

Spring 1955

The Trinity Tatler, Spring 1955

Trinity College

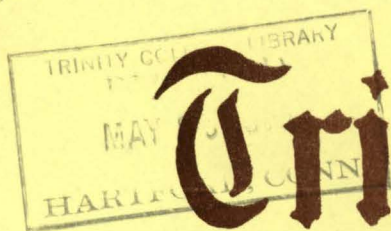
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THE TRINITY TATLER

Volume II

Spring, 1955

No. 1

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It has been many times said, and in all justice, that a man's happiest days are those of his college life. They are the days when his capacity for the enjoyment of life is greatest and when his sense of irresponsibility is strong enough to banish the care that could otherwise detract from his pleasure.

The longer we live and the greater the pressures of life become, the more enjoyable a remembrance of these almost care-free days will be. Sometimes, unfortunately, our memories fail us and we risk losing forever, many of the gayest of these events.

Perhaps, then, this issue of the Trinity Tatler will now, and in the future afford a few memories.

There are also the more serious and informative articles in our magazine, and we trust that they too will be of assistance to you, the reader.

The Trinity Tatler has been written and edited by the students of English 204, Introduction to Writing for Publication. Much credit and thanks are in order for Messrs. Robert Bishop, Robert Sind, and the staff of the Public Relations Office, for it was their cooperation and help that made this publication possible.

William E. Learnard

MARTIAL LAW

JOHN P. REDMOND

If there is any truth in the statement that "clothes make the man" then Trinity students may rest assured that the campus is well protected from invasion, rebellion, and looting. The sartorial splendor of the uniformed guards of Trinity College, to whom is entrusted the security of this small New England college, indicates an army of trained, efficient and rugged individuals. The immaculate appearance of the grey-blue woolen pants and coats, and the glossy brims of the hard visored caps are the envy of the tattered and torn R.O.T.C. Corps. This hand-picked force seems to be a combination of the French Foreign Legion, the Dutch Resistance Army and Huxley's Harlots. For insight into the intricate matters of protection, as discharged by the troops, an analysis of duties and policies is essential.

An inspection of the personnel on a tour of duty at Trinity College shows a wide range of physical appearances. Obviously, size is no qualification for enlistment. The ages of the men vary also. The green, callow youth is apt to go on patrol with the wizened veteran of two or three year's seniority.

The rugged physical and mental demands of the job tend to foster a rapid turnover of manpower. Youth is too quick on the draw and age is too lackadaisical to maintain a constant high level of efficiency.

It is the specific job of these men to uphold the rules and regulations of Trinity College. These weaponless mercenaries maintain the law armed solely with a time clock and the abstract arm of the

Dean. A campus cop is empowered only to contact the "powers-that-be", rather than physically enforce any of the laws. Thus, he may never bodily eject a female who has chanced to wander uninvited into Ogilby Hall. A guard will oftentimes pour a confiscated bottle of strong water into a convenient sink, but the quality of the spirits may drive him to confiscate the liquor internally. A calm, sedate talk will often square any matters of illegal rum-running or illicit immigration. The aforementioned are some of the lesser duties of a "Trinity soldier-of-fortune". These lesser duties are performed zestfully and diligently, often at the expense of tact.

The night watch poses the greatest challenge to the integrity of a guard. He must detect infractions of the "hot-plate" rule. This presupposes a kinship to a bloodhound and a basic knowledge of the subtle distinctions of Cave coffee and "home-brew". The policeman must use discretion before challenging female visitors. More than one graduate student has had her profession doubted by these upholders of the law. At two in the morning a guard must quickly decide whether the student is really showing his room to his sister or whether he is trying to smuggle a female visitor into the offices of W.R.T.C. So it may be seen that discretion is one of the major headaches of a nocturnal gumshoe.

Each guard must submit a written report at the end of his watch. This in itself is an indication of the superior intelligence of the commissioned officers of the corps. These men must read three foreign languages and must be able to decipher the intricate code known as incoherent English. These reports are complete, accurate, honest and are read by both Deans, the President and the Property Manager. The corps works hard on such sleuthing matters as slugs in the Coke machines and on matters pertaining to misuse of the telephone. Each man is an expert on fingerprinting and shadowing and is a master at leading the Medusa to the proper room with the margin of error allowed to be no more than one entryway.

The guards have been relieved of such menial tasks as raising and lowering the flag and taking tickets at the fencing matches. However, they still furnish an armored service for Russ' weekly trip to deposit the bookstore profits.

Without this hired force, Trinity would not function as an orderly entity. It is the stabilizing force of existence on the hill. We are all grateful to these men and realize the importance of their duties. We appreciate the mature manner with which they discharge these duties. Above all, the secret of their success is their ability to remain in the background and do their job in a most inconspicuous, yet capable manner.

the Professore Pedals

A. P. TOWNSEND

Without a doubt, the most ardent upholders of the pedaling tradition at Trinity are Kenneth Walter Cameron, B.A., M.A., S.T.B., PH.D., and Bucephalos, BI, CY, CLE. The good Doctor and Bucephalos have been together for more than five years. For the story of their meeting, let us go back to the Christmas term of 1949. Doctor Cameron was meeting his American Literature section in Seabury 12 for the last time before the Christmas vacation. About half way through the class period, the Doctor was summoned to the classroom door and was presented with a Phillips-make bicycle

from Birmingham, England. Attached was a Christmas card, almost two feet wide, expressing the good wishes of his American Literature and Freshman English classes and a group of men who had received Lenten instructions from him. Not only was the bike an expression of the students' devotion and appreciation for Doctor Cameron, but also an indication of their concern for his general welfare. Prior to this time, he had been the owner of a sluggish American-built bicycle which must have looked like a Mack truck next to his sleek and light-weight

English prize. A man cannot hold up indefinitely under the strain of Mack truck pedalling. A member of the class ventured to ask Professor Cameron if he would consider calling off the class in commemoration of the event. To this question, he sternly but warmly replied, "We shall continue, gentlemen, status quo."

