

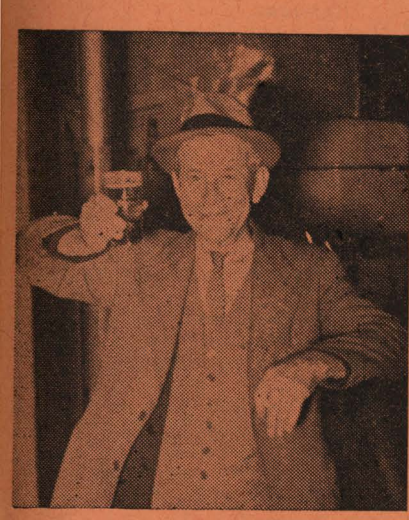
The Trinity Tripod



HOUSE - PARTY NUMBER

Volume XXXVIII Z-79 HARTFORD, CONN., NOVEMBER 18, 1941 Number 8

All Weekend Festivities Canceled by College as Scandal Hits the Hilltop; Wesleyan Football Squad Commits Suicide on Eve of Sure Defeat by Trinity



A Toast to Our Weekend Guests

Tribune Sports Scribbler Gives Opinions on Things Stanley Woodward Goes to Town; Ace Opens Mind to Inquiring Trinity Reporter

The following is an excerpt from an article by Stanley Woodward, ace New York "Herald-Tribune" sports writer. Shown at its best, as usual, is Mr. Woodward's ready wit and sparkling ability to pick winning football teams:

Trin to Win

Sees Bright Future

FOUND DEAD IN GARAGE

Ancient Jalopy Employed As Lethal Instrument In Mass Hara-Kari

CARDINALS IN CREPE

Fessler Said Team Desperate in Face of Undefeated Blue and Gold

Middletown, November 14 — The Wesleyan campus mourns this afternoon the sad fate of its football team on the eve of the season's final game. Thirty-four members of the squad were found huddled together on the floor of a small garage on the East side, asphyxiated by monoxide gas.

The team, scheduled to meet the undefeated Trinity eleven in Hartford on Saturday, were lying in contorted positions on the cement floor of the garage. A 1907 Maxwell car was standing in the center of the space, engine sputtering wide open, creating clouds of lethal monoxide gas.

From the evidence at hand, the police strongly suspect suicide. Police Chief O'Toole made a definite statement to that effect. During the past week the team had showed signs of desperation over the coming game. The Trinity ironmen have piled up a phenomenal record of victories, and Wes Fessler, the Cardinal coach, complained bitterly of the falling confidence of his team.

Disappeared

When last seen in life the squad had marched off the field after a short practice, and had disappeared in the direction of town. Evidently they had met in the little garage and after having worked themselves into a frenzy of despair had started the engine of the ancient Maxwell.

The unprecedented tragedy marks the end of the brilliant career of Jim Carrier, backbone of the Wesleyan team. Carrier was a member of the senior class, and had inspired the team to many victories in the last three years. According to Ring Kieran, of the New York Mail, Jim was slated for a berth on the All-

(Continued on page 3.)



Gift from Arthur Murray—"Yours for Tripping the Light Fantastic." (See Photo on page 2)

Trinity Taken to Cleaners; Roger the Lodger Absconds

SLINK ON SCENT

Latest Reports Find Yeastman In Hula Hut Hangout in Mid-Pacific Bliss

Hartford, Conn., November 8 — Roger R. Yeastman, Comptroller of Trinity College, has absconded with vast sums of money belonging to the treasury of the college. It has not yet been determined how much is gone or where the culprit is headed for, but conservative estimates place the theft at an absolute minimum of \$3,000,000. A nation-wide police dragnet has been started and J. Edgar Hoover expects an arrest in twenty-four hours. Most important, Detective Slink and his brilliant assistant, Herodotus J. Coldgoose, have been notified. The team of Slink and Goldgoose has had spectacularly brilliant success in countless sensational cases.

The theft was first discovered when Dean Hews of the college dipped into the till, in order to make the last payment on his car, and made the astounding discovery that it was not

statistically up to par. His first thought was that the faculty beer party was responsible for the deficit, but on learning that Yeastman had vanished he immediately summoned the law.

Hartford, Conn., November 9 — At a stormy meeting of the Trinity College faculty it was learned that Roger R. Yeastman had left with \$3,899,988.76 1/4. This left the college a measly \$2 bill. Mr. Whendull, having had long experience in Wall Street, immediately invested this in the third race at Pimlico, but lost. The faculty resigned in a body ("corpse" might be more fitting—Ed.) and the trustees wandered around the campus murmuring queer things. The College is Broke!

