

VOL. XVIII. No. 1

JUNIOR JOURNAL

FEBRUARY, 1944

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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JUNIOR JOURNAL

FEBRUARY
1944

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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JUNIOR JOURNAL

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

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

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Vol. XVIII

FEBRUARY, 1944

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

Many of the more non-athletic boys in the P.C.D. often wonder how they can further the cause of their color. They make no great show of athletic skill in color games; therefore they feel as if they aren't doing their part. But they forget that schools were made chiefly for learning and not for athletics. If these non-athletic boys keep their marks the same as or better than the color average they are doing more than their part.

Most colleges and some schools at one time or another have put athletics before learning by offering athletic scholarships to make stronger teams. Of course there is a good side to this too. It enables boys whose marks are just below scholarship average to attend college. On the other hand, it lets in many boys whose main interest is athletics and the prestige it brings them, and who, therefore, shouldn't be in college. Another good point is that a college with a good athletic team attracts many boys to it, which enlarges the income of the institution. Balance this, however, with the fact that athletic scholarships tend to give a college a reputation based on athletics more than on learning. These practices occur much less in prep schools, but they do occur here and there.

We don't imply that this school offers athletic scholarships. However, there are many who think that the Blues and the Whites were instituted for the sole purpose of athletic competition. Competition in sports does tend to make a better school

We regret that, owing to unavoidable conditions in the printing industry, it has been necessary to postpone this issue from its normal December publication date.

spirit than scholarship alone, but it is by no means the only thing. As soon as every boy gets it out of his head that he isn't doing his part unless he is hitting home runs or scoring soccer goals, then a great and needless barrier between the "athletic" and "non-athletic" boy will be happily removed.



MR. ROSS

As everyone knows, Mr. Ross is in the American Field Service with the British army, somewhere in the Middle East. After fourteen years it is needless to say that the School misses him, both as a teacher and as a leader of outside activities. What we miss most, perhaps is his wonderful sense of humor, which was apparent in the classroom, on the playing fields, and even on exam papers. We also miss his hearty singing of the morning hymns, for he was their principal support. Wherever he is we speak for the whole school in wishing him a happy and successful year. May he be back with us at the earliest possible moment!



The Editorial Staff extends a cordial welcome to our new master, Mr. Joseph A. Maurer (Latin Department.)

CHARLES SIBLEY HOWARD

In the untimely death of Charlie Howard the School has lost a good student, a fine athlete and sportsman, and one of the most loyal boys it ever had. The Staff of the Junior Journal wish to express their sorrow at the loss to the School, and to extend their deep sympathy to Professor and Mrs. Stanley E. Howard.

Department Editors

<i>Editorial</i>	DAVID RALSTON
<i>Alumni</i>	{ PAUL BRONEER CHARLES STOKES
<i>Athletics</i>	MARKLEY ROBERTS
<i>Blues and Whites</i>	JOHN MOORE
<i>Miscellaneous</i>	TED TOWER
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Who's Who

1943-1944

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In each form two chairmen have been elected for the purpose of obtaining contributions to the various charity drives. They are:

FORM VI

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CHARLES STOKES

FORM V

GEORGE GALLUP
NIELS YOUNG

FORM II'

GRENVILLE PAYNTER
ROBERT PIPER

FORM III

PETER ROSSMASSLER
DAVID DIGNAN

FORM II

JAMES DONNELLY
JOHN WALLACE



"To Save Life Rather Than Take It"

(Selections from letters sent by Mr. Ross to different members of the Faculty.)

Somewhere at Sea
September 1943

It's been a long crossing—over forty days at sea—yet the time has slipped by with amazing speed—considering the fact that shipboard days bear a monotonous similarity to each other. Part of our voyage was in convoy, but we spent many days on our own without escort. We are really an amphibious unit by now, since we all had to turn to and help with the watch—usually for two hour stretches both day and night. Turning out for the dawn watch—from four to six—was painful to the flesh but most salutary for the soul; and you can

imagine that peering over the top of a swaying gun turret or the crow's nest, with the wind whizzing by at the dizzy rate of 40 to 50 miles an hour, gives one an intimate acquaintance with Nature in the Raw that can be acquired in quite no other way.

The skipper is a perfect model for the Hollywood sea dog—a triumph of type casting, with the complexion of a boiled lobster, whiskers like waving seaweed, and a North of England burr that scratches like sandpaper. He is, of all things, a fervent, almost fanatical Christian Scientist, and is trying desperately to convert me. It all began about the second day out of New

York, when I was asked to have tea (scrupulously laced with a tea-spoon of rum) in his cabin. There was a copy of the "Christian Science Monitor" on his desk. I happened to remark how sound the editorials were in that paper; whereupon, he became positively inflamed on the subject, and from that moment I am sure he regarded me as fair game and a promising victim for conversion. He insisted that I should come to his cabin every day. So I usually make my communion about *tea time*, so that the spirit of evangelism will be more palatable. Meanwhile I find the tea and cakes excellent, and the conversation highly amusing—profitable too, for he's been everywhere and observed it all with a shrewd, if slightly belligerent and jaundiced eye.

There's plenty of drama on board. The other day one of the firemen—a huge, hurly specimen and surely the original for O'Neill's Hairy Ape—suddenly went berserk. We had an exciting time until he was subdued. Poor devil, he'd been shoveling coal—the heap shifted and came down on him. They got him out alive but completely mad—until he was allowed to stroke the ship's cat, which restored him to normalcy almost immediately.

And now I must tell you about the cat—actually a kitten, since she made her first voyage when the ship came out from England early in the summer. She was only a month old then and is still growing almost visibly every day. There's a reason, of course, since the crew feed her unmercifully from morning to night. Her name was quite a problem at first, and I believe the crew held a pool on over a hundred suggestions, but ever since she fell down the galley chimney she's been "Smoky"—which suits her peculiar dust color perfectly. "Smoky" is most active between the hours of six and seven in the morning when the stewards go banging down the passage-ways with long-tailed mops. She loves the mops, and, I fear, interrupts the morning cleaning ritual regularly. One frequently finds her perched in precarious positions in the shrouds, while we all look forward to the day when she feels able to

attempt the long climb to the crow's nest. Everyone worships Smoky, as you can imagine, and she is undoubtedly the most popular passenger on the boat.

Every man on board has a story behind him. Some have been torpedoed many times—one chap I talked to had left seven ships, each time in an open boat, and the last, after swimming through and below flaming oil. Nearly all, of course, have had personal tragedies to face: families scattered and homes destroyed—a not infrequent legacy these days when the long voyage is over. Yet they all keep on, filled with a cold, implacable hatred of "Jerry," as they call him. They speak of him with humor, though, and always with respect for his fighting skill—especially when Jerry fights from a U-boat periscope!

Our day is a fairly complete one, now that we have established a shipboard routine: classes in first-aid, map reading, French (taught by a party of French priests on their way to remote mission stations) and the inevitable P.T. (physical training)—which consists of a series of leaps and jumps on a heaving deck.

October 7, 1943

We had a weary, lengthy crossing, but not long ago, our unit arrived in what is known as the "Middle East Theatre of War." (I can't be more specific). I had charge of the unit all the way from New York and have now turned it over to headquarters here. We are still together, but we may be separated later. We shall all regret this, as we mutually agreed we were a very fine body of men! Lately we've been undergoing training, part of it in the desert, and soon we shall be ready to serve with one of the British or French armies, wherever the need is greatest. And there you have the basic, unadorned facts of an otherwise picturesque narrative—the saga of 73 days at sea, our final arrival in furrin parts and gradual initiation into the art and practice of war. Much of it would be difficult to bear if one did not know it was helping to save life rather than to take it.

Not long ago I was able to get some leave in Cairo; in fact I spent the most in-

interesting and unusual birthday of my life there. Like all Eastern cities the place is full of anachronisms and contradictions. Nearly two million people fight for existence there—but the real masters and conquerors are the sun, the sand, and the flies. The city itself is a curious, fantastic blend of ancient and modern—alas, even modernistic, especially where hotels and apartment houses are concerned. Beautiful 900 year old mosques stand wedged between streamlined hotels and office buildings; while it is nothing to round the corner of a nicely tailored boulevard and step into a native quarter where mud hovels squat in the shadow of some precariously shaky tenement. The streets are continually packed, with white-robed Arabs, British Tommies, and indifferently dressed civilians jostling one another on the hot, narrow pavements and the roads crowded with the world's strangest and most permanent traffic jam: army lorries, camels, jeeps, horse-drawn carriages, taxis (obviously a cross-breed of the Paris variety), bicycles, and donkeys. In and out of it all dart the bare-footed Arab boys—who must have a nonchalant philosophy of life—for they think nothing of flinging themselves in front of a moving vehicle (in the hope that you will pay them to get out of the way,) or take great delight in riding on the back of your taxi or clinging to the rear end of a crowded tram car. There must be thousands of them in Cairo—a potential unemployment problem—and all learning the art of "baksheesh," which is Egyptian for *graft*, a gift, or a downright steal.

