

# FAIR SEX INVADES TRINITY FOR SENIOR BALL TONIGHT

Story on Page Four

Vol. 31 THE TRINITY TRIPOD No. 25

Hartford, Conn., May 17, 1935

★ ★  
FINAL

# PINK



# SLIP

EDITION

# BUTCH BUTCHERED!

Story on Page Twelve

## HIGH SCORER



At home he is Mother's Child; at Trinity he is Daddy's Child; in this picture he is Poverty's Child. Who is he? We don't know!

Story on Page Eleven

## COMMITTEE



This exclusive photograph for the PINK SLIP was snapped two and one-third seconds after ground had been broken by the Committee for foundations of the Senior Ball. These men have real grit. Reading from left to right (or right to left—suit yourself), are Q. Bernard Shawnagle, G. Berkley Shawovitch, and Barclay G. Shawinsky. In the background may be seen the newly completed Chem. Lab. Originally the Committee had planned to hold the social function here, but it was considered unwise, as no precedent for such a thing has ever been established at Trinity College.

Story on Page Four

# WHY WAR? - BUY AMERICAN!



# Trinity College

Hartford, Conn.

"Which May had painted  
with his softe showers  
This garden full of leaves  
and flowers."

Chaucer, *The  
Frankleyn's Tale.*

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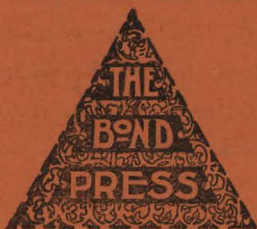
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# GOOD OLD LUFFY BACK

Early last Wednesday morning Prof. Q. Roxsall Luffingwell, D. D., S. S. B., T. B., returned to Hartford after an extended archeological expedition. Members of the Trinity faculty, notables including Governor Cross, Rocco Pallotti, and Mrs. Ledwith, and eager enthusiasts thronged the station platform. From his special fossil-trimmed box car the notable professor disembarked and was greeted with deafening cheers, ticker tape, old shoes, and vegetables. Loud cries of "Speech! Speech."

"I'm, well, sure glad to be back here," he began, when the tumult had quieted. "Just four months ago I left you all here on this same station platform. And what a send-off that was you gave me! It took me four days to get over the hangover." The professor chuckled at the pleasant memory.

"Well, let's see now—we left the train at New Britain, and there a great gang of Red-caps from Grand Central met us for our safari. Altogether, there were in our expedition—um? Let me think. Thirty-five porters, or was it thirty-six? Ten gun-bearers, three or four guides, and these sixteen charming young girls from the Chester Hale Chorus." He pointed proudly at the latter. They



PROF. LUFFINGWELL RETURNS

tittered in response.

"We soon found ourselves in the wilds and sagebrush of the Connecticut Valley. After, er, several weeks of forging through desert country we came to the jungles of Ubangi-Uwanga land. You all probably know of the savage tribe that makes its dwelling there amid the swamps. A cannibalistic race known as Communists whose low intelligence makes them the, uh, least human of all human races. They live on fish, rice, and boiled copies of "The New Masses." Their chief occupation lies in hunting of capitalists, which they pursue with blow guns, threats, and long stupid speeches."

"After—let's see now? Was it six weeks or five? I guess it was after six weeks of toiling through undergrowth and clearing paths in the all but impenetrable jungles the goal of our expedition loomed up ahead. The deserted village of Meriden, reputed rich in fossils, and never before attained by man—" Wild applause interrupted him.

"I cannot go into length as to my excavations in the time I was en-

## PITCHES THRU WILLIAMS NINE

The Trinity baseball team defeated Williams 3-0 in a tight game at Williamstown, Wednesday, May 8. Ray Patton gave the best exhibition of pitching seen on the Williams diamond this season.

camped there. Let it suffice for me to mention a few of my prize fossils. Here, Baumeero—fetch me—" One of his porters trotted over to him, received whispered instructions, and vanished into the box car. He returned with a large package.

