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The Trinity Tatler



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THE TRINITY TATLER

VOLUME I

Spring, 1954

NO. I

TABLE OF CONTENTS

How to Choose a Fraternity		
	by Jerald E. Hatfield	1
Chapel Blues		
	by Robert Chamberlain	6
This is Living		
	by Roger Martin	7
Yehs or Boos?		
	by Roger Martin	10
Are the PIPES Getting Rusty		
	by Donald Mountford	12
The Ghosts and Ghouls Of Graduate Schools		
	by George Waldman	15
The Gorgon		
	by Ronald Richardson	18
Deadline		
	by Phil Truitt	21
Why Teach Monkeys to Play Bridge?		
	by Alva See	23
Learning in the Dark		
	by Ben Dyke	27
The Draft and You		
	by Dale O'Donnell	29
Calling All Squeezerknappers		
	by Paul P. Terry	31

The TRINITY TATLER has been written and edited by the students of English 204, Introduction to Writing for Publication. The articles in this magazine are expository and deal with contemporary items of interest to the Trinity student body.

In this publication, we have tried to focus attention on various facets of life on the quadrangle, and to discuss these in an interesting and literary fashion.

Our aim is not to rival the Review, and this is the primary reason we have religiously avoided fiction or creative areas of writing.

This magazine is essentially an experiment, and it is our hope that the students will read the articles printed here with both an open and a critical mind.

I should like to express a vote of thanks to Mr. Robert Bishop and the staff of the Public Relations Office, both for the use of the facilities there and for their cooperation and help.

Paul P. Terry

How to choose a Fraternity

by Jerald Hatfield

The question most asked by freshmen is how to choose a fraternity. Because of the wide diversity of opinions, plus the somewhat "cramping" restrictions placed on fraternity men in discussing this with freshmen, the question is difficult to answer. Still, an answer is needed, and everyone is anxious to see that it is given. Therefore, we have asked ten upperclassmen, a representative from each fraternity, to give their reply. By pooling these views we hope the freshmen will have a little clearer idea of how to choose a fraternity.

The choice of a fraternity can be the most influential factor of a man's college years. They are usually his most decisive years, during which he is making lasting correlations between his past experience and his future hopes. He cannot afford to underestimate the importance of the friends and environment he chooses to live with while he is establishing his new patterns of life. In a college such as Trinity, the student's fraternity plays the most influential part in determining these friends and environment. The College administration and fraternities have thought this so important that five years ago they adopted the system of delayed rushing, which gives the freshman a whole year in which to make his choice of a fraternity as intelligently as possible. Therefore, it is well worth our while to investigate some of the questions

which the rushee must consider if his choice is to be the right one during the hectic days of rush week.

Before we begin even to consider this problem, let us make sure we are approaching it as realistically as possible. No one is going to find the perfect fraternity. As in all things, perfection exists only in ideals. Nor is the rushee going to be able to make any clear-cut decision, because he is going to find some of the elements he is looking for in one fraternity and other elements in another. He will naturally have to weigh the advantages and disadvantages of each, and then try to choose the one with the most advantages. Nor is the problem that simple. The one reality which no rushee can ignore is the question of whether he will be accepted by the members of the fraternity in which he is interested. Although he never realizes it until he is himself a fraternity man, this is his biggest obstacle. It is perhaps a little more evident than he realizes that every man in a fraternity must be willing to accept him for what he is, and that means the acceptance of his most undesirable qualities as well as the more attractive ones. The fraternity's choice of a pledge is just as important to it as is the choice made by the rushee. Therefore, choosing a fraternity is difficult, and getting

into the one of your choice is even harder.

How to choose a fraternity? We chose this title with a definite tongue-in-cheek attitude, since it is absurd for anyone to presume to know enough about another person to tell him how to make such an important decision. At the same time, there are many factors which are obvious, especially to anyone who has had to make the choice for himself. The representatives from our ten fraternities have pooled their ideas so as to make these considerations as obvious as possible. No one of us agrees entirely on all of them and their relative importance, since each of us tended to stress the things in which our respective fraternity was strong, and to ignore those things in which they were weak. We simply list these in order of the frequency and emphasis with which they were listed by the ten. Therefore, we do not attempt to give any hardfast rules to guide anyone's choice, but merely suggest some of the important things to remember when it comes time to make one's decision.

We have put these considerations into a sort of check list. If you are the kind of person who likes to make your decisions scientifically it is possible to use this list mathematically. Compute it on the basis of 100%, assigning each of the categories as many percentage points as you think is consistent with its relative importance. Then ask these questions about each fraternity, and see how many points it earns in each category. Add these points

up, and if one fraternity comes out well ahead of the others in the total number of points you have given it you have your answer. Probably the results won't be that clearcut, and in any event, any decision resting this largely upon human personalities and relationships cannot be reached purely mathematically. Perhaps you will prefer to use the check list merely to remind you of what to look for in a fraternity. However you do it, you will find these considerations all have some bearing on your choice, even if they vary greatly in their importance to you.

A. What kind of people are in the fraternity?

1. Are they men with whom you would be proud and happy to associate?
2. Do they have interests and ideals similar to those which you value?
3. Are they the kind of people whose lives will provide a good example of the patterns you hope to establish for yourself?
4. Practically speaking, are you the sort of person they will want to take into their bonds?
5. Are they the kind of men you would be proud to introduce to your parents or best girl?
6. Could you invite them to your home, and let your pre-college friends meet them?
7. Would you be willing to be judged by the impression the men in the fraternity would give?
8. Are the persons who attract you most going to

graduate in the coming year, or does your main interest lie in the class ahead of you with whom you will be associated for the longest amount of time?

9. What do your friends think about the fraternity?
10. What does the fraternity think about your friends?
11. Are you apt to be thrown together with people in your class whom you either don't know or don't care for?
12. Will you be happy with a particular house?
13. Will that house be happy with you?
14. Are the members of that house happy with each other?

This last question must not be overlooked, since it is impossible to ignore it in a group as small and closely knit as a fraternity. Consider the house not only as a collection of individuals, but ask whether it is a homogenous group; whether there are signs of close unity, or factional discord and internal friction. So much for the people. How about the physical facilities each fraternity has to offer? Don't for a minute let yourself be fooled by a glamorous front, but at the same time, don't overlook entirely the physical environment which you will have at your disposal for three years. Sometimes beauty is only skin deep, but often the physical condition of a house will answer many questions about the people in it that you would never be able to ask them directly.

B. What kind of facilities does the fraternity have?

1. An important part of this is the dining club which the fraternity maintains:
 - a. Do the men eat well?

- b. Is the board department efficiently run?
- c. Do the waiters, washers, and cooks maintain a high standard of sanitation?

2. How about the facilities of the building itself?
 - a. Is there enough elbow room at the dinner table?
 - b. How large and how adequate is the sleeping space? The bathroom facilities?
 - c. What about room for parties and lounging around? Recreation facilities?
3. How about the furnishings?
 - a. Are they comfortable and attractive?
 - b. Are they in good repair, or do they reflect a disinterest on the part of the members which will become more apparent after the show of rush week is over?
4. Are the living conditions conducive to studying and good habits?
5. How large is the membership? Are there so many members that a close brotherhood is impossible, or at the other extreme, are there so few members that the financial and physical obligations must rest on the shoulders of only a few?

This last consideration is an important one for many people, and if you must count your pennies, be sure to look into this carefully.

C. How much would it cost me to be a member of the fraternity?

1. What are the charges for room and board?
2. How many meals are included in the board charge?

3. How much opportunity is there to earn part of your board if you must work part time? (Sometimes there are so many people wishing to work as waiters or washers that the amount of work you can do is limited. Sometimes there are vast differences in the salaries a house pays, or in the amount of work which must be done for a certain wage.)
4. How much are the monthly dues?
5. Is there a social tax, and are there party assessments in addition?
6. How much is the initiation fee? Does this include the price of the fraternity pin?
7. A less obvious factor is the taste of the members regarding clothes, entertainment, and other expenses. Might you find it hard to keep up with the members and their financial status?

We might also consider the national affiliation that a fraternity has, particularly if we hope to be able to take advantage of fraternity contacts in the business world. It might be argued that fraternity life is significant only while you are in college, so why bother about the national setup? Still we can see it might also be argued that national affiliation is more important than other factors, since this has the most effect on you after you leave college. It all depends upon what is more important to you. Is it the friends with whom you associate during college, or the contacts you make after

college? All of these are questions you will have to answer for yourself on the basis of the standards which you value and the goals which you have set.

- D. What is the nature of the national affiliation?
 1. Does the fraternity have a good national prestige?
 2. Are the other chapters the kind you would enjoy visiting while you are in college?
 3. Are their members the kind you would like to know after college?
 4. How many chapters are there?
 5. Where are they located?
 6. How strong are the alumni clubs?
 7. How much help are the alumni to the active chapters?
 8. Does the national constitution have any clauses or "gentlemen's agreements" with which you disagree, and which would force policies on the local chapters that violate your principles?

