

VOL. XIV. NO. 3

# JUNIOR JOE

JUNE, 1940

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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PRINCETON NEW JERSEY

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

JUNE  
1940

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Vol. XIV

JUNE, 1940

No. 3

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## Editorial

With the advent of June at Princeton Country Day School comes, of course, Commencement. This year, as usual, the ceremonies will be carried out in the traditional manner. There will be the customary class exercises and the awarding of diplomas. Because these things will proceed as they always have done, it will be hard for us to realize that on the other side of the globe school-boys will be undergoing far different experiences. If your country is engaged in war you cannot enjoy the pleasures of peace.

Here in America we are looking forward at this time to our summer vacations. In Europe there will be no "vacation" for boys who have not seen their homes or their families for days and who never know when death will again rain from the skies. Somehow, amid the distant showers of bombs and shells, the awarding of diplomas seems trivial and insignificant. Yet a diploma is a certificate of what a person has accomplished in the way of learning. It is a symbol of something far more valuable and enduring than the ability to fight. If the people of the warring hemisphere had paid more attention to true learning so that they might have bettered humanity instead of wasting their lives trying to invent new ways of destroying it, the Hitlers of the world would cease to exist and man might again call himself a *human* being.

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JUNE, 1940

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## Honors

SECOND TERM

### *First Honor Roll*

(90-100)

Garrison McClintock Noel Ellis  
McDonald Mathey  
Charles Walter McCutchen  
George Wallace Piper  
Michael Shenstone

### *Second Honor Roll*

(85-90)

Paul Broneer  
Richard Stockton Conger  
James Gregg Dougherty, Jr.  
John Wilkenson Flemer  
William Alexander Guthrie  
Dean Winans Mathey  
Thomas Stanley Matthews, Jr.  
Richard Sherley Morgan  
John Adolph Schluter  
William Schluter  
John Westcott Stewart  
Detlev Friedrich Vagts

### *Third Honor Roll*

(80-85)

Martin Noble Benham  
Melville P. Dickenson, Jr.  
Thomas Sherman Dignan, Jr.  
Robert Ely Dougherty  
Peter Edwin Bulkley Erdman  
George Horace Gallup, Jr.  
Michael Garibaldi Hall  
George A. Harrop, III  
William Caldwell Harrop  
David Montgomery Hart  
Randolph Hoyt Hudson  
John Potter Cuyler Matthews  
David Hunter McAlpin, Jr.  
James Kirkland Meritt  
Bernard Peyton, Jr.  
Elwyn Belmont Quick  
Fredric Edward Schluter, Jr.  
Spencer Welch  
William Enos Wetzel, Jr.

## The Calendar

### APRIL

*The first of April, some do say,  
Is set apart for All Fools' day,  
But why the people call it so  
Nor I, nor they themselves, do know.*

- April 8* School begins this morning, following a two weeks' vacation, and those sunny days in Bermuda, Florida, and Virginia (practically the entire school went to Virginia) are but memories.
- April 9* George Gallup, Jr., famous G-man, just back from a Washington conference with his chief, Mr. Hoover, celebrates his birthday by granting an interview to some *Junior Journal* reporters. George informs the press that save for a few members of Miss Fine's Fourth Grade, who still bear watching, crime in Princeton is on the wane.
- April 10* The baseball equipment is given out at assembly, while it rains cats and dogs in the traditional manner.
- April 12* Randolph Hudson, noted plant dietician, born.
- April 13* Elmer Greey, you-tell-us-what-for-we're-too-tired, born.
- April 14* The rain having stopped temporarily, the baseball season gets off to a flying start. Watch those soft-ball boys, these days. Nine better men would be hard to find. No—not nine, eight. Tattersall just fell over a rake.
- April 16* George Piper, Vim, Vigor and Vitality, born.
- April 17* Thomas Dignan, notorious highwayman of Drake's Corner, born.
- April 18* Johnny Matthews breathlessly arrives on this planet just in the nick of time. Another second and it would have been tomorrow. But better late than never, eh Johnny?
- April 20* Back with the soft-ball boys for an afternoon of fun and frolic. They have only six men now, since Umpire Smyth caught Quian and Barlow trying to steal home, and sent them off to jail.
- April 23* Tommy Matthews, *I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical,*  
*I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical,* born.
- April 24* The stars in their various orbits being out of harmony, they conspired to land David Voorhees on this planet on August 24th, with no possible chance of getting mentioned in the *School Notes*. So we steal a march on time and give you David Voorhees right here and now, four months ahead of himself!

- April 25* To the School play tonight, and bless our hearts, if there weren't Oliver Twist and Fagin, Mrs. Corney and Mr. Bumble, Mr. Sourberry and Charlotte, Bill Sykes and Nancy, not to mention a host of other story book characters, all come to life! Indeed, if we hadn't gone behind the scenes before curtain time, and seen Mel Dickenson being made into "Bet", by means of rouge and lipstick, corset and farthingale, we'd have been sure some wizard was at his conjuring tricks.
- April 27* Larry Sturhahn, having broken no bones for the past week, celebrates his birthday, by inviting the Second Form to his house for a merry-making.
- April 29* And now, look who's here! Spencer Welch, born this April morning, and telling the world about it in no uncertain terms!

## MAY

*Oh, the little birds are singing in the budding willow trees  
And the south wind blows across the fields of May,  
And my happy heart is singing to the tune of humming bees,  
Oh, spring is here, and summer's on the way!*

- May 1* Ham Hazlehurst invites the Fifth Form over to Spotswood for the day, and what with all the steaks they can eat, a barrel of coco-cola, a wagon load of popsicles, (not to mention the timely rescue of Billy Guthrie from going over the dam in a rowboat), a great time is had by all.
- May 2* Sammy Kerr celebrates his birthday. This is the same Sammy Kerr, by the way, who by intermarrying mosquitos and bees, created a race of insects with stingers fore and aft—the ones that played such havoc with the natives of Titusville, last summer.
- May 3* Sammy Tattersall, noted mortician, born.
- May 7* Thomas Anderson, original Donald Duck, born.
- May 8* To Miss Fine's School this afternoon for a romp around the May pole. Whether to spend a dime for a cone at the girls' ice cream stand, or walk across the street and buy from the Good Humor man is the burning question of the moment. "Give the little girls a hand", we say, "for after all, what's a dime among friends?"
- May 9* Gardner Munro comes to school this morning and finds that during the night some hen has wandered into the First Form room and made a nest in the loose pages of his Geography book. Not to be outdone by the hen, and by way of celebrating his birthday, Gardner lays an egg. Great cackling in the First Form room announces the event.
- May 10* Once again the strains of martial music enliven an otherwise dull study period, as the University R.O.T.C. holds forth on the polo



field. John Sly gets shell-shocked. Yea, that's what's the matter with him!

- May 12 Richard Rossmassler cracks the ball with his bat, tears around the bases, slides for the home plate, and has time to eat a slice of his birthday cake before the right fielder catches up with the ball.
- May 16 John Eidmann, Princeton Avenue traffic cop, born.
- May 18 David Hart, alias Conkey Chickweed, born.
- May 23 Walter Roberts, with the wind and the rain in his hair, born.
- May 24 Alfred Parsons, Olympic candidate for the mile, born.
- May 25 This day do we ump again for the soft-ballers. What with the Varsity scores being what they are, it seems more and more probable that the school standing in the national sport rests on these base runners. They've got five men now, since Ham Hazlehurst sat down between innings the other day, and couldn't get up again.
- May 27 Frank Phinney, in making the rounds of his country across this afternoon, finds Santa Claus hiding in a cedar brake. Santa Claus informs Frank that he is just sticking around, so that in case this cold weather lasts, and Christmas comes on July 4th this year, he'll be handy.
- May 30 Special trains begin to arrive early in the morning, bringing thousands of spectators for the annual Country Day Field Competitions. Records are broken, vaulting poles are snapped, and hurdles are smashed, as contestant after contestant crashes on to split-second victories. Johnny Flemer, for all we know, may be running yet.
- May 30 George Harrop, Fourth Form Justice of the Peace, born.
- May 31 The soft-ballers have no more men. Paul Broneer fell in a mud puddle, this afternoon.

## JUNE

*What is so rare as a day in June?*

*Then if ever come perfect days.*

- June 1 Are they having the hobby show to-day? You tell us. The last time we looked, it was raining torrents.
- June 1 William Wetzel, probable dark horse for Governor in the New Jersey 1940 elections, born.
- June 3 Come the exams. Don't bother us. We're head-over heels in a Latin word list, and we've scarcely got time to come up for air and wish—
- June 5 Tommy Roberts a happy birthday.
- June 10 Commencement! Four years ago Mr. Loney told us we'd never get out of the First Form, but here we are in our best white flannels receiving our diploma. Miracles do happen. You'll make it too, someday—just give you time!

*The Boy Who Sits Behind You*

## Fifth Column

The contented waters of the Thames lapped quietly against the shore. A thick, heavy fog drifted sluggishly over the city and gave the twilight a murky hue. To add to this ghostly atmosphere, it was starting to drizzle, lazily but quite noticeably. A single figure enveloped in loneliness, shadowy in the faint light, groped its way through the fog. As the figure passed beneath a street lamp, the yellow-greenish light revealed a boy. He was shabbily dressed and thus was indistinguishable in the fog; though for that split second his face was caught by the dim beam of light. It was that of a boy aged about fourteen. It was a pleasant face and it bore a trace of a smile beneath smudges of dirt. The hair was light and curled agreeably about the face. A pair of dark brown eyes seemed tired of leading their own-er in the fog.

