Trinity Tatler

winter mcmlxv
How many times has it been said that College is the happiest time of a man's life? Perhaps this is so because it is at this time that the capacity for enjoying life is greatest and a sense of irresponsibility is strong enough to banish cares which would, otherwise, spoil much of the pleasure.

It will always be a joy to look back upon College Life in later years but perhaps time will dull these memories and make them less clear.

Perhaps, now and later, this issue of the Trinity Tatler will bring back some of these faded memories.

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THE TRINITY TATLER

Volume 1 Winter, 1956 No. 1

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'Neath the elms the learned men lie sprawled
Trin seniors, mighty, fallen.
Commencement week, though formal thought,
Is more like jolly brawling.

'Tis pity as we watch them there
To see fine Harris tweed
And flannel of imported make
Pressed close 'gainst campus weed.

Long have their eager minds divined
The splendor of the Muse.
Read Aristophanes and laughed;
Enjoyed the Trojan ruse.

They've fought with stout Napoleon,
Saw Caesar to his grave;
And lauded all the ancient greats,
Round coffee at the "Cave."

Their genteelessness is gilded now
True connoisseurs all.
Who drank "White Horse" so furtively
Must now for "Glen Grant" call.

The high school lass with baton bright
Once loved - "But sir, be mum!"
The Vassar and the Holyoke dame
Must play the fife and drum.

Then one among them cries,
"Let's off my merry, white-shoed lads;
There's gin at Delta Phi's."

Yes, off they go with song and laugh
In quest of added spree.
God, stay their academic heads
From harsh reality.
Saturday night on Vernon Street during a partyless winter weekend can be a very dull and miserable time for the few disallusioned souls who feel compelled to remain there and study. Good intentions depart as, one by one, the more realistic fraternity members begin their off-campus ventures. The remaining few then begin discussion of various methods of relaxing for that "short break before getting down to the business at hand."

A quick glance at a newspaper evolves into a detailed survey of the "flick sheet," the focal point of collegiate interest in contemporary art and literature. "It'll be great for us to knock off a bit and we won't lose much time at all if we catch the early show. We can finish off this stuff in half the time when we come back". Hurry up boys, Saturday night brings out a horde of frivolous people who have no intention of doing anything constructive. Those parking spaces will be hard to find. Don't forget to take along a few tins to quench your thirst on that long, grueling drive along Washington Street.

Let's not forget the boys in the card room. They've just completed a lengthy bull session condemning the evils of "flicking"; completed it in favor of adjourning to "Joe's" or the "Bird" for a steak sandwich and a few lagers. Who can blame them if they spend an hour or two watching the Canadians tramp the Rangers in Madison Square Garden via barside TV once they get there?

Just as the first division of the "flick squad" returns, the "health club" gathers its number for the nightly pilgrimage to A.C. Petersen's Dairy. One of the returning moviegoers nearly goes along with the milkshake men, but is saved from such a cruel fate by a trio heading toward the Heublein. A very "shoe" and proper pair take off for an evening of Orange Blossoms and Ogden at the Adajian Room.

Back at the ranch, the penniless ones are exercising the pool and ping pong tables, not to mention the beer cooler. A sole TV addict is draped over the back of an overstuffed armchair amid a clutter of crushed beer cans. Suddenly... the phone rings! Nothing really unusual. One of the clan has made a slight error in the process of parking his vehicle and requires aid in extricating it from a flowerbed. Just which flowerbed and how it all happened were not made too clear, but a rescue party immediately begins the search equipped with the usual hastily collected bail fund.

Gradually the house quiets down as the industrious students put away their bottles, cans and playthings, and one by one retire. Somewhere down the hall someone mutters something about not exactly feeling like going to chapel next morning... then silence. Thus, friends, as they say in the movies, we take leave of another "study night" on Vernon Street. Wonderful what creative thinking is fostered within the time-honored and ivy-covered walls of old Trin.
You've got a problem, Brown-Bagger. At least, I hope you have, because if you haven't you're not getting your money's worth out of old Coll. Trin. Sanc. It's going to show itself, but probably not for a while. The problem is that you're getting a liberal education!

That's a problem? Indeed it is. Unconsciously probably, but none the less drastically, you're changing, Brown-Bagger, and it's probably going to cause arguments all around. Maybe these arguments will be with mater and pater. Maybe they'll be with your one and only. As a matter of fact, chances are that you'll shed your high-school sweetheart before very long.

All this will happen and more unless 1.) Your folks are college grads
2.) Your girl is a college student.

The arguments with your folks may be about nearly anything. As for your girl, chances are that they'll be because of lack of common interests.

