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JUNE, 1943

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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UNITED STATES WAR BONDS

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PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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

Editorial

The close of a school year offers an opportunity to say a word of praise for the school activities program. Now in their second year, most of these activities have met with the favor of the boys. One example of a popular and profitable activity was Mr. Robson's marionette-making group, whose program culminated on Hobby Show Day with a play and a "variety" production that attracted a large audience to see the Second Form puppets.

Mr. Smyth's signalling class was enjoyed by several boys, who, in addition to learning the Morse and Semaphore codes, had a grand time hauling the set of International code flags up and down the school halyard. As members of the Junior Red Cross, a group took instruction in First Aid; and our thanks are due to Mrs. Murch, who so kindly contributed her time to conduct these classes. Mr. Whitehead continued the good work of the Camera Club; Mr. McAneny directed the researches of the stamp group; while Mr. Murch held mechanical drawing sessions for boys with artistic and engineering hopes.

"Only an informed America can be an invincible America!" according to Mr. Raymond Gram Swing's announcer. True to this slogan, Mr. Ross led current events classes that valiantly kept up with the Eighth Army, urged on the Marines at Guadalcanal, admired the gallant Russian and Chinese warriors, argued about de Gaulle and Giraud, reported dispatches from secret underground sources, planned the coming Invasion, and generally regretted that they were not running the war.

All these activities have their place in the life of the school. We hope that they will be continued next year and will receive the support they deserve.

Here's Our View

(A Senior Class Forum in Current Events)

WHERE NEXT?

Today the question of where the Allies will strike next is foremost in the minds of many people in the world, both in the United Nations and in the lands ruled by the Axis Powers. For our part, we, the people of the United Nations, do not view this question with anxiety or fear; indeed, debating it has become a sort of indoor sport. We look upon the question as a great guessing game, amusing ourselves by gazing at maps and speculating where the next blow will fall. On the other hand, we feel certain that Hitler and the rest of his Nazi gang are missing many nights of sleep wondering about this question too, for they know that Allied generals, not the German High Command, are planning the blows and strategy of invasion.

If the Allies did not have almost complete control of the waters surrounding Europe, Hitler would not have to guess very hard where we would land our invading forces. He would realize that the most likely place for an Allied landing would be the coasts of France and the Low Countries—an area which is within the range of small landing craft. Hitler would then pour all his defensive strength into this sector, with a good chance of delaying Allied successes and even of defeating the entire attempt.

Since we have control of the seas around Europe, we are not confined to any localized strategy but have many possible points of attack. Our actual choices, however, are limited to the range of our land-based fighter planes, which have an effective range of somewhat over 300 miles radius. With this restriction in mind, here are the probabilities of areas which may become the targets of Allied invasion: France and the Netherlands, Sicily and the toe of the Italian boot, Sardinia and southern Corsica, southern Greece and Crete, and a small portion of the Norwegian coast. Possible but doubtful means of entrance are Turkey, Portugal, and Spain.

Enough has been said to suggest that when the attack does come it will develop into several blows all struck at the same time. Many of the attacks would be feints—diversional attacks, to draw off Hitler's armies in the wrong direction. Many diverting but effective commando raids could be made at the same time both in southern Norway and along the coast of France. It is, of course, an elementary rule of military strategy that if a feint attack finds easy going, it then becomes the real thing. It is the realization of this truth that prods the Germans into making frantic preparations to fortify themselves everywhere in Europe.

Another factor to be considered is the contribution of our ally, Russia. If we attack in sufficient force, enough to draw Nazi strength from the Russian front, the Red armies could then launch their knock-out blow and head straight for Germany itself with a powerful spear-head, which in turn, would draw back the German soldiers and thus make our invasion operations easier. If the attack came from many directions at once, Nazi Germany might well suffer an internal collapse, for her already over-taxed system of transportation might fall to pieces under the strain of transporting large armies and their supplies to several different fronts at the same time.

It is entirely possible, therefore, that the question, "Where will the Allies strike next?" may receive more than one answer in the coming months.

PETER ERDMAN (VI)

WHAT ABOUT RUSSIA?

From 1920 to 1939 little was known in this country about Soviet Russia, one of the largest and most powerful nations on earth. Few Americans understood how the Russians felt about the outside world, particularly about the United States and Great Britain; fewer still knew or understood what was going on inside Russia

itself. It is not strange, therefore, that until the present war broke out Americans and most other democratic peoples either disliked or distrusted the Russians, chiefly because Communism, the Soviet form of government, seemed to be an enemy of Democracy and because the Communists were often guilty of stirring up trouble in other lands.

This feeling of suspicion was strengthened in 1939, when Russia signed a pact with Hitler and the Nazis, supposedly the greatest potential menace to the Russians' own peace and security. Naturally this action took the democratic nations by surprise and did not lead to better relations with Soviet Russia. But when Russia attacked peaceful Finland in 1940, the American people were not only angry about it but showed their attitude by sending extensive aid to the Finns. Again Russia seemed to be as much a foe of Democracy as Germany had proved to be.

After defeating the Finns and taking part of their territory, the Soviet Union settled back, and while German armies were running wild in western Europe, the Russians, despite their pact with Hitler, showed no desire to extend their war-like acts or to bother any other European nation. The greatest surprise of all was still to come. In June, 1941, Hitler, having subdued France and all central Europe, suddenly and without warning, sent a German army across the Russian border, and Germany and the Soviet Union were in a state of war. Instantly most Americans and Britons felt better towards Russia, for anyone who fought Nazi Germany was a friend of the democratic nations. The old suspicion was still alive, however, and some people in America took the attitude of hoping that the Germans and Russians would cut each others' throats.

The real turning point in Russian-American relations came when Japan attacked the United States in December, 1941. From then on the United States became an active opponent of the Axis powers, and, in Europe, became an ally of both Great Britain and Russia in the fight against Hitlerism. Our relations with the

Soviet Union began to improve tremendously. We came to realize that Russia was a most valuable ally, and it was not long before American aid of all kinds was being sent to her. Our changed attitude was more than justified when, during the first winter of war, the Russian armies stopped the Nazi blitzkrieg that threatened to take Moscow itself and later, in the winter of 1942, those same armies, backed by a determined civilian population, defeated the Germans at Stalingrad and began to regain much of their territory. We are still sending vast aid to Russia, and her magnificent fight still goes on.

Despite the fact that our attitude towards the Soviet Union has changed and that we owe much to our Russian ally, many people in this country are still bothered by the old doubts. Today the question is, Can Russia be trusted after the war? Some Americans believe that she can and that she was always a democratic nation at heart; while others claim that she fought Germany only to defend herself and that she would jump on any democracy that offended her, as she did on Finland. The rivalries of the Russian-Polish conflict have not had a very pleasant effect in this country, and there are other things that need to be cleared up before Americans will fully understand the Russian point of view. Meanwhile, though the people of the United States are sharply divided in their opinions about Russia's friendship and attitude towards us after the war, there can be little doubt of our admiration for the Soviet people as a fighting ally during the war.

ALEC GALLUP (VI)

SOCIALISM IN THE POST-WAR WORLD

A question which seems to have left the Political Science classroom and entered the world of practical affairs is the discussion which is now going on in both Great Britain and America about the form of government which will prevail after the present war. There seems to be little doubt that the democracies are gradually becoming socialistic systems. Many steps in the

direction of some form of socialism have been taken in America under the stress of war, and many more will follow when the fighting stops.

Two excellent statements or predictions of what conditions are likely to be after the war are England's "Beveridge Report" on "Social Insurance and Allied Services" and the report of our own National Resources Planning Board. Both reports bear a considerable similarity and suggest huge programs of social security and public works projects for Great Britain and the United States.

The "Beveridge Report" was first in the field, has received wider publicity, and is probably more clearly understood than its American counter-part. It has already been accepted by most Englishmen as the blueprint for their post-war plans. Typical is its solution for the problems of unemployment. The report offers relief for jobless workers for three months, during which time they must be trying to secure some form of employment. If, however, at the end of the allotted time, they are still without work, they must attend one of the government schools to learn some other trade in which there is a shortage of workers. The report also suggests that high living standards will probably be lowered and low living standards raised, chiefly because of heavy surtaxes which will be used for the social security and welfare of the poor.

But even before the publishing of these two reports there were many developments

towards socialistic planning and control in both England and the United States. The increase in government ownership and management of public utilities and manufacturing plants was an indication that some form of socialism might be just around the corner. Typical examples of government ownership are the radio stations in Great Britain and the Tennessee Valley Authority in the United States.

In Great Britain the radio stations are owned and maintained by the government, and one of the most attractive features of government control in this case is the fact that English broadcasting is completely free of any private or commercial advertising. The Tennessee Valley Authority owns and operates a vast electric power development started by the United States government in 1933. Both these examples are typical of the many fields in which socialistic tendencies had begun to spread in the world's two leading democracies even before the war; both are typical of the gradual increase of state control of industry and employment at the expense of private ownership and supervision.

