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MARCH, 1943

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

COMPLETE BANKING FACILITIES

TRUSTS

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UNITED STATES WAR BONDS

PRINCETON BANK
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PRINCETON NEW JERSEY

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PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Vol. XVII

MARCH, 1943

No. 1

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

Editorial

One of the most important problems confronting students in the Country Day School these days is, "What definite contribution can boys of our age make towards the war effort?"

There are many answers that might be made to this question, and each one of us must find his own solution to the problem. The most obvious contribution we can all make is to buy as many war stamps and bonds as we can. We can also collect rubber and scrap metal for salvage purposes. Some of us are already planning to work on farms during the coming summer. Meanwhile, within the school itself, we should strive to prepare ourselves for the physical and mental fitness demanded by the armed services, so that we shall be ready to serve our country both in war and peace when our turn comes. We can do this by throwing ourselves with a little extra interest and spirit into our school activities, especially in athletics, signalling, first-aid, and current events.

But is there not some more immediately necessary duty that we can perform? It seems to us that one community job we could do well is airplane spotting. There are many boys of fourteen and over who know far more about types and differences of aircraft than do their elders, and we feel sure that reliable, well trained boys would acquit themselves creditably in this essential task. Undoubtedly their participation would have to be arranged so that hours of duty would not conflict with sleep or school work. But with these difficulties and limitations met, we believe that a group of intelligent, air-minded boys would make a valuable contribution in this very important field of Civilian Defense.

With the school year almost half completed, it seems an opportune time to make some sort of estimate of the innovations that were adopted during the first term. The first of these concerns the prefect system. We believe that the inclusion of members of the Fifth Form was a wise move; while the rotation of representatives from the two upper classes makes for a well-balanced prefect council. The Fifth Formers who are serving on the council this year are receiving valuable experience and are gaining a sense of responsibility that will be helpful to them next year. It seems to be generally agreed that this is an improvement over the old system, which tended to develop a spirit of animosity and a lack of co-operation between the two upper classes. It is to be hoped that the new system will continue to provide harmony and good feeling.

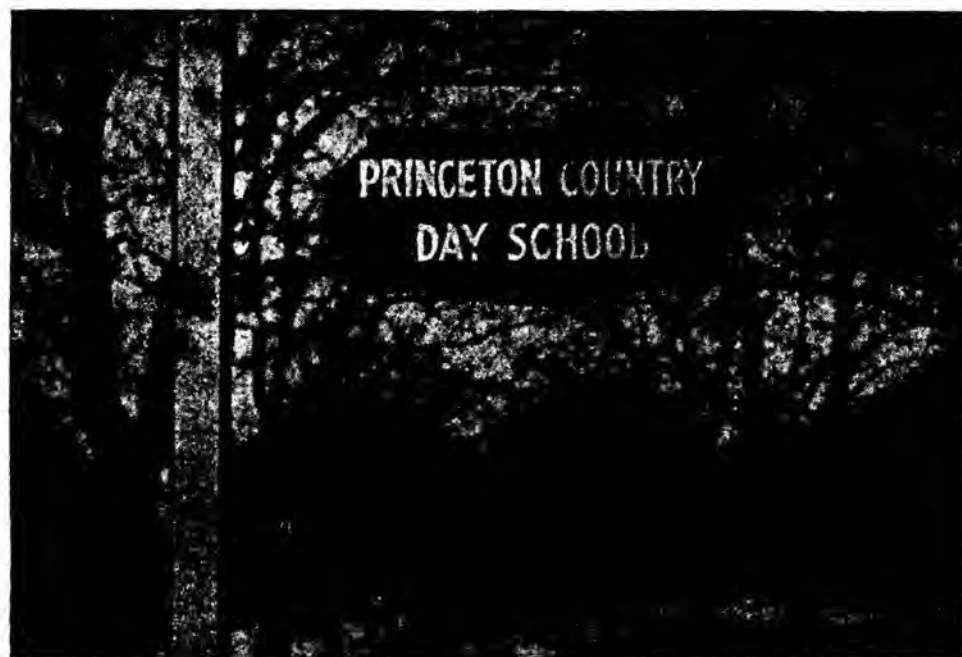
Another recent change in school life has been the revival of the Color meetings. We welcome their return, because we feel that these meetings help to imbue each Color group with a spirit of unity and a sense of organization. Like the prefect system, the Color idea has its weaknesses and may be open to a certain amount of criticism, but we feel that both are greatly improved and have been very successful so far this year.



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MARCH, 1943

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1942-1943

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Revolt At Rowa

The bell in the town hall of the small Polish town of Rowa was ringing loudly. It had not been rung for more than two years, and to the ears of the people who lived in the town, the sound of the ringing bell reminded them of times of peace, before the Germans had ruthlessly over-run their country. In those happy days the ringing of the bell had meant that all the people should gather in the public square, in front of the town hall.

The bell had to keep ringing for quite a long time before a few of the people began to come out of their poor houses into the dirty streets. Soon everybody was hurrying toward the town hall, to see what the matter was.

The sight of a neat row of some forty German troopers lined up against the front of the town hall made some of the more fearful folk turn back, but the more curious of them kept on, determined to find out why the Germans had called them out of their homes.

On the steps of the town hall there had been built a sort of pulpit, which was surrounded by swastikas and red and black bunting.

The silent townspeople waited patiently. Soon Lieutenant Kappel and his escort of three heavily armed Gestapo agents appeared at the rostrum.

When the people saw the Lieutenant mount the speaker's platform, fear struck them. What had someone done now? How bad was the offence? Was everybody going to be perished? What would the punishment be? These questions and many others like them were whispered about among the population of Rowa.

They had not long to wait. To their amazement the young Lieutenant began to address them in their native Polish. They were even more astonished at what he said.

"Citizens of Rowa," called Lieutenant Kappel, "I am now going to speak to you in the Polish tongue, so the German soldiers you see behind me won't understand, for the only other representative of the German Government who understands the Polish language besides me is the officer who is second in command to the German garrison of your town. He, at the present time, has been called to Army headquarters and won't be back until tomorrow morning. As you know, the men you see behind me have been in this country only a few days, so they haven't learned much Polish yet.

"Today, I speak to you as a friend, for I too am Polish, by heart and by birth. In 1929 I moved to Germany for business reasons. In 1936, like others of our countrymen, I joined the German army, for business was bad, and I thought some military experience would do me good.

"When my native land was attacked in September 1939, I was a trusted member of Herr Hitler's army, and my officers had no suspicion of my Polish nationality. I was chosen to become an occupation officer because of my knowledge of the Polish language and my understanding of the Polish people. Now, I see your chance and my chance to reap vengeance on our German oppressors.

Tonight you must strike! The guard will not be very heavy, because you have acquired a reputation among the soldiers as being "co-operative" people. If you are

very quiet, you can easily subdue the two guards who watch the small building where most of the arms and ammunition supplies are. You will arm yourselves, and surround the two barracks. I need not tell you how to get rid of the two sentries who guard the barracks. Then blow up the buildings with hand grenades and kill the men who escape with small arms. It will not be easy, but if you are determined enough, I think you will succeed.

"After you have finished, go back to your houses with as many arms as you can get. Hide them away for further use. Yes, you and I know that there will be retaliations, but remember, it's all for the glory of our beloved Poland! If you have any intentions of cheering my speech, please do not do so, as that would arouse suspicion among the soldiers. Here's wishing you the best of luck! Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!" came the deep-throated reply from the crowd.

Late that afternoon the Nazis returned to their barracks after what they felt had been an uneventful day. That night for supper for some strange reason, every man in the company was given as many drinks of good German beer as he wanted, "as a present from Lieutenant Kappel." Soon

many of the men were rolling drunk. Even the sentries were allowed to have a quiet drink now and then in honor of the good Lieutenant.

Later on, as darkness fell over Rowa and soon after taps had been sounded, things began to stir among the people of the little town. Creeping forms could be seen sneaking up on the half-drunken, singing sentries. Other groups silently broke into the small armory building and armed themselves with rifles, pistols, sub-machine guns and hand grenades. Soon the barracks were surrounded, and, at a given signal, hand grenades crashed through every window in the buildings. A few defensive shots were fired by the astonished Germans inside, but it was not long before every one of the surprised Nazis was in just the state which every Nazi-at-heart should be—dead. Meanwhile, Lieutenant Kappel had disappeared.