"Friends," he resumed, rustling off great sheafs of paper wrapping, "may I, er, present to you the summus excellentissimus of my excavations before the Smithsonian gets it?" He held up the thing and beamed.

"A fossilized vacuum cleaner, vintage 1908, dug up under the Elks Lodge in Meriden. A rare old find indeed."

The crowd gaped astonishment. He went on to produce a ticket to the World's Fair of '96, the fossil of a man shot by his wife during the Stone Ages for trumping her ace in a game of Ghoite (known now as bridge); parts of a very ancient campaign speech of William J. Bryan; a large ribbon bearing the inscription, "Miss Meriden, 1888"; and two completely fossilized swiss cheeses on rye, well done (with coffee).

Suddenly the professor dragged out his mammoth gold watch and remarked he was late for his 8.30 at Collège. He waved a cheerie goodbye to all and ran scampering off toward Broad Street amid deafening cheers and followed by his dancing girls and retinue.

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## WESLEYAN WINS IN 9TH

Trinity scored one run in the seventh inning, Wesleyan scored two in the ninth, to chalk up a losing score for the Blue and Gold in the baseball game last week. Patton pitched his usual good game.

## Sportlights

By O. U. Nasstiman, '36.

Coach "Black Fury" Casper has just announced that Spring practice will commence early next week in bomb-throwing. He wishes to make the following brief statement for publication in this column: "De boys is gonna have to be in shape quick if dis yere Colt Strike lasts much longer, and anyway, we got some o'de nutsiest new hand-grenades. Dey represent a revolutionary step in bomb manufacturing. None of your big black babies wit fuses. No-sirree-bob, d'ese are de real McCoy—latest streamlined models. And will dey blow up? Uuummmm-Uuumhh!"

\* \*

One house on the campus reports four cases of the popular disease "armus glasseris". Reaching for butter balls was said to be the immediate cause of the malady's invasion.

\* \*

Cribbage.

\* \*

Professor "Gus" Kleene is known to have sponsored the last potato-racing meet on Epsom Downs back in the fall of '86. "Lyonnaised potatoes", mused Gus sadly, "were ruled out, but we all stood strong for mashies and French-frys."

Gus and Phil went up the hill To get some Ecce flashes. They slipped on the pavement, Phil broke his engagement, And Gus cut two of his classes.

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## WALES IN AIR FOR TRINITY

Thirty-five hundred spectators witnessed the first Intercollegiate Air Meet at Northampton, Saturday, May 11. Jim Wales flew for Trinity.

## TRIN ENTERS NEILTA MATCH

Captain Mowbray and Denisoff of the tennis team were eliminated in the second round of the N. E. I. L. T. A. championships held at Amherst this week. In the doubles, Mowbray and Stein reached the semi-finals.

## RAY SLAYS WORCESTER

Trinity's ball tossers ran their string of victories to six straight in taking Worcester Tech into camp 9 to 5 on the home field last Saturday. Ray Patton, with his relief hurling, and Bob O'Malley, with his hitting, were the individual stars.

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# LANIN TO PLAY AT BIG BRAWL

This evening at 9.30 o'clock the Senior Ball will be held. Following the usual custom of Trinity College to give a Senior Ball every May and as a last farewell token to those men about to graduate, the Faculty has once again stuck to tradition and sponsored a Senior Ball. And the Pink Slip wishes to thank the gentlemen of the Faculty wholeheartedly for their untiring efforts of the last few months and everything they have done to make this Ball for the Seniors a success.

For quite some time there was much debate as to where the Ball would be held. In past years it has alternated between Alumni Hall and Alumni Hall. Many suggestions were for a new site, and finally they all narrowed down to two places—the Cocoanut Grove of Nick's Diner, on New Britain Avenue, and the Marine Ballroom of the Florentine Grill, on Main Street.

