

VOL. XIV. No. 1

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

DECEMBER, 1939

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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PRINCETON NEW JERSEY

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

DECEMBER  
1939

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

Published Three Times a Year by the Students of the Princeton Country Day School  
Member *Columbia Scholastic Press Association*

Subscription . . . . . Fifty Cents the Copy  
\$2.00 a Year

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Vol. XIV

DECEMBER, 1939

No. 1

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

## Editorial

Once again the boys of Princeton are eagerly awaiting the Yuletide season. Once again, in most Princeton homes, there will be the trimming of the tree, the hanging of stockings, the making of the plum pudding, the decorating with holly and mistletoe, and, of course, the coming of Santa Claus. Because of all this, it seems hard to realize that in many countries, in fact in the very lands where so many of our Christmas customs originated, there will be no observance of this great day. In Germany, the home of the Christmas tree, in Holland, where the custom of hanging stockings began, in England, the home of plum puddings, holly wreaths, and the practice of carol singing, and in Russia, the abode of Saint Nicholas himself, Christmas will come and go without the usual merriment. In countries already torn by war, or the threat of war, the day will pass by unnoticed. Therefore, at this season of giving, let us give a little thought to the feeling of safety with which we in America may celebrate Christmas this year, in contrast to those who live in less fortunate lands.

"A good book is a wise companion" is a wise saying. There are many more like it devoted to the praise of books as the source of knowledge and pleasure. Here at P. C. D., we have a library, which, though small, covers a wide range of topics. In order to enlarge and improve this library, we need the co-operation of the boys and their parents.

Many a time a boy has required a reference book for use in his school work, only to find either that the library's one copy is off the shelves or that the School does not even own the book. In fiction, too, more books are needed. If a boy does not have a certain book at home, he should be able to turn to the school library and read the story at school.

Although the lack of space for a proper library room is a handicap, we believe that some day this will be remedied. Meanwhile, we hope for an answer to our present needs.

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December, 1939

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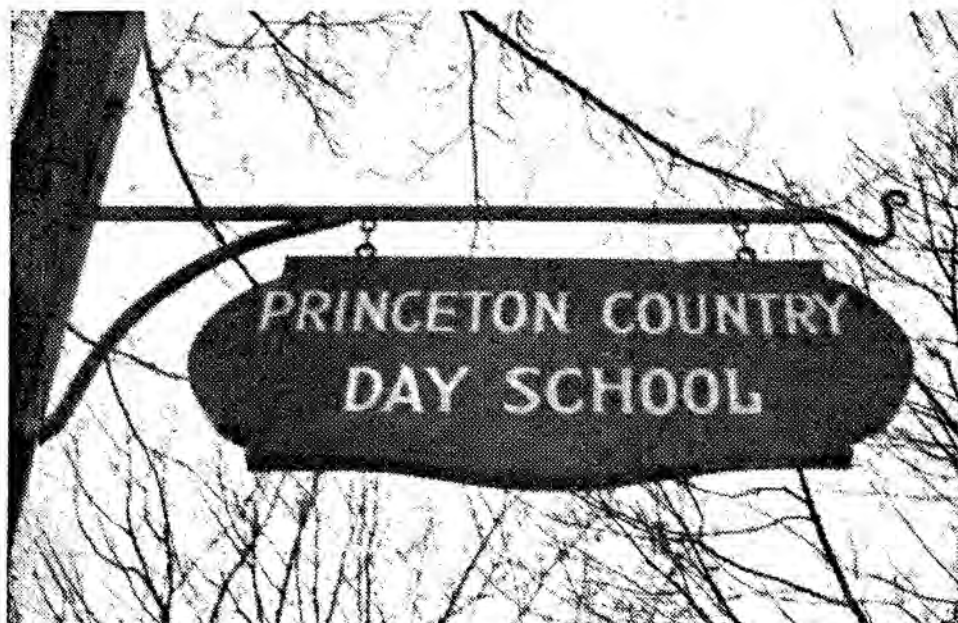
## Towards Evening

Towards evening when the sun sinks low,  
The amber sky begins to glow.  
Out of the dark creep the timid deer,  
Down to the ford so cool and clear.

Though all the wood-folk sleep in peace,  
The song of the cricket does not cease.  
The croak of the bull-frog, too, does last,  
As the foaming brook goes bubbling past.

Low bends the wheat as soft winds blow.  
There stand the corn stalks row by row.  
Now, as the day come to an end,  
Low do the stars and bright moon bend.

THOMAS ANDERSON (III)



## Who's Who

1939-1940

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## The Calendar

### SEPTEMBER

*It was a dark and stormy night when Michael Shenstone began smelling a mouse, and it was a good thing that—*

- September 20 School opened this morning, for it meant that we'd all be together, not only to solve the mystery, but to stand as one man in case anything happened,—all of which has nothing to do with David Barlow, famous Trenton sleuth, who was merely born this day.
- September 21 Richard Morgan, pop-eyed with excitement, and fairly bursting with importance, added to the general hubub, by telling us that he had seen a masked man in the neighborhood of the Country Day School last night. The stranger was carrying a black package.
- September 25 And when Morgan said the man was wearing his left shoe on his right foot, we immediately began to suspect Richard Conger.
- September 26 When we discovered, however, that Don Mathey, in his excitement to get to school and beat Garry Ellis in scholarship, often puts both shoes on the right foot, we turned our faint candle of investigation in the direction.

### OCTOBER

*being the month of goblins and darksome plots, did not help the matter any, for Lloyd Grover, waiting at the school one night for his car, (a not unusual occurrence) picked up a clew.*

- October 3 Frank Donnelly, a man with a whale of a past, came creeping out of the bushes, holding an old JUNIOR JOURNAL in his teeth. Later we found that he was not the *corpus delicti*.
- October 4 This information so frightened Carlos Quian, that he immediately began packing his trunk for the next boat to Spain, where things are safe and quiet.
- October 5 "Not yet, my fine lad!" exclaimed William Guthrie, fondling that same old musket he used in the battle of Bull Run, while—
- October 6 Frank Driscoll, noted Trenton cop, paced the floor muttering in his teeth, "Nothing like this ever happens in Trenton!"
- October 20 At this stage of the game, suspicion began to involve Elwyn Quick, famous advocate of learning, who was seen, this morning, collecting finger prints in the Junior locker room.
- October 30 And then came Hallowe'en, and the mystery began to thicken. Out in the vicinity of the Graduate College, dark forms were



seen to gather. Suddenly, there came a splash, and a heavy body toppled into Listerine Pond. Somebody thought he saw one of the Schluter boys somewhere in the murky dusk.

## NOVEMBER

*nights are cold and dismal, save when the moon comes  
out now and then from behind the clouds, and—*

- November 5* this 'eve, saw Billy Schluter roaming around out Rosedale Road way singing, "Happy Birthday to You". No good came of this save for one old bird, who woke up, said, "Cuckoo!" and went back to sleep again.
- November 6* Then, Hamilton Hazelhurst, the little fellow from up around New Brunswick, this morning, found his cereal popping with sugar plums, (his mother does this to get him to eat it) and when he stuck in his thumb to pull out a plum, imagine his surprise to hear a deep voice behind him muttering, "You're next!"
- November 9* Nor was Peter Erdman, third in a long line of notorious rascals, allowed to have a quiet birthday party with his little friends, for when he opened one of his presents, out fell a note which read, "I've got you on my list!"
- November 14* It may prove a good thing for the world that Freddy Roberts, the greatest living detective of our times, was born this day.
- November 15* Not to mention Jack Stewart, the noted astronomer, who has consented to seek the answer to this school mystery in the stars.
- November 22* To those in the dark, the Crocker party, attended by all the boys of the Fifth Form, save one, and an equal number of members of the fair sex, seemed innocent enough; yet, as it turned out later, the perpetrator of this dark plot was there that night, eyeing his future victims in fiendish glee.
- November 23* But we didn't know it, and so some of us were able, today, to partake of more Thanksgiving turkey than we should have, little realizing what dire fate lay just ahead.
- November 25* Did Bill Clarkson really see two big eyes staring at him out of the dark, or was it that, with Thanksgiving just behind, and all that birthday cake inside, he merely had a bad case of the Golli-wobbles?
- November 27* Leighton Laughlin, too, well known farmer lad, allowed as how a most noticeable cold chill ran down his spine, as he was passing Drake's Corners tonight.
- November 28* Martin Benham, who first saw the light of day this November morning, said that undoubtedly his recent discovery of some old papers in the secret compartment of a trunk in his attic might throw some light on the subject.