Thus the question of whether we shall have socialism or capitalism in the post-war world has already been answered in part. We seem to be entering a new era in the economy of governments and peoples—that of socialism—for the old form of capitalism appears to be a thing of the past.

WARD MOREHOUSE (VI)



Return of Alan Breck

I was lying in bed one night and thinking of my adventures with Alan Breck and my Uncle Ebenezer, who had died two years before, when suddenly I heard a knock on the door of my room in the rebuilt house of Shaws.

I arose sleepily and wondered why a servant wanted me so late at night. I undid the latch, and a figure came into my room. I stared at him unbelievably, for the figure was none other than Alan Breck, in the same French coat and cocked hat that he had worn so proudly two years ago.

Before I had time to say anything, Alan began talking in a hushed voice.

"Davie, lad," says he. "I came to you because you know this part of the country, and because you are my friend. I'm on a very important mission!"

My mind was in a whirl at things happening so rapidly, but soon I began to grasp the situation more clearly.

"But, Alan," I said, "I thought you were in France."

"Weel," answered Alan, "I came here to take the place of James of the Glens, who died a month ago. In two weeks from now, Ardsheel, and Cluny Macpherson and I, with our clans, are going to rise against King George and put Prince Charlie on the throne of England!"

"What!" I cried. "Are you leader of the Appin Stewarts?"

"Aye," replied Alan proudly. "But Davie, will you help me? We are going to attack the fort at Stirling first, and I want you to house a few of my clansmen for three weeks. Will ye help me?"

"Yes, I will," I replied. "I have never liked the king's representatives here, and I will do anything to drive them out."

"Davie, you're a good friend," said Alan. "Be ready for my men, for they will come to ye soon."

And before I knew it, Alan had gone out of my room.

Ten days later found a band of some thirty highlanders, armed to the teeth,

lodging in my house. Their leader was Alan, who told me that in two days we would begin moving on Stirling. When we did start to move, we had only gone about three miles when a company of redcoats was sighted in a valley below us.

That night, after a brief council of war, we decided to attack King George's men. I was posted to go upon a nearby hill to wait for them, for, as Alan said, "It would do ye no good to be seen among us."

The attack was a complete surprise. The clansmen charged their enemy, and massacred most of them, taking the rest prisoner. Alan, however, was wounded, and we lost two men.

We got ever nearer Stirling, but one night a messenger from Ardsheel's forces, attacking from the other side, stole through enemy lines to us. He said that Ardsheel and his men were coming to join us, having made a detour to avoid a large enemy encampment.

When we finally did join Ardsheel, and I went over to his camp with Alan, we saw a stranger in Ardsheel's tent. Alan whispered excitedly to me that it was the Prince. I looked curiously at the man for whom Alan had risked his life so many times. The Prince was wearing a kilt of the Stewart tartan, and was taller and more handsome than I had expected. I soon saw that we were going to discuss plans with him.

It seemed that a large force of redcoats was encamped two miles away. Our leader decided to attack them from three sides, one force to cut them off, and the others to do the dirty work.

At the appointed hour, about two hundred clansmen, each yelling the war cry of his clan, rushed down from all three sides upon the redcoats.

That night is vivid in my memory. The redcoats were too astonished at this sudden attack to offer any fight. When they tried to flee, they found that they were cut off, so a huge number were killed and captured.

Even when English reinforcements came from the east, not only were they surrounded by a brilliant movement of Cluny's but they were practically all killed.

But the English had also brought up heavy reinforcements from the north. After making a heroic stand on a hill, our clans were forced to retreat, and they broke up, some organizing guerilla bands, thus inflicting terror on the redcoats, while the remaining ones charged the enemy, and,

after doing what damage they could, retreated to the north.

Prince Charlie returned to France, while Ardshiel and Alan remained as leaders of two big guerilla bands. For weeks Alan and his band lived in a wood near my house, Alan constantly paying me visits. He finally slipped north into the mountains, where I heard no more of him or his "Bonnie Prince."

NICHOLAS GORDON-LENNOX (V)



Battle of The Bees

The sun was shining brightly in Bee Hollow. The day was March 25th, 529 A. D.

The king of the bees, whose name was Alfred, had decided upon a tournament, to settle who was to marry his daughter, Honey. Secretly he wanted Sir John Buzz-Bee to win. Sir John Buzz-Bee was to fight his rival, the powerful Bumble Bee, Duke Richard the Hornet-Hearted.

The crowd was buzzing madly as the gates of the lists were swung open and Sir John came in, riding on a ferocious spider. First he bowed to all the bees and then kissed the beautiful hand of Honey. Sir John was wearing a suit of black and orange armor. Proudly he cantered to his side of the lists.

Then the gates at the other end were thrown open, and Duke Richard entered. With a loud buzz the herald announced to the king and the crowd Duke Richard's name and occupation. Then the duke with a powerful swish of his wings buzzed over to Honey and kissed her hand as Sir John had done.

Each bee then buzzed to his side of the lists to prepare for battle. There was a long silence, broken only by a few ladies humming behind their wings. Then King Alfred blew a fanfare on his buzzer, and both Sir John and Duke Richard charged

madly at each other. Both had had their stingers sharpened on a special type of grass, and their weapons were very keen indeed!

There was a clash of armor as the two warriors met. Sir John seemed to fall, but pulled himself together before Duke Richard had a chance to strike Sir John's vital point on the forehead. Each then trotted back to his own end of the lists, removed his helmet and took a good drink of honey, specially prepared for the bees by the king's own chef.

Then they darted forward again. This time both were unhorsed. Their squires rushed out and turned them over, for they had fallen on their backs and could not move. Again the battle was resumed, but this time on foot. Finally Sir John struck Duke Richard twice in the knee-cap. The great Hornet-Hearted fell, and Sir John plunged his stinger into Duke Richard's forehead. Sir John had won the day, and everyone buzzed happily, for Duke Richard had been a tyrant of a lord.

The next day Sir John and the Lady Honey were married before all his majesty's court. King Alfred was so pleased that he gave the Lady Honey and Sir John a hive of their own, and they hummed happily ever after.

LESLIE LAUGHLIN (IV)

Letter to Hitler

My dear Adolf,

You may still confidently expect to win this war, and if so, I feel that it is about time you stopped fooling yourself and realized your true predicament. I am going to explain to you, Mr. Hitler, why all your hopes for eventual victory for you and your Nazi regime are futile.

First of all, the United States, England, and Russia have you in a steel trap, which they are gradually closing around you with greater industrial strength, with man-power resources and with superior air power. Also, Herr Hitler, the time has passed when you had the chance to conquer England and Russia, and it will not be long before, under incessant attacks from all sides, you will be brought to your knees. This alone ought to be enough to convince you of defeat; but if not, I shall proceed to blast your remaining hopes.

You may believe that you can still win by changing your pattern of war from blitz and aggression to one of slow attrition, and by converting the occupied continent into an impregnable fortress. You may believe that you can build factories in eastern Europe safe out of the range of air attacks from England and can hold Russia and destroy her offensive power. You may think you will stop all American shipping by concentrating on submarine production, thus cutting off England and Russia from our supplies and making invasion of your stronghold impossible. You may plan to conserve manpower by forcing conquered peoples to work for you in raising food and supplying your armies. You may believe that you can incite such fear of defeat in your people that they will fight with renewed ferocity and will beat off all attacks of the enemy. You may think that the United States is not united and will not be able to continue war on two world fronts. And lastly, you may believe that the United Nations are really not united and in the end will quarrel and separate from each other.

If this is what you think, I should like

to tell you a few things, my dear Adolf. First, the little job of making Europe into an arsenal of defense is not quite so easy as you may imagine, especially when you begin to feel the real weight of large-scale air raids from all sides, including Russia, whose planes will blast your great eastern industrial centers. You will also bear the shock of tremendous and determined Russian offensives, aided by ever-increasing American supplies coming en route through the now open Mediterranean. And, as for cutting off these supplies with submarines, you may sink a lot of ships at first, but due to much greater protection in the air and on the sea, our convoys will soon cross the oceans with much fewer losses. There, too, air cargo will become utilized a great deal more, and, Mr. Hitler, I hear you are pretty hard up for oil these days.

As for second fronts, your first will be in Italy, although it will not be regarded as a real one by many, and then more will follow from all points of the compass, when you have weakened sufficiently. In your plan to conserve manpower and at the same time raise food and supply your armies, you will find that instead of saving man-power you will waste it; for you will find that for every five men working, you will need one man on guard, and, at that, half-starved, and hate-filled laborers do not produce either efficient or abundant work.

