

VOL. XX, No. 1

JUNIOR JOURNAL

MAY, 1948

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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MAY

1948

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL



JAMES HOWARD MURCH
HEADMASTER
1924-1947

James Howard Murch

Although it is almost a year since I had the unhappy task of informing our school family that Mr. Murch had passed away, I know that many of you have thought often of him as the months have gone by. It seemed sadly fitting then that his life should have moved to its close with the ending of a school year; yet it is comforting now to recall that he lived to see his twenty-third group of boys become alumni, to hear the tributes paid to him at that last Commencement, and to learn of the progress of the hopes and plans for the School he had served so well.

To all who knew him Mr. Murch and the School were one and inseparable. So intimate had this identification become that many Princetonians persisted in speaking of it as "Mr. Murch's School," as if in implied, or even deliberate recognition of his influence upon it. Certainly it was an auspicious day for Princeton when Mr. Murch opened the Junior School for Boys, as the original building on Bayard Lane was known, in September, 1924. Twenty-eight boys from Trenton, Lawrenceville, and Princeton answered the first school rollcall, and from that opening day Mr. Murch placed himself on duty with a selfless devotion that lasted until the week of his death.

For twenty-three years James Howard Murch acted as Headmaster of Princeton Country Day School, carrying a heavy double burden of administrative and teaching responsibility. During this time the School saw many changes. The autumn of 1930 was marked by the selection of a new name and the opening of the present building on Broadmead. With the passing years came increased enrollments, faculty changes, and operational problems. Through it all Mr. Murch remained at the helm, providing the personal direction and focal continuity so vital to the welfare of a growing school. In these busy, fruitful years nearly four hundred boys came under his influence, and there can be few who will ever forget his unfailing kindness when sympathy or guidance were needed, his eagerness to help when courage or understanding faltered, his pride in achievement when boy or team or School had won success.

In a very real sense his personal life was bound up in the life of the School. No aspect of school routine was too trivial for his attention; for where his School was concerned, everyone and everything became significant

and important. He entered upon each day's program with alert enjoyment, and the zeal he displayed in explaining the mysteries of mathematics was matched by the pleasurable relish with which he undertook to interpret the decimal-splitting rivalries of the Blues and Whites.

So many tributes have been paid to Mr. Murch as man and teacher that it would be superfluous to add to them or summarize them here. Whatever the School is, he made it so; whatever the School has meant in the lives of hundreds of boys is owed to him. I hope that all who knew him as Headmaster will keep fresh their memory of a true friend of boys and a genial companion of men.

H. R.

Who's Who

1947-1948

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Charles Bray, *Secretary*

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President, Charles Mapes
Vice-President, Edward Johnson
Secretary-Treasurer, George Brown

WHITES

John Wallace, *President*
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HOCKEY CAPTAIN

David Harrop

BASEBALL CAPTAIN

Roger Wood

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JUNIOR JOURNAL

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Vol. XX

MAY, 1948

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Editorial

Since the last time the JUNIOR JOURNAL was printed, a great many things have happened. The most outstanding occurrence was the saddening death of Mr. Murch, our headmaster.

It was he who first founded the Country Day School under the name of Princeton Junior School for Boys in the old house on Bayard Lane. Through the first twenty-three years of the school he did the work of three or four men, and he did it well. He taught from four to five classes a day, and on top of that he bore the strain and responsibility of supervising the entire school.

During 1947, in spite of rapidly failing health, he came to school in order to continue his strenuous duties. Toward the middle of the year this routine became extremely difficult, and his ailing condition became so serious that he often was able to spend only part of each day at the school. For the first time in twenty-three years he was not able to attend Commencement. However, through the kindness of Dr. Law, who installed a phone transmitter in the study hall, Mr. Murch was able to hear, if not attend the Commencement.

On June seventeenth Mr. Murch passed away in the Princeton Hospital.

This was a very sad happening, and all those who had known him felt it to be a personal loss.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Murch was unable to see the fulfillment of his hopes for the improvement of the school, for it was he who, despite indifference toward the project, held to the thought that the school could have better facilities. A year ago this month he had plans for an addition drawn, calling for a new wing to be built on the north end of the school, containing a library, class-rooms, locker rooms, and a gymnasium.

It is hoped and expected that work on this project can be started soon and at least some of the space be made available when school opens in the fall. Through his enthusiasm and persistence, Mr. Ross, our present headmaster, has stirred the interest of those concerned to bring the ideal of a larger building closer to being a reality. We all wish him the best of success.

Honor Roll

FALL TERM, 1947

90-100

BROWN, G.

BROWN, J.

COOK

HAMILTON

HESS

KERR

WALLACE, J.

WRIGHT

85-89

BAUER

DENNEN, B.

DENNEN, R.

DORF, T.

FLETCHER

HEHER

JOHNSON

KALES

LAW

PHELPS

SHEAR

STILLWELL

THOMPSON

80-84

ALSOP

BELFORD

BRAY, C.

BRAY, R.

