to Admit New Champion as Shropshire Lad Takes Seabury Shower

Coming up from behind in the gruelling finals which lasted for four hours of the late afternoon and evening, and winning from Butch Costello by superhuman efforts as twilight settled over Trinity Field, Shorty Shepherd of the English AA finished the annual faculty pentathlon in a blaze of glory yesterday afternoon. Pa Barrette, of the Vedic aggregation, was not up to his usual form, and Spike Basinette of the Starlings and Highboy Hutf of the Retreat trailed hopelessly throughout. The final score of the two leaders was 752-737, Shepherd winning the last event by an extra chin.

The Pentathlon, which was established in 1904 together with THE TRIPOD, consists of the following events: (1) Wheeling a baggage truck from the archway to Middle Seabury. (2) Running around the track once (in khaki) without falling down. (3) Talking steadily for fifty minutes (winner determined by pulse and blood-pressure at finish). (4) Shooting starlings with an air-rifle from the top of Northam. 5) Performing pull-ups (or "chins") in Middle Seabury showers.

Fighting desperately against time, Butch Costello opened the great feature at exactly 3.05 p.m., Eastern D. S. T. He chose a piano (or small organ) to load the baggage truck, and wore a black fedora hat, black sack suit, and black Oxfords. The bride was dressed in white satin with a spray of forget-me-nots and lilies-of-the-valley.

As he passed the 25-foot mark, his lead was seriously threatened by Doublier, 1930, who used the ruse of throwing himself in front of the

(Continued on page 3.)

The speaker in chapel tomorrow will be El Bimbashi the Rt. Rev. R. B. W. (Woodbury) Hutf, of the Royal Egyptian String Quartet, who will be delivered of a sermon on the subject, "Good Food, Good Meat, Good God, Let's Eat." Mr. Hutf, who has been in Egypt for the past ten years, is especially well qualified to speak on this great question.

TENNIS TITLE TOTTERS WHILE WESLEYAN WINS

Britton, Burke, and Grainger All Play Brilliantly for Wesleyan

Fighting bravely against odds which it knew were too strong to be overcome by mere grit (try some of Mrs. Dooley's in the Psi U Spinach—Advt.), the University Tennis Team went down by the overwhelming score of 9 to 0 before a powerful Wesleyan team. Britton, Martini, Burke, and Grainger starred for Wesleyan. Bagg, Wesleyan's number one man, and Jack (Choate 1926), Wesleyan's number two man, were both pretty terrible.

According to W. C. Norvell, the coach, one of the main reasons for the Blue and Gold's defeat was the fact that G. A. Wackie, 1931, heard O. L. (Shorty) Shepherd of the English AA pronounce tennis "Tea-nis" (as in Remus). Wackie, who plays number one on the Trinity aggregation, was so surprised and pleased at the originality of the famous mentor that he lost the first set of the afternoon 6-0, and would have done worse than that if it had been humanly possible. This, according to Coach Norvell, was bad for the morale of the team.

The game of tennis, which was started at Trinity some odd years ago, has now become extremely popular among the ardent intellectuals. O'Keefe, 1932, who knows almost everybody at Yale, says that they play it there, too; that is, when they are not having a friendly gin roll. According to J. N. Hyde, 1931, of Yale, it promises to be one of the University's greatest sports before next Lammas Eve.

NORWICH OUTNOSES NYE NIPPING NEEDLESS 58

Tramples Trinity Trackmen as Wee William Welivar Jumps 22 Feet

Norwich University defeated Trinity in a dual track meet at Trinity Field last Saturday. The final score was Norwich 68, Trinity 58. Although Trinity was able to hold her own in the running events, Norwich settled the outcome by superiority in the field events. And that's not the half of it.

In spite of Norwich's taking the first three places in the discus, and placing first and second in the shot put, Bud Strong came through and broke the college record in the javelin throw. Strong made a fine heave of 166 feet, 6 1/2 inches, displacing the old record of 157 feet, 7 inches made by Orrick in 1926.