Slink Gets Hot

N'york, N'york, November 9 (Special to the Tripod!)—Detective Slink was found by reporters swimming around in a cuspidor in Grand Central this morning, disguised as a cigar butt. Said Slink, "Heh! Heh! Slink knows! The kale is being carried in a medium sized wooden box which bears a cryptic inscription! I must be off to my sanctum to decipher it! Hee! Haw! Hee! Haw!" With that he swam away.

Hollywood, Cal., November 10 (Extra special to the "Tripe!")—Yeastman has gone West! He swished through here today on the way to an unnamed destination. In the wake of the perpetrator of this vile, gross, monstrous, colossal, dastardly deed was left Samuel Goldwin feebly groping for an adjective.

After being besieged for hours by a huge crowd of reporters, Hollywood police chief Sollie Finefarb came forth with a statement of tremendous importance. Said the Chief, "Vell, ve (Continued on page 2.)

In Memoriam

A special memorial service will be held on the Trinity football field Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock in honor of eleven Wesleyan men. Dr. Joseph B. Beidler will conduct the service. Dr. Walter S. Taylor will lead the congregation in prayers for the deceased.

Roving Reporter Interviews Campus Beauties On Advisability of Turning Traitor to Old Trin

In an attempt to evoke a properly patriotic wave of anti-Wesleyanian feeling for Saturday's gridfest, your raving reporter once again interviewed a bevy of campus celebrities this time on the important question, "Would you send your son to Wesleyan, and why not?" To our chagrin, we were overcome by a gust of affirmatives which escaped from the oral cavities of several supposedly responsible characters, such as our favorite biology instructor, who, (quote), "Why, certainly: it's a perfectly good school."

A few of the answers are printed here. It must be understood that the balance of the pollees responded in other than verbal ways. For ex-

ample, a Wesleyan guest instructor was stopped by mistake. Or the Trinity fullback whose only reply was shaped by his mouth, set in a firm, straight line.

Robert Hawkins: "No, he's already at Dartmouth."

John Payne: "Well, it depends in the first place on what he wants to do. If he wants to go there, I wouldn't stop him."

Harry Tamoney: "I haven't got one."

Richard Lane: "I'm a bachelor, so—"

James Maroon: "No, because I want him to go to college."

Murray Fearing: "I would leave it up to him... Well, after all..."

Norton Hinckley: "No—just on general principles."

Herbert Brust: "No, I don't believe I would, because they're going to be beaten today."

(Continued on page 3.)

NO HOUSE PARTIES

ATK Rejoices as Bitter Rivals Succumb to Official Closing Order

POLICE HUNT GUN MOLL

N. Hottduck Seeks Vengeance Upon 'Man' Who Arranged His 'Blind' Date

Hartford, November 14—Life to the average Trinity undergraduate has become a dull, drab affair due to circumstances resulting from the unfortunate experience of one of the more prominent members of the student body. All Trinity house-parties have been cancelled for the weekend of November 15, but due to pressure applied in certain unspecified quarters by faculty members of the Alpha Tau Kappa and the other U. Eta Pi fraternities, these houses will be allowed to continue with their original plans.

Hottduck Expelled

The Better Better Chapter of the Sigh You fraternity today expressed sincere regret over the expulsion of one of its members from the ivy-clad halls of Trinity College. The expellee, Norman Q. Hottduck, packed his bags today and left on the 1.35 Thumbnail Express, bound for his home in southwestern Utah. In his wake he has left sad hearts and broken dreams. It is the Mudville of the Mighty Casey all over again. The Trinity house-parties have been called off, and for all Trinity students, except two who have been wandering lost in Northam Towers since 1873, life is no longer worth living.

The present unfortunate situation at Trinity is due, according to reports reaching this office, to over-zealousness on the part of Hottduck to have a date for the annual fall house-parties. The date, Melvina Riggle, cousin of Hottduck's fellow lodge-member, Elliot K. Stein, turned out to be a wolf in dyed rabbit, instead of in mink as she had been painted.

Told by Stein he would recognize his blind (one eye only) date at the railroad station by the definite starboard list of her girdle, Hottduck met Miss Riggle and took her back to the Sigh You House. However, unfortunately for him and other Trinity undergraduates, he left her for a brief 50 minutes to attend a class in Elementary Biological Physiology ("my favorite course!"), and it was during his absence the plans for the weekend were sent awry.

Too bad!

While left alone, Miss Riggle made good use of her time and did not long remain alone. Gradually, under the influence of several thousand questions her tongue became increasingly active. She disclosed to interested listeners an elopement she and Hottduck had made while following the nags on the circuit. (Further information has disclosed she meant the Merry-Go-Round at Coney Island—Ed.) After two more "Corpse Revivers" her story had become sufficiently enlarged to include several

(Continued on page 3.)

