Morgan is Candidate for Trinity Trustee

Owen Morgan, B. N., '06, of Hartford, and Ewing F. Yates, B. A., '21, of the Freshman class, has been nominated by the alumni of Trinity College as candidates for alumni trustees. Mr. Morgan is a member of the late Henry Blackwell Campbell of Washington, D. C. All holders of Trinity degrees will vote for one of the two men by mail ballots, which will be counted at a meeting of the Board of Trustees December 5.

Mr. Morgan is assistant secretary of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, and is a member of the city's board of Police Commissioners. Vaughan is a member of the college board of fellows and a director of the American School for the Deaf, West Hartford, and the Connecticut Institute for the Blind. During his undergraduate days he was captain of football and won the McCook Cup as the most valuable athlete in his class.

Mr. Yates is vice-president of the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, New York, and during his Freshman year was captain of both the freshman and class and editor-in-chief of its yearbook.

The Reverend Sherrod Soule, Secre- tary of the Congregational Chur- ch at Hartford, will give the Thanksgiving address at the Wesleyan University chapel service on November 23.

RUDOLPH TAUTE.

"Body" Tante, regular halfback for the past two years, at a meeting of the "varsity" football squad last Tuesday night, was chosen captain of the 1928 Blue and Gold team. Tante, with a bright light in the backfield all season standing out in every game in which Trinity has participated with his open field running and aggressive defensive work. In Lowell Tech game he intercepted a forward pass which was converted into a touchdown. In the Wesleyan game he had much to do with carrying the ball down the field toward Tante's goal in the first period. His flashy runs were one of the outstanding features of the game. In Aigie game his long runs were the outstanding events of the day. Tante played on the "varsity" basketball team last season, is his Freshman year, he played both football and basketball.

The Sophomore Hop will be held Friday, December 2, instead of December 3, as stated in last week's issue.

FRENCH CLUB.

The rehearsals for the French Club play, "Le Medecin Violant," which is to be presented here on December 16, are in full swing. All the parts are now filled, and much progress has been made towards the first dress rehearsal, now but a few weeks off. The club regrets to announce one change in its cast of characters, Dr. D'Urbervile, who was to have a major part in the production, has been forced by the pressure of other work to withdraw from the drama's present performance. His place will be filled by Ralph Rogers, who is the Secretary of the French Club.

Glee Club Rehearsal Monday night at 7.45 o'clock in the Public Speaking Room. Every one interested is request- ed to be present.

A Summary of the Football Season

Trinity will most probably be the 1927 football team. That is the unani- mously-opinion of everyone who has watched the Hill eleven in action this year. Outsiders commenting on the Blue and Gold combination of this year have nothing but praise for the team's tactics and ability to offer for this light but aggressive team that furnished Wesleyan and Connecticut Aggies in two succeeding weeks an excellent contest of football. It has been a number of years since Trinity has been repre- sented on the gridiron by a team which was regarded as successful. This year's eleven has not been vic- torious, it is true, but the manner in which they went down to defeat marks them as a team that is strong enough to be put up as a power in the future. It was the Blue and Gold eleven of last year which furnished the two teams against which the 1927 teams from the past few years.

The season was started auspiciously by an win over Trinity, which was followed by a concert at Lowell Tech game he intercepted a forward pass which was converted into a touchdown. In the Wesleyan game he had much to do with carrying the ball down the field toward Tante's goal in the first period. His flashy runs were one of the outstanding features of the game. In Aigie game his long runs were the outstanding events of the day. Tante played on the "varsity" basketball team last season, is his Freshman year, he played both football and basketball.

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It is quite possible that this paper will be the means of a little argument over the use of Freshman discipline. That's very good and we hope it will not only be in accordance with the original interest. Muter all, any-
Did You Say, Humor?

"Why is a bachelor?"
"Because he didn't have a car when he was young."—Lehigh Burr.

"Why did your maid quit?"
"We installed an electric ice box."—Wisconsin Outpost.

Little Lucy (to guests)—"Do you like that Christmas cake, Mrs. Brown?"
Mrs. Brown—"Yes, my dear, very much."

Little Lucy—"That's funny, 'cause mother said you haven't any tails."—Yale Record.


*A Thrift Campaign."
"I hear you give your little boy a quarter every week for good behavior, Ignatz.""Sure, but I feel him. I told him the gas meter was a little bank I bought him."—The Open Road.

Scapegoat."
Agatha—"Did Ella dare to find fault with her young daughter for arriving home with the milkman?"
Ellie—"No. She scolded the milkman for coming so late."—Life.

