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JUNIOR JOURNAL

APRIL, 1939

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	- - - - -	Page 3
THE CALENDAR	- - - - -	Page 4
THE OLD DAYS	- - - - -	Page 8
PHILBERT THE PHLEA	- - - - -	Page 9
LEARNING THE BEE BUSINESS	- - -	Page 10
MY NEIGHBOR'S FLAG	- - - - -	Page 11
STAMPEDE	- - - - -	Page 12
WILL AMERICA DECLINE LIKE ROME?	-	Page 13
SIGNING ON THE DOTTED LINE	- - -	Page 16
LULU	- - - - -	Page 17
ADVENTURE IN THE SADDLE	- - -	Page 18
THE NATION'S SWEETHEART	- - -	Page 19
PENCIL SKETCHES	- - - - -	Page 20
WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES	- -	Page 23
HONORS	- - - - -	Page 23
ATHLETICS	- - - - -	Page 24
STUDY HALL PROGRAMS	- - - - -	Page 25
ALUMNI NEWS	- - - - -	Page 26
EXCHANGES	- - - - -	Page 28

JUNIOR JOURNAL

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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All Communications Should Be Addressed to: The Business Manager, Junior Journal, Princeton Country Day School, Princeton, N. J.

Editorial

This year, as everyone knows, is the year of the New York World's Fair. Probably every boy in the School has seen somewhere a picture of this huge exhibition as it will appear when finally completed; and he has undoubtedly seen too the symbols, the pylon and the perisphere, which form the theme point and centre of the Fair. Perhaps not many people realize that exhibitions of this kind are really no novelty. The custom has been going on for hundreds of years. Some of the first festivals were those held in Greece, and they frequently occurred in the towns and cities of Europe during the Middle Ages.

The main idea of a fair is to show improvement and progress in art, industry, and inventions, as well as to reveal to us how many of the everyday things which we use and take for granted are actually made. The New York World's Fair will attempt to do this. Occupying a site which once was a swamp, the Fair will have many buildings which will be devoted to modern mechanical arts. One company is setting up a factory where visitors to the Fair can view the process of manufacturing cars. There will also be exhibitions showing the newest developments in television, aviation, and other important scientific fields. Foreign nations, too, will spring up right in our country. Over sixty of them will have exhibits, each one with a little section which will be made to look like a town or country scene representative of that nation.

For all these reasons, the New York World's Fair will be of great educational value. Because the Fair will be a rare treat and because it may never again be held so near, Princeton boys should seize this chance to see such a wonderful spectacle. Besides its educational value, the Fair will offer some marvelous entertainments—bobsled runs, parachute jumping, and halls in which you may take an imaginary trip in a space ship to other planets, to mention but a few of the many attractions. Because it will be fun and something you will always remember, get an "itinerary" now, find out what you want to see, and make a visit to the World's Fair.

The Calendar

*January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.*

JANUARY

- January* 9 School begins this morning. Mr. Murch gives the usual warning about seeing to it that all baseball equipment is taken home the day before Commencement, and we're off to a flying start. Amidst the general confusion and unrestrained joy at finding ourselves back at the dear old school, Dean Mathey suddenly remembers that he has a birthday and proceeds to hang by his feet from the flagpole over the front door. Whoopee!
- January* 13 James Gregg Dougherty, Jr., World Dictator in 1969, born.
- January* 14 *The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.*
- January* 15 So we put on our tippetts and buskins and fare forth, armed with skis and sleds, for a great merrymaking on the neighboring hills and highways. Covered with snow, as evening falls, we slog homeward in our wet galoshes,—
- January* 16 And spend today in bed with the sneezes, while our more hardened little schoolmates tear all over town, bringing us our assignments.
- January* 17 Sammy Howell, the boy who helped Daniel Boone tame the wilderness, born.

January 18 A great to-do this morning, when woodsman Grover, on making the rounds of his traps, finds a stoat in one of them. (If you don't know what a stoat is, wait until you go to the school play, and see one in real life.) He says he may bring it to school and give it to Mr. Dealey, though what Mr. Dealey would do with a stoat is more than we can see.

January 21 *Special to the JUNIOR JOURNAL.*

At last! The Fifth Form prom is a reality! The big social event of the year took place last night. Early in the afternoon sub-debs from as far away as Trenton, not to mention Miss Rosie Boggs, of Culpepper Courthouse, Virginia, proudly escorted by the chairman of the ball, Harold Erdman, began to arrive. Six-thirty found the first guests at the scene of festivities, the Erdman Chateau. Among the early arrivals were Owen Roberts, with his boy Scout hat at a killing angle, and Robert Benham, much against his will.

The orchestra was purely local talent, but, unfortunately, not purely talent. Some of the dancers said afterwards that they had never heard anything like it; others, that they had never heard anything. The most popular dance numbers were, *If You Want to Win Friends and Influence People* by Mackay Sturges, *Teach Me to Dance Like Grandma* by Sinclair Kerr, and *Someday I'll Find You* by Bill Bryan.

At nine o'clock the party came to an end, with the hosts gathered around the piano lustily singing the school song. Then the boys got their bicycles and took the young ladies home. To put it mildly, the whole thing was a complete wow.

January 28 And not to be outdone by those Fifth Form gallants, some of the First Form are entertained this evening at dinner and the movies by David Hunter McAlpin, Jr., the occasion being his birthday.

January 30 Mr. Murch: "Is there any boy who wishes to ask a question about the development and use of this formula?"

Rossmassler: "Sir, if you used *this* for *that* when you used *that* for *this*, and the second term was negative instead of positive, and you substituted axle grease for the co-efficient of the fourth term, would the result be the same as the answer I got to No. 4 the day before yesterday?"

Mr. Murch: "No."

FEBRUARY

February 2 And what have we here? None other than Mr. Groundhog, making his appearance and looking about with a sleepy eye for

his shadow, hoping that the sun will break forth from behind the clouds and he can go back to bed for another six weeks. As he stands there blinking, Mr. Badger hurries by.

"What's the rush?" says Mr. Groundhog, "I haven't seen you since last fall".

"Excuse me, but haven't you heard? I'm off to a play rehearsal of *Toad of Toad Hall* at the Country Day School, just over the hill. Why don't you come with me? Maybe you can get a part."

"Do you think so?" answers Mr. Groundhog.

"Sure," says Mr. Badger. "The sun's not going to shine for days and days. You're never going to see your shadow, and now that you're up anyway. . . . Come on, let's get going."

"Well, maybe I might as well," says Mr. Groundhog, as he casts an envious glance at the entrance to his warm hole in the earth, and starts off with Mr. Badger.

