

The Trinity Tripod

SENIOR BALL ISSUE

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HARTFORD, CONN., MAY 13, 1941

Number 24

Photographic Finish

Left to right—Smith, Vassar and Radcliffe

Gallant Smith Eight Wins Colorful Hog River Regatta

Vassar and Radcliffe Threaten But Fall Short of Catching Northampton Mermaids

Friday, May 9—In one of the most startling upsets in the history of rowing, a lanky crew from Smith College outrowed a powerful Radcliffe eight and a strong Vassar boat on the choppy waters of the Hog River this afternoon. The Smithsonian maidens took an early lead after rounding the bend near the railroad station and won by a comfortable margin of two miles, as far as anyone can guess.

The regatta, which was one of the strangest and most exciting ever held within the confines of Bushnell Park, was arranged in order that Trinity's new crew might be tested against unexpected competition. Although the race itself was such a success that another has been planned as soon as the Hog River takes its place in Bushnell Conduit, Trinity was unable to compete. During a trial spin before the race, tall and handsome Fred Moor caught a crab of heroic proportions, and as a consequence, Coxswain Hasbrouk steered his boat into a sewer pipe.

The three-mile Hog River course started at the spot where Anthony Caviari, WPA enthusiast, buried his rock drill (in the vicinity of Capitol Avenue and Broad Street) after suffering acute indigestion from the consumption of Hog River bass. No one seemed to know where the finish line was located, although as the Vassar boat dropped over the dam near Asylum Street one of its oarswomen was heard to mutter, "This is the end!"

At exactly 2.15, the three starting
(Continued on page 2.)

Hollywood's Latest Musicales a Success

By Andrew G. Weeks

Current hit in Hartford and in hundreds of other large cities throughout the country is one of the most emotionally stirring musicales that have ever been presented on the screen. "Ziegfeld Girl", starring James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, Judy Garland, and Lana Turner and supported by an excellent group of minor stars including Tony Martin and Paul Kelly, has moved the hearts and fancies of thousands.

Gloriously scened, with magnificent stage settings and countless beautiful costumes, this latest musical combines brilliant acting, efficient direction and production, appealing presentation of several excellent song hits, strong drama and plot, and remarkable casting with an indescribable grandeur and emotional appeal. Rarely does
(Continued on page 2.)

Senior Ball and Jesters' Program Head Long List of May Weekend Festivities

JESTERS AT AVERY

Sheen Stars as Archbishop; Weekend Crowd to See Production Tonight

Friday, May 8—Last night the Trinity College Jesters, in collaboration with St. Joseph College, presented at the Avery Memorial Theatre, T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral." A large first-nighter crowd was present at this first performance which will run two nights. The production is under the direction of Professor Hembold of Trinity and stars Lewis B. Sheen as the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The cast of twenty-three consists of three priests, played by T. Tamoney, J. Tweedy, and H. Getz; four knights played by N. Hall, S. Knowles, F. Romaine, and J. Sweetser; a herald played by MacNerney; the Archbishop and a chorus of fourteen made up of girls from St. Joseph College.

The play is based on the historically famous murder of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, by the knights of King Henry the Second of England. Becket was born in London. He early entered one of the lower orders of the Church, but grew up in the service of the crown and was able to aid Henry in gaining the throne. Thereupon the king made him his chancellor. Becket proved an excellent minister and defended the king's interests even against the Church. It appeared to Henry that there could be no better head for the English clergy than his sagacious and worldly chancellor. In appointing Becket as Archbishop, Henry intended with Becket's aid to insure his own complete control of the Church. Becket, however, immediately resigned his chancellorship, gave up his gay life, and opposed every effort of the king to reduce the independence of the
(Continued on page 2.)

Scattered Archeological Records Show College's Scandalous Prehistoric Past

The history of Trinity begins with the origin of man. Archeological investigation shows that the Trinity man originated in the Triassic Period and was alleged to be a fraternity brother of the Piltdown man. Both were collateral descendants of Adam, from whom Dr. Adams derives his family name. Pre-historic records are scarce because a little to the west of the campus on the spot where Mrs. Joe's now is, stood an artesian well whose flow dissolved all evidence of those who drank from its source.

More substantial evidence of Trinity's existence is found in a strata thirty feet deep in the library stacks. Although the linguistics department has not deciphered this material, it has been established that the men who made up the earliest undergraduate classes were for the most part grinds, whose language was a jargon of Latin and English A. Trinity was first located on a site later confiscated by the State for its Capitol and the college was moved to Gallows Hill, the public execution place. Several years later this gory sport was supplanted by football, which was considered more "cricket."