Why all this hubub? Because you're changing, Brown-Bagger. Every day you are associating with men on the top rung of the ladder of education. Every day you are being exposed to new ideas. Every day you're growing little by little until suddenly you feel that you're a completely different person than you were a scant few months ago. But your folks and your girl haven't changed, and therein lies the problem.

Many of the boys on campus haven't got your problem, Brown-Bagger. They're growing together. They can talk to each other. They're probably getting acquainted with the girls from nearby colleges.

These new ideas that you encounter daily are probably common talk among them. Not so with you, Brown-Bagger. You're going to have a pretty rough time of it when you go home and tell your dad that you're thinking of becoming a Latin teacher for the satisfaction of it. He'll probably tell you that you're in college spending some $4000 or more and some four years of your life for the purpose of learning something worthwhile - like how to make a buck.

You figure college is the same as high-school as far as you are concerned. After all, you're home every night; you go back and forth to school every day. Yes, you think it's like high school, but it's not and the sooner you realize it, the better.

If you're a B.S. boy, you're not likely to have this problem. That's what most B.S. boys tell me. Their education here seems to be a sort of extenuation of previous knowledge. The B.A. boy, now, that's a different story. If you get anything more out of History 101-102 than a few dates and events, and you should, you'll grasp a whole new slant on life, yours in particular and those in general.

What I'm saying, Brown-Bagger, is that you're going to be a very lonely guy. The fact that you're here at Trinity tends to indicate you're likely to absorb these mature ideas I've been talking about and you're going to be impressed by those around you. You're going to think like Hell, maybe for the first time in your life. Then you're going to go home and realize that college is not like high
school. For one thing, you're not going to have anybody to talk to. You'll want to talk to somebody - deep talk, talk that will bring these new ideas of yours to life. You're going to want someone else to grow with you. You're going to want someone else to be interested in your new ideas.

The arguments with your folks shouldn't be too serious. Your girl, now, is another story. You'll likely find that what you wanted in a girl in high school doesn't matter as much now, and what you never cared for before is all of a sudden the most important characteristic you're looking for in a girl. You're going to want intellectual companionship, boy. Remember I'm talking to you, Brown-Bagger. To the on-campus lad, a date is apt to be still the same; a good time, probably more physical than mental, a break in studies. They'll probably read their papers to their roommates, have bull sessions and the like. Not you, Brown-Bagger.

So you'll try to read your papers to the only one you'd expect to care about your new ideas - your girl. But, remember? You liked her from the start because she was a sweet, unspoiled little thing. You used to help her with her homework in return for a kiss. She made you feel like a man, a protector, a hero. Now, all of a sudden, you see her in a different light. You give and she takes. She's still sweet and unspoiled (maybe). She's also a kid with a high-school education or less and no idea at all of what your interested in now. You don't call her naive anymore; the word is stupid. She doesn't go for such pleasantries. She decides you've developed a swelled head and are too impressed with your blue and gold jacket with the seven letters on the back. Too bad, Brown-Bagger. Nobody understands you. You've got a problem, Brown-Bagger.

Would you be able to get into a college which gave an entrance examination for proficiency in English Grammar, Greek, Latin, English to Latin translation, Geography, math, Cicero, Sallust, Virgil, Jacob's Greek Reader, St. Luke, St. John, and Acts? Those were the requirements for potential freshmen at Trinity in the early days of the college, when it was known as Washington College. Once over this barrier, the student was faced with little relief, since he was given practically no choice of subjects. The studies of Greek philosophers and math were dominant, while such things as modern
languages could only be taken at extra cost.

Speaking of cost, the tuition amounted to $11 for each of the three terms. Other prices per term were $3.50 for room, $1.00 for use of the library, and $2.00 for a general fee. In apologizing for the high price of meals, the college made this statement: "The price of board must necessarily depend on the price of provisions, and during the high prices of the last three years has been about $2.50 per week." The $3.50 for room did not really cover much, however, since the student was required to provide a bed, bedding, furniture, fire wood, and candles. It was also required that, "Each room shall be kept furnished with a good and sufficient bucket, at the expense of the occupants." This was for use in case of fire.

The nine faculty members were required to attend chapel each morning at 6:00 a.m., and each evening, as was the entire student body. Sunday services were also requisites. Each professor was assigned a room which he was obliged to occupy as much as possible, especially in the evenings. Each member of the faculty was also placed in charge of several students, and could fine them up to $1.00 for misbehavior. If a student refused admittance of a faculty member to his room, the professor had the right to break down the door, with the student paying the bill.

