

VOL. XIX, No. 1

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1945

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

JANUARY  
1945

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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JANUARY, 1945

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## Editorial

This year, with the war going full blast in both Europe and Asia, it is the utmost hope of the school that this terrible war will end soon, and that all the Alumni—and indeed all soldiers and sailors—will return home safely. After the smoke has cleared away, and the world is again at peace, we hope that all will heed the ancient Yuletide message of “Peace on earth, good will towards men.”

You have probably heard of the expression, “If you keep wishing a thing long enough, it’s bound to happen.” We believe if one could add to that and make it, “If you keep wishing and working for a thing long enough, it’s bound to happen,” it would surely come true. Every boy in this school can help by saving waste fats, reclaiming paper for pads, making articles in Shop for hospitals, preparing scrap for the salvage collections, and above all devoting a good share of his pocket money to buying War Stamps and Bonds. Let us not think that each one of us cannot help because we are not in the armed forces, for this is total war, and in total war everything counts.

## *Welcome Home*

We are glad to welcome Mr. Ross back from his action overseas with the American Field Service. We are specially glad that he is safe and unharmed. We hope that he will be back at school in the near future. All of us would gain greatly by having for a teacher a man who has had the experiences and who has done what Mr. Ross has done in the war.

The JUNIOR JOURNAL extends a cordial welcome to the school to Mr. Charles N. Glynne, who is in charge of the First Form this year.

## *Department Editors*

<i>Editorial</i> .....	JOHN FLEMER
<i>Alumni</i> .....	COLIN McANENY
<i>Athletics</i> .....	THOMAS MOORE
<i>Blues and Whites</i> .....	GEORGE GALLUP
<i>Question Box</i> .....	NIELS YOUNG
<i>Advertisements</i> .....	{ MALCOLM CLELAND
	{ JOHN HEHER

## *Houses*

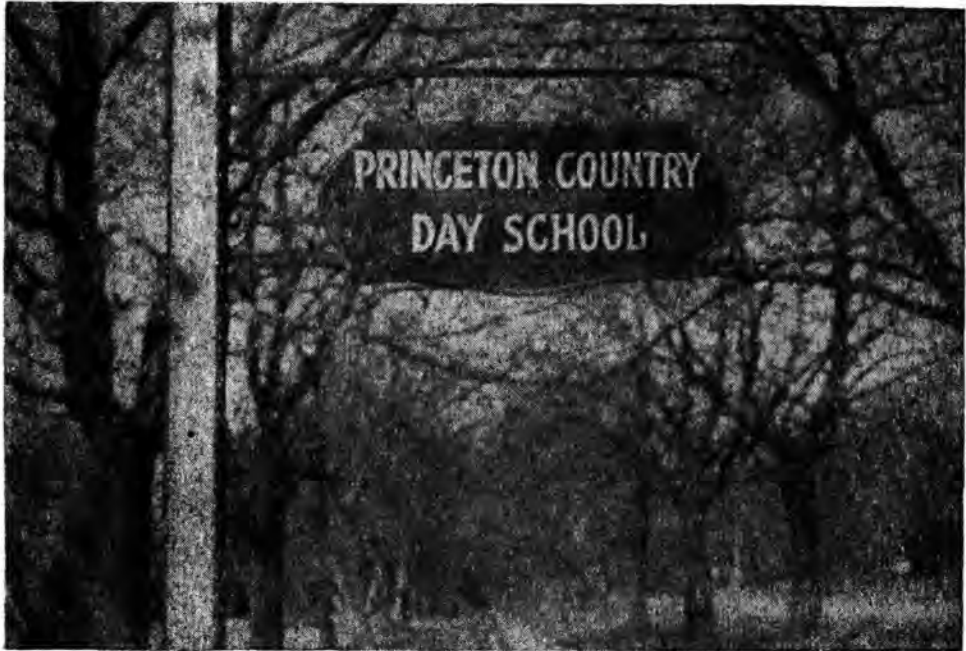
The first man on earth used a cave as  
his house,  
And a fire to protect him from lion,  
bear, and mouse.

Then came the Natives in huts made of  
grass,  
And Eskimos in igloos which felt smooth  
as glass.

Next were the knights whose houses  
were castles  
With drawbridges, moats, fine food,  
and vassals.

Now man on earth lives in houses of  
brick,  
And the rain is kept out since the walls  
are so thick.

BEVIS LONGSTRETH (II)



## Who's Who

1944-1945

### PREFECT COUNCIL

Members of the Sixth and Fifth Forms

### COLOR OFFICERS

#### Blues

Malcolm Cleland, *President*  
George Gallup, *Secretary*

#### Whites

Thomas Moore, *President*  
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Robert Patterson  
Kin Tsu

*Sixth Form*  
*Fifth Form*  
*Fourth Form*

James Donnelly  
Robert Laughlin  
William Wallace

*Third Form*  
*Second Form*  
*First Form*

# The Calendar

## SEPTEMBER

*While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,  
Comes jovial on.*

- September 20* At last! We thought summer would never end, but it did—and here is that most glorious day of all the year, the first day of school! We go around slapping each other and the masters on the back (slap hard, boys, the masters will get in their licks later). As for that invasion in the Study Hall, those are the New Boys—thirty-two of them, we are told, the biggest number the school has ever had. Well!
- September 25* Henry Urbaniak, First Form mummy, born.

## OCTOBER

*O, it sets my heart a clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,  
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock.*

- October 3* Kenneth Moore, Trenton (N.J.) marathon runner, born.
- October 9* Oh-oh, who let this in? David Winans, most beautiful baby in Boudinot Street, was born this day.
- October 13* Mr. Murch receives a letter from the American Field Service which says: "This is to inform you that your son (cross out "your son") Henry B. Ross is on his way home." Three cheers from all of us who have missed Mr. Ross since he went to the war. Friday the 13th is not such a bad day after all.
- October 14* Peter Lindberg, internationally known bulldog fancier, born.
- October 17* Wearing a tiny pair of ice skates, David Mathey first saw the light of day. Unfortunately, the Mathey pond didn't freeze for another six weeks that year.
- October 24* Peter Rossmassler, who will one day hold the record for unassisted double plays made in extra-inning games and for sacrifice bunts driving in unearned runs in the Middle Western Tri-State Semi-professional Baseball League, born.
- October 25* Stanley Wilks, Wild West rodeo champ, born. Yippee!
- October 31* We almost forgot, until Mr. Murch reminded us in assembly, that tonight is Hallowe'en! Of course, as it is a school night, with homework to do, we can't tell you much about what went on, if anything did. Mr. McAneny and Mr. Robson go down to school in the evening to see that nobody does any damage to the soccer goal posts. At least they *said* that's what they were doing. We can't help *noticing* though, that the next morning every goal post is stretched neatly along the ground, in various stages of debilitation (i.e., busted).



## NOVEMBER

*The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,  
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas..*

- November 3* Harold Elsasser, first trombone in the Glee Club, born.
- November 6* Remember that poem about the wee, modest, shrinking violet? Well, Dickie Swinnerton was born today.
- November 7* We gather in the Study Hall on Election Day to hear the Sixth Form orators tell us who should be our next President and why. Five of them thunder for Dewey, while two speak softly for Roosevelt. We then vote: Dewey 48, Roosevelt 19. While this is going on, the nation also votes: Roosevelt 432, Dewey 99.
- November 13* Surprise in the cafeteria! We go down to lunch as usual, and there sits Mr. Ross, only partly disguised in the uniform of the American Field Service and the shoulder insignia of the Eighth Army. After we gulp down our surprise and pleasure, he tells us some of his experiences on the Italian front, in Current Events period.
- November 15* Not content with toppling teams like Township and Junior High, the soccer team invades the Tiger's lair and plays a practice game with a Princeton Freshman squad on Poe Field. Though the Frosh score two goals to our none, we play better than we have all year. The parents who watch the game say they got their money's worth.
- November 16* What is happening in the kitchen—a fancy dress ball? We find two Fifth and Sixth Formers in long white aprons with "K.P." in red letters on them, helping Frances keep the hungry bread-line moving. From the satisfied looks on their faces as they finally come up to study period from the cafeteria, it looks as if "K.P." stands for "Kitchen Pets."
- November 18* Double Feature. Colin McAneny, original Ringling Brothers dead-pan comedian, born.  
Arthur Meritt, public auctioneer and Princeton Town Crier, also born.
- November 23* Rob Roy Piper celebrates Thanksgiving by having a birthday.  
Rob Roy, the boy wonder,  
You simply can't stop.  
Though he's from "down under,"  
He's always on top.
- November 30* David Rogers, thinking that Thanksgiving always comes on the last Thursday of November, waits until today to have his birthday.  
Oh, Rogers D. would love to be  
A pirate on the blue.  
But this son of the Jolly Roger, by golly,  
Is a jolly good student too.  
(If these verses don't seem to make much sense, turn to the First term Honor Roll.)