My birthday party? In the morning six of us toured several of the more beautiful mosques—shuffling in slippered feet over gorgeous carpets, through blue-tiled halls, and under chandeliers of solid gold. At every iron grilled doorway knelt a pious but ambitious follower of the Prophet who claimed his "baksheesh" before he could unfold further treasures. (It's Egypt's greatest racket. No wonder the Israelites got across the Red Sea in such a hurry!) Noon found us eating Arab food and sipping Persian tea in the street of the Leath-

erworkers—while we wound up "My Day" at Shepheards. There I drank a toast to Princeton friends. I hope you'll reciprocate for me!! Meanwhile all best wishes—and do write!

October 31, 1943

The end of October finds me still living in desert sand. The darned stuff gets into everything. It is amazing, how, even on a perfectly calm, windless day, those tiny little grains can work their way into your life—via blankets, tooth-brush, water-bottle, and service cap—so that you sleep in them, eat them, drink them, and finally pour them on your head. When a desert storm comes up, the effect is terrific. First you hear a violent flapping of your tent folds, while the upright ridge pole sways menacingly back and forth. Instantly all the human occupants of the tent rise to their feet—shaking off all other occupants of the tent in the act—and rush to the windward side in a vain attempt to hold down the guy ropes at any cost. Then a terrific battle ensues, with the wind tearing at the canvas from one direction and six or eight trapped wretches trying to oppose it from another. Meanwhile a perfect whirlwind of sand is pouring in vast quantities into the tent through all possible entries—and there are always plenty of them. The unequal struggle may go on for hours—some say days—until both contestants are exhausted and such human survivors as can exert themselves proceed to dig their way out. So the days pass, and life is reduced to just playing about in one vast sand-box!

Since I last wrote I had the opportunity to spend some leave in Syria and Palestine. Both are highly interesting, though I should prefer to see them under peace-time conditions. You can never escape history in such places, especially when you stand on the Mount of the Beatitudes and watch the fishing boats hobbling up and down on the incredibly blue waters of the Sea of Galilee—or walk through the ruins of a Roman temple or a Crusader's castle in Syria. I'd like to have had my History IV group along for some of our trips—for even

when the ruins got dull (and ruins *can* be dull) there was always comic relief somewhere. Usually there was plenty of it at meal times, for you cannot imagine how difficult it is to get yourself fed in a remote Syrian hill town. Even when your wants are conveyed in the most picturesque English at your command, in halting but even quaint French, and finally in a medley of primitive gestures, they are all bound to be misunderstood by the waiter or proprietor. Soon you are surrounded by a good voting majority of the town's population, including the inevitable camels, horses, and donkeys who poke their noses into everything in Syria—often right over the white-robed shoulders of their Arab masters and straight into the cafe where you sit gasping for food. When it finally does appear, the meal is usually a good one—though it is well not to investigate the kitchen or the social habits of the cook. It must all be left in the hands of Allah—who sees all and knows all—but is no help whatever to the Unbeliever!

You will be interested to know that I unearthed a Princeton product in the Syrian hills. No less a person than Rodman Thibault, who had been driving, I think, with the French. He's been in the Field Service for some months now, and is very happy with his own ambulance, it being the goal of every volunteer to acquire his own vehicle just as soon as possible. Rod had been up somewhere near the Turkish border when I saw him. We had a gala dinner together and toasted you and P.C.D. in some good native wine. I've had word of Norman Barrett, but so far have not run across him or Jim Crudgington. I think both have moved on to more active spheres.

November 19, 1943

There's little to report on our particular front. We are still in the training stage, and most of life is spent in evolving schemes for outwitting the flies, the Arabs, and the M.P.'s.

I find that even out on the desert I can-

not escape my calling, for when I was up in the Syrian mountains, billeted in a tiny village there, I found my step wandering towards the little school quite near our barracks. It was a low one-room mud hut—a sort of afterthought attached to the village mosque. When I entered, the place was in an uproar (happy memories of Room 4 at P.C.D.)! Twenty small boys, attired in long white robes and wearing the traditional red fez, were seated cross-legged in a circle on the rush-covered floor—and all yelling their most vibrant soprano. In the center sat the teacher—a dignified old boy in a black robe, with a white turban, and sporting a beautiful bird's-nesty beard. (He bore a startling resemblance to a composite picture of the P.C.D. Faculty—if we all had the courage to grow beards!) And he was yelling louder than anyone else! You see, the assignment for the day was the recitation of several verses of the Koran—and they were learning it off by heart, but chiefly by voice, for the din was terrific. To add to the confusion, a couple of donkeys were tossing hay about in the background, a camel occasionally poked his absurd head in through the only window, while pigeons and doves flew about in all directions. These diversions, however, did not deter the pursuit of knowledge, for on it went—in a high, minor chant, with a peculiar half-strangled gurgle at the end of each verse. I stayed for about ten minutes of it all, and then emerged into the sunlight, deeply impressed, and full of ideas for the improvement of education as dispensed at P.C.D.!!

Do write again, giving me "All the News That's Fit to Print"—and whatever you can manage between the lines!

Sincerely,
Henry.

(Mr. Ross has just written that he is on active duty in Italy. His address: Vol. Henry B. Ross, American Field Service, A.P.O. 464, c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.)

Victorious In Defeat

I met George Jameson in New York a few weeks ago, where he was recovering from a wound received in North Africa. He was a short, stocky New Zealander. He had been rejected by the army because of a defect in his right leg that caused him to limp. However, he was the adventurous sort and in September 1940 he signed up with Reuter's, who sent him to report on the operations of the New Zealand 5th Brigade Group, which included the 28th (Maori) Battalion and others.

He told me that these men had undergone much arduous training, both in England and in Egypt. None of the men had ever been in any action before and they were eager to get at the enemy.

Finally, the 28th (Maori) Battalion, which he was accompanying, left Alexandria and was convoyed into the Mediterranean. When they were well out to sea, their destination was announced . . . Greece.

"We landed at Piraeus," he related, "and then moved on to Athens, where we were heartily welcomed."

"Before I continue," he said, "I ought to tell you a little about the situation. The Germans had not yet struck but they had their troops massed on the Bulgarian border and were expected to strike very soon. Most of the Greek divisions were fighting the Italians in Albania and the Greeks could muster only three or four divisions to help the British 'W-Group,' as the Expeditionary Force was called, hold off the Germans. The R.A.F. had about eighty airplanes, some of them obsolete, in all of Greece to put against some seven hundred of the best German and Italian planes. Such was the situation when the 5th Brigade Group took up positions at Mount Olympus.

"On April 6, the Germans struck simultaneously at Greece and Yugoslavia. Gradually the enemy moved south, past Salonika, Katerine Pass, and Mount Olympus, where he was confronted by the 5th Brigade Group. On the afternoon of April 14,

bren gunners of the 5th Brigade Group fired upon a group of enemy motorcycle scouts. From then on the 5th Brigade Group was engaged in bitter fighting.

"An artillery duel soon developed between the enemy and the 5th New Zealand Field Regiment. Too much praise cannot be given to the accuracy of our gunners. Once an enemy cooking section was allowed to set up camp and start to cook before it was blown to bits. The gunners fired at everything that was within range. The Germans, however, massed troops and supplies just beyond our range.

"Then the Germans commenced to advance against the Maori Battalion. Small-arms fire slowed down but did not stop the enemy. In the afternoon a dense fog settled over the battlefield. This helped the enemy. The situation was tense. Finally the order came through to 'Fix Bayonets! Charge!' It became a deadly game of 'stalk and kill.' The Maoris looked weird and unhuman as, with their tribal battlecries, they fell upon and killed various groups of enemy soldiers. Those Germans who could run into the fog. . . . The area was cleared before nightfall.

"The enemy did break through in other places so orders were given for the 5th Brigade Group to withdraw. Many men were lost in the extremely heavy fighting that followed. Slowly the British troops were forced south. Air support was out of the question as the gallant group of planes and men had been withdrawn from Greece. The Germans paid dearly for every foot of ground they gained. The British forces had few roads to retreat on, and these were under almost constant air attack. Considering the circumstances, our casualties were very few.

"Finally, when a Greek army had to surrender because of the lack of ammunition, exposing the British flank, the Greeks decided, in order to prevent further devastation of the country, that it would be better for the British to evacuate. So, after a long,

hard fight the British 'W-Group' was evacuated from Greece to Crete by the Royal Navy.

"We were hemmed in on all sides. Not a man who escaped will ever forget his experience with the ships and men of the Royal Navy who rescued 50,000 men in the space of about three nights under very trying conditions. Considering what the Germans paid for Greece, you can right-

fully say that the British, Australian, and New Zealand forces composing the 'W-Group' were 'Victorious in Defeat.'

"Although the first round of the Battle of Greece is over," finished George, "a fight is not completed in one round. The Anzacs left many comrades in Greece, and some day they will return . . . victorious, bringing liberty and justice with them."

