



CAMPUS HIT BY CRIME WAVE AS NEW "CHROME-LOOK" SWEEPS QUADRANGLE

Slippery Sam Pulls Daring Job with A.C.J.

In a daring move characteristic of the administration's newly-adopted effort to give Trinity students a different kind of education, Trin president A.C.J. and his favorite side-kick and bodyguard, Slippery Sam Morse of the English Department shanghaied last week one of the country's top actors, Smiling Georgie Nichols, from a large institution down the river, to head the college's dramatics department.

"He was a tough one to get, but Slippery and I captured him alive and kicking" smiled A.C.J. as the three-some clambored off the bus at the Hartford Station.

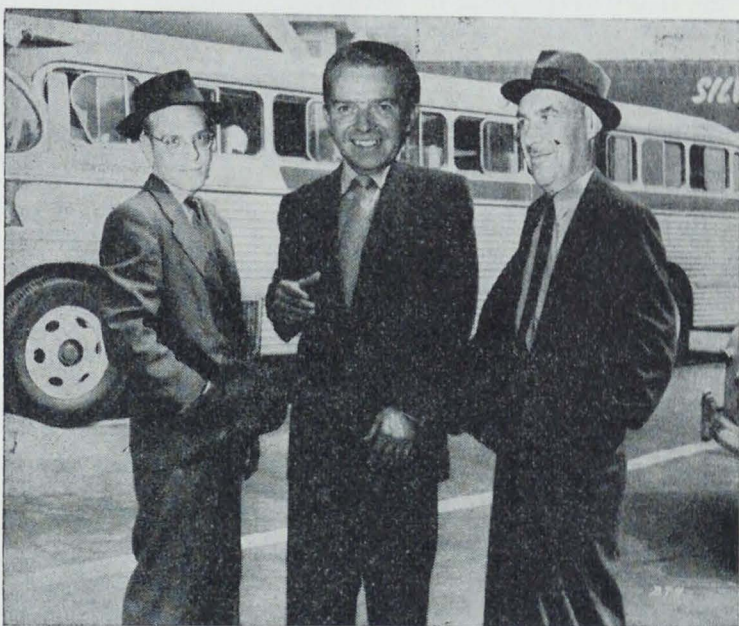
"We had to work 'im over a bit," he commented to a Tripod reporter, "but as you see, he's all smiles now and should be ready to work in the not too distant future. We are of course very proud to make such a valuable addition to the teaching staff."

Dr. Jacobs recommended Nichols for a teaching job at Trinity because the new instructor has had advanced courses in combat judo, boxing and night fighting, all three being frequent practices carried out at Trinity. Nichols, a reformed hood himself, said he hoped that after serving a four-year sentence in Hartford he could learn to dress, and especially act, like so many of the boys he saw on the quadrangle. A long-hair from way back, the new instructor was encouraged to allow his hair to grow to a "manageable" length by Moody Morse.

A Tripod reporter, working side by side with W.A.R.T.-T.V., overheard Al saying to "Blackjack" Clarke, who came along in hopes of seeing violence, that "this Nichols is a sharp kid in tight places and should outlast his predecessor who was taken care, er . . . killed in that unfortunate Alumni Hall fire last week. Yes," he mused, as he walked Georgie over to his shiny new armored zero-gear Cadillac, "the boys that survive his plays will be ready for the outside world."

Lost and Found

A college lost and found department has been organized with offices in the Dean's Quarters in Williams Memorial and also a branch office in the Cave. Students have been reporting regularly that they have been losing such articles as wallets, books, jewelry boxes, suits, tuxedos, typewriters, electric razors, guns, blades, trotts, spare tires, automobiles, radios, phonographs, records, swords, lanterns, shirts, ties, blankets, pillows, desks, whiskey bottles, pornographic pictures, cameras, pictures of girl friends, hot plates, and toilet paper.



Jake-the-Razor and his accomplice, Slippery Sam arriving on campus with Dr. George (Legs) Nichols, whom they kidnapped from a New Haven lair. They plan to third-degree Legs into teaching dramatics here.