The boy walked into the fog, but stopped at the corner and looked up at the signpost. Then, perceiving the correct name on the post he walked down the side street. At Number Ten he stopped again, took out a letter, and lit a match. In the light of its flickering flame he read, "Mr. William Todd, Number Ten Bailor Street, London." The match was dropped and the boy mounted the two steps slowly and used the knocker. In a short time the door was opened with much creaking and the boy went into the house.

Inside all was dark, but as his eyes were used to darkness, he was able to make out the form of a man of middle age standing before him. This person was portly, and boasted in all,

about five grey hairs which persisted in standing straight up on a round bald head. There was a dark patch over one eye, but the other took in more and wandered with a crueller glance than the usual two. He wore a double-breasted suit that might have been considered the mode a decade before.

"Number 4824, Peter Stafford," explained the boy in a faint voice.

"Ah, then you 'ave the papers. Quick, give them to me. 'urry now and git out!" order the other.

"Yes, sir," said Peter, "May I have a light?"

"Light? Certainly not. Now 'urry!" was the answer.

"I have them, Here they are, sir", stammered Peter, "may I sit down? I've had a long walk and no food."

"May you sit down? Get out of 'ere quick! This will show you what I mean!" With that Mr. Todd advanced to Peter and landed a sharp, hard blow on the boy's cheek.

"Very well, sir", sighed Peter as he tried vainly to give some sort of salute.

"Never mind that 'fol-de-rol'," he was told and given a swift, hard kick.

Peter took a step and swayed. The darkness flashed into a blinding light and back again. The room swam before him. His face now possessed a deathly pallor. He closed his eyes to evade what he saw, but spots and circles swam before them. In his agony of dizziness, Peter crumpled to the floor.

When he awoke, Peter wondered where, when, and what had happened to him. He rubbed his head and gradually regained his memory. But where

was he now? He could see nothing, for he was surrounded by black nothingness. He reached into his pocket and smiled as he discovered that his only shilling was gone. "A lot of good that will do Mr. Todd," he thought. Now to ascertain his whereabouts and, if possible, to escape.

As he was sitting there in the dark he reminded himself of his mission, taking sealed letters to men throughout the city of London. He had been told that he was part of an organization known as "The Fifth Column" but that meant little except that he was working for an outside government, doing what, he did not know.

He stood up and made a tour of inspection. The cell was small and damp. There was no escape. However, in one corner he felt a heavily bolted door, impossible to break down.

He returned and sat down. Presently he heard someone coming down to that door. He heard a key turning in a rusty lock and there stood two men, led by Mr. Todd. Peter knew this name was incorrect, for he had been previously informed that fictitious names were used in the organization.

"There 'e his", grumbled "Mr. Todd", "Git 'im out of 'ere, 'urry 'bout it!" This was addressed to the other two.

They stepped forward and gagged and bound Peter. Then they carried the boy up a winding flight of stairs, which led to the so-called Mr. Todd's dwelling, thence out into the London night, still damp and blanketed with fog. There was a car waiting outside and one of the men opened the door; together they threw Peter into the back seat as though he were a sack of flour.

"The Chief said to get rid of him right away," muttered one, "but if we stop and have a drink it won't take much time. I'll treat you to one."

At this suggestion the other nodded, and they stopped in front of the "Bar de Paris" which, in spite of its name, could not have been more bourgeois.

In an hour two toddling men reeled out of the "Bar de Paris", bottles in hand wailing an off-key "Loch Lomond".

"Here in this 'lil bottle lies a future of happiness," gurgled one. The other's eyes crossed, he bit his tongue, Christened himself with his bottle, fell down, and rolled under the car.

The other took out a knife and started to cut Peter's ropes. "There yo'are 'guvnor," he hiccupped to Peter, "now take this in an buy yerself a drink. All right with me! It's his money!" With this he kicked his snoring companion and joined him under the car.

Peter, upon finding himself free, jumped out of the car and ran off down the street. It took a great deal of strength, for he was very weak, but he was soon in the foggy night.

The next morning a very different Peter entered a busy building. There was a sign on the door which he opened. It read, "British Committee of Internal Affairs."

Inside Peter seemed to know just where he was going. The persons at the typewriters tapped on, not even noticing him. He entered an inner office. There sat a pleasant-looking little man with an inquisitive smile, a pencil behind one ear, and his arms full of papers.

"Why, here you are!" he exclaimed,

"I was beginning to think you'd deserted us."

Peter smiled at this. "Well," he said, "I guess this report will finish the case."

"Oh, so you found out a lot, did you? Well, sit down and tell me about it," the little man suggested.

"I think this will explain everything. I wrote this last night and you may have it for the files," explained Peter.

He handed the other a card on

which was written: "Peter Henson, age 14. Born 1925, September 4th. Came into service October 8th, 1939 for British Government. Involved in case of German 'Fifth Column organization' of which he became known as number 4824, under name of Peter Stafford.

"Full information about whereabouts, names of members of this spy organization and their addresses are enclosed."

WILLIAM GUTHRIE (V)



## Iron Horses

Hear the pounding iron hoofs!

Hear the whistle's neighing shrill—

Watch the smoke curl o'er the roofs

As the trains pull up the hill.

Out from San Francisco roars

The mighty "El Capitan".

Bound for the blue Rio's shores

Over routes the Indians ran.

Through the steaming wastes of sand,

Speed these messengers of men,

To the ocean's azure strand—

Then across the plains again.

Roaring on—on for ever

Iron horses make their way.

Speeding on—on to sever

Space and time, both night and day.

RICHARD MORGAN (IV)

## Racing Weather

Jay Hughes, the skipper in charge, of the *Vega* pulled lustily from the beach. Billy Buell was sitting in the stern directing the oarsman by pointing his hand at the *Vega*. I was in the bow of the sturdy little skiff, on top of all the oilskins and sweaters. The wind was in the southwest and the tide was coming in. Once or twice we had to alter our course because of bathers who were much too plentiful.

Jay brought the skiff neatly under the *Vega's* stern. Buell, who had not been paying attention, nearly had his fingers pinched. I climbed aboard, followed by an avalanche of oil skins and sweaters. Then came Billy and Jay, who made fast the hawser of the skiff to the stern cleat.

"Man, oh man!" exclaimed Buell, "what a fine boat!" For this was his first time on *Vega*.

"No time to waste!" called Jay, "we've got to keep busy." I immediately secured the jib from the forward locker and began putting it on, while the other two took off the sailcover and hoisted the mainsail. Then I went aft, unfastened the hawser to the skiff, passed the skiff forward alongside the *Vega* and made fast the hawser again on the mooring post. "Are you ready to cast off?" I called over my shoulder.

"Yes!" came the answer.

I tossed the end of the mooring line into the skiff. *Vega's* sails filled, she heeled, and then gathered speed on the starboard tack.

Just as Buell was about to take a snooze on the deck, Hughes said, "You two can take turns pumping out the bilge." That kept us busy for awhile.

We had just about half an hour to get across the bay to Sakonnet, so Buell got his snooze after all.

The water boiled past as *Vega* now rounded Sachuest Point and exposed herself to the ground swell of the open sea. Unless you are used to this ground swell, you are liable to feel a bit uncomfortable, for the boat first climbs the swell and then plunges down the other side. The swell is nearly always there but it seldom gets higher than ten feet. Once out of the cove where the breeze was strong, *Vega* heeled so that shackles of the leeward shrouds were underwater. It was a fine day for racing!

Mr. Hughes, who usually skippered *Vega*, had to go to a funeral that afternoon and (as I found out later) until he had to go he stood on the roof at "Boothden," looking through a pair of field-glasses and swearing at us.

We were now within hailing distance of the committee boat, which was anchored just outside the Sakonnet harbour. Mr. Alden shouted, "The course is the black can, the red bell, and home, leaving all marks to starboard. You have exactly two minutes before the starting gun!" I set the stopwatch, for I was the timekeeper.

"Buell's asleep," I whispered to Jay, "shall I wake him?"

"No," Jay answered, "we can manage without him, and besides the starting gun will wake him."

"Half a minute to go," said I, with my eye on the watch.

"All right," he answered. "Ready about! Hard a lee! Pull in that port back stay!"



"Right oh!"

"Now," cried Jay, "do you think we'll make it?"

"If this stop watch is right I think so," I shouted. "Ten seconds to go, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one—Bang! Buell jumped. I grabbed him and saved him from a swim. "Hey, Buell!" exclaimed Hughes "You had better come in the cockpit now."

"All right," he answered "gee, you know, that gun gave me a scare! I thought we had hit a reef!"

"Jay," I said, "I hope your father saw that start". But from then on we made mistakes.

We had now rounded the first buoy, but our mistake here was that we kept her too close hauled in, trying to get a windward position, which was not so important at this stage of the race.

"Hey, Jay," I said, "the wind is dying very rapidly."

And it was, for we were just moving along. In fact, the swell did more to move us than the wind. There were eight boats racing and we were now in sixth place, where before we had been second.

The wind had now died completely and we just sat there and rocked. We decided to put up the boom crotch and let down the sails, for they were just banging back and forth.

"I feel like starting something!" said Buell and he brought out the fog horn and began to blow. Soon every boat was tooting across the water to its neighbor, and there was a great harmony of foghorns.

"You certainly did start it," I said.

"What time is it?" asked Jay.

"It's nearly six o'clock," I answered.

