

VOL. XXIX, No. 1

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1957

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## JANUARY 1957

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JANUARY, 1957

No. 1

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# EDITORIAL

In October of this year an event happened that amazed and delighted the whole free world: Hungary's revolt against her cruel oppressor, Russia. Whether it was planned or spontaneous it is hard to tell. It is interesting to note, however, that Poland had ousted a few Communist government officials just a few weeks before.

Most people in this and other countries became aware of what had happened only when they read about the revolution in their newspapers the



next morning. In the revolution there weren't any heroes whose names got in big, heavy print, because every brave Hungarian who fought for his freedom was a hero. In the last fifty years there have been few examples of such pure courage and patriotism.

The very first fighting in Hungary started in Budapest and spread like wildfire throughout the rest of the country. The revolutionaries easily held control of most of it, at first. Then began the slaughter and cruelty that sickened everyone. Russian tanks moved in by the score and mowed down helpless Hungarians. Russian machine guns made the streets a terror. Buildings holding petrified little children seeking safety were reduced to rubble by Russian bombs. Many Red soldiers, disgusted by these methods, joined the Hungarians, sometimes bringing with them invaluable weapons.

It took a week for Russia to crush the courageous Hungarians. After their bloody victory, the Russians packed Hungarian men, women, and children, down to three years old, in box-cars and sent them to slave labor camps in Siberia.

Because of these clumsy and brutal measures, Russia has been verbally attacked by everybody, even her closest friends and allies. She has found out that she cannot depend on her "satellite countries" in case of war and that they are just waiting for the opportunity to strike at her. This should make Russia stop and think before starting a Third World War. The Hungarian revolution, however, shows Russia and others like her that as long as people have love of freedom and of their country (which can never be destroyed) they will not surrender meekly to the aggressor but will fight and eventually destroy the country which has tried to take away their freedom.

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### WELCOME TO NEW TEACHERS

We welcome to the Faculty Mrs. Richard Griggs. Mrs. Griggs graduated from Trenton State Teachers' College and then taught at Roselle Park Junior High School. She has also taught at the Nassau Street School. She now teaches Mathematics I and assists with the secretarial duties.

We also welcome Mr. Alexander Robinson. Mr. Robinson graduated from Columbia University in 1951. He spent three years in the U. S. Marine Corps and then taught at the Hun School for two years. He now teaches Latin and History II.



## THE KILLER

By WEBB HARRISON (VI)

He took out his pipe, lit it, and casually tossed the match out of the window of his car. This insignificant match changed the lives of hundreds of people and brought untold destruction to the countryside.

Perhaps Mr. Cox would have been more careful with his match if he could have foreseen the consequences. He gave no thought to his careless action, however, and instead turned on the radio to help pass the time till his arrival at his home.

Meanwhile, a few miles down the country road, the match had lighted the dry autumn leaves and had started a brush fire. The fire now was spreading rapidly, aided by a brisk wind. As it raced through the heavily wooded area, the fire seemed almost like a hungry dog, lapping up all that got in its way. The flames leaped at the trunks of trees, climbed up the sides, and danced mockingly from limb to limb. They jumped great distances from tree to tree. It seemed that there was no gap they couldn't conquer. Nature had been unleashed, and it responded viciously.

The fire-tower observer had by this time spotted the fire and had alerted the nearby towns. Here all the volunteers possible had gathered, leaving mainly children and women, who later would play a valuable role. The inexperienced volunteers drove quickly to the scene,

most of them wishing they had paid more attention to the fire instructor.

The volunteers went to work, digging ditches where necessary and using the conveniently located stream to the best advantage, but all knew that they had no power over this form of nature. They were afraid but showed no fear as they fought for their lives. But the fire fought for its life too, and it was not to be stopped. It chewed at the trees ravenously, striving to reach its goal, the farming community of Burton. The hours flew by, and night came. The flames were silhouetted against the black night with a mysterious beauty.

To the fire-fighters, however, it was ugly and gruesome, for they also saw the charred land left behind. The women fought as valiantly in this battle for existence as the men. They nursed the injured, fed the hungry, and gave shelter to the few that had time for sleep. They gave the necessary inspiration to the discouraged men and always had a cheerful smile on their lips.

If the fire continued on its present course, Burton was the only village in danger. The people of Burton still took it lightly, though, for to them the fire was just a reddish glow on the horizon some twenty miles away. They hadn't yet felt its astounding power.

Meanwhile, home in Elmira, Mr.

Cox had his supper, watched television, and leisurely read a mystery story before retiring. If he were keeping a diary, this would have been recorded as just an average day. He did not know that men were paying with their lives and lands for his recklessness. The question never occurred to him, what right did he have to make widows and orphans out of once happy families? No, it's not a big day in his life; but it will be remembered by hundreds from the scars on their hands and bodies.

While Mr. Cox was sleeping peacefully, the volunteers still fought the fire, first with water, now with sand, and still again with trenches. None of these methods was effective. They could slow the progress of the fire but could not alter its course. The only weapon for this was prayer, and it was used frequently. But still the fire grew.

Dawn came, and with it came hope, for the sky was clouded over, suggesting rain. Perhaps Burton,

now only seven miles away, would be saved. Then suddenly it happened. The clouds broke open, and the rain came down in torrents. The great fire sizzled and hissed, as if warning the rain to stop. Disobedient, the rain kept on with driving force. It seemed like God's way of apologizing for all the damage done, the lives lost. Soon those leaping flames were harmless smoldering timbers. The men, women, and children alike fell to their knees in thanks to God.

But as one killer was extinguished, the other was very much alive. He was at this time reading in his newspaper about the large fire, with little more than casual interest. This was the killer who would never be known. He would serve no sentence and pay no fine, but he had killed a dozen people and stolen thousands of dollars worth of trees.

But if you were to punish all the careless people in this world, the prisons would be overrun!

## DOWN MY PATH

By JOSEPH SMITH (IV)

I knew that the path  
Had felt this morning, other feet;  
For in the damp dirt  
Were footprints, pointed and neat.  
Two deer side by side  
Had stepped from the grass, white with frost,  
To my path and again  
In the grass were forever lost.  
Searching under oak leaves  
I found the tracks of a fawn  
— Where the three had met . . . and gone on.

## ELEPHANTS CAN'T BE HURRIED

By WILLIAM STANIAR (IV)

On the Isle of Wight, which is off the coast of England, the people hold an anniversary celebration every year. This affair includes many parties, a carnival, and a parade in which the local people dress in costume and various animals march, among them three or four elephants.

During this celebration about two years ago a visitor to the island was driving along in his little English car when he came to a side road where the procession of elephants was going by. He slowed down and crept along behind the elephants. At last he was so mad at being kept behind them that he edged up to the one at the rear of the line and touched its back leg with his bumper. Well, this is the signal for an elephant to sit down, and sit down it did. It sat on the hood of the car. After a struggle, the elephant finally got himself to his feet again

and lumbered off after the others.

The driver found a side road and finally got in the direction of the main road. When he came to the main road, a policeman, seeing the car coming, stopped him and told him his car was in an unsafe condition to drive. The poor man, upset at being held up again, turned to the policeman and said, "I'm sorry, officer, but an elephant sat on my car." Whereupon the officer took the unfortunate man and put him in the local jail for insult to an officer and being in a doubtful condition for safe driving.

Several hours later the officer, rather sheepishly, entered the cell to say, "I'm sorry, sir, that I doubted your word. We have now heard that an elephant really did sit on your car. I have to apologize." The man was then set free to hurry on his way.

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## THE STRAITS

By MICHAEL MADEIRA (V)

Pearl Harbor, in the year 1943, was in constant hubbub, especially around the submarine base. It was in September, and I was at the submarine base waiting for the submarine I was to command, to be launched. Her name was **Sea Robber**, and she had a top speed, on the

surface of the water, of 23 knots, very fast for a submarine of her time. She was very durable, and I was told she was the best sub built by the Navy until 1945.