We have studiously avoided trying to answer any of these questions for you. However, a few hints about rushing will help you to answer these questions for yourself. First of all, you have a whole year of college before you make your decision under the delayed rushing plan at Trinity. If you haven't already done so, make every effort to get to know as many upperclassmen as possible, and fellow freshmen, for that matter. Make use of every opportunity you have to increase your observation of fraternities and their men. Don't rely wholly on the opinions of fraternity men about a

fraternity. If it is his own house, he is naturally doing a selling job, and if it is another fraternity, he is naturally unable to see their good points as clearly as he sees their disadvantages. Don't rely on popular opinion too much, since you may discover that it is misinformed. It is the tendency to follow the gang, but you may find upon looking more closely, that the gang is not looking for the same things you are. Keep your interests as broad as possible, and above all, don't make up your mind until you have to; at the end of rush week!

The second thing to know about rushing is rush week itself. Be sure, first of all, that you are well acquainted with the system governing meal invitations and membership bids. Don't accept the first rush week dinner invitations you receive just to have a place to eat. Save out enough places for the houses you want to see, and if you change your mind during the week, don't be afraid to cancel a previous engagement at another house as long as you give that house the courtesy of informing them of your change in plans. Avoid accepting your quota of meals without spreading them out over the week. Avoid being pushed into a decision before you are ready. You don't have to make a decision until after the week is entirely over, and you are wise if you reserve that privilege. Avoid excessive drinking, if for no other reason than for maintaining a good impression throughout the whole week and also for maintaining your mental equilibrium. You'll need it, and many times a fraternity would rather do nothing more than be the house that carries you back to your room

after the big blast is over.

Above all, avoid the proverbial "snow job." You'll find rush week is the time of the worst blizzard Hartford has all year long. Everyone is on their toes to give the best impressions possible and to make you feel as kindly toward them as they can, regardless of how much flattery it might take. It is very hard not to believe all the fine pictures that are painted for you, but you must be willing to forget your ego long enough to plow your way out of the drifts or you will never face things squarely... until it is too late. At the same time, avoid misrepresenting yourself. You may fool them, but you would be more unhappy in a fraternity that was disappointed in you than you would be in a fraternity where everyone accepted you for what you really were.

You will find that rushing is a two-way proposition. You must rush the fraternity of your choice just as hard as it must rush you. The only rule we can suggest here is that you are sure that every person in your favorite fraternity knows you, and that enough people know you well enough to sell you to their brothers. Regardless of the indications you may receive, subtle or otherwise, you will never know until you are bid whether you will be accepted in a certain house. It is therefore wise to leave several roads open to yourself, in case one may unexpectedly close up to you at the last minute. Narrow your choice down to several houses during rush week, perhaps two or three, and then take advantage of rush week to rush the fraternities that you are most interested in.

There are a vast number of "tricks of the trade" which might be valuable in guiding an intelligent choice of a fraternity, however, we have tried only to hit on as many of the important ones as we could. Even then, the omissions are unfortunately numerous. We hope they are so obvious that the rushee will recognize them and make them

part of his decision during rush week. Above all, we hope that he will make his decision carefully, because it will affect every phase of his college career. It is capable of making the difference between having spent four years at college and having acquired a real college education, both socially and academically.



Chapel Blues

by Robert Chamberlain

When Joe Friday and Frank Smith were students here at Trinity, a strange thing happened to them. Joe lived on-campus and Frank lived at home with his wife and in-laws. One day Joe and Frank were down in the Cave having their mid-morning cup of coffee.

"Funny thing, Joe," mused Frank.

"How's that, Frank?"

"They put me on chapel probation."

"That right?"

"Yep, got the little pink slip in the mail this morning. Wife read it to me. She got pretty peeved. Said she couldn't see how come I was on chapel probation when we go to church every Sunday morning."

"That so, Frank. I go to chapel here on campus every Sunday morning, too."

"How's that, Joe?"

"I'm not on chapel probation."

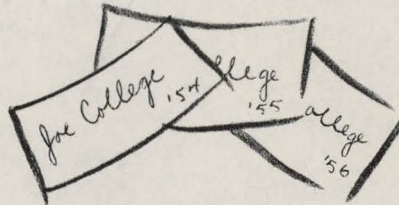
Let's see if we can get the facts for Joe and Frank. First, we'll take a student who lives on-campus and attends Trinity Chapel every Sunday at the 11 o'clock service. We'll assume that this service lasts for approximately one hour. For attending every Sunday, he would receive a total of 51 chapel credits per semester or 102 per school year. This is more than enough to fulfill his chapel requirements and, at this rate, he would never be put on chapel probation. In fact, he might find himself lodged within a very select

group - those students who have received over 100 credits in one school year. And all this is the result of attending chapel only on Sunday at the 11 o'clock service.

Now let us take a look at the day-student who attends his own church every Sunday at the same time - 11:00 A.M. This service also lasts for approximately one hour. By rights, his chapel credits should total to the same amount as was the case of the on-campus student. But the unfortunate day-student received

only 30 credits per semester, and if continues at this rate for two terms, he is placed on chapel probation. The on-campus student has received almost twice as much credit as the student who lives off-campus.

It should be understood that this is not a criticism of the purpose or theory behind chapel attendance, on campus or off. It is merely an attempt at pointing out what appears to be an inequity in the present system of accounting for chapel credits.



This is Living

by Roger Martin

The ideal room on the Trinity campus is Elton 418, inhabited by two rather quiet individuals, Jack Carver and Bill Calhoun. At a recent nocturnal interview, this writer had the privilege of viewing the establishment, and the many features were proudly pointed out by the two associates.

The knock on the door numbered 418 resounded in the hallway. Slowly, the door opened, wide enough to reveal a few inches of stout chain, illuminated by the light in the hall. Here was obviously a careful

person who took pride in his room, and wanted to exclude any potential rowdies. Recognizing the figure at the door holding the hastily improvised press card, Jack Carver removed the length of chain, and quickly snatched this writer inside. "We have to be certain of who is at the door," he explained, glancing at the chain. "We hate nosy visitors, so the first thing we did was to change the lock to keep everyone out."

At first glance the room was astonishing. And at the

second glance, it became even more astonishing. The walls, composed entirely of acoustical tile, were decorated with the newest modern decorator shade-- Champagne Pink. Each piece of overstuffed green wrought iron furniture was neatly in place, from the sofa in the farthest corner to the chair nearest the door. The entire right wall was built in with an amazing array of items: several bookshelves, a linen closet, a pull-down table, an all-purpose closet, and a few other compartments whose contents had up to then been undisclosed. The chintz curtains added the proper dash of yellow to the room, and the thick gray-green pile carpet effectively complemented the other items, as well as stifling all noise. It seemed that the only odd note was the black ceiling, complete with a huge chart of the signs of the zodiac embossed in the center, but Bill explained this by saying that he didn't feel right if he didn't read his horoscope daily. The room was spotlessly clean, too.

As the interview commenced, Jack was fiddling with an odd assortment of tubes and electrical equipment. When he was questioned, he enthusiastically explained that this was for a new hi-fi system that he was installing, one that would automatically awaken him in the morning. Thoroughly enthralled, he pointed out where he would put his woofer and tweeter, and how he planned to improve on existing hi-fi units by preamplifying the existing preamplifier, and by de-magnetizing the magnetic pickup. Thoroughly confused, this writer hastily changed the subject.

Bill, anxious not to be out-

done, proudly opened one of the concealed cabinets in the built-in wall. There was the largest 42" screen imaginable. Swinging open the adjacent panel, he revealed a maze of tubes, wires, and flashing lights, all part of the television set. "I made it all myself," he said.

Reaching behind another panel, he quickly pressed a succession of buttons on an enormous control board, and the striking Pappas watercolor on the wall began to move forward, revealing a substantial aperture in the wall. Groping inside, Bill retrieved a small volume, extremely ragged, and loosely bound with twine. "This," he explained, "is an original Newton. He sets forth his principles here, and all you have to do to make a television set is to follow the directions exactly."

Seeing that he had properly impressed this writer, he returned the volume to the cache, with a sidelong glance of triumph at his roommate.

Another feature of the room was coiled in the farthest corner. For fast exits and entries, the two friends added, made it possible to have callers, without disturbing the other occupants of the building, who would no doubt become annoyed at the din caused by the swish of skirts in the hallways.

The enjoyable evening had passed too swiftly. Before concluding the interview, the two roommates eagerly exhibited several of the less important characteristics of the room. The well-stocked built-in refrigerator was located just to the right of the customized liquor cabinet. The roulette wheel in the next compartment was one of the biggest assets

of their parties, according to Bill. The final feature contained in the built-in wall was a combination stove, sink, and garbage disposal unit. This, they felt, was a necessity no room should be without.

