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JUNIOR JOURNAL

JUNE, 1944

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

COMPLETE BANKING FACILITIES

TRUSTS

CUSTODIAN ACCOUNTS

SAFE DEPOSIT AND STORAGE VAULTS

CHECKING AND SPECIAL TIME ACCOUNTS

UNITED STATES WAR BONDS

PRINCETON BANK
AND
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PRINCETON NEW JERSEY

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JUNIOR JOURNAL

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1944

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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JUNIOR JOURNAL

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

JUNE, 1944

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Editorial

In the five years we Seniors have been at the Princeton Country Day School, we have naturally taken part in all the school activities and in the competition of the Blues and Whites. This year—perhaps because we have been holding responsible positions as leaders of these activities—we have been conscious that the spirit which keeps the school activities going has not been as high as it might have been.

Just what are the causes? Part of the responsibility lies with the Color officers. We believe that the Blue and White presidents, elected by the student body, could have carried out more fully the duties given them when they were admitted to office.

To run a group successfully, however, you must have the cooperation not only of its head but of the entire group. There were some boys who tried hard to improve the standing of their Color and to do all they could for the school as well. Many, however, dismissed from their minds any thought of their own share in stirring up the spirit of the school. If this state of affairs continues, it is easy to see what will happen. As in a garden, the weeds will be given a chance to outgrow the plants, and in time the entire garden may be ruined.

But is it entirely the students who are to blame? No, there have also been some slips on the part of the Faculty. We do not recall any time when the Faculty has been awed at the fact that there have been too few Color meetings during the school year.

Next year, if every one will realize that he has a share in it and will work hand and foot, our school spirit can be raised to an even higher level.

Department Editors

<i>Editorial</i>	DAVID BARLOW
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We regret that the manpower situation made it impossible for us to publish three issues of the JUNIOR JOURNAL this year. The present number will be the final one for 1943-1944.



Honor Roll

WINTER TERM

SPRING TERM

90-100

Broneer
Piper
Rogers

90-100

Broneer
Piper
Rogers

85-90

Casadesus
Donnelly
Fletcher
Harrop
McAneny
Paynter, G.
Rossmassler
Schluter
Wallace

85-90

Brown, G.
Donnelly
Fletcher
Hart
Lindley
McAneny
Paynter, G.
Rossmassler
Wallace

80-85

Barlow
Brown, G.
Brown, J.
Cuyler
Dignan
Elsasser
Forsyth
Hart
Law
Lindley
Paynter, R.
Ralston
Roberts

80-85

Barlow
Black
Brown, J.
Casadesus
Cuyler
Dignan
Elsasser
Forsyth
Harrop
Laughlin
Paynter, R.
Ralston
Roberts
Schluter

Dear Aunt Nellie

My paternal great-aunt Nellie was a spinster nearing sixty-five or so. She was a woman small of stature, but mighty in appetite and temper. Her hair was drawn to a tight knot at the back of her head and was just turning from grey to white. Her appearance was generally like the impression that story-books give us of old spinsters: a long black dress, always some knitting, but no shawl on her shoulders or spectacles on her nose. She was supposed to have false teeth, though no one ever caught her putting them in or taking them out.

Aunt Nellie would pay the family a visit once a year, regularly as clockwork, and stay perhaps for a month. She always arrived with five suitcases of clothes; one of cathartics, doctor's prescriptions, and patent medicines, both quack as well as curing; and finally a trunk of volumes of poetry and classical prose. Reading was one of her chief ways to occupy the time.

Father dared not go to the office on the day she was to arrive for fear of offending her. We children, John, Teddy, and I, were always spick and span in our best clothes. The house was tidy, with all the books and magazines in their racks.

After the first hugs and kisses and such, when she had finally arrived, her first remark was never how glad she was to see us, but how impolite the trainmen were or how fresh the taxi-driver had been.

Mother loved Aunt Nellie dearly, for all her faults, for Aunt Nellie always sympathized with her when we were bad. We children thought we had to love her, for

she was a relation, but were not so sure we did. For one thing, at table, when we wanted second helpings of anything, Mother and Father always obligingly left something for us. Aunt Nellie always took everything, regardless. She was always trying to stop father's light drinking and his hard swearing. Aunt Nellie also believed that the comic strips were bad for our minds, so she always arose early Sunday morning and destroyed the comics before we were awake.

We always ate what Aunt Nellie liked whether we liked it or not. One reason Mother was glad of Aunt Nellie's presence was that it relieved her of all disciplinary duties, for Aunt Nellie would do all the mouth-washing and scolding that there was to be done. When Mother and Father would go out, leaving Aunt Nellie to stay with us children, at the slightest pretext she would start a harangue on how ill-behaved, naughty, noisy, and altogether nasty children we were. No wonder, she would say, that Mother and Father went out so often (once or twice a month at the most) for our constant fighting wore them down and they had to have some relaxation from our squabbles. On these nights our bedtimes were always moved up from eight or eight-thirty to seven o'clock sharp.

Perhaps Aunt Nellie will leave us children a million dollars in her will to compensate for her visits with us. But somehow I don't think even a million would do the job.

DAVID RALSTON (VI)

Cheaters Never Beat

He walked slowly up the stairs. He was, he decided, on the verge of a nervous collapse. All the cares of his seven years weighed heavily on him as he mounted the stairs to almost certain doom. Well he knew what fate would await him at home if he got another failing mark. The Second Grade certainly was hard on a man, he decided, as he reached the top of the stairs and turned toward Room Two, his room.

It wasn't only the History he minded, it was the abominable addition problems. It might have been different if only there were some use in them. After all, who cares what seven and twenty-nine is? Oh, he could see in some petty ways it might help, but was it worth the years of effort?

Now he'd reached the doorway of his room, he stepped in and stood a moment surveying it. The clean, brown pupils' desks his eyes passed quickly over, but he gazed with noticeable envy on the oaken, smooth-topped desk of the teacher.

An hour or so later as he was idly glancing through the back of his arithmetic book he noticed a page of numbers. He gasped audibly. These were the answers—now he could get a good mark and his

father would be proud of him! So, carefully, slowly, one by one he copied them down into his notebook. Funny thing! Now that he'd mastered it he almost liked arithmetic!

The rest of the morning he had a fine time. He pulled that saucy Betty Brown's pigtails and put mud on David's coat.

"William, would you come here a moment?" Teacher was calling him.

"She must want to compliment me for my good work," thought Bill, as he got up and walked slowly to the desk. His heart pounding inside him, he thought, "I surely like teacher now. She's always seemed mean, but now I like her a lot."

He'd almost reached the tall oaken mountain which was known as "teacher's desk." Now, however, that he was nearer he was not so sure as he had been. The jet black hair and horn-rimmed spectacles seemed foreboding, but he said bravely, "Did you want me, Miss Simpson?"

"Yes," she said sternly, "William, did you do this all by yourself?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Then it came—six short words. "You copied the wrong answers, William."

DENVER LINDLEY (V)

If

I

If I had a little brig,
On its deck I'd dance a jig.
I'd fire a gun,
And have lots of fun.

II

While in the sea breeze I would sit,
And in my cabin my wife would knit.
And when I went to bed at night,
All the mosquitoes would come and bite.

III

And I'd go to my dear home,
Never again to roam the foam.
Never again to see the fishes,
For I would be home washing the dishes.

JIMMY WRIGHT (II)

Ten Lead Soldiers

Several years ago I saw a lead soldier at a friend's house and decided that I wanted some too, so, when I had scraped the money together, I bought ten of them, and rushed back home to play with them.

In my hurry to get home, however, I tripped and dropped the box. Then there were only nine.

I took the battered remains of the deceased soldier, put them in a matchbox coffin, and buried him in what was soon to be a miniature cemetery.

The next casualty was suffered when a soldier's tissue paper parachute failed to open. Another matchbox joined the cemetery.

Shortly later two more gravestones joined the cemetery when I made a mistake of digging a trench across the automobile driveway.

It was not until several months later that the next casualty occurred, and this was no fault of mine, for once. A friend of my mother's and her three-year-old son were visiting us. The boy was presenting quite a problem, when my mother brightly suggested that I let "little Jackie" play with my soldiers.

I grabbed a volunteer from my diminishing army, tossed it none too gently to "little Jackie," and watched him throw it, with fiendish glee, out of the third story window. That soldier was given the Medal of Honour posthumously.

Shortly after this, another soldier, whom I had left in a tree and forgotten, was squashed when the tree was chopped down two days later. The sixth matchbox joined the cemetery.

The remaining four I guarded zealously, hoping to save them all. Number seven was killed a few days later, however, by a falling flowerpot.

Determined to keep even numbers, I put one of the three remaining soldiers in a small box, and floated it in the river. I then took a tremendous rock, easily ten times the size of the "boat," and, aiming carefully, dropped it squarely on the target.

There was a tremendous splash, a muddy cloud of spray, and box and soldier disappeared in the mud. I heaved the rock out of the way, and a few pieces of the box floated away.

After fingering the mud for half an hour, I fished up enough pieces of number eight to bury, and did so shortly afterwards.

During number eight's burial ceremony, I stepped on number nine, and then I had to bury him too.

I decided to finish off number ten while I was at it, so I put him in a rather battered model plane I had, put a firecracker in it, covered it with turpentine, set it afire, and dropped it out of a third story window. At about the second story the plane exploded, scattering blazing bits of wreckage everywhere.

When I got downstairs, I found number ten lying amidst the wreckage, unharmed. He was, however, very hot, so I dropped him in a pail of water. There was a loud hiss, and he fell into a dozen pieces. That night, I put the last matchbox into the cemetery.

ALLAN FORSYTH (IV)

The Bell

On the top of Nassau Hall,
There is a bell that rings for all.
It has rung for many years,
To students forming their careers.
It rings each hour of the day;
If you're on time you shout, Hooray!
And if by chance you wake at night,
Its gentle peals will banish fright.

CARTER CUYLER (II)

Out of the Night

It was a cold night, and the snow was pouring down on the already white ground. The wind was howling as I got ready for bed. I knew that I would have to hurry or freeze. Finally I got in and fell asleep.

I was awakened some time later by a faint tap-tapping coming from downstairs. I thought it was probably the branch of a tree bumping something in the wind and tried to go back to sleep. Suddenly I realized that there were no trees at all near the house!

