

VOL. XV No. 3

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

JUNE, 1941

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

# COMPLETE BANKING FACILITIES

TRUSTS

CUSTODIAN ACCOUNTS

SAFE DEPOSIT AND STORAGE VAULTS

CHECKING AND SPECIAL TIME ACCOUNTS

F.H.A. LOANS . TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

PRINCETON BANK  
AND  
TRUST COMPANY  
PRINCETON NEW JERSEY

CHARTERED 1854

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

JUNE  
1941

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

## CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	- - - - -	PAGE 3
HONORS	- - - - -	PAGE 5
THE CALENDAR	- - - - -	PAGE 6
IF HITLER RULED HERE	- - - - -	PAGE 9
WHAT IS WAR?	- - - - -	PAGE 10
FOG ON THE BAY	- - - - -	PAGE 11
THE DAY-DREAMER	- - - - -	PAGE 12
IMAGINATION	- - - - -	PAGE 13
SHOULD WE FIGHT NOW?	- - - - -	PAGE 14
THREE POETS DISCOVER SPRING	- - - - -	PAGE 17
HEMISPHERE CO-OPERATION	- - - - -	PAGE 18
THE MAN AT THE THROTTLE	- - - - -	PAGE 19
UNKNOWN SOLDIER	- - - - -	PAGE 20
ATHLETICS	- - - - -	PAGE 21
WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES	- - - - -	PAGE 23
THE DRAMATIC CLUB	- - - - -	PAGE 25
WITH THE ALUMNI	- - - - -	PAGE 26
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES	- - - - -	PAGE 28
THE CLASS POEM	- - - - -	PAGE 29
THE CLASS WILL	- - - - -	PAGE 30
THE CLASS PROPHECY	- - - - -	PAGE 31

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

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

Subscription - - - - - { Seventy-five Cents the Copy  
\$2.00 a Year

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Vol. XV

JUNE, 1941

No. 3

## BOARD OF EDITORS

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i> .....	RICHARD MORGAN
	STEVENSON FLEMER
<i>Associate Editors</i> .....	DAVID HART
	GEORGE HARROP
	WALTER ROBERTS
	JOHN STEWART
	SPENCER WELCH
<i>Business Manager</i> .....	RICHARD CONGER
<i>Faculty Adviser</i> .....	MR. HENRY B. ROSS

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

## Editorial

With the approach of Commencement the thoughts of a senior turn naturally to his hopes for graduation, his regrets upon leaving his present school, and his plans for the future. In these respects the Commencement of 1941 resembles its predecessors, but overshadowing all other thoughts, and uppermost in the minds of this June's graduating classes all over America is the realization that our country must soon face the issue of peace or war.

Over this question—whether the United States should go to war against the Axis powers—many discussions have been held and many arguments representing all viewpoints have been presented. One position that has received wide publicity is that of Mr. Charles Lindbergh, the apparent leader of the Isolationists. Mr. Lindbergh seems to have five main ideas, and it can be claimed that all five either are based on errors of judgment or are entirely wrong in fact. They are: first, that this war is a European conflict and therefore does not concern us; second, that we cannot possibly invade the continent of Europe and conquer Hitler; third, that even if we could do so, the action would lead to a prolonged war that would finally defeat us; fourth, that, none of our "boys" should go "over there" again; fifth, that the best thing for us to do is to build up our defenses so that we should become absolutely self-sufficient and entirely independent of the rest of the world.

These beliefs have driven Mr. Lindbergh to claim in all seriousness that we cannot conquer totalitarianism now, even with Great Britain's aid, but that we can conquer it all by ourselves if we are invaded after Great Britain falls. The absurdity of such a view is apparent, for, with England gone—as even Mr. Lindbergh admits will happen if we do not aid her now—the Axis powers will have four out of the six continents under their thumbs, while the fifth,

our next-door neighbor, South America, is already being riddled with "fifth-columnists" and "softened" for penetration.

To the thinking person the question seems to boil down to this: either *fight Hitler now with England's aid* or *fight him alone later*. No matter how many other questions may be involved, that is the basic issue. The situation confronting America is not merely a "national emergency", as our President has proclaimed; we cannot escape the fact that it is a world crisis. Anyone who is so small-minded as to bring back old hatreds and prejudices or to raise against England petty grievances long since forgotten is the type of professional patriot who would go out and shoot the first Southerner he saw. As a civilized people we supposedly got over the blood-feud stage long ago.

Mr. Lindbergh does not want any Americans to fight in Europe, and he firmly believes that if we enter the war that will be the result. But does he not—can he not—see that this war is being fought on the assembly line and not in the trenches? British sailors and airmen are doing the fighting. What they need from us are food supplies and war materials and the ships and planes with which to fight. It is pathetic that a man of Mr. Lindbergh's ability cannot grasp this simple fact.

To the Isolationist idea that European affairs do not concern us, there are many effective replies. As Mr. Willkie has pointed out in a recent *Collier's* article: "The idea that we can shut ourselves off from the rest of the world really springs from a failure to realize the importance of America to the rest of the world. . . . We are the largest agricultural producer and the largest industrial producer in the world. Depression and prosperity in America are reflected across the Atlantic, across the Pacific, across the Equator. Above all, our political and social ideas travel outward across all the earth, affecting millions and millions of men and women and giving them hope. We cannot disregard our great influence. We do, in fact, have responsibilities toward other peoples . . . not merely moral responsibilities, but political and economic responsibilities. If we do not fulfill these responsibilities, the rest of the world must surely collapse into chaos. The world cannot get along without the United States of America!" Contrariwise—the United States of America cannot get along without the rest of the world. We cannot be self-sufficient or independent of the other peoples on this earth, for we are all bound together in an ever-narrowing world.

Both Isolationists and Interventionists agree that Hitler cannot seriously endanger us without first conquering Great Britain. He can never do that if the British sea lanes are kept open. Here, then, is our job if we enter the war. We do not need to "send our boys to die on European battlefields", but we must send the weapons and supplies of war and make sure that they reach their destination.

Yes, Mr. Lindbergh is wrong. Let him and his fellow appeasers stop preaching defeatism and help America act before it is too late!

## Department Editors

JUNE, 1941

<i>Editorial</i>	- - - - -	RICHARD MORGAN
<i>Athletics</i>	- - - - -	{ GEORGE HARROP STEVENS FLEMER
<i>Alumni</i>	- - - - -	WALTER ROBERTS
<i>Blues and Whites</i>	- - - - -	JOHN STEWART



## Honors

### *First Honor Roll*

(90-100)

Garrison McClintock Noel Ellis  
McDonald Mathey  
Colin Crombie McAneny  
Charles Walter McCutchen  
George Wallace Piper  
Robert Roy Piper  
John Westcott Stewart

### *Second Honor Roll*

(85-90)

Paul Broneer  
Richard Stockton Conger  
Ledlie Irwin Laughlin, Jr.  
Dean Winans Mathey  
David Hunter McAlpin, Jr.  
Richard Sherley Morgan  
Robert Leyburne Patterson, Jr.  
Grenville Howard Paynter  
John Adolph Schluter  
William Schluter  
William Enos Wetzell, Jr.

### *Third Honor Roll*

(80-85)

Martin Noble Benham  
Melville Dickenson, Jr.  
Thomas Sherman Dignan  
Robert Ely Dougherty  
John Frank Eidmann  
George Wicker Elderkin  
Peter Edwin Bulkley Erdman  
John Flemer  
George Horace Gallup, Jr.  
George Harrop, III  
William Caldwell Harrop  
David Montgomery Hart  
Nicholas Henry Eno Hopkinson  
Randolph Hoyt Hudson  
Denver Lindley, Jr.  
John Potter Cuyler Matthews  
Bernard Peyton, Jr.  
Elwyn Belmont Quick  
Detlev Friedrich Vagts  
Spencer Welch  
Jared Horner Wilson

## The Calendar

### APRIL

*Oh, don't you remember Sweet Betsey from Pike,  
Who crossed the big mountains with her husband Ike—  
With two yoke of cattle, a large yellow dog,  
A tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted hog!*

- April 14* Academy opens this morning for the spring term, with a goodly number of the boys from these diggin's in attendance. Richard Morgan, Well-Fargo agent, stops in at recess to warn the school that the road agent, Ramerrez, had been seen in these parts lately. Better look to your gats, boys! He's a tough hombre!
- April 16* George Piper, alias Billy the Kid, celebrates his birthday by shooting up the town. Came near hitting Randolph Hudson Larken's hound dog, too!
- April 17* Tommy Dignan, intrepid Pony Express rider, takes the day off, and goes trout fishing over in the Little Big Horn with his friend, Billy Schluter, alias José Castro. Tommy says the mail bags have been pretty heavy lately, what with all the fan mail Dick Johnson Donnelly has been getting.
- April 18* Johnny Matthews, tenderfoot, arrives in camp this morning from around the Horn, and when he opens his leather-bound trunk, out jumps a birthday cake! The boys, full of cake, decide to wait a few days before they make him play lame soldier.
- April 22* Yipee! Look who's here, boys! Little David Erdman, alias Wild Bill Hickock, born this April morning.
- April 24* Paul Broneer, alias Pecos Bill, rides into town this morning on Lightning, his famous bronco, along with Jake Wallace Flemer, the traveling minstrel from 'Frisco. They set up a tent and give the boys a dog-and-pony show.
- April 26* Astley Cecil Hervey Paston-Cooper, alias Calamity Jane, born.
- April 27* Larry Sturhahn cuts a new notch in his gat. Every year on his birthday Larry shoots a tenderfoot, you know. That's the way he tells how old he is. But look out, Larry—
- April 29* Here comes Spencer Welch Rance, famous sheriff. He has a way of keeping track of the years, too. Every time his birthday comes around he hangs somebody like you.

