

VOL. II, NO. 1

JUNIOR JOURNAL

DECEMBER, 1927

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that makes us all more
truly neighbors and friends!

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Junior School for Boys
greetings for a Very Merry
Christmas.

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The Junior Journal

DECEMBER
1927

PRINCETON JUNIOR SCHOOL FOR BOYS

THE JUNIOR JOURNAL

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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EDITORIALS

The new editorial board makes its bow to the public with this issue. It has been a great pleasure for us to prepare, edit and present the first printed number of the JUNIOR JOURNAL, and in doing so we have not been unaware of the responsibility that accompanies this privilege. We are pioneers, and precedents and examples set by us will go far to mould the policy and determine the quality of this publication when later hands guide its destinies.

We take this opportunity to thank our advertisers, who have made it possible for us to progress from mimeograph to press. While we feel that most of them purchased space in these pages out of generosity, we hope to demonstrate to them that their venture was in reality on a business basis, and to promise them a return on their investment. In order that our appeal to potential advertisers may not be for the support of an object of charity, we ask every boy in the school to patronize those business men who have indirectly aided him by contributing money to the production of this magazine, not only now but during the four years when he shall tread Nassau Street as a student in the university.

With our advertisers paying the bills and the staff preparing the copy for the printer, there may be an inclination on the part of the other students to shirk their share of the work entailed in issuing a school paper. They must remember that our task is merely to act as their agents, to edit and arrange what they have written. We look for a more whole-hearted backing next issue than we have had this time.

Pieces of Eight

Written by
Howard Leroy.

TWENTY miles out from the coast of Maine lies an uninhabited and unnamed island in Penobscot Bay. Steamers plying between Boston and Bangor have passed it daily for years, unmindful of the mystery and romance that lay within its boundaries. Its rocks and age-old pines could have told stories of buccaneers in doublet and hose, and of nights when pirate ships dropped anchor near its shores and mysteriously sailed away a few hours later while yet the surrounding sea was wrapped in mist. But what passenger comfortably stretched out in his steamer chair would have listened? It was left to a modern pirate band on board the *Black Gull* last summer to uncover certain clues that led to—. But this is my story.

On the second day out from Bucksport, where a group of boys from Camp Pasadumkeag had taken ship for the annual cruise, I was lying after mess on the roof of the forward cabin. A stiff breeze was blowing and above us the great white sails billowed in the wind. A flock of gulls flew here and there about the masts. Suddenly I heard a great commotion on the deck below me, and peering over the edge of the roof, I discovered half of our gang engaged in apparently mortal combat with the other half near the opening into the hold. With a cry I jumped to the deck in the midst of the struggling mass. Stripped to the waist, and armed with cutlasses hastily carved out of wood, the thirst for blood in their eyes, our men would have indeed struck terror to the timid-hearted. Dick Stuart lay on the floor and across his chest sat Jack Weston, his hand grasping Dick's throat. "Lefty" Abbott grabbed his knife and made a pass at "Little" Hampson, and it was lucky for the latter that the knife had no blade. At the door of the cabin appeared "Black Jim", an Ethiopian in the crew, armed with a butcher knife, his

white eyes rolling and his mouth fairly watering in joyful excitement. Bill Merryweather was on the floor making a valiant effort to keep from being pushed into the hold, and every second Tom Darcy rolled him nearer.

The battle around the hold was a daily pastime for the "pirates". The game was to see how many could be dropped among the flour barrels and duffie bags. When half the gang had been put in, the winning side claimed all rights as to captaincy, use of the rigging ladders and perches forward on the bowsprit. The losers had to be content with merely walking the deck and playing slaves to the conquerors.

Bill was my best friend, so I grabbed Tom by one leg and was succeeding in pulling him off, when three of the blood-thirsty corsairs fell on me, bound me and in a second dropped me neatly into the dark abyss. However, I was not alone long. Fellow pirates began dropping in one by one. Finally there were four of us: Bill, who had quickly followed me, Hampson, and Tom, Bill's opponent. Bang! went the hatch over the hold and we were left in darkness.

We now had to free ourselves from the ropes and make our escape. It was very dark down there, and they had tied us by means of a baffling series of knots, so it was some time before we were on our way through the cook's galley and the crew's quarters to the upper deck. Stealthily we climbed the stairs, but our stealth was unnecessary, for when we reached the deck we found it deserted. We discovered that the steamer had dropped anchor near a small wooded island, and we could see the victorious pirates paddling the war canoe toward the shore.

Jack Weston looked back and waved to us. "Come on and get us", he shouted.

"Let's take the rowboat, and go around

on the other side of the island and slip up on them", suggested Bill.

We waited until they had landed and disappeared up the hill among the pines. Then we got into the rowboat, and were soon hurrying round the north side of the island.