## DECEMBER

*Now there is frost upon the hill  
And no leaf stirring in the wood;  
The little streams are cold and still;  
Never so still has winter stood.*

*December 2* The Dancing Club is in full "swing" again at Miss Fine's. Soft lights, soft music, soft drinks, soft voices, soft—er, well—it's pretty soft for those who belong. They say you can't dance a step without being bumped into by some celebrity from P. C. D. There is a rumor that Johnny Flemer was chased by a girl tonight. No? Was Johnny chased by two girls? Again no. Maybe it was three girls? Wrong again. Four girls? You're getting warm. Did five girls chase Johnny Flemer? Right, you guessed it! Well! We thought he looked a little worn and frazzled Monday morning.

*December 8* Peter Mott, human woodpecker, was hatched today.

*December 12-14* The Faculty launch an attack on both flanks and through the middle with English tanks, Latin buzz-bombs, French rocket-guns, History flame throwers, Geometry planes and Arithmetic booby-traps. When the blitz is over, we stagger weakly to our seats and are surprised to see that no ground has been lost and no one seems to be missing. However, the casualty lists will come out later!

*December 15* Have we wandered into the wrong church? Waiting for the usual assembly this morning, what do we see but a procession of black-and-white-robed choir boys file into the Study Hall! Only after violent staring do we pierce the angelic disguises and recognize the members of Mr. Maurer's singing group—Birdy Burnstan, Cheeping Chivers, Dinner-gong Donnelly, Boice the Voice, Loudspeaker Law, Elbows Elsasser, Tuneful Thompson, Lullaby Laughlin, Lispering Lindabury, Harmony Hall, Hubby the Hummingbird, Melodious Meritt, and Riotous Wriggling Wright the Radio Wrecker. Mr. Smyth announces that this is a dress rehearsal for a Carol Service in the Rocky Hill Trinity Church next Sunday. What with some Bible readings by Mr. Smyth, and a little organ played by Mr. Maurer till it sounds like a cathedral organ, and the choir singing very well, this turns out to be an unexpected treat. Somehow we don't mind so much getting our exam books back after that. And when the morning ends and the vacation begins, we really feel like saying to all of you,

Merry Christmas

and

a Happy New Year!

—THE BOY WHO SITS BEHIND YOU

## *The Beginning of the Nine Months Siege*

Quote, A rattle of bicycle chains and a cloud of dust . . . unquote. My rear tire scraped for at least two yards on the gravel down that infernal vertical incline that constitutes the entrance to the senior bicycle stalls, into which I attempted to steer my bicycle in a vague effort to leave it in my last year's parking space, but this had been conveniently taken up by a huge "Thermo or something-or-other" barrel. Consequently, I had to leave my bicycle elsewhere.

That calm self-contained look I had hoped to be wearing had vanished . . . vanished with that exhausting ride up Washington Road hill.

But I don't believe it's possible to be "self-contained" on a day of that sort with all the shocks and surprises that await you in that little brick building. Those things that look as if they had been given away by a second-hand toy dealer running about. Old friends and enemies both returned. And ah yes, those little children who annoyed me so much last year are here to annoy me again.

Then the big shock comes. I find and open my desk. I collapse heavily into my seat. My schoolbag falls to the floor. Gravitation pulls the desk-top part of the way down.

The *dozens* of books that have been jammed in it won't let it shut altogether. And I have to put a pencil in there, not to mention a ruler, notebook, dictionary, yellow pad, and other accessories.

Well, the roll-call's over and the other classes have been dismissed to get *their* books, and I'm still trying to discover how to pack half my books in a semi-orderly fashion into my small book compartment.

However, sometime after recess before the shortened Wednesday schedule went into effect, we were told that we could leave our half dozen reading books in Mr. McAneny's room, thus creating enough space for the rest of the hideous things.

The short periods were soon over and we were called into the Study Hall.

Then Mr. Murch's speech came . . . I don't know what time it was . . . after all, that wouldn't be polite. I've heard the same speech five times, now, and I still don't believe those statements about, "You needn't fear the masters. They won't bite you. They're here to help you. As a matter of fact, in the whole history of the school, we have never had a case of a master biting a boy." Well, maybe that's true, *Bul?* They'll make it so hot for you that you won't know the difference anyway.

As I said, I've been here four years and I'm still scared stiff of *all* the masters. While in Mr. Smyth's or Mr. Murch's classes, I live in a constant deathly fear of losing my life, or something more valuable which they hold in their power to destroy. Mr. McAneny's temper is something I would hate to arouse, and both Mr. Robson and Mr. Maurer have that peculiar habit of taking marks by the handful and hurling them at you . . . they simply will *Not* allow you the privilege of picking them up yourself.

Eventually—again I'll not mention the time—it was over. And since there was no time to do anything else before 12:30, when we were to be dismissed, we were gradually let out. And so passed the morning of the first day of a, quote, hopeful, unquote, school year . . .

ROB ROY PIPER (V)

## *The Mystery of the Sullenville Hills*

Out of the sharp, windy night air came a horrible strangled cry. It echoed through miles of dark woodlands. The mysterious so-called "killer" was at work again.

For many years cries like these had been heard in the wooded hills behind the little town of Sullenville. Some superstitious people claimed that there was a hermit with an exceptionally powerful and piercing voice who lived there. Every once in a while, they said, he screamed across the hills to hear his echo and thus satisfy his loneliness by making believe he was talking with somebody. Others believed it was some kind of gruesome animal that uttered this cry. Still others thought that it was the cry of the spirit of the woods, angry at them for cutting down so many trees. Little did the latter people know that they were nearest the truth.

For two years these blood-curdling cries kept up. But the superstitious Sullenvillians, being easily frightened, did not dare search for the answer.

One day two men, Bigby and Johnston, arrived in the village from the city. They heard of the "Mystery of the Sullenville Hills", and being adventurous and less superstitious than their new neighbors, they thought it might be interesting and exciting to find the explanation. So they waited until the cry would come next. Meanwhile they gathered all the information about the mystery they could.

About a week later, on a very dark and windy night, the cry was heard again. Bigby and Johnston were ready, so they set out for the Sullenville Hills. They were equipped with two rifles, a pistol, a knife, two axes, and some rope.

Three hours later—about eleven o'clock—they stood in the woods on the Sullenville hills. The cry had

sounded during this time, but not as loud as when they first heard it. Here they sat and waited for another cry.

At length it came, warningly, from nearby.

Even Bigby and Johnston, both stout-hearted men, almost accepted their subconscious invitations to return to the village in short order. Nevertheless, their adventurous spirits prevailed and they went in the direction of the sound.

They waited at the spot they thought the sound came from. It was a wait of about ten minutes, which was too long for them. Imagine the thoughts and fears that ran through their minds, half expecting that some horrible monster would leap on them any second.

Suddenly their hearts stood still. It was only a rabbit, scurrying away in haste. Again they were scared—this time by the weird sound repeated, but coming softly from very near.

They went to where they thought the exact spot was, under a tree; and there they did not have to wait long to make sure, for again the sound came, but even more softly.

They looked all around, on the ground, and on either side. Another soft cry was heard above them. They immediately looked up and saw the explanation of the mystery.

Two trees stood close together. They were in such a position, with a crack of the right length and width between them, that when the wind was exactly right, that weird and fearful noise was created.

Bigby and Johnston destroyed that giant whistle, and along with it all the fears and superstitions of the people in the valley below. Thus the "Mystery of the Sullenville Hills" was solved.

GEORGE GALLUP (VI)

## *The Darky's Dream*

The darkies sat all round the light  
Of a fire gone almost dead;  
When a darky rushed upon their sight  
His eyes most out of his head!  
His limbs were shaking cockey ways,  
And his face filled with fear and dread.  
But he soon came out of his terrified  
daze,  
And this is what he said.