Three weeks later, the U.S.S. **Sea Robber** was ready for sea duty, and we started to drill the men on how

the ship should be run. The men, except for Robins, my executive officer, and a few others, were all new, and so it took a month of practice before we could go to our patrol area near the Mariana Islands.

When we finally headed for the Marianas, the crew was fairly well trained, and judging from the drills, their morale was up.

At last we got to our patrol area, which was wholly unproductive for two days, but on the morning of the third day masts were sighted. We quietly submerged, and as the ships came closer, we discovered that they were Japanese. There were two escorts, and one transport, the escorts flanking the transport, and they were all following a zigzag pattern. I decided that the best thing to do would be to get in front of the transport and shove a torpedo right down his throat. I had the periscope up and we had just gotten in position when I saw an escort coming right at us! We fired two torpedoes out of the bow tubes, but that was all we had time for. "Take her down to 200 feet and prepare for depth charging," I yelled.

We had barely gotten to our allotted depth when we received such a barrage of depth charges you can scarcely imagine it! Everything that wasn't heavily soldered to the deck was thrown against the bulkhead and broken, and so were some men! Finally after about an hour of this the escort gave up.

Four days afterward we stopped

about twenty miles southeast of the opening to the Yellow Sea. Our situation was as follows: The entrance to the Yellow Sea was between two islands about three miles apart, and those three miles were very heavily mined. There was also danger from shells from artillery on the islands, and the water between the two islands was only 70 feet deep in the deepest place. I decided the only thing to do was to send out frogmen to blast those mines. We moved in as close as possible and dispatched two frogmen from the escape hatch. I gave them instructions to set fuses for half an hour and to take no risks. In about three quarters of an hour **one** frogman came back! I asked him where the other man was and he said they had split up, one setting fuses and the other looking for mines. Meanwhile there was only ten minutes before the first explosion was to go off. I sent the man back to look for the other frogman, telling him to be back in five minutes. He came back alone. The first explosion went off, and then another, but still no man. Finally there was a faint rap on the hatch. We opened it and in came the frogman. He didn't say a thing, just fainted.

At last we got through the islands, though we came within five feet of hitting a mine. We sank five ships and damaged four, so when we arrived back at Pearl Harbor we had no torpedoes left, and were the first U. S. submarine to have ventured into the Yellow Sea.

## HOW TO CONSTRUCT MODEL SCENERY

By RICHARD BAKER (V)

Model scenery is not only easy and fun to make but it is economical too. It requires only the most common materials to build a beautiful and realistic scene.

Whether you are building a model railroad setup, a store window display, or a Christmas tree scene, the procedure is the same. The materials you will need are some scraps of wood, some screening or other fine wire meshing, and plaster of paris or papier mache. You can probably find these in your own house or garage. Plan out what you are going to do on paper first so you will know where everything goes.

Starting with the framework you build gradually, finishing each step before starting the next. Cut ribs to the general contour of your landscape and set them up by nailing up-rights and crossbars to them. Base all roads and roadbeds with quarter-inch plywood or thin pine. Make sure all roads have a base before starting the next step.

Next you cover the framework with the screening or fine wire mesh. Fasten it down with tacks or a staple gun. You do not have to fasten it

down tight to the ribs because you want humps and hollows to make it look realistic.

Now apply the plaster or papier mache. Do not put it on thickly but let it run in humps. This irregularity adds to the realistic effect. Be sure to let the plaster dry thoroughly before adding the final touches.

No scene is realistic without trees, grass, and shrubs. Accordingly we will plan our scene. Paint the plaster in varying shades of green and brown. While the paint is wet add sawdust thinly to simulate grass. Trees and shrubs can be made out of lichen. Most hobby stores have it.

Other details can also be easily made. A river is a piece of glass with the underside painted blue. A cliff is plaster applied thickly and cut sideways while wet. Snow is flour sifted over the whole surface. Rocks are pebbles set in the wet plaster. A background can be made with a painted backdrop.

When you are through, if you have worked carefully and patiently you will have a scene that looks truly beautiful and real and will last indefinitely.



## THE NARROW ESCAPE

By DOUGLAS RAMPONA (VI)

It's a sunny, cool day, and my whole family is out for a drive through the scenic Vermont countryside. We are approaching the famous Quechee Gorge—one foot higher than Niagara Falls. There are roadside shops on the other side of the Gorge, and my mother and sister want to do a little gift shopping. So they drag Dad along to see if he will approve of what they buy. Even if he doesn't like it they will go ahead and buy it!

I am now left alone — to my own pleasure, of course. I go running around gathering the few scarce stones to drop over the Gorge. Stones are scarce because everybody else also has the urge to try to fill up the Gorge by practising Newton's Theory of Gravitation.

I soon find a few stones and join in the pastime of dropping them off the bridge.

Suddenly an ear-splitting noise jars the air as a speeding, flashy car comes skidding into view around the corner. But instead of slowing down for the safety of the pedestrians on the narrow bridge, the car accelerates tremendously just before reaching the bridge. Suddenly it swerves and heads straight for me!

In desperation I dive flat under the oncoming car. In a few seconds it's all over. There is a horrible noise, and the wreck crumples at the bottom of the huge drop.

Scrambling to my feet, I notice all the onlookers rushing toward me and the jagged hole in the iron fence. But disregarding me, they just stand gaping at the terrible mess of metal and bodies at the bottom of the Gorge. I get a queer feeling deep down inside me, thinking what might have happened to me. But won't my family be surprised to hear of my narrow escape! Now I decide to go down and get a first-hand view at the bottom of the Gorge.

It feels strange that I don't even breathe heavily from climbing down the steep descent. I am quite surprised to see another body, not in the car, but on the rocks. Oh well, it was probably thrown out of the car during the fall. The figure is recognizable. I go to it. It's me! Now it's all clear to me why the people passed by me on the bridge after the accident. I wasn't there! I hadn't had time to duck under the automobile. I was knocked off the bridge by the car. I'm dead!

## RESCUED

By ANDREW HARRIS (VI)

With two long blasts on her horn, the **Media** slowly pulled out of the harbor at Liverpool. The **Media**, a small, one-class Cunard liner, was starting off on one of her numerous seven-day crossings between New York and Liverpool. This trip was different; for now she was out to set a time record, two hours under her all-time record. I was on board and from the first it seemed from the boat's vibration that the propellers must be whirling at their maximum speed.

Five days later we were still keeping to our time-schedule, although it was fairly foggy and the sea very rough. Suddenly an urgent message came over the radio. It was from a Canadian Coast Guard ship. The message said that one of their crew had a serious case of appendicitis. They had no doctor on board and, since we were the nearest ship, we had to go to his rescue. It would take us at least six-and-one-half hours out of our way and that of course meant not being able to make the time record; but at such a moment it mattered very little.

By three o'clock all of the ship's passengers and crew had lined the rails of the three decks. Everyone waited, straining eyes and ears. The water had become even rougher and on account of the fog we could not see more than two miles.

Then, suddenly, as if out of nowhere, loomed the Coast Guard ship off our starboard bow. As we drew near to each other I could see that the ship was about the same size as the **Media**. Her deck was also crowded with the crew.

Both the ships were going very slowly now. When we were about a quarter of a mile away the Coast Guard ship let down a life-boat. In it were four crew members, a man on a stretcher and a man at the rudder. This last man I kept my eyes fixed on most of the time. Standing in the stern, he was clutching the huge rudder with all his might. It took a man of great strength to steer that small craft through the fierce waves.

In a surprisingly short time the life boat was alongside the **Media**. In comparison it looked tiny way down below in the water. After it had been fastened securely to our ship, four more ropes were lowered from a door in the side of the **Media**. These were tied to the stretcher. Then, when all was ready, the sailor who had the appendicitis was slowly hoisted up by pulleys into our ship.