BURNSTAN

CUYLER

ELSASSER

GRIGGS

HACKL

HARROP

HILLIER

LAUGHLIN

LÉE

LINDABURY

RULON-MILLER

SAVAGE

URBANIAK, T.

The Darkness

It was a balmy August evening. The dusk had set in, and darkness was falling.

She was worried.

"I just wish that boy wouldn't stay out to this hour of the night. If he slipped on those rocks in the canal. . . . He can't swim either. I must find him!"

She got up, put down the magazine, the reading of which had been interrupted by her thoughts, and crossed the room to the front door. She peered into the gloom.

"I just wish they had put up the street lights like they were supposed to," she murmured to herself.

"Johnnie" . . . no answer. "Johnnie" . . . still no answer.

"That boy! Now I suppose I'll have to find him myself."

She let the door slam with a bang as she walked out on the front porch of the old house. As she walked down the steps, she thought about the canal and as she reached the sidewalk she called again for Johnnie.

It was completely dark by now and the darkness seemed sinister and frightening to her, almost like a thing alive.

She turned towards the canal. She called again and again. She was really

frightened now, and the darkness added to her fright. There were no crickets chirping, and there was no moon or stars; everything seemed blotted out by this darkness. It was still, . . . still as . . . as . . . death. The more she thought about death the more she thought about the canal and her son, and she became more and more frightened about it. The darkness was thick and oppressive, it was like water, and it seemed almost impossible for her to breathe. She was near the canal now, and her terror changed to panic. The darkness seemed to swirl around her now, as though it were deriving pleasure from knowing that it had caused a death. She screamed. She didn't know what she screamed, but she screamed and the darkness laughed at her.

There was a cracking in the bushes behind her. She spun around.

"I'm sorry, Mom, I was over at Joe's. Hey, what's the matter?"

The darkness drew back with a hiss, its false pleasure had been taken away. A breeze blew across her face. It cleared her head. Her panic left her. The crickets chirped again. The darkness held no more fear for her.

PAUL ROEBLING (V)



A Trip to Mars

My story starts off at the New York City rocket-base in the year 2,059. My one-man rocket-driven ship was being warmed up for the first trip to Mars. The chief mechanic called me over to get in it, for the ship was ready. I climbed in after saying goodbye to my friends and maybe to the earth too. Then with a hiss of air my airtight doors shut and I was ready to take off. I then pressed the "go" button and with a roar of jet thrust I shot up off the base and through the earth's atmosphere. I had to be very conservative with my fuel because as soon as I got out of our atmosphere I had many thousands of miles to go, and this meant that I would have to coast through space until I got to Mars's atmosphere or at least past the moon. After about 230 minutes' coasting at one thousand miles per minute, I reached the moon and sat and gazed at this wonder before my eyes. The craters were much bigger than they seemed through my observatory telescope back home on the earth, and the mountains were enormous. Traveling at this speed didn't give me much time to view this "dead" world, but I got a lot out of it and was soon coasting under the moon and into darkness.

At about eleven-thousand miles beyond the moon I sat aghast at the silent splendor of infinity. I could even look back and see what no man has ever seen before, the other side of the moon. I looked off and also saw about three comets, each with tails several million miles long, sail

past me and many meteors too. Out in this vast space, between the moon and Mars, I got the eerie feeling of being without any weight, for there was no comforting gravity to hold me down—water wouldn't pour and food drifted away as if it were tied to a string and were being pulled away from me and I kept bumping my head against the ceiling of the rocket.

At last, after floating through thousands of miles of space, I sighted Mars, shining in all her glory, about two-thousand miles away from me, and I judged that it would be two hours before the great moment arrived. After this time had elapsed, I arrived on the rim of a new world, Mars. Below me on this new world I could see that the vast green spots that I had seen in pictures were a sort of jungle with nature-made canals supplying water from the polar caps to keep this dying world alive and that the reason this planet looked orange from the earth was because most of its surface is a vast desert.

I headed my ship and took off my oxygen space suit and walked about peering at new and interesting creatures and things. An icy wind blew clouds of dust across my face, from the vast deserts, and continued on across the icy ponds and canals. Most of Mars seemed arid and less rugged than either the earth or the moon, and the piercingly cold air contained only a fraction of the oxygen I was used to on earth; I had to gasp now and then to catch my breath. Then suddenly I realized I could lift things that

looked to me to be heavy, and I remembered that the gravity, like that on the moon, is much less than that of the earth. I also realized that before me lay the age-old riddles of mankind and that soon I would have to explore this new-found world and if I could, get back to the earth and tell what I knew.

After long explorations and trips into the cool jungles of Mars I went back to the earth the way I had come, thus ending the most breathtaking adventure I have ever experienced or wish to experience again.