And, as if this wasn't enough, Bill Nye did some fine running and was high scorer for the good old Blue and Gold in there all the old time old boy, old boy (now then, Trinity!) He took first place in the 100, 220, and 440-yard dashes. Until within a hundred yards of the finish in the 440, Nye held third place; then he made a beautiful sprint and broke the tape a few yards ahead of Dorsey Wright who placed second in the event. Amoroso of Norwich gave Nye a close race in the 100-yard dash, but again Nye speeded up on the finish and placed first in the event. Welivar and Amoroso fought hard, and the Norwich man placed second by only a few inches.

Trinity placed first in the two mile because of Carlton's good form and speed throughout the race. Wright of Norwich hung close on Carlton's heels, but in the home stretch Carl-

(Continued on page 3.)

BEER POLL BETOKENS BEER GARDEN RETURN AS BOOZERS BALLOT

Faculty Favors Fifteen Percent. and Bigger Bungs for All Budweiser Brews

COSTHELLHO CRACKS QUIP

Quotes Kant and Quells Chuckles as Ogleblotz Tells Harvard Story to Slightly Annoyed Audience of 1

The results of THE TRIPOD'S beer garden poll, which has been carried on among the faculty of Trinity College for the past three weeks as a result of Dean Mendell's famous call to arms at New Haven, follow:

- Number favoring return of beer garden serving 6% beer, . . . 40
- Number favoring return of beer garden serving 8% beer, . . . 40
- Number favoring return of beer garden serving 15% beer, . . . 20
- Number opposing return of beer garden serving 6% beer, . . . 20
- Number opposing return of beer garden serving 8% beer, . . . 10
- Number opposing return of beer garden serving 15% beer, . . . 0
- Number who don't give a good British damn, . . . 1

In no case has there been a member of the faculty who has had the good grace to change to bedroom slippers before kicking THE TRIPOD representative out.

In no case has the voting been sincere. The only sincere vote was the single vote listed at the end of the balloting data above.

In no case has there been a member of the faculty who did not admit that he drank beer himself, with the added stipulation that his statement was not to be published.

A few statements made by some of the more prominent of the voters follow:

R. B. Ogleblotz.

"I first learned the beer drinking habit at Harvard. I was in the Class of Naughty-two there, you know, and (ha-ha-ha) we lived up to our nickname. I remember especially a waiter in the Yard beer garden whose name was Jeeves, and who insisted on drinking half of the beer from each stein, no less, as he carried it to me from the tap room. Great institution; great institution. Yes, yes."

H. T. (Butch) Costello.

"Kant drank beer, and I drink beer; so Hutf would probably say that we are both beer drinkers (ha-ha-ha). He's wrong; Kant's dead."

R. B. W. Hutf.

"The beer garden is merely part of the mores. There are mores, and mores, and one should always differentiate their polarity."

Ray Husting.

"Beer, women, and song; and thou singing near me in the wilderness."

(H. C. (Swanny) Duck.

"In taking this beer garden poll, THE TRIPOD is performing a really great deed, and is doing the country a service which it has been in need of for the past ten years. At no time during my long stay at Trinity have I seen an undergraduate drunk on beer. True, we members of the faculty get drunk on it sometimes, but then, we are all growing old and foolish. Then, too, our capacity isn't what it used to be.

"To THE TRIPOD I extend my hearty good wishes, and an equally hearty endorsement of the course which it is taking. It's motto, 'Bring back the beer garden', is one which

(Continued on page 4.)

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UNQUESTIONABLY, YES

There is to be found in every college or university some one great problem, some fault or blemish, material or mental, which throws a shadow of doubt and disgrace over the whole campus. Harvard has its scrubwomen, Wesleyan its Argus, but here at Trinity the trouble is of a far more serious and deep-seated nature. It is unnecessary to mention it by name; every undergraduate knows, or should know, that great monstrosity which has thrown the Alumni Association into a turmoil and which has made the life of every student unlivable.

