THE TRIPPOD
August 23, 1945

The Magazine of Trinity College
Table of Contents

On Alarm Clocks and Early Rising.  E. J. Butler  Page 1

My First Appearance in Vaudeville.  Dr. Henry A. Perkins  Page 3

Hartfords Select Society.  L. H. Feldman  Page 4

The Deserter.  W. H. Brawley  Page 6

It Pays to be Smart.  L. H. Feldman  Page 9

Sports Slants.  H. L. Wollman, V-12  Page 10
L. R. Miller

Out of War, Comes....  M. P. Vayo, V-12  Page 11

Freunhuld the Fierce.  E. J. Butler  Page 13

Crossword Puzzle.  Page 14

The Story of a Race.  W. T. Robinson  Page 15

The Birdy under the Elm.  D. A. Carter, Editor  Page 17

Editorials.

Americanism - Nobody's Monopoly.  F. E. Slejzer, V-12  Page 20

Tolerance.  R. J. Morris, V-12
All of us, at some time and for some reason, have felt the necessity of rising early. On these unusual occasions, we invariably turn to the alarm clock as the simple solution to this difficult and unpleasant problem. One situation of this nature has left an indelible impression upon my youthful mind:

After prodigious thought concerning the amount of time I should need to perform the duty which required me to get up early, I decided on the hour of arising. I took great care in setting the alarm hand exactly on the particular marking desired, remembering, painfully, the occasion on which I cheated myself of fifteen minutes' sleep, as a result of carelessness. I also wound the clock fully, both time and alarm, listened to it tick, and gave it a little shake as insurance.

Now the first great problem confronted me: "Where's the best place to put the clock?" At first thought, I considered putting it on the bureau, far away from my bed, to prevent the possibility of my shutting it off while half asleep. This, I decided, was impractical, as I envisioned myself bounding from my bed in a frantic effort to shut off the noisy machine, lest the whole neighborhood be aroused. I arrived, after careful consideration, at the decision to put it at uncomfortable stretching distance on my desk. It would be impossible, while the clock was in this position, to shut off the alarm without waking up from the effort of the stretch. Having the clock right near me on my desk made unnecessary the tremendous physical exertion required under the original plan, and, likewise, prevented the great mental recoil that results from such violent exercise so unnatural for a man just getting up.

After having made that momentous decision, I slipped between the sheets and switched off the lamp. "Everything seemed too easy," I thought; "something must be wrong - I better check on the clock." I turned on the light and reached over for it (not a long reach, at that.) The setting was perfect; it was fully wound; but I had forgotten to pull out the little knob on the back! That was a bit of inexcusable stupidity! At that point, I decided to go to sleep.

Perhaps, dear reader, through a similar experience, you can appreciate the mental state of the individual whose will is bent toward rising early. It takes more than decision to induce sleep. Dominant is the fear of sleeping over. I planned, by rising determinedly to my feet as soon as
August 23, 1945

the alarm rang, and by rushing to
the bathroom to splash my face
with cold water, to avoid this
catastrophe when my hour came.
The alarm clock on my desk sounded
like the heart of a Brontosaurus,
laboring, rhythmically, in a tire-
less effort to keep me awake. I
considered many methods of deaden-
ing the sound. I thought if I put
it in one of my desk drawers, the
sound would be reduced considerably
but, labeling that idea among oth-
ers (among which was a desire to
hurl the clock through my open
window) as impractical, I smothered
my head in my pillow and deter-
mined not to listen to the cursed
thing. This proved to be an effec-
tive solution. "Mind over mat-
er, Ed," I kept saying to myself,
think of nothing."

And I thought of nothing —nothing
but, "Gotta' get up early and
get that work done!" My nights
sleep consisted of fitful dozing,
and I turned from back to side to
belly, mumbling my resolution, and
waiting fearfully for the dreaded
alarm.

After a measureless interval,
I opened my eyes a bit and real-
ized that my room was definitely
brighter. I wondered about the
time for some minutes, fully ex-
pecting the chorus of bells to
overtake me without warning. This
was a thought: the mechanism of
the clock was constantly narrowing
the gap between the peace of rest
and the horror of rising. I
thought it would be to my credit
if I could outwit the mechanical
mind by waking up just before the
alarm went off. "I must see how
much time I have left!" I thought.
Switching on the lamp, I squinted
painfully at the black hands: al-
most quarter after five: I had less
than twenty minutes' sleep left!
I refused to get up earlier than
necessary; yet, I dreaded the

thought of being dependant upon
the alarm, especially since I
was so near the appointed hour.