Since the presentation was a complete surprise, Doctor Cameron was not prepared to christen his new partner on the spot. It was after long and careful consideration that he arrived at the name Bucephalos, which in Greek means, "bull-headed." Alexander the Great's horse, who served him for more than thirty years, was named Bucephalos. In addition to his age, this noble stallion had another notable feature: Whenever Alexander desired to mount, Bucephalos would kneel and make his master's task easier. Hoping that his newly acquired bike would survive as long as Alexander's horse, Doctor Cameron used the same name. This is not to say, however, that the Doctor expected his pedals to kneel before him every time he wanted to mount!

In naming his bike, Doctor Cameron also gave consideration to the well known legendary Horse of Brass, which was a gift from the King of Arabia to Cambuscan, King of Tartary. Cambuscan could whisper his desired destination into the horse's ear, mount, turn a pin, and suddenly be carried high into the air and transported even to the earth's most distant corner, all within twenty-four hours. Doctor Cameron and his "horse of brass" have never been known to leave terra firma though it is commonly said that they fly up and down Vernon Street and the campus walks. Doctor Cameron's task, unfortunately, is not quite as simple as that of Cambuscan, for his Bucephalos lacks a mystic means of propulsion. It is the hard exercise of leg,

back, and arm muscles that moves his "brass horse."

Thanks to the Professor, Bucephalos is extremely well-travelled. His headquarters is a small home-built shed attached to Doctor Cameron's home in Frog Hollow. During the summer months, Bucephalos and Doctor Cameron retreat to Harvard, where the former is tied to the Harvard fences while the latter pursues his studies in the Harvard library. It is at Harvard that most of Bucephalos' major ailments are cured. Because of the great number of bicycles that swarm the campus, a pre-med student who had mastered the "anatomy of bicycles" during his youth, opened a bike repair shop. In this little shop, the professor's pedals are given an annual examination.

During the early portion of the Lenten season in 1955, Bucephalos underwent an unusual escape, the consequence of which was a short hospitalization in the Hartford area. While Doctor Cameron was occupied in the Trinity library, his pedals mysteriously disappeared. For four or five days, he carried out his duties on foot, and had almost resigned himself to the fact that he would have to give up the bicycle for Lent, when he discovered Bucephalos on a rubbish pile in downtown Hartford. After a safe and speedy recovery from a smashed front wheel and a broken chain, the professor's pedals resumed their former responsibilities.

In addition to their Harvard expeditions, the Cameron-Bucephalos duo make frequent pilgrimages to Concord and Walden Pond. For these trips, the Doctor deposits Bucephalos in a baggage car until reaching his destination. Bucephalos also carries Doctor Cameron between libraries, museums, and other

educational institutions in the city of Boston. In that city particularly, the modern brass horse proves to be the most economical and convenient mode of transportation.

One more place should be mentioned in this brief section concerning Bucephalos' wanderings; namely, the Charles River in Cambridge. After library hours during the summer, Bucephalos carries his burden to the banks of this river, where great novels are digested and a modest professor enjoys many a full evening's entertainment.

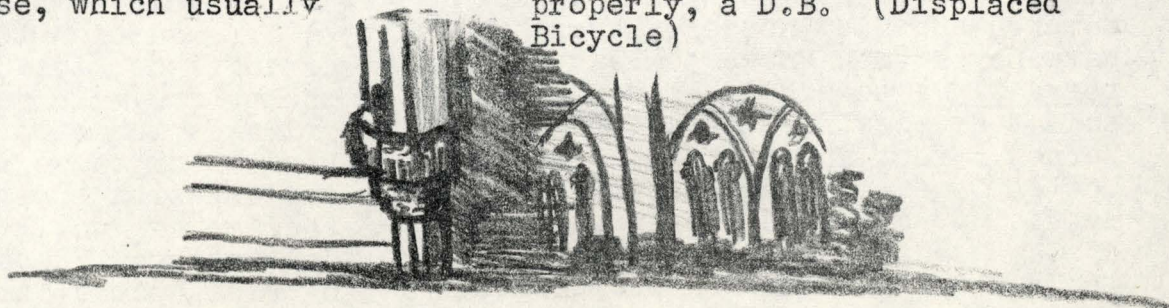
A near tragedy occurred on a highway near Cambridge in the summer of 1954. The Doctor was slowly pedalling along the road and indicated, with a hand signal, that he was going to shift his position. A rapid glance to the rear revealed that the road was clear. Just as he swerved, however, a speeding car came upon him and side-swiped Bucephalos. Doctor Cameron was bruised and shaken, and the driver of the car, in his great fright, was near a heart attack. Fortunately, the accident was not serious, and when both of the men had regained their composure, the driver willingly contributed five dollars to the Doctor for repairs. (On Bucephalos, of course!)

Bucephalos has many noteworthy features, the most outstanding of which is a monstrous basket supported by the handle-bars and front fender. This basket has caused considerable discomfort to students here at the College, for it carries the Doctor's brief case, which usually

contains an assortment of class assignments and quizzes. During the period of exams, this same basket carries stacks of "blue books" which often determine success or failure for students. It also serves as a shopping bag and a carrier for the bushels of mail which the Doctor has occasion to handle. Despite all that we know of the particulars of this basket, it is still an item of great curiosity. Mr. Cameron prefers to keep it as such, for, in his own words, "A man's house is his castle. On a bike, a man's basket is his principle secret. It is the basket that carries many of a man's burdens."

Bucephalos is also adorned with a handle-bar bell, which is used primarily on the campus to warn people on the walks. Off the campus, it is rendered almost helpless, for it cannot be heard over the din of the city. Another of the bike's interesting features is the mouse-trap carrier which rests upon its rear fender. It carries out many of the same functions as the basket, and stands ready and willing to bear anything, excluding passengers.

Bucephalos occupies a rather strange position in this country, somewhat similar, perhaps, to that of a displaced person. Oddly enough, he has no number, and therefore cannot be registered here in the States. He then automatically becomes a D.P. among bicycles, or more properly, a D.B. (Displaced Bicycle)



money-mad-milkman

richard condon

So you think you made money the easy way this summer? Don't be too sure until you've heard still another tale about summer employment.

