

# The Trinity Tripe

## YETTA MUSK ARRIVES FROM OMSK

### Interview Discloses Yetta's Glorious Life

Miss Yetta Musk, the chanteuse whose services have been purchased for entertainment is an extremely famous figure in Anglo-Russian social and government circles.

During the depression years of the 1920's the parties given by the outstanding burlesque tsarina were described by Pravda as "Zenzationell Fonzions" and "Uwtztandink b (r) alls." She was, however, severely reprimanded on several occasions because of the fact that she served grinders and Dr. Pepper's Imported Champagne. She stated that she did this in an effort to "westernize the Russian outlook."

At the present time she is on extremely friendly terms with the current administration?? She has rubbed elbows with such men as Malik and Molotov. When asked if she was acquainted with Mr. Stalin she sighed in ecstasy and stated, "Zarov notk cribna ooh la la." When queried as to her political views she answered eloquently, "Don't bee subversive."

On being sent to interview Miss Musk, I was fairly elated, as I had heard that she was indeed the most beautiful woman to come from the "Land of the Pickled Herring." I was not disappointed on seeing her. She was obviously going to be hard to get hold of—to talk to, as she was surrounded by several professors in front of the Dean's Office who seemed to be setting her affairs in order. (Professor By B. Bassinette, of the Biology Department exclaimed, "Ooh, what affairs!")

Finally she came over to me and what a sight as she glided along the pavement with the O'Grady dawg barking at her heels.

"May I have a few words with you, Miss Musk?"

"That iss whad dey all say to me. Beeg Boy."

When queried as to her occupation she daintily lifted her skirt several inches to emphasize her very very very, etc.—legs and sighed, "I ahm a home—". Her voice dropped off at the end of the sentence and I couldn't tell whether that last word was maker or wrecker.

"Well, Miss Musk, how do you like the Trinity campus?"

"It iss very nice; you are fortunate to be the only small men's collich in a metropolitan district. Und Hartford iss soch a nice town, bott dere iss wanting lacking—a burlesque house. How do you boys get along without wan?"

"We don't. We exist miserably here. Nothing but beer at Joe's and extra-curricular women."

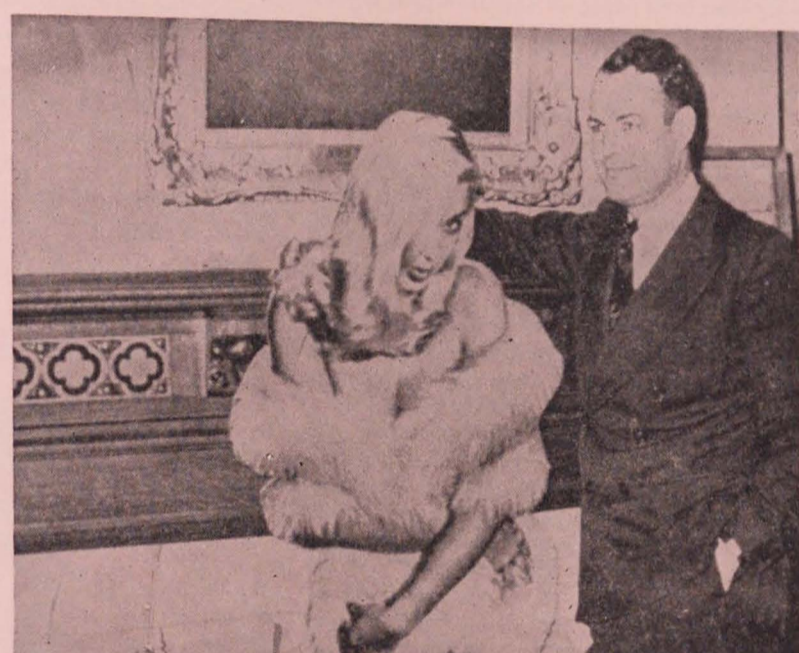
"Ahem, Yetta; if I may call you Yetta; are you doing anything after your performance tomorrow night?"

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### Baseballers Confess To Throwing 1 Game

The weekend games of Trinity's baseball team have been cancelled because several team members have accepted bribes to throw one of the games coming up later in May, it was revealed by the Hartford Police Department in the person of Chief Inspector of Baseball Fixes Harry Sol-lazzo.

### Funston with Babe



Mlle. Yetta Musk caught by the photographer in an academic discussion with President Funston. Note far-away look in G.K.'s eye. Note intellectual look of Yetta.

### Cooper First Found Burlesque Queen Flouting Feathers in Parisian Zoo

It has been largely through the efforts of Professor Cooper that Miss Yetta Musk has been invited to our campus for this gala celebration. It was Mr. Cooper who first brought Miss Musk to the attention of the Trustees to get her here and Mr. Cooper who managed to get her away from the Trustees to make certain that she would get here.

There is an interesting story behind Mr. Cooper's knowledge of Miss Musk which dates 'way back to pre-war days when Mr. Cooper was on one of his many travels abroad. He and Miss Musk first met in 1939 over a pink lemonade—already evidence of her communist tendencies—at the Jar in des Plantes in Paris, where Professor Cooper ostensibly had gone to observe the ostriches. Since he is English, you know, he was therefore not taken back when someone stuck another straw in his drink and began to evaporate the contents, before the straw, which was only made of aluminum, could wholly dissolve. Mr. Cooper could tell at first glance his sip stealer was a bird fancier by the two ostrich plumes she wore, and immediately took to her as a fellow-nature-lover as, goodness knows, she was as close to nature as you can get,

even in Paris. This purely Platonic relationship, although it was strictly for the birds, led the two on a merry chase through the capital cities of the world, Rome, Cairo, Rio de Janiero, and Hackensack; Miss Musk gaily dancing her way from spot to spot, leaving all her cares and worldly possessions behind her, in little heaps of clothing on the nite-club floors, and Mr. Cooper, as the evening wore on, traipsing merrily after her.

When the war came, the duo, known throughout the supper set of Europe as the dancing gushkins, had to be broken up as Yetta was called back into Russia for undercover work. As soon as the war was drawn to a successful close, and ostrich plumes were once again made available in small quantities but quantities large enough to cover the purpose, George Cooper, in his new official capacity as official welcomer of famous beauties to the Trinity College campus, decided the time was at hand to unveil Miss Musk at Trinity. So it is that she is here, largely through the untiring efforts of Mr. Cooper. Many thanks to you and the ostriches, George!