The happy Poles returned to their houses carrying the captured guns with them.

The revolt had been a success, and, for a few hours, Rowa was Polish again. Once more the bell on the town hall rang out. But it will never ring again, for the little town of Rowa is no more. . . .

PETER ERDMAN (VI)

The Intruders

My name is Hercules, and I am an elephant.

One day when I was peacefully feeding with my herd, Blacky, the panther, came to me breathless with excitement. As soon as he got his breath back, he told me that a great bird had just landed in a grassy plain not far away and that strange creatures had descended from its wings.

Quickly I called Toto, the ape, and told him to summon all the people of the jungle together for a council of war.

In a few hours all the jungle people were gathered in a clearing of the forest, to talk about what we should do.

Some of the animals present were Leo, the lion, Slimey, the snake, Spotty, the leopard, and many others.

Slimey said that we should find out more about these strange newcomers, and we agreed to send Blacky to do the job.

Soon Blacky crept back to tell us that one of the creatures had aimed a long stick at him. He had heard a loud noise and felt a sharp pain along his side. After that, Blacky came back right away.

Then we sent Spotty to find out more, if he could, about the strange creatures whose skins are white, and who hurt the peaceful people of the jungle and plains.

Soon he too came back to say that he had received the same treatment.

As a last resort we sent Toto to see if he could find out anything about the great bird and its companions.

Toto had better luck, because he spied them from the trees. He found out that there were three of them and that they spoke a strange, harsh language.

For five days we watched them from our jungle lair. During that time Toto saw one of them put two round objects over his ears and speak into another round object attached to a big box. The strange creature spoke into the round object for some time.

The next day another great bird came down in the same clearing. The creatures in the second bird spoke the same language as those who had arrived first.

To our horror they started killing some of the jungle animals. They even killed two bulls from my herd. Toto, who has traveled much and knows about such things, says these newcomers are called men.

We animals were now thoroughly angered, so we again called a council of war to decide what to do. It was finally planned to drive the white men from the jungle.

After waiting another few days to see if they would go away peacefully, we decided to attack.

Our plan of battle was for the leopards, panthers, and lions to go first. Then the apes would drop down out of the trees. Then the water buffaloes would charge, and after them, we elephants would attack in all our fury.

The next two days were spent in preparing for our task. The night on which we planned to attack was bright with clear moon-light.

When the moon was about half-way up in the sky, we heard a sudden roar. Soon the roar rose higher and one of the great birds rose high in the air. When it was out of sight, the second bird also took flight and disappeared in the star-lit sky. Gladly we animals returned to our homes.

Again there was peace in the jungle.

GRENVILLE PAYNTER (III)



No Land of Liberty Then

When I woke up that sunny morning, with the ship's cabin lurching crazily in the off-shore breeze, my heart was beating wildly with mingled excitement and curiosity. This was the day I was to be sold into slavery! I had no real horror of the prospect; indeed, I thought that being a slave might prove an enjoyable adventure! From the limited amount of literature I had read on the subject I had surmised that America was a land of adventure, riches, and success—even for a white slave. I know now that I was a romantic fool, drowned in the deep waters of utter ignorance.

You see, my uncle, an ingratiating black-guard, had had me shanghaied when I learned that I was the lawful heir to the estate with which he was indulging himself. He had kidnapped me—but not before he had tried to kill me. Escaping from the frying pan, I fell into the fire. My fate, when I found myself lying in the hold of the ship after being knocked unconscious, seemed indeed dismal, but it had brightened considerably in my eyes since that moment. The crew and officers of the ship had all been friendly with me when they were not drunk—and some, when they were.

I had been the cabin boy ever since my predecessor, Ransome, a boy of nine, had been killed by Mr. Shuan, the second mate, in a fit of drunkenness and anger. This was the last unpleasant incident of the voyage. Mr. Shuan, dazed by the memory of his deed, had never again resorted to violence, neither on me nor any other member of the crew. Thus, after a fairly uneventful voyage, we were about to arrive

at the harbor of Charleston in the Carolinas, one of the colonies of our good king, George II.

I dressed in haste, and hurried to serve the officers' breakfast. The captain and his mates were particularly jovial that morning. Their arrival in Charleston meant their first day on dry land for a month. It meant beautiful girls, taverns, fresh provisions (especially of grog). It meant Money—Money with a capital M—for the cargo of mixed goods that were exchanged for rice, and also for me—the white slave that they were to sell!

After my duties had been completed, I stepped up on deck to watch our landing. I could make out the port, and even vaguely see the crowds cheering as we slowly advanced toward the wharves. There were many people there. The arrival of a frigate from Scotland was no common event, even in the great port of Charleston.

We took down our sails about half a mile from the port. We got into longboats and slowly drew up to the wharves, loaded with bales of cotton, cartons of tobacco, and sacks of rice, with negro slaves waiting to load on the cargo. It was then that I heard the first of the songs that were later to become so dear to my heart. It was a negro spiritual. The song was a gay one, but it had that undertone of sadness and homesickness that appear in all the songs of this race. It struck a chord in my heart that thrilled me.

The boat had arrived at the wharf by this time, and an impatient sailor was yelling at me to disembark. This I did; and accompanied by the sailor who had been

detailed as my guard, I stepped forth into the hustle and bustle of the docks of Charleston.

I wandered aimlessly about for nearly an hour, looking at the sights that the wharves of Charleston have to offer, and occasionally helping with something in the confusion of unloading and loading, my sailor keeping me under strict guard all the while. Then the captain appeared, spoke briefly to my guardian, and immediately the two took hold of me and conducted me around a packing house to a little square with a platform at one end. Here seated men were talking together, men with the richest of clothes in the most elegant of styles. In my boyish fancy they appeared to me as I would be in the near future, after I had served my short apprenticeship, which was my idea of slavery. Before the day was over, however, I was to be rudely disillusioned.

The captain took me around the group of gentlemen to a less debonair-looking fellow—a man wearing a semi-white shirt, damp with sweat, and a pair of black trousers. His face was dark, suspicious, and cruel, with a look in his squinting pinpoint eyes that was not pleasant to see. He looked me up and down speculatively, and then drew aside to confer in whispers with the captain. They spoke with many shakings of heads, gesticulations, and occasional glances toward me. Finally they nodded, as if having reached an agreement, and I heard the click of money being dropped into the captain's palm. Then he departed, and I saw him no more.

The vicious looking man took me in tow, and without further ado, except to warn me to "show off good, or he'd give me plenty to remember him by," led me out on the platform. I saw then that I was to be auctioned.

The auctioneer silenced the buzzing of whispered conversation and started expounding my various merits, one of which, I believe, was the fact that I had pulled for two miles a heavily-loaded wagon that two prime work-horses were not able to budge. This, and other astounding lies about my colossal strength, failed to convince my prospective owners, and I was finally sold to a decent-looking middle-aged gentleman for the rather paltry sum of one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

My owner left me in the keep of his overseer, whom he called Jacques, a short, thick, heavy-set Creole, who was the personification of animal cruelty. He had an abundance of thick, black hair, an evil countenance with squinting eyes like those of the auctioneer. This Jacques had a drooping, black moustache and slightly protruding lower teeth. This, coupled with long arms, bowlegs, and a cat-like agility, gave him the appearance of a vicious beast about to spring upon his prey. His first words supplemented his appearance.

"You try to geeva de slip—I wheepa ya dam hide off-a de body!" he leered confidentially, showing me a riding crop in his hand.

With this warning still in my ears, I was transported through the city of Charleston. Had I been in a mood to appreciate it, I would have been enthralled at the most beautiful and the most interesting city I had ever seen in my life. The lines of the stucco mansions were graceful and symmetrical. As we passed the rear entrances of these mansions, I would see a negro boy slumbering 'neath the shade of a magnolia tree, slapping automatically at annoying flies. There were glimpses of walled-in gardens, lined with trees, where one could hear laughter and the clinking of glass as the aristocracy of

this warm, lazy, fertile empire amused themselves with drowsy afternoon talk. Occasionally carriages passed the rude wagon that I shared with Jacques, the overseer, about ten negroes, and one white to whom I had not yet spoken.

