New Steward Named for Hamlin Hall

Immediately after he was named the new president of the college, J. Harvey Greenspan broke his existing contractual agreement with the Blake's Catering Company, which is in charge of the college dining hall.

Greenspan stated that he had been advised by several trustees that he had been giving a low rating to the cafeteria services in Hamlin Hall in recent months. The new steward is expected to make various improvements, which is too great a job for the old one. Greenspan said.

Starting immediately, the new director of dietary services will be Mr. Steward and Meat Processor at the famed Miller Hotel, At the Miller M. Neff specialized in finely dressed Ham.

Neff is a resident of Belgrade, Nice, and was also a member of the Hamlin Hall faculty, where he is able to be his own boss, a position of considerable prestige.

To the post of Dean of Students: Scotty Geppcy Addsme

Scotty Geppcy Addsme has become dean of the college. He was formerly a local bank merchant Georgy is known for a ferocious manner in dealing with students. He is known to possess the kidnaps the 1952 Academic Policy. The Connecticut College students who may be either flunking or are belligerent will be called a mighty club. He will not allow a club or an organization to be destroyed. When students try such stunts among the possibilities that he is alert to the students and must be watched at all times.

To the post of Director of Public Relations: Stanley's

Stanley's has been highly thought of for her steady stream of on-campus public relations for many years. Realizing that her capabilities is it single to picture her directing the school's press reports to the public and spreading the fair name of Trinity far and wide to the borders of Connecticut.

(Continued on page 3)

MCHEMISTS ELECT

What a deal, boys!

This is the new "Miss Chemistry Building of 1952." She was elected at a secret meeting held last night in the top floor lab of the building. Presided over by Wally Walla's own Vernon Kretzschmar, named by thus stuttering certificate recipient, the boys in the white coat voted unanimously for this new postulant.

Her duties will consist of greeting various visiting dignitaries who come to the lab (including the DOTC offi- cers who have classes in the building) and also representing Chemistry at various functions, such as the annual Tech Tote Ball this spring.

When asked for comment, Walter, Head Technician who is rumored to be the real brain behind the outfit, said vehemently, "Well ... we figure with this tube we can get a lot more students taking chemistry. Eventually we might be able to keep the rest of the departments out of the building—then we'll take over the whole school. And from there ..."

Your reporter left Walter (in Room 107) with a word of advice: "Get some glee in your eyes!"

Sex on Rampage

The boys from Sigma Epsilon went on a ramp last Sunday evening. A tryst on the ramp began the party spirit on the Trinity campus. The campus was not disturbed by any little episode in the milling throng. Costello was known to be an avid fan of Lili St. Cyr. He was a great fan of Lili St. Cyr.

The authorities have notified Dr. George H. Adams that if he continues his business in New Jersey immediately he shall abandon the spot for the search. "I always knew the kid would get into trouble," said Mr. Costello as he left the police station.

Speculation on the students and faculty who attended the dance is due to the fact that the dance is in progress. It is printed on his diploma, will do imi- nation, and the amount of time necessary for preparation."
EXECUTIVES (SMORGAS) BORED
Chief in Chief ........................................... Grumpy
Head Writer .............................................. Joe
Year Junior Host ....................................... Depey
Gaccon No. 1 ............................................. Grumpy
Gaccon No. 2 ............................................. Grumpy
OTHER MENTAL DWARPS
Manny, Moe, and Jack

The New President

Hooray for the Trustees! They're on the stick! J. Harvey Greenspan, or "Harv" as his friends all call him, is undoubtedly the choice Trinity has made for proxy since the days of good old "T." C. Brumwell. Harv has the right idea about things.

In a recent telephone conversation we had with him, he said, "The hell with the faculty—what we want is satisfaction from the students." This is a sign of the old-fashioned American spirit we need here on the Hill. Why, in a few years, we ought to be so hungry with money that we can buy the old and the young who have the audacity to think (!) !and get good old visual aids.

Now that this is so, the biggest main points in good old Harv's program. The students would really go for it because then they wouldn't have to do any homework outside of classes because they have it already laid out before them in the classrooms. They could spend more time at all the potentially outside activities like fraternity parties and books.

To get back to the Board of Trustees, we just think they're a swell bunch of guys for choosing Harv. We'd like to commend especially New Brainerd, the many students who would have liked to run a picture of "The Brain" as he is more familiarly known, but the budget just wouldn't stand it. However, we don't have to see a shot of him (and there should be many of you—we know you have them) if you prefer, send a requisition slip in triplicate to Fuller, B. S. in care of the Tripes.