The Faculty and Corporation are undoubtedly to blame—it is granted. But there is a heavy responsibility on the shoulders of the Class of 1931, a responsibility not to be cast aside lightly. Common decency prevents the printing of what the members of that class have done; it is a significant fact that it is on the lips of every undergraduate and janitor.

Without it, we felt that we could not make progress. Now that it is in our midst, we are ashamed. Gentlemen of the college, members of the Faculty, it is time to act, and to act quickly.

HINC LUCEM, OR 'T WAS BRILLIG

With the news that McBilge has taken E. S. Frye, L. C. Schuler, I. M. Wittem, O. O. Pete, and Harry Smart on his 1931 Senate, comes the gratifying assurance that all will now be well, the assurance that, where others have failed, this model board of legislators and clubmen will succeed. Congratulations to Mr. McBilge, and to his husky white-wing helpers!

Of course there is one slight hitch. Perhaps Mr. McBilge has forgotten that he must, by and with the advice and consent of the board of aldermen of said city, "appoint the members of the several boards of water commissioners, street commissioners, police commissioners (laughter), fire commissioners, and park commissioners of said city, and when members of said board of commissioners (applause) are to be appointed for different terms, the term for which each member is to serve shall be designated by the mayor at the time of making the appointments as aforesaid." (Laughter and continued applause.)

Then, too, in every country—every city, every hamlet, there are some who, for one reason or another, have been unable to look at life and its serious struggle for existence without drawing back and depriving themselves of the comforts hidden from them by a thick blanket of the evils (or less strongly) the disadvantage of a change as seen by them.

But we can and must help McBilge. It is the duty of every undergraduate of Trinity College to stand behind him in whatever he chooses to do. Shall we leave him in the lurch? Echoing down the corridors of time, the answer reverberates and comes back to us, "No!" Gentlemen of the college and of the faculty, it is time to act and to act quickly.

AND WHY NOT?

Whenever it shall be necessary for the proper construction of any bridge, sewer, culvert, highway, embankment, or other public work in the City of Hartford, or for the protection and security of any such public work already constructed, it shall be lawful for the court of common council of said city to direct, and for the board of street commissioners of said city to cause any stream or watercourse, not navigable within the limits of said city to be authorized to sign writs, and returnable before said judge at two o'clock in the afternoon on the day three weeks subsequent to the day on which public notice of said appraisal shall have been given!

And yet a spirit of rowdyism, of disrespect for the college and its traditions alike, has sprung up. Gentlemen of the college, of the press, and of the faculty, it is time to act and to act quickly.

BOOK REVIEW

LOG-CABIN TO SPEAKEASY; OR FROM VICE TO PRESIDENT, the story of a simple news-reel photographer on the Isle of Malta and his quest for adventure and love among the purblind zanys of Benares, by Oscar O. Oscar, the Loup-Garou of Lefever Valley.

(Editor's Note—After a great deal of persuasion by our staff, and the offer of a check for \$10,000, one of Hartford's leading citizens has consented to write the thrilling story of his life for THE TRIPOD's True Tales Department.)

This will be nothing more or less not much more, anyway, than the simple tale of a poor, undernourished boy who had the misfortune to be born club-footed. Near the headwaters of the Yazoo River in Louisiana stands a rude, three-walled log-cabin. I was not born there. I have never even seen the lousy place.

I was born in the steerage of a United Pacific Mail Liner two days outward bound from Yokohama. Both my mother and father had missed the boat and I was all alone in the world. I have never seen either of my parents. I was reared by my great uncle and his step-sister, and so up until the age of seventy-one I never knew anything of life except the rustic existence which we led in the Ozark Mountains. Oh, the boresomeness of it all! What a humdrum existence! The only thing that ever lifted us from the calm tenor of our ways was the explosion of a still or the hanging of a revenue officer. And these pastimes soon paled.

