THE TRIFID
August 3, 1945

Magazine of Trinity College,
Hartford, Conn.
A Statement of Policy

...Just a few words to say "Hello" from the new staff of the Trinity Tripod and to acquaint our future readers with the purpose behind the publishing of the magazine.

Events which concern young men in colleges will be discussed from an open and unbiased point of view. It is definitely not the policy of this magazine to propagate any one theory or subject, or to act in the capacity of a political organ. "Everyone to his own opinion." Antagonism toward and defense of a topic will be expressed equally for the consideration of the reader.

The campus will be the source of an integral part of the material used in the publication. To be capable of taking an active part in college life, a student must first develop an interest in those things which are for the material good of the College. Campus life is what the students make it, and it is up to us to play an instrumental part in its progressiveness. The magazine will support any idea with this aim in view.

Humor will be introduced as often as possible for the sake of light reading. At times, it will border on buffoonery, and on the other hand it may reach the point of satire. The humor will have, as its foundation, those incidents of personal interest which occur on every campus.

The most important purpose of the magazine is to bring to the fore the creative capabilities of the students. Experience in the field of journalism is valuable in that it accomplishes this. Any one who feels a desire to write is urged to do so, and material handed in will be given every consideration.

We, of the staff, sincerely hope that you will derive some enjoyment from the publication.
It is somewhat late in the season, to be sure, for me to be extending a welcome to new groups on the campus and, furthermore, I hope that it is unnecessary for me to reiterate what I said to most of you when you arrived some weeks ago. The College is glad to have you here as we begin Trinity's one hundred and twenty-third academic year, and I know that I speak for all members of the College community in expressing the wish that you will spend happy and profitable days at Trinity.

For two years, off and on, I have kept my eyes open for the possible appearance of a printing press that could be purchased for use at the College. Printing presses are made of metal, and it seems metal is being used for other purposes. And thus the staff of this paper comes to bat with two strikes called, one might say. Certainly, I owe my good wishes to the young men who are enterprising and industrious enough to undertake the job of putting out a mimeographed publication. All of us feel the need for an undergraduate paper and all of us appreciate the efforts of those who have given us this issue.

Finally, I want to disclaim publicly all responsibility for, connection with, control over, foreknowledge of, and even interest in the weather in New England this summer. "Claudite jam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt."

Arthur H. Hughes
August 1, 1945

To the Editor and Staff of the Tripod:

You are to be congratulated and commended for your interest and effort in reviving the Tripod.

The responsibilities you have assumed are real ones. The ends you can attain through a well directed paper are just as real.

No college activity or instrument can do more to influence the success of a college year than a good newspaper. Certainly no college is complete without one.

Best wishes for an outstanding and vital newspaper for Trinity College.

Cordially,

F. E. Mueller, Lt. USNR
Commanding Officer.

Lieutenant Mueller is leaving us in another week, and we wish him luck wherever he goes. At that time, Lieutenant Conroy will take over command of the Navy V-12 unit here at the college.
To The Staff of The Tripod:

August 1, 1945

It gives me great pleasure to welcome the reappearance of the Tripod to the campus of Trinity College. Its publication had to be interrupted, due to the emergencies caused by wartime conditions, and credit should be given to the class entering in June 1945 for stirring it up again.

The extra-curricular activities that the college community offers during peacetime are part of the college life and help, along with his academic work, in developing the student. When conditions necessitate the discontinuance of these activities, a students college existence is definitely incomplete--opportunities for developing character and personality are essential.

The reappearance of the Tripod is the beginning of the reappearance of other extra-curricular activities. It gives an opportunity for Navy men, returned service-men and other undergraduates to work together. Everyone should feel free to participate and willing to help those who have taken on the job and responsibility of putting out the Tripod.

It is a way of becoming a vital part of our community and of developing those qualities which make one outstanding: Each student must develop gifts that are particularly his, but he always should work for a common purpose -- the well being of our community. Cultivation of these gifts gives individual pleasure and builds up the community reputation. I should like to urge everyone to use his gift and, at the same time, learn the art of cooperation. Thus, living with your fellows in our community will be benefited.