The gentlemen of the Faculty could come to no decision between the two places. Finally Looie suggested a coin be flipped, and after much search one member was found with a coin. But the result of the toss was never known, for one of the gentlemen

dates. Palm trees, cactus plants, and sumac bushes will line the sides of the floor, and for a time it was hoped a weeping willow might be planted in the center. This, after some deliberation, was discarded as impractical. The floor itself will be painted in stripes of cream and baby blue, the College colors. Following the usual custom there will be individual booths for the various fraternities—these are being furnished very graciously by the New England Telephone Co.

For the 57th consecutive year Harry "Butch" Costello has been elected Chairman of this very exclusive function, and consequently will lead the Grand March, which takes place at 4 a. m. Though he has not as yet made public any announcement, it is generally rumored that his partner will be none other than the well-known Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

The music is to be furnished by Bu-Bu (Bu-Doop) Barret and his Kentucky Mountaineers. This orchestra has enjoyed nationwide popularity as a result of its two-year stretch at Sing Sing. Starting with the "Prisoner Song", the Mountaineers will include in their repertoire "Holy Night", "O Toreador" from



deftly snatched it out of mid-air and pocketed same. President O. B. Remby eventually gave vent to the fact that he thought the Marine Ballroom was far the better place and the matter was clinched. The Cocoanut Grove was immediately decided upon.

So much for the history. Decorations for the Grove are to be on a far more elaborate scale than has been attempted in the past. Special streamers will be hung the length of the ceiling, the generous donation of the Scott Company. Lamp shades in various colors will adorn the wall lamps, and the bulbs themselves will be painted black—partly for the benefit of those attending with blind

"Carmen", "A Bicycle Built for Two" from the Bronx Parkway Suite, a special arrangement of "Down in the Lehigh Valley" sung by the vocalist "Hot-Cha" Schuler, and others.

Special refreshments will be served some time during the evening by that genial host of the Cocoanut Grove, Count Nicolas Nicopopolopop. It is expected they will consist of hamburg tarts, herring cutlets, and java demi-tasse.

Owing to the immense proportions of the Cocoanut Grove, it is believed that this Senior Ball, sponsored by the gentlemen of the Faculty, will be the largest in the history of the college. As many as twelve couples can be comfortably accommodated.

Old Mother Huttard went to the cupboard

To get the poor freshmen a test.  
One year by mistook his own test he took

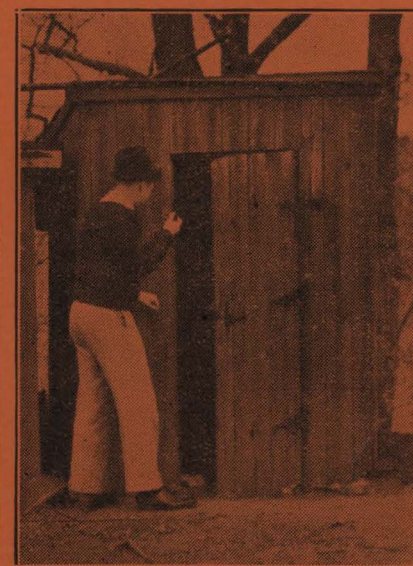
And flunked it along with the rest.

Hey nonny non, bang the old carillon!  
For Prexy gets worse every year.

The Chapel bells screamed to see him come,

And the students stuffed wool in each ear.

# GANGS FOILED IN ELECTIONS



HOUSE PARTY.

The College Body elections, held on Thursday, May 9, resulted as follows: For Senator: Oliver Carberry, John Geare, James Miller, Paul Henderson, John O'Brien, Desmond Crawford, Roger Motten, Thomas Cusick, and Joseph Sarcia. For College Marshal: Harrington Littell. For Secretary of the Athletic Association, Bruce Onderdonk.

## PREXY PRAISES FORMER PUPIL

Speaking in chapel Wednesday morning, May 8, President Ogilby lauded the late Senator Bronson Cutting, one-time pupil of his at Groton.