### Nichols, Dando to Teach New Course in English

The Messrs. George E. Nichols, XXI, and John Dando of the English Department, announced late yesterday that they are conducting a new class in "The Rudiments of the English Language for Foreigners 'named Musk'".

This will be the first time that either of the gentlemen has taught such a course, but they feel they will succeed if they extend themselves.

The course will be administered in the evening, and because of the lack of enough classrooms, they have consented to have sessions at the Garde Grille.

### Administration and Faculty Give Whirlwind Reception to Luscious Ukrainian Babe

#### News Briefs Reveal Nationwide Concern Over Yetta Musk

The following is an up-to-the-minute running account of Trinity's decision to uphold the scheduled appearance of Miss Musk at the Trinity Senior Ball, hot from WRTC's INS ticker:

Washington, April 30 (INS)—Senator McCarthy made public today the name of Trinity College, Hartford, as a hotbed of subversive activities. Accused by the senator of harboring key Russian sympathizers while going under the name of a conservative, New England family college, his statements were based on Trinity's plans to invite a Miss Yetta Musk from Omsk, of burlesque fame, as feature entertainer at the annual Senior Ball.

Trinity College, May 1 (PRC)—Despite the objections of Senator McCarthy to Trinity's invitation to Yetta Musk, Russian burlesque queen, the Trinity Trustees have announced that Miss Musk will appear on the Trinity Campus as scheduled.

The decision of the Trustees to permit Miss Musk's appearance came after long and fiery appeals by Red Shapiro and Shoddy Whitelaw of the Trinity Tripod, radical campus newspaper. Shapiro and Whitelaw maintained editorially that Miss Musk was not Red, but pink. After a careful examination of the subject, J. Buckingham Gladhand, Senior Trustee, had to agree that Miss Musk was pink, and not Red.

Washington, May 2 (INS)—Upon hearing of Trinity College's continued determination to invite Miss Musk to the campus, Senator McCarthy's only comment was, "I have information leading to the whereabouts of witnesses who will swear to the fact that Trinity, and especially Miss Musk, has been and still is red in some spots."

New York, May 3 (INS)—Whatta Fratgirl, loyal patriot, granter of favors to old line Republicans, and current figurehead in the RSVP scandal today, added her comments to those condemning Trinity College for hiring Miss Musk as its Senior Ball entertainer.

Miss Fratgirl insisted that the college didn't have to hire a Red since many other girls would have liked the job. "I'm always open for that type of job and I'm not even slightly pink."

### Yetta Musk to Give Lecture to Dates

The Tripod has been requested to announce that Mlle. Yetta Musk will offer a special lecture for the weekend dates (female, that is) on the subject, "When to say No and when to say Yes at that fraternity party tonight." The talk will be illustrated by slides and will be held in the Chemistry Laboratory. It is expected that Miss Musk will draw much of her lecture from her vast experience at fraternity parties at the University of Moscow and other institutions.

During the small hours of Thursday morning, a committee of reception composed of Lou Wallace, Louie (Quinze) Naylor and Butch Costello motored to Bradley Field to meet the famous Russian burlesque queen, Yetta Musk, who arrived in her special super-sonic jet from behind the Iron Curtain.

Mlle. Musk will be the featured entertainer of the Trinity Senior Ball and a round of gay activities has been planned for her pleasure. She is the house guest of Professor George Cooper at the Vernon Heights Apartments and she was taken there immediately following her arrival Thursday morning. Later yesterday she was received by College President Gollygee K. Funston in his private suite in the administration building (see cut) and they then retired with the entire faculty to the Milner Hotel for a gala luncheon at which John Dando and E. Power Biggs supplied entertainment consisting of readings from a forthcoming Dando production, "Behind the Sheets of The Decameron."

The Trinity administration was exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of Mlle. Musk for she had announced retirement after her appearance at the Wesleyan Student Parley had been prevented by various complicating circumstances. However, through the ingenious persuasion of Mr. Funston and the Board of Trustees, she was lured to our hill-top campus. Some factions at Wesleyan, however, were not satisfied to let Mlle. Musk slip through their fingers so easily and a large delegation of Middletown men joined in the parade through downtown Hartford during the afternoon. Ticker tape streamed down in the financial district as the cortege passed from the Heublein up Lewis street and along Pearl to the Old State House where Governor John (Adonis) Lodge, Mr. Funston and Dr. Charles Von Salsen of the Hartford Retreat extended the official welcome and City Manager Sharpe presented Mlle. Musk with the key to the city. Hartford's own Wal-

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### Administration States Prom Must End at 11

It was announced on Thursday evening, May 4, by the administration of Trinity College that all festivities at the Senior Prom must cease at eleven o'clock instead of at eleven forty-five as requested by the Interfraternity Council. The administration could see no reason for breaking the time-honored tradition of seeing that all the students were in bed (and asleep) by midnight. It was brought out by Professor Bill Dyuup of the hygiene department that every growing boy should have at least eight hours sleep per night.

The faculty committee, solidly behind the administration, said that the rule was an important part of a liberal education and just because Trinity is the only small men's college located in a metropolitan district there is no reason why such night-owl rowdiness should go on. The chaperones have been instructed to see that each boy has no more than one drink and each girl no more than five. Penalty for not complying with this rule will be one week of merciless torture in Hamlin Dining Hall (i. e. eating there).

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## The Trinity Tripe

Published once in a while when the majority of the staff members have a morphine jag on. Both of our subscribers pay the piddling sum of three rubles per annum. Entered at Hartford, Conn., as twenty-third class Carrier Pidgeon matter. The columns of the Tripe are open to interested parties; however, no dirty words in any foreign language will pass the censor.

Hey Mom, you and Uncle Bob know that as our mailing subscribers you should notify us of change of address two weeks in advance, don't you?

### EXECUTIVE BORED

Editor-in-Chief ..... "Red Ed" Skidroe  
Business Managers ..... "Shifty" MyCraw (term expires soon, thank God!)  
"Deacon" Graggyman (the lesser of two evils)  
Managing Editor ..... Yolanda Omans  
Members-at-Large ..... Pagliacci Berseth, Hedda Hooper

### EXECUTIVE MATERIAL

Shoddy Whitewash (Feature Editor); "Greasy Thumb" Slungher (Sports Editor); "Droopy" Butts (Photography Editor); Jose Rollandragher and Fine Shapely (Editorial Associates).