### MAY

*The rooster ran off, and the cattle all died;  
That morning the last piece of bacon was fried;  
Poor Ike was discouraged and Betsey got mad,  
The dog dropped his tail and looked wondrously sad.*



- May 2 Great stir in town tonight! The Academy boys put on one of them home-talents plays, "*The Girl of the Golden West*." They dress Bernard Peyton up in gal's clothes, and bedad if some of the Ridge Boys don't think he's the real thing! Everyone has a mighty fine time.
- May 2 Sammy Kerr, last of the Donner party, wanders into camp, and celebrates his birthday by getting a shave and a haircut.
- May 7 Tommy Anderson, better known as Bucking Billy, goes without any lunch today. It seems that The Sidney Duck, known back in New Jersey as Freddy Roberts, hooked his dinner pail. There was a birthday cake in it, too.
- May 9 Gardner Munro, alias Sourdough Sam, discovers a vein of gold this morning down along Stony Brook, and celebrates his birthday by taking out a claim.
- May 12 Jared Wilson, from over near Dead Man's Gulch, blows into town and sets up the boys to a round of chocolate sodas. He's ten years old and still going strong.
- May 16 John Eidmann, noted bull-thrower of the XYZ Ranch, born.
- May 17 Not to be outdone by all the dudes roundabout who collect marked playing cards, loaded dice, and other men's gold claims, the boys of the Academy stage a Hobby Show of their own. After a baseball game between the fathers and sons, ice cream and cake is served on the school lawn. Pretty high falutin', we call it! Prizes for the best hobbies go to Dave Barlow, that little bell-boy at the Palace Hotel, and Jack Stewart, who measures the rainfall up on Mt. Wilson. We miss Agent Morgan, who is over in the Shawnee country, dickerin' for a new cow pony.
- May 18 We regret to announce the kidnapping of little Jim Armitage, known hereabouts as "Handsome". The kid was first missed yesterday, at the Hobby Show. We suspect Ramerrez. If the ransom isn't too big, we suggest that Agent Morgan swap his new pony for "Handsome", thus satisfying everybody, including Mr. Murch.
- May 18 Several years ago, when the boys were prospecting up in the Bitter Roots, they found a couple of mavericks. They lugged 'em back to camp, fed 'em up on slap-jacks, and today, they're celebrating their birthday, just as tame like as if they'd always been used to civilization. One of 'em is called Trinidad Hart, the other one is known as Leighton Laughlin, alias the Wouser, from the Ridge.
- May 20 This here Academy on Cloudy Mountain has seen some strange things since the days of '49, but nothing to beat what took place today. The Western Union sends one of their messenger boys over to school, this noon, and he sings right out loud, "Happy Birthday to you, Grenville Paynter". The dad-blamedest thing we ever did see!

- May 23 Walter Roberts, alias Rattlesnake Joe, noted Faro dealer, born.
- May 24 Big pow-wow down at the reservation today, to celebrate Alfred Parsons' birthday. He's the fellow, you know, who dressed up like a squaw the night of the school show. Looked so real-like the Indians claimed him as their long-lost sister and took him back to their camp. Said he was Minnehaha, Laughing Water!
- May 26 Talk about the news of the Gold Rush getting around! Here's Arnold van Zeeland come all the way from Belgium to seek his fortune in these hills. Today is his birthday, too.
- May 30 A big time this afternoon over at the University Corral, where the boys stage their annual Field Day and Rodeo. Some of those high jumps would make a bucking cow pony turn green with envy, and as for the running events—no jack-rabbit in the whole State of Texas can get there that fast.
- May 30 George Harrop, deputy sheriff, reports that if he hasn't located that road agent, Ramerrez, before another birthday comes around, he's going to resign his office and take to knitting sweaters for Britain. George swears the villain is right here amongst us.

## JUNE

*They soon reached the desert, where Betsey gave out,  
And down on the grass she lay rolling about;  
While Ike, half distracted, looked on with surprise,  
Saying, "Betsey, get up, you'll get sand in your eyes!"*

- June 1 Federal Agent Smyth and Penelope Ashley, our pretty postmistress, are sure busy these days, now that the boys are converting their gold dust into Government Defense Stamps. Bob Patterson, born today, tops the record so far by lugging in a whole churn full of pennies, and Bill Wetzel, alias Deadwood Dick, doesn't waste much time either, turning his birthday check into Baby Bonds.
- June 5 Tommy Roberts, better known as Bluefoot Sue, has a double celebration. It's his birthday and it's also the last day of school. Tommy doesn't know which event makes him the happier.
- June 9 The Last Roundup, alias Commencement!

## THE BOY WHO SITS BEHIND YOU



## *If Hitler Ruled Here*

If Adolph Hitler should ever rule in the United States, his "New Order" would undoubtedly go into effect here as well as in Europe. It is interesting to compare the two forms of government represented by Nazi Germany and the United States, and to consider the effect that Nazi rule might have on a democratic people.

Hitler's "New Order" is what the Nazis expect to accomplish when their world conquest is complete. They believe in an absolute autocracy, with one man as dictator or head of the state. No man will be free, as in a democracy. No one will have the right of free speech. There will be no freedom of worship, of the press, or of education, and the common man will have no voice in the government of his country.

That this is Hitler's blue-print for the world we know from the plans that have already been put into effect in Germany itself. It has not been difficult for him to do this, for the entire German nation has always been used to taking orders, usually from the very rigid military caste that has existed in that country. Since Hitler's rise to power, all those individuals who have disagreed with the government or the Nazi party have been placed in concentration camps, or, with luck, have fled from Germany. The officers of the dreaded Gestapo have their own sinister methods of finding out what people think and say about the government.

From their actions in their own country it is apparent that the Nazis place no value on the rights of the individual. They believe that the individual exists for the good of the state and that he must work in the service of the state. They believe in obtaining power by the use of force, and they desire to exterminate all those who may become a burden or are opposed to the present government. According to their official party program, the so-called "Aryans" must be supreme in all things, while the "non-Aryans" (i. e. the Jews) must be driven out of German life.

The American system of government is entirely contrary to that of the Nazis. It is a democracy, where freedom of speech, of the press, of worship, of thought, and of life itself may be taken for granted. Undoubtedly the example of Nazi rule elsewhere is making Americans realize and appreciate the value of democratic laws and customs at home.

If the Nazis should conquer Great Britain and invade America, freedom-loving people, such as both the British and Americans are, will not take to Nazi rule easily. There are some who feel that Americans have become demoralized, that they are too feeble to resist and will tolerate the harsh presence of an aggressive conqueror; but it is hard to believe that this people, who have lived in a democracy for three hundred years, would submit to Hitler's rule without a struggle.

DAVID HART (V)

## *Builder in the Sky*

Have you ever watched the building of a skyscraper in a large city? It is surely one of the most thrilling sights in the modern world. City people never tire of it, and many will gather on the streets far below and stand for hours to watch the perilous work. Story after story the great building rises. If it were not for the great steel structure that holds the frame-work together, such towering heights would be impossible. Such an achievement would also be impossible if it were not for the steel-nerved workman who does his job up there in the dizzy heights of the sky.

What does he do—this builder towards the clouds? Some people think that a man must be crazy to risk his life in such work. Watch him as he swings on his narrow steel girder guid-

ing it to its proper position. Now he throws red-hot rivets around like baseballs, tossing them to fellow workmen who catch them in buckets and drive them home to fasten the giant structure together. All this time the worker pays no attention to the terrible distance that separates him from the street far below. He works on, heedless of danger, with as much coolness and dexterity as though he were safe on the ground.

Such work demands both courage and skill. It is little wonder that it calls for an unusual type of workman, or that the type should be very scarce. Yet, because of him, skyscrapers continue to be built in our large cities, adding to the comfort and safety of city dwellers and the engineering progress of mankind.

MACDONALD MATHEY (II)



## *What Is War?*

What is War—  
That men hate and fight,  
And yet find a fierce delight?

What is War—  
Which swallows down  
Cities and nations of old renown?

What is War—  
That sweeps the earth  
And makes humanity of little worth?

FRANK DONNELLY (V)

## Fog on the Bay

They were bringing in the *Ladybird* that night  
And there was a stillness in the air, hot and dead.  
We watched her green and red riding lights  
Reflected in the black water. Then someone said,  
"There's fog on the bay!"

We could hear the fog-horn up the river—  
Trumpet the coming danger.  
And there was a stillness in the air, hot and dead.  
Then we saw it, moving across the water—  
Silent—soft—swirling—twirling—  
Unfurling its eddies of curling  
Deep whiteness—coming on like a prowler of the night.  
And the first gray fingers twisted about the edges of the dock,  
Sought places in the shadows and darkness under the piles,  
And then moved on,  
And there was fog on the bay!