"I wish we were real pirates," complained Hampson, "and that this island contained treasure, and we were going to capture it from them."

"It would be fun," agreed Bill.

"Maybe it has," continued Hampson.

"Treasure on this island! Hump!" exclaimed Tom. "Who ever heard of pirates in this part of the country?"

"But it would make a great place for pirates," protested Hampson. "There could be a regular nest of them in those rocks, and no one would know the difference. Suppose we should find buried treasure here!"

"You're going to bury this treasure of a boat in Davy Jones's locker, if you don't row a little more steadily," shouted Tom.

The side of the island nearest to our anchored schooner was gradually sloping. Passing around the sandy beach we found that the other side was rocky and rose sharply to a height of perhaps a couple of hundred feet. The sea was calm and we manoeuvred the boat between two great rocks into a small protected cove. We had made our escape from the ship unseen by the gang, and now it would be easy to climb up this rocky wall and rush down on them. We could hear them shouting on the other side. By this time the crew was probably bringing over the blankets and other camp equipment, for we made camp each night on land. Reaching a rocky cave half-way up the hill, we rested, and Tom suggested that we stay there for a while, then slip out and steal their blankets, bring them back to the cave and spend the night there. It sounded like a great idea.

"We'd better send out a scout to watch their movements," advised Bill.

"Let's draw cuts for that," suggested Hampson.

Of course, no one had any paper or

pencils, so we had to work the old stunt of hands-on-a-stick, and the role of scout fell to Tom. The rest of us were to wait till he came back.

After what seemed like a very long time, he climbed down into the cave beside us, breathless with excitement.

"Where are they?" we asked in unison.

"Oh Gee! forget about them," he returned pantingly. "I've discovered something strange. Just above this cave is a path up the hill. It leads to a little bare spot of sand surrounded by scrub pines. There's a chest half-buried in the sand up there. I tried to pull it up, but I think it's chained down." Tom's face was flushed and his eyes shone with excitement.

We couldn't believe our ears.

"Another one of your jokes," declared Bill suspiciously, probably thinking, as I did, that the chest would prove to be some old bird's nest, if nothing worse.

"No, honest, fellows," Tom continued, "it's up there, cross my heart. I'll give you my Winchester rifle if I'm not telling you the truth."

This offer was of little value, for the barrel was bent, and you couldn't hit the *S. S. Majestic* with it at ten paces, but we followed him out of the cave, thinking it would be fun anyway to see what he was up to. Sure enough. Just above was a path. It wound up the side of the hill to the highest part of the island, then circled a little down along the face of the cliff. We were about half-way around when we heard shouts from the top. We stopped, and Tom motioned us into a clump of bushes, for the other gang was near, and if we were to find buried treasure we certainly didn't want them to know anything about it.

"They'll find the chest first," protested Hampson. "Let's rush them."

"No, they won't," said Tom. "From up there they will never suspect this path, and this is the only way you can get to the place."

Our idea of waiting until they had gone away would have been all right, had not we heard the voice of Dr. Wil-

son, our chief director.

"If you fellows are down there, you better come up," he announced. "Supper is ready."

Now who wanted supper when pirate gold was almost within reach? So we kept silent.

Again he shouted. "If you are aren't here for supper, you'll have no swims for a week."

Tom groaned. "Curses," he muttered.

He was the best swimmer in camp, and when we got back from the cruise we were to meet Camp Flying Eagle in the annual meet. Consequently we could hardly run the risk of having him kept out of that.

"I suppose we better go up," I said, regretfully.

"What shall we do about the treasure? mourned little Hampson.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," suggested Bill. "We'll wait until the others have gone to bed. Then we'll come back by ourselves."

We came out of our hiding places and climbed to the top of the hill. About a hundred yards away the fellows had set up camp. Supper was smoking over the fire.

After we had eaten, we piled logs over the flames and settled ourselves to hear one of Dr. Wilson's stories. The doctor is a great story teller, but that night the tale he told seemed uninteresting and interminable to us four huddled together. At last he finished, and the fellows began to turn in. Bill, Tom, Hampson and I crawled under our blankets as if nothing was about to happen, and we could have choked "Pottsey" Gardiner, who began to make wise cracks under his breath in an endeavor to keep everyone awake.

The moon came up out of the sea, and our schooner lying at anchor beyond the island and silhouetted against its red disk, was a beautiful sight. Jack Weston began to snore, gently at first, then with increasing vigor. "Pottsey" finally stopped talking. Silence reigned, rhythmically broken by the snoring youth at

my side. "I sat up in my blankets, reached out and touched Bill. A little distance away Tom was unwrapping himself, and Hampson was already up. In less than a minute we were creeping off to the edge of the hill, shivering in the chilly air and bathing our feet and legs in the icy dew on the ferns and grass. In the moonlight we soon found the path, and picked our way over the stones around the face of the cliff and down into a sort of valley, surrounded by scrub pines. Sure enough. In the center of the thicket was a small clearing, and, just as Tom had said, there before us glistened the corner of a metal chest half-buried in the sand.