My surroundings were most sordid. We never had enough to eat. Some squash pie for breakfast, a little swordfish and parsley for luncheon and sweet potatoes again at night comprised our diet. My great uncle would not work. He wanted to be a farmer instead. When other men were laboring honestly minding stills or mixing mash, my great uncle (his name was Hengest Harblegritch) would putter around ploughing, harrowing, or hoeing his fields. I have never seen slothfulness carried to such a high degree.

My great-uncle often treated me cruelly and unjustly. I well remember the summer that I was thirteen. All my girl friends had gone away, so I took great-uncle's car and went up to St. Louis for a couple of days. Later he accused me of taking the car without his permission, but I

pointed out to him that he wasn't home when I left and I couldn't have asked him. Even so, he was still angry. While I was in St. Louis I ran down and killed a policeman, but it was not my fault because I was drunk. (I had taken five quarts of great-uncle's corn with me. That was another thing that seemed to anger him, though why I can't imagine.) I was arrested and charged with breach of the peace. The judge asked me what I had to say for myself and I answered, "The climax of defensive armorin among the land-living dinosaurs was attained in late Cretaceous times among the sluggish ankylosaurs ("cossified saurian") of Alberta and Montana." Unable to cope with this startling defense the prosecutor threw the case out, and I returned home. My great-uncle had read of it in the paper before I arrived, and was waiting for me with a whip when I blew in. And I actually think the brute would have hit me with it if I had not started to cry. It is easy to see that he was a very cruel man, and by the time I had reached late adolescence I was hardened to all ill treatment and abuse.

Soon I realized that for my own good I would have to leave home and go out into the wide, wide world and make a name for myself or try to. Opportunity came to me in the guise of Dobson & Dingley's Dazzling Carnival which played our town for a whole week. I secured a position as barker for the hula hula show and decided to make this my life-work. But the upward struggle against the odds of Life would have been too great for the untutored lad that I was if it had not been for one person, my wonder woman, Babe Cookson. She was the leading dancer in our show and she had a heart of gold. She kept all of my money so that I would not spend it foolishly, and in many other ways devoted her whole life to me. We were to be married in Salt Lake City on St. Wolfgang's Day but Fate, inexorable Fate, stepped into the game and dealt himself four aces. It was the influenza epidemic. One night I forgot to wear my topcoat. The next day I was unable to leave my bed. And exactly one week later, with Babe soothing my fevered brow with one hand while reaching for my wallet with another, I passed into the Great Beyond. Thus was a life of service, faithfulness, and loyalty to stern principles ended. The world had lost another man. But the show must go on! Allez-ooop!

The Blackjack

Ahem! Herein will be found all manner of things, and from time to time, though much will escape us, we, the Blackjack will deal with mighty personal and seemingly sacred matters. We are not given to shallow carping, will, by the grace of Trinity, offend many into better ways, and sempiternally stoop to snooping. Our hide is of good leather, our innards of buckshot and raw-hide, and our whole physical make-up intended to bounce merrily upon the more obtuse domes which are daily carried about our campus. It is thus we begin, and in such manner will continue.

Will some kind person, who would do his bit for the Classics, find the barber who speaks Attic and make for him a symmetrical template or suggest the use of a plumb-bob?

Don't be surprised if you should be greeted by a fife and drum corps some Wednesday morning upon entering chapel.

It has been rumored that one of our coaches has ordered a special belt. These dark ages!

Four inches of snow in May, tra-la!

**

We noticed, much to our trepidation, that some well-known upper-classman is afraid to curse in print, even upon a notice on the bulletin board. Let's be frank—doesn't mean anything.

**

In the same line, we would like to protest against this sudden entrance of high-pressure sales talks upon our studied calm. It is one thing to sell things, and quite another to claim to be practically giving them away, while wangling us out of our ready cash.