- November 29 To which Jim Merit merely grunted "Umph!" as he blew out the last candle on his cake. "That leaves just one year until I get married," mused Jim.

### DECEMBER

*brings cold, and snow, and skating, and vacation, and Christmas,  
and perhaps a solution of that mystery, for, says—*

- December 8 Jim Ben Laughlin, "Things have gone far enough. I'm beginning to doubt whether there is any mystery at all. Something tells me it's a lot of hoey, just like Santa Claus, got up to read the *School Notes*, or something."
- December 9 "It may be hoey, but don't include Santa Claus," pleaded Bobby Dougherty, "for there *is* a Santa Claus, and he lives up at the North Pole, and he brings me everything I ask for—that is, almost everything. I'm going to write him tonight, and ask him what all this means."
- Then a hand reached out and completely blotted out—
- December 15 See you next term. Merry Christmas!

JOHN STREET

## Surprise

As by a grave-yard I did ride,  
I saw two spectres side by side.  
There they stood 'neath an old oak tree . . .  
"Hold, brother!" said one. "Come speak with me!"

This frightened me as ne'er before;  
I felt my days were numbered o'er.  
As down I got to meet the ghost,  
This is what disturbed me most—

They ordered me to close my eyes—  
I did—then looked up with surprise;  
There, instead of the ghosts I'd seen,  
Two boys were crying, "Tis Hallowe'en!"

RANDOLPH HUDSON (III)

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## Sweet Landing

Major Rathburn's bushy eyebrows drew close together as a torrent of words cracked over the wire. The cracking ended with a sharp click and the Major slammed down his receiver. Headquarters was on the rampage again. What was the matter with his squadron?

A faint droning in the air grew to a deep roar. The major glanced fretfully at his wrist-watch. Only twenty minutes before the "A" flight had taken off into the mists of the early morning. Rathburn knew well that the flight could not have reached its destination, the Dorc River. He shoved back his chair and stalked out of the flimsy metal shack which served as an office.

"What's the matter this time?" he demanded gruffly of the pilot who emerged from the first craft to land.

The lean, blue-eyed flyer yanked off his oil-spattered helmet disgustedly and answered, "My gun jammed, sir. I turned back to fix it and the flight followed in."

"Couldn't you loosen it in the air?"

"No, sir."

"It jammed yesterday didn't it?"

"Yes, sir—I would like a new one."

"You'll get it."

Jimmy Boles looked up quickly and then turned to wait for the others, Pete, Mose, Brownie, and Jack, all ace pilots of the Milanville squadron.

Until recently scarcely a day had passed that their guns did not force one black-crossed plane into the hazy fields below. Instead of reading "Down in flames," "crashed in a spin," "crashed with wings folded,"

the daily reports were often "Flight commander's motor missing and returned," "met enemy and repelled," "guns jammed and returned."

Strangely, it always seemed to be Jimmy's gun or Jimmy's engine.

He sat in the dingy office, drumming nervously on the desk. Major Rathburn had just handed him a note from headquarters complaining of the enemy flights that had broken through the squadron.

"The General says we're falling down," commented the Major, "and the trouble, Boles, lies particularly in your flight."

Next morning, five Nieuport pursuits were once more squatting on the chilly sod. The planes seemed to shiver as the mechanics put finishing touches to engines and spun stubborn propellers. When the engines did start, they spat protestingly and their pilots spoke sharply to each other.

The planes sped across the field, lifted into the morning air, and were enveloped in the low-hanging mist. At a safe altitude Jimmy tested his gun. It cracked out evenly and he released the trigger. At that instant his motor sputtered and then caught again. He nosed down, to ease the pull, and it functioned more evenly.

In the higher altitudes the clouds became mysterious floating islands. Cruising in and out, the planes became bird-dogs alertly stalking game. A long rift opened and, far to the left, Jimmy picked out a tiny "V" of specks. Signalling the flight, he pulled into a climb and circled around to gain the concealment of a cloud. At

fifteen thousand the sky beneath him split cleanly and disclosed far below a ship; then two; a third, a fourth, and a fifth quickly swam into sight. A second later the five Nieuports nosed over and whistled down like screaming comets. The German leader signalled his flight and they scattered like chickens fleeing before a hawk. Jimmy picked out the first plane. It jumped into the circle of his sights and he squeezed the trigger. Adroitly the Fokker D. 7 slipped on a wing, cut up and over. In the bat of an eyelash it was sitting on the Nieuport's plunging tail. Jimmy was not caught unaware. A vertical bank spun him out of the way and the Fokker shot past.

A glance upward disclosed two hornet-like specks buzzing down from the clouds. Jimmy started away, hoping to draw them from Mose, Pete and Jack, who already had their hands full. As he turned, his engine coughed again. By nosing down, he tried to get it hitting once more. Frantically he waggled his wings and waved to the others to tell them of this new danger. It was certain that he could not stay in the fight with his motor out of control. Jack had seen the new arrivals and was zooming up to slash into them, when he saw Jimmy dropping away. Simultaneously the others glimpsed their leader apparently high-tailing for home, Panic set in and they dropped the flight like a hot poker. The Fokkers almost got Jimmy, but his cantankerous engine burst into action and he gained the protection of the American lines.

When they landed, the Major again met Jimmy. "Into it again, eh?" he asked.

"Yes sir, my engine went on the bum again and we had to give it up."

"Your engine is firing again, isn't it?"

"It keeps cutting off. The magneto must be bad."

"They got your wing, I see. The fabric is curling up. There's a new ship coming in this morning. You take it."

After a gloomy breakfast Jimmy heard a plane land outside and he walked slowly over to investigate.

"Was that the new plane that just landed?" he asked the mechanic.

"Yop," was the sullen reply.

"The Major says it's for me."

The grease-monkey took interest at this, dropped his work, and took Jimmy over to it.

"She's a Spud," he said, "the fastest thing that flies."

"Oh, boy!" Jimmy exclaimed enthusiastically. "Wheel her out. I want to take a spin."

He climbed in and the mechanic started the engine. Jimmy warmed it up for a minute and then shouted, "Pull out the chucks!"

Again he pulled back the throttle and in no time at all he was high above the ground. After he maneuvered the ship around the field for a while, he decided to fly to the nearby port of Havre. In this plane, he thought the trip would take less time than it would to circle a city block on a bicycle. Soon he had disappeared over the horizon.

When he reached the landing field of the port he set his plane down neatly and went into a small building which adjoined a storehouse.

"Hello, Tom," he said to a short man seated behind a desk.

"Well, Jim, how are you? Soft landing or whatever you aviators say?"

"Oh, O. K.," answered Jimmy. "Say Tom, I wondered if you had anything that would cheer the boys up back at the field. They're all in the dumps; there's no fight left in them."

"Well, let's see," he said thoughtfully. "There are newspapers. They're a little old but—"

"And have them read how lovely everything is in the States? No sir."

"We've got some magazines—"

"Full of pictures of fishing and canoeing and swimming. They won't do either."

He looked through some papers. "Here's something. We have some maple syrup in stock. I could give you two gallons," he suggested.

"Maple syrup," Jimmy shouted, "Baby that's swell! Pansakes, fritters, waffles—I can taste them now. When can I get them?"

"Right now," Tom said obligingly.

Together they went to the supply house, got the syrup, and Jimmy took off, with great joy, for home.

Back at the base all was not well. The Black Flight was reported to have slipped past the lines and was now headed toward Milanville.

The planes of "A" flight were ordered out, but Jimmy was not there. Just then the roar of motors was

heard and suddenly the Germans broke out of a cloud-bank. Everyone below scattered to find shelter. It was almost impossible to attempt to send any planes up, so they could attack the field without any opposition.

Suddenly Jimmy shot out of the clouds and headed straight into their midst. With a buzz-saw scream, he ripped down the whole formation. I suppose that they thought that there were more flyers following Jimmy, for they scuttled away and were seen no more.