"In a little ol' shack, perhaps one room,  
No mo' den two or three,  
Whew a li'l ol' man done met his doom  
By de name o' Hank McCree,  
A devil done hides, he oh so big  
He much too much to see!  
An' when he stan', no count de whig,  
He must o'er ten foot be!  
An when he holler he honk so loud  
He scare de pants off me!  
An' I no see pos'tively how'd  
There be a thing like he!

"I was walkin' along jes' mindin' my  
own  
When I heard a thumpin' sound;  
I didn't move, not even a bone,  
I done stuck fast to de ground.  
An' den I heard a fearful noise  
An' saw toward me bound,  
A giant playin' with his toys  
Of lil' trees and boulders round.  
An' by his side most monstrous,  
Stood a horrible giant hound!  
Dis all was most perposterous,  
But de devil was sho' around.

"An' with his hand he took me up,  
An' squeeze till I was sore;  
He said, 'On you I'm gwine ter sup!'  
An' he laugh with a terrible roar.  
Den he clap me into a monstrous sack;  
I knew I would live no more.  
He took me to his homely shack,  
—Had trouble gettin' through the door!  
I was goin' right in de mouth of hell,  
When I found maself plum on de floor;  
Out of ma bed I had done fell,  
An' de devil done was no more!"

MALCOLM PEYTON (IV)



## *The Story of an Air-Raid*

When you see showers of bombs coming down on you, it feels as if over your head was a large sword, hanging by a thin thread, which is going to fall any minute.

Maybe you haven't had this experience, but I have.

One morning about 6 a. m. when I was still asleep, the Jap planes were coming! The alarm went and Mother came running toward my bed. She called to me. I awoke and put my clothes on in a hurry. When we got to the door, the streets were very crowded with people trying to escape. Before we could get to the dugout, the Jap planes were here! The bombs came down like rain. The earth trembled. In fact I was trembling,

too. We could do nothing but hide beside the houses. Bombs fell everywhere. One bomb fell so near that the glass from the windows fell all around us. That was a narrow escape.

After a while one of the Jap dive bombers came down very low over a soccer field. I guessed that he wanted to show off, but a machine gun opened fire. It hit the pilot, and he was unconscious. Luckily the plane landed perfectly. The pilot was pulled out of the plane and killed by the people before the soldiers could get him. As for the plane, it was dragged by a truck to the air field, and now it is bombing the Japs.

KIN TSU (IV)

## *Radar Is Old Stuff*

Though it may seem hard to believe, radar is not really so new as you might think. Actually the bats have used essentially the system of our radar long before man had discovered any means of radio. However, keep one thing clear in your head: the bats do not use the exact system of radar that man does today. As you may know, the bat is "blind as a bat," as the expression goes. Therefore he must have some sense of direction, and he does!

The bat makes a very high-frequency noise which travels out in all directions, and when the echo comes back he can determine just about what is around him. He sends out several of these per second, waits for the echo to come back, and then plots his course. Have you ever seen a bat darting about in the sky with a very zigzag course? If you have, have you ever

wondered why he does this? Well, he was most probably chasing some kind of bug. Yes, strange as it may seem, he could chase the bug by means of radar.

Modern radar is set on the same principle as the bat's, except that instead of using sound waves as the bat does we use radio waves. The radio waves can travel faster and lots farther than the bat's noise.

Our use of radar today in time of war is chiefly for spotting airplanes long before they can be seen or heard. It can be used to spot and find the exact range of ships many, many miles out at sea long before the ships can be spotted by the human eye through fog or night.

I now hope you understand the principal facts of radar.

SHEPHERD ROBERTS (IV)

## *Never, Never, Will I Be Late Again*

One night as I sat earnestly studying my Latin, a thought entered my mind. As this happened very seldom when I was studying my Latin, I decided that it must be pretty important to bother me while I was studying. I found that I had a decided yearning to see a movie. With a nervous laugh I threw my unfinished Latin on the floor and set out on my bicycle for the movie theater.

When I arrived at that place, I found that the show had already started; and as I stole quietly in through the door marked "Exit," several shots rang out, followed by piercing screams and that sort of thing. Knowing already that it was supposed to be a spy story, I paid little attention to these noises until I had found a seat.

Upon doing this, I looked up to find a tall man standing by the door of a German beer hall, his eyes closed to narrow slits, pulling his coat collar up to his ears in an apparent attempt to disguise himself and yet show plainly who he was to the audience. His eyes were rolling furtively and continually, like a pair of eight balls being knocked about on a pool table.

As I watched, fascinated, this man took three ominous steps toward a tiny table in a dark corner of the room. He paused for a moment, regarding the short and servile man behind the microscopic table, and then he walked over to the little man and said in a thick Hollywood accent,

"Are you Chorjz Spenzelhaussman?" The little man nodded, took a furtive sip of beer from a huge glass which was slowly crushing the tiny table, and motioned to the tall man to sit down.

The big man sat down, leaned over almost into the face of the little man, and whispered hoarsely, "Has Carl Sprenzkelheimer arrived safely on the Tsiensao Maru?"

The little man smiled and said, "No, and he never will. You see, I know who you are, Herr Pfatz."

The big man paled. "You know . . .? But who are you?" he gasped.

"I," answered the little man, "am Captain Corning, British Secret Service."

The big man leapt to his feet, but the little man's pistol roared, and he fell, mortally wounded, to the floor. The little man then rushed out of the beer hall through the back door, blew his brains out on the doorstep, and lay dying with a smile on his face as the hero and his sweetheart flew overhead to safety in a stolen German helicopter. "The End" flashed briefly across the screen, the lights went on, and I went out in a state of acute bewilderment, annoxia, and revulsion.

Since that time I have always avoided thriller movies, and have refused countless invitations to them; but the milk has been spilled, the cat is out of the bag, and I have never been the same since.

ALLAN FORSYTH (V)



## How to Pitch a Tent

Let us suppose that you have just arrived at the camping ground with your knapsacks, sleeping bags, tents, etc. You are now faced with the knotty problem of pitching your tent. This is the way that you should go about it.

First, of course, unpack your tent. Next make a hole in the ground, about four inches deep, where you want your center tent pole to be. (I am supposing that you have a fairly large tent, big enough for two people.) Then get under the tent, as it lies on the ground, with the tent pole. Stick the top of the tent pole into the hole in the top of the tent. When you have done this, raise the tent to its full height, with yourself still inside, and put the tent pole in the hole which you have just made.

Now get your friend, who is going to sleep with you, to change places with you. This is important since, as you have already found out, it is not exactly cool inside your tent. Now leave your friend to swelter while you get the tent pegs. You'd better not take too long or your friend will start airing his opinions about you and your tent and a few other things. (He will probably do this anyway.)

Now start putting in your tent pegs. Put in the corner ones first. If you run short of pegs, some bits of wood will do just as well. When you have driven your corner pegs in, your friend may come out. Now put in the rest of your tent pegs. Of course

you will probably have to change some to get your tent straight. *Do not stretch your tent tight by putting your tent pegs out as far as you can.* The reason for this is that when it rains the canvas of your tent will tighten up. Therefore your pegs will be pulled up and your tent will be blown over! That is not a very pleasant experience, I can assure you.

When you get your tent fixed to your liking, you are ready to ditch it. The reason for ditching a tent is that when it rains the water will drain off the roof into your ditch instead of into your tent. To ditch a tent you dig a ditch around it about three inches deep. Make your ditch as close to the walls as you can without uprooting the tent pegs.

Now, if you have followed my instructions, your tent is pitched. Put in your ground cloth, sleeping bag, knapsacks, etc., next.

Before I bid you good-by I think I ought to warn you about tent-stretchers. If your fellow campers ask you to get a tent-stretcher, don't do it, even if it is *only* up the road a way. There isn't such a thing as a tent-stretcher, for, as I told you, you want your tent loose not tight. The same applies to striped paint, black white-wash, sky hooks, smoke shifters, etc.

Taps is blowing so I must leave you, you lucky fellow, all rolled up in your sleeping bag. Pleasant dreams!

DAVID ROGERS (IV)





## *"Man's Longest Flight"*

They were dog-fighting again, over Rabaul this time. The odds were four to one against them, but these boys were used to it.