**

At a meeting of the faculty some time ago a motion was made to vote upon an item. One of the more venerable members of that tolerant body had suggested the subject at a preceding meeting and harangued his colleagues to sway their ideas to conform with his. Entering the gathering just as the vote was being cast in relation to the acceptance of his motion, from pure force of precedent he cried, "I vote no!"

**

Now that the annual spring wave of imbibing is past, it is safe to mention an historic incident of some twenty years past.

(Continued on page 7.)

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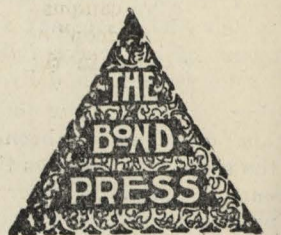
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If a man in the morning hear the right way, he may die in the evening without regret.

—Confucius.

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**SHORTY SHEPHERD SHAKES
COLONEL B. COSTHELLO.**

(Continued from page 1.)

truck, rolling over and over and making loud noises (the noise of the baggage-roller, as you will remember is something like the familiar "Yoicks" in nature). Costhelo, however, summoned all his reserves and looked bored, a trick which won the event for him and speaks well for his recent courses at Harvard. At no time was he threatened again during the race, although several other contenders tried the baggage-rolling trick.

In the track-run, Pa Barrette walked away from the field with comparative ease, although Highboy Hutf made a final nery sprint to get him a hard-earned second place. Barrette, dressed in the conventional khaki outfit, managed to make the 440-odd yards in 3 minutes, 44 2-5 seconds, coming within three seconds of the record established by the famous Dr. Duck three years ago. Shorty Shepherd, running a game but losing race, stumbled blindly across the finish in the time of 4 minutes, 38 4-5 seconds, taking third place as the stands roared.

In the third event, this same Shorty Shepherd, rallying bravely, showed some of the style which was to win the afternoon for him. Talking in a deep undertone, and conserving his energy with an occasional swig of sack, he managed to talk for fifty minutes actual running time with an increase of only 1-5 of a pulse-beat, setting a new record for the event. Costhelo, who finished second with an increase of 4-5 of a beat, was almost disqualified at 43 1-5 for becoming suddenly red in the face. Pa Barrette, in spite of an occasional lapse into his native Sanscrit, finished a very creditable third, completing two pages of the Atharva Veda for dessert.

In the fourth event, only two men, Basinette and Costhelo qualified in the preliminaries, Barrette being disqualified for taking pot shots at a cat and a man who said he coached football, and Hutf being disqualified for taking three shots at Costhelo. Basinette, taking a position just above the chapel bell, accounted for 144 starlings (unaltered), and 33 starlings (questionable). Costhelo shot 130 in Class A, and 86 in Class B, but had 52 points deducted from his final score for shooting thirteen English sparrows by mistake. Spectators on Meriden Mountain reported that it was a truly spectacular sight to watch the two men crawling about from turret to turret, blipping starlings as they went.

Turning almost sure defeat into victory, Shorty Shepherd, the pride of the English AA, using splendid form mixed with a species of trudgeon which he claimed that he picked up either in Devonshire or Dorset, rallied in the last five minutes to nose out Costhelo by one chin. Silence fell over Seabury as a game fighter stretched every effort to reach the grey cross-bar. The applause which greeted his last successful attempt was truly deafening—the joyful noise of a college paying tribute to one of its greatest men. Even Costhelo succeeded in bringing a warm smile to his lips as he shook hands with Shorty ("Sapper") Shepherd, the winner of the sixteenth annual faculty pentathlon. As night settled over the campus, the soft, triumphant "hoop-a-doop" of the ukuleles could be heard in the winning camp.

Although this is the first time in three years that a record has been broken in one of the pentathlon events, it is reported that Costhelo, Kribble, and Dadmenian, the Easter Shark, are already entering into intensive training for next year's great struggle. Last year's pentathlon, as it will be remembered, was won by Bulldog Leonard (retired).

