Nearly Two Hundred Guests Expected at Trinity For Game, Promenade and Weekend House Parties

Mr. Bergan's Orchestra to Play For Dance on Friday Evening

Hartford Club to Be Scene Of Formal Frolic from 10 p. m. till 3 a. m.

Saturday Big Day

Amherst Game in Afternoon and House Parties in Evening Add to Festivities

For the past few days, a dense cloud of snow has been hanging ominously over the Trinity campus. Little men have been running around tentatively waving telegrams from Brenda, Cobina and the like. Some have been encouraging, some discouraging. But the little man and his cohorts have been in the same—dance weekend is here. From now on, for the balance of females will swing for Hartford for a weekend of mad, mad fun.

It all starts when Young Tim Trit, attired in his finest L. L. Bean tweeds and registration button, meets the object of his affection in a quiet corner of one of the local bars, where Tim and several of his friends will pour sweet nothings into the ears of the fortunate girl.

At ten o'clock, Tim and date will make their first formal appearance when the doors of the Hartford Club swing open to the mellifluous strains of Bunny Bergan's music. First of all, there will be card dances, which will probably have their share of surprise due to the general state of chaos that prevails at such functions. However, Tim will dismiss this slight inconveniency with a wave of the hand. Captain Jim Jeffs will be deprived of his shiny new hip flask, but he and his girl will be able to imbibe from the best of the bottled delights at the

Elections Held by College Rifle Club

The Trinity College Rifle Club has held two meetings since its formation a short time ago and has secured a rifle range where its members may practice marksmanship. A current of elections held in the club, John Ward was elected president; William Tribble, vice-president; and Ralph Cal-}

Sophomore Hop Issue

Volume XXXVII

Z-79

Hartford, Conn., November 8, 1940

Number 7

Yehoodi and Three Hundred Cohorts Plan Sunday Coup

I woke up the other morning not quite sure whether my head was going to blow off or merely topple off, for I felt like a limp noodle. There was a feeling on the foot of the bed was a little man. This particular morning the most prevalent feeling was that someone had placed a small object in my brain to indicate that I had reached the root of the problem, so finally I reached the conclusion that he probably wasn't there anyway, and that we had better forget about him.

I pulled the covers over my head and tried to think of something else, but the expression on the face of the little man was not clicking in my brain to indicate I had reached the root of the problem, so I finally reached the conclusion that he probably wasn't there anyway, and that we had better forget about him.

That did the trick. I woke up, this time no clicking in my brain by the little man. I laughed, and said, "Come, come, my time is invaluable. If you must indulge in idle chatter, my manners, be quick about it."

A little taken back by this outburst, I nevertheless gathered my forces and led with my chin. The following dialogue ensued:

Question—What is your name, sir?

Answer—Obviously you are a stupid fool. Any observing person could tell you my name. I am Yehoodi, Count of the province of Vacuum.

Question—What are you doing here?

Answer—I am studying the ways and wherefores of what is.

Question—May I ask, Count Yehoodi, if you intend to stay here long, and how, if you are here do you get here?

Answer—Please treat me with more respect, my dear fellow; of course I'm here. I came in my car, which is parked outside, and I intend to stay until I have completed my researches. But I think I will have to leave now and tell Hartford that I am studying the ways and wherefores of what is.

(Continued on page 3.)

Cross Country Team Runs at Mass. State

Trinity's Varsity cross-country squad will square against the most potent Massachusetts State harrors on their Anherst course next Tuesday. The Mass. State team is mentioned in connection with the hilltop meet as one of the strongest in the country, and with the aid of a few newcomers, Trinity may contribule his dynamic cursorial prowess to the team.

Come one, come all! All Trinity men attend the super-pep rally in front of the "Bishop" tonight at 6 o'clock. It will be a big thrill. How about some of that superb cross-country, the memory of last year's Anherst game? Whoop it up now and tell Hartford that Trinity men are going to get revenge tomorrow!

(Continued on page 3.)

Jilted Romans Seek Solace in Society

A group of factional swains, finding that love is a sham and that even their collective One and Only has been won but a tithe and a husky, have recently formed an organization at Trinity known as the Brown Club, or League for Lost Lovers. The leaders are (Continued on page 4.)

Turn Vhaloris

Come one, come all! All Trinity men attend the super-pep rally in front of the "Bishop" tonight at 6 o'clock. It will be a big thrill. How about some of that superb cross-country, the memory of last year's Anherst game? Whoop it up now and tell Hartford that Trinity men are going to get revenge tomorrow!

(Continued on page 3.)

Bitter Personal Duel Predicted Between Beidler and Blood

Rival Ball Carriers

Jim Caffrey, a game runner, was picked up for a 100-yard dash last week in a track meet. The race was won by a light-wielder from another school and Caffrey, who came in second, was heard to mutter, "If I were a hundred-yard dasher, I would have won this race.