Trinity College Jesters in an informal pose

THE SOCIAL SET

By "Stork Club" Teddy

A Warning—Beware, oh visiting damsels, for half the lads in college are looking for wives and some have already found their ideals: beware, visiting lassies, that you are not swept off your feet by our local Lotharios who will cut in with a Dun and Broadstreet in one hand and a marriage license in the other.

Don't look now, but 'tis rumored that there is a formidable lad and lover who inhabits Woodward Hall, makes a lot of noise, curses in Italian, and tells Casanovian tales with a Bronx twang. Look to your laurels, Mr. Zacchariah will be around!

We hear say that there were a couple of Trinity stagedoor Johnnies during the local run of "The Vanities"; it's certainly a shame that Earl Carroll's girls were only here for a week or Trinity might have taken the show
(Continued on page 3.)

Weekend Headliners



BOB CHESTER

Trinity Professor Clutches Destiny of Universe, Drops It

Novel "Subtankius Vegetarius" Claimed Tough on Beetles, Nazis and Imagination

By Johnny Ondespot, '75

It is being noised around in the highways and byways of our fair campus that an invention of momentous import is being built by a Trinity professor (whose name we shall not mention because of the long arm of the Fifth Column) and will be presented to the government at an early date.

This invention, it is said, will revolutionize modern warfare and will make the Nazi War Machine look like a Model T Ford with a bad case of the hiccups. When interviewed about his invention, this Trinity professor said (quote): It's terrific (unquote). The invention is, as we understand it, a combination corkscrew, bottle-opener, tank, "Big Bertha," vegetable garden and submarine. In order to give a better picture of this "Nasty-Destructor," as it has been so aptly named, we will let the inventor speak for himself. Professor:

"Tank you und good afternoon, ladeez and gentle. 'De Trin Tripe' has to me been so very kind in allowing me to spik to yoo. Dis invention dat I haf invented weel refo—refolu—weel change the methods of war used by de Nasties at de present time. Tank you."

Oh no, thank you, professor. The professor seems a trifle discombobulated by the sight of so many upturned pans, so we weel—excuse us—we will try to explain the workings of this truly remarkable machine. In the first place, have you ever seen an asparagus patch moving over the ground at a mad, breakneck pace? No? Neither had we till one day we rounded Boardman Hall, whistling gaily to ourselves—and there was the professor. Was he mowing the grass? No. Was he reclining on the ground playing the pipes of Pan? No. No, there he was running madly being chased by this galloping embryo vegetable soup. Running madly and every now and then turning to throw a shout of defiance over his shoulder. Stunned, we stood watching a moment and
(Continued on page 4.)

Hundreds of Prom Guests Await Opening Strains of Chester's Music

BEWARE OF WOLVES!

Librarian Discovers Crumbling Record of Dance Presented One Hundred Years Ago

Friday, May 9—At ten o'clock this evening a great flood of Trinity men and their guests will drag out the customary paraphernalia of La Danse—corsages, dinner coats, bustles and fancy hair-do's and strut them at the Hartford Club for the benefit of the Club's staff. Bob Chester and his band will fill the ballroom with alluring strains of sweet swing. The faculty will be present en masse. Even Wilbur would be there—if he could. But back at the College he will be doing his best, examining door knobs for fingerprints and adding now and then a little bit of Lindy Hop or Conga.

At three o'clock the music will cease and a line three miles long will form before the cloakroom. There will be cases of mistaken identity, an epidemic of hat trouble, coat trouble, scarf trouble, "May I borrow a cigarette and light" trouble, and, worst of all, feet trouble. The clever newspaper photographer who has managed to get into the dance by disguising his camera in a French horn will insert his last flash bulb and smile sweetly as some lovely creature brushes past him.

The scene will be a pleasant one, and looking on from the sidelines, Dr. Ogilby will marvel, "It's just as though things had always been this way."

But, Dr. Ogilby, may we remind you, Trinity dances have not always been thus. There was a time when the Senior Ball was held in the Old Gymnasium (before the roof was burned off for the seventh time), and also for further proof, we print the following article, describing the Senior Ball of one hundred years ago, which was found among the stacks on Dr. Adams' desk and happens to be unique. We treasure it!

May, 1841—Last evening forty seniors of Washington College (later
(Continued on page 3.)

Blue and Gold Crew Races at Cambridge

"They're off" will be the cry on the Charles River at Cambridge this Saturday as Trinity's plucky crew races the junior varsity boat of M. I. T. Coach John Bradin will be shouting his encouragement to Trinity in an attempt to make the official debut of this worthy sport an auspicious occasion. This is the first of three races which the Hilltoppers plan to row within eight days.