We wired the *Ladybird* to stay on the bay 'till morning.  
Then we went to "Joe's" and had a drink  
And were silent—for awhile anyway.  
But suddenly—  
"Curse the fog! Why the devil—of all nights?"  
"Shut up!" yelled one of the men.

There was valuable cargo on the *Ladybird*,  
And it was wanted in safety that night.  
But now—it was humid and hot,  
And the drinks made us sweat and curse,  
And the cargo wasn't safe—  
For there was fog on the bay!

It was then that we heard them—  
Whining and roaring—snarling and surging,  
Beating the air with their throbbing.  
And the Spitfires went out to meet them—  
Those wasps of Death with their stings of rattling fire!

We stood out on the dock,  
And watched through the night,  
And were silent.  
We knew the *Ladybird* was safe—  
For there was fog on the bay—thank God!

SPENCER WELCH (V)

## 'Day Dreamer

"Hey, watch where ya goin'!" The BBX Ball Club's official manager brushed the mixture of water and dirt from his not-so-recently-pressed trousers. His dignity would have been hurt, had he had a dignity. The club's records, having left his hands, were scattered in all the four points of the compass, being helped along by a rude gust of wind.

You see, the manager was coming around the corner of the stands in the ball-park where the club was having a workout when the team's "black-sheep" happened to be coming from the other side. The two had met—with a thud, to say the least, and bad words uttered by the manager echoed through the stands. When all the papers had been retrieved, the "black-sheep" turned awkwardly to his manager and stammered, "Gee, I'm awful sorry. I guess I wasn't lookin' where I was goin'".

"That's the trouble with you, Simpson", returned the manager, "you *never* look where you're goin'". Always day-dreamin'! Ever since I came here seven years ago, you been dreamin' all the time. Personally I get enough dreamin' in the night without doin' it in the day-time, too."

\* \* \*

"Strike three! You're out," the verdict of the umpire rang through the stands. The coach was furious; the stands were yelling with excitement, for it was the ninth inning and, ironically enough, bases were full and the next batter would either win or lose the game for his team-mates.

"Batter-r-up!"

The coach looked anxiously for the next batter. It was "Day-dreamin'-Simpson! In spite of his annoying habit, he *could* catch in the field if if everyone yelled to him to get the ball. In other words, to make him do something you had to startle him out of his trance.

The coach sat down in the dug-out and awaited the decision of the umpire despairingly, for the opposing pitcher was at his peak and had been striking out some of the better batters of the team. But in spite of this, two runs had come in and in the ninth inning, three men had managed to fill the bases. The score was two to three, in favor of the opposing team.

Simpson looked as he always did—dazed, with the air of not knowing what it was all about. Indeed, the roaring of the crowd had no effect on him whatever. The coach had said that he would have to let Simpson go when his contract was up, because he was getting worse and worse.

"Batter up!" was the second cry from the umpire.

The crowd quieted as the pitcher hurled the ball straight for the catcher's mitt.

"Strike one!"

The crowd resumed its noise but as the pitcher wound up for the next throw, a hush fell over the entire stadium. Even the peanut vendors ceased wailing their pitiful chant.

"Strike two!"

The crowd booed and hissed, as is the custom of baseball spectators.



Simpson showed no emotion; it was not his habit to show emotion. He looked as much in a trance as ever. The bat had not even been raised in anticipation of a good ball. He always held his bat almost horizontally, but well back from the plate.

Simpson glanced dumbly at his coach, who returned it glumly—almost menacingly.

The pitcher moved his arm to "wind up" for the third time. The crowd did not even rustle papers any longer, but the "pop" sellers were weary of watching the game, having seen so many like this one.

The ball left the pitcher's hand. Simultaneously a "pop" seller in the

stands behind home plate began his unmelodious cry again. The sound rang sharply upon the ears of "Day-dreaming" Simpson and he turned to where the sound originated. As he did so, his bat unconsciously swung around with his body. The bat uncannily connected with the screaming ball.

The bunt brought two men home on overthrows, but put the other man out. Of course, Simpson did not run, for he was still looking at the "pop" seller, still wondering why the noise had been made.

He was totally unaware that he, "Day-dreaming" Simpson, had won the game!

RICHARD CONGER (V)



## Imagination

When sometimes you walk out at night,  
You'll meet a ghost—that is, you might!  
And if you think it's just a tree,  
Don't wait to find what it could be!

Run home fast and dash right upstairs,  
Jump in bed and begin your prayers—  
And if you peer beneath your bed,  
Perhaps you'll see a bloody head!

But don't be scared—it's just a ball  
That's had a bounce and then a fall.  
So catch your breath and give a sigh,  
And thank your stars you did not die!

Of course you know that ghosts aren't true—  
So don't you jump when you hear "BOO!"  
I hope you'll all sleep well tonight—  
You really need not die from fright!

MELVILLE DICKENSON (IV)

## Should We Fight Now?

"YES!"

(Says One Fifth Former)

Today America is confronted with the problem of peace or war. Should we fight now? I think we should, and I believe I am supported in this opinion by a majority of the American people.

If you saw red-hot flames licking at your neighbor's house, would you go over and help him and the firemen put out the fire, and thus prevent it from spreading to your property, or would you stand and watch his house being destroyed and hope that the fire would not spread to yours? You know what you or any other wise person would do. If the illustration is changed slightly, it can be seen that our neighbor's house is Great Britain, now being subjected to incendiary raids, while a few of us, deceived and misled by Fifth Columnists or by an ex-Reserve Officer in the army air corps, prefer to stay at home among our luxuries, unwilling to change our easy-going way of life, while thousands of fellow English-speaking people are perishing in the flames.

There are many who say that we should forget the British for the time being and arm ourselves, so that even if Great Britain is defeated we shall be strong enough to withstand any possible Axis attacks. These people forget two things: that a country does not need to be invaded in order to be conquered, and that there is such a thing as economic warfare. When a country such as ours, depending as it does upon foreign trade for much of its prosperity, finds itself surrounded by

enemies, then it cannot trade with anyone. Not only will the lack of foreign trade destroy our commercial prosperity, but it will also throw the majority of our people out of work.

There has been much talk lately about American convoys. I do not believe we can successfully convoy our supply ships without getting into war, but I think we *must* convoy no matter what happens. What good is there in our attempting to send supplies to Great Britain if we do not guarantee that they arrive at their destination safely? As it is now, nearly one-fourth of the unprotected supplies are sent to the bottom of the sea. Since we are already committed to a policy of aid to Britain, should we not try to send as much as we can now, when it will do the most good? If we were able to deliver all the airplanes England should now be receiving, the combined plane production of the two countries would equal 1700 a month. This would be superior to Germany's estimated 1500 a month. In this way we could begin now to wear down Germany's present superiority in the air.

One can easily imagine how disastrous it would be for us and for the world if a victorious Germany should demand the British navy as the price of peace. There are those who say that the British navy would sail to Canada or some other part of the Empire and would give up. That is what people thought about the French fleet, but did it go over to its former



ally, Great Britain? Only a very few ships and men escaped to continue the fight for freedom.

For these and many other reasons I think we must decide whether we will fight alone later, with the combined

power of all the Axis countries concentrated on us, or fight together now, with Great Britain and her allies, and thus divide the attention of our common foe. I believe we should fight now! LEIGHTON LAUGHLIN (V)

"NO!"

(Says Another Fifth Former)

The question of peace or war is probably the most discussed topic in America today. Unfortunately arguments have been abandoned for names and slogans, such as Warmongers, Defeatists, Communists, Fifth Columnists, and many others with which we have become all too familiar. Name-calling can succeed in getting us nowhere, but argument and discussion can and do. The "Interventionists", for example, seem perfectly willing to exaggerate Germany's offensive moves. They even declare that if Britain falls, Germany will not have to conquer us but will ruin our foreign trade, drive us into financial chaos, and force us to beg for peace. Yet these are the people who are calling the "Isolationists" Defeatists!

I believe that if our nation were to go to war now she would be lost. On the one hand she would be fighting Germany and Italy, while on the other Japan, as she has already announced, would attack us in the Pacific, and we should be fighting against the most powerful combination in the world. Our country, divided between Capital and Labor, is in no position to fight a long, expensive foreign war. Our air force is, to say the least, both small and obsolete, compared to that of Germany. Our army is poorly equipped, and the men are only in early stages

of training. England could not aid us, for she, too, is lacking in both equipment and man-power. If we participate in a foreign war, we shall never be the great power that our strength and resources indicate we ought to be. For us, to remain aloof from the present war and to arm ourselves for the future—this is to increase in power.

We have been told that fighting for England is one way of spreading the benefits of democracy. We cannot force the peoples of Germany, Italy, Japan, and other countries that prefer the totalitarian state to accept democracy by pointing machine guns at them. Is not this the same way in which Hitler spreads totalitarianism?

Obviously, to any clear-thinking American patriot, who prefers and believes in his own country and in democracy, and is not duped by impossible hopes or British propaganda, the only possible course is to keep out of this war. After all, if England is defeated, all of our best supplies will have been destroyed or taken by the Germans, and we shall have little with which to oppose Hitler. If, however, we fight later when we are fully armed and on our own terms, we shall have a better chance of beating Hitler and his Nazi hordes than by fighting now.