## Week End House Parties

**Alpha Delta Phi:** The Phi Kappa Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi is holding an extensive house party over the Senior Ball week-end. Starting with an informal dinner Friday to be followed by attendance at the Senior Ball by the various members and their guests, it runs through Sunday, on which day there is scheduled a picnic with canoeing at Camp Wopowog. On Saturday night arrangements have been made for a joint dinner-dance with Psi Upsilon, the dance being open to others by invitation. Mr. and Mrs. David M. Hadlow of West Hartford will be the chaperones for the week-end of a group of girls including the Misses Jeanette Birkett of Needham, Emily Bradstreet of Stratford, Betty Chapin of Springfield, Martha Duperron of Red Wing, Minnesota, Anna May Falck of New York, Edith Moore of Troy, Margaret Morrill of Newburyport, Mass., Caroline N. Neill of Manchester, Winifred Outerbridge of Bermuda, Eugenie Riley of Greenwich, Katherine S. Robertson of New York, and Doris Sehl of Wethersfield.

**Alpha Chi Rho:** The Alpha Chi Rho house party includes a formal dinner Friday night, and an informal radio dance on Saturday night, besides attendance at the Senior Ball. Guests for the week-end include: The Misses Minerva Clark of Arlington, New Jersey, Audrey Dion of Bristol, Thelma Geer of Springfield, Frances Gerster of Rye, Carol Howard of New York, Betty Jasper of Springfield, Helen Kone of West Hartford, Kay Kuris of Greenwich, Kathleen Ledford of Hartford, Mary Madden of West Hartford, and Margaret Pearce of West Hartford.

**Delta Kappa Epsilon:** The guests of the D. K. E. Fraternity for the Senior Ball week-end are: The Misses Eleanor Carberry of Rhinebeck, N. Y., Dorothy Ericson of Hartford, Jessie

Ann Foley of St. Paul, Minn., Leonore Gibson of Wellesley Hills, Mass., Katherine Griswold of Wethersfield, Vera Hermance of Yonkers, N. Y., and Barbara and Phoebe Woodhouse of Wethersfield.

**Delta Phi:** Delta Phi, which fraternity is planning to have a dinner Friday night, will have as its guests for the week-end: The Misses Betty Adams of West Hartford, Rita Foster of New York, Helen Hassley of Hartford, Muriel Kelley of Wellesley, Virginia Peterson of West Hartford, Patricia Pierce of Northampton, and Lucia Wittmeyer of New York.

**Psi Upsilon:** The Beta Beta Chapter of Psi Upsilon is planning an elaborate house party, starting with a dinner Friday night and ending after the noon meal Sunday. Guests at the Fraternity house for the week-end include: The Misses Jean Brettman of Forest Hills, L. I., Catherine Clark of West Haven, Lucette Colvin of Greenwich, Elaine Drake of Greenwich, Mary Duprey of Worcester, Joan Matthews of Lenox, Mass., Fredricka McKaig of West Hartford, and Anne and Jean Whaples of Farmington.

**Delta Psi:** The guests of the Delta Psi Fraternity for the Senior Ball week-end include: The Misses Grace Smith of Hartford, Lois Weeks of Brookline, Mass., and Helen Whitman of Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

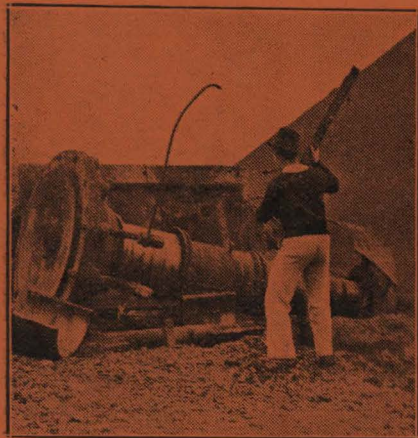
If all the stones in the chapel were taken down, and laid end to end on the campus, the trustees would be plenty gripped.

Item—In Leavenworth Penitentiary, there are 10.68 Trinity graduates for every 100 inmates. Isn't that some record, though, fellows?



# PREX MURDERED

President Hemingway Olgethorpe of Trinity College has met an untimely fate. This world-renowned bell-ringer was found dead last evening, just after he had played several selections on the bells, his hand still lingering on the keyboard. But justice has been done, and the fiend has been found. For an atrocious crime, the taking of a human life, a human life will be paid.



