

VOL. XIX, No. 2

JUNIOR JOURNAL

JUNE, 1945

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
TRUST COMPANY
PRINCETON NEW JERSEY

CHARTERED 1834

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

JUNIOR JOURNAL

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1945

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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BOARD OF EDITORS

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	COLIN McANENY
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<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	MR. HERBERT McANENY

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

Editorial

We believe that probably the most pressing need which the school now faces is that of a gymnasium-auditorium. Our reasons follow:

First, the school now has no equipment for indoor athletics or recreation. Naturally, on fine days there is plentiful activity out of doors. But a great many days in the school year prohibit going out on the fields, and it has often been necessary to keep the boys inside. This is hard for everyone — faculty, prefects, and boys. Rough-housing tends to develop, resulting in general noise and confusion. If there were a gymnasium, there would be plenty of room for all; and when outdoor athletics proved impossible, there would be a chance for regular sports activity, in place of checker-games or fooling in the halls.

Second, the school basketball team this year could not have existed but for the kindness of other organizations having gymnasiums, and even so, it was hard on the team to have to limit its practice to such times as the Seminary's gymnasium was available. Even when and if the Baker Rink becomes again available for ice hockey, it would be an excellent thing to have a basketball team; and to have a really good one, we must have a home gym and equipment.

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Third, an auditorium would help the school immensely. All rehearsals for the school plays are now held at great inconvenience in the cafeteria, requiring the moving of chairs and tables all around the room every time a rehearsal is held. With a stage, all of this nuisance would be eliminated. Furthermore, the scenery has had to be painted outside of the school building (when rain and wind permitted), and stored in inaccessible and inconvenient places. And, equally important, we could produce our play on dates suiting our own convenience, and we should not have to transport all our equipment to another place, set it up, take it down, and truck it back in a short span of time.

Fourth, in this new building there could be room for a few needed classrooms, and perhaps a library better than a row of book-cases at the back of the Study Hall. Also a room could be made into a small science laboratory, with some equipment for experiments. This would, we believe, greatly add to the interest of the science classes.

For these reasons, we believe that the addition of a gymnasium-auditorium would benefit the school most highly. Of course, as the building situation is now, we realize that construction is probably not yet possible, but we do hope that as soon as building is possible, the trustees and other friends of the school will give serious thought to this subject.

Department Editors

<i>Editorial</i>	COLIN McANENY
<i>Alumni</i>	JOHN FLEMER
<i>Athletics</i>	GEORGE GALLUP
<i>Blues and Whites</i>	THOMAS MOORE
<i>Dramatic Club</i>	JOHN HEHER
<i>Advertisements</i>	<div> <div></div> <div>MALCOLM CLELAND</div> <div>JOHN HEHER</div> </div>

Spring

It is Spring! It is Spring! It is Spring!
 When the lovely buds come peeping
 out,
 And the birds can be heard with their
 pretty songs,
 As they fly here and there round
 about.

KENNETH MOORE (I)

The Calendar

FEBRUARY

*Old Winter sad, in snow y-glad,
Is making a doleful din;
But let him howl till he crack his jawl,
We will not let him in.*

- February 2* Brrrr! 'S cold! Fine ice, though — EXTREE! Whites trip Blues in Carnegie Lake skating jamboree. Big snow — EXTREE! Mr. Murch walks to school one morning. Car snowed in. Yessir, hain't seen weather like this since back in '88.
- February 8* Michael Erdman, just another kid brother, born.
- February 9* Pratt Thompson, Mercer Road big game hunter, born.
- February 12* Jack Wallace, President of the Princeton Country Day School Stamp Club, born. Whole school celebrates by being given a holiday.
- February 17* Dropped by parachute from a rocket-propelled stork, a little stranger came to earth, claimed this as his birthday, and was called Allan Forsyth.
- February 23* Billy Black, inventor of the new non-shrinkable vacation stretcher, born.

MARCH

*Like an army defeated the snow hath retreated,
The Ploughboy is whooping — anon — anon!
There's joy in the mountains; there's life in the fountains;
The rain is over and gone.*

- March 6* Bent Wallis, sweet as Vermont maple sugar, born.
- March 10* Our roving reporter penetrated as far as Lawrenceville today and reported the town was celebrating the birthday of "The Voice", Arthur John Patten Chivers.
- March 11* A short-wave pick-up brings the glad tidings that Lawrenceville is making it a two-day legal holiday, this time in honor of Howie Stepp, "The Smile," who also had to be born some time and chose today.
- March 15* Sheppy Roberts, famed female impersonator, born. Hi ya, Babe!
- March 22* Billy Wallace, see Who's Who for details, born.

- March 26** Blue Monday. We sit in queer seats. Mottoes go up on the black-board: "Pencils Sharpened?" "THINK." The Faculty look grim. Outside the thermometer says 80 degrees. Why do we have to get spring fever on the first day of exams?
- March 27** Adrian Rake, the Nazi Nemesis, counter-spy number 222, was born today and refused to talk.

APRIL

*A rush of bird-song, a patter of dew,
A cloud, and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue —
An April day in the morning.*

- April 9** George Gallup is always allowed to sleep late on his birthday. So George arrives a leetle bit late to school this morning. We hear they are going to kill the fatted calf in his honor out on the farm.
- April 11** Mark Baron, Naval Academy boxing champion in 1959, begins mixing it up today.
- April 17** Those of us who are young enough not to mind being seen at a "Children's Entertainment" go to the High School to see the Community Players give "Toby Tyler or Ten Weeks in a Circus." We are hardly prepared for the wealth of P. C. D. acting talent that is spread before us. But what a set of weirdies our boys portray! Niels Young, the riding master, cracks his long whip around poor Toby's ankles; Colin McAneny tries to cheat him with a lead dime for a bag of peanuts; and high above the din we hear flurries of giggly laughter which can only mean that John Law is somewhere in that crowd scene.
- April 22** David Erdman, just another kid brother, born.
- April 27** The softball squad has been holding daily secret practice in the hay-field. Today John Paul Marincola struck Mr. Maurer out with the bases full.
- April 28** Mr. Maurer gave five marks today to Marincola.

MAY

*The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!*

- May 4* Tom Moore, being a peaceful fellow, bet that the war in Europe would end on his birthday. You were only four days off, Tom. Congratulations to you and Gen. Eisenhower.
- May 11* To the High School tonight, clutching our 50-cent ticket to "The Speckled Band." There was such a crowd that The Boy Who Sits Behind You almost had to stand in the street to see the play. Everything was wonderful, colossal, and superb. But why didn't the program give the name of the snake?
- May 12* Jerry Wilson, city slicker, born.
- May 19* It seems that this was Father's Day, not the one in June. At least the Fathers made it their day by playing such brilliant baseball that they were able to beat their sons by nine runs to eight. While a north wind swept the field (Spring was in March this year) the Mothers huddled in the school building watching the First and Second Form thespians put on a play and waiting for hot coffee.
- May 20* What would the girls have done if Gren Paynter had *not* been born today?
- May 24* Peter Schluter, Pretty Brook hermit, born.
- May 29* Robert ("Tiny Tim") Laughlin, noted weight-lifter, born.
- May 31* George Pellettieri, reformed Delaware River pirate, born.
... And tomorrow will be June, the month of examinations, graduations, and hallucinations about summer vacations, because before you've had time to say, "Ah, no more school!", it will be September 19 and ...

I'll see you next term!

—THE BOY WHO SITS BEHIND YOU

Spring

Spring is here, as you can see,
The time when the bugs all dance for
glee.

And the frogs get up from their long
winter naps

And every morning throw off their
night caps,

And the farmers are planting their
seed.

—Spring is great fun indeed.

NICHOLAS HUBBY (I)

Every Dog Must Have His Day

"For heaven's sake stop grumbling!" exclaimed Mrs. Corliss sternly.

Her husband, Charles, put down his coffee cup with a clatter, and replied sharply, "If that damnable puppy of yours hadn't howled outside the window all night I might have gotten some sleep!"

"Don't be so pig-headed, Charles," his wife replied. "You know as well as I do that every puppy will . . ."

"Oh, shut up!" said Charles.

Mrs. Corliss started to reply, but her husband rose from the table and left the room.

Later that morning Mr. Corliss, still very upset by lack of sleep, was reading the newspaper in the living-room when the maid came in to clean. Much to Mr. Corliss's annoyance, she proceeded to sweep the room, and worse still, to ask him questions. Mr. Corliss had always disliked the maid because she invariably asked him questions, and Mr. Corliss wished that she would leave him alone.

As usual, she asked senseless, unimportant questions such as, "Don't you think it's fine weather we're having?" and always Mr. Corliss, still trying to read his paper, merely answered "Yes" or "No" without listening to the questions, and he was therefore surprised and angered when the maid suddenly exclaimed, "You mean to tell me you don't like that puppy, Mr. Corliss?"

Mr. Corliss, this time fully aware of the meaning of the question, threw the newspaper on the floor, leapt out of his chair and shouted, "No, I told you, I hate the little cur!" Then he stalked swiftly across the room and went outside, leaving the maid in bewilderment in the living-room.

The puppy barked every night, and Mr. Corliss grew more and more restless. He often quarrelled, not only at home, but at his office as well, and his fellow-workers often told him that he needed a rest.

At home, however, there was no rest for him. By day, his wife nagged him and reprimanded him for being so rude and unpleasant, and the maid would invariably agree with his wife that Mr. Corliss was being unreasonable. And by night, there was always that insane, raucous barking.