On Wednesday, May 14, the team will race against the Springfield number one crew at Springfield. The result of one Springfield match is known. Dartmouth defeated them by three lengths. The Trinity crew's third and last scheduled race follows on Saturday, May 17, at Hanover against the Dartmouth first crew. Dartmouth has a slight edge in ex-
(Continued on page 4.)

Trinity's Attempt at Nine in Row Foiled by Wes Cards

Hilltop Winning Streak Broken As Kay Homers for Wesleyan With Bases Loaded in 9th

Tuesday, May 6—The law of averages caught up with Trinity's fast-moving baseball team today, and it lost its second game of the season to a fairly strong Wesleyan nine, by an 8-4 count. This defeat terminated Trinity's impressive victory streak at eight in a row.

On the hill for Trinity seeking victory number four, was Frank Steers, and he might have attained his goal if his support in the field had been a bit tighter. Both teams scored unearned runs in the first inning due to the coöperation of the opposing third sacker. Deed Harris was safe on the same kind of an error he had committed in the Wesleyan half of the inning, to tie up the contest.

The score stayed that way till the sixth, when the Cardinals pushed over three cheap runs, after two were out, on fielding lapses by Steers and Beidler, intermingled with two base-bits. After Slitt and Johnson hit safely, Steers made a poor throw on Losee's dribbler in front of the plate, and one run scored. He got into a tighter jam by walking Northrup, and Beidler threw Kay's bounder away after making a fine stop. Trinity got one back in their half, on the Wesleyan catcher's error on Bob Madama's strikeout, and Deed Harris's well-hit grounder to the right side.

By playing its best ball, Trinity managed to tie up the game for the last time in the eight. After two men were retired, Viering walked. O'Malley, the new first baseman, reached base on Palumbo's bobble, and Jack Fay on Zaiser's error; but the initial sacker made a fine recovery and apparently had Viering thrown out at the plate by a good margin. However, Don sailed right into the catcher, causing him to drop the ball and lose all interest in the game. O'Malley scored right on Viering's heels.

Trinity apparently was back in the game, but two walks, a hit, and Kay's terrific home-run blast to right center field dashed Trinity's hopes of continuing in their winning ways.

Though he did show a letdown in places, Joe Beidler's great throwing arm had the spectators gasping.

Meanwhile, down at Middletown, the Freshmen lost a tough game to the Wesleyan Frosh in ten innings, by 3-2. Dubovick got a homer for Trinity.

Gallant Smith Crew Wins Hog River Race

(Continued from page 1.)

eights lined up, while river craft hugged the bank and tooted horns and friends waved gaily. The legislature, assembled on the Capitol grounds with cigars and pipes, gazed in mute admiration. Suddenly the discord of factory whistles rent the air, and the race was on.

Radcliffe's shell shot from its mooring. Vassar was second and Smith third. They rowed in this order for some twenty or thirty strokes. Then Smith's lovely stroke, a Miss Franny Dwyer, caught sight of an admirer on the bank. "Johnny!" she screamed. But Johnny had disappeared, leaving in his wake a trail of ham and cheese sandwiches and a slip of paper reading, "College Union, Keep this place clean—please." But Stroke Dwyer had seen enough, and she sent the stroke streaking up to a screaming 24.

Near the bridge at Main Street, Vassar began a game sprint, then at the last minute the bow oar caught a mass of fishing tackle, and lost everything before a substitute was rushed out from shore. And then before her opponents could lift another oar, Smith streaked over the finish line, the winner. The eight victorious oars, exhausted and panting, jumped from their boat into two feet of water and swam to the shore mid the delighted screams of the May weekend crowd.

PERFECT COUPLE



GUESS WHO!

Hollywood's Latest Musicale a Success

(Continued from page 1.)

Hollywood produce a picture which ties all these qualities together in one pictorial bundle.

Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner and Judy Garland are among a group of girls who have been selected to perform in the Ziegfeld Follies. Stage manager Paul Kelly warns them of the many pitfalls which they will encounter during their employment. He encourages them, tells them never to veer from the steady, often tiresome path on which they have set foot. Those who falter are lost; those who keep going will succeed gloriously. The plot moves along at a moderate pace, depicting the girls' progress. Lamarr and Garland manage to keep up with it. Turner, torn between her deep love for truck driver Stewart and the glories, riches, and parties offered her by wealthy admirers, stumbles and slackens. Meanwhile Stewart, despairing of their simple love before Lana reached stardom, joins a group of smugglers to earn more money. Both of them allow themselves to lose control of their morals and sense of decency. Finally Lana, in a drunken stupor, falls from a high staircase while on stage and is seriously injured. Stewart returns, and they find happiness with one another again and plan to marry and live in the country. However, on the following night, at the new opening of the Follies starring Judy Garland, Lana tries to return to the theater and dies while recalling one of her greatest theatrical scenes. Stewart arrives in time to see her die, and the story ends in glorious tragedy.

Never before has Lana Turner performed so superbly. This picture serves to show that she may some day become one of the screen's outstanding actresses. Relief from the emotional pathos of the plot itself was some good humor provided by several members of the supporting cast.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight pairs of husky arms fell around the referee's neck. Eight large, watery kisses landed one after another upon his dripping face until he resembled a Hollywood version of "Captain Blood."

"Foul, foul!" shouted the Radcliffe and Vassar oarswomen.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the referee. And as the crowd was dispersing, he was noticed speeding away in his new Chevrolet in search of a blind date for the Senior Ball.

INTRA-MURAL SINGING

Trinity will hold its annual Inter-fraternity Singing Contest at 7.30 o'clock next Sunday evening, May 18. This year the singing will be conducted beneath the elms on the campus. It is hoped that all the fraternities and some of the neutral groups will see fit to give this event their full support, that it may become an important part of the College curriculum.

San Carlo Opera Company Presents "Il Trovatore"

Bushnell Performance Imparts Very Favorable Impression Upon Its Reviewer

By Ethan Ayer
Cast:

Leonora, lady in waiting to a princess of Aragon, Mobley Lushanya.

Azucena, Biscayan gypsy woman, Marie Powers.

Inez, confidante of Leonora, Dorothy Dickson.

Manrico, chieftain under Prince of Biscay, Harold Lindi.

Count di Luna, young noble of Aragon, Mostyn Thomas.

Ferrando, di Luna's captain of the guard, Harold Kravitt.

Ruiz, in Manrico's service, Francesco Curci.

A Gypsy, Fausto Bozza.

The San Carlo Opera Company presented Verdi's "Il Trovatore" at the Bushnell last night at 8.15 o'clock.

I missed the first act of last night's opera and, judging from the rest of the performance, did not miss the best singing. For Marie Powers as Azucena and Mostyn Thomas as the Count di Luna are more featured in the succeeding acts than in the first. Miss Powers sang her scene in di Luna's prison camp particularly well and with this and some lovely soft singing in the Prison Scene atoned for her effective but somewhat coarse singing of the second act. Her acting was well up to that of Bruna Castagna in the Metropolitan production.

Mostyn Thomas, the Count di Luna, became more dramatic and more sonorous as the evening progressed and distinguished himself in the rapid duet with Leonora that closes the scene outside Manrico's prison. He has a strong, fine voice which with a little more subtle manipulating would make his pronouncements more effective.

Mr. Harold Lindi (the last time I heard him he was Arrollo Lindi) was rather mild in his scene in the Gypsy camp, but summoned up a good deal of alternating vocal suavity and bombast for the love scene with Leonora at the end of "Di Quella Pira." He threw a not particularly engaging high note at the heads of the audience who didn't quite appreciate it as his attitude seemed to indicate. The prison scene found him at his best—which is good.

Mobley Lushanya as Leonora distinguished herself in the Miserere Scene—a very good Miserere Scene—and her first scene with Manrico. Her opening aria in the Miserere Scene was rather dexterous shrieking. She is tall and a dignified actress.

The orchestra played an adequate accompaniment to the singing, and Carlo Peroni conducted the proceedings vigorously with the aid of a poor chorus and better-than-average settings, the best of which was the Castle of Castellor.

The performance was well directed and its effects mitigated by a small chorus which, however, made up an effective, with Mr. Lindi's unconventional gesturing, climax to the militant ending of Manrico's scene with Leonora in the castle.

Wesleyan, Hamilton Oppose Track Team

On Saturday, May 17, at Clinton, New York, the Trinity Varsity Track team will compete in its only triangular meet of the year when it meets Wesleyan University and Hamilton College.

Coach Oosting has announced that Friday afternoon of the 16th a bus carrying both the Wesleyan and Trinity men will leave Hartford and return some time Sunday afternoon. Each college will be taking only fifteen competitors on that trip, so lively competition is expected in most events during this next week. Dave Cunningham will try again to break the college record of 12 feet 1¼ inches in the pole-vault, and Jim Caffrey will have his next to last chance to break that elusive mile record for which he has been aiming so long.