ROBERT ROY PIPER (IV)



How I Learned to Play the Clarinet

One day when I was a very small boy at Miss Fine's School, and sat in a very small seat, I was given a very small recorder. I looked it over carefully, and soon discovered that the idea was to cover or uncover the holes, and blow to make the different notes. Then at the teacher's direction we all blew softly, and a variety of thin, weak notes came out. After a few feeble attempts to play the scale, we were dismissed, but my interest in wind instruments had begun.

After mastering the recorder to the extent of being able to play Christmas carols, I then took up the penny flute, the mouth organ, the sweet potato, the fife, and the bugle. All of these were child's play for me, and I longed for something more difficult. I got it!

One evening as he sat suffering over my great musical ability, my father suggested that I have a try at the clarinet. I was delighted, and watched with interest while he produced and put it together. The com-

plicated appearance of the keys alarmed me slightly, but I felt sure I could overcome that in no time. So after a little explanation from my father, I took it and blew. Nothing happened. I blew again, only a little harder. Still no results. Then after some hints as to how to hold my lips on the reed, I tried the third time, and a hideous shriek came forth. This was startling, to say the least. After sticking at it for a few weeks, I was able to play the last three notes of the scale with only one squeak, and by the time I could play the first half of "Three Blind Mice," I thought I was progressing. In the meantime the family was being tortured considerably, and I was banished to the third floor behind locked doors.

The unpleasant noises are now not so frequent, and I can play all of "Three Blind Mice." The clarinet is a wonderful instrument, after you've mastered it.

BRANDON HART (IV)

Escape

The wind moaned eerily and the surf beat on the wharves. Above the noise one could hear the droning of a Messerschmitt patrolling the fiords and coastline of Norway.

Ingrid Jansen made her way out of a dark alley to a dimly lighted street. At the crossroads in the middle of the town there was a machine-gun nest. Up to this came Ingrid.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"It will be seven in fifteen minutes," said the well-fed Nazi who was guarding the nest.

"Oh, thank you," said Ingrid, and turned to go. She flinched as she heard the dull thud of her brother Peter's boots on the Nazi's broad back.

"Is that all, Peter?" she said without turning.

"Yes, all is ready now," said Peter, and they both went back to the alley from which Ingrid had come.

Several hours before, Ingrid and Peter's mother had fallen ill. The doctor said that she had appendicitis. He told them that he was too old to perform the operation. All the young, able doctors had been drained out of Norway by the Nazis. The only thing they could do was to go to England.

All the patrol boats had been taken by the Germans, and only small sailboats remained. The old doctor had one of these, and it was in good enough condition to sail to England. It was planned to bring the mother to the boat where the doctor

was waiting. When Ingrid turned away from the Nazi, Peter was to jump from the roof of a neighboring building and kill him.

So far the plan had worked. Ingrid and Peter came out of the alley carrying their mother, stretcher fashion, on a wide plank. When they reached the boat the doctor was there.

"Hurry! The patrol will be coming along soon," he said. "We will have to use oars until we get out of the fiord, because the sail would be too conspicuous."

They had not gone fifty feet when they heard the noise of the two motorcycles which regularly patrolled the waterfront. They had missed them by a few minutes! Now, for England!

Outside the fiord the wind was blowing quite strongly and kicking up a choppy sea. But the boat was seaworthy, and Peter kept her on her course throughout the night.

At dawn Peter came into the cabin and woke the doctor, saying he saw a British destroyer about two miles to starboard. Soon the destroyer sighted them and it swung around and came up beside them.

A week later Peter and Ingrid stood on the deck of the ship as it steamed up the Thames. The destroyer's surgeon had operated at sea, their mother was recovering, and everybody was happy that they had made their escape.

JOHN FLEMER (V)

Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving Day comes once a year,
So eat your most while it is here,
Turkey and stuffing, squash and pie,
Fruit, nuts, and candy all piled high.

If everybody round the world,
Under freedom's flag unfurled,
Had homes where they could play and eat,
Then this old world could not be beat.

JOHN LAW (II)

Compulsory Military Training: A Debate

A nation-wide poll conducted by the Institute of Student Opinion, sponsored by Scholastic Magazines, asked the following question: "Are you in favor of a year's compulsory military service by 17 to 21-year-old boys after the war?"

The Sixth, Fifth and Fourth Forms voted on this question as follows: Yes, 20; No, 11; No opinion, 1.

We print a few papers written on opposite sides of the question.

Yes

The plan of compulsory military service for young men between seventeen and twenty-one is very important both for the nation and for the individual.

Taking the latter first, it gives men who are not going to college a chance for some advanced education. It also gives them some practical experience along lines they would otherwise not get.

Military training would also broaden the outlook of many, for most people never get a chance to travel, or to see different things and meet different people. It would also give them the physical advantage of military life and its strict discipline. Many who have never been out of a city would for the first time be having an outdoor life.

How would the nation benefit? If there should be any emergency such as a flood, or even an attack by another nation, there would be a group of trained men ready to combat such a peril. It would be a great aid to peace to have a trained army.

One of the most important reasons for compulsory military training is that it will greatly aid Democracy. When rich and poor, country-bred and city-bred mingle, Democracy will take a great step forward.

MARKLEY ROBERTS. (VI)

No

The question under discussion is, "Should the United States have compulsory military training for a period of one year for boys seventeen to twenty-one after the

war?" My answer to the question is, No. My reasons are several.

One of the main guarantees of the coming peace will be a World Police Force. Already men for this job are being trained at Fort Custer, Michigan. This includes both officers and enlisted men. Furthermore, it will be a world program; the United States will not supply all the men for the project.

What reasons have we for training our youth for war? In the last war, the fighting was won, but the peace was lost. The fighting proved to be in vain, and Germany literally won that war. This time we must win both if we are to win anything. We must train our youth for peace, not war, for that is the side we were weakest in the last time.

The affirmative side will say that compulsory military training is good for health. If one looks up the statistics on army-navy rejections, he will find they are mostly because of bad eyes, teeth, ears. These things can't be healed by joining the service. Another argument they may put forward is the prevention of delinquency. By the time a boy is eligible for military training, it is too late to overcome delinquency. That is up to the parent.

It is sometimes argued that the social gains would be great from the intermingling of races. The military training of a year would cause only a small percentage of the races to mingle. This job must be done by the towns and cities in the United States.

These are my reasons for opposing the

idea of compulsory training for war for all American boys between seventeen and twenty-one.

DAVID BARLOW (VI)

Yes

I am in favor of compulsory military training for boys between the ages of 17 and 21.

My reasons:

(1) Military training for boys teaches them to be honest, to obey orders, and to get things done quickly and efficiently. It gives them a sense of responsibility, and teaches them to be patriotic.

(2) Military training affords good mental and physical training and good health conditions.

(3) Military training starts boys off in life, some with profitable jobs.

(4) Military training gains unity. Boys from different parts of the country meet and exchange views. Also different parts of the country are seen that would perhaps not be in civilian life.

(5) Military training guards the nation. In time of war, men and boys will have had some training in warfare, and much time and money will be saved in preparing.

One argument against compulsory military training is that such training is un-American because it *demands* that boys train for war. Well, one example of something that is already demanded today is that all boys and girls up to the age of sixteen must go to school. If people think that compulsory military training would be un-American, so is the fact that all boys and girls up to the age of sixteen must go to school.

Another argument against compulsory military training is that it would raise taxes. And it would. But in the long run taxes would be less. Men and boys would be trained and ready for war when war comes, and thus we should cut down taxes during a war, when they are usually very high.

GEORGE GALLUP (V)

No

Anyone who is willing to give the matter some thought will be able to see that most of an individual's life will be spent in time of peace. Then why not train him for a peacetime occupation which will do him some good, instead of training him for war, even though the war training may be only for a year? A person from seventeen to twenty-one is highly impressionable. This is when his lifelong ideas and opinions are formed. Wouldn't it be much better if he trained for some useful occupation rather than using a year of his life on teaching him how to kill his fellow men? And after he finishes this training, what then? Will he be content to go back to civilian life?

Moreover, military training doesn't insure a capable military force. Look at France, which for many years before this war had compulsory military training. It is true that she was faced with an overwhelming force in the German Army. Even so, there was much bungling. Which proves that compulsory military training in itself isn't sufficient to create an efficient military force.

In Germany, where military training was much more severely enforced and for longer periods, it has worked fairly well. By fairly well I mean it is what its leaders want it to be. But its results are not what we in a democratic country would call good. The German youth today is a goose-stepping robot. His individualism has been quelled for all time. His only impulse is to follow a leader. It was the same way in the last war. That is what made it so easy for Hitler to take over.

I feel, too, that compulsory military training is undemocratic. Never before in the history of this country has it been necessary to have a large standing army or navy or to have compulsory military training in time of peace, yet the United States has never lost a war. Its leaders have always been good, and one of the reasons the American fighting man is better than his enemies is that he can think for himself.

Also, after these men are trained what you will really have is a large army of reserves. It will be a great temptation to men in high places to use them for something which might involve us in another war. Just the fact alone that we have a

large army will be enough to make other nations uneasy. Uneasiness and suspicion are one of the causes of wars. For all of these reasons I am against compulsory military training for those from seventeen to twenty-one.