Presently, however, we spoke, our voices being all but drowned out by the voluble chatter of the negroes.

"Do you speak English?" I asked hopefully.

"Aye. An' ye be Scotch?" he questioned, a spark of eagerness lighting up his gaunt face.

I answered in the affirmative, overwhelmingly happy and somewhat astonished to find a fellow-countryman in the same deplorable circumstances as myself. As we conversed further, he told me that he had been in slavery for three years, under our present owner. He was a native of Edinburgh, and had been transported to the colonies by the order of the English government because he had aided the pretender to the throne, Bonnie Prince Charlie, in his invasion in '45. I told him of my views of the leniency of slavery, in which he disillusioned me, although he claimed that it "was not too bad when ye get the knack."

My new friend gave me a healthy warning about Jacques, the overseer, saying, "He has care for man nor beast." He showed me an ugly scar on his back that furthered his story. He told me, though, that I would have decent living-quarters and food. But he said that he would not mind escaping. Neither would I, I agreed with him, for my opinion of slavery and life in America had changed considerably within the last hours.

By this time we had reached our destination, a rice plantation about five miles from the city. We were jolting over a

rough road between a field of irrigated rice and a row of neat white houses, which, I learned, were the slave quarters. Off in the distance I could see the huge mansion where lived the planter and his family.

The wagon having stopped, we were ordered roughly to dismount. Although it was near sundown, Jacques procured from the toolhouse a various assortment of implements which he distributed around the group. I was presented with a shovel, and told to help dig a nearby navigation ditch with my Scotch friend.

Only an hour of work remained that day, but it was the most tiring hour I ever spent. Jacques constantly urged more work; and, when I failed to produce it, the heavy whip seared into my cringing flesh, making each nerve-fibre red-hot with pain. At the end of the hour I staggered towards the cabin which I shared with my Scotch friend and several negroes. I lay down, filled with physical and mental exhaustion, to an uncomfortable, light slumber.

The days after that, however, seemed less hard to bear. I grew gradually used to the hot sun and the long hours of toil; and in the evening I usually watched and listened to a group of negroes playing and singing—chanting their spirituals, those wonderful, deep, thrilling songs that burst forth from the soul of the simple colored folk.

One day, when my Scotch friend, Darwin Craig, and I were toiling together in the rice fields, he suddenly looked at me, and muttered in an undertone, "Do ye still want to escape?"

I nodded, looking cautiously around. He pointed to a farm wagon, loaded with burlap sacks of rice, in readiness to proceed to Charleston.

We looked at each other and nodded in agreement; then we dashed across the intervening space, scrambled aboard the wagon, and buried ourselves beneath the sacks; just in time too, for one of the overseers appeared, climbed into his seat, whipped up the horses, and we started to jog towards Charleston.

After a very uncomfortable ride, we arrived at the wharves and, when the driver left for a minute to see about the sale of the rice, we slipped out from beneath the sacks. I ran at once to a wharf lounge and asked him where the rice ship docked there was going.

"That ship? Why, she's sailin' to England," he drawled.

England! From England I could easily return to Scotland and my comrade to the continent, where he would avoid English authorities. England! The word was like sweet salvation; it would be easy to get a passage on the ship; probably half the crew had deserted the moment the boat reached Charleston.

England—Scotland—home! It would be a fine joke for my uncle to see me back! I would see my home, my friends—everything that I had despaired of seeing ever again. My friend smiled, and said to me, "Its a fine land ye're returnin' to, laddie! Come, let's climb aboard!"

GARRISON ELLIS (V)



Dead or Alive

There had been a wave of robberies along the border, and everyone suspected the notorious Mexican bandit, Jose Gonzales. The small town of Cisco, Texas, was full of excitement, for the mayor had received a note informing him that there would be a robbery there that very night and the note had been signed in the scrawly hand of the daring Gonzales himself.

The town of Cisco was a rough, frontier settlement consisting of several frame houses, a general store along the main street, a cafe, and a small bank which took care of the business for the surrounding ranches. The citizens of Cisco were also very proud of the fact that a railroad ran through their town.

The little railway station on the edge of the tracks, which stretched off into the prairie, was not much more than a hastily erected shack on the fringe of the town. Outside, on its rough weather-beaten shing-

les, reward notices were plastered, calling for the capture of Gonzales and other outlaws. The station was run by Hank Stevens, who was telegraph operator and station master combined and who lived alone in the station. Hank was an average Texas frontiersman. He had a muscular build, moved slowly, and his heavy face was not exactly that of an intellectual genius. Hank counted more on his brawn than his brains.

That afternoon the only freight set down by the four-thirty train had been a coffin, which was lifted out and placed inside the station. Hank had thought nothing more of it, expecting some one to call for it soon, but night fell and no one had stopped to claim the coffin. Being of a superstitious nature, Hank did not like the idea of sleeping with a corpse for neighbor. However, he decided to forget about it, so he took out his newspaper and started to read. The news was full of the recent

robberies, and there was much speculation about the threat of Gonzales to be in Cisco that very night. Hank thought little of it, for he knew the bank was heavily guarded.

All of a sudden a horrible thought struck him. The payrolls for the railroad workers had been left in the Cisco station overnight because tomorrow was their pay day! Could this be what the crafty bandit intended to steal? But Hank quickly dismissed the thought, for how would Gonzales know of this? It was a railroad secret.

There was nothing more for Hank to do that night, and he was getting sleepy. He stretched lazily back in his chair. His paper fell to the floor, and his glance happened to wander to the wall-mirror at which he shaved every morning. What he saw made him gape with astonishment and fear. The top of the coffin was gradually being raised!

No one could say that Hank was not cool-headed in the face of danger. He watched as the lid was slowly lifted, and after he had recovered from his first surprise, he recognized clearly the dark handle-bar moustache and sleek, oily black hair of Gonzales, whose picture he had seen so many times on the reward notices outside.

Hank rose and turned around slowly. The coffin lid fell, and all was still as ever. Thoughts rushed through Hank's mind, as he walked slowly over towards the telegraph instrument. Already his plan had

formed itself in his mind. He began to tap out a message to Brownsville, the nearest town a few miles down the line, where there was a Texas Rangers headquarters. Quickly the message came back over the wireless "da, da, daa da, da, . . . **HELP COMING IMMEDIATELY!**" Hank turned about in relief, just in time to see a swarthy hand reach over the edge of the coffin. Immediately Hank rushed over and threw himself on the lid. In spite of the herculean efforts of the trapped robber, the lid was forced down on him by the bulky weight of the burly station master. Hank stuck to his post until the Rangers arrived fifteen minutes later.

When the engine pulled in, five tall Texas Rangers stepped down on the Cisco platform. They wore large badges and ten-gallon hats, while business-like six-shooters swung at their hips.

"Where's your man?" asked the leader as he strode towards Hank.

But the Cisco station-master had a question too.

"Is the reward for Gonzales *dead or alive* still good?" asked Hank hopefully.

"You bet it is!" said the Ranger.

"Well," answered Hank, "here he is in this coffin! You may think he is dead, but he's certainly alive all right. I guess I get the reward whichever way you look at it—yes sir, dead or alive!"

DEAN MATHEY (VI)



Ioannos Waits

It was a bleak, rainy day in November. The leaves had fallen off the trees, the ground was wet and muddy, and little rivulets of water were running down a gentle slope into a narrow country road. The road led to a little village which, although everything about it had been destroyed, still seemed to be an oasis in the midst of the dreary scene. The road was rutted with the tracks of German army trucks, which had passed, only a few days before, to supply a small outpost a few miles away.

A small boy walked along this road, taking his three goats to pasture in the hills. These three goats were all that were left of what had once been one of the largest flocks in the village. The Germans had killed all the rest. Indeed, they were sowing the bitter seed of destruction over what had been one of the most beautiful parts of Greece. Ioannos had hidden the remaining three goats where the Germans would be sure to miss them. He had led them halfway up Mount Olympus, where his summer home had once been. The soldiers had tried to take his last three goats too, but Colonel Shafft, the German officer in charge of this district, had given orders that Ioannos was not to be molested. He, at least, understood.