"They'll most likely postpone the race," groaned Buell. And not five minutes later the committee boat came and told us that the race was called off. Several motor boats came out of Sakonnet harbour to tow the becalmed sailors to port. We were asked from the committee boat if we would like a tow, but since a northwest breeze was coming up, we refused because we ought to get back to third beach as soon as there was an opportunity.

It was not long before we were in the cove approaching the mooring.

"Can I try to make the mooring, Jay?" asked Buell.

"Yes." Jay went forward to catch the mooring line. I could see that Buell was not close enough and we were not going to make it. I tried the second time and Jay used the boat hook. I was too close and we rammed the skiff and the mooring post. With the boat hook, Jay grabbed the mooring line, which was tangled up, but we were going too fast and he could not hang on, so he let go of everything. We came about and tried once more. This time we made it.

As we were furling the sail, Buell exclaimed, "Where is the boathook!"

"Oh that's right," said Hughes, "I let go of it and I guess it must have sunk, even though I don't see how it could have because only the end of it was metal."

"I'll bet your father will be mad," I said. My prediction proved true, for next morning he had us all diving for the boat hook!

THOMAS MATTHEW'S (IV)

## Archie Turns Bandit

"Oh, dash it all, Connie! Can't there be anything to do in this place?"

Connie Bandicott lowered a book on the migrations of Golden Plovers and gazed at his brother, Archibald Bandicott.

"I warned you before you came that there would be nothing to do. The trouble with you is you're spoiled."

"Rot!" replied Archie, "why I'm as simple as I ever was!"

"No. The war is what's spoiled you. You got too much excitement in Palestine and liked it. Now, when we're having a little peace, you think the world's going to end."

"Oh well, maybe you're right," murmured the other. "What about your neighbors? Have they got anything better than resting grounds for a country estate?"

"Yes. The Forbes family to the north have some of the best hunting in the country. The Claybodys have salmon."

"Well, it will take more than the dust of London to send me up here again!" complained Archie as he ran an inquisitive eye over the bookcase. "Doesn't it ever stop raining?"

On receiving no answer, Archie sat down, a large book of O. S. maps open before him. From that time till Sime, the combined butler, keeper and valet, announced dinner, there was little noise except for the fire and the rain. During dinner and after it, Archie Bandicott seemed a good deal brighter than he had been since he came to Haripole.

The next day there was such a heavy downpour that Connie refused to set forth to watch his beloved birds. Archie got time to mail a letter and returned to the gun-room for the rest of the day with an armful of Ordnance Survey maps.

Connie went to bed early, to rise before dawn the following morning so he could make a sortie on his birds. But when he came down into the kitchen at about 3:30, he found, to his great surprise, his brother putting together a pack of some shells, a sandwich, and a flask.

"What on earth are you doing?" queried Connie.

"My boy, I am about to ruin the family name!" exclaimed Archie, and with his pack he dived into the gun-room to get his favorite deer gun.

Half an hour later Archie and Sime were trudging along a soaking peat road. There was a cold drizzle driving straight into their faces from the north and a mist blanketed the surrounding world completely.

"I suppose you've heard of Jim Tarras," remarked Archie, referring to that incorrigible poacher who would notify a landowner that he was going to poach, and then proceed to do it.

"Aye, I've 'eard of 'im," growled the keeper.

"Well, we're going to —. Ah, here we are! This is Haripole's bounds, and that's the Doran. Belongs to the Forbes, doesn't it?" Archie had stopped on a little rise of soaking moor and in front of him was surveying the

view, which was afforded by a gap in the mist.

"Aye, that's Glencairne, the Forbes' place."

"Well, Sime, I sent a letter to old Colonel Forbes, how we're going to poach on one of his stags!"

There was horror a-plenty on Sime's face at this, but it soon died out.

"All right, sir," responded Sime with a perfectly straight face. You have to admit our English servant is well trained!

The rain had stopped and the whole world was filled with an awesome dripping. Every rivulet was turned into a raging torrent, every gully, a river.

The two men climbed a low saddle and gazed into the mist where the Glencairne sanctuary should have been. About that time the mist began to clear and they got a good view of the surrounding land. In front, and to the left, lay the Doran. It formed a fish hook of which they were at the bottom. The sanctuary was filled with corries running mostly east and west. On top of a steep, ragged pinnacle sat Machicole, a Glencairne gillie. Just then the fog began to close in from the North. But before it shut down, the men saw a shootable stag not a hundred feet away move out from behind a boulder.

"Dash it all! That's too easy!" exclaimed Archie. "'Ere I thought we'd get some adventure and that comes up, just beggin' to be shot!"

An hour later found them crawling on their bellies in a peat bed. Sime wondered at the man in front of him who had given up a legitimate stag because he thought it too easy. Now they were in a fair way to being caught.

A heavy, muddy boot in his face brought Sime out of a world of dream.

"Ye gods!" whispered Archie, "will you look at that head!"

Three hundred yards away, just visible through the thinning mist, stood a stag. It had a magnificent head—13 points going back fast.

Archie flung his gun to his shoulder. There was a sharp crack; the stag was seen to tumble, take three steps, then fall.

"You've got 'im, mon! You've got 'im!" exclaimed Sime, carried away by the excitement.

They hurried up and, bearing the stag, started on a circuitous route to the saddle before the mist disappeared entirely.

Once safe, they sat down and had lunch. Sime suggested that the deer be left by a peat road for the motor lorry. This was done.

That evening Connie came into the library to find his brother seated as usual in a large, comfortable chair.

"Well, old boy, I'm sorry you didn't have a better time. Guess you won't be up next year, eh?" sympathized Connie.

"Who's not coming up?" roared Archie, jumping up. "Why, you couldn't keep me away with an army!"

MICHAEL HALL (V)





## *Battle of the Ages*

In the main hall of the vast museum stood a large glass case. Inside the case rested a glittering ruby. Its many facets gleamed brilliantly, unmindful of the villainies which men had committed in order to possess this priceless gem.

Its bloody history had begun hundreds of years ago when Mazul Shah had murdered the Sultan of Johore and seized the ruby from among the latter's treasures. For years it adorned Mazul Shah's turban, until one day Samba Shah avenged his brother, the late Sultan, by murdering Mazul and capturing the ruby for himself.

The jewel was not heard of again until its discovery by Sir James Johnston, governor of Patalia. After it came into his possession, several attempts were made on Sir James' life in order to obtain the ruby. Unhappily the fourth succeeded, but the gem was recovered by the police and returned to Henry Johnston, the governor's son and heir. With its new owner, the ruby emigrated to America. Henry Johnston became a wealthy man. His son, Joseph, added to the family fortunes and founded a museum. Here, at last, was a place of safety for the precious jewel, and Joseph Johnston donated it to the new museum with the remark, "It's better to be a little less rich than in the morgue!"

For two years no attempt had been made to disturb the ruby in its place of honor in the circular hall. One evening, however, just before closing time, a dozen men gathered in the darkness around an obscure basement window. Quickly they jimmied open

the window and crawled inside. They crept softly through the empty corridors, separating as they went. The main group had almost reached their objective, when suddenly there was a loud report as one of the thieves let off his automatic by accident.

A passerby heard the shot and instantly rushed to a telephone to notify the police. Soon a squad of tough patrolmen was speeding toward the museum.

Meanwhile, in the dimly lighted Egyptian room, two watchmen were fighting desperately to hold off the robbers until aid could come. Statues of famous Egyptian warriors looked down upon the combatants, just as their originals had watched fighters of old. When the police arrived, they quickly battered down the massive gates and charged into the main hall.

The robbers fled into an adjoining room, from the ceiling of which hung an early Bleriot bi-plane. The policemen scattered and diverted their opponents' attention by firing blank cartridges. Two officers ran into the armor room and seized a long halberd which had once been used by a "beef-eater" in the Tower of London. Hastily they cut the wires which suspended the old monoplane, and, deprived of all support, it crashed to the floor. Quickly the policemen clapped handcuffs on the dazed and battered victims. Then they continued their search for the remaining criminals.

As the officers entered a long, dark corridor, a rustling sound seemed to come from the Indian room. They crept cat-like down the eerie, moonlit hall until they came to the large,

high-roofed chamber which housed the relics of the North American Indians. Everything seemed all right, and they were about to leave the room, when the sergeant's quick eye fell upon a case in which stood a group of Sioux Indians. The buckskin costumes seemed genuine enough. The long eagle feathers on the head-dresses seemed in order. But the sharp eyes of Sergeant Peterson detected a movement of an arm. "Watch out! Duck!" he shouted.

A second later a shot rang out from the Indians. Hardly had the smoke subsided when the policemen closed in on the criminals, who had hastily dressed themselves as Sioux warriors. The "Indians" lost no time in fleeing, and in a few moments the officers of the law had trapped them in a full-sized model of an ancient Egyptian tomb. A weird situation now developed. The criminals, dressed as Sioux, had left their guns behind in their flight, while the police were afraid to use theirs because the firing would endanger the valuable exhibits.

Meanwhile, from the mediaeval arms room, another group of robbers had seized some Toledo swords and were attacking desperately. The police were being forced back step by step, until Officer Hendrickson suddenly had a bright idea. He dashed into the armor room, and, after some difficulty, managed to get himself inside a heavy suit of Nurnberg armor. Weighted down by the heavy helmet, breast-plate, and other assorted garments of steel, he made slow but impressive progress towards the scene of combat.