GEORGE HARROP (V)

"NOT SURE YET!"  
(Says One Third Former)

The big question of these days seems to be whether America should enter the war or not. The majority of people think that we should aid Britain by sending her war supplies; and nearly everybody agrees that we should strengthen our own defenses. There is, however, a feeling among quite a few people that we should tend to our own defense problems first and leave England to manufacture her own war material. This is a very difficult matter to decide; in fact it is one of the most perplexing in the whole history of the United States.

There are two aspects to the situation. Some Republicans and all Isolationists are for preparing our own defenses as fast as possible, without sending any further shipments to Britain. This group is right to a certain degree because the United States is getting only about half the airplanes which she turns out, and her own defenses are not moving along as smoothly as they might. The country has a tremendous job on her hands to prepare herself without including aid to Britain. This idea may possibly be a good argument, but I am inclined to think that it is not.

Most members of the Democratic party and all Interventionists are for "All out aid to Britain," including President Roosevelt and Ex-Republican candidate Willkie, who both favor this plan. These people claim that if England loses the war, it will be extremely difficult to defend ourselves

from invasion, especially if Hitler's Nazis capture or destroy the English Navy.

Another Interventionist point of view is that we will eventually go to war anyhow, so why not go in now instead of later. This is a disturbing idea because we are not prepared to fight a war and Churchill, himself has said, "You give us the tools and we will do the work", meaning that England has plenty of men and all she really needs in war supplies; so I think it would not be right to enter the war when Churchill has said he does not need us.

Another difficult question is whether American warships should convoy these supplies to Britain. The Interventionist group, who are trying to pass such a bill through Congress, say that if America is going to send war materials to Britain it is foolish to let them be sunk to the bottom of the ocean where they will do no good, so why not let our warships convoy these supplies so that they will reach England safely. If this bill were passed, however, it would practically put us into the war. I think this would be a terrible thing for the country.

These questions are all very difficult to decide and the opinion of the people in our country is split on nearly all these matters. It is really very hard to know what the answers are, but whatever our country's government decides to do, I think every one should back it as a true, loyal American.

DEAN MATHEY (III)

## Three Poets Discover Spring

### I

The season is warm, the weather is fair.  
The days are sunny, with clouds here and there.  
In the country the flowers bloom on the hills.  
In the city they blossom on window-sills.  
Tulips and daffodils so bright,  
In the warm sun's gleaming light.  
The birds are making their nests in the trees.  
They are robins, wrens, and chick-a-dees.

GEORGE GALLUP, JR. (1)

### II

All the sky is blue and white.  
This is the time to fly a kite.  
From the orchard can be heard  
The buzzing of bees and the song of a bird.  
The woods and fields are full of flowers,  
Blooming through the sunny hours.  
There goes the cackling of the hen.  
I think she's laid an egg again!

LEDLIE LAUGHLIN, JR. (1)

### III

Spring is in the air, I know.  
The winter winds no longer blow.  
The birds are singing all day long.  
From every tree there comes a song.  
In the woods I find wildflowers,  
Watered by warm April showers.  
On trees the leaves are coming out.  
On bushes buds already sprout.

COLIN McANENY (1)

## Hemisphere Co-operation

The most vital of all our defense efforts is Hemisphere Co-operation. This co-operation cannot be achieved unless we are on good terms with our neighbors; yet we must not be too meddlesome in their personal affairs. Much has been done to promote this friendship, but we have just scratched the surface.

One of the main movements towards hemisphere co-operation is the Pan-American Conference held annually at Washington, D. C. In this, representatives of all the countries of the Americas gather and talk over affairs of government, business and co-operation with each other. Although still young, this conference has done much towards achieving unity of the Americas.

Radio programs, movies, books and other forms of advertising have been sent to the countries of South America and have done much to make our friendship felt.

I believe, however, that valuable as these contacts have been, more than this should, *and must* be done. We should be more conscious of each other's activities. There are four remedies which can be applied.

One, is to have meetings at more frequent intervals, at any rate more frequently than the annual Pan-American Conference. In view of the coming crisis it is imperative that we "get together" more than we do at present if we expect to work together on joint defenses.

Two, we must promote more good will flights, tourist excursion trips and more radio programs. These will help the people themselves in our neighborhood to think more and to take an interest in each other.

Three, our business ties and commerce must be greatly augmented. Through trade we can draw closer together with all the Americas.

Four, we must be much more closely allied in army and navy operations, so that, if attacked, we can have an efficient, quick-acting, joint defense. We have a few pacts which bind our selves closer for defending each other if attacked, but I am of the opinion that there should be many more of these, for this reason: If Germany decides to invade this hemisphere, she will undoubtedly select some small country, "blitzkrieg" it, and from that base invade further into both Americas. She would probably choose South America because there is already a huge German population there. If we have binding pacts compelling us to defend an invaded small country, the attacker will never get a foot-hold.

I am sure that we in the United States have a strong feeling of comradeship and faith in our neighbors of this hemisphere, and if this feeling is mutual in all the Americas we shall have no trouble with hemisphere co-operation.

STEVENSON FLEMER (V)

## The Man at the Throttle

I know a man who is responsible for hundreds of human lives. He is a passenger-train engineer. Perhaps you would not be very impressed if you met him. You would see a grimy, middle-aged man with heavy, dirty, brown shoes, sloppy, brown corduroy pants, and a leather jacket over a dirty blue shirt, open at the neck. He is calm, with perpetual good humor shining in his twinkling eyes.

An engineer has to be a calm man, who can face danger without becoming panic-stricken or excited. If he did, it might be at the expense of the lives of his passengers.

An engineer's job is both difficult and dangerous. On a long trip he must time his arrivals and departures to the split second. If he does not do so, many people will complain. If he

times himself incorrectly too often, he will be discharged.

After a long, hard day, he often has to stay awake and alert to run the train and receive signals at night. If he fails, for instance, to receive a signal warning him to slacken his speed because of a wreck or a slow freight ahead, a very serious accident will most probably occur.

An engineer makes many personal sacrifices for the safety and comfort of his passengers. Sometimes he gives his life. He cannot be home often, and sometimes snatches only a sandwich and a cup of coffee for his meals. He can not think of his personal needs when many lives are in the balance.

Engineers face danger and make sacrifices to take us, in safety and comfort, to our destination. I think we owe them a lot. Don't you?

GARRISON ELLIS (V)



## *Unknown Soldier*

All seemed still and quiet  
That peaceful April day,  
While in the pill-box, waiting,  
The Grecian soldier lay.

He alone was left behind  
To mine the only pass—  
For all the rest had fled  
Before the conquering mass.

Nearer, nearer—on they came,  
Swift war-birds overhead;  
Behind, the armored monsters surged,  
With grinding, crushing tread.

Now at last his hour has come—  
With steady hand, bloodless eye,  
He presses the lever down—  
Earth leaps upward toward the sky!

And on the dead and wounded  
Struggles the light of dawn,  
While o'er his lifeless body  
The hordes roll on and on.

WALTER ROBERTS (V)



## Athletics

### BASEBALL

P. C. D. has completed its most successful baseball season in three years. Developing into an efficient, hard-hitting unit, the varsity squad matured quickly in a few short weeks into one of the best teams the school has produced in recent years. Under the guidance of Coach Lewis P. Dealey several rookies blossomed into players of genuine ability, while the presence of six veterans of previous seasons undoubtedly raised the general level of performance on the senior diamond.

The entire infield deserves a major share of the laurels for the splendid showing of its players throughout the season. Tommy Anderson maintained the standard set by former P. C. D. pitchers and did an excellent job on the mound. In the outfield, Marty Benham deserves special mention for his expert fielding in all games. The batting average for the team reached the creditable height of .363.

#### P. C. D. 2. Wardlaw 4.

P. C. D. got off to a slow start in the opening game of the 1941 season, held at Wardlaw. Pitching his first major contest, Tommy Anderson struck two batters and blew up in the first two innings. He settled down and soon had the game in control, but Wardlaw had already acquired a lead. Wilson and Hudson were the only players who crossed home plate for P. C. D.

#### P. C. D. 17. Wardlaw 6.

In a return match, held on the home diamond, P. C. D. managed to turn the tables on our Wardlaw visitors. The first Wardlaw pitcher was hit out of the box in the third inning. P. C. D. soon piled up a huge lead which could not be stopped by Wardlaw's substitute pitcher. Practically all our players scored in the first three innings.

#### P. C. D. 5. Fathers 6.

In the annual Fathers-Sons classic, which, as usual, preceded the Hobby Show, both sides displayed the sporting but determined out-to-win spirit that has characterized this event since its inception several years ago. After two scoreless innings, the Fathers pushed out ahead with a 2-0 lead; but in the third inning the school team collected three runs to one for the Dads, thus tying the score. While the spectators were alternately sitting on the edges of their benches or dancing on the baselines, the Fathers puffed home three more times, while two more players came in for the school team. Once again the Fathers received the coveted blue-and-white baseball as the emblem of victory; but the uncomfortably close margin revealed the stiff competition offered by a fighting school team. Captain Frank Donnelly deserves special mention for his splendid playing throughout the game.

## P. C. D. 14      Lawrenceville 15

The game with Lawrenceville proved to be one of the most exciting events of the season. The Lawrenceville players took the aggressive from the start, and by the end of the fourth inning the score was 12-4 in their favor. P. C. D. came back strong in the fifth inning, with five runs to two for our opponents. By the beginning of the seventh the score stood at 14-12 in favor of the Laurentians, but Tommy Dignan and Frank Donnelly both came home for P. C. D., tying the score. A final home run by one of the Lawrenceville players brought them the winning tally and capped a closely fought game for both schools.