NICHOLAS HUBBY (IV)

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90-100

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JOHNSON
KERR

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D'ARMS, J.
DENNEN, B.
DENNEN, R.
DORF, T.
FLETCHER
GRIGGS
HEHER
LAW
LINDABURY
SHEAR
THOMPSON
WALLACE, J.
WRIGHT

80-84

BRAY, C.
BURNSTAN
CAIN
CANNON
CLARKE
DORF, N.
ELSASSER
HACKL
HARROP
HILLIER
KALES
LAUGHLIN
LEE
MAPES
MERITT
MILLER
MOORE
PHELPS
RULON-MILLER
URBANIAK, H.
WALLACE, W.
WALLIS



My Early Ambitions

I remember my earliest ambitions as a series of fast-pacing horses in a parade.

At the age of two in Athens I longed to be a street cleaner, as through the iron-grilled fence I watched the white-wings with their broad brushes and carts clean the street in front of our house. In rapid succession in the years that followed I had eager desires to be: first, boot-black, barber, and grocery clerk; then dentist and doctor. These ambitions were inspired by various toys I had, such as a grocery store and doctor's set. But my pursuit of the bootblack's trade ended in misfortune, for the supposedly empty jam jar which I used for my polish was the cause of making Mummy's shoes all gummy and sticky, when I pretended to polish them.

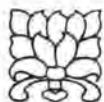
Later I remember that I wanted to be a chef, owing to the fascination that our kitchen always had for me. Our cook was a jolly person and always helped me with my mixtures. Once she even made a tall, white chef's hat for me out of a paper bag, which I proudly wore while serving Mummy and Daddy some dish I had concocted in the kitchen. I found the kitchen one of the nicest places in the house, for there were so many things one could do there with all the pans and furniture.

At one time I even longed to be a

bartender, for on a visit to a friend's house we boys had been allowed to use the fizzy-water gadget to mix water drinks in their private bar in the game room. What a constant wonder it was to watch the red or brown water fizzle and bubble! For several weeks that idea fascinated me, but Mummy didn't think as much of it as I did.

When I was seven I received a marionette show for my birthday. From that time on I have been really interested in plays and shows. Of course, there have been lapses when I wanted to be in a band and play my trumpet, or when I thought digging in the ground for treasure as an archaeologist, as my father did, would be a wonderful work. And also I wanted to be an architect and design houses. But somehow I always come back to my interest in plays. I have thought about them and tried my hand at some. What I would like most to do when I grow up would be to learn to write good plays, be able to make my own scenery, design the costumes, and really produce the whole play. The reason this appeals to me is that there is such an opportunity for painting, drawing, building, designing, and mostly writing—all things that I like to do. It may take years of study, but there would be lots of fun along the way.

T. LESLIE SHEAR, JR. (II)



Stand and Deliver

I am going to tell you about one of the most thrilling experiences I have ever had. My name is John Lowell but people generally call me Jack. My father was lost at sea when I was seven years old, and I am now supporting my mother by working as a stable boy. I have been here at the White Horse Inn for eight years, and I find my job to be very tedious at times. Every night for several years I sat by the fire and listened to the exciting stories told by the coach drivers and freighters. My biggest wish was to travel with these men, not as a passenger, but as a guard or a relief driver.

At last one spring day my wish came true. Mr. Blunt, the proprietor of the White Horse Inn, called me into the barroom. As I entered I saw a tall, heavy-set man standing beside Mr. Blunt.

"Jack," he greeted me, "this man is Charles Irwin, driver of the stage-coach from Glensboro to London. He says that he is carrying valuable documents which must go through safely. His only guard has turned back and he is looking for someone to replace him. Do you think you can do it?"

I knew that now my wish was fulfilled.

"Mr. Irwin," I said to the coachman, "I would be glad to go with you as guard. I think I can do it."

"Fine," Irwin replied. "Be ready to go with me at five o'clock tomorrow morning, and wear something heavy. It's liable to be pretty cold."

"I'll have the horses ready, sir," I replied.

The next morning I was up at dawn and readied the horses with the aid of Mr. Pumfrey, the man in charge of the stable. He warned me to be careful and not to allow any strange people on board. Soon Mr. Irwin came out of the Inn, followed by three passengers. Mr. Irwin was carrying a small metal box, two muskets, and three horse pistols. When the three passengers had climbed in, Mr. Irwin and I mounted to the driver's seat. He cracked the whip once and we were off.

What a thrill it was to be seated up there with the valuable box and guarding it with various weapons! I now had a man's job although I knew that in a few days I would again be just an ordinary stable boy.

I had brought my breakfast with me, and was eating it when Mr. Irwin, who was seated beside me, said, "We should get acquainted here. Where do you come from?"

I explained to him how I happened to be a stable boy, and we discussed ourselves for a long time. I learned that the journey from the White Horse Inn to London would take three days if all went well. I saw little of the passengers, but they seemed to be very quiet people.

The day as a whole was uneventful, and we were glad to stop for the night at about seven o'clock. Mr. Irwin, I noticed, carried the metal box with him all the time, although it was slightly awkward.

After we had eaten, the innkeeper called us over to a corner.

"Are you Charles Irwin?" he asked.

"That's right," Mr. Irwin answered in a guarded tone.

"Well, I thought you'd like to know," he said, "that I overheard one of your passengers telling a man about a certain valuable box which you are taking to London. They were making plans, I believe, to obtain that box."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely!"