"Yah, I guess you though I was fooling, didn't you? cried Tom triumphantly.

"O boy! buried treasure," almost shouted Hampson.

Bill jumped on him and clapped a hand over his mouth. It did not take up long to dig away the sand, and there before us lay a small seaman's chest bound in copper. A heavy padlock held the lid secure. Hampson went back along the path and soon returned with a large stone. With one blow he shattered the old metal lock. Breathlessly we raised the lid but no gold met our excited eyes. Instead the trunk was filled with old clothes—queer old clothes—a pair of high-top leather boots mounted with tarnished silver, a pair of ragged velvet breeches and an old velvet coat ready to fall apart with age. Our hearts sank. Hampson was the only one who did not seem disappointed.

"I told you there used to be pirates here," he exulted.

"Yeah, maybe so, and a lot of good they've done us," growled Bill.

We left the trunk as we found it, and retraced our steps to our sleeping companions. Since we had found no gold, and therefore had not become secretly rich, we agreed that in the morning we should tell the others about our discovery, and at least have the honor of having accomplished something. I crawled back into my blankets and finally went to

sleep listening to the regular snoring of Jack, and imagining a thousand things that might have happened to us on that island.

In the morning it was a triumphant and mysterious group of four that led the entire camp down to the clearing in the pines. Great were the exclamations when the others saw the chest. Dr. Wilson was with us, and as soon as he saw the cloak he immediately reached into the pockets. We four could have booted one another when we saw him pull out a faded bit of paper. Why didn't we think of that ourselves?

"Ahem," he said, clearing his throat, "this looks like real mystery."

We stood about waiting to hear what he was going to say next.

"Who found this chest first?" he asked.

Tom spoke up at once. "I did, sir."

"Then you may read this." The doctor passed the slip of paper to Tom's eager hands and we crowded around him. On it was a crudely-drawn map, apparently of the very island we were on, and beneath it was written, "Big tree—west 50 paces—low."

In no time, we were all back to the summit of the hill, scanning the landscape for a big tree. The biggest one we could see was a dead one, a tall, branchless stump, and since its location corresponded to the location on the map, we decided it must be the starting place. We raced toward it, and gathered around while Tom slowly and carefully paced off the fifty paces due west. Here he stopped because he could go no farther. Another step meant a sheer drop of about two hundred feet. Cautiously we drew near the edge of the precipice and peered downward. The calm water was rolling gently against the rocky walls.

"The treasure is down there. They've sunk it to the bottom of the sea," exclaimed Bill.

"What an idea," said Stewart.

With mingled feelings of excitement, mystery and disappointment we stood gazing over the cliff. Who would venture to dive down there, and even if he

found a chest of gold, how could it be raised to the surface? It was indeed a wise old pirate who had hidden that treasure.

"Let's get the boat," proposed Tom. "Then we'll go around to the bottom of the cliff, and I'll tie a rope around me and go down."

Dr. Wilson frowned on the plan. "I can't let you risk it, Tom," he said. "The sea here is very deep, and you would never get to the bottom. Besides, by this time the old chest has probably gone to pieces."

For a long time the little group of baffled treasure-seekers watched the gently-heaving waves far below, which held the old buccaneers' secret so safely locked. Then one by one they sauntered away.

Tom, Bill, Hampson and I sat down. It was all too good to believe, and we couldn't bear the idea of having to give it up. Tom held the note in his hand and kept reading it over and over. "Old tree—west 50 paces—low."

"Let's get the boat and row down there anyway," he finally said. "Let's see what the place looks like."

We had left our boat the day before at the foot of the rocky wall a little farther over, and we were soon making our way down the steep path to the water's edge. We got into the boat and with a few strokes of the oars were, as we believed, directly over the spot where the treasure must lie. Great was our surprise when we found that the rocky wall did not continue to the sea, but stopped about six inches above the surface of the water, and sloped back into a sort of cave, now entirely filled with water.

"Gee! what an idea!" exclaimed Tom suddenly.

"What do you mean?" I asked. His excited tone had aroused my curiosity.

He didn't answer me, but seized the oars and began to row furiously around the island.

"What's the big idea?" I demanded again.

"Never mind the big idea," he answered, "but grab a couple of those oars, and help me get back to the schooner."

Something, unobserved by the rest of us, was the cause of his desire for speed, and he kept me plying the oars at a back-breaking pace. All were silent except Tom, who now and then mumbled something that sounded like 'low'.