The Trinity Tripod

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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.

TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1941



MENTAL MIX UPS

Max "Betty", sauntering into the office, and absent-mindedly filling out a scholarship blank instead of his draft papers!... "Wild Willy" Gavin letting all the air out of his Model "A's" tires, and then filling them right up again. Why? "The car rides better on fresh air!"—intellectual, aren't we?

AT JOE'S

Business minds, such as Crockett and Pillsbury, forming "Syndicates" to try to beat the pinball machines... O'Malley, practically weeping because Shera tilted the mechanism just when he had rung up six thousand, and on the third ball!... Tolles and Jacobs attempting to catch pigeons with their coats in Mrs. Joe's front yard... Clark trying to convince May and Grey that some one practically paid him to take his present car (not hard to believe, at that)... Mrs. Joe sporting a new spring hat—Joe looking rather surly.

AT THE UNION

Ryan and Fresher, using strong-arm methods, to get corsage orders for the Prom... "Norm" Hall trying to sell Jesters' tickets to every man

FROM AN IRATE GRAD

Voidberg, Ill.,

May 1, 1941.

To Trinity Tripod,

Gentlemen:

I am a graduate of Trinity College and I therefore deem it my right to demand the publication of this letter in your next edition.

College, say some of our wiser men, is an institution wherein the student should seek Wisdom; wise men are never wrong. But you adolescent intellectuals permit the magnificent pearls of learning to be forfeited as you wallow deeper and deeper in the maggoty mire of maudlin dissipation. Faugh!

Instead of diligent study you embryonic jelly fish prefer to float from Junior to Senior Prom, from Soph Hop to Frosh Flop, and between each of these orgies you devote your waking hours to the care and growth of puny stomach ulcers of which Bacchus would be ashamed. Undoubtedly that creature whom you are taking to the dance is a perfect marvel; she is quite able to wiggle through the dithyrambic discord of the Conga; she is a person of excellent character and all that sort of

and his brother... Small crowd discussing, and in no uncertain terms, what should be done with the Greek 4 course (Paddon being elected chairman of the group)... Carpenter, as usual, trying to sell someone something they don't like, don't want, and can't use.

**

ON THE ATHLETIC (?) FRONT

Charley (I swing thrice) Cook, chief heckler at the recent A. D.—Delta Psi baseball game—Brinkerhoff a close second... Crows and A.D.'s betting a half-keg on the outcome of their encounter for the league championship (too bad Knurek can't play)... Peck's professional way of yelling, "Yer Out!", netting him many jobs as umpire in the intra-murals—he loves it!... Joe Ink, doing more yelling than pitching in the recent Psi U-Sig Nu game. He won though.

**

SCHOLASTICALLY

"Brains" Bromberg and "Pulverizer" Peterson having a sob session over their Psychology marks—they only got "98's"! (poor, tortured characters)... Numerous Freshmen trying to find out what the easiest major is—we suggest Physics, Chemistry, or Math.

**

BRAINSTORM

The plural of mouse is mice, Why isn't the plural of spouse, spice?

**

IN CONCLUSION

Don't be too shocked at the Senior Prom tonight, if you see "Co-agitators" Heap and Van Wick running around writing feminine names on their tails. After all they haven't any space on their dance programs (Nobody ever uses the darn things anyhow.) This column thinks that maybe they're just jealous because they weren't in on that champagne dinner.

thing; but what intellectual stimulation is to be gained from your anthropological opposite? She is incapable of intelligent conversation upon anything but Benny Goodman, or is it Glenn Miller? Even the most intelligent of your dates cannot tell anything about that simple mechanical miscarriage made by Mr. Ford.

Some brilliant once said that you can lead an ass to college but you can't make him think. Shall we, illustrious undergraduates of Trinity, prove him wrong? Think for a moment and for a change. Can you not see the uselessness of bringing a girl to Trinity for no other purpose than wasting time? So when she does arrive bid her a firm adieu and return at once to more worthy pursuits.

J. A. Woolpoll, '96.

JESTER PLAY

(Continued from page 1.)

Church.

If the size of the crowd may be considered as a judge of the production, then the play was a great success. Lewis Sheen was at his best as the Archbishop and the supporting cast was good.