"Oh, well," I said to myself, "it must be hail hitting the window pane in the door." Then again I remembered that it was snowing, not hailing, so that idea wouldn't hold water either.

I couldn't stand it any longer. Could it be a burglar? I got out of bed shivering more with fright than with cold, and tiptoed down the stairs. Obviously every one was asleep, for no sound stirred the stillness except that constant tapping on the door. I went into the gun room and took out my trusty wooden six-shooter that I had made in shop at Miss Fine's School.

At least it gave me some degree of courage to feel it on my hip.

Stealthily I crept toward the door, ready to puncture any one who tried to break in. I looked out the window at the snow, which gave the impression of ghostly figures wriggling around outside, because the beam of light from the hall gave the flakes an eerie gleam.

Then I took myself in hand and said under my breath, "Now, look here! All these ghosts are ridiculous. I've got to open that door."

So finally I got up enough nerve and turned the knob, being careful to stay well behind the door. With my pistol ready I opened it wider, for I had seen nothing yet. After opening it all the way I looked around. There on the doorstep beside my foot sat a poor, cold, damp puppy, wagging its tail as if to say, "May I come in?"

"Oh," I said as I dropped my pistol and scurried back to bed with the puppy under my arm. "If only all midnight visitors were as harmless and welcome as you!"

BRANDON HART (IV)

Brooklyn---Dem Bums

Ah, Brooklyn! Whatta place. It's Paradise on Eart. But I guess I'd better can all de flowery speeches—I'm Joe Nedo, a hacker, one of de elite a' Brooklyn. All mornin' long I drive people aroun' t' dis place an' dat place, but in de afternoon, I makes a bee-line for Ebbets Field to take a gander at Dem Bums—bless 'em—knock de stuffins outa some class "D" aggravation, like 'd Cards, or dem playboys from—what's de name o' dat place? Oh, yeah—New York.

O' course, us here in Flatbush don't talk about what happened to de Bums last

year. But wait till next year! We'll moider any sandlot team in de country—not t' mention dem empires. Boy, do dey corn up de game. I say kick 'em all out on dere ears.

Dere's nuttin' better dan a day in summer when de Dodgers play de Phillies. I really have a field day den—drizzling pop an' cussin' at de empires—"Trow 'im out"—and givin' de razzberry to de Pills.

Oh, well, back to de stan. Dere's probably somebody waitin' fer a ride, and who knows, mebbe he'll let me keep de change.

RICHARD PAYNTER (VI)

Achilles, A Wag

A half-starved puppy dog lay still on his pile of straw in the city pound. The only thing other than the patch of straw in his smelly kennel, which more resembled a cell or a stall, was a dented, rusty old dish, half-filled with stale water. Only about two hours before, he had been brought in from the street by the dog-catcher.

He had been out on the street for so long that it was very difficult to tell his color. However, if one looked closely enough, one could see that he was dark brown, except for a small patch of white under his neck. He had obviously not been cared for for quite a while, but if you looked into his eyes, you could see that he was not a common street cur. He was a good dog—with bad luck. An expert could tell that, if given the chance, this little puppy could grow up into a big, strapping, healthy German Shepherd.

Soon he got up and went to the barred door of his cell and looked about. He was in a long filthy hallway, along the sides of which were many other kennels like his own. Most of them were occupied. The majority of the other dogs could be called mongrels. Originally they might have been as good dogs as you could find, but they had been cast out from the cruel world. However, they would soon be put out of their misery.

Then, from down the hall, he heard the sound of voices, one of which he recognized as the keeper's. Then they came in sight, the dirty, unkempt keeper accompanied by a very clean, neat man in uniform.

The man looked at the occupant of each stall as he passed it. Now and then he would look more closely at a dog and say something to the keeper, who would jot something down in a notebook.

Soon they came near to the little puppy's stall. Then the man asked the keeper how many he had listed. The other replied that he had five listed. The first one said

that that was more than he had expected to have and he'd have to be going.

With that they both turned and started to walk away.

The little pup gave a short, despairing bark. At the sound, the man turned and walked back.

The pup wagged his tail faster than he had ever wagged it before, and looked imploringly at the man.

The man looked at him critically.

"So you want to join the Wags, eh?" he asked.

As if in answer, the pup barked and pawed at the bars of his door.

"Well," said the man doubtfully to the keeper, for he was moved with pity for the little dog, "well, all right, put 'im down. I'll take him along."

That was the beginning of a new life for the little puppy-dog, now christened "Achilles." For what was probably the first time in his whole life, he was well cared for. What had happened? Why, Achilles had joined the army.

He was assigned to a soldier by the name of Peter Williams. Williams, or "Pete" as he was called throughout the camp, was a real dog man. He had been brought up with dogs. He had eyes like a cat and he could see better than the average man can in the dark.

Then followed months of intensive training. Achilles and Pete seemed to get along better than any other couple in camp. Achilles thrived in the army and he soon developed into an exceptionally large and intelligent sentry dog.

It was eighteen months since a little bedraggled puppy-dog had been taken from a city dog pound, when a large army dog named Achilles and a tall young soldier by name of Peter Williams were assigned to sentry duty at the Panama Canal.

Three days later Pete and Achilles were destined to have a furlough. Every night for almost a year, now, the two of them had gone out and for four solid hours

they had patrolled their stretch of ground near the Canal. Almost every night they had been soaked to the skin by tropical thunderstorms. Even though he was used to it, Pete was going to be glad enough to get away.

As he started along his nightly trek with Achilles, Pete was wondering what stories he would be able to tell his family when he got home. He could imagine meeting his family on the dock... his little brother making more noise than anyone else, trying to get him to tell some stories about what he had done. He smiled at the thought.

Suddenly he was rudely snatched away from his daydream. Achilles was growling threateningly. That meant only one thing. Someone was up in front of them near the Canal, someone who was not supposed to be there. "Okay, old boy, go get—" Pete started to stay.

"Not so fast, Soldier Boy," cautioned someone with a marked German accent from behind him. "Vone sount out off you unt you're a dead mann. Drop that rifle!"

It took Pete a couple of seconds to understand what had happened, but Achilles realized immediately. His lips curled back and he gave a low, threatening snarl. Then he leapt. Two shots rang out. Pete jumped to one side and fell to the ground. He felt a burning pain in his right thigh. He heard a stream of oaths, much heavy panting, and many soft thuds.

He knew that the Germans, believing him to be dead, would soon put a light on because the dog could fight in the dark and they could not. Suddenly he heard a fearful scream as Achilles' teeth found the throat of the unlucky spy. Then a German did light a flashlight.

Meanwhile Pete could hear the camp come to life. Sirens, loudspeakers, and whistles were all making a terrible racket. Searchlights clicked on and sent their searching rays on and around the Canal.

The flashlight illuminated the two figures for only a short space of time—long enough to show the prostrate figure of a man with a dog at his throat.

Then Pete's rifle spoke, once—twice. The German and the flashlight fell to the ground. Pete grabbed the flashlight, which hadn't gone out, and placed it quickly on the ground pointing down the path. He moved to one side and caught up his rifle. He shot at one of the Germans—now temporarily illuminated by the beam of the flashlight—as he came up the path, then at another. Just as he was aiming his rifle after the third German, the ground all around him was lighted up. He realized what had happened. The searchlight had found him, and for the moment they probably believed him to be an enemy. The Germans quickly took advantage of this mistake and let loose a return fire.

Something burned into his shoulder. Something else hit his helmet like a sledge hammer. Then that blinding light moved away. He scarcely knew it. He thought that very far away he heard some more shots—then voices. He thought he saw Achilles next to him, licking his face. Then Achilles started to go round and round in circles and Pete passed out.

When he woke up, he was in a neat ward room of the hospital. His commanding officer was standing over him.

Pete tried desperately to sit up. "Did you get 'em all? Did you get 'em?" he asked excitedly.

"Take it easy, son, take it easy," cautioned the officer. "Yes, we got them, and before they did any damage, too. You did a fine job, Pete. But you're in a pretty bad way. You won't be fit for service for quite a while. And Achilles? Well he's a convalescent, too. Well, here he is now!"

Pete turned his head a little to one side. It was immediately licked by a soft pink tongue. The head and shoulders of Achilles showed up over the bed. One of his paws was in a splint and there was a big gash in his side, but he cared only for his master.

Pete turned his head back and smiled. Now he would have something to tell his brother about.

ROB ROY PIPER (IV)

Algerian Graves

As the sun comes up over the hill
Shining down on a lonely mill;
The Algerian field close by,
With its tangled blanket of rye,
Appears in words to say
What happened there that day.
The crosses stand there solemn and still
Beside the memorial mill
From whence with rapidity came
The spitting, terrifying flame
Which so unmercifully killed,
That many graves were later filled.
As the sun comes up over the hill
Shining upon the lonely mill,
He who was born to save
Shines down upon each grave
And upon the land to which He
And they gave their lives to free.

TEDDY TOWER (VI)

Carrie Nation

Out of the door of the tavern came a
"pie-eyed" gamboler.
His face was as red as an apple and
shone from ear to ear.
Up came Carrie Nation, a hatchet in her
hand.
That hatchet was her symbol the length
and breadth of a land.
She had a gleam of hatred in her schem-
ing eye—
Hatred for this evil place which she'd
soon purify—
Hatred for this wicked house of impiety
and sin,
She'd hack and smash until the cops came
down and ran her in.
Yes, Carrie Nation's dead and gone, a
headstone on her grave.
And Prohibition days are gone from a
world she tried to save.
If Carrie had been alive to see it dis-
mally fall and fail,
Perhaps she'd see that all her hacking
has been to no avail.

DAVID RALSTON (VI)

My Garden

AUTUMN

He built a brush fire and piled upon
The debris of the summer long
Stalks of cabbage, corn, and weed,
Flowers gay now gone to seed;
The sullen smoke rose in the air
And took with it my garden fair.

SPRING

The ash was spaded deep in mold,
Then Spring broke down the winter's cold.
Fed by these ashes in the ground
A thousand seeds a new life found;
Flowers gay, with eager breath
Fed on the ash of last year's death.
The Sun commands, and up in air
Up rose again my garden fair.

DAVID WINANS (III)

A Morning Flour

In the still clear air of morning,
As the rising sun creeps upward,
Dew drops glisten on the grass blades.
Birds are calling to each other;
Mourning doves are cooing sadly,
And the rabbit finds its breakfast.
Squirrels scamper up the tree trunks
As they chase and play together,
Undisturbed by dog or human.
This short hour is theirs each morning.
Then the magic spell is broken.
Dogs start barking, men start working.
Now the world is theirs no longer
'Til the sun completes its circle.