The restrictions to which the students were subjected were quite strict. At 6:00 a.m. everyone went to chapel, and at 10:00 p.m. everyone went to bed. Between the hours of 6:00 p.m. and 10:00 p.m. he was required to study, and was specifically not permitted to lie down on his bed. Bad conduct was divided into two classifications: high offenses, and misdemeanors. The high offenses included associating with an expelled student, possessing a dirk or sword-cane, being an actor or spectator in any theatrical entertainment during term time, and taking part in public celebration, except with permission of the faculty. Misdemeanors included going to a ball or assembly without the president's consent, playing musical instruments on Sunday, and "playing cards or dice or any other unlawful game."

A college Bursar was appointed to handle all of the students' money. In fact a student could be expelled for keeping money in his own possession. To prevent extravagance, a uniform dress was prescribed by the president, and no student was allowed to appear in public in any other clothes during term time.

The school year was longer than it is now. The college opened in September, with a two-week vacation for Christmas, and a three-week spring vacation in April or May. The commencement, which the entire student body was required to attend, was always held on the first Wednesday in August. A six-week vacation followed before the next school year.

Maybe in those old days, the students did get more for their money, and perhaps they received a better education, but they certainly worked for it.
The First Janitor

- N. M. DAY

The history of Trinity College is littered with interesting personalities. Professors and alumni who have done great things and taken prominent roles in the drama of history. Yet I propose that Trinity's most fantastic persona was not a professor or an alumnus - but a lowly janitor. His name was Professor Jim Williams, and he was the negro servant of Bishop Brownell. Professor Jim was head janitor and bell ringer at Trinity for almost five decades, building in that period a warm and lasting legend.

Jim was born a slave. His first distinct memory was of his mother telling him, "Washington's dead!" He and his mother were slaves on the plantation of a Colonel Roberts in Yonkers, New York. Roberts was an intimate friend of Aaron Burr. Professor Jim's memories of Burr have augmented historical works on the life of the fiery dualist. In fact, Professor Jim developed in his early life the knack of being where history was being made. When Professor Jim wanted to see the world, he ran away on the Fulton, the first American steamship. Soon after, he put to sea on a West India trader and seldom again during his youth was he on land. For three years during the War of 1812, he served on the British sloop of war "The Shepherdess," after being kidnapped at sea. During this time he was almost devoured by cannibals in the Congo, but escaped by giving them the silver buttons off his coat. Objecting to firing on his own countrymen, he at one time attempted to scuttle the sloop by drilling holes in its bottom with a homemade drill and brace. Shortly, he escaped and served the duration of the war as a "powder monkey" on the American frigate, "The True Blooded Yankee." This service he found much to his liking, and manned the number one gun in some of the most spectacular action of the war. The remaining time he spent at sea was aboard China traders - and even for a short time was a pirate under Duress. He jumped ship in Brazil and forsook a large cut of the spoils for his peace of mind.

This man in his seafaring days proved himself a brave and competent warrior. However, wishing to settle, he became contracted to the Brownell family as a servant. Bishop Brownell came to Trinity in 1823 and Professor Jim with him. Both became much a part of Trinity legend. Jim's primary capacity was that of bell ringer. At a very early hour, probably six a.m., he awoke the student body. This was accomplished despite the plots of five decades of students. A favorite trick of the students was to invert the bell and pour water into it, hoping that the winter cold would freeze it solid. Often it did, but Professor Jim's duty was never neglected. He also summoned students before the faculty for reprimand or reading of papers. Often the pursuit of an evasive student took the better portion of the day, but Professor Jim always delivered his man despite locked doors, secret hiding places, and many falsehoods. Regardless of these unpleasant tasks, Professor Jim became the intimate of each Trinity man.
He was a large, jovial negro whose head, in later years, was wreathed by feathery white hair. His laughter was thunderous; but his manner was gentle; his heart kind; and his simple, uncultured wisdom was well heeded. He was well loved by all, and because he was well trusted was dubbed the "Professor of Secrets." At each graduation, he rendered a short speech of farewell to "his" class, which was a gem of soft wit. It became customary for each class to present him with a pouch of gold and his reply often followed this pattern:

"... I thank you for this purse. No matter how little it is, no matter how great it is, it ain't so precious as friends. A man that ain't got a cent in his pocket and has a friend near... is rich.

If it's gold it will canker, if it's silver it will rust; if it's copperheads it will tarnish, but your friendship will last always... your secrets was mine... though you stopped up the keyhole with putty..."