LAST PHOTO OF PREXY  
AT CARILLON.

President Oglethorpe arose yesterday morning about 11.30. He spent a few moments in the customary winding of his alarm clock, filled his pipe, bid goodbye to his wife and children, and set off for school. Little did he know that he was bidding them goodbye, never more to see them.

Having arrived at school in time for lunch, President Oglethorpe went to the dining hall, where he had some guests.

"It is amazing," he was saying, "how much more devout the students of the college become just at this time of year. We are having eight services a day now, and still they can't seem to have enough of them."

These words were the last he ever spoke alive.



INSPECTOR HOOD.

## Fiend Apprehended.

Shortly after the murder of President Hemingway Oglethorpe late last evening, Inspector Hood of Scotland Yard went to work on the case. Inspector Hood happened to be visiting

in the neighborhood, and being an old friend of Oglethorpe's expressed a desire to work on the case. When notified of the murder, he paused for a moment, lit his pipe, and stated that he would go to the tavern over the rocks for a beer.

"But beer, at a time like this? There's work to be done," said a student.

Inspector Hood lit his pipe, and said calmly: "Beer invigorates the mind. Come!"

Once in the Satchel Tavern things seemed to be a little easier for the Inspector. The Satchel was deserted, save for a small man and a pretty woman, at the next table. They were conversing. Their conversation, remembered by the student, was as follows:

"I so much enjoyed your vesper service last night," the girl was saying. "I could listen to the carillon all day, couldn't you?"

"As a matter of fact," the dark gentleman said, "I do."

After this the dark man growled somewhat and said to the girl: "Bells! Bells! Bells! I had to put an end to it! I had to kill him. He was a nice man, but I had to kill him!"

The student looked at Inspector Hood, but the great detective's face was calm as he lit his pipe.

"Inspector," said the student, "there's our man. He killed Oglethorpe."

"How do you know?" said the Inspector, lighting his pipe.

"He just said so."

"Appearances are very often deceiving," answered the Inspector. "We should look for a clue." With that, he rose, and went over to the man's table.

"Did you murder Oglethorpe?" asked the Inspector.

"Yes," sobbed the little man. "I couldn't stand it any longer. Those bells drove me mad. I tried to bear up under it, but it got me yesterday. I counted nine dissonant trills, and then I went up to the bell-tower, shot him, tied a rope around his neck, stabbed him in the back, and then gagged him. And then there was quiet. It was heavenly."

"I know just how you feel," said Inspector Hood, laying his hand on the fiend's shoulder.

## Fiend Sentenced.

While a tense crowd thronged the courthouse awaiting the verdict in the trial of Igor Stanislaus, confessed slayer of President B. Remington Oglethorpe of Trinity College, a group of students were planning to build a memorial to him on the campus, with the message on it "The Man Who Silenced the Bells."

Inside the courtroom, all was tense. Mrs. Stanislaus, courageously smiling through her tears, wore a kitten gray burlap suit, with sleeves of ruffled beige taffeta. She accepted a few cigarette endorsement offers before the trial began. Inspector Hood, who was in the courtroom, looked quite



## Guilty?

calm and unaffected, modestly lighting his pipe in spite of the fact that he had solved one of the greatest and most spectacular murders in several years.

The jury were quickly sworn in, and the trial began. Igor, dressed in a dark blue serge suit with Talon fasteners, was called to the stand. The attorney for the defense went up to the stand. The attorney for the prosecution, Dr. Waysand Means, had forgotten to come. "This thing can be worked out syllogistically," he had been heard to declare.

The attorney for the defense came to the stand. Igor was studying, but put his book down as the attorney approached.

Q. What are you standing for?

A. I have a quiz tomorrow.

Q. Don't you know you are on trial for your life?

A. Yes.

Q. Why did you murder President Oglethorpe?

A. Did you ever hear him play "Men of Harlech?"

The attorney for the defense retired, and the jury went out. They were out forty seconds. They came back, and returned a verdict of suicide.



