FAIR SEX INVADES TRINITY FOR SENIOR BALL TONIGHT


FINAL PINK SLIP EDITION

BUTCH BUTCHERED!

HIGH SCORER

COMMITTEE

At home he is Mother's Child; at Trinity he is Daddy's Child; in this picture he is Poverty's Child. Who is he? We don't know!

Story on Page Eleven

This exclusive photograph for the PINK SLIP was snapped two and one-third seconds after ground had been broken by the Committee for foundations of the Senior Ball. These men have real grit. Reading from left to right (or right to left—suit yourself), are Q. Bernard Shawagle, G. Berkley Shawovitch, and Barclay G. Shawinsky. In the background may be seen the newly completed Chem. Lab. Originally the Committee had planned to hold the social function here, but it was considered unwise, as no precedent for such a thing has ever been established at Trinity College.

Story on Page Four

WHY WAR? - BUY AMERICAN!
GOOD OLD LUFFY BACK

Early last Wednesday morning Prof. Q. Rosshall Luffingwell, D. D., S. S. B., T. B., returned to Hartford after an extended archeological expedition. Members of the Trinity faculty, notables including Governor Coote, Rocco Pallotti, and Mrs. Ledwith, and eager enthusiasts thronged the station platform. From his special fossil-trimmed box car the notable professor disembarked and was greeted with deafening cheers, ticker tape, old shoes, and vegetables. Loud cries of "Speech! Speech!"

"I'm, well, sure glad to be back here," he began, when the tumult had quieted. "Just four months ago I left you all here on this same station platform. And what a send-off that was you gave me! It took me four days to get over the hangover. The professor chuckled at the pleasant memory.

"Well, let's see now—we left the train at New Britain, and there a great gang of Red-caps from Grand Central met us for our safari. Altogether, there were in our expedition—um? Let me think. Thirty-five porters, or was it thirty-six? Ten gun-bearers, three or four guides, and these sixteen charming young girls from the Chester Hale Chorus?" He pointed proudly at the latter. They tittered in response.

"We soon found ourselves in the wilds and sagebrush of the Connecticut Valley. After, er, several weeks of foraging through desert country we came to the jungles of Uhangi-Uwan-gi land. You all probably know of the savage tribe that makes its dwellings there amid the swamps. A cannibalistic race known as Communists whose low intelligence makes them a bit of a problem for all human races. They live on fish, rice, and boiled copies of "The New Masses." Their chief occupation lies in hunting of capitalists, which they pursue with blow guns, throat, and long stupid speeches."

"After—let's see now? Was it six weeks or five? I guess it was after six weeks of toiling through undergrowth and clearing paths in the all but impenetrable jungles the goal of our expedition loomed up ahead. The deserted village of Meriden, reputed rich in fossils, and never before attained by man—"

Wild applause interrupted him.

"I cannot go into length as to my excavations in the time I was engaged there. It let suffice for me to mention a few of my prize fossils. Here, Baumeo—fetch me—" One of his porters trotted over to him, received whispered instructions, and vanished into the box car. He returned with a large package.

"Friends," he resumed, rustling off great sheets of paper wrapping, "may I, er, present to you the summum excellencissimus of my excavations before the Smithsonian gets it?" He held up the thing and beamed.

"A fossilized vacuum cleaner, vintage 1908, dug up under the Elks Lodge in Meriden. A rare old find indeed."

The crowd gasped astonishment. He went on to produce a ticket to the World's Fair of '96, the fossil of a man shot by his wife during the Stone Ages for trumping her ace in a game of Ghoite (known now as bridge); parts of a very ancient campaign speech of William J. Bryan; a large ribbon bearing the inscription, "Miss Meriden, 1888"; and two completely fossilised swiss cheeses on rye, well done (with coffee).

Suddenly the professor dragged out his mammoth gold watch and remarked he was late for his 8.30 at College. He waved a cheery goodbye to all and ran scampering off toward Broad Street amid deafening cheers and followed by his dancing girls and retainers.