(See the play, if you want to know whether Mr. Groundhog got a part!)

- February 9* Stephen Kaplan, the boy who rubbed down Paul Revere's horse, the morning after the famous ride, born.
- February 10* Charles Lee, the boy who wants to stand in Franklin D. Roosevelt's shoes someday, born.
- February 14* Brownd to a turn by the Florida sun, and buzzing with the latest gossip of Palm Beach night life, that old jitterbug, Burnet Fisher, returns today to take up life again at the Country Day School. Welcome back, Burnet. The least you could have done was to have brought us a couple of tangerines.
- February 18* Our boat got in this morning, and after unpacking our bags and getting settled, we fare forth this moonlit night in this old city of dikes and windmills. Soon we find ourselves at the canal, and such a scene of carnival and festivity meets our eyes! Every little Dutch boy and girl in town must be here. There's a little tike that we'd have sworn was Mac McAlpin of Princeton, N. J. There's one that looks an awful lot like Peter Erdman, and there's another that's the image of Tommy Matthews. Maybe it is Princeton. Maybe we've just been dreaming. Bump! "Ouch! Sorry, lady, but you're sitting on my foot." Yes, we are dreaming. It is Princeton. It's the Skating Carnival. There's Hazel Franklin. I say, Locke, isn't she wonderful?"
- February 19* To Billy Harrop's this noon for lunch, it being his birthday, and then to see *Gunga Din* at the Playhouse. Thanks for a very swell time, Billy.

- February* 22 Roy Welch, the boy who helped Grant take Vicksburg, born.
- February* 24 Master: "My dear fellow, can't you enunciate more clearly?"
Flemer: "No, sir, I seem to be hitting on only one tonsil, today."
- February* 27 Frederick Schluter, the boy who owned the goose whose cackling saved Rome, born.

MARCH

*March brings breezes, loud and shrill,
To stir the dancing daffodil.*

- March* 1 Oho! Daisies and buttercups! And speaking of spring, here's that wee lamb, Bernard Peyton, born this first day of March. No sir, Mr. Lion, you can't have our Bernie!
- March* 2 Mr. Fitzroy of the University gives the school a talk today on "Cowboys," and tears fill these old eyes as we go back in memory to our boyhood days on the old Bar X Ranch. All those old cowhands sitting 'round the campfire. . . . Oklahoma Kid Ellis, old Pawnee Bill Guthrie (hanged for cattle-rustling) Frank Donnelley, the mavericks' best friend. . . . Git along little doggie. . . .
- March* 3 Johnny Schluter told us not to tell anyone that today is his birthday. And so, true to our promise, we're not going to—so don't ask any questions.
- March* 6 To Philadelphia today to play a hockey game with Mr. Bathgate's boys of the Germantown Friends' School, where for the first time in the history of our encounters with them, we bite the dust in defeat. Turn about, however, is fair play, and there'll be another season along soon.
- March* 7 John Hemphill, the boy who loaded the musket that fired the shot that was heard around the world, born.
- March* 9 Charlie McCutchen, no, definitely not McCarthy, born.
- March* 15 (Found on a First Form test paper) "Robert E. Lee fought in the Civil War against the country and flag that he had been so loyal to in former years, because Abraham Lincoln told him to. Lincoln needed a good general in the South."
- March* 19 Owen Roberts, *For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever*, born.
- March* 31 What? The end of the term? So soon? Why, we had dozens of things yet to say. Well, maybe we'll get a chance, next term. So long!

THE BOY WHO SITS BEHIND YOU.

The Old Days

"That's the second traffic jam today!" yelled a fat, perspiring policeman, as he directed the trucks and cars to the side.

"I can't half do me duty, but is it my fault, lady?" he told an inquisitive woman. "My fault, did you say? I should say not!" he went on, turning to me. "It's old Silas, yep!, Silas O'Shea. He's nigh on to ninety nine but wirier than the most of us. His folks started this town of 'Midmile' way, way back in the early 1800's. An' old man Silas really sort of owns the place. 'Course it wasn't this way when he was a boy, no sir. But the thing about him is he still thinks he's back in the old days. See, here he comes."

As he spoke, I noticed coming slowly down the middle of the bustling main street an old black carriage. Atop of the carriage was a dusty canopy, full of large holes. Perched on a high board in front of the canopy sat an old man, whip in hand, chewing a large round of tobacco. On his head was a battered ten-gallon hat. Every once in a while he would gently tap the swaying backs of the two venerable mules that slowly dragged the old relic down the street. At every plod of their hoofs the carriage gave a loud screech and nearly parted in the middle.

This sight so stirred my curiosity that, with time on my hands, I resolved to pay a call on the old man that very night.

His house was old, and as soon as he lighted the jet (there was no electricity), I noticed that it had evidently been part of an old frontier stockade. After a while I engaged him in conversation, to find him a very interesting person.

"Yes," he said, "I remember this town before those darn gold rush days! I was just a lad of about ten years, but I remember it as though it were yesterday. The gold rush was what ruined this town. A swarm of men dashed in here like a high wind. Still, those were the old days. After so many men had rushed out here, my father went into the real estate business. But that was too quiet a life for me. So me and a lot of fellahs in our 'teens went south to drive cattle north to be sold up here. Those were the best days of my life. That drive up here was full of exciting adventure, an' I don't mind tellin' you I was a real cow-puncher.

"I remember one time comin' up here we ran out of water. It was just in the middle of the desert plains an' we kept seein' mirages all the whole way. The cattle too must have, for one day without rhyme or reason they started to stampede. Tired as we boys were we had to spur our horses into a gallop to head them off. How the horses ever made it I don't know, but all that day in the boiling sun, until the cattle got too tired to go farther we kept them pretty well together.

That night we found a small stream an' the cattle fairly lapped it up.

"Another time in the dark just outside of the little town east of here, I steered the cattle right through an old woman's petunia bed. Was she mad! She was all for takin' the case east to be tried, but I finally calmed her down with five dollars.

"I knew Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok. Yes, sir, I knew Buffalo Bill!

"I was out here when the Custer massacre took place. But I think I

had one on Custer. I always stayed on the good side of the Indians. In this way I managed to save myself a lot of trouble. Although I really didn't like the redskins. I sort of always felt guilty when I talked with one, for after all I was really one of many moving into his country driving him constantly ahead.

"Yes," said the old frontiersman, as he poked the fire with a stick and drew on his long pipe, "those were the old days!"

WILLIAM GUTHRIE (IV)



Philbert the Phlea

Philbert the Phlea was the largest of all,

Half an inch long, and a quarter inch tall;

His color was black, from his head to his feet;

It couldn't be said that he kept himself neat.