(Continued on next page)
One acquires individuality in college, and we should like to have you express yourselves. We ask for certain academic requirements and encourage individual talents in extra-curricular activities. Participation in such will add to your memories of college, your friendships and to your education.

F.C. Copeland

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Sports Slants

With the assistance of Coach Dan Jesse, the Navy V-12 and civilians organized two softball leagues. The teams in both leagues play almost every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon.

The civilian section of the student body produced two softball teams. Don Puffer and "Big Will" Vincent were elected as captains. The Navy organized eight teams, two from each dormitory section. One civilian and four Navy teams were put into each league. Much enthusiasm has been shown by everyone concerned.

Up to date there have been a few minor skirmishes, accompanied by an excessive amount of boasting and profanity.

The winners in each league will compete for the championship of the college. The victors will probably receive a "cookie" for their efforts.

For those who are interested in tennis, a tournament has been devised. Both Navy and civilian students are participating.

So far there have been only a few playoffs, but the tournament promises to get into full swing soon. Some of the more athletic-minded professors have been seen on the courts making strong attempts to hit the ball. If the professors practice sufficiently, we feel that they may approach the standards of the students.

Perhaps by the time the next issue appears, there will be some results to report from this corner. Until then, let's see a little interest.

L. R. Miller
D. A. Carter
"But I've gotta' have the car, Pop--now listen, you know I'm a good driver, I'll be careful."

"This late night stuff isn't good for you, Joe--getting in at two and three in the morning. When are you going to do your homework?"

"Oh, we don't have any English class Monday," assured the son, "and I got my math done in school Friday."

"Well, take your mother's then. I've got just about enough gas to get to church tomorrow. And you're coming with us too, young man. I don't care if you're up all night. You haven't been twice since Easter."

"Gosh, Pop, you're always exaggerating. I went with Sis last week, while you and Mr. Akhurst played golf," replied Joseph, feeling quite sainly.

"All right, all right, but you're going to stay in Sunday. There'll be no running off to the club to play tennis. I'm not paying good money for your education if you don't even do your homework."

Joe Billings kissed his mother good-bye, agreed that he would be in early, that he wouldn't wake his father when he came in, that he would drive carefully, and that he would be a good boy. "Gotta' hurry," thought Joe as his foot made the machine do the hurrying, "if we're gonna' get there in time for the newsreel. I hope they have some sports, instead of a bunch of dumb women parading around with chicken feathers on their heads." He turned into Terryton Drive a little too fast and nearly hit a parked car.

"Damn fool," cursed Joe indignant-ly, "parking about two feet from the corner." He drove a little slower, however, and the car shifted into second on the next turn.

"I guess this is the house," he thought, and pulled up on the left side of the road.

"I'm Joe Billings," smiled the stranger to the gray-haired man who answered the door.

"How do you do, Joe, I'm Andy's father. She'll be down in a minute. You know how those women are--always keep you waiting. Here, let me take your coat. Do you know Mrs. Hallett? This is Joe Billings, Martha."

"How do you do, Mrs. Hallett."

Mr. and Mrs. Hallett were going out too, but Martha insisted that they wait, so that she could meet her daughter's new friend.

"Mrs. Hallett and I are going out tonight, Joe; could we drop you off anywhere?"

"No, thank you sir, I have a car," replied Joe, with an impatient glance at the stairway.

"It's a shame to waste the gas on such a beautiful night. Andy wouldn't mind riding on the bus," said Martha imitating his glance.

"Oh, I wanted to take a bus, but Dad insisted that I take the car," lied Joe. "Mr. Hallett smiled,

HUNING'S CIGARETTE LIGHTER
and the story seemed to border on the ridiculous, even to Joe, but he supported his position: "You see, up our way, the buses run only once an hour, and after eleven o'clock you have to dial 20234." Mrs. Hallett smiled, and Andy came bounding down the stairs.

"Hi, Joe, I'm sorry I kept you waiting. Have Mother and Dad been entertaining you?"

"Why yes, Andy," said Joe, "we're old friends already."

"Do you have your key?" asked Mrs. Hallett, as Andy started for the door.

