

VOL. XV. No. 1

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

DECEMBER, 1940

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

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1940

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

## CONTENTS

EDITORIAL - - - - -	Page 3
THE CALENDAR - - - - -	Page 5
OUTWARD BOUND FOR CANTON - -	Page 9
WHO'S WHO - - - - -	Page 10
WAITING - - - - -	Page 11
FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH - - -	Page 13
FAILURE OF A MISSION - - - -	Page 14
APPETITE - - - - -	Page 16
FLIGHTS ON SCHEDULE - - - -	Page 17
APACHE DEVIL DANCE - - - -	Page 18
BILLY BONES, HIS TREASURE - -	Page 20
MIDNIGHT VISITORS - - - - -	Page 21
WEATHER BUREAUS AND THEIR WORK -	Page 22
THE TOMB OF THE PHARAOH - - -	Page 24
PENCIL SKETCHES - - - - -	Page 26
YOUNG HICKORY - - - - -	Page 28
ON LEARNING A FOREIGN LANGUAGE -	Page 31
WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES - -	Page 32
ATHLETICS - - - - -	Page 34
WITH THE ALUMNI - - - - -	Page 36
EXCHANGES - - - - -	Page 40

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Vol. XV

DECEMBER, 1940

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## Editorial

One of the most distinctive features of life in the Princeton Country Day School is our prefect system. This is the closest approach to student government that we have attained. Three years ago this system was changed, so that now the whole senior class, rotating in three-week periods, serve as prefects for two out of three terms. In the third term, the boys who have shown the best ability to superintend the others are chosen for the rest of the year.

This system is now in its third year, and perhaps its main defect is a feeling that, instead of only maintaining discipline, some prefects take their term in office more as a chance to pay back their several personal grudges than as an opportunity to serve the school. They "go easy" on their friends and are hard on their enemies.

In the old system, whereby a small group of prefects were chosen for the whole year, the trouble was that in a small class the few who were not selected felt that the masters were "down on them", and they tended to envy their more fortunate classmates. The greatest asset in this system was that the school recognized the appointed group of boys as prefects throughout the year, while now the issue sometimes becomes confused as to just *who* is in office during a certain period.

Probably the worst evil of *both* the systems lies in the prefect meetings,

when offenders are "brought up". These are serious affairs and must be treated as such. As it is now, a boy walks into the room and starts laughing; many of the prefects do the same. If the culprit is fined a certain number of marks, he suddenly becomes serious and vows that he will "get back at those Fifth Form bullies." Actually, the prefects had done nothing to him personally, but were merely carrying out their duty. In the future, therefore, take these meetings seriously, and when you are warned by a prefect not to do a thing—don't do it. Then there will be fewer disciplinary meetings, fewer conduct marks, and a better school.

Altogether, the present system is better than the old. It has been suggested, by way of reform, that there be representatives from all the classes in the prefect body. This probably would tend to lessen any injustices which might arise, but there are precious few Fourth and Fifth formers who would take advice from a Junior former. We do not say that they should not, but merely that they would not. We think, therefore, that it is best to leave the prefect system as it is. But for *any* system to succeed, the cooperation of the entire school is essential.

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The JUNIOR JOURNAL is indebted to the following members of the Camera Club for contributions to this issue: Randolph Hudson, Richard Morgan, Thomas Roberts, and Walter Roberts.



## Department Editors

DECEMBER, 1940

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<i>Athletic Editors</i>	- - - - -	{ STEVENSON FLEMER GEORGE HARROP
<i>Blues and Whites Editor</i>	- - - - -	WALTER ROBERTS

# The Calendar

## SEPTEMBER

*The golden rod is yellow;  
The corn is turning brown;  
The trees in apple orchards  
With fruit are bending down.*



### September 25

This being the opening day of school, we take our pen in hand and sit quietly, hoping that some of you will do something of enough importance to inspire us to put it down in these notes. We are going to be very particular this year. Only world-startling events will be worthy of our attention.

### September 25

Not that it is a world-startling event, but just to get things going, we record the birth of Teddy Tower, ventriloquist, some twelve years ago.

### September 27

You will note as you read that, although many almanacs and calendars record the names and doings of famous men long dead, we differ from the majority, for most of the candidates on this roster of fame are alive, or that is, *almost*. Take Bobby

Dougherty, noted W.P.A. worker. Now there's a perfect specimen of life at its best. And we're going to let you in on a secret. It's "Wheaties" that's doing it!

### September 29

Says Garry Ellis, champion Bucks County Hog Caller, with so much pride he burst three shirt buttons: "I can hardly wait until November 2, for the Princeton-Harvard game. My big brother is on the Harvard team!"

### September 30

Says Sammy Pettit, Champion Mercer County Corn Husker, swelling with so much pride that he bursts *seven* shirt buttons: "Poof, what's that! I've had so many big brothers on Princeton teams that I've lost count."

## OCTOBER

*O sun and skies and clouds of June  
And flowers of June together,  
Ye cannot rival for one hour  
October's bright blue weather.*

- October* 3 Did you know that David Voorhees, one of the Washington's Crossing boys, entered his mule; *Man O' War*, at the Trenton Fair last month, and that both David and the mule had their pictures taken by the Pathe News people?
- October* 8 We had an interview today with Frank Donnelly, who recently published two interesting text books, *The Wordless Speller*, and *The Blank Page Reader*. The Second Form can hardly wait for the Country Day School to begin using them. "Watch our average climb, then!" predicts Grover.
- October* 10 We regret to announce that David Barlow, famous flying ace, is leaving soon after Christmas to join the Royal Air Force. David feels that he has broken enough bric-a-brac in the Barlow living room, sailing model airplanes, and hopes now to try his wings in a larger field. Contact! David!
- October* 15 The last time we saw Richard Morgan he was eating a double-decker ice cream cone in the family surrey, and was all dressed up in riding clothes. Apparently this was by way of a treat after an afternoon on a horse. We wonder if and how he treated the horse.
- October* 18 What's in a name? *Denver* Lindley sounds as if he might be a bronco buster from the great open spaces, but you know as well as we do that he isn't. He's just a boy in the First Form, and he's having a birthday. It's his tenth.
- October* 20 James Armitage, gang-buster, and William Rossman, Delaware River pirate, blew in this year from Newark and Trenton respectively. We have looked carefully into their past and must report that in both cases we found it shady. Among several things that came to light was the fact that this is their birthday.
- October* 28 George Gallup went a-hunting again. This time he shot four bears, three cougars, two yaks, and a tom-cat. He said he left them where they lay, because no one would believe he killed them anyway—so what was the use lugging them home?
- October* 31 Hist! It's Hallowe'en. A black cat just crossed our path. We have broken a mirror and walked under three ladders.



What's the use? We might just as well open the door, and let the boys of the Country Day School get to work on our 16th Century Aubasson carpet with their ash bombs!

### NOVEMBER

*Over the river and through the woods,  
To grandfather's house we go;  
The horse knows the way  
To carry the sleigh  
Through the white and drifted snow.*

- November 1* To Johnny Flemer's belated Hallowe'en party. The little First Formers shiver an shake as they follow the magic path to the witches' den. And then—what fun!
- November 5* This being Election Day, we listen to the Fifth Formers hold forth on the relative merits of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie. Right in the midst of the speeches, a Western Union messenger boy dashes in with this telegram—SEATTLE, WASHINGTON STOP WE'RE LISTENING TO YOUR MEETING OVER RADIO STOP CHARGE SPENCER WELCH WITH COST OF THREE RADIO TUBES BLOWN OUT BY HIS BURST OF ORATORY STOP.
- November 6* The morning after. Listen, Mr. Gallup Poll. It never fails. As goes the Country Day School, so goes the nation! And in the midst of all the excitement yesterday, we almost forgot to mention that W. Schluter had a birthday. Yessir, Mr. Roosevelt may be President, but Billy Schulter's one year nearer being a man.
- November 9* There's a present for you, Peter Erdman, under the mouse trap in Mummy's room. By the way, Peter, Uncle Don doesn't like little boys who tease their little brothers. This is station . . . . . When you hear the time signal it will be . . . . .
- November 12* Richard Paynter, Province Line Road milkman, born.
- November 14* Come! come! We've had enough of these birthdays this month. Here's Freddy Roberts, out of the no-where into the here, telling the world in no uncertain terms that a new star is born.
- November 15* And Jack Stewart, famed Astrologist, after years of astronomical observations and mathematical ciphering, has reached the conclusion that he has positive proof of having been born this 15th day of November.

- November 20* Monday, being the 18th and Colin McAneny's birthday, he invites his First Form classmates to his house for a belated merry-making. What with ice cream, a birthday cake, and snappers, a great time is had by all.
- November 21* Thanksgiving!
- November 23* Rob Roy Piper, wee bonny laddie, or else what's in a name, born.
- November 25* If Carlos Quien's illustrious ancestor, Ponce de Leon, was as thirsty as Carlos was today, no wonder he trailed all over Florida looking for the Fountain of Youth. Here was Carlos, his tongue hanging out from keeping goal on the Junior soccer field, and the outside drinking fountain shut off for the winter. "It's a cruel world," says Carlos, as he beats up another Indian by way of revenge.
- November 27* To Trenton, this morning, where Leighton Laughlin gives a mammoth roller skating party at the Garden Rink. Old folks, young folks, big folks, little folks, and boys and girls together roll merrily along. Mr. Murch, loath to trust his fame to eight little ball-bearing rollers under his feet, seeks his fortune on some wheels of chance.
- November 28* Martin Benham told us not to tell anyone, but today is his birthday. So, true to our promise—mum's the word.