His arms were so short, his legs were so long,

His back was so hard, his teeth were so strong.

His snug little home was a stick of wood,

And he lived inside as well as he could;

But, alas, one day—he went and died,

Without having hardly even tried.

He'd ventured into the road too far,

And lost a battle with a motor car.

The funeral rites were performed by a bee,

Who extolled the merits of "Philbert the Phlea".

LLOYD RITTER (IV)

Learning the Bee Business

One hot summer's day I was looking over a small bookshelf in a rustic house which we had rented for the summer. I came unexpectedly on a small pamphlet squeezed between two books, "The Works of William Shakespeare" and "Andivius Hedulio". This pamphlet was called "The Obtaining and Keeping of Bees". The word "Obtaining" was doubly underlined in pencil, well smeared. Having nothing else to do, I opened the dried cover and began reading. After I had read a few paragraphs concerning the obtaining of bees, I set out to find bees and honey. I was well armed with a bowl of sugar-water-honey, the book, and the statement, "Bees will not bother you if you don't bother them."

Finding a suitable spot, I laid down the bowl and stepped back. I expected to watch a long stream of bees fly away from my syrup, thus leading me to their hive. But no bees came; although they were so numerous in the surrounding field as to make me apprehensive for my safety. I then took a peep in my book. The advice of twenty pages was, "Coax them". Ah, I would pick a flower with a bee on it and put it in the honey. No sooner said than tried, but the bee always flew off the flower, so I repeated the process more quickly. This time I got the bee in the honey. Ah, success—but no, he was so greedy that he waded right in and entangled his wings so that he was useless. In a last hope I picked all the neighboring flowers,

doused them in the honey, and scattered them around the bowl. Then I left, to probe further into "The Obtaining and Keeping of Bees".

I found that to tell the bees apart, one painted them. I sneaked up into my sister's room, glanced furtively about, seized her best brush, her red and blue paint, and hurried to my bowl of syrup. There, struggling in a mess of sticky honey, were a full hundred bees. Apparently they were mad at each other, and a terrible slaughter was taking place. I very cautiously hauled out the dead, the wounded, and the suffocated. Then I tried painting red and blue stripes on separate bees. This task lasted all afternoon. It seemed to me that all the striped bees were killed or wounded or had disappeared before I could spot them.

This seemed hopeless, so I looked for another way of "obtaining" bees. Sure enough, I came across the statement, "Tap likely trees with a hammer; listen for buzzing."

Armed with a heavy hammer, I tapped many trees; experience taught me not to tap too hard on apple trees bearing fruit. As I tapped one tree, I suddenly felt something that reminded me of the time the Sloanes shot me with a BB gun. Another "shot"—and I was making Mercury shamefaced. Speeding into the refuge of our house, I turned around to see *my* bees struggling in vain against the screen door.

"Almost a pyrrhic victory", I thought, as I approached the door. On

examination, my tormentors turned out to be yellow jackets! Suddenly I remembered one of my chores, the burning of all waste paper. With a waste-paper basket full of paper and a bulging side pocket, I cautiously slipped out the back door.

Next morning, as I swept off our porch, I came upon a tiny bee with a red and blue stripe, and near him lay a piece of charred paper on which was still legible, "Bees will not bother you if you don't bother them".

OWEN ROBERTS (V)

My Neighbor's Flag

I was sitting in a chair on our porch, that cool September morning. As I looked about me I could see the distant hills that surrounded the town. The smell of ripening fruit filled the air. Suddenly the sound of galloping hoofs broke the silence. Then the notes of a bugle reached my ears. Up the street I heard a man shouting. It was the town crier, and as he ran past our house, he said, "Jackson! Jackson's come to Fredericktown! Haul down your Stars and Stripes, or he'll shoot them down and maybe shoot you."

Alarmed at the words of the town crier, I took down our flag, and rolled it up. Already, over the southern hills I could see long lines of men coming towards the town. I glanced next door to Barbara Frietchie's house. She was a very old woman and I often did errands for her. Her flag was rippling in the breeze. I ran over to her house and took down her flag.

In a little while, I was sitting in her parlor with her, looking out of the window. We saw Stonewall Jackson, at the head of his troops, coming down the street.

"He is not going to frighten me," said Barbara Frietchie, as she took the flag I had taken down, and started to

climb the stairs to the attic. I followed her, spellbound. Just as Jackson came riding along she put the staff in the window, and the Stars and Stripes billowed in the breeze. Of course, Jackson saw the flag.

"Halt!" he commanded.

"Fire!"

The Rebel guns sent out a blaze of fire. The flag staff snapped, but before the torn flag fell, Barbara snatched it, and waving it out of the window, cried, "Shoot if you must this old gray head, but spare your country's flag!"

Stonewall Jackson, for he once had fought for that same Union flag, blushed with shame, and, after a moment, said, "Whoever touches a hair of yon gray head, dies like a dog. March on!"

All day long Barbara's flag flew in the breeze. The tread of marching feet never seemed to end. By evening the last Rebel soldier had moved on toward the north.

I heaved a big sigh that night when I got into bed. I thought of Barbara Frietchie, and how she had dared to show her loyalty in the face of the enemy. She was, indeed, the bravest person in Fredericktown that day.

GEORGE PIPER (I)

Stampede

One of the most dangerous adventures in the life of a cowboy is the Long Drive. I can vaguely remember the first trip I went on from the Rio Grande to the railroad in the North.

It was about May when we set out, on a hot, dry day which made the alkali dust stirred up by 12,000 hoofs drier than ever to the throat. We drew up our handkerchiefs above our noses, but even this did not prevent the effect of the torture from reaching home.

The first day was slow and tedious. To man the three thousand steers was a great job, and there were only ten other men to do it. By night we had covered only seven miles, but this was not bad for the first day. We camped near a stream where the animals had their fill of water.

For the next few weeks nothing happened of particular importance. The herd was making from ten to fifteen miles a day, when we suddenly noticed that the animals' eyes were inflamed and red. Many of the cattle seemed at times to go blind and then to recover. We concluded that they must have eaten a poisonous plant on their way.

The next night we were alarmed by some suspicious movements about the camp as we changed guard. It was raining and the herd was restless. No noise must be made as we searched the camp for rustlers, who were common those days.

Looking to my right, against a sky illumined with dull flashes of lightning

in the distance, I saw a figure jump up and rush to his waiting horse. Forgetting the state of the herd, I fired after him. At that exact moment there was a terrible flash of light, followed by a low roll of thunder that gradually died off in the distance.

This was too much for the already poisoned herd. With lightning speed they set forward, trampling down everything in the way. The rest of the cowboys were in their saddles in half a minute. The race was on.