DENVER LINDLEY (V)



Mowin 'Em Down

Percy Cadwallader is a person who loves frogs' legs. Lately, however, the fish market hasn't had them in stock because of the war. (Percy buys more war bonds because he wants the war to end so that he can buy frogs' legs.)

One cold day I noticed Percy walking down the avenue carrying some queer paraphernalia. I asked him what he was going to do with it. He said, "Come and see."

He was walking toward the Mill Pond. Was he going to catch frogs? How? Suddenly Percy told me to be quiet, because if I weren't, he would be compelled to take "drastic measures," as he put it.

Percy had crept stealthily to the very edge of the pond, and seemed to be watching something. It was a thermometer. I could see over his shoulder that it read 35 degrees. Percy took out his shot gun, a monstrous contraption. The instant the temperature reached 32, Percy shot off both barrels of his gun at once. At that, literally hundreds of frogs jumped into the pond. They didn't get far, however, for at that moment the water in the pond froze and held them fast, with their wiggling feet sticking up through the ice.

Then I saw what the lawn-mower was for. Percy was "mowin' 'em down."

NIELS YOUNG (V)



November

All around the town
The leaves are falling down.
Some are yellow, some are red,
And some are turning brown.

When on the ground they blow around
And then you have to rake them.
Most of the boys don't like the work,
And fathers have to make them.

EMERY FLETCHER (II)

The Hunt

The day we decided to go hunting was far from warm; in fact the temperatures were dropping below zero for the first time in the year.

Our hunting party consisted of three people: my cousin, Air Cadet Grady Black; my friend Julian, and myself.

We spent hours assorting bullets, cleaning rifles, packing food and overnight provisions, and lastly borrowing some traps. I appointed myself guide and chief observer, while the other two squabbled over who was to have first shot. It was soon settled that Grady, being by far the oldest, would be boss and chief adviser, while Julian was to get first shot.

We departed through the back door and soon found ourselves wading through high barricades of cockle-burs and thick undergrowth, until we reached a long line of trees. These we followed for about two miles until we reached a small, hidden backwoods swamp. This swamp is laden with every kind of animal known to New Jersey.

We struggled through part of the swamp to a small stream, where we slowly devoured our enormous lunch of steak, potatoes, etc.

We hunted through many hours without seeing so much as a squirrel or even a rat. Then suddenly Grady's twenty-two rang out three times in slow succession.

We ran up to him and found that he had fired, point-blank, at a family of pheasant, out of which he bowled over two hens. Little did he know that shooting hen pheasants was prohibited. Nevertheless we stowed them away in a small tin ice-box that we had brought along.

Not many minutes had passed before I shot a fine rabbit. Then, later, a woodchuck. Soon Julian shot a legal cock pheasant.

Soon twilight slipped across the sky and we ran to set our traps. When this was done we put up our tent and ate supper.

When the lantern was blown out and only the fire glowed outside, the long bloodcurdling wail of a hoot owl sounded in the distance.

"Good Lord, a lion!" exclaimed Grady, authoritatively.

"You're nuts," said Julian, "that was a coyote!"

After they had debated a while I told them that it was a hoot owl.

The next morning we went to our traps and found to our utter amazement that we had caught three skunks and a slightly moth-eaten mink.

That is the story of our hunt, but don't think, for one minute, that there will be many as prosperous.

BILLY BLACK (IV)



November

In November we have a lot of fun
We play, we tackle, we climb and run,
The weather gets cold and winter's begun;
Soon, then, snow comes and summer's
done.

On weekends there is time for play,
We wait for snow so we can sleigh,
But Monday comes to our dismay;
In classroom, then, we have to stay.

DAVID HARROP (II)

Our Pacific Enemy

The American public, before Pearl Harbor, had a pretty good conception of the average Japanese. He was small, with a jaundice-colored skin, loaded with huge teeth which he displayed prominently whenever he smiled, and he wore heavy spectacles of some sort. He was polite, at times overbearingly so, and he had the somewhat unpleasing habit of hissing whenever he spoke. But, obviously, this description does not present the Japanese as a race of supermen, to be feared wherever they went.

But now we are thinking differently. The once-funny Japanese are turning out to be one of the unfunniest races of all times. Since this is largely an air war, let's look the Japanese pilot over. Just what kind of character is he? American Navy, Marine, and Army fliers returning from the Pacific tell us that although not a superman, nevertheless the Jap pilot is far from harmless. Considering his minute, insignificant appearance, he has remarkable stamina and is highly trained.

The Jap is relentless, fanatical, and dogged. As an example of his doggedness there was, in one of the early battles, a Jap seaplane pilot who attempted, single-handed, to break up a formation of several Navy dive and torpedo bombers. After pouncing on everything in sight and doing quite a bit of damage, he made one final error of judgment. He stopped trying to shoot down our dive bombers and headed for a fighter squadron which was strafing a Jap cruiser. In the middle of a dive, one of our planes lifted its nose up just long enough to blast the curious Jap into the sea.

The following paragraphs were written in the British aviation magazine, "The Aeroplane," by an English flyer, concerning the Japanese character:

"The Japanese are generous and hospitable, and there is nothing they will not do for those who serve them well. But in their business relations they are crafty and

cunning, and though slow in thought have modelled themselves on German lines and are splendid organizers. Sympathy seems to be completely foreign to their nature, and civilization has not succeeded in stamping out of their characters a distinctly cruel vein, which is especially shown in their treatment of animals.

"They are extremely industrious, and curiosity is deeply rooted in every Japanese nature. Although they have little, if any, inventive ability they are wonderful copyists and consider that honesty is quite unnecessary in business.

"A certain British firm, for instance, placed a large order for a very good class of pencils. These were supplied, and to all outward appearance corresponded to the sample. It was found, however, that although the lead was of the same quality and the wood cases were identical, only a small piece of lead had been put in each end. Unfortunately for the British, this was discovered too late."

Training, more than combat ability, accounts for the effectiveness of the Japanese as an air fighter.

The pilots that assaulted Oahu, Guam, Wake, and other Pacific islands had been coached for years. But, considering all the time and preparation spent, their success was not staggering. At Pearl Harbor they were able to do the damage they did only through the element of surprise. At Wake, a couple of hundred Marines stood off the Japs for a long time, inflicting serious damage. And at Midway, our Army, Navy, and Marines hit them so hard that they retired in a disastrous and humiliating rout after losing almost thirty ships.

The Japs are not imaginative. They often turn and run after a squadron leader is shot down. This is probably due to the fact that only the squadron leaders are told the details of the mission they are on.

In the first week of June, 1942, at the Battle of Midway, the Japanese Mitsubishi "00" Zeros, were superior to our planes

in some respects; they could outmaneuver and outclimb them and could fight at higher altitudes than could our Grumman "Wildcats." But the same "Wildcats" consistently defeated them in dog-fights and in all-round combat. One reason for this was that the Grummans had bullet-proof gas tanks and were more heavily armored than the Zero. The Japs did not possess bullet-proof gas tanks and therefore their planes blew up whenever they were hit in that vital spot. But the most noticeable difference came in the superiority of our manpower. Our fliers knocked down Jap planes as if they were at a skeet shoot.

This is the answer: The Jap is of limited athletic ability. For years the Japanese were consumed with the desire to produce the best baseball team in the world. Children were practically snatched from the cradle and given gloves and bats. Finally, the New York Yankees were invited to Japan for a series of games. The Japs confidently and eagerly anticipated a rout. They weren't disappointed. The World's Champion Yankees leaned into the Nipponese pitchers and knocked the ball all over the lot. The Japs were soundly beaten and they expressed bitter disappointment. They continued to play the "great American game" but with reduced ambitions. Recently a Japanese commentator said that Nippon had decided to outlaw the "stupid American pastime of baseball."

As a marksman, the average Jap is extremely poor. This applies to all branches of service: anti-aircraft gunners, ground troops, pilots, and bombardiers.

It is a standing fact that the Japanese are imitative and get all their ideas from foreign sources. But once this back-fired! There is a famous story of a Scottish ship-building company that was experiencing difficulty in collecting bills from the Japanese government. Finally matters got so bad that the firm, then drawing plans for a Japanese battleship, decided to fight fire with fire. Accordingly, the Scots sent the Japs the drawings, which were perfect except that the center of gravity was so low

that the battleship wouldn't float. They copied the plans but sent them back to Scotland with a note saying that the plans were unacceptable. The Japs went ahead and built the ship. Came the day for the launching. A good-sized crowd turned out, and a bottle of champagne was broken on the bow. The battleship started on its way. It got up a pretty good speed which never slowed till the ship reached the bottom. The Japs all went home sorrowfully agreeing that it had been a most unsatisfactory launching.

A great deal of fiction has been written about Japanese suicide attacks. A certain Jap flyer was supposed to have been found dead with his feet shackled to the rudder controls, and troops are supposed to commit hara-kiri rather than be captured. However, the truth is that the Jap is a remarkably well-trained, brave and sometimes fanatical fighter but the fury of his attack is no more suicidal than that of our own soldiers, sailors, and Marines.