#### DECEMBER

*'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.*

- December 3* Copeland MacClintock, original Man on the Flying Trapeze, born.
- December 5* Sometime 'tween the dark and the daylight, snow began to fall, and at roll call fully a quarter of the school had either not arrived or were trickling in slowly. Elwyn Quick, Haslet Avenue chicken farmer, was absent all day. He was busy tying green glasses on his chickens. You see, when they looked at the snow, they would think it was grass, eat it, and begin laying again. Just like spring.
- December 12* Dear Santa Claus:

I am a good boy most of the time. Every night I help my little brother do his arithmetic problems. That is why he gets such good grades. Please send me a new bicycle for Christmas. Then I can pedal out home after school, and not have to wait until seven o'clock every night for the family car.

ALEC GALLUP

*December 13* "You don't want a bicycle," says Stanley Wilson, looking over Alec's shoulder, "What you want is a flying carpet. Now, many's the time, over in Persia, I'd still be in bed when the last school bell started ringing. Suddenly, I'd leap to my feet, summon my magic carpet, a gift from the Caliph of Bagdad, and be sailing over the house tops, and right into the classroom 'ere the old school bell donged its last ding."

*December 20* School closes for the Christmas vacation. See you next term!  
THE BOY WHO SITS BEHIND YOU.

## Outward Bound for Canton

'Twas in the winter of 'eighty-three  
The good ship "Robin" sailed out to sea.  
As she left New York that ill-fated day,  
The crew were merry—old timers say.

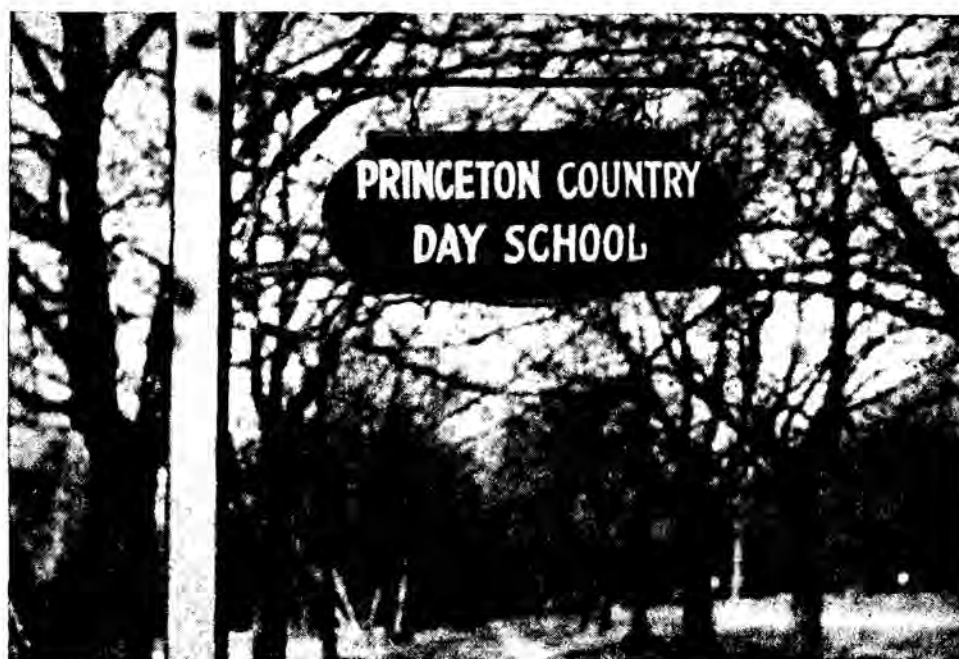
She crossed the equator March tenth to the day,  
And rounded the Horn in the following May.  
She was bound for Canton, that city of old,  
To take on a cargo of spices and gold.

Some say that a hurricane struck her in June,  
And she sank in the light of a crescent moon.  
But there's one thing every old sailor knows—  
She never reached Canton, where the Yangtze flows.

They say when the moon is shining bold,  
The "Robin" sets sail as she did of old.  
She rises once more through the breaker's loud boom,  
Then plunges again to her watery tomb.

RANDOLPH HUDSON (IV)





## Who's Who

1940-1941

### PREFECTS

Richard Conger  
Frank Donnelly  
George Elderkin  
Stevenson Flemer  
John Stewart

George Harrop  
David Hart  
Leighton Laughlin  
Richard Morgan

Elwyn Quick  
Thomas Roberts  
Walter Roberts  
Spencer Welch  
Alfred Parsons

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David Hart

George Harrop  
Walter Roberts

John Stewart  
Spencer Welch

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Elwyn Quick

Detlev Vagts

Leighton Laughlin

### CAMERA CLUB

*President*  
Richard Conger

*Vice-President*  
Richard Morgan

*Secretary-Treasurer*  
Richard Morgan

### DRAMATIC CLUB

Richard Conger

Richard Morgan

Leighton Laughlin

## Waiting

The night was heavy with darkness. Faintly discernible, but only to the sharpest of eyes, were the clouds that scudded across the wide spaces of the night before the lashing of a furious wind. A thunderstorm rumbled menacingly in the west, and, as if allied with an evil spirit, mingled inharmoniously with the wind's devilish screaming.

"Dirty weather," growled Uncle Jake, compressing this wild scene into two words. He gazed stolidly into the campfire and muttered, as if agreeing with himself, "Rotten!"

"D—n dirty!" echoed a few of the other cowhands, who were huddled in a group, the light from the flickering flames throwing grotesque shadows across their hard, rugged features.

Jim Hanson, foreman of the Spinning F. Ranch, or "Spitfire" to his friends, gazed gloomily into the darkness beyond the camp and watched the dancing sparks blown from the fire, some of which went out in the air, while others fell to the sandy ground to fizzle for a moment. A deep frown disfigured his usually cheerful and complacent forehead. "This weather's just breedin' a stompin' party for the dogies", he thought. Nevertheless, he kept his thoughts to himself, for a stampede was not one of the subjects that could be conversed upon with sulky cowpunchers on a night like this. Yet foremost in every man's mind was the same thought. This was a big cattle drive. There were approximately fifty thousand head of cattle in the herd. A stampede of fifty thousand well-bred, fero-

cious longhorns was not an event that could be looked forward to with anything like enjoyment.

The first watch came riding up, and, with much cussing, threw themselves from their saddles and ran for the protective warmth of the campfire. The second watch rose from their places and set out for the horses tethered not far from the chuck wagon.

"How's the dogies been actin'?" growled one of this number.

"They's gettin' kinda ornery," was the answer from one of the arriving men. "I don' think too dad-blamed much o' our chances for a peaceable night."

With this cheerful bit of news, the second watch swept out of camp, and into the cold and windy darkness beyond. Soon the welcome sound of sonorous voices bawling rough cowboy songs into the air of the night could faintly be heard above the wind. Cattle are often soothed by the sound of the cow-boy's voice near them, but tonight it would take a lot more than singing to soothe them.

The wind increased in violence, blowing the thin half-sand-half-dust-like soil from the dry, lifeless ground. The cow punchers quickly put their neckerchiefs up around their mouths and noses to prevent the stinging sand from flying into their lungs. The wide brims of their hats were turned down to guard their strained blood-shot eyes.

But the cattle had no protection whatsoever, and the sand tortured them mercilessly. Already some of the more temperamental animals were

acting "ornery". They began to trot restlessly around in circles, lowing and snorting with indignation. The "milling," as this movement is called, dug up the sand more than ever, and was a sure sign of approaching catastrophe.

One of the men who was on the second watch came riding breathlessly into the light of the campfire.

"Spitfire!" he called, addressing the foreman, "They's actin' wus and wus. We needs a-couple more men."

"O. K.!" was the curt reply. "Jake! Stinky! Fill up your belt with bullets and git out thar, you may need t'do a lot o' shootin' afore th' night's done!" Then, addressing the man who had ridden up, he said, "You got 'nugh bullets, Mushy? Th' cattle don' hear much else 'cept shootin' when they's a-stompin'."

The reply was in the affirmative, and "Mushy", having accomplished his mission, returned into the darkness singing something that sounded suspiciously like "Sleep, you ding-busted, lousy-smellin' critters, sleep!" to the tune of "Rock-a-bye, baby".

None too willingly the two men who had been called upon to re-inforce the second watch left the circle of cow hands and headed for the chuck wagon to get the required ammunition before saddling their horses.

It was not long before the sounds of restless hoofs and indignant lowing were heard in the camp. The foreman ordered the remaining men to look to their guns and ammunition. Soon the light of the fire was reflecting the polished bores and butts of heavy service revolvers. Oil and greasy rags were employed in assuring the cow-

punchers that the few working parts would run smoothly if necessity forced them to be used. Then, with a little fancy spin around the index finger, these beautifully manufactured and well-balanced killers were returned to their silver-studded holsters.

The thunderstorm that had been brewing for some time could now be heard more and more distinctly. At fitful intervals the appalling darkness of the night was startlingly broken by flashes of approaching lightning. These flashes revealed, though only for a moment, the ominous black clouds, fantastically shaped, rolling slowly on toward the camp where both men and beasts scanned the skies with mingled hatred and fear.

Suddenly lightning and thunder ceased. The screaming and howling of the wind, and the angry snorts that came from the tortured cattle were the only sounds that could be heard. Uneasiness came over the camp.

"Judging from the speed o' that wind, th' doggone storm ought to be purty near by now," mumbled the foreman to himself. Then, as if forewarned by some supernatural premonition, he shrieked, "Boys! git to your hosses!"