The Captain had his share and all four Nips were on him. These Nips had the new Mitsubishi "02" and thought they knew how good they were. But they didn't know the Captain. Thirty seconds later there were only three Nips left. He thought if he could get one, he could get three. Number Two was in his sights when Three and Four came in behind him. Before the Captain knew it, he was "boxed in." He couldn't go down as his altimeter already showed five hundred feet. It was then he realized that he was in for a hard ride. Few men have gotten away from a "box". If only — but no, it was no use. They would run him out of gas and he knew it.

There was only one chance in a thousand, and he took it. Keeping his ship at three-twenty m.p.h., he threw out everything possible—parachute, jungle equipment, and even some instruments. He threw all of these out to make the plane lighter. He was no longer calm, but quite jittery.

The throttle was up all the way and still the Nips were behind him. A sharp snap and the plane gained more speed. Watching the pressure gauges,

he slowly jammed the throttle forward, forward, and just a little more. The engine, with the propeller screaming, protested, coughed, picked up again. But slowly, ever slowly, the Captain pulled out of the box. The air speed was far past the four-twenty-five mark. Slowly, slowly, yards at a time, the quaking ship pulled out. His shoes, pants, and shirt were dripping with perspiration. "Drive, engine, drive", he prayed. "Just keep going."

By now the gas meter says a quarter full, but he has pulled away from the Nips three-quarters of a mile. Now, is the time! He kicks on the rudder pedal and eases on the stick. The plane cuts in sharply and, as it does, the Captain finds himself looking down the Nip's guns. But quickly, oh so quickly, he is away! Away from that fear, the everlasting fear . . .

When he came into the base, he half fell, half climbed from the cockpit to his tent. He was twenty-five minutes overdue.

When he awoke two days later, he found that there hadn't been a drop of gas left when he had come in. Also the exhausts had completely burnt off from the heat of the engine. When he told his story later, he said he really knew the meaning of fear.

MARTIN STEVENS (V)



## *The Cussing Italian*

Angelo Boccagrande was his name. This means in English "the angel with the large mouth." He may have been an angel at heart, but the language which issued from his mouth certainly was not like that of an angel.

Angelo lived in a small town in upstate New York. He was known far and wide for his profanity, and as one old farmer said, "He is de best cusser in ten counties." Some people said they even heard him cussing in church. Even when sympathizing with you he would say, "That's a gol-a-darn-a shame!" — or words to that effect.

When he cussed, the old ladies would plug their ears, and the men would pretend not to notice and would try to avoid him; but the boys laughed and laughed. The old ladies thought he had an evil influence on the boys and that he should be run out of town. But Angelo's heart was in the right place, and that is what counts.

Angelo's prize possession was a beautiful apple tree in his back yard. In the fall its broad, spreading limbs were always laden with red Rome Beauty apples, which he marketed when they were at their peak.

One day in late September, when Angelo was bringing to market his cart filled with these beautiful red apples

which he prized so dearly, he drew up beside the old Post Office to get his mail.

While he was in the Post Office some mischievous boys, who wanted to hear Angelo Boccagrande blazon forth some of his resounding curses, pulled the pin out of the tailboard of the cart so that when the horse started the tail board would fall down and all the long cherished apples would fall into the mucky road.

The door of the Post Office opened and Angelo came out. He was whistling a merry tune as he walked quickly toward the wagon. The boys standing around were about to explode in hysterics. Angelo, all unconscious of his fate, got into his cart, lifted up the whip, and brought it down vigorously on his horse's skinny rump, with a hearty, "Getty-up! Y' g - d horse." The horse jolted forward. At this the apples exploded out from the rear of the cart into the mud.

With one leap Angelo was in the road. Putting his hands on his hips, he just gazed at the damage. His mouth opened and shut, but no sound emerged.

Finally turning away with tears in his eyes, he shook his head and said, "Folks, I'm just not up to this occasion!"

DAVID MATHEY (IV)



## *Colorado in June*

In June of 1942 my father took my mother and me out to Colorado Springs. My father had to go to a convention.

Until then I had never seen really high mountains. The view from the Broadmoor Hotel where we stayed was simply beautiful. In the back there was an artificial lake, beyond which towered Pike's Peak, dwarfing the nearer Cheyenne Mountain. We did not have a chance to go up on Pike's Peak, because at that time there was twenty feet of snow on the great mountain.

The day before we left we went on a 200-mile trip. First we visited the petrified forest, where we saw the only triple stump that was petrified in the world. Next we visited the gold-mining country around Cripple Creek. There were piles and piles of black grit with gold streaks in them. I got from there a little sack of gold ore. On the way to Royal Gorge we traveled through Phantom Canyon, so named because when the old-fashioned railroad trains would come through there at night the shadows on the high walls looked like phantoms. When we

reached Royal Gorge we stopped in the middle of the great bridge 1,000 feet above the rushing torrents of the Arkansas River. My father and I went down the incline railway to the bottom, but my mother stayed at the top, being afraid that the cable would break and send us plunging into the river.

During the whole trip we had seen storm clouds gathering. Suddenly the storm broke. Streams became rivers, ditches became brooks, and we were in the midst of them. We had to cross a place where the water was two feet deep, and another muddy place where men were trying to build an army camp. We bounced over streams and brooks, and at last we reached the hotel. The next day we read in the paper that a bridge we had crossed had broken not an hour after we had crossed it. If it had broken before we got to it we would have been stranded, there being no other bridge over that stream within ten miles of that place.

And so, with happy memories, we left scenic Colorado.

EMERY FLETCHER (III)

## *The Chickadee*

The chickadee is a very small bird.  
His song is cute and often heard,  
It's full of happiness and cheer,  
The highest song of birds we hear.  
He spends his summers far away,  
And then returns on a wintry day,  
He likes some seeds and suet too,  
And very seldom does he chew!  
He loves the feeders, and will stay  
And eat the most part of a day.  
He builds his nest in holes in trees,  
And raises birds in fives and threes.

PETER MOTT (IV)

## Fritz

There I stood on a pile of sticks as the Indian braves came filing in. In the distance I heard the steady beat of the tom-tom, "bom-bom-bom-bom-bom." The Chief began to speak. Then the braves lit the fire. The steady beat of the tom-tom was heard again, "bom-bom-bom-bom."

Then in a daze I sat up, surprised to find myself in my own bed. I got up and thought of what an awful dream I had had. Then again I heard it, — "bom-bom-bom-bom-bom," like the tom-tom in the dream. As I went downstairs it got louder. Then I opened the basement door, and there was Fritz, our dog, with a bottle in his mouth.

He evidently tried to waken us by taking a bottle to the top of the stairs and letting it roll down. This he did over and over again, for this was the

first night that we had put Fritz in the basement for his misbehavior.

Fritz finds his bottle trick one of his best defenses. The night of the storm he broke several jars, trying, I suppose, to tell the storm to go away. He was very disappointed to find that the storm did not leave at his command.

One night when my Mother and Father had a bridge party, Fritz was making quite a nuisance of himself. We decided to put him outside. Fifteen minutes later we heard a rattling sound at the front door. My sister went to open it. There stood Fritz with a bottle in his mouth. He came walking in proudly through the living room. Everybody started to laugh; and Fritz thought he was a wonderful dog.

JOHN LAW (III)

## Christmas in Vermont

Last Christmas when I went to Vermont the snow was three feet deep with a little ice on top. So my daddy went up one of the longest hills and I got on his back and we started to slide. We went twenty yards down the hill. The ice broke, the sled went in the drift, but we went on and on, not stopping at all. I laughed till I pushed my daddy's chin in the ice and took the skin off his chin. There were ice ponds at the bottom of the hill and after that the river, and we went on and on till I laughed so that I fell off his back and was left sitting on the hillside laughing till my side ached, to see him slip and slide. But I knew

how his chin hurt. After that we went and Daddy got his chin fixed up. But how hurt we were!

Not one wanted to miss Grandmother's supper. And after that, we trimmed the Christmas tree. For days after that Christmas day you should see the cranberries and popcorn and lights, and over in the corner there was the Christmas tree. All the lights were lighted, and I was quite proud because I helped go out yesterday and cut it down. So you see why I was so proud.

BENT WALLIS (I)

## *The Bullfight*

It was a beautiful sunshiny day in Mexico. We were in a taxi going down a road in an excited manner.