After Jimmy landed, his friends all crowded around his plane. Above the excited jabber, the voice of the Major cut in sharply. "What's the idea of tackling those planes single-handed?" he shouted. "Why didn't you use some sense and—"

Rathburn tried to keep a stern face, but he could not succeed. He grinned widely. Jimmy grinned back, and at the same time he loosened the jugs and gave them to the astonished commander.

"Maple syrup," he announced. "I went a little farther than I should have, Major, but just look at what I brought back. I had to make a soft landing to keep from breaking them."

The Major walked halfway across the field and then stopped and shouted to Jimmy.

"Soft landing? I'd call it a sweet landing!" and for the first time in weeks they heard his roaring laugh.

STEVENSON FLEMER (IV)

\* \* \*



## *A Light in the Dark*

There was a rustling in the pine trees as the wind blew through them. The wind was cold and the night was very dark. The limbs of the old walnut trees around the ancient house were swaying back and forth like phantoms.

The old house was situated upon a little knoll. The forlorn shutters were swinging to and fro making a grating sound. The house had once seen a better day. It had beautiful columns in front, now rotting away. There were long French windows all around the lower floor. Some of them had been broken by vandals. The front door was beautifully carved and had a rusty knocker upon it.

"Yes, it has once been a stately mansion," I said to myself as I walked along. "I'll bet I could buy it very cheaply. I think I will look into the idea."

The next day I found myself in the office of a local real estate man.

He was a short, chubby, little man. When he smiled, two large dimples would appear in his fat cheeks. I can't recall his name. Oh! I remember. It was Frank Plumb—very appropriate, I thought. He was always talking, trying his best to make a deal. When I told why I had come, the smile disappeared. "What is the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing, nothing at all," he managed to stammer out.

"Come now, something must be wrong. Tell me, what is it?" I asked.

"It's haunted," he answered in a shaking voice.

"Nonsense! How much is it?"

After much detail the house was sold. It was restored and I moved in. It was just the place for me, because it was back from the road and very secluded. I was a writer, and needed quiet to write my novels.

The next job was to hire servants. I put an "ad" in the paper and a colored man and his wife came in answer. I hired them. The man was rather tall with a black mustache. The woman was very fat and had a happy glint in her eyes.

One night, when returning from business, I found that William, the colored man, was still up. Mary, his wife, was up too.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Mr. Boss man, did you leave de cella light on?" asked William.

"No!" I replied, "I haven't been down there today."

"Well as I was gwine over to de servants' house, de cella light was on," interrupted Mary in a frightened voice.

"Oh, well, you probably left it on. Go to sleep now and forget about it," I laughed.

As I was going in the house I began to think about it. Could it be true? Oh, I guess he just left it on. Then I went to bed. I slept very soundly, until suddenly I was awakened by a pounding on the door.

I jumped out of bed and unlocked the door. There stood William, shaking like a leaf.

"Mr. Boss, Mr. Boss man, de light is on again!"

"You are imagining things," I growled.

"No suh, I seen it with my own eyes," replied William.

"Well, go turn it off."

"No suh, no siree, Mr. Boss, not me," answered William in a quaking voice. "I'se stayin right hea. You ain't gwine a-make me go down there."

"Oh all right, we'll both go," I replied.

We went down the steep, old, narrow steps leading to the cellar. It was a musty cellar. The light was on. The walls were made of huge stones and were covered with dust. The old beams were very rotten and the ceiling looked as if it would cave in at any moment. The search was begun. I had my flashlight and looked in every dark room in the cellar. William was right behind me. We searched and searched, but could find nothing.

"I can't understand it," I muttered and leaned against a post. Then the lights went out!

"Mr. Boss, oh Mr. Boss!" cried William.

I snapped on my flashlight and walked over to William. The lights went on. There was William on his knees, praying for all he was worth.

"I have it!" I cried. William looked up. "The post—there must be a loose connection," I said. Then I shook the post and the lights went out. I shook it again and the lights went on. "That solves the mystery," I said to William.

"Thank de Lord," cried William. "But is you sure you is right?" demanded William skeptically.

"We'll remove the bulb and get the electrician tomorrow."

William looked dubiously up at the empty light socket and said, "Well, Mr. Boss, if it don't come on again, we'll know it wasn't ghosties."

HAMILTON HAZLEHURST (V)

\* \* \*

---

## *At the Seaside*

I like to sit beside the sea,  
And watch the waves roll up to me.  
When down the beach the breakers roar,  
'Tis then I like it all the more.

Sometimes I hear the seagulls crying;  
Now I watch the white clouds flying.  
Most people like the farmer's barns,  
But I prefer the seaman's yarns.

THOMAS DIGNAN (III)

## Nikki's Night Run

On waking up, Nikki looked outside and immediately went back to sleep. However, it was not as easy as that to escape from Jean, one of the attendants of the kennels. Jean came in and firmly but gently awoke Nikki again.

"Wake up, you little mutt!" he murmured as Nikki took a delicious yawn.

Outside, Jean and Nikki were met by a furious blast of wind and rain. A large tan truck stood by the office building, its motor purring idly. Already nine young dogs were in it; Nikki and four more would make up the complement for the little station.

Nikki had been in these trucks before when he and the other dogs had gone out to the fields for training, so he knew what to do. Jumping the runway, he entered the truck, and his leash was fastened by Jean to a small ring in the floor. Shortly after the other dogs had been brought in, the buck-board was put up and the canvas at the top drawn tight against the storm outside.

At this point it might be well to tell the reader a little about Nikki and his colleagues. All through France there are little stations, like the one Nikki had just left, in which dogs are trained for work in the trenches. During the last war many heroic performances were made by dogs who were used to carry messages from one dug-out to another. Nikki had come from a long line of these fighting dogs.

Nikki awoke several times on that trip, only to go back to sleep. It is amazing how much a dog can sleep!

All fourteen dogs in the truck slept all morning only getting up occasionally, and then just to get a small drink of water.

The truck, although cool, was not at all drafty or damp. There was a stationary pan of water for every four dogs in the center of the truck. In the car two men sat hunched up in their great-coats, cursing at the weather and trying to keep the windshield clear.

It was dark in the truck when Nikki awoke about noon. He got up and, after some very vigorous but unnecessary yawning and stretching, took a drink of water from the pan nearest him. He lay down but did not go to sleep. Instead, he thought about the training he had had and where he was going—for it took only two hours to go out to the training fields.

About one o'clock the truck stopped, the driver got out and gave the dogs their noon meal of one large dog-biscuit. By this time all the dogs were awake and snapping over their food as if they hadn't had any for a week. The drivers went back to the cab and ate their meagre meal.

After traveling another hour the truck again stopped, this time at what was apparently a terminal for trucks. The dogs were unloaded and put in a small room at the rear of the office. At five-thirty they were taken out and placed in another truck. This one, however, was not as clean; in fact it was very dirty. There was mud everywhere.

They continued their journey and by



six o'clock it was dark and they could hear the roar of the big French guns, also the occasional explosion of an enemy shell. Suddenly a big shell screamed as it sailed over the truck. It struck two hundred yards away, in a field. Nikki was frightened. He had heard rifles and machine guns and even small caliber cannon, but this was his first experience with the big guns.

It was nearly twelve when the truck stopped. The dogs were taken out, but were not allowed to make any unnecessary noise. The roar of guns was on all sides now. Up ahead the dogs saw, in astonishment, lights suddenly burst forth and drift lazily down, illuminating up the whole section with a bright bluish light. For an hour they walked forward, mostly among narrow and twisting trenches. About one o'clock Nikki was separated from the others and, with two soldiers, he advanced.

Nikki woke up with only a faint recollection of that horrible journey of the previous night. He now proceeded to ascertain his surroundings. First he circled his home, a shell-hole converted into a rude dug-out. There was a five-gallon can of stale water in one corner with some food. In the center was a small collapsible table stacked with papers. Every now and then a man would come in, and, after scribbling down a lot of figures, pick up a telephone and murmur something about "elevation" and "deviation." Then he would go out.

The desire to go into the sunlight outside grew upon Nikki, until, at last, he advanced through the door. What he saw was encouraging; no one

was paying any attention to him—both men were looking over the ends of the shell-hole with field glasses. Deciding to take a look over the edge also, Nikki started to push his cold nose up beside one of the men. He was rudely pushed back.