Leaning out of my bed, I push-
ed the button in, and fell back
exhausted. As I lay there, I
opened one eye occasionally
(though not without considerable
pain; for the lamp directed a
merciless stream of light at my
half closed eye) just to keep
track of the minute hand's move-
ment. It seemed rather strange
to me that it hardly moved at
all, for minutes usually fly past
when one is lying abed in the
morning. I could find no earthly
cause for complaint, however, and
decided to keep my eye closed for
longer periods, just to give the
bashful clock a chance to work.
Then the damnable thing began to
have one of its noisy moods, and
even the light seemed to increase
in intensity. How it burned —
right through my eyelids! I
thrust my face into the pillow,
but still the clock pulsed
loudly, and the panorama of col-
ors flashed across my mind's
eye. I could think of nothing but
a German torture chamber - a light
and sound room.

Of course it happened. It was
inevitable. Any intelligent read-
er could have predicted disaster
from the outset of this sad state
of affairs. These are unvarnished
truths, which have been tested in
the crucible of experience with
painful frequency: One cannot be
certain that he will be able to
rise early the next morning to do
homework neglected the night be-
fore. There is nothing more like-
ly to betray a man into absurdity
than an alarm clock.
The Faculty Speaks

Dr. Henry A. Perkins

If I had not become much attached to our V-12 unit, I should never have done it. But when the manager of the show asked me to put on an act, after some hesitation, I consented. The performance was called Julius Caesar, and the role assigned to me was that of "the court mathematician." Of course Julius Caesar was never an emperor and never had a court, but that did not trouble the Navy. It rises superior to all obstacles, historic or otherwise, with the possible exception of physics. The plan was to have me, entered as "Mr. X" on the program, make my appearance dressed in Navy blues and at Caesar's behest work a problem on the blackboard to prove one could spend 158 lire (or some such sum) a month on a stipend of 50 lire. This feat, crazy enough to make Professor Dadourian's hair curl, was achieved somewhat as follows. The five expense items totalled 158 lire when added in the usual way, but the court mathematician was supposed to know better and add the units and tens separately and then combine the result as indicated.

\[
\begin{align*}
28 + 39 + 46 + 27 + 18 &= 120 \\
120 + 30 &= 150
\end{align*}
\]

After this amazing result I was to do anything I wanted to and ended up with some tunes on the clarinet.

Well the fateful evening in February 1944 arrived, and I must admit feeling decidedly nervous. Lois Naylor helped me get into the uniform, in itself no mean accomplishment, and later getting me out was like skinning an eel. However, it was gratifying to find I had not quite lost my boyish figure, and my wife and daughter, who saw my picture as a sailor lad in the Tripod, thought it was a decided-ly becoming costume.

After some really clever and amusing acts had been put on, I mounted the stage behind a portable blackboard carried by two of the cast and stood facing a very handsome toga clad Julius Caesar seated on his throne. So far no one knew who Mr. X was, but when the "unknown quantity" turned around and faced the audience, there was an ovation such as I never expect to have again. Even the King Sisters who wound up the show only got a few more decibels of sound. The mathematical problem was well received, as were also two experiments, one intending to show how you can spend your money (in this case vibrations) and get it back again, and the other to show how to spend it (in this case water) so it doesn't come back. This later was done with a little glass force pump which my PI classes know only too well. It made a decided hit with the audience, but as there were ladies in the front row I had to aim high and only winged those sitting well back.

Finally came the music (so called) One of the Navy students, an excellent pianist, accompanied me, and sitting in the rays of the spot light and scared stiff I blew my durndest. There were a few mistakes which the friendly audience forgave, but the Courant reporter, a very pleasant lady I met that evening for the first time, wrote in her account of the show: "The Professor was no Benny Goodman, but he played the notes as he saw them."

So ended my first --- and last appearance on the vaudeville.
Hartford's Select Society

L.H. Feldman

The great P.T. Barnum, one of the more illustrious natives of this state, once invited General Ulysses S. Grant, when the latter was in the throes of financial desperation, to join his world-famous circus as an extra attraction. Now if Mr. Barnum were living today, he might not get so great a drawing card as General Grant, but his circus might gain many a prize side-show from the cast of characters now operating with or without licenses in the precincts of Hartford.

There's "Shoeless Joe," for example, to give him his pet name. His motto is: "The best shoes are your feet"; and to prove his theory which is quite as unfathomable as the atomic bomb, he is to be seen striding along the highways of Hartford as a "walking" advertisement.