Campus Cops Catch Bertie Holland Breaking into "Review" Offices

In a lugubrious incident last Wednesday, Bertie Holland was captured by Campus Police as he attempted to break into the offices of the Review. When questioned by Hartford police, Holland explained he was following his "credo" and that it was the "lugubrious result of his well-rounded liberal arts education." Chief Joe DeLuco of Hartford Police later commented to Louie Kowzich, head of the Fire Department, that if Holland had really had a well-rounded education he would not have been caught.

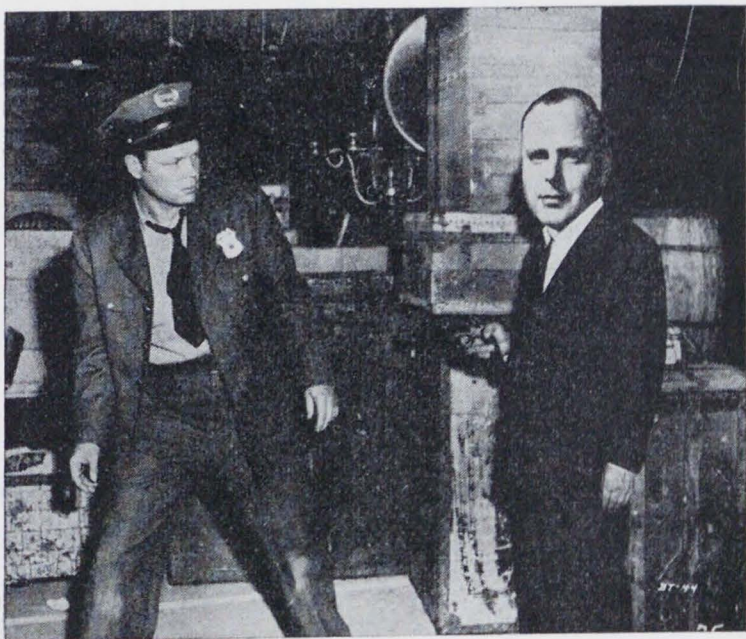
Expecting the robbery by Holland, the Tripod rigged up a candid camera and trip wires, and stationed cops as thick as flies throughout the area.

Norman Walker, who discovered in advance the plans for the robbery, tipped off the two-fisted head of the

campus O.S.S., Bob (The Squasher) Stewart. Stewart planned the mission, rigged the cameras and hid in the barrel (in the background of the picture) while a campus cop went through a carefully simulated routine tussle with "Dirty Bertie," finally allowing Holland to tip his hand and draw a gun. In previous reviews, Holland has never been forced to shoot his way out of defending a point, but Stewart had him cornered.

Although Holland held a campus cop at gun point, Stewart rose to the occasion, expanded his pocket slide rule, reached out and tickled Holland's right ear, delaying the ruffian long enough for the campus cop also to rise to the occasion (for the first

(Continued on page 4)



Dirty Bertie, snapped by a candid TRIPOD camera, holding a campus cop at bay during an attempt to break into the offices of the REVIEW.

Admissions Policy Termed Useless as Five-Poster Bed

William Peelle, Director of Admissions, announced today that his office has adopted a new policy of admissions. "Our present system has become as obsolete as a five-poster bed," Peelle stated, "and starting today 'Why Trinity?' is going to mean something new."

When asked, during an exclusive Tripod interview, what the new admissions policy involved, Peelle leaned back in his large, over-stuffed swivel chair and screamed out in a voice filled with emotion to his secretary: "Hey Fanny, bring me the file on the new plan for incoming freshmen."

In a few moments the curvacious secretary flopped on Peelle's desk the history-making document. "Here it is, honey, and if

you want me in the next ten minutes, I'll be across the hall in Bertie's office going through some profiles for him."

After a short period of silence, during which his pupils returned from their dilated state, Peelle continued. "For some time now, we in the Admissions office have been particularly impressed with the perspective freshmen who have appeared for their interview adorned in con-

Sadists Hear Talk By Jake-the-Razor

In recent college propaganda publications, Trinity has accentuated the idealistic student-faculty relationship that prevails "Neath the Elms." Slimy Sind and Bob "Slasher" Bishop, the inner sanctum which does so much to support athletics in publications from Trinity, have released today a story soon to appear in nation-wide syndicated college magazines. The story appears as follows in another Tripod scoop:

"Men of Trinity" are familiar words at college meetings and campus rallies here on the rocks. "It is with deepest humility that we address them as rational, moral and alert citizens of the atomic age; this, in fact, has been the key to our success, both in classrooms and the athletic fields," said Dr. Albert (the Razor) Jacobs in a recent speech to the Connecticut Convention of Sadists.