Could the men outrace the steers and bring them into a circle before the herd entirely disintegrated in every direction? Our horses were tired after a long day and there had not been time to saddle fresh ones.

On the herd raced, with the cowboys spurring to their utmost to turn the steers. By the dim light of day I could vaguely see a bare black object looming in front. A cliff! It would then be an easy job to turn the herd into a circle. I know the other men would realize this too, so I dropped to the rear to aid in getting the stampede turned.

As the herd tired, they formed a willing group of cattle and soon they were nibbling on a little grass. But the day had dawned now, and to our left we saw a long fertile plain, on the edge of which, not more than ten miles away, stretched the railroad—the finish of our trip and the beginning of the end of the herd's journey.

MACKAY STURGES, JR. (V)

Will America Decline Like Rome?

(A FIFTH FORM FORUM)

The claim has often been made that America of today bears many resemblances to Rome at the time when that great power began to decline. From their study of ancient history, some members of the Fifth Form seem to find points of comparison between the two states; others take a more optimistic view. The JUNIOR JOURNAL presents four typical opinions. What do you think?

ROBERT BENHAM

One of the important problems of every country is, and always has been, the character of its citizens. Many people of today are wondering if character in this country is on the upgrade or is declining.

There is room for much argument over this question, but I think that American character, on the whole, is definitely improving. Naturally, for the first couple of years after the World War everyone had to "shift for himself." Since then, however, people have been more willing to cooperate and stick more closely to the old democratic principles that have been practiced since this country was formed.

Today American men care more about other people's welfare than ever before in history. In the establishing of such organizations as the WPA, the CCC, and the PWA, the government is taking a great step toward helping the unemployed. Inexpensive living quarters have been provided in many cities for families which could not afford better houses. The Motion Picture Relief Fund has been established to help those actors and actresses who no longer have jobs. The factory worker can turn to his union whenever he feels the need. Also, the banning

of monopolies has gone far to help the independent worker. In short, people are being more friendly to one another.

Efficient police forces and just laws and courts make a person's rights and property more secure.

Today everybody must go to school. This makes tomorrow's citizens qualified for reliable jobs.

Entire equality between rich and poor is more certain today than ever before in the history of any country. The American people have always known their rights and have seen to it that they got those rights.

We have always readily responded to the urgent pleas for help from such worthy organizations as the Red Cross and the annual March of Dimes. This shows that we are deeply concerned about those afflicted with any disease.

Reading good books and witnessing good entertainment are both helping us to improve our character. Boxing may some day be thought to be as inhuman as were the Roman gladiatorial contests.

If we improve our character the way we have been doing for the past eighteen years, we shall some day be proud of our civilization.

MACKAY STURGES, JR.

In the early days of America the type of person in the United States was a hard-working one. The frontiersman was a hardy man dependent on his own self for his very existence. What things had to be done he had to do with his own hands. His wife, like all the women of those days, worked hard, making all her own clothes. The children, as soon as they were old enough to be of any use, were put to work. These people were real patriots who sprang to their country's call and produced great men who were honest, straightforward and sincere.

But nowadays times have changed. Many modern electrical appliances have made life easy. One finds much less patriotism in the hearts of the av-

erage Americans. Money has gone to their heads. Today the United States is the richest country in the world. Almost everybody has money, and those who do not have it go to a bread line and have it "dished out" to them.

In the governments of the states very few men are truly sincere in their jobs. Many are there just to get money any way they can.

The degeneration of the American people is not nearly at the point that it was in Rome at the time of the Civil Wars, and there is not much indication that it is going that way very fast; but the real virtue of any people cannot stand up long in a rich country like ours.

OWEN ROBERTS

America is becoming like Rome before the Civil Wars in the following respect: Rome gave out free grain to any citizens who wished it. This made the people feel that the government should do things for them without charge. America is giving out relief money, old age pensions, and the like. Many people in the United States are on the WPA, which has become known for its lack of pep and honest wish to work.

It became the custom in Rome that the people who wished to get into an office bribed people to vote for them, and rewarded comrades by giving them offices and other corrupt measures. Today in America we have established groups of men, Tammany Hall, for instance, who buy, cajole, or threaten votes out of the citizens for

their man, a member of that particular group. Notice the son of Mayor Hague who got put on the highest bench. It is well known that many men in Congress are there for their own financial good, and that many Congressmen are "yes" men who vote for their party's bills no matter what they think personally.

A little before the Civil War in Rome, almost all the governors of the provinces were corrupt. They were there chiefly to make money for themselves. In America we had Jack Watlon, Governor of Oklahoma, who, when he was about to be voted out of office because of his bad politics, let any prisoner, no matter what his crime, out of jail permanently for the small sum of \$1,000. Not much worse than he was "Ma" Ferguson of Texas.

In Rome the people began to become very luxury loving. They owned many slaves who did the work. Almost every citizen could afford a slave. Americans have become the same. Most Americans today don't know about a sixteen-hour day's work. They haven't walked much on foot, or made their own houses, or have they struggled through heat or cold without suitable clothing, or made their own clothes from sheep's wool. The consequence is that when a depression occurs the people have to work harder; but they don't know how, so they go on relief. Workers demand such short

hours that manufacturers are not able to make their business pay. When this happens, the manufacturers stop work, which throws a lot more men out of work.

In the above mentioned ways the Americans have become like the Romans, but many of these things are being fixed. I firmly believe that America will go on prospering and that the American people are not as degraded as the Romans were. Also, our governing body is not yet too corrupt, and we still have no large landholders working their property with slaves.

BURNET FISHER

I do not think that America as a whole is following in the footsteps of the Roman Republic. The mere fact that it is being questioned by many people makes it, I think, highly improbable that there is any danger of the results of following Rome.

Our government is much better than that of Rome, and I think that one of the main causes of the decay of the Republic was faulty government. Our people are not so heavily and unjustly taxed that they would rebel. Our mayors and governors are not as unrestricted as were the Roman governors. They cannot tax the people as highly as they please.

Our country is much more unified

than the Roman Republic was. With the increase of speed in transportation comes a much more compact nation. Washington is able to keep a much more watchful eye on our governors.

Our government officials hold their positions for a much longer term than the Roman ones. This would tend to make them more used to the job and more familiar with the people, so they can govern them much better than the Roman provincial governor, paid no salary, who wanted to get rich off his province.

All these things tend to make our country more prosperous, more peaceful, and even more powerful than the old Roman Republic.



Signing on the Dotted Line

I entered the public library and went to the librarian at the desk.

"Have you the book, *Squire's Flying*?" I asked.