Then there's "Getzel," who has achieved considerable skill in pouring hot Italian epithets in a cool Yiddish brogue. This distinguished linguist is versatile enough to claim also the modern world's record for most banquets attended as an uninvited guest.

And there are others. Bull Cuory, for example, Hartford's wrestling policeman, has left more than one opponent helpless with memories of Hartford. His rather incongruous motto has been: "All laws of wrestling are made to be broken."

Then there are "Bearded Ben" Morgan, the "Shadow," the "Phantom" (with or without Lago), "Man Mountain" Dean, "St. Paul," alias Charles Nunnally (or as the Times spelled it, "Nuttingly"), "Sinner" Livingstone, "und so weiter."

Yes, we've had them all -- even native "Hindus" born in New York and Arabian "sheiks" from the west coast.

But one of the more remarkable members of the cast has now passed from the stage and is still deeply mourned. Known in all the "joints" as "Louie," he gained considerable renown as fish-vendor, junk dealer, boarding-house proprietor, liquor (?) salesman, butler, housewife, gentleman, and scholar.

Well, there you have it -- the menagerie of Hartford. No, you innocent freshmen, you can't enter their elevated ranks; closed shop, says the International Union of Unorthodox Odd Fellows. But, on the other hand, if you're really interested, I could act as "Available Jones" (at a price, naturally), and give you a letter of recommendation to the one and only "Lorenz," a Sicilian barber who knew "Tony Z" and his "Inner Sanctum," and who will "absolutely" and "positively" introduce you to Hartford's select society.
It must be the accelerated program.
The dead merchant kid had been a deserter.

He had left his shipboard post in wartime, during the height of a battle, and now he lay dead in the tundra at the summit of Hill 69, with a bullet hole in his forehead. Until you came close to him and saw the wound, he looked like a boy sleeping. His borrowed navy helmet had rolled off his head, and there was a dirt smudge on his cheek. The wet wind crying in from the North Pacific was blowing his blond hair. He looked as if he had lain down in the grass for a rest after the furious fighting for the hill was finished.

The troops, slogging wearily up the hill from the beach toward the sound of the guns, had heard about him, and, as they passed, they glanced at his sprawled form. The expressions on their unshaven, sunburned faces tightened. The kid had only been sixteen, and he looked like anybody's younger brother. He was the kid who delivered papers in your block at home, the kid you used to watch playing high school baseball, the kid who used to date your bobby-sox sister. He looked like a hundred boys you knew, and it didn't do you any good to see him lying dead in the tundra and muck with a Jap 25 slug through his head - to realize that he had been a deserter.

This was the morning of the fourth day of the battle for island "B". The landing ships had ghosted in and out of the fog banks, and assault troops had gone ashore under cover of a rocky sea cape. They had stormed the enemy garrison at "2" village and pushed the little yellow men out of their crude fortifications and up into the hills. At the crest of the first hill, the Japs had made a stand with rifles, mortars, and machine-guns; their resistance was so determined that the battle was now in doubt. The artillery had not yet been brought up, and the Japs on the mortars and machine-guns were good shots.

A grim-faced major, in charge of the infantry unit attacking the hill, couldn't get his men within range to use grenades. He stormed down the beach cursing for artillery. They had to blast the Japs out of their foxholes before dark, or else things would be bad on that hill.

The kid was there at the rim of the surf helping to unload ammunition when he heard the major's "comment." He had no business being ashore. He was in the Merchant Marine, and his job was aboard ship. But during the long voyage from the States, he had made friends with the troops, and when they went ashore, he put on a gray navy helmet and managed to slip unobserved into a landing craft. He told the sergeant on the beach that he wanted to be with his friends when they went into battle. He said that he had tried to lie about his age to get into the Army, and when he failed, he had lied his way into the Merchant Marine, but only to be near combat troops.

He pleaded with the major to let him go up the hill. "I know I can throw grenades over the rim of that hill. I was a baseball pitcher school, I can do that!"

"Son," said the major, "you get the hell aboard your ship and stay off this beach!"
But the kid didn't return to his ship. The moment he was unobserv:
ed, he picked up a Garand, filled his pockets with grenades from:
a case the assault troops had opened, and went up over the rocky sea:
cape to the mist-hung hill where the mortars and machine-guns were:
hammering. The kid could throw a grenade, all right. He lobbed two:
over the coarse wind-brushed grass into Jap foxholes, silencing a:
pair of guns. He was getting into position for a third when the major:
returned from the beach, and, recognizing the kid's navy helmet,:
called him over and told him angrily that if he didn't go back to his:
ship, he would place him under arrest and have him tried by court:
martial as a deserter.