"Well, in that case," Mr. Irwin replied, "you and I, Jack, shall have to think of some way of tricking them. I can't very well leave those documents here. They must get through."

Later that night, Mr. Irwin and I thought of a scheme to trick anyone who might attempt a robbery. We fastened the metal box to the rear axle. We thought that it would be the last place where anyone would look. Then we obtained an empty box almost like it and guarded that instead of the valuable one.

The next morning when we set out, it was very dark and we progressed slowly. We did not know whether only one of our passengers was guilty or all of them. They all looked innocent enough. My heart was beating fast and I had my musket ready to fire.

Soon we were climbing a long hill. As we went slowly upwards, I caught sight of the crest. I saw three figures of men moving around up there.

I motioned to Mr. Irwin, "Look up there! Three men!"

"Look again," he whispered. "Three men and four horses. That means that we're carrying a highway robber."

We were not able to stop because the hill was too steep. When at last we arrived at the top, a man caught hold of one of the lead horses. Two other men surrounded us.

They were silent for a minute; then one of them broke out, "Stand and deliver!"

We both stood up quickly and Mr. Irwin whispered to me to shoot. I had never shot a human being before and I had a queer feeling as I reached for my gun. Then I remembered the valuable documents which must get through and I pulled the trigger. Nothing happened! Instantly one of the highway robbers standing beside me grabbed me and knocked me to the ground. Then I remembered vaguely that Mr. Irwin handed the small container to one of the robbers. While this was taking place, one of the passengers was holding the other two at gun point.

The four highway robbers then rode swiftly away with their loot, having warned us not to move until they were out of sight. The two remaining passengers were very frightened and leaped out to ask many questions. Mr. Irwin carefully laid me inside the carriage, so I was told, and revived me. Soon I was ready to go. After we had brought the documents, which had shaken loose by this time, up front, we were on our way again.

Mr. Irwin told me all that had happened while I was unconscious. He said that he had purposely removed the priming from my gun because he wanted it to look as if we were de-

fending the real documents. If the gun, however, had shot one of the robbers, the others might have sought revenge.

The rest of the journey was fairly uneventful, and we delivered the documents safely to the correct destination.

When I returned to the White Horse Inn, I really had an exciting story to relate. Now at night, when I sit around the fire, instead of listening to the exciting highway stories of others, I have one of my own to tell!

GEORGE BROWN (VI)

Cat and Mouse

One day I was sitting in a chair
In front of a window, trying to get
the air.

All at once I saw a cat
Who seemed to be wearing a big,
black hat.

He was running after a mouse
Which was running for its house.

"Run, mouse, run," said I.

"Run, run, for the cat gets nigh.

Run, run, run, lest you die!"

And I had joy that day,
For the mouse got away!

DAVID HAMILTON (I)



A Search for an Interesting Subject

One Monday in English class we were told to write a composition on a free topic. We were given about five days to do it. That very day after school I set out to try to find an interesting subject.

I started out on my bike and went to watch baseball practice, as baseball is my favorite sport. I had found on most days the practice was quite interesting, but today of all days, it was not. They didn't play a game as they usually did. The members of the team just had fielding practice, and the outfield was getting practice on fly balls. As it was getting late, I had to go on home.

The next day I decided to wait until that night when I would be going to the observatory. That morning was a bright, sunny one, and I thought I would be able to see a lot through a telescope. As the day wore on it got cloudy. That night when I arrived at the observatory, it was so cloudy that you couldn't see even the moon. As long as I couldn't write about what I had seen (which was nothing), I decided to wait until the next day and try again.

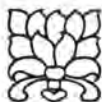
After school I went home and did my homework because that night Stassen was going to give a speech. I was going to his speech and write my composition about it. That night about seven I was listening to the radio program and there was a report that Stassen was very sick and would

not be able to speak at Princeton University. I was again foiled. Now I couldn't write on that either. I had one day left and I hadn't found a good subject, but luckily there was to be a circus in town the next day. Surely if I went to see it I could find something interesting to write about.

At three o'clock the next afternoon the boys who were going to the circus were let out of school. We rode our bikes over to the circus grounds. The circus wasn't ready to start; so I bought hot dogs, peanuts, and Good Humors. That made me very thirsty; so I drank some Coca-Cola and then root beer. I bought my ticket and went in and sat down. The band started to play, and the circus was ready to begin. Suddenly I felt very sick. I realized I couldn't sit there any longer; so I quickly left and went home. When I got there I went straight to bed.

But what was happening? I was in bed all right, but I seemed to be waking up from a sound sleep, and I didn't feel sick at all. It was morning, and my brother was telling me to hurry up and get up. It had all been a bad dream, and actually it was only the day after our English assignment had been given out! I still had four more days to write my composition, and I had already decided on the topic. I would write about my bad dream.

WILLIAM WALLACE (IV)



The Mysterious Box

I met Mr. Thomas Parkson on April 23, 1901, when he stepped into my shop with its sign, "John Franklin, Metalworker."