A couple of months ago a fellow was bragging about his past summer's job. "Did I have it soft," he boasted, "cleared a hundred a week and only worked a forty hour week to get it. Soft job," he continued, "all paper work; no stress, no strain."

All I could do was laugh. Who's he trying to kid? We had an hour to spare, so I thought it was a good opportunity to enlighten this "mis-informed" on an example of a good racket.

All I did was mention that I was a milkman, and this fellow had his laugh. "Who wants to get up for work at a time most guys are just going to bed?" he argued.

After informing him I never got out of bed before seven o'clock even if I had to, he quieted down and began to listen.

This was a shore route, I explained. Early in the summer both the dairy and I line up customers who either own or rent cottages at the shore. This takes, on the average, about three weeks, and again one weekend on the first week of August when the new rentals come in. By July Fourth this work is done and from then on is a typical milkman's day, which usually runs like this:

I rise at seven o'clock, or thereabouts, depending on the circumstances of the night before, and have the truck loaded by seven-thirty, giving me a half hour to be on the road ready to deliver. An average day's route ranges between five and six hundred quarts of milk plus butter, cream, eggs

and cheese. This takes four hours at the maximum to deliver. My work day is usually complete at about twelve o'clock.

What good's a job like that without figuring how much I made. Earnings are on a commission basis; four cents on every quart of milk, five cents on butter, cream, eggs, and cheese. If I sell 550 quarts, I net twenty-two dollars plus about three dollars on the other products, totaling twenty-five dollars a day or five dollars an hour.

Slowly my friend sees visions of becoming a milkman.

The dairy supplies what is known as a route-jumper. He takes my route on my day off. The dairy pays him salary, and I get the commission. That means a weeks pay of about 175 dollars. "You don't believe me?" Check with the Internal Revenue, they'll vouch for me!"

Now come those dreaded items called expenses. The contract states I pay for all the gas and ice used while delivering the milk. Gas runs about ten dollars a week while ice is about \$1.50. Also, to make life just a little easier, I hired a twelve-year old boy to deliver all the milk to the cottages. This leaves me with just driving and recording the sales. He is paid the miserable salary of eight dollars a week, plus all the milk he can drink, (no cost to me), and, oddly enough, he loves his work even at this price.

By now my friend is a devoted milkman enthusiast.

Collection day is usually Saturday, and is the one day in

the week in which the hours are longer but the pleasure worth it. People sleep late at the shore and when the milkman comes looking for his money, he or she, as the case may be, is in no mood to get up. After a few healthy whacks at the door or an "anyone home" at an open window, one is finally persuaded to answer. The attire, if you can call it that, ranges anywhere from a Chinese robe to a domestic toga, better known as the bedspread. This type of customer just pays me, slams the door in my face, and goes back to bed.

Then there's the athletic type who is always swimming when I come to collect. This type is always hard of hearing, it seems, and it is not uncommon to have to almost swim out to one just to let her know her bill is due. With no delight, she will swim in and get her check book. I finally am paid, even though I walk back to the truck with a smudged and water soaked check from their wet hands.

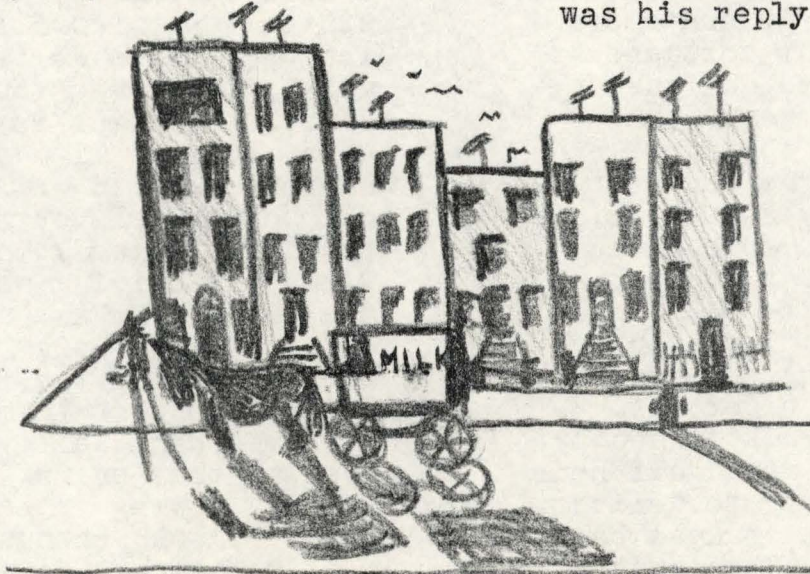
The third type is the "Come on in and have a drink" type. These are numerous, and sometimes so are the drinks. The trouble is, no two people offer the same type of drink, and this is noted to be the downfall of many a milkman. However, the book says, "Always be sociable with your customers", so, who am I to

argue?

The "stay for dinner type" is rare, but usually I manage to scrounge one or two free meals in the course of a day. The type always expects a nice discount on the bill, and I usually give it to them just to encourage more free meals.

My day is not over at twelve o'clock as one might think, however. The owner of the dairy has a cottage at the shore and assigned me with another job in the afternoons during the week. Since he is in Hartford all week, he is afraid his boat, a twenty-two foot Chris-Craft speedboat, might get rusty just sitting but in the water. Therefore, he has delegated to me the task of seeing that it doesn't. This job entails riding around the Sound all afternoon waterskiing and so forth, at his expense for the gas. I am not paid for this job, however. It is strange to note at this time how many girls at the beach also don't like to see such a nice boat get rusty. They are of great value helping me with this work.

When I was through explaining my work, I asked my friend what he thought of my job as a milkman. "Did you say work?" was his reply.



