

VOL. XV, No. 2

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

APRIL, 1941

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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CUSTODIAN ACCOUNTS

SAFE DEPOSIT AND STORAGE VAULTS

CHECKING AND SPECIAL TIME ACCOUNTS

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Vol. XV

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## Editorial

How many boys at P.C.D. have ever bothered to ask themselves the question: Why do I attend a private school in a community that is well supplied with public schools? If this question were asked of you, your answer, if you are typical of most P.C.D. students, would probably be that you hoped to secure a better education here and that you did not care to go around with those "dirty foreigners". The first part of your answer would have some reason to it, but the second part would merely reveal the feeling that too many of us have, that we are heads and shoulders above the types to be found in the average public school. Trying to find a satisfactory answer to this problem of private school versus public school should lead every boy to think as clearly as possible about the advantages and disadvantages of both systems.

If we are to think of the difference between private and public schools in terms of social superiority, then our private school training has already been bad for us. Unfortunately the "superiority complex" that is all too prevalent in private schools is apt to continue both in boarding school and college, with the result that many of us will rarely get out of our social class, and we shall go through life feeling vastly better than others who did not have our chances. While this statement of the private school attitude may be somewhat exaggerated, the evil is nevertheless there, and it is all too evident in certain types of boys. Such social rifts have caused the downfall of more than one nation, and will cause the downfall of ours if not checked, beset as we are on all sides by "isms" that are both undemocratic and un-American. This does

not mean that we have to go out and dig ditches to become true Americans, but simply we must remember that, merely because of our family background or our private school training, we are not necessarily better than the "man in the street".

The real difference between public and private schools probably lies in the educational opportunities offered by the latter to boys who have the intelligence to take advantage of them. Undoubtedly the small classes and well-trained faculty of a private school provide opportunities that are not found in many public schools. But do we take advantage of these opportunities? Many students who do exceptionally well at college are high school boys who have realized their chances and taken advantage of them. That is what the private school boy must do too—make the most of the excellent opportunities offered to him. There is many a public school boy who would jump at your chances. Don't be stuck up because you think you are better than he is. You are merely better off than he is. We are all Americans together, and we must all pull together if our way of life is to survive.

The approach of the annual school Hobby Show should serve to remind us of the importance of hobbies. Every boy should have some hobby or pastime that will provide interesting relaxation for him—fun in his spare time or during the long evenings when there seems "nothing to do". Hobbies are often valuable. One can cite cases where thousands of dollars have been made from seemingly valueless but interesting collections, when their true worth and rarity have been realized. Hobbies are exciting. Imagine the thrill of the model aviator when his first "gas job" really flies, or the emotion of a numismatist (coin collector to you) upon finding a rare twenty cent piece! Finally, hobbies are educational. From the boat builder to the stamp collector, new ideas, scenes, peoples, and events are opened up in the magical world of hobbies.

The Board of Editors has received official announcement that the JUNIOR JOURNAL has been awarded First Place in the elementary private school division for 1940-41, in the annual contest for school publications conducted by the *Columbia Scholastic Press Association*, Columbia University, New York.

## *Department Editors*

APRIL, 1941

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## The Calendar

### JANUARY

*Ring out the old,  
Ring in the new,  
Ring happy bells,  
Across the snow.*

- January* 8 Here we are this frosty January morning, back in our seats at P.C.D., filled to the brim with New Year resolutions, and fairly thirsting for knowledge. Steve Flemer, ye olde Kampus Kutup, has a birthday and celebrates the event by opening a new bottle of hair tonic,
- January* 9 which accounts for the sudden insistence on the part of all the Fifth Formers for fresh air in their classrooms this morning. Another birthday, too, that of Dean Mathey, famous puck-pusher.
- January* 10 Messrs. David Belasco Rosso and Giacomo Puccini McAneni announce that *The Girl Of The Golden West* has been selected for the annual school play. So great is the crush of would-be actors around the door of their casting office, that a squad of policemen headed by Sergeant Archie Davis is called out to maintain order.
- January* 12 The search for a suitable Scarlett O'Hara in the early days of *Gone With The Wind* was a mere peep in the hay-stack for a needle, compared to the hunt for a suitable leading lady for the Belasco melodrama. It is rumored that 'Glamour Girl' Hart is a runner-up.
- January* 16 Cresswell Garrettson Blakeney, who, he wants you to know, has nothing to do with the laundry, born.
- January* 17 Sammy Howell, Clifton Fadiman's right hand man, claims this day as the anniversary of his birth.
- January* 18 And now we give you Nicholas Hopkinson, born today. Nor could all the King's 'hawses' and all the King's men make him anything but the jolly little Englishman he is.
- January* 19 Well! Well! What have we here? None other than David McAlpin, Quick-on-the-trigger, born this January morning.
- January* 21 To the McCarter Theater to see The Community Players do *Under The Gas Light*. Now we know why Mr. Smyth uses those underworld tactics on the Second Form, why Mr. Ross always travels by plane rather than by train (he's afraid of engines), and why Mr. McAneny is so gentle in matters of a disciplinary nature.

- January 23 "Why not patronize home industries?" asks Jim Laughlin, part owner of Laughlin Brothers' Vegetable Cellars at Drake's Corners. "Why buy Bird's Eye Frozen Food, when we have enough real live turnips to supply the World? We guarantee every turnip!"
- January 26 Rayne Herzog, Great White Father, beats the tom-tom, and gathers his redskins in the Third Form together. What's the pow-wow about? It's his birthday, and having opened his mouth and stuck his foot in it, he can't eat any birthday cake.
- January—28 "Yes Sir! Ma name's Cary Lee Page, and although me and ma namesake, General Robert E. Lee, didn't do so well in the Wó' between the States, I'm right here to tell you No'therners that you all better make way fo' a So'the'n gentleman!"

## FEBRUARY

*Bread and milk for breakfast  
And woolen clothes to wear,  
And a crumb for robin redbreast  
On the cold days of the year.*

- February 2 Elmer Greey comes late to school this morning. He met the ground-hog out on Ridge Road and stopped to have a chat.
- February 4 The closing assembly in the study hall is held up this afternoon for several hours while the waste-basket monitors dig Bob Warren out of a mound of scrap paper, note books, history tomes and library books. Bob tells us later that they unearthed him sooner than he had hoped.
- February 12 This is Lincoln's Birthday, and we have a holiday!
- February 13 We find ourselves in the grip of a black plague. Mumps and measles stalk the community. Detlev Vagts, an early victim, spends his birthday in bed, his jaws in a sling.
- February 14 To Mr. Smyth and all other young men in a similar state of mind, and to all their 'Jeanies of the light brown hair', we dedicate this St. Valentine's Day.
- February 17 Among the people one sees in Washington these days is the noted Lobbyist, John Sly. Well do we remember the days when he attended the Country Day School. It was there he learned the fine art of lobbying. Any hour of the day or night he could be seen wandering around the corridors.
- February 19 "Oh goody!" cries Billy Harrop, when he hears that he has a baby sister. "That means another birthday cake every year!" By the way, to-day is Billy's own birthday, if you happen to be interested.

- February 22* Never can we get away from the fact, in writing these school notes, that Roy Dickenson Welch and George Washington have the same birthday.<sup>1</sup> We are always at a loss to know which of the two to feature, which one is really the more important.
- February 28* Out to call on Richard Conger, who is flat on his back with mumps. Conversation proves difficult, what with feminine admirers from Miss Fine's School calling him every five minutes to ask about his health.