When Ioannos reached his destination, he let his goats graze at their favorite spots. He sat down in the cool shadow of a great rock and thought of his country before she had been conquered. Every day he used to get news from the front in Albania. Dimitrios, his older brother, had been fighting there. Ioannos had gone up to see him when he had been wounded. It was there that he had had a chance to show his patriotism and resourcefulness.

His mother and father had stayed with Dimitrios at the field hospital, but Ioannos had wandered off and become lost among the mountains. A column of Greeks, heading for the front, had found him. There was nothing to do but to follow them.

When he got to the front lines and met the officer in charge, he was welcomed, but they had said he must work for his keep. He was given two donkeys and the job of carrying supplies to an outpost a few miles away. Ioannos wished to return home, but he did not know the way, and no one could be spared to take him.

The job was fairly uneventful until, one day, some planes swooped low overhead, frightening the donkeys, who immediately bolted. Ioannos ran after them, fearful lest he lose the precious supplies. To his horror he ran into a detachment of Italian infantry, and was held up and questioned. It was apparent that the Italians were out to destroy the Greek outpost to which he had been going. They did not know its exact location, and they were afraid of Greeks hill fighters, who might spring out upon them at any time.

Ioannos saw his chance. He directed the Italians through a long narrow pass where, he knew, the Greeks were waiting. He was forced to go with them, but he knew he would soon be among friends. When the whole detachment was in the pass, Greeks sprang from everywhere, and the surprised Italians were captured with very little fighting.

All the Greeks praised Ioannos, and he was finally given a chance to go home. His mother and father had given him up

for lost, so when he returned, they were overjoyed and proud.

But now? Everything was changed, thought he. The Germans had ruined all the crops and supplies. Moreover, they took no responsibility in feeding the Greeks. They were trying to starve a whole nation out of existence. Still, he thought, he was lucky. He, at least, lived in the country, where he could raise something for his family. The people who lived in the cities were dying by the hundreds.

Ioannos' brother had been the first to die. Wounded as he was, he could not stand the strain which was put on him. Next his father, who had been in bad health for many years, became so weak that he too died. All that remained were Ioannos and his mother. They had not only themselves to support, but also another little boy, who had been orphaned

ever since the Germans first invaded his country.

Everything had had a dark, dismal outlook until one day Ioannos heard that the Americans had invaded Africa, and the British had driven the Germans out of Egypt. He could see the day when Greece would be set free, and the Nazis crushed under the armies of Liberty. Until then, there was nothing to do but wait.

Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted. He heard frantic bleats from the rocks above him. The goats had strayed away. Ioannos went to find them, and was soon bringing them home. He was happy as he trudged down the mountain road. Although marks of the German trucks still lay deep in the mud, Ioannos knew in his heart they would not be there forever. Perhaps, when spring came, Greece would again be free.

PAUL BRONEER (V)



The Crime That Pays

It was a cool, crisp autumn morning as I walked briskly down Nassau Street. I tried hard not to think of my coming adventure. Maybe "adventure" was not quite the word—"nightmare" was probably more fitting.

"Oh well," I kept telling myself, "it will all be over in an hour or so. It's really not so bad! Just think of all the suffering Europeans. If they can take it, I guess I can!"

I gritted my teeth firmly.

It was just ten o'clock as I entered the First National Bank Building. The bell on Nassau Hall tolled mournfully. I was on time all right.

I rang for the elevator. In a few min-

utes it had wheezed down to the street floor, and I stepped inside.

"Fifth floor, please," I said, making a wretched attempt to look like a man who was *not* about to be swept to his doom.

"Uh huh!" responded the elevator boy. I had the feeling that if somebody ever said "Fourth floor, please," he wouldn't believe them and would take them to the fifth out of sheer force of habit.

When I arrived at the fifth floor, I found myself facing a door bearing the words "DENTIST'S OFFICE." I opened the door and entered Dr. Grinder's waiting room. I seated myself in an easy chair and gazed blankly at a magazine which I think was called *Movie Screen*.

About an hour later I was called into another room. It was a small, cell-like place. There was no doubt in my mind that many of the doctor's more sinister crimes had actually occurred within its very walls. Here I waited for another thirty minutes. You have no idea what agony it is to sit in a dentist's chair and wait for half an hour, with nothing to do but think of what is to come!

Suddenly it comes!

There is a shattering explosion, and you look around to find that Dr. Grinder has sneaked up behind you and has shot off a cap pistol in your ear.

"Hello, big boy!" he shouts, after you have recovered from your shock.

"Hello," you reply feebly.

"Well, let's see the Big Smile," continues the genial doctor. You give him a bitter grin and look sadly out the window.

"Say, John," he demands, "what would you like to be when you grow up?"

"Your dentist!"

"Ha, ha, ha—well, that's a pretty good one! Well, now, let's see. What can I do for you today?"

As if you didn't know, you mumble to yourself. As if you haven't been planning this crime for days!

"Ah-hah—a filling! That's it! My, my, my!"

With this, Dr. Grinder slips a mask over his mouth. Some people think that this is for sanitary reasons. Its actual use is, of course, to hide the villainous smile that comes over the man's face as he begins his devilish work.

The first object is to make you as uncomfortable as possible. A determined nurse seizes your head and forces it back on the head-rest so that you are now looking straight up at the ceiling. This also

puts you into such a position, where, when the time comes, the doctor can put the whole of his two hundred pounds' weight on your unfortunate jaw.

For a few moments there is a deathly silence. Dr. Grinder seems to have disappeared—for good, you hope grimly. But he has only gone to his cabinet, where he stands pondering over his magnificent set of drills. He selects a particularly sharp, vicious looking one and fits it to the machine. Then he strides back to your chair, pulls a lever, and the horrible thing starts buzzing and vibrating like a buzz-saw. He takes the drill in one hand and pries open your mouth with the other. As the operation begins, he looks down at you with his sweetest expression and whispers, "Now if this begins to hurt a little, just whistle and I'll stop!"

Suddenly your mouth is filled with a fearful buzzing. There is a moment of uncertainty as the good doctor goes exploring. Then—wow! He's found the cavity! He has both hands on the drill now and is bearing down with all his might. I have never kept my eyes open long enough to see if Dr. Grinder gets both feet off the ground—but I wouldn't doubt it!

At last comes the moment when the drill works its way to the center of your nerve. You signal frantically, and the dear doctor tries to get the drill out. The fiendish thing won't come—so there is nothing for the doctor to do but brace his foot against your stomach and yank.

Then the cheerful doctor pokes a mirror into your already yawning mouth and surveys the gaping hole with glee. He takes an instrument and tries to tickle the nerve. When he has succeeded in making you jump several times, he is satisfied and withdraws his weapons.

Meanwhile Dr. Grinder's nurse is hovering over your chair, anxious to assist in the deadly work. It is she who squirts strange chemicals into your mouth and tries to soothe your exhausted gums with something that puts up lively competition with the pain in your tooth.

Then comes the stuffing. It is amazing how many things can be stuffed into the human mouth. I had nine rolls, two pads, one clamp, one saliva sucker, two mirrors, seven or eight fingers, one drill, and the masher which finally pats down the filling in the cavity.

When, at last, your once hollow tooth has been thoroughly loaded, the good doc-

tor invites you to step out of the torture chamber. You stagger drunkenly into the waiting room, holding your throbbing jaw tenderly, and paying no attention to Dr. Grinder's cheery "Come again, John!"

I am convinced that all dentists thoroughly enjoy their work. You can tell this from the professional zeal with which they go about it. Undoubtedly a dentist's highest enjoyment is the moment when he finds your nerve. It's like striking gold for him. And speaking of gold, what makes me really mad is that the man actually gets paid for such torture!

Who was the guy who said, "Crime does not pay?"

JOHN MATTHEWS (V)

Sahara Journey

My name is Tommy Crawford. I have now been a pilot in the Royal Air Force for nearly four years. I fought the Germans in the skies over Dover during the battle of England as a Pilot Officer, flying a Spitfire, the best fighter ever built. After that I was promoted to Flight Lieutenant and was transferred to the Eighth Army in North Africa, where I am today and have been for a year and a half. But enough about myself. Let me tell me you about my Sahara journey.