Before the conclusion to the interview, Jack suggested that this writer should meet Bobo, their pet monkey. Jack explained that he and Bill had purchased the pet in Cuba, on their Spring Vacation. Bill had been slightly disappointed, however, since he would have preferred a small crocodile. Both men agreed, though, that now they would not part with Bobo, even

for all the beer in Jarvis.

Finally breaking away, this writer returned to his own drab room, to peruse his notes, and to think over the merits of the room. Elton 418 was obviously a well-planned arrangement, designed for comfortable, easy living as well as for hours of quiet study. With an eye to gracious living, the two friends had carefully amassed their furnishings, and had meticulously arranged them, thereby earning for 418 the title of the ideal college room.



Yehs or Boos?

by Roger Martin

The Trinity College Glee Club, which is one of the most active organizations on the campus, has recently concluded one of its most successful seasons with a joint concert with Vassar at the Bushnell Memorial. The Glee Club, as does the college, draws a large percentage of its members from the Hartford area. Almost one third of the fifty-four Club men come from the Hartford vicinity, and, surprisingly enough, about half of these local men live off the campus!

The highlight of the past season was a tour of the East during the latter part of March. Throughout the five-day trip, the Club members saw many interesting new sights, everyone worked earnestly, and all agreed that it was a highly successful tour.

In a blue and silver bus, piled high with baggage, and adorned with a huge sign emblazoned with the words "Trinity Glee Club--Spring Tour," the fifty-four members of the Club sat recently, eagerly anticipating the beginning of their journey. While all the members were overjoyed at being able to see Washington and Sweet Briar College, some were doubly happy because they had been excused from several classes to enable the tour to get an early start. Finally, the vehicle slowly gathered speed, and, amid echoes of "'Neath the Elms," most of the men started to chat or read, while several members settled themselves comfortably

over a bridge table, improvised from two suitcases, to profitably employ the few hours traveling time to New York.

All too soon for these players, who happened to be in the middle of a game, the bus stopped before a neat, brown-shingled building in the heart of Queens Village, Long Island. This edifice proved to be the Webster Day School, the site of the Glee Club's first concert of the tour. In fine spirits, the men put forth their best efforts, to try to maintain the good impression created by their successful appearance there the preceding year. Soon, with the evening's applause still ringing in their ears, the members were hospitably received in nearby homes for the night.

Early, much too early the following morning, the Club reassembled at the School for breakfast, and for a prompt departure for Washington, D. C. Several hours later, the travel-weary members arrived there, only to be whisked to a rehearsal for a television appearance just a half-hour from then. As the time of the broadcast approached, the tension mounted--not because of nervousness about the singing, but because the director, J. Lawrence Coulter, and the pianist, Rial Ogden, an energetic Hartfordite, had not yet arrived! With three whole minutes to spare before show time, the missing members, who had come by car, arrived. The rest of the Club heaved a long sigh of relief. Thirty minutes

later, with many thanks to their jovial video host, the fifty-four men resumed their busy schedule by journeying to the excellent lodgings that had graciously been provided by the Washington Trinity Alumni Club. More rehearsal--supper--and finally, an evening concert at Saint Albans School, Washington, D.C., which is connected with the Washington National Cathedral. One of the highlights of this performance was "I've Got Sixpence," arranged and conducted by Rial Ogden, the Club's accompanist.

The following morning, the bags were again loaded aboard the bus, the bridge table was re-established, and the Club set out for Sweet Briar, Virginia, and Sweet Briar College. Since they were slightly ahead of schedule, the men were given the privilege of viewing Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson. Located in Charlottesville, Virginia, this side trip provided the only sightseeing that the Club had thus far done. Duly impressed by the colonial magnificence of the mansion as well as the excellent location, the Club once more left for their destination. The late afternoon arrival was followed by rehearsal, of course, and a lavish supper, with the Sweet Briar girls as hostesses.

The next day, Sunday, was an ideal clear day, and consequently enabled the members to appreciate the beauty of the rolling mountains of the west-central Virginia country. Nothing was planned for the day, until the men met at the college at noon for another fine meal. The concert there at Sweet Briar followed in the mid-afternoon. The spacious auditorium was particularly adapted to such numbers as the

"Echo Song" by the Sweet Briar girls, and "Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor," by the Trinity men. The mixed chorus presented a well-rounded program, and the audience was especially pleased with the concluding number, "Lazy Bones." Leaving late that night for Alexandria, Virginia, the men thus saw little of the country during the 150-mile journey.

The following morning, the Club members enthusiastically greeted a tour of Washington, highlighting the major points of interest. Luckily, no one had to guess the identity of the sights, for the Business Manager of the Club, Richardson Libby, is a former resident of that city, and capably served as a guide. After this relaxing interlude, the bus immediately set out for Bridgeton, New Jersey, and the final concert of the tour. Although their voices, and the men themselves, were quite tired by this time, they surmounted these obstacles to present an enjoyable concert. The enthusiastic audience particularly liked Dr. Walter Klimczak, his guitar, and his ballad singing. Dr. Klimczak, who is on the faculty of Trinity College, had accompanied the Glee Club on the major part of the tour.

The Bridgeton audience also vigorously applauded one number, the Negro spiritual, "Set Down Servant," with solos by Charles Hensel of Bridgeton, New Jersey, and Ed Fitzpatrick of Hartford, Conn.

With sincere expressions of gratitude to the generous people who had offered them lodgings for the night, the men of the Glee Club the next day prepared for the homeward journey. Arriving late Tuesday afternoon, they

fondly recalled the events of the trip, and all agreed that

it was a tour that would long be remembered.



Are the Pipes Getting Rusty?

by Donald Mountford

"All right Marino, let's get with it. We have to learn this number for tomorrow night."

"I'm trying, I'm trying," crys the indignant baritone as he returns the slug on the arm received from the bass.

The setting is the music room on top of Seabury Hall. A group of eight men hover around the piano. The blond leader hits a note, and each man takes his pitch; once more the voices blend. This time it's perfect, and when they are finished each man turns to the other with a look of satisfaction. These eight men make up the Trinity College Pipes, an octet founded in 1938, which since that time has become one of Trinity's more popular traditions.

We are witnessing one of the bi-weekly rehearsals held to increase and improve the repertoire of the group. Oddly enough, the song they are rehearsing is "Neath The Elms," an awkward selection that will be the preamble for tomorrow night's T.V. appearance in New Haven.

With the finish of "Neath The Elms" the Pipes leave the piano and form a half circle. Then, with a cue from Don Kim-mick, they start running through various possibilities for the rest of the show. The selections run from "I Don't Know Why" to "The Sheik of Araby" and after many stops, and more clowning from Marino, they time each song. Being witness to this

rather unusual rehearsal I can't help but wonder how, from all this chaos, the Pipes could get together such a professional group.

"This is the way it always goes. Lots of horse play from most of us and lots of work from Kimmick," said Ed Champenois. He added that although it looks as if they don't accomplish much, they all pull together on the final run-through. He was right. The last time they rehearse a song it comes out perfect.

Perhaps you are wondering why an outsider is sitting in on one of the informal Pipes rehearsals? Well, the title of this article should give you a clue.

Ever since I've been at Trinity, I've heard the old story that, "the Pipes aren't as good as they were last year." This annual gripe made me wonder if there was any truth behind it. I thought the best way to find out was to go to the accused and hear their side of the story.

Before hearing their defence let us look at the Pipes as a group. Contrary to popular belief, they are not the singing octet from Alpha Chi Rho. The present group is made up of the following: Don Kimmick '54, Ed Champenois '55, Hugh Dickinson '55, Dick Hennigar '54, John Hodge '55, Jack Marino '56, Ray Moylan '54, and Ron Moss '55, with Jerry Mayer '56, and Tom Barber '57, as alternates. These members, although predominately from A.X.P., represent three fraternities and one man from the freshman class. In the past, almost every fraternity has been represented.

The Pipes were originated by Saint Anthony Hall as a quartet. They are not a college

sponsored organization, but are always ready when the administration calls and do their part at alumni functions. Besides singing for college functions, the Pipes average one outside job a week. These jobs consist of singing at College dances, mostly female institutions, radio and T.V. work, clubs, like the Shriners, and high and prep schools.

Don Kimmick, the present leader, says the secondary schools make the best audiences. "The high school audience," he said as he marked the time of the last rehearsed song, "tends to give the best attention. At dinners and dances people are apt to keep on talking or eating and we don't feel they deserve the best you can give. But at high school the kids are interested and always ask for more."

I asked Don what type of song goes over the best. He told me it has always been the aim of the Pipes to achieve variety. "The so-called off-color songs are the ones we get most requests for at college dances." Then, with a look of disgust, he went on to say, "They are generally the worst songs we do."

"People don't seem to realize that we are a singing group and that we like to sing the songs we do the best. Sure, a novelty number is good for a change of pace, but the old standards, like "I Don't Know Why" and "Old Rockin' Chair's Got Me" are also good numbers."