When, Mr. Hitler, you talk of disunion in the United States and our inability to maintain a two-front war, you are also greatly mistaken there. We may have a coal strike now and then, but when it comes to the real fighting, we, shall fight hard for the principles in which we believe. Although we may move more slowly than you in wartime, we move surely and do not make fatal mistakes such as you have made; and our production will in time become great enough, so that if need be, we can hold five world fronts. As for unity with our allies, we are all fighting for the same cause, to rid the world of

you and your regime. That is our real objective, and don't forget it!

Lastly, I want to explain to you, Herr Hitler, the main factor which will cause your downward plunge, together with your Nazism. This is the fact that as time progresses, you will grow weaker and weaker. There are three main reasons for this: (1) Incessant attack on land and in the air, (2) lack of food and man-power to guard all possible invasion points, and (3) growing hostility towards Nazism in oppressed countries *and in Germany itself*. Your Germans fight well when on the offensive, but on the defensive their morale cracks swiftly. Everything is fine when your armies are rolling ahead and they are willing to accept the promises of a fanatic such as you, but, when forced to bear great defeats and fight a prolonged defensive war, the story is different, Corporal Schicklegruber. Nearly every family in Germany has lost a member in the war and suffered from the great shortages of food and other materials. The terrible effects of air raids and the uprising of the blood-thirsty, embittered horde of avengers are pressing upon their conscience at all times. They ask themselves who is re-

sponsible for all these discomforts and where all this fighting and conquering has got them. They say it is like "flies conquering the fly-paper"; and then they turn on you, the man who got them into this mess, and revolt follows against you, their boastful leader, and his hated Nazism. This, dear Adolf, is your destiny and is what in the end will cause the entire internal split of Germany which will win the war for the Allies.

Indeed, Herr Hitler, your downfall can be summed up in two simple truths. Alas, if you had ever studied world history to any effect, you would have been aware of them, the earth could have been spared this terrible conflict, and you could have saved your hide! These truths are: (1) Man wants to be free, and a tyrant's will cannot be forced upon him by starvation, fighting, and killing—in other words, modern man wants Democracy, not Nazism; and (2) he who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword.

Here I end my epistle, Adolf, and with best wishes for your immediate and complete defeat, you are my enemy and I am,

Yours, An American
MACDONALD MATHEY (V)

Why?

"Why have war?"—you ask.

Why must men lie
On some foreign field, where they die
For their native land?

Why have war? Is it
Fair to bring them back
To go through life and lack
Arms, or legs, or eyes?

Why have war? Just what
The glory or gain
For the thousands who bear the pain
Of the missing face or hand?

Why have war? There is
No clear reply—
Save here and there a long deep sigh,
To answer the wise.

WILLIAM HARROP (VI)

Adventure In Cooking

It was Thursday, the cook's day out, and, as Mother had gone to the weekly meeting of the Ladies' Luncheon and Knitting Club, I was left to shift for myself. As lunch time approached, I began to feel the pangs of hunger. It was a case of cook or starve. I decided to make myself a pie—lemon meringue, my favorite kind.

As I gazed hopefully around the kitchen, my eye lit on a jar of maraschino cherries. Well, I thought, what could be the harm in putting in a few of those? I opened the jar and poured a liberal amount into my yellow mixing bowl.

This is a promising start, I mused, but what else can one put into a pie? My mother had taken the cook book to her luncheon, so I had to improvise on the ingredients. Of course, there ought to be a few lemons in a lemon pie, so I secured several lemons and went to work squeezing the juice into the bowl with the cherries. I could not resist tasting the mixture. The thing was slightly on the bitter side, but I felt I was making progress. I opened the sugar jar and poured almost half the contents into the bowl. A second taste was more to my liking, but now the mixture had lost its lemon flavor. Oh, well, I thought, perhaps it's better this way. It will be a novelty to have a lemon pie with a cherry flavor.

I then began to wonder how Mabel, our cook, had made the lemon part stand up so beautifully on her pies. This, I decided, must happen in the cooking. I poured the liquid into a pan on the stove and turned on the heat. Suddenly I remembered that a pie had to have a crust. Now, I had often seen Mabel make pie crust, so I approached this part of my experiment with confidence. With many flourishes of the rolling pin, I rolled out the "dough" for the crust. Then, adding some sugar to it, I patted it neatly into a pie pan. By this time the lemon-cherry juice was burbling happily.

I had now reached the Big Moment of my cooking career—the moment when I could bring the filling and crust together, and the result would be a pie! Gingerly

I let the colorful liquid spill out on the crust. I watched the gooey mass with enormous satisfaction; then I set the pan back on the stove and awaited developments.

Deciding I had a few moments' leisure, I turned on the radio. A voice was explaining that Coupon Number 25 could now be used. Then I remembered that the sugar I had poured away so lavishly in my pie was what Mother intended to use for the dessert that night!

My thoughts were interrupted by a hissing sound behind me. I turned to find that my pie was boiling over. The crust had entirely disappeared. It had apparently dissolved into the liquid, forming an even gooier mess than the original mixture.

I now had a severe attack of conscience. It was obvious that the pie was not turning out exactly as planned. All this valuable sugar would be wasted if something were not done immediately. There was only one course. I would have to eat the entire "pie"—before Mother returned. So, pouring out the half-boiled cherries, the bubbling lemon juice, the partially dissolved lumps of sugar and paste, I prepared to eat my wonderful creation.

I stuck my fork into the goo on my plate. It came out with a little bit of everything attached. I then took my first mouthful. A shudder ran through me. My, that's good, I kept assuring myself. Of course, I would gladly have made the sacrifice of not eating my "pie"—if it had not been for the sugar. (I have since decided that I had been influenced by propaganda, but at the time I was thoroughly convinced that my action was inspired by pure patriotism.) Manfully, bite by bite, I consumed the yellowish mass.

When my mother came home from her luncheon later that day, she found the kitchen a picture of neatness. She found her son upstairs in bed. From under the covers, the voice of conscience was telling him that he had done a heroic deed—but his stomach was saying otherwise.

DENVER LINDLEY (IV)

Avengeing Eagles

After the conquest of Poland in 1939, the Germans, Reich Marshal Hermann Goering in particular, claimed that the Polish Air Force would never rise again. This was one mistake in a long line of mistakes that the Nazis have made ever since they came into power. For the Polish Air Force has risen again—in England. Today, flying Spitfires and Hurricanes, these Poles have sworn to sweep the skies of all swastika-marked planes. But let us start at the beginning of this story.

The Kosciuszko Squadron, organized in 1939, was equipped with inferior planes, insufficiently armed, and utterly inadequate against Goering's superior forces; nevertheless, it fought gallantly, and when the battle was over, the remnants fled to France.

There, recruiting other flying Poles, the survivors rounded up some equipment and flew together as a flying unit with the French Air Force. When France surrendered, the Poles again fled—this time to England. While some joined the Royal Air Force, others were gradually collected into Polish Squadron 303, flying under its own leaders.

The Polish flyers are adored in England. The English women and girls wear Squadron 303 rings and pins; and one restaurant near a Polish flying field always plays the Polish national anthem before "God Save the King."

The Poles' eagerness for combat against the Germans cannot be held in check. This eagerness has produced many headaches among the British commanding officers and probably will produce many more before the war is over. An example of this eagerness for combat is the story of a Polish bombing squadron on maneuvers. It is said that the bombers took off with a full load of bombs and gasoline. They were to be gone only an hour, as it was just a practice flight. An hour went by, two hours, three hours, and still no Poles. Many more hours passed, and the commander was just about to send out a

search flight, when, one by one, the bombers returned. The commander rushed up to the first plane and hotly demanded, "Where have you been?"

The Poles answered, simply, "Bombing Berlin!"

Another factor in the success story of these Poles is their amazing courage and daring. They will scrape the roof tops of German barracks, the better to carry out their mission. Even in the heaviest anti-aircraft barrages they will do this; and they escape more often than the law of averages should allow.

The Polish pilots are naturally skillful pilots. After their escape from France, they mastered the intricacies of the Hurricanes and Spitfires and, within three weeks, they were in the air, fighting with the best of them.

In the communiques issued by the British Air Ministry telling of Polish heroism and bravery in bombing and fighting missions, there are no names of Polish flyers given. This policy of anonymity is strictly enforced because most of these men have families and friends living in Poland, and it is feared that publishing such information would endanger the lives of their friends and relatives.

The Polish fighter pilots fought gallantly by the side of their British friends in the Battle of Britain for 43 days—from August 30 to October 11. They fought for Britain's survival as if they were fighting for Poland's. When Prime Minister Churchill said, "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few," he undoubtedly meant not only the R.A.F. but their Polish allies.

In the Battle of Britain, the R.A.F. won out against almost overwhelming odds. For, when the final tally was taken, one hundred eighty-five German aircraft had crashed in the fields of Surrey and Kent. The "Luftwaffe" retired in ignominious defeat.