When Officer Hendrickson re-

entered the tomb, he raised his visor, to see his fellow guardians of the law with their backs to the wall, fighting valiantly. Blades flashed in the dim light of the tomb as the opponents thrust and parried. Sparks flew as steel met steel.

But the tide of battle turned, as the armored policeman swung into action. Realizing that their only hope of escape was to defeat him, the robbers formed a circle around Hendrickson and closed in for the attack. Several times the purple plume which had once adorned the head of the Emperor Maximilian went down in the fight, but each time the gold-inlaid helmet brought it up again.

With the embattled knight in armor bearing the brunt of the fray, his fellow officers seized the opportunity to follow his strategy. Several dashed into the nearby armor room and returned wearing an odd assortment of military costume. Some wore Greek and Roman helmets, some were arrayed in Norman suits of chain mail, while still others appeared in the exquisite armored dress of the ancient Japanese Samurai.

Against such a varied and warlike array, the swords of the criminals proved useless. Soon the band had been rounded up and further resistance was at an end. The surrender was a colorful affair. Never before, or since, had a party of Sioux Indians been defeated in combat by mediaeval knights and Roman legionaries!

Meanwhile, in its glass case in the vast circular hall, the ruby of the Sultan of Johore, reposed in its setting and gleamed wickedly.

DETLEV VAGTS (III)

## *Battle at Dawn*

In the early dawn on a lonely shore,  
Where the dense fog drifted in,  
The guard at the look-out heard once more  
The sound of the breakers' din.

He had listened carefully, day and night,  
For the sound of a motor's roar,  
To warn his friends of the enemy's might  
And all the terrors of war.

As he sleepily sat with half-shut eyes,  
List'ning to the pounding bay,  
He caught the distant hum from breaking skies  
Of the bombers on their way.

He ran quickly to light the air-raid flare,  
And as the bombers drew near,  
Five Hurricane fighters took to the air  
To beat back the winged Fear.

The little defenders fought bravely still,  
Harassing the enemy planes.  
The bombers swooped low like hawks to the kill,  
And many fell down in flames.

Then up from the Channel the fog rolled in sight,  
To help the fierce battle o'er.  
The bombers were driven in scattered flight  
And away from Britain's shore.

JAMES DOUGHERTY (V)



## Pursuit

A vast snow-covered plain, reflecting the light of a lop-sided moon, lay frozen under the icy gaze of a thousand stars. Far, far to the North lay a range of mountains, glittering like tiny arrows in the moonlight. A thin, straight, black line, breaking the monotony of all this whiteness, stretched across the landscape and dropped from sight over either horizon.

The black line was the only sign of civilization in this barren wilderness. It was an old, dilapidated road-bed for the only railroad in that Siberian wilderness. The train that ran this track was a third-class passenger train. She pulled four cars, was able to boast the speed of eighteen miles per hour, and ran only once a month.

A lonely figure trudging along the track was the only sign of life in this wilderness. Ivan was a dark-haired, thin-lipped boy of sixteen. As he walked between the rails, it could be seen by his stumbling gait and frightened countenance that he was physically tired and mentally apprehensive of what the future held for him. He sat down on the track to rest for a few minutes. As he rested, he thought over the strange train of events leading up to the awful predicament in which he now found himself.

He remembered leaving his home in the southern part of Russia. His mother had had a dream in which, she said, his father had called for her. His mother and he had started early one spring morning. A few belongings had been packed in a large bag. The money had been collected from the small bank in the town near which they lived. Because his mother was

ill, Ivan was given the load to carry. He had pointed out to her that her health was not good enough to allow her to travel. She had looked at him with a firm, decisive gaze and had said these few words that had kept her going so long.

"Your father needs us!"

Ivan had asked her why and how she knew, and she had replied by putting the money in her bag and locking the door of their house behind her as she went out.

Ivan knew that his father was fighting in a war in Siberia. He had often thought it strange that his mother and father told him no more than that. His father was fighting in a war in Siberia. He knew no more. No amount of asking had ever yielded him more information.

They had walked from the cabin to the railroad station. There his mother had bought a ticket to Siberia. They had boarded the third-class train and had started on the journey. Never having been on a train before, Ivan was very excited. In about a day and a half this excitement was replaced by infinite boredom.

After they had journeyed for a week, Ivan's mother began to show signs of a very serious illness. Ivan wished to get a doctor for her, but she put him off by insisting that she was all right. What really was the matter was that a doctor would cost money, and she knew that very little of the money they had started with was left.

One night Ivan awoke and realized with joy that his mother, who slept in the berth below him, was not coughing any more. He listened carefully and

then turned over and happily went to sleep.

When he awoke the next morning, he looked down at his mother and smiled as he saw her sleeping peacefully for the first time in days. He waited for her to wake up while he read the book he had brought on the trip. But she did not wake up that day or the next. She had forgotten how during the night.

Ivan spent much of the remaining money to buy her a decent funeral at the next town. Then he continued the journey, alone and friendless.

Four nights later, as the train was passing through the most sparsely inhabited country Ivan had ever seen, he had gone out on the platform at the rear of the train to get some air. As the train lurched to one side, he had lost his balance, fallen off the platform, and had hit his head against the track.

Three hours later, when he had regained his senses, he had started walking, following the track forward. Ivan distinctly remembered that the last town they had passed was a hundred miles back. It would be foolish to turn and try to make the trip to it without food. He continued forward, hoping that another small town was somewhere farther up the track and closer by than the one behind him.

He had walked all day and part of the night. Now and then he stopped to rest. As he sat beside the track, Ivan looked at the friendless country.

He soon rose with painful slowness and was about to start walking when he heard something that froze him where he was and made his eyes open wide with fear. It was the faint but

entirely too distinct cry of a wolf. Although he tried to argue otherwise with himself, he knew that the wolf was leading a pack, and that the pack was on his trail!

To hear the cry of the wolf is a nerve-wracking experience. It seems to come from the very air around you, rises to a lonely cry, and then drops so slowly and so strangely that you can not trace any memory of its ceasing. It is just there—rising and falling on the wind—and then it is gone.

Ivan had a quick vision of himself lying on the snow, his throat torn, his body half-eaten, and the snow stained with his blood. This passed, but it left an all-too-real horror impressed on his mind. Immediately he started off at a fast run. Fear gave strength to his tired muscles. As he ran along the track, his figure grew smaller and smaller and then vanished over the horizon.

Fifteen minutes later black dots appeared on the opposite horizon. As they came closer they revealed themselves as a pack of ten wolves. They came on at an easy run. The leader, with his nose to the snow, was running way out in front. Suddenly he stopped at the place where Ivan had been sitting. He sniffed at the trampled snow and then started off at a fast clip voicing the cry of the wild beast sure of its prize. The pack moved on swiftly, and were soon lost to sight as the horizon dipped in the east.

The snow still reflected the light of a lop-sided moon. The mountain range still glittered in the moonlight. From far, far away, the cry of the wolf came down on the wind.

SPENCER WELCH (IV)



## Signs of Spring

"Ho hum! Who's making all that racket? Oh, so it's that woodpecker again! A fine time for him to be waking me up at 6:30. Aw dry up!"

But the woodpecker had no intention of stopping. He just went right on with his work, and I decided sleep was out of the question any more that morning. I thought that I might just as well get up, get dressed and have breakfast. It would give me a longer day to play.

When I came into the dining room, I found my mother seated at the table.

"Good morning, dear," she said.

"Good morning, Mom," I replied.

"You woke up rather early, didn't you?" she asked.

"No ,oh no!" I answered, sarcastically.

Breakfast was soon over, and I went upstairs to get my baseball and glove.

"Oh, Johnny, would you hurry down and help me for a minute?" I heard her call.

"Coming," I answered.

When I got down to the living room, it was all topsy-turvy.

"Spring cleaning," I gasped.

"Yes, dear, it's got to be done, sometime," she replied.

"What do I have to do?" I asked.

"Just move that lamp from the table to the desk."

"Sure," I answered, and I picked up the lamp.

Just then William, the handy man, came into the room.

"William, could you move this

rug?" asked mother. "Oh, be careful, dear!" This last to me.

But she was too late. I had already stepped on the rug that William was pulling. I lost my balance, and sat down rather hard, with the lamp in bits all around me.

"Oh, Johnny, that lamp cost \$20!" exclaimed mother, as I got up and began picking up the pieces.

Mother seemed lost in thought for a while, but after a little she began to take notice of me again.

"I'm going upstairs, dear, and I wish you would stay around," she said.

"Aw, gosh!" I said under my breath.

Soon she called me, and when I got upstairs to my room, I saw two big boxes overflowing with caps, skates, overshoes, sweaters and other things, standing in the center of the room.

"Do I have to sort these boxes?" I asked.

"Yes, dear. It won't take a minute," she replied.

"I know it won't Mom," I mused "It'll take me two hours."

And I was right, for I was in that room from then on until lunch.

At lunch, Dad suddenly remarked, "Well, the good old spring is here again. Isn't it grand?"

Just then Mom looked up from her chop.

"Now, Johnny, as soon as you have finished, I want you to get out the rake, and begin on the lawn," she said.

"Yes," I replied to Pop, "isn't spring GRAND!"

JOHN MATTHEWS (I)

## *Memoirs of a Warrior*

My name is Tahmish Ying. I am a Mongol warrior, a servant of the almighty Kublai Khan. I am in the famous Mongol army which now overshadows Europe. I am a chief of no small importance. (Pardon my vanity, ye subjects of the Khan.)