Later one of the soldiers came over and gave Nikki some water and food, which he took eagerly. Nikki soon became a good friend of this soldier whose name was Tony. The other one held aloof, and Nikki ignored him in turn.

As time passed, Nikki grew accustomed to life in the dug-out. Every third night the soldiers made their way back to the main trenches for water and food. On these occasions Nikki was taken along so that he could learn the route. Soon Nikki began to be sent off with messages to the trenches alone, just for practice.

The change of life was a great one, but Nikki was still young and took to it easily. He had a damp, muddy bunch of burlap bags to sleep on and could only play in a very small area. The nights were the worst unless he was doing something, for magnesia flares were continually sailing up and lighting the ground like day. He didn't mind the big guns now.

In a month he was well established, but then something happened to him that had never happened before. He was hit by a bullet. Not badly, but it hurt, and he couldn't go anywhere for a while. When he finally got up and went with Tony, he found it was harder to get through. There seemed to be a rifle or machine gun on every

dominating rise. However, it could and had to be done.

One day a shell splinter must have hit the telephone line, for there was no connection. This was discovered fairly early in the morning and Tony decided to go over it as soon as it was dark. About noon a barrage started, and the men could see trucks rolling along the short stretches of dirt road which were exposed to their view. Apparently an attack was at hand. Suddenly, almost in front of them, a battery of howitzers started up. This was dangerous, for it meant that there was going to be a strong offensive.

As soon as it was dusk a note was fastened on Nikki's collar and he was sent on his way, but he had hardly gone five steps when a machine gun opened up at him. He darted down into a shallow mud pool while slugs whirled over him. He rose and made a dash for the nearest shelter. Again the gun opened up, mingled this time with the sharp crack of rifles, but he made his cover with nothing but a bad scare. Lying there, panting, he wondered if he should go through or stay. He had a strong inclination to do the

latter. He was really scared.

Soon, however, he caught hold of himself and started again. He flashed from cover to cover, over ridges, through shell holes, always pursued by that clatter of a machine gun and the whine of rifle bullets. Once he felt a hot, searing pain along his right shoulder, but it was gone in an instant.

At last he stumbled weakly into his trench. He fell down and tried to rise, but could not. Suddenly everything went black.

When he woke up he was in a dug-out on a camp cot. A bowl of hot gravy was in front of him and an officer was leaning over him, patting his ears.

Nikki tried to move but found that the effort made a great pain all through his right leg, which was in a splint and swathed in bandages. Nikki had made the last part of the trip on a broken leg, but he had saved the sector from severe defeat. As it was, the French had made a counter attack and had beaten the enemy.

MICHAEL HALL (V)

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## *Midnight Alarm*

During the World War, Germany's most destructive weapon was the U-boat. At one time, Germany actually had English shipping at a standstill. When the United States entered the war in 1917, she realized that she must have some way to fight against these U-boats. The United States finally organized the "Splinter Fleet," which were boats built especially to destroy submarines.

Along the docks in New London everything was bustling. Many navy ships were at anchor, and, on shore, all up and down the docks there were posters saying "Join the Navy," "Be a Patriot," and many other signs in front of the enlisting offices. The strong little tug-boats were steaming up and down the river, hauling supplies.

Over near one end of the docks,

tied all together, lay the sub-chasers. The sailors were swabbing the decks and cleaning the brass. An officer hurried down the dock and stopped opposite the fleet. "All hands on deck for inspection," he ordered. Instantly the order was relayed, and the sailors came piling up on deck from below. When all were on deck, the commander summoned the captains and told them that the fleet was ordered to sail right away, for a submarine had been seen off the coast of Maine. The captains returned to their ships, and, before long, the "Splinter Fleet" was moving out to sea.

Finally, after two days, they came into the region where the submarine was thought to be. They stopped and lowered hydrophones, which pick up the sound of submarine motors. They patrolled those waters for about two days without seeing or hearing any submarines. Then, on the third day, they received a report over their radio that a submarine had torpedoed a merchantman about fifty miles away.

Instantly the fleet started, full speed ahead, and as they approached they slowed down a bit so that the submarine would not slip by them.

That night was quiet and cool. The captains had decided to anchor until morning. As it grew later and later all the men, except a watch and a man at the hydrophones, went sound asleep. About the middle of the night, as the man at the earphones was just about to fall off to sleep, he heard a faint noise. As it grew louder and

louder, he suddenly realized it was the sound of submarine motors. He yelled up the hatchway to the watch on deck. "Submarine near by! Sound the alarm!"

The siren screeched and as the men were wakened up by the awful noise and just about to turn over again, they suddenly realized what it meant. In less than a minute all hands were on deck, ready to fire away.

As the sound of the motors over the earphones grew louder and louder, each man became tense, waiting for the signal. Then, Y guns roared and as the depth bombs exploded one after another, the waters were churned as if by the hands of a tempest. This bombardment was maintained for over an hour. Finally the man at the earphones reported that the submarine motors which they had heard had stopped. The order was given to cease firing and most of the men, tired and worn out, returned to their bunks. The rest of the crew spent their efforts finding the submarine and picking up any survivors.

When morning came, they made sure that the submarine was really disabled. Finally, after they had done all they could, they turned around and headed back for New London.

As the "Splinter Fleet" steamed down the Thames all in formation, the men on board were proud, because at last they had one under-sea raider to their credit.

JAMES DOUGHERTY, JR. (V)

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## Tiger Hunting with Pad and Pencil

(Assigned to "cover the campus", the JUNIOR JOURNAL's ace reporters succeeded in tracking seven well-known inhabitants of Princeton's jungle-land to their lairs. Brought to bay, the seven "told all", and here you may learn "Who's Who" in undergraduate life at Old Nassau.)

### HOLD THAT TIGER

As Robert F. Tierney, Jr., captain of the 1939 Princeton football team, stepped through the door of his room in the North Tower above the University Store, I stood up to be introduced to him by a friend. Bob Tierney is six feet four and one-half inches tall and weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He is a veteran tackle on the varsity team.



Knowing Tierney's interest in football, I asked him what he thought were the outstanding qualities needed in a candidate for a position on Princeton's varsity team. With hardly any hesitation, he replied, "I think mostly the love of the game, determination, and good physical condition."

Tierney stressed the importance of training in the building up of a good team. Princeton's training period, for instance, lasted from about the first of August until the end of the season.

During that time no smoking, drinking, or eating between meals was allowed. The training was done on the honor system, with no interference from the coach. In order to play on the varsity team, a player's academic standing had to be a "C," which corresponds to a "3" at Country Day.

Naturally, Tierney looks back on the past season with much pleasure. He thinks that one of the highlights was the Dartmouth game, which Princeton won with a score of 9-7. He also likes to recall the last quarter of the Yale game, when Princeton came from behind to win 13-7, and, of course, the entire Navy game.

Although Tierney was reluctant to speak of Don Herring's unfortunate accident, he did say that there had been no let-down in the spirit of the team as a result of it, but, on the contrary, there had been an added effort to make the team a winning one.

Tierney has high respect for soccer as a preparation for college football. He says that soccer develops the legs, which are an important part of a football player's equipment. He thinks that a boy who plays soccer at prep school should have an excellent chance to make the varsity squad.

It is not hard to see why Princeton's team had such a successful season when they had a leader like Bob Tierney!

RICHARD ROSSMASSLER (V)

## CAMPUS STATESMAN

As may be expected, being the President of the Undergraduate Council at Princeton is a very important office. This year MacPherson Raymond, of Lawrenceville, holds this position. I interviewed this tall, football-playing senior in his room at Cuyler Hall.



It seems that there is an unwritten law that the President of the Senior Class is appointed to the Presidency of the Council, and Raymond will serve in both offices for this year.

As head of the student government at Princeton, Raymond has many duties to occupy his "spare time." In his own words, the council must act "to represent the undergraduate body and serve as a liaison between faculty and students." Raymond presides over the council meetings which occur about once a month. Here campus activities and recommendations for changing or improving college regulations are discussed. The council has the authority to deal with any undergraduate who may be charged with a light offense, or to recommend his appearance before the Dean for more

serious charges. As chief executive Raymond is faced with the problem of balancing the council's budget.