Professor Jim Williams lived long enough to outlive a hundred and fifty alumni that had lived about him. He gained the distinction of founding the African Zion Methodist Church in Hartford. He was once nominated, as a jest, as vice-president of the United States. He had several books written about him and was often quoted as a reliable witness to many great historic events. His greatest enshrinement, however, was in the hearts of those who knew and loved him, and in the legend of Trinity College.

Decaying animan carcasses and illegally parked Trinity student's automobiles have a lot in common. They each attract a certain species of vultures. One species flies, whereas the other rides in radio-equipped police cars. Both have the same obnoxious mission at heart, and both earn their livelihood by heinous machinations on unwary victims. Let us rather concern ourselves with the radio-equipped type of vulture, than their close kin, the bird species.

To park one's car on Summitt St. near the Hamlin Arch and leave it for perhaps a few hours, and upon returning find a parking ticket from the Hartford Police Department stuck under one's windshield wiper, is nothing unusual for most Trinity men. Without the slightest hesitation, the out-of-state Trinity drivers tear up the green slip of paper, or add it to their collections, if they are hardened fugitives.
from justice. Connecticut drivers, however, are obligated to pay the fine in order to renew their yearly driving permits. Obviously, this phase of Connecticut Motor Vehicle law does not hinder the out-of-state Trinity driver, who goes merrily on his way with a glove compartment full of parking tickets.

The only party who seems to register any concern about the incident is the donor of the green tickets, the Hartford Police Dept., who, in desperation, have begun, in a vulture-like manner, to impound cars parked illegally on Summit St. A cost of almost ten dollars is the minimum fine in the case of an impounded vehicle. For ten dollars the police can afford to make a spectacle of it!

Can you imagine an uncivilized and unhousebroken vulture wearing a blue suit, shining badge, visor cap, and grim expression? It looks more like a monkey circus act than the towing away of an illegally parked automobile. Watching the actual "hoist" of an auto by the gendarmes is an interesting experience in adolescent or abnormal psychology (take your choice!).

After discovering a car parked illegally, the vulture scouts communicate across the air waves with the main corps of police stationed nearby, who maintain the heavy trucks and the additional manpower necessary to descend upon the empty but illegally parked auto.

With their sirens wailing, two police cars, two motorcycle cops, and the actual tow truck with a crew of two men converge from all directions upon the scene of the crime. Their guns are still in their holsters, but a slightly crouched position is noticeable as each man carries out his predetermined phase of the mission. Except for the lack of aerial support and heavy artillery, one would imagine the entire area to be under military siege.

Upon the arrival of sufficient forces, a general war council is called, during which each of the arresting officers stands with a foot on the bumper of the blighted auto and wears his most grimacing and vulture-like expression, all the while hoping against desperate hope that the owner of the car will arrive apologetic and bearing gifts unto his prosecutors. When, however, the owner does not arrive in sufficient time, the tow truck winch is lowered and the rear wheels of the car are hoisted off the ground. As the car is being raised into the towing position, the four or five attending officers jubilantly join hands in a circle and participate in a type of native tribal dance of uncanny exhuberance and progressive excitement. With a certain ten dollars coming from some driver's pocket perhaps they dance for joy, financial joy.

The grand recessional to the car pound led by the motorcycles, behind them the tow truck with its trophy, and behind that the two police cars, resembles a fleet of Florida fishing boats returning to port after a good day's catch. One would imagine that the police feared the escape of their dead carcass in tow.
FIRE!!!! It wasn't anything really serious, just a small blaze in the upper shelf of a book case in Dr. McCook's office. It occurred on the 9th of February 1923, but was practically forgotten by the next morning.

Following a quiet three days, a fire was discovered on Feb. 12th in the public speaking room just over the post office. Mulligan, class of '25, had turned in the alarm. The floor in an area around the pipe and radiator was burned. At first it was thought that heat had caused the oily floor to combust, but then it was discovered that no heat had been turned on. The fire had started on the floor and spread around the piping. It was most perplexing, but no definite cause was produced. Everyone tended to shrug it off as just something that had happened.

The crowning blow occurred on Saturday, Feb. 12. Alumni Hall had caught on fire. Four companies of firemen arrived on the scene along with a squad of police. The fires, so innocent before, now took on a suspicious nature. Students managed to carry out all the athletic and school equipment, but the class flags dating from 1878 were lost. Students helped firemen battle the flames.

In the ensuing battle hoses were cut by falling slate, ladders were broken, but fortunately no injuries resulted. Less than twenty minutes after the start of the blaze the roof caved in and the south wall collapsed.