## Orchids . . .

The arrival of Mlle. Musk on the Trinity campus involves a good deal more than meets the eye, if that is possible. The Trustees deserve a great deal of credit for their stand on this issue. This forward movement on their part clearly shows that these venerable old gentlemen are not so old as they seem and are not, as has often been claimed, behind the times, but are actually ahead, or at least abreast of things, as one look at Mlle. Musk will readily testify. G. Nelson Grod-funch, Prexy Dunston's right-hand tool, "Golly, I couldn't make a move without shifty shekels Grod-funch," who is in charge of procuring such distinguished guests as Mlle. Musk and therefore affectionately known to all around campus as H. P., "Head Procurer," has said that we have made a great catch in Mlle. Musk. As H. P. said before a joint meeting of the F. R. U. M. P., typically composed of six radical faculty members and two conservative students, "Mlle. Musk's spirit is indefinable. I only hope that many of our fine young men will catch it from Mlle. Musk, which I am sure they will do as it is impossible to come in contact with this outstanding personality without some of it rubbing off."

As we all know, Mlle. Musk was to appear at a public function at Wesleyan, but at the last moment the Cardinal trustees wouldn't hold up their end of the bargain and Mlle. Musk was turned down. We are sure that this won't happen here, as who would possibly turn down Mlle. Musk? Of course, it must be said for the board of trustees that they didn't jump to conclusions after first seeing Mlle. Musk who was present at one of their New York meetings. A big discussion arose as to whether it would be ethical to have Mlle. Musk as a guest at Trinity as she was a Red. J. Buckingham Gladhand, one of the most forward of our trustees, grasped the subject firmly and brought his idealistic convictions to light. He firmly stated that Mlle. Musk was not red, but pink. This led to a prolonged discussion and a subjection of Mlle. Musk's character to a minute examination from top to bottom. Her character seemed to be well-rounded, stemming from a broad liberal background and it was definitely concluded that she was obviously pink. This brought forth from the assembled group a loud cheer as it was every man for himself. Trustee B. O. Musk (no relation) commented that this pinkness was probably due to her strenuous outdoor life. "Buck" agreed that her life was at least strenuous if her actions in escaping the clutches of the trustees was any indication.

So it was that a demonstration of Mlle. Musk's prominent talents brought her here to Trinity. It is hoped that all will make the best advantage of her stay here which was made possible by our liberal-minded Trustees. Congratulations again, boys, for your broadmindedness!

## Dr. Adams, OWFBTCC, Recalls Beauties Preceding YETTA at Past Trinity Proms

### Interviewed by Aesop

The current visit of Yetta Musk has recalled to the mind of Dr. Arthur Adams some bygone days when lovely women have visited the Trinity Campus. In an exclusive interview, the Tripod was able to extract from Dr. Adams a number of reminiscences of particularly outstanding events in the earlier days of this century at Trinity.

Putty (as he is known to his friends) states that the all-time outstanding event in the history of Trinity was in 1906 when the fabulous English prestidigitatrix, Zuleika Dobson, visited Hartford. It was during Miss Dobson's second American tour, after her famous appearances at Oxford and Cambridge, that Dr. Adams was in New York. By chance he saw Miss Dobson pass from her carriage into the old Waldorf and he knew then that she must visit Trinity. This was no easy matter for the sirens was at the crux of her unbelievable fame and engagements were booked for years in advance. Dr. Adams, though, crafty man that he is, had heard of her exploits on the other side and he was determined to approach her. But at that very moment, Theodore Roosevelt (then a rising young statesman) was walking along the street and, being an old friend of both parties concerned, he introduced them and the visit to Hartford was arranged on the spot. You see, there is more than one reason for TR's initials being encrusted in the walk outside Northam.

It was in late April when Miss Dobson was at last able to come north, and all central Connecticut, as well as some of southern Connecticut, was eagerly awaiting sight of her special train which was to arrive in Hartford at noon having left New York the night before (it is hardly necessary to point out that the New Haven was handling her transportation.) Every last Trinity man and all the faculty and other people that live in Hartford were at the old station when "The Zuleika Zephyr" pulled into town. It was at least forty-five minutes before she was ready to alight from the train and over all the crowd there was the tenseness of hushed expectancy. Putty Adams was right up front with all the officials and when Miss Dobson at last stepped down from her car, a roar of welcome rent the sky and followed the slow procession all the way out to the new campus. Miss Dobson remained in Hartford for seven days and gave two performances a day at Alumni Hall (arena style) and played to more than 69,000 people from all over New England before she quitted the Connecticut capital. Fortunately for Trinity there was no royalty in residence at the time but after Miss Dobson's departure, no member of the student body could be completely satisfied with any female company he had previously known. This accounts for the low number of really beautiful women in Hartford and for the poor morale at Trinity, in Dr. Adams' belief. He stated, "No woman would ever again seem really beautiful to any Trinity man, for that magic spell of Zuleika will be ever present within these hallowed halls."

Almost as famous as Zuleika Dobson, the next visitor to Trinity left no little mark on her admirers. Psyche, the White Rock Nymph, came to Trinity in 1912. Dr. Adams recalls, and she was accorded a most impressive reception. Her barge, which proceeded up the Connecticut River after having visited Cambridge (Mass.) and some school in New Haven, was too wide to move comfortably beyond Middletown so all the Trinity undergraduates were given a week's holiday and they, with their boundless enthusiasm deepened and widened the river so that her barge could continue on, and they even dug a canal from the river to the Trinity campus to enable the entourage to conveniently dock at the very centre of activities. Psyche, not being entirely human, was kept in an alabaster and pewter jar which was placed in the president's office (for safe keeping) at night and during the day, she entertained in the canal and in special dramatic productions beneath the vast proscenium of Alumni Hall. A special production of Das Rheingold was composed for her and no Rheinmadden since has even touched the splendour she exhibited during those golden days at Trinity, according to the venerable Professor. In fact, to this day, one frequently sees little pictures of Psyche glued to bottles and other things, and on cool moist nights the strains of the lovely tone poem created in her honour by C. Auguste Franck can be heard sweeping along the famous old banks of the Connecticut river.