Things became steadily worse for about a month, and then one day Charles Corliss did not appear at the office. His friends there felt better when they noticed this, and they all agreed that he must have gone on a sudden vacation. They also agreed that Charles Corliss really deserved any vacation he chose to take.

The mail truck rolled up the gravel driveway of the Corlisses' house and stopped before the front door. The postman got out, went around to the back of the truck, pulled a package out, and was about to ring the doorbell when he looked in the window.

He stood there for a minute gazing inside, and then he dropped the package, ran to his truck, and drove off very hurriedly.

Two policemen were standing by the door of the Corliss house, talking. Inside, several other policemen were questioning the neighbors. One of the policemen standing outside asked the other one what had happened inside. "Double murder and suicide," said the other grimly. "It seems this fella shot his wife and his maid. Funny thing, too, if anything is funny about this sort of thing, but he shot his dog along with the rest."

ALLAN FORSYTH (V)

"Tony Duck"

New York is a great metropolis. There is a negro section up in Harlem, there is a Chinese section in Chinatown, and also there is an Italian colony on Grand Street, which is near the Bowery.

Down on Grand Street was born a boy named Antonio Fiorello, who, since the tender age of three, had been a born fighter. He never picked a fight, but was always ready to finish one. He was known by his admiring friends as "Tony", and as he grew, he grew both in size and skill at boxing. His father, Cicero Fiorello, had great hopes for his son and so, when Tony reached the mature age of eighteen, he found him a manager, for he felt that then his son would have his picture in the headlines of the paper as a fighter before long.

Tony won bout after bout, and every Wednesday afternoon that he fought, the top gallery would be crowded with all his friends from Grand Street. Tony did so well that his manager arranged a fight for him with Jack Dempsey! Now Jack Dempsey, in those days, was the greatest hitter in the world and was then World's Champion. The night before the bout no one on Grand Street could sleep because they were so excited. Before the fight that night they bet all their money on Tony, and so they did not have enough cash to get in to see the fight. So, as a great favor, they

all chipped in to let Tony's father go on condition that he would get a seat next to a window in the arena and report the fight to them.

When Tony's father got his seat the two contestants were just going to their corners. The bell rang; Tony's father yelled to the people outside, "The bell, it ring. Dempsey, he come out cool and confident. Tony, he come out of his corner quick, he smart! Tony lead with left. He hit Dempsey on hairy chest."

At this, great cheers came up from the crowd below. Then came the voice from the window again, "Dempsey swing, Tony duck! Tony hit at Dempsey's chin, Dempsey guard! Dempsey swing, Tony duck! Again Tony hit Dempsey in chest!" Resounding cheers again came up from the crowd below.

"Dempsey swing with left, Tony duck", rang out the voice again. "Dempsey swing hard with left, Tony duck! Tony hit Dempsey in chest!"

Again cheers came up with greater and greater volume. The voice broke in again and there was a hush. "Dempsey swing with left, Tony duck!"—then there was a slight pause, and the old Italian, almost bursting into tears, said, "Ave Maria! Tony NO duck!"

DAVID MATHEY (IV)



"My Friends"

It was about eight o'clock. The family had just started supper. My brother was turning on the radio for the Frank Morgan Show, which was to start in one or two minutes. H. V. Kaltenborn was speaking, but, as usual, no one paid any attention. We had missed our regular newscasts that evening. My father was finishing his salad, while my brother was reading something, and maybe listening half-heartedly to the wireless. It was he, I believe, who first noticed that something was wrong.

Then came the announcement at the time signal, "We repeat that all regularly scheduled commercial programs have been cancelled."

I was engrossed in a magazine, and this statement only was implanted in my mind, because it meant that I would not be able to hear the show. Nevertheless the proclamation did arouse some attention.

Another announcer said, "In recognition of our nation's great loss, we now bring you a special arrangement of symphony music."

My mother entered the room asking what had happened. Had the president died?

The idea had never entered my head. I considered it quite absurd. It was impossible. I had heard nothing hinting at that, and therefore it could not be true.

My brother was fiddling with the dial, fishing for some news on another station. Somehow he tuned in on an American correspondent, broadcasting from Rome. "All the Army officers rushed to 'phones to notify others that the President had passed away."

It was a shock. This was the last thing I might have expected. Almost immediately a wish arose for more details and information.

From different programs and stations we gradually gathered what had happened. It had been, apparently, quite sudden and painless. He had, according to one report, died of a hemorrhage of the brain . . . I remembered having heard about that in science class.

The radio was on all the rest of the evening. After supper I went and tried to do my Latin homework.

Somehow I could not bring myself to do it. My mind was busy . . . The wireless in the next room was plainly audible as, one after the other, various reporters, ambassadors, and other people paid their tributes to a great man.

Some were extremely interesting, others not at all. One told how he had been in a Washington newsroom when the telephone call came through. There was a short pause and then, "This is Stephen Early at the White House. I have a flash for you. President Roosevelt died this afternoon." He was immediately bombarded with questions, but said that he had no further statement to make.

Another correspondent related how he introduced the President to nationwide audiences on several occasions, and how he had been a personal friend of the President. He told of Mr. Roosevelt's first speech from the White House in which the words which had struck him most were, "We have nothing to fear but fear itself." Those words are well worth remembering.

In times of tragedy such as this I have a rather hard rule which I abide by. It may not be the correct idea to have, but I think it is often helpful. He is gone. It is too bad. But there is nothing you can do about it. It won't do any good to sit around crying and weeping. It never does, for that matter. The only thing you can do is get to work right now and start adjusting yourself to doing your job in this world without him. The sooner you do this the better off you'll be. If the person, whoever it was, who has died, was worth shedding any tears over and had any way of knowing that you were continuing your job just as if he were with you, he would in all probability be much happier. I'm sure Mr. Roosevelt would be.

After an hour or two the shock wore off . . . It wears off quickly on the younger generation. It was still hard to contemplate, though. I believed before and I still believe that Mr. Roosevelt ranks among the foremost and greatest Americans, and it is difficult to realize that he is no longer with us.

I never saw the President, but I often heard him over the radio. In years ahead I should like to think of him and remember him by his usual greeting, "My friends", which meant everyone. I believe that this typified the greatness of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

ROBERT ROY PIPER (V)

A Winter Bird Walk

The dawn was just breaking through. A friend of mine and I were starting out on the Christmas Bird Census. As the day began to grow we found it was going to be a murky, dribbly day.

The birds started to come out a little more now. Here and there a snow bird twittered and kinglets flitted about. Off in the distance a woodpecker hammered away at a hollow old branch, the noise resounding so we heard him quite clearly. A squirrel scampered across our path, leaving his tiny footprints in the soft snow.

We came to some snow-laden pine trees next to an icy pond. Passing

over a little bridge we looked over the side and peered into a clear brook free of ice. I noticed some tadpoles lying in the mud at the bottom and pointed them out. A few hours later, after walking through snowy fields and woods and following Stony Brook for a while, we reached the Cedar Groves, our destination. And after tracking and back tracking we found what we wanted, an owl tree.

Later on in the descending dusk, with night closing in, we heard the owls start their nightly hunt.

A half hour later I walked into my house to the sleepiest New Year's I've ever had.

DAVID DIGNAN (IV)

Going To Mars

One bright, sunny morning in June I thought I would go for a ride in my rocket ship. I got in, set the controls, and took off.

After I had been going for a while I found myself in a strange atmosphere. Ahead of me I saw a huge red ball, with canals all over it. This I knew to be Mars.

I landed and got out. A Martian approached me on all fours, with his triple tail dragging behind him. It was lucky for me that I had studied the Universal Language, for we could converse freely together.

"Hello, Earthman," said the Martian. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh," I replied, "I'm just here to look around for a summer cottage. You always have it so cool here it's a relief from our hot earth."

"My friend," said the Martian, whose name, by the way, was Joe, "you have come to the right man. Let me introduce myself. I am Joe Stanoplopolis, a real estate agent."

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "Do you have any nice one-story, two-stilt buildings?"

"Yes," he replied. "We have just four left. If you had come one day later, we would have been completely filled up."

"I am alone, and have no dogs," I stated.

"If you get cottage number four you have swimming and diving privileges on all the canals. Besides, your neighbor would be a very jolly fellow from Jupiter," he added.

"All right," I said. "Please show me where it is located. I mean, give me the direction."

"Better than that, I'll come with you," he said.

Soon we came to the house. It was built on two stilts. All the furniture was hanging down from the ceiling. When I got used to it, though, it was very comfortable.

I stayed on Mars for one month and then got my things together and went home. It took me a while to get used to furniture that was on the floor, though.

EMERY FLETCHER (III)

Spring

In the Spring the bees begin to sting.
All the same I start to sing.
I do not care about a thing
Except to play and run and swing.

WILLIAM WALLACE (I)

Snuffguzzler's Shrine

It was a cool day in April, just after a thunder storm. I was spading in the garden where we were to plant strawberry plants. For some reason I was finding a great many rocks, big and small. Usually when I found a big rock, I dug around it and forced it out of the ground. After I had dug a little while, I struck a rock which seemed to be very huge. After I dug around it, I discovered that it was about two feet on each side. Finally with the aid of a rope I managed to haul the rock out. To my amazement I saw a folded piece of paper in the hole. I took it out and discovered that it wasn't an ordinary piece of paper but it was a very old map from the Revolutionary War. It showed the Revolutionary battlegrounds. In red it showed the old Quaker Meeting House, and in small print, underneath the map, it said that twenty-eight feet southeast from the Meeting House, underneath the big oak, was a treasure.