Raymond finds student life at Princeton very democratic. To my question whether or not undergraduates could hold meetings of their own, unsupervised by the council or the faculty, Mac replied that they most assuredly might. I also asked him whether he thought boys from private schools were any better prepared for life at Princeton than boys from public schools. To this he answered that he thought the two groups merged together and managed about equally well.

WILLIAM GUTHRIE (V)

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## FLASH!

Few people know how news of the Princeton campus reaches the nation's newspapers. It is done through the University Press Club, a group of undergraduates who cover all the news events on the campus. The Club consists of four seniors, four juniors and four sophomores.

Sheldon Judson, Jr. '40 is president of the Press Club this year. He may be found in the Club's headquarters in the rear of the Western Union office. Here, amid the clicking of the wires and the bustle of a busy telegraph office, he and his fellow members send out news of Princeton. Not long ago I interviewed Judson and obtained much interesting information about the Press Club.

Most of the Club's news stories have to do with athletics. When there is a sport contest of any kind going on, a member of the Press Club is sent out



to cover the game. After obtaining the line-ups of the teams, the score by periods, and writing his comments about the game, he comes back to headquarters and types out his report. The story is then sent out to various newspapers by telegraph.

The members of the Press Club have little connection with their rival reporters on the *Daily Princetonian*—except for the touch football contests staged between the two clubs. Press Club boys receive no credits in the university for their work in the Club. Their faculty adviser is Frederick S. Osborne.

### HAM ON RYE PLEASE!

One of the most interesting jobs on the Princeton campus is the office of President of the Student Lunch and Ice-cream Agency. The student who holds this position is a senior, P. M. Michaels, who is majoring in English.



"Mike" is a rather tall, dark-haired boy, and from his manner it is easy to see how he came through the competition for his present job way out in front of his rivals.

Although the biggest story the Press Club has covered recently was that of the train wreck at Princeton Junction on November 23rd, Judson and his staff like to recall the amusing incidents which occurred last year when meteors from Mars were supposed to have landed near Princeton. In their search for news, the members of the Press Club joined the wild goose chase which was staged around the local countryside, hunting in vain for the fallen meteors.

JAMES MERITT (V)

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"Mike" learned the ropes in this unique campus organization from the bottom up, for, as a freshman, he carried a basket and box, alternately, around his circuit about nine o'clock every night. The first night out he covered himself, not with glory but with milk, from a slip on some dormitory stairs! The baskets weigh about fifty pounds each and contain sandwiches, three different kinds of milk—white, chocolate and malted—and apples. The boxes hold ice-cream, pastries, and more apples.

Princeton students are on very good terms with the basket-carriers, who use no salemanship, except when, because of a joke, the reputation of their food is at stake.

"Mike" is out of all that now. Most of his work is done at a desk. He keeps the Agency books, pays bills and wages, and keeps things in smooth running order. It might be thought that "Mike's" present job is not very

exciting, especially after a career of carrying baskets around college rooms in the dead of night. But he still has his exciting moments. Once, after a football game, a lot of the Agency baskets were left at the stadium. The loss was not discovered until nine o'clock that night when the boys found there was a shortage of baskets for their rounds. "Mike" thought and thought. There was only one thing to do, so he and another boy obtained a truck and drove down to the stadium. They climbed over the front gate, and after securing the baskets in the dark, climbed back again. Luckily, everything went smoothly, and Michaels and his friends got back to headquarters in safety.

The profits made by the Student Lunch Agency are soon used up. Michaels receives the largest salary, as he is president. Other wages are in proportion to the work done. Any surplus goes to the Student Employment Agency.

"Mike" gets a lot of fun out of his job. So would anybody, for it is a very fascinating one.

MICHAEL HALL (V)

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### CURTAIN CALL

Charles P. Neumann, vice-president of the Princeton Triangle Club, must be a very busy man. I know because I tried, unsuccessfully, to obtain a personal interview with him, first by going to his room, then by calling him on the telephone. Finally, by submitting an outline of selected questions for him to answer, I obtained the information I desired.

It is no wonder that Neumann finds his time well occupied, for, besides being an officer in the Triangle Club, he is a prominent member of the cast of the current show "Any Moment Now." He has been a Triangle man



since his sophomore year and is now looking forward to the Club's annual tour when it will visit about sixteen cities. The travelling company consists of seventy-four undergraduates, who will ride in a special train with three sleeping cars, a dining car, and a baggage car. Neumann and his fellow performers will be given a warm welcome in every city they visit. Princeton alumni will give parties for them, and, in Neumann's opinion, "It would be difficult to name one outstanding city. Every city entertains the company thoroughly and well, and it is the consensus of opinion that each city is 'wonderful'."

The fifty-odd members of the Triangle Club begin work on each year's show well in advance of the production date. "Book competition" is opened in March, soon after the annual election of officers; in May a number of plays are written by under-

graduate authors; and by June the best play has been selected for completion in the summer. As soon as the students return from their vacations, work is started on the show itself. From beginning to end, it is entirely an undergraduate performance, with the exception of the work done by professional production and chorus directors. Some of the songs from Triangle shows become nation-wide favorites. Two recent examples have been "Love and a Dime" and "East of the Sun" by Brooks Bowman. Royalties from the songs are turned over to the Triangle Club. If the undergraduate writers were given the royalties, they would cease to be amateurs and would immediately be considered professionals.

There have been many prominent alumni connected with the Triangle Club. Its founder was Booth Tarkington, the famous author. Due to his poor health, Mr. Tarkington has not seen any recent shows, but he still serves as an advisory trustee. Perhaps the best known Triangle alumnus at present is the moving picture star, James Stewart, '32.

Triangle officers have their troubles, especially when the Club is on tour. There was, for example, the Triangle Thespian who went into all the department stores of each city he visited and played with all the electric trains and other mechanical toys.

"There will never be girls in the Triangle Club," says Neumann. "It is a show of boys and boys alone!"

HAMILTON HAZLEHURST (V)

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### MEET THE PRINCE!

One of the most interesting, as well as one of the busiest jobs a student may obtain on the Princeton campus is the Chairmanship of the DAILY PRINCETONIAN. This year the position is occupied by Robert Hazlehurst, '40. On a recent visit to his room in Walker Hall, I had the opportunity of asking this cheery, dark-haired senior some questions about his work as head of the "Prince."

Naturally, one of Hazlehurst's many jobs, as Chairman, or Editor-in-Chief, is writing editorials. But he must also supervise the general work of putting out the paper each day. In this capacity, Hazlehurst is a sort of glorified "answer man," for he must answer the many questions that come from the



editors who are in charge of each issue, and, as everyone knows, questions have a way of arriving en masse when a paper is being edited.

Freshmen who hope to make the "Prince" are given three try-outs for the departments which interest them. If unsuccessful, they are given another chance in their sophomore year. Candidates for the Business Board have to "heel" for six weeks, devoting forty hours a week to the "Prince." Requirements for the News Board are less strenuous, with only six weeks heeling demanded.

Some idea of the size of the DAILY PRINCETONIAN organization may be realized from Hazlehurst's description of the many departments over which he presides. Heads of these departments are the Sports Editor, whose job it is to write the column "Time Out," the Assignment Editor, who assigns jobs to reporters, the Managing Editor, who arranges the general make-up of the paper, the Copy Editor, who corrects the proof before the "Prince" goes to press, and the editors of the Business and Photographic Boards whose jobs are self-evident. Naturally, the goal of every reporter is the prospect of being elected to the Senior Board.

That Hazlehurst takes his job seriously is evident from the fact that he hopes to go into journalism when he graduates. He is proud of the "Prince's" history. It was founded in

1876. Today the "Prince" compares favorably with rival college dailies, being larger in size than the Yale "News," though with fewer pages, but is just about the same size as the Harvard "Crimson."

WILLIAM GUTHRIE (V)

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### HANDLE WITH CARE!

Standing in front of a door in Patton Hall, I knocked nervously, but I was soon put at ease by a pleasant "Come in!" I entered the room and found Philip Shirkey, head of the Student Express Agency, seated on the sofa in his study. We shook hands and I sat down on the other side of the room.