I asked Kimmick what type of voices make up the Pipes. He told me there are 2 first tenors, 2 second tenors, 2 baritones and basses. He went on to say that singing together so much has made them a close-

knit organization. "We all love to sing," he continued, "and we don't need to be asked. Like the times we are eating at a restaurant on our way to or coming from a job. After dinner someone will say 'how about a song' and without further adieu we start singing. It's a lot of fun and the people don't mind." I couldn't help but think of the amazement of the customers when eight college men break into "Shorten Bread" as they were about to dig into a big steak.

"Tell me Don, how do you feel about all this talk of the Pipes getting rusty?" I thought Kimmick would be the best qualified having been with the group the longest.

Without hesitation he said that he felt the Pipes had never been better. He went on to say that, "In the four years I've known the Pipes, this year's group is the best. We have added to our selections and now control a repertoire of forty songs. We are well received and manage to do a few encores at each job." I was reminded of the Song Fest of Conn. College last Sunday and the beautiful job the Pipes did. One thing that impressed me was that after singing a novelty number they changed to "I Don't Know Why". The audience that a few moments ago was laughing became silent and stayed that way through the whole song. At the finish the applause was deafening.

I asked Don how the Pipes would like a rival singing group on campus. He said, in essence, that it was a good idea. Then with a smile he went on to say that competition never hurt anyone. Another singing group would keep the Pipes on their toes. But he reminded me that it would not be the easiest

thing to do as it has been tried in the past. He told me he felt one of the troubles with Trinity is that not enough people are interested in trying out for such a group. The Pipes have the advantage of their name, and even then have trouble getting men.

"Most people feel they aren't good enough to try out, but let me put it this way; as far as I know only one alumnus of the Pipes has ever gone on with singing as his career. That was Don Wildrick, of the class of 1950. In the present group only Ronnie Moss '55 plans to continue with his singing, with the rest of us planning careers in everything from politics to the ministry."

Don told me that next year the Pipes will be looking for one new man. He feels it is a good opportunity to have a lot of fun and pick up some pin money. I added that it also was a good way to help make the name of Trinity known, something the college never frowns upon.

As I left, the group was back in their semi-circle running through "Brothers Sing On." Marino hit a sour note and everything stopped.

"Alright, alright, I made a mistake, kill me," he shouted.

Kimmick turned and in a soft voice that built up to a roar demanded, "Please Marino, stop your wising around, or so help me...."

Don was cut short by the rest of the Pipes who began belting the smiling baritone, not listening to his pleas of innocence. But as I reached the bottom of the stairs the song was perfect, and I couldn't help thinking, "Not so, the Pipes are far from becoming rusty."

The Ghosts and Ghouls

of Graduate Schools

by George Waldman

Some of us have gone through the intricacies of getting accepted at the college of our choice. But for Trinity men whose fathers were Trinity men, or who live in Hartford and went to Trinity for financial reasons, or who knew somehow they were coming here all the time, and who consequently did not become familiar with the how of squeezing into higher education, a few words are in order on the subject of getting into graduate school.

Most prep schools have high-powered systems of placement into college, but the colleges do not generally have programs to put their graduates into universities; this is handled by the department heads, and while the latter do a good job of it, they concentrate on outgoing seniors and tend to leave underclassmen to their own devices. Now, many freshmen, sophomores, and juniors actually have an interest in this business of graduate school. Universities which give graduate programs in certain fields have been short of students to fill these programs; most departments are certainly not overcrowded. A certain fatalistic attitude toward Army service on the part of men of college age, which still persists after the Korean War scare, continues to strike the rolls of the graduate schools. If a man is uncertain about spending four years of his life in college when the draft may revive and cut his education in two, he may be

downright opposed to spending eight or nine years to get a Ph.D. Many people are unaware that graduate schools have been rather fortunate in getting deferments for their students, especially those in the sciences. Subject of course to the judgment of his draft board, a man who does not extend his schedule unduly can expect to remain in graduate school.

There are some fields in which an advanced degree is a prerequisite to recognition or success; for most of us, an M.A. or a Ph.D. is not strictly necessary but desirable. A Trinity education gives a good background in what is called the liberal arts, but a student usually doesn't get around to really majoring in his major until his junior year. Before that he has been filling in requirements, attending his ROTC class with suppressed boredom and taking Math 101 time and again. By the time he finally starts taking the subjects he is interested in, he has a diploma shoved at him and finds himself outside the ivied walls. If he examines himself at this point, he may find out he doesn't know nearly as much about his chosen field as he should. He may take a job with a big corporation as an executive; five years later he finds men climbing over him on their way to the juicy positions because they know more about the theory of labor-management relations, or mass production methods, or investments. This may sound

far-fetched, but it happens. He may start his own company, producing a type of industrial gadget; ten years later nobody uses the thing, and the company is on the rocks because he has not thought up a different application, or a different market, or a different gadget. A year or so in a good business school, or an M.E., might have stood him in good stead.

You can pick up various bits of information from the faculty members here at Trinity about graduate study; many of them have had a good deal of experience along this line, and are glad to pass it on to students. I have spoken with some of them in the course of applying to various graduate schools, and I should like to set down here essentially what they said.

They emphasized three factors: a candidate's undergraduate record and preparations, his proposed graduate degree program, and the possibility of his receiving financial aid.

First, preparing to get into graduate school starts with your first day at college. Graduate schools, it was agreed, concentrate most on a candidate's marks in his major subjects. If they aren't good, no amount of finagling will get you into your dream university. Secondary considerations are your overall average and your extracurricular activities, and the letters of recommendation you have faculty members write. You should line up people who will write good letters for you and who have standing in the academic world. You should come to know the head of your department, for he receives the circulars various institutions send out, and keeps in touch with men who are acquainted with particular

universities.

Second, it is wise to think up some kind of program of graduate study you can present to the departments of the universities to which you apply. This means that you must know in what aspect of your major field you intend to concentrate. If you are a chemist, you should know whether you want to go into organic, inorganic, physical, or whatever-it-may-be chemistry. Even if you change your mind after you have had a year, say, of graduate work, the impression of a definite purpose in your study helps you in the eyes of those who go over your application.

The professors were emphatic in saying that you should know what degree you want to shoot for. It does not hurt to aim a little high if you are uncertain. The first year of work is essentially the same for Ph.D.'s and M.A.'s, so that you can change your degree program at the end of this year; and the higher the degree you want to get, the better are your chances of entering most universities. It takes from one to two years to qualify for a Master's degree, and from three to four years to qualify for a Doctorate; this means full-time study and may include summer school. You should pay some attention to whether the university specializes in a Ph.D. or an M.A. program in your field.

You might consider entering the university in the summer, when you can take non-credit courses (such as foreign languages and undergraduate courses required for your degree which you have not already had), and get a head start on everybody else. Most departments require reading knowledge of one modern

foreign language in the major field for the M.A., and of two for the Ph.D.; three years in French or German at Trinity help. Look up some of the foreign-language books in your major in the library, and see if you can read them.

Looking up some of the catalogs in the Library reference section will quickly tell you that your expenses for a year in graduate school would be much the same as your undergraduate expenses. Tuition ranges from \$100 to \$700, depending on whether the institution is state-owned or privately endowed. If you are a resident of the state in which the state university you wish to attend is located, tuition may be free. Room rent may be as low as \$200, but is seldom more than \$350; board runs from \$400 to \$550. There are other miscellaneous fees. Travel may be a major expense, especially if you expect to commute from here to U.C.L.A.

The college man naturally thinks first of money, chiefly where it is going to come from. If you have an I.Q. of 200 and the determination of Alexander the Great, you may snap up a fellowship your first year; failing this, you should not be discouraged. Fellowships are usually outright grants of enough money to pay most or all of the fellow's expenses for a year, and they are seldom awarded to men fresh out of college. Many departments offer assistantships, which require the holder to work as a part-time instructor or do some kind of research. Teaching assistants customarily teach six hours of classes each week, and have most of their expenses refunded. A good record at college and an

aptitude for the work will often qualify a man for such aid, but he should apply to several different universities to have the maximum chance of getting something. It does not make sense to confine one's applications to the Ivy League or the Big Ten, since opportunities within these groups are respectively identical as a general rule. A good decision for a New Englander would be to apply to a large state university in the East, a smaller Eastern private university or two, and one of the members of each of the above-mentioned two groups. If his ambitions were less high, he could substitute a more modest graduate school for this Ivy League and otherwise modify the above list, but he should make sure he applied to a variety of universities. It does not hurt much to be turned down for an assistantship, and if you are accepted--well!

There are various other financial arrangements, but a department head is anxious to see his students before they send any letters out, since he knows about specific offers. Consult those in the know before you make any decisions.