Then the life-boat returned to the Coast Guard ship, which soon disappeared into the fog.

The man recovered and, by the time we reached Pier 92 in New York, he was feeling fine.



## TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

By PHILIP BONNET (V)

"Phil, Philip Bonnet, I'm addressing you," said our new teacher. We had had her two weeks, two weeks too many.

"Er a, yes, ma'am?"

"What is the answer to the question?"

"What question?"

After the class of fifty-four boys and girls stopped laughing, Miss Tindall informed me that I would be spending time with her after school again.

The next few hours were so boring that I almost fell asleep. Finally I heard, "Class dismissed, except for Philip!" Then Miss Tindall walked down to where I was sitting and said, "I just can't believe that you're the son of Louisa Dean."

I replied, "I'm not. I'm the son of Mrs. Bonnet!"

"Don't interrupt me. I know who your mother is. For tomorrow I want you to write out fifty times — I must pay attention in class. You may go now."

On my way home I passed Robert's house. He was waiting for me.

"What happened, Phil?"

"Oh nothing. I just have to write some junk fifty times. I'm gonna scribble it."

The next day in class the first

thing I heard was, "Philip, I can't read this."

After a few weeks of tacks on seats, and corridor and playground fighting, I was back in the principal's office again. Mrs. Burns said, "Not again, Phil! Even before class! Show me, Phil, how do you punch during these fights?"

I showed her, and she said, "You'll find you can hit a lot harder if you close your fist up solid like this. That's all. Go to your room."

I wasn't prepared for this. I had expected a long lecture or a severe punishment, but this caught me off guard. I actually felt ashamed.

"I'm sorry I've been so bad," I said. "I don't like Miss Tindall, but I'll give her a chance."

"It's a little late for that," said Mrs. Burns. "She quit last night. But you can still turn over a new leaf and give yourself a chance."

At the end of that school year I stood outside my father's office while he examined my final report card. It was nice to see the smile on his face when he saw all "C's" and "B's" including **conduct**.

He realized that I'd traveled a long distance from the beginning to the end of Third Grade.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE OF GOLF

By HOWARD BUSHNELL (VI)

Golf does not look like a difficult game. In fact, it's really quite simple. The object of the game is to hit a little white ball down a grassy strip of land with a club, until a little hole is reached. Then the ball is tapped into the hole. Nothing could be harder.

There are only a few things that can go wrong in the two or three hundred yards between the place where you first hit the ball and where the little hole is. The least of your worries are: that you miss the ball completely, or just knock it a few inches; that you slice it into the woods on the right, or hook it into that bunch of huckleberry bushes on the left; or that the hit is straight but lands in a river a hundred feet in front of the hole. It's surprising how quickly golf balls disappear!

All this quickly separates the men from the boys and divides the golfers into different categories. One golfer will shoot the ball into the woods and spend fifteen minutes looking for it while twenty other people are waiting to tee off. Then again, another will lose his ball and not even bother to look for it. (This chap comes to the course in a white Continental and is greatly loved by little boys who like to collect golf balls.)

Also common is the golfer who vows he will **never** go out on the

course again because of his lousy score. The next morning he is out at the driving range getting help from a pro. This incident is repeated about every two weeks. And, of course, there is the proverbial golfer who breaks his clubs if he misses an "easy" putt. He is next seen buying some new clubs and getting murdered by his wife for taking up golf in the first place.

There are various ways of getting oneself and one's clubs around the course. Carrying a heavy bag of clubs around eighteen holes is no joke, and is often responsible for the loss of customers for the Golf Club (to say nothing of a few broken shoulders). This is where caddies come in. A caddie is a person who can be paid to carry your clubs and thus keep your shoulder in golfing condition. But for that golfer who owns the white Continental, a common caddie won't do. He owns a little motor scooter that has three wheels, two seats, and enough room to put two or three golf bags in. These gadgets attract ridicule from the first to the eighteenth hole as they putt-putt down the fairway after the ball. If all the party can't get into it, or a few extra caddies are needed, they go running after the little scooter as it goes its way. Believe me, there are few more ridiculous sights in the world.

For the beginner, golf clubs — being rather expensive — can be easily acquired free by asking a golfer's wife for her husband's clubs. If he is gone all day playing golf instead of cutting the grass, weeding the garden, painting the back porch, etc., etc., she will be more than glad to give them to you! As for golf balls, they are found quite readily in the woods around the course. Moreover,

you can always wait in the woods for a ball to sail in and then hide it until the golfer goes away. Then, after a few lessons, you'll be on your way to becoming a golfer.

I myself enjoy golf very much and strongly recommend it to all who want to play a game you don't have to be a big, muscular athlete to play. As you can see, golf takes skill!

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## CONQUEST OF THE SEA WALL

By ALEXANDER KIRKPATRICK (V)

So there I was, standing on a nine-foot sea wall above a loosely packed heap of sand. I was being urged by my brother Roger and a couple of his friends to jump, but since I was a mere seven-year-old runt the prospects seemed pretty dim. Every time I looked down my heart would skip a beat, so I made a firm resolution to jump. Just as I was about to carry out this promise, my mother called me for lunch. Not wanting to miss one of the three most important events of the day, I hastened to the house. So, while I am eating, I will take this opportunity to fill you in on some of the details.

First, the whole thing takes place in Shelter Island, which is about a half-mile off Greenport, Long Island. Second, in case anyone should ask why, I will quote someone (Lord

knows who) and answer gallantly, "Because it is there!" Meanwhile, I am just finishing my lunch, letting out my belt, and starting down the road toward the beach.

I am much braver now, since I have a big meal under my belt.

Soon I arrive at the wall and decide to try it right away, sitting down. But any of you who know me well realize how clumsy I am. So, in the act of sitting down, I slipped, and fell to my supposed doom. Much to my surprise, it was fun!

Anyone who happened to frequent that beach from about two o'clock till about six o'clock could have seen me complete the following ritual time and time again. I would climb up onto the wall, brace myself, and jump; climb up again, and so on into the night.

## A LOST CAUSE

By JOSEPH SMITH (IV)

My grandmother once said, "Today's children don't have any fun because they buy everything instead of making things." Well, I agreed with her and have tried to do something about it on various occasions.

There's the time I collected old crates. I fastened my wagon behind my bike and spent all one Saturday morning hauling enough crates home to build a clubhouse. When my father saw my loot he said I would make an eyesore for the neighborhood, and he put in a hasty call to our garbage man to come and remove my collection.

Then there's the time my brother and I fashioned a rope ladder and set about making the framework for a tree house. We had looked all the trees over on our lot and had found one whose branches were just right to hold a tree house. My brother had taken measurements and had drawn plans for our home in the sky when my mother appeared on the scene. She disregarded all we had to say about the appropriateness of this particular tree. The only thing she could see was that it was right in line with our neighbor's bedroom window.

But the thing that caused the greatest explosion — one that extended to all the mothers of the boys in my crowd — was the gunpowder plot.

That started, as did many of our

other ideas, from a book we read — in fact, several books. It is the habit of the boys in our crowd to tip the others off when we find a book that is especially good. We all read it and discuss the good points. There were these books that told about the adventures of some boys with firecrackers and other explosives.

Now firecrackers are mighty hard to come by in New Jersey since they are banned by the state law. But from time to time we were able to get supplies when some of our good friends made trips to places in Virginia. We would give all our savings to the friend to invest in firecrackers. When he returned from the trip, we would meet at one of our homes and retreat to the back of a farm or to a secluded lot and set off firecrackers like crazy. After a while this became tame, and our inventive little minds set to work on a way to make a bomb that would be bigger and louder than any firecracker. How could we get some gunpowder? was the question we whispered about in the library and the last thing we thought about before we went to sleep at night. We all knew what went into gunpowder, but we didn't know the exact proportions.