Well, getting back to our original subject, it's about time Trinity got a good old-fashioned president for a change. We understand that "Harv is a member, in excellent standing, of Rotary and is also the Grand President of the Student Council of the South Hartford District of Beta Beta Beta, National Science Society. He has had in his phone conversation with us that since he couldn't be a Phi Beta (this prep didn't like him), he wanted to be a Theta Beta. Theta Beta, Theta Beta—what we need at Tron—a man who will go all out to help the frats in their battle against the "powers that be." He's also happy Harv is planning on his way clear to give the houses an appropriation each year.

But, getting back to our original subject, we like Harv—he's our man.

J. H. G.

An Editorial . . .

Down With Delayed Rushing

It's about time someone got some sense in this administration. We think delayed rushing is for the birds and so do the most of the other students. We're going to put down the reasons why we should junk delayed rushing, and if the administration doesn't follow our suggestions, dammit, we'll blast the hell out of them.

First, look at it as from the point-of-view of the frat man. When you rush a guy the first or second week of his freshman year, it's a lot easier to know him. Face it, when a guy has seen you around campus for a year, he knows you're a yahoo and there's nothing you can do about it except go out and get drunk in a corner. The right-away rushing plan, as we call it, would enable the frat men to pick their targets and work on them right away, instead of being bothered by stupid IFC regulations, which are never enforced anywhere. This would take a great load off the IFC secretary since he wouldn't have to write as many strong letters as he does now and get his hands all over the place. The IFC men would have no more work to do than what good marks do a guy in business anyway?—you don't get any more money for them.

Let's face it, guys, the fraternity is a great home—free drinks. If it weren't for the Greeks, we'd find all our fine healthy American boys in the unsavory atmosphere of the local bars. If we're going to drink, let's drink in a white house, eat clean Atmosphere and have the fun.

We think the outstanding example of this is the Tau Alpha Rho. Drop in one time and take one of the boys away from the card game to show you around.

Well, there you have it, Joe; our reason for junking delayed rushing. We're going to change the system or you won't know Harv and Harv is behind us.

J. H. G.

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Ed Shapiro Will Be Investigated Soon

Edward H. (Ed) Shapiro, deposed editor of the Tripod, has been called before the Un-Truthy Activities Committee.

Shapiro, who was editor of the campus newspaper until recently, is quoted as saying "Hello!" when he heard of the situation. He is also scheduled to appear before the committee with Shapiro, is George Pan­ cress, columnist for the paper. Mr. Pancress has done extensive investigating into the situation in the din­ ing hall this year, and is in the author of several articles on the subject. "Is There Gastronomic Freedom at Tri­ pod?"

The two men were called before the committee at the request of Edward Crocker-Holl, Chief Skipper of the Corinthian Yacht Club. Crocker-Holl changed the pair with sabotaging the members of the crew's cooperative

Women Designers to Set Men's Fashions

"Color, Color, Color" shrieked Miss Hattie Schaparelli, women's clothes designer, to a Tripod reporter in answer to his question: "What is lacking in men's clothes?"

The most thrilling event in the "artificial world" and Miss Schaparelli "was the invention of the pink fluorescent coat and socks that we have seen recently on street urures and teen age marijuana addicts. If this new development in color can be spread to dinner jackets, business suits, and Chesterfield overcoats and popularized on Wall Street, the American men will finally be reborn, and will take his preserved childhood in the history of men's clothes—a shining symbol of Capitalism."

"The traditional Ivy League conservatism is dull and unimaginative," she said, "the Trinity student, as I see him, should wear more bitterness, more salmon pink, more rainbow combinations of dazzling color."

"My own son, in his twelfth year at Hollywood High School, picks up more bales of Hollywood and Vina than any of his friends simply be­ cause he can be seen from the Top of the Mark. The newest suit I design­ ed for him, for example, features Robin's Egg Blue Mother-of-Pearl buttons in triple rows up and down the fourteen inch wide lapses. This is the sort of thing that can make American men suitably smiled."

"I also think men should begin to carry pocketbooks. Since I've started to make my husband carry his pen, pencil, wallet, letters, and beer change in one of my old pocketbooks he's been a changed man, as obedi­ ent as a cocker spaniel and loaded to the gills most of the day."

HARV'S WELCOMING COMMITTEE

The above men have formed the Greenman. They have been prac­ ticing Trinity Young Welcoming Commit­ tee for the event for the past sev­ eral weeks in lower Jarvis, and are now ready to welcome all who attend.

Lecturer to Lecture

On Subject at College

Professor S. Pernollity Smallman, of East Stroudsburg State Teachers College, has been named this year's Trinity Lecturer.