One day, in the Christian's time, 1274 A. D., when I was attending the Khan (bow to his greatness) in his summer palace at Shandu, word was received that three white men were coming across the border. The Khan ordered an escort of nobles, of whom I was one, to accompany them to the palace. At last they arrived, travel-stained and weary. The Khan received them royally. He seemed interested in the far-away country from which they had come.

They told tales of the glory and mightiness of their country, Venice, of its rival, Genoa, and of how Venice ruled the seas. They brought letters from a strange, but evidently powerful Khan, the Pope. They showed a vial of oil from a place called the Holy Sepulchre. I think it had something to do with their religion. They valued it very highly.

The travellers said their names were Nicolo, Maffeo, and Marco Polo. Marco was the son of Nicolo and the nephew of Maffeo. I was enchanted by their tales. I do not know what became of these travellers, but I think that they served the Khan for a long while and then went home.

After thinking it over for a long while, I decided upon something. I resolved to go and see for myself the land which the Polos had described.

One day I prostrated myself before the Khan, mighty Kublai, ruler of the universe, and asked him to let me go on this dangerous expedition. He graciously granted me this boon.

I gathered together fifty of my most trusty men and a hundred horses. I also took with me my son, Genghis Ying, named after Genghis Khan, the famous grandfather of Kublai Khan.

At last we set out, each man riding a pony and leading a spare one. Our ponies were strong little fellows, of typical Mongol breed. We crossed the Yellow River, and left the great Wall far behind. We rode on the yam roads, those highways that unite the Mongol Empire. We struggled across the Gobi. After many months of travel we reached Baghdad, the ancient seat of Persian culture. We were now in the Empire of the Ilkhans, ruled by Mongols, although not part of the empire of Kublai. More white men appeared.

We journeyed on into Syria. Here were Moslem Arabs. Then, after passing through the Holy Land of the Jews and Christians, our little party first beheld the blue Mediterranean.

At Acre we left our faithful little ponies and took ship for Marco's country, Venice.

In calm weather and beautiful sunshine we cruised along. One day, however, we sighted a low galley coming towards us. The captain turned the ship about in order to flee. Soon, in spite of the efforts of our rowers, the galley caught up to us. We perceived that it was a Moorish pirate galley, crammed with men. I armed

my men in preparation for the conflict. The galley drew up alongside and caught hold of our boat. Our crew had been firing a copper tube to the ship. The moment the ships came together, the Moors rushed forward. My men fought bravely, sweeping the Moors from the decks with blood-thirsty yells. Then a substance which was like fire was poured from the tube on to the Moors. When water was put on it, this substance burned more fiercely. The pirates were filled with terror at this unquenchable fire, called Greek Fire. Then my fierce warriors and I leapt into the galley. Bloody was the fight that followed! Once I plunged my spear so far into a man's side that I had to put my foot on him to get it out. We won a glorious victory.

Soon after this fight, we approached the land of the Christians. We left our ship in Venice. There we saw other great ships and magnificent palaces. In this city there were waterways instead of streets.

Going north, we passed through the Holy Roman Empire and were received by Rudolf, the emperor.

My warriors got into several brawls and I discovered that a Mongol could defeat any opponent easily. We found the Germans terribly cruel and coarse, for Christians.

Christians are rather peculiar. In the first place, they have only one wife and they seem to worship her. Secondly, their religion says that they must live in *Brotherhood and Love* and they *must not kill anyone!* I have noticed, however, that they do not pay much attention to this. Some of them try to be good (in their way) by going

to places called monasteries, where they do nothing but worship their god. Personally, I think that if they *have* to live in brotherhood and love, they ought to go out into the world and work for their fellowmen, instead of shutting themselves up like cowards. Strangely enough, there are no human sacrifices in this religion.

We left Germany for France. There was a Khan there named Philip III, who was very kind to us.

At one time during our journey, we came to the shore of what the Europeans called the "Sea of Darkness." I asked a sailor (having learnt a little of the language) what was beyond it. He answered, "The end of the world."

"How knowest thou? Hast thou been there?" I asked.

"No, but all say it, so it must be true, and if you tried to find out, your ship would be devoured by monsters."

"By Agar! Thou art a coward!" I called, in contempt.

He challenged me immediately. Soon I had killed him. I thought to myself, as I wiped my knife, that one day somebody would probably sail out to sea to find out what really lay there. I do not think that it is the end of the world. All Europeans, although they are shrewd, are cowards.

Then we sailed across a little ocean, so narrow that one could see the opposite shore. Here I became seasick, although I had not been so on the calm Mediterranean. This land is called England. The Khan was away fighting people called the Welsh. By the way, all the nobles in Europe wear steel pots over their heads and are encased in steel from head to foot. It must be clumsy for them!



After leaving England, we crossed another sea on a fast galley. We landed in a place called Scandinavia. In it we found the usual steel pots and silly religion, but in some odd corners of it, we found some decent people who worshiped gods called Odin and Thor. Thor was the god of war but I suspect he was not as brave as a true Mongol.

We then crossed to Finland. I liked the people there because they were so sturdy and strong, although of course they were not as powerful as our Mongols. I have a feeling that they will some day greatly distinguish themselves in battle.

After a short stay in Finland, we

proceeded into Russia. It was rather cold but we Mongols, having been used to the freezing temperatures and bitter winds in the Gobi, did not mind it. We journeyed to the south and then, at last, we saw Mongols. I wanted to kiss or fight the first one we met. Oh, how good it felt to be among people of one's own race again!

I reported to the Khan, who was thrilled with the account of our travel. So impressed was he that he gave me full charge of an expedition to exterminate the Northern Tibetans without mercy—as a reward for my service to such an exalted prince.

MICHAEL SHENSTONE (II)

## *Sleepless Nights*

Across the frozen waste of snow and ice Corporal Edward Allen trudged behind his dog sled. He was on his way to the Northwest Mounted Police post at Hudson Bay to bring back a prisoner who had gone crazy after being captured. As he plodded on with his snowshoes, he thought of the long weeks that he had been away from civilization, and the many more weeks that he would be separated from it.

Three days later, as he arrived at the Hudson Bay post, he was welcomed by the two men on duty there. They had seen no other person for three months, and so were glad to welcome any new face. They took him in to see the prisoner, a black-haired, fierce-looking French Canadian, who was handcuffed to the bed in a corner of the shack. He looked up with a wild look in his

eyes, and then settled back, making growling noises deep down in his throat. The man whom Corporal Edward Allen was to take back to civilization looked half man and half beast.

They started three days after the Corporal's arrival, with the captive tied to the sled by a long rope, with which he was bound at night.

For the better part of a week all went well, but after the fourth day the prisoner began to show signs of restlessness.

When night came at the beginning of the second week of mushing, the Corporal stopped to make camp as usual. He gathered wood for the campfire and then cooked the evening meal. After this, he secured the prisoner to the sled by the rope, and then went to his blankets and slept.

Many hours later he was awakened by a slight noise. He did not move, but strained his ears to hear the noise again. Slowly he turned over, unbuttoning the flap on his pistol holster. He looked toward the sled where the prisoner was tied. The French-Canadian was in a queer position, as if he had suddenly lain down from an arduous task to keep from being seen. Corporal Allen crawled out of his warm blankets and went over to the sled. The bonds of the prisoner were chewed half-way through, and he might have escaped in another hour or two.

From this time on Corporal Edward Allen was always on the alert. Because he could not sleep, without a chance of the prisoner getting away, his nerves became tired and strained. For another week he continued his journey, sometimes dozing at night, but ready at any time to prevent his prisoner from escaping. During this time the captive made three more attempts to get away, but each time he was caught and tied again.

If this kept up, Corporal Allen would have to get sleep sometime, and if he slept for a whole night, he was liable to be killed in his blankets by the madman.

One night he tied his prisoner to the sled, and putting his back to a tree, he went to sleep. He slept for several hours, and when he suddenly awoke he looked around and saw the tracks

of his sled where it had been driven away. Immediately he put on his snowshoes and started in pursuit. For three hours he followed the tracks as fast as he could, and he still was not in sight of his quarry. For another hour he followed, and, reaching the brink of a valley, he saw the fugitive threading his way across it, less than a mile away. He chased him down the valley and finally forced the big Canadian to make a stand.

They drew closer together as Corporal Allen drew his gun. They drew closer together until the big French Canadian made a lunge, and caught Corporal Allen's wrist. The gun went spinning away into the snow, and from then on it was a battle of the fists. This struggle took place on the edge of a rocky cliff. The French-Canadian was constantly trying to push his attacker over this cliff, and he very nearly succeeded several times. Finally, with a slashing attack of blows to the face, the Corporal knocked the French-Canadian out. He put the limp body on the sled and started on his way again.

Six weeks after he had started from the Hudson Bay post, Corporal Edward Allen arrived at the Mounted Police station in Ottawa, from where he had set out. When he had handed over the prisoner, he went to bed and slept eighteen hours straight!

RICHARD ROSSMASSLER (V)



## Suspense

With a start Bobby looked up at the teacher as she asked him a question. He shuffled his feet and wrinkled his brow, as though in deep thought. Finally he managed to blurt out some jumbled words that all added up to exactly the wrong answer.

It had been a bad day at school; nevertheless Bobby was happy. Hidden behind his big geography book, he had a torn and dirty copy of one of the Lone Stranger's most exciting adventures. He had been reading it with keen interest for half an hour, but now the teacher was asking questions and walking around the room. With a skill born of experience, Bobby slipped the book into his desk, and his face assumed an expression of supreme innocence.