We were going to see the bullfight. When we came to the arena there were many brightly colored flowers for sale. There were candy, yams, pop, bananas, and other fruits. As we entered the arena we saw horses in the stalls with heavy pads over their backs. We were given cards that showed bullfights to come and ticket selections.

In Mexico they have different seats according to the sun: sunny-side and shady-side seats, and the shady side is more expensive. The seats were made of stone. Boys sold us cushions for a dime apiece. As we were waiting for the bullfight to start we felt tinglings in our tummies. Our seat was next to the bull ring in the front row.

The first bull—they were going to have four bulls—was a small black and white one. We practically fell off our seats sitting on edge. The feeling in our tummies subsided a bit as the

fight continued. Then came the gory part; a few spears in the back, and the bull was bleeding badly. Loose flesh was hanging from the bull's side. At this we just about tumbled into the aisles with excitement.

The worst had not come yet. Then a funny thing happened. The bull, as you can imagine, was very mad by now. With raging fury he rushed at a red cape, with long strides. The man, seeing he was cornered, rushed to a protecting sideboard with the bull chasing at full speed. Because the man got behind the side-board too slowly, the bull's horn pierced through the man's tight silk garments, ripping down to the underwear. The man was quite embarrassed. We shuddered, expecting to see the man strewn all over the ring or to wake up dreaming. We pinched ourselves and discovered it was not a dream.

We had to sit in agony through four separate bullfights that day.

ALEX BURNSTAN (III)

## *A Christmas in Sweden*

In Sweden when we have our Christmas it is in the kitchen on Christmas eve. First we prepare our Christmas in October. In October we get our whole family together and go out in the forest to gather the Christmas nuts. We look for a Christmas tree, too. First the father pounds a stake in the ground near the Christmas tree, then the mother goes home and cleans the house from the attic to the cellar. And then the father comes home from the forest and stores the nuts in the attic. Then he goes out and kills the

pork and then brings the pork in. Then the mother makes sausages out of the pork. And the father makes some sheathes out of straw and hay for the birds. And on the day before Christmas eve the father ties the sheathes on the trees for the birds to eat. And he goes out in the forest again and cuts the tree down and on Christmas eve we get our presents and eat the Christmas meat. That is the way we celebrate Christmas in Sweden.

TOMAS ROSENBERG (I)

## *Star-Gazing*

The night is clear and the wind is cold  
As I sit by the fire lazing,  
When in comes my father, looking bold,  
And says, "Come on, let's go star-  
gazing."

It's all very well, indeed, thought I,  
If the wind is not so strong,  
To go outside when the dawn is nigh  
And the waiting not so long.

I love the stars on an August night,  
When the grass is dewy and warm,  
When Vega overhead is bright,  
And the Perseids drop in a swarm.

But oh, the chill November frost  
That makes the stars so clear,  
That makes Orion the big white post,  
And brings the Dipper so near.

But out I go—It's pretty cold—  
There's Arcturus setting fast,  
There's Cassiopeia as of old,  
And the Pleiades thickly massed.

The stars go by on their mighty run,  
And still we watch and shiver.  
But anyway star-gazing's fun.  
I could go on forever.

BRANDON HART (V)



## *Hair, Burrs, and Ticks*

Have you ever waked up at night at the mercy of your dog's fleas? Have you ever been kept awake by the hazardous, recurrent thump, thumping of your dog scratching? Or the endless lap, lapping of your mutt giving his germ-infested paws a thorough cleaning? Such is the case with me!

Hard as it is to get a ten-year-old boy into a bath, it is even harder to get a conceited French poodle to take one.

A poodle, if you have not already seen one, may be white, brown, or black. It has a fuzz all over, with a little dust-rag at the end of his tail. This one happened to be black; it was ours, it was cute, and it was naughty.

There are supposedly three steps in the washing and cleaning of a poodle. The first is to bathe him, the second, to dry him, and the third is to comb and brush him. But there is one more which is most important of all, and the hardest to do — that is to catch him.

After a long wild-geese chase he is finally caught and plunged into a waiting tub of water, where he will

sit and look as sad as he can look, with his little tail agreeing with his feelings. Not for long, however, will he stay in a tub and be doused and ducked in that awful water! He intends to make the washer just as miserable as it is for him. So out he leaps and shakes himself furiously, and splatters with soap all objects about him, causing general distress throughout that region! So much for the washing.

The dryer is brought with great excitement and the dog prances around and growls at it, and sniffs it twenty times. Then all of a sudden there comes a low whir and the poodle growls louder until he is barking madly at the top of his lungs; but then he is seized and dried thoroughly.

Combing is also a trying job. Such squeals and growling you have not yet heard! He nips and licks at the comb's hand. Finally the brushing stops because the brush can hold no more hair. Sometimes the poodle thinks he has made a mistake in letting people wash him and do such horrible things, but on second thought the washer has made a worse one.

MALCOLM PEYTON (IV)

## *Hemlock Falls*

One of the most beautiful places in New Jersey is Hemlock Falls. It lies a short way from the road, but it is so completely surrounded by hemlocks you'd never know it was there until you go down a steep hill, across a rustic bridge, and down lots of log stairs.

When you reach the bottom of the stairs, you can see a beautiful waterfall that looks like a stream of silver with clouds of spray rising from the bottom. As the water leaves the hole into which it drops, it forms a clear stream with trickling ripples as the water hits the moss-covered stones.

To the right is a group of tall green hemlocks. The limbs of the trees spread out as though to get some of the spray.

You can climb the cliff from which the water is flowing and look out over the fall. In between two hills covered with groves of hemlock trees runs a bubbling stream with little whirlpools every so often. As you go up the stream it gets smaller, and there are wonderful places to wade.

Some day I should like to go back to that place again and see the beautiful trees and the fall of silver.

JOHN LAW (III)

## "One Person Was Killed"

"A few enemy aircraft penetrated our coastal defenses last night, and dropped several bombs at random about the town of Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire. One person was killed and several more were injured when one bomb landed in the center of a street, and several buildings were damaged. No other enemy action was reported" . . .

*(From an English newspaper)*

He walked out of the theater after most of the other people had left, as he had been waiting for a friend he had seen there before the show. When the friend had not shown up after about twenty minutes of waiting, he decided to go home anyway. At school tomorrow he could explain to his friend why he had not caught him there.

He started to walk up the street toward the center of town. Then he remembered that the stores would not be open anyway, and he turned around and started walking in the other direction toward his home.

It was cold, very cold. He liked these cold, moonlit nights when the stars and the moon seemed frozen in space, and all of the dirt and grime in the world seemed to have been swept from the earth and the sky by the icy wind that slashed at his face. There was something about the moon on nights like these that filled him with a terrible feeling of loneliness and, strangely, remorse.

"But perhaps," he thought to himself, "it isn't strange to feel sad at times in a world full of sadness."

And then he thought of the pile of rubble he had seen in nineteen-forty where the house of one of his friends had stood, and he felt suddenly very angry with the world for all of the terrible things that had happened during the past five years.

Then he began to think about the war, about how it had started, and about the things that had happened to himself and the world since nineteen hundred thirty-nine; and he became so involved in these thoughts that he did not notice the sound of the motors for quite some time. Finally, when they were only a few miles away, he looked up, and suddenly realized that there were several aeroplanes flying nearly overhead.

His first thought was to run for cover, but curiosity got the better of him, and he stood still where he was, waiting for them to pass between him and the moon, so that he could identify them.

Then he heard the bombs falling, heard the unearthly shriek they made as they fell toward the earth. For a moment he stood seemingly hypnotized by the wailing of the bombs, and then he turned to run for safety. But he knew then, even as he turned, that he would never reach the shelter.

ALLAN FORSYTH (V)





## "Boy Breaks Leg in Fall"

... "A six-year-old boy broke his leg in a fall from a tree early yesterday evening" . . .

(From a morning newspaper)

\* \* \* \*

It was just after supper, and he had gone to play with his friend. In his friend's back yard he decided to climb the tall tree. He had never done it before. It was 6:30, and the shadows of the evening had appeared over the horizon. He had no cares. His little First Grade homework was finished, and he was as free as a bird.

"Don't climb it, Johnnie!"

But he started to climb. The urge within him, the urge of Lewis and Clark, Davy Crockett, and Lord Douglas, who fatally defied the stern Matherhorn, drove him up.

"Please, Johnnie!"