Students who used to thrill to the sounds of the chapel bells in the past are now amusing themselves shooting at the Carilloneurs as they climb the tower to their position, two-hundred feet above the quad. Campus Cops have repeatedly flushed the culprits with minor loss of limbs and lacerations. At times, however, they have found it necessary to use handgrenades on certain rooms in upper Seabury where Dirty-Bertie Holland's gun-molls have been sleeping it off since New Year's Eve. Fortunately the girls were still sleeping at the time of the explosions.

"Blackjack" Joe Clarke stated that he was appalled at the conduct of the students. Clarke, who wears radiating scars on his face and head from an aerial gin-bottle attack, interjected a hopeful note into his report when he added that the college is striking home at many of the campus discipline infractions with an extremely effective system of student-faculty relationships. Results have been manifested in the figures released by the College Examinations Committee of Princeton disclosing that the administration secretaries are safer on the Trinity Quad than on any other New England college campus.



The newest addition to the Trinity faculty. He will teach one of the courses relative to "Social Intercourse in the Atomic Age," with special emphasis on the "Chrome-Look."

servative suedes and one-button sharkskins. We are convinced that such clothing indicates men who are accustomed to thinking and acting for themselves. Because of this conviction we have decided to break with the old traditional ties and accept these candidates who have displayed the 'chrome-look' of the future.

"We want men who will look a bare fact in the face and are capable of licking any problem set before them," he went on. "Just think of the excitement we'll have around here with such students. There'll be no more mamby - pamby, wishey - washey, mishey-mashey slobbs running around the campus with their ties flapping out—no, sir, from now on we're gonna have fellows around here who know how to handle things in a clutch, who know what's coming off, who will extend themselves to meet any given situation. That's the kind of man we want here—strong, productive, and cool!"

The file on Peelle's desk set forth (Continued on page 3)

Trinity Tripod

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A HISTORY OF THE STRUGGLE

When people ask "Why Trin-Coll-Sanc?"
You used to hear replies
Like "Love that tweedy ivy."
Or simply "Cripes, you guys."
Today we find the answer changed
To "Dig its crazy beat,"
Or "Trin just ain't a school for squares:
It's groovy, I mean neat."
The students don't wear any ties.
They've pegged their Oxford greys.
And twenty years from now they'll say
"Those were the solid days;
Instead of dashing off to Smith,
Or Conn. or Holyoke
We went to Hartford Nursing home
Or Hall if we were broke;
We didn't drink those "college drinks"
Like Scotch or Gin or Brandy—
We simply didn't drink at all,
Just kept a needle Handy;
We may have robbed a few parked cars
And other childish tricks
But now we're in for bigger game.
We're all in politics.
And this is Trin-Coll-Sanc today
The school with just one aim,
To bring the Hood to college
And make him glad he came.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Late last night an ill-fated and poorly-cased job was uncovered by the campus cops: a freshman was apprehended in the act of setting off a false alarm in the New Dorm. The plot was discovered by Naughty Norton, the Campus Cop.

His suspicions were first aroused by certain scratching noises behind the molding in the basement of the freshman dormitory. Upon hearing the noises, he immediately dropped to all fours and sniffed the air inquisitively. "Ah-ha!" he muttered, and continued sniffing, tracing the sound to its source. After three hours of exercising his proboscis, he came to the conclusion that he smelled a rat.

Whipping out his sixty-nine calibre revolver, Naughty flicked on his 3000-candlepower flashlight, and followed by his favorite bloodhound, he proceeded to nab the culprit.

This single act of disgusting heroism by a member of the campus guards is indicative, we feel, of the ever-widening split between the pro-hood and anti-hood factions on campus. As this edition goes to press, the tide seems to be turning in favor of the pro-hoods, and it was with consummate joy that the editors of the *Tripod* cast off their burnouses and girded themselves for the impending last-ditch struggle of anti-hood adherents.



The above is a good example of what happens when you don't case your jobs thoroughly. The freshman shown here was caught in the act by Naughty Norton, the campus cop, who, a second after this picture was taken, plugged the unfortunate frosh sixty-nine times in the belly.