Detective Slink Reappears on Scene; Raring Bloodhounds Ready for Work

NEW HIDEAWAY

Reporter Reaches Lair, Finds Master Sleuth In Cryptic Mood

By Felix White

Detective I. Slink, of Trinity College crime fame, had been in the background for several weeks prior to May 1 when your correspondent sought him out for an interview. He is still in the background. He resides in a den so carefully hidden away in the isolation of the city slums that radio waves cannot reach him, and it was only with the aid of the brain waves of my Christian Scientist guide that I could locate him.

When I entered his lodging, I found him seated midst a deep pile of cryptograms disguised as Yehudi's cousin, Yuheini, the pixy who holds one's pants up. As I seated myself opposite him on a pile of la pizza, he was hearing the last of the phonograph record, "Who Threw the Overhauls in Mrs. Murphey's Chowder?" "I knew it all the time!" he exclaimed as it was melodiously disclosed that the good wife had had them in the wash that day and had forgotten to take them out when she made the chowder. He was on the verge of playing "Who Threw the Mush in Grandpa's Whiskers" when he was startled by my entrance. Like a chameleon he changed color to blend with his surroundings. I wilted under his penetrating gaze. He offered me a palliative and, although I am normally totally abstemious, I accepted because this was a particular brand which I have never tried before. On the way down it was smooth like mineral oil. On the return trip it was like crushed razor blades dispersed in sheep-dip. He downed his without a grimace and then leaped to his feet.

"It worked!"

"What do you mean?" I croaked, clutching spasmodically at my burning throat.

"College students," he explained, "always react positively to that test. It was pure, simple, plain water." Then he fired away at me. "I'll wager that there has been a murder and you want me to solve it. Judging from your appearance the matter has internal complications." I was on the spot. I had to think of a murder. He was so keyed up that I couldn't let him down.

"Murder in the Cathedral," I spat out through my water-corroded bicusps.

"Whodunnit?"

"T. S. Eliot is suspected. Here is a clue," and I gave him a ticket to the Avery performance. He whistled softly and his three bloodhounds, Oxy, Hemo and Globin, bounded through a secret panel, sniffed the ticket and went bounding off with the super-sleuth soaring like a kite at the end of the triple leash.

College's History

(Continued from page 1.)

tendance requirements.

One institution that survived all others was the bring-your-own-date prom. (Previously the girls were



Ball Guests Await Bob Chester's Music

(Continued from page 1.)

named Trinity College) presented their annual Senior Ball Dance in Zak Brown's barn on the corner of Main and Asylum Streets. Uncle Dodo Martin, of harmonica fame, provided the music; the faculty provided the clapping and several ladies from Glastonbury (of glawackus fame) added the strutting. The barn was decorated in delightful fashion by the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who had lain beforehand with great care, tobacco leaves and corn cobs along the rafters. Several Indian maidens from a nearby tribe added wampum beads.

All in all, people thought it was a mighty fine gathering, especially seeing as how Uncle Zak's barn was used for so many other things. Uncle Dodo's harmonica tooting was right snappy, and we prophesy that he will soon be an up-and-coming musician. Apologies to Uncle Zak's neighbors for keeping them up so late and credit to the women folks for making such a proud showing. We're certainly apologetic that we stepped so hard on your corns, Mrs. Brown." And now for the Senior Ball!

Beauty Culture Academy, N. Y. C., May 7—Miss Ackney Dimple discovered a cosmetic for evening wear which stains a lurid red when it comes in contact with her date's after-shaving lotion (regardless of the brand). One practical advantage of this newly-discovered cosmetic is that chaperones need only function when they seed red.

chosen by the faculty from a list of select female academies.) Such popular tunes as "Juanita's Rhumba", "Hustle Your Bustle", and "The Lydia Pinkham Waltz" first had to be approved by the chapel organist.

Unfortunately the interim has been colorless, but a new era of Trinity's history will begin with this evening's ball, the 115th in a long series of gala extravaganzas.

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Psi U

Misses Jayne Gaillard, Skidmore; Toni Pinchot, New York City; Mary Mecklin, Skidmore; Mary Ann Reigel, Miss Porter's School; Catherine Lane, Smith; Peggy Brooks, St. Mary's Hall; Dorothy Somers, Derby; Ruth Ann Bryant, Bridgeport; Dorothy Finucare, Smith; Beverly McAller, Hamden; Pat Hoffman, Miss Porter's School; Meriam Hilla, Overbrook, Pa.; Betty Smith, Smith; Jean Bink, East Hartford; Audrey Toulmen, Smith; Carol Schmied, Smith; Joy Lester, Miss Porter's School; Doris Saugh, Andover, Mass.; and Osa Pearson, Cromwell.