(Continued on page 2.)

Company Adage

"Men who win games have a rare possession of their ex-
Dear Shirley:

I sorry this letter is arriving so late, but as you know, I am a very busy boy — what, with quizzes, papers, beer-drinking, and other social functions to attend to. 

The point of all this is that I would like you to write down to your college paper before the week-end of November 8 and 9.

On Friday night we are going to swing the dream to the smooth rhythms of Bunny Berigan and his band, after which (if we are lucky) we will probably get some sleep. Saturday you may come with me and be bored in a few classes. When we have finished lecturing with the yawns we will probably skip around to the smart uptown supper clubs. Then comes some sort of an athletic contest (I can’t remember which one), and then the haven of heaven and tenacity you desire they are one of the few of a boys and myself have found a late spot that will probably prove interesting.

I know all this will probably distract you from your college curriculum, but please come, my little passion flower, as the old song has it, be in Hartford that you may be prepared once and tell me that you are going to grant my heartiest desire. Waiting to hear from you.

With more love than you have ever seen before,

SHIRLEY
This, the first Swing Shelf of the current year, is the result of an old Tripod saying, "When in doubt write a Swing Shelf." Righteous jazz, far reflecting anything from the wrapped-up world, goes its happy and gin-sodden way, oblivious of wars, presidential elections, and football games. The same old boys are playing together at the same old places. Nick's in the Village, the Hickory House, Dicky Wells in Harlem, all the places are yielding dividends to serve the best in jazz. Bud Freeman's Summa Cum Laude band has at last broken up. This hot group had Bud himself on tenor, Max Kaminsky on trumpet, Dean Sharon on trombone, and Dave Tough on drums. There were several others in the outfit but their names slip my mind. There is an interesting legend connected with the origin of the Summa Cum Laude. It seems that the class of 1929 at Princeton on its tenth anniversary wanted to have at its reunion something which was very typical of the days when they were at Old Nassau. The members decided on a jazz band. Bud Freeman got some of his old Chicago friends to come down to Princeton and play for the boys. The band sounded so well and its members enjoyed playing together so much that it remained for about two years after the first job. During its existence these boys produced some of the finest hot jazz ever recorded, and reached incredible heights of masterful production. Some of the greatest figures in the history of jazz were seated in that band and their work shows it. Some of the band's all-time records are, "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate," "Jazz Me Blues," "Royal Garden Blues," and "Fat Man." The work of Maxie and Bud is particularly good. "Glorious stratos of ungrammatical jazz" was Shaddey's definition of jazz 200 years before its origin. And that poetic phrase can be applied to the work of these true artists. If the test of time can be applied to jazz, then the band of Duke Ellington can be called great. Here is a band whose members have played together for almost fifteen years with hardly a change. True, the band has increased in size. For years the band has played what it thought was the best in collectively improvised jazz. The Duke himself does not play a starting piano, but it is always in good taste. The Ellington band is without question the best large band ever to play jazz. It is extremely hard to achieve much with a large group. The best medium is a band of eight or nine men, at the most. But Ellington gets remarkable results with fifteen or sixteen. The band does not have any written arrangements. When a new song comes along Ellington plays it over several times on the piano. The men in the band may make some suggestions. The song is ready. After two or three weeks playing, the song is perfect. No written arrangements, just played from memory! This fabulous band has a repertoire of over 500 songs.

The addition of Ben Webster on tenor, as a fifth sax provides the band with an extra punch. None of that sickly Glenn Miller sax phrasing, but rich color and sincere chords which have as much beauty as anything jazz has produced. Not that Jazz has the intention of being beautiful. Jazz is and deserves to be essentially physical, earthy, and sentimentally wild. While it is not the intention of course the origins of jazz, it should always be remembered that it was born in the brothels of New Orleans, and the li-listen to the river sounds of the Mississippi. Some of the better Ellington records are, "The New Black and Tan Fantasy," "Suffocation of the Bear," "Blues Goose," "Suffocation of Lady," "Kola." For an interview with the better type of swing, try Ellington, and if he does cut Glenn Miller, then your taste is bad.
There was an Englishman named "Student body here and a new spirit think that the leaders of the Jesters when a season have been appalled by the ties with last year's money on a good play, "Ten is a feeling about campus that several year on inferior plays, However, I Jesters' men than anything else. be paid, a fact which should please dling plays. There is no royalty to

Those of us who feel that it is not "Silas play Of course there is always the ex- ence that the Jesters made money last year on inferior plays. There is no royalty to

"Mourning Thespius."

"TOBACCOLANO, Elrick, but on the whole the team is...""(Continued from page 1.)"