The men I talked to seemed to believe that it is very worthwhile for a Trinity man seriously interested in his education to look into the possibility of continuing and completing it at a graduate school. Graduate degrees pay off financially in most cases, and often a man can earn one without being a drain on his family. If you are interested, give it some thought.

The Gorgon

by Ronald Richardson

Some day soon, when ivy is beginning to sprout from the mass of stalks and tendrils that cover the neo-Gothic buildings called Seabury, Northam Towers, and Jarvis, and the earth is still from the heat of an inviting spring sun, a group of people called the Junior Class will gather 'neath the elms near the statue of Bishop Brownell. At an appointed time, seven solemn, black-cloaked men will appear, and one by one, they will walk with steadfastness of purpose into the throng and will emerge, each with another man---silent with pride and humility....

Since the days when proms were called "germans" and the Royal Egyptian Octette was in great demand for parties, the Medusa tapping has been an impressive ceremony on the Trinity campus. For sixty years, although aware of the growing trend towards abolishment of tapping rituals, the Medusa has maintained its tradition with quiet dignity. Indeed, one might say that silence, or better, reticence, has been the watchword of the Medusa these many years.

The Senior Honorary Society or the Honorary Senior Society was founded in 1893, but the details of the founding are a mystery to all but Medusa members. In fact, the only person in the whole wide world, not a Medusa, who has access to the constitution and minutes of the organization is Dean Clarke. The 94 Ivy (which for some odd

reason belongs to the class of 1893) carried the following at the end of its class history:

During the year three new societies have been established at the college. The seniors have organized an honorary Society know (sic) as the Medusa.

Subsequent year books have had just about as much to say about this elusive organization. Except for the sketch of the gorgon's head which used to precede the list of Medusae, the format has remained practically the same---a list of members and a photograph of them. The sketch of the Medusa head, however, was very indicative of the times. The first one was a profile---full of classic reserve and idealism, showing the great influence of the Classics department on the students. As years passed, however, the Medusa became a dramatic character in three-quarter view---a woman of power who could obviously turn one to stone at a glance. During the first world war, the sketch grew smaller and smaller until it became a tondo vaguely resembling a quarter. By the middle twenties, the sketch had disappeared. Only the photograph remained with the names of the intrepid seven underneath. Things reached a nadir when, in 1937, only three members were tapped for the next year. Realizing, perhaps, that a photograph of three men with their names underneath could

scarcely fill a page, the Ivy also published a blurb, a feature that has survived to the present day. Analysing the little word sketches carefully, one can readily see that it is the opinion of the school that the Medusa is responsible for the maintenance of the Trinity tradition. By and large, this is true. Most of the protocol established by the school was decided by the Medusa. There was one occasion, however, still vivid in the minds of alumni, when the Medusa was strangely silent. The freshman class that arrived at Trinity in the fall of 1930 was a particularly energetic one, and was quick to see the evils of the Sophomore Rules for Freshmen. The first semester was marked by much wrangling_____letters objecting to the laws appeared in the TRIPOD, editorials and communications from alumni backed the rebellious freshmen. The Medusa had placed a warning to freshmen in the TRIPOD, but the determined young men appear to have given it little heed, for in the January fifty of them (including Albert J. Holland) signed a declaration, which was published in the TRIPOD on December 16. The gentlemen declared that after January 4, 1931 (the end of the Christmas recess), they would no longer wear the frosh hats and black ties required by the Sophomore rules. The freshmen made it clear that their protest was directed solely towards the Sophomore Rules and that they meant to show no disrespect to the college. Nevertheless, they had violated a school law, and they had violated it after a warning from the Medusa. What would the Senior Honorary

Society do? The student body departed for Christmas vacation with the decision pending. Early in the next semester, action was taken, but not, as far as anyone knows, by the Medusa. The Sophomore Rules Committee dissolved all the rules and thereby placed a freshman's standing at something more than a "worm's." A contemporary TRIPOD had this to say:

In spite of previous warning of the Medusa, the "frosh" remained determined in their efforts, and contrary to all expectations, the members of the Senior Honorary Society maintained an attitude of indifference, leaving the two lower classes to decide the matter for themselves. (The Trinity Tripod, January 30, 1931, p. 1, column 4.)

Why the Medusa chose to remain silent on so vital an issue is rather obscure. It is quite possible that it advised the sophomores to repeal all the obnoxious laws.

The indecision of the society does not seem to have in any way affected the prestige of the group, and, as always, being tapped by a Medusa is "the highest honor obtainable at Trinity." The records of the three-hundred and twenty-three members of the society are very impressive. Perhaps the best known Medusa of other years is George Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange and former president of Trinity. The undergraduate records of present Medusae are remarkable, too. Dick Hirsch, this year's president, is the editor-in-chief of the Tripod, an editor of the

handbook, and was president of his class during his junior year. Pete Carlough is the president of the senior class and a member of the Senate. Dick Hennigar, chairman of the Campus Cest, is active in the Glee Club and the Pipes. Jim Leigh, Phi Beta Kappa, is a member of the Senate and was a junior advisor. A letter-winner in football, Jim Logan is president of the Senate and headed the Inter-Mural council last year. Dave MacKenzie has a letter in varsity soccer and varsity track to his credit, and Fred Searles is secretary-treasurer of his class.

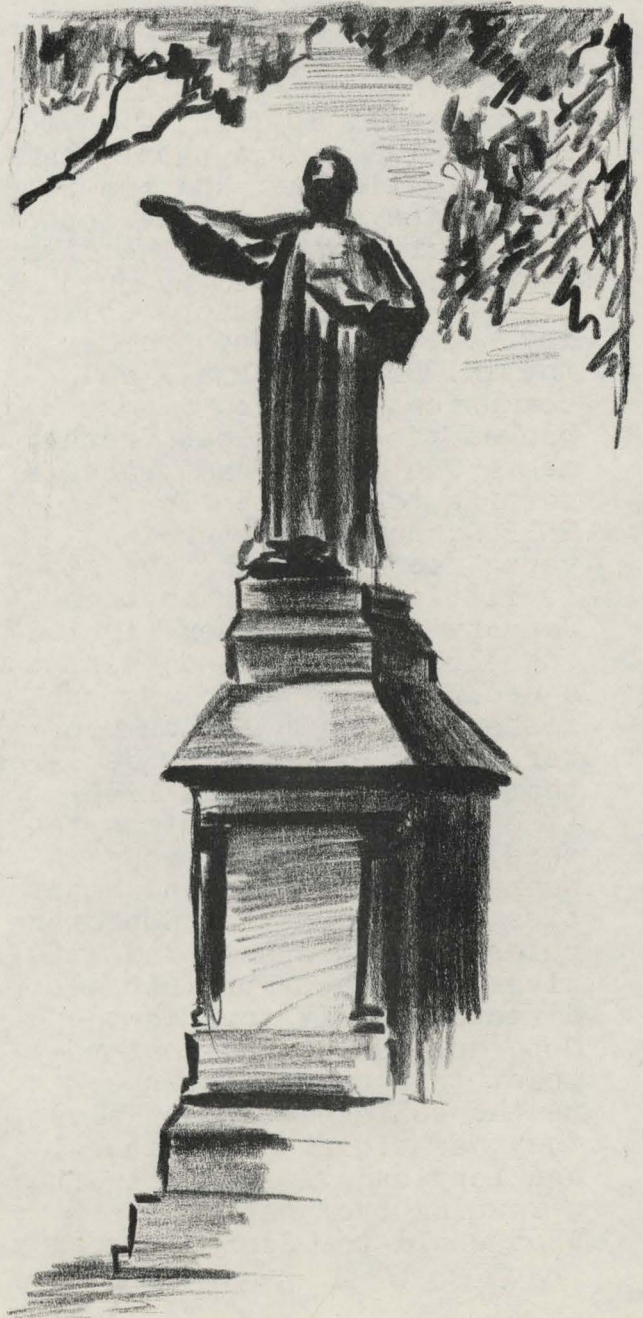
Although unofficially responsible for school discipline for many years, the Medusa has recently been voted specific powers by the Senate, although the Senate retained its function as the last court of appeals, feeling "it would be more democratic to leave this power to the elected body rather than to a group chosen by a few students."

The Medusa has already met several times this year and has meted out punishments to culprits of varying degrees of wickedness. Most of the color of the crimes must remain forever in the annals of the society, for the meetings are not open to the public. The recent attempt of the TRIPOD to report a crime brought about such a barrage of criticism that it is doubted that the paper will ever attempt such an expose again. The stories of the great orgies and the dynamiting of the plumbing in Jarvis must pass, like the poetry of Homer, by word of mouth from generation to generation.

Although the work of the Medusa remains secret, the attitude of the student body towards the organization is very

favorable. Those who have come before the tribunal this year feel without exception that they were dealt with in a fair and impartial way.

On May --, when again this august body called Medusa will don their black capes and march forth, the school will watch with great anticipation to see whom the Senior Honorary Society has chosen to carry on the tradition that is Trinity.