## MARCH

*"The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"*

- March 3* Those two share-croppers, Bernard Peyton and Johnny Schluter, celebrate their birthdays today, and spend the afternoon around the cracker barrel in Randolph's store, discussing the price of corn and hogs.
- March 4* To the Baker Memorial Rink, where the school holds its annual Field Day on skates. What with all the junior races, intermediate races, senior races, relay races, human races, and prizes at the end, a fine time is had by all.
- March 5* Says Tweedledee Pettit to Tweedledum Dickenson, "Happy Birthday!"  
Says Tweedledum Dickenson to Tweedledee Pettit, "The same to you!"
- March 7* The March wind blew. It shook all the houses in Trenton. It rattled the windows of the Stokes' house. Suddenly an even greater blast roared around the corner. It blew open Mr. Stoke's front door, and when the noise died away, there was Charlie standing on the door-mat saying, "Happy Birthday! Here I am!"
- March 9* After considerable deliberation and cogitation, Charlie McCutchen says that although it is entirely contrary to the laws of logic and the laws of compensation, it is possible, but no means a proven fact, that he was born today. He informs us that it will take the better part of a life-time to satisfy his mind entirely as to the exact date, and, what is more important, the reason for his being here at all.
- March 14* After a week away from the rink, Don Mathey couldn't stand it any longer. When we finally found him, he was sitting in the Frigidaire, sharpening his skates, a hockey puck balanced on his nose. We gently led him away. He was quite harmless.

- March* 17 "It's a great day for the Irish!" says Pat Elderkin, reaching for his fifth piece of birthday cake.
- March* 19 To Miss Fine's School along with the Fourth Form, where the little fellows more than meet their match at a Spelling Bee with their contemporaries in pig tails and crinolines. "It was a 'massacur' !" spells Billy Schluter.
- March* 29 (Headlines in the morning papers)  
 FASHIONABLE GIRLS' SCHOOL DESERTED AS GAY  
 THROGS ATTEND FIFTH FORM BALL. TRADI-  
 TIONAL MID-WINTER ATTRACTION DRAWS  
 CITY'S LOVELIEST SUB-DEBS AND GLAMOUR  
 BOYS.
- March* 31 This magazine going to press, and spring being no farther along than it was a month ago, we join the ground-hog in his hole, there to wait the end of winter. See you next term!

*The Boy Who Sits Behind You*

## Storm Clouds

The sickly sun scarce pierced the sky  
 As the *Summer Wind* set sail,  
 The oily waves flowed smoothly by—  
 But the wake made a troubled trail.

Soon rose the wind—the rain fell fast,  
 And the sails were reef'd in short.  
 The wheel was lashed tight to the  
 mast,  
 On a course straight out from port.

In vain the fight the good ship fought  
 Through the blackened starless night.  
 Her labors were all set to nought,  
 By the sea wind's cruel might.

And as the greenish yellow glow  
 Of the coming dawn shone forth,  
 Only an empty sea did show  
 The storm clouds off to the north.

RICHARD MORGAN (V)



## Desert Landing

The sky was cloudless, and the sun shone down on the gray Lybian desert as though to extinguish any possible trace of life. As I looked at the barren wastes below me, the desert seemed particularly bleak to me today, and if it had not been for Scotty, who was singing his head off in the rear of our huge Blenheim bomber, I should have dreaded the loneliness of our flight.

Ever since Scotty and I had come to Cairo we had been ferrying planes to some of the more remote airdromes in the Egyptian Sudan. Neither of us had seen active service against the enemy, for the very good reason that neither of us was regarded very highly at headquarters. Scotty had the distinction of being about the poorest shot in the R. A. F., while my piloting never seemed to improve over the "first solo" stage. Our job was to get these "egg-layers" through to their respective stations, and to avoid action with the enemy at all costs. So we had managed to carry out both aspects of our instructions. Indeed, we had never seen an Italian plane, while the news that the Germans were sending more and more ships for the North African campaign was still only a rumor to us.

Usually the Blenheims had a full fighting crew, but the supply of good gunners and bombardiers was low enough as it was. Headquarters had minced no words in explaining that it could not afford to lose good men, so Scotty and I made our flights alone.

We were chalking up a good 200 miles per hour, and I had just started to tell Scotty to tune himself down, when, from the west, eight little black dots suddenly began to materialize and to grow nearer and larger. At first I thought they might be some of our boys, but I could not recall any flight schedule for that day in this area. Taking no chances, I jammed the throttle over and shouted a warning into the "mike" to Scotty.

At first all I could hear from the other end was an unintelligible stammering. Then Scotty caught on to what I was shouting. He pulled out his arms boxes and began feverishly to load up the Vickers for instant action.

The dots were taking on form now. Soon they began to overhaul us. Scotty shot a warning blast through his guns. I could see the black crosses on the speeding wings, and from the pictures I had seen, I decided the planes were Messerschmitt 109's.

The next few moments were filled with jumbled confusion. I slipped, banked, and rolled as best I could. I could hear Scotty pumping lead for all he was worth. Suddenly there was a violent shaking. To my horror I turned to see that a shell had decapitated the tail assembly, taking poor Scotty with it!

The plane was in a dive now, and there was no hope of pulling her out. There was only one thing left to do. I pulled open the hatch and bailed.

The big Blenheim crossed crazily below me. She threw up great spurts of sand as she crashed. But she did not burn, for I had cut the switch before jumping. Slipping my 'chute, I came down a few yards from the wreck. In landing I held my feet too rigidly. There was a sickening snap as I sprained one of my ankles. Meanwhile the Messerschmitts had turned north.

Unstrapping myself from the tangled parachute, I hobbled painfully over to the wrecked bomber. There was no sign of the tail assembly anywhere, but there were jagged edges where it had been severed from the rest of the ship by the heavy bullet fire. The door into what was left of the cabin was badly jammed, but I started to work to get it open, for I remembered that there was a thermos of water as well as three sandwiches inside.

The sun beat down mercilessly, for it was now about noon. Foolishly I struggled very hard and began to perspire profusely. It was only the realization that I was becoming thirsty that made me rest at short intervals, for I knew that my thermos held the only water I could obtain.

It was late afternoon when I finally got inside the cabin and found the water and sandwiches. I devoured half a sandwich, took several sips of precious water, and sat down to take stock of the situation. At the best I figured myself to be about one hundred and twenty miles from the oasis of Cufra in Lybia. With my sprained ankle, it would be suicide to try to walk it, and yet my chances of being

found by a plane from our squadron were just as remote. To make matters worse, I had flown many miles off my regular course during the fight.

The desert night came on like a cold, dark blanket. It changed the blistering sand into a chilly bed with surprising swiftness. My ankle was swollen painfully, and even in my heavy flying jacket, I suffered bitterly from the numbing cold. I was wakeful all the night. Several times I thought I heard planes far off to the north, but they were all in my fevered imagination.

The next morning I arose with the sun, drank a few welcome sips from the thermos, and ate what was left of the sandwich I had begun the day before. After this breakfast, I began to think of ways of prolonging my existence.

As I was looking around the ship in a desperate search for some food that I might have overlooked, I noticed that a considerable amount of dew had fallen during the night. This seemed to me a way in which I could obtain a supply of water. If I spread my parachute out at night, perhaps it would absorb enough water to keep me going a few days longer.

No sooner had I retrieved the parachute, than the sky began to darken. I looked up to see a grayish, fast-moving cloud. It was the dreaded desert sand-storm! Quickly I sought what shelter I could find under the wreck. The storm lasted all day, and through the night, varying in intensity from hour to hour. I devoured almost all of my last sandwich. The thermos



now contained only a few tea-spoons of water.

Nearly all the next day I spent under the plane. The storm had now subsided, but the sun beat down as cruelly as before. Towards evening I thought I heard the distant droning of airplane motors far to the north. Anxiously I scanned the sky, but I could see nothing except the glare of the waning sun against the sharp blue of the desert sky.

That night the last drop of water went with the last half of the remaining sandwich. I was now so weak from hunger and thirst that my thoughts refused to co-ordinate with the movements of my body.