As soon as we reached the schooner, Tom almost upset the boat, so great was his haste to get aboard. Pushing aside Bill, who was ready to climb the ladder and who luckily landed on a seat instead of in the water, he tore up the side of the *Black Gull* and shouted to the captain.

"Is the tide high or low now?"

"The tide is going out," was the answer.

"When will it be low?" Tom shot at the master of the schooner.

The captain glanced at his watch and made a rapid mental calculation. "Two hours will see low tide," he replied.

Bill and I climbed on board after Tom, and tried once more to make him tell us what it was all about. He wouldn't tell us a thing. There was a look of wild excitement in his eyes, and he kept walking up and down the deck. Finally he relieved our curiosity to some extent by saying. "We'll have to wait two hours."

We waited. All the fellows came on board, and slowly the news leaked out that there was some new excitement on foot. Tom, Dr. Wilson and the captain went into the cabin and closed the door. Little Hampson got a spear and started to jab jelly fish. I looked at my watch. Only fifteen minutes had passed.

We sat, talked and moved around impatiently for two hours, but it seemed like two years. Then Dr. Wilson appeared and told us all to get into the war canoe, and he and Tom took the rowboat, and we started around the island. On arriving at the spot we had left a little

more than two hours before, we found that a great change had taken place.

The tide had gone out and directly before us opened a deep cavern. It must have gone back into the rock twenty feet. Between the surface of the water and the roof of the tunnel was a space of three or four feet. Dr. Wilson and Tom carefully shoved their boat in under the rock, while the rest of us waited breathlessly outside.

Suddenly Tom gave a shout. "I've found it," echoed faintly from the dark recess. It is a wonder we didn't upset the canoe.

This was what he had found. Far back in the cave appeared to be a ledge, a shelf lying about a foot under the water. On this shelf rested another old metal chest, the top if its lid coming to within an inch of the surface. Therefore, it was always hidden, even at low tide, and when the tide was high from three to four feet of water kept it safe from discovery.

After a great deal of hard work we got the chest into the boat and returned to the schooner. A few blows from an axe shattered its rusty lock and inside—we could scarcely believe our eyes—were *pieces of eight!* Bags of them. Little Hampson fell over backward. He said later that he had tripped over somebody's foot, but I didn't believe him. Tom ran his fingers through the pile of shining coins like a miser. Bill and I hugged each other.

It was indeed a happy and excited lot of fellows that headed for port late that afternoon. The old chest had a place of honor in the center of the deck, and a guard was hastily chosen and placed over it. And as the ship lifted its sails and moved slowly away, we stood at the rail and gave a lusty camp cheer for the old corsair who had so carefully and cleverly hidden his hoard of plundered gold in the sea.

C. H. L.

The Northern Lights

On Shipboard

One windy, cold September night,
The moon and stars went hurrying by,
I looked and saw a spreading light
A-gleaming brightly in the sky.

And far to windward and to lee
A glowing arc within my sight—
For all the sky that I could see
Was lovely incandescent light.

And as the steamship hurried on,
The ghostly rays kept dancing high,
Until becoming pale and wan
They slowly faded in the sky.

R. G. KIRCHNER (IV)



BLUE and WHITE ACTIVITIES



The elections for color officers were held early in the term and the results were as follows:

- BLUES:** President—Donald Clive Stuart, Jr.
Secretary—Alfred Cooper Acuff
- WHITES:** President—William Maxwell
Secretary—John Hamilton Drummond, Jr.

New boys were assigned as follows:

- BLUES:** Bell, Clark, L., Cook, C., Cook, S., Davison, Foster, Funkhouser, Howell, Munn, Norris, Robertshaw
- WHITES:** Bagby, Clark, B., Dale, Ferenbach, Hendrickson, Maxwell, S., Stevens, Turner, Worden, Young.

Weekly scholarship averages for the first term have constantly kept above the 70 per cent. line, but neither color has yet reached the high record of last year—83 per cent.

The Blues have won the top place each week, but never by more than 2 per cent.

The following boys deserve special mention for being "clear" every week throughout the term:

WHITES: Baker, Drummond, Maxwell, R., Maxwell, W., Scoon.

BLUES: Buffum, Funkhouser, Reeves, Roe, Stuart.

As this number goes to press before the term examinations, it will not be possible to publish the Honor Roll until the next issue.

The games for the school Soccer Cup have so far resulted in victories for the Whites. In the two games played the Whites have shown decided superiority over the Blues.