OFFICIAL (?) NOTICE

The flag will be flown at half-mast on Saturday, November 15, in honor of Wesleyan University—Editorial Office.

(Concluded)

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THE WAR TODAY

Comes now the time for all you guys and gals to gather around for a few well-chosen words of advice. We are absolutely certain you will take these few well-chosen words to your hearts and nurture them carefully for the rest of your natural lives—and if not, why not?

To begin with we'll take, for instance, the score of the 1923 World Series. Having taken that and successfully covered the topic from all angles, we will now proceed to the next pertinent subject of the day, which we will call, for lack of a better name, "The Natural Activities of the Common Amoeba, or How to Double Your Investment in No Time." As we consider this interesting phenomenon our thoughts are, quite naturally, we think, directed in the general direction of nothing at all, and as our thoughts are directed thus we are amazed by the general direction in which our astounding intellect is directed under the direction of... But to get back again to the advisability of eating fish on Friday, we find ourself coming up against a wall of solid haddock beyond which there is nothing, and we flounder around for months, and perhaps even years, if we are careful, eventually reaching the conclusion there is no fuel like an old fuel, and, after all, we ask, what better old fuel can we find than coal?

And so, after this long discussion on the various merits of blondes, brunettes and two-family houses, it is still our firm advice, as we said on Page one, never marry for money, unless the girl you are thinking of marrying has money. It's not worth it, furthermore, it is impossible for us to say just how much truth there is in a statement of this sort, so we will only say there is doubtless a great deal of truth, and it is there for anyone to discover if only, we whisper quite emphatically—he does not look.

Slink, Swimming in Cuspidor, Disguised as a Rank Cigar Butt, Hot on Treasurer's Trail

Theft of Phenomenal Quantities of Cash by Culprit Never Equalled in History

(Continued from page 1.)

tried to ketch the absconder on de vay troo—Oi yoi yoi but did ve try, you should have seed it, oi but it vas supercolossal, oi but vot a prodigious effort. It didn't vork through. Oi yoi yoi yoi yoi!

Following close behind the fleeing fugitive was Slink the detective. He paused only long enough for a quick interview, and then slunk away. "Finefarb's not so fine," he stated, "but farbeit (Ho, ho! Pun!) for me to criticize. It doesn't make a particle of difference though. Good old Slink's right behind. Am I trailing Yeastman? Hell no!"

Mhkytlfwsg, Mexico, November 10 (Relayed to Mexico City by smoke signal and from there by wire)—Yeastman, the absconder, showed a light pair of heels as he whipped through here today. According to reports

from here he took a plane for "somewhere in the South Pacific." An Aztec Indian who was questioned stated, "Qtyprd fgsh jswm hptz zzzzk hrshpbxq mntrfkl." When translated this means: "Slink has gained another six yards. Should he try an end run or a pass?"

Valparaiso, Chile (Passed by the German censor)—A Chilean submarine reported from "somewhere in the Pacific" that a plane passed overhead sometime during the day. According to the radio dispatch they believe that the plane contained "Roving Roger," and that hanging to the tail of the plane was the undaunted sleuth, Slink. They say that they cannot be absolutely sure, however, as they happened to be submerged to a depth of 300 feet at the time.

Hartford, Conn., November 14—Flash! Flash! This morning President Remsen B. Ogoobe of Trinity College received a radio telegram from his capricious comptroller. It

(Continued on page 3.)



Moral—Don't Get Your Dates Mixed! (See Photo on page 3)

Coke-Squirt and Mud-Sling Add to Hysteria on Campus

Science and Literature Demand Mutual Eradication in War Of Violent Arguments

Shot and shell, fiery combat, sweat and blood, arms, bombs, shrapnel. Intense fighting roars on all fronts. The combat is fierce, many have been wounded; some have died fighting, but the issues still stand.

Comrade Shephardskovich captured seventy and seven of the enemy single handed. He will be awarded the iron door knob, the last one in Northam; such rewards for valour go to no ordinary man. How can he hope to straddle his enemies grinning the fiery lear of victory with saboteurs, war-mongers, espionage on every side?

In a darkened corner of the cafeteria gather his converts. They plot campaigns, issue orders, and keep notes in a little black book. If the enemy should ever get that book, there would be revolution; they guard it with their lives. There are names in that book. Famous names, of men in history; men who have written, entertained, given pleasure, healed the sorrows of man, inspired him to do great deeds. That book is precious to many. Literature, art, culture, philosophy, everything to make a man wise—they guard all of this with their lives. Their devotion is unbounded.