As in everything, though, there are exceptions. There are always bound to be some men of excessive courage. There have been cases of Japanese dive bombers attempting to crash the decks of our own or British ships, but in most cases the planes had already been badly hit and were on their way down.

On one occasion a Navy pilot and a Jap pilot were both downed in a dog-fight. The Navy man, in his rubber raft, paddled over to the Japanese. "Do you want to come aboard?" he called out. The other's answer was characteristic of the Japs. He pulled out his water-soaked revolver and shot at the Navy man. Naturally, being water-soaked, it missed fire. Then the Jap turned the gun on himself. Unfortunately, or otherwise, the gun didn't go off. The American, understandably, paddled off. Another time a destroyer drew up alongside a downed Jap pilot. They threw him a rope and told him to climb up. The Jap, looking unhappy, declined. After being urged, he called in pidgin English (and with apparent regret), "Tojo say no."

A Jap pilot recently shot down in China refused to give his name, saying that he was afraid his family would suffer if it were known he had surrendered.

As to "suicide" divebombing attacks, some of ours have been just as suicidal as any done by the Japs. Lieut. John Powers, for instance, died as a result of laying a bomb "on the deck" of an enemy ship.

The Japs may be tough and able to

endure many hardships, but we are just as tough and in the end it's not how tough you are, but how well coordinated you are that wins through. And the Army and Marines, following a path blasted by the Navy, will follow up their initial advantages of the present until, at some not-too-distant date, we will be riding in triumph through the streets of Tokyo.

RICHARD PAYNTER (VI)



"Little, But Oh My!"

In 1870 Germany brought on the Franco-Prussian War, in which France was beaten. The victorious German general was General Von Moltke, who was supposed to be very stern. He had won the final Battle of Sedan on September first, 1870. Peace was signed soon after.

France had to pay a large cash indemnity to Germany and also yield Alsace and Lorraine, which have coal and iron deposits. On account of this there was a lot of bad feeling in Alsace and Lorraine.

One Sunday afternoon in Strasbourg, the capital of Lorraine, a French-Swiss family was sitting in the park. Their little boy, all dressed up in a velvet suit with a stiff collar, was playing around.

The leaves in the park were beginning to turn all colors. Some were red and some were yellow. The squirrels were busy storing nuts for the winter. It was a beautiful scene.

This special day was the first anniversary of the victory of the Battle of Sedan, which the stern and harsh Field Marshal Von Moltke had won.

All over there were flags flying and bands playing.

Suddenly there was a blast of trumpets

and a roll of drums, and down the street came a military parade. At the head of the parade was the stern General Von Moltke, who had led his army to victory.

Just then the little Swiss boy ran out in the street in front of the fast coming troops.

His parents cried, "Louie! Louie! Come back!" But he paid no attention to them.

The crowd was horrified, for they felt the stern general would kill him.

Just before the troops came on the boy Field Marshal Von Moltke held up his hand for the parade to stop. He asked the lad, "Du bist ein kleiner Deutscher?" which means, "Are you a little German boy?" To this the little boy shook his fist at the stern Field Marshal and said, "Nein, ich bin Francais!"

This means, "No, I am a Frenchman!"

At this Von Moltke smiled, leaned down, and took him by the hand. Then he commanded the parade to start again, and so they marched through the streets. At the end of the parade the great general took the little boy to his mother and father and said some nice things about him.

Do you know who that little boy was? He was my grandfather, and this story was told me by my great-uncle.

DAVID MATHEY (III)

Raising The "Normandie"

The *Normandie* was a big French luxury liner. It was 1029 feet long and 120 feet wide. It caught fire on February 9, 1942 and sank in the Hudson River.

It happened six weeks after the Navy took over the *Normandie* as the U.S.S. *Lafayette* and started refitting her as a troopship. The fire broke out in the "*Normandie's* grand lounge. There was a strong northwest wind blowing which spread the fire through the ship. The New York fire department poured in thousands of tons of water which made her so top-heavy that the *Normandie* rolled over on her port side and sank. Her big hulk was about half in and half out of water. The bow was pointing towards shore and the first third of the ship was on a rocky ledge, while the other two thirds of the ship was in the mud. The engineers were afraid that she might break apart where the rocky ledge ended and the mud began.

The problem of raising the *Normandie* interested the people of New York and other cities so much that people sent letters to the Navy Department suggesting ways to raise her. Some people suggested sending thousands of crates of ping pong balls down, attaching them to the sides of the ship, thinking that then she would come up. Some people suggested sending down sealed empty cans, attaching them to the sides, and raising her that way. Whenever the *Normandie* was mentioned in the paper hundreds of letters came to the Navy Department.

Merritt, Chapman and Scott, one of the oldest ship-salvage companies in the world, decided how the *Normandie* could be raised. That was by the "controlled pumping" plan. All the machines that were used in raising the ship had to be on a platform attached with big hinges so they could work at whatever angle the ship happened to be at. Then the water that was in the submerged part of the ship had to be pumped into the top part of the ship

and slowly she would roll back to an even keel.

Experts said that the job would cost about six million dollars and would take one and a half to two years, but it took only eighteen months and it didn't cost as much as the experts thought it would.

The engines and other machines in the *Normandie* were not hurt by the water because they had been treated for rust.

By the time the divers were ready to go to work on the hull, the big ship had sunk into ten feet of mud, which made it hard for the divers. They had to go through many corridors and rooms, and dig out masses of decaying rubbish which gave off gases. One was the deadly poisonous gas, hydrogen sulphide. The divers had to put steel watertight plates over 356 portholes and sixteen large cargo holes. All the pipe lines had to be shut off throughout the ship. The engineers had to take off two masts, three complete decks, and three funnels each big enough to hold both tubes of the Hudson River tunnel.

During the salvage operation, 5,000 tons of superstructure were taken off the ship, 6000 tons of debris, 10,000 cubic yards of mud, 8000 pounds of broken glass, and 100,000 tons of water.

Six hundred to eight hundred men were always working on the *Normandie*, including seventy-five divers. Every diver was in danger of having his air line cut by broken glass or the jagged steel edges. Sometimes two or three divers had to be sent down to protect the life line of one diver who was working in a dangerous position.

When this war is over the Navy's salvaging department will have its biggest job, for they have to destroy the ships that are on the bottom of harbors so they won't interfere with peace-time navigation.

DAVID ERDMAN (IV)

Greater Love Hath No Man

Since my arrival in Egypt as an Army medical officer, I have heard many horrible war stories, especially of the war in Greece. But perhaps the saddest and most moving tale was related to me by an old friend.

One evening after working at the Army Base Hospital, while I was walking to a Greek-Egyptian restaurant, I saw approaching me an old acquaintance, Robert Partington, whom I had known as a child in England. He was wearing the uniform of a lieutenant in the British army commanded by General Wavell, which had resisted the Nazis in Greece.

When we had exchanged greetings, I invited him to dine with me at the restaurant. While we were eating, he told me how he had escaped from Greece after he had been left for dead.

"I have what you might call two mothers," he began. "One is in England, the other in Greece. My mother in England could not and, I think, would not have done what old Kyria Olga did for me.

"I was commanding a part of the rear guard of our retreating army when I and my platoon were surrounded by an advance column of German infantry. Instead of trying to capture us, they merely brought out a machine gun and let us have it. I had been wounded two days before, and I collapsed with exhaustion. The Germans evidently took me for dead, for they went right on without stopping.

"I must have been out for a long time, since it was late afternoon when I recovered, and the skirmish had taken place during the morning. By that time, all that I could see of our army was a column of smoke about ten miles to the south. They must have been burning some strategic town to prevent its falling into German hands.

"All my men were dead, killed by the bullets from that machine gun. We had been cornered in a small gully at the foot of a row of low hills, and there had been no escape. As I climbed up to the top of

a little rise of ground I saw a short way to the north what was left of a small village. I remembered passing through it early that morning. I decided to walk to the village and take refuge with some Greek family while the German police was yet unorganized, since I could never hope to catch up with my army.

"The villagers regarded me with dazed eyes as I walked through the devastated streets. They were still too stunned by the blow to suspect anything. I walked towards a group of peasants standing in front of what looked as if it had once been the cafe-neon. After I had explained my identity to them, an old woman introduced herself as Kyria Olga, and offered to give me shelter and refuge from the Germans. I hesitated at first, since I knew what would happen to her if she were caught, but I was finally persuaded to go with her.

"I got along all right for the first few days, until the Germans began to conduct systematic searches for any British soldiers who happened to be in hiding. More than once Kyria Olga had to hide me quickly when she heard a knock at the door. She and several of her friends managed to feed me by contributing part of their rations.

"Finally some traitor gave us away. There was always a possibility of this happening, since everybody in the town knew where I was. How Kyria Olga found out, I don't know. Perhaps one of her neighbors told her. She told me that I would have to leave her house and sent me to a friend who lived about a mile away. It was he who told me the story.