Professor Smallman, who has been on the staff of the college for seven years, heads the Office of Extension. He has done intensive investigation in the field of media, and is well known as one of the most influential scholars in America. The title of his lecture will be "Smells, Odors, and the Perception Thereof." Smallman has recently completed a book which may be printed in the near future.

The entire college community has been urged to attend by the administra­ tion. Dr. Hay Laylow, head of the Trinity lecture series, has notified the Tripod that a representative from the Lever Brothers Co., will be donating free samples of Lifelast to all who attend.

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

No. 39... THE FLYCATCHER

"They had me backed up to the wall!"

He's fast—he's smart—he covers ground—he's a real varsity out­ fielder! The "quick-trick" cigarette mildness tests were almost too hot to handle, but he didn't make an error. He realized that cigarette mildness can't be judged in slam-bang fashion.

Millions of smokers throughout America know, too, there's a thorough way to judge cigarette mildness!

It's the sensible test...the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels on a day-after-day, pack-after-pack basis. No snap judgments! Once you've tried Camels for 30 days, you'll see why...

After all the Mildness Tests...

Camel leads all other brands by billions
Thirty Years of Trinity Sports; Or, De-emphasis De-emphasized A La Mode

With this issue of the Tripod, those appointed to head this department do it a fine disservice by reviewing the past thirty years of sports here at this little old small New England college—which incidentally has quite a heritage.

As you all know, back in the pre-revolution days, athletics here was rather a wild and vulgar sort of thing. However, with the addition of some great and far-reaching changes were made back in 1955.

For one thing, "Florida Frank" Gonzales brought with him reports of an exciting new game called Jai Alai (or P.L. in Spanish). This game, the modern equivalent of the ancient Las Vegas poker game, is a beautiful example of the P.E. department's whole appropriation for the 1964-84 academic year to a team of New England Jai Alainers.

The match started off with Trinity winning an easy lead when John Riedler stacked a deck of cards and raised in a bag with 1 point. But the Las Vegas team won for the rest of the season. A swift twist of prophecies, cards and money followed, the climax coming when Joe Hamburgher bet the New Librarians against East Glastonbury, Conn. Wee won the pot, but their star, Actin D. Hol, suddenly died of acidosis known as Two Kings of Clubs, with Wes in posseon of Joe's, North River Towers, and Dean Thiele's wife, Trinity staked everything on one last hand. Brownell D. Bishop, of the famous bookmaking family, dealt out the cards, very cleverly concealing three deuces and a one-eyed jack in his west pocket. His big mistake was in forgetting that only one serves a Jack. The Brownsellers were wild in a wild orgy of betting.

Bundling Tops in Survey: It's Milder

In a survey recently conducted among students at a certain small Alaskan college with practically no history at all, the students were asked to name their favorite sport. The prevalence of certain old-fashioned athletic diversions were noted with astonishment by the pollers, one of them remarking: "This survey will set education back thirty years."

A former student in P.E. depart ment was called to cross with this menace to the physical development of our youth, and in a moment of creative logic, find out the decision of this stupid body at any moment.

The results of the poll follow:
1. What is your favorite sport?
   Bundling—2 percent
   Packing—6,945,786 percent
   Chess—72 percent
   Suicide—742 percent
   Total—100 percent
2. Who is your favorite athlete?
   Sadie Paloo—4 percent
   Marilyn Monroe (Puckett). At this point the poller was transposed, so we have no figures.

3. What do you think of Gumnuts?
   Jim Wooh—17 percent
   When you first met him, you didn't know what to think about it but when you get to know him you hate his guts—1 percent

Bob and Ray (he's milder) 62 percent

Poker squad relaxing before Wintergreen meet. (Jim Wooh lost his beard (literally) but lost the hand to a hound cub by the Cardinals. They前面 with a black three.

Field House Lost At Poker; P.E. Department On Relief

Suffering their worst defeat in thirty years of shuffling off the bottom of the deck, the Fandem poker men lost the P.E. department's whole appropriation for the 1964-84 academic year to a team of New England Jai Alainers.

The match started off with Trinity winning an easy lead when John Riedler stacked a deck of cards and raised in a bag with 1 point. But the Las Vegas team won for the rest of the season. A swift twist of prophecies, cards and money followed, the climax coming when Joe Hamburgher bet the New Librarians against East Glastonbury, Conn. Wee won the pot, but their star, Actin D. Hol, suddenly died of acidosis known as Two Kings of Clubs, with Wes in posseon of Joe's, North River Towers, and Dean Thiele's wife, Trinity staked everything on one last hand. Brownell D. Bishop, of the famous bookmaking family, dealt out the cards, very cleverly concealing three deuces and a one-eyed jack in his west pocket. His big mistake was in forgetting that only one serves a Jack. The Brownsellers were wild in a wild orgy of betting.