Deadline

by Phil Truitt

The rain was coming down hard. As I slowly made my way across the deserted campus many thoughts passed through my mind, but the long night's work that lay ahead of me left little time for these thoughts. It was now 8:00 P.M. and I knew very well that I would very probably be at work until the wee hours of the morning, I passed through the brightly lit doorway into the safety of the building. After descending the stairway before me I turned to the right and entered a large, smoke-filled office. This was the home of the Trinity Tripod.

Upon entering this office, one is immediately struck with the scene of many individuals hard at work. For this is Monday evening, and it is tonight that the deadline for all articles must be met. I made my way to the far corner of the office where some of the members of the Sports department were already hard at work. It is my duty to make up the sports pages. Each article that is to be printed must fit into the pattern almost to the exact word. As an editor I must go over all the articles to make certain that they are grammatically perfect as well as newsworthy.

My first task of the evening is to calculate the length of each article and then to plan a presentable pattern for the sports pages. This is not a time-consuming process, but it has to be done with much care and judgment. If a page is not set up so that it is pleasing

to the sight, much of the value of the content is lost. After completing the makeup, I take time out to type out my column for the current issue. I usually save this until the last moment, because I find it much easier to write in the bustling atmosphere of a Monday night make-up session.

On this particular evening, I had chosen to write about the noted improvement in school spirit after recent basketball games. When writing editorially, the author must be sure that what he says will be of interest to the reader. This particular subject was chosen because school spirit had been low, and the strong turnout at recent games offered a chance to encourage the student body to keep up the good work. By the time I had completed the column and proof-read it, it was already 9:30. There was still a good night's work ahead of me so I returned to the sport desk.

Slowly but surely I ran through every article before me to make sure that each was ready for print. Sometimes articles are so poorly written that they must be completely done over, and it is work of this sort that causes the late hours. Much to my dismay I came across one of these assignments, and immediately I set about rewriting the content in a more presentable and interesting fashion. This is not difficult, but the time that it requires makes the job a tedious

one.

The make-up of the page is not always perfect in the sense that all the allotted space is filled. If this situation arises, articles known as fillers must be written. Usually the writer selects coming events or articles that cannot be expanded to any great length as a subject for his filler.

The last duty for the evening is the composition of headlines for the articles. This may seem to be a very easy proposition to the reader, but it is not. Except on rare occasions, headlines are never tackled before 11:30 or later. The evening's work has begun to catch up on the writer by this time, and his patience becomes very thin. Headlines require accuracy to the last letter as well as the selection of the type of print to use. The latter is all important in the appearance of the page. The substance of each headline must be carefully calculated for the correct length required. On this evening, half of the headlines had already been completed by my assistants, whom I had dismissed earlier. I finished the remainder, and then gathered all my material together so that the Managing Editor could give it the final once-over.

I felt a great relief as I leaned back in my chair and lit my final cigarette of the evening. Except for the assignments of the coming issue, my work was completed for the night. The deadline had been met successfully. I gazed up at the clock and saw that it was only 1:00 A.M., which is a comparatively early hour for a Monday night. I then looked over the schedule of athletic events for the coming week and

assigned each of the reporters an article, making sure that no one man was overloaded.

Thus the work of the Sports Department was concluded until the next week. The News Editor was finishing up his work also, but he took time out for a smoke and conversation before adding the final touches to his pages. His work is much the same as mine, although his copy is a bit harder to find and dig up. Only the Managing Editor and the Editor-in-Chief were left with work on their hands. The former must check every article that is to go into print, and therefore must wait until all the pages of the paper have been completed. The Editor-in-Chief offers the News Editor a helping hand in composing the front page as well as the remainder of the pages that are allotted to the News department.

The second page is the responsibility of the Features Editor. This page is composed of editorials for the most part, as well as an occasional cartoon. Each editorial must be closely examined for literary value, and also for interest potential before it is allowed to be printed.

One can see that most of the departments function in the same manner, and the problems are similar for all editors. The Tripod consists of several departments, but all must function in perfect harmony for the paper to be a success. There is a lot of hard work involved, but every man on the staff is capable of such effort, and as a result, the paper is a thriving organization and always will be.

So, now that my work had been completed until another week, it was time to make my departure.

Slowly I climbed the stairs and went out into the night. As I retraced my steps, which eventually led to a nice soft bed, I could feel the grips of fa-

tigue in both mind and body; but underneath all this ran the strong feeling of satisfaction that exists whenever I know that a job has been well done.



Why teach Monkeys to play Bridge?

by A.B. See

Ever since the Mathematics requirement was established at Trinity College there has been comment and discussion on its merits and on its failings. This matter not only has great bearing on the student body but I feel that it is of great importance to those boys and their parents who are considering Trinity College as a place to attain a liberal arts education. I would like to clarify this old argument for those who may not already be acquainted with it. In doing so I would like to set forth a possible solution for those who are not still undecided as to a satisfactory answer. I shall express the views of my fellow students and those of various members of the Trinity faculty.

The math requirement at Trinity states that an entering

freshman must take math 101 and 102, or at least one term of 101, and then two years of a laboratory science. If the person wishes to join the R.O.T.C., he may take only one term of math and one year of a lab science. This requirement thus stated is the basis for the educational system employed by the college. The faculty and trustees of this college believe that a liberal arts training not only should give the student a broad knowledge of many fields but it should also train him how to think logically, using both inductive and deductive reasoning to accomplish this. The majority of these men feel that math is one of the subjects best suited for this purpose in training both freshmen and upper-classmen.

Many students have argued

that there are people who have minds that are not capable of following the logic behind the mathematical process. It is argued that these same students are able to get respectable grades in courses like logic and philosophy. They go on to complain that trying to learn calculus or analytic geometry is like a monkey trying to master the game of bridge. They compare Trinity to colleges like Harvard, Wesleyan, or Colgate and ask if these colleges are not wise in giving the student a choice in subjects associated with the mathematical field such as logic or philosophy, but Trinity is not and does not try to imitate the educational systems used by Harvard, Wesleyan, or Colgate; it has its own traditional heritage which it has always followed. The math requirement is an essential part of this.

A selective approach to this problem has been tried by the college. It was found to lead to more failures than now occur under the existing setup. When the student was given a choice of math or logic, it was discovered that the mortality rate for those who chose the logic course was higher than those who took the math course.

Still there remains the problem of whether it is right to insist that a boy take the math course until he finally passes it with a satisfactory grade. What about the people of limited ability or those who seem unable to grasp the principles of math? In these cases, when the student does finally pass the course he may not have necessarily learned any more about inductive or deductive thinking, but by virtue of his memory and by the fact that he

has taken the course three times he is finally able to pass it. Advocates of the requirement may admit that some fault lies with the teacher and his approach to math. He may either treat the course as one where a group of non-related facts have to be assimilated by sheer mental persistence. Or he may teach the course at a rapid rate, taking into consideration that his students are all well grounded and prepared. The math teacher when approached on the subject will hold that those students that have the most difficulty generally do not put in the proper amount of time and effort essential to success in the course. Most math teachers hold that if the student is willing to put in the proper amount of work and effort and if he is of "average intelligence" he should have little difficulty in at least passing the course. Teachers with whom I have talked have also attributed the lack of comprehension possessed by the student to faulty preparation by his high school or prep-school. Some students have not had the proper background nor the best methods of approach to math shown them before they come to college. Trinity realizes this fact and in the last few years has used the method of giving the entering student a placement test in order to find if he is capable and is well enough grounded to take the course. If he fails this test he is put in math 97, where a general review and a course in algebra gives him the needed foundation. After he has passed this, he is permitted to take the required math courses. I feel that this is a wise plan. It has saved many students from becoming hopelessly

entangled in a net of equations, graphs and differentials.

This still does not solve the problems of those who are failing the course and have to take it over and over again. This plan serves to cut down the number who are likely to fail. When questioned on this subject, one master said that the percentage of students that took the course more than twice was small, and those that had to repeat the course in his opinion shouldn't be in Trinity. He further pointed out that these boys elected to go to Trinity, and that, since they had plenty of other colleges to choose from which did not have such requirements, they had agreed to take the chance of failing the course when they came here. They had no one but themselves to blame! True as this may be, it affords little consolation to those who are failing. To tell them this is like telling a drowning man that at the beginning of the trip he had a choice of carrying a life-jacket. Since he did not, it was just too bad!

Some students asked me about the person who does poorly in math yet is able to do quite well in philosophy or logic. They claim that the same kind of thinking that is used in math is also employed in these subjects. A member of the faculty in reply to this remarked that a person with this type of mind is rare. Some of these people when questioned have admitted that they were more enthusiastic and spent far more time on these subjects than they had on math.