"About seven o'clock that evening the Germans came to Kyria Olga's house and demanded the British soldier. She said she knew nothing about me and kept denying all their questions and accusations. The Germans were about to leave when one of them found a spare sock of mine which I had stupidly left lying on the floor.

"When asked to explain that, she said

she had a Greek workman sleeping in her house at night, since he had nowhere else to go. She said he came in about nine o'clock in the evening.

"All right," said the Germans, "we shall just sit down and wait for him to come."

"Nine o'clock came; then ten o'clock. Of course no one arrived. Finally the Germans grew tired of waiting and told her to hand over the British soldier. When she again denied she had seen me, they took a pair of pliers and proceeded to pull out her finger-nails one by one. In spite of the excruciating pain, she refused to reveal my whereabouts."

He had tears in his eyes as he told me

this. After a long pause I stammered awkwardly, "What happened next?"

"There isn't much more to tell," he replied. "The Germans finally gave up and left. I managed to reach the coast, and with a couple of Greeks I set sail in a fishing boat to Porto-raphti, on the southern coast of Attica. I got on the last transport leaving Greece. After a couple of days we arrived at Cairo."

"I've been here two years now. I haven't heard about Kyria Olga since. I should like to see her once more. I should like her to know that I know what she did for me. In some way I want to say, 'Thanks.'"

PAUL BRONEER (VI)



Sickness

This whole week past, I have been sick.
My stomach first refused to click,
And when it clicked it clicked too well.
My sufferings were sad to tell.
And when, upon my bed of pain,
I heard the doorbell ring again,
It started ringing in my ear—

Oh dear,

Ashley's here.

And when from seasick depths I rise,
What awful sight should meet my eyes,
But piles of books and yellow sheets
Stacked high upon the hallway seats,
Threatening to topple at a breath
And bring a literary death.
It would have been a better fate
Than the assignments which await.
How can a boy in my condition
Hope to grind out a composition?
Or do his English, French and Latin
Before he's had a chance to fatten?
This make-up work will split my head;
I think I'll just go back to bed.

CHARLES STRAYER (IV)

Some Lesser Known North American Animals

Some animals aren't heard of very often, although they are not too rare. The animals I shall write about all come from this country.

I shall begin with the moose, the largest of the deer family. The moose is nine feet tall and weighs 900 pounds, which is almost twice the weight of a lion. Although they are very heavy, moose can walk through a forest almost as quietly as cats. They have an abundant food supply, consisting of many things found in the forest.

A large set of antlers has a spread of six feet across. The antlers of the moose are considered by sportsmen the most valuable trophy from North America.

Moose as a rule are timid but in mating season they bellow out their calls to their mate. Indians sometimes can imitate the bull moose and can then kill them. The venison of the moose is of more real use than the antlers.

* * * *

The American beaver is three and a half feet long and weighs 30 pounds. Beavers have sharp teeth which are used like chisels to cut down trees. With their small eyes, they can see under water better than most animals.

They make canals for the bigger trees to float down into the pond. They make canals because sometimes the tree is too large and heavy for them to drag to the beaver pond.

Their homes are made of bark, mud, and branches. They live in colonies. Underwater openings are made for safety from lynx, bears, otters, wolves, and foxes. Then the unfriendly animals cannot reach them without at least getting wet.

When the establishment becomes overcrowded, a number of younger beavers set out to find a new home. The older beavers accompany them and assist in building the new living quarters and the dams. When the youngsters are safely established the old fellows return to their home.

The velvety fur of the beaver has been sought for many hundreds of years by

trappers. The beavers were in danger of being exterminated until laws were passed forbidding their killing.

* * * *

The American porcupine lives in western North America. The porcupine can send many an animal away in the greatest of pain when stuck with a quill. Pumas and other large cats often die of slow starvation when barbed by the porcupine, as the yellowish-white quills stick in their throats, thus preventing them from eating.

Hunters and prospectors dislike the woolly-furred animal. While they are away he will invade their camp and eat wooden shovels or axe handles, as well as strips of leather. Anything to which the smell of salt clings attracts him.

A heavy blow from a club will kill the slow-moving porcupine. Hunters lost in the North Woods have often staved off starvation by living on porcupine meat. American Indians decorate baskets, bonnets, necklaces, and moccasins with porcupine quills.

Porcupines do not "throw" their quills. Contrary to popular belief, the loosely set quills are not ejected; but contact with the creature will cause the quills to rise.

* * * *

The American badger ranges through central North America. The badger is about the same size as the fox, but in shape he looks more like a little bear.

He lives in the deepest, thickest woods. His home is a large roomy hole in the earth at the end of a long winding passage. He digs so swiftly that in a few seconds he is hidden from his pursuers. If a rancher's dog gets him cornered, he gives a good fight.

Old Mr. Badger does not like the winter, although he has a den deep in the earth, where frost can't harm him. He hasn't anything to eat, so when the weather is a little milder he comes out to search for food.

JERRY ECKFELDT (IV)

How I Learned To Build Model Airplanes

One of the reasons that I began building model aeroplanes was that I was bored.

It started on Cape Cod in 1938. I was sitting around trying to think of something to do when I saw an issue of "Life" Magazine with a pair of scissors lying on top of it.

I suddenly thought that I could make an aeroplane out of the red border of the magazine, and with this thought in mind I dashed upstairs to get the necessary materials.

I had a good deal of trouble with the cement, as it was the kind that sticks your fingers together rather than what you are trying to cement. I finally finished it, however, and although it barely resembled an aeroplane, I was tremendously proud of it.

It was not until two years later that I built my first successful flying model, in the building of which I encountered not only the same difficulties as before, but several more.

It took me quite a while to finish the model, but I thought it was well worth it.

The first flight was rather disappointing, as the model wobbled along for about three feet and then dived straight into the ground. After a few of these flights the nose began to look like an accordion, and I decided to retire the plane from service.

But from these beginnings I slowly improved, learning from experience how to avoid early mistakes.

ALLAN FORSYTH (IV)



Ajax

Ajax's in the Army now,
My pal, all black and white;
He is a patriotic dog,
And now he's in the fight.

He was a very happy dog,
He loved to run and jump.
But when we had to wash him,
He was never near the pump.

When he went off to join the WAGS,
In August of this year,
The family, including me,
All shed a little tear.

Now Ajax's in Virginia,
Right near his old home town,
I hope the Army 'll give him up,
For he was quite a clown.

GRENVILLE PAYNTER (IV)

They Never Die

It was about 11 P.M. at Duchtoven Concentration Camp near the heavily bombed city of Hamburg, Germany. Its commanding officer, Colonel Hans Gruber, Gestapo, was not very peacefully resting in his room, overlooking the exercise ground, where his guests were able to relax with a pick to help tidy up its uneven surface. All was quiet in the Colonel's room, until the silence was broken by a voice not far away. It was a man's voice, yet it trembled. It seemed to be calling to the Colonel. It called several times before it was able to awaken him. The Colonel sat up in bed and looked around. He said, "Where are you? What do you want?"

"Oh, I just came back to talk to you," the voice replied, "Ever since I left your establishment, I have always wanted to return. You see, when I left I was so rude as not to thank you for your kind hospitality."

"I can't see you! Why don't you come out into the light so I can see you? Who are you anyway?" said the Colonel in a rough voice.

"My name, sir, is Fritz Zubermin. No, you would not remember me, for I was

one of your many visitors whom you so graciously entertained down in your rooms in the basement. You thought that I had aided an English pilot to escape to England. That, my dear Colonel, is false. I tried to tell you that while I was downstairs, but you insisted that I was lying. If I had been able to aid any of my allies, I would gladly have done so. Therefore you killed me.

"The next day my parents were sent a letter, which read somewhat like this, 'I regret to inform you that your son, Fritz Zubermin, has died as a traitor to his country.' This letter, Colonel, is one more step towards your doom. You see, those of the Underground keep every bit of German atrocities in a book, which will be used for reference when the great day arrives.

"Listen, Colonel. Hear that? It's the first step towards the destruction of you Germans. Those are planes; our planes, coming to bomb you off the face of the earth. So you see, Colonel, that the cards are against you. I must leave you now. Good night, sleep peacefully."

DAVID BARLOW (VI)



A Third Former Learns French

I have to learn the verb "avoir,"
But through the window not so far
From where I sit in class each day
A squirrel is storing nuts away,
J'ai, tu as, il a, elle a. . .

A Blue Jay landed on the limb
And Mrs. Squirrel sprang after him.
He teased and flitted like a clown
While Mrs. Squirrel chased him 'round,
Nous avons, vous avez, ils ont, elles. . .

She's up again and scolding loud;
More Blue Jays gather in a crowd
And Mrs. Squirrel is circled 'round
With birds whose shrieking cries resound,
Je ai, no, j'ai, tu a, no, as. . .

She's cornered up against the tree;
The Blue Jays form a band of three,
They move in closer, one by one,
But Mrs. Squirrel enjoys the fun,
Nous avez, avons, vous avons, avez. . .

She crouches low, then in a dash
She springs right by them like a flash.
The air is filled with streaks of blue
And screams of temper rise anew,
Je ai, no, j'ai, tu a, no, vous. . .