The following day my every move seemed a tremendous effort, but I did manage to squeeze an ounce or two of water out of the parachute. No sooner had I drunk the dirty stuff than I

was seized with violent fits of vomiting. The rest of the day was a horrible dream of thirst and sickness. I lay still under the plane, more dead than alive. When finally I appeared to be dozing off to sleep, I never expected to wake again, nor did I have the will to do so.

I did awaken, however, and it was to the roaring welcome of Spitfire engines. Before I could make out what was going on, someone had given me a stiff dose of brandy. Miraculously my squadron had found me! They had also found Scotty, less than half a mile away, in what was left of the tail assembly. Luckily he had died from bullet wounds before he ever hit the ground.

Back in Cairo I soon regained strength. To my joy I was promoted to a Spitfire, and my new address is Benghazi, Lybia!

WALTER ROBERTS (V)

## *We Stole the Clapper*

Think twice before you try to steal the clapper from the bell on Old Nassau. If you are caught in the act you have to pay for all the previous clappers stolen. The reason why boys try to steal the precious clapper is because it is a Princeton tradition that if you succeed in getting it to your room, you are safe from punishment and may keep your plunder.

It was a fine day and I decided that I did not want to attend classes tomorrow. For some time, my roommate, Bill Quacksnatch, had been hinting that we might try to steal the clapper. I replied that if we were

caught, we would have to pay one hundred dollars, because four other clappers had been stolen and they cost about twenty-five dollars apiece.

"Oh, we won't get caught!" Bill reassured me.

About ten o'clock that night Bill gave me a boost up to the ivy on the rear wing of Nassau Hall. Digging my feet into the uneven bricks, I finally got hold of the roof with my hands and pulled myself up. I called down to Bill, "Stay here and whistle if any one comes along!"

He nodded, and I started across the moon-lit roof towards the big bell that

was up in the cupola. I climbed up another ten feet on the tower, until my face was about two feet from the face of the clock.

The old clock seemed to stare at me as if it were forbidding me to touch the clapper. I could hear the mechanism as the big hands slowly revolved. As I took out my pliers, to cut the wire holding the clapper, the clapper itself started to move!

"Gong! gong!" the thunderous peals rang out. The framework of the bell shook so violently that I thought I would fall.

After five minutes of clamorous ringing, the bell stopped, and in the sudden silence I thought I had gone deaf.

I could not back out now! Again I took out my pliers and reached out to cut the wire. Then a whistle came to my ears, and I knew Bill was warning me of a passer-by. Quickly I ducked behind part of the bell tower; as I did so, I heard a voice say to Bill,

"Hello, bo, say, what are you hanging around here for?"

The man passed on about ten feet and stopped suddenly.

"Hey! I think I see someone up in

the bell tower!" exclaimed the man, and he continued, "I am going to go up there and see!"

I nearly died at this! The man quickly climbed up the ivy and got on the roof. I was standing next to the bell, when he caught sight of me again. Just then I saw his face. It was Mike, the Proctor!

"Say, bo, you trying to steal the clapper?" he asked.

I did not answer but quickly threw the heavy clapper over the side of the building, where it hit with a thud.

"Well, bo, you will have to pay about a hundred dollars or so, I see." said Mike.

"You will have to catch me with the clapper first!" I shouted, stalling for time. When Mike found out I had thrown it over the side, he scrambled down to find it, but the clapper was not there. Bill had taken it, and had run back to the room with it as our own prize.

As soon as Mike heard this, he was angry but he could do nothing about it. We had the clapper, and Mike had to fill in a new order for a new one. The bell didn't ring next day, and we didn't have classes!

JAMES ARMITAGE (IV)



## Raiders of the Khyber Hills

In all of India, and, for that matter, in all of Asia, there are no tribesmen more feared than the Afridis of the Khyber Pass. They are one of the many Pathan tribes, and are the most independent and powerful group of ruffians on the border, as they recognize no man as master. Their special country is the Khyber and Qonlat Passes, the Peshawar district, and the Tirah range, slightly southwest of Peshawar, capital of the North-West Frontier Province of India.

The origin of the Afridis is obscure, but they probably came of Semitic stock long ago. In religion they are devout Sunni Mohammedans. Their language is called Pushtu, which is also spoken by all other Pathan tribesmen and in Afghanistan. The Afridi tribe is divided into eight clans, of which the Zaqqa Khel are the most numerous and truculent.

In appearance the Afridis are tall, shaven-pated, rather handsome, muscular highlanders, with long, gaunt faces, high noses and cheekbones, keen, clear gray eyes, and fair complexions. They wear skull-caps, with turbans wound around them, long shirts, baggy trousers, and red-leather slippers with upturned toes. They have received a name for ferocity, evil, rapine, and treachery. They are wonderful fighters, and are almost always engaged in either private or public war.

As one drives through the Khyber, he comes to little valleys, where are the Afridi villages. Each family in

the village has its fighting-tower, with turrets, loopholes and battlements, for when these tribesmen are not fighting the British in a *jihad*, or holy war, they are engaged in bitter blood-feuds among themselves. When these are going on, one out of every ten Afridi adults comes to a violent end.

In a blood-feud, a man sits up in the top of his tower with his Martini-Henry rifle between his knees, peering out through a slit and waiting to shoot his enemy, who lives across the street. He sleeps there and has his meals brought up to him, because if anyone catches an Afridi asleep when he should be awake, he is a very fortunate person. These feuds may continue over a period of many years. In most cases, the original grudge has been forgotten, but the cause is ardently supported by each surviving male representative. If the death-rates become too staggering, the British intervene.

As raiders and thieves, these men are in a class by themselves. At night, they have been known to strip the pyjamas off a British soldier without waking him, and soldiers almost always sleep with their rifles chained to their bodies to prevent them from being confiscated.

Typical of their methods is this story of a raid in Peshawar during the World War.

The appalling noonday heat was beating down upon the Peshawar housetops. The native quarter was quiet, because most of the inhabitants were asleep. Beside the shop of a

prosperous Hindu merchant knelt a camel, tranquilly chewing his cud. A few pariah dogs were snarling over a piece of carrion, and a vulture wheeled lazily about in the blue.

The gates of the city were closed and locked. Suddenly the turbanned heads of some Afridi raiders appeared over the wall. Stealthily they eased themselves down, crept along until they came to the merchant's shop, then they noiselessly opened the door.

Inside, the proprietor was sleeping peacefully. Instantly an Afridi shoved a sword into the poor man's neck and the Hindu died without a murmur. The tribesmen next went to the cashbox, dumped out the contents, which amounted to about fifty thousand rupees (about \$16,000), then silently stole out, scaled the wall, and returned whence they had come.

Another Afridi activity is that of going *ghazi*. A *ghazi* is a tribesman, who, crazed with religious fanaticism, determines to slay a "pig of an infidel," and thus, by doing so, assures himself that he will receive full permission to go to the heavenly Moslem paradise.

Distrust of all mankind and readiness to strike the first blow for the safety of their own lives are the maxims of the Afridis. If one has had dealings with them for a long time, he soon finds that they become accustomed to him and respect him.

The fighting strength of the Afridis is estimated at about 27,000. They are excellent rifle shots, and the majority of them own very modern British rifles, which have generally been stolen. They are good swordsmen, also, but they know nothing of parrying thrusts, as they just hack and swipe, he who gets his blow in first being the best man. Their weapons are these rifles, *tulwars*, which are yard-long swords used much the same way as butchers' cleavers, and razor-edged, thick-backed daggers.

The most famous British campaign against the Afridis was the Tirah Expedition of 1897 in which there were mostly many hand-to-hand encounters and much night-sniping by the tribesmen. A certain Winston Churchill participated in this war.

On their own hillsides the Afridis are first-rate skirmishers, and in the Indian army make wonderful soldiers, but they are apt to be homesick when away from their native mountains. They are now making a wonderful record fighting the Italians in Africa.

To the British, the Afridis have proven themselves foemen worthy of their steel, and a force to be reckoned with. In Afridi-land, rifle-stealing is still the staple industry, blood-feuding a social duty, and violent death, the common lot of man.