Before and After."
"My wife has been using a flesh-reducing roller for nearly two months."
"And can you see any result yet?"
"Yes—the roller is much thinner."—Die Minette (Vienna).


* * *
Financial Aid."
Stranger—"Do you have to see a doctor before you get liquor in this town?"
Native—"No, afterward."—Masonic Home Journal (Louisville).


* * *
An Ancient Retainer."
"Your maid seems to be rather familiar with you."
"Yes, I put up with that from old servants; just think, she has been with us for more than a month."—Le Rire (Paris).

A Freshman who had looked through most of the semester was confronted with final examinations. In compliance with the instructor's request that he write at the bottom of his paper a statement to the effect that he had received no help in answering the questions, the Freshman wrote the following:

I have neither asked nor received help, but God knows I need it.

Have you ever been married?" asked the judge.

"Yes-er," stammered the prisoner.

"Of course it was a woman," snapped the judge; "did you ever hear of any one marrying a man?"

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner brighty, "my sister did."

Whereupon he got life.

* * *

Still Small Voice."
Mrs. Petonia Biggs has at last located the speck in the rear of her car which has been bothering her for the past few days. It was her husband requesting from the back seat that she drive a little slower—Life.

In a crowded London omnibus a stout lady vainly endeavored to get her purse out of the pocket of her cloak, which was tightly buttoned up as a protection against pickpockets. After she had been trying for some time a gentleman next to her said:

"Please allow me to pay your fare." The lady declined with some anger and renewed her attacks on the pocket. After some time the gentleman again said:

"You really must let me pay your fare. You have already unbuttoned my suspender three times and I can't wait any longer."

"I see in the papers that a widow with nine children out in Nebraska has married a widow with seven children."

That was no marriage. That was a merger.
SNUGGEDY SWAMP.

"The trouble with New York," a wise sixteen-year remarked some weeks ago, "is that it is so full of unnecessary and superfluous people." He might have said "the trouble with Americans." But they do not move us, these needless people who neither feel keenly nor think with excitement, who neither create, administer, enjoy, nor sympathize. They are the real slaves of the modern industrial order who carry on the economic routine, sniffing with predatory noses or gobbling their limited diet of income, exercise, and lust. If their masters live less happily than Greeks upon the proceeds of their toil, it is because they do not know they are masters.

Nothing counts but energy latent or displayed, or its reflection in such symbols as the tubular masses of the insurance building rising over Columbus, or Snuggedy Swamp. The thousands of dull men and women whose minds are below the life line, the tawdry White Ways of a hundred cities, the endless succession of undistinguished fields streaming by the railroad window, the barren but not beautiful, the jumbled suburbs, the stonework houses of a tawny settlement, the burnt clearing, the time-clock brain—exist only in the illusion of an indivisible Prerogative and the delusion of a Progress which arrives by mere breeding. The whole had no history and neither have these. They live only in geography or statistics, and an exclusiveness that forgets them when possible is not inevitably more than a memory. It is the arbutus and heathcups in protest against the luncheon box and empty coffee-drink, the tuna-luncheon, the intellectual of the average and the popular among them. The New York Bar of years for this slimy planet to be capable of a garden, and some millions before had both time and inclination to observe the beauty of things. The value of a thought not tied to fear or hunger is not merely a sacrifice of the spirit to the self-same spirit. It is the arbitration and pure cerebation on the concrete highway between signboard and signboard, the sudden storm in a silty crowd? Not by a long sight.