"Yes, Mother."

"So in early, now," suggested Mr. Hallett, turning Father. "Define early," said Mrs. Hallett as she lifted Joe's coat from its hanger.

"Oh, we'll leave that to Mr. Billing's good judgement," smiled the diplomat.

"I'm very happy to have met you, sir, and you, Mrs. Hallett." He had almost forgotten that formality, and displayed only his head through the crack in the door.

"You're forgetting, Joe, we're old friends," replied the gray-haired gentleman.

Mrs. Hallett had also forgotten a formality: "Have a good time!" she shouted from the living room. But alas! it was all in vain, for already she could hear Joe starting the motor.

Joe had bought orchestra seats, but the theater was so crowded that they decided to try their luck upstairs. Andy spotted two seats on the far left, and, having seated themselves, Joe moaned the fact that Lauren had called looked thinner than a $4.98 fish pole at Clapp and Tread's. "We can move nearer the center for the next picture," comforted Andy, but it wasn't much comfort for Joe because, as he put it:

"Lauren isn't in the next picture!"

Joe wedged his right elbow between the seats and, after about fifteen minutes, moved it into position on the back of Andy's chair. It took ten more minutes for the law of gravity to take effect, and, just as the lad was beginning to feel like a sinner, and the girl, a little amused, Joe thought of the possibility that his Latin teacher might be in the row behind him. He heard a cough that confirmed the thought in his mind, but he went through five minutes of mental agony before he ventured a glance. To his great relief he saw a sailor and his girl, and wished heartily that he were a sailor—with no worries.

Joe was bored with the co-feature and decided that he'd rather talk. Andy felt the annoyed glances of the neighbors and, as she was a very understanding woman, offered a polite, "Shall we go?"

"Let's drop in somewhere for a bite," suggested Joe, after a mental inventory of his bank-roll.
"Why don't you come out to my house?" asked the thoughtful Andy. "We have lots of coke, and just thousands of food for sandwiches."

"You're a good kid, Andy," remarked Joe without knowing the real truth of his words. "We'll have to get to know each other better!" And Andy sincerely hoped they would.

Joe was annoyed by the width of the front seat and his companion's position beside the door. He resorted to the old standby: "Would you like to steer?" Andy consented, and Joe assumed the attitude of the theater. "Great invention, this fluid drive!" he thought as he leaped away from the stop light without the trouble of shifting.

"When's your next baseball game, Joe?" asked Andy. "You're a wonderful baseball player." She thought afterward that perhaps she shouldn't have said that. After all, she didn't know him very well.

Joe beamed with pride, and tightened his grip. "We play the boys from up Boston way next Saturday. They're a tough bunch. Got some pitcher they run in from a New York high school. He pitched a shutout against Ghost last week. Only gave 'em four hits—one was a fluke grounder that hit the rubber and bounced into short left."

Joe was in his prime, but Andy wasn't bored, even though she didn't like baseball too much or didn't used to. "Imagine," she thought. "I'm interested!"

"He's got a good fast ball, but no curve. Phil told me all about him in his last letter. You know Phil Richardson; he used to go to school here in town. I never got a real good hit off a curve—no real good one. I wasted 'em off when I know they're in there."

"That was a wonderful catch you made in that last game," offered Andy sincerely.

"Oh, hell, that was nothin'" replied the hero, again tightening his grip. "Have you still got that ball?"

"Sure," she replied. "But you shouldn't have given it to me—I mean it was so white and new!"

He laughed. Theirs was a dramatic first meeting. Joe came trotting in from center field after making a spectacular catch that ended the game, and tossed the ball to the little blonde who stood among her school chums in their Saturday afternoon uniforms of rolled up dungarees and brother's shirt with the tail out. "It's yours!" he shouted with dramatic heroism, and ran off to the locker room while his teammates clubbed him on the back and the victory bell rang.

"You know, I was thinkin'," said Joe dreamily. "We ought to get to know each other better."

"You said that before," reminded Andy.
"Yeah, but I didn't think it before."

"Good cookies," remarked Joe, though he might have waited until he could have been more articulate. "You make 'em?"