After this the fire was soon extinguished. The fire chief's investigation showed that the fire had started in the painted scenery canvas used by the Jesters. The highly waxed floor facilitated the easy and rapid spread of the fire, and the result is now history.

Further investigation showed that no one had occasion to use the building that day nor had there been any occasion to use it in the preceding two weeks. The junior prom was the last event to be held in the hall. The final verdict showed arson to be the cause. But who could have committed this $15,000 act? A student, professor, local person? No one knew, but efforts were being coordinated to find the culprit.

For over a week secret investigation was held but all remained quiet. Administration officials could find no clues. Then, on the 20th of Feb., that familiar cry was heard again. FIRE!!! The scene was Prof. Barrett's latin room. At 2:45 pm, his last class ended and the Professor went home, leaving the door open as was his custom. At 3:20 pm the fire was discovered in the wastebasket under the desk. This time definite traces of oil were found. Because of similarities between this and the fire in the public speaking room positive action was taken.

A student guard, under the direction of Fred Stone, basketball coach, was posted in all buildings. Do you
think this stopped the fiend? At 11:38 pm, Feb. 22, during the changing of the guard the culprit struck in Jarvis 41. A bureau, emptied of all the owner's clothes, was set on fire. With this fire the administration finally turned the case over to local and state police, who began an intensive investigation, but lack of clues hindered their success.

The next day, Feb. 23, the sixth and final fire was set. It was just past 6 pm when most people usually went to dinner. The fire was in George Mulligan's room. Starting in the closet the fire burned through the door and scorched the walls, even though George had just left his room, locking the door.

Circumstantial evidence pointed heavily toward George, who was the first one at each fire, had turned in a number of the alarms, who couldn't account for most of his time before each fire. Psychiatric tests proved his sanity, and after a few days he was freed because of a lack of conclusive evidence.

The culprit was never found, the whole affair was a mysterious one indeed. Was it George, someone else, or -- just one of those things -- ?

MEET MR KLIIMCZAK

V.E. MORRISON.

It was the Saturday after the Junior Prom at Trinity and the students and their dates were in the college auditorium for an entertaining winter's afternoon. Most were quite rightfully shocked when Mr. Walter Klimczak, of the Mathematics Department, was introduced. They couldn't believe their eyes when they saw him bring a guitar, nor could they believe their ears when they heard him sing. To the older members of the audience this was nothing new. They knew that anything could be expected from this man, who almost played Major League Baseball, twice defeated TB, and now is working on a special math project for the U. S. Army.

A native of New Haven, Connecticut, he grew up in the shadow of Yale and decided that that was the only school for him. So after graduation from Hillhouse High School, he became a son of old Eli in the class of '37. He had never played sports in high school, but decided to go out for freshman baseball anyway. He developed quickly, and soon was starting third baseman for the yearling squad. In his sophomore year he was the regular third baseman, a spot which he held for three years. His senior year saw the team win the E.I.C. League championship, with Walt a big gun for the team.
Clyde Engle, a former star with the Boston Red Sox, was the freshman coach at Yale. He helped Walt and when he saw that this young man would be a better catcher, he started to make him into one. During Mr. Klimczak's last year at Yale he caught batting practice, and when Engle, who was also a scout for the Toronto club, signed him, he was a full-time catcher. He played with Cornwall in the Canadian-American League, then moved to the Sally League before taking the big jump to the Toronto Maple Leafs. This was just one step away from the majors.

He was sold to the Philadelphia A's, but war interrupted, and he went on the voluntary retired list so that he could serve in the Navy. He was just a gob for a few months when TB struck. A year in hospitals cleared up the situation, and he was discharged. He returned to Yale to help out in the Navy's V-12 program. When it was over, he stayed and continued teaching. In 1948 he received his PhD, and then the next year saw him in the hospital again with his second attack of TB.

This time it was a much severer case. He was operated upon and for some time had a lung collapsed. It was during this that an old hobby, started during the first TB attack, became more important. To help pass the time he learned folk songs. At first by rote with a simple guitar accompaniment, later by music. He did it just for himself, but when he came to Trinity in 1951 and people found out about this talent, he was called upon many times.

He has played for Mr. Dando's radio program, "Behind the Pages", woman's clubs, English classes, and other school and social events.

In August of '54 he married Miss Pat Smith, a secretary for the college. Pat junior came in June of the following year. The project for the Army is just the first step to fame for this versatile man.