"Yes, we have it, but have you a library card? You must have one, you know."

"Well, I haven't got one," I replied. "Will you please give me one?"

"Certainly," answered the librarian, as she handed me some forms, "but you have to fill these out."

I went over to a near-by table and began to fill out the forms. After almost an hour's labor, I returned to the librarian.

"Well," I said, with a triumphant grin. "I have them all filled out. Now, where's my card?"

The librarian looked at the forms and then said, "Oh, I see you're from out of town."

"Yes," I replied, "that's right."

"Well, in that case," she said, "you'll have to fill these forms out, too." She handed me some more forms.

I groaned. "But I've just filled out ten forms," I said.

"Well, you have to fill these out if you're from out of town."

I went over to the same table and started once more on the task of filling out forms. I had to state my age,

weight, height, color, occupation, and other interesting facts about myself.

At last I returned to the librarian.

"Here are the forms," I said, wiping the perspiration from my forehead, "now—do I get my card?"

"Yes, as soon as you fill out the application blank for the card," the librarian answered.

I moaned.

She handed me the application blank which I took over to my familiar table near the door. At the end of ten minutes' time, I had it filled out.

"Now," I said, half in anger, half in tears, "*Do I get my card?*"

"Yes, this seems to be all right," the librarian replied, looking at the blank I had just filled out, "Here is your card."

"I'm certainly glad to get this!" I exclaimed happily, "Now, may I please have the book *Squire's Flying*?"

"Oh, I *am* sorry," she answered, "but that book is very popular at the present time, and five people have signed for it already. Do you wish to sign an application slip?"

"No, never mind," I said, on the verge of a breakdown, "I'll go buy the darned thing at the book store!"

With that I fled from the library, disgusted and downhearted.

JAMES MERITT (IV)



Lulu

There is an old cow named Lulu,
Who's never learned how to "Moo-moo",
 Now aged eighty-eight,
 She's just a bit late—
But *she* doesn't care, not Lulu.

No matter what kind of weather,
There sits that bunch of old leather.
 Though deep in the mud,
 She still chews her cud,
And blandly ignores the weather.

Her menu is not very small
And here it is, including all.
 Ten bushels of hay,
 Twenty times a day.
And corpulent Lulu eats *all*.

She's always been way out of style,
So tries to make up with a smile;
 For you must be trim
 And Lulu ain't slim—
For which she makes up with a smile.

Now Lulu has always lain down,
On a spot where the grass has turned brown,
 If ever she stood,
 She'd cave in, she would—
For Lulu has *always* lain down.

When it gets hotter and hotter,
Her tail becomes a fly-swatter.
 The flies lose their game—
 She has a good aim
And swings her trusty fly-swatter.

Yes, Lulu is odd in a way.
And I'm sure, quite sure, when I say,
 I'm willing to bet
 She's lying there yet—
For Lulu's so lazy that way.

WILLIAM GUTHRIE (IV)

Adventure in the Saddle

The annual Spring drive was at hand. All the cowboys of the U-Bar-O Ranch were ready and anxious to get in the saddle and be off, for, from Challis, Idaho, to Salt Lake City, Utah, it was a three hundred and seventy mile drive. Since the drive would take all of twenty days and since it was already late April, the cowboys had to get started immediately in order to escape the hot days of early June.

One morning, after getting up early and eating a hurried breakfast, the cowboys began the drive. The herd numbered about two thousand seven hundred, and the men, using the customary practice, urged the cattle on as fast as they could go, so that they would soon be tired and become easier to handle.

Their route for the first couple of days took them over fairly smooth ground, here and there hedged in by low ridges of rock or cut up by miniature gorges. These gorges had once been turbulent little rivulets, but had long since dried up to become a part of this dry, lifeless waste which forms much of southeastern Idaho. Looking to the southwest, the cowboys could see some of the eastern foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Before the drive was over, they would have to cross a part of those very mountains.

They had traveled over this same route for so many years that they were very familiar with it, and every night they managed to stop near a water-hole.

One day, after they had been going about ten days, a small dust storm came up. The herd was driven into a

gully until the danger was past and then they proceeded on their way.

The country was continually growing more mountainous and rocky, forcing the herd to progress considerably slower than previously.

Then one morning a cowhand, who had wandered a short distance from the camp, collecting the strays, was frightened at finding a dead steer. Looking closer, he was surprised at finding deep gashes in her back and sides. He knew only too well what that meant. He reported the killing to the boss of the drive, and they agreed that it must have been a mountain lion. They knew the lion would follow them, and the next night they camped in a valley which had a box canyon at one end. They hoped to trap the lion in that canyon. To do this they put the cattle between themselves and the canyon. That night no one slept. A cowhand was stationed at each side of the herd. After about an hour, the man on the left saw something moving at the edge of the herd. The cattle themselves felt apprehensive and began a low-throated growl. Strangely enough, the cowboys seemed glad at this. Several of them joined those who had taken positions on the sides of the herd, and, seeing a large shape moving ahead of the herd in front of the canyon, they began firing their guns and yelling. Other cowboys behind the herd did the same. Almost immediately a great movement of cattle started in the direction of the canyon.

Still yelling and shooting their guns, the cowboys followed the cattle

into the canyon. So surprised were the cattle to find a blank wall confronting them that they stopped, looked dazedly around, and, as if they had forgotten the stampede, began quietly

munching grass. In their wake, however, they had left the badly mangled body of a mountain lion, who had died trying to fight off the stampede.

ROBERT BENHAM (V)



The Nation's Sweetheart

It was a sunny day in Hollywood, California. This is not particularly unusual for California, at least, so native Californians will tell you. But today was an unusual day at the *Miracle Picture* studios, whose slogan was, "If it's a good picture, it's a Miracle." Their slogan was always right—if you know what I mean.

Today was unusual because a new Gay Goldilocks film was starting production. Little Goldilocks was the seven-year-old money-making star of *Miracle Pictures*. She had pulled the studio out of more than one financial rut. Darling little Gay Goldilocks was extremely temperamental, and after one of her pictures was completed, the studio workers always heaved a deep sigh of relief.

At this very moment, "The Nation's Sweetheart" was due on the movie set, but, as usual, she was late. If the studio wished its child star to be there at nine o'clock, it informed her to be at the studio promptly at six. Then, if they were lucky, Gay would show up at noon. Such was the case today. At last, at twelve-fifteen, Gay Goldilocks and her mother, who always accompanied her to the studio, arrived.

Mrs. "Goldilocks" (or so she called herself) was a stout woman with bleached red hair, who was constantly puffing on special cigarettes, which she imported from Egypt at a tremendous cost.