Finally these are the questions like, how practical is math when we get out of college, how can an English major put it to use, and will some of us who are going into business ever have any

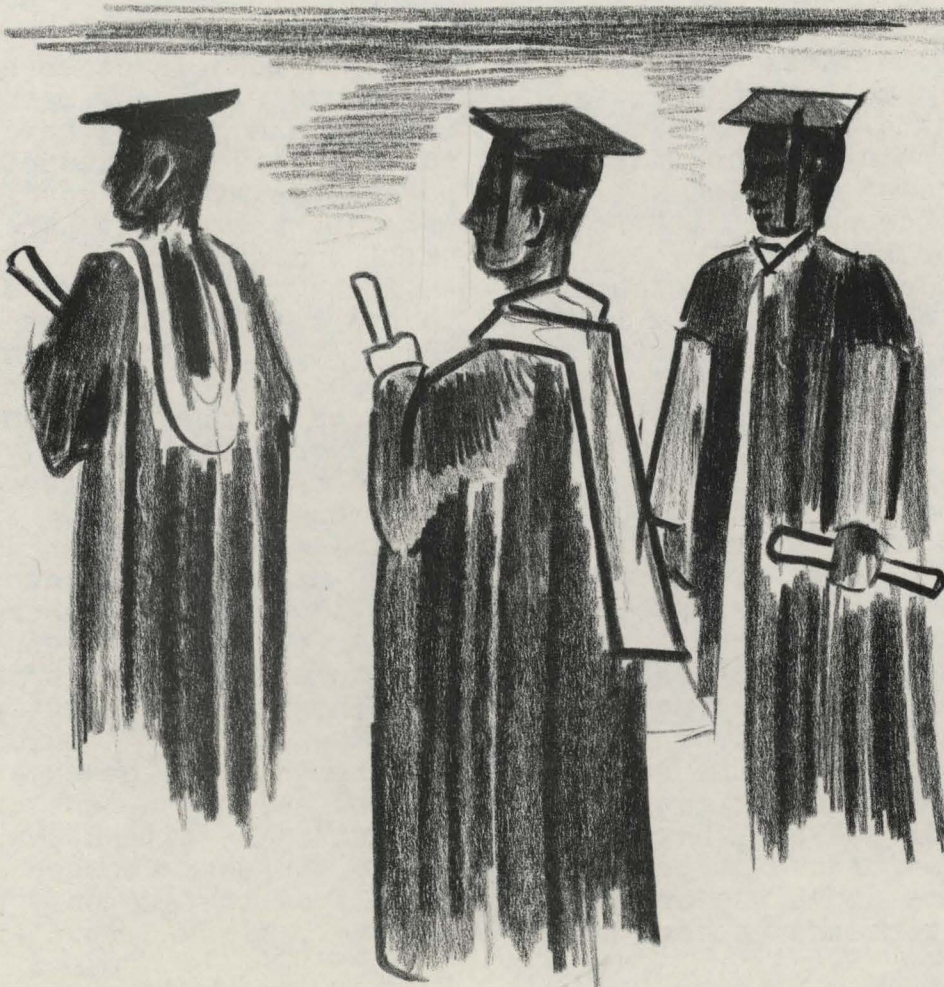
use for math, particularly as it is taught in the higher forms? There is a certain amount of math needed for anyone. People should know how to take care of their financial affairs, but a lot of it will never be used out of the class room by the average fine arts major. Some people believe that students forget about eighty to ninety percent of all that they have learned in college once they have left the ivy covered walls. True, we don't remember the facts of all the courses that we take, but we do remember how to approach problems, how to organize our thoughts, and how to think logically. Math is one of the best courses to take in order to learn how to do these things. After we get out of college we may never have the occasion to balance equations, but because we took math in college and learned to develop our deductive and inductive powers, we may now handle our present problem with greater skill and success.

There is a definite solution to the math requirement problem. It lies neither in the continuation of the present plan nor in the abandonment of the requirement. A person should be compelled to take math more than twice. If he still is failing after his second attempt, his case should be reviewed by his teacher. If the teacher believes that the student has been both earnest and sincere in his attempts to pass the course, I would suggest that the student be excused from the course and be penalized only with the time he has spent in the course. He should also be allowed to take only one lab science. I would further advise

that his future course of study be closely supervised to see that he takes subjects that are likely to afford him the opportunity to gain those methods of reasoning that he failed to grasp in the math course. The same plan may be followed by those enrolled in R.O.T.C. If a person has enough intelligence to get into Trinity and if he is both sincere and hard working, he can develop his thinking with other courses than math. If math presents a real obstacle, I see no reason to put it in the way of such a person just to develop him.

By following my plan, the college would be keeping its traditions in having the freshmen requirement and it would also offer enough latitude to those students who could not cope with the subject. In this way the college is less likely to turn from its doors those who might have or are successful in other fields other than mathematics.

As the math requirement now stands Trinity might well hang over its ivy doorways...Know well your mathematics all you that enter here.



Learning in the Dark

by Ben Dyke

Fifty years ago in Connecticut the blind child in a family of average income had little chance to lead a normal and useful life. Unless he was exceptionally talented, or picked up a skill by himself, he would be forced in later life to depend upon charity for a means of support. A job of any kind requires a certain amount of education, and his family could not afford the type of training necessary for the visually handicapped. Thus without special education, which requires trained teachers and specially prepared texts, the blind child was doomed to a maladjusted, if not useless existence.

It was for the purpose of providing specialized training that the Connecticut State Board of Education of the Blind was founded in 1893, the oldest commission for the blind in the country.

According to Connecticut State Law, anyone with 20-200 vision or less (that is, the ability to see no more than two-inch-high printed letters at a distance of twenty feet, is legally considered blind. The Board offers help to such people in various ways. A pre-school counselor is employed to visit the homes of very young children to assist in problems of early adjustment. On the adult, as well as the child level, "home teachers" make their rounds instructing the visually handicapped in such things as home-making, typing and crafts. These people too serve to as-

sist in problems of individual adjustment. Although the Board in some cases gives financial aid, more important is its service in employment and business aids. Though in name an educational organization, the Board spends most of its time with cases such as these.

The fact that the Board operates more in a service than in an educational capacity is governed by another fact: out of 1500 case records only 22 individuals (or about 2%) are in colleges or high school, and 98 (about 7%) attend the Connecticut School of the Blind.

The school itself, located at 10 Holcomb Street in Hartford, admits children of primary school age who are given a specialized curriculum by experienced teachers. The board provides tuition and a minimum of supervision of the staff. No teaching certificate is required of the teachers as, until recently, few formal education of the blind courses have been offered in state normal schools. The curriculum includes instruction in Braille, handwork, housekeeping, and music. An interesting sidelight on the causes of blindness shows that about 40% of the children at the school are victims of retrolental fibroplasia, a disease discovered about ten years ago, which has puzzled the medical profession since then. The most recent theory, which seems quite plausible, is that it is originated in new-born babies, and

seems to cause hemorrhage of the blood vessels in the eye.

A few visually handicapped individuals have been able to enter high school and college. In these cases the students have been able to adapt themselves to the teaching methods used for sighted pupils - the ordinary public school education. Until recently one of the greatest drawbacks, even to the most adaptable student, has been the problem of textbooks. The commonest method of overcoming this has been in the hiring of readers (who are paid 75¢ an hour by the Board). However, in 1949 a relatively new method was introduced. "Talking Books," issued free of charge by the American Foundation for the Blind, in conjunction with the Library of Congress, have provided many popular and important works recorded on the equivalent of long-playing records. But due to the small demand and variety of textbooks, few have been recorded. In view of the need, Connecticut followed the example of the New Jersey Board which in 1945 purchased a number of Soundscribe office dictation machines and with the aid of volunteer readers recorded many badly needed texts. The Connecticut Board owns 8 of these machines along with 38 playback phonographs which play both Talking Books and the 7 inch plastic Soundscribe discs. The requested texts are read into the machines by individuals who offer their services to the Volunteer Bureau of Greater Hartford. This service, combined with the selection of over 700 Talking Books in the Board library, are of untold aid to the visually handicapped in the state. Unfortunately, the Board is unable to record every requested

book because of the slow process of recording and the limited number of machines. In this respect, Hartford students are more fortunate than those in other cities as there is closer contact with the recording service, and machines are available to friends and relations who want to devote the time to read.

Another recording service was founded in 1951 for the purpose of making available books not obtainable through Talking Books or in Braille. The National Committee for Recording for the Blind, financed by a grant from the Ford Foundation, provides one machine to each local unit where volunteer readers, selected and approved by a committee of blind people, do the recording. In February, 1953, the Committee reported that approximately 40,000 half-hour discs had been made.

With these services available to the visually handicapped in Connecticut, the student is pretty well able to overcome the textbook obstacle. Connecticut not only can boast the first commission for the blind in the country, but also one of the most advanced.



The Draft and You

by Dale O'Donnell

At a time when our world is so plagued with trouble and our country is so steeped in danger, it is only natural that these conditions should have some effect on the younger generation - the generation which has begun to mature in the midst of these turbulent times and which will soon be faced with taking the reins of this run-away-wagon of a world.