DAVID HART (V)



## The Ski Patrol

My home is in Mikkeli, Finland. At the outbreak of the war with Russia, I found myself a member of the advance guard of our glorious little army, for I knew every lake and stream for miles around the beautiful countryside near the border.

I saw no real action until the early part of December, 1939. The beautiful, snow-covered forests and frozen lakes seemed to belie the fact that an awful war was raging between Russia and Finland and that danger lurked behind every tree. Finland was fighting for freedom, while the Russians were fighting out of greed to conquer.

On December 17, I was sent out with five other men to sight the positions of the enemy. We strapped on our skis and pulled over our white suits, which blended with the snow to conceal us from the enemy. Our path led us through an evergreen forest near Lake Kuopio.

As we slid along over the trail on the soft, new snow, birds chattered in the trees, and every now and then a large snowshoe rabbit darted across the trail to a place of refuge on the other side. The sun was sending a few pale, feeble rays down on us through the winter clouds.

"Where do you think the enemy are encamped?" the lieutenant addressed me.

"About five miles further on, sir", I replied, "but we had better be on the lookout for small groups of Russians, who may be out scouting for us also, for there has not been much heavy fighting around this sector so far."

As we glided along slowly, with no one speaking, here and there a tree would drop its burden of snow and the forest seemed wrapped in silence. Suddenly the crack of several rifles sounded, as if from nowhere. Three of us dropped. Two of my companions were dead and I had a bullet in my leg. An awful pain shot through my whole body. As I lay writhing on the ground, ten or twelve Russians immediately broke from the brush. They surrounded and captured my three other friends without much trouble, for they were easily outnumbered.

One of the Russians who seemed to be in command said to a man standing close by, "So these Finnish neighbours of ours would spy on us would they? Well, they will not tell their commander of our great offensive."

"No, they won't," agreed the other heartily, "but what about that wretch lying on the ground?"

"Oh, he will harm nobody," replied the leader with a glance toward me. "He is severely wounded." I understood this conversation, for I knew the Russian language.

This was all I heard, for my leg was hurting me terribly, and I must have lost consciousness.

When I came to my senses I found that my leg did not hurt quite so much. The bullet had torn a hole on the calf. I tried to think back and remember what had happened. It came back to me gradually. I remembered especially that the enemy leader



had said "Russian offensive." I must get back and warn my commander, I thought to myself.

I tried to rise to my feet, but a pain shot through my body. It was all of two miles back to our camp. I knew that if I sat down again to rest, it would be hard to get up. I started out, using my rifle to lean on as support. My wound was still bleeding. The snow was melting on the trees, the air was warmer, but of this I took no notice. All my thoughts were on getting back to camp and warning my company. To cover those two miles it seemed as if it took hours of struggle and agony.

When I finally arrived at the camp, I felt like closing my eyes and falling on the trampled snow. My leg hurt

sharply, and I was weak from the loss of blood. Two friends escorted me to the sick bay, where my wound was dressed. I told them breathlessly of the Russian plan which I had overheard and they reported to the commander in great haste. I was so weak and weary that I soon dropped off to sleep.

Later I learned that the Russians had been defeated in the battle that followed. In the end the overwhelmingly well-equipped forces of the Russians won the war, but even though Russia claimed part of the Finnish territory, Finland is still a free land and a democracy. I felt that I had played some part in her gallant fight for freedom, because I had done my duty on that Ski Patrol.

DEAN MATHEY (III)

## *My Best Friend*

It's a pity not to have a dog;  
For at the long day's end,  
It would be simply awful  
If not welcomed by a friend.  
He follows me where'er I go,  
And if I win or fail,  
He shows his liking for me  
By the wagging of his tail.  
Whether skies be blue or gray,  
Good luck or ill attend,  
For every day a dog will stay  
Your everlasting friend.

JAMES LAUGHLIN (III)

## The First Night Out

"White Pine Camp is just two miles from here, up on that ridge there!" observed John as he turned our canoe. "If we step along, we can make it before dark."

There were four of us in the party—our two guides, John and Winston, my brother Bill and I. It was early in the October deer season, and we had come as far as we conveniently could from civilization to film scenes of wild life. Bill was the official photographer with all the necessary paraphernalia, and I, not to be outdone, carried a 25-35 Winchester Carbine, in case a few partridge or a fat duck or two should wing themselves tempting-ly our way.

Soon we had left the stream and had begun the long ascent to the ridge, through thick bracken and past huge granite boulders. Finally we reached the ridge and followed along it in the tracks of an old deer trail. It led us through vast stretches of dreary blue-berry barrens which had been cleared by forest fires of long ago.

"Great bear country!" remarked Winston. "We've trapped a good many on this ridge. They come to eat the berries hereabouts."

At the moment a covey of grouse which had been gorging themselves on the berries took to the air and were off in a flash.

Soon we were passing through a stand of second growth white pines. We emerged into a little clearing, and, in the shadow of three huge

pines, we came upon a small log cabin.

"There she is!" exclaimed John. "But, gorry, it looks like one of them cyclones hit her! Look, the door's on one hinge, and there's rubbish and her innerds strewn all around!"

We approached the cabin, laid aside our heavy packs, and proceeded to investigate. True, the door was hanging on one hinge. Much of the removable objects inside the cabin were strewn about the floor, and one of the windows had been smashed in.

"Look!" cried Bill. "Here by this window, and here by the door! Aren't these marks that a bear would make?"

"You're right, Bill. You can see he took aholt of the door here and pulled her open. He must have been the one who carted all this junk outside. Look-Look-a here! He's picked this lamp chimney up and moved it without breaking it! And see what he's done to this chair! Well, we're lucky he didn't do any more damage. Here, Winst, fix this door and window while I sweep up and get a fire going."

We soon had the cabin to rights, and a lively poker game helped to pass the evening before it was time to "hit the hay". A few birch logs were thrown on the fire. The flames blazed cheerily and gave the room a cosy, ruddy glow. We crawled between the blankets and stretched out luxuriously on what would have seemed particularly hard boards at any other time. The flickering light of the fire

danced on the faces of the two guides as they swapped stories of "parties" they had guided in the good old days. By now the fire had died down to a deep rosy bed of coals. The stories grew fewer and more rambling, and the voices dwindled to a low murmur that seemed to come to me from some remote distance as I lay falling asleep.

"Listen!" whispered Bill. "Did you hear anything?"

We all sat up and listened intently, but heard nothing.

"You're worried about bears, Bill," I scoffed, and we settled back in our blankets once more. The guides' conversation picked up where it had left off.

Suddenly a violent concussion shook the little cabin. It was followed immediately by harsh scratching sounds. We were all sitting up now, and a hurried whispered conference at once ensued. We decided that the noises had been caused either by a visiting bear or by a falling pine bough which had struck the cabin.

John was the first on his feet. He grabbed a flashlight, went to the open door, and peered around the side of the shack. He returned to tell us that he had seen nothing.

Again we settled down, this time uneasily. No one spoke, and only the sounds of our breathing could be heard in the darkened room. Suddenly there came a second violent shaking of the cabin. This time there were three definite movements.

We held another whispered council of war. It was quickly agreed that three more branches could hardly have blown against the cabin in exactly the

same way. After a pause, broken only by the scratching noise outside, Winston spoke. "Where's your gun, Steve? I'm going out to get whatever's makin' that—"

His speech was broken off abruptly by a terrific crash. The cabin window had been shattered into a million pieces. We could hear strange whimpering noises.

"I grabbed my Winchester and threw a shell into the chamber."

The whimper had turned into an angry growl.

"Hand me that gun, Steve! That bear's ugly now. If there's any shoot-in' to be done, I'll do it!"

I was about to hand Winst my carbine when the doorway was blackened by a dark shaggy form. The huge mass seemed almost shapeless against the black night. It was the bear, all right—a big, burly fellow! You could tell his size by the width of his faintly shining eyes.