With him he brought a small metal box ten inches long, eight inches wide, and ten inches high.

"You are the proprietor of this shop?" he asked me.

"Yes, sir, I am," I replied. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I hope so," he answered. "I am Thomas Parkson. I have here a box believed to contain many precious stones: diamonds, rubies, and pearls. This box also has a mechanism in its lock, which, if the key is turned in it, will explode the box. However, as this box was bequeathed to me by a person not altogether sane, either or both of these statements may be false.

"I have come to you, therefore, because, being a competent metalworker, you may find some way to open the box. I offer you the largest ruby if you succeed in doing this."

"Sir," I told him, "although this task is highly dangerous, I am willing to undertake it, as I am tempted both by the reward and by the very nature of the job."

"Very well," he responded. "I shall leave the box in your custody, and shall return tomorrow to see if you have made any progress. Goodbye and good luck!"

After he had left the shop, I pondered the situation, and finally decided on a plan. I took a piece of tissue paper and moistened the end. I

rolled the wet end up loosely and carefully inserted it in the keyhole. I then removed it and examined it.

As I had expected, there were grains of some kind of powder on the paper. I took these to an expert in explosives to be analyzed.

He told me, after a close examination of the grains of powder, that they were some explosive unknown to him, and that it was extremely powerful.

I asked him whether the charge would be rendered impotent if it were soaked in water.

"No," he replied. "These grains which you brought me were not in any way decomposed by the water on the paper."

I returned to my shop to think over another plan, but finally, as it was growing late, I retired to my rooms over the store. As I lay in bed, I thought about how I was to open this box without blowing myself to kingdom come. About midnight, as I was drifting off to sleep, I was struck with an idea.

I hurriedly dressed and descended to the room in which I kept the box. Carefully I carried it into my workshop, and laid it gently, upside down, on a heap of straw. I then took a fine-toothed file from my tool chest and began to file the tops of the rivets holding the strips of iron, which in turn held the sides of the box in place. I filed gently and cautiously, for fear the box would explode if I jarred it.

Morning came; I was still at work. Fifty rivets held the bottom in place.

By six-thirty, after six and one-half hours of work, I had filed off the heads of thirty-two rivets, and was working on the remaining ones.

At seven-thirty I ceased my work in order to eat my breakfast. I resumed my job at eight o'clock.

About quarter past ten Mr. Parkson came in. I still had one rivet to file, and as I did this, I told him my plan.

I had finished my job! Cautiously we slid back the iron bottom and peered inside.

To our amazement, no jewels confronted our eyes. There was only a piece of paper inside.

Mr. Parkson picked it up with

trembling fingers and read:

"To my nephew Tom:

You, or your assistants, have been crafty enough to open this box. To you I extend my heartiest congratulations!

Yours, from

Uncle Phillip"

You may well ask me, "What of your share of the treasure?"

I may give you some indication of how I was repaid if I tell you that the sign over my shop door now reads: "Franklin and Parkson, Metal-workers."

EMERY FLETCHER (VI)

Snow! Snow! Snow!

Snow! Snow! Will you please stop?
I have to stay in all day.

Can you stop yourself whenever you
wish?

No, there wouldn't be any way.

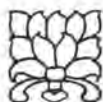
If you don't stop soon it won't be
nice

For some grown-ups I know;

But I guess you can't stop, so all I'll
see

Is snow! Snow! Snow!

THOMAS KERR (II)



Molly Whitis

Molly Whitis was a very unusual cat. She was one of four kittens who were born on a farm in northern Vermont.

At the end of the summer when my aunt had to return to the city she took Molly with her. Molly was a very playful kitten; so she won my aunt's affection.

One summer my aunt brought Molly to visit us in Waitsfield. She liked it so much that when my aunt was ready to leave, Molly could not be found. My aunt was frantic. She began to hunt for her cat, and enlisted our entire household in the hunt. We looked in every room, under all the beds and in all the closets. Everyone looked in my closet because that door had been left open and we knew she could have gone in there. But no one found her, and so after four hours of hunting we were tired and stopped.

About an hour later I heard a rustling in my closet door. Slowly the lid of one of my mother's dress boxes began to rise. Soon a little pink nose appeared, then two bright eyes peered out of the box. Carefully one little paw stepped out and then another. The lid slipped down her tail and into place.

A year or so later while up on the farm Molly had become quite lazy. My aunt gave her a pep talk about catching mice, for it had been quite some time since she had done any hunting. For the rest of the evening Molly just sat and sulked around the

house. But about twelve-thirty that night she jumped on my aunt's bed and awakened her by her jump and purring. To my aunt's surprise she saw Molly had brought her a mouse and had put it on the bed!

A few hours later Molly deposited another mouse on my aunt's chest and again awakened her. Again, in the morning she repeated her performance. At breakfast neither my aunt nor Molly seemed very wide-awake.