A recent interesting and informative debate in one of Wiley Wally Klimczak's Math 101 seminars. The discussion was based on a statement by W. W. that, "Bill Terry did play the guitar, besides third base." Student leader Rocks Ogden was quick to question the statement, and is seen above offering proof for his rebuttal. This scene is an example of the intimate relationship which can exist between students and faculty at a college like Trinity.

FETID AIR

By BRUNO ECKFORD

It's a lucky thing old Bruno wasn't called on earlier this week to delight his fans or he wouldn't have been in a very pleasant mood now. These Senior Ball weekends take everything out of poor Bruno, starting last Monday in John's Rest where his last chance turned him down.

We hear this damned Brawl has every opportunity of going down as the wickedest in the history of our purple elms.

Having promised ourselves that last year was the final appearance for Boris Klietoris and his swarthy group of alleycats, we were pleased as Faculty Punch to hear that Eartha Ovary and her little Mammary Madcaps had been hired for this year's blast.

The last time we saw Eartha was in the Black Forest section of Manhattan shortly after the outbreak of a local epidemic. Eartha was in her usual milk-of-human-kindness mood, only it had gone a bit lactic with the summer heats. When she saw her Bruno crawling over the winebags to her side, she purred over him and bared her troubled soul to his understanding heart.

"When you gone 'range for me and my gals to nest at yoah institution, Prunewhip?"

We had never seen a girl so anxious to come. We couldn't help ourselves for telling her that she could come anytime, and even gave her a specific date, April 29, informing her, of course, that we'd arrange also for a huge den in iniquity for her and her flowers and that, though we could promise a large aggregate of students, some of them might have dates. To which she replied that she most certainly would come, if we'd let her, and the more the merrier, she'd find something for the girls to do and might even teach them a trick or two.

So if you should see a group of Black Forest maidens crowding on the dance floor tonight, give them a big hand. And if one of Eartha's gals moves in on your date, don't be worried. Eartha will do her best to find something for your date to play with, while you do shake, rattle and roll to the band's waltz rhythms.

And how about Bruno? He'll be whipping himself into a fine froth behind the house on the hill, shooting white-heated mortars at a house across the street and down a way.

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O'Grady, Admissions Office Clash Over New Hood Look

Against the roar of general approval over the Admissions Office's new policy, this publication was able to detect only one voice raised in objection. It belonged to long-time college chaplain and religion instructor G. B. (for Gerald Burnett) O'Grady, who claimed that the trend was uncollegiate, unshoe and diabolically inspired.

In a desperate attempt to move some of the old guard faculty, presently led by Harry (Butch) Costello, and the more conservative element of the student body headquartered at a white-columned house on Vernon St., he quickly girded himself in all the ecclesiastical finery he could find and marched out to gather his army.

At the latest report he had set up headquarters with all that followed his call (such as the two innocent young funlovers shown below that he stumbled upon at a Sunday beach party) in the basement of the Garde Hotel to await further developments.

"We've got enough liquid nourishment down here to last us a year," claimed O'Grady, "And until the Admissions Office changes its policy, they'll get no more religion on the quad."

Afraid that the anti-hood Clarke forces might join O'Grady, Pro-Hood (The Rock) Hughes is reportedly rolling out his motorized Special Enforcement Division to blast the righteous Chaplain out of the Garde basement. "The only deterrent," he complained, "is that damned Hartford Society for the Preservation of Condemned Buildings which doesn't want the Garde damaged."

Another side of the situation developed with a proclamation from the depths of the AFROTC headquarters in the bowels of the Library issued by one of the college's outstanding professors of Air Science and Tactics, Capt. L. A. (for Low Altitude) Bennett. It stated that as an officer of the Air Force, the United States Air Force, he could not tolerate religious persecution in any form, and as a professor of Air Science

(Continued on page 4)



Chaplain O'Grady out recruiting rooters for his anti-hood campaign.



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Dr. Hood Claims Expert's Rating in Knife Fights

Venerable Prof. Was Switch-Blade Artist

When interviewed by a roving reporter last week, Dr. Thurman Hood of the English Dept. claimed that he was enjoying immensely the change that had come over the student body. "These goddam modern punks don't know I was quite a switch-blade artist in my own days and can still handle myself in any good alley fight."