One memorable day, about 1915, Dr. Adams recalls that the beauteous Phoebe Snow, of Lackawanna Railroad fame, stopped overnight in Hartford whilst en route to Buffalo. She was, indeed, clad entirely in white and consented to a Grand Ball, got up on the spur of the moment, at the Governor's Palace. All of brilliant Hartford Society was on hand (many engagements were cancelled that night and some families still won't speak because of it) and champagne and the finest of delicacies were served to the entire soiree. Since war clouds were hovering over Europe, Trinity men were glad for the escape and entertainment provided them that evening by this Lady of Ladies, the cleanest lady of the land, the traveler of the road of anthracite and the erstwhile inventor of laundry blueing, Phoebe Snow.

Since 1915, only two other ladies of beauty and note have visited our campus. Dr. Adams, always the expert in matters of pulchritude, recalls that it was in 1923 that LaBelle Dame Sans Merci first appeared in Hartford. This lady was, perhaps, the most mysterious of all the damsels who have graced our campus, and it is rumoured that she may even return here next fall, as guest lecturer of Modern Etiquette (Psych. 408), if the administration's present plans go through. This ageless beauty, a little

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## Confidentials and Stuff Letters . . .

Dear Mary Waycuth:

I have a problem. My roommate's husband has invited me to the Senior Ball, at that certain small New England college with an Episcopal heritage. She has been my best friend for the past 15 years and I would hate to do anything to hurt her, so I wonder if I should borrow her new blue skirt to wear to the dance or sacrifice myself and wear my blue one which is at least two months old? Please reply immediately as I have it already on.

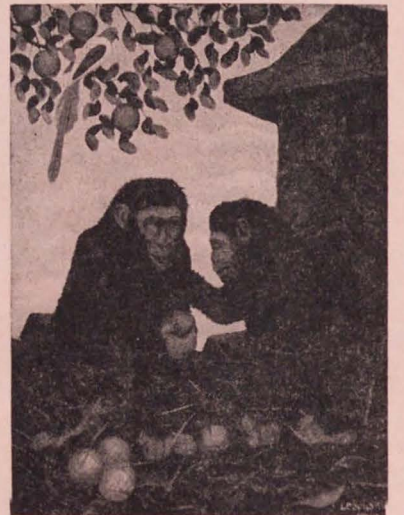
Greta Genster.

Dear Gret:

You do have a problem, but I say the hell with your roommate; if she can't lend you her new skirt to make a good impression on her hubby, she's not the good old American type of roommate that I knew in my days at college. She seems to have many of the symptoms of acute psychopathia, manic-depressiveness, schizophrenia, and rheumatism. If I were you, I'd either have her psychoanalyzed by a capable psych major, or turn her over to the Mercer-Dunbar men for disposal. Good luck at the dance!

Mary.

## Monkey Business on Campus



We are now in the process of composing our most imposing thesis, "The Social and Sexual Life of Butterflies on the Trinity Campus." We usually set one night per week aside for our scientific investigation. When we read our "Pocket Size Ipsy-Pipsy Farmers Calendar," we noticed that Thursday was a full moon night. This was it. The Butterflies are at their sexual best when the moon is full and the air is filled with lovely aroma.

During the progress of our paper we have discovered that the "Passion Pit" of the little creatures is directly to the rear of the sweetest smelling building on this campus, Alumni Hall. With our Butterfly Hunting Clothes on we lay in wait for the hour to approach.

Then it happened. We heard a very strange noise. Something kept going a-poop-da-shlurp, a-poopada-shlurp, a-poop-da-shlurp. For a minute we thought it was the leaky showers of the old gym. We knew for a fact that it wasn't butterflies, as even a novice knows that they make love in tones such as vip-viddle-vooch, or vini-vidi-vicci.

Then something gave us the clue. We heard the words abba-dabba-dabba. Maybe it's Debbie Reynolds! Oh boy, the fellows back at the dorm will go ape-milk if we can get a picture of her. We clamored back to the room and got our Dick Tracy camera (it writes under water) and went back to the scene. We listened. A-poop-da-shlurp, She (or they) was or were still there. We cleverly deduced where they were and snapped the picture. Furious screeching ensued, and Debbie let go with her famous abba-dabba-dabba, abba-dabba-dabba. She tried to get us, but we got away, with the picture. Here it is.

The sweet young thing from home. She can't understand what has happened to Joe since he came to college.

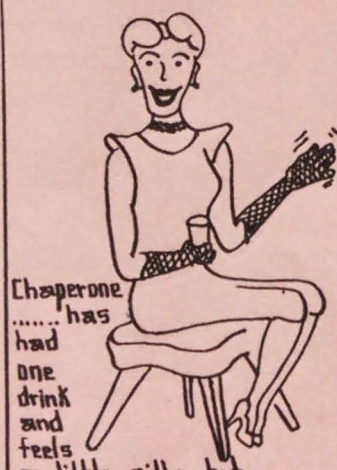


Gregarious type..... has been to every fraternity on campus, but loves this one best of all!

....tried so hard to be the life of her first big house party



Chaperone..... has had one drink and feels a little silly, but doesn't want anyone to know it.



....high school girl killing herself trying to have "fun" at a house party



This is her second party and she is trying hard to be loved with it all, at least until 10:00 P.M.



## Sigma Nu

Ben Jenkins — Peggy Bachiochi,  
Hartford

Bob Keith — Nancy Lawrence, Skid-  
more College

Greg Knapp — Fran Mickunas, Bay-  
onne, N. J.

Ned Kulp — Sue Glazier, West Hart-  
ford

Ray Maher — Joanne Carroll, Bos-  
ton, Mass.

Lee Mitchell — Beverly Mills, West  
Hartford

Bob Mullen — Mrs. Bob Mullen

Don Murray — Eefie Honkala, Syr-  
acuse, N. Y.

Ike Newell — Ann Kip, West Hart-  
ford

Dick Norris — Carol Jacobsen, Hart-  
ford

Dusty Northrop — Pauline Baier,  
Port Washington, N. Y.

Bob Osborne — Cynthia Pinney,  
Hartford

Steve Pressey — Kitty Sniffen, Long  
Island, N. Y.

Bill Romaine — Bettina Pierce, Hart-  
ford

Bob Sawyer — Joan Thompson, Del-  
hi, N. Y.

Putt Scott — Bev Courts, Upperville,  
Va.