He continued his slow, ungraceful climb. It seemed hours before he reached the first branch, and even more before the second one. But really it was only five minutes.

"Johnnie! I'll tell your mother on you!"

Even the threat of parental discipline would not stop him. Although he had climbed trees before, this was a special tree. It was the best, sturdiest, most solid tree. It was also the highest one that he had mounted, ever.

He climbed out on a limb, which was very strong. It had a perfect view. He felt exceedingly secure. His companion had not called his mother. The limb had not broken, snapped, or even bent. It was perfect.

With this situation he decided to do some "tricks". He would spin, somersault, and dangle by one hand. He decided to swing from hand to hand. But suddenly he could not find the branch. He was falling. With a crash he hit the grass, falling unconscious.

\* \* \* \*

... "He was taken in an ambulance to St. Francis Hospital." . . .

ROBERT L. PATTERSON, JR. (V)

## Scottish Snowfall

A snowflake, like a drifting feather,  
Finally lights upon the heather,  
As it glides so slowly down,  
Turning things to white from brown,  
Sailing, sailing toward the ground.

As I watched, this snowflake drifted,  
Once or twice by winds uplifted;  
Turning and turning round and round,  
For its destination bound,  
Sailing, sailing toward the ground.

Slowly falling to the earth,  
Gently gliding o'er the firth,  
Finally dropping to the land,  
With other snowflakes of its band,  
Melting, melting on the ground.  
GRENVILLE PAYNTER (V)

## Question Box

(ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 33)

1. Have you ever eaten any canned pilchards? What are they?
2. If you went to a restaurant and asked for pettitoes, would you get (a) turnips fried in goose grease, (b) pigs' feet, (c) pickled shrimps?
3. A famous literary character was "Moby Dick." Was he (a) a brutal murderer, (b) a great white whale, (c) a famous monkey in the court of Queen Elizabeth?
4. What is a goober?
5. Is a Zulu (a) a reptile that lives in Australia, (b) a religious sect, (c) an African tribesman, (d) an intoxicating liquor?
6. If you had arithmomania, would you have (a) a craving for arithmetical problems, (b) a rare tropical disease accompanied by clutching spasms of the hands, (c) an insane desire to count everything in sight?
7. Is a passenger pigeon (a) an extinct species of pigeon, (b) a kind of amphibious aircraft with numerous cabins, (c) a double clay pigeon used in skeet shooting?
8. Alchemy bears the same relation to Chemistry as ..... does to Astronomy. (What word belongs in the blank?)
9. Every Nazi salutes his fylfot. What is a fylfot?
10. What is krypton — (a) a kind of plant that grows in Asia Minor, (b) an inert gas, (c) a special stone of which crypts are made?

## The Ghost House

One day Adrian and Carey were riding their bicycles by a haunted house. Carey wanted to go in and see what was in it. Adrian was afraid, but he went in. They walked down the front hall. Carey yelled. A ghost came down the stairs.

Carey grabbed a table and threw it. The table hit the ghost and knocked him out. The sheet fell off, and a man in a Nazi uniform lay on the stairs. Then a man came out and hit and bound them with rope.

When Adrian came to, a Nazi sat on a chair and a transmitter was before him. He was sending messages to a Nazi sub! The sub was to blow up a convoy.

Carey had an idea. He waited till the Nazis were gone to town. He edged his way over and hit a table with his shoulder. A bottle fell over and hit the floor. He edged over to the glass and cut their ropes. Then they got on their bicycles, rode to a farm-house, and called the Naval Base and the police. But the Nazis got away.

A week later Carey and Adrian saw a little boat just pushing out. So Carey got in another boat, for the man on the boat was the "ghost". They went after him and rammed it. Both boats sank. Adrian could swim, but Carey could not. A cutter came up and saved them and caught the Nazis.

ADRIAN V. RAKE (II)

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## *Honor Roll*

### FALL TERM

1944-1945

#### FIRST HONOR ROLL 90-100

PIPER  
ROGERS

#### SECOND HONOR ROLL 85-90

BARON  
BLACK  
BROWN, G.  
DONNELLY  
FLETCHER  
HALL  
HART  
McANENY  
PAYNTER  
ROSSMASSLER  
WALLACE, J.

#### THIRD HONOR ROLL 80-85

BROWN, J.  
CASADESUS  
DIGNAN  
ELSASSER  
ENGSTROM  
FORSYTH  
HARROP  
LAUGHLIN  
LAW  
MERITT  
PEYTON  
SCHLUTER  
STEVENS  
WRIGHT, H.

## *With the Blues and Whites*

### SCHOLARSHIP

In scholarship the competition between the Blues and the Whites during the first term was very close. Both Colors worked hard to win, but the Whites with 2.7 won by a close margin from the Blues who had 2.8.

The number of boys clear of failures during the term was also in favor of the Whites. Of the Whites, 16 out of a possible 35 had no failures, or about 45% of their members. The Blues had 13 out of a possible 36 clear, or about 36% of their members.

Boys who had no subject failures during the term were:

**WHITES:** Black, Brown G., Brown J., Elsasser, Erdman D., Harrop, Kleinhaus, Law, Lindabury, Mott, Peyton, Rossmassler, Schluter, Stevens, Wallace J., Wallis.

**BLUES:** Baron, Dignan, Donnelly, Engstrom, Fletcher, Forsyth, Hart, McAneny, Paynter, Piper, Rogers, Wood, Wright H.

### ATHLETICS

The Blue and White games during the past soccer season were hard-fought and close, but the Blues managed to pull through with a slight margin of  $37\frac{1}{2}$  to  $34\frac{1}{2}$  points over the Whites.

The competition was so close that it was not decided until the very last game, which happened to be a Junior game, that had been postponed because of bad weather. With most the rest of the school watching, the Junior Blues triumphed by 4 goals to 3, thus giving their side the championship.

Below are the records (won, tied, lost) on all three squads:

Seniors				
	Won	Lost	Tied	Points
Blues	5	3	0	20
Whites	3	5	0	12

Intermediates				
	Won	Lost	Tied	Points
Blues	2	3	3	$10\frac{1}{2}$
Whites	3	2	3	$13\frac{1}{2}$

Juniors				
	Won	Lost	Tied	Points
Blues	3	4	1	7
Whites	4	3	1	9

Total		
Blues		$37\frac{1}{2}$
Whites		$34\frac{1}{2}$

## *Athletics*

For the fourth consecutive year the P.C.D. Soccer Team was undefeated, ending the season with two victories and a tie. For the four-year period, the record of the team stands as follows:

Won, 10                      Tied, 2                      Lost, 0

P. C. D., 1; Township 0.

In the first game, on Township's field, we scored in the first period when the Township goalie, hard pressed by our forwards, carried the ball through his own goal. From then on the game was close, with Peyton, playing his first game as P.C.D. goalie, making several brilliant saves.

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

Playing Junior High on their field, the splendid record set by other P.C.D. teams was most at stake. Junior High started off with a powerful attack that succeeded in scoring in the second period. Rallied by their coach, Mr. McAneny, between the halves, the P.C.D. came back fighting in the third quarter. Ross-massler shot the equalizing goal after receiving a beautiful head pass from Gallup on the wing. Two overtime periods failed to break the tie.

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

The final game was played on our home grounds, where we won an easy victory against Junior High. After a scoreless first half we counted twice in the third quarter. One goal was driven through by David Erdman, while another glanced off the opponents' fullback on a hard kick by Tom Moore. Junior High scored in the last period on a long, high shot, but could not pull even with us.

At the end of the regular season, a practice game with members of the Princeton University Freshman Squad was arranged by Mr. Stepp. The game was played on the University's Poe Field with the Varsity coach, "Jim" Reed, umpiring. The P.C.D. team gave one of its best exhibitions before yielding by a score of 2-0.

The regular line-up through most of the season was as follows:

Goal.....	Peyton
L.F.B.....	Steele
R.F.B.....	Wilson
L.H.B.....	Moore T.
C.H.B.....	Paynter
R.H.B.....	Piper
O.L.....	Kleinhaus
I.L.....	Erdman D.
C.....	Rossmassler
I.R.....	Cleland
O.R.....	Gallup (Captain)

Substitutes: Flemer, Heber, McAneny, Young, Ashley, Black, Forsyth, Hart, Lindberg P., Dignan.