Looking back on the Battle of Britain, the memory is almost breath-taking; the

destinies of the 456,000,000 people in the British Empire depended on the courage and heroism of about 250 pilots!

Squadron 303's contribution to this bag was comparatively tremendous during the crucial period. In September, 1940—the score was as follows: Squadron 303: 77 Germans downed by Poles, 17 by a Czech member of the squadron, and 14 by three British members—a total of 108 knocked down in September. The Squadron's total bag for the entire Battle of Britain was 126.

Planes cannot fly without mechanics, and the Polish mechanics were unsurpassed in their ingenuity and resourcefulness. They, too, escaped to France and thence to England. Undoubtedly, Squadron 303's success during the grueling campaign of September, 1940, was due in a large part to the dexterity of the Polish mechanics. Not once did the Squadron (of twelve planes) go up with more than five planes grounded because of being in a dogfight—until September 15.

The most amazing feat the Poles accomplished occurred on September 15, when twelve planes went up in the first take-off. In the second take-off there were nine, and in the evening only four were capable of leaving the ground. They had received an irreparable damage: control

fins were shot away; radiators were smashed; control cables cut; while engine shields, wings, and fusilages looked like pieces of Swiss cheese.

Even the Squadron's repair shop could not repair this damage, but the mechanics were undaunted. The enemy was expected to return the next day, so the Poles worked all night, feverishly. By dawn of the 16th the incredible had happened—twelve planes took off in the first flight.

They are fearful—these Polish avenging eagles. They fight with the fury of men whose families have been butchered, their homes levelled, and their country devastated. All these things, and many more, make them reckless, daring, and brave. What do they care if they die? To them, death is worth it, if in dying they deal a blow to the Nazis—the hated conquerors of their homeland.

Soon all Hitlerland will awaken to the realization that the air force that they belittled and scorned is coming back to haunt them. When the long-awaited Second Front is opened upon occupied Europe, there in the front lines will be the Poles eager to smash the Nazis. Their spirit is eloquently expressed in their national motto: "God, Honor, the Fatherland."

RICHARD PAYNTER (V)



The Bean Family Pulls Through

I am going to tell you about a family of Beans. They live in a cracker box in a junk yard.

It's rather a queer house, even for a family of beans! The beds are made out of ladies' compacts. The sofa is made out of a scrubbing brush, and for a light shade, the Beans use a thimble. Of course, being a very up to date family, the Beans have an air-raid shelter. It is an old tea pot, with a ladder hanging down from the spout.

Now, since I have told you something about the house, I will tell you who lives in it. The mother is Mrs. Lima Bean, the father is Mr. Soy Bean, and their son is Master Baked Bean. And they all live together in their cracker box in Junktown.

I am now going to tell you about how the Bean family got through their first air raid.

One morning, about ten o'clock, a squad of Japanese beetles came flying over to bomb Junktown. There was great excite-

ment in the Bean family. They all climbed up the ladder to the spout of the tea pot. Baked Bean slid down the spout first. Then came the rest of the Bean family. But—at the end of the spout, they found poor Baked Bean stuck fast and struggling to get out of the molasses.

When, at last, Mr. and Mrs. Bean got

Baked Bean out of the molasses, the raid was over. They climbed out of the tea pot and carried Baked Bean back to the cracker box. There they gave him a good bath. After that the Bean family lived very happily, for they had pulled through their first air raid!

JAMES DONNELLY (I)

The Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club returned this year to one of its favorite authors in its presentation on May 7 and 8 of Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." The twelfth annual production, the play made history for the Club on several counts: Due to war conditions and for reasons of convenience, the Club suspended its long association with the Princeton High School auditorium and produced the play in Murray Theatre on the Princeton University campus; for the first time in the Club's history, Country Day actors and actresses had the thrill of performing their show for two nights instead of the usual one-night stand; also for the first time in Dramatic Club annals, an understudy was employed in a major role at very short notice. Although not a member and without previous stage experience, Ledlie Laughlin acquired Dramatic Club fame by stepping into his brother James' part and giving a very capable interpretation.

The production was under the direction of Mr. Ross and Mr. McAneny, while Mr. Whitehead and Mr. Robson supervised the construction of King Arthur's court. Sixth century knights, court ladies, and "extras" emerged from the skillful hands of Mrs. McAneny and Mrs. Murch, who served as the costume committee, and from the ministrations of Mr. Smyth and his bevy of beauticians on the make-up committee. The husky, hard-working stage crew was headed by Peter Erdman and Jean Casadesus, assisted by Richard Paynter, Gardner Munro, and Alec Gallup.

Officers of the Dramatic Club proved that their positions were not purely nominal by themselves acting three major roles in the production. President John Schluter appeared as Queen Morgan Le Fay, Vice President Robert Warren was Sir Sagramor, while the Club's Secretary, John Matthews, had the title role as the Connecticut Yankee. Other major parts were taken by Dean Mathey as King Arthur, Charles March as Queen Guenever, Garrison Ellis as Merlin, David Barlow as Elaine, Charles Stokes as Sandy, Paul van Dyke as Clarence, Charles McCutchen as Dinadan, David Ralston as Mrs. Bennett, Ledlie and James Laughlin as Marion Bennett, Samuel Howell as Oswald, Macdonald Mathey as Sir Lancelot, George Piper, Ward Morehouse and William Harrop as three knights of the court.

Among those who qualified for full membership in the Dramatic Club were: Paul Broneer, Jean Casadesus, Nicholas Gordon-Lennox, Samuel Howell, Ledlie Laughlin, Charles March, John Moore, Ward Morehouse, Gardner Munro, Paul van Dyke, and William Wetzel. For playing minor parts or for assisting the stage crew, the following boys received half-credit towards membership in the Club: Alec Gallup, John Flemer, Denver Lindley, Colin McAneny, Thomas Moore, Steele Stewart.

With the Blues and Whites

SCHOLARSHIP

WINTER TERM

During the winter term the Whites maintained a slight advantage over the Blues, with a general average of 2.2+; while the Blues came closely behind with 2.3-. The Whites also succeeded in having 71% of their members clear of failures. The Blues followed with 61% on the complete pass list for the term.

Boys who had no subject failures for the winter term were:

WHITES (22 of 38)—Black, Casadesus, G., Casadesus, J., Elderkin, Erdman, P., Godolphin, Harrop, W., Highet, Hopkinson, Howard, Laughlin, L., Lindley, Mathey, D. W., Mathey, M., Matthews, P., McCutchen, Morehouse, Peyton, Ralston, Roberts, Rossmassler, Schluter, J., Schluter, P., Stewart, J. H., Wallace, Wetzel, Winans.

BLUES (22 of 36)—Barlow, Broneer, Chivers, Dignan, Donnelly, Ellis, Fletcher, Gallup, A., Gordon-Lennox, Hart, Howell, March, McAneny, Paynter, G., Paynter, R., Piper, G., Piper, R., Rogers, Stace, Stern, Stepp, van Dyke.

SPRING TERM

The final term revealed extremely close competition between the two Colors. The Whites managed to forge ahead by a narrow margin, and the term ended with an average of 2.3- for the Whites and 2.3+ for the Blues. As in the first term, the Whites had 71% of their boys on the clear list; while the Blues trailed with 52% of their membership without failures.

Boys who had no subject failures for the spring term were:

WHITES (27 of 38)—Black, Casadesus, G., Casadesus, J., Godolphin, Harrop, D., Harrop, W., Highet, Hopkinson, Howard, Laughlin, L., Lindley, Mathey, D., Mathey, D.W., Mathey, M., Matthews, P., McCutchen, Morehouse, Peyton, Ralston, Roberts, Rossmassler, Schluter, J., Schluter, P., Stewart, J. H., Wallace, Warren, Wetzel.

BLUES (19 of 36)—Barlow, Broneer, Dignan, Donnelly, Ellis, Fletcher, Gallup, G., Gordon-Lennox, Hart, Howell, March, McAneny, Paynter, G., Paynter, R., Piper, G., Piper, R., Rogers, Stokes, van Dyke.

HOCKEY

For the second successive season the Whites swept to a clean victory in hockey. Outstanding on the winning team were the Mathey brothers and Matthews, J. in the first line, with Schluter, J. and Harrop, W. at defense, and Casadesus, J. in the cage. To counteract these players, the Blues had Howell, Piper, G., and Gallup, A. in the first line, van Dyke and Munro holding the defense, and Ellis in the goal. Only two senior games were played; the Whites were victorious in both, with scores of 9-0 and 8-1.

BASEBALL

The Blues succeeded in capturing the baseball championship of the school for the third time in a row. Again, as in last year's series, the victory was based on the total number of points collected by each Color on the junior, intermediate, and senior diamonds.