The command was not any too soon, for a moment afterward the sky directly above the cow camp was torn apart by a terrifying talon of fire that cleaved the night air from the angry clouds to the quaking ground and rebounded from the scorched earth not ten feet from where the cow-punchers had been sitting a moment or so before. The thunder that followed closely upon this deadly attack split the fiery night with a deafening roar that



drowned out all sounds but its own. The cattle, their nerves already worn thin by the ravages of howling wind and stinging sand, could stand still no longer. Roaring, snorting,

and screaming, they followed their leader, a magnificent long-horn, in a blind, panic-stricken flight across the endless prairie.

SPENCER WELCH (V)

## *Friday the Thirteenth*

"No wonder Ma sent me on an errand today," thought Tom Jones as he scuffed the dirt from the road with his foot. "Friday the thirteenth is the unluckiest day in the world and there's no use trying to escape it. But I could have gotten that buck deer sure, if only I didn't have to go to Mrs. Weaver's".

Tom lived in Deerfield, a little settlement in Indian country, and he was being sent by his mother to a neighbor's house a few miles away to get some wool. Tom had tried to explain to his mother that there were some deer tracks not far from the farm, but his mother only shook her head and said unless the boys wanted to freeze this winter, he would have to go to Mrs. Weaver's. So Tom, very unhappily, was on his way.

He soon passed Willow Brook and stopped a few minutes for a cool drink. The fall leaves were all over the ground, and Tom thought it looked comfortable enough to take a nap, but he decided to go on. About a mile from Willow Brook Tom began to smell some smoke. This did not bother him, as he thought that some one was making a fire; but the smell grew stronger, and as he came to a rise in the land, he saw, instead of a friend's neat house, a pile of smoking ashes.

He gathered his senses and rushed forward, only to stop horror-stricken as he saw the mutilated bodies of a man and woman. Their old nag was peacefully cropping the grass, and he rushed to mount it. As he jumped on the horse, he looked around him. There, about three hundred yards away, was a savage, stripped except for a piece of cloth around his middle. At the sight of the boy the Indian gave a whoop and rushed forward, but Tom was not idle. He turned the horse and, with a kick, sent it galloping forward.

As he reached the knoll, he saw five Indians rushing toward him. An arrow sang over his head and another whistled past, tearing his shirt.

Soon he had passed Willow Brook, and on and on he rode, whipping the horse furiously.

When he reached Deerfield, he slid off the horse, grabbed the hammer which was always ready, and began hitting the alarm bell. This was the warning which called the people in from neighboring farms when an attack was suspected.

The Indians were beaten off that day, and no one in Deerfield was harmed. Tom no longer thinks Friday the thirteenth is unlucky. Instead, he looks forward to it eagerly.

SAMUEL HOWELL (III)

## Failure of a Mission

"You have got all in your bag?"

"Yes, sir."

Lieutenant von Eppen read over the list of requirements again to make sure.

"All right, good luck, and auf wiedersehn!"

Before the boy could answer, an officer strode into the room and immediately all the friendship of a father to his son that Lieutenant von Eppen had shown vanished. He stiffened and cried,

"Ach dung! Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!"

"Dismissed, and remember, this is your first trial. If you don't make good, they will not send you again."

Young Emil von Eppen saluted and strode away.

The next night found him coiling ropes on a small fishing smack in the harbor of Josingfjord, Norway, dressed in slacks and turtle-neck sweater. The skipper, Captain MacPherson, was in need of another hand, for in his last trip across, a German dive-bomber had machine-gunned one of his already depleted crew, so it was not hard for Emil to find a job.

But the young Emil von Eppen of the smack, "Fisherman's Luck" from Middlesborough, England, was a very different man from the Emil von Eppen of the German Intelligence Service, Berlin. In Norway, he was an amiable young Briton, looking for a passage home, while in Germany he had been an obsequious private, anxious for his first chance at espionage.

They sailed that night, and after two days and nights of booming fog-

horns and droning echoes from high-flying Nazi raiders, they docked in Middlesborough, a prosperous seaport in north-eastern England.

There for the first time in his life Emil heard the awe-inspiring wail of that English banshee, the air raid siren. This pleased him, for it made him think that the *Luftwaffe* were doing a fine job. But one thing puzzled him—the stupid English did not cower with fear at the droning of the Nazi planes. They just took it all as a matter of course. What was the matter with them? Did they not know that Herr Goering's men would soon destroy them all?

Once on shore, he took the first train to London. There he needed no one to guide him, for he had been carefully schooled for three years about England, and London especially had been featured in his espionage training.

Emil went straight to the "Black Raven," a small inn near the docks. Even before he had reached the threshold, he could smell some of the vapors that seeped through the windows and doors. The place was filled with raucous men, flowing grog, and ubiquitous smoke. It was just twilight, but as it had been foggy all day, the twilight came only as a prolonging of the murky afternoon. Emil went quietly to a small anteroom at the far end of the crowded inn, and upon giving three soft knocks was admitted within.

"What a nice day," observed the room's only occupant.

"It's always foggy here," answered



Emil to the pre-arranged password.

"Heil Hitler!" exclaimed the solitary man.

"Heil Hitler!" responded Emil.

"I am glad you arrived so quickly," said the man, who was seated at a weatherbeaten deal table. No one would think to look at him, small, quiet, ruminating, unobtrusive, even timid appearing, that he was Germany's most important spy, Eric Gorlitz.

"You are earlier than I expected," he added, in his low, guttural German.

"We had best speak in English," he said, switching to that language. "Let me see your papers."

Emil gave them to him.

"Good," approved Gorlitz. "Here is the plan. It was very hard to obtain. When you leave here, memorize it, but for now, put it in the lining of your coat. If you get into trouble, destroy it, and remember, *do not fail!* The fate of our fatherland rests partially on this paper. That is all. Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!"

Emil left the man and wended his way through the jostling, laughing crowd of sailors. The atmosphere in the bar was even denser now because the black curtains had been put up, and none of the streaming vapors inside, that before had filtered through to the fog outside, were allowed to escape.

Once in the open, in the refreshing coolness of the night, the fog, and the nearby water, Emil memorized the note, one thought uppermost in his mind, "This is my first mission— I must not fail!"

Even as he thought this, an un-

earthly wailing sound arose from nowhere and filled the entire air. At first he was puzzled, but then he knew—it was the air raid alarm. Suddenly from everywhere shuffling figures began filing quickly and silently into the public shelters, with a patience born of long practice.

In five minutes the streets were abandoned; not a living soul was in sight. It suddenly occurred to him that this was his chance. He walked quickly to a deserted car. Fortunately for Emil, its owner had just filled it up with its weekly ration of petrol and had left it with the key in the lock. As he sped away, he heard a whistle blow and saw a policeman come running at him, motioning him to stop. He went on unheeding.

As Emil swerved around a corner, a bomb dropped right in front of him. Unable to stop, he went careening to the sidewalk with a flat tire and a windshield shattered from the shrapnel. But this was no time or place to stop and fix the flat, with bombs hurtling down on him and the air punctured by anti-aircraft guns and piercing search-lights, so on he went.

As he bumped along the winding road, he thought how mistaken the Germans had been about these English. Der Fuhrer had vastly underestimated their ability to "take it." His countrymen would have to punish these Britons, much more severely than they were doing. Why, these people never even thought twice of the bombers. But, he remarked, this probably came from their being so accustomed to violence and death, as they had inflicted it on innocent Germans in the past.

Then, suddenly, his meditations were cut short by the sound of motorcycles roaring behind him. He could not tell whether they were following him, or were after some parachute troops that might have landed nearby. To be certain, he turned into the next by-road. The motorcycles turned too. This was serious. He could not keep ahead of them long with this flat. Coming to the next corner, he slowed down, jumped out, and left the car running on by itself. With a sinking feeling in his heart, he crouched behind a hedge and watched the motorcycles rush by.

Now he was stranded. The only thing to do was to go back to the highway and hope that some one would chance by and pick him up.

Compared to the bedlam of the London night, the silence out here in the open was alarming. It got on one's nerves.

There, what was that? Over yonder in the field ahead he saw a dark figure standing on a large white sheet.

There was only one thing that it could be—a German parachutist.

The Nazi saw Emil, and, as soon as he did so, knelt down and picked something up off the ground. He put it to his mouth. Emil, realizing what he was about to do, cried out:

"Mein bruder! Mein bruder!"

But it was too late. A small rock-like article hurtled through the air and, upon striking Emil, exploded into a thousand fragments . . .

The next day, in the left hand corner of the "Times" appeared the following story:

"PARACHUTIST KILLS BRITON!"

St. Albans, Nov. 12, AP

Early this morning a local farmer found the body of an unidentified Englishman, burned and torn beyond recognition. It is supposed that he was the victim of a Nazi parachutist, several of whom were captured in this area last night."

Her Hitler never received the paper Gurlitz had worked so hard to get. Herr Goering had seen to that.

RICHARD MORGAN (V)

## *Appetite*

Georgie the goat was a queer old thing—  
His favorite meal was paper and string!  
He also liked bottles and old tin cans,  
Dirt and tar-paper and pots and pans.

Varnish and paint were his great delight,  
And these he would lick all day and night.  
He also was fond of munching flowers—  
Down in the garden he'd gorge for hours!

One day while George was having some fun,  
A farmer crept up with his big shot-gun.  
He aimed and fired at poor Georgie's head—  
But the bullet bounced off, and George ate the lead.

ALEC GALLUP (IV)

## Flights On Schedule

Far over-head the huge V-shaped flock of Canada Geese threaded the clear, blue sky. There were more than twenty-five of them, all flying in the same group. These geese were traveling north from the swamps of the Carolinas, where they stayed for the winter.

Now they were flying back to Canada for the summer. All the geese had to take their turn to lead the flock at the head of the V. They would fly in approximately one hour shifts. All the birds knew when and how to change positions. When a new leader came to the head of the V, he would first have to get used to the rush of air and to regulate his speed. The geese would sometimes fly as fast as a mile a minute. They covered much ground every day.