Delta Phi

The Misses Dale McCarthy, Forest Hills, N. Y.; Grace Doolan, New Haven; Marjorie Gore, Old Greenwich; Emily Sanderson, Hartford; Doris Wendt, Utica, N. Y.; Marie Eaton, Collinsville; Mary Ahern, Hartford; Mary Barnes, Stamford; Pat von Schmid, Montclair, N. J.; Dorothy Langdon, Hartford; Betty Day, Hartford; Jeanne Platt, New Haven; Kay Hart, Stamford; Frances Vincent, Simsbury, and Lois Frances, Hartford.

Alpha Chi Rho

Misses Celia Ann Hughes, New Britain; Catherine Kinsella, St. Joseph; Elaine Sheridan, Hartford; Dorothea Keaton, West Hartford; Emaculatta Fiore, Harrison, N. Y.; Conni Grandage, Montclair, N. J.; Elinor Perry, West Hartford; Katherine Welsler, St. Joseph; Viola Woolfolk, Mt. Holyoke; Barbara Dryhurst, West Hartford; Patricia Maguire, Hartford; Terry West, Hartford; Patricia Austin, Fredonia State Normal; Virginia Welles, Hartford; Barbara McGarvey, Hartford; Alice Sheehan, St. Joseph; Barbara Vibert, South Windsor; Janet Ewens, Edgewood Park School, N. J.; Grace Kiendl, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mary Lynch, St. Joseph; Ann Schweir, South Windsor; Cynthia Sedgwick, West Hartford; Beatrice Orr, Pittman, N. J.; Marion Hanson, Leonio, N. J.; Carol

Walling, Connecticut College for Women; Virginia Olson, Hartford; Betsey Sampson, West Hartford; Shirley Johnson, Hartford; Barbara Stent, Hartford, and Mary Higginbough, Hartford.

Delta Psi

Misses Ruth Thibault, Ardmore Pa.; Margaret Fountain, New York City; Skippy Gill, Belmont, Mass.; Virginia Bogert, New York City; Virginia Ranney, of Weston, Mass.; Betty Browning, Tenafly, N. J.; Tudor Mlorsell, Washington, D. C.; Jean Flynn, Hartford; Hetty Bixby, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Mary Basten, Hartford; Barbara Van Wyck, New York City; Elizabeth Emmons, New York City; and Nancy Bernard, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Sigma Nu

Misses Frances Weirup, East Hartford; Ruth Simmons, Mt. Holyoke, Mass.; Ruth Hall, Audubon, N. J.; Norma Macbeth, Woodbury; Louise Bohlemann, Lakeville, Conn.; Mildred Carson, Middlebury College; Dorothy Warren, Forestville; Irene Matthews, Hartford; Barbara Brancherry, West Hartford; Jean Hammond, Sarah Lawrence; Kay Finch, Newington; Carol O'Keefe, Hartford; Mary Begley, Hartford; Veronica McKeon, Hartford; Estelle Breen, Hartford; Libby Travis, Connecticut College; Barbara Tillotson, Danbury; Unis Gledhill, New London; Mavis Ricker, Bristol; Jean Middleton, Hartford; Barbara Rood, Bridgeport; Marjorie Fee, Connecticut College; Eileen Nolan, Hartford; Clare Connor, Sarah Lawrence; and Jane Redding, Bloomfield.

Delta Kappa Epsilon

Misses Jane Hodgkins, Lynn, Mass.; Patricia Piel, Chicago; Christine Cromwell, Rye, N. Y.; Sally Traenor, Boston, Mass.; Minnie Wrightson, Montclair, N. J.; Elizabeth Derby, New York City; Fernando Wanamaker, Ventnor, Pa.; Kitty Clark, Holyoke, Mass.; Elizabeth Arthur, New York City; Shirley Wolcott, Hartford; Endora Handy, Long Meadow, Mass.; and Dorothy Callahan, Hartford.



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The Social Set

(Continued from page 1.)

over in a body... That Chetta Wode is on the trail of two of the world's most beautiful blondes, one of whom is the cause of the Cuhnel's latest smooth hair comb... That Mark Rainsford has two aerials on his car... That Bob Tolland likes Bettina Frazer down Farmington way... That Andy Baxter still can't figure out what must have happened when Anne Wright gave a luncheon for Joy Plummer at the Stork last Monday... That Toni Pinchot is Bill Arnold's weekend reason... That "Caruso" Ethan Ayer is still looking for a lovable operatic diva... That Rod Hall is cutting his hair short for Ruth Thibault... Not to mention what Jerry Boucher thinks of a girl by the name of Williams.