Scientists Advance

Crouched in a corner of a science lab, poring over calculations, formulas, experiments, wild dreams surging through their minds, Dadourinsky and his apostles, the enemy camp; plot the next advance. Every weapon of mechanics is at their fingertips. With new inventions they plan to conquer the world. System, organization, regimentation, cold logic—there is no place for anything else in this world, they maintain.

Hangman's Hill has seen many a bloody pageant, but the arduous and blind patriotism of these seething foes foreshadows all other conflicts. Determined to fight it out to the end they fight, trip, annoy, argue. One will go down in utter defeat. Arbitration? Certainly not, they love the fight; they are having too much fun with their mud-slinging and coke-squirting to appeal to any settlement. Science vs. literature—until there is no more mud oozing under foot and no more coke to squirt around, the interminable fight will continue. Confidentially, there isn't an answer to the whole thing, but such is the nature of all war.

PILOT LIGHTLY

By Fowler F. White

My son, my son,
What have you done
These years with your father's kale?
All were spent
On pleasure bent
'Cept a year I spent in jail.
But that leaves three,
It seems to me,
And where did you leave your "r"?
I learned elocution
At a Boston institution;

WEEKEND TO SEE GLORIOUS GIRLS FROM ALL OVER CIVILIZED WORLD

Friday, November 14—As the last minute touches are made in cleaning up the fraternities, and the refreshments are mixed by several upperclassmen who just received a new recipe over the radio, the steady slow influx of feminine wonders begins. Since early this afternoon, when some gallant Miss innocently strolled up Vernon Street looking for a fraternity, the dates have been coming in fast and furious.

The Fall Dance (the heck with Saturday's classes), that football game, the house parties, the dance, the—well, it all comes under the head of the Wesleyan weekend at Trinity. Looking around we see many new and quite a few familiar faces.

St. Anthony

Up on the hill, in Saint Anthony Hall, we find Mary Anne Waite from Chestnut Hill, Mass.; Harriet Ewing, West Hartford; Inez Hildebrand, West Hartford; Jean Phillips, Waterbury, Conn.; Judith Freeman, Lawrence, L. I.; Louise Webster, West Hartford; Binkie Simons, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Nattie Ann Cooper, Cincinnati, Ohio; Beatrice B. MacGuire, New York City; Barbara Van Wyck, New York City; Anne Matthews, Holyoke, Mass.; Patsey Downey, New York City; Tudor Morsell, Chevy Chase, Md.; Lillian Fabyan, Washington, D. C.; Barbara Bitting, St. Louis, Mo.; Mary Pierce, Dublin, N. H.; Hope Knowles, Philadelphia, Pa.; Molly Gillett; Rye, N. Y.; Prudence White, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Barbara Brown, Greenwich, Conn.

At the Alpha Chi Rho house, the guests of honor include Marge Whyte, Holyoke; Mary Lou Cambell, West Hartford; Betty Mango, West Hartford; Joy Moyel, Bronxville, N. Y.; Margaret Sampsel, Brookline, Mass.; Adelaide Staplin, Brookline, Mass.; Doris Haight, Brookline, Mass.; Jean Woodwell, Mt. Holyoke; Mary Rice, Hartford; Betty Skelly, Hartford; Muriel Osterhout, Mount Holyoke; and Arlene Myshroll, Hartford, Conn.

Delta Kappa Epsilon

The Delta Phi's are taking care of Elaine Sanderson from Hartford; Virginia Butler, Hartford; Lois Wheeler, Waterbury, Conn.; Elaine Sheridan, Hartford; Beverly Morris, West Hartford; Mary Jane McLeon, Hartford; Dorothy DeMayo, New York City; Marie Eaton, Collinsville; Betty Ann Innsley, Poughkeepsie; and Constance Killary from Burlington, Vermont.

Those being received at the Deke House are Harriette Hyde, Smith College; Jacqueline Logan, Smith College; Elizabeth Roberts, Flushing, N. Y.; Irene Generous, Hartford; Diana Curley, Monkton, Md.; Jean Fanning, Smith College; and Barbara Bulkeley.

The Sigma Nu House will receive the following guests: Marion Rydquist, West Hartford; Shirley Tillotson, New York City; Carol O'Keefe, St. Joseph's; Rosemary Birmingham,

My delivery was learned at Bryn Mawr.

Why didn't you write
One line so trite
I'd known you were alive afore now?
The truth to relate,
(I think Harvard's great)
Mother, I never learned how.
But my greatest consternation
Is your mental constipation;
What makes you so thick in the head?
My crass confusion
Is a calculus contusion
Of a brain for aesthetics bred.
Then it's fine things you learned,
And the practical spurned!
Well, you can't eat a ceramic vase!
My soul's nutrition
Is a prior condition;
Oh, Mother, let's not be so base.
With a union card in the plasterers' trade,
I'm sure your fortune's already made;
It's your father's business, I couldn't be gladder.
You'll never fall off a high stepladder,
If I'm not a liar,
You erudite high-flier!