One of the ganders was making his third flight north. He and his mate were among the first to separate from the flock. They took a route more to the west.

After a day of easy traveling, they came to a likely-looking lake where they might find a good place to nest. Here they glided down and settled on the surface. They found a small island in a nearby lake, which was safe from dangerous animals, and found some good feeding grounds, which consisted of shallow water and weeds growing in the water, on a nearby shore.

Then came the task of building a nest. The nest was large and was built on the ground. It was well concealed by a log on one side and tall grass on the others. The nest itself was made of twigs and soft fiber with

a lining of feathers plucked from the birds.

The goose settled down on the nest, and before the week was up, she laid five eggs. As soon as the eggs were hatched, the babies had to be fed. They were herded off to the water, not far away. The little geese were not afraid of the water. They plunged right in and waddled off to the opposite shore, where there was good feeding for them.

They grew very fast and soon they could fly a little. But one day before the baby geese had grown very large, one had swum away from its mother and had been swallowed by a hungry pike.

Day by day the young grew stronger. They began preparing for the long trip south by taking short practice flights around the neighborhood.

It was on one of these flights that a hunter happened to come near the home of the geese, and when the unsuspecting birds flew over him, he shot one of them. This warned the others to leave the spot. So, with powerful strokes of their wings, they swerved and flew away before the hunter could get another shot.

Winter was coming now and the geese were impatient to leave. Finally the day came when they heard the honking of many throats. They looked up and saw above them a flock of geese. They gave answering calls, and the great flock circled around the spot until the others had a chance to join them. Once again the entire flock of geese set off for the south in their V formation.

FREDERICK ROBERTS (IV)

## Apache Devil Dance

It was a beautiful July afternoon as we left Tapadero Ranch for the Fort Apache Indian Reservation to see the Devil Dance. The fifty-six mile drive took us through some extremely beautiful country in that part of Arizona which is situated in the mountains amid many splendid spruce forests. At about six o'clock we entered the reservation. We knew that the dance was going to be held at Whiteriver, one of the larger Apache villages.

Fort Apache Reservation is one of the two Apache Indian grants in Arizona. The other one is San Carlos, just below Fort Apache. These reservations are in the finest country in Arizona. When Geronimo and his Chiricahuas were finally defeated, they demanded this land from the government. It was promptly given them, because the government was well aware that if it did not hand over the land to the Apaches, there would be further uprisings. This was in 1886. Many times, after Geronimo and his band were removed to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, handfuls of braves had broken away from the reservations and started a reign of terror, burning houses and killing settlers. They were, however, finally subjugated, and now the Apaches are a peaceful tribe.

Driving along a winding road, with many beautiful flowers and trees on either side, we saw our first Apaches. These were cowboys just returning from an Indian rodeo. Like most Apaches, they were short, dark, rather stocky men. They looked at us inquisitively.

Finally we entered Whiteriver. The

steady thumping of a large drum could be heard in the distance. Now we saw more Apaches, a few of whom had evidently enjoyed their *tublepah* far too well. This is the Apache beer, of which only a few swallows makes one extremely intoxicated.

Apaches are very pleasant and talkative, except for some of the old ones, who, probably, at some time or another, fought with Geronimo and are still inclined to be distrustful of the white man. The modern Apache is not very similar to his warlike ancestor. The dress affected by him nowadays is usually an old shirt, a hat (this can be Stetson, Miller, plug, bowler or silk), suspenders, and old pants marked in the back, "Levi Strauss and Co., San Francisco." The tops of these "Levis" are always worn far below the waist, while boots or shoes are worn if the Apache is also a cowboy. The modern Apache wears his hair short, but one thing he still has in common with his ancestor is the same sour, inscrutable expression. The women still wear their old-time clothes, which consist of many dresses, and children wear practically anything.

Finally we seated ourselves around a large bonfire. We could now see the drummers, who were also chanting. Soon the girls came out in groups of about three or four. Each group stopped in front of a few men or boys. They then took four steps forward and four steps backward several times, whereupon the men or boys had to get up and walk around the fire with them for about half an hour.

Now the Devil Dancers came on,

to the accompaniment of drums and high, unmusical chants. They were young men. They wore large black masks with a sort of fan-shaped head-dress on top. Their bodies were painted in various colors and they had blankets around their waists. On their feet were large moccasins with up-turned toes, the tops of which reached nearly to the knees. In each hand they carried a stick with two cross pieces near the top.

Around the fire, to singing and drumbeating with their curious rhythmic step, went the Devil Dancers, all night long, pausing now and then to rest. Occasionally one of them swung a stick on the end of a string around and around, making a strange, whirling noise. Next, the girls came out again and repeated their activities. Curiously enough, the Devil Dance is really a girls' "coming out party", in a way. It is entirely a social affair.

It was getting late, and to keep awake, we had to go to get some "javvy" (coffee). Some Indians came around and asked if they could have some too. We gave them some and they drank it with great relish. I tried to draw a picture of an Apache, and one of the Indians standing near me

told me in a most uncomplimentary fashion that it looked like John N. Garner. I was disappointed and went back to drawing Apache cartoons. My critic told me that that was more like it.

We went back to watch the dance again and stayed there for about two hours. It was very cold. Slowly the night wore on. . . .

Finally at dawn, the dancers stole away. The leading girl, closely watched by several old men, started suddenly to hop up and down, to the accompaniment of the throbbing of tom-toms, the jingling of bells and the high, discordant singing. Gradually the dancing died away . . . and the dancers disappeared. The Devil Dance was over.

The sun was well up when we turned away from the last group of tired-looking Apaches, and made our way back through the forest. We were frightfully sleepy, for we had been awake all night, but every one of us knew that we had witnessed a strange and mysterious spectacle, much of which we had not understood, but all of which we had found highly interesting.

DAVID HART (V)





## Billy Bones, His Treasure

My story begins in a small bay on the coast of Jamaica. Its waters were inky and the shore was desolate, with the jungle coming down nearly to the water's edge. The natives believed this place to be haunted by devils.

This was the destination we were headed for to obtain supplies of water and lumber. Our ship was the "Walrus". Her captain was John Flint, I, Billy Bones was mate, and we were all "gentlemen of fortune", you might say.

As we were coming through the straits, the tide was going out, and the ship had to fight her way up against a strong current in the narrow, rock-bound passage.

Just before we reached the bay, the lookout shouted, "Sail ho!" To our misfortune the approaching vessel was an English man-of-war. It was plain there was going to be a hand-to-hand struggle, for there was less than a quarter mile of water between us and the newcomer.

Aboard our ship everything was tumult. All the men were polishing daggers and swords or loading small arms, while the air rang with oaths and curses at our vile luck.

In the midst of all this, in what seemed like no time at all, the two ships drew together. In an instant, our crew were over the rails with a shouting volley of oaths.

I have never seen Flint's crew fight as they did that day! They were demons, cutting and slashing where ever they saw fit. But on the other side was a giant Negro, who was the best fighter among them all. One of our men—I think it was Bos'un Israel

Hands—became wounded in the shoulder, and, as a last thought of revenge, he fired his gun at Captain Flint. The bullet buried itself in the captain's stomach.

Although we won this battle, it was a costly victory, for we had lost seven of the crew and Captain Flint himself lay dying.

That night at twilight the crew had a merry time of it in the galley of the captured man-of-war. Meanwhile old Flint had called me into his cabin on board the "Walrus", a stuffy room with only one lantern in it which swung overhead. As I entered I saw Flint lying there on the bed, in a pile of greasy blankets. He called me to his bedside, where he gave me an oil-skin packet—and well did I know what it contained! With an effort, he drew himself up and whispered to me, "Keep this away from all the crew—above all, Silver. Now is your chance lad! Take that packet and this old sea chest and be off to Kingston!"

I took them, tip-toed out on deck, quietly lowered the boat and cast off from the "Walrus". As I headed the small boat down the straits, with the moon glittering on the water, the last thing I heard was the booming voice of Silver singing the chorus of the old song, "Yo Ho Ho and a Bottle of Rum!", which rang clearly through the night air.

I sat erect, steering the boat for several hours by the light of the moon. Then I think I must have fallen asleep, for when I awoke, the sun was rising in the east and the sky was blue. As the sun rose, it beat down upon me

with withering heat. My mouth was parched from the lack of water and to add to my discomfort I was attacked by many mosquitos. There was one thing I was thankful for, however, and that was a small breeze which began to fill the sails of the boat, and I now went skimming along at a good rate for the wind was behind me.

I have never spent a more torturing five hours in my life than those proved to be. Neither have I been so thankful as when I sighted the picturesque town of Kingston. It was situated on a small hill, surrounded by green trees. Below lay a beautiful harbor, with many ships at anchor, their tall masts with flags fluttering

in the breeze. All this made me forget some of my sufferings.

The rest of the story is uneventful. Here in Kingston, I secured a job as a sailor on the "Queen Anne" of Bristol and set out for England. The whole voyage was just routine to me, after my life on a pirate ship.

When I reached Bristol, I asked where I could find a nice lonely place for a retired sea-faring man to stay. Someone said, "The Admiral Benbow Inn". So I set off for the "Admiral Benbow" with a man I had hired, pushing a large wheelbarrow with my sea chest. On the chest in small letters was printed, "Billy Bones, His Treasure".

DEAN MATHEY (III)

### • *Midnight Visitors*

When the day fades into night,  
All the ghosts come into sight.  
Through the graveyard then they stalk—  
They never howl or even talk.