* *

Seen Around Bagdad—Larue seems to be a great Trinity hangout, and among others one may find imbibing the atmosphere are Bev Barstow and his one and only... Ted Conklin with Bobby Van Wyck looking mighty cute... Professor Wendell in a jolly frame of mind promising to omit all final exams... Incidentally, it's a shame your reporter is writing this column, or he could say where he has been... Al Whampole having a high time at the Capablanca... Some of the suaver Triniteers congaing for the Blue and Gold at the Morocco... Ole Pillsbury on Madison Avenue with a soulful eye on his arm, also Hugh Vanderbilt and the pride of Meriden, Connecticut... Johnny Peabody and his adored—Diana Lanier—at the Stork Club... Jess Sweetser and Liz Derby on the town... That Felix Arnsstein is going to New York this weekend. The fact that Sunday is Mothers' Day is only a coincidence.

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Trinity Professor Holds Destiny of Universe

(Continued from page 1.)

then casually and with a certain savoir faire sprinted after him. Together we raced over hill and down dale until he became a trifle travel-worn and paused for air.

"Professor," we said gasping, "Professor, why runnest thou like the hare of the meadow or the deer of the forest?" By this time the machine had caught up with us and was leaning in a corner, panting.

This machine was a strange-looking contraption, calculated to strike terror to the heart of even the hardest foe. It was very large, looking like a flower pot on wheels, bristling with guns and from every nook and cranny a different kind of plant or tree was growing. There were petunias, orchids, pansies, sturdy oaks and on the very top was a Christmas tree, complete even to Santa Claus and eight (or was it nine) prancing reindeer. A large corkscrew-like projection on the front of the whatsis was for the purpose, as the professor later

told us, "screwing the enemy out of whatever he might have."

Upon questioning the professor regarding his antics and his invention, we found that the machine not only fried eggs and traveled over all terrains, but that it also had the remarkable faculty of being able to travel long distances under water. At the present time, the professor explained, he was teaching the "sub-tankius-vegetarius" to chase running men and to reach a towering rage upon being insulted. The professor said he'd put a robot motor in it, and it was working remarkably well. When we asked the meaning of all the vegetation and especially of the Christmas tree, he said the flowers were for camouflage, and Saint Nick, the reindeer and the tree were for promoting Christmas spirit, thus making the enemy dance, sing and make merry. In this state, he said, they could be more easily captured.

Thereupon the professor bade us adieu, hopped into his steed and made off across country, leaving us to cogitate on the "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire" and "Fanny by Gaslight."

TRINITY CREW

(Continued from page 1.)

perience, having rowed for four or five years. At Springfield Coach Bradin's men will row in their own shell which they bought from Kent. Against Dartmouth and M. I. T., they will be furnished shells by their hosts. The M. I. T. shell which the Trinity team will use is known to be much lighter and faster than the one which they own. In all three of these races the Henley distance of 1 and 5-16 miles will probably be the distance rowed.

ERRATUM

To the Editor of the Tripod:

Allow me the privilege of clearing up a misapprehension due to an incorrect statement which inadvertently appeared in the Tripod. In your issue of April 22, there was a headline reading as follows: "Trinity and Wesleyan Plan Exchange of Students Because of the Draft." The article that followed was an account of a meeting of the Trustees of Trinity College on April 19, given out to your repre-

sentative by me. There was nothing in my statement to your reporter about the draft and there was nothing in the article he wrote which would justify the heading which appeared over it.

The Trustees of Trinity and Wesleyan have simultaneously voted to allow students of the other college to attend courses without the payment of fees. This action was not taken because of the draft, but is simply one more instance of friendly coöperation between these neighbor colleges. President McConaughy and I talked this matter over some months ago. What was uppermost in our minds was that at each college there are certain seminar courses, meeting perhaps once a week, which are in the upper reaches of a subject and are not duplicated at the other college. It was to enable Trinity and Wesleyan men to take advantage of such

offerings that the plan was put into effect.

In your number of April 29, a correspondent, signing himself, "Hopeful," seems to have interpreted the action of the authorities at Trinity and Wesleyan as an emergency measure forced upon us because of gaps in the ranks. We were not "shocked into doing good." President McConaughy and I were simply trying to make available to each other certain offerings of particular advantage to Seniors and Juniors.

R. B. Ogilby

(EDITOR'S NOTE—All responsibility to the above error belongs to the Editors. We are greatly pleased that this mistake has been corrected and we hope that Trinity and Wesleyan students will take full advantage of the opportunities offered them under this plan.)

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