I found my answer in the most innocent of spots — The World Book Encyclopedia. Since gunpowder was on my mind, I looked it up in the World Book one day when I was

looking up material for a school report. I held my breath as I read, word for word, the way gunpowder is made. I was tense with the excitement of my new knowledge.

Before school next morning I called the gang together and told them I knew the formula for making gunpowder. There and then we formed a club. I was easily made president since I had the knowledge. I appointed a different lieutenant to buy each ingredient at a different drug store.

That afternoon I met with one of my fellow scientists and we successfully made gunpowder.

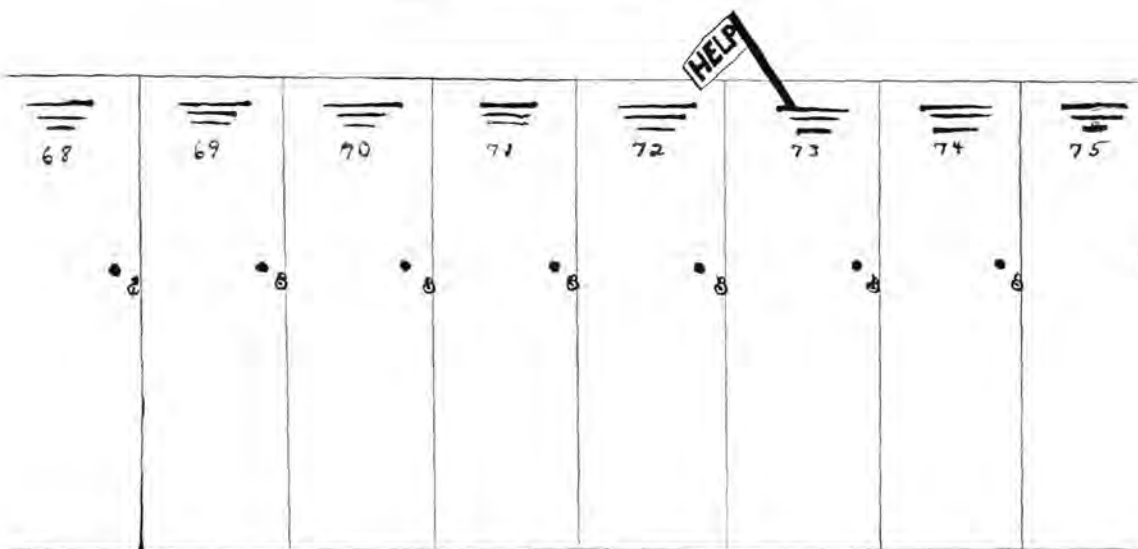
From then on the ingredients were kept in a cigar box behind the third row of books in my room. There was always a bottle with a good supply

of gunpowder there too.

We had not had a chance to do any experimenting with a bomb when we realized we were being surrounded by spies. An opposition club had been formed. They must have called themselves some high-sounding name like The Safety Council or The Vigilantes. At any rate the members were our **mothers**.

It seemed our whispered telephone conversations had at one time been intercepted by a mother's extension phone.

Well, that was the end. We were all talked to individually by our own parents. As we looked into their kind, earnest faces, we solemnly promised not to monkey with that "dangerous stuff" again.



"ONE OF OUR FIRST FORMERS IS MISSING"—By Mike Muir (V)

## MY HOBBY, AMATEUR RADIO

By ANTHONY LAUCK (IV)

I think that the best way to spend your free time is by a hobby. My hobby is Amateur ("Ham") Radio. There are thousands of radio "Hams" all over the world. They talk to each other at all hours of the night. Some buy fabulous equipment and others, like myself, build their own stations.

To become a "ham" you must pass a strict examination given, in this country, by the General Communications Commission. They also check up to see that you do not break any rules or interfere with other stations that are not amateur. However, there are so many amateurs and so few frequencies that amateurs are always interfering with each other. To try to sort out the weakest signal out of a dozen is really hard!

Radio amateurs are valuable people in emergencies. When all other communications are destroyed radio "Hams" supply the necessary communications.

If you like to fish here is a kind of fishing you can do even when you are sick! This is "DXing" or trying to talk to stations all over the world. One of the awards is "DXCC" which you get for talking to 100 foreign countries. Another is "Worked All States" which you get for talking to at least one person in every one of the 48 states. Some people in our class listen to the short wave. That is fun, but what's even more fun is to

call him back and then to hear him call you. Radio amateurs have a code that is very easy. A contact between two "Hams" might go like this:

"CQ CQ CQ de K8LWX K8LWX K8LWX K"

"K8LWX de K2SOW AR"

"K2SOW de K8LWX BT R R FB OM ES TNX FER THE CALL BT UR SIGS RST 599 599 HR IN FLINT MICH BT NAME HR IS BILL BILL BT HW AR K2SOW de K8LWX K"

This is the beginning of a contact. It means: "Calling all stations. This is K 8 LWX. Go ahead."

"K 8 LWX this is K 2 SOW. End of transmission."

"K 2 SOW this is K 8 LWX — received very well, old man, and thanks for the call — Your signals are excellent here in Flint, Michigan — Name here is Bill Bill — How did you copy? End of transmission. K 2 SOW this is K 8 LWX. Go ahead."

Amateur radio is a wonderful hobby once you get into it. It is something you will not outgrow. As you get older you will get a better set. Through "Ham" radio you will meet many people. I have had a schedule with a doctor for the past few weeks. I call him "Doc" and he calls me "Tony." He is fifty years old but we are good friends. Since he lives in Virginia I would never have met him if it hadn't been for Amateur Radio.



As it is, we are very good friends.

Why don't you become a "Ham?"  
It's not as hard as you think. There  
are over 100,000 hams in the world!

If they can do it, so can you!

BCNU on 80 meters very soon!  
I'm K 2 SOW. CUL OM.

---

## KILLER STICKS

By JOHN GOBLE (IV)

"While on an expedition to Alice Springs our party was attacked by aborigines armed with boomerangs," wrote one of the early Australian settlers. "Several horses were knocked down and some of our party injured. However the deadliness of these devices has been greatly exaggerated as none of us had a wound over an inch and a half deep."

Maybe I am a softy, but an inch and a half seemed pretty terrible to me. When I read this, I wanted to know more about boomerangs. This summer I went to London. While I was there, I went to the Horniman Museum. They had a special exhibition of primitive weapons. The curator of the museum told me a great deal about them.

Many countries use different kinds of boomerangs. The oldest boomerang they had there was over 3,500 years old. The Hopi Indians, a tribe in the southwestern part of the United States, use the boomerang for small game hunting. In India they use a fighting type boomerang with a razor-sharp edge. In Sudan you see the big hatchet-like boomerang with a curved handle. The most curious was the beaked war boomerang used by certain South Pacific

tribes. But Australia is the real home of the boomerang. There they never really discovered the principle of the bow and arrow. Consequently they became very skilled in handling the boomerang.

Boomerangs are made from either bone, wood, or plastic. There are two kinds, the returning and the non-returning. The returning boomerang is used only in exhibitions of skill in handling them. The non-returning is used for hunting. A hunting boomerang is about a yard long and on an angle from 50-120 degrees depending on how far you want it to fly. A boomerang closely resembles the wings of an airplane. It flies vertical to the ground rather than flat. When it strikes it has picked up so much velocity due to its special construction that it actually hits with a greater force than when it leaves the hand of the thrower. A boomerang is shaped like a sickle and has a greater cutting surface than any other missile thrown from the hand. It can be thrown for a distance of seven hundred feet.

I thanked the curator and left. Later I realized how much I had learned about boomerangs.

## WHILE THE CLOCK TICKED

By GILBERT LEA (V)

John Frederic Williams was born in the slums of Chicago in the year 1860. His grandparents had come over to the United States in 1802 from India, shortly after his mother was born. His grandfather's father had said that his granddaughter's first son should have a package that had been carefully stored in a wooden carton.

When John was born, his mother opened the carton and found a note along with a clock. The note said, "Always keep this clock running, and the owner shall always have good fortune." Then his mother wound the clock and put it on the shelf above the stove.