## P. C. D. 4.      Hun 12.

Meeting our old Hun rivals on the home diamond, P. C. D. managed to hold them to a scoreless tie through three innings. In the fourth the Hun batters made three runs, while P. C. D. crept up in the fifth inning to make the score 3-2, still in favor of Hun. Despite strong P. C. D. opposition, the Hun players embarked on a hitting streak that increased their lead right up until the final inning. Stanley Wilson came home twice for us, with one run each for Steve Flemer and Mel Dickenson.

## P. C. D. 14.      Miss Fine's 1.

When P. C. D. players had overcome their initial nervousness at meeting their neighbors from Miss Fine's School on the field of combat, it was soon apparent that the boys would take an early lead in this eagerly anticipated event. The visitors showed excellent sportsmanship throughout the game despite a steadily mounting score against them. There is no telling what might have happened if the game had been allowed to run its course, but a none-too-gentle rain drove players and spectators alike to cover.

The varsity line-up for the season, with batting averages, was as follows: Flemer, S. (c. 352), Anderson (p. 444), Dignan (1st b. 466), Wilson (2nd b. 315), Donnelly (ss. 550), Dickenson 3rd b. 277), Benham (lf. 285), Hudson (cf. 187), Schluter, W. (rf. 352). Substitutes: Rossman, Schluter, J., Mathey, M.





## With the Blues and the Whites

### SCHOLARSHIP

During the past term the Blues were able to gain a slight advantage over the Whites, with a total average of 2.6<sup>+</sup>. The Whites closely followed with 2.7<sup>+</sup>.

The boys who had no failures during the term were:

BLUES (23 of 37)—Barlow, Benham, Broneer, Dickenson, Dignan, Dougherty, Eidmann, Ellis, Gallup G., Hart, Howell, McAlpin, McAneny, Morgan, Patterson, Paynter G., Paynter R., Piper G., Piper R., Quick, Vagts, Welch S., Wilson J.

WHITES (19 of 38)—Blakeney, Conger, Elderkin, Harrop G., Harrop W., Hopkinson, Hudson, Laughlin Jr., Lindley, Mathey D., Mathey M., Matthews, McCutchen, Peyton, Schulter J., Schulter W., Stewart, van Zeeland, Wetzel.

### ATHLETICS

#### BASEBALL

This year a new system for the color games was instituted, in that contests played on all fields counted toward the final point score instead of only the Senior games counting. Five games were played on each field. The results were as follows:

*Juniors—Blues won four games; lost one*

*Intermediates—Whites won four games; lost one*

*Seniors—Blues won four games; lost one*

For the whole school the Blues won nine; the Whites six, thus giving the baseball championship of 1941 to the Blues. The point score was 13 to 7 in favor of the Blues.

#### TRACK

Once again, through the generosity of the Princeton University Athletic Association, members of the Blues and Whites held their annual spring track meet in Palmer Stadium on the afternoon of Memorial Day. Favored with ideal weather conditions and applauded by an enthusiastic holiday gathering, competitors on both teams succeeded in proving that they were not overawed by their surroundings or depressed by the number of vacant seats in the big concrete horseshoe. As is traditional with Blue and White events, the flavor of competition was keen throughout the meet, and it was not until the results of the final relay race were announced that the meet was awarded to the Blues, who were credited with 54 points to 50 for the Whites. With this victory the Blues received the cup annually awarded by Mayor Charles R. Erdman, Jr., and won last year by the Whites with the same score.

as follows:

### SENIORS

	<i>High Jump</i>	<i>Shot Put</i>	<i>Discus</i>	<i>Broad Jump</i>
Welch, S.	(1)	(1)	(1)	(1)
Morgan	(2)	(2)	(2)	(2)
Schluter	(3)	(3)	(3)	(3)

### 440 Yards

### 100 Yards

Welch, S.	(1)	Dignan	(1)
Donnelly	(2)	Harrop, G.	(2)
Roberts, W.	(3)	Schluter, W.	(3)

### INTERMEDIATES

<i>High Jump</i>		<i>75 Yards</i>		<i>Broad Jump</i>	
Schluter, J.	(1)	Kerr	(1)	Kerr	(1)
Erdman, P.	(2)	Mathey, D.	(2)	Warren	(2).
McCutchen	(3)	Warren	(3)	Stokes	(3)

### JUNIORS

<i>High Jump</i>		<i>50 Yards</i>		<i>Broad Jump</i>	
Erdman, D.	(1)	Erdman, D.	(1)	Laughlin, Jr.	(1)
Gallup, G.	(1)	Laughlin, Jr.	(2)	Quian	(2)
McAneny	(2)	Gallup, G.	(3)	Page	(3)

*Baseball*



*Hockey*



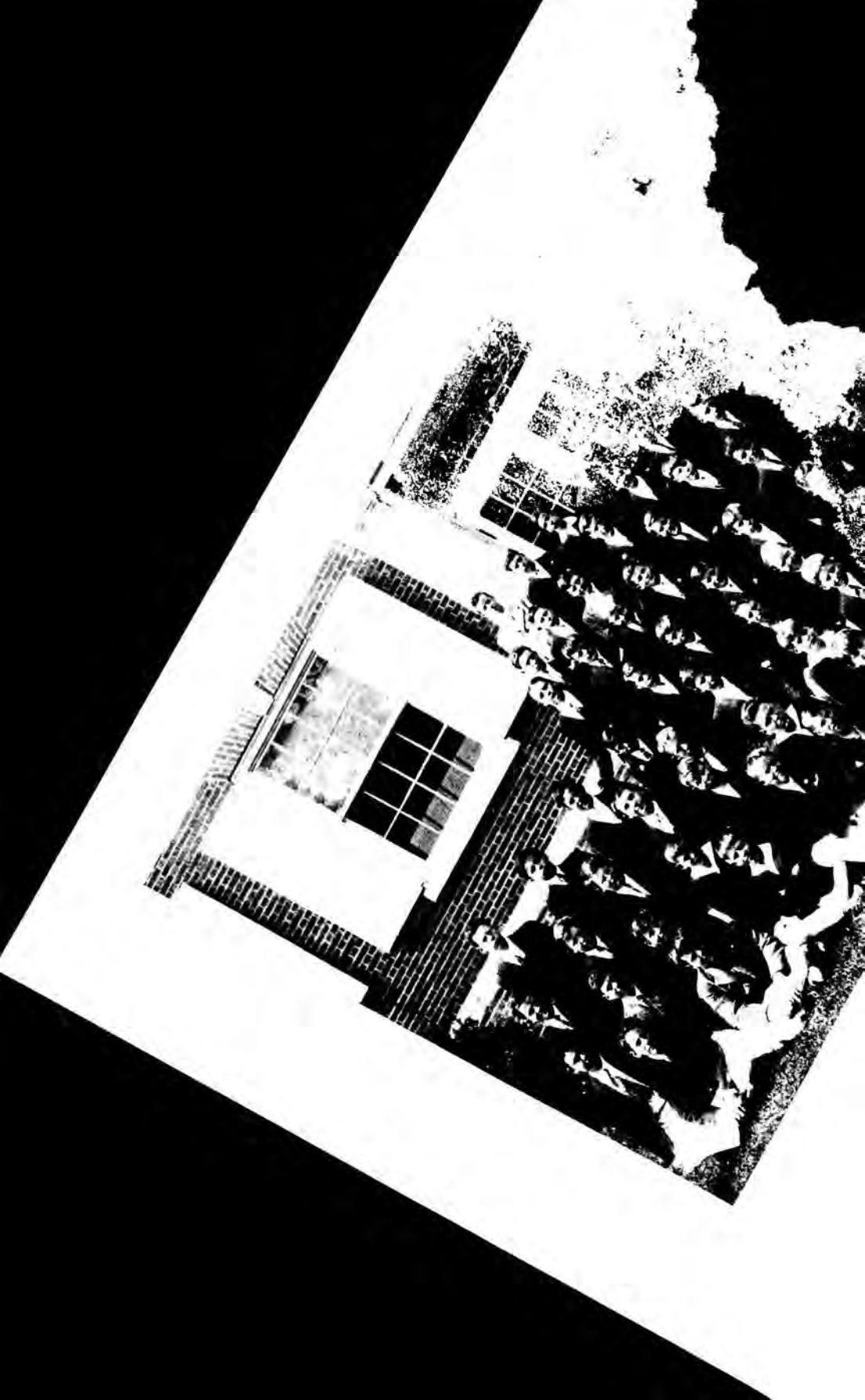
*Soccer*



*Baseba*



The Class of





*Scenes from  
"The Girl of the  
Golden West"  
May 2, 1941*



## The Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club celebrated its tenth anniversary on Friday, May 2, with the presentation of "The Girl of the Golden West." Adapted from David Belasco's old play, the production gave members of the club their first opportunity to take part in a "Western". Judging from the enthusiasm of the audience, the experience was enjoyed on both sides of the footlights.

Our play was assisted by members of the faculty: Mr. Loney, who constructed an extremely acceptable two-in-one set; Mr. Wilson, who translated blue-prints into walls, doors, lofts, and even a bar; Mr. Smith, who transformed ordinary citizens into miners, Indian cow-boys, and other 'forty-niners; and Mr. McAneny and Mr. Ross, who, as usual, directed the entire production. Mrs. McAneny again took charge of the costumes department.