"Oh, boy!" I thought to myself. "I won't tell anyone and go right up there with my pick."

When I arrived at the Meeting House, I thought to myself, "It

would be more exciting if the treasure were in one of the graves."

It was very difficult to dig under the tree, but I thought it was worth it. After a little while I was just ready to give up when . . . Clank! Clank! I struck something that seemed like old rusted metal. I managed to dig it out with little trouble. It was an old rusted metal box with many little holes in it. It wasn't more than one foot square and three inches deep. It also had a rusted padlock on it which wasn't hard to break. After I had opened the box, to my surprise I found about ten dozen snuff boxes with a note. I opened it and it read as follows:

"It is rumored that snuff boxes will be rationed through the Revolutionary War. Therefore I have put away these snuff boxes to take care of me through this period.

(Signed)

Captain John Snuffguzzler"

Now that snuff boxes are scarce once more, I had no trouble disposing of them right here in Princeton.

JAMES BROWN (III)

A Rain Drop

I patter patter in a puddle,
I swish and swash about.
And find myself in quite a muddle,
In trying to get out.

KENNETH MOORE (I)

A Peek Into The Future

I had just come home from school and, as it was one o'clock, I started my lunch. I poured some peanut butter and jelly into the sandwich maker. As I was deciding what else to put in besides these and bread, a thought entered my mind. I thought that four or five slices of bacon would be nice. After all, I hadn't had any since breakfast, so I put some into the electronic sandwich maker. I waited a moment and my sandwich was ready. I got some milk from the faucet and then ate lunch.

As I put the dishes in the electronic dishwasher, I heard Pop's radio buzz, the one he usually carries with him. He said that he would be fifteen minutes late for supper, and that I should fix the electric eye on the automatic door. After I had hung up, I found the dishes were dry, so I put them on the automatic dish stacker. During this operation, a friend called on the tele-viso phone and showed me his new baseball glove. He also asked if I could go with him to Mississippi to visit his cousin there over the weekend. I said I would ask and then call back.

As I knew Mother was in the heli-car, I radioed to her, and she said I could go. Then with a start, I realized I had forgotten that I had to fix not only the door, but also my rocket bike.

I had just finished the door when Mother came in. I helped Mother with the packages she had and then helped her with the dinner. Five minutes later, just a little after Pop came in, the dinner was ready. After we had eaten, we put the dishes in the electronic dishwasher to wash over night.

After doing my homework, I went to bed, and because it was early, I tuned in on a short-wave television broadcast from Berlin. Soon, however, I got bored with it, so I put a new movie I had bought into the auto-movie over the bed and turned out the lights. I fell asleep during it, but naturally it turned off itself.

—As you think of the marvelous things which are being done today, even this does not seem too fantastic.

MARTIN STEVENS (V)

The Postman

The postman comes each day
With mail from far away,
With letters long and short
From every different port.

The postman, big and strong,
Begins to wish and long
That he could read the letters,
And not be kept in fetters.

He leaves good news along the way,
Except when there are bills to pay.
Then we frown and fuss and fume,
And wish the postman met his doom.

ROBERT LAUGHLIN (II)

Something I'll Never Forget

It isn't often that one experiences fright. We are often startled and we mistake this momentary panic for real fear, but when you have once known absolute terror there is no mistaking it. It happens that a few years ago I had such an experience that I can still remember as if it were yesterday.

I was four. I had learned to ride my bicycle the year before and had discarded my tricycle. Although at the time of my learning I was satisfied with everything pertaining to my bicycle, still it wasn't long before I knew something was missing. As I was always a fiend for gadgets, and my birthday was not many days away, I asked for a flashlight that could be attached to my handlebar. I got it. Almost immediately I found that it was not much use in the daytime, so I asked my mother if I might stay out some night after seven o'clock, which was my usual bedtime. The promise was granted.

I was out riding on the lane near our house in Pennsylvania with my flashlight shining bravely. I shot a large beam ahead of me, and I was quite proud of it. On the side of the road there was a deep ditch. Suddenly the still night was broken by a noise down where the highway joins our little lane. It was something like the sound of a steam-engine. I was rather alarmed, and it wasn't long before I realized I was riding my old tricycle at top speed, trying to keep away from the thing. I was really terrified. I heard it relentlessly

gaining on me, and with a great lunge I rode into the ditch, lay down on my stomach, and waited for it to pass.

It came rumbling nearer, sounding somewhat like a steam-roller, but it puffed like a locomotive. As it came by, I could make out two blurred figures standing on it. They seemed to be looking for me. When the monster was right opposite me, I felt sure the men would see me, and my back froze. My mind was paralyzed and I could not move a muscle. It was then I realized what fear was and how utterly powerless it made me.

"Whew!" I said, as I found myself lying on the floor beside my bed, dripping with sweat. As soon as I got my senses back I climbed into bed, and my mother came in asking whether I had had a nice sleep. I assured her that everything was fine. I soon found the cause of the steam-engine sound, for my ear was still hot. I must have put my head on one side and covered up my ear. In this way I could hear the throbbing of my heart, which sounded remarkably like a locomotive.

All this may sound quite fantastic. So it is. But it happened to me! And even now when I think of it, I can feel the fingers of that old terror gripping me; for it was a dream that I had not once, but many times, and each time the fear was as awful as the first.

BRANDON HART (V)



Looking At The Stars

Have not you, as I have done, looked up on some warm summer night, when you were walking out of doors, and seeing the stars above, just stood there in wonder at their magnificence? Though I have seen the sky at night many times, each time I look at such a vast spectacle it seems a new and wonderful experience.

Summer has always been to me the best season to gaze at the heavens. I don't know if there are any more stars showing then, or if they are any brighter, but in summer one can go out and stand as long as he wants, for it is so warm. Although I have seen beautiful winter skies, I don't often go walking out of doors on cold, dry nights, and, when I do, I am less likely to gaze above me; I am generally all bundled up, trying to keep warm. But in the warm atmosphere of a summer night I often go out just for the pleasure of watching the stars, and my best memories of glorious skies are those of summer nights on Cape Cod.

That is a most wonderful place for watching stars, for the land is level and almost surrounded by the bay and the ocean. Many a time I have stepped out of our house, which is right by the water, climbed onto the sea-wall, and seen more stars than I ever thought there could be of anything. It is a marvelous sight, when you are standing there at night, at Provincetown looking southward. The cloudless sky above you, the gentle lap of the water on the wall below your feet, and the dark outline of the cape stretching out to your left as far as the eye can see: they all combine to form one unforgettable panorama, engulfing you in its vastness.

The one night I'm sure I'll never forget was at Woods Hole. My grandparents and I had been visiting with some people who lived in a house on a hill, overlooking Buzzards' Bay. Near midnight, my grandfather took me outside. We stepped out under the most glorious night sky that I have ever seen. My grandfather, a navy man since the last war, knows more stars than I can hope to for a long while. He pointed out several of the brightest stars and told me their names. I remember a few of them: Vega, Arcturus, Polaris, Antares. He showed me the constellations: The Big and Little Dippers, the Twins, Sagittarius the archer, Orion the huntsman, and the others. He told me all those, and then he said: "I can tell you only a few of them. I've known them and worked with them for twenty-five years, yet I still know only a few. Look at all the ones I haven't named!" And looking up, I understood what he meant.

As I stepped out into the night, I felt the most wonderful sense of release from all cares and worries. On top of that hill, hearing the bay softly beating on the rocks below, and looking up at all that wonder, I really felt free.

Sometimes nights have disappointed me, it is true; such as one when I went to sleep beneath the stars, but had to retire to the shelter of a tent when a rainstorm woke me up. But I am not often disappointed. I am sure as long as I live I shall consider a star-filled sky one of the most beautiful of all sights.

COLIN McANENY (VI)

Wildcats

A small group of boys from a camp in Virginia started out for an overnight hike. There were eleven of us, counting myself. We had made a route which would take us about fifteen miles for the day. After a day of hard struggling over the mountains we came to a sheltered valley where we stopped to make camp.

After a hearty supper we sat around and played cards and other games to pass the time away. A large fire was kept going, for we thought we might be attacked by wildcats. An eerie, but true story, was told about a man who had come almost to the same place as we had, and never came back. A few weeks later a camping party found him with his neck torn to threads by the sharp claws of a wildcat.

Our water supply was running low, so we had to get some more from a water hole 300 feet from our camp. There were three boys chosen to go and get it, and one of them was I. At first it didn't seem so bad, but as

the woods closed in on us everything that moved seemed to take weird shapes and come alive. The water hole was only a hundred feet away now when one boy gave a hoarse scream, and ran back to the camp with terror in his eyes that chilled me to the bone. Then my other companion called my attention to two eyes spying out from the bushes. My friend pulled a knife faster than I could see. We kept on going towards the water hole. Just then the eyes disappeared, and two shots rang out through the woods. Quickly we got the water and started back. Then a noise of crunching sticks came to our ears. I stopped in my tracks, my face turned white, and I froze stiff. Another shot was heard. Again we started, almost at a run. At last we reached camp and were told that a wildcat had come into camp and they had shot at it.

When I went to bed I couldn't get to sleep, so I started trying to count sheep. But, alas, all I could see was wildcats.

SHEPHERD ROBERTS (IV)

An Unexpected Catastrophe

Waldo Briggs loved 'coon livers'. His adoration came when The New England Cannery Company stopped canning them. His desire for 'coon livers' for breakfast was so great that he decided to hunt for them. But there remained one slight drawback; Waldo had no gun. However, after some haggling with the proprietor, he managed to borrow a musket from the junk shop.