The kid started back, but as soon as he was out of the major's:
sight, he went across to the opposite flank of the assault and began:
throwing grenades again. He had a pitcher's arm and shoulder, and:
when he threw a grenade, he knew where it was going to land. The:
major saw him twice more, and each time sent an aide to arrest him;
but each time, the kid managed to evade them. He was still throwing:
grenades when the final push which took the hill was made, and the:
assault troops said he had knocked out five guns. They said all the:
remaining Jap gunners were trying for him; doing their best to cut:
him down. His gray navy helmet set him apart and made him a good:
target-at last, a sniper got him.

"I don't want anybody trying to make a hero of him," the major:
told the war correspondents that night in his headquarters, when the:
hill was won. "Modern warfare is teamwork and discipline, and he had:
neither. He left his post of duty, and that made him a deserter. I:
want you all to know it."

All the correspondents left except one, and he stayed to vouch:
on the dead kid's behalf. The major was writing a letter on a plank:
table; his West Point shoulders had slumped, and his hands shook bad-
ly as he wrote. The correspondent was going to ask the major not to:
let the story go back to headquarters with the kid branded as a:
deserter, when he saw the first lines of the letter the major was:
writing. They read:

"Dear Sir:

By the time you receive this, the Navy:
Department will have informed you of the:
death of your son, who was a member of the:
Merchant Marine. It is my privilege to add:
that he was a hero in the most exact sense:
of the word, and that what he did today,:
here, will always be proudly remembered by:
his friends, the officers and men of this:
regiment........"
Your Good Friend and Mine

For years we in Hartford have heard our sports news reported by a self-made former auto-racer who introduces himself as "your good friend and mine, Bob Steele." Trinity was truly fortunate in having Mr. Steele as guest speaker at a stag smoker, Friday, August 10, at the Student House.

Steele is a by-word at Mickey's Villanova - Hartford's equivalent of "Jacobs' Beach" - since Bob has been for some time a blow-by-blow boxing announcer over WTIC's frequency modulation station.

Actually, however, Bob Steele has won his greatest fame as a prognosticator of sporting events. He gained immortal renown for his correct pick of the St. Louis Browns to win last year's American League flag. But this was a result of Bob's perseverance; he had picked the Brownies to win the pennant every year as far back as I can remember.

Bob in technical radio circles is known as a "pastry addict." Whereas the Greeks consulted the Delphic Oracle and Romans examined the entrails of victims, Steele must have a roll on the drums before he condescends to make a prediction. But Bob's rolls are not of the ordinary variety; they are king-size, nay super-duper delicacies.

After a miniature jazz concert in which the canary swallows the cat, there is an abbreviated piano concerto (modern style), followed by a drum roll with all the accessories. Bob claims it gives him added inspiration.

The punning speed-demon from Missouri has had, nevertheless, some tough luck lately as a prophet. Once recently he was so confident of a fool-proof pick in a boxing match that he promised to sell newspapers at Main and Asylum if he were wrong. A rather interesting spectacle presented itself the following day. It was "your good friend and mine," Bob Steele, shouting headlines in front of Liggott's.
Here is the easiest Prize money you have ever earned. Just write the answers to the following questions and turn them in at the main office. Only one entry may be submitted by a single individual, and no pseudonyms are permissible. Members of the editorial board and their families are excluded from the contest.

Feeling that the professors need added encouragement, we are offering an extra engraved portrait of George Washington, if it is a professor who hands in the first perfect paper. So dash over to the library and rack your brains, 'cause here goes:

1. Name the lovers (one will suffice for each) of the following:
   a. Lesbia; b. Lynenna; c. Delia
2. Name any two of the former managers of the Hartford Eastern League Baseball Club.
3. Who holds Trinity's pole vault record, and of what secondary school was he a graduate?
4. Name the authors of the following: a. McGuffey's Readers; b. The Man with the Hoe; c. The Golden Treasury.
5. Who is the George Washington of Haiti?
6. When was the treaty of Unkjar-Skelessi signed?
8. Who was the famous self-styled "bleary-eyed" poet in history?
9. Where in the world is there still a theocracy in existence?
10. When was the World Series game last played in Boston?
11. Identify the sources of the following quotations: a. "Lo, the poor Indian"; b. "You cannot indict a whole people"; c. "You have nothing to lose but your chains."
12. Who is the only player in the American League ever to have won a batting championship with two different teams?
13. What date marked the official beginning of the United Nations?
14. Where is the Mausoleum?
15. Who is credited with having invented aspirin?
16. Which members of Trinity's faculty would you consult for information on the following: a. Shakespeare; b. genealogy; c. Shelley.
17. Who was the leading scorer on Trinity's 1944-45 basketball team?
18. What college team has the nickname "Generals"?
19. Who is the only United States President ever to have served as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court?
20. Of what country was Kamerun formerly a colony?