Weekend Calendar—or Samuel Pepys Was Never Like This!

- Friday, November 14:
5.30 p. m. Your date arrives. (You hope.)
6.30 p. m. Rally begins at chapel.
8 p. m. Rally is broadcast over statewide hook-up, "The Cheers Heard 'Round the World."
9 p. m. Your date begins dressing for the ball.
10 p. m. Winter Dance officially begins at the Hartford Club.
10.30 p. m. First couple arrive at Hop.
11 p. m. Your date finally finishes dressing.
11.30 p. m. You finally arrive at the Ball.
11.35 p. m. You lose date in crowd, decide to get a drink.
11.36 p. m. The Ball really gets going.
1.15 a. m. There are twice as many people dancing, there are two Hal McIntyres playing, you have two dates, and everything is fine.
3 a. m. Prom ends for everyone but the janitors.
Saturday, November 15:
8.25 a. m. You go to bed.
8.30 a. m. Professor Dadourian gives a math test.
9 a. m. Joe's opens.
9.02 a. m. "Pinball Paul" Weeks wins first game.
9.04 a. m. Weeks tilts for first time since last house-party.
11.30 a. m. Weeks borrows nickel from Dr. Joe Hotchkiss and hits jackpot.
2 p. m. The game begins: Trinity defends perfect record against Carrier & Co.
5 p. m. Entire Wesleyan squad leaves via the stretcher route.
8 p. m. House Dances begin.
10 p. m. Stein arrives for Fall Dance.
11.30 p. m. Dancing, etc., continues.
12 m. Dancing ends.
1.30 a. m. Etc. continues.
Sunday, November 16:
8 a. m. Chapel service—25 credits.
11 a. m. Chapel service—15 credits.
5 p. m. Chapel service—2 credits.
5.55 p. m. Date leaves.
6 p. m. Buffet Supper at Spartan A. C.

St. Joseph's; Marjorie Fee, Connecticut College; Jane Dewey, Hartford; Ruth Coombs, Smith; Margaret Gunning, Hartford; Marion Cwikla, Hartford; Ruth Hall, Audobon, N. J.; Mildred Marvin, Mt. Holyoke; Jean Middleton, Hartford; Ruth Simmons, Mt. Holyoke; Irene Matthews, Hartford; Katherine Matthews, Hartford; Ruth Buchanan, Windsor; Jean Buck, Connecticut College; Mildred Carson, Middlebury; Eunice Gledhill, Middletown; and Sally Carroll, West Hartford.

The following are being entertained at Alpha Delta Phi: Mary Miller of Mount Holyoke; Frances Dwyer of Smith; Arlene Field of Boston; Mary Bell of New York City; Evelyn Hagarty of Hartford; Sally Welsh of Skidmore; Mary Wiswau of Wilmington, Del.; Martha Comly of Hatboro, Penna.; Susan Kinman of Cambridge, Mass.; Sally Bangs of Newington; Doree Free of Hartford; Mary Baster of West Hartford; and Betty Clinger of Smith.

Those girls using the Psi Upsilon House as their headquarters include Sally Maynard, Vassar College; Mary Mechlin, Skidmore; Peggy Brooks, Washington, D. C.; Nancy Rose; Jean Ferrell, Lasell Junior College; Jane Ritter, Wellesley; Alma Martin, Lasell Junior College; Jayne Gaillard, Skidmore; Allene Gade, Sarah Lawrence; Anna Lou Gilpin, Wilmington, Del.; Lynne Walker, St. Margaret's School; Miriam Romburg, New Haven; Marietta (Boom) Springer, Wilmington, Del.; and Eunice Stunkard, Wellesley.

November Recess

The Thanksgiving recess will begin on Wednesday, November 19, at 4 p. m. and end on Sunday, November 23, at 5 p. m., when the usual Vesper service will be held. The College Office has announced. Students are reminded of the fact that the Faculty has voted that all absentees from classes on Wednesday, November 19, and Monday, November 24, will count double.

New Building Gets Taste of Wear and War, Pop Corn Rivets Explode Corny Dormitory

THREE FATALITIES

FBI Investigating Wreckage; Plan 'Resurrection' If Union Permits

The new "St. Anthony dormitory," recently constructed by Flywheel, Spinner, and Creak, Engineers Emeritus, collapsed last night due to a loosened rivet in the chimney. The damage was estimated at over ten dollars, and twelve bodies, many unidentified, were found strewn about the streets after the wind had blown away the wreckage. According to traditional custom the rats left the ship before it sank. There were only two students left in the building when the catastrophe occurred.