Then this figure of bearded stolidity ventured forth into the prematurely frigid Vermont autumn. As he walked into the woods he had vague misgivings about his musket, such as, "Will I remember to tamp in the wadding?" Just then a shadow crossed him. He turned. "A bear!"

he shouted, while clutching convulsively for his musket. "Dear me." Panic-stricken, he seized his gun, rammed in the powder, and grabbed for his shot. No shot.

A wave of cold fear swept over him, and as the bear approached, beads of perspiration formed and froze on his beard. Seeing his opportunity, he grabbed a large icicle off his beard and stuffed it into his gun. When the musket fired, the icicle melted, but half-way to the bear it refroze. The ice went into the bear's head, where it melted. Strange to say, the bear died of water on the brain.

NIELS YOUNG (VI)

Our Dog

Let me introduce our dog. His kennel name is Barrow Buccaneer, but we call him Bucky. He is "bred in the purple" and shows it. He has the true bulldog look, and people often call him "Winnie", thinking perhaps of Winston Churchill. He has that British look in his wide-set eyes. You believe that he is a sleepy old thing when he lies snoring before the fire, but anybody who really knows him would not be deceived.

He is a good watch-dog and loves small children. He used to follow my little sister around, and once when she was very small, he stopped her gently and patiently from crawling down the stairs. He watches the house, and his deep and angry bark frightens people who do not know his gentle nature.

Bulldogs don't pick fights, but they have a long memory, and once attacked they never give up. Buck's favorite enemy is "Chummy", a chow dog living around the corner. Bucky was hardly more than a puppy,

when he was ferociously attacked by that evil beast that had killed so many dogs before. It was night. Chummy jumped out of a hedge and almost killed Bucky before he knew what it was about. Bucky never forgot. Time and time again he attacked the Chow and came back bleeding and weak. Last year he found out that it did not pay to go for the Chow's hairy throat. Now he rushes at him, throws him over, and rips his stomach, until they are separated.

When any one of the family comes home, Bucky has the habit of prancing around like a circus horse, making a noise like a baby. In the evening when we sit around by the fire, he comes up and puts his paw on your knee. He wants to be patted. After you have spoken a few kind words to him and scratched him behind the ears, he goes back to the fire with a happy sigh and resumes his sleep.

PETER LINDBERG (V)

Honor Roll

WINTER TERM

90-100

Fletcher
Piper
Rogers
Wallace, J.

85-90

Baron
Brown, G.
Brown, J.
McAneny
Patterson
Paynter
Rossmassler
Schluter
Stevens

80-85

Black
Casadesus
Dignan
Donnelly
Elsasser
Engstrom
Forsyth
Harrop
Hart
Laughlin
Law
Lindabury
Meritt
Thompson
Urbaniak
Wallace, W.
Wright, H.

Wood Cutting

The strenuous sport of wood cutting was practiced by Abraham Lincoln in his youth. It is claimed that it is a builder of enormous muscles and a sinewy back, but the only effects that I have ever received were a stiff back, tired arms, and two handfuls of blisters.

To cut wood properly one must have an axe with a keen cutting edge. This is acquired by taking the axe in the left hand, holding the blade horizontally, and running a hone along the cutting edge. With luck the blade gets sharpened without a mishap such as dropping the hone and breaking it in two, or having the axe fall on your foot and break your toe.

Now you take the axe in your hands. As you do this, a feeling of self-reliance is supposed to fill your

brain. Resting the instrument carelessly on your shoulder, you trudge into the forest. I will not go into details about the actual cutting: how the woods ring with the noise of the strokes of the axe — and your curses; how the axe keeps glancing off the tree and just missing your foot; and last, how overwhelmingly joyous you feel as the tree falls to the earth. Hours later you return, limping, aching, sweating, and exhausted, but victorious. Behind you is drawn a scraggly-looking cedar, with its foliage scraped off and its trunk splattered with mud.

This, of course, is a very one-sided opinion. You may love to get up early in the morning, dash out, and chop down a tree before breakfast, but not I. I would rather do all my cutting in bed, sound asleep.

JOHN FLEMER (VI)

Honor Roll

SPRING TERM

90-100

Fletcher
Piper
Rogers

85-90

Brown, G.
Brown, J.
Donnelly
Engstrom
Hart
Law
McAneny
Meritt
Patterson
Paynter
Rosenborg
Schluter
Stevens
Urbaniak

Wallace, J.
Wallace, W.
Wood

80-85

Baron
Black
Burnstan, A.
Casadesus
Dignan
Elsasser
Forsyth
Laughlin
Lindabury
Moore, K.
Rake
Roberts
Rossmassler
Stace
Thompson
Wright, H.

With the Blues and Whites

SCHOLARSHIP

The scholastic competition between the two Colors was the closest this year that it has ever been. At the end of the year both Colors had a general average of 2.6.

During the winter term the Blues had a slight edge on their rivals, earning an average of 2.5+ to 2.6— for the Whites. In the spring term the Blues also had a slight edge, with a mark of 2.5— to their rivals' 2.5+. These two victories just offset the advantage the Whites had piled up in the fall term.

The boys who had no subject failures in the winter term were as follows:

BLUES (15 out of 37): Baron, Cleland, Dignan, Donnelly, Engstrom, Fletcher, Forsyth, Hart, McAneny, Patterson, Paynter, Piper, Rogers, Stace, Thompson.

WHITES (16 out of 37): Black, Brown G., Brown J., Elsasser, Erdman D., Hall, Harrop, Kleinhans, Law, Lindabury, Rake, Rossmassler, Schluter, Stevens, Wallace J., Wallace W.

The boys clear in the spring term follow:

BLUES (19 out of 37): Baron, Burnstan A., Dignan, Donnelly, Engstrom, Fletcher, Forsyth, Hart, McAneny, Patterson, Paynter, Piper, Roediger, Rogers, Rosenborg, Stace, Thompson, Urbaniak, Wright H.

WHITES (15 out of 37): Brown G., Brown J., Elsasser, Erdman D., Harrop, Heher, Kleinhans, Law, Longstreth, Meritt, Roberts, Rossmassler, Schluter, Stevens, Wallace J.

ICE SKATING

The skating meet held in January on Carnegie Lake resulted in a small landslide for the Whites.

In the Senior division Kleinhans and Moore T. (Whites) took first and second, while Wilson (Blue) was third. This gave the Whites 8 points and the Blues 1.

Among the Intermediates the Whites were upset, with Stepp, Rogers, and Donnelly, all Blues, scoring a clean sweep and giving the Blues 9 to no points for the Whites.

Erdman M. and Longstreth (Whites) were first and second in the Juniors, with Wright H. (Blue) third. This gave the Whites another 8 to 1 margin.

The relay was won by the White team consisting of Erdman M., Longstreth, Harrop, Mathey, Kleinhans, and Young. A general relay in which every boy in both colors took part was also won by the Whites. The final score of the meet was: Whites 26, Blues 11.

HOCKEY

Weather permitted only two games to be played between the Blues and Whites in January. In the Senior division the Whites won twice by scores of 4 - 0 and 2 - 1. The Intermediate Whites also won two games, 1 - 0 and 4 - 1.

BASEBALL

The baseball competition was very close, but the Whites won the championship for the first time in five years by the score of 29 points to 25.

On the Senior field the Blues whipped their rivals with four wins to two, but on the Intermediate diamond the Whites won five out of six games. The Juniors broke even with three victories for each side. A Senior victory counted 4 points, an Intermediate victory 3 points, and a Junior victory 2 points.

The scores of the season's games follow:

SENIORS				INTERMEDIATES			
Blues	5,	Whites	4	Whites	11,	Blues	4
Blues	3,	Whites	2	Whites	7,	Blues	0
Whites	4,	Blues	2	Whites	9,	Blues	1
Whites	8,	Blues	1	Whites	9,	Blues	8
Blues	13,	Whites	7	Blues	16,	Whites	11
Blues	6,	Whites	3	Whites	11,	Blues	3
JUNIORS							
	Whites	14,	Blues	6			
	Whites	9,	Blues	0			
	Blues	10,	Whites	5			
	Blues	6,	Whites	5			
	Blues	13,	Whites	12			
	Whites	14,	Blues	4			

TRACK

The tenth annual track meet was held in Palmer Stadium on May 30, and for the second time in the long series the Whites won the cup presented by Mayor Charles R. Erdman, Jr. The final score was: Whites, 57½ points; Blues, 46½ points.

The 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place point winners, with their colors, are given below:

SENIORS

220-yard dash: Young (W), Erdman D. (W), Cleland (B)
 100-yard dash: Erdman D. (W), Cleland (B), Lindberg P. (W)
 Broad jump: Erdman D. (W), Gallup (B), Young (W)
 High jump: Tie between Cleland (B) and Kleinhans (W); Gallup (B)
 Shot put: Wilson (B), Kleinhans (W), Gallup (B)

INTERMEDIATES

75-yard dash: Donnelly (B), Swinnerton (W), Dignan (B)
 Broad jump: Dignan (B), Donnelly (B), Swinnerton (W)
 High jump: Tie between Donnelly (B) and Schluter (W); tie between Mott (W) and Rogers (B)

JUNIORS

50-yard dash: Carey (B), Longstreth (W), Wallis (W)
 Broad jump: Longstreth (W), Laughlin (W), Meritt (W)
 High jump: Carey (B); tie between Erdman M. (W), Longstreth (W), and Wallace W. (W)

The relay race was won by the Whites, with a team composed of Wallis, Longstreth, Wallace J., Swinnerton, Erdman D., and Young.