TRINITY'S NAVAL BATTERY

RICHARD A. FREYTAG

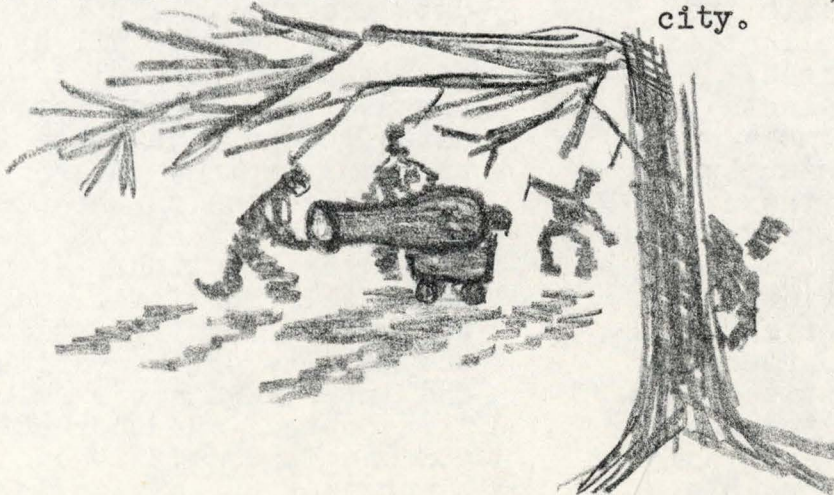
On Tuesday evening, September 11, 1951, at about 10:00 PM, a mysterious explosion rocked the south end of Hartford, resulting in numerous phone calls to the Police. People in the vicinity of Trinity College claimed to have felt a slight tremor, and the college seismograph was reported as indicating an earthquake of some size nearby.

The Hartford Police Department sent detectives to investigate the blast, but they were unable to locate its source. Next morning the police were notified by the College that one of Trinity's two cannon had been set off by students "in honor of the resumption of classes soon to take place."

It is doubtful whether any of the Hartford residents who heard the cannon thunder from the Trinity hilltop realized that they were hearing a gun sounding as it did almost a century earlier from the main battery of Admiral Farragut's flagship "Hartford" at the battles of New Orleans, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Mobile Bay. The cannon were among the most modern of their day and in action had sunk ships and pounded fortifications. When

the "Hartford" was decommissioned in 1926 the guns were retired, supposedly never to fire again, but that was before they were presented to Trinity.

As the story later leaked out, a Trinity student had obtained a supply of blasting caps from a construction job and, together with some friends, he stuffed silverware and assorted nuts and bolts into the southern cannon, which the college had gone to the trouble of aiming at the field house when they emplaced it. After touching off the gun, the intrepid cannoneers were dismayed to find the field house still standing, but they were pacified by the highly adequate noise and concussion. The administration, feeling that although the cannon had once helped smash the Confederacy, they should not be used by the Trinity student body to help smash the campus, promptly plugged the cannon with cement. No longer will broadsides be directed down the hill, but the two 9-inch naval guns still stolidly guard the Bishop and glare down at the city.



JUNE GRADUATES MUST STILL RECKON WITH UNCLE SAM

L.F. PAGE III

This June will see another group of college graduates faced with the decision of making a choice of the armed forces or taking their chances with the Selective Service System. However, a great deal has been done to make this decision easier and more profitable for the individual.

The pressure of an armed conflict has been greatly removed from the scene and the services have done a good deal to enhance themselves to the college graduate through their increased attention to the needs and desires of this group. Along with the expanded opportunities in the service and the reduction of manpower, due to the cessation of hostilities, has come a substantial decrease in the demands of the Selective Service. A graduating student has less to fear from immediate induction than ever before. With this decrease in draft board pressure the prospect of the individual graduate taking his chances becomes a great deal more attractive. The increased number of good jobs available to college graduates further enhances the decision to take one's chances with the draft. But the graduate is still faced with the legal as well as moral obligation to serve in the armed forces.

For the graduate who elects to make his choice of the armed forces the job has been made easier by the increased advertising of the many officer training programs and technical schools.

College graduates provide the greatest source of Officer material for the armed forces. In recognition of this fact the services have devised several programs to provide the opportunity of being commissioned officers for as many as possible.

Their basic source of commissioned officers is from the college ROTC programs which the Army, Navy and Air Force conduct in most recognized colleges and universities. These programs are designed to supply basic training in conjunction with the prospective officer's college program. This group is then commissioned upon graduation. These ROTC programs fill the need for those who have made their choice of services when they entered college but are of no use to those who put off the decision until graduation. The Marine Corps has a program set up for those who make their decision in the Sophomore or Junior year. Their Platoon Leaders Course leaves the student free to pursue his own choice of major subjects, as its only requirement of time is for six weeks during two summer vacations. In this case too the prospective officer is commissioned upon graduation.

Those who defer their decision until graduation have their choice of various Officer Candidate programs. The four branches of the service all have Officer Candidate Schools. This program is designed for the graduates who have not made their previous choice. A graduate may gain admission to the OCS program in the service of his choice by direct application. If he is physically qualified and found to have the mental aptitude after the results of the various tests and interviews are examined, he is accepted. He then attends OCS and is commissioned a second lieutenant (or ensign in the Navy)

upon successful completion. Those who do not successfully complete the course enter that branch of the service as an enlisted man and serve the time required by Selective Service. In the latter case the graduate is of course eligible for the many technical schools operated by the services. For those graduates with special physical and mental aptitudes, there are the Aviation Cadet Programs. In Aviation Cadets of the Air Force and the Naval Air Cadets of the Navy, the prospective flier receives flight training and is commissioned upon the successful completion of this course. The time required of those interested in the aviation programs is generally longer than that required by the regular officer programs. The regular programs generally require two years of active service after being commissioned whereas those commissioned and trained as pilots are usually required to serve four years active duty.

The general requirements for the above schools are successful completion of college (a degree recipient) and good physical condition with eyesight correctable to 20/20 with glasses. This eyesight requirement is more rigid for some programs than for others. An applicant must also be a citizen of the United States and between the ages of nineteen and twenty-seven. Before making his final choice, the graduate should carefully examine the detailed requirements for the program he wishes to apply for.