The animal hesitated for a second, then he took a step inside. I raised the rifle and timed it.

"Don't shoot, Steve!"

Crack! The warning came too late. A screaming snarl of rage and pain came from the surprised bear. It lurched forward into the room. Crack! Still the monster lumbered on. Crack! Crack! On came the bear. Crack! I threw the useless weapon straight at the oncoming form. It caught him squarely in the head. The animal stopped, wavered for a second, and slumped to the floor.

The silence was deathly. I was conscious only of a terrific ringing in my ears.



"Whew! Don't ever try that again, Steve!" exclaimed Winst. "If you hadn't have shot, he would have been scared away by our shouts."

We crawled out of our bunks to get a closer look at the hulk lying now

in the middle of a widening pool of blood.

John began laughing.

"You're the luckiest feller I ever seen! Only one shot ever hit this bear!"

STEVENSON FLEMER (V)

## *Into the Clear*

Call me Hans. I am not permitted to use my full name. My gunner's name is Kurt. We two compose the crew of a Messerschmitt ME 110.

Yesterday we had made our first raid on England, or rather the Channel. We were not going to do that again. The men in the Lewis gun nests were too good. There were too many Hurricanes and Defiants around. We'd let our torpedo and coastal motor boats try it.

Tonight we would try different tactics. A squadron of Heinkel fighters would fly over London, making as much noise with their thousand-seventy horse power engines as they could. This challenge should be accepted by plenty of Spitfires and Hurricanes. A few almost obsolete Junkers would follow and bomb any airfields which they saw. Then we would accompany a squadron of long-range Dornier bombers, go around London, and bomb it from the other side.

I attended a beer party in the afternoon.

"You know," said Kurt, "they say those barrage balloons over London are pretty good."

"Oh, damn the balloons!" someone said, "I'll bet five marks they don't bring down any of our planes." Kurt

took the bet. After that we gave it no further thought—until it was too late.

That night at nine I heard the staccato bark of the Heinkels' engines. With a roar, nine sections jolted down the run-way and circled up into the sky, while the clumsy giants, the Junkers 86's, were rolled out of the hangars. The cumbersome bombers, together with their protecting pursuits were soon well on their way.

Then our Wing Commander called us into his office. He addressed us with a gruff voice:

"As you already know, you are to accompany the Dornier bombers and fly around London, attacking from the other side. Watch out for balloon-cables. You are to fly low, well in front of the bombers. Don't let any Defiant or Hurricane leave the ground if you can help it. The ME 109's will stay up with the Dorniers. Rake all anti-aircraft batteries. Deposit your bombs on any airfield, hangar, factory, or bridge. That is all. We shall wipe London off the map!"

We hurried to our planes. Already mechanics were warming up the Dorniers' engines. Kurt scrambled into his gunner's cockpit, swinging his guns around, and applied a drop of oil to a ball and socket joint. I

glanced at the two 110 pound black bombs hung on racks under the wings. Soon I would be rid of them! I climbed into the cockpit. I took a rag and wiped the windshield, and then opened the throttle as wide as I could. Everything functioned perfectly. I had enough fuel for three-hundred seventy-miles. I would not go more than two hundred fifty at most.

The Dorniers took off. Then the ME 109's. These planes did not carry light bombs under their wings. They were only there to help the bombers. I gazed up at the Dorniers and the fast climbing fighters joining them.

"Snap out of it!" yelled Kurt.

I looked around. The leader had his hand raised. I responded, raising my hand. I slid the hatch back over my head, gave the signal for the mechanic to pull the chocks out from under the wheels, and took off.

Soon we were in formation. We cruised along at two hundred eighty miles per hour, for the bombers could not do any better. I saw the bright lights of Calais below me. In a few minutes we were over the channel. We stepped up to two hundred ninety miles per hour. Ahead was the dim outline of an English torpedo boat.

A streak of tracer bullets just missed my wing. Then the leader was hit. The plane went into a flat spin and landed almost on top of the boat. The other wing-man nosed down and started to riddle her decks. I was about to do the same thing, when I saw his plane burst into flames. I jammed on my full right rudder and

stepped on the accelerator as hard as I could. I knew that when the plane's bombs went off it would jar other bomb fuses, and so any number of planes could be wiped out.

The explosion came. Our plane almost crashed into the sea by the jar, but I just pulled back on the stick in time. Four other explosions came, but I was well out of range by that time. I noticed that we were entering a thick fog. I climbed to three thousand feet. I knew that somewhere in this dense mist five other Messerschmitts were groping their way along, each pilot blissfully unaware that another plane might be a few feet away from his wing tip, or else a mile away.

Soon we came out into the clear. I heard a few dull thuds. Anti-aircraft shells. We must be over England. I was sure of it now. Far ahead, off to my right, I could see the red glow of fires, Tilbury Docks. The Junkers did that. Muck burst all around us, but we got through. We flew on. It must have been somewhere past Chatham when we got the beams.

Those search-light operators were awful. They would catch you in their beam and suddenly flash it off. No sooner had you recovered from the glare than they put it on again. It almost blinded me and made me grope around the sky. The British knew how to make you suffer.

A few minutes later I heard Kurt's guns crackle. Kurt was the best gunner in the squadron, having shot down eleven planes. But there was no glory about it. Just an inferno—

Spits hammering away at you, Hurricanes pouring lead out of eight machine guns at you, Defiants forking you out when you take cover with their four-gun rear turrets, searchlights and tracer bullets, and the concussion and thud of 3.7 anti-aircraft guns.

The only thing left for me to do was to put my bombs on some factory and get back home. I had lost the Dorniers and the rest of our squadron were no where to be seen. In fifteen minutes I would be over London.

A group of Spits loomed up in front of me. I kicked hard the right rudder and pulled back the stick, executing an Immelman turn. I then did a chandelle, which to my altitude, left the Spits behind, and resumed my former course.

Planes darted at us from all sides, but Kurt's machine guns brought more than one Englishman down.

We were over London! I nosed the plane over into a dive. I started down, twisting and darting to evade the lights and the blazing tracers.

I bombed London—with one bomb. I never found out where it fell, because just as it was released, the plane seemed to stop in mid-air. There was an awful wail and streaks of silver flashed before my eyes. The plane started flying in a tight flat circle.

"What is it?" I yelled. I kicked on the rudder, hauled back on the stick. The plane would not respond to anything.

I reached up and snapped my hatchback.

"Jump, Kurt! Jump! We're out of control!"

I was up out of my belt and had already one hand over the side.

"Ready?" I yelled "Get clear, Kurt!"

Then I turned and looked. I saw Kurt, tangled up in a mass of steel cable, coiling about him like a snake. He screamed and wailed, fighting madly, trying to get out of the cockpit. I reached over and tried to drag it away, but it began to twist around me.

"Get away! Get away!" he screamed "It's a cable. Get into the clear!"

At this he hurled himself away, but flopped back against the fuselage again. He kicked at the winding cable, but it was hopeless. He reached for his revolver, but it was under him. I snatched at mine, handed it to him—and jumped.

"It was hard lines on your mate," the Englishman was saying to me.

He was an elderly gentleman with two rows of ribbons on his tunic. Later he told me he used to be a colonel. He was a private now, doing a volunteer show.

"My friend—he was dead when he was found?" I asked.

"Found? Your plane blew up on top of a winch. You still had a bomb on board. Didn't get rid of them all. Blew the lot up. Your pal went with it, I'm afraid."

I was glad it was that way. Kurt was my best friend. I think he is still the best gunner in our squadron.

BERNARD PEYTON (IV)

## Civilization Hits Penguin Island

Two dour-looking Eskimos were prowling along the shore of Penguin Island. They had no luck in their day's hunting. Suddenly one of the pair, Pignigiak by name, stopped and, pointing to a group of figures strutting along the shore, exclaimed, "Ugh, Penguins, me gettem!"