PITCHES THRU WILLIAMS NINE

The Trinity baseball team defeated Williams 3-0 in a tight game at Williamsport, Wednesday, May 8. Ray Patton gave the best exhibition of pitching seen on the Williams diamond this season.
May 17, 1935

WESLEYAN WINS IN 9TH

Trinity scored one run in the seventh inning, Wesleyan scored two in the ninth, to chalk up a losing score for the Blue and Gold in the baseball game last week. Patton pitched his usual good game.

SPORTLIGHTS

By O. U. Nasstiman, ’36.

Coach “Black Fury” Casper has just announced that Spring practice will commence early next week in bomb-throwing. He wishes to make the following brief statement for publication in this column: “De boys is gonna have to be in shape quick if dis yere Colt Strike lasts much longer, and anyway, we got some o’de nuttisiest new hand-grenades. Dey represent a revolutionary step in bomb manufacturing. None of your big black babies wit fuses. No-sirreebob, deese are de real McCoy—latest streamlined models. And will dey blow up? Uuummmm-Uuummph!”

One house on the campus reports four cases of the popular disease “armus glasseris”. Reaching for butter balls was said to be the immediate cause of the malady’s invasion.

Cribbage.

Professor “Gus” Kleene is known to have sponsored the last potato-racing meet on Epsom Downs back in the fall of ’86. “Lyonnaised potatoes”, mused Gus sadly, “were ruled out, but we all stood strong for mashies and French-frys.”

Gus and Phil went up the hill To get some Eccy flashes. They slipped on the pavement, Phil broke his engagement, And Gus cut two of his dlasses.

WALES IN AIR FOR TRINITY

Trinity’s ball throwers ran their string of victories to six straight in taking Worcester Tech into camp 9 to 5 on the home field last Saturday. Ray Patton, with his relief hurling, and Bob O’Malley, with his hitting, were the individual stars.

RAY SLAYS WORCESTER

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TRIN ENTERS NEILTA MATCH

Captain Mowbray and Denisoff of the tennis team were eliminated in the second round of the N. E. I. L. T. A. championships held at Amherst this week. In the doubles, Mowbray and Stein reached the semi-finals.

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Hartford, Conn.

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Imported Pipes, Mixtures, Cigarettes.

“THE SCOTTY”

This Brown Buck Oxford with a wine crepe sole reveals an air of studied nonchalance and meets the demand of the fastidious dresser. Priced at $5.00.

Other New Styles $2.85 to $7.50

PACKARD BOOT SHOP
218 Asylum Street.
Just Below Allyn Theatre.
LANIN TO PLAY AT BIG BRAWL

This evening at 9:30 o'clock the Senior Ball will be held. Following the usual custom of Trinity College to give a Senior Ball every May and as a last farewell token to those men about to graduate, the Faculty has once again stuck to tradition and sponsored a Senior Ball. And the Pink Slip wishes to thank the gentlemen of the Faculty whole-heartedly for their untiring efforts of the last few months and everything they have done to make this Ball for the Seniors a success.

For quite some time there was much debate as to where the Ball would be held. In past years it has alternated between Alumni Hall and Alumni Hall. Many suggestions were for a new site, and finally they all narrowed down to two places—the Cocoanut Grove of Nick's Diner, on New Britain Avenue, and the Marine Ballroom of the Florentine Grill, on Main Street.

The gentlemen of the Faculty could come to no decision between the two places. Finally Locle suggested a coin be flipped, and after much search one member was found with a coin. But the result of the toss was never known, for one of the gentlemen deftly snatched it out of mid-air and pocketed same. President O. B. Remly eventually gave vent to the fact that he thought the Marine Ballroom to be the usual custom of Trinity College.

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Following the usual custom there will be individual booths for the various fraternities—these are being furnished very graciously by the New England Telephone Co.

For the 57th consecutive year Harry "Butch" Costello has been elected Chairman of this very exclusive function, and consequently will lead the Grand March, which takes place at 4 a.m. Though he has not as yet made public any announcement, it is generally rumored that his partner will be none other than the well-known Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

The music is to be furnished by Bu-Bu (Bu-Doop) Barret and his Kentucky Mountainaires. This orchestra has enjoyed nationwide popularity as a result of its two-year stretch at Sing Sing. Starting with the "Prisoner Song", the Mountainaires will include in their repertoire "Holy Night", "O Toreador" from "Carmen", "A Bicycle Built for Two" from the Bronx Parkway Suite, a special arrangement of "Down in the Lehigh Valley" sung by the vocalist "Hot-Cha" Schuler, and others.