What of the Pre-med, Pre-dental, Pre-veterinary, and theology students? One of the limiting requirements of all of the ROTC programs is that a student not be one of the above. The reason for this is quite apparent. The service designed the ROTC program to produce officers in four years and the above categories all demand further study after receiving a baccalaureate degree. The usual procedure for the student

in any of the above categories is to make his plans for graduate study known to his Selective Service board. This board will then grant him a deferment from the draft on the basis of his scholastic work. These scholastic deferments are not difficult to obtain, especially since the pressure of large quotas has been lifted from the local draft boards. When these students complete their graduate work and must commence their military service, they are commissioned in the service they choose and pursue their elected work in the service. The Army and Navy medical departments consume the first three categories while their Chaplain Corps makes use of the last group, usually to the students' advantage. Many graduates of medical, dental, and veterinary schools have served their internships in the service at a considerably higher rate of pay than they could have found in civilian life.

No matter what course of action the graduate should choose, he has a decided advantage over his predecessors. The various branches of the service have devoted a good deal of time and effort to developing their Officer Candidate programs to fit both their own needs and requirements to those of the student. The college graduate still has a moral as well as legal obligation to serve in the armed forces but the services are now geared to make this time a profitable period for both the service and individual.

More detailed information may be had at the Placement Office or any recruiting office.

God's File Cabinet

DONALD F. BURR

A special Trinity Tripod of February 29, 1952, carried a photograph and an appropriate article concerning the sudden death of John Simp, outstanding athlete of the class of 1951. It seems that Simp had been playing golf one Sunday afternoon and was struck in the temple by the wild drive of a party on the tee in back of him. The "Tripe" covered the story quite well, but there was a follow-up which the staff of the Tripod did not get, nor did any other human being. After Simp had been in the grave for about two days, he was involuntarily transported to a place called Purgatory by a messenger with neither halo nor horns.

"Life, or rather existence, is not bad here," thought John Simp. "On second thought, it's not good either, is it?"

Simp was not there long when a haloed messenger deposited a note and left. Simp opened the message and read it through several times, pinching his self between readings to be sure that he wasn't back in life dreaming. Then he read it to another Purgatorian, whom he thought to be a good soul, to see if he knew what it was all about. He knew no more than Simp.

Dear John: (the message began)

Be patient in Purgatory. An angel will arrive there to bring you up here, where according to custom you will be cross-examined by the board of admissions which is made up of three choir members, three arch-angels, and three angels. They will decide where you are to spend eternity.

Signed: St. Peter
Keeper of the Lodge

Simp recalled in a hurry various incidents throughout his earthly life which might keep him out of Heaven, but in general the report to him seemed good. He had gone to church faithfully, been a Sunday school teacher and had been an all 'round good guy. He was hardly through reminiscing when he was involuntarily transported by a Herculean angel to a court at a set of gates which were heavily decorated with pearls.

"John Simp," the white-haired judge began, "I have just received from God's file cabinet the record of your life. Before we consider it, give us three good reasons why you should be admitted to Heaven, one of them being that you have been of good faith."

"Well, Saint," began John humbly, "I guess I wasn't the best Christian in the world" - and he went on to confess his human failings.

"One thing you forgot in your confession," Michael the arch-angel said, "According to the file you were deficient in chapel credits while in college. Now, God only knows what these chapel credits are and what the purpose of them is, and as yet he hasn't told us, so would you please try to explain the same to the celestial court."

Simp was startled, and after a pause began. "Ah - as I recall I did have the required number of credits, but come to think of it, I payed a pre-divinity student to sign them for me. I always went to my own church though. I guess there isn't

much gets by you boys up here."

John stopped and concentrated for a long time and then began again.

"As far as the purpose of chapel credits goes, I guess you've got me. I don't remember learning the purpose of them."

"Well, we don't know what those folks at your alma mater were up to, Simp, when they set up a ledger for keeping track of your worship of Our Master, but it certainly seems to be repugnant to His teachings," said St. Peter. Then facing

St. Michael, he continued by addressing the celestial court:

"Angels, in view of the good life led by Simp, and seeing that this lack of chapel credits is no basis for keeping him out of heaven, I suggest we accept him." Seeing that the court agreed, he turned to Simp's soul and smiling said, "Welcome to the fold."

SCCAT

BY WARD SWIFT JUST

As one clean-cut young man about the campus put it the other day: "I know they're impractical, at times not comfortable, and in many cases too expensive--but there is an intangible something to a sports car."

A friend put it not quite so cryptically: "Intangible, hell! What's intangible about speed, roadability, classic design and--above all--individuality."

Thus, with such remarks as these, several MGs, an Austin-Healey, and three or four Jags joining the melee, the strictly informal SCCAT was organized at Trinity College. The Sports Car Club at Trinity has no meetings, no rules, is not even mentioned in the college yearbook; but it has spirit. There is only one required requisite to member-

ship--a sports car--although sartorial qualifications are carefully inspected for, as one devotee put it, "the right sort."

I asked several of these young fanatics exactly the nature of their attraction to the "little cars." The replies ranged from "superior performance," to what was clearly "snob appeal." One of the brethren said that owning a sports car was much like belonging to a fraternity; but he hastened to add, more selective. Unbeknownst to "domestics" (a word recently coined referring to American-car drivers) there are many signs and symbols (as yet no songs) that distinguish the neophyte from the seasoned-sports car

driver. For example: an owner of a more expensive car always waves to his less fortunate contemporary first (thus, a Jaguar to an MG). The save consists of a casual flick of two fingers starting just to the right of the right eyeball, and lasting one and one-quarter seconds in duration. This "wave" is most generally practiced by MG drivers. Indeed, the situation becomes more complicated with experience. The condition of the auto, the driver, and the prevailing weather conditions often play a subtle, but important part in the duration and frequency of the wave.

I was greatly honored the other day when I was permitted to have a

ride in one of these foreign cars. While speeding over Avon Mt., I took the opportunity to inspect the glove-compartment (to avoid looking at the road). The contents were particularly revealing. The compartment disclosed one lipstick, a J. Press "go-fast" hat, a newspaper clipping telling of a sports car accident which killed three people and a dog, a New Yorker, and a volume of P.G. Wodehouse. In a wadded pulp in the back (near the lipstick) I found a paper with the following dialogue.

Fitzgerald: "The rich are very different from you and I."

Hemingway: "Yes, they have more money."