Valuables Saved

No valuables were lost in the wreckage, as more than twenty-five lost and bewildered freshmen were rescued by the heroic work of Wilbur, the night dean. The only fatalities worth any mention at all were those of Dean and Mrs. Hews, as well as Professor Loathrup. Dr. Hews was found lying two blocks away from the scene of the accident.

Investigators from the Federal Bureau of Investigation said tonight that the cause of the accident was obvious. The company which built the edifice had been using popcorn-headed rivets that exploded to fit the rivet hole. One of the rivets in the chimney had failed to explode and fill the hole. Excess pressure from the boiler in the central heating plant next to the gymnasium building had forced a powerful draft up to the new building. Hot air rushed into the hole where the rivet was supposed to be and immediately killed all the roaches in the special roach lounge. Continued pressure caused a loosening of the plaster and at last a complete collapse of the entire building.

Beautiful Scene

The spectacle of the fall was one of the most beautiful scenes Hartford has ever witnessed, taking place while the entire city was asleep. The building split in four exact quarters and fell flat against the ground in a quadrangle. The members of the investigating committee stated today that by using the new reverse pressure pumps and putting a new rivet in place of the bad one the entire building can be standing again at the end of twenty-four hours. The only hindrance is that it is against Union laws to construct a building in less than two months. John L. Lewis said on the phone this morning that he would probably be able to have this technicality waived.

The funeral of the deceased will be held shortly, and dates will be announced as soon as received. For further details see any one of the witnesses of the catastrophe.

WESLEYAN SQUAD SUICIDE

(Continued from page 1.) American line-up. Other less starred but equally important members of the squad are mourned by the student body. President McConihe ordered the campus flags to be flown at half mast.

It is with regret that Trinity com-

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Monday—Pass the Bromo!

Comptroller Flees to Island in Pacific Ocean with Wealth

(Continued from page 2.)

is the first word to be heard from the scoundrel since he committed his infamous crime and disappeared six days ago, carrying with him the most tremendous loot since the vandals sacked Jerusalem. The "Tripe" exclusively prints this statement which we predict will come to be one of the most amazing and important ever known in the annals of criminal history.

FROM AN UNIDENTIFIED ATOLL SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC TO PRESIDENT REMSEN B. OGOBEE, TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONN., USA.

REMSEN OLD BOY:
WISH YOU WERE HERE HAVING WONDERFUL TIME STOP INVESTED ENTIRE SUM IN WAHOOHOOHOO SWEEPSTAKE AND WON STOP THEY PAID OFF LAST HALF BILLION IN VOODOO DANCERS WHICH I SHALL BRING BACK STOP TRINITY CAN NOW HAVE LONG AWAITED FIELDHOUSE AND STADIUM BESIDES LOTS OF OTHER CUTE LITTLE THINGS STOP ALSO WON SLINK WHO SAYS COLDGOOSE HIS ASSISTANT GOT LOST IN ROSELAND TAXI - DANCE HALL THREE WEEKS AGO STOP ASK COPS TO RAID THE JOINT STOP WHAT SHALL I BRING YOU STOP I WON THE WHOLE DAMN ISLAND TOO
ROGER.

When asked to comment upon this amazing and unprecedented turn of events, President Ogobee of Trinity College stated: "Well, er, ah, I (great clouds of tobacco smoke), am very pleased with this, er, amazing development. Perhaps, er (look of glee) Roger isn't such a codger at that, er, yes."

pletes its season undefeated through such a ghastly default. The Hilltoppers plan to demonstrate their sympathy and grief on Saturday afternoon by participating in a memorial service, the details of which are being arranged.

"AWFUL MESS"

Night Dean Shows Lightning Action; Day Saved by Casket Company

The reporters of all Hartford papers interviewed the survivors of the great collapse of the new Dormitory, today at Trinity College. Your reporter, from the Hoover "Sweeper" (gets all the dirt), interviewed the men and women behind the scenes of the catastrophe. Here are the inside stories of these great heroes who risked and ran for their lives.

Mrs. Hews, wife of the dean, died in an attempt to save herself: "I wonder where Arthur went? I'm so worried."

Ex-Dean Huud, surveying the accident, reserved comment but remarked: "It's an awful mess."

Mr. Flywheel, head of the construction company who erected the building: "I ain't talkin', brudder; all I got to say is, I ain't talking. Get me!"

Wilbur, night dean of Trinity College: "It's all a mystery to me. I was doing my rounds and I hears a noise, so I think one of the boys is a little happy and wants me to put him to bed maybe. I don't know nothing."

Gus Peterson—"It's modern design that makes the big difference."