Entries are not to be handed in after Thursday, the 30th.
August 23, 1945

**Sports Slants**

H.L. Wollman  
L.R. Miller

As the leagues pass the halfway mark and come into the home stretch in the current softball schedule, Cook A's second team is in the lead in the National League, while Cook C's first team leads the American League.

Cook A's team has a lead of 2 games over the second place team in the National League. Cook C's first team has a lead of 2 games over its rival in the American League.

For those who may not know, the two leagues are comprised of ten teams. The Navy V-12 has seven teams in the league; the civilian students have two, known as the Trinity Bears and the Trinity Wolves, while bringing up the rear, as usual, are the "old men" made up of Ship's Company (35-2 team). As it is necessary to always have someone at the bottom of the list, we are thankful that they have decided to relieve us of that worry by holding on to it without any signs of their willingness or capability of giving it up. The play-off began July 18 and will continue until August 30. As yet there are five more games for each team to play.

On Tuesday, September 4, Thursday, Sept. 6, and Tuesday, Sept. 11, the winning teams will compete for the championship of the school. Lt. V. J. Conroy has announced that the winning team will receive liberty from 1200 Saturday until 2400 Sunday on the weekend following their victory, if it's a Navy team!

---

**National League**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Captain &amp; Manager</th>
<th>Standing</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cook A 2nd Team</td>
<td>Ohrenschall</td>
<td>Won 7, Lost 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook B 2nd Team</td>
<td>Page</td>
<td>Won 1, Lost 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook C 2nd Team</td>
<td>Wolf</td>
<td>Won 5, Lost 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extras Ship's Company</td>
<td>Fredericksen</td>
<td>Won 1, Lost 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trinity Bears</td>
<td>Vincent</td>
<td>Won 2, Lost 3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**American League**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Captain &amp; Manager</th>
<th>Standing</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cook A 1st Team</td>
<td>Reegan</td>
<td>Won 4, Lost 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook B 1st Team</td>
<td>Ladiish</td>
<td>Won 3, Lost 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook C 1st Team</td>
<td>Conklin &amp; Rosenau</td>
<td>Won 6, Lost 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jarvis IV</td>
<td>Englehart</td>
<td>Won 3, Lost 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trinity Wolves</td>
<td>Puffer</td>
<td>Won 0, Lost 7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

Two water baseball leagues have been organized. Each league has two teams that meet twice weekly at the pool. In the American League, the two team captains are Peters and Segall. In the National League, they are Conron and Denuels. So far, Peter's team has won five games out of five. This record is due in part to the work of "Foul-Ball" Riley of Segall's team. Although Denuel's team has won three out of five, there is no one we can blame in this case.
Out of War, Comes...

M.P. Vayo, V-12

"When you part from your friend, you grieve not. For that which you love most in him may be clearer in his absence, as the mountain to the climber is from the plain."

"The Prophet" by K. Gibran.

While attending the Navy Radio Material School in Houston, Texas, I met two fellows who were destined to become my friends. They were Henry "Hank" Nielsen, and Evan Evans. Hank was originally from Denmark, and then from Staten Island, New York; Evan was from Baldwin, Long Island.

I made friends with Evan almost immediately, but Hank and I had a mutual dislike for each other. Evan became our go-between, and we soon became friends.

We began having little "heart to heart" talks about our past accomplishments, making plans for the future, and discussing our likes and dislikes.

At the drop of a hat, Evan would start talking of his many-blooded ancestors who sailed the Clipper Ships of old, and finally decided to settle in New York. If he were asked a question, he would explain it in the minutest detail, so that after he finished, even a moron would know what he was talking about.

Hank would talk a great deal of his family. He talked of his father, who was killed in the war. He was a Merchant Marine Captain, and skipper of a tanker. He talked of his brother Soren, who was always his authority for anything that was right. He told of the many tempting recipes his mother had brought from Denmark. And there was Kathe. She was the girl back home.

I was always able to chime in with my French-Irish background without the slightest prompting. We had our own "League of Nations," so to speak.

We didn't always agree, and sometimes we would be drawn into bitter arguments over a controversial subject. We were always trying to outdo the other in everything we did or said.

Except for a few instances, everything we did, we did together, until it became matter-of-fact. We more or less took each other for granted.