"No," she chuckled, "National Biscuit Corporation."

"Good coke, too, you make it?"

"No," she said quite seriously. "Mother did. She has a still downstairs in the laundry." They both laughed.

"Got any good records, Andy?" asked Joe Downing the last of the dish.

"Sure," replied the other, "downstairs. But," and she turned around raising a serious little manicured finger, "we'll have to keep it low, or Father will come thundering down on us."


Andy piled four of the Mills Brothers on the phonograph with Perry Como in between, and they stumbled around a little, before Andy oriented herself. "He could be a better dancer," she thought.

"I heard a good joke the other day," offered Joe as the conversation lagged.

"A good joke?" Andy warned pleasantly.

"Well-" drewled the other slowly, and he repeated a border-line story at which Andy offered a reserved smile.

Joe kissed her rather clumsily when the dance ended, and Andy wondered if she should have let him "on their first date," as she returned to the phonograph to put on some more records.

The little lad welcomed her back, and they went through the motions of dancing for two and a half numbers, when suddenly Joe expressed an unbearable irritation, and the two settled themselves on the sofa. It was a long stretch to the lamp that stood beside the phonograph-too long. And, after leaning over the gunwhales of the sofa like one extending an arm to a drowning man, Joe, somewhat shyly, got up and turned the switch. Instead of going out, the cursed lamp grew brighter and brighter as he clicked the knob, and he turned it through 540 degrees before the window in the vic was the sole source of light.

"Where are ya?" asked Joe, as if surprised at the dramatic change he had affected.

"Right here," replied Andy, thinking how very young he was. The athlete groped through the darkness, set a metal ashtray into resonance with his shin, swore eloquently under his breath, and assured Andy that "Facial vision is the bunk."

Andy thought that perhaps she should discourage him, but she didn't want to hurt his feelings. "He's such a good kid," she mused. "And so very young."
"How old are you, Andy?" asked Joe, as if challenging her thoughts.
"Seventeen."
"When will you be eighteen?"
he persisted.
"September nineteenth," she answered automatically.
"Well, if that isn't a coincidence! I was eighteen April ninth!" he exclaimed.
"What's so coincidental about that?" she asked in a puzzled voice.
"Well, they both have nines in them, don't they?" he said, surprised at her slowness of wit.
"You're too profound for me, Joe," she laughed easily, but the sarcasm was wasted on her lover, who assured himself that women didn't have to be too smart anyway.
"It must be getting late," suggested Andy.
"I know," replied Joe, feeling very witty, "but we might as well sit here all night and grow old together." Andy giggled a little, and Joe kissed her for the forty-third time.
"Got your homework done?" Joe asked, as he went through mental calisthenics—planning how he could crowd four homework assignments into three study periods and the fifteen minutes after lunch.
"I'll do it tomorrow," she answered. "I always end up doing it on Sunday. Would you like a cigarette?" Andy asked, seizing upon the opportunity to get up.
"I don't smoke," returned Joe quickly, hoping she would jump back beside him.
Instead, she walked across the darkened room and held a match up to her pretty face. "Ever try it?" she asked, as the cigarette hung from the corner of her mouth.
"Sure, I've tried everything once," he answered, exaggerating just a little. "But I don't like to," he continued, becoming serious. "It makes me cough, the smoke goes up my nose and gets in my eyes, and the damned ashes fall all over your clothes and make you smell like you've been burnin' papers or somethin'. But the real reason I don't smoke is 'cause its bad for my wind."
Andy couldn't help laughing after that last statement, but she laughed out a pleasant "You're priceless!" and, naturally, Joe agreed.
"You gonna' stand there like a beacon, with that cigarette in your mouth all night?" Joe asked, in a manner that suggested that she sit down.
She answered by flooding the room with a twist of the familiar knob. "Look at you!" Andy laughed, pointing two fingers and a Philip Morris at Joe's tousled hair and smeared face. "You're funny!"
"You don't look like any 300 hitter yourself!" Joe retorted, squinting up at Andy like a wounded man.
"I don't want to look like a 300 hitter," she answered playfully, and tossed back her blonde hair for emphasis.