The Battle of March 17, 1911

Burton S. Price

The date of March 17, of any year, at one time held great significance to Trinity underclassmen. The St. Patrick's Day tradition at one time was the key to wonderful interclass rivalry here at Trinity. For this day, annually brought the Soph-Frosh scrap. The glory of class supremacy, once treasured so dearly, is gone. Let's go back to March of 1911, and see what real college spirit existed on the Hill.

"The freshmen slipped stealthily away from the campus well before the appointed hour for capture on the night of March 16, and soon gathered down town at the Hotel Vendome. Here they waited until the twelfth hour, and then they went forward into the streets of Hartford and placards were placed everywhere. Then they returned,

with empty hands, and minus two of their number; for they had been captured by members of the Sophomore class!"

"In order to avenge our members, we must go forth and bring hostages", said the Freshman leader, and his followers did so. And then the Freshmen rested until morning."

"The next day was St. Patrick's Day, and the Freshmen rose early; at about dawn. And their leader said to them, "Now go to the campus and possess the tree." And the Freshmen knew that this was what must be done. The Freshmen then armed themselves with heavy clothing and proceeded to the campus. And there they gathered against the enemy and descended

upon them."

"And the Sophomores were there in force, and they gathered around the tree waiting for the attack. Then the Freshman leader brought against the Sophomores about twenty of his strongest men, and they stormed the Sophomores. And inside their number was the Freshman hero who carried their banner."

"The fight was waged for full twenty minutes, but the Freshmen finally possessed the tree. And soon the hero ascended it and planted the banner 1914 in its uppermost branches. And the leader of the Freshmen was pleased. And upon seeing this, the Sophomores staged still another battle, but in vain; for the Freshmen had won. And the Sophomores were finally put to flight."

Such was the account that the "Ivy" of 1912 gave of the Frosh-Soph battle. The battle was waged without any injury, save a few scratches and bumps, and the whole thing was good, clean fun. It only seems that such sport would be conducive to interclass spirit, the type of spirit that is so lacking at the present time.

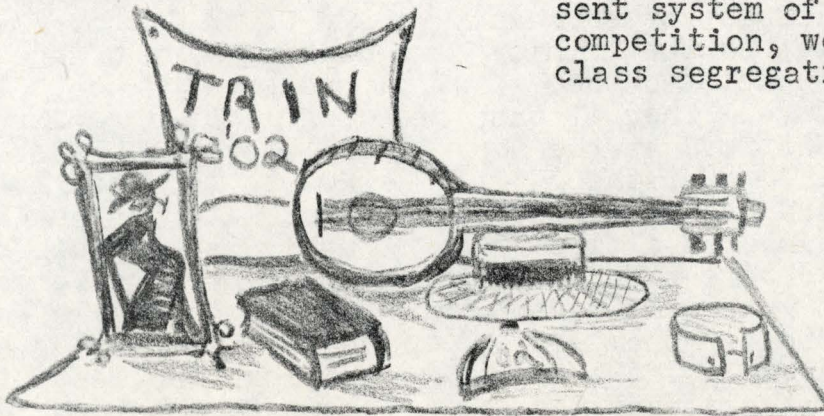
It would not be necessary to have a "fight to the death" in order to institute a tangible spirit here, but, on the other hand, much more competition is needed. Our lackadaisical college spirit is an outgrowth of a lack of this competition. We have eliminated not only the interclass scraps, but also the "bulletin board rush". This competition in-

volved the Frosh-Soph groups also.

In fact, we find the famous lemon squeezer tradition, for all intents and purposes, forgotten. No longer is the rivalry for this Trinity treasure keen. The substitution of interfraternity sports leagues certainly brought about inter-house rivalries, but it did nothing to aid college spirit. Certainly, the once-a-year medicine ball roll, or even the once-a-year tug-of-war cannot be called very relevant in the promotion of school spirit.

Perhaps a marathon, instead of a battle, or a bicycle race rather than a tug-of-war, or a Derby Day rather than nothing would be in order. I am not suggesting that we start a minor war, nor am I intimating that we destroy downtown Hartford, but it is evident that something should be done to closer tie the Freshmen to the upperclassmen; to help us get to know each other, to, in short, instill the spirit that we all know is needed.

Certainly, the students of 1911 were not much different from ourselves. They did have one thing that we have just about lost, however. They had not only a feeling of pride for their school, but also for their class. Interclass rivalries tended to bring the school, as a whole, together. With our present system of trivial interclass competition, we have accomplished class segregation.



A Winter's Visit to Cape Cod

William E. Leonard

Each year the first warm breath of summer sends people of all ages rushing to Cape Cod. They descend like flocks of migratory birds on the tiny hook-like peninsula, to enjoy the sun and sand, and to escape the monotony of their winter homes. The result is a colony of quick tempo and lively animation throughout the summer season. Many a person can recall just such an experience, but relatively few have known the cold beauty and austerity of a winter visit to the Cape.

One cold December afternoon a group of four Trinity men braved the icy blasts of New England and undertook such a journey to Provincetown, on the very tip of Cape Cod. Our motives were simple enough--the long hours spent in preparation for exams had strained our nerves to a fine edge and the desire to "get away from it all" was foremost in our thoughts. Our curiosity had been aroused that afternoon by a photographic essay in Life magazine on a winter visit to Martha's Vineyard, and lacking the suitable transportation for that particular venture, the Cape seemed the logical substitute.

Little time was spent in preparation for the trip. A hasty packing of overnight bags, laying in the necessary liquid provisions for such an expedition, and a stop at the Trinity Drug to cash checks completed the itinerary for departure. Then it was a fond farewell to Hartford as the little blue Ford sailed over the Charter Oak Bridge and headed north.

Five hours of riding was a tiresome chore but, as we were soon to realize, the rewards were well worth the effort and discomfort. Upon our arrival, we were struck by the charm of the narrow lonely streets and the

darkened shops. The village had taken on a ghost-like atmosphere. All was quietness and there seemed to be absolutely no movement anywhere. We parked the car and set out to find activity of some sort, as if only to prove to ourselves that there were people somewhere behind the white walls of the cottages that stood like soulless sentries along the very edge of the street. Only one establishment showed any signs of life, a novel restaurant, The Flagship, built on a pier and decorated throughout with a seemingly endless array of flotsam and jetsam gathered from years of association with the sea and the boats that sail upon it. A hearty meal of clam chowder and seafood put us in the mood for a good night's sleep, so we again took up the search for a place to spend the night. A single light broke the darkness at the end of the street, and closer inspection showed it to be a motel, whose proprietor's intuition must have informed him that this night four tired young men would seek out his cabins as a place to rest.