No sooner did the child and her mother get inside, than twenty-five people buzzed around them—three hair-dressers, two secretaries, an assistant director or two, countless autograph hounds, and a man who wanted Little Miss Goldilocks to endorse a certain brand of spinach, for which the company would pay her fifteen thousand dollars.

Mrs. Goldilocks waved them away with, "Oh, give my daughter some air, or she'll faint!"

Gay's new picture was to be called "Little Miss Dimples." Several workmen felt that the title should be changed to "Little Miss Pain-in-the-Neck."

After about three hours of make-up experiments and costume-fittings, Gay was ready for the first scene to be made. But, alas, no sooner were these preliminaries all finished than she announced, "I'm hungry, and I won't do a thing until I've eaten!"

Nothing would do but a tray of hot

food had to be brought to the poor starving child, who had consumed a six-course luncheon at noon time. This took another hour, and in the process she had smeared her make-up. She had to be made up again, and by this time it was five-thirty.

"Ready for the scene?" cried the exasperated director.

"Just a minute!" shouted the red-

tressed Mrs. Goldilocks, "this child has worked hard, it's getting late, and I insist that she go home for the day."

When the child's mother got an idea like this, there was no use arguing; her wishes had to be carried out. Mrs. Goldilocks and her seven-year-old prodigy flounced out of the studio—after a hard day's work.

STEVEN KAPLAN (V)



Pencil Sketches

UNFINISHED COMBAT

The city of Pompeii was in a great bustle, for a gladiatorial contest was to be held. People came from everywhere to Pompeii. In the city streets banners were flying. Merchants were selling their goods to the crowds; it was a grand chance for them to make money. There was a cloudless sky and a gentle breeze blowing. Off in the distance loomed Mount Vesuvius with its slowly-rising plume of smoke.

The contest was going to begin at about two o'clock, and the stadium was almost filled by a quarter of two. Among the gladiators who were to take place in the contest were Listradiates of Athens, Marcus of Rome, Cassvellanus of Pompeii, Ferdinand of Spain, Roderigo of Portugal, and Marspanius of Gaul. They marched into the arena and immediately started hacking at each other.

Half an hour later all six were still standing, though Roderigo of Portugal was fairly weak from loss of blood. At last his opponent gave him such a blow upon the head that the sword

sank down from the top of the skull to his shoulders, splitting the head and neck in two.

Listradiates, who was dueling with Ferdinand, saw his chance and gave the latter a stab so that the sword ran nearly two palms' breadth out on the other side of his back. Ferdinand was not dead yet, and he asked for mercy, but the chief priests and nobles had their thumbs down—which meant death.

Listradiates now fell upon Marcus of Rome, who had been the opponent of Roderigo. Never before in Pompeii had anyone seen such a fight. At first it looked as if Listradiates would win, but then Marcus gave him a blow that sent him reeling. He just barely regained his feet and caught Marcus off his guard, giving him a crack on the head that caused the blood to flow.

Meanwhile there was a great combat going on between Marspanius of Gaul and Cassvellanus of Pompeii. Cassvellanus was weakening from his wounds and at last his sword broke.

Marspanius cut his arm off and Cassvellanus sank to the ground with the blood pouring from his shoulder. He appealed for mercy, but the nobles again had their thumbs down, and Marspanius stabbed him in the throat.

By this time the sun was getting low, and still Marcus and Listradiates were fighting. Their armor was full of cuts and was dyed red from blood. Marspanius stalked over to them and hit Marcus, then Listradiates smote Marspanius, and the combat became a free-for-all.

All of a sudden there came a rumbling from the direction of Mount Vesuvius, and before anyone had time to realize what was happening, the mountain burst forth with an immense

vibrating explosion. The smoke from the volcano was blown across the sky and cast a darkness over the city. The people were in a terrifying panic and many were crushed in their haste to get out of the arena. In the streets hundreds were trampled and run over by horses and chariots. Some tried to get away in boats, but very few succeeded because the lava filled the boats, setting them on fire. Others crouched in cellars, but were either crushed by falling walls or suffocated by gas.

This rain of ash and lava continued for three days and when it had subsided Pompeii was buried nine feet deep in it.

THOMAS MATTHEWS (III)

THE MAN IN THE SWITCH TOWER

I know a man who works in a little square house high above the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Newark, New Jersey. He controls all the trains moving between Baltimore and New York.

Above his head in his little station is a big lighted switchboard, showing the trains on their routes. He switches these trains on and off different tracks, and controls the signals that tell the engineer whether the track is clear or not.

A switch pulled in the wrong direction means that the train will be sent on the wrong track. Sometimes an accident will result and many people will be killed. The lives of many people rest in the hands of the control man and he must protect them from any danger that might occur. He can

think of what might happen if there should be an accident—the twisted steel, the uprooted tracks, the screaming passengers pinned under the cars to die.

The control man sits in his tower, watching the board above him. He is surrounded by levers of every sort. Each one means something in his mind. He has to push or pull one, and a train goes on another track or a signal changes. He must know the layout of his track and the schedules of all the trains.

The job of the control man at the Newark switchboard has been copied on many model railroads all over the world. It is a job of great responsibility and a man in such a position must have an alert brain and cool judgment. MOORE GATES, JR. (II)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

One day a boy was born, who was named Abraham Lincoln. His father's name was Thomas Lincoln, and his mother was Nancy Hanks. Abraham was born on a farm in Kentucky, February 12, 1809. This boy loved books, and whenever he got a chance to read he would do so. While he was reading he would scratch down on a shingle the things that impressed him most.

His father was a harsh man, and sometimes would whip Abraham. That the boy was gentle is shown by a story that is told about him. Once, when he was out hunting with his father, they saw a young buck deer, and when his father was about to shoot it, Abraham made a noise on purpose, and the buck ran away.

The Lincolns were poor and life was hard for Nancy Hanks, the delicate wife of Thomas Lincoln, but she made the best of her lot. His father was a strange man, and suddenly, when they were all beginning to be happy in their Kentucky home, he decided to move to a new frontier in Indiana. He exchanged most of the things the family owned for four hundred gallons of whiskey, which served often as money for these frontier people. They journeyed through the woods, crossed the Ohio River, and finally settled on fertile land beside a stream called Pigeon Creek. After two years in the new home Nancy Lincoln died.

Abraham became a clerk in a store, and he was always obliging and strictly honest. He still read every chance he got. Soon he found and borrowed some law books, and finally became a lawyer. As a young man he

was well liked, shrewd, full of droll ways, and dry jokes. In the meantime he had left the family home, and moved to Illinois.