First Game	Whites 2	Blues 0
Second Game	Whites 3	Blues 2
The line-up:	WHITES	BLUES
	Warren	C. F.
	Sayen	I. L.
	Pettit	O. L.
	Maxwell, W.	I. R.
	Maxwell, S.	O. R.
	Drummond	C. H.
	Delafield	L. H.
	Maxwell, E.	R. H.
	Morey	L. B.
	Stevens	R. B.
	Stiger	G.
		Acuff
		Reeves
		Dixon
		Stuart
		Vance
		Stockton
		Davison
		Oncken
		Shelton
		Bell
		Roe

With the Shoppers

Min is awfully hard to please;
Emily has a set of these;
Really, Marj., his eyes are black;
Ralphie's train has just one track;
Yes, ma'am, you may bring it back.

Can't you send this C. O. D.?
Have you any more of "We"?
Reggie, why not this for dad?
Isn't this a bridge score pad?
Say, young man, keep off my feet!
Twenty down and ten a week;
Mary's hips are rather wide;
Ask if there's a price inside;
Surely this is Christmastide.

Santa.



Friendly Snows

"BROWN SICK WILL NOT RELIEVE YOU AS USUAL. WILL SEND A MAN IN THE MORNING."

Dave Randall, signal man for the Boston and Maine Railroad, listened to the message above and sighed regretfully. It was Christmas Eve and he had planned on spending this night with his family. Even now his six-year-old daughter would be watching the window for his return, and Dave knew how great the disappointment in the little household would be when he failed to appear at the expected time. Christmas Day he had to work, and so the Randalls celebrated Christmas on Christmas Eve.

It was growing colder and Dave shook down the fire and filled the stove with coal. The wind was driving dull gray clouds across the sky. The sun had set and it was growing dark fast.

Dave's mind came back to his work with a jerk as a message interrupted his thoughts. He took it and sent an answer. He settled himself to his duties but his mind wandered back to the threatening sky. Crossing the room to the north window, he observed that the first flakes of snow had already fallen, and that others were following faster and faster. A New England blizzard was in process.

The signal man went back to his work, knowing that in the morning at least two feet of snow would cover the ground. In this wind the light powdery flakes would drift badly, trains would be late, and more work and responsibility would fall on him. A catch came in his breath as through the snow and across the tracks he caught sight of the lights of the town of Dayton. Fiercely lighting a cigarette, he turned his attention to the telegraph key which was clicking his station impatiently.

All that night he worked to the sound of snow driven against the window panes

before a howling wind. He could scarcely descry the signal lights through the fury of the blizzard.

At six o'clock it was still snowing. The telegraph key began to clatter and Dave sat bolt upright as he heard: "NO. 3048 HAS CRASHED INTO THE REAR OF 2863. NOBODY HURT. 2863'S TWO LAST CARS ON MAIN TRACK. SCHEDULE DISRUPTED. STORM TO BLAME. CANNOT RELIEVE YOU TILL NOON. DO YOUR BEST." No. 3048 was the crack train in that section, and No. 2863 was a milk train from Vermont.

Randall smiled grimly as he read the last sentence of the dispatch, which he had hastily written. They needn't worry. He'd do his best, even if they didn't relieve him for a week. Messages were coming thick and fast now. He soon learned that a wrecking crew had been on the job since a few minutes after the crash, but handicapped by the storm, it would be hours before they could clear the track.

The long vigil was now beginning to tell on the operator. He began to feel sleepy and twice made mistakes in sending. The connection between the hand that rattled the key and brain were not as clear as they had been twenty-four hours before.

Then instructions came to stop No. 5139, an express, at the station so that it would not rush headlong into the wrecked trains five miles down the track.

Dave knew, sleepy as he was, that the flyer must be stopped. It was due at his station at 2:56, according to his orders. He looked at his watch and thought he saw 2:50. "Plenty of time to set the signal," he muttered. He took another message, when a shrill whistle sounded above the roar of the storm. "Must be the local freight," he mused. As the train approached he glanced up. Discerning the form of the flying cars through the storm, he gave a cry of dismay and

frantically pressed a button. The red signal dropped, but too late for the fireman and engineer to see it. Dave rushed out and waved to the fast-departing cars. He shouted, but the sound of his voice could not be heard twenty-five yards above the roar of the wind. He stumbled into the tower, and across his semi-conscious brain came a picture of the wreck that must come, disgrace and perhaps penitentiary for him. He had failed to do his duty. He was like a soldier who falls asleep while on guard. The horror of the thought, combined with his mental and physical fatigue, made him faint. He tried to rise, tottered, and fell swooning to the floor.

It was here that the relief man found him two hours later. The former tried

to lift the unconscious form to the couch, when Dave made a bound and sat up straight staring wildly. Events of the late afternoon flashed across his mind. Question after question he shot at the man. How many had been killed? Did they blame it all on him? Would they arrest him? Had his wife heard about it?

Finally the relief man waved him into silence. No. 5139 had plowed into a huge snowdrift less than two hundred yards from the stalled trains, and the wreck had been averted. The railroad officials had found no fault in his work and, best of all, he could go right home. Another man was coming to take his place.