Slowly the afternoon dragged on. It seemed even longer than most afternoons—just perhaps because it was very special. It happened to be a Friday, and every Friday at the Acme Theatre the Lone Stranger rode into an ambush of several hundred Indians and shot them all down single-handed. There were eight chapters in the serial, and Bobby had faithfully seen them all except the one which was to be shown that afternoon. On the previous Friday he had left the Lone Stranger tied to a stake and surrounded by shouting savages.

Suddenly the bell rang, and Bobby's class was excused. Bobby caught up his books and ran down the long flight of stairs that led out of the school. All out of breath, he reached the theatre and dug in his pocket for the precious ten cents admission. Once inside, he ran to the first row of seats and sat down with breathless expect-

ancy. He checked his two "six-shooters" to be sure they were well loaded with caps, just in case the Lone Stranger should need any help.

As usual Bobby waited impatiently for the show to begin. He squirmed restlessly as the preliminary pictures flickered on and off the magic screen. At last the suspense was broken.

Working desperately to free himself from the stake, to which he had been bound the Friday before, the Lone Stranger managed to get his combination compass and magnifying glass out of his back pocket. Since there was a bright sun, he slowly burned his way through the ropes that held him. Free from these, he pulled up the stake and pole-vaulted through the air, over the heads of the amazed Indians, right on to the back of his faithful horse, Silver, who had been awaiting him. Together they rode off in a cloud of dust.

Later, in a nearby town, the Lone Stranger heard that there were a great many cattle rustlers in a county to the north, so he quickly made ready and set off to round them up. He had to follow a narrow trail which wound along the side of a steep mountain. As he was passing over the trail, his quick ear heard a distant rumbling sound. Soon it grew louder. At once his lightning mind told him that it was a landslide. He looked above him. There was no time to turn back! On and on it came, growing closer and closer—until at the last moment—"CONTINUED NEXT WEEK."

Bobby trudged home with a sad heart, knowing that he would have to wait until another Friday to find out what had happened to his hero.

WALTER ROBERTS (IV)

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C. Lawrenceville  
P. C. D. played its season on home ground in Lawrenceville on May 3. Although the game was called because of the score was kept as it stood, 10-3. Ross massler pitched a commendable game and allowed no runs in the first inning. Lawrenceville made the first run in the second inning. P. C. D. scored two runs in the same inning and was then ahead by 2-1. The scores were made by Freddy Schluter and Captain Jimmy Dougherty, while in the third inning Steve Flemer made the final score for P. C. D.

### P. C. D. 3. Princeton Township 6.

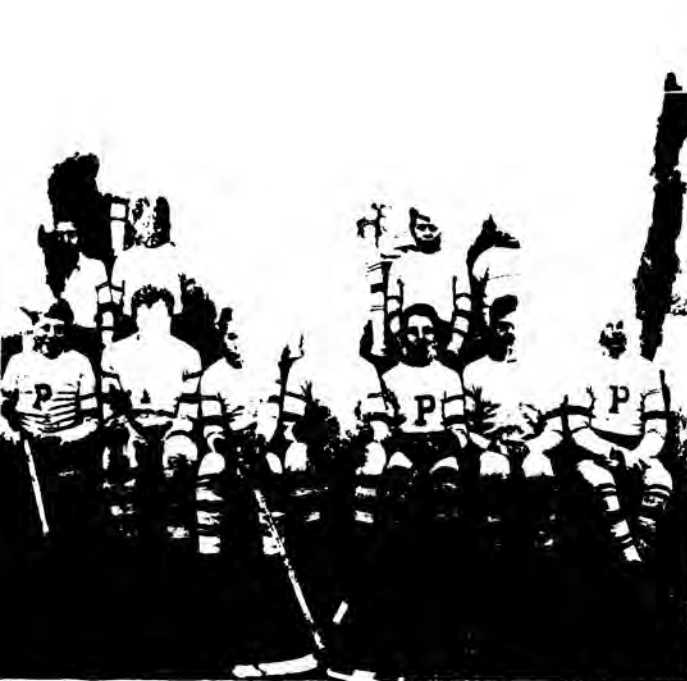
In the third league game both teams managed to hold each other until the end of the third inning, when Township made its first run. In the next inning Township acquired five runs and one hit. Rossmassler again pitched for P. C. D. and struck out seven of the opposing team. P. C. D. made 4 hits and 12 errors, with 3 hits and 5 errors recorded for Township.

### P. C. D. 3. Peddie 14.

On May 10, P. C. D. journeyed to Hightstown to play Peddie. In a hard fought game P. C. D. made 3 hits, while Peddie made 11. Freddy Schluter and Dicky Rossmassler both came home for P. C. D.

### P. C. D. 2. Princeton Township 5.

Playing a return game with Township on May 13, P. C. D. provided plenty of action for their opponents in what many considered as the best contest of the season. Rossmassler again occupied the pitcher's mound and succeeded in knocking out the longest hit—a perfect three-bagger—in the third inning. P. C. D. made 3 hits and 3 errors, while Township made 6 hits and 3 errors.



*Hockey*



*Soccer*





THE



*Scenes from  
"Oliver Twist"  
April 25, 1940*





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 were      win from      e sta      They encountered  
 rom a fighting sch      team      Dicky Rossmassler  
 l held the ex-diar      star      four runs.

The 1. 2-up re      nes was as follo      Rossmassler (p), Flemer, S.  
 (.), Driscoll (1st      , D      (2nd b), Sch      , F. (3rd b), Dougherty, J.  
 (.), Huc      n (lf)      benha      (f), Donnelly (rt), Schluter, W. (rf), Cl      r  
 (Manager). Spare : Anc      , Lackenson, Meritt.

## With the Blues and the Whites

### SCHOLARSHIP

By a hard struggle the Whites managed to keep a step ahead of the Blues, to gain an average for the final term of 2.36. The Blues trailed closely with 2.47.

The boys who had no failures for the term were:

**WHITES (26)**—Conger, Elderkin, Erdman, Guthrie, Hall, Harrop, G., Harrop, W., Hudson, McCutchen, Mathey, D., Mathey, M., Matthews, J., Matthews, T., Merrit, Peyton, Phinney, A., Phinney, F., Quian, Roberts, W., Rossmassler, Schluter, F., Schluter, J., Schluter, W., Stewart, Tattersall, Wetzel..

**BLUES (22)**—Barlow, Broneer, Benham, Dickenson, Dougherty, J., Dougherty, R., Eidmann, Ellis, Flemer, J., Flemer, S., Gallup, A., Gallup, G., Hart, Hazlehurst, McAlpin, Morgan, Piper, Quick, Shenstone, Vagts, Welch, R., Welch, S.

### ATHLETICS

#### BASEBALL

The two Color teams got off to a fighting start in their first contest, with a final score in favor of the Whites of 6 to 4.

Due to several postponements because of rainy weather, the Blues and Whites closed their season with a double-header on May 28. The Whites won both games, 3-1, 6-2, thus gaining the baseball championship for 1940.

## TRACK

The annual spring track meet was held in Palmer Stadium on May 30. With a clear sky and balmy breezes to start with, both teams put all their energy into the various competitive events; but during the afternoon the sky clouded over, and a cold wind contributed to the discomfort of participants and spectators alike. Despite the weather, the meet was continued with unabated enthusiasm.

Competition was close throughout the meet. After the final event the Whites were credited with 54 points to 50 for the Blues. On the basis of their 4-point margin, the Whites received the cup annually awarded by Mayor Charles R. Erdman, Jr. With this victory the Whites upset a tradition established by their Blue rivals, who had scored an unbroken series of triumphs since the first track meet held in 1936.

Results in each event are recorded as follows:

## SENIOR

<i>High Jump</i>		<i>Shot Put</i>		<i>Broad Jump</i>	
Schluter, F.	(1)	Hall	(1)	Schluter, F.	(1)
Dougherty, J.	} (2)	Rossmassler	(2)	Guthrie	(2)
Flemer, S.		Meritt	(3)	Donnelly	(3)

<i>440 Yards</i>		<i>100 Yards</i>	
Guthrie	(1)	Guthrie	(1)
Dougherty, J.	(2)	Schluter, F.	(2)
Hall	(3)	Rossmassler	(3)

## INTERMEDIATE

<i>High Jump</i>		<i>75 Yards</i>		<i>Broad Jump</i>	
Benham	(1)	Dignan	(1)	Kerr	(1)
Schluter, W.	(2)	Kerr	(2)	Dignan	(2)
Schluter, J.	(3)	Erdman	(3)	Howell	(3)

## JUNIOR

<i>High Jump</i>		<i>50 Yards</i>		<i>Broad Jump</i>	
Grover	(1)	Matthews, J.	(1)	Grover	} (1)
Gallup, G.	} (2)	Grover	(2)	Stokes	
Mathey, M.		Gallup, G.	(3)	Flemer, J.	(2)

## The Dramatic Club

On the evening of Thursday, April 25, the Dramatic Club made its ninth annual appearance before a Princeton audience. Charles Dickens provided the play, which was a dramatization of his famous story, "Oliver Twist"; the Dramatic Club provided the actors; while faculty assistance was rendered by Mr. Loney, who designed and painted the set, Mr. Warren, who supervised the construction of scenery, Mr. Smyth, who was in charge of make-up, and Mr. McAneny and Mr. Ross, who again directed the entire production. Mrs. McAneny gave invaluable aid as head of the costumes department.