Reub Ogleblotz, Shorty's trainer, announced himself as being highly pleased with yesterday's outcome, and spoke confidently of a new high score for his man next year.

... off the tee it's **DISTANCE!**

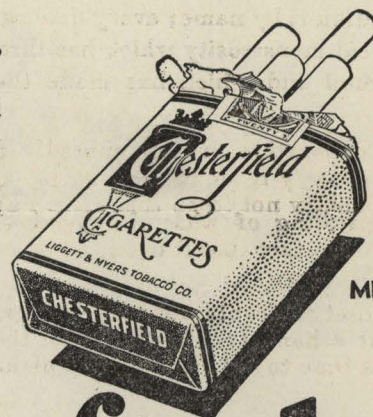


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**NORWICH OUTNOSES NYE
NIPPING NEEDLESS 58.**

(Continued from page 1.)

ton's beautiful sprint carried him over the line well ahead of Wright.

Coddard of Norwich started off the mile with a long perfect stride and stole a nice lead, but was unable to hold it for more than one lap when Sheldon Roots and Clement, another Norwich man, passed him. On the last lap Clement led Roots and then made a sprint on the home stretch which carried him across the finish line a victor with Roots taking second place.

A vault of eleven feet by Lovering won the pole vault for Trinity, and Welivar leapt 21 feet, 4 1/4 inches giving Trinity first place in the broad jump. The running high jump was taken by Norwich, five feet, ten inches being the mark made by Barney of the Norwich team.

Out of fourteen events Trinity took seven first places, six second places, and six third places.

Summaries:

Mile—Won by Clement, Norwich; second, Roots, Trinity; third, Coddard, Norwich. Time, 4.56.8.

100-yard dash—Won by Nye, Trinity; second, Amoroso, Norwich; third, Welivar, Trinity. Time, 10.6.

220-yard dash—Won by Nye, Trinity; second, Amoroso, Norwich; third, Wright, Trinity. Time, 23.6.

440-yard dash—Won by Nye, Trin-

ity; second, Wright, Trinity; third, Lang, Norwich. Time, 55.5.

880-yard run—Won by Fiske, Norwich; second, Horton, Norwich; third, Birch, Trinity. Time, 2.8.7.

Two-mile run—Won by Carlton, Trinity; second, Wright, Norwich; third, Bate, Norwich. Time, 10.54.1.

120-yard high hurdles—Won by Hurley, Norwich; second, Dignam, Trinity; third, Christy, Trinity. Time, 17.2.

220-low hurdles—Won by Hurley, Norwich; second, Geiger, Trinity; third, Atherton, Norwich. Time, 27.4.

Discus throw—Won by Berry, Norwich; second, Wescott, Norwich; third, Houghton, Norwich. Distance, 104 feet 9 inches.

Running high jump—Won by Barney, Norwich; second, Gibson, Trinity, and Joclyn, Norwich; tied for second place with a jump of 5.5. Height, 5.10.

Shot put—Won by Berry, Norwich; second, Weiss, Norwich; third, Rogers, Trinity. Distance, 37 feet, five inches.

Javelin throw—Won by Strong, Trinity; second, Houghton, Norwich; third, Gibbens, Norwich. Distance, 166 feet, 6 1/2 inches.

Pole-vault—Won by Lovering, Trinity; second, O'Brien, Norwich; third, Higgins and Rowland, both tied for third. Height, 11 feet.

Running broad jump—Won by Welivar, Trinity; second, Gibson, Trinity; third, O'Brien, Norwich. Distance, 21 feet, 4 1/4 inches.

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OGLEBLOTZER OUTLINES BACKGAMMON BUILDING.

(Continued from page 1.)

is too much of the light trim on our older buildings, and felt that the backgammons courts should properly be all of one kind of stone without any different color for the trim.