With these words he ran forward, brandishing his spear. He was closely followed by his companion, Snorgnorpeak.

When they came within throwing distance, Pignigiak hurled his spear at the penguins, but he miscalculated the distance and the spear whizzed over the animals.

Suddenly Pignigiak realized that the supposed Penguins were really people. He shouted to Snorgnorpeak, "No throw spear! Dem piple, not penguins!"

But Snorgnorpeak grunted, "Um penguins all right," and hurled his sharp and deadly spear. It sailed through the head of one of the supposed penguins! Snorgnorpeak was petrified with astonishment. He cried, "Must be ghost! I gettem through head, but it no die!"

Pignigiak was right, for in fact the penguins were men. They were clothed in a style most peculiar to Arctic climes. They wore evening clothes with top hats.

One member of this amazing group broke the silence by calling in an indignant tone to the Eskimos, "Sirs, I shall protest to your government about this unwarranted outrage!"

"But we thought you were pen-

guins," explained Pignigiak.

"Thought we were penguins!" roared the exasperated man, "Why you add insult to injury. First you wrecked my best hat with that spear of yours and almost killed me. Not content with that, you dare to say that you thought we were penguins. In twelve years' experience I have never seen such effrontery."

Somehow, the quarrel was smoothed over, and the diplomats began to explain their mission, which was to determine the ownership of Penguin Island.

One of the diplomats asked the Eskimos, "Who rightfully owns this island?"

"We do," replied Snorgnorpeak.

"But who discovered this island?" persisted the diplomat.

"We did," grunted Snorgnorpeak.

"I mean, who was the first civilized person to discover this island?" asked the diplomat.

"A'int we snivilezated piple?" replied the Eskimo.

"No, civilized people are those who wear the kind of clothes we wear."

"Us no want snilized clothes. Um cold, Parkas warm."

After several more futile attempts, the diplomats withdrew from the struggle and took a walk around the island. After they had proceeded a short way the English representative, Sir George Gullible, remarked, "These natives have not yet learned manners. Why, they are so insolent as to insist that this island belongs to them. We can never utilize them in

a plebescite. They are much too stubborn."

This part of the island was very slippery and it was not long before the pompous emissaries of the five great powers began to slip and slide and fall. Their top hats received innumerable dents, and their trousers were ragged fore and aft.

Soon they came to, or rather slid to, a place where a group of walruses were sunning themselves. One old veteran waddled over to the diplomats and surveyed them with a critical eye. Then, seeing Pignigiak and Snorgnorpeak approaching, he gave a contemptuous grunt and dived into the sea.

When the diplomats came back to their headquarters, the American member said, "This island will be a great aid to our national defense."

The Russian member, Menagerie-off, said, "With this base all Alaska will be at our mercy."

The Japanese member said, "From this base our cruisers will have a stronghold on Arctic and Pacific commerce."

"You know" said Monsieur Catsoup-Bouillon, "this plebescite is going to be a lot like the one on Megacycle Island in 1926. That was the island to which we had to bring voters from our fatherland because there were no natives."

Three weeks later there appeared over the horizon a fleet of ships bearing the voters for the plebescite. First came the slim and speedy "Hashish Mara." Close upon her heels came the sturdy English "S. S. Idiotic." Next came the "Rochambeau" and

the Russian "Nevsky", and finally the "President Garfield."

There being no landing place at Penguin Island, it was necessary to use boats to communicate with the land.

First sailors and marines were landed and drawn up. Then a rostrum was erected. At last when all was ready, the Lord High Commissioner landed amid a fanfare from the military bands.

He passed between the ranks of soldiers, stepped up to the rostrum, and standing before a terrifying array of microphones started his speech.

His oration was of the usual long-winded type which rambles on indefinitely about many different and totally unrelated subjects. After the speech the customary cheers were given. Then the serious work began.

The voters were landed and marched up to the ballot boxes. There they voted either once, twice, or thrice, as their unscrupulous minds dictated. When at last the votes were counted, it was shown that Japan had had the most voters, or the most tricks. Therefore the flag of the Rising Sun was raised over Penguin Island.

Just at this moment, however, the island caved in and the voters, marines, and everyone else found themselves floundering in the water. Some shouted, "This is the work of the Reds!"

Others shouted, "This is the villainy of the Japs!"

Sir Gullible shouted, "This is the work of the glub! glub!"

Then he went under. He struggled to the surface again and shouted, "I



shall protest—glub” and he went under again.

It was a scene of incredible confusion. Top hats were floating around. Here and there a ballot box drifted. A group of men were holding to the rostrum. A half dozen clung to the flag pole. Snorgnorpeak and Pignigiak swam to their kayaks. A walrus came up, and seeing a top hat, decided it was something good to eat and swallowed it. A moment later he was churning up the sea in his convulsions.

Soon the lifeboats came to the rescue and the turmoil subsided.

Several hours later, as the sun was setting, two kayaks were seen head-

ing south. In them were the two Eskimos.

Pignigiak said, "And we thought that ice-flow was an island! Ha, Ha, Ha!"

The two Eskimos almost capsized their craft **because** they laughed so hard. But **aboard** the convoy of liners steaming south from Penguin Island things were sadder. On the deck of one of the ships **two** men leaned against the rail and **glumly** watched the sea. One said to the other, "Well, what became of your submarine base on that island?"

The other replied, "What about your Penguin Island airfield?"

DETLEV VAGTS (IV)

## Gulliver's Return

Yes, I, Sir Andrew Gulliver, ace pilot of the English R. A. F., was certainly in a "tight spot." The gasoline tank in my two-motored bomber plane had been punctured by Nazi anti-aircraft guns. My radio and instruments had likewise been smashed. I was losing gas rapidly, and I did not know where I was. I hoped the gasoline would last until I reached England, but I feared I was far off my course.

Luck, however, came my way, for soon I sighted land just as my gas was giving out. You can imagine how thankful I was when I glided my plane to perfect safety on a broad meadow, just as the sun was setting.

I had no idea what country I was in, but I was sure it was not England. When I climbed out of my plane to look for some food and water, I had a strange feeling. The land seemed to be very bare, for there were no trees

but only what looked like bushes.

I had to be satisfied with fresh water for supper, because I could find no other food. After I had drunk this, I lay down by my plane to sleep.

I was about to doze off when I saw something which made my eyes pop! There were three little men about five inches tall peeping at me from behind a bush. Suddenly they vanished as quickly as they had apparently come. I then decided that I had been just seeing things, as my nerves had been through a lot in the past few hours. So thinking, I went off to sleep.

When I awoke it was broad daylight and the sun was shining brightly. I felt very thirsty and was just about to get up to get a drink of water when I caught sight of something which startled me greatly. There were dozens of little eyes peep-

ing at me from behind some bushes.

At first I thought they must be tiny animals, but just then a little man about the size of the ones I had seen the previous night walked out boldly. He was dressed in a funny little suit with long knickerbockers. In a flash I understood it all—Yes, I must have landed in the country of Lilliput, which an ancestor of mine had described in a book called "Gulliver's Travels". These little people were of course the Lilliputians.

The little man then began to speak. His voice was very meek and seemed pitifully feeble to me. However, I was greatly astonished when he addressed me in pure English saying, "I am King Eluko the IXth of Lilliput. You are Man-Mountain the IInd. Our history books say that five hundred years ago another man-mountain like you came to our land. We were then fighting with the country of Blufuscu and made peace between us. Now we are in grave danger, for fifty years ago another tribe like ours settled on the isle of Toscoto off the coast of Blufuscu. They were nice people and very friendly up until eight years ago when a terrible tyrant called Fang came into power. He first conquered the Blufuscudians, and now he is trying to do the same to us. Therefore, I was very glad last night when my men told me that another Man-Mountain had come, for I knew then that if he were like the first he would help us. Now I am asking you if you will."