Philip Shirkey is a senior, about five feet eleven in height. He has light brown hair and is very sincere in his manner. I began our interview by asking him how he became head of the Student Express Agency. He told me that he had joined the Agency in his freshman year by responding to an advertisement in the DAILY PRINCETONIAN. At that time there were only eight other workers in the Agency, while this year there are about thirty. Candidates for jobs had to compete together in sales work, with the competition winner finally becoming the head. Students who employed the Agency pay the management and the actual workers receive fifty cents an hour.

Shirkey has had a lot of fun working in the Express Agency. He feels this his job has been easier than those of other employed students. Although he is kept busy, he surprised me by saying that he had always found time for his courses.

smiling, "we sometimes advertise that we can get anybody anything. One year a class wanted an elephant as a Reunion mascot. We finally found out where we could get one, but the rent was six hundred dollars a day, so the class decided not to take the ele-



"What kind of work do you do?" I asked. He replied that besides moving students' trunks and other luggage, the Agency also supplied stagehands to help with the sets at McCarter Theatre. The best business, however, was always done at Reunion time.

"Speaking of Reunion," he said

phant."

Shirkey feels that jobs of his type are of great value in helping a student to obtain work after graduation. He hopes to have a position with the General Electric Company in Schenectady after he leaves college next June.

JAMES DOUGHERTY, JR. (V)

## Lord of the Jungle

The grasses parted. A jackal ran out on the river bank. He plunged into the river and swam to the other side.

Giant trees hung over the river and grew round it. Below, there was thick underbrush and tall grass. Far away an ominous moaning rolled through the jungle.

The jackal ran off holding a white flower as a sign of truce, and asked another jackal who was sunning himself in front of his lair, "Where does His Majesty reside, Brother Jackal? I have urgent tidings for him."

"He lives at the left of the biggest tree on the north side of Korundi Hill. Where do you come from, Brother?" replied the other jackal.

"Korundi Hill? That's not far, is it? I come from the Pindu Valley. Thank you very much."

He hurried off.

At length he approached His Majesty's lair. Still bearing the white flower, he shouted, "A Messenger for Your Majesty!"

There was a grunt and then a deep, sleepy voice answered, "Enter, on truce."

The jackal walked in and beheld a huge, beautiful tiger shimmering in black and purple, orange and yellow. This was His Majesty, King Tigris III, Lord of the Jungle.

Then the jackal, whose name was Jacques, bowed low and said, "Your Majesty I come from Pindu Valley. I have heard of your might.

"Early one evening I left my family and went out to hunt. All day we had heard strange moaning howls, the

same as Your Majesty hears now. We did not know what they were.

"I returned to my lair at dawn and beheld my cubs dead and my mate dying. Before she died she told me that suddenly a pack of forty huge, lean, wolves had rushed up, killed my cubs, mortally wounded my mate and run swiftly on.

"When she died I saw hundreds of wolves coming, killing everything in their path. Probably the pack that had killed my family was the vanguard of them. I rushed as fast as I could to this region to get away from the wolves and to warn Your Majesty."

After Jacques had finished, King Tigris dismissed him, went to the top of Korundi Hill, drew out a huge, long, hollow, elephant tusk, and laid it on the crest of the hill. Then he tapped it with a smaller one. The sound that came forth was a deep, loud, rolling boom.

The animals heard the sound for ten miles around. They exclaimed, "That is the drum of the tusk of 'Kari', the last of the elephants! It means our country is in danger and the King calls us to arms! Let us go."

Then all the animals trooped to Korundi Hill. The King, with his son, Prince Tigro, appeared on it. Then he spoke, "I proclaim a truce between all animals of my kingdom. My people, we are threatened with a great danger. The wolves are invading our land. We will fight to the death."

The animals cheered wildly. Then they returned to their lairs.

King Tigris organized an army to

fight the wolves. He divided the animals into sections. The buffalo were the heavy fighters, the large flesh-eating animals, the second-line fighters, the large deer, the light forces, the crocodiles, the navy, and the smaller animals, the scouts.

Later that day the scouts reported that the wolves were following the left bank of the river. Tigris planned to fight them where a little river joined a big one. He put his buffalo on the bank, with the main forces to their left, and the crocodiles in the river.

There were about seven hundred wolves, opposed to five hundred animals in Tigris' army. There were fifty-four buffaloes, a hundred and sixty-two large flesh-eaters, a hundred and eighty-two big deer, a hundred and six small animals, and four crocodiles in his forces.

On came the wolves, slaying all that were in their path. They killed not for food but for sport. At length they came to a little river. On the other side of it stood a herd of about fifty buffalo. Instead of fleeing, as

most of the animals the wolves had seen had done, these buffalo stood their ground and turned their heads toward the wolves. They were the buffalo of Tigris' army.

The wolves plunged into the river. Immediately the crocodiles attacked them in the water, the buffalo charged down on top of them, and the main forces forded the river and attacked them in the rear.

The battle raged for six hours. Always in the thick of the fight, King Tigris could be seen. At last all the wolves were killed or had fled, but, alas, the royal army was sadly depleted. Out of an army of five hundred and eight, three hundred and twenty-six were alive. That was proof that the wolves had fought hard.

King Tigris, III ruled for many years and when he died his son became Tigris V.

For many years the animals told their cubs about great King Tigris who had defeated the wolves.

MICHAEL SHENSTONE (II)

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## *Adventure at Castle McCulloch*

One day, while I was having lunch in my Boston home, a messenger handed me a telegram marked "urgent." Quickly opening it, I was astounded at its contents. My uncle had died in Scotland and I was heir to the Castle of McCulloch!

My residence in the castle was delayed by several weeks of quarrels with my cousin Douglas, who had expected to inherit the castle instead.

When it was finally settled that the

castle was mine, I took passage on the Anchor liner "Caledonia" which landed me at Glasgow. From there an express train took me to Perth, a small town.

At Perth my brother Alan joined me. Alan was a tall, muscular Scot, who was skilled in many sports. He was dressed in a complete highland outfit and resembled strongly a character in "Kidnapped."

We hired two horses from a village

and were soon on our way. Alan knew the route and guided me over rocky crags and gloomy bogs. It was a good hour's ride before we came to the top of a hill from which we could see the castle.

The sun was just setting when we caught our first glimpse of Castle McCulloch and the walls were silhouetted against the brilliant sky. Beneath the castle ran a little brook from which rose a steep cliff.

I said to Alan, "How are we going to get up that precipice?"

Alan replied, "Don't worry, I'll take you up."

It took us just a few minutes to cross the foot bridge. There was a passage in the rock leading to the castle's gate. We heard a piercing, blood-curdling scream issue from a window.

"Did you hear that? It was a ghost!" I exclaimed.

Alan broke into a laugh and said, "There aren't such things as ghosts now, David."

The doors swung open and the old keeper tottered out and said, "Good evening to you, My Lord."

I asked "What is your name?" He replied, "My name is Fitzhugh, so please your lordship."

Being hungry, we asked, "Do you have something for us to eat?"

Fitzhugh replied, "Yes, My Lord, follow me to the hall."

While we were in the hall, I mentioned the scream to him.

"O, didn't you know what that was?" he asked. "That was the ghost of Prior Montrose, who was murdered and concealed in a secret chamber."

The dining hall was a large room

with few windows. One end was raised above the rest of the floor. There was on this raised portion a table covered with scarlet cloth. The walls were decorated with arms and colorful tapestries.

We sat down to a hearty meal of venison and chicken, washed down with ale. When we had finished this, Fitzhugh brought some plum pudding which we devoured.

Being tired, we asked him where our sleeping quarters were. He pressed a spot on the wall and a section of the wall fell back, disclosing a narrow winding stairway.

"That is the spot where Lord McCulloch was killed," he said, pointing to a brown red spot on the floor.

My sleeping room was at one end of the aisle and Alan's at the other. Facing my room was a complete suit of armor.

I entered my room and looked around. The window was a mere slit in the cold, damp walls.

While I was examining my room, I happened to touch a part of the wall, which gave way. Just then the candle went out, leaving me in the darkness. My eye suddenly fell upon a skeleton.

Slamming the door, I ran across the room and dived under the covers. For an hour I lay there, shuddering.

Later that night I was awakened by a creaking, rattling noise. Opening the door and looking around, I saw a knight in armor, shining in a phosphorescent glow. The apparition suddenly fell forward and disappeared.

Thinking these occurrences were dreams, I paid no attention to them nor did I mention them to Alan or



any of the servants.