We were up at dawn to drive to North Truro, where a breathtaking view of the cold winter sea greeted us in the early morning light. A piercing wind blew in over the bluffs and seemed to add to the utter desolation and sterility of the landscape around us. Despite this coldness and loneliness there was a picture of indescribable beauty etched in each of our minds as we left to explore the rest of the Provincetown area before returning to

college.

In the afternoon, a warm sun and blue sky dispelled, for a while, the cold, and a few of the townspeople ventured into the streets as if released from their cottage-prisons by the appearance of the sun.

A visit to the Provincetown Art Shop and hours of deliberation about our purchases exhausted our remaining time.

It was a tired, but very contented four that reached Trinity's gates that

Sunday night. Our rewards for this adventure were very real, but somewhat intangible; perhaps I can express them in this way:

Some may prefer the Summer season with its warm sands and water, but I'll take the Winter when the Cape is shrouded in a veil of gray skies, and the cold sea pounds itself to ris' on her rocky shores.

LAST JUNE WITH THE BOYS

D.W. PENFIELD

As graduation time rolls around again, there is a certain tendency of about one-fourth of our student population to resort to a time honored sport called "Goofing off". There is among many old grads a feeling of nostalgia about their alma mater, but contrary to popular belief, I believe this is not held by the graduating senior. He is too full of the realization that he is going to graduate, after having feared that those spring vacation over cuts had cut his own throat, and that those last packets of chapel programs from Smith and Conn. College hadn't done the trick. On the serious side, four years of college whets the student's appetite to the point where he is eager to meet the responsibilities that life has waiting for him. For most, it starts with military service, and then job and family. College friends are splitting up then also. Many will cross the path through life, and the times you put the cat in prexy's car, or the two-headed blind date at Smith will be

tales that will bring an approving and remembering nod from the groups around the club.

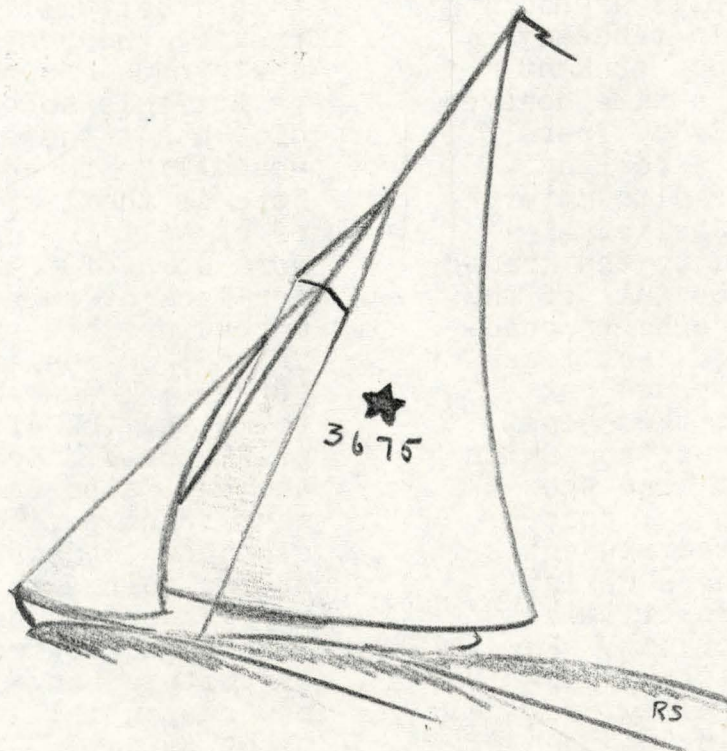
But this so called "Goofing off" isn't the evil the faculty would like to consider it. For here is the last time that many of us will be together to perform some of the traditional, for lack of a better word, carousing that groups of friends do when they get together. The week night trips to Smith, the afternoons at the golf course, the ball games, and bull sessions on the now warm front porches, gives us a chance to do up "brown" some of the things that we've taken for granted these past four years, and now we can finish off with a bang. For in the new responsibilities coming, it might be said, "Those days will be gone forever." Gone or not, there won't be much regret. Ask the guy who is getting married this summer, or the one who

starts flight school in Sept., or the one who begins wearing that summer worsted on the 7:40 commuter to his brokerage office start, ask them if they wish for one more year.

To make the faculty feel better, I don't think there is one student that would or could say he has given his all in the classroom side of school. There are lots of us that wish we had time to take this man's course or that one's. Those that spent two or three wasted years in R.O.T.C. will cry for years to come over the courses they lost in time spent there. And there was that play some of us didn't try out for, and we were going to be in one jester play before it was all over. But this is true of everyone. If they had it to do over again, it would be about the same. Some mistakes are always adjusted, but each man has to

set his own value chart when he gets here. He has to decide whether he can work hard all week to have weekends free for skiing, or whether that outside job should come winter or spring term, whether the term "Grind" or athlete, or just good fellow is going to be after his name. The choice of off-campus activities such as sailing, or Red Cross class will make up an important part of what college is to give him, as well as the campus ones.

As we stand under the elms come June, there will be a feeling of satisfaction for a job completed. It may not be perfect, there may be regrets, but the job will be done, or let's face it, you won't be standing there.



Sure Cure for a History Hangover

E. P. Towns

For those who have been plagued by the memorization of seemingly insignificant dates and incidents during their study of history, this short article may alleviate some problems. Before leading the reader further, I would like to say that if he is or has ever been attracted to history as a study, he might just as well put this paper aside and read something else; perhaps a stiff history assignment would be more to his liking. Under the assumption that there are still some curious and ridiculous enough to keep reading, I shall continue by telling them to stop reading this nonsense and turn to the greater nonsense of Sellar and Yeatman in 1066 and All That, a "memorable history of England".