"Pigskin Parade at Trinity"

-D. N. Spear

"Pigskin Parade" can be described as a labor of love. Robert Morris, author and Trinity Trustee, is not a professional writer; but his love of football, and even greater love of Trinity, plus seven years of methodical research and writing have produced an exceptionally fine history of collegiate football as it has been played at Trinity over the past seventy years. Comprising three hundred and eighty pages, "Pigskin Parade" faithfully records the victories, defeats, and personnel of every Trinity team from 1877 to the present. Quite successfully Mr. Morris has captured the spirit and enthusiasm which seems always to have surrounded Trinity football.

The astute football fan will appreciate the unusual bits of human interest which have become part of the lore that is American football today. In 1877, historian Morris tells us, the most unusual feature of the Yale - Trinity contest was the uniform of the Trinity team.
"The shirts were made of tight-fitting canvas, thoroughly greased with lard, so that it was impossible to get a hold on them. They would slip through the crowd of their opponents like eels, and go dancing down the field, in a way that was horrifying to the Yale students present. They were therefore as difficult to catch as eels, and it was not until the Yale men had counteracted this by grasping great handfuls of sand that they were able to do anything like successful tackling."

In 1888 the Trinity freshmen were thoroughly humiliated by Hartford High School who had a host of stars:

"Prominent among them was William H. Corbin who had the honor of never playing in a losing game either in high school or college."

Corbin went on to captain the famous Yale team of 1888, which scored 698 points to their opponents zero.

Of immeasurable importance to the football fan are the composite statistics which Mr. Morris has so laboriously compiled. Going into this season Trinity has won 234 ball games against 209 defeats. There have been 33 ties. Since Dan Jessee's arrival in 1932 the victory percentage has been raised to a resounding 72%.

Football at Trinity College is not a commercial money making proposition. Rather, for those who have watched and those who have played, it was a stimulating aesthetic experience—one which could be relived in retelling. This is the genius which Mr. Morris has recaptured, the thread which connects the past, present, and future of the Trinity College football story.
good as a group, rather than those who were outstanding soloists. This move was indeed wise, because the resulting orchestral background is complementary and brings out, rather than conceals, the pianist's fine work.

One of the key men in any orchestra is its arranger. For this job, Frankie chose George Barnes, who was Artie Shaw's guitar player for many years. George has written his arrangements bearing in mind the importance of providing a restrained, but colorful, background for piano. Frankie insists that he has been lucky in keeping such a superlative group of musicians in his orchestra, but it is much more than luck that has put this man where he is.

Frankie Carle is one of an unfortunately few professional musicians who are sincerely proud of their field. His first consideration is making good music; second come making good money. He is a shy and rather modest person, with a quiet manner and an amiable, pleasing personality.

Frankie Carle is very much like his music. He's charming, but unobtrusive. He is attractive, but not imposing. And, like his music, Frankie Carle will still be popular long after other musicians have quickly blossomed, and - just as quickly - faded from the musical scene.

S.N. Bowen

St Patrick's Day - 1905

Many of us, the undergraduate members of Trinity, are inclined to forget about the heritage, history and custom that surrounds our four year home. There are many who say, "the thing that's wrong with Trinity is that there is no tradition like other New England institutions possess." These individuals are far from correct as there is as much tradition surrounding our quad as any student could ask for. The whole trouble lies in the fact that no one wants to take the time to investigate it, let alone perpetuate it.

The following story was taken from the March 21, 1905 issue of the Trinity Tripod and concerns itself with the long-forgotten St. Patrick's Day tradition carried out by Trin-
ity students.

"A large supply of posters bearing the 1908 numerals was stored previous to St. Patrick's Day at the house of R.W. Stevens, '08, on Webster Street. Here President Trumbull assembled his forces at 11 P.M. on Thursday night. The class at once set to work pasting these in conspicuous places in all parts of the city. Billboards, telegraph poles, store windows and the sides of trolley cars, all came in for their share. Most of the freshmen stuck together, but a few chose to distribute their wares by a separate route.

"On Main Street a band of freshmen were encountered by Kenyon, the sophomore President, and two of his classmates, Myers and G. Cunningham. In defiance of all college tradition these men were captured and bound by the '08 men who detected them in the act of tearing down some of their posters. A general mix-up ensued in which the police thought fit to interfere. But the Sophs prevented any further trouble by giving their parole. So they were set free. Other 1907 men were busy, however, and when morning came few of the numerals remained in sight. Among these Sophs were Ferguson and de Mauriac, who found an automobile a convenient aid in their work. Stopping at 6:30 to refresh themselves at the Baltimore Lunch they were seized by a number of freshmen, who bound them and locked them in the Y.M.C.A. building from which they subsequently escaped. The automobile was then appropriated to the use of the class of '08.