## *With The Alumni*

1926

V. LANSING COLLINS, JR., is 3rd Secretary of the American Embassy in Panama City, Panama.

LLOYD GIBBONS is a major somewhere in the Pacific. He writes: "Boned chicken and asparagus—out of a can—for Thanksgiving dinner. For dessert, an air raid. But we were thankful, as the Japs executed it badly and no harm was done. We are having four-blanket weather and are planning to have a Christmas tree."

H. L. THORNELL KOREN, a lieutenant-colonel in the Army, has a son, H. L. Thornell Koren, Jr., born September 11, 1944.

B. GIBSON LEWIS, JR., is a minister in Glendale, Ohio.

1927

FREDERICK W. LOETSCHER is an army sergeant. He is at the 128th General Hospital, England.

1928

IMBRIE BUFFUM, a senior grade Navy lieutenant, is commanding officer of a sub-chaser in the southwest Pacific.

DONALD C. STUART, JR. has a second son, Charles C. Stuart, who was born September 20, 1944, in Princeton. He hopes both boys will be at P.C.D.

1929

RANKIN JOHNSON holds the rank of lieutenant in the U.S.N.R. He is in the Naval amphibious division.

ARCHIBALD R. LEWIS is a captain. He has been since D-Day with General Hodges' First Army in Europe. He entered Paris with the liberating troops. His address: Hqrs. 187th F. A. Group, APO, 230, c/o Postmaster, New York.

ALBERT S. ROE has completed one year of sea service on a Navy P. C. He ranks as the ship's executive officer.

EVERT P. WYNKOOP is in government airplane engine research work with the N.A.C.A. at Cleveland, Ohio. His home is in Lakewood, Ohio.

EDWARD M. YARD is a fuel and combustion engineer at John A. Roebling's Sons Co., Trenton. His address is: 2 Whittlesey Road, Trenton, N. J.

1931

GEORGE A. BRAKELEY, JR., a 1st Lieutenant in the Engineers, is a combat instructor for the H.Q.Y. Force in China.

JONATHAN T. MOREY is a 1st Lieutenant in the Engineer Corps. He married Miss Susan Blake Bailey in 1942, and has a son, Jonathan Blake Morey, born December 3, 1944.

GEORGE G. SHELTON is a 1st Lieutenant in the anti-aircraft artillery, now in France. He has been overseas two years.

1932

RICHARD FUNKHOUSER is a pilot in the Air Corps. He is stationed in Upper Assam, India.

ROBERT S. HENDRICKSON, JR., a 1st Lieutenant in the 4th Air Force, is stationed in San Francisco on special service.

SANDERS MAXWELL is a lieutenant in the Air Corps Intelligence. He is Public Relations Officer and Group Historian of the 305th Bomb Group. Linda Sanders Maxwell, his daughter, is ten months old.



## 1933

WILLIAM A. BLACKWELL is with the Eastern Aircraft Co. at Trenton, N. J. He has two daughters, Linda and Sharon. His home is in Yardley, Pa.

PAUL T. CONDIT is on the faculty of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., and holds the rank of Lieutenant in the U.S.N.R. A daughter, Nancy Preston Condit, was born on November 23, 1944.

NICHOLAS R. COWENHOVEN, a sergeant, is a radar mechanic attached to a B-29 on Saipan.

LAWRENCE HEYL, JR., is now entitled to wear five campaign stars. A technical sergeant, he has been overseas two years, and in Germany the last three months.

EDWARD L. KATZENBACH, a captain of Marines, was wounded at Saipan, and is hospitalized at St. Albans, Long Island.

ALLEN W. SHELTON, JR., is now in Italy. He is a 1st Lieutenant in the anti-aircraft artillery, and has been overseas two years.

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

BISHOP WHITE, a captain in the A.T.C., is "flying the hump" as first pilot of a C-87.

PHILIP M. WORDEN, a captain in the Army Air Force, was married to Miss Margaret Fine on November 12 at Long Beach, California.

## 1934

JOHN B. COLT is a captain in Co. B, 643rd Tank Destroyer Battalion, and is now somewhere in France. His address: A.P.O. 654, c/o Postmaster, N.Y.

FRANK T. GORMAN, JR., is a captain in the 676th Glider F. A. Battalion.

HUGH B. GREEN is a Navy lieutenant. He is a test pilot, stationed at Port Columbus, Ohio. In 1942 he married Miss Dolores Boyd.

MARSHALL C. HOWARD is a 1st Lieutenant. He is Statistical Control Officer, 223rd A.A. Forces, Hdq. Base Unit, Dyersburg, Tenn.

DAVID L. HUGHES is in England, where he is a 1st Lieutenant with the Air Corps Supply.

TRISTAM B. JOHNSON is a lieutenant in the Signal Corps. He is at present stationed in Australia.

HOWARD MULLER is a lieutenant in the Navy. He is now in the Pacific area. He is executive officer on the U.S.S.-L.S.M. 91.

EDWARD SAMPSON, JR., was an honor student in the A.S.T.P. at Virginia Polytechnic Institute. He is now a 2nd Lieutenant of Infantry.

RODMAN THIBAUT has received a medical discharge from the American Field Service.

SHIRAS WHITE, H. A. 1/C, is in the Coast Guard, at Fort Hancock, N. J.

DUBOIS WYNKOOP is a corporal in the Army in India in Signal Service work.

## 1935

HARMON H. ASHLEY is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the U.S.N.R. He has been serving in the Pacific area for the last year and a half.

JOHN L. BENDER is a lieutenant in the U.S.C.G.R. He was awarded the Navy Bronze Star for meritorious performance of duty as anti-submarine warfare officer of an escort destroyer.

JOHN N. BROOKS, JR., is a 1st Lieutenant in the Army. He is with the headquarters of the 9th Bombardment Division, now in France.

KENNETH W. CONDIT is a private first class in the Postal Battalion, New York City Post Office, awaiting reassignment.

STEPHEN B. DEWING, who is now at Army Medical School in New York, will finish at the College of Physicians and Surgeons next June and will then become an interne at Bellevue Hospital.

ANDREW W. IMBRIE, since June a 2nd Lieutenant in the Signal Corps, is stationed at Arlington, Va.

## 1936

HENRY W. H. BAKER is a private first class in an Air Force ground crew. He is somewhere in India.

JOHN B. CHADWICK is a corporal in the Army Air Force.

JOHN C. COOPER, III, a 1st Lieutenant in the A.A.F., is now with the Air Transport Command after eleven months flying in B-17's over Germany.

NICHOLAS DE B. KATZENBACH, who is a prisoner of war in Germany, writes that he hopes to enter Harvard or Yale Law School as soon as possible after his demobilization. He is studying eight hours a day in prison camp. Since being captured, he has studied about 60 text books and has read some 200 works of fiction and non-fiction.

## 1937

STEPHEN M. CONGER graduated from the gunnery school at Tyndall Field, Fla. He is now at Moody Field, Georgia, at a bombardier-navigator pool.

HAROLD I. DONNELLY, a corporal of engineers, is with the American Third Army under General Patton.

DAVID P. ELMER is an aviation machinist's mate second class, probably in the Philippines. His address: A.R.O.U. No. 9, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco.

WILLIAM FLEMER, III, has been in France since early June as a corporal in a camouflage battalion. His address is: Co. C, 603rd Engineers, Camouflage Battalion, 23rd Hdq. Special Troops, A.P.O. 655, c/o Postmaster, New York.

GEORGE T. GRETTON, JR., 1st Lieutenant in the Air Force, is a prisoner of war in Germany. The last card received by his family was written September 19.

ROBERT A. HUNTER is a Marine Combat Correspondent holding the rank of sergeant. His address is: U.S.M.C.R. No. 423692, H. and S. Co., 24th Marines, 4th Marine Division, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON is an Air Corps pilot with the rank of lieutenant. He is at present in Italy.

RALPH B. LITTLE is in the Navy, stationed at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School.

WILLIAM R. ROSSMASSLER, JR., is stationed at Oak Ridge, Tenn.

JOHN C. SAUNDERS is a lieutenant in the 8th Air Force stationed in England. He is pilot of a Liberator (B-24) and is in many of the bombing raids over Germany. His address: 703rd Bomb Squadron, 445th Bomb Group, A.P.O. 558, c/o Postmaster, New York.

LACEY B. SMITH has been in northern India since March 1944 as a bomb-sight mechanic with the Army Air Force.