All the other little Lilliputians had now lost fear of me and crept out from behind the bushes. I answered

in my softest voice, lest I should scare them back, that I would gladly help them, if they would tell me how I could; I knew how they felt, since a tyrant was trying to take my country too.

Overjoyed that I would help Lilliput the king told me how I was to do so. He said that his spies in Toscoto had discovered that the tyrant, Fang, was very superstitious and believed in the supernatural. Once an oracle had told him that a great bird would some time fly out of the sky and on it would be riding a giant who would eat him alive and this would be his punishment for his evil doings.

"Now, you, Man-Mountain," continued the king, "are to fly the great bird machine in which you came to the city of Mangola, where this Tyrant lives. You are then to find him and tell him that you have come to fulfill the words of the oracle. He is a coward at heart and will tell you that he will do anything if you only will spare his life. Then you shall say that he is to give up his great army and all his military supplies and is to set free Blufuscu and never again to give it or Lilliput any more trouble."

The king then stopped talking and all the little Lilliputians looked towards me as if waiting for approval of this plan. I had a hard time finding words to tell them that I did not have any gas for my bird machine and that it needed fuel to make it fly.

When I finally did, however, I was more than overjoyed, for the king replied that gasoline was plentiful in Lilliput and that he could give me all I wanted.

Luck had really come my way this time, for I remembered that I might not have had the chance to return to England if there had been no gasoline in Lilliput.

All the little Lilliputians then seemed to rejoice at finding another Man-Mountain who would help them.

I immediately went to work on my plane to repair the gas tank and my smashed instruments. However, the radio was too battered to mend.

Having finished this, I spent two days visiting the king. I had a wonderful time. I ate approximately three hundred miniature pigs, cows, and chickens, so my appetite was well satisfied.

When the next day came, everything was ready for me to leave. One million of the Lilliputian gallons of gas had been put in my gas-tank. Crowds of the little people came to see me go. The king was there too, and after he told me where to find the city of Mongola and Toscotia, I took off amidst loud cheers from the excited Lilliputians.

Once in the air I flew straight to where the Tyrant lived. I landed my plane outside the city. At first I caused quite a panic among the Toscotians, but when I told them I meant no harm to them but just wanted their tyrant, Fang, they were calm and a

few moments later they brought him struggling to me.

It was just as the king of Lilliput said. He begged for mercy and said he would do anything to repent, if only I would spare his life. When I told him that the only way he could do so was by giving up his army and military supplies, he did not like it but he had no choice. He bade his army stack all their arms in a heap at my feet.

After they had done this, strange as it may seem, I was able to pick them all up and put them in my pockets. Then I turned to Fang and ordered him in my fiercest tone to set the country of Blufescu free; I warned him that if he gave them or Lilliput any more trouble, I would surely come back and eat him alive!

So saying, I returned to my airplane, set my instruments, and took off from the land of tiny people, feeling quite sure that I had done my job and made peace between them.

As my plane sped homeward, I could not help but think of the troubles my own native country, England, was having with another Tyrant, and I wished I could so easily deal with him as I had brought Fang to terms for the miniature people of Lilliput.

MACDONALD MATHEY (II)

## Athletics

### HOCKEY

This year's games were confined to engagements with Lawrenceville and Cranford High School, two P.C.D. rivals of former seasons. With Coach Dealey's first practice it was evident that graduation had taken a heavy toll of first-line hockey players and that there were serious weaknesses in the new varsity squad. Once again our players proved to be smaller in stature than the opponents they were called upon to face, and although the team fought



hard and the substitutes did a good job, the old sports axiom, that "a good big man is better than a good little man", remained true of the 1941 season.

P. C. D. 4. LAWRENCEVILLE 2.

Dean Mathey and Spencer Welch had the honor of drawing first blood from their Lawrenceville rivals, with two goals scored in the first period of the season's opening game. Lawrenceville also tallied twice in the first, and it was not until Mathey scored twice more that the game was clinched for P. C. D.

P. C. D. 1. CRANFORD HIGH 4.

Although they came out on the short end of the score, Mr. Dealey's boys put up a good fight against an older and heavier team. The first period saw plenty of action, with P. C. D. fighting valiantly and with Cranford succeeding in shooting the puck into our cage only once. There was a noticeable weakening in the P. C. D. offensive in the second period, and Cranford was quick to seize the advantage by rolling up three more points. At the start of the third period, both teams renewed their attack with great liveliness. It was then that the two Mathey brothers swung into action. Assisted by Don, brother Dean made the only P. C. D. score. The losing team displayed good sportsmanship and hard playing throughout the game.

P. C. D. 1. LAWRENCEVILLE 2.

In a return engagement with Lawrenceville, P. C. D. players got off to a flying start in the first period with a scoring shot from Dean Mathey on a pass from Peter Erdman. During the second period Lawrenceville managed to score twice. Neither team displayed good hockey form; there was little passing or team work; and most of the goals were made during mad scrambles around the cage.

P. C. D. 1. CRANFORD HIGH 1.

Starting one of the season's most exciting games, Spencer Welch delivered a well-placed goal early in the first period. Throughout the rest of the game the rival teams were so evenly matched that neither side scored until Eskie of Cranford High tied the count with a spectacular goal in the last twenty seconds of play. An over-time period failed to end the deadlock, and the score remained a tie.

P. C. D. 2. CRANFORD HIGH 1.

Tom Roberts scored in the first period of the season's final game, while Cranford tied up the contest in the second. The Cranford players were forced to bow to the home team when Dean Mathey tallied in the third period, and P. C. D. ended the season victoriously.

The line-up for most games: Dignan (G.), Schluter, W. (D.), Dickenson (D), Mathey, D. (C.), Mathey, M. (W.), Erdman, P. (W.), Anderson (C.), Welch, S. (W.), Roberts, T. (W.), Roberts, F. (W.).

Substitutes: Kerr, Erdman, D., Laughlin, L., Morgan, Benham, Welch, R., Schulten, J., McAlpin, Greey, Daugherty, Matthews.



—Linoleum Cut by Richard Morgan

## *With the Blues and the Whites*

### SCHOLARSHIP

Throughout the second term, the small but steady margin in scholarship between the two color groups has again prevailed, as it did during the first term. The Blues have successfully held their advantage from the first, leading slightly in each bi-weekly report and completing the year with a final average of 2.4 to the Whites' 2.6. The number of boys clear throughout the term were 25 out of a possible 36 for the Blues—or 70% of their numbers, against 20 out of a possible 36 for the Whites—about 56% from their members. The boys in each color group clear of failure are:

(BLUES): Anderson, Barlow, Broneer, Benham, Dickenson, Dignan, Dougherty, Eidman, Ellis, Flemer, J., Flemer, S., Gallup, G., Hart, Howell, McCalpin, McAneny, Morgan, Paynter, Piper, G., Piper, R., Quick, Van Zeeland, Welch, S., Wilson, J.

(WHITES): Blakeney, Conger, Elderkin, Erdman, P., Harrop, G., Hopkinson, Hudson, Laughlin, Jr., Lindley, Mathey, D., Mathey, M., McCutchen, Peyton, Roberts, F., Roberts, W., Schluter, J., Schluter, W., Stewart, Vagts, Wetzel.

### ATHLETICS

The 1941 hockey competition between the Blues and the Whites brought forth one of our most exciting seasons. In the five games played, the Whites took an early lead, winning the first game with a score of two points to the Blues' one. The second game, however, showed no advantage on either side. The third and fourth games were identical in result, as the Blues, in both, succeeded in bagging two goals to the Whites' one. As the fifth game, like the second, was a scoreless tie, the Blues won the season with a total of five points to four.