On the senior diamond, the Blues had Weiser on the mound and van Dyke behind the bat; while the Whites' battery consisted of Matthews, J., in the pitcher's box and Mathey, M. behind the plate. Despite the opposition put up by the Whites, the Blues captured the senior competition by a margin of 20-0.

On the junior and intermediate diamonds, the Whites managed to keep on top until the final game on each field—on the intermediate field resulting in a tie and on the junior field in a victory for the Blues.

Thus the Blues, with a total of 23½ points to 21½ for the Whites, won the Color championship for 1943.

TRACK

Competing for the cup annually presented by Mayor Charles R. Erdman, Jr., the Blues and Whites again held their spring track meet in Palmer Stadium.

Sammy Howell proved to be high man for the senior Blues, capturing the broad jump, the 100 yard dash, and the 220 yard dash for his Color. Also participating under the Blue banner, George Gallup won the broad jump and high jump in the intermediate division. James Donnelly was high man for the junior Blues. The Whites succeeded in winning only two senior events. John Schluter defeated all competitors in the high jump, while Bob Warren heaved the shot put further than any senior Blues were able to do.

A final tally of all the points accumulated for each Color showed the Blues in the lead with a total of 56 $\frac{5}{6}$ points to 47 $\frac{1}{6}$ for the Whites. George Piper, captain of the Blues, accepted the Erdman cup for the track championship of 1943.

*Detail Army*

Doggone this Detail Army!
Is all I've got to say,
Ever since we came to camp,
We've labored night and day.

When manoeuvres were all over,
And I thought the job was done,
They just handed me a shovel,
As they took away my gun!

The other guys just laughed at us,
(They did it on the sly!)
When our weary detail outfit
Came sadly marching by,

I never thought that I would be
A street cleaner, brave and bold,
Until I started cleaning camp
In the sleet, the rain, and cold.

From "K.P." to loading box cars,
They sure work you night and day—
So doggone this Detail Army,
Is all I've got to say!

DAVID BARLOW (V)

Athletics

HOCKEY

The varsity hockey team celebrated a top-notch season this year by winning every one of its six outside games. The victories were made possible chiefly through the superb coaching of Mr. Vaughan, the Princeton University hockey coach, and the expert playing of all members of the team. Although many of the games had to be played on Wednesday afternoons, there were always several spectators at the rink, and the team received loyal support from all boys who could attend.

P. C. D. 9 Lawrenceville 0

P. C. D. got off to a good start in the first game of the season, with Lawrenceville as its opponent. The honor of scoring the first goal of the season went to Captain Dean Mathey, who was closely followed by Peter Erdman with another tally for P. C. D. In the next period, the second line played very well, with goals scored by David Erdman and Gardner Munro. In the final period Captain Mathey and Peter Erdman each scored twice, making the opening game a P. C. D. victory, 9-0.

P. C. D. 4 Lawrenceville 2

Inspired by the score of the season's opener, the team tackled Lawrenceville again with high hopes. Captain Mathey repeated his feat of the preceding game and scored the first tally, but the Lawrenceville players retaliated, to make the score even at the end of the first period. In the next period P. C. D. again forged ahead with two goals made by Don Mathey. Lawrenceville came back with another goal at the beginning of the third period, but Captain Mathey scored again, making the final count 4-2 in favor of P. C. D.

P. C. D. 8 Peddie 5

P. C. D. played vigorous hockey in its first meeting with the Peddie players. During the opening period, the Mathey brothers were really "hot", with both Dean and Don chalking up a goal apiece. Peter Erdman followed through with another score. Peddie managed to score twice during this period. In the next session Peddie scored again, but the Mathey brothers replied with two more goals for P. C. D. The third period found the Peddie skaters fighting hard and registering two more goals, but Dean Mathey shot another puck home for P. C. D., and the final whistle blew with the score 8-5 for the home team.

P. C. D. 5 Peddie 2

Again displaying plenty of fighting spirit, P. C. D. met Peddie in a return contest. All P. C. D. tallies came in the first and second periods, with Dean Mathey scoring twice, Don Mathey, David Erdman and Peter Erdman once each. Peddie managed to get two shots past the local goalie, but this was not enough to stop the varsity from chalking up its fourth straight victory.

P. C. D. 4 Peddie 1

Setting a fast pace in the third game with Peddie, Don Mathey scored three times—twice in the opening period and once in the second period. Peddie's lone tally came in the third period, with Dean Mathey following through with another goal for P. C. D. The school's third victory over Peddie ended with a 4-1 margin.

P. C. D. 7 Lawrenceville 1

P. C. D. again played host to Lawrenceville in the season's final contest. The home team got off to a brilliant start by making five goals in the first period, thus clinching the game in the first few minutes of play. Don Mathey accounted for three of these

goals, with Peter Erdman and Dean Mathey coming through with one each. Lawrenceville rallied in the second period and made its lone tally of the entire game, but this was soon countered by another goal from Don Mathey for P.C.D. Anticipating the final whistle by a few seconds, Dean Mathey scored another goal, bringing the game and the season to an end with a 7-1 victory.

Varsity letter-men for the season were: Casadesus, J., Ellis, Erdman, D., Erdman, P., Harrop, W., Howell, March (Manager), Mathey, D. W. (Captain), Mathey, M., Matthews, J., Munro, Piper G., Schluter, J., van Dyke.

BASEBALL

Good coaching on the part of Mr. McAneny and a winning spirit on the part of the team brought victory in two of the three outside games played by the varsity this year. Prolonged rainy weather and lack of transportation facilities cut down the practice periods and limited the number of outside contests to two with the Township School and one with the Fathers.

P. C. D. 1 Township 6

On May 13 the Country Day varsity nine opened its season with the Township players on the home diamond. Weiser for P. C. D. and Boccanfuso for Township each pitched the entire game. Country Day batting and fielding were under par; nevertheless, for the first three innings, the score only slightly favored Township. In the sixth inning, however, Township forged ahead. Weiser and Van Dyke, P.C.D. catcher, both played a fine game, as did Boccanfuso for the opponents.

P. C. D. 24 Township 3

The second outside game with a school team was a return match with Township on their diamond. Weiser, pitching for P. C. D., stayed in for the whole game; while "Pee Wee" Perna started as pitcher for Township. P. C. D. led slightly from the start. In the third inning, Perna blew up and was replaced by four other pitchers who turned in a similar performance. Country Day batting picked up in the fourth inning, with Captain Dean Mathey hitting the first home run of the year. Although Perna was put back on the mound to turn the tide, the Township team by this time was completely disorganized. Country Day runners crossed the home plate in rapid succession, and the game ended with P. C. D. far in the lead. Weiser, van Dyke, Mathey, and Howell starred for Country Day, with fine support from all members of the team.

P. C. D. 8 Fathers 4

For the second consecutive year, and for the third time in the school's history, the Sons defeated the Fathers in the annual Fathers-Sons classic. From the start, the Sons played well and showed a dogged determination to win. Batting was weak on both sides, with Carl Weiser getting the best hit of the day.

Throughout the entire game the school team made fewer errors than the Fathers, whose pitcher walked eleven men. Carl Weiser, on the mound for P. C. D., walked only one player and pitched a fine game. Much credit is due the entire varsity nine for their second straight victory over the Fathers.

The varsity line-up for the season was as follows: Weiser (p.), van Dyke (c), Casadesus, J. (1st.b), Piper, G., (2nd. b.), Mathey, D. (Capt. and 3rd.b.), Howell (s.s.), Mathey, M. (r.f.), Matthews, J. (l.f.), Munro (c.f.).

With the Alumni

IN OTHER SCHOOLS

THOMAS ANDERSON is at Andover where he is playing jayvee baseball.

JAMES ARMITAGE has obtained a 73% average at Lawrenceville. He has been playing house baseball, and is a member of the stage crew of the Periwig Club.

MARTIN BENHAM is at the Taft School where he is playing club baseball and has a 76% average for the term.

JOHN BODINE is completing his third year at Darrow. He sings in the choir there.

WILHELMUS BRYAN, III. graduates this June from the Blake School, Hopkins, Minn.

ROBERT DE VECCHI is attending the Solebury School in New Hope, Pa.

THOMAS DIGNAN is at Exeter where he is playing jayvee baseball. He is also obtaining a good C average and is on the business board of the *Exonian*.

MELVILLE DICKENSON is playing varsity lacrosse at Exeter and is a member of the *Exonian* circulation staff.

FRANK DONNELLY is at Deerfield Academy, where he is playing jayvee baseball.

JAMES DOUGHERTY JR. is captain of the tennis team at Exeter. He has been achieving honor grades in his academic work.

ROBERT DOUGHERTY is president of his class at Exeter and is on the editorial board of the *Exonian*.

ALDEN HALL is on the honor roll at Blair with an 85% average. He has been going out for track this spring and is also president of the Academy Players.