"The great achievement of the freshmen, however, was the raising of their banner on the City Hall flag staff. Karl A. Reiche got on the right side of the city officials the day before and obtained permission to have this done. It was to be kept there from midnight to midnight on the 17th of March. Along in the small hours of the morning a tired, mud-smeared band of freshmen was to be seen in the Y.M.C.A. building trying to snatch a half-hours sleep on the lounges or the bare floor. A sorry looking sight they were too. This was headquarters for the whole class. They were up and stirring again, however, long before seven and succeeded in raising a large banner bearing '19T08' across Main Street from Francis' hardware store to the Goodwin building. They assembled under this and formed a triumphal procession. This was headed by Ferguson's automobile, handsomely adorned with the purple posters of '08. They proceeded to the college with much demonstration and secured a new prize of war at the corner of Broad and Vernon Streets in the person of R.I. Spier, '07, who was bound and gagged and hoisted into the chariot of victory. Chamberlain, '07, barely escaped a similar fate. Leaving the auto outside of the college grounds the freshmen gathered at the gym. The sophomores were waiting for them on the college walk. The freshmen divided into pairs and each pair was assigned to a certain sophomore. When the clash came nearly every sophomore was rolling in the mud trying to cope with two disciples of the art of jujitsu. Maplesdon, '08, climbed the north electric light pole and a guard around the pole prevented anyone from reaching the flag which he hung up there.

"The seniors this year decided that if the flag be kept up for ten minutes the victory should be given to the freshmen. So the official victory of the day was declared won by 1908 at half past eight o'clock. But this by no means ended the day. Several sophomores carried out some very brilliant ideas down town, showing that what this class lacks in numbers it makes up for in cleverness.

"Kenyon, de Mauriac and Bryant put their heads together and tried to conceive a way to remove the banner which appeared to them to mar the landscape on Main Street. Riding under it on the top of a trolley car was decided to be too dangerous a plan of operation, so they concluded to set out to
hire a truck. But just then they encountered a large load of hay going down the street and chartered it for their purpose. De Mauriac went up to the policeman who was commissioned to guard the banner and proceeded to console him with a number of troublesome questions which he had to answer in the pursuit of his vocation. The other two sophs on the hay wagon had cast an anchor under the banner and were attempting to tear it down with a long pole. They succeeded in disfiguring the "8" before the policeman woke up to the situation and ran out to pull the horses away from the place.

"Later in the day a sophomore went around to various business places and telephoned to Mayor Henney requesting in the name of the firm that the flag on City Hall be removed. The good mayor was led to believe that the business men of Hartford objected to this college prank being played on such a sacred building and at 3:30 o'clock ordered it taken down.

"Meanwhile many members of the freshmen class had stationed themselves on each of the buildings from which the banner was hanging and were cheering back and forth. This attracted a large number of bystanders who lined the streets as if a circus parade was about to appear waiting to see what would happen next.

"The various entrances to the buildings from which the Main Street flag was hung were guarded by the freshmen, but Bryant and Kenyon managed to elude the '08 men near Francis' store, and rushing up the stairs they climbed out of a scuttle and ran along the roofs till they got near the place where the flag was tied. Then they succeeded in cutting the rope and the banner swung across the street and dangled against the wall of the building opposite. It was not long, however, before the freshmen had it up again and it stayed up until 5:30 when they decided to take it down of their own accord.

"Meanwhile the banner which had been floating over City Hall was displayed on the roof of the Connecticut Mutual Building and later the freshmen placed it above the First National Bank. Some grocery clerks who befriended the Sophs, went up there and secured it, intending to give it to '07. But Donnelly, '08, met them as they were coming down the fire-escape with it and cornered them in a room. He worked on their sympathies, telling them what a loss it would be to their class if the Sophs got it, as the freshmen class wished to keep it for their Senior Prom, so finally they turned it over to him. This ended the flag episode.

"The annual St. Patrick's Day parade was held in the evening. A drum corps was hired for the occasion and the whole undergraduate body took part. The streets were packed down town and long "Trin" yells were given at nearly every block. The affair wound up with an informal banquet at the college commons where those who had any voices left indulged in songs.

"The Sophomores seized James Page, '08, and locked him up until the following morning to prevent his reporting the events of the day to the "Courant". They offered the "Courant" an account of their own, which, the freshmen are glad to say, was not accepted. This was the last incident in the most eventful St. Patrick's Day which the College has seen in many a year.