But the following night I was awakened by a clash from the direction of the inner court. Peering out of my window, I saw two knights fighting. Their armor flashed as they thrust and parried. While they were struggling a cloud suddenly passed over the moon and when it was clear again, no one could be seen.

I told this story to Alan and he agreed to sleep in my room with me. At twelve o'clock that night we heard a click.

Together we rushed out and discovered a sheeted figure tampering with the bolt. The ghost let out a scream and ran. We followed him through secret chambers, down galleries and crooked stairs.

The chase ended in a musty chamber. Quickly turning, the ghost whipped out a claymore. He was stopped in his deadly design by Alan, who pinned him to the floor.

We unmasked him and found that the ghost was none other than my cousin Douglas.

"Spare my life," pleaded Douglas, "and I will confess my crime and make you rich."

"Well," said Alan coolly, "confess!"

"I masked myself as the keeper and sought to scare you out of your inheritance. Everything that you and Stuart saw I contrived," confessed Douglas.

Alan asked, "What about the treasure?"

"Follow me," replied Douglas.

We followed him down a passage into a large chamber. He opened a part of the floor and said, "There is your treasure!"

The hole was filled with jewels, gathered by an ancient owner of the castle. Another hole concealed various implements which had been used to frighten me.

Thus was the mystery of Castle McCulloch solved.

DETLEV VAGTS (III)

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## *An Autumn Morning*

It was a cold, crisp morning when I walked down to the lake to feed my pet ducks. They were waiting for me as usual. After I had fed my ducks I looked about me. Far across the lake a deer was having his morning drink, and above me a flock of wild geese were calling. All around the lake were the purple hills, and back in the distance Mt. Cascade rose high against a clear blue sky. To my right

a field of corn stretched along the hills, and I could see the yellow golden-rod standing tall and graceful in a corner of the fence.

Suddenly I heard the bark of a dog, and the crack of a gun, and I remembered that it was the hunting season. As I turned and walked back to the house, I thought what a beautiful season autumn is.

DON MATHEY (I)

## Contest Winner

"Yes, Yes! It's true. Really true. He is actually going. Leaving in a week!" chirped Mrs. Cole over the phone.

She had been referring to her young son, Percival, aged nine, who had won a knitting contest. The prize was a trip to New York, all expenses paid. The fact of the matter was that Mrs. Cole herself had done the knitting for which Percival had won the prize, but since each contestant could enter only one piece of work, she had entered one piece in her own name, one in her husband's name, and one in Percival's name. She had seen a picture in a paper a year or so ago of a Harvard student who had won a knitting contest, so she thought this would be all right. Of course, she had overlooked the fact that the name on the winning work was the name of the person who would make the trip.

Percival had fussed so over the prospect of going to New York with a lot of "fogies" that Mrs. Cole had wired the company who had sponsored this contest, and told them Percival had a dentist appointment for the morning on which he was to leave, so couldn't she go in his place? The Company had wired back that Percival or nobody from Tennessee would go on the trip, so Percival was going.

Mrs. Cole had the fact that Percival was going to New York printed in screaming red headlines in the village paper, and everyone was calling up to find out if it was really so. Everytime Mrs. Cole was called to the phone she allowed as how it was really

so and that it was really her piece of knitting.

The morning on which Percival was to depart the whole village turned out at the depot. Pretty Mary Rembert was leading a group of villagers who called themselves a band. "Old Maid" Smith, principal of the Village School, was there to present Percival with a pair of knitting needles "with which to further his cherished hobby."

The arrival of the train put an end to further activities, and after saying goodbyes all around, Percival boarded the train and was soon speeding toward New York.

When the train arrived at Grand Central Station, Percival was met by the flabbergasted head of the Company, Mr. Lucius P. Skinner. After waiting about five minutes, the train carrying the winners from all the Western States arrived, and they were all whisked away to the Vassar Club, where they were to stay while in New York. The other winners had already arrived and when Percival was taken to his room he found that his room-mate, Mrs. Marjorie Scott, from Delaware, was in the process of taking a shower in the adjoining bathroom. When Mrs. Scott found out who her room-mate was she let out a most terrific scream, and did not stop until she was promised a new room-mate. Poor Percival was given a room in the service wing of the building.

The first day of Percival's trip consisted of a luncheon and bridge at the "Needlework Guild." The second day there was a luncheon at the "New

York City Womans' Knitting Association" followed by a talk by Miss Minerva Twine on the "Finer Points of Knitting." On the third day came a luncheon at the "Finer Knitting Club of New York" after which there was a bridge party. On the fourth and final day of his stay in New York Percival was treated to a speech on "How to Knit Economically" by Miss Yarn Yarne.

Throughout the entire trip Percival was, of course, completely ignored by everyone. The only person who even mentioned him was Mrs. Scott, who more than once could be heard complaining "Imagine that scamp," or

"We would have had just the right number for bridge." Of course, Percival couldn't play bridge and the only reason he went to the luncheons was so there would be "A Winner from Every State" at them. If he had not gone the Company's slogan would not have been realized.

Finally the time came for Percival to return to Tennessee and no one was happier than he. All the contest winners were going to leave at about the same time, so all the ladies were at the station. When it was time for Percival's train to leave, no one shed any tears. He was propped on the train by Mr. Skinner and was soon on his way home.

As the train drew into the depot at Ralstonbury, there was great cheering and yelling. Mary Rembert was there again at the head of the "band." "Old Maid" Smith was there to give Percival the yarn to go with his needles and

there was a reporter from the Ralstonburg "Blah." As Percival stepped triumphantly off the train, the band started playing "God Save the King." When the band finished, the reporter, pad in hand, came up and asked Percival three things he liked best in New York. Poor Percival stammered, "The Tower of London, The Lincoln Memorial and Golden Gate Bridge!" The crowd rapidly dwindled away. Poor Percival's mother remained, and after finding out what Percival had done while in New York, and that the women had held indignation meetings about him, she certainly didn't blame him a bit for what he had said.

Mrs. Cole had a hard time explaining to her neighbors why Percival had said such crazy things. She claimed the person who showed him around New York (of course no one did) kept saying that the Empire State Building looked like the Tower of London and making other comparisons. Finally she won her neighbors around and they had the celebration for his return all over again.

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The August 10, 1954 broadcast sponsored by the "Mary Rembert Smooth Skin Lotion Company" opened with the following bulletin. "The Percival G. Cole, Jr. Fine Silks and Yarns Company is sponsoring a Knitting Contest. There will be a winner from every state and the prize will be a trip to New York. For men only!"

SAMUEL TATTERSALL, Jr. (V)

\* \* \*



## Autumn

Autumn is the time of year  
When Nature makes up for the drear  
Cold dismalness of winter.

Soon the trees are cloaked withal  
By scarlet leaves, which, ere they fall,  
Will paint the stately forest.

Autumn's when the crops come in,  
They're stored away in barn and bin,  
For use all through the winter.

The birds will sing their farewell song;  
For soon they'll leave until the long  
Dark winter months are over.

RICHARD MORGAN (IV)

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## With the Blues and Whites

### SCHOLARSHIP

The usual close competition marked the scholastic efforts of the Blues and Whites. The Whites maintained an early lead and completed the term with a group average of 2.35 as opposed to 2.50 for the Blues.

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

WHITES (21)—Conger, Guthrie, Hall, Hudson, McCutchen, Mathey, D., Mathey, M., Matthews, J., Mathews, T., Meritt, Pettit, Peyton, Quian, Roberts, F., Roberts, W., Schluter, F., Schluter, J., Schluter, W., Stewart, Tattersall, Wetzel.

BLUES (19)—Benham, Broneer, Dickenson, Dignan, Dougherty, J., Dougherty, R., Ellis, Flemer, J., Flemer, S., Gallup, G., McAlpin, Morgan, Piper, Quick, Shenstone, Stokes, Vagts, Welch, R., Welch, S.

### ATHLETICS

With both teams playing a fighting brand of soccer, the Blues and Whites met on November 16th to open their rivalry in sports for another year. The Whites had the honor of winning the first game with a score of 2-0. Goals were made by Guthrie and Schluter, W.

Meeting again on November 17th, the two Colors played their second game in the series. A goal by Schluter, W. brought victory to the Whites with a score of 1-0.