We were assigned to the same ship, and stuck together even more than in the past. We lived in a world all our own, as Evan told his mother. Our Motto was "One for All, and All for One." When Mrs. Evans wrote, she wrote to all three of us. When Kathe sent packages of cookies, they were for all of us.

When I left them last March to come to the country to study under the V-12 program, I thought I knew everything there was to know about them. I thought I had good reason to believe this, but I've found out differently since then. I've learned more about them in the little while I have been away than I did in the two years I was with them. And what I've learned here gives me a much greater appreciation of their friendship.

Those things that I took for
August 23, 1945

I feel that really I know them now. My one wish is that they be re-
turned here, so we might continue our friendship, a friendship
strengthened by a better understand-
ing of each other.

... 

STRONG IN ACTION

- The text discusses heart-to-heart talks with Hank, heated
  discussions with Evan, and the things the speaker misses most.
  They are not sorry for the temporary separation, as they
  feel they now know them better.

- The illustrations depict a woman and a man in various situations,
  possibly illustrating the text'spoints.

- The word "Mac" appears on one of the illustrations.

The overall context suggests a personal reflection on the
relationship and its development.
Deep in the depths of a mountain cave
Dwelt the most damnable dastardly beast.
Fiendish and foul his foul deeds were,
Beast most bold of the basest sort.
Born of a witch of wickedest kind,
The fiend, each eve from his mountain lair
Descending, dragged from the depths of the town
To the heights of his cave-mouth seven men.
They shouted and screamed and struggled in vain,
Held by their hair in his hands of strength.
He dragged them dying up jagged slopes;
The rocks on the ridges tore their flesh,
And blood from their bodies bubbled forth.
They shouted and screamed and struggled in vain,
For Wyrd had willed their woeful doom.
Reaching a ridge, he raised them high
And hurled from the heights the hapless men.
Above their screams could be heard the fiend
Laughing loudly, the laugh of a demon,
Filling the forest, the fens of the valley
With the harsh and hideous laugh of bale.
The bodies splashed on their rock-graves below.
The screams and struggles had been in vain,
For Wyrd had willed their woeful doom.
ACROSS
1.-4. First two names of the 6th president of the U.S.
9. Monkey
10. Silk worm food
12. Personal Pronoun
13. Four-dimensional order
14. To be at fault
15. A rocky isle (O. N.)
16. Without (French)
20. Ireland
23. A long paddle
24. Pertaining to the air
27. The brains (SCOT)
30. Buddy
31. Fruit
33. You (French Fam. Form)
34. Musical note
36. A coquettish glance
37. Charts
38. Proper name (masc.)
40. Knockout blow.

DOWN
1. Proper name (masc.)
2. A drama presented in song
3. Personal pronoun
4. Original settlers of Penn.
5. A sore that festers
6. Spanish peninsula (Archaic)
7. Sum
8. Bed for baby
9. They maintain law and order in the Army. (plural)
11. You (intimate form)
15. Registered Nurse (abr.)
17. Preposition (Spanish)
19. A fourteen line poem
21. No-one (Lat.)
23. Part of bridle
25. Staircase safety device
26. Aircraft with lighter than air gas
27. Founder of Hartford
THE TRIPOD

August 23, 1945

THE STORY OF A RACE

W. T. Robinson

The summit of the mountain looked down and smiled, as it reviewed again the panorama it had witnessed for untold centuries. A tiny spark of flame appeared on the horizon, at once dispelling the dismal, cold gray of early dawn, that creeps in as one by one the stars fade and cease to shine. The profound, oppressive silence seem to hurt the ears of the birds, until one clear chirp sounded the overture for the symphony of sunrise. The air seemed filled with awesome, majestic music, which soared higher and higher, as the sun peered over the edge of the earth, and floated upward, becoming a magnificent fire-ball, a hundred times its size at noon. The dew drops on the tall pines changed from pearls, to glittering crystal diamonds, and the lake below changed from bottomless, black pit, to a flashing, blinding mirror.

Down through the mist and far away, was heard the drone of a powerful motor. A speed-boat circled once, and dashed madly forward, heading straight for the distant shore not yet in sight; water leaping out of its way as it came. A car slid away from the side of the road, and pointing toward the lake, began the descent from the mountain, and the trip across the sloping plane toward the lake.

The day was clear, the sky was a perfect blue, and the pines pointed upward, while the mountains rested under their blanket of green. There was no life, no sound, no motion——nothing except the steady drone of the engine, as the slim craft sped over the water, hidden by the crystal sheets on either side of it, as it smashed its way onward. The heavy car was black against a black road, with pines sheltering it from the sun. The streak of blue that was the sky, closed in on the racing car as it plunged over the ridge and down the twisting, turning, treacherous road, that led to the lake.