The annual St. Patrick's Day scrap was held until 1931 when it was forgotten, or at least was not important enough to gain recognition from the Tripod. Perhaps it's better that we don't try to revive some of the old traditions that are woven into our daily life, but we should remember them and take an interest in learning about them.
The formerly retired supervisor of the Hartford Post Office and present postmaster at Trinity College, Hartford, was eighty one years old on January 22. Francis P. Horan, better known to all on the campus as "Cap", has been postmaster at Trinity since 1946, when he came out of retirement to take the job. After reaching four score and one years, Cap says that he has "no plans for a second retirement."

Born in 1875, Cap is a native of Hartford. He refers to his birthplace and the location of his home for most of these eighty-one years as "Frog Hollow," the area surrounding Broad and Zion Streets near Trinity College in Hartford.

Before his forty-six year tour of duty with the postal service, Cap played center field and first base on several local baseball teams of almost professional rating. Early in the 1890's he played for the Pratt and Whitney team and in 1894 and 1895 he played for the Hartford Team. The Hartford Team was an independent group who played their games at Trinity College when there were less than one hundred students. At that time the baseball diamond was located near the present field house site, and Cap says that, as center fielder, he used to stand in the middle of what is now the Memorial Field House.

During the Spanish American War he achieved the rank of Captain and carried the nickname of "Cap" from his army days with him throughout the postal system. In the army Cap was stationed with a Connecticut Infantry Division at Camp Alger in Falls Church, Virginia. At the end of the war Cap went on inactive reserve. He was too old to serve in the First World War, and in 1929 Congress passed an act placing men of his rank and age on the retired list.

When Cap came to Trinity in 1946, the post office was located in the office of the property manager and there was very little mail to be sorted. As the college began to expand and the volume of incoming and outgoing mail increased, the campus post office was moved to lower Seabury Hall, where sufficient facilities were made available for four hundred faculty and student post office boxes. The campus postal service has since expanded to such an extent that under Cap is employed one full-time postman and two students for part time sorting of the many letters and parcels.

Cap has an uncanny memory for names and numbers, and by the end of the first month of school he has memorized the names and box numbers of the 650 resident students and the 100 faculty and administration. He can identify many persons by their voices alone.

Always in the field of public service, Cap served as President of the Connecticut Association of Post Office Clerks and was twice Grand Knight of the Hartford Chapter of the Knights of Columbus.

Cap has been married fifty years. One of his four sons graduated from Trinity and is now with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He has six grandchildren, lives on Rodney Street in Frog Hollow with his wife, Mrs. Agnes Horan.
At times we are inclined to forget that psychology is a science - the science which studies the behavior and experience of living organisms. Like chemistry, physics, or biology, psychology has laboratories for experiments and testing also. However, when we hear the word "laboratory", we usually think of test tubes or microscopes. Have you ever wondered what type of equipment would be used in a "psych lab"?

The senior seminar class which is studying "learning theory", decided to work on an extra project under the guidance of Dr. Andrew H. Souerwine, Assistant Professor of the Psychology Department. The purpose is to give the students an opportunity to "get a feel" for some of the experimental problems in psychology. It also informs students about the contemporary status of this comparatively young science.

Before this experiment could begin, however, much planning was necessary. Many problems had to be solved and agreed upon by everyone in the group. The class had to decide the purpose of the experiment, the type of equipment to be used, and how long it would last. After these preliminary factors were resolved, actual work on the test began.

Since animal experiment is used as a basis for the development of "learning theory", white rats were selected for this trial. (They are a favorite in psychology laboratories). The rats, about 170 days old, are marked with dyes in order to distinguish them, and separated into two groups. One group is tested ten times a day with intervals of six minutes between each trial. The other group is tested once every twenty-four hours. It does not take very long for the rats to become "psychologically sophisticated", that is to become used to the laboratory conditions, and no longer have fears of being handled. The rat is placed into a seven-point linear maze, which was assembled by the students. Since the rats are fed well, there is no food reward for learning the correct path of the maze.

The experiment, which will last six weeks, is designed to determine whether any motivation is necessary for learning. The big question is, "Why do the animals learn what the experimenter wants them to learn?" It is assumed that some motivation is necessary for learning, but with these rats, who have all their physical needs fulfilled, the drives for learning are not known.

It is hoped that some day the results of this and other experiments, which will be written for publication, may be applied to the learning problems of human beings. It would be of great value to our educational system, since psychologists and educators are interested in learning problems not only from an academic viewpoint but from a practical viewpoint as well. If valid theories of learning are developed by scientific methods, we will be more capable of solving problems relating to education. The present arguments over the methods of teaching, reading, writing and spelling, show the need for new and improved ideas in teaching techniques.