"And these stupid kids have got to listen to me now," he said, spitting into the far corner of the room as he drew a snub-nosed revolver from a special pocket sewed into his 1906 Hickey-Freeman suit. "I can still plug anything that crawls at 50 paces," he claimed, and proved it by drilling the backs of several empty seats in rapid succession.

"Now," muttered the erudite pedagogue, "when I've got an important point to make they listen, and even the stupidest s.o.b won't get out of my class without knowing some damn thing."



Thumper Thurman demonstrating his flashy style with a .38. "I can hit anything that walks, crawls, or slithers right between the eyes at fifty feet," says Thumper.

Admissions . . .

(Continued from page 1)

several interesting facets of the new policy. The students will be recruited from the tap roots of the nations, it exclaimed. They will be sought out in every nook and cranny where inhabitants look with scorn upon the burnoused intellectuals of New England colleges.

New courses will be offered, such as "The Analytical and Differential Equations of Making Book." Taught by Wiley Wally Klimczak, this course is designed to acquaint students with the intricacies of wagering, as well as to imbue them with the aesthetic impressions requisite to followers of

(Continued on page 4)

HI-FI

Arthur E. Chase

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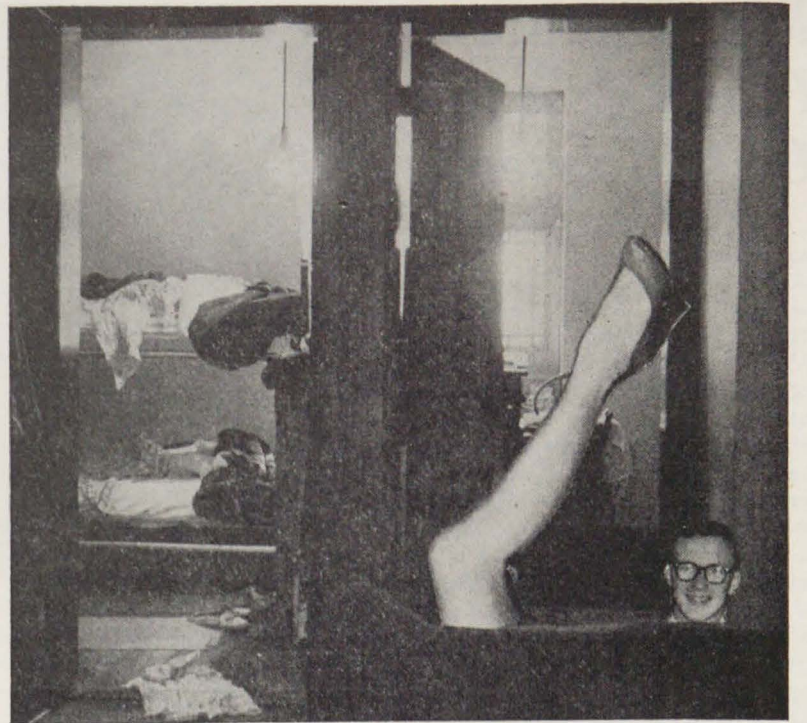
HARTFORD

Medusa Bares Dorm Program

The Medusa, under the direction of Dave Roberts, has been conducting an investigation concerning the problem of women in the college dorms. At the end of a 69-hour investigation, Roberts declared that although the task has been an arduous one, it has not been entirely without reward.

A friendly switch-blade fight developed in one room when Medusaites Roberts and Close encountered a student who had the affrontery to tell the disciplinarians that "there is such a thing as carrying this line-of-duty crap too far."

Although in the melee Roberts suffered the loss of his glasses and tabulation sheets, he stated, "There is much to be said in favor of women in the college dorms."