Special refreshments will be served some time during the evening by that genial host of the Cocoanut Grove, Count Nicolas Nicopolopolopus. It is expected they will consist of hambug tarts, herring cutlets, and java demi-tasse.

Owing to the immense proportions of the Cocoanut Grove, it is believed that this Senior Ball, sponsored by the gentlemen of the Faculty, will be the largest in the history of the college. As many as twelve couples can be comfortably accommodated.

Hey nonny non, bang the old carillon! For Prexy gets winding up. The Chapel bells screamed to see him come, And the students stuffed wool in each new

The College Body elections, held on Thursday, May 9, resulted as follows: For Senator: Oliver Carberry, John Geare, James Miller, Paul Henderson, John O'Brien, Desmond Crawford, Roger Motten, Thomas Cusick, and Joseph Sarcia. For College Marshal: Harrington Littell. For Secretary of the Athletic Association, Bruce Underdonk.

PREXY PRAISES FORMER PUPIL

Speaking in chapel Wednesday morning, May 8, President Ogilby lauded the late Senator Bronson Cutting, one-time pupil of his at Groton.

HOUSE PARTY.

Week End House Parties

Alpha Delta Phi: The Phi Kappa Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi is holding an extensive house party over the Senior Ball week-end. Starting with an informal dinner Friday to be followed by attendance at the Senior Ball by the various members and their guests, it runs through Sunday, on which day there is scheduled a picnic with canoeing at Camp Wopowog. On Saturday night arrangements have been made for a joint dinner-dance with Psi Upsilon, the dancing being open to others by invitation. Mr. and Mrs. David M. Hadlow of West Hartford will be the chaperones for the week-end of a group of girls including the Misses Jeannette Birkett of Needham, Emily Bradstreet of Stratford, Betty Chapin of Springfield, Martha Duperron of Red Wing, Minnesota, Anna May Faulk of New York, Edith Moore of Troy, Margaret Morris of Newburyport, Mass., Caroline N. Nell of Manchester, Winifred Outerbridge of Bermuda, Eugenie Kelby of Greenwich, Katherine S. Robertson of New York, and Doris Sehl of Wethersfield.

Alpha Chi Rho: The Alpha Chi Rho house party includes a formal dinner Friday night, and an informal radio dance on Saturday night, besides attendance at the Senior Ball. Guests for the week-end include: The Misses Minerva Clark of Arlington, Mass., Audrey Dion of Bristol, Betty Jasper of Springfield, Helen Kenne of West Hartford, Kay Curtis of Greenwich, Kathleen Ledford of Hartford, Mary Madden of West Hartford, and Margaret Pease of West Hartford.


Delta Phi: Delta Phi, which fraternity is planning to have a dinner Friday night, will have as its guests for the week-end: The Misses Betty Adams of West Hartford, Rita Fors- ter of New York, Helen Hassey of Hartford, Muriel Kelley of Wellesley, Virginia Peterson of West Hartford, Patricia Pierce of Northampton, and Lucia Wittmeyer of New York.

Psi Upsilon: The Beta Beta Chapter of Psi Upsilon is planning an elabor- ato house party, starting with a dinner Friday night and ending after the noon meal Sunday. Guests at the Fraternity house for the week-end include: The Misses Jane Brustman of Forest Hills, L. L., Catherine Clark of West Haven, Lucette Colvin of Greenwich, Elaine Drake of Greenwich, Mary Duprey of Worcester, Joan Matthews of Lenox, Mass., Frederick McGaig of West Hartford, and Anne and Jean Whaples of Farmington.

Delta Psi: The guests of the Delta Psi Fraternity for the Senior Ball week-end include: The Misses Grace Smith of Hartford, Lois Weeks of Brookline, Mass., and Helen Whitman of Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

If all the stones in the chapel were taken down, and laid end to end on the campus, the trustees would be plenty grieved.