## *Honors*

### FIRST TERM

#### *First Honor Roll*

(90-100)

Richard Stockton Conger, II  
Garrison McClintock Noel Ellis  
Macdonald Mathey  
Colin Crombie McAneny  
Robert Roy Piper  
Michael Shenstone  
John Westcott Stewart

#### *Second Honor Roll*

(85-90)

Thomas Sherman Dignan, Jr.  
John Wilkinson Flemer  
Nicholas Henry Eno Hopkinson

Randolph Hoyt Hudson  
Ledlie Irwin Laughlin, Jr.  
Denver Lindley, Jr.  
Dean Winans Mathey  
David Hunter McAlpin, Jr.  
Charles Walter McCutchen  
Richard Sherley Morgan  
Grenville Howard Paynter  
George Wallace Piper  
John Adolph Schluter  
William Schluter  
Detlev Friedrich Vagts  
William Enos Wetzel, Jr.

*Third Honor Roll*  
(80-85)

Thomas Hart Anderson, III  
Martin Noble Benham  
Paul Broneer  
Melville Dickenson, Jr.  
John Frank Eidmann  
George Wicker Elderkin, Jr.  
George Horace Gallup, Jr.

George Harrop, III  
David Montgomery Hart  
John Potter Cuyler Matthews  
Robert Leyburne Patterson, Jr.  
Bernard Peyton, Jr.  
Elwyn Belmont Quick  
Walter van Braam Roberts, Jr.  
Spencer Welch  
Jared Horner Wilson

## *With the Alumni*

James Armstrong is a senior at Princeton. He expects to commence a period of army training this summer.

Norman Barrett has been elected editor-in-chief of *The Phillippian* at the Phillips Andover Academy, where he has been playing varsity hockey and is on the baseball team.

George E. Beggs, Jr. is working in a research laboratory on special projects of the Leeds & Northrup Electrical Instrument Company. In his spare time, he is experimenting with 'Frequency Modulation' developments.

Welling T. Bell is with Bell & Bell in Philadelphia. He was married to Miss Mary Gordon Johnson of Trenton, on August 19, 1940.

John L. Bender is a senior at Princeton. He is also in the U. S. Coast Guard Reserve and will do naval auxiliary work during the coming summer.

Robert Benham is on the debating team at Lawrenceville.

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

John W. Bodine is at the Darrow School in New Lebanon, N. Y.

John N. Brooks, Jr. is Chairman of the *Daily Princetonian* editorial board at Princeton. When he is not occupied with the duties of his position, he plays tennis.

John C. Cooper, III is taking an advanced Civil Aeronautics Authority course at Princeton. He is also on the staff of the *Daily Princetonian*.

Mark Healey Dull is First Lieutenant in the Field Artillery Reserve at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and has been assigned to the Armored Force Replacement Center, where he "instructs Selectees in the mud".

William Dull has a position with the American Machine & Metals Corp. in Philadelphia.

Stephen B. Dewing is a junior at Princeton, where he is an active member of the German Club.

Roger C. Dixon is studying at the Brookings Institute in Washington, D. C.

Harold I. Donnelly is a freshman at Princeton.

James G. Dougherty, Jr. has been playing jayvee hockey at Exeter and is going out for jayvee tennis.

Frank Driscoll is at Taft, where he played jayvee hockey.

Charles R. Erdman, III was on the varsity hockey team at Exeter.

Harold B. Erdman has won his hockey letter at Lawrenceville. He is the Assignment Editor for the *Lawrence*.

Thomas Burnet Fisher is attaining an average of 79% at St. Paul's School. He has been playing football and is now on the crew there.

Caxton C. Foster plays basket-ball at Carteret School in Summit, New Jersey. He has just returned from a trip to Florida.

Edward Frohling received an 80.25% average on his last report at Lawrenceville.

Christopher Gerould is on the Foreign News Staff of *Time*. He also writes for the *American Mercury* and other periodicals.

Elmer E. Green is with Hentz & Company, brokers, Fort Lauderdale, Florida. He swims and fishes in his spare time.

George Gretton is president of the senior class at Lawrenceville. He is captain of the hockey team and has won his major letters in football and crew.

Bertrand L. Gulick, III played jayvee football and is on the track team at Pennington Preparatory School.

Alden B. Hall, attending Blair Academy, took part in the spring dramatic show there. He is also in the school band.

Charles T. Hall received an average of 90% at Blair for the first half-year. He has been elected to the editorial board of the school paper and has been chosen captain of the wrestling team for 1941-1942.

Walter Phelps Hall, Jr. is attaining an 80% average at Millbrook School. He has played varsity hockey and he sings in the glee club.

Hamilton Hazlehurst has a 3 average at Hill School, where he plays tennis in his spare time.

Lawrence Heyl, Jr. is now Private Lawrence Heyl of the 47th Infantry, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. He is associated with the Radio, Telegraphy, and Communications Division.

Robert Hunter is on the editorial board of the *Lit* at Yale.

William Phipps Hunter is attending Lawrenceville.

Andrew Welsh Imbrie, a junior at Princeton, is giving fifteen-minute weekly piano programs over WPRU, the new university campus broadcasting station.

Tristram Johnson is at Yale, where he is on the squash team.

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

H. L. Thornell Koren is a Lieutenant at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. He is engaged to Miss Virginia Cain, formerly of Princeton.

George Kuser, Jr. is at Lawrenceville, where he goes out for skeets, wrestling, and swimming.

Archibald R. Lewis is a professor of history at the University of South Carolina.

Burdette Lewis, Jr. has been appointed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Glendale, Ohio.

Bradford Locke is at Kent School. He plays on the junior varsity hockey squad and is a member of the Glee Club.

Jack Locke is at the Montgomery School, Wynnewood, Pa., where he plays basketball.

Robert Locke is at Kent, where he plays hockey. He is receiving an average of 89.4%.

George E. Morse lives at Providence, Rhode Island. He is receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, George Edward, Jr., born on March 1, 1941.

Philip Mowat is employed by the Atlantic City Electric Company. He expects to be drafted into the army in June.

Mark Munn is at Lawrenceville, where he received an average of 79.85% at midyears. He plays house basketball.

John Northrup is at Millbrook. He is captain of the varsity hockey team and president of the glee club.

William Oncken Jr. is the head of the science department, Stony Brook School for Boys. He is engaged to Miss Peggy Kallina, of Utica, N. Y.

Alan Phinney is attaining an average of 75% at Lexington High School, Lexington, Mass.

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

Frank Phinney is in the model airplane club at the Lexington Junior High School, Lexington, Mass.

Lloyd Ritter is on the sophomore swimming team at Trenton High School. He won the sophomore spelling championship for 1941.

Owen Roberts is attaining an 84.9% average at St. Paul's.

Alfred F. Robertshaw, Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, expects to go to Cuba to join the U. S. Marine Corps.

Richard Rossmassler is on the jayvee hockey team at Exeter.

Henry N. Russell Jr. is Resident Doctor in the Contagious Ward, Cleveland City Hospital.

James Conyers Sayen has announced his engagement to Miss Natalie Louise Fenninger of Princeton.

John Scoon is on the staff of the *United States News*. He lives in Washington, D. C.

MacKay Sturges has been playing hockey at Exeter. He has been elected captain of the varsity team for next year.

John Sinclair is attending Princeton, where he is on the editorial board of the *Nassau Sovereign*.

Bayard Stockton, 3rd. was married to Miss Anne Strobhar of Philadelphia on February 1. He is now serving with the U. S. Army.



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1931	1929
1934	1932
1935	1933
1936	1937
1938	1938
	1940

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1926	1927	1933
1937	1928	1934
1938	1930	1935
1939	1931	1936
1941	1932	1940

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1931	1929
1935	1932
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1938	1934
1939	1936
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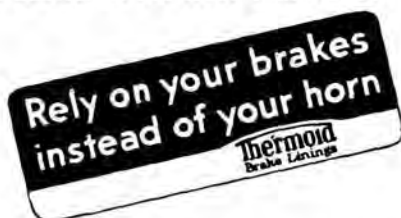
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