BRANDON HART (IV)

Spring

Of all the seasons of the year
My favorite is spring,
When first the leaves on trees appear
And birds come back to sing.

The snow drops and the daffodils
Are first to show their heads
On meadows and by mossy rills
And above the flower beds.

LEDLIE LAUGHLIN (V)

My House and the Hill

There's a little valley in the hills
Through which there flow bright streams,
With courses full of spills and rills—
Truly a paradise it seems.

On the slope of the hill I'll build my house
Shaded and safe from harm.
Down below where that farmer plows
I'll have a tiny farm.

Behind the house there'll rise the hill
Stretching to reach the sky.
After the house is gone, it will
Be just as grand and as high.

DENVER LINDLEY (V)

Bird

Once I glanced up in the sky;
I saw a bird there flying high,
Flying where'er he wished to go,
Soaring, and darting to and fro,
Flying here, now flying there,
Flying almost everywhere.

And as I looked I wondered greatly—
This bird, so gay, and yet so stately,
How I wished I could be he,
From all cares, all worries, free!
But as I watched I saw him fleeing,
And I was still a human being.

COLIN MCANENY (V)

An Evening

The water on the lake that night
Was as still and as smooth as glass.
The wind never made a ripple or wave
And never even stirred the grass.

The moon shone down like a silvery light
And outlined everything in sight.
Then the strong wind started to blow
And the moon on the water ceased to glow.

The wind was blowing stronger and
stronger;

A roar of thunder, a flash of light—
Then it rained; we stayed out no longer
But went inside and watched the night.

DAVID ERDMAN (IV)

A Visit to the Circus

We went to Madison Square Garden to get tickets. For about ten minutes we waited, and then found we had been in the wrong line. We got our tickets, and then went to Wanamaker's to get my coat.

At one o'clock we arrived at Madison Square Garden to see the side shows. There was a giant and giantess, a fire-proof man, a sword swallower, a rubber-armed man, a woman with hair five feet long, a juggler, some South American troubadours, a clay modeler, a neon tube swallower, a strong man, a midget musician, a midget family, and a magician. Also there was a fat lady and a thin man.

At two-fifteen the show started. There was a clown in the middle ring who had a cat. The clown was trying to make the cat jump from one box to another. Finally he put the two boxes together, and, when the cat had its forepaws on one box and its hind paws on the other, the clown pulled the boxes apart. All of a sudden one of the lions for the next act started to come in where the clown was. After trying and trying he got out.

I will only tell about four acts, as they were the best.

One was the death-defying Wallendas. They rode bicycles on a wire. Then two of

them rode bicycles and had a bar between them. Then two got on the bar.

Another one of my favorite acts was composed of only clowns. There was a house in the center ring that was supposed to be on fire. The firemen came, and five people jumped out. The last one was about to jump, when suddenly a flame licked the seat of his pants. This happened three times, and then something exploded. The clown jumped out and a dummy shot up.

The third of my favorite acts was a team, Victoria and Torrence. They went up, and, without a net underneath, swung around at the top of the theatre. Torrence, the man, held a bar in his teeth while Victoria did somersaults on it.

The fourth of my favorite acts was a car. Twenty-one people got out of it, and last of all, a giant, eight feet six inches tall, and weighing 390 pounds.

Oh, I forgot to tell you what I ate. I had peanuts, cotton candy, a hot dog, coca-cola, and part of a cup of ice cream. I dug in the ice cream with my spoon too hard, and it flew out of my hands.

All in all I had an exciting trip to the circus.

EMERY FLETCHER (II)

Getting Up

On Sunday morning I lie in bed,
While Vacation dreams float in my head.
On Monday I hear my father say,
"Get up, we must be on our way."
On Tuesday my father says again,
"Get up, or else I'll miss my train."
On Wednesday I wake with a snort
When I remember the school day's short.
On Thursday morning once more I hear
My father shouting in my ear.
Friday morning is here at last,
Now the week is almost past!
But Saturday morning, oh boy, oh boy!
I spring out of bed with a yelp of joy!

DAVID MATHEY (III)

A Visitor I Shall Not Forget

As I folded and docketed my last homework, the doorbell struck a long-expected note. It was Henry Tomkins, our guest—our late guest.

"Greetings, Rasputin," he said indifferently.

"Hi," I returned meekly as I closed the door after him.

His appearance was striking. He was six feet five inches tall, had long white hair (though he was only forty-eight), and was handsome, with dark skin and warm but mischievous eyes.

I followed his rapid mounting of the stairs and heard him express his greetings, plus the usual unconvincing jabber concerning the cause of being late. Mother told him to prepare for a cocktail party; they were due there already. A few minutes later Mother and Daddy and I were sitting in the car, waiting for Henry.

"Go see what that fool is doing," said Daddy.

I went upstairs, only to find him lying on his bed, with his pajamas on, in the process of going to sleep.

"Hey, you've got to go to a cocktail party!" I exclaimed frantically.

"Oh, yes. Fetch me my suit, garcon."

I reluctantly fetched his suit, faintly hoping that he would come.

Finally Henry came down, wearing a loud, dark suit. We reached the house of our expectant and angry hostess an hour late. She concealed her anger as well as she

could with pleasant, though uninteresting, conversation. Henry nearly dozed from boredom, till he was awakened by a frantic concealed kick.

At a loss for words, he bellowed with his extreme southern accent, "Whar's the whiskey?"

The surprised hostess, in order to save herself, made some witty remark about its absence. Delighted that the woman could be something besides a bore, Henry loosened up and told many jokes and stories, some hilarious, some deep, but all of them over the poor woman's head. It was an unpleasant situation, jokes being tossed about with no response, so we left—of course, with other excuses.

That evening, oddly enough, Henry's most violent enemy came all the way from Boston to see us.

The tension was great; each time the Bostonian would tell a story, Henry would go to sleep. Finally they started to argue. When one would stress his point, the other would go to sleep.

Finally this ended and we went to bed. We slept soundly until five in the morning, when we heard some glass breaking. Henry was taking an early morning walk and had stumbled over some milk bottles.

The next afternoon Henry got into a taxi to go to the station. We said good-bye, but I don't think he heard us. He was having an argument with the taxi-driver.

BILLY BLACK (IV)

Captain Kidd's Treasure

It was a hot day and I was tired of walking up and down the London docks looking for a job. I wanted to find a nice sea captain who would take me on board his ship as a cabin boy. I had just decided to turn back when I met a very nice sea captain.

"Could you use me on board your ship

as cabin boy?" I asked him. "I have been to sea twice before," I added.

"Yes, I think I could," he replied with a smile. "Come on board and I will show you around."

I followed him on board the *Adventure*. I soon found my bunk and started to unpack my clothes. When I was finished,

I went up on deck and watched the men cast off.

"So you're the new cabin boy," a young boy of about my age remarked.

"Yes, I am," I replied. "What is your job?"

"I help wash the decks and other odd jobs," he replied. "Come over here and I will show you the rigging."

The voyage was a pleasant one. Jack and I talked together when we were off duty. We were hunting for pirate ships.

One night, when Jack and I were on deck, there was a sudden jar. The ship heeled over and started to sink. We had struck a rock. Luckily for us we were in sight of land. I jumped overboard and started to swim.

It took me quite a long time to reach the island, for that was what it was. When I did at last reach the shore, I was very tired.

"Hello," said a voice I knew. It was Jack. "I didn't expect to see you here."

"I didn't expect to see you here, either," I replied. "Let's explore this island," I went on.

We soon found out what our island was like. It was about twenty-one yards long and about eleven yards wide! There was only one palm tree which was in the middle of the island.

As we walked along, my foot slipped. I fell into a rather large hole in the rocks. Jack and I bent down and looked into it. It was a cave!

"Let's explore it," Jack said. "You go first."

I crawled along the hole for quite a while. At last it opened up into a huge room which was lit by many holes cut in the roof.

"Look what I've found," Jack shouted from one side of the cave.

I went over to where he was. There was a long line of arrows chalked on the

side of the cave. We decided to follow them. They led to a crack in the cave wall. I reached my hand in and pulled out a gold doubloon!

"We must have found a buried treasure," I yelled in great excitement. "Let's pull the rest of it out."

We reached in and pulled out sack after sack of gold pieces! When we had pulled out all the gold, I counted the sacks. There were eleven.

"We're rich!" yelled Jack.

"Yes, but all this money is no good to us, because we've no ship to carry it away from the island," I replied.

What I had said was quite true, so we decided to build a shelter and settle down on Palm Tree Island, as we called our island.

During our stay on Palm Tree Island, we built a shelter of driftwood and palm fronds. We spent most of our days catching fish, since fish was about our only food.

One day I went for a walk on the beach by myself. I happened to look out to sea. To my great surprise I saw a ship not very far away!

I took off my shirt and waved it as hard as I could. The ship must have seen me, for she headed toward our island.

I ran back and told Jack. Together we managed to haul the treasure to the beach, where we waited while the ship sent in a small boat for us. We loaded the treasure into the boat and started for the ship. Suddenly a big wave swept over us and the small boat started to sink! Jack and I and the sailor that rowed jumped overboard and swam for the ship, which we soon reached.

That is how we got and lost Captain Kidd's treasure. We started for home with only a gold doubloon to remind us of Palm Tree Island and Captain Kidd's treasure.

DAVID ROGERS (III)

Crash Dive

Lieut. Commander Jack Martin was the first man on the conning tower of the submarine, which he commanded, to see the cruiser bearing down on them out of the night. The submarine was lying with its decks awash in the Bismarck Sea, recharging its batteries.

He immediately ordered a crash dive, and dived through the hatch. He screwed the hatch tight and went to his position.

The Jap cruiser was a half mile away, and the sub, the Goldfish, headed down. After reaching the ocean floor at 60 fathoms, Jack leveled her off and cut the motors.

As it turned out, the cruiser had called a destroyer which started to drop "ash-cans." The first three or four landed about 1,000 yards away and didn't do any damage. After that the barrage got closer.

The men started to lay bets on which side the next ash-can would drop. The Jap destroyer was having a hard time finding them since Jack had shut off the sub's motors and no sound could be heard by their listening device.