I have to learn the verb "avoir,"
J'ai, tu as, il a, elle a. . .
Why, there's a bird with velvet cap—
The Chickadees are coming back!
Nous avez, vous avons, ils ont, j'ai.

A. PARFET

With the Blues and Whites

SCHOLARSHIP

Color competition was very close throughout the term, but the Whites managed to overcome the Blues by an average of 2.5-- to 2.5+.

The following boys had no failures during the term:

WHITES (14): Black, Brown, G., Brown, J., Cuyler, Harrop, Hopkinson, Howard, Laughlin, Lindley, Ralston, Roberts, Rossmassler, Schluter, Wallace.

BLUES (15): Barlow, Broneer, Donnelly, Fletcher, Forsyth, Hart, McAneny, Paynter G., Paynter R., Piper, Rogers, Stokes, Weiser, Wilks, Wright.

ATHLETICS

This year the soccer season turned out disastrously for the Whites. The unexpected loss of several of their best athletes hurt their chances for success.

Out of seven games played on the Senior field, the Blues won five and two were tied.

The Juniors and Intermediates joined forces, in the temporary absence of a First Form this year. Here the scores were: Blues won four, Whites won three.

The final point score was: Blues 26, Whites 9.



HONOR ROLL

FIRST TERM

1943—1944

90-100

McAneny
Piper
Rogers

85-90

Broneer
Brown, G.
Donnelly
Fletcher
Howard
Lindley
Paynter, G.
Rossmassler
Schluter
Wallace

80-85

Barlow
Brown, J.
Casadesus
Cuyler
Dignan
Elsasser
Forsyth
Hart
Laughlin
Paynter, R.
Ralston
Roberts
Wright

Athletics

SOCCER

For the third straight year the school soccer team was undefeated in a schedule of three games. Two victories over Junior High and one over Township School brought the three-year record to eight victories, one tie, and no defeats.

Mr. McAneny, who coached the team, said: "The 1943 team was a good one. If the season had been longer, the team would have gone still better. I particularly want to praise the all-round play of Munro and Stokes on the forward line, of Eidmann and Tower at halfback, of Weiser at fullback and of David Erdman, who was equally good as goalie or forward."

The schedule:

P. C. D., 2; Junior High, 0.

The first outside game, on November 1, resulted in a fairly easy victory. P. C. D. scored once in the first quarter, but was held by Junior High until the fourth quarter, when another goal was made. Almost the whole P. C. D. squad saw action in this game.

P. C. D., 2; Junior High, 1.

In a return engagement a week later, the home team was again victorious. Both teams made their first goals in the second quarter. The tie continued until the last quarter, when P.C.D. pushed through another goal to win.

P. C. D., 3; Township, 0.

Neither side was able to score during the first two periods in a game on November 22. However, one goal was made in the third quarter. Later, with most the P. C. D. spares in the game, two more goals were scored to make the final score 3-0.

The season's line-up:

O. L. Gallup

L. H. B. Tower

I. L. Kleinbans, Erdman

C. H. B. Eidmann

C. Munro (Captain)

R. H. B. Moore J., Tower

I. R. Stokes

L. F. B. Weiser

O. R. Moore J., Kleinbans

R. F. B. Paynter R.

G. Erdman, Ralston

Spares: Barlow, Roberts, Laughlin, Lindley, McAneny, Moore, T., Young, Paynter, G., Rossmassler.

With the Alumni

IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

THOMAS ANDERSON is at Andover where he is playing football.

JAMES ARMITAGE is at Lawrenceville where he has obtained a 76 per cent average. He is on the house football team and also in the Camera Club, the Periwig Club, and on the Lit.

MARTIN BENHAM is attending the Taft School where he is on the varsity soccer squad. He has a 72 per cent average and is on the news board of Papyrus, the school paper.

ROBERT BENHAM is a Basic Engineer at Princeton University.

JOHN CASADESUS is playing varsity soccer at Lawrenceville where he also plays the piano in the school swing band.

RICHARD CONGER is in the class of '44 at Lawrenceville. He is writing for the Lit and the Lawrence. He is a member of the Pipe and Quill Club, Bibliophiles, the Periwig Club, and the Open Door Committee.

FRANK DONNELLY is on the varsity soccer team at Deerfield.

JAMES DOUGHERTY is on the summer tennis squad at Princeton and has a 2+ average.

GARRISON ELLIS is at Saint Marks where all his marks are above 85. He is in the Swing Band, the Glee Club, and the Dramatic Club, and he is playing the heroine in the school's forthcoming production of "Disraeli."

PETER ERDMAN is in the Light Club Football at Phillips Exeter Academy.

T. B. FISHER has a 2.42 average in civil engineering at Princeton University.

ALFRED GARDNER is playing football at St. Pauls.

HARRIS GATES is playing varsity soccer at Hill School.

ALDEN HALL is on the varsity soccer team and also the wrestling team at Blair Academy. He is on the Honor Roll, in the Glee Club, and is a cheer leader. He is in the Choir, the band, the Camera Club, and in the Dramatics Club.

WILLIAM HARROP is playing soccer at Deerfield Academy where he is in the Band.

DAVID HART has a 3.0 average at the South Kent School. He is also playing football and is drummer in the school Swing Band.

SAMUEL HOWELL is on the first team in club football at the Taft School.

MICHAEL HUDSON is on the Class football team at Jordan Junior High School, Palo Alto, California.

RANDY HUDSON is the business manager for the Campanile, the school paper at the Palo Alto High School. He is on the water polo squad and is in the Scholarship Society.

S. KISSAM KERR, JR. is studying at Blair Academy.

JAMES LAUGHLIN is playing soccer at Deerfield Academy.

CHARLES LEE is studying to be an engineer at night school in a factory where he is at present working as a machinist.

B. GIBSON LEWIS is a minister of the Gospel at Glendale, Ohio.

DEAN MATHEY is on the All League Soccer team at Deerfield. Dean and Don won the National Interscholastic Tennis Championship at the Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa., last summer.

MACDONALD MATHEY is playing on the first light weight football team at Deerfield, where he has obtained an A- average. He is also playing in the Band.

JOHN MATTHEWS is holding a 1.5 average at South Kent School. He is on the varsity hockey team, and a member of the Glee Club and Dramatic Club.

DAVID MCALPIN, JR. is on the Junior soccer team at Deerfield.

C. W. MCCUTCHEN has an average of 72.5 at Lawrenceville.

WARD MOREHOUSE is on the second football team at the Westminster School where he has a 91 average. He is on the "News" staff, and in the Photography Club.

RICHARD MORGAN is on the varsity football team at Andover. He is Photographic Editor of the Year Book, president of the Railroad Club, and in the Choir.

GEORGE MORSE is a supervisor in the Euclid Case Plant Division at the Chase Brass and Copper Company, Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

THOMAS NORRIS is in the Chemistry Department at the University of California.

PETER OUTERBRIDGE is at Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada.

ALFRED PARSONS is on the varsity football team at Saint Andrews. He is also in the School Band and a member of the Rifle Club.

GEORGE PIPER has been playing House soccer and football at Lawrenceville. He had an average of 85 in the first report.

ELWYN QUICK is editor-in-chief of the school paper, and Senior Year Book at Berkshire. He is also President of the Dramatic Club, Secretary-Treasurer of the Glee Club, and a member of the Student Council.

SHEPHERD ROBERTS is playing soccer at the Princeton Elementary School.

WILLIAM ROSSMAN is playing six-man football at Blair Academy.

JOHN SCHLUTER is playing club soccer at Exeter, where he has obtained a C average.

WILLIAM SCHLUTER maintains a B- average at Exeter. He is a cheerleader and plays football.

JOHN C. STEWART is studying at the Middlesex School and is active in football.

JOHN H. STEWART is studying at the Berkeley High School, Berkeley, Calif.

JOHN W. STEWART has had an average of 91 per cent at the Lawrenceville School, where he is studying calculus, chemistry, history, and English.

WILLIAM THOM is the assistant to the Dean and Work Director at George School.

DETLEV VAGTS has an 87 per cent average at the Taft School.

SPENCER WELCH is studying at the Exeter Academy where he has a C average. He is on the varsity crew where he has been the co-captain. He is also in the Dramatic Club, Glee Club, and the Literary Club.

WILLIAM WETZEL is playing lightweight football at Deerfield.

ROBERT WICKS has been farming in New England for a year.

DANA WILDE has been doing defense work at the American Brass Co., Torrington, Conn.

STANLEY WILSON is on the varsity basketball team at the Hill School, where he is taking the accelerated course.

EDWARD YARD has a position as Research Engineer at J. A. Roebling's Sons Co., Trenton.



IN THE SERVICES

JAMES ARMSTRONG is a lieutenant in the U.S. Army, and is stationed at Camp Davis, N.C. He was married November 1, 1942, and a daughter was born October 17, 1943.

HARMON ASHLEY, JR. is an ensign in the U.S. Naval Reserve, and is serving with the Fleet in the South Pacific.