CHARLES HALL is Valedictorian of the Class of '43 at Blair Academy. He is also captain of the wrestling team and runner up in the 121 lb. Eastern Interscholastic Championships. Besides being captain of the soccer and track teams, he has found time to be president of the choir and editor of the senior year book.

GEORGE HARROP is at Exeter where he is on the high honor roll. He plans to enter Princeton in the fall.

DAVID HART has acquired a 2.4 average at South Kent. He has been going out for baseball and plays the drums in the school "swing" band.

FRANK PHINNEY is completing his junior year at Western High School, Washington, D.C.

WILLIAM HUNTER is on the baseball team at Lawrenceville. He plans to enter the army soon.

CHARLES LEE is at South Kent where he is going out for tennis. He expects to work in a factory this summer.

JOHN LOCKE is assistant organist at South Kent. He has a 3.2 average.

RICHARD MORGAN is on the editorial board of the *Phillipian* at Andover.

FREDERICK ROBERTS has attained an 85% average at St. Pauls'. He played second team hockey during the winter term.

WILLIAM ROSSMAN has a 74% average at Blair. He has been playing C squad baseball.

FREDERICK SCHLUTER is at Exeter where he is playing jayvee baseball.

WILLIAM SCHLUTER is on the jayvee baseball team at Exeter. He has maintained a B average in his studies.

JOHN STEWART is at Lawrenceville where he has acquired an 88% average.

DETLEV VAGTS has a term average of 88% at Taft.

ROY WELCH, JR. is president of his class at George School. He has had a final term average of 83%.

SPENCER WELCH is on the varsity crew at Exeter, where he is also a member of the Dramatic Society.

IN THE UNIVERSITIES

STEPHEN DEWING is attending the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia, N. Y. He was married on March 14 to Miss Millicent Laubenheimer.

ROBERT BENHAM is a member of the Outing Club and of Whig-Clio at Princeton.

FRANCIS CRITCHLOW is at Princeton. He plans to enter the Marine Corps on July 1st.

JOHN CROCKER, JR. was on the jayvee hockey team at Harvard. He expects to enter the V-5 program for the Naval Air Force in July.

EDWARD GORMAN is a freshman at Harvard. He has been accepted for the Navy V-12 training program.

BURNET FISHER is taking the civil engineering course at Princeton.

JOHN NORTHROP went out for university hockey and varsity crew at Princeton this year.

IN BUSINESS

HOBART BAKER is associated with the Sperry Gyroscopic Corp. and lives at Hyde Park, Long Island.

LYNDON CRAWFORD was married to Victoria D. Baylis of New York in September, 1942.

BENJAMIN HOWELL is a research worker in the U. S. Navy Radio Laboratories at Point Loma, San Diego, Cal. He will be married on June 27 to Miss Constance Benson.

WILLIAM THOM, 3rd, is associated with the Co-operative League of U. S. A. in New York City. He also is a member of the Quaker Emergency Service and serves as an orderly in the New York Hospital.

IN THE SERVICES

(Note: In the March issue of the *Junior Journal* we recorded the names of ninety-seven alumni who were known to be enrolled in the armed services of the United States or in the forces of the Allies. We are glad now to be able to publish more detailed information about those from whom we have heard either directly or indirectly. In order that the school alumni files may be complete, we urge our readers to send in any information concerning Country Day graduates in the services. We are anxious, too, to keep our new school service flag up to date. During the summer months, please communicate directly with Mr. Murch.)

JAMES ARMSTRONG has the rank of a lieutenant and is teaching in the Officers Candidate School, Anti-Aircraft and Automatic Weapons Department, Camp Davis, N.C.

HARMON ASHLEY, JR. is an ensign in the U.S.N.R. and is serving on board the Battleship "Nevada" with the Pacific fleet.

HENRY BAKER is a private with the 337th Service Squadron and is stationed at the army air base at Syracuse, N. Y.

RICHARD BAKER, JR. is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the U.S.N.R. and is stationed at Jacksonville, Fla.

WOLCOTT BAKER is an ensign, U.S.N.R., and is now on foreign service.

BRUCE BEDFORD, JR. is a staff sergeant in the Marine Corps and is serving at New River, S. C.

JOHN BENDER is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the U. S. Coast Guard and is on active sea duty.

JOHN BROOKS, JR. is stationed at Boca Raton, Fla., where he is a second lieutenant in the Army Air Corps.

IMBRIE BUFFUM is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the U.S.N.R.

JOHN CHADWICK is a private, Army Air Corps, and is attached to a Florida base.

CHRISTIAN CHAPMAN is a sergeant in the Fighting French Squadron of the Royal Air Force and is stationed somewhere in England.

FRANCIS CHAPMAN has completed his training as an aircraftsman of the Fighting French Squadron of the Royal Air Force and is stationed somewhere in England.

JEREMY COLPITTS is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the U.S.N.R. and has been on active sea duty with his destroyer for two years.

KENNETH CONDIT is a private in the army Military Police. His engagement to Miss Babette Wiener of Barnard College, has been announced.

PAUL CONDIT is a lieutenant instructor in the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

JOHN COOPER, second lieutenant in the Army Air Corps, was a recent visitor at the school.

STEPHEN COOK is a second lieutenant in the Army Signal Corps and is stationed at Camp Forrest, Tenn.

NICHOLAS COWENOVEN is a private in the Army Air Corps. He is in the Ground Aviation Branch and is at Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin.

JAMES CRUDGINGTON is a private attached to the headquarters staff, U. S. Army Headquarters, Cairo, Egypt.

HAROLD DONNELLY, JR. is a private in the 293rd Engineers, U. S. Army, and is stationed at Camp Gordon, Georgia.

DAVID ELMER is an able seaman, U. S. Navy, and is stationed at Norfolk, Va.

ROBERT ELMER is an ensign, U.S.N.R. and is on active sea duty.

CHARLES ERDMAN, III is a private in the Field Artillery and is at Fort Bragg, N. C.

WILLIAM FLEMER, III, is a private in the Camouflage Branch, U. S. Army, and is stationed at Camp Meade, Md.

EDWARD FROHLING is a private with the Combat Engineers Division at Camp Gordon, Georgia.

RICHARD FUNKHOUSER is an aviation cadet, Army Air Corps, at Jones Field, Texas. He is Cadet Squadron Commander there.

NEWTON GIBSON is a corporal in the Marine Corps and is stationed at Corpus Christi, Texas.

FRANK GORMAN JR. was recently promoted to the rank of captain, U. S. Field Artillery, and is stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. His marriage to Miss Ruth Luster of Springfield, Md., will take place early in June.

GEORGE GRETTON, JR. is an aviation cadet, Army Air Corps, and is attached to the base at Big Springs, Texas.

ROBERT HENDRICKSON, JR. is a lieutenant, Army Air Corps, and is stationed at Miami Beach, Fla. His marriage to Miss Elizabeth Heidgord of Lexington, Va., took place recently.

LAWRENCE HEYL, JR. is a private, first class, in the U. S. Army Intelligence Service.

MARSHALL HOWARD is a corporal in the Army Air Corps. He is a radio instructor in the 349th Night Fighter Squadron at Kissimmee, Fla.

DAVID HUGHES is a lieutenant in the Army Air Corps and is stationed at Wickenburg, Arizona.

JONATHAN MOREY is a second lieutenant, U. S. Engineering Corps, and is stationed at Clinton, N. C. His marriage to Miss Susan Bailey of New York City took place in November.

ANDREW IMBRIE is a corporal in the Second Signal Service Battalion stationed at Washington, D. C.

EDWARD KATZENBACH, JR. is a lieutenant in the Marine Corps at Parris Island, Ga.

NICHOLAS KATZENBACH, lieutenant, Army Air Corps, previously reported "missing" in Tunisia during the recent campaign, had now been listed as a prisoner of war and is confined in a camp somewhere in Italy.

STEPHEN KAPLAN is an aviation cadet, Army Air Corps, and is stationed at Atlantic City, N. J.

THORNELL KOREN is a major in the Army Air Corps and is attached to the 13th Airborne Division, Fort Bragg, N. C.

ARTHUR MORGAN is a private in the ASTP at Princeton University.

HOWARD MULLER is an ensign, U.S.N.R. and is working with the Sub-Detecting Branch, Washington, D. C. His engagement to Miss Louise Towar was announced recently.

ERIC PHINNEY is an aviation cadet at Maxwell Field, Ala.

STEPHEN PHINNEY is a private attached to the radio school at Camp Davis, N. C.

ALFRED ROBERTSHAW is a major in the Marine Corps and is on active duty in the South Pacific area.

ALBERT ROBINSON is on duty with the Coast Guard Reserve.

ALBERT ROE is an ensign, U.S.N.R. and is taking a course at the Subchaser Training School in Miami, Fla. He expects to leave the school about the middle of June.