Life was hard for the Williams family, and John got a job with a grocery store when he was fourteen, but the little money he made went to help feed his family. He did not have much spending money of his own.

After a year at this job his employer saw that John was a smart boy and an efficient worker. He was given a raise in pay and an easier job of waiting on customers and keeping the accounts straight.

John knew the sense of saving, so he kept saving until he had quite a sum of money. This he put into stocks and bonds which all paid off. John knew the advantage of a college education and used his money and a partial scholarship to go to a

junior college for two years.

After he got out of college he went into the cotton industry. In a small cotton plant he started at the bottom, working a machine that spun the cotton fiber into thread. This employer also found that John was efficient and promoted him to the position of assistant treasurer. He had now taken the longest and the hardest step. From then on everything came more easily: treasurer, assistant vice-president, vice-president, and finally, when the president died, John became president.

John F. Williams was such a fine businessman that his company, the Williams Cotton Co., became very large, with factories all over the United States. Every night he carefully wound his treasured clock.

After many years of success he retired at the age of 70 and turned the business over to his son, who was vice-president. Five years later he had a heart attack and became very sick. Just two months later he had another heart attack and died. When his son gathered his belongings, he found the clock. It had stopped. When he wound it, it would not run. Although he took it to experts in many cities he could not find one that could make it run, so it had died like the man to whose life it had brought good fortune.



## THE SECRET CLUBHOUSE

By WILLIAM PUTNEY (IV)

"Aw, Ma, why can't we have a Clubhouse in the woods?" asked Frank, doubtful that he would get a good answer.

"I've said before and I suppose I'll have to say it again, Frank," said his mother, "that it's dangerous in those woods and too near the railroad tracks. Why, just anyone could walk right off the tracks and be where you want to build this . . . this . . ."

"Clubhouse!" broke in Frank.

"Well, no matter what you call it you can't build it — and that's final."

"But, Ma . . ."

"I said 'that's final' and I meant it!" said his mother firmly.

Frank Baxter moped out of the house, a broken boy.

"What does she know about clubhouses, anyway?" muttered Frank to himself. Then, suddenly, an idea began to form slowly in Frank's head . . .

Later that afternoon no one noticed four small boys sneaking into Frank's father's workshop and sneaking out with lumber and tools. And no one noticed four small boys crossing the railroad tracks and disappearing into the woods.

The next morning at breakfast

Frank's father said: "Has anybody seen my tools and some of my lumber? I went down to my workshop this morning and some things are missing."

"Why . . . no, Dad, I haven't seen any of your stuff," said Frank. "And by the way, Ma, I won't be home until 6 o'clock tonight."

"Why, Frank?" asked his mother.

"Er . . . I'm going on a hike with the gang."

That afternoon, at their newly erected clubhouse, the boys decided on a plan which, if they were caught, would mean many sessions with the hairbrush but, if it succeeded, would mean a lot of "cool fun."

Three days later at exactly 12:58 a. m. at four houses four small boys shut the door softly behind them so as not to wake their sleeping parents. At exactly 1:26 a. m. four small boys met at their clubhouse in the dark woods. However, at exactly 1:37 a. m. they began to hear "funny noises" and at exactly 2:06 a. m. four frightened and tired small boys were dashing across the railroad tracks and heading for home.

I don't think that any of those four small boys ever told of their secret clubhouse," do you?

**WHO'S WHO****BLUES****COLOR OFFICERS****WHITES****1956-1957**Webb Harrison, Jr., *President*Harrison Fraker, Jr., *President*James Carey, Jr., *Secretary*Hugh D. Wise, III, *Secretary***SOCCER****TEAM CAPTAINS****FOOTBALL**

Hugh D. Wise, III

Harrison Fraker, Jr.

Webb Harrison, Jr.

**LIBRARIANS**

Edward Barclay

Webb Harrison

William Morse

Stephen Crawford

Stafford Keegin

Douglas Rampona

Darien Gardner

Frederic Mock

Joseph Wright

**HOME ROOM COMMITTEES****BLUES****WHITES**

Sixth Form (Room 6)

Andrew Harris

Richard Rotnem

John Postley

Frederic Mock

Fifth Form (Room 5)

Philip Bonnet

Richard Baker

David Kelley

Michael Madeira

Joseph Stevens

Robert Stockton

Fourth Form (Room 4)

Joseph Coffee

Robert Carrick

Anthony Lauck

Nixon Hare

Fourth Form (Room 3)

Charles Smyth

Samuel Guttman

Charles Stuart

Howard McMorris

Third Form (Room 8)

John Odden

Alexander Patton

William Smoyer

Karl Pettit

Second Form (Room 2)

Thomas Chubet

Eugene Armstrong

Gibbs Kane

Barry Hunter

Second Form (Room 1)

Glenn Thomas

Robert Griggs

John Willis

Henry Tomlinson

First Form (Room 7)

Gerard Cameron

John Baker

Warren Elner

Addison Hanan

**LOWER SCHOOL SOCCER CAPTAINS****BLUES****FORM****WHITES**

Alexander Patton

III

John Odden

Karl Pettit

II

William Smoyer

Gibbs Kane

I

Robert Leventhal

Thomas Knox

Allen Wood

David Tibbals

# HONOR ROLL

FALL TERM 1956-1957

(These averages do not include Term Examinations)

FIRST HONOR ROLL (90-100 %)

RICHARD BAKER  
FRANCIS BUSHNELL  
GERARD CAMERON  
BARRY CUSTER  
WARREN ELMER  
ROGER FAGAN  
HARRISON FRAKER  
WEBB HARRISON  
JAMES KERR  
ROBERT KUSER  
ANTHONY LAUCK  
RICHARD MARCUS  
JOHN ODDEN  
JAMES SHEA  
CHARLES SMYTH  
JOHN WILLIS

SECOND HONOR ROLL (85-89 %)

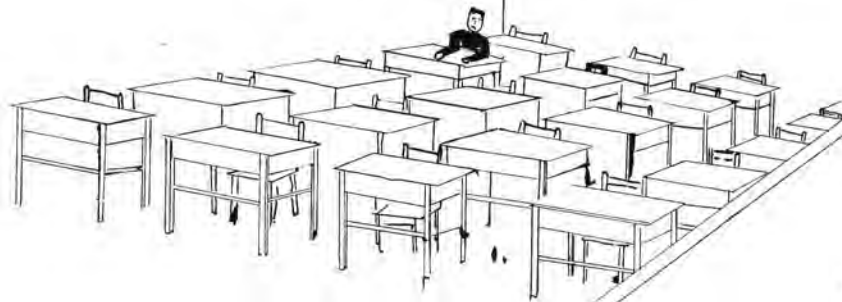
RAYMOND AGAR  
ALAN AGLE  
JOHN BAKER  
JOHN BECKER  
PHILIP BONNET  
HOWARD BUSHNELL  
RICHARD CRAWFORD  
JOHN DUNNING  
RICHARD ECKELS  
ALEXANDER EDWARDS  
DARIEN GARDNER  
DAVID GREENE  
ROBERT GRIGGS  
SAMUEL GUTTMAN  
ANDREW HARRIS  
PETER HART  
RANDOLPH HOBLER  
GIBBS KANE  
LAWRENCE KUSER  
GILBERT LEA  
MICHAEL MADEIRA  
SEYMOUR MORRIS  
MALCOLM MUIR  
ROBERT OTIS  
JOHN POOLE  
JOHN POSTLEY  
BROCK PUTNAM  
JOSEPH RIKER  
JOHN SHEEHAN

WILLIAM SMOYER  
DAVID STEWART  
CHARLES STUART  
GLENN THOMAS  
HUGH WISE

THIRD HONOR ROLL (80-84 %)