Reid Shaw — Penny Grous, Hartford

Dick Shelly — Lois Hudson, Rockville

John Stewart — Sidney Faithfull,  
Bedford, N. Y.

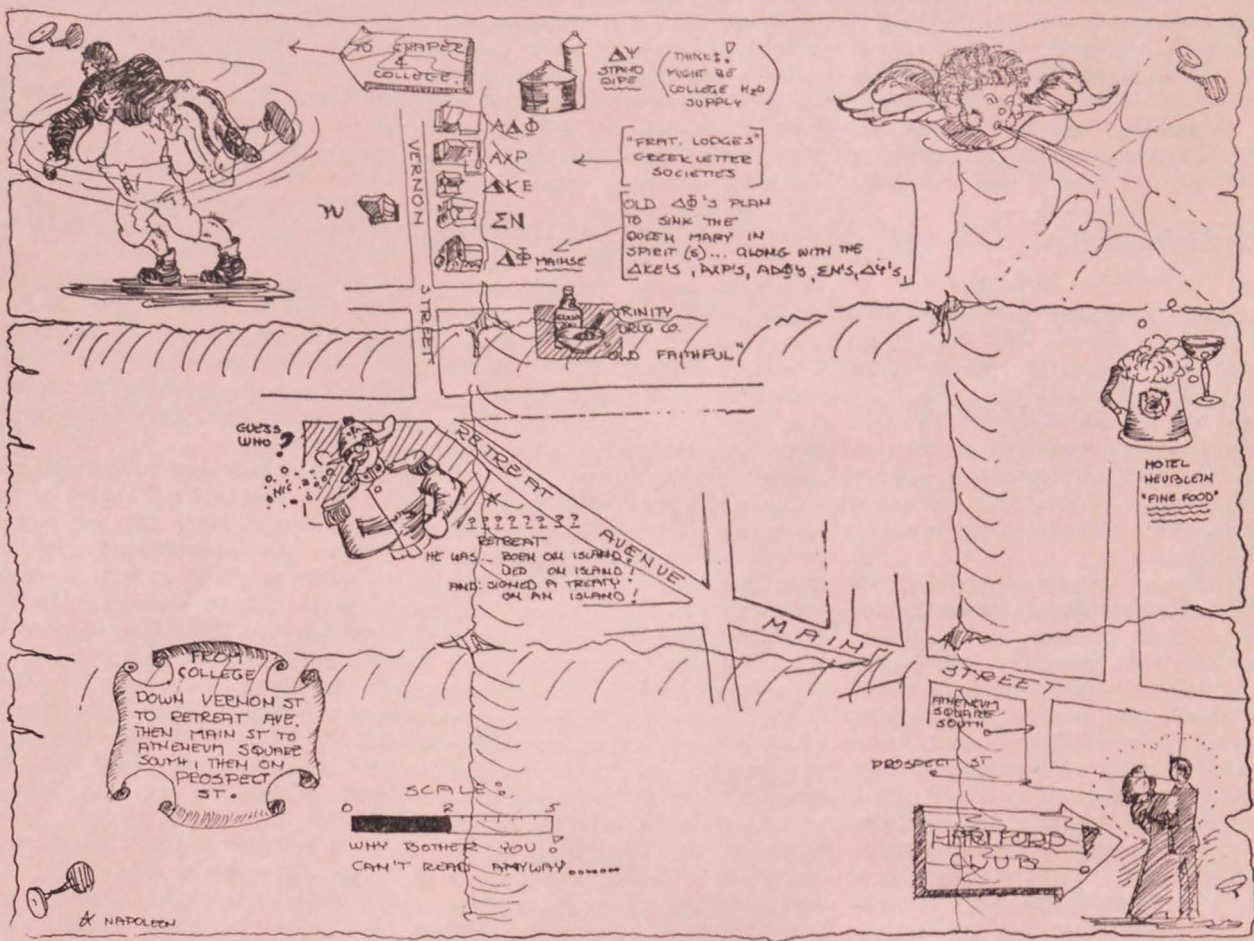
John Wentworth — Lois Arnold,  
West Hartford

George Young — Juliet Johnson,  
Hartford

Name	Date's Name and Hometown
Alan Gurwitt —	Marion Beatman, West Hartford
Ed Shapiro —	Betty Sprinz, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Mike Hambly —	Nancy Ward, Min- neapolis, Minn.
Jay Wallace —	Diana Ross, Spring- field, Mass.
John Cohen —	Caryl Amshel, Pitts- burgh, Pa.
Doug Ormerod —	Ann Wendell, Westwood, N. J.
Carl Heller —	Ann Smith, West Hartford
Grant McIntosh —	Marilyn Spenglar, Riverdale, N. Y.
Bob Krogman —	Carolyn Krueger, South Bend, Ind.
Warner Behley —	Janet Wilbur, West Hartford
John Hanford —	Beanie Carroll, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Howard Rogerson —	Marge Hatha- way, Hazardville
John Taylor —	Joanne Purrington, Wakefield, Mass.
Art Roche —	Ellie O'Flaherty, West Hartford
John McGaw —	Jean Erlandson, West Hartford
Bob Richmond —	Ann Fitzgerald, Green Mt. Jr. College
Ric Rickert —	Reine Lovell, St. Jos- eph, Mich.
John Bird —	Nancy Bigelow, Garder- City, L. I., N. Y.
Dave Hatfield —	Leslie Eustace, Philadelphia, Pa.
Louis Raden —	Mary K. Raden, Hart- ford
Art O'Hanlon —	Rosie Ross, Spring

Name	Date's Name and Hometown
Tosh Aldrich	— Mrs. Tosh Aldrich
Tom Asher	— Ginny Manganiello Monson, Mass.
Doug Banks	— Charlotte Hayes Hartford
Marl Berdick	— Jean Mable, Delhi N. Y.
Ed Blank	— Joyce Trask, Plainville
Dave Blair	— Jeanne Parkinson Springfield, Mass.
Mark Coholan	— Betty Massey Wethersfield
Tom DePatie	— Carol Sanders, West Hartford
Dwight Eames	— Corrine Gorra New London
Dick Hooper	— Nancy Aitchison Lancaster, Mass.