With the production of "Oliver Twist", several new members were added to the Club. The following boys were elected to full membership, their election being based on the importance of the speaking part played or the amount of back-stage work performed by each candidate: Dickenson, Dignan, Donnelly, Driscoll, Harrop, G., Hazlehurst, Hemphill, Peyton, Phinney, A., Quick, Schluter, F., Vagts, and Welch, S. For playing minor parts or for assistance on the stage crew, the following boys were granted half-credit towards membership in the Club: Parsons, Roberts, F., Roberts, T., Schulter, W. By unanimous consent, "Fritzi" was awarded the distinction of being the first canine member of the P.C.D. Dramatic Club.

On Friday evening, May 31, the members gave themselves a party. They attended movies at the Princeton Playhouse and enjoyed refreshments at Renwick's following the performance. It had been previously decided to give up the usual trip to New York and donate the cost of transportation to the American Red Cross Society. Accordingly, the members voted to send the sum of \$35 to the local Princeton chapter of the Red Cross.

The Cast of Characters for "Oliver Twist" was:

Mrs. Maylie	- - - - -	STEVENSON FLEMER
Giles, <i>a butler</i>	- - - - -	SPENCER WELCH
Brittles, <i>a footman</i>	- - - - -	DETLEV VAGTS
Doctor Losberne	- - - - -	GEORGE HARROP
Oliver Twist	- - - - -	LEIGHTON LAUGHLIN
Cook, <i>in the Parish Workhouse</i>	- - - - -	ALFRED PARSONS
Orphans	- - - - -	{ WILLIAM SCHLUTER
		{ FREDERICK ROBERTS
Mrs. Corney, <i>Matron of the Parish Workhouse</i>	-	WILLIAM GUTHRIE
Mr. Bumble, <i>the Parish Beadle</i>	- - -	RICHARD CONGER
Mr. Sowerberry, <i>an Undertaker</i>	- - -	SAMUEL TATTERSALL
Charlotte	{ <i>in Mr. Sowerberry's employ</i>	{ BERNARD PEYTON
Noah Claypole		{ FREDRIC SCHLUTER
Fagin	- - - - -	DAVID HART
Charley Bates	- - - - -	FRANK DONNELLY

The Artful Dodger	- - - - -	THOMAS DIGNAN
Nancy	- - - - -	JAMES DOUGHERTY
Bet	- - - - -	MELVILLE DICKENSON
Bill Sikes	- - - - -	MICHAEL HALL
The Varmint	- - - - -	"FRITZI"
Monks	- - - - -	JAMES MERITT
Flash Toby	- - - - -	RICHARD ROSSMASSLER
Mr. Brownlow	- - - - -	HAMILTON HAZLEHURST
Mrs. Bedwin, <i>Mr. Brownlow's Housekeeper</i>	- -	THOMAS MATTHEWS
Mr. Grimwig	- - - - -	RICHARD MORGAN
Blathers	} Police Officers from Bow Street - -	{ JOHN HEMPHILL
Duff		
		{ WALTER ROBERTS

## With The Alumni

John L. Bender received a second group average in uniform tests at Princeton University. He is interested in sailing and is a member of the Princeton Yacht Club. He is also an examiner of life saving.

Robert Benham is receiving an 84% average at Lawrenceville School. He is on his house track and baseball teams.

John Bodine, who is at Lawrenceville, is playing on the junior baseball team.

Wilhelmus Bryan is on the junior lacrosse team at Deerfield.

Bradford Chambers, who attends Amherst College, is on the editorial staff of the Amherst student paper. He is active in track and golf.

Edward Chynoweth is on the school track team at Hotchkiss.

Paul T. Condit is a member of Sigma Xi at Princeton University.

Stephen B. Dewing is in the class of 1942 at Princeton. He is holding a scholarship, and is entering the biology department as a pre-medical student. He also acted in a recent prize-winning German Club play.

Harold Donnelly, Jr., who is at Deerfield, is playing spring soccer. He had a part in the senior play, "The Gondoliers".

Charles Erdman, III, is at Exeter and is a member of the all-club track team. He reports that he is a member of the Christian Front and the Marine Society.

Harold B. Erdman is on the baseball team at Lawrenceville and is on the staff of *The Recorder*.

Burnet Fisher is receiving an 81 in Latin at St. Peter's. He made the first baseball team.

William Flemer, III, is at Lawrenceville, where he had an average of 81

on his last marking period. He is directing the student forestry group, and is secretary of the Pipe and Quill Club for the spring term.

Albert C. Gerould is librarian at the College of the Pacific. He is a member of the Sierra Club Ski Mountaineers.

Alden B. Hall is receiving an average of 84% and is on the honor roll at Blair. He plays tennis and has an important part in the final play.

Charles T. Hall is also at Blair and is leading the honor roll with a 92% average for the first two terms. He is out for track, the band, and the orchestra.

Walter Phelps Hall, Jr., has a C average at Millbrook, and is the manager of the varsity baseball team.

Benjamin F. Howell, Jr., is a graduate student at the California Institute of Technology. He graduated last June from Princeton with highest honors in Geology and election to Sigma Xi and Phi Beta Kappa.

Robert Hunter is on the track team at Taft.

David Huntington is also on the track team at Taft.

Tristram Johnson is on the Dean's list at Yale. He plays varsity spring soccer, intermural baseball. He is also a Technical Director of Dramatics, and a Deacon of the University Chapel.

Edward L. Katzenbach graduates from the department of Art and Archaeology at Princeton this year. He has received the Grenfell Fellowship in Art and Archaeology at St. John's University, Newfoundland. He will begin his work there this coming August.

Ralph B. Little, IV, plays third base on the Fifth Form baseball team at Lawrenceville. He is also in the Periwig Club.

Bradford B. Locke, Jr., rows on his form crew at Kent, and sings in the school glee club.

John F. Locke is studying radio engineering. He plays the organ at Trinity Church, Princeton.

Robert W. Locke, II, is attaining a 90% average at Kent. He plays junior tennis.

Sanders Maxwell is studying music at Columbia University.

Henry N. Russell, Jr., will be a resident physician in contagious diseases at the Cleveland City Hospital beginning July twelfth. He will marry Miss Mary Glover of Dedham, Mass., on June 5.

David E. Saunders is working for the Weyerhaeuser Sales Co. in Newark, and he plays on the Newark Y.M.C.A. tennis team.

John C. Saunders is stroke on the second crew at Hun.

John Sinclair has a 90% average at Deerfield, and is playing on the second lacrosse team. He played the leading part in the annual senior play, "The Gondoliers".

Donald C. Stuart, Jr., editor of the *Princeton Herald*, is arranging the fifth reunion for the Class of 1935 at Princeton. He will serve a second five year term as secretary of the class of 1928, starting next month.

# Commencement Exercises

June 10, 1940

## PROGRAM

### INTRODUCTION

MR. P. MACKAY STURGES

Chairman of the Board of Trustees

### INVOCATION

REV. FRANK S. NILES

Pastor: First Presbyterian Church, Princeton

### HEADMASTER'S ADDRESS

MR. J. HOWARD MURCH

### CLASS EXERCISES

The Class Poem .....	WILLIAM ALEXANDER GUTHRIE
The Class Prophecy .....	{ JAMES GREGG DOUGHERTY, JR.
	{ SAMUEL LESLIE TATTERSALL, JR.
The Class Will .....	RICHARD ROSSMASSLER
Presentations .....	{ JAMES KIRKLAND MERITT
	{ RICHARD STOCKTON CONGER, II

### ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

REV. JOHN CROCKER

Chaplain: Proctor Foundation  
Princeton University

### AWARDING OF SCHOOL CUPS

The Headmaster's Cup .....	JAMES GREGG DOUGHERTY, JR.
(Leadership)	
The Horton Cup .....	WILLIAM ALEXANDER GUTHRIE
(General Character)	
The Bourne Cup .....	RICHARD ROSSMASSLER
(Athletics)	
The Maxwell Cup .....	RICHARD STOCKTON CONGER, II
(Scholarship—Upper School)	
The Faculty Cup .....	MICHAEL SHENSTONE
(Scholarship—Lower School)	

### AWARDING OF PRIZES

Mathematics .....	JAMES GREGG DOUGHERTY, JR.
English .....	JAMES GREGG DOUGHERTY, JR.
History .....	WILLIAM ALEXANDER GUTHRIE
Latin .....	JAMES GREGG DOUGHERTY, JR.
French .....	JAMES GREGG DOUGHERTY, JR.
Public Speaking .....	{ WILLIAM ALEXANDER GUTHRIE
	{ RICHARD ROSSMASSLER

### AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS

#### THE SCHOOL SONG

#### THE CLASS OF 1940

JAMES GREGG DOUGHERTY, JR.	FRANKLIN HAMILTON HAZLEHURST
FRANK ANSELL DRISCOLL	JOHN HEMPHILL, JR.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER GUTHRIE	JAMES KIRKLAND MERITT
MICHAEL GARIBALDI HALL	RICHARD ROSSMASSLER
FREDRIC EDWARD SCHLUTER, JR.	
SAMUEL LESLIE TATTERSALL, JR.	