For a few more years nothing much happened to Molly. She lived her usual commuter's life, first the country, then the city. But after four or five of these years she needed to have an operation in back of her ear. But Molly had decided ideas, and she decided against it. She broke out of the hospital before her operation. For over a week the family was all stirred up. The Chief of Police was a friend of my aunt's, and they prayed to St. Anthony for her return. Finally as they were about to give up hope, Molly walked up the steps of the library where my aunt worked, just as she was coming out. The strange thing was that Molly had never been to the library, and it is located five miles from my aunt's house.

Molly lived to be twelve years old, but to this day we do not know how she got out of the hospital nor how she knew that she would find my aunt at the library.

BENT WALLIS (IV)

Good Hope

This is not necessarily meant to be an essay on Jamaica, but for those who do not know the island, I shall explain the geography of the place. Jamaica is about 145 miles long and 80 miles wide. It rises from the sea like a giant turtle, the central mountain resembling the rough, horny back of one. Several of these peaks rise 7,000 feet or more.

The uplands and mountain slopes are covered with a luxuriant growth of flowers and forests hung with parasitic mosses, vines, and orchids, and are inhabited by cuckoos, humming birds, and brilliant parrots; a place

"Which all the year is glad with
bloom and girt

By groves made green from the
bright streamlet's wave.

Soft are its slopes and cool its
fragrant shades."

J. F. Thompson and Sons, Inc., is the official name of our property, which comprises seven sections, of which Good Hope is the best known. It came to our family in 1912 and had had quite a past. Schowfield, one of the sections, was formerly owned by the famous Barrett family of Wimpole Street.

The property has three main industries: cocoanuts, cattle, and guests. The guest part is confined to Good Hope, where the guest trade was started in 1934. Since then many people have stayed there, among them the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

Good Hope's own beach is about eight miles from Good Hope itself, and every morning one or two of the

beach cars set out for the sea. There is a long coral reef about a quarter of a mile from the shore which breaks the waves so that there are only a few small breakers right on the beach. Here were kept seven brightly colored little dugouts about six feet in length and almost three feet in width. These boats were as round on the bottom as a telescope and as heavy as lead. In these we often went out to the reef and bucked the huge breakers. If you catch a large one at a certain point it will throw you and the boat over in a complete somersault. A young Negro who was built like Joe Palooka carried planter's punch out to people sunbathing on the float with nary a mishap. He was known as Scott and was as much a part of the beach as the bathhouses and the dock.

On returning from the beach everyone would go into the great house. The great house of Good Hope is made of limestone, as are most of the other buildings of Jamaica. It was built in 1755 but still keeps its firm and solid look, which has lasted since before our country was independent.

Inside, the guests gathered to talk over drinks, or some would go down the outside stairs to the ping-pong room. This room was fairly small and quite dark because the jalousies were nailed shut. It had probably been a detention room for slaves who had gotten out of hand, because it had hexagonal bars outside of the jalousies in all the windows. In one corner the wife of the first owner is buried. She had the house built on top of her

and so in that room is her tombstone, flush with the floor. In another corner on a table lies a stone which has been inscribed as follows: "To the Memory of A.B., Esq., who died half drunk!"

A loud and sinister-sounding gong announces lunch and everyone goes to the large screened-in dining-room.

After lunch almost everyone takes a nap, but some of the more energetic people play tennis on the superbly kept grass tennis courts. Ball boys chase stray balls.

Around 4:30 the horses are brought from the stable to a convenient place for the guests. For the next hour or so everyone rides over almost 200 miles of the most beautiful bridle trails in the world.

My favorite was along the Martha Brae River. This river was such a blue-green color that you would have to see it to appreciate it. At this point the river has formed a pool, known as "Doctor's Hole." The legend goes that a young doctor went swimming there and was drowned. The hole is amazingly deep and the bottom has never been reached. From this same river all the running water is pumped

to the various houses. Drinking water is pure rain water.

Another wonderful trail is over the hills of Schowfield from which you can see the sea. It is a distance of some miles. Still another is the trail by the old Lansquinet Works. Here the pink limestone ruins tell how Jamaica rum was made in the days of the slaves. In the deep underbrush you can still see the furrowed earth of the old cane fields which were grown to make the world's best rum. When it begins to grow dark, finally you start back to the cheering sight of the Great House all lighted up on the hill.

If you return soon enough you usually take a swim in the swimming pool, then go back to your room and get dressed for dinner.

After dinner there is always a game of bridge or two and the ping-pong room is usually well patronized. After a full day you drop off to sleep, thinking about the day to come.

I think the tropics are the most beautiful part of the world, and in all the tropics, Jamaica is my favorite island.

PRATT THOMPSON (VI)

Ships at Sea

I would love to sail in a ship at sea.
It would certainly be the life for me,
Hoisting sails and heaving lines
While over the water the bright sun
shines.

RENSSELAER LEE (II)

The Mystery of the Shrieking Torch

Some years ago when I was visiting in southwestern New Mexico, I was called upon to solve an exceedingly interesting and curious case, "The Case of the Shrieking Torch."

Late one afternoon as I was preparing my fishing tackle for a few hours of peaceful meditation on the banks of the Brodes Creek, I was very much surprised to find my old friend, Carrie La Gros, standing quietly beside me. His eyes expressed emotional fear; he appeared to have something very important on his mind.