Some are big ghosts, some are small,  
Some are fat, and some are tall.  
There's one who looks so very old—  
He's been dead an age, I'm told.

But now the dark is going fast,  
And all the ghosts will hurry past.  
They'll fly away unto their home,  
There to stay 'till next they roam.

And now the ghosts have sped away,  
And soon the night will turn to day.  
Gone has all the spectral sight—  
But *they'll* be back tomorrow night!

MELVILLE DICKENSON (IV)

## *Weather Bureaus and Their Work*

Few people realize the importance of the weather bureaus to the welfare of this country and its activities. The weather bureaus are of especial value to the farmer. They tell him when there are going to be frosts that might harm his crops; when there are going to be damaging storms; when it is going to rain; or when there is going to be a harmful drought.

Now let us see how the weather bureaus do this. Scattered over the United States are over two hundred stations equipped with instruments for measuring the air pressure, temperature, humidity, and rainfall.

At 8 A. M. and 8 P. M., 75th meridian time, these stations make simultaneous readings of their instruments. Then they telegraph these reports to the central office at Washington, D. C. There the reports are assembled and skilled draftsmen draw a master weather map. From this are made many printed copies which are sent out through the mail to thousands of subscribers.

After the maps have been drawn, experienced forecasters study them and make their forecasts for the areas they serve. There are five forecasting centers in the United States. They are Washington, D. C., Chicago, Ill., New Orleans, La., Denver, Colo., and San Francisco, Calif. These centers make and give out the forecasts for their surrounding states. The evening forecasts are printed in the morning newspapers and the morning forecasts in the evening papers.

Besides the newspapers, these forecasts are printed on cards and dis-

played in public buildings. They are also printed on the weather map. Another way that the forecasts are distributed is by telephone. In large cities like New York and Washington anyone interested can call a number, and the forecast is automatically given by means of a sound track.

Now let us follow a typical report from its origin until it is printed on the weather map. St. Louis, Mo. will be our model station. At 7 A. M. central time (that corresponds to 8 A. M. 7th meridian time) the St. Louis observers read their instruments. They observe the condition of the sky and estimate what fraction of the sky is cloud-covered; they read their barometers and thermometers; they measure the humidity with a sling psychrometer; they measure the amount of rain, if any, in their rain gauges; they note the direction and velocity of the wind. Those are the main observations that are taken. After they have all been made, the results are put into a code for telegraphing. This code consists of different syllables of words for different readings. This is done because it is easier to transmit words than figures.

When the information has been received at Washington from all the stations, it is assembled and draftsmen go to work to draw the weather map. They draw on the isobars (lines of equal pressure) and the isotherms (lines of equal temperature). When these draftsmen have drawn the master copy of the map, it is printed. A great number of copies are made and distributed by mail to thousands of



subscribers, libraries, universities, and other interested groups.

Another **very important** job that the weather bureau **does** is the storm and hurricane warning service. Many lives have been saved by this service of the weather bureau. By a timely warning of an approaching hurricane, people can be evacuated from dangerous areas. Ships at sea always radio to port the weather conditions around them. With a reasonable number of ship reports, a dangerous hurricane can be located and its course determined. Coastlines in danger are warned by radio and suitable measures are taken to protect lives and property.

Also to be warned are small craft. Small craft warnings are issued well in advance of the oncoming storm. When one is received by any small boat, it knows that it is in danger and hurries to the shelter of a harbor.

Let us look at an example of hurricane warnings. The time, 8 A. M., Sunday, September 1, 1940. A tropical storm of hurricane intensity is about one hundred miles off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, moving slowly north—north-eastward in a trough between two areas of high

pressure—anticyclone is the technical name for high—an identical situation with the very disastrous storm of September 21, 1938. Storm warnings are displayed along the coast from Norfolk, Va. to Boston, Mass. Between those points people were ready to face a tropical storm, thanks to the warnings of the Weather Bureau.

Throughout September 1, advisories were issued at frequent intervals. Late in the day, with the storm moving toward Rhode Island, three hundred families were evacuated from an exposed island in Narraganset Bay.

Luckily the storm missed New England. The highest land wind velocity was fifty-seven miles per hour at Nantucket Island, Mass. If this storm had struck New England, more people would have been prepared for it and less damage would probably have been done than in 1938. From that great disaster the Weather Bureau has learned that it pays to keep close tabs on all storms.

Even though many people do not realize it, the weather bureau is a very important branch of our government's service to its citizens.

JOHN STEWART (V)



## *In the Tomb of the Pharaoh*

In 1903, after several years of digging, members of an important archaeological expedition came across a golden casket at the foot of the mummy of Ramses IV. Therein was contained the following message, written in hieroglyphics on a faded roll of papyrus.

I, Rehotep, the slave, write this, for I alone know it to be true. It is a tale of thy father, Ramses III, the mighty one.

In the palace of his father, Herhor, my sweet lord was born. His name was Seostris, "Dawn of Sun". He was a beautiful babe and he grew up tall and strong. His mother, who was the daughter of a priest, taught him to read hieroglyphics.

When he was fourteen, he was taken to the palace by his father to be presented to the Pharaoh. As he walked up the long lines of attendants, resplendent in their golden costumes, he thought how lovely it must be to have power, to be able to tell people to do anything he wished!

After passing through the ante-chamber, they came out into the throne room. His father went forward, bowing as he did so, and then came up to the Pharaoh. There was a brief conversation in low tones. Then Pharaoh said, "Bring him in!" Seostris did as his father did and advanced to the throne.

"My lord, my son is not used to court ways," began Herhor.

Mighty Ramses smiled.

"Thy son is a fine lad. I would wish him here to serve me."

Herhor bowed, for this was the thing he desired most, to have his son serve the Pharaoh.

"My son is not worthy to be seen by one so mighty, but if thou wishest, he will come."

So brave young Seostris went to court, where he grew to manhood. Steadily he rose in the favor of Pharaoh as the years went by.

One day, after his father had died, Seostris was sitting in his palace when a slave appeared, bearing a note. It was from Pharaoh, commanding his immediate attendance at the palace.

When he got there he was told that Ramses would see him alone. He was ushered into the private chamber of Pharaoh.

"Faithful Seostris, I have decided to entrust to thee a great task, which I believe thou canst do. I would have you build my tomb. I will give thee a day to decide, no more. You will have at your command all the resources of the land. Thou art fitted to the task, for hast thou not been schooled in all arts pertaining to this task? Go, then, and comest thou not hither until thou knowest. Bring in my dancers, slaves!"

Seostris departed to his house. There he retired to his private chamber and sat pondering for hours. He thought and thought, wondering whether he could accept the responsibility, but the outcome of it was that next day he appeared before Pharaoh saying that he accepted the Pharaoh's command.

Then weeks of planning followed, during which he consulted many men, priests, marble quarriers, lumbermen to build rafts, slave masters, and a host of other people. There were hours of poring over plans and charts, and days of ruling lines and measuring lengths.

A month later Seostris walked into Pharaoh's palace to seek an audience with the king.

"For what dost thou desire to see me?" asked Ramses when they were together.

"My lord, I have come to ask thy approval of the plans for your majesty's tomb. If it so pleases thee, it will be a flat, wide structure, with sloping sides, crowned with a mighty statue of your majesty. If thou art pleased, I will begin building it at once," answered Seostris.

"I think it will be fitting for me. What about protection for my body?"

"I have made provision for that, my lord. There will be a false room, in which the body of a slave is embalmed, and opening off it will be the real chamber. Is it not good?"

"Yes. So be it. Go!"

Next day the building of the great tomb was started. Messengers were sent to the quarries to begin cutting, while gangs of slaves began leveling the site. Then the first gigantic stone arrived, and all day sweating bands dragged the huge stones up to their positions from the river. Meanwhile skilled workers started work on the statue. So, month after month and year after year went by, and slowly, very slowly, the gigantic structure rose.

Fifteen years later a man stands before Pharaoh. His black locks are just beginning to turn grey. His bearing is of one who possesses power, yet who is not arrogant.

"My lord, it is finished. So far, nothing has gone wrong. The foundations are holding and the statue of your majesty has not slipped. I have done my best."

My master was worn out. He spent many days resting. Then came war.

Galleyes of Cretans began raiding the coast of Egypt, plundering and burning. The Pharaoh swore revenge and ordered an immense fleet to be built. When this was done, the vast armada sailed forth, with the mighty Ramses III commanding it. My master was given a ship in which I, as his attendant, sailed. We cruised hither and thither breaking up small fleets of raiders but one day . . . . .

There was a light breeze and the ship rolled and tossed in the swell. Sa-ai-iling up and swo-oo-oping down—Oh, how I hated it!

"Two galleyes in sight!" shouted the lookout. "There's a third, and a fourth, and a fifth. There's . . . . It's a big fleet coming into view!"

The Cretan fleet at last! We had been searching for it for weeks. We joined battle, and what a battle, but I have no room to describe it here. The important thing about it was that Pharaoh was killed, Ramses, the mighty, the great!

His body was brought back in state to Egypt. My master grieved sorely for Ramses and when, after being embalmed, he was placed in his tomb, Seostris shed tears. The tomb was shut, and the men who did it were slain.

Now my master kept a plan of the tomb in a secret cupboard. One morning he went there—but the plan had gone! In its place was an X marked on a piece of papyrus. Without a word he beckoned to me to come with him. We mounted horses and rode till dusk. At last we stopped, and I perceived that we were beside the tomb.

"Rehotep," said Seostris, "do not tell the following, but have it placed at the foot of the tomb of the new Pharaoh.

"A certain man was the enemy of Pharaoh. It is he who has stolen the chart and left that sign. It is a challenge to me to come and fight. If he lives he will destroy Ramses's eternal life by opening his tomb, but he will not succeed. It has been foretold, but I shall not live. I go to die for my king!"