DONALD CLIVE STUART, JR. (V).





The JUNIOR JOURNAL is glad of this opportunity to welcome Mr. John W. Gartner as a member of the faculty. Mr. Gartner, who will be well remembered as an outstanding member of the Princeton varsity basketball and lacrosse teams, will teach French and History.

The following boys, who joined the school this year, are heartily welcomed:

William A. Bagby, III - Trenton, N. J.
 Welling T. Bell - - - Trenton, N. J.
 Blair Clark - - - Princeton, N. J.
 Lawrence H. Clark - Princeton, N. J.
 Charles T. Cook - - - Kingston, N. J.
 Stephen R. Cook - - - Kingston, N. J.
 George Ernest Dale, Jr. - Trenton, N. J.
 Herbert B. Davison - Princeton, N. J.
 Carl Ferenbach - - - Princeton, N. J.
 John W. Foster, II - - - Princeton, N. J.
 Richard E. Funkhouser - Trenton, N. J.
 Robert S. Hendrickson, Jr.

Lawrenceville, N. J.

Benjamin F. Howell, III, Princeton, N. J.
 Sanders Maxwell - Morrisville, Pa.
 John R. Munn, Jr. - Princeton, N. J.
 Thomas H. Norris - Princeton, N. J.
 Alfred F. Robertshaw -

Lawrenceville, N. J.

Vernon H. Stevens - Princeton, N. J.

Horatio W. Turner - Princeton, N. J.
 Philip M. Worden - - - Princeton, N. J.
 Henry N. Young, III - Princeton, N. J.

The school started on its fourth year on September 27th with twenty-one new boys. We are still trying to solve the mystery of all those smiles on the opening day. We are inclined to think that there must be something in schooldays besides *jest larnin'*.

We rejoice greatly to find that two soccer fields have been marked out, and that two new sets of goal-posts have been installed. Don't the new boys fancy themselves in their new soccer suits? Wait until the first muddy day!

The third and fourth forms are justly elated to find that Practical Science and Manual Training have been reinstated—and what wonderful new quarters! Mr. Warren earned more smiles per boy than any other member of the faculty.

The first term has passed without one weekly general scholarship average of eighty. Last year the school went over the eighty-line twice. Come on, fellows, let's win that holiday Mr. Murch has promised us for 'going over the top'.

The Cottage of Dread

STANDING a short quarter-of-a-mile from a dreary, thinly-populated settlement, the battered old house reared its gloomy bulk against a barren wind-swept plain. Hushed village voices informed me that a miserly sailor, with a parrot and a dog as his sole companions, had lived there a score of years and then had disappeared. Ever since, I was told, it had been deserted. The whole village was quite certain that it was haunted, and avoided even passing along the road on which it was situated.

The aged landlord of a little inn gave me the history of the shabby old ruin one chilly, foggy winter's eve a few years ago. With his ninetieth birthday a matter of history, deaf and nearly blind, he was almost as decrepit as the decaying structure of which he talked so garrulously. For hours he droned on in a hoarse monotone, with his blackened clay pipe clutched uncertainly between his toothless gums, twisting his mouth into hideous grins, and winking knowingly at me, and eager listener.

In hollow tones, that harmonized well with his subject, my friend told me that he had visited the house just once, and that he was content to confine his calls to that number. He had fled back to the village in terror after an inhuman and profane voice had threatened to strangle him. Near the back door he had heard chains rattling, the walls and ceilings had creaked, and a long drawn-out scream, like a call for help, had rung through the deserted walls. To his knowledge, nobody had gone near the building since that time, and strangers and tourists were dissuaded from approaching it. About midnight the inn-keeper finished his tale, and I retired.

After several hours' torture on the hard and uncomfortable bed, I decided to get up and visit the house before the villagers were astir. I had been think-

ing of it ever since the landlord had ended his narrative. Dressing hurriedly, I descended the stairs, passed under the great sign suspended over the inn-door, walked through silent streets past the town hall and the church, whose clock pointed to two, and then struck out along a country road. There was a moon, but the night was fairly dark.

I soon reached the object of my nocturnal excursion, and had no difficulty in recognizing it. Half the roof had fallen in, and ivy covered its walls. Coats rotting with age and shreds of newspapers bearing nineteenth century dates had been thrust into holes in the windows, which were now without a single pane of glass. The door offered some resistance. I pushed against it with all my strength, and the whole cobwebby thing fell with a crash. Instantly I heard the pattering of feet and piano music! A blood-curdling voice broke forth in a torrent of threats! Chains rattled! The stairs which I had started to ascend creaked!