NORMAN ARMOUR  
EUGENE ARMSTRONG  
JAMES AUL  
ROBERT AYERS  
ELIAS BAKER  
ROBERT BALES  
JOHN BRINKERHOFF  
ROBERT CARRICK  
RUSSELL EDMONDS  
ROSS FULLAM  
ADDISON HANAN  
WILLIAM HEREFORD  
BURTON JACKSON  
REGAN KERNEY  
ALEXANDER KIRKPATRICK  
HAROLD KNOX  
THOMAS KNOX  
WARD KUSER  
ROBERT LEVENTHAL  
ROGER MARCUS  
LEE MAXWELL  
HOWARD McMORRIS  
FREDERIC MOCK  
PETER MORSE  
WILLIAM MORSE  
ROBERT MUELLER  
ALEXANDER PATTON  
GEORGE PETERSON  
KARL PETTIT  
DAVID SEDER  
JOSEPH SMITH  
WILLIAM SMITH  
ROBERT SMYTH  
WILLIAM STANJAR  
JOSEPH STEVENS  
JOHN STRASENBURGH  
HENRY TOMLINSON  
HAROLD VAN DOREN  
JAMES VOLLBRECHT  
PETER WHITE  
PERCY WOOD  
WILLIAM WYMAN

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON



AT P.C.D.



AT M.F.S.



R.D.C.

-By Robbie Carrick (IV)

## **SCHOOL NEWS**

By ANDREW HARRIS

### **PROGRESS**

Just before school reopened this fall the cafeteria was greatly enlarged, and in place of part of the bike-shed a new, more modern kitchen was built.

### **PURCHASES**

A new set of sixty lockers has been installed in the locker room. The built-in locks have proved very successful for small "moppets" who continually lose their locks.

The Study Hall has acquired a new set of desks. Their shiny surfaces have been taking on symbols that closely resemble Egyptian hieroglyphics.

A set of Collier's Encyclopedia has been added to the school reference library.

A pay telephone has been installed, reducing the number of "unnecessary" calls.

### **ENROLLMENT**

P.C.D. is really bulging at the seams in its thirty-third year. This year's enrollment hit the new jackpot record of 170 boys.

### **HALLOWE'EN**

On October 31 "creatures" of all shapes and sizes could be seen as P.C.D. held its annual Hallowe'en party. This year the party was limited to First, Second, and Third Formers. Bobbing for apples and eating became the main attractions in the gym, while upstairs in the Study Hall movies were shown.

### **RED CROSS**

The Red Cross drive went off very successfully. The Sixth Form led the school in achieving a total of \$86.24 for the American Junior Red Cross.

### **BOOK SALE**

The Book Sale came off exceptionally well as we beat last year's record with a total of \$1,000 worth of books sold. Many thanks to the mothers who helped run the sale and buy the books.

## ATHLETICS

### SOCCER

By ROBERT KUSER

Our soccer team had another successful season this year as it compiled a record of 7 wins, 1 tie, and 2 defeats. Our team was led by six returning lettermen who were given wonderful support by the other members of the team. Every player on the squad fought to be on the starting team. We were especially good on defense with only 5 goals scored against us all year. Our offense was frequently a one-man show with Dave Kelley spearheading our attack with 12 goals, which is one of the all-time highs in the school's history. We were a fast-starting team since 16 out of the 26 goals that we scored came in the first half. Hugh Wise, our captain, was a great leader and always kept our spirits up throughout the season.

Our usual starting line-up was:

Goal — Smyth R., Madeira	O. L. — Hano, Shea J.
L. F. B. — Gardner	I. L. — Custer
R. F. B. — Kuser R.	C. F. — Kelley
L. H. B. — Wise	I. R. — Baker R.
C. H. B. — Stevens	O. R. — Shea J., Peterson
R. H. B. — Morse W.	

#### VALLEY ROAD 2, P.C.D. 0

In our first game of the season we met our old rival Valley Road. We were not playing well and they made the most of our mistakes. Although they only scored twice, they were running circles around us most of the afternoon.

#### P.C.D. 5, PEDDIE 0

We were much improved in this game. Our team was considerably larger and faster and had better teamwork than Peddie. The scoring was led by Louis Hano and Dickon Baker, who each scored two goals. Hugh Wise accounted for our fifth and final goal.

#### P.C.D. 3, LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 0

Lawrence Junior High was probably the best team we played all year. They were a strong team that was always hustling for the ball. We were at the top of our game though and managed to win. Dave Kelley drove home two goals and Louis Hano scored once.

#### P.C.D. 0, WITHERSPOON 0

We had a better team than theirs but they had more fight and drive. It was a very hard-fought game and neither team gave the other many chances to score. Even though we tried our hardest to win, they stuck with us all the way.



#### P.C.D. 4, VALLEY ROAD 2

Both teams were ready for this game and it was a real scoring duel. The first period started off with a bang as Valley Road scored twice and P.C.D. tallied only once. Then we scored in each of the following periods to hand Valley Road its only loss this year. Dave Kelley was our high scorer once more as he netted the ball three times while Jobe Stevens scored once. Mike Madeira made some great saves in the goal.

#### LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 1, P.C.D. 0

Our second encounter with Lawrence Junior High was an unfortunate one. We played one of our best games of the year, but they were ahead where it counted. We played a scoreless tie in the first half and the only score of the game was made early in the third period on a shot from 20 feet out.

## P.C.D. 4, PEDDIE 0

We were just too strong for Peddie. We played the whole first half without any Sixth Formers and substituted freely during the second half. Dave Kelley had another fine day as he did the hat-trick for the second time this season. Jobe Stevens contributed the fourth goal.

## P.C.D. 2, WEST WINDSOR 0

After an early goal we used our substitutes for most of the game. It was one-sided all the way because of our superior attack. Louis Hano drove home a goal early in the first period and Dave Kelley netted another later.

## P.C.D. 7, WEST WINDSOR 0

The entire soccer team had a hand in this game as we routed West Windsor. Dave Kelley and Barry Custer were the main reason for West Windsor's woes as they each tallied twice. George Peterson, Jimmy Shea, and Louis Hano also scored.

## P.C.D. 1, WITHERSPOON 0

Our last game of the season was played on Witherspoon's field. It was not a very good game though and our only goal was on a penalty kick. It was fitting that Dave Kelley, our highest scorer, made it.



"LOOK, MA, NO HEAD"

— By Mike Muir (V)



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**FOOTBALL**

By STEPHEN CRAWFORD

This year the football team won four of its six games, losing only to Short Hills Country Day and Newark Academy. All games were eleven-man this year, no more six-man.

The co-captains were Webb Harrison and Pony Fraker, but the team was deprived of Fraker for the rest of the season when he injured his leg in the second Pingry game.

The team had good line work throughout the year, with every one of its first stringers weighing over 140 pounds. The backfield was the sparkplug, however. Harrison's passing and Bill Applegate's receiving provided many touchdowns. There was also some terrific running by Harrison and Doug Rampona. Applegate, Rampona, and Buzz Van Riper did some excellent tackling too.

**SHORT HILLS 20, P.C.D. 6**

This was our first game, and we just weren't in shape yet. Our only touchdown was made by Harrison on a terrific run around the end.

**P.C.D. 13, HUN 6**

In this game we played well against a larger team. The game was scoreless until the second half, when Harrison intercepted a lateral and ran from midfield all the way. In the last period Harrison made another touchdown, and he also ran for our first extra point of the year. In the last minutes Hun ran all the way on the kickoff for their only score.

**P.C.D. 40, PINGRY 13**

This game was our best of the year. In the first half Rampona scored twice on short runs through the line, and Harrison ran for the extra point both times. We also made a safety on a blocked kick, and recovered another blocked kick in their end zone for a touchdown. In the second half Pingry scored first, but from then on it was all P.C.D. Applegate ran for the first. Our new quarterback, Fritz Mock, who was replacing Fraker, passed to Applegate, who scored again. Rampona made our last touchdown on an interception.