After a few years he was elected to the United States Senate. About this time the people of the nation became greatly agitated over the question of slavery in the South. Lincoln hated slavery. He made a famous speech, in which he said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure, half slave and half free."

In November, 1860, Lincoln was elected sixteenth President of the United States. Bells rang, and cheering filled the air. In March, 1861, he took the oath of office.

Then came the great Civil War. Four years of terror and disappointment and sadness hung over the nation. All this time Lincoln tried his best to unite the North and South, and help the slaves. Toward the end of the war, he signed the Emancipation Proclamation, freeing all the slaves. Finally on April 9, 1865, Lee surrendered to Grant, at Appomatox, and the war was over. Uppermost, now, in Lincoln's mind, was to find a way to make the North and the South friendly to each other.

One evening, shortly after the close of the war, Lincoln thought he would go to the theatre, for he had worked hard all day and felt that he needed a rest. Here, at Ford's Theatre in Washington, an actor named John Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln, and so ended the life of one of the world's greatest men.

ROY WELCH, JR. (I)

With the Blues and Whites

SCHOLARSHIP

The Blues vigorously challenged the Whites in the Color reports for the second term; nevertheless, the Whites maintained a higher average, completing the term with 2.46% as against 2.56% for the Blues.

The boys with no failures for the term in each Color were as follows:

WHITES (21)—Clarkson, Conger, Erdman, H., Erdman, P., Gates, M., Guthrie, Hall, Harrop, G., Harrop, W., McCutchen, Mathey, Matthews, Meritt, Peyton, Phinney, Roberts, O., Roberts, W., Schluter, F., Schluter, J., Schluter, W., Stewart.

BLUES (18)—Benham, M., Benham, R., Dickenson, Dougherty, J., Dougherty, R., Driscoll, Ellis, Flemer, Locke, McAlpin, Morgan, Munro, Piper, Shenstone, Sturges, Welch, R., Welch, S.

ATHLETICS

After a strenuous struggle, the Blues finally defeated the Whites and gained the supremacy in hockey. The Blues decisively won the series with four victories over the Whites. The scores of the games are as follows:

<i>Whites</i>	<i>Blues</i>
1	3
2	0
0	1
1	2
0	0
1	2

Honors

First Honor Roll

(90 - 100)

Garrison McClintock Noel Ellis
Charles Walter McCutchen
Michael Shenstone

Second Honor Roll

(85 - 90)

Richard Stockton Conger, II
James Gregg Dougherty, Jr.
Harold Bulkley Erdman
Moore Gates, Jr.
William Caldwell Harrop
Robert Wynter Locke, II
Dean Winans Mathey
Thomas Stanley Matthews, Jr.
James Kirkland Meritt
Richard Sherley Morgan

George William Piper

John Westcott Stewart

Perry Mackay Sturges, Jr.

Third Honor Roll

(80 - 85)

Martin Noble Benham
Robert Anderson Benham
William Floyd Clarkson, Jr.
Robert Ely Dougherty
Stevenson Flemer
William Alexander Guthrie
David Hunter McAlpin, Jr.
Elwyn Belmont Quick
Owen Winthrop Roberts
John Adolph Schluter
William Schluter

Athletics

HOCKEY

This season's hockey team was, in many respects, the strongest in some years. Although Mr. Dealey had to develop a new goalie, a right wing, and two defense players, the team made more than a creditable showing, very often against heavier opponents. The only trip away from home territory was made to the Philadelphia Arena, to play a return engagement with Germantown Academy.

Despite good team-work throughout the season, P. C. D. players found themselves outscored in the final check-up, which showed: Games Won—2; Games Lost—5; Games Tied—1.

The season's line-up: H. S. Kerr, R. W.; Sturges, C.; H. Erdman, L. W. (Capt.); Bryan, L. D.; Rossmassler, R. D.; Dignan, G.

Spares: Dougherty, J., Schluter, F., Matthews, Munn, Hunter, Dickenson, Erdman, P., Mathey, Meritt, Guthrie, Locke, Driscoll, Kerr, S. K., Laughlin, L., Hemphill. Manager: Benham, R.

P. C. D. 3, LAWRENCEVILLE 3

In the first game of the season, P. C. D. met a heavier and faster team from Lawrenceville. The opponents were held until their forwards pushed through to score while members of the P. C. D. team were assisting an injured player. Since the incident was unnoticed by the referee, the score was allowed to stand.

P. C. D. 3, PEDDIE 1

After a hard-fought game, P. C. D. succeeded in overcoming their weightier Peddie opponents. Sturges made all three scores, receiving assistance from Kerr on two of them.

P. C. D. 2 LAWRENCEVILLE 4

After their Peddie victory, P. C. D. went down to defeat at the hands of a slightly superior Lawrenceville team. Rossmassler scored twice for P. C. D., unassisted.

P. C. D. 3 MORRISTOWN 4

Although somewhat discouraged by their experience with Lawrenceville, the P. C. D. players came back with extra strength and determination, to meet the visitors from Morristown. Sturges scored twice, with assistance from Capt. Erdman on one goal. Rossmassler, unassisted, scored the remaining tally for P. C. D. An overtime period awarded the victory to Morristown.

P. C. D. 4, GERMANTOWN 1

Bringing to Baker Rink a much improved team over those of recent years, the Germantown visitors offered strong resistance to P. C. D. players. Sturges scored three goals unassisted. Capt. Erdman scored the fourth goal, also unassisted. An enjoyable feature of the game was the exhibition of fancy skating given by two members of the Germantown team.

P. C. D. 1, LAWRENCEVILLE 4

In the final game with Lawrenceville, the P. C. D. team, handicapped by the loss of several absentees, again went down to defeat. Although fighting against odds, the whole team displayed the sportsmanship which had been with them all season. Sturges made the lone score for P. C. D.

P. C. D. 1, CRANFORD HIGH 3

Although the Cranford players were heavier and faster than any of the members of the home team, the game was a close match to the finish. Sturges made the only P. C. D. goal, assisted by Kerr.

P. C. D. 4, GERMANTOWN 6

Bringing the 1939 season to a close, the P. C. D. players journeyed to the Philadelphia Arena to play a return match with Germantown. On home ice the Germantown skaters proved too fast for P. C. D., and for the first time in a friendly rivalry extending over nine years, they were able to score a victory over P. C. D. Sturges scored all four goals for his team, with assistance on two from Capt. Erdman and Kerr.

Study Hall Programs

In addition to the regular moving picture programs which have been shown in the Study Hall during the winter months, the School has had the pleasure of hearing speakers who have discussed special topics of current interest.

Mr. Edward Parsons, of Trenton, N. J., visited the School early in December and gave a talk on his travels in Egypt and the Holy Land. He illustrated his lecture with moving pictures filmed by himself during his most recent Mediterranean trip.