All this is a high philosophical Preface to Snuggedy Swamp, yet with so many empty words (as the Chinese say) staring about, such as Civilization, "Culture," "Beauty," which friends and enemies hurl at each other meaning everything or nothing, a Preface is indispensable. How otherwise could a negro child have roses as an atomic significance? The road to Snuggedy Swamp leads through the pine barrens, it is the road in which Washington made his majestic progress to see and be such candies, in my children's consciousness and enthusiasm on the poverty of the soil, being, as Mr. Woodward says, a good business executive not inspired by unsaturative beauty. Barrens is a banner term the dark mystery of sand at whose columns, trailed over with amber jasmine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried casio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks from the sky. They are, here, no, no, no, there, there, there, yes, yes, cherubio, cherubio." The road is common to the dark mystery at once set with turquoise shutters, the honeycomb houses rising over the magnolias, the little choly in torn festoons of moss, a wilderness of black water; the quiet columns, trailed over with amber jasmine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried casio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks from the sky. They are, here, no, no, no, there, there, yes, yes, cherubio, cherubio." The road is common to the dark mystery at once set with turquoise shutters, the honeycomb houses rising over the magnolias, the little choly in torn festoons of moss, a wilderness of black water; the quiet columns, trailed over with amber jasmine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried casio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks from the sky. They are, here, no, no, no, there, there, yes, yes, cherubio, cherubio." The road is common to the dark mystery at once set with turquoise shutters, the honeycomb houses rising over the magnolias, the little choly in torn festoons of moss, a wilderness of black water; the quiet columns, trailed over with amber jasmine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried casio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks from the sky. They are, here, no, no, no, there, there, yes, yes, cherubio, cherubio." The road is common to the dark mystery at once set with turquoise shutters, the honeycomb houses rising over the magnolias, the little choly in torn festoons of moss, a wilderness of black water; the quiet columns, trailed over with amber jasmine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried casio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks from the sky. They are, here, no, no, no, there, there, yes, yes, cherubio, cherubio." The road is common to the dark mystery at once set with turquoise shutters, the honeycomb houses rising over the magnolias, the little choly in torn festoons of moss, a wilderness of black water; the quiet columns, trailed over with amber jasmine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried casio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks from the sky. They are, here, no, no, no, there, there, yes, yes, cherubio, cherubio." The road is common to the dark mystery at once set with turquoise shutters, the honeycomb houses rising over the magnolias, the little choly in torn festoons of moss, a wilderness of black water; the quiet columns, trailed over with amber jasmine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried casio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks from the sky. They are, here, no, no, no, there, there, yes, yes, cherubio, cherubio.”

Some call it mellowness.

Some say that Camel is the mellower cigarette ever made. Some that it’s mild and smooth. It’s really all good things in one, and that it’s “the extreme of modern favor.” Camel’s popularity today is the largest that any cigarette ever had.

And, it costs something to make this kind of a smoke. It costs the choicest tobaccos through the glooms to light. With slow beat the great white egrets fly tense from his cloud lean his head beyond this happy animal world and quotes from himself, "I, to lord with narrow horizons, catch the gusts of our glorious gains." "Which plants?" one murmans, and moves on down a plantation byway where strings of black children in pink and blue cloud dark and then flash white teeth as our shadow leaves them, mean piny aisles by the great ditch, and quotes from Ibsen, "Here, here, here, no, no, no, there, there, yes, yes, cherubio, cherubio." The road is common to the dark mystery at once set with turquoise shutters, the honeycomb houses rising over the magnolias, the little choly in torn festoons of moss, a wilderness of black water; the quiet columns, trailed over with amber jasmine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried casio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks from the sky. They are, here, no, no, no, there, there, yes, yes, cherubio, cherubio.” The road is common to the dark mystery at once set with turquoise shutters, the honeycomb houses rising over the magnolias, the little choly in torn festoons of moss, a wilderness of black water; the quiet columns, trailed over with amber jasmine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried casio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks from the sky. They are, here, no, no, no, there, there, yes, yes, cherubio, cherubio.” The road is common to the dark mystery at once set with turquoise shutters, the honeycomb houses rising over the magnolias, the little choly in torn festoons of moss, a wilderness of black water; the quiet columns, trailed over with amber jasmine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried casio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks from the sky. They are, here, no, no, no, there, there, yes, yes, cherubio, cherubio.” The road is common to the dark mystery at once set with turquoise shutters, the honeycomb houses rising over the magnolias, the little choly in torn festoons of moss, a wilderness of black water; the quiet columns, trailed over with amber jasmine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried casio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks from the sky. They are, here, no, no, no, there, there, yes, yes, cherubio, cherubio.” The road is common to the dark mystery at once set with turquoise shutters, the honeycomb houses rising over the magnolias, the little choly in torn festoons of moss, a wilderness of black water; the quiet columns, trailed over with amber jasmine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried casio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks from the sky. They are, here, no, no, no, there, there, yes, yes, cherubio, cherubio.” The road is common to the dark mystery at once set with turquoise shutters, the honeycomb houses rising over the magnolias, the little choly in torn festoons of moss, a wilderness of black water; the quiet columns, trailed over with amber jasmine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried casio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks from the sky. They are, here, no, no, no, there, there, yes, yes, cherubio, cherubio.” The road is common to the dark mystery at once set with turquoise shutters, the honeycomb houses rising over the magnolias, the little choly in torn festoons of moss, a wilderness of black water; the quiet columns, trailed over with amber jasmine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried casio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks from the sky. They are, here, no, no, no, there, there, yes, yes, cherubio, cherubio.”

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