Item—In Leavenworth Penitentiary, there are 10,000 Trinity graduates for every 100 inmates. Isn't that some record, though, fellows?
President Hemingway Ogletorpe of Trinity College has met an untimely fate.

President Hemingway Ogletorpe arose yester-
day morning about 11.30. He spent a few moments in the customary winding
of his alarm clock, filled his pipe, bid goodbye to his wife and children, and
set off for school. Little did he know that he was bidding them good-
bye, never more to see them.

The taking of a human life, a human
crime, is an atrocity to the human race, and set off for school. Little did he know that he was bidding them goodbye, never more to see them.

Guilty?

Inspector Hood lit his pipe, and said calmly: "Be calm, and be patient."

Once in the Satchel Tavern things seemed to be a little easier for the Inspector. The Satchel was deserted, save for a small man and a pretty
girl, at the next table. They were conversing. Their conversation, re-
membered by the student, was as follows:

"I do such enjoyment your vesper service last night," the girl was saying. "I could listen to the carillon all day, couldn't you?"

"As a matter of fact," the dark gentleman said, "I do." After this the dark man growled somewhat and said to the girl: "Bells! Bells! Bells! I had to put an end to it! I had to kill him. He was a nice man, but I had to kill him!"

The student looked at Inspector Hood, but the great detective's face was calm as he lit his pipe.

"How do you know?" asked the In-
spector, lighting his pipe.

"He just said so."

"Appearances are very often de-
cieving," answered the Inspector. "We should look for a clue." With
that, he rose, and went over to the man's table.

"Did you murder Ogletorpe?" asked the Inspector.

"Yes," sobbed the little man. "I couldn't stand it any longer. Those
bells drove me mad. I tried to bear up under it, but it got me yesterday."

I counted nine dissonant trills, and
then I went up to the bell-tower, shot
him, tied a rope around his neck, and
then I went up under it, but it got me yesterday.

"Why did you murder President
Ogletorpe?" asked the Inspector.

A. Did you ever hear him play
"Men of Harlech?"?

The attorney for the defense came
to the stand. Igor was studying, but
then he rubbed his eyes for to his
head. And then there was quiet.

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then I went up under it, but it got me yesterday.

"I know just how you feel," said Inspector Hood, laying his hand on
the fiend's shoulder.

Fiend Sentenced.

While a tense crowd thronged the
courthouse awaiting the verdict in the trial of Igor Stanislaus, confessed slayer of President B. Remington
Ogletorpe of Trinity College, a

group of students were planning
to build a memorial to him on the
campus, with the message on it: "The Man Who Silenced the Bells."

Inside the courtroom, all was tense.

Mrs. Stanislaus, courageously smiling
through her tears, wore a kid-skin gray
burlap suit, with sleeves of ruffled
gold taffeta. She accepted a few
cigarette endorsement offers before
the trial began. Inspector Hood, who
was in the courtroom, looked quite

INSPECTOR HOOD.

Fiend Apprehended.

Shortly after the murder of Presi-
dent Hemingway Ogletorpe late last
evening, Inspector Hood of Scotland Yard went to work on the case. In-
spector Hood happened to be visiting

the neighborhood, and being an old friend of Ogletorpe's expressed a
desire to work on the case. When notified of the murder for a
moment, lit his pipe, and stated that he would go to the tavern over
the rocks for a beer.

"But beer, at a time like this? There's work to be done," said a stu-
dent.

Inspector Hood lit his pipe, and
said calmly: "Beer invigorates the
mind."

The student looked at Inspector
Hood, but the great detective's face
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...
**SOME CAMPUS PERSONALITIES**

In a gaily decorated enclosure 'neath the elms was set a fantastic table laden with fantastic tea things and surrounded by fantastic people. Alice timidly knocked on the gate. “Come in, come in,” called the shock of grey hair which reminded Alice of a perquisite. On the table in front of it, bathed in a red light, was set a cage containing ferrets. “There’s plenty of room.”