Prof. Thomas J. Wertenbaker of the department of History, Princeton University, spoke on February 24th on the subject, "George Washington as a Traveller".

Prof. H. W. K. Fitzroy of the department of History, Princeton University, addressed the School on March 2nd, taking for his topic, "The American Cowboy".

Mr. Charles R. Erdman, Jr., formerly of the department of Politics, Princeton University, and present Mayor of Princeton, spoke to the members of the Fourth and Fifth Forms on March 6th. Mayor Erdman described the operation of the government of the Borough of Princeton.

Prof. John Q. Stewart of the department of Astronomy, Princeton University, addressed science classes on March 16th. He explained the use of the celestial globe and the sextant, and recounted his experiences while observing recent eclipses.

Alumni News

Richard W. Baker, Jr., who is in Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Co., will join the faculty at St. Paul's School next fall.

George E. Beggs, Jr., Princeton '38, is in Radio Isophonics, Inc. He is conducting experiments in theatre acoustics.

Welling T. Bell is a partner in Bell & Bell Co., Brokers, Philadelphia.

John L. Bender is receiving a second group average at Princeton, where he is on the intramural swimming squad.

A. Caryl Bigelow, Jr., is on the freshman hockey team at Princeton.

Wade Brown is on the Dawes house swimming, basketball, and soccer teams at Lawrenceville.

John Chadwick has gone out for skiing at Deerfield. He is also on the photographic board of the *Pocumtuck*.

Edward Chynoweth has been on the class hockey team at Hotchkiss and is going out for baseball in the spring.

Blair Clark is at Harvard, where he is president of the *Crimson*.

Lansing Collins, Jr., just passed his New York Bar Examinations and will be admitted to practice soon.

Jeremy R. Colpitts has gone out for track at Yale.

Kenneth W. Condit is on the freshman crew squad at Princeton.

Bruce Crawford is attending Hun School.

John Crocker is at Groton, where he is on club football and hockey teams.

Mark Dall is a copyrighter at John Wanamaker's, New York City.

F. W. Dinsmore is married and living in Cincinnati, where he is associated with Procter & Gamble Co.

Harold Donelly, Jr., has attained high marks in algebra and Latin at Deerfield Academy. He is also on the second lightweight basketball team.

Joseph S. Elmer is at Berkshire School, where he has received his letter in varsity hockey.

Charles R. Erdman, III, is at Exeter, where he is on the jayvee hockey team.

William Flemer, III, has won second prize in a *Lit* short story contest at Lawrenceville. He is one of the founders of a campus publication called *Unbound*.

Lloyd Gibbons announced his marriage recently. He is associated with R. H. Macy & Co., New York.

George T. Gretton, Jr., is on the hockey team at Lawrenceville. He has represented his house in soccer and debating.

Alden Hall has been receiving an 80% to 90% average at Blairstown High School where he is singing in the Junior Choir.

Charles T. Hall has been receiving an 86% average at Blair Academy, where he is on the scrub wrestling team and is also playing in the orchestra.

Walter P. Hall has been playing on the varsity hockey team at Millbrook.

B. F. Howell, Jr., will do graduate work at California Tech next year. He is a member of the senior class at Princeton.

Robert Hunter has gone out for hockey and track at Taft. He is chairman of the *Oracle* and a member of the staff of *Papyrus*.

David Huntington is playing club hockey and is singing in the glee club at Taft.

Andrew W. Imbrie is at Princeton. He has appeared in piano recitals at P. C. D and Lawrenceville.

Tristram Johnson is in charge of the experimental division of Yale dramatic productions. He is a member of the Dwight Hall freshman council.

Nicholas Katzenbach has won second honors at Exeter, where he is on the soccer, hockey, and lacrosse teams. He is also president of the debating society, and vice-president of both the dramatic club and senior council.

Bradford B. Locke, Jr., played on the third hockey team at Kent.

Sanders Maxwell is attending Princeton, where he is a member of the senior class.

Arthur P. Morgan has attained an average of 90% and is a member of the dramatic club at Deerfield.

Thomas Norris is a chemist in the Linden Air Products Co.

John Northrop is at Millbrook, where he played on the first varsity hockey team.

Karl D. Pettit, Jr., has gone out for track at Princeton.

Stephen H. Phinney has attained an average of 75% at Lawrenceville, where he has gone out for crew.

William W. Phelps has attained an average of 83% at Lawrenceville, where he has received his letter for soccer and has played on the football team.

William R. Rossmassler is a member of the Periwig Club at Lawrenceville.

John Sinclair has received an average of 93% at Deerfield, where he has been playing hockey and singing in the glee club. He is also a member of the dramatic club.

William M. Sloane has gained honors in mathematics and Latin at Exeter. He is also on the soccer team, is co-captain of the hockey team, captain of the school debating team, and vice-president of the Senior Council.

Douglas E. Stuart is assistant editor of the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*.

Robert L. Terry has attained an average of 73% at Princeton, where he has gone out for squash.

George B. Watts, who is now living on Long Island, is married and has two sons.

Roger Wilde has gone out for varsity track at Berkshire.

John Williamson, Jr., has attained first honors at Exeter. He has been elected a member of the *Cum Laude Society*.

Exchanges

The *Albemarle*, published by the Fessenden School, is a very neat, well-written magazine. We suggest that more space be given to original stories, thus improving its literary value.

The *Beechwood Tree* is an interesting type of school magazine. This newcomer to our exchanges is published by the Scarborough School, and contains many interesting stories.

The *Dome*, from Berkshire School, is a magazine of high standard. Stories, poems and editorials are always excellent in the *Dome*. We suggest that more space be given to alumni news and sports.

The *Monthly Chronicle* is published by the Episcopal High School. More illustrations would further improve an already fine publication.

The *Horace Mann Quarterly*, published by the Horace Mann School, is another newcomer. It contains some fine stories.

The JUNIOR JOURNAL welcomes exchanges from other schools. In addition to the publications mentioned above, the following magazines appear regularly on our exchange list:

Bishop's College School Magazine (Lennoxville, Canada)

Blue and Gray, Gilman Country School

Blue and White, Rothesay Collegiate School (Canada)

The Echo, Rumsey Hall

Green and Gray, Berkshire School

The Grotonian, Groton School

The Hearth, Eaglebrook School

Hill School News, The Hill School

Horae Scholasticae, St. Paul's School

Monthly Chronicle, Episcopal High School

Pastorian, Germantown Friends School

School Press Review, Columbia Scholastic Press Association

Saint Andrew's College Review, Saint Andrews College (Canada)

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