Small Jap patrol boats were also depth-charging the sub as the sub's listening device operator reported.

At this moment, a string of ash-cans straddled the ship and immediately the lights went out.

Then the chief engineer came to Jack and said, "Sir, the forward engine room

is being flooded from the water coming in through the plates."

Jack said, "We'll have to risk it. Start the pumps."

The enemy started furiously to throw depth charges at the submarine. She was blasted from above, fore, and aft. The tension was terrific.

The men were trying to patch the breaks in the plates of the forward engine room.

Then the destroyer and patrol boats went away.

After waiting for thirty minutes, Jack blew her tanks and surfaced. What should he see, when he upped periscope, but the cruiser that had called the Jap destroyer! Here was a chance he couldn't miss.

Jack computed the distance and other data and got ready to fire.

He snapped, "Fire one. Fire three. Fire two."

The crew of the submarine was tense. Then came a huge explosion. Jack looked through the periscope. He saw the cruiser breaking in half.

The Jap flag was slowly sinking beneath the waves.

The sub turned and set a course for its mother ship, slowly sailing into the rising sun.

GRENVILLE PAYNTER (IV)

To a Fire

Around the corner, siren wailing,
Comes the fire-engine, red;
On two wheels to save on rubber,
And its crew just out of bed.

To the scene of chaos, quickly
Tears this guardian of estate;
Ready for the call of duty,
Ready for each whim of fate.

At the scene of chaos now,
It swiftly into action goes;
But 'tis a small blaze—quickly over,
So back they tumble, men and hose.

And thus thru all the years that pass us
With their changing fads and phases,
Comes this motto: "The customer
Is always right—we go to blazes."

RICHARD PAYNTER (VI)

King, A Messenger Dog

This is about a messenger dog whose gallantry in action saved his company from disaster.

The company had been cut off from its base, and the only hope of getting help was to send King, their company dog, back through the lines with a message. The commanding officer, a sergeant, scribbled out a message, tied it to King's collar, and said, "Back to headquarters, King, go back to headquarters."

Without a backward glance he was off. He could be seen only for a little while as he soon slipped into the heavy underbrush of the jungle. Then—suddenly—as he was entering the bushes, where we could barely see him, a rifle bullet rang out; he had been hit. He fell, but only for a minute, for he soon struggled laboriously to his feet and rushed onward. Then as we lost sight of him, we dove into the underbrush, concealing ourselves as much as possible, firing a shot now and

then to keep them from closing in. The suspense was terrible as we lay waiting and wondering if King would get through, for he would have to cross several flooding streams and snake-infested swamps.

Meantime, King was almost there but was having his troubles, because the gash where the sniper's bullet had hit him was bleeding and he was out of breath from the long and steady run. His instinct told him he was getting closer so he hurried ever onward. Then he sighted the camp and dragged himself up to the sentry. He was immediately taken to the C. O. where the officer read the note, and without delay dispatched aid to the ambushed men. Then attention was given to King. His wounds were dressed, and when the ambushed men came back he received many praises and was highly honored.

He is now back in the United States recuperating.

PETER ROSSMASSLER (III)

Idiot's Delight

Have you tried to write good poetry?
It seems most awfully hard to me
To spend a tortured hour or two
Trying to find a rhyme for "you,"
Or thumbing through your dictionary
Seeing what words will rhyme with
"Mary."

Shelley, Keats, and Byron too
Knew exactly what to do.

But here I sit and scratch my head,
Almost wishing that I were dead.
And when this wretched scrawl is done
What worthy object has been won?
He who delights in writing verse
Would find amusement in a hearse.

DENVER LINDLEY (V)

With the Blues and Whites

SCHOLARSHIP

The scholastic competition between the Blues and Whites was extremely close in the Winter and Spring terms. During the Winter term the two Colors were tied with an average of 2.5+. The Whites had a slight edge on the Blues at the end of the Spring term. The Whites average was 2.5- and the Blues 2.5+.

The Whites also succeeded in keeping one boy ahead in the number of boys clear of failures in the Winter term: Blues 11, Whites 12. In the Spring term the Blues and Whites were tied, each having 14 boys with no failures.

Boys who had no subject failures during these two terms were:

WHITES (12 of 26): Black, Brown, G., Brown, J., Cuyler, Harrop, Law, Lindley, Ralston, Roberts, Rossmassler, Schluter, Wallace.

BLUES (11 of 28): Barlow, Broneer, Dignan, Donnelly, Fletcher, McAneny, Paynter, G., Paynter, R., Piper, Rogers, Stokes.

BASEBALL

The Blues made it four straight years in baseball by winning this year's championship from the Whites. Five games were played between the two Senior teams and five games between the Intermediate teams. A Senior victory counted three points, while two points was given for an Intermediate victory.

By winning all five Senior games and tying one on the Intermediate field, the Blues emerged victorious by a count of 16 points to 9. Weiser and Munro did the pitching for the Blue Senior nine, and Kleinhaus bore the brunt of the White pitching.

The results of the games were as follows:

Seniors		Intermediates	
Blues 6	Whites 0	Whites 7	Blues 5
Blues 8	Whites 4	Whites 6	Blues 6
Blues 6	Whites 3	Whites 13	Blues 5
Blues 10	Whites 0	Whites 10	Blues 9
Blues 6	Whites 0	Whites 10	Blues 1

TRACK

The ninth annual track meet was held in Palmer Stadium on May 30, with the Blues defeating the Whites by a score of 73 to 31 for the cup annually awarded by Mayor Charles R. Erdman, Jr.

Individual high scorers were Gardner Munro in the Seniors and James Donnelly in the Juniors, each with three first places. Both are Blues. Other first-place winners among the Seniors were Richard Paynter (Blue), who won the broad jump, and Carl Weiser (Blue), who captured the shot put. In the Intermediate division David Dignan (Blue) won the 75-yard dash, Brandon Hart (Blue) annexed the high jump, while David Erdman (White) and Grenville Paynter (Blue) tied for first place in the broad jump. The Whites' relay team, composed of Wallace, Swinnerton, Erdman, Young, and Roberts, won the final race by a narrow margin.

Athletics

Because of the closing of the Baker Rink, the school had no hockey team this winter. A group of boys formed an unofficial basketball team and played games with Junior High and St. Paul's School. The rest of the school had excellent skating on Carnegie Lake for many weeks, but there were no competitive sports.

The baseball team was good enough to win two games by overwhelming scores, although three others were lost by margins of from one to three runs. Counting a softball victory over our not-so-bitter rivals, Miss Fine's School, the team had an average of .500 for the season.

P. C. D., 3; Lawrenceville Lower School, 6

In its first outside game of the year, P.C.D. showed deplorable lack of hitting power. Peter Rossmassler was the only one to hit safely. The good pitching which characterized all the P. C. D. games this year was up to par for Weiser struck out 10 while walking only 3. The Lawrenceville pitcher struck out 5 and walked 5, and although he did not have too much on the ball, our batters just could not seem to connect. P.C.D. made only three errors. Everything considered, the game was quite well played.

P. C. D., 4; Junior High, 5.

The Junior High team proved to be just a little more powerful than the P.C.D. nine. It eked out a close decision over determined opposition. In the fifth inning the regulars of both teams left the game by agreement and the substitutes took over. At that time the score was 4-3 in favor of Junior High. Munro pitched the first four innings, while McAneny pitched the last three. Special mention should be made of the magnificent job done by Charlie Stokes as catcher. P.C.D. made 5 hits and 4 errors; Junior High made 5 hits and 3 errors.

P. C. D., 13; Township, 6.

Winning its first game of the season, P.C.D. showed power both in pitching and in batting. Our batters had quite a field day, collecting 13 hits, including three doubles. The game grew one-sided in the third inning, when six P.C.D. runs came across. Every one played very well, as witness the fact that there was only one error. Most the substitutes also saw action in this game.

P. C. D., 4; Fathers, 6.

After winning two Fathers and Sons games in succession, this year the P.C.D. nine bowed to the superior ability of the Fathers. Excellent pitching by Mr. Weiser for the Fathers subdued the Sons, while the flashy play of certain of the other "old men" kept the score down. Heavy hitter for the Sons was Peter Rossmassler with 3 for 4. The Sons also executed a double play, the only one of the game. By an odd coincidence, the batteries for both teams were Weiser and Stokes, while the opposing first basemen were both named Kleinhans.

P. C. D., 21; Township, 2;

Playing at Township, P.C.D. won its second game of the season by a topheavy margin. P.C.D. produced two powerful hitters in Paynter R. and Paynter G., who put on a memorable brother act by making two home runs apiece. The big inning was the fourth, when P.C.D. amassed 14 runs. P.C.D. got 10 hits while Township got 2. In the matter of errors it was 4 to 8 in favor of Country Day.

P. C. D., 27; Miss Fine's, 4.

Abandoning the hard ball for the soft, P.C.D. toppled a determined Fine's School varsity on the latter's field. After the first inning, the right-handed Country Day batters batted left-handed while the left-handers swung from the right, with some surprising

results. Pitching for Miss Fine's School was Blythe Scott, while for P.C.D. the pitchers were Munro, Paynter R., and Laughlin.

The regular line-up for the season, with the batting average for each player, was as follows:

Weiser, p. (.364), Stokes, c. (.214), Paynter R., 1b. (.300), Eidmann, 2b. (.143), Paynter G., ss. (.417), Rossmassler, 3b. (.467), Kleinhans, l.f. (.308), Munro, c.f. (Captain) (.222), Cleland, r.f. (.154).

Substitutes: McAneny, Wilson, Moore J., Moore T., Black, Roberts, Ralston, Tower, Barlow.

The Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club produced two plays this year—"The Clod" and "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife"—with an added attraction in a program of songs sung by the Glee Club under the direction of Mr. Maurer.

"The Clod," a one-act play by Lewis Beach, is a grim melodrama ending in the shooting of two Confederate soldiers by an elderly farmer's wife whose house they have upset while searching for a fugitive Northern private. Of the cast, the reviewer for the Princeton Herald wrote: "Ledlie Laughlin played the part of Mary Trask with the restrained power which the role demands. He conveyed subtly and ably the mounting power which finally becomes a will to murder. Dick Paynter was effective as the brutal Confederate sergeant. The minor roles of Thaddeus Trask, a Southern Private, and a Northern Private were ably handled by Malcolm Cleland, Gardner Munro, and Thomas Moore."