I fought through a mass of cobwebs into a large room containing a four-postered bed. Moth-eaten shreds of curtains hung from the windows. I was about to leave the room when, to my indelible horror, I caught sight of a skeleton lying on the floor in the corner. Just as I was beating a hasty retreat from this chamber of dread, the terrible voice that the landlord had heard broke upon my ears, and my heart sank. It was apparently a human voice, but in the almost-empty house it sounded hollow and sepulchral.

I am not a superstitious person, but I fled precipitately, while all the sounds that I had heard so far rang out at once. I made my hurried departure by the back door, which was unlocked. In my haste I fell over a box, and in my mad scramble to get up and out of the building, I reached out blindly

for something to assist me in rising. My blood froze as my hands closed over something cold and smooth. I felt gingerly with my other hand, and then made one wild dash through the doorway and across the yard. I had run my hand on another skeleton! A huge black cat hissed at me fiercely and its yowling added to my terror and speed. At a break-neck pace I dashed toward the village, imagining at every step that I could hear a pursuer close at my heels. When

agenerian host. Soon I heard his tottering footsteps pattering on the stairs, as, with tallow candle in hand, he searched for miscreants. The picture of him peering through the gloom and darting out of the way at the slightest sound so amused me that I felt wholly cheered up, and even went so far as to contribute toward the suspicious sounds. The scene comes back to me as clear as yesterday: the weird, bearded old fellow clad in a pink night-shirt, and peering gravely



I reached the inn I raced upstairs and threw myself on the bed. Yes, I preferred its unyielding mattress and its tenants to the agonies of mind that I had just experienced.

I had not taken the caution to soften my footsteps as I entered the hostelry, and consequently had awakened my non-

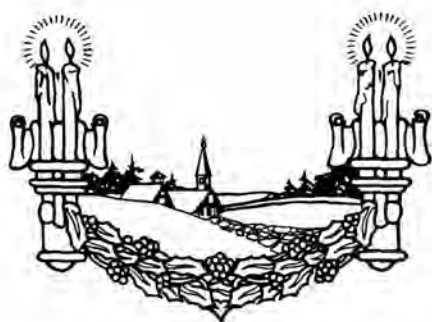
round every corner. I got into bed and before long heard the footsteps die out.

The next morning, having plucked up all my courage and with broad daylight as an ally, I returned to the scene of the preceding night's terrible experience. The explanation of the strange sounds and sights was simple, so simple that I

kicked myself to think that I had been frightened by them. I found that the skeletons were those of the old sailor and his dog. The voice was that of the parrot, which was still alive, and which had subsisted, I suppose, by stealing from the farmer's crops. The black cat in his prowlings had rattled the chain with which the dog had been fastened to a

staple driven into the wall. The piano music had come from mice running over a piano. I caught the parrot to take back to America to prove my story, and shame-facedly returned to the inn. My only consolation was that anybody else would have been afraid, if he had been through what I had.

IMBRIE BUFFUM, (v)





Blue: "How do you spell water in German?"

White: "W-O-R-D-E-N."

Second Former: "How do you know that this is James' Latin paper?"

Bright Friend: "By the *Sagen* on it?"

Mr. Gartner: "What is the English meaning of *petit*?"

Bright Boy: "Trouble, Sir."

Dealer: "This car will go anywhere on its reputation."

Critic: "Yea, but you'll have to use gas to get back."

Master: "Why are you late, John?"

John: "I expect it's because our watches don't agree."

Senior: "Hello, Bacteria!"

Freshmen: "Why Bacteria?"

Senior: "I hear that you multiply rapidly."

Blue: "Do you know that the new Ford has a streamline body?"

White: "How do you figure that out?"

Master: "Pettit, what does *duco* mean in *Magister puerum duco*?"

Pettit: "I guess it means *my finish*."

Nosey: "Why does Mr. Murch always drive a Studebaker?"

Aleck: "Guess it's because he understands *studes* pretty well by this time."

Employer: "You say that you have worked for the Van Twillers. How am I to know that this is really true?"

Applicant: "Well, I can show you some spoons with their name on."

The most pathetic figure we have heard of for a long while is the old lady who went into a china store and asked for one of those Yale bowls she had heard her daughter talking about.

1927 realism (from a first form theme)

"—the train was flying through the night. Fireman and engine driver peered into the gloom ahead, alert for signals. The long line of cars dashed through tunnels, over bridges, past sleeping hamlets. Suddenly the fireman yelled to his companion, "Hey, Jim, watch your steering!"

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Mud *GUARD*

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"Please, Sir, mother wants to talk to you. She isn't going to bawl you out or anything."

"Big Bill is a great tennis player, but does not like English History."

"The War of the Revolution was so called because it was fought around the country so much."

"He had no ancestors to whom the

property could be left."

"My daddy says I must not play *gool* as I would not get enough exercise."