The sky was grey, the rain fell, and the lightening rent the heavens. The thunder was the end-
The sky was still blue, but the clouds were a unique, beautiful rose-red. The clouds turned grey white, darkened, and only their edges revealed the mellow-golden rays of the full moon, which slowly appeared and ascended the heavens, ruling them as the vassal of the sun.

The night was clear, the heavens black, and the stars were pure and clean. The lake was black; the boat was black; the road was black; the car was black. There was no light except that which was shed from the blue-white galaxy of stars above.

Faster, faster, onward, onward,...
The Birdy under the Elm

Would you believe it if you were told that a certain senior has been maltreating our birdy under the elm? Any legal punishment for the offence would be gratefully received by the freshmen. (We hope the faculty will comply with our sincere wishes.)

Anyone familiar with the name Jackie? Stick around Ogilby, and you'll hear about it.

A certain student was seen in a jewelry shop downtown buying an engagement ring for $1.25. Must be some girl!

I wonder where our cartoonist gets the inspiration for the beautiful women he draws. Undoubtedly a secret of the trade.

We're sure that a lot of the students would appreciate knowing who walked off with the records from the Ogilby House.

Ask the senior resident of Ogilby 13 to tell you the one about Oscar Wilde. We refrain from printing it here for want of space, you understand.

The chemistry students seem anxious to prepare an atomic bomb, for what purpose no one knows.

The stag smoker on the 10th was a success, thanks to the presence of Bob Steele. The professors enjoyed the jokes as much as the students. There were a few gripes about the fact that the punch wasn't spiked.

Warning to all mosquitoes and anything resembling that insect!!! Stay away from Macalister's room.

Every once in a while, the cry, "Here, Gertrude!" resounds from Jarvis. The answer is invariably "Meow."

If you still have the last issue of the Tripod, re-read Dean Peland's letter on page 5. It's one of the most cogent and meaningful pieces of writing we've seen in a long time.

Who is this girl "Millie" the Navy fellows are all talking about?

The advent of Bill--to the College is noticed by the formation of a new order, the 6th Reich, built on the principles of brutality. Students! Beware!

I take back what I said about the lack of women on the campus, or should I say young ladies.
A civilian picnic has been planned for the 23rd of this month by Prof. Louis Naylor. Of course, it's going to be co-ed. Navy competition has been taken into account. The picnic will be held out in the wilds in a place called Lade Wangaumbug, South Coventry. It is an estimated 7 miles from a hick town, Willimantic, and 25 miles from the campus. Some hike!! It will cost a whole dollar if you want to bring "the woman in your life" along, and as for the stags, they will be let off at half price.

Since when do they give the Congressional Medal for kicking people down stairs in Naples? Ask Reinstein.

E-e-e-e-r-i-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-

Due to the abrupt ending of the war, there seems to be an acute shortage of coke bottles.

Certain students represented the College down at the center of town on V-J evo, and you can bet your life they did their share to keep things going. If you happened to meet any of the Trinity boys in town during the celebration, you probably heard the following: "What's the matter? Lost your merryc?" "Aw, give me time. I haven't seen anything I liked yet." The "casanova" spirit seems to be dying out here.

Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink. . . . . That goes for the liquor too. The V-12s were all dried up during the fireworks.

Conversation ran something like this on Thursday, the day classes were resumed:--
Dr. McNulty: "Mr. Olberg, you didn't see Gordon in your travels, did you?"
Mr. Olberg: "No, sir, I couldn't see anything!"

Splash!!---No Squeeze Da Banana!!! Just a little noise to lot you know that a swim party and dance is being planned for August 31st. Okay, fellas! Start thinking about the "femme fatale" you're going to bring. No stags allowed.

Lt. Conroy is now Commanding Officer of the V-12 Unit stationed here. One of his first acts was a twelve o'clock liberty for the Navy boys. We certainly appreciate this policy, and all hands are looking forward to more of these liberties.

Before being detached, Lt. Mueller gave a tea for some members of the faculty; a dinner for ship's company; and a pep talk for the students.
Now the V-12 Unit is going to have a marching contest "with shoes on" as if there weren't anything else to do.

Our leader was awake so many nights thinking up things, such as the above, that we had to give him a rest; he returned this week looking well rested and full of new ideas to taunt the V-12 students. So look out mates—lookout!