Athletics

WINTER SPORTS

The Baker Rink was closed again this winter; so the unofficial hockey team had to use Carnegie Lake for its games. The only game played was one with Junior High, which P. C. D. won with a score of 1-0.

When the weather did not permit skating, a group of boys banded together to form an informal basketball team with Malcolm Cleland as captain. The reason for the not too successful season was lack of practice, the use of the seminary gymnasium being restricted to Wednesday afternoons.

Below are the basketball line-up and games:

LINE-UP

L.f......Cleland
R.f......Burnstan R.
C......Kleinhans
L.g......Paynter
R.g......Moore T.
 Substitutes: Wilson, Lindberg P.
 Stevens, Gallup.

GAMES

P.C.D., 37 : Junior High, 15
 P.C.D., 17 : Hun, 20
 P.C.D., 28 : Hun, 35
 P.C.D., 12 : Lawrenceville, 47
 P.C.D., 26 : Alumni, 11
 P.C.D., 18 : St. Paul, 40
 P.C.D., 33 : Junior High, 36

BASEBALL

P.C.D. had a fairly good baseball team this year, winning two games out of five games played. In the short season we had, Mr. McAneny did a fine job of coaching and umpiring, aided at one or two games by Jack Locke, who gave us a few extra valuable pointers.

P.C.D., 8; Township, 6

P.C.D. got off to a good start this season by winning its first outside game on the home field. This victory was achieved largely through the hitting of Gallup and Paynter, who each smashed a single and a triple, the former also belting a sharp double into right field. Colin McAneny started on the mound for P.C.D., allowing only six hits, but was injured and replaced by Kleinhans in the sixth inning.

P.C.D., 5; Junior High, 6

The second game of the season played on the home diamond against Junior High was very close and exciting throughout. In spite of excellent mound duty by Colin McAneny and the fact that P.C.D. outhit Junior High, the score was tied at the end of the seventh. The game went into extra innings, and Junior High succeeded in gaining a run in the top half of the eighth. P.C.D. was unable to score in their half of the inning, and Junior High won the game, 6-5. Gren Paynter scored two of the home outfit's five runs.

P.C.D., 8; Fathers, 9

The twelfth annual Fathers' and Sons' classic resulted in a close victory for the Fathers. P.C.D. played a rather poor game inasmuch as they made seven errors to the Fathers' four. Two double plays helped to make the game exciting. In spite of the speed and experience of the opposing pitcher, Mr. Schluter, P.C.D. hit fairly well, but failed to equal the Fathers' even heavier hitting.

P.C.D., 13; Township, 9

In a return game with Township on their diamond, P.C.D. was again victorious. At the end of the fifth the score was 9-7 in favor of Township. In the sixth, no runs were made. But in the seventh inning, six P.C.D. players crossed home plate to none for Township, thus winning the ball game, 13-9. Much credit is due Cleland for his superb hitting (4 for 4). In this game Wilson made the only home run of the year with a tremendous belt into center field, but because of his failure to touch third base, he was called out.

P.C.D., 4; Lawrenceville Lower, 7

P.C.D. played its last outside game against a Lawrenceville Lower School nine, on the latter's diamond. Country Day was unable to hit the opposing pitcher for the first six innings and as a result was behind 7-1 at the beginning of the seventh. P.C.D. started a rally in their last time at bat and scored three runs but were unable to overtake the Lawrentians, who were too far ahead. Kleinhans pitched an excellent game, allowing the opposition but six hits.

The first team line-up with batting averages is as follows:

Catcher.....	Moore, T. (.214)	
Pitcher.....	Kleinhans (.212)	(Captain)
	McAneny (.000)	
1b.....	Gallup (.524)	
2b.....	Cleland (.294)	
S.S.....	Paynter (.350)	
3b.....	Rossmassler (.100)	
R.F.....	Lindberg P. (.000)	
C.F.....	Stevens (.000)	
L.F.....	Wilson (.368)	

Substitutes: Burnstan R., Hackl, Heher, Stepp, Steele, Dignan.

The Dramatic Club

The Princeton Country Day School presented its annual play, "The Speckled Band," at the High School auditorium on May 11. The play was a thrilling mystery taken from a story by A. Conan Doyle.

The school's Glee Club sang between the acts as they did last year.

"The Speckled Band" centers around the murder of a young girl. Dr. Rylott (Malcolm Cleland), the villain, plans also to kill his other step-daughter, Enid Stonor (Shepherd Roberts). On the advice of her friend Dr. Watson (John Flemer), she goes to see Sherlock Holmes (Niels Young), who promises to try to solve the case. The play ends in a dramatic climax when Dr. Rylott sends a deadly snake through a ventilator and down a dummy bell rope to Miss Stonor's bed, but Holmes foils the plot and causes the serpent to kill its master instead.

Reviewing the play in the *Princeton Packet*, Professor W. T. Stace said: "The Princeton Country Day School has set, in the past, a remarkably high standard in its dramatic presentations. And this year's performance did not fall below that standard. To the present writer, it certainly seems a very remarkable achievement that a group of young school-boy actors in their teens can be got to give a full-length play which keeps both their school-fellows and their elders thoroughly interested, from the first to the last. Such was certainly the case on Friday night."

The other members of the cast beside those mentioned above were as follows: Rodgers (Robert Patterson), Ali (Kin Tsu), The Coroner (Rowland Burnstan), The Foreman (Thomas Moore), Mr. Armitage (Colin McAneny), Scott Wilson (Grenville Paynter), Mrs. Staunton (Brandon Hart), Billy (Rob Roy Piper), Holt Loaming (George Gallup), James Montague (Martin Stevens), Police Officer (John Heher), Jurors (David Erdman, Peter Lindberg, David Rogers, McKim Steele).

Mr. McAneny directed the play, and Mr. Robson was in charge of the construction of the scenery.

The Glee Club was directed by Mr. Maurer and Mr. Smyth. The boys who sang in it were Burnstan A., Carey, Casadesus, Chivers, Elsasser, Engstrom, Erdman M., Fletcher, Harrop, Hubby, Laughlin, Law, Lindabury, Lindberg S., Longstreth, Meritt, Rake, Rosenborg, Schluter, Thompson, Wallace J., Winans, Wright H., Wright M.

As a result of acting or winning credits by working on scenery, the following boys were elected this spring to membership in the Dramatic Club: Patterson, Heher, Lindberg P., Rogers, Roberts, Tsu, Burnstan R., Paynter, Gallup, Stevens, Wilson, Kleinhans, Rossmassler, Casadesus. Half credit toward possible election next year was won by Steele, Wallace J., Elderkin, Dignan, Winans, Ashley, and Black.

Mathematics.....	COLIN CROMBIE McANENY
English.....	{ COLIN CROMBIE McANENY
	{ JOHN WILKINSON FLEMER
Ancient History.....	{ COLIN CROMBIE McANENY
	{ MALCOLM TRAVIS CLELAND
Latin.....	COLIN CROMBIE McANENY
French.....	COLIN CROMBIE McANENY
Public Speaking.....	JOHN ROBERT HEHER
Worthy Endeavor.....	JOHN ROBERT HEHER
Music Appreciation:	
Senior Division.....	ROBERT LEYBURNE PATTERSON, JR.
(Honorable Mention).....	{ COLIN CROMBIE McANENY
	{ GRENVILLE HOWARD PAYNTER
	{ JOHN WILKINSON FLEMER
	{ THOMAS JENNER MOORE
Junior Division.....	{ EMERY SANBORN FLETCHER
	{ JOHN DUNCAN WALLACE
	{ HUGH KING WRIGHT, JR.
(Honorable Mention).....	{ ARTHUR JOHN PATTEN CHIVERS
	{ DAVID COLE HARROP
	{ PETER MUELLER SCHLUTER

AWARDING OF SCHOOL CUPS

The Headmaster's Cup.....	MALCOLM TRAVIS CLELAND
(Leadership)	
The Horton Cup.....	COLIN CROMBIE McANENY
(General Character)	
The Bourne Cup.....	GEORGE HORACE GALLUP, JR.
(Athletics)	
The Maxwell Cup.....	ROBERT ROY PIPER
(Scholarship—Upper School)	
The Faculty Cup.....	EMERY SANBORN FLETCHER
(Scholarship—Lower School)	

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS

The School Song

School Cheer: 1945.....	DAVID ERDMAN
School.....	THOMAS JENNER MOORE

THE CLASS OF 1945

MALCOLM TRAVIS CLELAND	JOHN ROBERT HEHER
JOHN WILKINSON FLEMER	COLIN CROMBIE McANENY
GEORGE HORACE GALLUP, JR.	THOMAS JENNER MOORE
NIELS OWEN YOUNG	

The Class Prophecy

(By COLIN CROMBIE McANENY and NIELS OWEN YOUNG)

- PHIL: Say this coffee's good, but it tastes sort of queer.
- WILL: I thought it was all right, but it does make me feel sleepy.
- PHIL: Well I guess I'll turn in now. It's getting late.
- WILL: Okay, I will too. See you tomorrow morning.
- PHIL: Right.
(They both lie down and go to sleep, snoring for about 30 seconds, during which time they both grow long beards.)
- WILL: (Yawns) Hey, Phil, it must be almost lunchtime! Wake up!
- PHIL: All right, all right.
- WILL: What's the matter with you? How did you get that beard?
- PHIL: Beard, what do you mean? What, I'll be! — Look, you have one too!
- WILL: Me! Well I'll be darned! I don't get it. Something's wrong.
- PHIL: Gosh I'm hungry. Go get me something. Oh yes, and bring the morning paper.
- WILL: (Gets paper) Look here, it's dated June 11th 1985.
- PHIL: 1985!? They must be crazy. Let me see.
- WILL: See Phil? There it is, 1985! (Turns a few pages) The other pages are dated the same.
- PHIL: But only last night was 1945. It must have been. Why that means we've slept for 40 years! But that's impossible!