In "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," Anatole France tells in (farical) terms of a rather corrupt judge, Leonard Botal, who hires three men of medicine to cure his beautiful wife, who cannot speak. The cure succeeds only too well, and after a second act in which Catherine nearly jabs her husband into insanity, he invokes a second cure by getting the physician, surgeon, and apothecary to make him deaf.

The reviewer said: "Charles Stokes, as Botal's wife, was especially good. His was a long, difficult part which had to be kept at a rapid tempo. The purely slapstick roles of the doctors were capably filled by Markley Roberts, Teddy Tower, and Neils

Young. David Barlow did well as Botal, and David Ralston was good as Adam Fumee. Of the many lesser roles, one can only say that each made his contribution toward a very pleasant and enjoyable performance."

Others who had a part in "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" were Eckfeldt, Hart, Flemer, McAneny, Broneer, Kleinhans, Erdman, Casadesus, Gallup, Paynter G., Forsyth, Stern, and Piper.

Mr. McAneny directed the two plays, and Mr. Robson had charge of the scenery. Mr. Smyth again superintended the make-up and also assisted Mr. Maurer in directing the Glee Club. Mrs. McAneny and Mrs. Murch were the heads of the costume department.

The following boys sang in the Glee Club: Casadesus, Chivers, Cuyler, Dignan, Donnelly, Elderkin, Elsasser, Flemer, Harrop, Law, Rossmassler, Schluter, Stace, Swinnerton, Wallace, Wilks, Wilson, Winans, Wright.

As a result either of acting or working behind the scenes in the production, the following boys were elected to full membership in the Dramatic Club: Malcolm Cleland, Jerry Eckfeldt, David Erdman, John Flemer, Allan Forsyth, Brandon Hart, Denver Lindley, Colin McAneny, Thomas Moore, Rob Roy Piper, Markley Roberts, Ted Tower, Niels Young. For playing minor parts or assisting the stage crew, the following received half-credit toward membership in the Club: Guy Casadesus, George Gallup, Lewis Kleinhans, Grenville Paynter, Loup Stern, Jerry Wilson.

An Ambulance Driver In Italy

(We are glad to be able to print another letter from Mr. Ross, who is still on the Italian front with the American Field Service. This letter was sent to Richard and Grenville Paynter.)

March 27.

Dear Dick and Grenville:

At last I am catching up with you! By the time you are reading this it will be Spring in Princeton—with all the old familiar sound effects that accompany the most pleasant of all seasons: the sharp crack of baseball bats; the wheezing purr of the old school lawn-mower; the discordant buzz of hard-driven actors in desperate struggle with unmemorable lines; the clarion exhortations to put on all speed for that final spurt in the inevitable "last lap." I wish I could be with you in the next few weeks to share all this; but, unfortunately, I expect to be elsewhere.

I shall, however, be thinking of all of you at P.C.D. as the school year moves to a close. I have, indeed, thought of you very frequently during these last few months and only regret that it has not been possible to keep in closer touch with each of you—especially with those who, like yourselves, wrote such fine letters soon after my arrival overseas. I can't begin to tell you how much enjoyment these letters brought me. I hope you will forgive my not answering them more promptly. I've got several fairly convincing alibis; instead I shall give you a promise to reform and "do better next time." This last has a certain familiar ring; only our positions are reversed, and now *you're* got *me* on the spot!

March 28

Since starting this, I've had several interruptions. I had no sooner written "spot" than a terrific rattle of "ack-ack" began to spit and chatter from the woods which ring our ambulance station. I was sitting at the wheel with writing case propped up

and pen in hand. Both fell to the floor and I galloped, with much haste and no dignity, for our flimsy fox-hole which offers psychological protection only. One definitely gallops in such cases, for Jerry swoops in with amazing speed and fairly deadly accuracy. He doesn't get through very often these days, but when he does things begin to happen.

The next diversion was a run to an advanced dressing station just behind our infantry line. I say "run;" actually the ambulance has to crawl at the agonizing speed of five miles an hour (occasionally reduced to *three*!)—for the "road" is an almost impassable ditch, water-filled and tank-gored, bordered by thick, scratchy shrubs and stubborn, unyielding rocks and trees—all diabolically designed to trap, crush, or upturn the unwary ambulance driver. There are other distractions too, in the fantastic shape of flaring star shells, blinding mortar flashes, and the odd bomb-burst. I am thinking now of night runs, for these are slightly more hazardous than the day trips. Oddly enough, most of us prefer night duty, for the knowledge that we are not under Jerry's direct observation gives one a certain (false) sense of security and confidence. Under cover of darkness our cars can steal far up to the lines, and then creep back to the comparative safety of a dressing station or base hospital.

To give you an idea of how we work, I suggest that you think of Princeton as a besieged town, with all roads destroyed or blocked, except the earth road that skirts Carnegie Lake and runs up past the school to connect with Broadmead. Using P.C.D. as an advanced casualty dressing station, you must run your ambulance down the hill to the lake and along the dirt road to the far University boat house, where wounded (have been brought from the front line about a hundred yards or so beyond. Your job will be to take four

stretcher cases back to the P.C.D. dressing station—a simple assignment under normal conditions, but fraught with certain difficulties under fire. You know the enemy has his eye on that one open road, will most certainly shell it, may possibly dive-bomb it. He will not intentionally set out to destroy your ambulance, but if you linger too long—say to admire the dramatic effect of his shelling—or get involved in a procession of ammunition lorries or amphibious tanks, you will most certainly receive a sharp reminder that war is definitely—what Sherman said it was! Not the least of your worries will be dodging the shell holes, bomb craters, ruts, rocks, tank traps, and other pitfalls that nature and man have put in your path. And all the while an ear-splitting symphony is going on outside your car, inside it and behind you as you drive, you hear the uneasy, painful breathing or the low moaning of your four passengers. It's not a long trip—from the front to P.C.D.—but time crawls by as your chugging "blood-wagon" creaks, bumps, and sways over that seemingly unending road. The P.C.D. dressing station, where teams of doctors and orderlies are waiting for your precious cargo, will look very welcome as its black-out shape looms out of the darkness. The "run" is over; you join a huddled, shivering group as they brew coffee or tea over a flickering oil stove; you wait for the order to do it all over again—and so on, far into the early morning light.

But my third interruption was due entirely, and quite needlessly, to Rochester and Jack Benny. How come? They are very persistent—those two, and as I tried to continue this letter in our mess tent, I suddenly felt a sharp nip at my ankle. That was Rochester. This friendly approach was followed by a delighted squeal. That was Mr. Benny. Since they are aged about five weeks, I suppose I should forgive them both, but past experience with repeated attacks of this nature tells me that drastic action must be taken. So, Messrs. Rochester and Benny are lifted, none too gently,

and deposited in an abandoned ammunition box, where they continue to scuffle and complain even as I try to concentrate on this highly intellectual effort you are now trying to read. The Rochester-Benny ancestry is a vague and probably complex one. That they are brothers is known, for their mother, a sentimental old Italian hunting dog, was adopted—(or rather attached herself to it)—by the medical unit we serve. She promptly proceeded to show her gratitude for their hospitality by presenting the unit with eight puppies. All but two met strange and mysterious fates. The darker survivor—a bow-legged little bundle with a hoarse voice—was instantly labelled Rochester; the other, a decided Nordic type, with a bland smile and a come-hither eye, obviously had to be Jack Benny!

I wish I could tell you in a more definite and specific way about the nature of the campaign here. One sees every type of land warfare, almost every type of weapon. I am sure you would be able to recognize many of the features you have seen in illustrations or news reels. The weather and the terrain have both been against us, but everyone hopes that the former will soon shift in our favor and that in turn will help to overcome the latter. We've got a tough opponent too—a professional who knows every trick and stratagem in a game that only professionals should play. But the Italian spring, though stubborn this year, is not far off, and with it we look for action and progress. Perhaps you will keep an eye on us in your current events class!

I know you will appreciate how difficult it is for me to write to everybody, so I hope you will share this with any who are interested. Do write again. I will be expecting some hot first-night coverage on the play, served up with plenty of spicy backstage chatter. Blues—Whites tangles intrigue me too!

Best wishes to you both—your family and all at P.C.D.

HENRY ROSS

Commencement Exercises

June 5, 1944

PROGRAM

INTRODUCTION

DEAN MATHEY, ESQ.

Chairman of the Board of Trustees

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

INVOCATION

REV. ARTHUR LYON LYON-VAIDEN

CLASS EXERCISES

The Class Poem.....	RICHARD KATES PAYNTER, III
The Class Prophecy.....	DAVID GEORGE BARLOW
	DAVID BIRD RALSTON
The Class Will.....	CHARLES EDGAR STOKES, III
Presentations.....	LEDLIE IRWIN LAUGHLIN, JR.

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

ROBERT RUSSELL WICKS, D. D.

Dean of the Chapel, Princeton University

MR. J. HOWARD MURCH, *Headmaster*

AWARDING OF PRIZES

Mathematics.....	PAUL THEODORE BRONEER
English.....	PAUL THEODORE BRONEER
	DAVID BIRD RALSTON
Ancient History.....	PAUL THEODORE BRONEER
	RICHARD KATES PAYNTER, III
Latin.....	PAUL THEODORE BRONEER
	DAVID GEORGE BARLOW
	DAVID BIRD RALSTON
French.....	PAUL THEODORE BRONEER
	DAVID GEORGE BARLOW
Public Speaking.....	EVERETT THEODORE TOWER
Worthy Endeavor.....	MARKLEY ROBERTS
Music Appreciation:	
Senior Division.....	DAVID GEORGE BARLOW
(Honorable Mention).....	DAVID BIRD RALSTON
	LEWIS CHARLES KLEINHANS, III
Junior Division.....	JAMES WHITNEY DONNELLY
(Honorable Mention).....	JOHN DUNCAN WALLACE

AWARDING OF SCHOOL CUPS

The Headmaster's Cup.....	CHARLES EDGAR STOKES, III
(Leadership).....	EVERETT THEODORE TOWER
The Horton Cup.....	DAVID GEORGE BARLOW
(General Character).....	
The Bourne Cup.....	GARDNER WILEY MUNRO
(Athletics).....	
The Maxwell Cup.....	ROBERT ROY PIPER
(Scholarship—Upper School).....	
The Faculty Cup.....	DAVID CHARLES DRUMMOND ROGERS
(Scholarship—Lower School).....	