Don Burns — Sandra Hussard,  
ter Bay, L. I.  
Gordon Partridge — Vera Jean Sche  
narts, West Hartford  
Ed South — Joan Kelly, Bristol  
Tony Stever — Marty Muirhead  
Grosse Pointe, Mich.  
Norm Wack — Janet Richmond, New  
Milford  
Ken Hamblett — Ann Taylor, Hart  
ford  
Jim McAlpine — Tish Woodworth  
Endicott Jr. Coll.  
DeWitt Taylor — Patie Currton, Phil  
adelphia  
Bill Lescure — Deborah Williams  
Ithaca, N. Y.  
J. L. C. Ulrich, Jr.—Von Mancus  
Newark, N. J.



Name	Date's Name and Hometown
William Hornish	Mary Jane Alexander, West Hartford
John Klingler	Rose Marie McDonald, Hartford
Joseph Camilleri	Catherine Marciniak, Hartford
William Brown	Patricia Flynn, Bloomfield
Harry Browne	Kathleen Long, Hartford
George Miller	Ernestine Swanson, Windsor
Alan McCue	Joyce Grady, Manchester
William Shaughnessy	Sally Wincski, Hartford
Morton Rosenberg	Ina Frank, Brookline, Mass.
William Horan	Kathleen Shea, Hartford
Paul Norman	Arlene Zarchen, West Hartford
Frank P. Talboom	Elizabeth Brown, West Hartford
Ralph Davis	Audrey Townsell, East Hartford
Edward Brennan	Alice MacHardy, West Hartford
Edward Kulas	Pauline Bouffard, Hartford
Werner Schild	Judi Kupperstein, Bristol
Robert H. Wilson	Noreen Downes, New London
Lawrence E. Jennings	Nancy M. Jennings, Hartford
Richard W. Osborne	Margaret P. Osborne, Windsor
James J. Jackson	Ann Ludlow, New Canaan
William Grady	Audrey Pollard, Hartford
Sanford Mossberg	Phyllis Goldberg, Hartford
Ronald P. Kaufman	Selma Levy, West Hartford
Gerald Smith	Joan Block, West Hartford
Donald Rome	Cipah Neiditz, West Hartford
Thomas Woods	Connie Cushing, Wethersfield
Hobart Johnson	Hope Freeman, Hartford
Jerry Lehrfeld	Bernice Weiner, Worcester, Mass.
Richard M. Schubert	Marguerite E. Hinrichs, Manchester

Name	Date's Name and Hometown
Doug Lee — York City	Dale Dorman, New
Art Cowdery — ter, New York	Jean Starr, Roches-

Stan Lee — Nancy Fliess, New York City  
Don Thomas — Nancy Wright, Hillsdale, N. J.  
Bob Dubuque — Barbara Yanney, Albany, N. Y.  
Pete Blank — Judith-Anne MacLean, Garden City, N. Y.  
Bill Frost — Muriel Johnson, Concord, N. H.  
Brian Dorman — Janet Page, Putnam  
Pete MacLean — Barbara Crockett, Portland, Maine  
Tom Ferguson — Vivian Firato, Manchester  
Mike Daly — Therea Harpin, East Hartford  
Ellerd Hulbert — Phyllis Johnson, Manchester  
Sam McGill — Mrs. Virginia McGill, East Hartford  
Everett Tuttle — Theree Charest, Manchester, N. H.  
Bill Vibert — Pat Parker, Unionville  
Mordecai Whitelaw — Hell No . .

## Alpha Delta Phi

Name	Date's Name and Hometown
Randy Emmons — Pat Smith, Jacksonville, Florida	
Ned Bleecker — Marty Toole, New Haven	
Wyatt Edler — Lois Regensburg, New York City	
Jim Bulmer — Greta Youngstrom, West Hartford	
Dave Lee — Ginny Wilson, South Orange, N. J.	
Win Faulkner — Mary Ellen Dufel, San Francisco, Calif.	
Fred Kirschner — Betsy Rath, Waterloo, Iowa	
John McIver — Betty Jean Lore, Jacksonville, Florida	
Dick Lally — Laurina McIver, Jacksonville, Florida	
Dusty Pollock — Janet Hilliard, Cleveland Heights, Ohio	
Jim Walker — Barbara Juerin, Woonsocket, R. I.	
Sam Ramsey — Jane Russell, Woodstock, Vermont	
Donn Wright — Joan Marsland, Hone City, Mass.	
Tony Mason — Betty Carmichael, Fairfield	
John Adams — Greta Genster, Dr Gulch	
Ray Parrott — Priscilla Gunther, N. H.	

Name	Date's Name and Hometown
Randy Emmons —	Pat Smith, Jacksonville, Florida
Ned Bleecker —	Marty Toole, New Haven
Wyatt Edler —	Lois Regensburg, New York City
Jim Bulmer —	Greta Youngstrom, West Hartford
Dave Lee —	Ginny Wilson, South Orange, N. J.
Win Faulkner —	Mary Ellen Dufel, San Francisco, Calif.
Fred Kirschner —	Betsy Rath, Waterloo, Iowa
John McIver —	Betty Jean Lore, Jacksonville, Florida
Dick Lally —	Laurina McIver, Jacksonville, Florida
Dusty Pollock —	Janet Hilliard, Cleveland Heights, Ohio
Jim Walker —	Barbara Juerin, Woonsocket, R. I.
Sam Ramsey —	Jane Russell, Woodstock, Vermont
Donn Wright —	Joan Marsland, Hone City, Mass.
Tony Mason —	Betty Carmichael, Fairfield
John Adams —	Greta Genster, Dr Gulch
Ray Parrott —	Priscilla Gunther, Hanover, N. H.
Charles Andre-de-la-Porte —	Hop Fuller, Greenwich
Paul Mortell —	Peggy Porter, Fairfield
Bob Crozier —	Frances Dugan, Springfield, Mass.
Rich Crawford —	Caroline Keller, Minneapolis, Minn.
Duane Newton —	Rosemarie Dugan

Name	Date's Name and Hometown
onk Hastings	hannenburg
— Bonzo Musk, Jo-	M. Mitchell — Melon Musk, South
	Hartford
	Buttram — A. D. Musk, Vernon
	Street
	Buttram — J. Parnell Musk, Wash-
	ington
	Crocker — Faith Musk, Minsk
	Mecaskay — Hope Musk, Pinsk
	Minto — Charity Musk, Insk
	Shaw — Gerry B. O'Musk, Dublin
	Hale — John Musk, Muskville
	Merriman — Marsha Musk, Leav-
	enworth, Kansas
	Hansen — G. Keith Musk, Sioux
	Falls, India
	C. Chew — Blanche Saewithme,
	New Orleans
	Van Renssalaer Hutart — Irene
	Van Pelt Musk, Brooklyn
	Sprout — Mighty Musk, Address
	Unknown
	A. Tildesley — Musk Musk, Walla-
	Walla
	Adams, Carmen Musk, Lombardo,
	Ind.
	Moose Medford — Horny Musk, Sac-
	town
	Parsons — J. Wendell Musk,
	Grouse Point
	Otis — Dagar Musk, High
	Mountain, Va.
	Smith — J. Bard McMusk, Glas-
	tonbury
	Friday — P. B. K. Musk, Ispwich-
	on-Thames
	Whelan — Putty Musk, Stackville
	Yetta Musk will entertain.