WILL: Look here, the headline says: "FAMOUS SURGEON SAVES LIFE OF PRESIDENT". "Dr. Thomas Moore, the world-famous surgeon, today in a brilliant operation saved the life of the President of the United States, Frederic D. Rosenstien. Dr. Moore, famous for operating on many of the royalty of Europe, is probably the greatest living surgeon in the world today. Among the many things he has done was his amazing experiment of putting a human head on a gorilla, after which famous universities the world over gave him funds for further experimentation. Dr. Moore credited his success to the training he received at the Princeton Country Day School, from which he graduated in 1945". Aha! So a member of that class became famous!

PHIL: Well what do you know? Let's see. Oh, look at this headline: "GREAT SCIENTIST REVEALS NEW INVENTION HE DEVELOPED". "Dr. Niels Young, Ph.D., made a demonstration today of his new type of nucleatomic energy poly-dynamic tensor disassociation, which, in the words of its creator, is (quote) "used to navigate, by means of a poly-dimensional space-neutralizer at above the propagational velocity of magneto-electric disturbances. The unique system of pleio-carbonic thiophenes used in the cyclohydrolytic regenerators permits this amazingly efficient metavectorial configuration."

WILL: You mean it says all that?

PHIL: Look! Here it is.

WILL: Let me see. Yes, you're right. Oh, and look, he also graduated from the P. C. D. in 1945! Hm— Here's a political article. It says: "Gov. John R. J. Heher, of New Jersey, Chairman of the Democratic National committee declared from his Trenton home today that he would wage a vigorous campaign next fall for the party's candidates in the coming election. Governor Heher, a member of the class of 1945 at the Princeton Country Day School, has risen in politics from a judge in Trenton through state senator and when elected governor he became famous throughout the country, and was chosen national chairman of the party. An honest and able administrator, Mr. Heher is today a leading figure in world politics."

PHIL: I see. (turns a few pages) Look at this picture! The caption says: "Farmer who saved country from terrible food shortage"—"Mr. George Gallup, pictured here, was credited by Government officials with having saved this nation from an impending famine by his tremendous program of stepped-up production on his double-decked farm. Mr. Gallup, who is recognized as being the nation's greatest authority on agriculture, bought a 26,800,000 acre farm, consisting of nearly half of the state of Wyoming, and had it developed to a remarkable condition of efficiency. It was he who pioneered in the development of this new type of double-decked farm for increased production. It has been said by Gov. John Heher, chairman of the Democratic national committee, at one of his press conferences, that he thinks Mr. Gallup will be the next Secretary of Agriculture."

WILL: All in one farm?

PHIL: That's what they say!

WILL: Gosh (Turns pages) Oh look, here's the theatrical section. Listen to this: "Moon over Murmansk directed by Colin McAneny, produced by Colin McAneny, starring Colin McAneny, written by Colin McAneny, with musical scores by Colin, including that most popular number; "Mazie, the Matron's Mother." I can't believe that he is a graduate of the Princeton Country Day too, but here it is! They say, (quote) "Colin McAneny's theatrical abilities seemed even then to be amazing to his audience."

PHIL: Please don't read the whole thing. Skip through it.

WILL: His last production, "Rhapsodic Rapture," thrilled Broadway audiences for eleven years before his present success.

PHIL: Let's see how the sports column is. Oh, here it is. See this picture: "Pals congratulate 'Babe' Cleland as he crosses the plate on fourth home run of day." Look at this picture of him, Will. He must be a real slugger. Let's see: "Babe Cleland hit four home runs for the Dodgers yesterday, resulting in a 17-1 victory for them. The Babe's present batting average is 724, and he leads the league in home runs, with 207, and also in runs batted in, put-outs, assists, and stolen bases.

WILL: All right so he's good, but —

PHIL: The Babe's lifetime batting average is 623, and he is the only player in major league history with 28 single-handed triple plays to his credit."

WILL: Now I suppose you'll say HE was in that same class of 1945.

PHIL: Yep, here it is. "The Babe got his start in the major leagues when talent scouts noticed his great ability after he graduated from the Princeton Country Day School in 1945."

WILL: All those famous men from one class! I guess there could hardly be any more.

PHIL: (Turns over more pages) What kind of animal would you say that this would be? (Shows him large picture) It has spots like a giraffe, but where's its neck?

WILL: (Takes paper) I don't know. Let me see. Dr. John W. Flemer, noted veterinary and authority on animal breeding, is shown here beside his amazing new hybrid, called a girelefant. This new breed is a cross between a giraffe and an elephant, and Dr. Flemer declared that its primary use would be to till the rice paddies in China, because its large feet and long legs make it very suitable to this type of work. Among Dr. Flemer's many achievements has been his cross between a South American Condor bird and a pony, and finally crossing the result with an Eskimo, producing a flying horse with a human head. Unfortunately, however, this animal was killed one day when it accidentally had its wings cut off by an airplane, and could not survive the resulting fall.

PHIL: That's too bad. I would have liked to see that animal.

WILL: Good grief! Look, he was in that class also. It says it right down here.

PHIL: Well, that's the last page so there can't be any more of them from that class.

WILL: It certainly must have been some class.

PHIL: It certainly must. I wish I had been in it, don't you, Will?

WILL: Yes sir, I certainly do.

The Class Poem

(By JOHN WILKINSON FLEMER)

Cleland is our artist,
He's always making sketches;
But when he made our portraits,
He made us look like wretches.

Beyond the lake's far reaches
Flemer grows shrubs and trees,
Helped by his cats and pooches
And hindered by ticks and fleas.

George Gallup lives near Blawen-
burgh,
Out by the Sourland Hills,
And every time he comes to town
His trip is packed with thrills.

Jack Heher comes up from Trenton
In good weather or in poor;
Each day before school opens
He's waiting at the door.

And now we come to McAneny.
His pitching has such fame
That people come from miles around
Just to see him at a game.

Every day to Gallup's house
Tom Moore makes a safari.
But Latin is Tom's pride and joy —
"Amo, amans, amari".

Young is the class's scientist,
And though we call him "Fruit"
He's always messing in acids,
Formulae, cubes, and square root.

* * * *

You see before you in bold array
What's left of the class of '45
For after History, French, and Math.
Hardly a man is now alive.

The Class Will

(By GEORGE HORACE GALLUP, JR.)

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 Allan Forsyth we leave Johnny Flemer's ape-like ability to climb and swing or any obstacle, regardless of height.

To Dexter Ashley and Billy Black we leave Malcolm Cleland's discovery that when he swings a baseball bat over or under a ball, pushing the air away, a partial vacuum forms which the ball quickly plunges into, thus fooling the catcher and causing him to miss it. This enables Malcolm to get to first base on the third strike.

To Martin Stevens and Peter Lindberg we leave Tom Moore's system of letting a girl pay his way into the movie theater and then ditching her once inside.

To Bob Patterson we leave Jack Heher's ability to drive from Trenton every morning with very few accidents.

To Brandon Hart and Rob Roy Piper Niels Young surrenders his new recipe of poison ivy roots which he finds especially appetizing when there is a hard Algebra assignment.

To Jerry Wilson, George Gallup leaves his technique of "How to run a farm while sleeping."

To David Erdman, Louis Kleinhans, and Grenville Paynter, we leave Colin McAneny's wolflike antics he carries on in the lane south of his house.

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 eleventh day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-five at Princeton in the County of Mercer in the State of New Jersey.



With The Alumni

JOHN COGGESHALL SAUNDERS

Class of 1937

Killed in action over Germany on March 3, 1945. A first lieutenant and pilot of a B-24 with the Eighth Air Force, he had previously been reported as missing in action. He enlisted in May 1942, was commissioned in February 1943, and went overseas last September. He had received the Air Medal and three Oak Leaf clusters.

FRANCOIS LOUIS CHAPMAN

Class of 1938

Enlisted in the French Army in the spring of 1943, and became a lieutenant. He was in training in England up to the time of the liberation of France. He volunteered for a dangerous mission as leader of a group of Maquis on the Alsatian front, and was killed in action in September, 1944.

WALTER PHELPS HALL, JR.

Class of 1938

A Technical Sergeant in the 10th Mountain Infantry Division, in action on the Fifth Army front in Italy. When a platoon, advancing into heavily wooded, mountainous terrain, was held up by fierce German fire, he boldly exposed himself and drew their fire. This gave his platoon a chance to spot the German gun emplacements, knock them out with counterfire, and continue advancing. He was killed on February 20, 1945. The Silver Star was awarded him posthumously.

ERIC SHELLABARGER

Class of 1939

A scout in General Patton's Third Army, he was twice decorated for bravery, with the Bronze Star and the Silver Star. On May 3, 1945, five days before V-E Day, he was killed in action in Germany.

RICHARD ROSSMASSLER

Class of 1940

A Private (First Class) in the 1st Infantry Division, he had been overseas since September, 1944. He was wounded in action in the Ardennes counter-offensive, and died of his wounds in a hospital in Belgium on January 19, 1945.