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS

THE SCHOOL SONG

School Cheer: 1944.....	JOHN WILKINSON FLEMER
School.....	CHARLES EDGAR STOKES, III

THE CLASS OF 1944

DAVID GEORGE BARLOW	RICHARD KATES PAYNTER, III
PAUL THEODORE BRONEER	DAVID BIRD RALSTON
JOHN FRANK EIDMANN	MARKLEY ROBERTS
JOHN LEONARD MOORE, JR.	CHARLES EDGAR STOKES, III
GARDNER WILEY MUNRO	EVERETT THEODORE TOWER

The Class Poem

(By RICHARD KATES PAYNTER. III)

Barlow's history outline
Was always up-to-date,
And half the class would study it,
When a test loomed as their fate.

Broneer is the "brainy" boy.
He gets all "ones" and "twos".
But when it comes to playing ball,
He'd rather take a snooze.

John Eidmann plays our second base
He's an awful good one, too.
But when it comes to school work, well,
That leaves him pretty blue.

John Moore is the Sixth Form clown,
But Mr. Maurer is no fool.
In Latin and history every day,
John's bounced—it's quite the rule.

Chip Munro is hard to place,
But I finally squeezed him in.
He steals the bases like a flash,
And his bat has helped us win.

And now we come to Paynter,
The hardest of the lot,
'Cause some folks say he's quite a "wolf,"
While others claim he's not.

Roberts is our music king.
He plays with equal ease
The saxophone and violin—
Music, Maestro, please.

Stokes and Ralston ride the bus
From Trenton every day,
And flirt with all the Fine's School girls
From fall to late in May.

Ted Tower is a shepherd
And a Democrat, you see,
For he extols both night and day
The worth of Franklin D.

And so they've passed you in review
The Class of '44
But after all that I've just said,
Hey, gangway! Where's the door?

The Class Prophecy

(By DAVID GEORGE BARLOW and DAVID BIRD RALSTON)

SCENE: The Pearly Gates

TIME: 1994 A. D.

Gabriel: 6, 24, 32, 44, 56, 67, 77, 85, 105—105 souls sent to purgatory. Tsk, Tsk, people are getting worse and worse.

Angel: Good morning, brother Gabriel.

Gabriel: Good morning, brother.

Angel: What seems to be the matter, brother Gabriel?

Gabriel: These new recruits. Out of 115, 105 have to go to purgatory; only ten were able to pass.

Angel: Only ten? Who were they, brother?

Gabriel: Ten old boys from the Princeton Country Day School, class of '44. They were gathered at their 50th class reunion when a bottle of pop exploded and transported them up here.

Angel: My goodness, these boys must have been very exceptional. Tell me something about them, will you, please? I feel I ought to know them if I meet any of them up here.

Gabriel: Well, the first one was known as David Barlow. He was a—wait, here's his application card. You can read it for yourself.

Angel: (reading) Upon leaving college, Barlow went on the stage, and soon became Broadway's leading producer-director-actor. In 1970 he produced his greatest hit, in which he starred, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," which ran solidly for ten years on Broadway, another five on the road, and finally was made into the most popular movie, "Say It With Kisses." He had a hobby which he practiced on the side, tinkering with radio and television, and with the money he made from the stage he developed a new television set which enabled him to look into other people's houses.

Gabriel: That was the invention which Life Magazine bought for the "Life Goes Snooping Department."

Angel: I remember. Well who else is there in this outfit?

Gabriel: The next one is Paul Broneer. He graduated from the Princeton Department of Logographers, Archaeologists, Glossologists, and Etymologists with master's degrees in Logonomy, Archaeology, and Historiology. After that he went to Asia Minor, where he discovered the tomb of a man present when Paris presented the golden apple to Venus. Broneer's researches proved that the apple was really only made of highly polished brass. Then he went to Greece and did important archaeological work at Athens, Argos, Corinth, Thebes, and Olympia.

Angel: He really accomplished a great deal, didn't he?

Gabriel: Yes, he was a first-rate Hellenicist. Whenever he made some great classical discovery, he used to say, "Why, this is easy. It's Greek to me."

Angel: Who is the third member of the new arrivals?

Gabriel: John Eidmann is the name. After graduation from business school, he went into the Excelsior Greasy Goopy Gummy Hair Oil Scalp-Conditioner and Restorer Company. He rose fast in the business and soon became its president, whereupon the name of the company was changed to the Eidmann Greasy Goopy Gummy Hair Oil Scalp-Conditioner and Restorer Corporation. I remember their motto—I used to hear it almost every day over my short-wave radio:

"We, of the Excelsior Greasy-Gooey,
Garruntee that our product will do
Anything from gluing to thickening stew,
So hurrah for Excelsior Greasy-Goo."

Angel: It was good stuff, too. I used to use it—don't tell any of the other angels, will you?—but I used to use it on my wings, to make the feathers glisten.

Gabriel: Next on the list is John Moore. Oh, yes, old Joking John. He became a great radio comedian. He had the Vitodent Toothpaste Show at night, and was also Happy Moore, the clown at Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus, during the day. He also played in Hollywood, in such smash hits as the "John Moore Follies of 1965, 1966, and 1967," "The Life and Times of John Moore," "Meet John Moore," and finally "That Funny John Moore"—all starring John Moore. Just before the explosion that caused his death he published his autobiography, entitled, "John Moore's Secret, or It's Fun to Be Funny."

Angel: I wonder if I can get that in our Cloudland Circulating Library.

Gabriel: Now we come to a famous sportsman, Champion Gardner Munro.

Angel: Oh, you don't need to tell me anything about him! Some of my pals used to sneak down to the Yankee Stadium on their afternoons off, and they've told me all about him! "Chippy," I think they called him. He played professional football, hockey, soccer, baseball, swimming, tennis, golf, squash, lacrosse, basketball, wrestling, crew, and he rode the ponies at Belmont for exercise.

Gabriel: Yes, and he also won the American Bridge Tournament. He ran the bases so fast that no one could ever trump him. He'll be a great addition to our track team. Just wait till we race that Purgatory Team next All Saints Day!

Angel: Who else is there on the list?

Gabriel: Let's see. Richard Paynter. He graduated from Princeton, and after he got into World War III he showed such ability that he became the head of the Allied Air Forces. Later he became Lord High Protector of the United League for the Preservation of World Peace. During his vacations from this job he got interested in South American revolutions. Once he shot down five Uruguayan planes in five minutes while he was flying for Paraguay, and the next day, while he was flying for Uruguay he shot down six Paraguayan planes in six minutes. His medals ranged from the D.F.C. to the Legion of the Cross-Eyed Bat.

Angel: What does Paynter look like?

Gabriel: Tremendous round eyes that look like goggles, and a long, tube-like nose—an oxygen-tank nose, I think they call it.

Angel: That's him! I've seen him before. He used to fly around just a few miles below here in his plane. Well, well, well. It's a small world, isn't it? Who else is there?

Gabriel: The next on the list is David Ralston.

Angel: Ralston? It seems to me I've heard that name somewhere.

Gabriel: Well, he used to paint—pictures, you know, not houses. He completely revolutionized art. I remember hearing the applause that day he received the Nobel and Pulitzer Prizes for outstanding research in the field of art. You've undoubtedly looked in on the Ralston Gallery of Comic-Strip Masterpieces at Washington, where his originals are hung. His most famous is the life-size portrait of "Kilo Watt," David's famous comic hero.

Angel: I know the one you mean. Personally I wouldn't call these paintings of Ralston's great art, but then you know: "De gustibus non disputandum"—or, to translate it into English, "If it disgusts you, spit it out."

Gabriel: The next man on the list looks as if he would be a good candidate for our angelic harp swing band. Markley Roberts is his name. After graduating from the Juillard School of Music he established his famous one-man orchestra. He became world-famous the day the N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra were all quarantined for chicken-pox and Markley filled in their place. In one hour he played a violin, viola, cello, bass viol, banjo, guitar, harp, mandolin, mandola, mandocello, manobass, ukulele, zither, flageolet, fife, flute, piccolo, clarinet, saxophone, oboe, English horn, bassoon, sarrusophone, cornet, trumpet, French horn, ballad horn, concert horn, mellophone, piano, celesta, glockenspiel, chimes, xylophone, marimba, tympani, and castanets.

Angel: My holy aunt, what a musician!

Gabriel: Yes, he was the finest of his age. But, to continue, number nine on the list is Charles Stokes. He was a tennis player, and he played so well that they made him president of Yale University. During his years at P. C. D. Stokes alternately lost and won huge sums of money betting on Yale-Princeton games. He became Dean and Head Sports Coach at Yale at the age of 25. Under his presidency Yale entered upon an era of athletic supremacy, defeating Princeton in every sport and every game from 1955 until 1989.

Angel: You don't have to remind me of that. I'm a Princeton man myself.

Gabriel: Oh, *you're* a Princeton man, are you? I always thought that you were no angel.

Angel: Skip it, brother. Who is the last of this famous ten—or the *deçemviri*, as they call it in Ancient History?

Gabriel: Let's see. Last, but by far from least, is Senator Everett T. Tower.

Angel: Oh, you don't have to tell me about *him*. I've heard him, on days when the wind was right, making speeches to his constituents all over the United States. He entered politics before the ink was even dry on his diploma. Realizing that the place for his silver-tongued oratory was the deep South, he settled in Jawja, and quickly progressed through the state legislature, the House of Representatives, and the Senate. He has been majority leader in both houses as long as I can remember. He has been such a pillar of strength for the Farm Bloc in Congress that they now call themselves the Tower Bloc. But I don't see him at the gates with the rest of the class: there are only nine there. Where do you think he is?

Gabriel: Oh, I forgot—with his dying breath he told me he'd be a little late in getting here. He's still down in Washington finishing up work on the Roosevelt-for-16th-Term Committee.—Well, what do you think of this class?

Angel: They're quite a bunch, all right—but why not make today the first clean sweep in history, and send 'em all to hell regardless?

Gabriel: Excellent idea!



The Class Will

(By CHARLES EDGAR STOKES, III)

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 officers of the BLUES and WHITES.

To Malcolm Cleland we leave Ted Tower's Betty Grable legs, so that some day he may become Mr. America of 1950.

To Tommy Moore we leave Charles Stokes' baseball handbook on "How to Catch Without Catching."