It was one of those days only to be found on the African desert. The sky was clear, with no clouds to soften the brilliant rays of the sun, beating upon the barren wastes of endless sand and dust. I sat in the cockpit of my Spitfire impatiently waiting for the signal to take off from the desert run-way with four huge Bristol Bombers and another fighter. The name

and location of this field, I am forbidden to reveal. I believe the date was the fourteenth of June, 1942. We English had just been driven back towards Suez by Rommel's forces and our objective was Tobruk which the Germans had recently taken from us and were now using as a base. The purpose of our raid was to bomb the fortifications and supply lines of this town so as to make it useless to the enemy.

When the signal flag was waved, I, in my Spitfire, and the other five planes moved out one by one on the run-way, gathered speed, and took off into the cloudless afternoon sky.

Later, as I roared along in formation at an altitude of ten thousand feet and at a speed of about two hundred and fifty miles per hour, a dreamy idleness swept over me. I gazed on the desert beneath, a great smooth, white, sparkling sheet. A warm

sun, together with the steady drone of the engines in my ears, made me feel drowsy and comfortable. Fully three quarters of an hour must have passed before I hardly knew it.

Then, suddenly, as I gazed dreamily ahead, I was brought to my senses when, out of the bleak nowhere, I caught sight of five tiny shining points reflecting the afternoon sun. Immediately I knew that they were five enemy aircraft and that we were heading for some pretty lively action.

At once the other Spitfire pilot and I broke formation and began to climb rapidly. Soon the Nazi fliers, piloting Messerschmitt 109's, reached our bombers and started to give them a fierce straffing from above. I picked out two Messerschmitts below me and broke into a vertical dive as I had so often done before. I opened up fire first on one, then on the other. When I pulled out, I realized to my satisfaction that I had set fire to the first one and had probably hit the pilot in the second, for his plane was in a dive which I knew well he had no chance of surviving.

But the fight was not over, because although my fellow pilot had nabbed one Jerry, he was now engaged in a tough dog-fight with the remaining two. Again I climbed and dived, inducing a steady fire on one. The Messerschmitts, seeing that they had lost their three comrades and that they now had two Spitfires to contend with, gave up the game and zoomed away.

It was here that I made my almost fatal mistake, which I realized only too late. I could not bear to see those two Germans get away! So, like a fool, I pursued them while the other pilot again joined the bombers.

Messerschmitts aren't slow, but a Spitfire can overtake them any day, and I

steadily gained on the fleeing Jerries. All at once, however, the two German planes divided, both starting to climb. I climbed too, and faster. When I reached sufficient altitude, I dived, but I had time only to open fire on one, although I thought I had hit him.

Suddenly I heard the zoom of a Messerschmitt on the tail of my plane. There followed a raking fire. The turret of my cockpit was badly shattered and then, to my horror, I became aware that my plane was on fire. She burst into a power dive and I saw that my only hope was to bail, which I did.

As I floated downward towards the bleak desert, I watched my beloved Spitfire crash dizzily into the ground below me, producing a loud boom and throwing up a great dust cloud. I began to realize the terrible predicament in which I was; the nearest point of civilization was probably some seventy-five miles away across the vast desert! I blamed myself for being such an idiot as to pursue the Messerschmitts.

When I had reached the ground and struggled free of my parachute, I immediately hurried over to the twisted and mangled ruins of the Spitfire. Even though the fire had been extinguished when she crashed in the sand, I feared that most of the articles that would be of use to me had been destroyed. But, after pulling and poking in the wreckage for nearly half an hour, I was able to obtain the following: a few messy sandwiches, several strips of bacon, and two thermoses of water which had all been stored in a small kit; an overcoat; and a map, given me before I had taken off.

A short while later, seeing that the sun was sinking and knowing how quickly nights come on in the desert, I began to

prepare sheltered sleeping quarters for my tired body under the wreckage of my plane.

That night, although I was hungry as a horse, I confined my dinner to one sandwich and a few sips of water, realizing that if I was to prolong my existence on the desert, I would have to go easy on my food. Soon afterwards I donned the overcoat and turned in for the night.

As I lay there in my rude bed, the night becoming cooler and cooler, I thought of the wisest thing for me to do. I knew I had one chance out of ten of reaching civilization again alive. If I stayed there and hoped that a plane might come by and spot me, I would be able to hold out longer; but the idea that a plane would be flying over this remote part of the desert was almost ridiculous. All the navigation instruments in my Spitfire had been destroyed, but I did have the map and could tell approximately where I was and could navigate myself by the sun and stars. Yes, it appeared that my only chance of solution was to trek the burning sand to the east and pray that I might come through—so before I fell asleep, I gave thanks that I was still alive, and that there still was hope.

The next morning, when I awoke, I was not surprised to find my bones numb and stiff from the chilly Sahara night. I gulped down a breakfast consisting of half a sandwich and a slice of bacon which I fried on a piece of metal from the plane. After this I made ready for the toilsome journey ahead, and later set out before the sun had again made the desert a blazing furnace.

I had made a sort of pack, that was slung over my back, by rolling the articles I needed in the overcoat. As I walked eastward and the day passed on, this pack

became heavier and heavier. Towards afternoon I found myself stopping frequently for rests. I sweated profusely, but all that day took only a few swallows of water.

That night, as I settled down under my overcoat, I figured that I had made about thirteen miles the first day and if I could keep it up, only losing one mile each day, I could pull through in about a week.

I slept poorly that night, my stomach gassy with emptiness and my skin sorely burnt by the terrible sun. When morning came I felt strangely weaker.

For the next two days I struggled feverishly onward over the blazing sand, my steps becoming feebler and feebler. By the end of the third day, I had left only half a thermos of water, two-thirds of a stale sandwich, and two greasy slices of bacon. I realized that I was not traveling as much in a day as I had hoped to do and my imagination was starting to play tricks with my senses.

When dawn of around the fifth day (I had now lost track of them) broke over the desert, I vaguely remember a terrible impulse to stay where I was; but after much mental turmoil, I struggled to my feet. The burning thirst in my throat was merciless. I think that morning I ate the last two slices of bacon raw and gulped down the remaining water. I felt much better after this, but later in the day I began to see spots all over the desert and I became terribly nauseated. I stopped several times that noon to vomit, and all day I was horribly aware of my stomach, which felt as if it were bursting, turning, and knotting, and gradually being burnt away.

That afternoon I recall stumbling and falling once, and lying on the scorching desert for more than two hours, my mouth so dry and parched that I could feel the

skin peeling off the roof of it. When I finally came to my senses and struggled to my feet, I was enraged at myself for wasting so much time.

I do not remember what happened that night, but the next day I had an awful ringing in my ears and no matter how hard I looked, I could not find the sun. By this time I could hardly stand, but I started off, crawling in a sort of trance all the time.

During this day, I recall feeling a terrible wind and a cruel, prickly sensation, like pins sticking in my skin all over me. Sand got in my ears, eyes, and mouth; I swallowed a lot of it. I couldn't move. Later, however, the wind stopped, and I crawled onward.

Suddenly I thought I heard the drone of planes growing louder and louder. It

became so that I could not distinguish the sound from the ringing in my ears. Then all went blank, and a faint feeling that I was beaten at last spread over me, accompanied by dark despair. I clawed the desert in a feeble and feverish attempt to rise, but I just couldn't make it. This is all I remember.

The next time I opened my eyes I saw white walls around me. A strange disinfectant odor crept in on my awakening senses. A voice called, "Doctor, he's made it!"

Yes, I too realized I had made it—that I had conquered the desert. I was awfully happy, for it meant I would regain my strength and would soon have another crack at the Jerries.

MACDONALD MATHEY (V)

Partner in Crime

My name is Caius Ligarius. I am a Roman at heart and will do anything to rid the empire of any tyrant and despot who is about to seize Rome.

This was the mood I was in when Metellus Cimber called on me to join the plot of the conspirators; and ever since Caesar had publicly rated me and scorned me for being a friend of Pompey, I have wanted revenge.