He then walked off, never to be seen again. There were rumors from a certain tinker who was passing at that moment that strange sounds were heard, the sounds of fighting and a cry of death.

Farewell, Seostris, the great one!

MICHAEL SHENSTONE (III)



## Pencil Sketches

### I

When I opened the inn door, I stepped into a bright and cheerful room. It was cold outside, with a thin blanket of snow over everything, but I felt instantly warmer as I entered the room. One glance told me that it was a neat, well-kept little tavern. The walls were of panelled wood and the ceiling very low. At one side was a roaring fire, to keep everyone warm; while on the other side sat the orchestra, consisting of two stout, red-cheeked men playing for all they were worth, as bright lights danced on their shining bald heads. Here and there groups of men were drinking toasts with their glasses and swaying to the tune of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow". I walked over to a table, sat down, and called for a beer. The host, a bustling, good-natured man, then proposed a toast to me. Everyone joined in so eagerly that it warmed my heart, and I began to realize how jolly New Year's Eve could be.

DEAN MATHEY (III)

## II

The wind moaned as it blew through the leafless trees, and big snowflakes fell from the sky like goose feathers. Far up the lake you could see dots of different colors growing larger and larger as they came toward you. These dots were boys and girls skating, laughing, and talking as they came. Then a red and yellow flame leaped into the air by the boat house. It was a birthday party for some boy. How merry they looked as they danced around the bonfire! Finally the party broke up and all was quiet. A few embers still glowed where the fire had been.

JOHN FLEMER (I)

## III

In the little clearing stood a log cabin, bathed in moonlight. Around it were tall pine trees which stood out sharply against the shining sky where the stars twinkled like silver and the big dipper could be easily made out. The crickets in the swamps made a continuous singing sound, and every now and then a far-away wolf would howl. As we paddled up the stream towards the cabin, we heard the croaking of the bull frogs. The strong wind was whistling through the trees and the branches were swaying and creaking. We could smell the smoke from the cabin chimney a hundred feet away. As we landed, the moon settled behind the trees and all was silent.

JAMES LAUGHLIN (III)

## IV

It was a foggy night down by the dock. A watchman was walking up and down the boardwalk with a lantern in his hand. The boats were swaying back and forth at their moorings. Once in a while the fog horn of a distant ship would blow, and the lighthouse blink. The splashing of the water against the wharf made a lonely sound. A few sailors were loitering near the door of a grog shop and laughing loudly.

GEORGE GALLUP (I)

## V

The leaves on the trees were red, brown, orange, and yellow. There was a very early frost. It had begun to melt as the sun came up above the horizon. The air was crisp and cold. A branch snapped and all was still. A squirrel leaped from one tree to another and all was silent again. Suddenly came the crack of a shotgun, and a covey of quail flew into the air out of the brown weeds. One dropped and a hunter came up and took it away.

LEDLIE LAUGHLIN (I)

## VI

The little cabin had only two windows and a small, narrow door. Clusters of moss were tightly packed in the chinks between the logs. At one side rose a wide chimney made from stones from a little creek that splashed and ran from a nearby spring. The roof was made from the bark of trees and some wild grass and was slanted so that rain would run off and not drip into the



cabin. Around the clearing lay some stumps that had been cut and hacked by an axe, while in the background tall pines grew upward towards the clouds. The tiny flicker of a candle shining dimly through the windows cast dark shadows about the walls of the hut. The chirping of some crickets rose from the moist earth. Then suddenly the caw of a crow awakened the dawn. Far away over the trees a streak of daylight shone brightly.

ROY WELCH (III)

## VII

The trees cast long eerie shadows across the lake. The water was partly covered with bright colored leaves. A muskrat splashed noisily, startling a blue gray heron, which rose into the air and flew away. A bush was startled, and the head of a deer appeared. He looked nervously about, and then saffed before lowering his head to drink. A flock of ducks flew across the sky. The air smelled of pine.

DENVER LINDLDY (I)

## VIII

When my eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, I looked around the cave. My first impression was one of impenetrable gloom. It was like a vast hall, so long that I could not see either end. Tall, whitened stalactites and stalagmites hung like ghosts against the dark, shadowed walls. Darker spots showed that the cave had branches, where, in my imagination, I could already see a ghostly horde moving slowly and silently upon me.

CHARLES MCCUTCHEN (III)

# Young Hickory

Andrew Jackson was born in the Waxhaw Valley in the Carolinas. His father had died when he was still quite young, so he lived with his mother and uncle and aunt Crawford in their house. His brothers, Hugh and Robert, had come over the ocean with his mother and father.

Andy liked the house he lived in. He knew no other except the little, one-room cabin that his mother would tell him about. His family had lived there before he was born.

Uncle Crawford's house was made of notched logs fitted at the ends. The doors were made of split logs fastened with crosspieces. There was not a nail in the whole house, but wooden pins made by hand.

One day, as Andy was walking home with his uncle, he suddenly asked, "Am I like my father?"

"You are and you are not, replied Uncle Crawford, "You look like him when you pull your face down like that."

"Do you want to be a farmer, Andy?"

"No," replied Andy, "I want to do something that people will remember."

"Andy, I think you will," replied Uncle Crawford.

That night at supper the family had a nice turkey, and a number of side portions with johnnycake for dessert.

" 'Tis a pity Hugh can't taste this gobbler," said Mrs. Jackson, "If I

"Don't hear from him soon, I'm going to start for Davie's regiment myself."

Hugh had gone off a year before to join Colonel Davie's army. Davie had spent the last penny of his estate to keep the revolution from the Waxhaw Valley.

"How long do you think the Revolution will last?" asked Andy.

"It'll last until we beat them; or they beat us," replied Uncle Crawford grimly.

Suddenly they heard a knock at the door.

"Suppose it's Indians?" asked Andy.

The men got the rifles and Uncle Crawford looked through the peephole and opened the door.

"It's Rob Roy MacGregor," he said.

"I got some news for you," said Rob Roy, when he came in, "The war's comin' to the Waxhaws!"

All but Andy stared into the fire. Now he could go and join Davie's army and look for Hugh.

"Davie's regiment has been beaten, and Tarleton, is headed this way!" went on Rob Roy, "I don't know but your lads will join the army yet."

"I must find Hugh," said Mrs. Jackson, "I shall start tomorrow".

Early the next morning Mrs. Jackson rode away with Robert. When Andy saddled his pony, tears came to his eyes. There were many ponies as good as Blackie, but Blackie was his and had been for a long time.

Your mother's a brave woman," said Aunt Crawford as she watched them go down the road. "Come on now, we've got the dishes to do."

"But Uncle said I was to guard the house," said Andy.

"You can guard from the kitchen,"

said Aunt Crawford, and they went inside. As soon as the dishes were done, he hurried outside with the gun and climbed a tall pine which grew outside.

In the distance he saw old "Horn Rim", the school-teacher, pursuing something unseen. Close behind him, was an Indian who was gaining with every step. As the Indian raised his tomahawk, Andy fired. The Indian disappeared, and the school-teacher stood still, trying to figure the direction from which the shot came.

It took Andy but a minute to reach the place.

"Did you fire that shot, Master Jackson?" asked the school-teacher.

"I did, sir," replied Andy, "There was an Indian chasing you". Andy showed him the tracks.

"A capital shot, sir," said Horn Rim, "You saved my life."

Andy stood on guard all day. His aunt could not even get him in for lunch. She finally brought him a plate of food and he would only eat it when she took the gun and stood guard while he was eating. When he had finished his meal, he took over the job.

It was late in the evening before his uncle returned. When Andy heard the *clop clop* of Uncle Crawford's mare, he ran to meet him. All the way home he was talking about his adventure with the Indian. When Uncle Crawford said that Rob Roy had left a new squirrel rifle that he had no use for, Andy whooped with joy. He raced to the barn, sloshed a pail of water over the cow, took up the milk pail, and started milking. Then he gathered the wood and went inside to supper.

After supper he climbed to the loft and flung himself down on the straw bed. His thoughts went into the future. In a month the war would be in the Waxhaws and he would get a new gun.

It was May, 1780, before Tarleton's bright-coated militia marched into the Waxhaws. The settlers were unprepared for the attack. Three hundred horsemen in red coats appeared and fell on the Waxhaw meetinghouse and the surrounding settlement.

Andy heard the firing and rushed outside. He climbed the tallest tree in sight and reported to Aunt Crawford.

All day the battle raged. Andy could see the American forces running into the woods with the British in pursuit. He knew that Uncle Crawford was fighting out there and he longed to be at his side.

Finally Aunt Crawford said, "We must go and find your uncle."

Andy got the horses, jumped into the saddle, and they rode off. They soon reached the school-house, which was filled with wounded soldiers. As they went in somebody thrust a candle into Andy's hand.

"Hold it high, so I can see!" he ordered.

It was Dr. Ferguson who spoke. Andy raised the candle as Dr. Ferguson bent over a stricken man. Suddenly he saw Aunt Crawford bending over Uncle Crawford, who lay in a corner.

"Come," he said, "My uncle's wounded."

The doctor soon came to Uncle Crawford and took care of him. Then they tied him to the back of the horse and took him home.

The settlers did not know when the British would strike again. They did not know much about the war. Couriers occasionally rode through the little settlements, but the news they gave was already a week old.

There was still no sign of Mrs. Jackson. Andy would have gone to look for her if it had not been for Uncle Crawford. It was well that he did not go, for soon after dark, on June third, there was a knock on the door.

"Open up, rebels!" a voice commanded.

The British had arrived! Andy grabbed his rifle and told Aunt Crawford to go to the door.