HENRY RUSSELL, JR. is a first lieutenant, Army medical Corps, and is on the staff of Nichols General Hospital, Louisville, Ky.

EDWARD SAMPSON, JR. is a sergeant in the 11th Armored Division at Camp Polk, Louisiana.

HAROLD SAMPSON is a ski instructor with the rank of private at the Mountair Training Center, Camp Hale, Col.

CONYERS SAYEN is a first lieutenant, U. S. Army, and is stationed at Madison Barracks, N. Y.

HENRY SAYEN, IV has returned from active duty with the American Field Service in North Africa. He will enter the army in July.

ALLEN SHELTON, JR. is a lieutenant in the Field Artillery and is on active duty in Africa.

GEORGE SHELTON is a lieutenant in the Anti-Aircraft Artillery and is on active duty in Africa.

ROBERT TERRY is a first lieutenant, Field Artillery, and is serving as an instructor in the Army Specialized Training program at Princeton University.

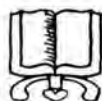
HENRY TOMLINSON is a lieutenant, Army Air Corps. He is stationed at Peterson Field, Colorado Springs, Col.

ALDEN WICKS is an ensign, U.S.N.R., and is attached to a mine-sweeper stationed at Newport, R. I.

DAVID WICKS is an ensign, U.S.N.R., and has been on active sea duty with his destroyer on convoy patrol.

ROGER WILDE is a private in the 3rd Battalion Headquarters Company, Army Intelligence, and is stationed at Camp Carson, Col.

PHILIP WORDEN is a captain on active duty with the Army Air Corps.



Commencement Exercises

June 7, 1943

PROGRAM

INTRODUCTION

DEAN MATHEY, ESQ.

Chairman of the Board of Trustees

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

INVOCATION

REV. TERTIUS VAN DYKE

Princeton University

CLASS EXERCISES

The Class Poem	WILLIAM CALDWELL HARROP
The Class Prophecy	SAMUEL COOMBE HOWELL
The Class Will	CHARLES WALTER MCCUTCHEN
Presentations	GARRISON MCCLINTOCK NOEL ELLIS

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

REV. PAUL AUSTIN WOLFE, D.D., LL.D.

Pastor: Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City

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AWARDING OF SCHOOL CUPS

The Headmaster's Cup	GEORGE WALLACE PIPER
(Leadership)	
The Horton Cup	CHARLES HENRY MARCH
(General Character)	
The Bourne Cup	DEAN WINANS MATHEY
(Athletics)	
The Maxwell Cup	{ GARRISON MCCLINTOCK NOEL ELLIS
(Scholarship—Upper School)	{ MACDONALD MATHEY
The Faculty Cup	EMERY SANBORN FLETCHER
(Scholarship—Lower School)	

AWARDING OF SCHOOL PRIZES

Mathematics	{ GEORGE WALLACE PIPER
	{ CHARLES HENRY MARCH
	{ WARD ELY MOREHOUSE
English	{ WARD ELY MOREHOUSE
	{ GEORGE WALLACE PIPER
Ancient History	{ WARD ELY MOREHOUSE
	{ GEORGE WALLACE PIPER
Latin	{ GEORGE WALLACE PIPER
	{ WARD ELY MOREHOUSE
French	{ GEORGE WALLACE PIPER
	{ WARD ELY MOREHOUSE
	{ JOHN CASADESUS
Public Speaking	CHARLES WALTER MCCUTCHEN
Worthy Endeavor	PETER EDWIN BULKLEY ERDMAN

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS

THE SCHOOL SONG

School Cheer: 1943	JOHN POTTER CUYLER MATTHEWS
School	DEAN WINANS MATHEY

THE CLASS OF 1943

JOHN CASADESUS
PETER EDWIN BULKLEY ERDMAN
ALEC MILLER GALLUP
WILLIAM CALDWELL HARROP
SAMUEL COOMBE HOWELL
JAMES BEN LAUGHLIN
CHARLES HENRY MARCH

DEAN WINANS MATHEY
CHARLES WALTER MCCUTCHEN
WARD ELY MOREHOUSE
GEORGE WALLACE PIPER
JOHN ADOLPH SCHLUTER
PAUL CANNON VAN DYKE
WILLIAM ENOS WETZEL, JR.

The Class Poem

(By WILLIAM CALDWELL HARROP)

Cassy's our first-baseman,
A mighty good one, too.
But when examinations come,
You'll find he's pretty blue.

Erdman goes to Edgartown
Each summer when it's hot.
His stories of the girls up there
Amaze us quite a lot.

Alec hails from Blawenburg,
Away out in the sticks.
All he has for company
Are George and a lot of ticks.

Billy Harrop on the trumpet
Is as good as Harry James.
After hearing him we aren't so sure,
But that is what *he* claims!

Sam Howell sees all the Princeton games
In hockey, track and gym,
And whether the Dodgers win this year
Means quite a bit to him.

Jim Laughlin is our soft-ball king;
He hits 'em far and high.
But when by chance he does strike out,
He sits right down to cry.

Charles March at the 220
Was not as fast as some.
But practicing for it every day
He had a lot of fun.

Dean Mathey is an athlete,
A hockey player he,
And when he's skating with the puck,
A goal we all foresee.

McCutchen's our mad genius,—
Just put him to any test.
But in problems in Math. involving sheep
Mr. Murch is not impressed.

Morehouse is a camera fiend,
And (ahem) plays the clarinet.
But if Mumbo is a skater,
He hasn't shown *us* yet.

George Piper is a scholar,
He always gets a "one,"
And when he is a prefect,
The kiddies have no fun.

"Hick" Schluter is our farmer;
He loves to plough and plant.
And when stepping on the dance floor,
The girls he does enchant.

Paul van Dyke's our Romeo;
The girls all "go" for him.
But all he does is run away
To skate, play ball, or swim.

Billy Wetzel rides the bus,
Leaving Trenton every day.
We hear that girls in every town
Wave to him along the way.

So there's the class of '43,
Taken one by one.
We hope you'll not forget us
When we are through and gone.

The Class Prophecy

(By SAMUEL COOMBE HOWELL)

The other day I went to New York to see the Dodgers play the Cardinals. On my way to Brooklyn, I must have made a mistake, for when I got off the subway, I was not at Ebbets Field, but at Coney Island. I knew then that I should never have gone to Brooklyn in the first place, and that the best thing for me to do was to go home as soon as I could. But as I turned to re-enter the subway, and reached into my pocket for a nickel, I found that all my money had vanished.

Here was a terrible mess. It's bad enough to go to Brooklyn with your pockets full of coins, but being in Coney Island without a nickel is like seeing the Philadelphia Phillies try to play baseball. When the Phillies play, you don't see baseball; when you have no money in Coney Island you don't see anything, either.

As I stood there wondering what to do, my eyes fell on a sign. "Madame Future," read the notice, "Specialist in Prophecy. Personal Problems Solved. Free advice if you guess whether my teeth are false."

I needed advice. But more than anything else, I needed free advice. I decided to have a try at Madame Future's teeth.

I entered her shop. It was dark. Madame Future came from behind a curtain and said, "Welcome." Then she said, "I hope you have not come for free advice. I very seldom have had to give it. People just don't seem able to tell the truth about my teeth. Of course, I'm the judge whether you are telling the truth or not. Sometimes people don't think I'm the right judge."

"Well, Madame Future," I said, "I am going to try for the free advice."

"Tell me whether my teeth are false, then," she said.

"How can your teeth be false, Madame," I asked. "If anything about you were false, people would not trust your advice. And you can't afford to let them think there is anything wrong with your advice. Your teeth, Madame, are real."

I saw I had scored. Her teeth were false, of course, but now she did not dare to admit it. She even appeared glad to give me free advice.

"Good," she said. "You are right. My teeth are real, but no one but you has ever guessed it. What do you want to know?"

"How can I get back to Princeton without any money?" I asked.

That stumped her.

"Perhaps I can tell you a bit later," she said. "Hard questions have to be answered slowly. Won't you try some easier ones first?"

I remembered then that I had to make a prophecy at the Commencement Exercises of Princeton Country Day School. It was too much to hope that Madame Future could help me. After all, Mr. Smyth hadn't helped me. But I could try.

"I have to know the future, Madame," I said. "I have to know what's going to happen to my classmates at Country Day. I have to know what Casadesus and Erdman and Gallup and Harrop and Laughlin and Mathey and McCutchen and March and Morehouse and Piper and Schluter and van Dyke and Wetzel are going to be doing in 1973. You tell me that, first. Then you can tell me how I can get home without money."

Madame Future's face lighted up. "Future is my name," she said. "I have been telling the future for years and years and years . . . ever since Roosevelt came in, in fact . . ."

"Well, tell me what's going to happen to these classmates," I said.