After good Metellus had poured forth a flood of oratory that would have made the trees rise up and follow, I clothed myself and went to the house of Brutus. That trip in the dawn was the most fearful I have ever taken. As the shadows receded and shortened, I thought it was the gods coming down to punish me for the deed

I was to do. I reached Brutus' house as the dawn broke through the cloudy sky, and was led into the presence of Brutus. He looked pale, but he had the air of a man that had defeated unrest in his mind, and his determination lent me strength.

After we had exchanged words, and I had affirmed my loyalty to him and my desire to see the end of this tyrant, Caesar, he bade me follow him, and we started toward the capital.

As we pursued our way through narrow streets, growing lighter as the sun rode its way through the heavens, chasing the dark storm clouds from its path and sending fleecy white ones scudding across the sky, I wondered, "Is this day destined to be the blackest in the history of the world?"

The thought almost turned me from my purpose, but then the shouts of the mob ahead spurred me on, for I knew Caesar was on his way.

As Brutus and I entered the street, Caesar's train was just ascending the capital steps; and as we pushed through the crowd the keen eyes of Cassius saw us. He came hurriedly over to us and said, "Methinks our plot has been discovered, for a fool soothsayer came out from the crowd and said he had a suit that touches Caesar near. Had it not been for Decius, the man might have warned Caesar. And also, Popilius Lena, who must have learned of our plot, wished our enterprise well."

They also exchanged other words, but it was not my duty to listen, so I walked as unassumingly as I could, for my heart was beating fast in my breast. When I had worked my way to Caesar's side, I

noticed that the first part of the plan had been carried out, for Anthony was gone, and Metellus Cimber was making his plea.

Then, as I worked closer, I saw Casca's hand go under his toga, draw forth a gleaming blade, and plunge it into Caesar's neck, shouting, "Speak, hands, for me!" Now I ran toward Caesar like a savage beast and plunged my dagger twice into his breast, then fell back panting, my dagger and my toga soaked in his life's blood. I turned and saw Cassius, our leader, his face lighted with the joy of a madman.

I could stay no longer. I ran,—ran through the streets of Rome, and out of the gates,—ran out over the sunny meadows toward the distant sea. Finally I fell beneath an olive tree, high on a hill, and there, filled with the dread of the deed I had done, I closed my eyes in troubled sleep.

SAMUEL HOWELL (VI)

Home Guard

Fred Daly puffed at his pipe, and looked over the evening paper.

He was a rather elderly Englishman. He was also a member of the local Home Guard. With his dog Bruce, he had a lonely strip of country road to guard three hours every night.

Fred glanced at one of the headlines: "German Pilot Seen To Bail Out Over Hampden!"

Hampden was a good many miles away from Fred's home. He did not think the German pilot would turn up in his territory. So far, there had been no word of his capture.

Fred puffed at his pipe and put the newspaper away. He would be leaving for his Home Guard duties soon.

The moon cast ominous shadows on the ground and shone on Fred's rifle and helmet. He looked down the country road. Everything seemed all right, and Bruce was acting normally. They started on the long trek to the other end of the beat.

About half way there, Bruce became excited. Fred paid no attention to this. You couldn't blame a dog like Bruce for starting, if a rabbit or some other animal was nearby. Fred called the dog to heel and paced to the end of the beat.

Nearing the same spot on the way back, Bruce showed plain signs of uneasiness. His ears were pricked and his nose was high in the air. The hair on his neck stood up to get a better view. Most of all, his eyes looked sharply intelligent—a sure sign.

Fred held his rifle ready for instant action. Instinct told him that something was wrong, and he was going to find out what it was.

Suddenly an agonized groan interrupted the stillness of the lonely road. He sent Bruce scuttling to the other side of the road and into the ditch, only to come out fierce and indignant and growling ferociously.

Some more sounds seemed to be coming from the other side of the road. It sounded as if someone were delirious.

Fred took out his flashlight and began to search the bushes. Something was there all right. The light picked out a huddled bundle lying in the ditch. It was wet and shiny from the evening dew. It was a man.

His clothes were torn by thorns and brambles. They looked like the remains of

a pilot's suit. As Fred looked the figure over, he saw something that startled him. It was a German swastika on the man's sleeve. Undoubtedly he was the escaped German pilot.

The fellow slumped into unconsciousness as Fred picked him up and carried him to the roadside to administer first aid.

Fred didn't like Germans a bit. As a matter of fact, he disliked them heartily. But this was his duty.

He trudged to the nearest Home Guard station. The sergeant there told him to go home and also sent for a squad car to take the German away.

The next evening Fred Daly smiled as he read in his home-town paper, "Escaped German Pilot Found in Country by Home Guardsman! Scotland Yard Holding Him as Prisoner of War."

Fred Daly puffed at his pipe and smiled some more as he read the rest of the article. Then he put the newspaper away and went to bed.

ROBERT ROY PIPER (III)

Pencil Sketches

AMBUSH

Out of the misty dawn came the huge, shaggy mammoth. Lumbering along, with his awkward body twisting and squirming clumsily, he covered the ground at a slow but steady pace. The path was familiar to him, for it led to his favorite water hole.

Suddenly he gave a mighty roar, as his huge bulk plunged into a cleverly concealed pitfall. A long javelin of burning pain shot into his chest. Rearing himself up, he came down full force on the neatly planted stake.

Awakened by the roar, several men emerged from a cave in a hill-side not far away. They were short, stocky men, clothed in skins and with great clubs in their hands. Their sturdy legs soon carried them to the trap they had prepared. Powerful arms seized massive boulders and began hurling them on the writhing monster in the pit.

Excitedly the men called to each other as they gathered. Some took their clubs and tried bravely to pound the mammoth. The maddened beast, fighting fiercely, seized one of them with his big trunk and threw him with such force that the man was instantly killed.

Meanwhile, from an overhanging rock, the men with the boulders watched their chance. At last it came, and they hurled their big rocks with such force and velocity that the mammoth was downed. The men closed in for the kill.

JOHN FLEMER (IV)

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

As I stood outside the massive gates of Buckingham Palace, the cold, icy wind whipped across the flat pavement and sprayed the water of the fountain about. The tall guardsman walked ceaselessly up and down his beat. Suddenly he stiffened as if he had heard what he had been waiting for. Then, with a smart click of heels and a quick "about-right," he retired into his sentry-box.

Out of the distance I heard the blare of bugles and the throbbing roll of drums. The parade was on! From under the trees came a moving splash of color as the flag was borne aloft; then followed the band, with brasses glaring and glinting in the sun. Finally a column of red came swinging through the leafy archway. It was the Coldstream Guards!

As the parade passed, a great silence fell over the crowd. For a time the pavement echoed to the drubbing of the drums and the pounding of marching feet, as the new guard took up its positions and the old guard marched away. As the beating of drums died into the distance, the crowds stirred and moved off. Soon I was the only one left standing on the sidewalk. A little puppy ran over to take a drink from the plashing fountain. . . .

KEITH HIGHER (III)

JUNGLE MEMORIES

It is a warm morning. A little pool of sunlight is lying in one corner of my cage, and the air smells soft. Perhaps the cold days are over. There are many faces outside my bars this morning, and the horrible noise of those black, roaring monsters seems louder than usual. I think I will crawl to the sunlight and take a nap, to shut out the faces and the noises. Often when I lie down this way, they become fainter and fainter until they completely disappear. . . .

How nice it is to be back in the jungle, lying on the warm earth! The birds are chirping, the monkeys are chattering, and the wind is sighing softly through the rustling branches. I stretch myself luxuriously and gaze proudly at the sun shining on my new skin. From where I lie, I can see my reflection in the clear waters of the jungle pool.

Suddenly there is a stir in the forest, and a slinking figure comes creeping towards me.

"Good hunting, Bagheera! Where is the man cub?" I call to the newcomer.

"He was playing with the Bander-log today, but Baloo and I have told him never to notice them again."

I watch as he drinks from the pool then silently slinks away through the tangled underbrush, and I wonder what would happen if the Bander-log ever stole his man cub!

The air is warm and pleasant, and the jungle smells make me feel drowsy. . . .