To Colin McAneny we leave Johnny Eidmann's 3 and 1 axle grease for the hair, if he needs it.

To Carl Weiser we leave Paul Broneer's musclebound physique, so that with practice he will be able to pick up a ruler.

To Niels Young we leave Johnny Moore's discovery—when you touch a live wire it hurts.

To Ledlie Laughlin we leave Chippy Munro's feat of winning the 220 by walking.

To Denver Lindley we leave Dave Barlow's radio that he made himself. It doesn't work, but Lindley will probably make one himself by next year.

To Johnny Flemer we bequeath Dave Ralston's technique on how to climb up a sheer brick wall.

To George Gallup what else could we leave but Dick Paynter's handsome face and appealing personality?

To all the members of the Fifth Form we leave Markley Roberts' sense of humor, whether they want it or not.

And to all the boys of the school we bequeath the honor of upholding the good name of the school.

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



God's Real Earth

When the curse of that fiend we at last
repel

From this, God's earth, now defaced by
Hell,

And the Angels' voices will say again,
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"—

When a man can say that he is free
From fear and want and slavery,

Free to say what he thinks is right,
Free to worship without the fright

That he's being followed night and day,
Or, if he leans the other way,

That his wife, or child, or friend may die
Because he in his heart will not live a lie—

Then we can say confidently

That this is a land of liberty,

A land of freedom and equity,

A land where Man is truly free.

DAVID BARLOW (VI)

With The Alumni

(To make it easier for our alumni to follow the activities of their friends, the names are arranged by the year in which their class graduated from P.C.D.)

1926

H. L. THORNELL KOREN is a lieutenant-colonel in the 13th Airborne Division at Camp Mackall, N.C.

GEORGE E. MORSE is a supervisor in the Chase Brass and Copper Co., Cleveland, O., manufacturing shell cases for Army Ordnance.

ALBERT G. ROBINSON is an ensign in command of a subchaser in the Atlantic.

JAMES W. SAMUELS is at the Bethlehem-Fairfield Shipyard in Baltimore, Md. He has a daughter who will be three years old in August.

1927

HAYES W. FUNKHOUSER is in training as a surgical technician at an Army field hospital in Illinois.

FREDERICK W. LOETSCHER, JR., is at the 128th General Hospital, Camp Cooke, California.

DOUGLAS E. STUART was honorably discharged from the Army in February with the rank of first lieutenant. He is now working for the *Saturday Evening Post* in Philadelphia.

1928

IMBRIE BUFFUM is a navy lieutenant in command of a ship in the Southwest Pacific, where he has been on active combat duty for 18 months.

WILLIAM DALL is a first lieutenant in the ordnance division of the Army. He married Miss Nancy Washington of Philadelphia in April, 1943.

JOSEPH WARREN is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy.

GEORGE B. WATTS has been working for American Airlines for six years. He has three children.

1929

MARK H. DALL is a major in the 6th Armored Division in England.

ROGER C. DIXON is employed in the Army Air Force Intelligence, with civilian status.

RANKIN JOHNSON, JR., is a Naval Liaison Officer at Tocopilla, Chile. He holds the rank of lieutenant.

ARCHIBALD R. LEWIS is a captain of Field Artillery, stationed in England.

ALBERT S. ROE is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy on active duty.

BAYARD STOCKTON, a first lieutenant, is Director of Security and Intelligence at Valley Forge General Hospital in Phoenixville, Pa. His wife, son, and daughter live in Princeton.

ALDEN M. WICKS is a lieutenant (j.g.) on a minesweeper. He has received orders to go to the Central Pacific.

EDWARD M. YARD is a research engineer in J. A. Roebling's Sons Co., Trenton.

1930

ELMER E. GREEN is an electrical engineer. He has a son, born April 8, 1944.

VERNON H. STEVENS is in the Engineering Department of Eastern Aircraft, Trenton, N.J.

1931

RICHARD W. BAKER, JR., has been made a Lieutenant-Commander. He is stationed at the U.S. Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Fla.

GEORGE E. BEGGS, JR., is a technical aide of the National Defense Research Committee in Philadelphia.

LYNDON CRAWFORD is in the Hull Technical Department of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Co. He has one son, just over a year old.

EDWIN J. REEVES, JR., is a captain in the 11th Armored Force. He is now at Fort Sill, Okla., for advanced officers training.

JOHN SCOON has been editor of the University of Chicago Press since January, 1944. He was married last October to Miss Annabelle Rouse, formerly of Norman, Okla.

GEORGE G. SHELTON is a first lieutenant in the 353rd Anti-Aircraft Artillery, now reported in Italy.

1932

BRUCE BEDFORD, JR., is a 2nd lieutenant in the Marines. He is classed as a sharpshooter and pistol expert. He was formerly with the Luzerne Rubber Co.

STEPHEN R. COOK is a lieutenant in the Signal Corps, overseas.

RICHARD FUNKHOUSER is a First Pilot in the Troop Transport Command. On March 4 he married Miss Phyllis Parkin, of Memphis, Tenn.

ROBERT S. HENDRICKSON, JR., is a first lieutenant in the Air Force, stationed at San Francisco, Calif.

HORATIO W. TURNER is a captain and pilot on a Flying Fortress, training to go overseas.

DAVID W. WICKS, a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy, received a citation for "outstanding ability and devotion to duty while attached to the U.S.S. *Wainwright* during an attack against an enemy German submarine off the coast of Algeria in December, 1943."

1933

WOLCOTT N. BAKER is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy on overseas duty.

PAUL T. CONDIT is a lieutenant in the Navy, on duty at Annapolis, Md.

LAWRENCE HEYL, JR., is with the American Army in England. His address is 9 Signal Co., A.P.O. 9, Postmaster, New York.

EDWARD L. KATZENBACH, JR., a captain in the 4th Marine Division, won praise for his "boldness and aggressiveness" from the commander of the 22nd Marines, whom his outfit supported in the capture of Eniwetok atoll in the Marshall Islands.

ALLEN W. SHELTON, JR., is a first lieutenant in the 354th Anti-Aircraft Artillery. He is now in Italy.

WILLIAM T. THOM, III, is director of student work at George School, Pa.

PHILIP M. WORDEN, a captain in the Air Force, won the D.F.C. He flew in Africa for 14 months. He is now stationed in California, delivering fighters from California to New York.

1934

JAMES I. ARMSTRONG is a first lieutenant in the 589th Anti-Aircraft Artillery. He is stationed at Camp Stewart, Georgia.

JEREMY R. COLPITTS is in the Naval Reserve Flying Corps. He served on a destroyer for two years. On May 7 he was married to Miss Marjorie Deering, of Portland, Maine.

JOHN B. COLT is a captain in the 643rd Tank Destroyer Battalion of the Field Artillery.

FRANK T. GORMAN, JR., is a captain in the 676th Glider F. A. Battalion, 13th Airborne Division; A. P. O. 333, Postmaster, New York.

MARSHALL C. HOWARD, now stationed at Colorado Springs, is a 2nd lieutenant in the Air Force, at headquarters of the 72nd Fighter Wing. His engagement to Miss Anne Perry Woodward has been announced.

DAVID L. HUGHES is an Air Supply Officer at the Army Air Field, Stockton, Calif. He is first lieutenant.

TRISTAM B. JOHNSON is a lieutenant in the signaling section of the Army. He is somewhere in Australia.

HOWARD W. MULLER, a naval lieutenant, is Executive Officer of an L.S.T. He was married in August, 1943.

ROBERT L. TERRY is a captain in the Field Artillery. He has just been transferred to Fort Bragg, N.C., from Princeton, where for over a year he was an instructor in the A.S.T.P. program.

HENRY P. TOMLINSON is a lieutenant in the Army Air Corps. On January 23 he became the father of a daughter, Melissa, born in Colorado Springs.

DUBOIS WYNKOOP is in the 991st Signal Port Service of the Army. His address is A.P.O. 9897, Postmaster, New York.

GEORGE C. YOUNG is a captain in the 798th F. A. Battalion at Fort Bragg, N.C. He is the father of a son, George C. Young, Jr., born on January 31, 1944.

1935

HARMON H. ASHLEY is an ensign in the U.S. Naval Reserve. His address is U.S. A.T. —H-4, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco.

JOHN L. BENDER is a lieutenant in the U.S. Coast Guard Reserve. He was married on May 15 to Miss Fredrika S. Pratt of Princeton.

JOHN N. BROOKS, JR., now in England, is a 2nd lieutenant in the Air Force.

KENNETH W. CONDIT is a private (f.c.) in the Postal Battalion, stationed at the Hotel Breslin, New York City.

STEPHEN B. DEWING, having graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, is now a private (f.c.) in the Army.

THEODORE H. HOPKINS has been an administrative engineer with Curtiss-Wright for two years. He will soon enter the Navy.

ANDREW W. IMBRIE has just been made a 2nd Lieutenant in the 2nd Signal Service Battalion, Washington, D.C. The New York Critics' Circle recently awarded him first prize for his String Quartet in B flat as "the best work of chamber music by an American composer this season."

THOMAS J. WERTENBAKER, JR., is completing his Junior year at Princeton after an illness. He spent last summer as announcer and program director for Station WNBZ, Saranac Lake, N.Y.

DONALD R. YOUNG is a lieutenant in the 497th F. A. Battalion at Camp Bowie, Texas.

1936

JOHN B. CHADWICK is in the Army Air Force at Eglin Field, Florida.

JOHN C. COOPER is navigator on a B-17, stationed in England. He completed his first tour of combat duty over enemy-occupied Europe in April with 28 missions. He has received the Air Medal and Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster.

ROBERT E. P. ELMER, an ensign in the Coast Guard Reserve, was awarded the Silver Star Medal "for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action while attached to the U.S.S. *Joseph T. Dickman* during the amphibious invasion of Italy 9 to 10 September, 1943." As Officer in charge of a Salvage Boat, he "so skillfully directed the recovery of damaged and stranded assault craft on the beaches in the Gulf of Salerno . . . in the

face of intermittent enemy bombing and strafing attacks . . . that all were quickly returned to service."

ROBERT B. WHITTLESEY is in a mortar unit in the Army.

1937

STEPHEN M. CONGER is an aviation cadet at Courtland Army Air Field in Alabama. HAROLD I. DONNELLY is in England with the Combat Engineers.

WILLIAM FLEMER, III, is a corporal in a camouflage battalion of the 603rd Engineers. His address: A.P.O. 5302, Postmaster, New York.