HE DRIVES A DUESENBERG.

(Adv.)

## THE BALLAD OF JARVIS JAKE

(With apologies to the guy who wrote the "Ballad of Shark-tooth Shoal.")

Now Trinity is a wild Country  
And it raises a reckless race  
From Jarvis old and Northam cold  
To the wilds of Max's place.  
But of all those in this den of sin,  
And the hardest of all to make,  
Was a man of ill fame who went by  
the name  
Now famous, "Jarvis Jake."  
Tho' no one knew, they swore 'twas true  
That Jake was the cast-off spawn  
Of a Chapel Bell and a Hound of Hell  
And was born in the new moon's dawn.  
In his younger days he had lovely ways,  
But then he grew rough and uncouth,  
And he cast a smirch on the Episcopal Church  
By betraying a girl named Ruth.  
So he drifted away from his home one day  
And he landed in Trinity;  
In the gin-glazed gloom of his Jarvis room  
He lived in iniquity.  
In the winter's dark he would keep the spark  
Of his life alight with gin,  
And over the Rocks he would sneak for blocks  
To seek some secret sin.  
He was threading his way back home one day  
From the Bond and its Armstrong Heaters.  
He had had his fill of the bartender's swill  
And of leering at Peggy Peters.  
He steered the beat of his drunken feet  
Up Vernon past the gym,  
And he silently swore at the Chapel door  
And whistled a ribald hymn.  
Then he rubbed his eyes for to his surprise  
In the shade of the Bishop's Grace,  
There lay a maid as her form portrayed  
With a blanket over her face.  
He loosed her bands with his clumsy hands,  
And he rubbed her knees with gin;  
Then he took from its place the robe o'er her face  
And revealed his Original Sin.  
Then he took her down to the middle of town  
And he sold her to Roaring Mike  
For a collie dog and a hot egg nog  
A silver fizz and the like.  
Now ruthless Ruth is a maid uncouth;  
And her lips are painted bright,  
As she bares her soul in the Nine-teenth-Hole  
In the floor show every night.  
And Jarvis Jake the reckless rake  
Collects most all her pay.  
So full of gin and steeped in sin,  
He lives his life away.

## IVY TO APPEAR SOON.

Due to difficulty with the printing of THE 1938 IVY, the book will not be delivered today as expected. Students may expect to receive their copies within a few days, however, which will be distributed at Sarcia's Barber Shop.



## SOME CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

In a gaily decorated enclosure 'neath the elms was set a fantastic table laden with fantastic tea things and surrounded by fantastic people. Alice timidly knocked on the gate. "Come in, come in," called the shock of grey hair which reminded Alice of a porcupine. On the table in front of it, bathed in a red light, was set a cage containing ferrets. "There's plenty of room."

"Room? Room?" cried an individual two seats down, "No! there's at least 50,000,000 people here!"

A high-C rose above the clamor, "How'do? Lovely morning."

A swarthy baldness growled out, "Can't you see it's not morning! Even an Australian bushman can see it's not morning. A fool I can stand, a damn fool I can stand, but—"

"I'm being very vague this morning—out late last night," murmured a dapper person consuming three cigarettes before its tail could shake a lamb twice. Alice passed along and responded to the flutter of a little finger and a cherry-ripe smile immersed in six-inch refracting lenses.

"A month wrong," sighed one addressed as Gus looking at his watch, "I told you Washington was born too soon." But attention was diverted by loud laughter surrounding the stem of a pungent pipe from behind which had just come its own joke.

The laughter was soon obscured by a new commotion. "Curioser and curioser," said Alice quite forgetting her English A. A stately old elm had suddenly run into a new Ford which had come "scientifically" at 50 m. p. h.



PERSONALITY

around a right angle corner. The corpse was hauled out of the wreckage and set upright with the admonition, "Mistol and S. T. 37. You're all right—go back to Bach."