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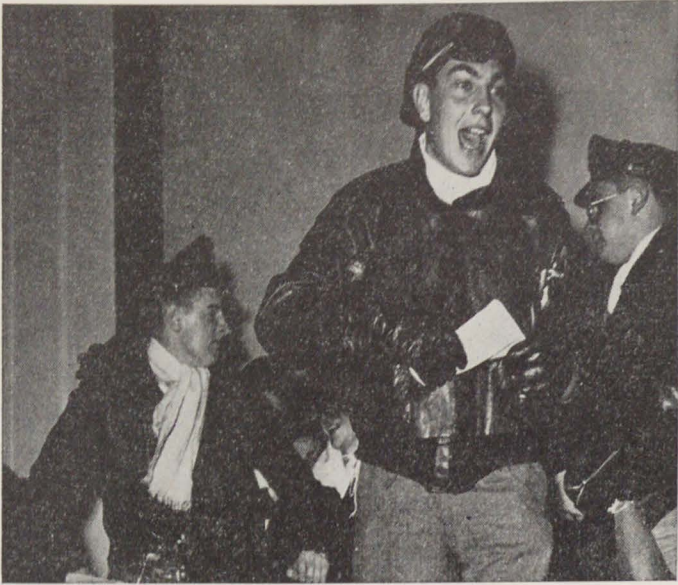
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Ripper Marino Plans Con Job On K. Kameron

An alert Tripod photographer caught elusive campus ringleader Jack (The Ripper) Marino leaving a meeting of the Joint Committee on Student Affairs with his personal aides yesterday morning. Although nothing official was learned, campus rumor indicated that after a long debate with sympathetic members of the faculty, Marino and other members of Local 243 of the Motorcycle and Bus Drivers Union decided that K. Kameron and the members of his newly-formed T.S. & S.C. (Trinity Saddle and Cycle Club) would have to be run off the campus.

"A student or faculty member on a bicycle is a disgrace to the college and to higher education everywhere," exclaimed Marino. "If they can't get a decent hot-rod or motorcycle, they can ride on a bus," he spat with disgust as he kicked over his new Harley-Davidson 98 and roared off down the quad.

Hoping to avert undue bloodshed, Dean (The Rock) Hughes, an old summer circuit stock-car driver himself, stated he would offer members of the T.S. & S.C. a temporary special escort from the college's Special En-



Jack (the Ripper) Marino with several of his personal aides leaving a Joint Committee meeting yesterday. He and his band are planning an all-out campaign against K. Kameron and the T.S.S.C.

forcement Division, commonly known as the "Big Boys" who were recently recruited from the ranks of some of the nation's foremost strikebreakers as well as from among long-time inhabitants of the New York waterfront areas. With standard equipment that includes everything up to high-powered motorcycles with fully automatic weapons mounted on the handlebars, Hughes expressed his doubts that even Marino and his boys could "get to them."

O'Grady . . .

(Continued from page 2)

and Tactics, he would employ all the knowledge of a lifetime devoted to the Air Force to defend O'Grady and his loyal band. It is not known at this time whether the rest of the cadre will back him in his crusade to free the persecuted group, but the loyal Captain was last seen on his way to Brainard Field to take his cause into the sky by means of his

J. Press to Put Out 'Chrome Look' Style

In a form letter from J. Press, "the Christian Dior of the second floor", it was announced that they are putting out a new "Chrome-Look" line of clothing designed as a compromise between the college man of today and the one of yesterday.

There is a new line of pegged Bermudas to be worn during Gin-and-Tonic weather. A new shirt has been designed with a button-down Mr. B collar and a belt in the back. (When asked why one should have a belt in the back of a shirt, Press replied, "Our purpose is to give the students of eastern colleges what they want.") As his coup-de-grace Press announced a raincoat with a chain on the outside (for flushing your date) and a vent with duals—hollywood muffler optional.

We of the fashion board of the TRIPE feel that these new styles will not be well received by the college body. Our students will not be compromised in their styles. We will wear what they wear in Brooklyn and Chicago or nothing.

ever-ready Piper Cub from which he intends to drop additional supplies to the embattled hold-outs.

Admissions . . .

(Continued from page 3)

this time-honored profession. Another course, "Social Intercourse in the Atomic Age," has been injected into the curriculum specifically for those students desiring advanced study in labor relations. The college has hired a nationally-famous authority in this field to teach the course (see picture). He plans to arrive at Trinity as soon as he can extricate himself from certain responsibilities which he has undertaken.

The science department will also offer a course in remedial ballistics. This course will be limited to sixty-nine seniors who have either spent time 'up the river,' or obtained special permission from Two-Gun Kriebler, the instructor. The size of the section has been limited due to the fact that Two-Gun's supply of sawed-off shotguns has been seriously curtailed by pilferage. Peele explained that the administration strongly suspects Burger-the-Belcher, head of the Biology Department, of swiping them for use as swizzle sticks in the formaldehyde vats.