The final game was played on November 27. Two over-time periods of three minutes each were necessary before either side could claim a victory. The two teams emerged from their dead-lock with a score of 2-1, in favor of the Whites. Schluter, W. and Roberts, W. scored for the Whites, and Donnelly for the Blues. This game gave the soccer championship to the Whites.

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### *The Midnight Visitor*

While Santa Claus was on his way,  
Deep in my trundle bed I lay.  
The snow was falling thick and fast,  
As in his sleigh he hurried past.

He stopped at all the houses near,  
To leave his gifts and Christmas cheer.  
He came to our house last of all—  
Down the chimney wide and tall.

In little time he laid the toys  
Around the tree and made no noise—  
Then up the chimney to his sleigh,  
He must be off and on his way!

When I got up I went downstairs.  
There lay games, toys, and teddy-bears!  
I opened each box right away—  
This was a very joyful day!

WILLIAM SCHLUTER (III)

## Athletics

This year the School soccer team proved to be superior to teams of the last few seasons. Much of this was due to the fine coaching of Mr. McAneny, who was ably assisted by Bill Sloane '36. General improvement among the members of the team was also responsible for the satisfying results. At the close of the season Coach McAneny made the following statement: The 1939 soccer team lived up to its promise of last year and gave a good account of itself. The two games with Hun and the victory over Junior High were as well played as any games our team has played in recent years.

"For the fine spirit of the team, a great deal of credit is due to the leadership of Captain Jimmy Dougherty. The all-round playing of Mike Hall at center half and the powerful kicking of Jim Meritt were also outstanding throughout the season."

P. C. D. records show: Won, 3; Lost 4; Tied, 1.

P. C. D. 1. Hun 1.

In the opening game of the season, P. C. D. was unable to hold an early lead. Both teams fought hard, and, despite an over-time period, the game ended in a tie.

P. C. D. 0. Princeton Township 2.

On the home field for the first time this season, P. C. D. players found themselves unable to cash in on scoring chances and lost to a superior Township team.

P. C. D. 0. Princeton Junior High 3.

After holding Junior High scoreless throughout the first half of this game, P. C. D. playing became careless and sloppy, and the team succumbed to their High School rivals.

P. C. D. 2. Pennington 1.

Playing "heads-up" soccer throughout the game, the School team defeated their hard-fighting Pennington visitors.

P. C. D. 1. Hun 2.

Fighting an up-hill battle all the way, P. C. D. finally tied the score, only to be turned back in a thrilling over-time period.

P. C. D. 1. Princeton Township 3.

P. C. D. proved unable to hold an early lead in this game. The team bowed to Township for the second time this season.

P. C. D. 1. Princeton Junior High 0.

The high-light of the season came with a thrilling victory over Junior High. Captain Dougherty scored the goal on a free kick, mid-way in the third quarter.

P. C. D. 1. Pennington 0.

A last period score brought the School team a well-earned victory in the final game of the year.

## The Line-up:

Dougherty, J. (Capt.)	R. I.
Roberts, W.	R. O.
Donnelly	C.
Schluter, F.	L. I.
Morgan	L. O.
Hudson	G.
Dignan	R. H.
Hall	C. H.
Matthews, T.	L. H.
Rossmassler	R. H.
Meritt	L. H.

Spares: Dickenson, Guthrie, Flemer, S., Hemphill, Laughlin, L., Mathey, D., Schluter. Manager: Tattersall.

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## *With the Alumni*

Richard W. Baker, Jr., is teaching mathematics at St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire.

George E. Beggs, Jr., is working in the Research Laboratory at John A. Roebling's in Trenton, N. J.

John L. Bender is at Princeton University, where he is receiving an average of 85% in uniform tests. He is a member of the Jayvee soccer squad and the Princeton Yacht Club.

Robert Benham is at Lawrenceville School where he is receiving an 81% average. He plays fall tennis there.

William Bryan, III, is attending Deerfield, where he is receiving an average of 78%. He is a member of the band and also of the second junior soccer team.

John B. Chadwick is attending Harvard University.

Bradford Chambers is a member of swimming, track and debating teams in his first year at Amherst.

Francois and Anthony Chapman are attending the Lycee Francais School in New York City.

Edward Chynoweth is at Hotchkiss, where he is a member of the freshman soccer squad.

John B. Colt is at Princeton University, where he is a member of the freshman soccer squad.

Kenneth W. Condit is a sophomore at Princeton University. He is a member of the Yacht Club.

Paul T. Condit is a senior at Princeton University. He is a member of the gymnastics team.

Lyndon Crawford is working for the Ship Building and Drydock Co. of Newport News, Va.

John Crocker, Jr., is attending Groton School, where he is receiving an 80% average. He plays left end on the First Club Wochoosetts Team.

Mark Healey Dall is a copywriter at John Wanamaker Co. in New York.

Herbert Davison is in the Production Department of the Hightstown Rug Co. He lives at the Prospect Apartments in Princeton.

Stephen B. Dewing is a sophomore at Princeton University, where he is receiving a good average.

Harold Donnelly, Jr., is at Deerfield Academy, where he is earning good marks and is a member of the junior varsity soccer squad.

David Elmer is at Berkshire School, where he is receiving a 72% average. He is a member of the varsity football team.

Churchill Eisenhart is an instructor in mathematics at the University of Wisconsin.

Charles R. Erdman, III, is at Exeter and is playing with the Jayvee football team.

Harold B. Erdman is attending Lawrenceville School where he is earning an 82%. He plays house football.

Burnet Fisher is at St. Peter's School, where he plays football. He is one of the founders of the new dramatic club there.

William Flemer, III, is at Lawrenceville School. He is editor-in-chief of the Lawrenceville LIT.

Harris R. Gates is attending Hun Junior School, where he is a substitute on the soccer team.

Moore Gates, Jr., is at the Hill School where he is receiving a 76% average. He plays soccer there.

Newton H. Gibson plays 2nd all-league football at Deerfield.

Elmer E. Green works in the Trenton office of the Keystone Automobile Club.

George T. Gretton plays house football at Lawrenceville.

Alden Hall is receiving an 84% average at Blair Academy. He plays the trumpet in the band.

Charles T. Hall is maintaining an 88% average at Blair Academy. He is on the scrub soccer team.

Walter P. Hall is at Millbrook, where he is receiving a 78% average.

Robert Hunter is receiving a 72% average at Taft. He is on the football squad there. Bob conducts a book-reviewing column in the school weekly.

William P. Hunter is at Lawrenceville School, where he is receiving a 72% average. He plays house football.

David Huntington plays on the Jayvee football team at Taft. He also sings in the Glee Club.

Tristram B. Johnson is at Yale, where he is captain of the intermural football team.

S. Stephen Kaplan plays basketball at George School.

Charles H. Lee plays football at South Kent.

Bradford B. Locke, Jr., is football manager at Kent School.

Robert W. Locke, II, is receiving an 87% average at Kent School.

Arthur Morgan is receiving an 88% average at Deerfield. He plays soccer there.

Mark S. Munn plays house football at Lawrenceville.

Eric H. Phinney is earning a 70% average at Lawrenceville.

Stephen H. Phinney is receiving a 70% average at Lawrenceville.

Owen W. Roberts is receiving a 74% average at St. Paul's School.

Lieut. Alfred F. Robertshaw, U. S. M. C., is stationed at the Marine Base School, at the Navy Yard in Philadelphia.

Albert S. Roe is at the Princeton Graduate School, where he is studying the history of art.

Henry N. Russell, Jr., is an interne at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston.

David E. Saunders has graduated from Bates College.

John G. H. Scoon is a member of the Princeton University Press editorial staff.

John Sinclair is receiving a 90% average at Deerfield Academy. He is a member of the Dramatic Club.

Bayard Stockton, III, is a football coach at Princeton University.

Perry MacKay Sturges, Jr., is on the club soccer team at Exeter. He is a member of the Dramatic Club.

William T. Thom, III, is a junior at Princeton. He sings in the University choir.

David Wood plays soccer at Darrow School.

Edward Madison Yard is a research engineer for the John A. Roebling Sons Co.

Among those receiving scholarship awards at Princeton this term are James R. Sloane and Robert F. Goheen. The latter is captain of the varsity soccer team.

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