"Too much centrifugal reaction," mumbled an absent-minded looking beard escorting Alice back to the table. The blonde Dormouse had fallen quite asleep and was being stuffed in to the tea pot—"Dr. Ogilby isn't in," it said in a hoarse feeble voice, "but could I take the message?" And it went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

## SCHLOSSBOIG?

A special exhibition is being held this week at the Schlossberg Memorial of the paintings of Eric Von Hooligan Wurtzel, famous fourteen-year-old Polish artist. Altogether 9,776 of his works are on display and represent various phases of modern life all the way from cleaning one's teeth to a trolley going backwards over Brooklyn Bridge (which has no trolley track). Only a few of them will be mentioned here as we're a little short of space in this issue.

As you enter the Memorial you are confronted on your left by a huge dark painting mounted in a terra cotta frame. Further, it appears to be upside down, and some writing may be observed on it. A ladder is provided for the visitors directly in front, which you must climb. Once on top you stand on your head and gaze at the painting. Imagine the disgust when you read the caption, "Fooled Again!"

In the next room hidden behind an old oil stove is what this reviewer considers Wurtzel's masterpiece. The title is "A Bowl of Mock Turtle Soup in E Flat." But don't let it mislead you—the title really has nothing at

all to do with it. Out of a maze of red, blue, and ochre circles, a man with a bushy red beard is observed. In the upper left corner is a small hand grenade. And nailed diagonally across the frame is an old baseball bat. The depth of feeling and repose when one views this work of art, second only to the "Sistine Madonna" is too great to be described adequately. The space charm, lovely blending of colors, coupled with the photo of the nude chorine pasted on the side of the canvas, all join to make this one a real treat.

Alongside of this is another very fine one of young Eric's. It is called, "Ten o'clock in A Czechoslovakian Chicken Coop." The whole motif is very, very dark—in fact it is black. At first when you look at it you see nothing at all. Then you look a little closer. Still you can't see anything. But keep on looking. Do you still see nothing? Probably, because there isn't anything there.

Others especially worth seeing are "The Gnurrh Gatherers", "The Belgian Hare Lip", "A Bucket of Blue Steam", and "September Morn in July."

## WHY WEAR A TRUSS?



### BOOKS YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS.

(Books You Can't Afford to Buy.)

Little Man, Die Now, by Don Dos Gasstove. Publisher, Cottonlipp.

Bedtime and the Riveter, by Bombast Wolfe. Publisher, Scribblers.

The Forty Dogs that Must Obey, by Albert Payson Werfhune. Publisher, Hiking.

Try and Get It, by Ina Fervor. Publisher, Harpies.

Goodbye, Blister-lips, by James Jiltin'. Publisher, Makemillion.

Point Pointer Point, by Count Hucker. Publisher, Max Press.

Remembrance of Things Proust, by Myswell Past. Publisher, Gaston.

The Wool Worth, by Hurl Muck. Publisher, Tossitt and Dewlap.

You and Me and the Mounty, by Sawedoff and Small. Publisher, L. B. Jug.

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## COUNCIL PICKS NEW OFFICERS

At the last meeting of the Interfraternity Council, held Thursday night, May 9, the following were elected to offices: Professor Hutt, Chairman; Philip Spelman, Secretary; James Miller, Treasurer.

## TRIN SINGERS ASSIST SMITH

The Trinity Glee Club gave its last concert of the year in conjunction with the Smith Madrigal Chorus at Christ Church Cathedral on Tuesday, May 14.

## TECH TEAM DEFEATED

The Trinity tennis team defeated Worcester Tech 7-0 Saturday, May 11, at the Hartford Golf Club.

## ATHENAEUM DOWNS WES

The Athenaeum Society won a debate with Wesleyan over WTIC last Saturday. Trinity upheld the affirmative on the question, "Resolved, That the Constitution of the United States Should be Abolished."

*Course I'll  
join you*

JUSTICE of the PEACE

*—it's a great  
cigarette*





**The Trinity Tripod**  
Special Edition

# PINK SLIP

TRINITY COLLEGE, Hartford, Conn.