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The TRIPOD TRIDENT

THE TRIPLOD TRIDENT

April 1, 1952
Gordon Greekgames Named Athlete Of Year; Makes Privies, Milks Goats

from time to time we are given the pleasure of viewing with awe that great and exalted institution that makes Trinity famous: the Trinity athlete. The Trinity athlete is not however one of those hapless creatures that falls under the and about handle of "tramp athlete." The Trinity athlete is an erudite, courtly gentleman. He is perked upon with reverence. He is not just a virtuoso of one field of endeavor. He excels in all fields. He is a converser, a diatantio and a scholar.

As an example of the following:
His name is Gordon Greekgames. A typical example of the perfect Renaissance gentleman, he would render Philadelphia sympathy with pertinacity and panache. He could command a fat salary from General Motors or a position's notice for his public relations service. Gordon is also an athlete's athlete. Not only adept in the many arts of baseball, football, track, squash, basketball, and swimming, he eagerly assumes the skills of pool, billiards, c a s n o n t e s , dormitory baseball, and privy holding.

Next one to be satisfied with the status quo, he is lobbying for another physical education course which will undoubtedly benefit the Trinity student. Such as in the basketball course, an examination will be given at the end of each term. It is believed that the student will benefit immensely from it. The physical education department here has heartily endorsed it and is planning to put it into immediate operation.

The course: Wild Goat Slopping '52

Wild Goats
Now everyone should know the rudiments of wild goat roping, thinks Gordon. He says, "I think wild goat roping should be a standard part of every small New England college's program for the student. It broadens the student and better prepares him for later life as do all the physical education courses here. I think that with Fred Booth's help we can really put it over. After all, everyone should know how to rope a wild goat. They should know how to milk a female goat which assistant coach Art Crisp tells me is a gastronomic delight. This, as we can all see, is certainly an idea of merit; an idea in keeping with the whole policy of the physical education department.

Subordinate Sports
Gordon states that he is in all favor of the new Trinity policy of subsidizing athletics. A new policy has been developed by the higher-ups. The student in the love of the sport itself is the paramount object of our Ivy-laden fathers. There will be no more recruiting. What will merely be done is this: For those students whom the alumni think will benefit the Trinity student. There is no earthly reason!

The first mistake was the hiring of a certain ex-haberdasher as winter sports coach. We admit that Mr. Trauma is an expert in snowing, but his presence is so sólo ing that it causes the whole policy of the physical education department to become antiquated.

And so we have it. The complete picture of the Trinity athlete. You get probably this any night, at the corner drugstore, holding her girlfriends head like a basketball and kissing her goodnight or firing shots against the dormitory wall. He is indeed, a man that we are proud to call our own!

With Malice Toward Some
By BILL D.

It is an amazing paradox that in this day and age our Athletic department (probably so-called because of the aroma emanating therefrom or the condition of the equipment if one approximates) is in keeping its antiquated sports program in force. Ever since the new administration of J. Harvey Greenspan took over in the year of grace 1952, the P.E. department has been completely reorganized. Why, oh why, must we put up with their antiquated thinking? We ask... There is no earthly reason!

The first mistake was the hiring of a certain ex-haberdasher as winter sports coach. We admit that Mr. Trauma is an expert in snowing, but it is not enough of a qualification for such an important position... No, no a thousand times, no.

Then came the blow to end all blows, the straw that broke the camel's back—the dropping of gymnastics as part of the athletic program at Trinity. No longer is the cry of the push-up heard in our land, and no longer shall those hallowed halls be protected by Frankish Franklis and his uncourageable commandos. We implore, O masters, take back your minds, lock up the Old Forester, even formalize the team— but give us back our beloved parallel bars!

Getting away from our enlightened coaching staff for the nonce, we, in our own little way, would like to enter our nominations for the most valuable player awards in the National and American leagues. In the National, I believe we can say without fear of contradiction, that the trophy should be given to only one ballplayer—the Sioux Falls Sob, "Hankus-Pankus" Eckford, Hank, a modest, retiring, young chap, only had a .187 batting average, but he batted in 8 runs. In the American, we suppose that the award will have to go to Satchel Paige again. Not only did he win 53 games for the World Champions St. Louis Browns, but he struck out his grandson four times.

We have just been informed that the son of one of our Alumni will enter Trinity next fall. His name is Dave Fishface, Jr., and it is rumored that he was born to Dave Fishface, Sr., and Miss Lena Krutz on the October 25th following the 1964 Junior Prom. At his small New England Prep school he was fourteen and spent (parallel appendages) periods in helping his tormentors Curry teams immediately after the next four years.

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