"So you see," said Peele, slamming his shiny new blackjack on the desk for emphasis, "there's gonna be some changes made. This college is gonna shape up, do ya dig me? It's gonna be wild, it's gonna be cool!"

Holland . . .

(Continued from page 1)

time in the history of campus cops) by presenting Bertie with a mouthful of bloody chicklets and a summons before the R.O.T.C. Cadet Council.

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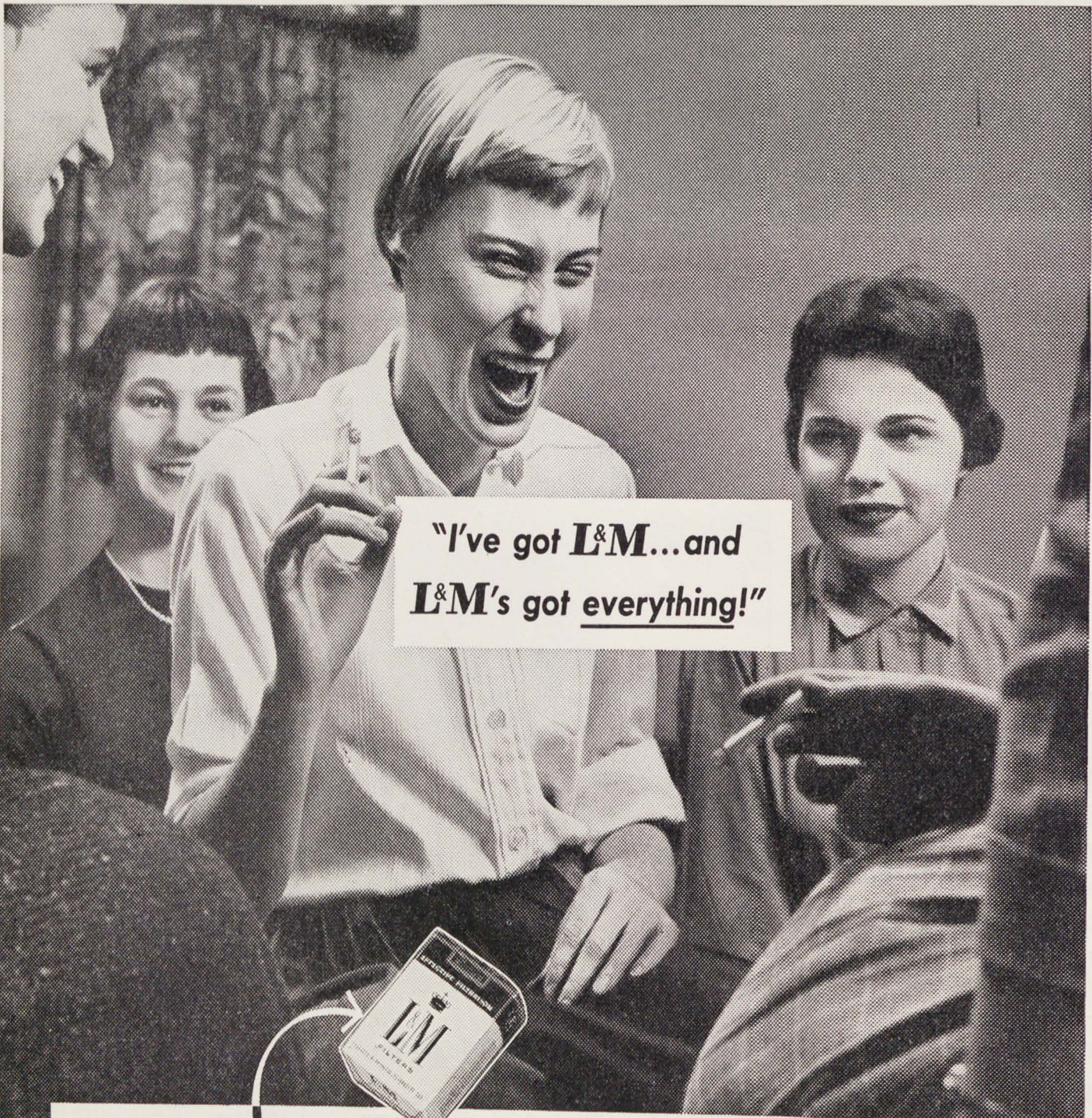
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