The tenth annual production will introduce several new members to the Dramatic Club: Anderson, Armitage, Dougherty, Elderkin, Hudson, Parsons, Roberts, F., Roberts, T., Schuler, W. For playing minor parts or for assistance on the stage crew, the following boys receive half-credit towards membership in the club: Erdman, P., Harrop, W., Herzog, McAlpin, Schuler, J., Sly, Sturhahn. The Cast of Characters for "The Girl of the Golden West" was:

Sonora	- - - - -	RICHARD CONGER
Faro dealer	- - - - -	WALTER ROBERTS
Trinidad	- - - - -	DAVID HART
Billy Jackrabbit, <i>an Indian</i>	- - - - -	PAT ELDERKIN
Happy	- - - - -	MELVILLE DICKENSON
Handsome	- - - - -	JAMES ARMITAGE
Nick, <i>the bartender</i>	- - - - -	DETLEV VAGTS
The Sidney Duck	- - - - -	FREDERICK ROBERTS
Miners from the Ridge	- - - - -	{ LEIGHTON LAUGHLIN
		{ JOHN SLY
		{ LARRY STURHAHN
Jake Wallace, <i>a traveling camp minstrel</i>	- - - - -	STEVENSON FLEMER
Jim Larkens	- - - - -	RANDOLPH HUDSON
Jack Rance, <i>gambler and sheriff</i>	- - - - -	SPENCER WELCH
Deputy Sheriff	- - - - -	GEORGE HARROP
Ashby, <i>Wells-Fargo agent</i>	- - - - -	RICHARD MORGAN
The Girl	- - - - -	BERNARD PEYTON
Rider of the Pony Express	- - - - -	THOMAS DIGNAN
Dick Johnson, <i>a stranger</i>	- - - - -	FRANK DONNELLY
Jose Castro	- - - - -	WILLIAM SCHLUTER
Wowkle, <i>Billy Jackrabbit's squaw</i>	- - - - -	ALFRED PARSONS
Bucking Billy	- - - - -	THOMAS ANDERSON
Miners of the camp	- - - - -	{ WILLIAM HARROP
		{ RAYNE HERZOG
		{ JOHN SCHLUTER
		{ ROBERT DOUGHERTY



## With the Alumni

James I. Armstrong is a senior at Princeton, where he is on the Dean's list divisional program of the Humanities. He will be drafted in July.

Hobart Baker is an inspector at an aircraft manufacturing plant at Island Park, N. Y.

Robert Benham is at Lawrenceville, where he is playing tennis.

William Bryan is a tennis umpires' assistant at Deerfield.

Paul T. Condit is receiving a Master's Degree in Chemistry at Princeton this spring. He will be called to active duty soon as a Reservist Ensign in the U. S. Navy.

James W. Crudginton is a member of the American Volunteer Ambulance Corps. He was among the passengers recently rescued from the Egyptian steamer "Zam Zam", and was en route to join the "Free French" forces in North Africa.

Herbert B. Davison is the father of a son, born May 20, and named John Herbert Davison.

Stephen B. Dewing has a second group average at Princeton, where he is a junior. He is also the President of the German Club.

Roger C. Dixon has a fellowship at the Brookings Institute in Washington, D. C.

Harold I. Donnelly is a freshman at Princeton, where he is manager of the refreshment agency.

James G. Dougherty is attaining second honors and playing second varsity tennis at Phillips Exeter Academy.

Charles R. Erdman, III, is playing lacrosse at Exeter.

Harold B. Erdman has an 82.75% average at Lawrenceville. He has been appointed Assignment Editor of *The Lawrence*.

Thomas B. Fisher is receiving an 80% average at St. Paul's, where he is playing tennis.

Richard E. Funkhouser is a geologist with the Standard Oil Co in Venezuela.

George Gretton is a member of the *Olla Podrida* board at Lawrenceville. He received his letter for varsity hockey.

Bertrand L. Gulick, III, is at Pennington Preparatory School, where he is on the varsity track team.

William Guthrie has been elected a member of the Forum Debating Society at Deerfield.

Alden B. Hall is attaining honor grades in nearly all subjects at Blair. He has been kept from school for several weeks by illness.

Charles T. Hall ranks third in the school at Blair with an 89.75% average. He is the head of the school band there, captain of the '41 wrestling team, and on the editorial board of the school paper.



Walter P. Hall has a 75% average at Millbrook. He is in the glee club and is the baseball manager there.

Hamilton Hazlehurst is at The Hill School, where he plays tennis and is a candidate for *The Hill News*.

Benjamin F. Howell has been elected to full membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society at the California Institute of Technology. He climbs mountains in his spare time.

Bradford B. Locke, Jr., is on his form crew at Kent.

James Merritt is receiving an 81% average at Taft, where he plays tennis.

George E. Morse is the proud father of a son, born March 1, 1941, and named George Edward Morse, Jr.

William W. Phelps is attaining an 85% average at Lawrenceville, where he is on the varsity track and swimming teams.

Alan Phinney is receiving an 80% average at Lexington High School, where he plays tennis.

Frank Phinney is playing baseball and going out for track at Lexington Junior High School.

Owen W. Roberts is sixth in his class at St. Paul's, where he is an editor of *Horae Scholasticae*.

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

Eric Shellabarger is on the varsity fencing team at Exeter.

Allen W. Shelton, Jr., is in the 209th Coast Artillery at Camp Stewart. He was formerly with the Wills Chemical Co. in Rochester, N. Y.

John K. Sinclair is playing freshman lacrosse at Princeton. He is receiving a 2.7% average and is a member of the *Theatre Intime*. He is also on the editorial board of the *Nassau Sovereign*.

Donald C. Stuart, Jr., has been made chairman of the Public Relations Committee of the Princeton Defense Council.

William T. Thom, III, is attending Princeton, where he was on the second honor roll for last term. He plans to be a counsellor in a southern camp this summer.

Henry P. Tomlinson is employed with the Insurance Co. of North America. He is engaged to Miss Anne Clapp of Glen Mills, Pa.

Roger Wilde is on the varsity track team at the Berkshire School.

David Wood is at Darrow School, where he is a member of the glee club and the student council.



# Commencement Exercises

June 9, 1941

## PROGRAM

### INTRODUCTION

MR. P. MACKAY STURGES

Chairman of the Board of Trustees

### INVOCATION

REV. WOOD B. CARPER

Chaplain: St. Paul's Society, Princeton University

### HEADMASTER'S ADDRESS

MR. J. HOWARD MURCH

### CLASS EXERCISES

The Class Poem .....	DAVID MONTGOMERY HART
The Class Prophecy .....	{ RICHARD SHERLEY MORGAN
	{ SPENCER WELCH
The Class Will .....	RICHARD STOCKTON CONGER, II
Presentations .....	MELVILLE DICKENSON, JR.

### ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

REV. ERDMAN HARRIS, M.A., TH.D.,

Chairman: Department of Religion, Lawrenceville School

### AWARDING OF SCHOOL CUPS

The Headmaster's Cup .....	RICHARD SHERLEY MORGAN
(Leadership)	
The Horton Cup .....	RICHARD STOCKTON CONGER, II
(General Character)	
The Bourne Cup .....	FRANK WETHERBEE DONNELLY
(Athletics)	
The Maxwell Cup .....	JOHN WESTCOTT STEWART
(Scholarship—Upper School)	
The Faculty Cup .....	MACDONALD MATHEY
(Scholarship—Lower School)	

### AWARDING OF PRIZES

Mathematics .....	{ JOHN WESTCOTT STEWART
	{ GEORGE WICKER ELDERKIN
English .....	{ RICHARD SHERLEY MORGAN
	{ RICHARD STOCKTON CONGER
Ancient History .....	{ RICHARD SHERLEY MORGAN
	{ JOHN WESTCOTT STEWART
Latin .....	{ JOHN WESTCOTT STEWART
	{ RICHARD STOCKTON CONGER
French .....	{ JOHN WESTCOTT STEWART
	{ RICHARD STOCKTON CONGER
Public Speaking .....	{ SPENCER WELCH
	{ RICHARD SHERLEY MORGAN

### AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS

### THE SCHOOL SONG

### THE CLASS OF 1941

RICHARD STOCKTON CONGER, II  
FRANK WETHERBEE DONNELLY  
GEORGE WICKER ELDERKIN  
STEVENSON FLEMER  
GEORGE ARGALE HARROP, III  
DAVID MONTGOMERY HART  
LEIGHTON HOWE LAUGHLIN

ELWYN BELMONT QUICK  
RICHARD SHERLEY MORGAN  
ALFRED BOWMAN PARSONS  
THOMAS CHAMBERS WAYNE ROBERTS  
WALTER VANBRAAM ROBERTS, JR.  
JOHN WESTCOTT STEWART  
SPENCER WELCH

## Class Poem

(By DAVID MONTGOMERY HART and RICHARD SHERLEY MORGAN)

Conger is a studious lad;  
He works from dawn till dark.  
So he's always been successful  
In bagging that higher mark!  
Donnelly is our short-stop—  
He catches all the flies;  
But when Miss Fine's School comes to play,  
He's busy making eyes!  
Elderkin hikes to Lawrenceville  
To see his lady-love.  
He thinks of her in terms as sweet  
As a heaven-descended dove.  
Flemer is our jitter boy.  
If not our top-notch scholar.  
He likes to play the accordion,  
Shoot guns, and shriek, and holler!  
Just "a little peace and quiet"  
Georgie Harrop wants to find;  
But since he's been hearing Lindbergh,  
We've had doubts about his mind!  
When it comes to French (oh gosh!)  
Dave Hart is pretty sorrowful;  
But once you start him drumming,  
You'll find he's pretty powerful.  
Laughlin is our country squire,  
With mansion, dog, and horse.  
He's fond of talking politics  
With vehemence and force!  
Now Morgan is a jovial soul—  
He's one of the class's best.  
He's so very good at lessons  
That he's often quite a pest!  
Every day when Parsons' sick,  
Or on Wednesdays when it rains,  
You'll see him down in Trenton,  
Making model aeroplanes.  
Quick's our class's questioneer  
And drives the teachers crazy;  
But when it comes to sheep problems,  
He isn't quick but hazy!