"Why, hello, Carrie!" I exclaimed. "I haven't seen you in a dog's age. When did . . ."

I was interrupted abruptly by my companion, whom I had not seen in years. "You've got to help me quick, Jim! My father is trapped in Death's Head Cavern," he appealed excitedly.

"Calm yourself," I suggested. "Just what is this Death's Head Cavern?"

"Well, it seems that there's a blowhole guarding this cavern. You know what a blowhole is, don't you?"

"Yes," I replied, "it's an open gas chamber in the ground which is sometimes ignited by lightning or static electricity."

"Well, this is not an ordinary blowhole. According to Indian tradition it mumbles strange magical words and sputters when anyone approaches it. That's all I know about it."

"Where is this weird sanctuary?" I asked, trying to remain calm.

"About eighty miles south of here; it's near my home in Santa Rita."

Following this brief salutation we mounted Carrie's jeep and began our

journey to Santa Rita. After we had proceeded about thirty miles, we turned off on a dirt road which began near an old deserted oil camp. For the remaining part of our ride to Santa Rita our jeep blazed onward through pitch blackness which was pierced only by the beams of our headlights and the cold glow of the stars.

At approximately eight o'clock we reached Santa Rita. I found it a typical western town with the usual saloons, houses of sun-dried brick, and wandering Indians.

Carrie immediately led me into the sheriff's office, which consisted of only one room. This fairly large room contained a desk, several chairs, and a pot-bellied stove.

The sheriff arose immediately upon perceiving Carrie and me. Before he was able to say a thing, Carrie introduced me. "This is Jim Leigh, Sheriff Olson. He's the agent I was telling you about from the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He's spending his vacation here in New Mexico."

"I shore am powerful glad you can be with us, Mr. Leigh!" bellowed the sheriff, a tall and rather stout man of about thirty years. "This is the strangest case I ever come up against."

After some discussion with Carrie and my new friend, I learned that the shrieking torch was a blowhole, as Carrie had previously stated, and it guarded Death's Head Cavern. This cavern was shaped in a form similar to that of a human skull.

Carrie's father and two other men, Whitey and Ozark, had been seeking gold in the immediate territory sur-

rounding Santa Rita when they were informed by one of the old-timers that Death's Head Cavern contained large deposits of the priceless ore. Every resident of Santa Rita was well acquainted with the fact that there was only one entrance to this rich cavern, and that it was placed by nature in the custody of this weird, shrieking flame. According to Tex, a local saloon owner who had accompanied the venturesome men to the torch, they had pried a gigantic boulder loose and attempted to smother the blowhole. In doing so they seemed to rouse the flame and it rose to a great extent; it also uttered many strange and indistinct cries. The heat and terrifying emotion forced the gold-seekers into the cavern with merely one week's provisions. Tex, frightened almost crazy, rode back to town as fast as his horse could gallop. The entire population of the little town was extremely terrified and regarded this event as the coming of an evil spirit who was about to consume them. (At least one-half of the population was Indian.)

Sitting cuddled up to the stove in a distant corner of the room was a half-thawed Indian wrapped in his Pueblo serape. This Indian having been addressed by Sheriff Olson, I inquired, "Tell me, sir," (for the Indians always enjoyed being named as *Sir*), "why does this torch light up when men approach it?"

The thoughtful but superstitious reply was: "Cavern is home of Sun-God. He want to be alone. All Injun know that."

At about eleven o'clock I rose and

suggested that we might obtain a bite to eat at a nearby saloon.

"That seems like a truly sound idea!" roared the sheriff once more.

After satisfying our palates with some tortillas and chili, we set out on what our Indian friend referred to as a journey of death. We had stored away about two days' provisions of food and water.

"What a time to go looking for trouble—midnight," broke in Carrie after we had journeyed for about forty minutes.

"There's no time to lose. Furthermore nothing will happen at midnight that will not happen during the day," I replied sharply.

We circled around the cavern and found ourselves on an old mule trail leading down, down, down—to the Gila River Valley. Having proceeded for about a mile, we heard a loud shrieking and froze in our tracks. Then to our astonishment we perceived a flock of birds swarming above us. Sheriff Olson recognized them as Rocky Mountain magpies. Thereupon I realized that I had solved the Case of the Shrieking Torch.

My two companions, not yet comprehending the solution of the mystery, were more than eager to leave the river valley at once.

"I'm gettin' this here coyote out of here right now!" barked the sheriff pointing to himself.

Running at top speed I persuaded the sheriff and Carrie to aid me in an experiment. We walked down very quietly, at my request, and approached the dreaded cavern.

The first procedure to my experi-

ment was to build a small stone wall around the blowhole. Having done this, we smothered the flame as the other less-fortunate men had attempted. Then, the entrance to the cavern being left open, we had no trouble rescuing the captives of nature.