John MacNulty—"I really don't know."

Ewers Troolie—"I'm sure it wasn't I."

Joe Jones—"Vel, I tell you all 'bout dat. You see it's like dis. I'm woikin on de job, I trow de ribits, mike he catch em. Vel dis unexploded comes along an ve don see itch. Vel it's vat de scientists say enternal disubstion. I don't know. Maybe ve build a new von, maybe not. I don' care."

National Casket Company—"Take home a box to the wife and kiddies."

Moll Upsets Hilltop

(Continued from page 1.)

hundred offspring.

In addition to her story-telling abilities, she demonstrated capabilities of a purely feminine nature in weaning a certain unnamed professor high in Trinity officialdom away from his reason and his wit. Last seen, he was pouring coal on his Super Six in a Manhattanish direction shouting something about "Like a gypsy roves me!"

To top off her short-lived, rosy stay at Trinity, Miss Riggle stole four cars, which, she told reporters, she drives simultaneously in tandem style, several radios, in order that she may hear all the Helpful Home Hints programs at once. Finger-printed at Headquarters of the local constabulary as a result of her taking ways, Miss Riggle winked at the Desk Sergeant, as she lifted the gold watch, given him by his Uncle Julius, and said, "I ain't talkin' see!"

Later bulletins have disclosed Miss Riggle to be a member of the famous gang, Dames, Inc., wanted by many of the leading eastern colleges.

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Wesleyan Quiz

(Continued from page 1.)

Barnaby Lapp: "I'll think it over, and give you an answer in the morning."

Dick Doty: "No, and if not, the higher the fewer."

Bill Middlebrook: "Let me tell you about political science—"

Andy Weeks: "Fools!"

Mr. Yeastman: "Only after he had paid his tuition at Trinity."

Wilbur: "Ask me again, I'm busy."

Louis Neighbor: "I hear their Romance Languages are—well, why ask me! Oh, dear."

Dr. Ogobee: "Naw, my sons are fine, upstanding Hamilton men."

Charles Upham—"Gosh, I'm tired."

Hulda, Alpha Delt mascot—"Grrr!"

Jess Sweetser, Deke mascot—"Well, I say, old boy—"

Ted Conklin: "Well, frankly, I don't believe it. As a matter of fact I don't believe anything (Hey, that's not what I really said!)."

Dr. Before: "Why not send him to the Smithsonian Institute?"

Chorus: "Did anyone hear the word Smith?"

Lucius B. Stein: "I'm off for the weekend!"

A Wesleyan Man: "Where am I?"

Coach Jessee: "O tell us how that fellow Carrier does it!"

"Doc" Troxell: "'Fraid I can't. I'm stony broke."

(Continued on page 4.)

There Comes a Time in Any Man's Affairs...

On this all important weekend which we find looming so close at hand that we discover that it is already here, we suddenly discover that we want to preserve the memorable occasion with and through the powerful means of a picture of me with her. There are certain rules that should be observed when this urge to record the event comes over one. The most important consideration is the time. Always choose a time when she feels particularly like doing an ivy on wall act, using you as the wall. It helps prove your point at some future date.

The second important factor to be considered is the pose. There are three major poses. The diagonal, the head-on and the collision. If you can afford it, by all means have all three.

The final thing to be considered besides the price, is the photographer. An old man is always the best choice. If you choose a young one you may end up by taking a picture of him, and him taking her (get it)? An old gentleman will suggest that close up close up that should be most satisfactory to all parties concerned.

Young Freshman—"How can I get a mustache on the installment plan?"
Sophisticated Senior—"A little down each week."

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Trin Representatives Join Defense Debate

Decide that Student Committee Is Necessary for Airing Of Defense Opinion

Three members of the faculty and a student delegate represented Trinity College at a conference at Wellesley College to consider college contributions to national defense on November 10.

Dean Hughes, Dr. Humphrey, Mr. Lafore and Robert Whitsitt entered into a discussion presided over by Wesleyan president McConaughy as to whether or not college men are contributing sufficiently to national defense. During the discussion various delegates suggested that college men cannot be expected to contribute more, as a college group is only a temporary community, that air warden and first-aid training may be still premature.

Finally, the debate included the question, Should college men be privates, or are they unqualifiably prospective officers? It was also suggested that in a "committee age" student bodies need a committee outside a college senate which would make student opinion more audible to faculty and officials by means of defense questions and correspondence with individual students.

Office Dope

Herman Francis MacGuyer, '08, father of R. H. MacGuyer, '44, died suddenly in Providence last Sunday. The funeral was held on Tuesday and was attended by Dr. Harold C. Jaquith and a delegation from the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

Some of the suits in the west wing of the new dormitory have been completed and occupants are moving in this week. Dean and Mrs. Hughes and Dr. and Mrs. Lothrop and the janitor and his wife have already been installed. It is expected that the remainder of the suites will be completed next week.