1926

V. LANSING COLLINS, Jr., since his return from Sydney, Australia, has been for two years 3rd Secretary of the U. S. Embassy in Panama.

LLOYD GIBBONS, a major in the Air Corps, who has served 20 months in China with the 14th Air Force, came home on leave on May 9 and visited his mother in Princeton.

B. GIBSON LEWIS, JR., a foreign missionary of the Presbyterian Church on loan to the World Council of Churches, is going to France to do reconstruction work under the French Protestant Church.

1927

F. W. DINSMORE is on leave from Proctor and Gamble to serve overseas as a captain in the Army. He is the father of a boy and a girl.

FREDERICK W. LOETSCHER is a laboratory technician sergeant 4th grade in southern England.

HENRY NORRIS RUSSELL, JR., is a captain in the Medical Corps of the Army in the Pacific area. He recently left New Guinea for points nearer the front.

1928

RANKIN JOHNSON, JR., a lieutenant in the Amphibious Forces, is a "Beachmaster" on an assault transport now operating in the Pacific. He was married in February, 1943, in Santiago, Chile, to Miss Nuala Frost. His wife now resides in Princeton.

1929

ARCHIBALD R. LEWIS, a captain in the First Army, spent a six-day furlough with his father in London while the latter was en route from Teheran, Iran, to Princeton. Captain Lewis came directly from the front near Cologne in time to attend Easter Service in Westminster Abbey.

ALBERT S. ROE, a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve, has been detached from his sub-chaser after serving on her 18 months. He will return to sea after a leave.

EDWIN A. STIGER, JR., has worked for the past four years with the Sperry Gyroscope Co., Brooklyn, manufacturers of war equipment.

1930

ELMER E. GREEN is president of Green Brothers Boat Yard, Mantoloking, N. J., specializing in boat building and repairing as well as boats for sale or charter.

1931

GEORGE E. BEGGS, JR., is working on several war research jobs, as a representative of the National Defense Research Committee. In his spare time, he reports, he is "still playing with bigger and better radio and acoustical systems, including 16" transcriptions". A daughter, Barbara Anne Beggs, was born on January 19, 1945.

JONATHAN T. MOREY is a 1st Lieutenant of Engineers with the Ninth Army in Germany. His son, Jonathan Blake Morey, is now six months old.

EDWIN J. REEVES, JR. is a captain in the 490th Field Artillery, 11th Armored Force, at present in Austria and Czechoslovakia. He has been in Europe since November, 1944.

ALFRED F. ROBERTSHAW, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Marine Corps who fought on Iwo Jima, has been awarded a Bronze Star Medal for meritorious action while a major in the invasion of Saipan and Tinian. He is married and has a son, Harry Hull Robertshaw, two and a half years old.

1932

STEPHEN R. COOK is a 1st Lieutenant in the 3113th Signal Service Battalion in England.

RICHARD FUNKHOUSER, a 1st Lieutenant and pilot in the 9th Combat Cargo Squadron in Burma, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and one cluster and also the Army Air Medal and two clusters, for service when "flying the Hump" from India.

ROBERT S. HENDRICKSON, JR., has been promoted to the rank of captain in Special Services with the 4th Air Force.

HORATIO W. TURNER is a captain and pilot of a B-29, now stationed at Grand Island, Nebraska. He expects to go overseas shortly.

1933

WOLCOTT N. BAKER, a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve, is on overseas duty. His address: F. P. O. 728 (Jica), c/o Postmaster, New York.

LAWRENCE HEYL, JR., starting his fifth year in the army, has been overseas two and a half years, and has won the Bronze Star Medal. He also received a commendation from the Navy for: "Being the first man out of 25 on vigilant watch to spot enemy ships on the horizon," probably crossing the Channel on or soon after D-Day.

BISHOP WHITE, a captain in the India-China division of the Air Transport Command, has won the Air Medal and Distinguished Flying Cross with clusters for his work in "flying the Hump". He returned to this country in May for three weeks' leave.

1934

JAMES I. ARMSTRONG is a captain with Military Intelligence G-2 in the Philippines. He was recently awarded the Bronze Star for "meritorious service in military operations beyond the call of duty."

JEREMY R. COLPITS, a lieutenant in the Navy, is now flying a bomber, after serving two years on a destroyer.

JOHN B. COLT is an artillery captain with the Ninth Army in Germany.

FRANK T. GORMAN, JR., a captain in the 676th Glider F. A. Battalion, has made good use of his French, acting as interpreter for his battalion.

HUGH B. GREEN, a Navy lieutenant and test pilot, lives at 826 S. Roosevelt Avenue, Columbus 9, Ohio.

MARSHALL C. HOWARD, 1st Lieutenant, is Chief Statistical Control Officer at the Army Air Forces Base at Pratt, Kansas. He has been at an A.A.F. base in Cuba.

DAVID L. HUGHES, a 1st Lieutenant who has been in England with the A.A.F. for a year, has a daughter, Susan McKee Hughes, who was born in August, 1944.

TRISTAM B. JOHNSON is a lieutenant with a Signal Corps Intelligence group attached to General MacArthur's headquarters. Home on leave, he visited the school with his wife in the winter term and submitted to a mass interview by the Sixth Form English class.

HOWARD W. MULLER has been in the Navy for three and a half years. He expects to receive his discharge this summer.

ROBERT L. TERRY, a captain in the 34th Division's 175th Field Artillery Battalion, was one of the first artillery observers to arrive in Bologna, Italy, with advance infantry of the Fifth Army.

DUBOIS WYNKOOP is a corporal in the 991st Signal Service Co., A.P.O. 465, c/o Postmaster, New York. He is starting his second year in Calcutta, India.

1935

HARMON H. ASHLEY, Jr., a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Naval Reserve, is engaged in Naval Air Transport in the Pacific.

JOHN L. BENDER, a lieutenant in the Coast Guard Reserve, has been a father since March 19 of this year. His son is named John Frederick Bender.

ALLEN CARYL BIGELOW, Jr., a 1st Lieutenant of Field Artillery in the 99th Division of the First Army, was wounded in action December 27, 1944, at the Battle of the Belgium Bulge. He was hospitalized in England for four months, and recently rejoined his old outfit in a limited duty capacity.

JOHN N. BROOKS, Jr., 1st Lieutenant, is Communications Officer of the 9th Bombardment Division of the A.A.F.

KENNETH W. CONDIT is a private (1st cl.) somewhere in the Pacific.

STEPHEN B. DEWING will graduate this month from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, with the rank of private (1st cl.) He will serve as interne in Bellevue Hospital until the summer of 1946, when he will be assigned to Army duty as a commissioned officer.

ANDREW W. IMBRIE is a 2nd Lieutenant in the Signal Corps. His address is 2613 8th Street South, Arlington, Va.

DONALD R. YOUNG has been promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant in the 497th A.F.A. Battalion of the Third Army.

1936

CHRISTIAN CHAPMAN, a flyer in the French Army, was brought down over Holland by flak while raiding an enemy objective. He was reported missing, and was found to be safe in a German prison camp only after the German surrender.

WILLIAM M. SLOANE, a Lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve, who has served in the Philippines, was married on May 26 to Miss Martha Eliot Chamberlin of South Norwalk, Connecticut.

JOHN F. WILLIAMSON, JR., is a corporal serving as cryptographic technician with the Air Corps in England.

1937

STEPHEN M. CONGER is an air cadet at Bombardier School at Big Spring Texas. He expects to finish there about the end of June, when he will receive his commission in the A.A.F.

HAROLD I. DONNELLY, JR., is a corporal with the Third Army in occupied Germany.

WILLIAM FLEMER, 3rd, has been in continental Europe since D-day plus 3. He is now en route either to the United States or the Far East.

ROBERT A. HUNTER, a sergeant in the 4th Marine Division, was in rest camp at the beginning of May following the Iwo Jima campaign.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON is a 1st Lieutenant and pilot of a Liberator bomber. He operated from a base somewhere in Italy.

ARTHUR P. MORGAN, is a bombardier-lieutenant in a B-17, stationed at Ardmore, Oklahoma. He received his wings in June, 1944, at San Angelo, Texas.

ERIC H. PHINNEY is an Air Force lieutenant, now getting his flight engineering training. His address is B.P.O. 6, Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado.

JOHN K. SINCLAIR is in the American Field Service, stationed with the British in Burma. He went out to India in January, 1944, and after six weeks' training at Poona he drove his ambulance 1600 miles across India to Imphal. He has now joined a unit to go on into China, probably "for the duration."

LACEY B. SMITH is a corporal in the Air Corps. He is a bombsight mechanic, stationed at Bangalore, India.

1938

FRANCIS X. CRITCHLOW is a private (1st cl.) of Marines. He went overseas in January and is now on the fighting front on Okinawa.

JOHN CROCKER, JR., is an ensign in the Naval Air Force. He is getting his final training in Miami, Florida.

CHARLES R. ERDMAN, III, has been in Germany since last September with the 102nd Division of the Ninth Army. This is the division to which two German armies surrendered on May 3.

NEWTON H. GIBSON is a master-technical sergeant in the Marines. After 18 months in the south Pacific he is now at El Toro, California, a Marine aviation base, taking a refresher course in radar and awaiting orders.

JOHN NORTROP, JR., was commissioned an ensign in the Naval Reserve in March. He is stationed at Corpus Christi, Texas, as flight instructor in instrument flying.