Suddenly there is a crash—and I wake up. The keeper has thrown in my dinner. I shudder as I realize that I, the great Kaa, am no longer free in my jungle but a captive in a cage, with the faces and noises of men to trouble my dreams.

BRANDON HART (III)

Honors

FIRST TERM

FIRST HONOR ROLL

90-100

Ellis
Fletcher
Mathey, M.
Morehouse
Piper, R.
Rogers
Wallace

SECOND HONOR ROLL

85-90

Broneer
Donnelly
Grant
Harrop, D.
Matthews, P.
McAneny
McCutchen
Paynter, G.
Peyton
Piper, G.
Rossmassler
Schluter, J.
Wetzel

THIRD HONOR ROLL

80-85

Barlow
Black
Casadesus, G.
Chivers
Dignan
Forsyth
Gallup, G.
Godolphin
Gordon-Lennox
Harrop, W.
Hart
Higbet
Hopkinson
Howard
Laughlin, L.
Lindley
March
Mathey, D. W.
Matthews, J.
Patterson
Paynter, R.
Ralston
Roberts
Schluter, P.
Warren

With the Blues and Whites

SCHOLARSHIP

With the Headmaster himself admitting that the school had never gotten off to a better start scholastically, both Colors began the first term with exceptionally high grades. Competition between the two groups can only be described as "hot." Indeed, we just missed Mr. Murch's long-promised holiday by the proverbial hair's breadth, the school average rising at one point to a high of 2.2 plus.

In the Blue-White mental tussle, the Whites forged into the lead in the very first bi-weekly report and hung there with bulldog tenacity throughout the term—though forced each marking period to move to a higher mark by the determined Blues. Towards the end of the term the Blues' efforts were rewarded in part when they broke through and annexed two of the three distinctions—for a greater number of boys found on the "clear" and "improved" lists. The Blues' offensive came too late, however, and the term ended with the Whites scoring a 2.3 plus average to 2.4 plus for the Blues. The Whites also succeeded in placing a larger delegation in the "improved" column.

Color members who had no "goose-eggs" for the first term were: WHITES (24 of 39)—Casadesus, G., Casadesus, J., Godolphin, Grant, Highet, Hopkinson, Howard, Laughlin, J., Laughlin, L., Lindley, Mathey, D. W., Mathey, M., Matthews, P., McCutchen, Morehouse, Peyton, Ralston, Rossmassler, Schluter, J., Schluter, P., Tower, Wallace, Warren, Wetzel.

BLUES (18 of 39)—Barlow, Broneer, Chivers, Donnelly, Eckfeldt, Ellis, Fletcher, Gordon-Lennox, Hart, March, McAneny, Paynter, G., Paynter, R., Piper, G., Piper, R., Rogers, Stepp, Wilson.

SOCCKER

Again, as in the two preceding years, more emphasis was placed on the Color games than on contests with outside teams. Although the Color spirit was keen, the Blues lacked experienced players and were under a handicap throughout the season.

On the Senior field outstanding features of the Whites' line-up were the expert shooting of the Mathey brothers, the well-directed kicks of Casadesus, and the brilliant stops of Harrop as goalie. As counter-weight to this display of talent, the Blues had the stalwart defense of their two fullbacks, Weiser and Paynter, and the skillful dribbling of Howell and van Dyke. In spite of their game fight, the Blues found themselves on the losing end of a 30-2 score, on the Senior field.

With the Color competition including all three soccer squads, there was widespread interest throughout the school in the outcome of the annual series. Although the scores reflected closer competition on the Intermediate and Junior fields, the Whites succeeded in capturing the winning margin here too. On the Intermediate field, the score, based on the point system, was 13½ to 10½; while on the Junior field it was 10 to 6.

With a total of 53½ points to their credit, to 18½ for their rivals, the Whites scored a clean sweep victory for the season.

Athletics

SOCCER

The varsity soccer squad really "showed its stuff" this year by winning all three outside games. The number of contests with other schools was reduced in order to put more stress on the Blues and Whites series. As in previous years, much of the success of the past season must be attributed to Mr. McAneny's expert coaching, with the players themselves responsible for smooth playing and co-operative team-work.

A feature of the autumn and early winter athletic program was the introduction of a period of calisthenics just before the afternoon soccer hour. The exercises, taken by boys on all three squads, were under the direction of Mr. Howard Stepp, varsity swimming coach and athletic instructor at Princeton University.

P. C. D. 2 Princeton Junior High 0

In the opening game of the season, the school team showed up remarkably well when pitted against their rivals from Junior High. During the first quarter, Captain Dean Mathey scored on a beautiful kick from about the thirty-yard line, thus ringing up our first tally of the year. Neither side scored again until the third quarter, when Jean Casadesus, our left half-back, booted a long kick through the enemy goal. There was no scoring in the fourth quarter, and the game ended in a 2-0 victory for P. C. D.

P. C. D. 2 Princeton Junior High 1

In a return match with Junior High, P. C. D. came out on the top of a 2-1 score. The Junior High players started the game rolling with a spirited attack in the first few minutes of play and succeeded in landing a well-directed goal between the P. C. D. posts. The school team made a quick recovery, however, and retaliated with a score kicked by Sammy Howell, P. C. D. right wing. During the second quarter both teams played an evenly matched game. In the third quarter P. C. D. scored again on a kick from Jean Casadesus. The remainder of the game saw fast playing by both sides, but the fourth quarter produced no scores, and the final whistle blew with a 2-1 victory for P. C. D.

P. C. D. 1 Princeton Township 0

Again displaying the fighting spirit that marked the opening games, the varsity team topped off the season's triumphs with a 1-0 victory over a previously unbeaten Township eleven. Most of the thrills in this game were packed into the first quarter. At one point P. C. D. was penalized for tripping; but, in compensation, our players came back with a goal kicked by Paul van Dyke. The remaining three quarters produced a deadlock, with neither side able to break through for a score. The lone tally chalked up by van Dyke clinched the game for P. C. D., with the school team on the winning end of a 1-0 score.

Varsity letter-men for the season were: Casadesus, J., Eidmann, Erdman, P., Gallup, A., Harrop, W., Howell, March, Mathey, D. W., Mathey, M., Matthews, J., McCutchen, Munro, Paynter, R., Piper, G., Schluter, J., van Dyke, Warren, Weiser.

With the Alumni

In Other Schools

Thomas Anderson is attending Andover, where he played club football during the first term.

Martin Benham played club soccer and has been doing some debating at Taft.

Garretson Blakeney is attending the Sidwell Friends School in Washington, D.C.

Richard Conger is a member of the Periwig Club at Lawrenceville, where he recently appeared in club productions of "Criminal at Large" and "Julius Caesar."

Robert DeVecchi is attending the Solebury School, New Hope, Pa.

Frank Donnelly played on the varsity soccer team during his first term at Deerfield.

James Dougherty achieved honor grades at Exeter during the first term. He won the annual fall tennis tournament.

Robert Dougherty played on the light club football team at Exeter.

Frank Driscoll played club football and varsity hockey at Taft.

Pieter Fisher was on the first term honor roll at the Everett School, Virginia Beach, Va. He also went out for football there.

Stevenson Flemer is in the junior class at Lawrenceville, where he is on the varsity skeet team and is taking the Army training course. He obtained his pilot's license this summer.

Alfred Gardner is at the Forman School, where he played varsity soccer during the first term.

Harris Gates has been playing soccer, baseball and hockey at the Darrow School.

Edward Gorman was captain of the soccer team at Milton, where he also achieved honors in the special aeronautics course.

Elmer Greey, Jr. is attending the Admiral Billard Academy at New London, Conn.

Bertrand Gulick, III, is on the soccer and lacrosse teams at Pennington.

John Gulick has been playing varsity football and basketball at Pennington.

Alden Hall is on the honor roll at Blair, where he is on the soccer and wrestling squads. He also finds time to be a member of the school dramatic club, the choir, the glee club, and the band.

Charles Hall leads his class at Blair with an 87% average. Among his offices are captain of both soccer and wrestling teams, president of the choir and glee clubs, managing editor of the school paper and the year book, and president of the public speaking club.