Tom Roberts loves to argue,  
But sometimes he gets tripped.  
Then the walls will echo with,  
The 'Gonks' "I've been gyped!"  
Walt Roberts is a golfing fan,  
But he's not always at the tee;  
For when people yell, "Vacation!"  
It's on Miami's sands he'll be.  
When Einstein has a theory  
He tries in vain to prove,  
He yells, "Send me Mr. Jackson!"  
And Stewart's "in the groove!"  
"Boogie Woogie" Spencer Welch  
Is a favorite with the gals;  
And often on the dance-floor boards,  
You'll find him with his pals.  
And now the Class of 'Forty-one  
Says good-bye to Country-Day!  
Won't you give us your good wishes,  
As you send us on our way?

## Class Will

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

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

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

To Tommy Anderson, Mel Dickenson, Tommy Dignan and Billy Schluter we charge the duty of carrying the good name of Country Day and the fair name of New Jersey to the wild and rocky regions of New England.

To Jim Armitage we leave Tom Roberts' lock-picking and argument-picking talents, to help him get in or out of tight places.

To Marty Benham, whirlwind playboy of the Fourth Form, we leave George "Loaded-dice" Harrop's lucky number Bingo card, with which George has been so successful that the state of New Jersey has been forced to forbid Bingo as of January 1, 1941.

To Farmer "Let-me-ask-you-another" Gallup we bequeath "Dead-eye" David Hart's uncanny accuracy with drum-stick or "'chawin' terbaccy".

To Randolph Hudson we yield the accumulated baseball skill of our entire class so that he may help to strike out the "nine old men" when the next Fathers' game rolls around.

To Bernard "I'm-the-thinnest, trimmest-gal-in-all-the-Golden-West" Peyton we entrust some of the extra tonnage left behind by his only rival, Alfred "Squaw Man" Parsons.

To G-Man Freddy Roberts we leave Sheriff Richard Morgan's super-human affinity for getting to the bottom of things, and sometimes staying there.

To Lance Corporal Detlev Vagts we bequeath Sergeant Walt Roberts' expiring commission as Official Water Carrier in Haille Selassie's Foreign Legion.

To Stan "Aw-ya-wouldn't-dare" Wilson we entrust the combined slugging power of "Long Stop, Short Stop" Donnelly and "The King of the Soft Ball Swat" Jack Stewart.

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

## Class Prophecy

(By SPENCER WELCH, RICHARD SHERLEY MORGAN and RICHARD STOCKTON CONGER)

The Master of Ceremonies speaks: Ladies and Gentlemen, our Class Prophecy tonight might be called "Future Information, Please". I have before me a row of "experts", and I am going to ask them certain questions about the Class of 1941. (I call these dopes "experts" just to flatter them and make them feel happier about the whole thing. Actually, they're pretty dumb if they can't recognize themselves twenty, thirty, or a hundred years from now!) But—to get on with the program—I shall describe for you in words—or with the harmonious help of my musical assistant here—the various members of our class as my prophetic vision sees them in the future. Any expert who thinks he can identify the description should raise his right hand in such a way that I can see it and speak the name so that all may hear it. Yes, it's just as simple as that—but things have to be made pretty simple for experts these days. Perhaps, however, I'd better caution some of the more nimble I. Q.'s present not to raise their voices until I have completed each description and called for the right answer. Needless to say, there must be no coaching—not even "checking"—from the studio audience. This is an absolutely original, copyright performance. The "experts" have had no rehearsals. They will receive no prizes.

Gentlemen, it is the year 1981 in the peaceful hamlet of Razorback, Kentucky. The annual Hill-Billy Musical Festival is in full swing—and I mean *swing*. The whole place is throbbing with discord, for they are just about to choose the champion mountain-music maker. Who will it be? Why, it'll be that old man in the corner here—playing his ol' squeeze-box and keeping a weather eye on the girls at the same time. "We got some mighty purty gals 'round hyar!" he chirps as he swings into—(Here the pianist will play "Silver Threads Among the Gold"—for Steve Flemer.)

The year 1967, gentlemen, will be a great year for astronomical phenomena—shooting stars to you, gentlemen. If you should still have your sight by then, you will undoubtedly catch a fleeting glimpse of the great comet of that year. Seated on its back, combing its beard, and pulling its tail, and waving to you will be a certain member of the Class of '41. (Jack Stewart).

The land of Africa, as you know, gentlemen, has been called "the dark continent". In it men have worshipped strange gods and mysterious cults. But sometime in the dim future will come word of a lone missionary going about among the blood-thirsty tribes and spreading the gospel of a new religion—preaching to them about a certain Divine One, "Gene Krupa", and accompanying his sermons with sizzling solos on the tribal drums. Who is this missionary? (David Hart).



Gentlemen, what member of the Class of '41 is called to mind as our maestro plays two numbers for you on the piano? If our maestro's playing suggests nothing to you, I am at liberty to give you the titles if you really need them. The first title has something to do with his appearance, the second suggests what he does in the winter time. ("With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair" and "I Went Down South for to See My Sal"—for Walter Roberts).

If, sometime in the distant future, you heard a commanding knock on the cellophane door of your pre-fabricated rayon mansion, and you opened it to find an imposing figure in the uniform of a Field Marshal of the Salvation Army—and if this Salvation war-lord desired your latest magazines for the cause (Preferably *Collier's*—but if you so wish, sir, you might donate any old copies of *Life*, *Look* or *Boys' Own Needlework* for the Cause, sir, exclusively for the Cause!) Who would it be? (Leighton Laughlin).

Gentlemen, it is the year 1951 on the stage of a crowded New York theatre. The beautiful Miss Shirley Temple is enacting the role of Shakespeare's immortal Juliet. She is about to take poison, because she fears for the safety of her missing lover. As she clutches the fatal cup containing a well-known brand of grape juice, she is murmuring, "Romeo, Romeo—wherefore art thou, Romeo?" Whom is she looking for? (Spencer Welch).

You are to imagine now that you are strolling along a peaceful country lane in East Podunk Township, Iowa. Suddenly your meditations are interrupted by loud voices raised in dispute, accompanied by squawkings and cluckings that are only a little less human. Two old men are coming down the lane. One has a note-book in his hand, the other a jug of home-made "booze" on his shoulder. Around their feet squads of hens and chickens peck at the earth. "Eggs", cackles the first old man, "is two bits apiece! They sure have riz since we was boys!"

"Howdya like to take a chance on a bantam rooster?" clucks the second old codger. Who are they? (Pat Elderkin and Elwyn Quick).

Now, gentlemen, the pianist will play—if he can—a few bars from a certain well-known song. I am going to ask you to concentrate your thoughts on the title of the song. Thank you. You are now to imagine that you are walking along the shores of Carnegie Lake. Suddenly a shot crosses your bow. Looking out to sea—or rather across the lake—you are aware of a small fleet of dinghies and other naval craft. Seated in the first and surrounded by bristling cannon is an old man with sea-weed for a beard and a row of barnacles for medals. "Join the navy and see the world!" he shouts as he throws you a camera, some old maps and a travel folder. Who is it? (Richard Conger).

It will only be a few years hence, gentlemen, when each of you will be taking Little Junior to his first hobby show at the Country Day School. As you pick your way among the odds and ends, you come across a bewhiskered old gentleman whom you recognize as a former colleague. He is gazing proudly at his table of exhibits. "Remember me?" he asks. "I'm still making models. Yep, I'm model instructor here now. Doggone—I haven't yet got that gas model that I made back in '41 to work—but I'll get it yet. It's my 'incomplete assignment', but I'll finish it one of these Saturdays. Well, I guess I'll have to get gliding! So long!" Well, gentlemen? (Alfred Parsons).

As you know, gentlemen, Mr. H. G. Wells predicts that in the year 2000 there will be a new world order, made possible by a new world war. Some future war correspondent will cable to his country the strange news that when the conquering troops descended on the United States they found but one old man left—the rest having been singed by long-distance rays. All this old man would say was to mumble something about "Isolation". As the war was practically over anyway, they led him off quite peaceably to the nearest red-brick building. It was? (George Harrop).

If you read in your newspaper of 1961 that the walls of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington had suddenly collapsed, the roof had fallen in, and the pipes had burst—all because of the violent arguing of a visiting scientist who refused to believe anything he saw or agree with anything he heard, you would know that this twentieth century Socrates was none other than our old friend? (Tommy Roberts).