GEORGE T. GRETTON, JR., recently promoted to the rank of first lieutenant, was awarded the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, for exceptionally meritorious achievement while participating in bomber combat missions over enemy-occupied continental Europe. On May 8 he was listed as missing in action over Germany. On May 30 news came that he was a prisoner, having parachuted from his disabled plane.

ROBERT A. HUNTER is a private (f.c.) in the U.S. Marine Corps.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON is a first lieutenant, training to be a Liberator pilot at Liberal, Kansas.

ARTHUR P. MORGAN is an Air Cadet at the Bombardier-Navigator School in San Angelo, Texas.

ERIC H. PHINNEY is a 2nd lieutenant in the Air Force, stationed at Tyndall Field, Panama City, Florida.

JOHN C. SAUNDERS, a lieutenant in the Air Corps, visited the school recently. He is training as a Liberator pilot at Westover Field, Massachusetts, before going overseas.

LACEY B. SMITH is in India with the Army Air Corps. He is a bombsight mechanic, with the rank of private (f.c.)

1938

FRANCIS X. CRITCHLOW was recently graduated from the Aviation Radioman School at the U.S. Naval Air Station at Jacksonville, Fla., and was promoted to private (f.c.) in the Marine Corps.

JOHN CROCKER, JR., now at Glenview, Ill., is in the U.S. Naval Reserve Air Corps.

CHARLES R. ERDMAN, III, is in the 405th Infantry at Camp Swift, Texas.

NEWTON H. GIBSON is a technical sergeant in the U.S. Marines. He has been in the South Pacific since October, 1943. His address: V. M. F-225, M.A.G. 11, Marine Air, South Pacific, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco.

WALTER P. HALL, JR., has been promoted to the rank of staff sergeant in the 85th Division at Camp Hale, Colorado.

JOHN NORTHROP is a Navy Air Cadet at Gros Ile Training Station, Detroit, Mich. He has just announced his engagement to Miss Anne Bidwell, of Scarsdale, N.Y.

STEPHEN H. PHINNEY is in the 333rd Infantry at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana.

ROBERT S. WICKS has been working on a farm in Westport Harbor, Mass., since January, 1943, having been kept out of the services because of his eyes.

1939

EDWARD FROHLING is a Combat Engineer in England.

EDWARD MADISON GORMAN is a seaman, first class, at the Naval Air Technical Training Center, Norman, Okla.

STEPHEN KAPLAN is in the Air Force, working in the Operations Office at Atlantic City.

H. SINCLAIR KERR is an Air Cadet at San Marcos, Texas.

BRADFORD B. LOCKE, JR., is a private (f.c.) with the 44th Marine Division in the Pacific. His address: H. & S. Battery, 14th Marines, 4th Marine Division, F. M. F., Fleet Post Office, San Francisco.

OWEN W. ROBERTS is a private (f.c.) in the 14th Heavy Armored Division at Camp Campbell, Kentucky.

ROGER WILDE is a private (f.c.) in the Army Intelligence, 66th Infantry. His address: A.P.O. 360, Camp Roberts, California.

1940

FRANK A. DRISCOLL is at the A.S.F. Training Center at Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

BERTRAND L. GULICK, III, is a corporal at the Army Air Base at Lincoln, Neb.

WILLIAM A. GUTHRIE is an apprentice seaman in the V-12 Program at Princeton University.

CHARLES T. HALL is in Headquarters Co., 422nd Infantry, A.P.O. 443, Camp Atterbury, Indiana.

MICHAEL G. HALL has recently become a member of the American Field Service.

WILLIAM P. HUNTER is at the Army Air Field in Laredo, Tex.

RICHARD ROSSMASSLER is in Co. G, 343rd Infantry, at Camp Livingston, Louisiana.

FREDRIC E. SCHLUTER, JR., is a Fireman 2 C in the Navy. He was at the University of Illinois, studying diesel motors, and is now at the submarine base at New London, Conn.

1941

JOHN W. BODINE is a seaman, 2nd class, in the Navy. He is studying to be Electrician's Mate at the U.S. Navy Training Center, Bainbridge, Md.

RICHARD S. CONGER graduated from Lawrenceville this June. He received the Fifth Form prize for creative writing. He won varsity numerals in wrestling and took part in all Periwig Club productions. He will enter the Navy V-12 in July.

FRANK DONNELLY has been playing varsity baseball at Deerfield. He is enrolled in the Army Air Corps.

STEVENSON FLEMER is a private in the 3074th A.A.F., Base Unit, Section W, Class 9, Air Corps Technical School, Keesler Field, Mississippi.

JOHN GULICK is in the Naval Reserve, but is completing his senior year at Pennington School.

ALDEN B. HALL graduated from Blair Academy in January as Valedictorian of his class. He won the "All-round" prize and the solid geometry prize, won his letter in wrestling, and was a member of "Cum Laude." He is now at Princeton University.

GEORGE A. HARROP, III, is at Princeton University.

DAVID M. HART is playing tennis at South Kent School. He was in the school play, "You Can't Take It With You."

THOMAS S. MATTHEWS, JR., is stroke of the South Kent School crew, which twice defeated the Kent varsity. He expects to enter the Army in June.

RICHARD S. MORGAN has enlisted in the Navy V-12 after graduating from Andover, where he won his letter in football and was a member of the Glee Club, Choir, Yearbook, Model Railroad Club, and "Pirates of Penzance" cast.

ALFRED B. PARSONS is a private in the Army Air Corps. At St. Andrews' School he played varsity football and J. V. baseball, and was President of both the Gun Club and the Airplane Club.

ALAN Y. PHINNY is a seaman, 1st class, in the Merchant Marine. His address: Class 42-44, Section 6, N.A.G.S., Hollywood, Florida.

THOMAS C. ROBERTS is a private in the infantry, somewhere in the South Pacific. He sailed from San Francisco in March.

JOHN W. STEWART will enter Princeton University from Lawrenceville in July. He received Honorable Mention in the third annual Westinghouse Science Talent Search.

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NOW IN THE SECOND QUARTER OF
OUR SECOND CENTURY
1818-1944

SPENCER WELCH has been captain of the crew and a member of the Dramatic Club at Exeter. He graduated this month.

1942

JAMES ARMITAGE is active in House track and baseball at Lawrenceville.

MARTIN BENHAM is playing A-League baseball at Taft. With an 80% average, he is accelerating this summer.

THOMAS S. DIGNAN is playing varsity lacrosse at Exeter.

RANDOLPH HUDSON is on the baseball team at Palo Alto (Calif.) Senior High School. He is Business Manager of the *Campanile*, the school newspaper.

BERNARD PEYTON, JR., plays tennis and has attained a B average at Exeter.

FRANK S. PHINNEY is a Senior at Western High School, Washington, D. C.

WILLIAM E. SCHLUTER is on the varsity baseball team at Exeter.

DETLEV F. VAGTS was in the Debating Club at Taft School.

STANLEY WILSON is on the varsity baseball team at the Hill School.

1943

ROBERT E. DOUGHERTY has been playing spring soccer and is in the Dramatic Society at Exeter.

WILLIAM C. HARROP plays tennis and is trumpeter on the Dance Band at Deerfield.

PETER ERDMAN is playing lacrosse at Exeter.

SAM HOWELL plays J. V. baseball at Taft. He has a 72 average and is sports assistant on the school daily paper.

DEAN W. MATHEY is on the tennis team at Deerfield Academy, which recently defeated the Harvard Varsity, 5 matches to 4.

DAVID H. MCALPIN, JR., is at Deerfield Academy.

CHARLES W. MCCUTCHEN has an 80% average at Lawrenceville. He received 100 per cent in the Independent Schools Co-operative Physics Test.

WARD MOREHOUSE is on the second tennis team and a member of the Dramatic Club at Westminster School.

WILLIAM F. ROSSMAN is at Blair Academy. He was on the second wrestling team and played J. V. baseball.

JOHN A. SCHLUTER is playing Club lacrosse and has a C plus average at Exeter.

MICHAEL SHENSTONE is at Ashbury College, Ottawa, Canada. He reports himself as "tied up with journalism, cadet corps and other trials, not to mention work now and then."

JOHN A. SLY is at Admiral Farragut Academy, and hopes to enter the American Field Service in July.

PAUL VAN DYKE has played varsity hockey, Club football, and baseball at Hotchkiss.

DAVID B. VOORHEES has gone from the Amphibious Training Base at San Diego, Calif., to the Central Pacific. He is in the Navy.

WILLIAM E. WETZEL, JR., plays tennis at Deerfield.

CLASSES THAT HAVE NOT YET GRADUATED

GARRISON ELLIS (1944) finished his first year at St. Mark's at the top of his class.

DON MATHEY (1944): same news as Dean Mathey. Don is also on the Deerfield Senate debating society.

JOHN MATTHEWS (1944) is rowing at South Kent. He is also in the Dramatic Club and has a 2.6 average.

ASTLEY PASTON-COOPER (1944) returned to England in March. His address is Moyns Park, Halstead, Essex, England.

ROBERT WARREN, JR., (1944) is on the Lawrenceville track team. He was on the wrestling squad and also played House football.

MYLES S. GRANT (1945) is completing his first year of high school at Storm King School, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y. He has honors in every subject and stands first in his class and second in the school in scholarship. Also he plays football and baseball and is in the Junior Rifle Association.

KEITH HIGGET (1946) is attending St. Bernard's School in New York City.

MICHAEL HUDSON (1946) is on his class baseball team and in the Chess Club at David Starr Jordan Junior High School, Palo-Alto, Calif.

PAUL MATTHEWS (1948) is at the Buckley School, New York City.

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1929 1936

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1932 1943

1933

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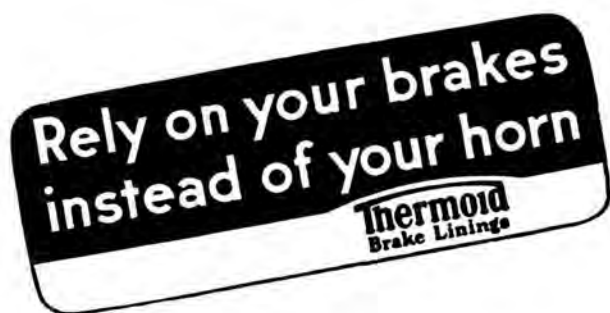
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