The landscaping has been completed as far as work can be done in the fall and seeding of the lawn will have to wait till spring.

A Communion service for the Beta Beta Chapter of Psi Upsilon was held in the Chapel of Perfect Friendship last Wednesday morning, in memory of Phillip B. McCook who died just two years ago. Also honored were his mother, who died last week and his aunt, who died Monday morning. Rev. Donald B. Aldrich, the speaker for the Wednesday Chapel service, who is a member of the Dartmouth chapter of Psi Upsilon assisted Dr. Ogilby at the service.

Soccer Outlook Appears More Rosy for the Future

Ten Sophomores Exhibit Promise; Upperclassmen Are Praised By their Instructor

Regardless of the result of the Wesleyan-Trinity soccer game this Friday, November 14, the varsity booters have had an encouraging year and one that presages good teams during the coming seasons.

Coach McCloud said that Ned Dexter of the class of '44 is one of the best soccer players ever to wear the Blue and Gold. In the last few games he has played very well in the forward line, which is out of his usual position. Coach Alvin Reinhardt of the freshman team has trained a plucky group of fellows who will add much to the record of Trinity soccer when they become upperclassmen.

Coach McCloud has praise for the seniors and juniors on this year's team: **Jim Cannon:** the team suffered all season from the time he was disabled by a knee injury, it would have helped to have had his experience; **Ted Morrison:** helped much in the goal, has played well in several games; **Phil Dryden:** constantly improved throughout the season, was very aggressive; **Dick Dexter:** improved 100% over last year, old reliable, added much needed experience

Wesleyan Quiz

(Continued from page 3.)

Haroutune Mugurdich: "Announcement: A short Math. I quiz will be held at 4 o'clock Christmas Eve."

MacBeaty: "What's par on their golf course?"

Jac Cushman: "Quiet, please I'm writing this article."

Dan Riker: "I want my son to get plenty of sleep. Do they hold any classes down there?"

Steve Glidden: "See me in my office."

Wesleyan Faculty: "Well, after all . . ."

Charley Thenebe: "Just wait a few more years, fellers, and I'll ask him what he thinks."

to a position that was expected to be weak; **Don Heseltine:** capable of playing very well but his stiff courses have prevented him from getting into his best form in soccer; **Bill Tourison:** played his first varsity ball this year and did a good job though he came out late in the season; **Nick Motto:** reliable, hard worker, at a handicap because he was out of college last year, battled all the time; **Jarvis Brown:** played any halfback position well though seemed more at home at center, played throughout the game without letting down; **Charlie Hodkins:** was a life-saver to the team, worked in national defense early in season but dropped that in favor of the team, he was a great aid to the team; **Chet Siems:** here is a senior, he was a strong and long kicker, when the ball came to him the team knew it would soon be down in the other end of the field; **Thornton McGee:** fast, aggressive, bolstered up the forward line very much, nicknamed "all-over-the-field McGee."

Official Notice

During this coming week-end the campus will be crowded with alumni, guests and possibly strangers. It is suggested that students be particularly careful to see that their rooms are locked, their cars locked and that more care be given to their personal belongings than is usually the case.

On Saturday, students are asked to leave the north parking area near the Chapel entirely free. Many of our alumni and others who come to the football game will need parking area and we must not crowd the streets too much. Student cars should, therefore, be parked at the south area near Boardman Hall, or any places other than those we want to reserve for persons attending the game.

R. B. Ogilby.

G. Huntington Byles Third Guest Organist

On Monday, November 17, at 8.15 p.m., the third in a series of four organ recitals will be given in the college chapel. The guest organist is to be Mr. G. Huntington Byles, of Trinity Church, New Haven, Conn. Mr. Byles is well-known here, having previously given concerts at Trinity and twice brought his choir from Trinity Church.

Mr. Byles is a graduate of the New York School of Music, has done special organ work at Yale with Dr. Jepson, and in Paris with Marcel Dupre and Louis Vierne, the well-known composer. In addition, he has made a study of boy voice production at Westminster Abbey, under the tutelage of Dr. Bullock.

Mr. Byles' selections will be as follows:

First Symphony, Louis Vierne
Prelude, Pastorale, Allegro Vivace
Prelude and Fugue in B Major,
C. Saint-Saens
La Nativite, Jean Langlais
Roman Symphony, C. M. Widor
Moderato, Choral, Final

The final recital of the month, on November 24, will be given by Mr. Richard Ross, choirmaster of the Church of the Holy Nativity, in Baltimore, Md.

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