In this most entertaining work, history is rendered almost exactly the way that the average absent-minded student remembers it; namely, with a comfortable, clever, and convenient disregard for annoying details. The authors boast that their book is the only memorable history of England in existence, for it contains all the history that is remembered! They make this claim after years of research in golf-clubs, gun-rooms, tea-rooms, bar-rooms, and bath-rooms.

Here is history made humorous by the inevitable lapses, slips and errors that result when one puts faith in memory. The amazing thing is that it is usually close enough to actual

fact to drive you to a history book for a rapid check. To illustrate the book's amazing qualities, here is a paragraph pertaining to Canute, the successor to Edward the Confessor.

"Canute began by being a Bad King on the advice of his Courtiers, who informed him (owing to a misunderstanding of the Rule Britannia) that the King of England was entitled to sit on the sea without getting wet. But finding that they were wrong, he gave up this policy and decided to take his own advice in future--thus originating the memorable proverb, "Paddle your own Canute"--and became a good king and ceased to be memorable. After Canute, there were no more aquatic kings til William IV. (see later, Creation of Piers). Canute had two sons, Halfacanute and Partacanute, and two other offspring, Rathacanute and Hardlicanute, whom, however, he would never acknowledge, denying to the last that he was their Fathacanute."

In this general state of organized confusion, the authors cover the period from 1066 to the "end" of English history, constantly reminding us that all we know about the history of England can scarcely be compared with all that we've forgotten.

1066

1812

1588

1620

1492

450

1776

THE
DEFINITION

WORD?

1000 OF 1000000

The unknowing freshman who enters college with the illusion of a small social adjustment has many barriers to conquer. After being subjected to the sophomore hazing, Math 101 and an objectionable roommate, the frosh meets the greatest gorgon of the campus, "the shoe". This is the hardest problem for the neophyte to cope with. What is "shoe"? It is perhaps best defined as that which a freshman is not.

Despite all you've heard, "shoe" is not the thin veneer of a Brooks Brothers flannel. It represents the mature college man and takes in the whole scope of proper shoes and a brush haircut. Now, I ask you, what chance does the unknowing frosh have, standing there with yards of lightening blue gabardine flowing in the breeze. The poor slob is lost. Never will he be accepted by the upper crust of fraternity row, unless he is willing to undergo the triumphal transformation!

First to be changed is the hair. Years of cultivating those beautiful duck-tails flash before him as he encounters the first clip of Crazy Carlos, the campus barber. They call Carlos crazy because of the sadistic delight he shows while reducing six inches of greasy waves to a "darby" inch and a half. There sits our hero listening to the asthmatic wheeze of the overjoyed Carlos, surpassed only by those of Lizzy Borden and her forty whacks. But bravely, he goes through with it, and at last it is done.

This shock is generally enough for the first day. The freshman returns to his dorm, feeling like a freshly plucked chicken, and to the jeers of that most objectionable roommate. That night he'll ponder the next step, the flannel suit.

In picking a flannel suit, you must not go off the deep end. You do not run to the nearest store and pull off his plan piped racks the first suit that meets your eye. This is a big project and takes hours of careful consideration. After consulting the yellow pages, you select that group of clothing stores that has the best reputation. You can always tell who they are by the fancy Old English script they use in their advertisements. It is also wise to accept the advice of "super shoe", that famous campus authority on clothes, who said, "If his clothes aren't from Chip, Press, or Brooks, I hate to think how the poor chap looks".

With this sage advice ringing in his ears, the freshman proceeds to go out and make his purchase. After shopping about, he'll emerge in a natty banker's gray, with a new striped tie, the first in his collection. The tie problem, til this time, has gone unnoticed, but after seeing how you should dress, all those hand-painted bibs will have to go. So it's farewell to the hand painted scenic railway, the roses with purple butterflies and his favorite, the blue silk that lit up and read, "mother". But he must put this behind him and go forward. It does not take long before the frosh realizes that his shirts are wrong. By this time, he is reading the New Yorker and has met that Hathaway man. Now every ad tells you that it is wrong to wear a white shirt before six. The poor boy never realized that shirts came

in any other color, let alone with buttons on the collars. To him Oxford was a college in England. But all this is changed, and soon he owns round collars, tabs and French fronts; put a black patch over one eye and he could pass for the original.

As you might surmise, shoes are an important part of being "shoe". But like the flannels and the shirts there are only a special type that you can wear. Most acceptable, since they buried the white buck, is cordovan. Now don't get me wrong, not just any old cordovan. The true "shoe" picks the plainest shoe that he can find, and would never be caught with toes perforated in a tit-tat-toe design. No, they must be simple and dark. This darkness is best achieved by coating the shoe with a layer of black polish. Gleaming shoes are of importance and daily shines, even though they take several hours from studies, are just another part of being "shoe".

By this time, our freshman is well on his way. Like the majority of the college population, he has become completely preoccupied with foppery. You'll find him spending his spare time browsing about the local shops for the latest in English Tweeds, colored vests and pink and black ties. He makes frequent trips to Carlos, shines his shoes and is on the verge of flunking four

out of five courses, but He's "shoe".

About this time, our hero has a great shock; his class mates are catching on. As he looks around, he'll notice more and more flannels every day. He might, if he is unlucky, spot a tie that he was sure only he owned. The man in the store told him that this pattern was made into ten ties and was sold at the best stores around New England. Does this mean that the salesman lied to him? Completely disillusioned, he returns to his closet and destroys that purple and pink knit.

Saddest of all is that now that objectionable roommate has also seen the light. His clothes are perfect, and he has surpassed all by starting a new craze. What is this new craze, you wonder? Well, this is how it happened. One day, our hero's roomy pulled the trick of the year. While others were trying to be the "shoest" in the dorm by buying new clothes and wearing black patches, he had his wash pants dried cleaned. This was the very end. How "shoe" can one get? Now he is known all over campus as George Gollosh, (Gollosh standing for over shoe). Freshmen look up to him as being a shoe's shoe. Oh, our hero; well he transferred to N.Y.U. where last reported he was seen in the latest in pink gabardine pants, and he has found another tie that reads "mother".