RICHARD W. BAKER, JR. is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the U.S. Naval Reserve. He is stationed at Jacksonville, Fla. A son, Richard W. Baker III, was born October 15, 1943.

WOLCOTT BAKER is an ensign in the U.S. Naval Reserve and is on foreign duty.

BRUCE BEDFORD, JR. is in the U.S. Marine Corps Officers Training School at Quantico, Va.

WELLING T. BELL is in the U.S. Coast Guard. He is stationed at Wildwood, N.J., where he is in the Mounted Beach Patrol.

JOHN BENDER is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the U.S. Coast Guard and is on foreign service.

GEORGE BRAKELEY is a second lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army.

JOHN BROOKS, JR. is a second lieutenant in the Army Air Corps. He is in the 399th Fighter Squadron, stationed at the Army Airdrome at Redding, Calif.

JOHN CHADWICK is in the Army Air Corps and is stationed at Eglin Field, Fla.

WILLIAM E. CHYNOWETH was a member of the plebe football team at West Point.

JEREMY COLPITTS is a lieutenant in the U.S. Naval Reserve. After two years active duty with his destroyer, he was sent to Pensacola, Fla. where he is now in flight training.

JOHN COLT is a captain, 643rd T. D. Battalion, U.S. Army.

JOHN COOPER is a lieutenant in the Army Air Corps in England.

NICHOLAS COWENHOVEN is a corporal in the Army Air Corps. He is stationed at Boca Raton Field, Fla., where he is in the Ground Aviation Branch.

JOHN CROCKER, JR., is stationed at Fitchburg, Mass., where he is an Air Cadet.

STEPHEN DEWING was inducted into the U.S. Army on July 1, 1943. He was married March 14, 1943.

ROGER DIXON is an economist in the Army Air Forces.

HAROLD DONNELLY visited school recently while on leave from the Army Combat Engineers, with whom he was in training in California. He is a private first class.

DAVID ELMER is an aviation machinist's mate, U.S. Navy, stationed at Seattle, Wash.

JOSEPH ELMER is a midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy.

ROBERT ELMER is in the U.S. Coast Guard and is assigned to the U.S.S. *Joseph T. Dickman*. A daughter, Pamela Stokes Elmer, was born on December 28, 1943.

CHARLES ERDMAN, III is in service with the U.S. Army.

HAROLD ERDMAN is in the U.S. Naval Reserve Yale Naval Unit.

WILLIAM FLEMER, III is a private first class in the 603rd Engineers, Fort Meade, Md.

EDWARD FROHLING is in the 293rd Combat Engineers.

RICHARD FUNKHOUSER has been assigned to the first Troop Carrier Command after receiving his wings as a lieutenant in the Army Air Force. He is continuing his flying training at Bergstrom army air field, Austin, Texas.

NEWTON GIBSON is a technical sergeant on active duty with the Radar Division of the 225th Marine Fighter Squadron.

FRANK GORMAN, JR. is a captain in the 676th Glider Field Artillery Battalion, 13th Airborne Division, Fort Bragg, N.C. He is recovering from a broken arm, and visited the School in December.

MADISON GORMAN is in the U.S. Naval Reserve at Newport, R.I.

GEORGE GRETTON, JR. was commissioned a second lieutenant bombardier in the Army Air Corps. He was married to Miss Patricia Osterbrook on June 24, 1943.

BERTRAND GULICK, III is a corporal in the Army Air Corps, stationed at Lincoln, Nebraska.

CHARLES HALL is in the Army A-12 at Ft. Benning, Ga.

JOHN HEMPHILL, JR. is in the Navy V-12 at Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J.

ROBERT HENDRICKSON, JR. is a second lieutenant in the Army Air Corps, stationed at San Francisco, Cal.

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LAWRENCE HEYL, JR. is with the U.S. Army in Italy.

BENJAMIN HOWELL, IV is doing war research for the U.S. Navy. He was married to Miss Constance M. Benson at Modesto, Calif., June 30, 1943.

DAVID HUGHES is a first lieutenant in the Army Air Corps and is stationed at Wickensburg, Ariz.

ANDREW IMBRIE is a sergeant in the U.S. Army Signal Corps.

EDWARD JOHNSON is with the Army Air Force at Corsicana, Texas.

STEPHEN KAPLAN is a private first class in the Army Air Corps, and is stationed at Atlantic City.

H. SINCLAIR KERR is an Air Cadet at Marietta College, Ohio.

THORNELL KOREN is a lieutenant-colonel in the 13th Airborne Division, Ft. Bragg, N. C.

ARCHIBALD LEWIS is a captain in the Field Artillery, serving overseas.

BRADFORD LOCKE, JR. is in the U.S. Marine Corps.

FREDERICK LOETSCHER, JR., is a corporal at Camp Cooke, Calif.

SANDERS MAXWELL has completed the officers candidate course at Miami Beach, Fla., and has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army Air Force.

RICHARD MAXWELL is an Ensign in the U.S. Navy.

WILLIAM MAXWELL is a lieutenant in the U.S. Army.

FRANCIS MCCARTER is a captain in the Field Artillery, U.S.A.

JAMES MERITT is in the Navy V-12 at Princeton, N.J.

JONATHAN MOREY is a second lieutenant in the Topographical Unit of the U.S. Army Engineers at Ft. Belvoir, Va.

ARTHUR MORGAN is in the U.S. Air Force.

HOWARD MULLER is a lieutenant in the U.S. Naval Reserve.

JOHN NORTHRUP is a cadet in the Naval Flight Preparatory School.

A. Y. PHINNEY is attending the Aviation Machinist's School at the Navy Pier, Chicago.

ERIC PHINNEY is in advanced training in the Army Air Corps at Craig Field, Alabama. He expects to get his wings and Flight Officer's rating in January.

STEVE PHINNEY has been an A.S.T.P. cadet at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, since October. Before that he was a radio sergeant in an anti-aircraft outfit in North Carolina.

EDWIN REEVES, JR. is a captain in the 11th Armored Force, U.S. Army.

ALFRED ROBERTSHAW is a major in the 5th Amphibious Corps, U.S. Marine Corps. He is on active duty in the South Pacific area.

ALBERT ROBINSON is at the Coast Guard Academy, New London, Conn.

ALBERT ROE is an ensign, U.S. Naval Reserve, and is stationed at New Orleans, La.

RICHARD ROSSMASSLER was at Princeton University for one term, and is now in the U.S. Army.

JAMES CONYERS SAYEN is a first lieutenant, U.S. Army, and is stationed at Camp Custer, Mich.

WILLIAM HENRY SAYEN, IV is in the U.S. Army and is stationed at Camp Van Dorn, Miss. He spent a year in Africa with the American Field Service.

ALLEN SHELTON is a lieutenant in the Anti-Aircraft Artillery. He was last heard from in North Africa.

GEORGE SHELTON is a lieutenant in the Anti-Aircraft Artillery and was also last reported in North Africa.

LACEY BALDWIN SMITH is a private first class in the Army Air Corps. At last reports he has landed overseas.

BAYARD STOCKTON, III is a lieutenant in the U.S. Army, at the Valley Forge General Hospital, Phoenixville, Pa.

DOUGLAS E. STUART is a first lieutenant in the U.S. Army. He is stationed at Camp Normoyle, San Antonio, Texas.

P. MACKAY STURGES, JR., is in the Navy V-12 training at Yale University.

HENRY TOMLINSON is a lieutenant, Army Air Corps, and is stationed at Peterson Air Base, Col.

HORATIO TURNER is a pilot and first lieutenant in the Army Air Corps.

DAVID B. VOORHTES is in Naval Training at Great Lakes, Ill. He was a recent visitor to the school.

ALDEN WICKS is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the U.S. Naval Reserve. He is in command of a minesweeper serving on coastal patrol out of Newport.

DAVID WICKS is an ensign, U.S. Naval Reserve. For the past six months he has been serving on a destroyer in the Mediterranean.

JOHN WILLIAMSON was a senior at Westminster Choir College when he was called into the army. He is stationed at Richmond, Virginia.

ROGER WILDE is a private in the 66th Infantry Headquarters Company, Army Intelligence, and is stationed at Camp Carson, Col.

DONALD YOUNG is a lieutenant in the 465th Armored Field Artillery. He is stationed at Camp Beale, Calif.

GEORGE YOUNG is a captain in the 265th Field Artillery, and is stationed at Camp Shelby, Miss.

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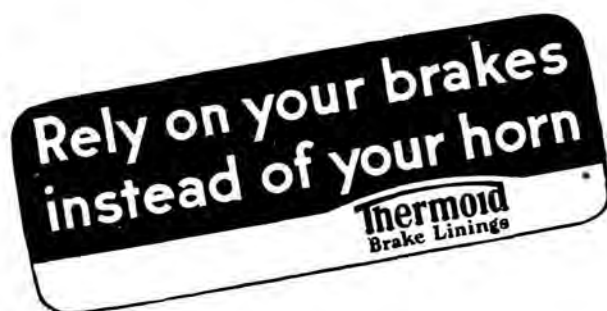
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