"One of these names sounds familiar," she replied. "Was it Erdman? Ah, yes, Erdman. He goes to Princeton Country Day School, you say? Then it must be his

father who is a customer of mine. He often comes to ask how long he is going to be Mayor."

"But I want to know what happens to the mayor's son in 1973."

Her face grew thoughtful. She sat down before a table and began to deal cards from a dirty pack. She dealt three cards and wrinkled her forehead. Then she dealt a fourth. Then a fifth. Finally she had fourteen cards face-up on the table. She studied them.

"I see it all, now," she said. "Here is the whole graduating class at Country Day. Every card a trump, too. What a future they have!"

"Go on, go on," I said impatiently.

"Remember," she said. "This is free advice. My free advice is never guaranteed. I only guarantee what the customer pays for."

"All right. All right. But go on."

"Well," she said. "This fellow Casadesus seems to have a musical future. Yes, his card tells me that he is going to be working in 1973 on a new piano concerto which is a key tuned so high that the human ear can't hear it. He says he is tired of hearing what the critics say about his music, and he is going to give them a real nut to crack."

"Trust Cassy," I murmured. "Nobody ever got the better of him. But what about Erdman?" I asked aloud.

"The Mayor's son," she said. "Well, his card is a king. That means he is going to enter politics. In 1973 he is going to be Secretary of State. His card says that he learned to be Secretary when he was Secretary of the Whites at Country Day. His card also says that he is going to make a treaty with England. The Englishman who helps to make this treaty is named March."

"Not Charles March?" I demanded eagerly. "Why Charles March is also in Country Day."

"Ah yes," said Madame Future. "Here is his card now. He goes back to England after leaving Country Day and enters Parliament. He becomes Foreign Secretary just as Erdman becomes Secretary of State in the United States. Erdman and March draw their two countries together, and historians say of them that the victorious alliance they drew up was really written on the playing fields of Country Day."

"Yes, yes," I interrupted. Good old March and Erdman. What about Gallup?

"Gallup," said Madame Future. "Ah, yes, Gallup. His father is a competitor of mine, you know. Young Gallup's card is a queen. It says that he is going to have a big office in New York, with lots of buttons on the desk, and every time he presses a button, a blond secretary comes in and sits on his lap."

"Dear old Gallup," I said. "He hasn't changed a bit. What about Harrop?"

"Harrop," said Madame Future, "is no longer called William in 1973. His name has been changed to Duke. Duke Harrop's band is the rage of Broadway thirty years from now. The swing they play is so hot that the Mayor of New York orders all people who hear them to carry their old fashioned stirrup-pumps. When Duke Harrop is at the new Super-Paramount in the autumn of 1973, the crowds waiting to get in to hear him extend from the door of the theatre to the East River."

"I'd like to hear Harrop," I said, "but do you have a card for Laughlin?"

"Laughlin's card says that after graduating from Princeton University he will organize North and South America into a great new soft-ball league, and he will become so famous that Country Day School will build a new gymnasium in his honor."

"I'm glad to hear that Laughlin will get Country Day a gym," I said. "What about McCutchen?"

"McCutchen's card says that he will be a famous quiz expert in 1973. His fame will be greater than that of the Quiz Kids or John Kieran. Every time he misses a

question on his radio program, his sponsor will give the one who stumped him a fifty-volume set of McCutchen's *New Encyclopedia of Universal Knowledge*, and a special McCutchen helicopter, which can land on a sloping roof."

"What about Mathey and Morehouse and Piper and Schluter and van Dyke and Wetzel," I asked.

"Mathey," replied Madame Future, "will become a great skating champion. His card says that he will win the Olympic speed skating championship in 1950. Morehouse will invent a camera that can take pictures through a concrete wall; but the invention will become so dangerous that the government will have to buy it up and destroy it. Piper, after a brilliant career at Lawrenceville and Princeton, will come back to Country Day as master, and by 1973 he will be writing the class prophecy for the class that graduates that year, and will be trying to figure out what is going to happen to his boys in 2020. Schluter will often be a visitor at the school in 1973. He will own a large turkey farm, but will often come to Princeton to give advice to Country Day boys about how to act female parts in the school plays. Van Dyke will join the French Foreign Legion and by 1973 he will be a specialist in chasing native maidens over the sands of North Africa. Wetzel will own the Trenton Packers, and will bring them up to Country Day once a year to give an exhibition baseball game. He will be known as the greatest baseball promoter Trenton ever produced, and his greatest achievement will be that he makes the Trenton Packers the World's Series Winner in 1972."

"Well, Madame Future, that's the story. I can see that I belong to a pretty distinguished class at Country Day. But what about me? What becomes of me?"

"You," said Madame Future. "Why in 1973, you are still stranded in Coney Island, trying to find a way back to Princeton without any money."



The Class Will

(By CHARLES WALTER MCCUTCHEN)

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 Fifth 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 the Whites.

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

To Garry Ellis we leave Johnny Schluter's editorship of the Advice to the Love-lorn column and his post as director of the Lonely Hearts Club.

To Charlie Stokes we leave Charlie March's pair of Adler Elevator shoes which he received from Freddie Roberts.

To Don Mathey we bequeath the Harrop Technique of how to, or possibly how not to, play the trumpet.

To Gardner Munro, Paul van Dyke leaves one pound of rump steak which his dog, Shaun, found was too tough to eat.

To Teddy Tower we bequeath Alec Gallup's ability to get home to Blawenburg with or without the gas shortage.

To Johnny Matthews we bequeath Charlie McCutchen's ability to solve such difficult problems as "why is water wet."

To Paul Broneer we leave Peter Erdman's mastery of Latin verbs, especially of the third principal part of iuvo.

To John Eidmann and Steele Stewart, George Piper leaves his monograph entitled, "How to Get Away With Murder and Remain an Angel-Boy."

To Richard Paynter we bequeath Jean Casadesus' first base skill.

To Nicky Gordon-Lennox we bequeath some of Ward Morehouse's streamlined figure.

To David Ralston and David Barlow, Bill Wetzel leaves his system of sitting next to the prettiest girl in the Trenton bus.

To Bob Warren, we bequeath Dean Mathey's baseball slugging ability.

To any Fifth Former who breaks his thumb we bequeath Sammy Howell's one-handed baseball technique.

To Johnny Moore, Jimmy Laughlin leaves his ability of being around the corner when trouble and hard work are passed out.

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



Honors

WINTER TERM

First Honor Roll

90-100

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

Second Honor Roll

85-90

Broneer
Casadesus, G.
Dignan
Donnelly
Godolphin
Highet
Lindley
March
McAneny
McCutchen
Paynter, G.
Peyton

Piper, G.
Schluter, J.
Wallace

Third Honor Roll

80-85

Black
Forsyth
Gordon-Lennox
Harrop, D.
Harrop, W.
Hart
Hopkinson
Howard
Laughlin, L.
Mathey, D.
Matthews, P.
Ralston
Roberts
Schluter, P.
Stace
Warren
Wetzel
Winans



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SPRING TERM

First Honor Roll (90-100)

Ellis
 Fletcher
 Mathey, M.
 McAneny
 Morehouse
 Peyton
 Piper, G.
 Piper, R.
 Rogers

Second Honor Roll (85-90)

Broneer
 Casadesus, G.
 Dignan
 Donnelly

Harrop, D.

Hart

Howard

Lindley

March

Mathey, D. W.

Matthews, P.

McCutchen

Paynter, G.

Rossmassler

Schluter, J.

Schluter, P.

Wallace

Wetzel

Third Honor Roll (80-85)

Barlow

Black

Casadesus, J.

Chivers

Godolphin

Gordon-Lennox

Harrop, W.

Hight

Hopkinson

Laughlin, L.

Paynter, R.

Ralston

Roberts

Stewart, J. H.

van Dyke

Warren

BLUES and WHITES

THE BLUES

THE WHITES

SOCCER CHAMPIONS

1930	1928
1931	1929
1934	1932
1935	1933
1936	1937
1938	1940
	1941
	1942

HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

1926	1927	1934
1937	1928	1935
1938	1930	1936
1939	1931	1940
1941	1932	1942
	1933	1943

BASEBALL CHAMPIONS

1926	1927
1930	1928
1931	1929
1935	1932
1937	1933
1938	1934
1939	1936
1941	1940
1942	
1943	

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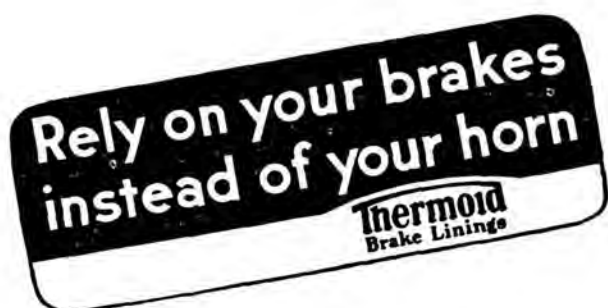
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