Joe suddenly wished things were as they had been before she got up for the Philip Morris, and silently damned all bellhops. "I really shouldn't have kept you up this late, Andy," said Joe, as he thought of the ten o'clock service, now only seven hours off. "I'm going to church tomorrow."

"Golly!" exclaimed Andy, "what time do you have to get up? I feel guilty for not pushing you out!"

"That's all right," Joe answered dryly, "It was well worth it."

The two walked upstairs, and Andy warned him about her sleeping parents. "I really didn't need this coat," remarked Joe in a stage whisper, as she lifted it from a chair.

"Yes, it's a beautiful night," Andy agreed, "and I had a wonderful time."

He decided he wouldn't bother kissing her goodnight, so, with a glance at his watch, he said, "I'll call you up—" and closed the door.

"How'd you make out Saturday night, Joe? We missed you at Todd's party."

The boys were all sitting around discussing the weekend, as they did every Monday morning. "A few laughs," said Joe with a wry smile. "A lotta' lovin'."

"A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes; At every word a reputation dies."

E. J. Butler
Subjective Observations

The soul of science is experimentation and the heart of experimentation is adventure. Because one is not a professional scientist, it does not shut out the innate love of any person for both adventure and experimentation. The absence of the laboratory and the guinea pig is easily replaced by the world of nature and the individual's reactions.

I can, therefore, think of many natural experiments to which I have submitted my own sensitive physical being. For instance, I can, with authority, note for all descendants, the human reactions to the notorious weed Nicotiana Tobacum (tobacco). The experiment was set up with the following scientific object: to record the subjective sensation of Nicotiana Tobacum on the Young un tarnished adult male.

Materials: One new Willke's "Collegiate Special" ($3.50, mail orders accepted) pure briar pipe. One ounce of "Virginia Finest" rough cut (10 cents per ounce), one match (no specifications).

Conditions: Time—afternoon of my seventeenth birthday.

Place: Bathroom.

Method: Door of bathroom locked carefully. The new pipe fondled endearingly for several minutes, polished on the side of the nose, and placed between the teeth in front of the bathroom mirror in various dashing poses. The tobacco opened and smelled suspiciously. Pipe awkwardly filled to a tight "draw". Match dramatically struck and poised over the bowl of the pipe with right eye on mirror. Quick deep draughts taken, one eyebrow raised.

Observations: Sudden unpleasant sensations in mucous membranes of entire respiratory system, followed almost immediately by coughing, watering of eyes, burning of tongue, and mild discomfort in pit of stomach. Following these, the jaw sets, the expression becomes determined, and the procedures industriously repeated. This courageous attitude is promptly rewarded by violent spinning of the bathroom fixtures requiring a wide stance, further discomfort in pit of stomach and violent burning of the tongue.

Results: 1. Vomiting, 2. ice bags to head, 3. green pallor, 4. pipe permanently on shelf.

Conclusions: Never do to yourself what you can do to a guinea pig.

L.R. Miller
The Child and Nature

The twilight stirs; the earth awakes to morn;
Beneath the rising sun a babe is born.
The parents fondle tenderly their joy
And everybody loves the mother's boy.
The lad's indulged, endeared by everyone.
A smiling child, a veritable sun,
He radiates the goodness on him spent
With puerile laughter, herdest hearts to rent.
With charity and goodness every place,
The boy responds, reflecting all the grace.
He runs through woods o'er blooming countryside,
And bares the buds that 'neath the green leaves hide.
But seeing nothing with his careless look,
He blows at clouds, throws pebbles in the brook
That splashes back, continuing its flow
And resolutely falls on rocks below.
Forced to go on, the water moves from high
To lower land, reflecting morning sky
With numb indifference: as one drop might say,
"I go because I'm pushed, so that I may
Leave room for more who push and follow me,
And more without protest down to sea."
The dragon fly erratically drones;
Wings shimmer as he darts among the stones.
Bugs skate about the rushes in the sand

(continued on next page)
THE TRIPOD

To feed the fearful demon from the land.
Beneath the dragon sits a languid frog,
Insensate, cold, and green, upon a log.
The fly descends, unmindful of his foe,
The bullfrog croaks and disappears below.
He turns his eyes to birds in dreamy mood,
Half watching them, their endless search for food
To feed the young that hatched the day before;
So that the young may breed and search some more.
To him they seem content and happy-free,
Flying from bush to ground, from twig to tree.
He hears not raucous cries, but only song
As life kills life - immedicable wrong
He hears not bitter struggle as he list's,
Nor sees the strife as animal subsists.
Of cruelty in life he's unaware---
He's dimly conscious of but beauty there.