Name	Date's Name and Hometown
George Wittman	— Joan Shay, New York, New York
Bruce Hinkel	— Mrs. Mina Hinkel, Islip, New York
Donald Hungerford	— Mrs. Edith Hungerford, Hartford
Jerry Hampson	— Virginia Borsari, South Windsor
Ed Gross	— Edith Melcher, West Hartford
Art Raybold	— Eleanor Tarazewicz, Saco, Maine
Bob Butler	— Joan Calbertson, Boston, Mass.

Interview

(Continued from page 1.)

"I am very sorry to have to refuse you but I have a date with the British ambassador who is also here this weekend, a Chorch Koopa. After that I have an appointment with the American automobile kink, Rocha Shore."

I thanked Yetta for the opportunity of interviewing her and retired to my room to drink Vodka and dream.

Yetta Musk

(Continued from page 1.)

lace Stevens, ably assisted by Tom Hood (tambourine) and Morry Allen (triangle), presented a brilliant Ode composed especially for the occasion and Leo Noonan Egan and the Julius Hartt School Orchestra accompanied tenor Blanchard Means in a splendid rendition of "Dixie" in honour of Mlle. Musk who is from southern Ukraine.

Following a dinner party at the Tower Room of Saint Anthony's Hall, Mlle. Musk generously donated her talents to a benefit for the League of Underprivileged Spinners at the Bushnell. She performed a brilliant series of especially contrived dances and the audience was moved to unexpected heights. Mlle. Musk retired early to the Vernon street apartment where she plans to remain in seclusion with her host until she appears at the Ball Saturday evening, except for a brief appearance at a tea dance to be given for faculty wives later today at the Heublein Tower.

Mlle. Musk's plans for the immediate future are, at present, uncertain. She will remain in Hartford until some time next week and it is possible that she will then visit Washington for an engagement at Constitution Hall and an official welcome by government officials. The Russian Embassy is making out her itinerary and she is not yet certain just what is in store for her. However, it is known that she is booked solidly for the European festivals this summer so it seems certain that her stay in this country will not exceed a month, at most.

Anyone wishing to get in touch with Mlle. Musk is asked to call either Hartford 7-0112 or 4-2321 and not bother the Tripod office. However, it is not certain that she will be able to answer the phone at any of these places so it has been suggested that a personal interview be arranged whenever possible.

Le fin.

Dr. Adams

(Continued from page 2.)

of whom is to be found in almost every woman, was dressed, the aristocratic looking old scholar recounts, in a brilliant gown of black Onyx net and she wore a masque composed entirely of mauve coloured spider weavings. It was on the evening of the 1923 Senior Ball that she appeared and her visit was of only a few hours duration. She sprang out of a violin which was being played by Morse Allen in the All-Faculty Orchestra and after every Trinity man had danced with her once she led the grand waltz with Dr. Adams and then disappeared into that from whence she had come. Dr. Allen, to this day, will comment but little as to the whereabouts of that now priceless musical instrument.

The most recent visit by a beautiful member of that most clever of sexes was in 1941. Dr. Adams, an ardent Democrat, had arranged for the visit and he has received lavish praise for his thoughtfulness ever since. Yes, Margaret Truman will long be remembered on this hilltop for she, like others of her family, has many winning ways. The young mid-western beauty, later to become so famous in other realms, came to Connecticut with the Salvation Army on a project of Reclamation of Lost Souls. When Democrat Adams heard that the Senator's daughter was in the state he was concerned not a little lest she go without the adoration of the undergraduate body. He prevailed upon General Eve Booth (who was in her day another real beauty, according to Dr. Adams), an acquaintance, to give Miss Truman a ten day leave, and for that glorious decade of days she received the undaunted adoration of all the students and many of the faculty. Though the young American girl has only recently been recognized for her stunning voice, Dr. Adams proudly reports that musical Trinity and musical Hartford were well aware of Magaret's vocal abilities even then, when she was hardly more than a girl. Being the quiet and modest type, she preferred not to submit to large balls and gala festivities of that sort but a series of teas were given in the Ogilby Mansion for her and she gave dramatic readings from Longfellow's "Evangeline" in honour of her mistress, Miss Booth, who had the same first name as the heroine of Longfellow's tale. Dr. Adams tells that she was the toast of the city during her visit.

My Prom Experiences

By Sam Anonymous

May 5 was approaching, and with it was to come a number of exciting events. One evening, while relaxing over a hot toddy and an old Esquire calendar, I feverously anticipated these happenings—the Springfield game, the expected birth of Cousin Lulu's baby, getting a haircut—when suddenly a thought hit me (of course I hit it right back). May 5 would also be the date of the Senior Ball.

Well, thought I, this is a Senior Ball I will not want to miss, because next year, who knows, I may be on the fighting lines in Korea, or in Paris celebrating her 20001st birthday, or working, or in some other horrible place.

So, laying down my old toddy and hot Esquire calendar, I rushed to my desk, opened the top right-hand drawer, and extracted the list of girls whom I might invite to the Ball. Elizabeth Taylor—too fat. Debbie Reynolds—too thin. Hedy Lamarr—too immature. Margaret O'Brien—too old. Lena Krutz—Ah, here was a girl, I think. This was the girl for me. Height—5'4". Weight—124 pounds. Hair—Some. Eyes—Two or three. Waist—26. Hips—22. Bust—Mamma Mia! I ran to the phone, picked up the receiver, dialed Lena's number, and—got a busy signal. After many frustrating attempts to contact the girl of my dreams, I finally heard a sweet, soothing voice coo, "Whatcha want?"