## *The Class Poem*

(By WILLIAM ALEXANDER GUTHRIE)

First in our class is Jimmy,  
Who, I'm sure you'll all agree,  
Is a super-plus sur-realist,  
With unchallenged pedigree.  
Driscoll in a hockey game,  
When our team is in a hole,  
Skates swiftly 'round the other team,  
And makes the winning goal.  
Guthrie as Becky Thatcher  
Was nothing but a flirt;  
After playing Mrs. Corney,  
He vows he's left the skirt.  
Mike Hall still likes to argue,  
And no matter what you say,  
He always has an answer  
That'll drive you to dismay.  
Next in line comes Hazelhurst,  
A famous soft-ball king.  
People come from miles around  
To see this great man swing.  
Jack Hemphill is our baby,  
And when he's on the spot,  
He swings his legs around his head,  
And turns into a knot.  
Meritt keeps playing ping-pong  
From dawn to dark I'm sure;  
For when he beats us in a game,  
You ought to see the score!  
Dicky, with his well-known curve,  
Makes everyone strike out.  
So why we didn't win a game,  
I'm sure we're still in doubt.  
Schluter lives out on a farm,  
And as we all have seen,  
Now raises eggs especially  
To use on Hallow'een.

Last of all comes little Sam,  
Who's long since passed six feet.  
He claims he reached this mammoth size,  
By eating "Dream of Wheat".  
And now the Class of Forty  
Bids farewell to Country Day.  
We hope you'll all remember us,  
When we have gone away!

## *The Class Will*

WE, THE MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL, SITUATED IN PRINCETON, IN THE COUNTY OF MERCER, IN THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY, BEING OF UNUSUALLY SOUND MIND AND MEMORY, DO MAKE, PUBLISH, AND DECLARE THIS OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

To the members of the Fourth Form who have the necessary qualifications, we give, devise, and bequeath the positions that we now relinquish as prefects or as officers of the Blues and Whites.

To all the boys of the School we leave the honor of upholding the good name of the School.

To David "Stick-em-Up" Hart we bequeath little Jackie Hemphill's pop-gun and a copy of his famous book, "How to Shoot Prairie Dogs and Influence Coyotes."

To George Harrop we leave one of Hamilton Hazlehurst's dish pans, with the hope that Pan-handler George will strike it rich on his Stony Brook claim one of these days.

To Alfred Parsons we leave a little spark of some of Billy Guthrie's marathon speed, so that "Steamboat" Alfie may puff across the finish line next year.

To Spencer Welch and Tommy Matthews, those Fourth Form jitterbugs, we leave a pair of Mike Hall's wooden swords to use as drum-sticks whenever they hear the call of the traps.

To Frank Donnelly and Walter Roberts we toss the ball and bat laid down by those famous P. C. D. twirlers, Messrs Dougherty and Driscoll, with the prayer that they can knock out just one victory for P. C. D.

To Richard Conger and Leighton Laughlin we bequeath the positions now being vacated by Freddy Schluter and Dicky Rossmassler as solo dancers on the Fifth Form ball-room dance team.

To Jackie Stewart we leave the honor of upholding the winning spirit of the soft-ball squad.



To Tommy Roberts, Steve Flemer, Alan Phinney, and Richard Morgan we give full membership in the Model Airplane Pilots' Gossip Club, with full permission to let their imagination soar to untold heights.

To Pat Elderkin and Elwyn Quick we leave some of Jim Meritt's spare ping-pong balls as nest-eggs for some of their little feathered friends.

To any Fourth Former who wants to grow a little next year, we can slice a few feet off Sammy Tattersall.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF WE HAVE SET OUR HAND AND SEAL,  
THIS TENTH DAY OF JUNE, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE  
THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND FORTY, AT PRINCETON, IN  
THE COUNTY OF MERCER, IN THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.



## The Class Prophecy

(By JAMES GREGG DOUGHERTY AND SAMUEL LESLIE TATTERSALL)

SCENE—The Caretaker's room in an Old Men's Home—Princeton—1990.

Caretaker (to himself): Whew! This June in 1990 is the hottest I can remember since that Commencement Day in 1940! But I suppose the old gentlemen will say they've seen it hotter—just to be obstinate, the old fools!

Census Man (arrives with a mammoth census book): A-ah, may I bother you for a moment? I represent the United States of America—or what's left of it!

Care: Wazzat?

Cen: May I ask you a few questions?

Care: Why?

Cen: Well—because—well—just to please me. If you won't play, I'll go home!

Care: Oh, I know—you're the census taker. Why, I haven't seen you since ten years back. Funny how you fellows never change—look about the same every ten years. Have a chair.

Cen: Thanks. Now let's get down to business. How many inmates have you got in this old cold storage plant?

Care: You mean the live ones? Most of them are half dead—but I think it was ten the last time we counted them—you must remember—ten years ago.

Cen: Are those old freaks living yet? I was hoping I'd have a few changes to put down here for the boss. Well, that's the way it is with the census—just the same every decade—same people, same number—no variety.

Care: Oh, come on, cheer up. Ask me some questions, and I'll tell you no lies—that is if my memory doesn't fail me again. It's been slipping lately.

Cen: All right. There are just a few preliminaries of a rather private nature. Of course I don't mean them personally. They're just a formality, you understand. A—ah, does your plumbing work? Thank you. Uncle Sam likes to find out all he can, you know. Oh, yes, here's another. Do you remember if your parents paid their federal luxury tax when you were born? By the way, you were born, weren't you? If not, I'll have to put you down in the visiting aliens' list—the fifth column, you know?

Care: Never mind me. I don't want to be counted anyway. Let me tell you about old Professor Dougherty. He's the first on the list.

Cen: Occupation?

Care: Well, he used to be an inventor. Some people thought he was cracked because he was always trying to build a rocket ship, but otherwise he used to get off some pretty tricky gadgets.

Cen: Married?

Care: Well, nobody seems to know. He keeps little things like that to himself.

Cen: Who's next?

Care: Old Sergeant Driscoll. He's an honorary sergeant on the Trenton police force. He used to be so handy with a gun that they put him on the police force just to be on the safe side. He's pretty quiet most of the time but whenever I hear an explosion outside it usually turns out to be the "Sarge" shooting tin cans from a back window.

Cen: Who's the next victim?

Care: Well, it's "Flash" Guthrie. Poor man, he's the worst off of all my boarders. He used to be the fastest runner in the country, but now all he does is sit around with the miseries. The old boy's quite musical though—he spends most of his time playing "The Star Spangled Banner" by clicking his false teeth together.

Cen: Oh, I see, tickles the ivories, eh? Got any more good ones?

Care: Yes. Perhaps you saw that old gentleman with the yachting cap climbing up and down the flag-pole outside? Well, that's old Cap'n Mike Hall. He used to write the yachting notes for the New Yorker magazine until they found out his middle name was Garibaldi. Now they've got him in the Italian Wines department. Salt-water or fire-water—it's all the same to the "Skipper", as we call him around here.

Cen: How many more have you?

Care: Five or six. Next comes Clark Tyrone Hazlehurst. He's a regular success story. About the only one we've got, in fact. You see, he went out to Hollywood—and, well, he just bowled 'em over. He made a fortune in one picture. In fact, he made just one picture. They were nice about it—sent him home quietly—just outside glamor, you know. He spends most of his time here taking pictures of the other inmates. He thinks Walt Disney can use the stuff in his next Kiddies' Cartoon.

Cen: Let me see that list. This next name here—Jack Hemphill—looks like a promising name. What's he do?

Care: He hasn't done anything for fifty years. He's been on relief since 1940. He spends most of his time reading almanacs and the Princeton telephone book. They say he's just waiting to be a guest expert on "Information Please".

Cen: What's this next name? Not a General? General James Meritt.

Care: Well, the General's had quite a history. The ladies all fall for him. He's made Henry the Eighth look like an innocent little Junior Former chopping the heads off paper dolls. He's had 15 or 16 wives at one time or another.

Cen: Where are they now?

Care: Oh, some of them are hanging around here, and some died natural deaths.

Cen: The next one's Dick Rossmassler. Seems to me I've heard of him.

Care: You probably have. He used to be a Big League bat boy—until they pensioned him off around sixty-five or so—said they needed a younger boy. He's a little tetchy in the hot weather, around about baseball time. You probably saw him out on the lawn romping around in his little P. C. D. baseball suit.

Cen: Who's coming up now?

Care: Fredrico Schluter, the great dancing master. He used to run a dancing school for Miss Fine's debs—but housemaid's knee got him in the end. Confidentially, the old boy has a weakness for oysters. Yesterday he swallowed a barrel of them. I'm afraid we're going to have a sour burial around here one of these days. Fredrico probably won't live here any more!

Cen: Guess some gals are going to be pretty sad for a while. Well, here's the last one—Sam Tattersall.

Care: Oh, he's hardly ever here now. The old man has taken on a new lease on life. He commutes to P. C. D. every day and coaches the soft-ball team. Says he hopes to have them ready for the 2040 Olympics.

Cen: Say, what's all that noise out there?

Care: Oh, that's just Sergeant Driscoll shooting around again.

Cen: Well, I guess I'll be moving along. Thanks for the information! See you in 2000!

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# THE BLUES

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## SOCCER CHAMPIONS

1926  
1930  
1931  
1934  
1935  
1936  
1938

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## HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

1926  
1937  
1938  
1939

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## BASEBALL CHAMPIONS

1926  
1930  
1931  
1935  
1937  
1937  
1938  
1939

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# THE WHITES

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## SOCCER CHAMPIONS

1927  
1928  
1929  
1932  
1933  
1937  
1939

---

## HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

1927  
1928  
1930  
1931  
1932  
1933  
1934  
1935  
1936  
1940

---

## BASEBALL CHAMPIONS

1927  
1928  
1929  
1932  
1933  
1934  
1936  
1940

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