Michael Hall is at Hotchkiss, where he played on the varsity soccer team during the first term and is editorial chairman of the school magazine. He is preparing for the American Field Service.

David Hart attained the first term honor roll at South Kent. He went out for football and has been playing the drums in the school's swing band.

Michael Hudson is on the first string touch football team at Channing School, Palo Alto, California.

Randolph Hudson is a member of the Latin and French clubs at the Palo Alto High School, Palo Alto, California.

William Hunter was the manager of the varsity football team at Lawrenceville.

Leighton Laughlin attained an 80% average during his first term at Deerfield. He played soccer and was a member of the editorial staff of the *Pocomtuck*.

Charles Lee is attending South Kent, where he acted as assistant manager of the varsity football team.

Thomas Matthews, Jr. has been attaining an 80% average at South Kent, where he played on the varsity football team and has been an active member of the school glee club.

David McAlpin went out for soccer during his first term at Deerfield. He is a member of the camera and music clubs.

James Meritt played on the varsity soccer team at Taft, where he is a member of the ornithology and biology clubs. He had on 85% average for the first term.

Cary Page, Jr. is attending Donaldson School, where he has been playing football and is on the junior police squad.

Alfred Parsons, Jr. is attending St. Andrews, where he is president of the model club.

Astley Paston-Cooper is at the Fessenden School, where he played tennis and soccer during the first term.

Samuel Pettit is at Hotchkiss, where he sings in the school choir.

Bernard Peyton is attending Exeter, where he went out for tennis during his first term.

Frank Phinney played varsity football at Western High School, Washington, D.C.

Elwyn Quick has been achieving an 80% average at Berkshire. He played on the varsity soccer team and is on the staff of the school paper.

Frederick Roberts attained a 74% average at St. Paul's. He played football during the first term and is a member of the Old Hundred Club.

Thomas Roberts is attending the Forman School.

William Rossman was on the six-man football team at Blair.

William Schluter maintained a C plus average at Exeter. He played club football the first term.

John Sly is attending the Admiral Farragut Academy, where he attained a 74% average during his first term. He is a member of an inter-company boxing group.

Lawrence Sturhahn played light-weight football during his first term at Deerfield.

John Stewart is on the honor roll at Lawrenceville.

Samuel Tattersall is attending the Hill School.

Detlev Vagts achieved an 87% average at Taft during the first term. He was a member of the cast of the school play produced on Fathers' Day.

Spencer Welch has a C plus average at Exeter, where he has been going out for crew and is a member of the dramatic club.

Dana Wilde is attending Berkshire School.

Stanley Wilson was a member of the varsity golf team at Hill.

In the Universities

Robert Benham is a member of the Outing Club and of Whig-Clio at Princeton.

Francis Critchlow is attending Princeton, where he is in the Marine Reserve Corps.

John Crocker, Jr. has been playing varsity hockey at Harvard.

Stephen Dewing is attending the College of Physicians and Surgeons, affiliated with Columbia University.

Charles R. Erdman, III has been playing varsity hockey at Princeton.

Burnet Fisher is majoring in engineering at Princeton.

Edward Frohling played on the freshman soccer team at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he was elected a member of the Phi Mu Delta Fraternity.

Walter Hall, Jr. was a member of the cast of Princeton's 1942 Triangle show.

Robert Hunter is in the Marine Corps Reserve at Yale, where he is on the editorial board of the *Yale Literary Magazin*. He has been taking up boxing.

Stephen Kaplan is attending Dartmouth.

Owen Roberts is majoring in engineering at Princeton. He was a member of the varsity harrier team.

In Business

Hobart Baker is associated with the Sperry Gyroscope Corporation.

George Beggs, Jr. is in the research department of the Leeds and Northrup Co., Philadelphia.

Roger Dixon is an economic analyst in the U.S. War Department, Washington, D.C.

Peter Hopkins is an instructor at the Curtiss Wright Co. aeronautical plant, Patterson, N.J.

Bradford Locke, Jr. is associated with the McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York City.

George Morse is in the Chase Brass and Copper Co. plant at Cleveland, Ohio.

Thomas Norris has been associated with the General Electric Co. in Pittsfield, Mass. He has recently moved to Berkeley, California.

David Saunders is an inspector at the Boeing Aircraft Co. plant, in Seattle, Washington.

Vernon Stevens is a draftsman in the Eastern Aircraft Co. plant in Trenton, N.J.

William Thom III, is associated with the Co-operative League of the United States, New York City.

David Wood is at the New Jersey Nurseries, Millburn, N.J.

Evert Wynkoop is at the Jacobs Airplane Engine Co. plant, in Pottstown, Pa.



Alumni in the Services

(Note: The *Junior Journal* is most anxious to obtain information concerning Country Day School graduates who may be enrolled in the armed services of the United States or in the forces of the Allies. We ask our readers to send us both names and news for our files. The following list, though incomplete, contains the names of those alumni known to be serving at the present time and about whom we have received recent data. We hope to be able to present more detailed information in a future issue.)

John W. Alexander
 James I. Armstrong
 Harmon H. Ashley, II
 Henry W. H. Baker
 Richard W. Baker, Jr.
 Wolcott N. Baker
 Bruce Bedford, Jr.
 John L. Bender
 Allen C. Bigelow, Jr.
 John Nixon Brooks, Jr.
 Wade H. Brown, Jr.
 Imbrie Buffum
 Christian G. Chapman
 Blair Clark
 Jeremy R. Colpitts
 John Boyd Colt
 Kenneth W. Condit
 Paul T. Condit
 Stephen McC. Conger
 John C. Cooper
 Bruce Crawford
 Cleveland B. Crudgington
 James W. Crudgington
 Mark H. Dall
 Wm. S. Delafield
 Stephen B. Dewing
 Harold I. Donnelly, Jr.
 *John H. Drummond, Jr.
 David P. Elmer
 Joseph S. Elmer
 Robert E. P. Elmer, Jr.
 Charles R. Erdman, III
 William Flemer, III
 Samuel J. R. Froelick

Richard E. Funkhouser
 Albert C. Gerould
 Lloyd I. Gibbons
 Newton H. Gibson
 Robert F. Goheen
 Frank T. Gorman, Jr.
 Elmer E. Green
 Hugh B. Green
 George T. Gretton, Jr.
 Robert S. Hendrickson, Jr.
 Lawrence Heyl, Jr.
 Jack Honore, Jr.
 Theodore H. Hopkins
 Marshall C. Howard
 David L. Hughes
 Andrew W. Imbrie
 Edward F. Johnson
 Rankin Johnson, Jr.
 Tristram B. Johnson
 Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr.
 Nicholas deB. Katzenbach
 Herbert Sinclair Kerr
 Richard G. Kirchner, Jr.
 Henry T. Koren
 Archibald R. Lewis
 Charles P. Lineweaver
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 John C. Saunders
 James C. Sayen
 William H. Sayen, IV
 Allen W. Shelton, Jr.
 George G. Shelton
 James R. Sloane
 William M. Sloane
 Bayard Stockton, III
 Douglas E. Stuart

Robert L. Terry
 Henry P. Tomlinson
 Horatio W. Turner
 Bishop White
 Shiras White
 Alden MacM. Wicks
 David D. Wicks
 Roger A. M. Wilde
 J. F. Williamson, Jr.
 Philip M. Worden
 Dubois Wynkoop
 Donald Ray Young
 George C. Young
 *Henry N. Young, III
 *Died in action

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THE BLUES

THE WHITES

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1938	1940
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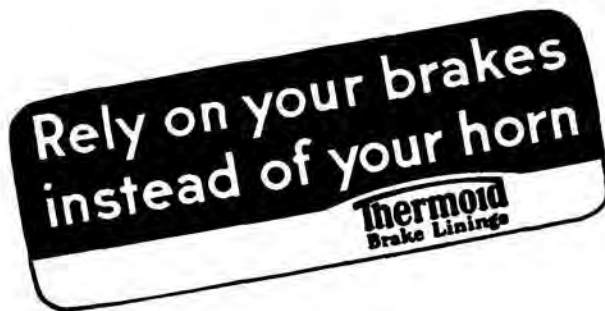
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