"He crawled over the coal car and threw the baggage car."

"The *stem* of a Latin noun is the part the master always *picks* on."

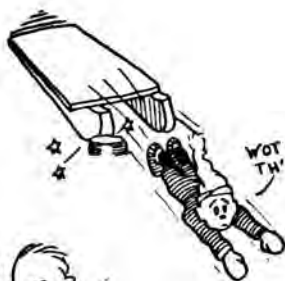
"The primary colors are those used in the kindergarten."

"Dickey Maxwell has a new tackling dummy which is *hot stuff*."

DOES AND ENDS

NONSENSE:

HEREAFTER NO
SCHOOL ON SATURDAY.



OUR SMALLER TEAM IS
COMING ALONG FINE
AND



SKATING IS
COMING ON



VACATION!

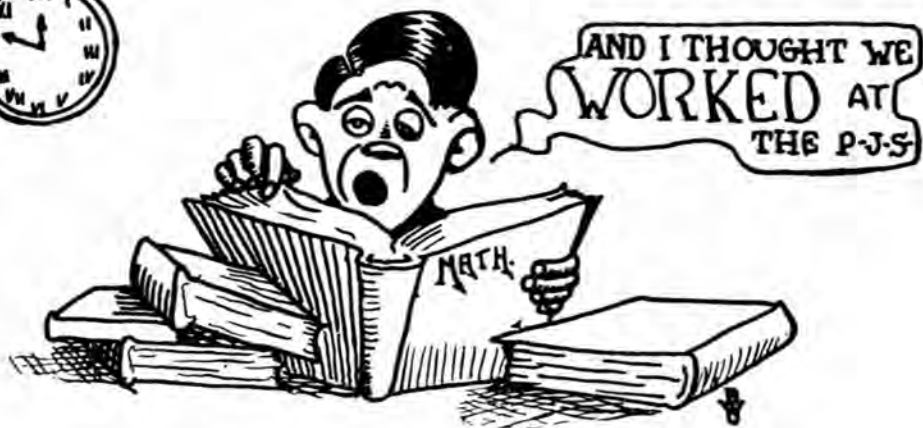


SO THREE BOYS
WENT TO NEW
HAVEN TO SEE
THE YALE GAME.
(OR WAS IT FOUR???)



STEADY

THE WHITES ARE MOVIE STARS!
THEY TOOK MOVIES OF THEIR
SOCCER TEAM AND DIDN'T
EVEN LET THE BLUES IN
ON IT



'25 Albert C. Gerould continues at the Loomis School. We hear that he quite enjoyed the recent flood.

Christopher C. Gerould, Hoosac School, has not cast any of his literary achievements in this direction. How about a real thriller, Kit?

Graeme J. Meisel may still be found at the Pennington School—or the nearest garage.

'26 V. Lansing Collins, Jr., is still plugging for a few more records next June. He continues to be a great rooter for Exeter.

Lloyd I. Gibbons now directs the varsity soccer team at Taft. In his spare time he writes—not to us.

H. Thornell Koren, Exeter, is still rising to great heights!

Burdette G. Lewis, Jr., is taking a year's leave of absence from Lawrenceville. Knowing Junior, we are sure that the year in Europe will not be wasted. Archie, his younger brother, will be back with us next year.

Albert G. Robinson has settled down to work after his year in Europe. He is doing much for Lawrenceville, both academically and athletically.

James W. Samuels, Gilman, is going strong. How many baskets this year, Jimmie?

Ex. '26 Patrick J. Harris, Princeton Preparatory School, has found that 'Punctuality is the Soul of Business.'

'27 Francis W. Dinsmore, Jr., is finding Lawrenceville very much to his liking. Dinny is a frequent visitor to the school.

Churchill Eisenhart is working on an electrical device which will get him to Lawrenceville on time without having to start in the wee sma' hours of the morning!

Hayes W. Funkhouser writes that Andover is a great place. He even likes Caesar there!

Frederick W. Loetscher, Jr., Lawrenceville, is writing a thesis on the Washingtons! George or Irving?

Allan Marquand finds that Gilman is not so terrible after all. He visited Princeton recently for the *hunting season*.

Henry N. Russell, Jr., Princeton Preparatory, has jumped a class. We know that he found keeping still quite a task.

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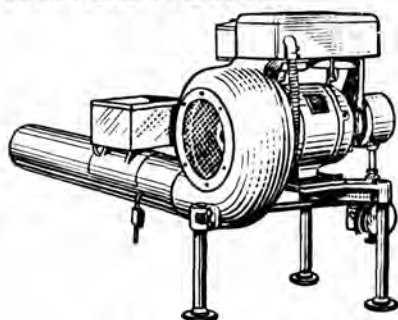
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