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The columns of THE TRINITY TRIPOD are at all times open to alumni, undergraduates, and others for the free discussion of matters of interest to Trinity men.

FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1935

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## RAGGED INDIVIDUALISM !

*We are Americans! We aren't Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Russian Pheasants, Coolies, or Bushmen. We are Americans!*

*This means something to us! Americanism is our birth-right. We are the only people in the world with this birthright!*

*We have a big country! In it there are 122,000,000 persons with the highest standard of living in the world. Think of it! Go ahead. Think of it. Some fun, eh? Wotta land!*

*"We are in the throes of a depression."*

*Are we in the throes of a depression? Nonsense! Balderdash! Phooey! Look around you. Do you see a depression? Ha, ha! Of course not! Look in your pantry. Do you see any food? Ha, ha! Of course not! That's a trick, too.*

*We Americans have temperaments that demand variety. That's why we get these depression illusions. But we always get over them. We'll get over this one. How? Simple—our temperaments demand variety.*

*Heads up, Americans! The British, the French, the Germans, the Russians, and the Japs are coming! ! !*

## OF ALL THINGS!

*By gad, fellows, this sort of thing has got to stop—and stop right now!*

*When we first heard of it we were so gosh darn mad that we just didn't know what to do.*

*To think that college men are so darn childish and thoughtless as to do a thing like that leaves us speechless!*

*Of all the puerile, simple-minded things! Heck—that sort of spirit just won't get any of you anywhere, and it's about time you realized it!*

*Why don't you be men and get onto yourselves? Why don't you do something for this college once in a while, instead of against it?*

*Remember, it's your college—and if you don't like it, why don't you go back where you came from?*

*Yes, by gad, this has got to stop right now—this eating of peanuts in chapel!*

## Bird—Man—Beast ?

WALTER GINCHELL  
ON BROAD STREET



Found wandering around back of Cook Dormitory some time last week Thursday at 7.30 p.m., this thing persisted in glaring at us night and day (you are the one) and muttering from within his cage. Perhaps HE'S crazy!

Humphery Dumphery sat on the fence.

Humphery Dumphery was terrible dense.

All the world's problems rolled up in a lump

Could not make him decide which way he should jump.

Daddoo, Putty and Hood; Daddoo, Putty and Hood.

See how they shine; see how they shine.

They brush their nobbs with a dusting mop,

There's nothing left to come out on top,

Don't start to laugh, or you'll never stop,

Daddoo, Putty and Hood.

Through the keyhole: Certain members of the track team celebrated at the German Club dance last Friday night and did it show up in the performance against Conn. State on Saturday! Luckily the wall-flowers came through and won by a big margin for the dear old Blue and Gold . . . . The inside story on the big fight for free speech at Storrs is that the students there resented the well-meaning interference from the outside and were going to barricade the roads to prevent a mass meeting of New England students on their campus, until their Prexy and the school sheet prevailed upon their gentler natures . . . . The "Mystery House" on Vernon Street was the rendezvous in a shady love triangle, according to an ancient issue of our favorite rag, the Bridgeport Herald. The Dean knows the inside story of the intriguing mansion, but it's not for publication . . . . Your correspondent suggests a doctor in attendance at college dances so certain easily shocked people don't get the idea that too much giggle soup is being inhaled whenever somebody does a whoopsydaisy on the waxed floors . . . . The rumor is going the rounds that one of the fraternities is seriously considering changing its name to the Frank Merriwell House . . . . Dorothy Parker's quickie about the Yale Prom comes to mind.

A certain famous gentleman and a scion of one of our older families has been waging a bitter battle for the title of "Worst-dressed man in college." Reefed-in Harvard trousers and knobby house-dick shoes have been losing all winter to a khaki horse-blanket disguised as an overcoat. But our orchids go to the Harvard man's new coat, a brown affair complete with myriads of buttons, a belt, and even a triangular patch to button around the neck when we're having a Hartford nor'easter.

In the imposing formal list of those attending the dances at Smith last week a Trinity man showed the sterling democracy of our college. He was just plain Bill . . . of Trinity!