## 1938

JOHN CROCKER, JR., is a naval aviation cadet in training at Pensacola, Fla.

JOSEPH S. ELMER is at the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

CHARLES R. ERDMAN, III, is with the 102nd Infantry Division of the Ninth Army, in action along the Roer River front in Germany.

NEWTON H. GIBSON is a technical sergeant of Marines overseas. His address is: V.M.F. 225, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco.

DAVID HUNTINGTON is a 2nd Lieutenant in the Army Air Corps. He is a pilot, stationed at Marfa, Texas.



DAVID WOOD is a freshman at the Westminster Choir College in Princeton, taking a piano major.

## 1939

ROBERT B. BENHAM is a member of the American Field Service. He is presumed to be on his way to India.

HAROLD B. ERDMAN, A. S., U.S.N.R., will graduate from the Navy V-12 engineering course at Yale next June.

EDWARD MADISON GORMAN is a seaman first class in the Navy. His address: F.A.W. 8, Hedron, PATSU 8-1, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco.

H. SINCLAIR KERR is a navigator on a B-17 and is now overseas.

BRADFORD B. LOCKE, JR., a private first class in the 14th Marines, Fourth Marine Division, has taken part in the battles of Kwajalein, Saipan, and Tinian. He shared in the Presidential Unit Citation awarded the 4th Marine Division.

P. MACKAY STURGES, JR., an ensign in the U.S.N.R., has been serving in the Pacific on the U.S.S. *Colorado* since May 1. He was a graduate from the Yale N.R.O.T.C. last February. While at Yale he played varsity hockey.

ROGER WILDE, private first class, is a radio man serving in Italy with the Fifth Army. His address is: Co. C, 349th Infantry, A.P.O. 88, c/o Postmaster, New York.

## 1940

JAMES G. DOUGHERTY, JR., is a seaman first class in the Navy. He has completed his sophomore year at Princeton and is headed for radio technician training in Chicago.

FRANK A. DRISCOLL entered the army in March 1944. He is a private attached to Headquarters Command in Paris, France.

BERTRAND L. GULICK, III, is a sergeant at the Army Air Base at Alliance, Nebraska.

CHARLES T. HALL was wounded in action in the Metz sector on October 8. He is now in American General Hospital 123 in England. He has received the Purple Heart award.

WILLIAM P. HUNTER is a corporal in the Army Air Force. He is first engineer on a B-24.

JOHN F. LOCKE is working at the Eastern Aircraft plant in West Trenton, on radio installation in Avenger planes.

RICHARD ROSSMASSLER is now on the German front in Co. E, 16th Infantry.

DANA B. WILDE is with the American Brass Co. at Torrington, Conn.

## 1941

T. HART ANDERSON, III, having finished a radio course at Bedford, Pa., is now a seaman first class stationed at the Navy Amphibious Training Base, Fort Pierce, Fla.

JOHN W. BODINE has finished his electrician's mate and amphibious training in the Navy and is awaiting overseas assignment. His address: USNATB, Panama City, Florida.

FRANK DONNELLY, having graduated from Deerfield, is waiting to be called by the Army Air Corps.

STEVENSON FLEMER is ready to enter pre-flight training in the Army Air Force as a private.

R. GEORGE KUSER, JR., entered the A.S.T.R.P. in July, and is now platoon leader at St. Bonaventure College.

ROBERT W. LOCKE, II, left Harvard last summer to enter the Marine Corps. His present address: Co. A, 2nd Training Battalion, Tent City, Camp Lejeune, New River, N. C.

THOMAS S. MATTHEWS, JR., is doing his basic training in the infantry at Fort McClellan, Alabama.

CHESTER L. MAXWELL, JR., seaman first class, is an aviation ordnance man in the Navy. He left Taft School in the middle of his Senior year.

MARK S. MUNN left Princeton last June. He is now in training at Craig Field, Selma, Alabama.

ELWYN B. QUICK is a naval yeoman third class, in communications. He is at Porto Rico. His address: Navy 116, Box H-3, c/o Fleet Post Office, N. Y.

JOHN W. STEWART graduated from Lawrenceville in June at the head of his class. He had a group average of .82 at the end of his first term at Princeton.

#### 1942

MARTIN N. BENHAM graduated from Taft in December 1944, having won his varsity letter in soccer. He has been accepted in the Army Air Corps.

BERNARD PEYTON, JR., is on the varsity swimming team at Exeter. He is also a cartoonist for the year book, working for the newspaper and the literary magazine, and a member of the Lantern Club.

FRANK PHINNEY will begin his A.S.T.R.P. training on March 1.

JOHN D. POMFRET is a senior at Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Virginia. His home is at Williamsburg, Va.

WILLIAM E. SCHLUTER is on the varsity hockey squad at Exeter. He was on the varsity football squad this fall.

DETLEV VAGTS is co-editor of the *Oracle* at Taft School.

STANLEY D. WILSON is a senior at The Hill School. He has won varsity letters in soccer, basketball, and baseball. Last year he broke the Hill all-time scoring record in basketball.

#### 1943

JOHN CASADESUS was on the varsity soccer team at Lawrenceville. He is in the Glee Club and has a 70% average.

ROBERT E. DOUGHERTY was on the Exeter varsity soccer squad and is a member of the Dramatic Club.

WILLIAM C. HARROP is on the dance band and plays J. V. hockey at Deerfield. He has a B- average.

SAM HOWELL played J. V. football and is on the hockey squad at Taft. He is maintaining a 75% average.

DEAN W. MATHEY was on the varsity soccer team at Deerfield.

DAVID McALPIN played J. V. soccer and is in the Dramatic Club at Deerfield.

WARD MOREHOUSE has been playing all-league soccer at Deerfield.

JOHN A. SCHLUTER played all-club soccer at Exeter. He is winning high honors with a B average.

JOHN A. SLY is entering the U. S. Army in January.

DAVID B. VOORHEES, S. K. 3/c, has been in the Pacific a year with the Navy Amphibious Forces. His address is: Amphibious Training Base, Navy No. 900, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco.

WILLIAM E. WETZEL, JR., was captain of lightweight football and is on the J. V. swimming team at Deerfield. He has a B- average.

#### 1944

DAVID G. BARLOW is maintaining a B average at Deerfield.

ALFRED M. GARDNER is on the second football team at St. Paul's School.

DON MATHEY played varsity soccer at Deerfield and is on the editorial board of *Pocumtuck*, the year book. He has an A- average.

JOHN L. MOORE, JR., was on the third varsity soccer team and has a C average at Deerfield.

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GARDNER W. MUNRO was on the third varsity soccer team and also has a C average at Deerfield.

MARKLEY ROBERTS is active at Exeter as a member of the light club football and basketball teams, on the orchestra, and in the Dance Band.

TEDDY TOWER played house football and soccer at Lawrenceville. He has a 75% average.

### *Answers to Questions on Page 24*

1. Sardines
2. (b)
3. (b)
4. A peanut.
5. (c)

6. (c)
7. (a)
8. Astrology.
9. A swastika.
10. (b)

# BLUES and WHITES

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## THE BLUES

### SOCCER CHAMPIONS

1930  
1931  
1934  
1935  
1936  
1938  
1943  
1944

## THE WHITES

1928  
1929  
1932  
1933  
1937  
1939  
1940  
1941  
1942

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### HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

1926  
1937  
1938  
1939  
1941

1927 1934  
1928 1935  
1929 1936  
1930 1940  
1931 1942  
1932 1943  
1933

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### BASEBALL CHAMPIONS

1926  
1930  
1931  
1935  
1937  
1938  
1939  
1941  
1942  
1943  
1944

1927  
1928  
1929  
1932  
1933  
1934  
1936  
1940

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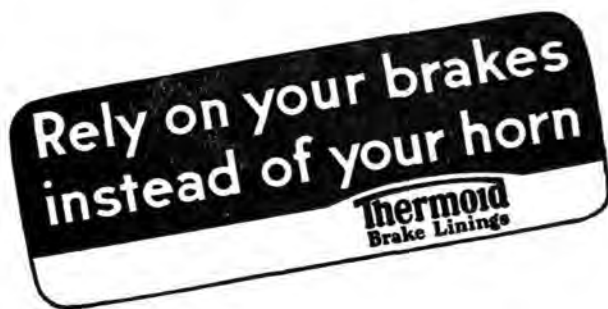
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