**P.C.D. 6, PINGRY 0**

This time Pingry sent down a much better squad, but we still managed to beat them. Our only touchdown was made by Applegate on a pass from Fraker. Fraker was injured again in this game, and was out of football for the season.

## NEWARK ACADEMY 26, P.C.D. 0

This was a well-played game, but we were up against a much better team, which hadn't been defeated for five years, and we didn't spoil their record. After their last touchdown, Tassie made a break for it on the kick-off, and with good blocking and running almost got a touchdown, — but just couldn't make it.

## P.C.D. 13, HUN 0

This game ended our season on a good note. Harrison ran for the first touchdown. Charlie Stuart received a pass for the only touchdown made by a Fourth Former. Harrison also kicked our only conversion of the year.

The usual starting line-up (offensive positions) was as follows:

End—	Rotnem	End—	Applegate
Tackle—	Barclay	Quarterback—	Fraker, Mock
Guard—	Wright J., Andrew	Halfback—	Harrison
Center—	Rodgers, Crawford S.	Halfback—	Mock, Stuart
Guard—	Postley, Johnson	Fullback—	Rampona
Tackle—	Van Riper		



## WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

By WILLIAM SMITH

### SCHOLARSHIP

General Average for First Term:

BLUES 2.3+

Whites 2.4—

Blues win!

Number of boys clear of failures:

WHITES 55 out of 84 or 65.5%

Blues 56 out of 86 or 65.1%

Whites win!

The following boys had no failures on tri-weekly reports during the First Term:

BLUES: Agar, Agle, Andrew, Aul, Ayers, Bales, Bonnet, Brinkerhoff, Budny, Caldwell, Cameron, Coffee, Cook, Custer, Dunning, Edwards, Elmer, Ewing, Fischer, Gardner, Goodrich R., Hano, Harris, Harrison, Hobler, Kane, Katzenbach, Kerr, Knox H., Lauck, Mackie, Madeira, Marcus Ri., Marcus Ro., Mather R., Morris, Morse P., Morse W., Muir, Odden, Peterson, Poole, Postley, Putnam, Putney, Reynolds R., Shea J., Smoyer, Smyth C., Stewart D., Stuart C., Thomas, van Doren, Vollbrecht, Willis, Wyman.

WHITES: Aaron B., Armour, Armstrong, Baker E., Baker J., Baker R., Becker, Bushnell F., Bushnell H., Carrick, Crawford R., Eckels, Edmonds, Fagan, Fraker, Fullam, Goble, Griggs, Guttman, Hanan, Hart, Hunter, Kerney Re., Kirkpatrick A., Kuser L., Kuser R., Kuser W., Lea, Leventhal, McMorris, Mills, Mock, Moore, Mueller, Otis, Patton A., Patton R., Pettit, Rampona, Riker, Robson, Rosenblad, Rotnem, Seder, Sheehan, Smith J., Smith W. W., Staniar, Stevens, White P., Wise, Wood A., Wood P., Wright J., Wright P.

### SOCCER

In an extremely close soccer series the Blues emerged as the victors. In the Lower School they narrowly carried Forms I and II, while the Whites won in the Third Form. In the Upper School the Whites easily carried the Varsity series, but the Blues won in the JV's.

The point system was as follows: Varsity, 5 points; JV and Forms I, II, and III, 3 points each. Thus the Blues won, 9 points to 8.

### FOOTBALL

This year the Blues beat the Whites 19-0 in an eleven-man football game. Webb Harrison scored the first Blue touchdown with a run around end. Bill Applegate accounted for the second. Then Applegate intercepted a pass intended for Rotnem and raced for the final touchdown.

# CAMP DEERWOOD

BOYS 9-16

ON SQUAM LAKE

AT THE FOOT OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS  
HOLDERNESS, N. H.

Thirteenth Year

Limited Enrollment

Excellent Staff — Modern Equipment

*All camping activities (except riding) including many canoe and mountain trips*

**Mr. Ferris Thomsen, Owner and Director**

Head Coach of Lacrosse at Princeton University

## Princeton References

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Bliss  
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Colman  
Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hazard  
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. McLaughlin  
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Mederos, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. Clifford D. Quick  
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh W. Sloan  
Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Stockton, III  
Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Stuart, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Vivian  
Mr. and Mrs. R. V. C. Whitehead, Jr.

**MR. R. V. C. WHITEHEAD, JR.**

Princeton Country Day School Representative

*Catalogue and Personal Interview Upon Request*

**MR. AND MRS. FERRIS THOMSEN**

Herrontown Road, Princeton, N. J.

Princeton 1-5558-W

## WITH THE ALUMNI

1926

**H. L. T. (Barney) Koren** gives as his business address The White House Office, Washington, D. C.

1929

**Edward Yard** is chief Mechanical Project Engineer at J. H. Roebling's in Trenton.

1931

**Dick Baker** has two boys now at P.C.D. He is currently President of the Princeton Republican Club.

1932

**David Saunders** builds and repairs violins, with a shop of his own in the Fischer Studio Building, Seattle, Washington. An illustrated feature story entitled "‘Doctor’ of Violins" appeared in the Seattle Times Sunday Magazine on September 23. With his wife and two children — Duncan, 11, and Laurie, 9 — Dave lives in Renton, Washington.

**Dave Wicks** is Housemaster of Dawes House, Varsity Hockey Coach, and Instructor of History at Lawrenceville School. He boasts three daughters — Valerie, Joan and Sally.

1933

**Ed Katzenbach** is director of Defense Studies Program at Harvard University and is living in South Sudbury, Mass.

**Bill Thom** is Assistant Psychologist at the Children's Service center of Wyoming Valley, Pa. He is still working on his dissertation for a Ph.D. at Penn State.

1934

**Robert F. Goheen**, Assistant Professor of Classics at Princeton University, was elected to be the 16th president of Princeton University on December. Aged 37 and the father of 6 children, he was the unanimous choice of the university's Board of Trustees. Bob will take office early next summer, following the retirement of President Harold W. Dodds. No greater honor has ever come to an alumnus of the school.

1935

**John Bender** is living in Virginia and gives the Department of the Army as his current business address.

**Bruce Crawford** is with the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology in Shrewsbury, Mass.

**Steve Dewing** is with the Hunterdon Medical Center in Flemington, N. J.

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## 1936

**Chris Chapman** visited P.C.D. recently, having just returned from three years' service in the American Embassy in Tehran, Iran. In January Chris will take up his duties in the U. S. Embassy at Saigon, Vietnam.

**John Chadwick** has been an instructor in physiology at Vassar College since last year.

**Harold Sampson** is now living in Denver, Colorado.

**Jim Sloane** is still with W. R. Grace & Co. in New York. His two boys are James, 3, and Kimberly, 1.

## 1937

**Bill Flemer** has been elected a Trustee of the Stony Brook-Millstone Watershed Association.

**Eric Phinney** is in the U. S. Air Force flying jets and studying for an M.S. in Meteorology at Florida State.

## 1938

**Antoine Chapman** is on his way to becoming a doctor in Paris, France. He is married and has two children — Isabelle, 3 years old, and Leo, who was born last spring. Tony's address is 1 Place de l'Estrapade, Paris 5me, France.

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## 1939

**Ed Gorman** is living in Princeton and sells Cascade Swimming Pools.

The Reverend **Brad Locke** is Rector of Christ Episcopal Church, Guilford, Conn. He is married and has two girls, Suzanne and Nancy.

## 1940

**Bill Hunter** is working for the Glenn L. Martin Company in Denver, Colorado.

**Fred Schluter** is President of McKay Drop Forge Co. in South Plainfield, N. J., but continues to live in Morrisville, Pa.

## 1941

**Dick Conger** and Faith Emeny were married in October in the Princeton University Chapel. He is presently a writer and business consultant.