"Don't open up unless they force the door," he said.

The knock was repeated. Aunt Crawford opened the peep-hole and looked out.

"I would not let you in at this time of the night," she said defiantly.

"Is that so?" a gruff voice replied. "Bring the axes, men."

The axes fell on the door. Quickly Aunt Crawford opened it. As the silhouette of the British officer loomed in the door, Andy fired. A cry of pain was mingled with astonishment, as the officer fell back. The men lifted him into the saddle, and then rode away.

"What would you have done if they had fired back?" asked Aunt Crawford.

"I don't know," Andy said. "I just figured they wouldn't."

The next day Mrs. Jackson arrived with Robert.

"Did you find Hugh, mother?" asked Andy.

"Aye," she said. "Hugh is dead. The British are planning to attack the Carolinas in earnest. They're rav-



aging the country," All the provisions are being stolen for their troops."

"They won't get fat on my crops," muttered Uncle Crawford. "We'll take to the woods with our belongings. Andy, you saddle Blackie and tell the settlers to clear out."

Almost before his uncle had finished, Andy was off. Soon there was a long string of wagons winding its way towards the Catawba river.

In spite of their mother's protests, Andy and Robert planned to join Colonel Davies' regiment. Andy kept bringing up the subject until his mother gave in.

"God be with you," she said.

One day, as Andy was walking in the woods, he came upon a village of tepees. He was surprised to find white men living in them. The leader came out and greeted him.

"What's this?" he asked. "What are you doin' here, young 'un?"

Andy told him.

"When I see a man with silken hose, I run," he said.

"Then you should help in this war," Andy said. "There is more silk hose on the British than on the Americans."

"I'll give the matter some thought," the man replied.

Five days later the woodsman had collected a number of half-breeds and Indians, and started out for the British camp. The little band defeated the British there. When the settlers heard their wagons, they started back for their farms.

Meanwhile Colonel Davie appeared, and turned the settlement into a fortified camp. He drove out Noli-chucky Jack, the leader of this band of wild men.

Now that he had gained his mother's permission to join Davie's army, Andy decided to act. He went over to Davie and asked to join the troops.

"You're mighty young," said Davie. "But I can use you."

And he added him to the roll. Andy had now satisfied his lifelong ambition: to become a soldier.

PAUL BRONEER (II)

## On Learning a Foreign Language

When one first studies a foreign language he finds it hard to grow accustomed to thinking and speaking in an entirely different fashion. It is difficult to express what you want to say, especially when you have to stop and search for a simple word, or try to work out what unfamiliar words mean, but even the struggles can be great fun.

Take my case, for instance. At the age of eleven I went to Paris on a visit, not knowing any French words except "Oui" and "Non". Even so, I still

thought "Oui" was spelt "Wee". I arrived in the expectation that everything would be written in a language as unintelligible to me as Greek. Great was my surprise, therefore, when, upon descending from the aeroplane, I saw signs reading "Postes", "Restaurant" and so on.

In the following days I went for walks and rides around the city. It did not take much intelligence to decipher the meaning of words such as "Biere" and "Cafe" and "Magasin". But "Defense d'afficher" presented a

different problem. These words were written everywhere, on trees, fences, walls, houses, and even billboards. I soon realized that "Defense d'afficher" could not mean "No Smoking", because "Defense de fumer", seemed to fit the meaning. It undoubtedly meant "No Smoking", however. At length my Parisian hostess enlightened me, and I was told that "Defense d'afficher" was the French equivalent of "Post no bills!"

There were many other words bear-

ing a resemblance to English, and illustrating the close relationship between the two languages.

The best ways to learn to speak any language are by listening to natives, by reading various works written in that language, by using a dictionary, and by hearing records on a gramophone.

Learning a foreign language is great fun!

MICHAEL SHENSTONE (III)

## *With the Blues and Whites*

### SCHOLARSHIP



During the first school term the Blues held a slight lead over the Whites on every bi-weekly report and completed the term with an average of 2.4, as compared to the Whites' 2.5. In the number of boys clear of failures, the Blues had 26 out of a possible 38—or 69% of the total Color membership, while the Whites had 20 out of a possible 38—or 53% of their members. Although the race has been close throughout the term, the Blues have won both features of the scholastic competition between the two Color groups.

The following boys kept their records clear of failures for the term:

**BLUES (26)** — Anderson, Benham, Broneer, Dickenson, Dignan, Erdman, Ellis, Flemer, J., Flemer, S.,

Gallup, G., Hart, Howell, McAlpin, McAneny, Morgan, Patterson, Paynter G., Paynter, R., Piper, G., Piper, R., Quick, Shenstone, Vagts, Welch, S., Wilson, J., Wilson, S.

**WHITES (20)** — Armitage, Blakeney, Conger, Elderkin, Harrop, G., Hopkinson, Hudson, Laughlin, Jr., Lindley, Mathey, D., Mathey, M., Matthews, McCutchen, Peyton, Roberts, T., Roberts, W., Schluter, J., Schulter, W., Stewart, Wetzel.

## ATHLETICS



This year the school soccer schedule was greatly changed to provide for an increased number of Blue and White Color games. Following the decision to withdraw the varsity team from the Mercer County Junior Soccer League, it was decided to place less emphasis on outside games and to give more attention to the competition between the two Colors. As a result of this plan only four outside games were played, and the season was given over to a series of Blue and White contests in all three squads.

Another change was provided in a new system of points set up to determine the winning Color. In previous years only the games played by the Color teams on the senior field had counted towards winning the season. Under the new plan, points were given to the winning teams on all three squads, with the Color se-

curing the largest number of points winning the series. A victory on the Junior squad counted two points, on the Intermediate squad three points, and on the Senior squad four points. In the case of a tie, one point was awarded to each Color.

The Blues took an early lead at the beginning of the season and held a slim margin of victory up to the two final games. At this point the Whites tied the score and in the final game won the series. The two Colors were very close all the way, especially on the Senior and Junior fields. Altogether it was one of our most exciting seasons.

The final point score was as follows:

SENIORS	INTERMEDIATES	JUNIORS
Blues—18	Blues—7½	Blues—8
Whites—14	Whites—16½	Whites—8
Total—Whites—38½		
Blues—33½		

## *Athletics*



### SOCCER

The 1940 soccer season at P. C. D. was marked by an entirely new policy regarding outside games. It was decided to withdraw from the Mercer County Junior Soccer League and to concentrate on the Blue and White games within the School. Although less emphasis was placed on outside games, the season came to a close with P. C. D. meeting three old rivals—Hun, Princeton Township, and Princeton Junior High—in a brief but exciting four-game series. Our participation in these outside games proved that P. C. D. can be equal to, if not superior than, well-matched opponents. It also showed how greatly our players had benefited from their strenuous work-outs in the Blue and White contests.

Mr. McAneny again served as coach for the varsity squad, and, at the end of the season, made the following statement: "This year's soccer team deserves to be placed among the really good teams of recent years. The long series of Blue and White games developed some good players who might never have been discovered if we had played other schools at the beginning of the season.

"We had an unusually large number of good substitutes—so many, in fact, that it was often hard to pick one boy over another for the first team.

"The first game with Hun, ending in a thrilling over-time victory, was one of the best games I have ever seen at P. C. D."

## P. C. D. 1. PRINCETON TOWNSHIP 2.

The opening kick-off in the season's first outside game found P. C. D. facing the fast Township players. In the first quarter P. C. D. started out with an especially fine passing attack, and Walter Roberts made a goal during the first two minutes of play. Both teams seemed evenly matched in the second quarter, but in the third period Township made a goal resulting from a corner kick. One more goal in the final quarter clinched the game for Township.

## P. C. D. 5. PRINCETON JUNIOR HIGH 3.

The game with Junior High was featured by the sensational scoring attack exhibited by Stanley Wilson, who bagged two goals in the first quarter and two goals in the third. One of these latter was a spectacular, long, high shot which soared over the Township goalie's head. Billy Schluter brought the P. C. D. tally up to five with a goal in the second quarter.

## P. C. D. 3. HUN 2.

In the first quarter of an exciting game with P. C. D.'s oldest soccer rivals, Billy Schluter was the first player to score, after receiving a pass from Tommy Dignan. Hun quickly retaliated with one goal in the same quarter. In the second period Hun again scored on a shot resulting from a corner kick; but this was followed almost immediately with a goal for P. C. D. by Stanley Wilson, who succeeded in tying the score. In a hard-fought over-time period, Tommy Anderson's final goal brought victory for P. C. D.

## P. C. D. 0. HUN 1.

In a return game which was played on the Hun grounds, both teams again appeared to be evenly matched until, in the third quarter, the Hun players broke through our defences and scored against us, thus breaking the stalemate which prevailed throughout the game. This single goal won the game for Hun.

The season's line-up:

Laughlin, L. and Morgan—Co-Captains.

Hudson	G.
Welch, S.	R.F.
Dougherty	L.F.
Dignan	L.H.
Roberts, T.	C.H.
Anderson and Morgan	R.H.
Roberts, F.	L.O.
Schulter, W.	L.I.
Mathey, D. and Wilson, S.	C.
Wilson, S. and Laughlin, L.	R.I.
Roberts, W.	R.O.

Spares: Conger, Elderkin, Flemer, S., Quick, Benham, Dickenson, Harrop, G., Stewart, Kerr.



## *With the Alumni*



Richard W. Baker, who is an instructor at St. Paul's, will be married on December 23rd to Miss Rachel Irwin Cooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Cooper, of Princeton.

Bruce Bedford, Jr., who is employed in the Luzerne Rubber Co. of Trenton, N. J., returned last month from a trip to Guatemala.