"It was natural, therefore, that we should consider with the architects other kinds of stone. It has finally been decided to use a Utah quartz, the trade name of which is "Rustic Bluff." This particular stone can be supplied in unlimited quantities with efficiency and exactitude in cutting. It lends itself particularly well to Gothic construction. Part of the charm of Gothic building lies in contrast between light and shadow. The architects all along have told me that they were in doubt as to whether a darker stone like our old building material would give enough contrast between the face of a pattern and the shadow behind it. With the limestone we shall be able to get a much more glorious building because of the stronger contrast in light and shade.

"The question has been raised as to whether a building in different stone of a lighter shade would mar the unity of our college group. Naturally this required careful study. We have finally concluded that the nature of the courts is such that it could very well stand out as something entirely different from the ordinary buildings of the college."

RANSACK READS RUNES REGARDS RABID RUSSIA

The twentieth century can well be called an era remarkable for the sudden rise and development of new forms of verse. Nowhere has this type of literature attained a higher standard than in Soviet Russia. Its exotic beauty, startling passion, powerful sway, yes, and its pathos too, will undoubtedly cause the writings of these northern peasant folk to live forever in the minds of men. Below are translations of two anonymous Russian poems made by Dr. Luther Ransack, an eminent Basque theologian and chiropractor.

Wedel Whjv; or

Three Yeast Cakes On A Raft

Olga,
Every little bird in the church
Steeple at Omsk

Knows
That I love you.
Will you fly with me in my
Canoe?

Will you let the
Gentle breezes waft us along
The Baltic?
Oh, why won't
You?

Don't be like that.
Hectic Hyperbolas.

Is
There
Anything?
No,
Only the kitchen sink.
—Dr. Luther Ransack.

BOOZERS' BALLOT FOR BEER GARDEN RETURN.

(Continued from page 1.)

will long be remembered in the history of our great country."

C. E. (Parsec) Rogers.

"All beer should be taken with a grain of salt."

It will be noted that only six of the six statements published favor the return of the beer garden. THE TRIPOD, in taking the poll, has endeavored to be entirely impartial in presenting the facts before the public, and has made a special attempt to get the opinions of the most prominent members of the voting faculty.

The nation-wide beer garden movement, which reaches its climax in the great TRIPOD poll, was started in April by Dean Mendelstein of Yale, who got a little more publicity for his alma mater (or, should we say, soror) by saying in the presence of a reporter that he favored the return of the beer garden.

THE BLACKJACK.

(Continued from page 2.)

Once upon a time, when there were fewer children at Trinity, it was quite the thing to be thrown off the street car at the corner of Vernon and Broad. To be prepared for any possible inability to navigate, on the part of the gay students who were there deposited, delegations of under-classmen were on hand to carry the happy but helpless gentlemen to their respective beds.

On one of these evenings, the eve of an important football game, the captain of the team might have been seen carrying the unconscious frame of a team-mate, with the anxious help of the regular workers. We imagine the sleeper was safely tucked away and all was quiet. But the next morning there was consternation. The captain had been observed in the act of bending his elbow to a glass of beer, and the report was sufficient to bar him from the game. By an ironical twist of fate, the man whom he helped carry to bed played as his substitute.

By the way, we have observed much the same miscarriage in these matters even in these enlightened years at Trinity.

We are, in the next issue, to voice our results of an investigation into the whys and wherefores of "townies", and the reasons why they can be obnoxious. An investigation of the library follows.

Yours in melancholy,
THE BLACKJACK.

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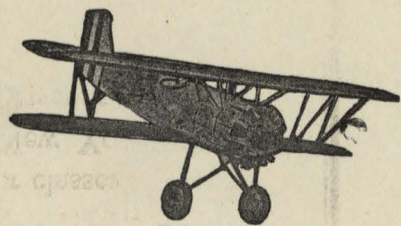
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