E. J. Butler.
The Birdy Under The Elm

Familiar noises are to be heard daily in the Freshman classes, Math and Chemistry. They are directed at a certain student.

What's holding up Chief Fredrickson's softball team. Student teams have been beating them by 35 and more runs. Authorities claim that pitching is at least 75% of the game.

It appears to be the consensus of opinion that the Navy mess hall would be better off if those responsible for purchasing records would give "Galadonia", by Woody Herman, a proper funeral.

The business of "The Hives" seems to be picking up again.

The dining room in Ogilby now offers music with the meals, if that means anything.

New life seen about the campus in the admittance of females to the classrooms. The student body would appreciate more smiles from their new addition.

Any questions regarding the opposite sex will be adequately answered by our authority, Jim Strongin.

The lives of the students are menaced every night by hoards of mosquitoes. Quick, Mrs. Cummings! The Flit!

The dance held for V-12 students at the Hartford Club on July 24 was a huge success, with all hands hoping for another in the near future.

"Anyone got a cig?" "Sure, George, sure."

What faculty member is it that has dry docked his ship and come ashore since the arrival of the new V-12 students?

What's happening to the high hopes of the civilian softball teams???

Why are so many of the new students afraid to walk beneath the outstretched arm of the statue on the campus? Could it be that they believe in Rumors??

The Freshmen from Ogilby are to be complimented. The number of lonely women in Hartford has decreased.

The Freshmen are ignorant as to the whereabouts of the "Retreat" so often mentioned by the upper class men. An air of mystery seems to pervade anything that has to do with the place. Perhaps some day I'll go there.

(Continued on next page.)
"Doc" takes a long walk every night. I wonder why......

F.C. Trangi (Sp. Al/c) attached to the V-12 unit here at Trinity is reported to have smiled last week. Are there any witnesses to this rare occasion? Perhaps it's the effect of the yellow polo shirt he wore......

What possible attraction could there be to make a fellow hitch-hike to New York and back on the weekends??

Gripes about the morning and evening meals continue to come from the freshmen students, but Trinity is determined to teach them the Doctrine of Sherman in the Dining Hall as well as in the study Halls. Evidence that they can be taught is shown by the quite and indifferent manner of the upper classmen......

Is the recreation hall used only for billiards??

A certain drug store on New Briton Ave. caters to the "spiritual" needs of the student body......

H.L. Wollman, V-12

D.A. Carter

THE NAVY HAS THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND AT TRINITY

( THE WOMEN SITUATION )
THE TRIPOD

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Editorial

Our Magazine

Trinity College is a great and venerable institution. Our college, with its ivy-covered halls and mature, stately elms, is steeped in tradition. One of the traditions of Trinity College is the students' literary publication. During these war years, the acceleration of the academic program and the rapid turnover of students have made it necessary to sacrifice, as wartime casualties, many of the things that make up normal college life. Some of the freshmen were surprised to learn that the literary publication was one of these wartime casualties. But why has the interest in a school magazine died out? The answer is simple: It hasn't! There is a great deal of interest here. The only trouble is that the younger men look to the upper classmen for the leadership, and the upper classmen have grown accustomed to drinking their manhattans without the cherry. Gentlemen, let's put the cherry back in the manhattan! Let's get behind this publication and make it worthy of the name Trinity Tripod. Our present staff is made up of those who have contributed to this issue. We need more contributions and more contributors. Not only is your literary talent solicited, but also your business sense. With a good literary staff and a solid business board, we can give our College a true college publication.

Remember, men, this is your magazine!!

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THE END.