STEPHEN H. PHINNEY, a private (1st cl.) in the 333rd Infantry, went overseas in September, 1944, and has seen much action with the 9th Army. He was married in September to Miss Donna Goldsborough of Baltimore, Md.

1939

ROBERT B. BENHAM is in the American Field Service with the 14th British Army in Burma.

HAROLD B. ERDMAN graduated as an engineer from Yale (Navy program) in June. He won the Varsity "Y" in hockey in 1944 and 1945, and ran the mile on the Yale track team.

EDWARD S. FROHLING is a corporal of combat engineers in the Third Army. He was inducted two years ago last March.

MADISON GORMAN, a seaman, 1/c, is at the Alameda Naval Air Base, California.

STEPHEN KAPLAN has been serving with the Army Air Forces since April, 1943. He is now somewhere in England.

H. SINCLAIR KERR is home after a providential escape from death in a disabled B-17 over Europe. Pinned in the falling plane, he was blown clear when an engine exploded. After a short period as a prisoner of the Germans, he was rescued by the Americans in the last stages of the war.

BRADFORD B. LOCKE, JR., a member of the 4th Marine Division, went safely through the Iwo Jima campaign.

OWEN W. ROBERTS, a private (1st cl.) in the 47th Tank Battalion of the 14th Armored Division, was awarded the Bronze Star for bravery in rescuing men from a burning and exploding ammunition truck at Hagenau, France, on February 16. He is now with the Seventh Army in Germany.

P. MACKAY STURGES, JR., is an ensign on board the U.S.S. *Colorado*. His engagement to Miss Joan B. Woodford, of Ridgefield, Conn., was announced in March.

ROGER WILDE is in Italy with the 88th Division, known as the "Kraut Killers."

1940

JAMES G. DOUGHERTY, JR., is a seaman, 1/c, at Treasure Island, California, training to become a radio technician.

BERTRAND L. GULICK, III, is a sergeant stationed at Army Air Base, Rapid City, South Dakota. On October 19, 1944 he married Miss Bonnie Marie Eberle, of Lincoln, Nebraska.

WILLIAM A. GUTHRIE is an A/S in the Navy V-12 Unit at Princeton University. He is running the 220-yard dash on the Princeton track team.

CHARLES T. HALL, having been wounded in action in France with the Third Army, has returned to the U. S. and is now stationed at the McGuire General Hospital, Richmond, Va.

MICHAEL G. HALL is in the American Field Service with the British 14th Army in Burma.

WILLIAM P. HUNTER is a technical sergeant and flight engineer of a B-24, based in England.

FREDRIC E. SCHLUTER, JR., Mo MM 3/c, is on the U.S.S. *Dentuda*.

1941

T. HART ANDERSON is a seaman, 1/c, on the U.S.S. *Merrick*. He is a radio man.

FRANK W. DONNELLY is an air cadet at Keesler Field, Biloxi, Miss.

STEVENSON FLEMER is an air cadet at the San Antonio Aviation Centre, Texas.

JOHN GULICK has received his discharge from the Navy.

ALDEN B. HALL is completing his sophomore year of the accelerated course at Princeton University. He was on the varsity wrestling team.

GEORGE A. HARROP, III, is in the Naval Hospital at St. Albans, Long Island. He has been ill since completing the Boot Camp at Great Lakes early in March.

DAVID M. HART is in the Naval Language School at Boulder, Colorado, studying Japanese.

R. GEORGE KUSER, JR., graduated from the A.S.T.R.P. at St. Bonaventure College, N. Y., and is now in the field artillery at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

LEIGHTON H. LAUGHLIN is a private in the 2nd Marine Recruit Battalion at Parris Island, South Carolina.

CHARLES H. LEE has been in business for two years, starting as a machinist and storeroom manager, and now working as purchasing agent for his factory.

THOMAS S. MATTHEWS, JR., is an Infantry private (heavy weapons). He went overseas about the end of April.

MARK S. MUNN is still in training at Craig Field, Selma, Alabama.

ALFRED B. PARSONS is a pre-aviation cadet, stationed at Amarillo Army Air Field, Texas.

ALAN Y. PHINNEY, A.M.M. 3/c, is a turret gunner somewhere in the Pacific.

THOMAS C. ROBERTS is a private (1st cl.) in the 34th Division of Infantry. He has been in three landing operations, and was wounded in the leg on Corregidor. After recuperating at a hospital in New Guinea, he is now returning to his unit.

JOHN W. STEWART has been in the Army since April. He is with the 38th Corps of Engineers at Fort Leonard Wood in Missouri.

DANA B. WILDE has a defense job with the American Brass Co. in Torrington, Conn.

1942

JAMES D. ARMITAGE is a seaman 1/c in the U. S. Naval Training School at Great Lakes, Ill. He is about to start radio technician training.

MARTIN N. BENHAM is an air cadet in the Army Air Force at Sheppard Field, Texas. He was called to the Army in March after enlisting last September.

ANTOINE CHAPMAN will take his "baccalaureat" (final examination) at the Lycee Francais de New York this month.

RANDOLPH HUDSON was in the top 10 per cent of his class at the Palo Alto High School, California. He was also on the swimming team and was business manager and assistant sports editor of the school paper. He is now a seaman, 1/c, in the Naval Reserve.

FRANK S. PHINNEY entered the Army Air Corps Reserve as a private in March. He is now studying at Pennsylvania State College.

WILLIAM E. SCHLUTER has graduated from Exeter, where he played on the varsity hockey and baseball teams.

DETLEV F. VAGTS has graduated from Taft School, where he was on the debating team. He will enter Harvard in September.

STANLEY D. WILSON has graduated from The Hill School, where he was on the varsity baseball team. He will enter the armed forces this month.

1943

JOHN CASADESUS is out for track and is a member of the "Major L" Club at Lawrenceville.

PETER E. B. ERDMAN is playing lacrosse at Exeter.

ALEC GALLUP is playing Junior Baseball at Deerfield.

ELMER B. GREEY, JR., is on the track team at Admiral Billard Academy, doing the shot put, discus, half-mile, and mile.

WILLIAM HARROP is earning a B- average at Deerfield.

JAMES LAUGHLIN has been playing spring soccer at Deerfield.

DEAN W. MATHEY was co-captain of the Deerfield varsity hockey team. He plays varsity tennis and is in the Debating Society.

DAVID H. McALPIN, JR., has a B-plus average at Deerfield.

WARD MOREHOUSE has been playing spring soccer and is in the band at Deerfield.

JOHN A. SCHLUTER was captain of the J. V. hockey team at Exeter. He is also on the varsity lacrosse squad.

MICHAEL SHENSTONE is in his last year at Ashbury College, Ottawa, Canada. Next year he will enter Trinity College in the University of Toronto.

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JOHN SLY has been in the Motor Mechanics Unit at Camp Blanding, Florida. He was selected for further training at Fort Benning, Georgia.

DAVID B. VOORHEES, Sk 3/c in the Naval Reserve, has been in the Hawaiian Islands since January, 1944, with the Amphibious Forces.

WILLIAM WETZEL has been earning a B average at Deerfield. He plays tennis and is in the Press Club.

1944

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

PAUL BRONEER is a member of the "Papyrus" News Board and is also on the J. V. track team at Taft.

DON MATHEY is playing varsity tennis, is playing in the band, is on the "Scroll" editorial board and on the "Pocumtuck" editorial board at Deerfield.

JOHN MATTHEWS rows on the J.V. crew and is in the Glee Club and Dramatic Club at South Kent School.

JOHN L. MOORE, JR., is playing spring soccer and House baseball at Deerfield.

GARDNER MUNRO is playing Junior Baseball at Deerfield.

RICHARD PAYNTER has an 89.2 average for the Third Term at Episcopal High School. He plays first base on the J. V. baseball team, is in the choir, and is a member of the Fairfax Literary Society.

DAVID RALSTON had an 83 average at Lawrenceville at midyears, and was 6th out of a class of 189. He has been elected to the "Lawrence" board and the Periwig Club. He received a short story prize at Commencement.

MARKLEY ROBERTS is in the orchestra and is a member of a Club track team at Exeter.

CLASSES THAT HAVE NOT YET GRADUATED

LEDLIE I. LAUGHLIN (1945) is obtaining an average of 75 at St. Paul's.

DENVER LINDLEY, JR., (1945) made the third honor roll at Hotchkiss both terms and won his letter in soccer.

JOHN C. STEWART (1945) is playing baseball at Middlesex School. He is also in the Glee Club.

CARL WEISER (1945) is obtaining an 84 average at Mercersburg Academy. He has played on the J. V. baseball, varsity soccer, and second wrestling teams. He is also in the Irving Debating Society.

NICHOLAS HOPKINSON (1946) attends the Sandroyd School, Tollard Royal, Salisbury, England.

MICHAEL HUDSON (1946) is class secretary at the Jordan Junior High School, Palo Alto, California. He is earning a B-plus average.

PAUL MATTHEWS (1948) is treasurer of his class at Buckley School, New York City.

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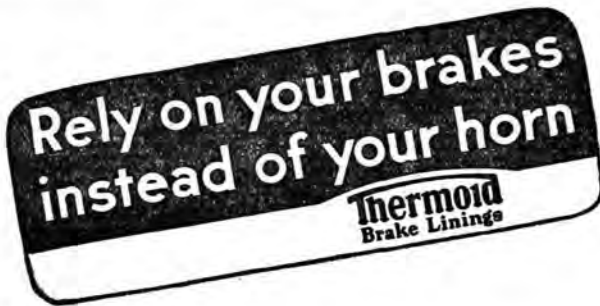
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