If Jean, the dietician of the Navy cafeteria, wants to make the Navy boys happy and raise the morale at least 30 points, she has only to eliminate creamed chipped beef on toast from her menus. SOS

Trozzi keeps as constant a vigilance over the V-12 students as Jean keeps over the milk. Now that the war is over, perhaps the mess hall will stop rationing milk. We will give this 20 points as a morale booster.

What is the attraction in Cook A-41? Most anyone can be found in this room anytime of the night or day. It couldn't be the continuous debates, arguments, and sea stories that are going on there, could it?
Americanism - Nobody's Monopoly

America has always welcomed diversity, variety, differences. It always has been a mixture of strains and religions— the basis of much of its uniqueness in the world, and the source of much of its power. It may be no accident that many of the most dynamic cities and regions in this country have been and are those which include the greatest variety of national and cultural backgrounds.

The Founding Fathers were mostly Anglo-Saxons, but eighteen of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were of non-English origin. The springs of this country's central ideas and ideals have various sources. The Declaration of Independence, one of the greatest documents ever written, is of Anglo-Saxon source; written by Jefferson in the English language; its contents, however, are not the exclusive pattern of any one strain. In fact, there is good basis for believing that an early, if not the first, draft of the Declaration was written by an Italian, Mazei, who was a close friend and associate of Jefferson.

On the other hand, just where does the doctrine of inalienable or natural rights come from? Not from the Magna Carta which,
THE TRIPOD

August 23, 1945

theory, merely recognizes and affirms rights already in existence; they originate, as far as the United States is concerned, in the speculations of John Locke, a philosopher. But their ancestry has been traced backward to Roman law, and beyond that, to the doctrines of another philosophy, that of the Stoics. No one strain has a monopoly on the ideas of liberty, equality, fraternity, and democracy.

Government based on the consent of the governed is an all-important concept. The Founding Fathers recognized it, the historians have shown us, from the thirteenth century Scholastic philosophers who were Spaniards, Italians, and Franchmen.

At its best, Americanism is nobody's monopoly. Rather, it is a happy concentration of some of the highest aspirations of humanity. It is a movement away from primitive racism, fear, and nationalism—a movement toward freedom, creativeness. This is a universal or pan-human culture.

The future, ours and the world's, is in unity within diversity. Our various backgrounds are important and valuable, but not in themselves. They are important and valuable only as material for our future American culture. We have a chance to create a universal or pan-human culture, more satisfying than anything humanity has as yet experienced or devised. Then we shall have the opportunity to pass that culture on to the other nations in this "One World".

We must never allow prejudice nor intolerance to turn this American Dream into a nightmare.

Tolerance

From the halls of Congress a short time ago, we had the spectacle of one of our Senators, Mr. Bilbo, addressing a letter to an Italian woman from New York as "My Dear Dago." What prompted this from one of the representatives of the people? Mr. Bilbo didn't know the lady. Her letter to him was not offensive. She had only used the perogative of the American people in writing to her Senator. Therefore, for no other apparent reason than that she was Italian, Mr. Bilbo addressed her as "My Dear Dago." Is that tolerance?

This is a plea for tolerance. And any plea for tolerance is basically the understanding of intolerance. Every day, many of us, under our breath or openly, say "that Dago," "that dirty Jew," or "that black son-of-a..."

Do you know what you're saying? Do you know why or whom you're condemning?

Toward tolerance there are two steps we can take. The most important is to judge everyone for what he is himself. Why judge a man to be bad for what he was born, where he was born, or to whom he was born. Over those things he had no power. Only by his actions and deeds can one really judge a man.

One could further tolerance by attempting to analyze a man's actions. Have you ever asked yourself why some negroes seem so shiftless, lazy, and unintelligent? Why some Jews appear to be so sharp in their dealings? Why, so often, Slavs seem so dirty or uncouth? It is on these actions that one bases his intolerance. Not that all negroes,
all Jews, or all Slavs are that way. They aren't!!! There are a great many who have risen above those intolerable actions. Why can't one give them credit, instead of tearing down an entire people for the actions of those who have yet to make the grade?

America is the melting pot of peoples. It was built on that melting pot. By intolerance, we are stopping the function of that melting pot. Every nationality, creed, and color has and can give something to America. We must let them do just that. Instead of being intolerant, let's help them to become Americans. America needs tolerance!

Next time you're set to be intolerant, remember why those of whom you're intolerant are that way. If you do that, you've done a service to yourself and your country that money cannot buy.

---

MY PROMOTION
JUST CAME THROUGH
I'M A "CHIEF"
(LATRINE CHIEF)

EXTRA DUTY

PLEASE DON'T THROW BLITZ IN URINAL

"Mac"