“Room? Room?” cried an individual two seats down. “No! there’s at least 50,000,000 people here!”

A high-C rose above the clamor, “How do? Lovely morning.”

A swarthy baldness growled out, “Can’t you see it’s not morning! Even an Australian bushman can see it’s not morning. A fool I can stand, a damn fool I can stand, but—”

“I’m being very vague this morning—out late last night,” murmured a dapper person consuming three cigarettes before its tail could shake a lamb twice. Alice passed along and responded to the flutter of a little finger and a cherry-ripe smile immersed in six-inch refracting lenses.

“A month wrong,” sighed one addressed as Gus looking at his watch, “I told you Washington was born too soon.” But attention was diverted by loud laughter surrounding the stem of a pungent pipe from behind which you must climb.

The laughter was soon obscured by a new commotion. “Curiouser and curiouser,” said Alice quite forgetting her English A. A stately old elm had suddenly run into a new Ford which had come “scientifically” at 50 m. p. h.

**SCHLOSSBOIG?**

A special exhibition is being held this week in the Schlossberg Memorial Hall of the paintings of Eric Von Hooligan Wurtzel, famous fourteen-year-old Polish artist. Altogether 9,776 of his works are on display and represent various phases of modern life all the way from cleaning one’s teeth to a trolley going backwards over the Brooklyn Bridge (which has no trolley track). Only a few of them will be mentioned here as we’re a little short of space in this issue.

As you enter the Memorial you are confronted on your left by a huge dark painting mounted in a terra cotta frame. Further, it appears to be upside down, and some writing may be observed on it. A ladder is provided for the visitors directly in front, which you must climb. Once on top you stand on your head and gaze at the painting. Imagine the disgust when you read the caption, “Poofed Again!”

In the next room hidden behind an old oil stove is what this reviewer considers Wurtzel’s masterpiece. The title is “A Bowl of Mock Turtle Soup In E Flat.” But don’t let it mislead you—the title really has nothing at all to do with it. Out of a maze of red, blue, and ochre circles, a man with a bushy red beard is observed. In the upper left corner is a small hand grenade. And nailed diagonally across the frame is an old baseball bat. The depth of feeling and repose when one views this work of art, second only to the “Sistine Madonna,” is too great to be described adequately. The space charm, lovely blending of colors, coupled with the photo of the nude chorine pasted on the side of the canvas, all join to make this one a real treat.

Alongside of this is another very fine one of young Eric’s. It is called, “Ten O’clock in A Czechoslovakian Chicken Coop.” The whole motif is very, very dark—in fact it is black. At first when you look at it you see nothing at all. Then you look a little closer. Still you can’t see anything. But keep on looking. Do you still see nothing? Probably, because there isn’t anything there.

Others especially worth seeing are “The Gnurrh Gatherers”, “The Belgian Hare Lip”, “A Bucket of Blue Steam”, and “September Morn in July.”

**PERSONALITY**

aro a right angle corner. The corpse was hauled out of the wreckage and set upright with the admonition, "Mistol and S. T. 37. You’re all right—go back to Bach."

"Too much centrifugal reaction," mumbled an absent-minded looking beard escorting Alice back to the table. The blonde Dormouse had fallen quite asleep and was being stuffed in to the tea pot. "Dr. Ogilby isn’t in," it said in a hoarse feeble voice, "but could I take the message?" And it went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

**WHY WEAR A TRUSS?**

**BOOKS YOU CAN’T AFFORD TO MISS.**

(Books You Can’t Afford to Buy.)

Little Man, Die Now, by Don Dos. Publisher, Cottenlipp.

Bedtime and the Riveter, by Bombast Wolfe. Publisher, Scribblers.

The Forty Dogs that Must Obey, by Albert Payson Werthume. Publisher, Hiking.

Try and Get It, by Ina Fervor. Publisher, Harpies.

Goodbye, Blister-lips, by James Jiltin'. Publisher, Makemillion.

Point Pointer Point, by Count Huckster. Publisher, Max Press.

Remembrance of Things Fretted, by Mysswell Past. Publisher, Gaston.

The Wool Worth, by Hurl Muck. Publisher, Tossitt and Dewlap.