If you heard that the baseball coach out at dear old Siwash had just passed his eighty-fifth birthday and had been presented with a brand new baseball with the words, "With love from The Girl of the Golden West", inscribed on it—who would the lucky youngster be? (Frank Donnelly).

And now we look in upon a scene in the directors' room of a well-known corporation. The meeting is being delayed by the absence of the chairman. Soon he bursts in with a wide smile and announces to his colleagues that he has achieved the ambition of his life. He has just bought "Lucky Strike", the fastest horse in the country! But before you tell me his name, you must guess first the name of the little ditty our maestro will play for you. ("Camptown Races"—for Richard Morgan).



*Books*

*Gifts*

*Jewelry*

most beautiful and attractive

PERSONALIZED STATIONERY

LENDING LIBRARY

(the very latest books)

ZAVELLE'S

13 Palmer Square

Princeton

ESTABLISHED 1818

*Brooks Brothers.*  
**CLOTHING**

**Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes**

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET  
NEW YORK

Clothes for Vacation  
and  
Summer Sport



BRANCHES

NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET  
BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET

# BLUES AND WHITES

## THE BLUES

## THE WHITES

### SOCCER CHAMPIONS

1930	1928
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
1941	1932	1940

### BASEBALL CHAMPIONS

1926	1927
1930	1928
1931	1929
1935	1932
1937	1933
1938	1934
1939	1936
1941	1940



*Compliments of*

HOME  
RUBBER  
COMPANY

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

## **University Laundry**

*Dry Cleaning*

**"We Wash Everything in Ivory Soap"**

## **RENWICK'S COFFEE SHOP**

EXCELLENT FOOD

SODA BAR

50 Nassau Street

TO THE COUNTRY DAY STUDENTS

Get your haircutting and tonsorial service at the

## **NASSAU BARBER SHOP**

*Next to Ball Lunch*

Best, cleanest, and most sanitary shop in town.

E. G. HUNT, Prop.

Best in Town

## **F. A. BAMMAN, Inc.** **GROCERS**

Wholesale and Retail Distributors

*Birds Eye Frosted Food, Princeton Brand Mayonnaise, Princeton Brand Preserves, White Rock and Cloverdale Beverages and Mineral Water, Maple Syrup, Pickles.*

**In fact anything and everything that constitutes an up to date grocer.**

*Telephone Exchange 1282*

SO certain are we of our ability to make a good portrait of you or any member of your family that we extend to you this invitation. Come in and let our artist give you a sitting—without customary deposit and entirely on approval. If we fail to please you, we're to blame and you owe us nothing.

## CLEAROSE STUDIO

148 NASSAU STREET

PRINCETON, N. J.

Phone 1620

## WALTER B. HOWE, INC.

REAL ESTATE — INSURANCE

94 NASSAU STREET

Telephone 95

PRINCETON, N. J.

Compliments  
of  
**GROVER AND GULICK  
LUMBER CO.**

**194 Alexander St.**

Phone 41

**THE TIGER TEAPOT**  
8 Dickinson Street  
and  
**The PRINCE of ORANGE INN**  
8 Stockton Street

***Catering***

HOMEMADE CAKE, PIE, JELLY, MARMALADE

*Operating the School Cafeteria*

PLAYHOUSE GIFT SHOP  
CHRISTMAS CARDS AND GIFTS

**MRS. EDWIN M. NORRIS**  
**REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE**

Office Tel.—1367  
32 Chambers Street

Res. Tel.—656  
Princeton, N. J.

*GIFTS*

*GLASSWARE*

**ZAPF'S HARDWARE, Inc.**  
**HOUSE FURNISHINGS**

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES  
130 Nassau Street

Phone 168

*Compliments of*

**A FRIEND**

PHONE: PRINCETON 364

**FRANK VAUGHN & SON**  
**MOBILGAS, OILS AND GREASES**

Nassau and Olden Streets

Princeton, N. J.



# SCIENCE *acclaims* NEW PROCESS

WE HAVE INSTALLED *Rentschlerizing*  
FOR YOUR PROTECTION

## LYONS MARKET

8 NASSAU STREET

*Douglas Mac Daid*

20 NASSAU STREET

*Ready-to-Wear Clothing by Rogers Peet*

Compliments of  
THE BALT  
BAKERY  
RESTAURANT  
SODA FOUNTAIN



**H. J. FRAZEE**  
**SEA FOOD MARKET**

10 WITHERSPOON STREET

PRINCETON, N. J.

TELEPHONES 72 AND 73

**HEEREMANS FLOWER SHOP**

*is always at your service*

Whatever the request might be,

Let us help you.

That is our "job".

**SCHOOL SUPPLIES**

**H. M. HINKSON**

74 NASSAU STREET

PRINCETON, N. J.

Phone 112

Storage

Repairs

Auto Supplies

**FRANK E. SOUTH**

2—4 Nassau Street

Princeton, N. J.

CADILLAC

OLDSMOBILE

Sales and Service

Phone 149

**MATTHEWS CONSTRUCTION CO.,**

Incorporated

**BUILDERS**

Princeton,  
New Jersey  
Phone 182

New York City  
Phone  
Bryant 9-2116

**PRINCETON MOTOR SHOP, INC.****GENERAL ELECTRIC DEALER**

Refrigeration - Electrical Appliances

Lionel Trains

122 Nassau St.

Phone 1600



The Hair needs special care and attention at all times. This can be given best by our experts who know exactly what cut and treatment is best suited for your individual needs. That is why you should come in and see us.

**JACK HONORE'S**

38 Nassau Street, Next to Langrock's

USE OLEAQUA AND LOOK YOUR BEST

**EDMUND D. COOK**  
REALTOR

186 NASSAU STREET

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

TELEPHONE 322

APPRAISING

INSURANCE

The  
JUNIOR JOURNAL

is printed at the

**Graphic Arts Press**

12 Chambers Street

*formerly the Printing Department of*

THE PRINCETON HERALD

*Established 1887*

REAL ESTATE                      INSURANCE  
Town and Country              Fire and Casualty

MORTGAGE LOANS . . . SURETY BONDS

***O. H. HUBBARD AGENCY***

IRVING W. MERSHON  
Manager

142 NASSAU STREET  
Princeton, N. J.

'PHONE 400

**THE FARR HARDWARE STORE**

**Hardware and Housefurnishings**

PRINCETON, N. J.

SKATES

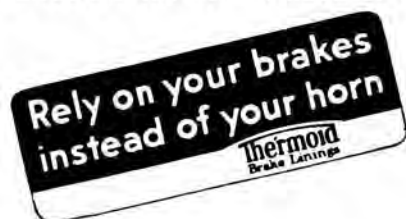
PLANE MODELS

*Compliments of*

***The Peacock Inn***

**CONDUCT YOUR OWN HIGHWAY SAFETY CAMPAIGN!**

*Put This Sticker in the Rear Window of Your Car*



*You Can Rely on Your Brakes if You Reline with*

**Thermoid**  
BRAKE LINING

**THERMOID COMPANY**

**TRENTON, NEW JERSEY**

**VIEDT'S CHOCOLATE SHOPPE**

**Nassau Street**

*"The Store They Talk About"*

**TRENTON HOBBY CENTRE**

*A Complete Line of Hobbyists' Supplies*

Model Airplanes, Boats, Race Cars, Miniature Gas Engines

Model Railroads in "Ho" and "O" Gauge

We Are Model Builders in Business for Model Builders

**237 E. State Street**

**Trenton, N. J.**

**C. A. PAGE**

Announcing Our New Store on Nassau Street

*Princeton's Largest Toyland*

**BICYCLES**

Sales - Rentals - Repairs

Sporting Goods

36 Nassau Street

Phone 1880

**HULIT SHOE STORE**

118 NASSAU STREET

PRINCETON, N. J.



Est. 1857

**MARSH & COMPANY**

Delivery  
Service

PHARMACISTS

Phone 28

30 Nassau Street

Princeton, N. J.



E. R. Squibb & Sons  
NEW YORK

---

*Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical  
Profession since 1858*

---

William J. Warren

*Building Consultant*

22 Alexander St.

Princeton, N. J.

Telephone 1555

A Reputable Concern  
dealing Exclusively in  
Guaranteed Sport  
Supplies



*Have You a Taylor Catalogue?*

**Alex Taylor & Co. Inc.**  
**THE HOUSE THAT SPORT BUILT**  
**22 EAST 42nd ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.**



Tel. 1776

Big oaks from little acorns grow;  
Big men are raised from what we sow.

**Best Wishes for Your Success**

**PRINCETON NURSERIES**

[Princeton, New Jersey]

Wm. Flemer Sons, Inc.

1500 Acres

Compliments  
of  
**COUSINS & CO.**

**BOOKS**

**BANNERS**

**STATIONERY**

**CAMERAS**

**CANDY**

**TYPEWRITERS**

**CRACKERS**

**LAMPS**

**SUITS**

**TIES**

**SHIRTS**

*In Fact, Just Everything*

*You are always welcome at*

**THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY STORE**

*"Center of the Campus"*

16 Nassau St.

Phone 80

*Victor Radio*

*Victor Combination*

*Victor Book of Opera*

*Victor All the Way*

**THE MUSIC SHOP**