Through a need to insure preparedness, it has become necessary for youth to face what is virtually a universal military training program. On campuses all over the country, R.O.T.C. units are flourishing, letters from draft boards are flooding in, and every once in a while we may see what is usually a gay face, drooped in misery. What is the reason? There is only one. The President has just informed our sad young friend that his friends and local businessmen have chosen him to represent them in the Army of the United States. He wants to know why. Why have they chosen him out of the one, two or three thousand men on campus? He has hit an all-time low. His life is ruined, his college career ended. He will leave, never again to return - so he thinks! Chances are that, sooner or later, the college will once more see his gay young face. Perhaps he will not haunt the same places, and perhaps he will be seen behind a book more often than before.

The draft call today is lower than it has been in the past

three years. Only six months ago, 57,000 were called to serve; last month the number was as low as 18,000. The tension has, to some extent, been relaxed. We are on safer ground, though each and every one of us is aware that this situation can change with no notice at all. For this reason, it is important for those of college age and for those approaching college age to plan as much as possible their intentions in regard to military service.

In general, the man in college today is relatively free to complete his education before going into military service. With the call per month as low as 18,000, the chances of a college student being called are very slim. This is, of course, taking for granted the fact that said college student is doing his work satisfactorily. Once this clause is removed, he is as vulnerable as the twenty-year-old pool-hall shark. With this fact established, let us consider the alternatives facing students of draft age.

The first and probably the safest guarantee to a pleasant and profitable military career is the R.O.T.C. The man who has successfully completed the course is assured a commission after graduation. When he serves, he serves as an officer, no little recompense for whatever effort the R.O.T.C. course may have demanded. While in college, the R.O.T.C. student is

virtually untouchable, though quite often a thorn in the side of his local draft board. His chances of completing college are higher than those of men from any other category, and he will serve under the most auspicious of circumstances.

Now that we have done away with these potential officers, we come to the rest of the college population - the other 75% - the "hoi-polloi." What is their attitude, and what is their best possible plan?

Unfortunately, too many do not bother to plan at all. "I feel so insecure," they say. "Why should I work when I may be pulled out of college any day? Why not enjoy myself? I may never have the chance again." Our sad-faced young man in the beginning of this treatise was most likely one of the unfortunates who shared this defeatist attitude. I think I may safely say that this is one of the most disastrous outlooks a young man may have.

Undoubtedly this man will end up in a brown suit, and a lot sooner than he expected. How can he miss? It will be too late when he realizes his mistakes, and sees his friends breezing through college while he is scrubbing garbage pails in the back of a dilapidated

olive-drab building. This may be one way out. Let's face it - every youth in America owes Uncle Sam a certain amount of his time, and he is going to give it sooner or later. I maintain that the later the better.

Successful college students are not being drafted, and will not be drafted unless we enter an all-out war. In such a case everyone will go anyway, but why plan on it?

Why foolishly sacrifice a college education when there is no necessity to do so? Let's forget this fear of draft and go ahead with the job we have in front of us. Should some of us be called before we have completed our college career, and this is with the stipulation that we do not enter war, let's not blame it on luck, or bad luck. Luck favors the prepared.



Calling All Squeezerknappers

by Paul Terry

In the warm quietness of the morning sunshine, the student body waited anxiously for the speaker to begin. A hushed silence passed over the crowd as a somber-faced, robed figure arose from his seat on the platform. Suddenly the door of Northam burst open and a member of the junior class darted out. He raced to the rostrum, seized the ribbon-bedecked juice squeezer lying on it, and as quickly as he had come, he disappeared with his captured prize into the dormitory.

A startled cry of surprise, then of anger broke the stillness. Spectators gaped at the sight of the student body storming the building. Even Joan of Arc would have raised an eyebrow had she witnessed the siege which took place at that time.

It was the spring of 1895, and the Class Day ceremonies were being held, according to custom, in front of the Northam Towers Dormitory. Shortly before the exercises, the juniors had securely established themselves on the first floor of the building. Their avowed purpose was to abscond with the famous Lemon Squeezer of Trinity College, but they unknowingly initiated a long line of exciting episodes in the life of a tradition which that humble household utensil had inspired.

This tradition had its genesis back in 1857, when the graduating seniors that year decided to honor one of the classes below them. After some thought, they hit upon the idea of estab-

lishing a recurring award. They chose as a symbol of merit a wooden juice squeezer. While the prize itself was a modest one, the spirit and ideals which it represented were high indeed. For instance, the Lemon Squeezer was bestowed only upon "...that class, still in college, whose aggregate excellence in scholarship, moral character, and qualities requisite to popularity, was the highest." With these ideals, and in this manner, a tradition was founded that was to endure for almost a century.

It was in the year 1863 that Trinity students had a preview of the adventure that was destined to surround the Lemon Squeezer. In the spring of that year, the Lemon Squeezer was being presented to the class of 1865. In the midst of the ceremonies, a mob of spirited freshmen rushed the platform and general bedlam occurred. Finally the riot was quelled by the combined efforts of policemen, faculty, and upper-classmen, and the ceremonies were continued. This incident, however, was but a straw in the wind compared to what was to follow.

Ever since that riot in the spring of 1863, Trinity students have sat up into the wee hours of the morning working out involved schemes to pilfer the Lemon Squeezer. Perhaps the most colorful, and certainly the most notable plan, was that of the class of 1896, which was mentioned at the beginning of this article. It was this class

that first succeeded in absconding with the cherished relic. How they accomplished this is worthy of description.

After the junior class had fortified Northam's first floor with every odd and end of furniture imaginable, they waited quietly for just the right moment to spring their attack. As soon as the Lemon Squeezer was safely in their clutches, they slammed the door closed and made ready for the storm they knew would follow. They were not disappointed.

The entire remainder of the student body - freshmen, sophomores, and outraged seniors - made a frantic attempt to regain the lost prize. But their efforts were in vain. No sooner was the Lemon Squeezer whisked through the entrance of Northam than it was passed back to Edward W. Robinson, who was stationed in the rear of the dormitory on horseback. Needless to say, Mr. Robinson lost no time in galloping away with the famous utensil. And so the class of '96 successfully waylaid the Lemon Squeezer. It was not to appear in public again until 1950, over half a century later.

From 1895 on, the Lemon Squeezer was passed on from class to class, but only one man in each of the honored classes knew its location. Each spring announcements were made informing the students which class had won the prize, but that was the extent of anyone's knowledge of its whereabouts.

This system was thrown out of kilter, however, in 1903 when a sophomore, Arthur G. Humphries, left college before the school-year was over. Mr. Humphries was, unfortunately, the student who held the Lemon Squeezer in behalf of his class, and with

him, it too disappeared from the Trinity scene.

In the years that followed, various adaptations and imitations of the squeezer were put into use, but the original one remained with Edward Humphries, who had taken it with him. The imitations did not, however, suffer from lack of attention. In fact, it was through a rumpus over one of these that the original Lemon Squeezer was recovered.

In 1950, at a college reunion, one of the bogus squeezers was presented for the public to see. It was claimed that this one was the real Lemon Squeezer. Several of the members of the class of 1896 were there, and these men promptly asserted that it was not the original. In the controversy that developed, Edward Humphries' attention was attracted. He wrote a letter to President Funston telling him that the Lemon Squeezer had been in his possession since 1904. At President Funston's request, Mr. Humphries returned the treasured relic, and from that time to the present, the Lemon Squeezer was to have remained in the college vault, except at those times when it is used in the presentation ceremonies. But even with these precautions, the squeezer was destined to disappear again.

It was the intention of the college authorities to place the Lemon Squeezer on display a few days before the Honors Day ceremonies. In 1952 it was put in a locked showcase and exhibited in the library. This time it was the Lemon Squeezer class itself that purloined the relic. It was their aim in doing this to instill once more the spirit that had been so much a part of the Lemon Squeezer tradition

throughout the years.

The Lemon Squeezer class, seniors that year, made off with the prize by decoying the librarian into the stacks on the pretense of looking for an ancient and hard-to-find volume. While the librarian was busy looking for the book with several of the seniors, other members of the class broke the glass of the showcase and flipped the Lemon Squeezer out the window to another accomplice waiting below.

That evening notices were found on the college bulletin boards informing the students that the Lemon Squeezer was hidden somewhere on campus.

For the next few nights roving bands of underclassmen could be seen searching for the squeezer. Their efforts did not meet with success, however, and the Lemon Squeezer had again dropped out of sight.

Fortunately this disappearance was not to last as long as some of the others. At the Honors Day ceremonies a few days after the theft, an honor guard of seniors marched into the chapel, and presented the Lemon Squeezer to the class of 1954. Since this presentation, nobody has been allowed to set eyes on the famous relic except a few individuals for the purpose of taking pictures.