You and Me and the Bounty, by Sawedoff and Small. Publisher, L. B. Jug.

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213 Zion Street, Hartford, Conn.

(Over the Rocks)

**DRUGS OF THE BETTER KIND**

Wines and Liquors sold from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M.
COUNCIL PICKS NEW OFFICERS

At the last meeting of the Interfraternity Council, held Thursday night, May 9, the following were elected to offices: Professor Hutt, Chairman; Phillip Spelman, Secretary; James Miller, Treasurer.

TRIN SINGERS ASSIST SMITH

The Trinity Glee Club gave its last concert of the year in conjunction with the Smith Madrigal Chorus at Christ Church Cathedral on Tuesday, May 14.

TECH TEAM DEFEATED

The Trinity tennis team defeated Worcester Tech 7-0 Saturday, May 11, at the Hartford Golf Club.

ATHENAEM DOWNS WES

The Athenaeum Society won a debate with Wesleyan over WTIC last Saturday. Trinity upheld the affirmative on the question, "Resolved, That the Constitution of the United States Should be Abolished."

Course I'll join you

— it's a great cigarette

1935 BLACK & MAYER TOBACCO CO.
By gad, fellows, this sort of thing has got to stop— and stop right now! When we first heard of it we were so gosh darn mad that we just didn’t know what to do.

To think that college men are so darn childish and thoughtless as to do a thing like that leaves us speechless.

Of all the puerile, simple-minded things! Heck—that sort of spirit just won’t get any of you anywhere, and it’s about time you realized it!

Why don’t you be men and get onto yourselves? Why don’t you do something for this college once in a while, instead of against it?

Remember, it’s your college—and if you don’t like it, why don’t you go back where you came from?

Yes, by gad, this has got to stop right now—this eating of peanuts in chapel!

Bird—Man—Beast?

Found wandering around back of Cook Dormitory some time last week Thursday at 7.30 p.m., this thing persisted in glaring at us night and day (you are the one) and muttering from within his cage. Perhaps HE’S crazy!

Humphrey Dumphrey sat on the fence.
Humphrey Dumphrey was terrible dense.
All the world’s problems rolled up in a lump.
Could not make him decide which way he should jump.
Daddoo, Putty and Hood; Daddoo, Putty and Hood.
See how they shine; see how they shine.
They brush their nobs with a dusting mop.
There’s nothing left to come out on top.
Don’t start to laugh, or you’ll never stop.
Daddoo, Putty and Hood.

WALTER GINCHELL
ON BROAD STREET

Through the keyhole: Certain members of the track team celebrated at the German Club dance last Friday night and did it show up in the performance against Conn. State on Saturday! Luckily the fall-outs came through and won by a margin for the dear old Blue and Gold. . . . . The inside story on the big fight for free speech at Storrs is that the students there resented the well-meaning interference from the outside and were going to barricade the roads to prevent a mass meeting of New England students on their campus, until their Prexy and the school sheet prevailed upon their gentler natures . . . . The “Mystery House” on Vernon Street was the rendezvous in a shady love triangle, according to an ancient issue of the Bridgeport Herald. The Dean knows the inside story of the intriguing mansion, but it’s not for publication . . . . Your correspondent suggests a doctor in attendance at college dances so certain easily shocked people don’t get the idea that too much giggle soup is being inhaled whenever somebody does a whoopsiedaisy on the waxed floor . . . . The rumor is going the rounds that one of the fraternities is serious enough to make them the targets of the college once in a while. Perhaps HE’S crazy!

A certain famous gentleman and a scion of one of our older families has been waging a bitter battle for the title of “Worst-dressed man in college.” Reefed-in Harvard trousers and knobby house-dick shoes have been all winter to a khaki horse-blanket disguised as an overcoat. But our orchids go to the Harvard man’s new coat, a brown affair complete with myriads of buttons, a belt, and even a triangular patch to button around the neck when we’re having a Hartford nor’easter.

In the imposing formal list of those attending the dances at Smith last week a Trinity man showed the sterling democracy of our college. He was just plain Bill . . . . of Trinity!