I immediately knew it was my doll, my sweetheart, my love; so I said, "May I speak to your daughter?" Lena came dashing to the phone (I heard the click-clack of her track shoes). After we talked on various subjects for three hours, she whispered, "I gotta hang up; I gotta do my sex psych." "O. K.," I said, "but will you go to the Senior Ball with me?" "Sure," she replied, and hung up.

Well, I had my date. I quickly disposed of the formalities—renting a tuxedo, ordering flowers, stealing a car (I wouldn't want Lena to have to take a bus). I had everything taken care of except one simple little detail—I didn't have a ticket. Oh, I naively thought, getting a ticket should be easy.

The first person I approached concerning a ticket was Hank Gladhand, our fraternity representative (I'm in I Eta Pi). Hank giggled, hit me over the head with his American Lit notebook, (weight 58 pounds) and walked away. After Hank's peculiar behavior (he had previously always picked me up after hitting me with his notebook), I went to see Ed Skidrow, editor of the school paper and recipient of the Koran Key, for promoting better inter-Arabic relations on campus. I asked Ed about a ticket; the last I saw of him, they were carrying him off to the Retreat, and he was screaming, "Oh, G. Keith, give me strength." Not understanding Hank's and Ed's unusual actions, I began to make inquiries around campus; and I learned of the peculiar goings-on

regarding Senior Ball tickets. There were 867 students, 74 faculty members, 26 administration officers, and 368 outsiders who wanted tickets—and 325 tickets were available.

What was the big attraction, I wondered until I got the scoop. Scheduled to appear at the dance were Rae Obberly and her 85 girl All-Piece Band. Wow!

I acquired an appropriate tough-guy glint in my eye (the good one, that is), and strode belligerently down the walk. Everyone was my enemy (except, of course, Benny Granodski, the school's star athlete, who is everyone's friend and hero).

As I entered Cook Arch, a bony hand reached out from a bony arm attached to a bony body, and an old acquaintance, Max Bony, whispered in my ear, "How would you like a ticket to the Ball?"

"Would I!" I replied. "Who's asking de questions here," said Max.

"I'm sorry; how much do you want for it?"

Max looked around to make sure that Dean Belgium wasn't peeking, and said, "Fifteen clams." I joyfully reached into my pail and pulled out fifteen clams, which I had just dug that morning. Max took the clams, stuffed them, one by one, down my throat, and departed for the Cave (for your snacks, sodas, and indigestion).

So I still had no ticket; I was starting to get panicky, because May 5 was getting closer, and Lena was too chubby to sneak in as a member of the band. (Besides, her trumpet was in hock.) Then, miracle of miracles, Dan Timorous, chief ink-bottle filler for WRAT, the school's television station and a guy who's O. K. in my book, offered me a ticket.

How, where, when, who—I was flabbergasted; but Dan, always calm, cool, and crooked, said "It's all right. I bought one but found out I'm getting in for nothing, because I'm doing the play-by-play for WRAT. Since

Baseballers Confess

(Continued from page 1.)

he sat in the field house smoking a stogey and working on his new automatic pitching machine. He vehemently said, "From now on we'll bar suspicious characters like this tin-horn O'Grady from all the games, so that my boys will not be corrupted by his evil influence."

Stu Parks, in the field house office, shined his head in your reporter's eye as he cried, "I'll take every last P. E. credit, including gymnastics, away from those men who betrayed the department's trust in them." Below, in the locker rooms, Harold Sollazzo, head towel-giver-outer, was found weeping on old sweat socks, and refused to say anything.

Meanwhile, the police have not caught O'Grady, who was last seen fleeing from his pursuers up the ladder into the chapel belltower. Hordes of students gathered around the chapel, and when the rumor spread that Treasurer Getzandanner was the brains behind the whole rotten deal, descended upon the treasury to demand Getzy's dismissal.

you're my buddy (and you have a gorgeous sister), I'll sell it to you."

I was overwhelmed. I hurried to the phone to tell Lena to come out of her cage—I had a ticket. But then, drat the luck, I received some horrible news that made my jaw drop. (I bent over to pick it up, but was beaten to it by K. K. Klucksenhammer, the school treasurer and holder of the title, Connecticut's Quickest On the Draw.) The news that shocked me was Lena's saying, "I can't go; good-bye."

Well, I'm out of luck. I have a ticket but no girl. Hey, buddy, how would you like a ticket to the Senior Ball?

BBBBOB

(Continued from page 3.)

Doug Harvey — Mrs. Delores Harvey, Hartford

Irv Laub — Regis Grill, New York City

Barry Cliff — Rene Aberern, New York City

Dave Dean — Betty-Joan Anderson, Shrewsbury, Mass.

Ed Porteus — Jacqueline Graves, West Hartford

Jack Phillips — Mrs. Jill Phillips, West Hartford

George Muller — Bridda Golmquist, Hartford

Bob Dickenson — Marilyn Drieu, Windsor

Dick Hall — June Miller, West Hartford

Brad Minturn — Bobbie Schuette, New York City

Larry Roberts — Kilty Wallace, Hartford

Craig Ludlow — Louisa Tripp, New Bedford, Mass.

George Curry — Mary Fisher, Hartford

Commons Club

Name Date's Name and Hometown

Dave Collier — Polly Ludko, New Britain

Milt Senebaugh — Gloria Wentzell, Somerville, Mass.

Marty Martel — Louise Lacillade, Worcester, Mass.

Dick Ellison — Sylvia Behrens, Washington, D. C.

Ron Forster — Pat Frank, New York City

Freshman

Name Date's Name and Hometown

Ron Peppe — Mary Ingram, New York City

Don Reed — Beverly Hayne, Leonia N. J.

Sheldon Berlow — Judy Morrison, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dick Hirsch — Olga Campaine, West Hartford

Mike Redfield — Louise Thompson, Detroit, Mich.

John Anderson — Jane Littlefield, South Hadley, Mass.

Al Smith — Anita LaBella, Tenafly, N. J.

Jim Logan — Pep Impsy Laughlin, Tenafly, N. J.

John Davenport — Anne Langston, Smith College

Paul Schenker — Wilma Lasky, West Hartford

Gordon West — Sally Davis, Philadelphia

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in our community.

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