**Dr. Alden Hall** is at the Knickerbocker Hospital in New York as Assistant Resident in the Surgical Division.

**Robert Locke** still works for McGraw Hill Co. in New York. His first child, Alison, was born March 8, 1955.

**Dr. Dick Morgan** is at M.I.T. doing research work in the Biology Department.

**John Stewart** is Assistant Professor of Physics at University of Virginia.

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## 1942

William Lippincott Gates, P.C.D. '70, arrived recently at the home of the **Moore Gates**'.

**Randolph Hudson** is an Instructor in English at Stanford University.

## 1943

**Peter Erdman** (our Alumni V.P.) works at the New Jersey Aluminum Extrusion Company, with other P.C.D. alumni **Harold Erdman** '39 and **David Erdman** '46.

**William Harrop** claims Princeton for his home, but is currently in the American Embassy in Rome, Italy.

**Sam Howell** (our Alumni Treasurer) is Assistant Director of the Bureau of Student Aid at Princeton. He relays the information that a potential Blue was born Aug. 9, 1955 and another one coming in March, 1957.

The **Rev. David McAlpin** has accepted a call to the Witherspoon Presbyterian Church in Princeton.

**John Schluter** has been selling accounting machines in New York for I.B.M. since his release from the Navy in 1954. He says, "Still single."

**Roy Welch** has been appointed Assistant to the President of Rand McNally. He lives in Deerfield, Ill. A son, Scott Alexander, was born March 3, 1956.

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## 1944

The parents of Miss Katherine Ulman recently announced her engagement to **Garrison Ellis**. Garry is currently on the faculty of the Hill School, Pottstown, Pa.

**John Matthews** is working for the Free Europe Press in Munich, Germany.

**Ted Tower** is Air Freight Agent of American Airlines in Newark. He is married and has two children — David, 4, and Cynthia Lee, 2.

## 1945

**George Gallup** is working for the Gallup Poll in Princeton.

**Colin McAneny** is at M.I.T. studying for a Master's degree in metallurgy.

**John P. Stewart** is working on an advanced degree in Geology at Princeton. He was married in November to Miss Ruth Waelde, formerly of Weinheim, Germany.

**Christopher Walters** is a druggist in Pennington, N. J.

## 1946

**Bob Piper** returned in August from two years of study and travel in Europe. He is now research assistant in Helicopter Research at Princeton University.

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## 1947

**Dan Houck** just finished a tour of duty with the U. S. Army. He attended, among other things, the Guided Missiles School at Ft. Bliss, Texas. Currently he is with Young & Rubicam, Inc., New York.

**Paul Roediger** was married to Janice Ann Balint in Trenton, N. J. on August 18.

## 1948

2nd Lt. **George Hackl** is at Webb Air Force Base, Big Springs, Texas.

**David Harrop** is a senior at Columbia University and boasts a son, Cole Edmund, born September 26, 1956.

**John Law** was married in June, 1956 to Margaret Hoguly. He graduated *magna cum laude* in 1955 from Harvard with a degree in Architecture.

## 1949

**Bruce** and **Bob Dennen** both graduated from Yale last June. Even though they applied separately, they both have ended up in Officers Candidate School, Naval Training Station, Newport, Rhode Island.

The engagement of Patricia Gordon to **Edward Johnson** was announced in October. Ed graduated from Wesleyan last June and is presently in the Army at Fort Dix.

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## 1950

**Arthur Meritt** expects to graduate from Princeton this year with a Bachelor of Engineering Degree.

**Kenneth Moore** is a senior at Middlebury College where he plays varsity soccer and is a member of the Student Council.

**Nathaniel Smith** spent last summer directing the Princeton Summer Camp. This is a camp for underprivileged boys sponsored by Princeton Camp, a camp for underprivileged boys sponsored by the University.

**Henry Urbaniak** is Captain of Varsity Soccer at Princeton. He plans to attend Medical School next year, probably at Pennsylvania.

**Bill Wallace** is house manager of Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. He was all Mid-West Soccer Team Goalie last year. Tentative plans call for two years of graduate work at the American Institute of Foreign Trade in Arizona.

**Bent Wallis** is a senior at Princeton in the Geology Department. He and **Dick Stillwell** operated a gold claim in Yukon Territory last summer. They plan to return next year to finish setting up mining equipment.

## 1951

**Bill Dorman** is now at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville.

**James Finley** is attending Middlebury College in Vermont.

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## 1952

**Tim Cain** went big game hunting in Newfoundland and returned with a total bag of a stag caribou and a black bear. He is a sophomore at Rutgers University.

**Denny Dignan** is a Freshman at Brown.

**Tom Kerr** is at Princeton but reports "sorry, none" under news of himself.

**Larry Ward** is a member of the Lacrosse Team and the Political Science Club at Trinity College.

## 1953

**Carl Akerlof** reports only that he is "at Yale."

**Nick Cameron** is a member of the Freshman Glee Club at Yale.

**Harry Cannon** is a freshman at Yale.

**John Kerney** is playing freshman hockey at Brown, is a member of the sailing team, and is Vice-President of his dormitory.

**Ken Scasserra** is a member of the Student Council, the Honor Council, a Proctor and Editor-in-Chief of the Canturian (the year book) at the Canterbury School in New Milford, Conn.

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## 1954

**Fritz Blaicher** has been a Varsity Crew member for the past two years and is currently head of the year book at Hun School.

**Tom Dennison** is a senior at Princeton High School and is captain of the Cross-Country team. He hopes to study architecture at Cornell next year.

**Ben Hubby**, **Mike McKenzie** and **Austie Sullivan** are seniors at Lawrenceville. All played Varsity soccer, and Mike is maintaining a high honors average and is top scholar in his class.

**David Peterson** is Sports Editor of the Taft Papyrus.

**Pat Rulon Miller '55** also won his letter in soccer there.

## 1955

**Mike Callahan** is at Taft. He is looking forward to P.C.D.'s hockey invasion in the winter.

**Bob Fernholz** is in the School Band at Deerfield.

**Roger Hoit** played on the Varsity football team at Deerfield.

**Walter Menand** says that he is "doing fine in everything" at Exeter. He reports that **Chips Woodward** is on the Exeter Cross-Country team and that **Bob McLaughlin** is on the All-Club soccer team.

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Jack Sloan plays fullback on the Milton Academy Varsity Soccer team.

Dick Shepherd is at the Loomis School in Windsor, Conn., but gives no further news of himself.

Bill Starkey is playing soccer at St. George's School in Newport, R. I.

### 1956

Ed Benson, Peter Moock and David Smoyer are all at Andover. Ed is playing J. V. Football and Dave is playing Varsity Soccer. Peter gives no report on himself at all.

D. C. (Jeb) Stuart, III and John Cook give their only news as "at Exeter."

Larry Estey and Peter Jones are at the Kent School.

Frank Hess is on the J. V. Soccer Team and a member of the Camera Club and Forensic Society at Blair Academy.

David Kamenstein is playing Varsity Soccer and maintaining a respectable academic average at the Darrow School in New Lebanon, N. Y.

Roger Kirkpatrick was playing soccer when last heard of at Hotchkiss.

Tim Kuser has been playing J. V. Soccer at Canterbury School.

David Scott is at the Brooks School at North Andover, Mass. He says he is "doing great" — 7th in a class of 45.

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**Chris Shannon** is playing J. V. Football at Portsmouth Priory School. He expresses the hope that the J. J. will come out "on time."

**John Stein**, who is at Exeter, says that he is "becoming homesick for P.C.D." and "will see you around Christmas."

1957

**Adam Hochschild** has honors grades, is on the School Radio staff and playing soccer at Pomfret School in Connecticut.

1958

**Sheff Van Vranken** is at the Harvey School at Sayville, Long Island, and is "working hard."

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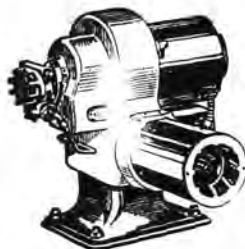
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