John Bender has a second group average in his studies at Princeton. He is a member of the Princeton Yacht Club.

Robert Benham, at Lawrenceville, has an average of 79%. He is going out for house football.

Caryl Bigelow, Jr. has been appointed a Cadet Sergeant in the Reserve Officers Training Corps at Princeton.

William A. Blackwell is employed in the insurance business in Trenton, N. J.

John N. Brooks, Jr. has recently been elected Chairman of the DAILY PRINCETONIAN at Princeton.

William Bryan, who is at Deerfield, has been holding a 75% average. He has been playing soccer and is in the school band.

John B. Chadwick, living in Kirkland House at Harvard University, was on the Dean's list, in the final June examinations.

Bradford Chambers is in the publishing business and has become editor of THE AMERICAN JOURNALIST and TIDE—"Cape Cod's Distinctive Weekly."

Edward Chynoweth, at Hotchkiss, is going out for varsity football.

Jeremy R. Colpitts is at Yale. He is going on a V-7 naval training cruise.

Lansing Collins was married on June 29th to Miss Barbara Stevens. They will reside in Batavia, Java, where Mr. Collins is attached to the staff of the U. S. Consul General.

John B. Colt has received the rank of Cadet Corporal in the Princeton R.O.T.C.

Kenneth W. Condit is a member of the Princeton Yacht Club.

Paul T. Condit has been appointed an instructor in the Chemistry department at Princeton.

Mark Dall is a copy writer for Gimbel Bros., New York City, and is in the First Field Artillery Reserve.

Stephen B. Dewing, who is at Princeton and is active in the German Club, has been holding a second group average in his studies.

Harold W. Donnelly is at Princeton, in the class of '44.

James G. Dougherty, Jr. is going out for Jayvee hockey at Exeter.

Frank Driscoll is at Taft School.

Charles R. Erdman, Exeter, is playing on the Jayvee football team and is going out for varsity hockey. He has recently been elected a member of the Alpha Nu fraternity.

Harold B. Erdman, at Lawrenceville, is going out for hockey and is writing for the *Lawrence*.

William Flemer, recently elected to the Plant Science Club at Yale, has obtained a "B" average for the term.

Harris Gates is at the Hun Junior School and has obtained his soccer and baseball letters.

Moore Gates, Jr. at Hill School, has obtained an average of 81%. He has been playing on the second soccer squad, and has been elected his class treasurer.

Albert C. Gerould is Librarian at the College of the Pacific.

Newton H. Gibson, at Deerfield, has been going out for all-league football.

William A. Guthrie, has obtained a "B" average in his studies, and is playing soccer at Deerfield.

Walter P. Hall is at Millbrook, where he has a B group average. He has been managing varsity football and is a member of the school hockey team.

Benjamin F. Howell Jr., is a graduate student at the California Institute of Technology and will receive his Master's degree in June.

Robert S. Hendrickson Jr. is employed by the Proctor and Gamble Co., Camden, N. J.

John Hemphill Jr. is at Millbrook.

Robert A. Hunter is a candidate for the editorial staff of the *Lit* at Yale.

David Huntington received his varsity letter in football and is taking an active part in the glee club at Taft.

Tristram Johnson is at Yale, where he is on the varsity soccer team and captain of Branford College football team. He is also being technical director and electrician of the Yale Dramatic Club.

Stephen Kaplan is playing basketball at George School. He has written a play which the school will produce in the near future.

Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr. is at Harvard Law School.

Sinclair Kerr has a 75% average at Lawrenceville. This fall he won the cross-country O'Fallon Run.

H. Thornell Koren is employed at the Bank of New York. At present he is at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he serves as First Lieutenant, Reserve officer, at the Field Artillery School.

George Kuser, Jr. is at Lawrenceville, where he has received Latin, Spanish, and Spelling awards in the Lower School. He plays football and soccer.

Archibald R. Lewis is teaching history at the University of South Carolina. Prior to his appointment he received his Ph.D. at Princeton this fall.

Ralph B. Little is at Bucknell, where he was selected for the All-fraternity soccer team after playing for SIGMA CHI.

John Locke is attending Montgomery School in Wynnwood, Pennsylvania.

Robert W. Locke is attaining an 86.2% average at Kent School. He also plays football.

Thomas S. Matthews is attaining a group average of 1.6 at South Kent, where he is in the glee club and is playing football.

James Meritt is playing second team football at Taft.

Howard Muller is in the U. S. Naval Reserve and will take an officer's course at Annapolis next February.

Mark Munn is attaining a 79.38% average at Lawrenceville. He plays house football and soccer.

William Oncken, head of the science department at Stony Brook School, is engaged to be married.

Alan Phinney is attending Lexington High School in Lexington, Massachusetts, where he is attaining a 70% average. He writes the alumni news and is captain of the Lexington Minutemen.

Eric Phinney has a position with the Bowery Savings Bank of New York City.

Frank Phinney is attaining an average of 70% at Lexington Junior High School. He plays basketball and is "Ace" model producer of the airplane club.

Albert S. Roe is starting his first year as instructor in the History of Fine Arts at Harvard University.

Richard Rossmassler is playing club football at Exeter.

William R. Rossmassler is taking engineering at Princeton.



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James W. Samuels of the GRAPHIC ARTS PRESS, Princeton, was recently married to Miss Margaret Anne Miller of Baltimore, Md.

Fredric E. Schulter plays light club football at Exeter.

John Scoon is on the editorial staff of the UNITED STATES NEWS, and is living in Washington, D. C.

Eric Shellabarger is on the fencing team at Exeter.

George Shelton is assistant Palaentologist at Ward's Natural Science Establishment in Rochester, N. Y.

John K. Sinclair is attaining a 2 average at Princeton. He sings in the choir, works for the Theatre Intime, and is on the staff of the NASSAU SOVEREIGN.

Bayard Stockton, III has just completed his third year as assistant freshman football coach at Princeton. He expects to coach baseball in the spring.

MacKay Sturges, Jr. is attending Exeter, where he has been playing soccer during the first term.

David Wood is at the Darrow School. He is a member of the skiing squad.

Edward M. Yard was married on July 27 to Miss Mary Emma Howell, daughter of Mr. Gershorn Mott Howell of Trenton, N. J.

An unusually large number of P. C. D. alumni were among those who received honor group standing for the academic year 1939-40 at Princeton: Robert F. Goheen '40, David D. Wicks '40, James I. Armstrong '41, Harmon H. Ashley '41, Douglas Webster, '41, Andrew W. Imbrie '42, John L. Bender '42, John N. Brooks, '42, Stephen B. Dewing '42, Christian G. Chapman '43, and Richard B. Harvey '43.

The fall soccer season found P. C. D. alumni active on various Princeton squads. James R. Sloane was a member of the varsity team, while Philip Paris played for the freshmen, who were coached by Robert Goheen, now at the Princeton Graduate School.

The opening of the Princeton hockey season will see five former P. C. D. players on the varsity line-up: George Young (Captain), Nicholas Katzenbach, James Sloane, William Sloane, and Donald Young. John Cooper is on the Jayvee team, while Henry Baker and Philip Paris are playing for the freshmen.

## Exchanges

The JUNIOR JOURNAL welcomes exchanges from the following magazines:

*The School Press Review*, Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

*The Roxbury Review*, Roxbury School, Cheshire, Conn.

*The Thacher Notes*, Thacher School, Ojai, Calif.

*The Green and Gray*, Berkshire School, Sheffield, Mass.

*The Albermarle*, The Fessenden School, West Newton, Mass.

*Black and Gold*, St. John's School, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

*St. Andrew's College Review*, St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ontario.

*The Academe*, the Albany for Girls, Albany, N. Y.

*The Pastorion*, Germantown Friends School, Germantown, Pa.

*The Monthly Chronicle*, Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va.

*The Dragon*, St. George's School, Newport, R. I.

*Horae Schoolasticae*, St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

*The Kent News*, Kent School, Kent, Conn.

*The Taft Oracle*, Taft School, Watertown, Conn.

*The Echo*, Rumsey Hall, Cornwall, Conn.

*The Scribe*, Solebury School, New Hope, Pa.

*The St. Paul's Record*, St. Paul's School, Garden City, N. Y.

*Philips Exeter Monthly*, Philips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

*The Grotonian*, Groton School, Groton, Mass.

*Now and Then*, St. Paul Academy, St. Paul, Minn.

*The Lit*, Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N. J.

*Blue and White*, Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay, N. B.

*B. C. S.*, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Quebec.

*The Mohonk Sentinel*, The Mohonk School, Mohonk, N. Y.

*The Ridgefield School Record*, Ridgefield School, Ridgefield, Conn.

*The Gilman News*, Gilman Country School, Roland Park, Md.

*Odds and Ends*, Detroit Northwestern High School.

*The Link*, Miss Fine's School, Princeton, N. J.

*Red and Blue*, Franklin School, New York.

*The Circle*, Briarcliff, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

*The Hearth*, Eaglebrook School, Deereld, Mass.

*Overtones*, Curtis Institute of Music, Philadelphia, Pa.

*The Fortnightly*, Scarborough School, Scarborough, N. Y.

*Stevens Static*, Stevens School, Germantown, Pa.

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1931	1929
1934	1932
1935	1933
1936	1937
1938	1938
	1940

### HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

1926	1927	1933
1937	1928	1934
1938	1930	1935
1939	1931	1936
	1932	1940

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1930	1928
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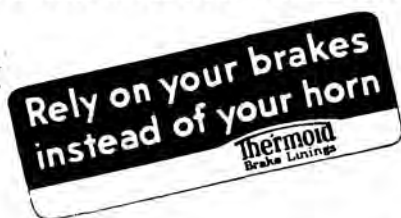
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