The next morning I arranged a meeting of the party involved in this simple but baffling case. I took advantage of this opportunity to explain the mystery of the shrieking torch. I demonstrated with a Bunsen burner the principle by which the blowhole operated. I pointed out that when one whistled, the flame of the burner

would rise, and that when I placed a strip of metal around the flame there would be no sputtering when I whistled as before. This operation proved that the wall of rocks broke up the short-wave impulses which were created by the magpies. These birds were aroused in turn by the shuffling of rocks with which the blowhole was to be smothered. The cries were, of course, those of the birds.

Thus it was again proved that superstition based on false evidence is about as substantial as a kite in a windstorm.

JAMES BROWN (VI)

The Ground Hog

When the ground hog comes out,
He comes like a Boy Scout;
He looks around and around
To see if his shadow is on the ground.

If it's there, he goes back in
With a happy, smiley grin,
For he knows that he can sleep
While the snow is getting deep.
He has six weeks more to wait,
Because this year spring is late.

NORMAN DORF (I)

First Date

It was the night of the big dance at Portland High School. Jimmy Bradwick was definitely nervous as he walked along the dimly lighted street towards the house of the Grahams. Alice Graham was in Jimmy's class in high school, and he asked her to the dance. Jimmy had been with girls in movies when he was with other boys, but this was his first solo date with the girl he particularly admired. Jimmy was sure that Alice had been on many dates before and knew what they were like, but this was Jimmy's first experience, and he hoped he could show Alice as good a time as those which she had had on other dates.

Jimmy walked down the street and turned up the curved walk that led to the Grahams' house. The moon was shining brightly through the blooming apple trees that bordered the walk, and a soft, warm spring breeze was blowing. Although the night was warm, Jimmy was shivering from the thought of being with a girl who was used to parties and dances. He thought of how all the boys would crowd around her and he would be left "in the cold," and he wondered how he had gotten up the nerve to ask her to the dance. Now the time when he would have to face her parents was arriving. Would they be polite and kind or would they be the kind of parents that did not want their daughter to go out with a boy who was unknown to them? He hoped they would be polite and kind.

The porch was now in sight, and

Jimmy stopped and tried to make himself stop shivering. After a few minutes he went up the steps towards the big wooden door with windows on either side and over it. Here he paused again before regaining enough courage to ring the doorbell. Finally, suddenly like a fox, he pushed the doorbell and quickly stuck his hand back in his pocket. He heard the chime-like bells ring on the inside and the footsteps of Mrs. Graham coming to the door. She opened the door and stood gazing at him for a moment.

"Oh!" she said with a kind voice. "You're Jimmy Bradwick, aren't you? Alice has been talking about you these last few days. She is upstairs dressing right now. Won't you come in?"

"Thank you," said Jimmy, entering the hall and going into the dimly lighted living-room.

"Sit down and make yourself at home." Jimmy did so. Mrs. Graham continued: "I know that you have been to many dances and parties and are familiar with them. This is really the first time that Alice has ever been to a big dance and . . . Well, if you would kind of help her along."

"With pleasure," answered Jimmy, having lost most of his fear. Then, seeing his date coming down the steps, dressed in a black, strapless evening gown and a white fur coat over her shoulders, he lost all of his fright completely, exclaiming in an excited voice, "Come on, chick! We'll wow 'em!"

BRUCE DENNEN (V)

A Trip to Cheyenne

One day when I was four years old, Daddy surprised us by bringing home a new car. A week later, my father, mother, big brother, and I started off for Cheyenne, Wyoming, to see the rodeo, which was called "Frontier Days."

As we drove along, the plains were on the east of us and the Rocky Mountains on the west. The mountains were very beautiful with their snow-capped tops. Once in a while we would see some cowboys herding cattle, and others herding sheep.

The next day we arrived about noon. We looked around the town of Cheyenne. Soon we went over to the Cheyenne airport. It is a very big air center. We saw some planes come in and some take off.

Cheyenne is a very big railroad hub. One of the reasons it is so famous is that just west of the city is a pass through the Rocky Mountains. The Union Pacific Railroad goes through Cheyenne.

That afternoon we went to the rodeo. It started out with some In-

dians doing a war dance. After that came a covered wagon parade which was attacked by Indians. They had trick riding, calf roping, and bronc riding.

When you bronc ride, first you put a wild horse in a chute which is very much like a stable only the front and the back have doors. Then a cowboy climbs on the horse and the front door opens. The cowboy and the horse go flying out and the horse tries to buck the man off. The rider can only use one hand to hold on to the horse.

When you calf rope, a cowboy gets on a tamed horse. Then a calf is let loose. The cowboy tries to lasso the calf and tie him up as quickly as possible.

After the rodeo we got a little cabin by the railroad tracks. That night every time a train went by my brother and I jumped up and watched it until finally Mother had to separate us.

The next day we went back to Boulder, Colorado. That was the best weekend I have ever had.

EDWARD D'ARMS (II)

February

February's fun, you know
Because there's lots of fun in snow.
You go outside in the bitter cold
And go on a sled like shooting gold.
You slip and slide in the icy weather
And hope that you'll stay all together.

February's nice for all,
But watch out or you'll slip and fall.
GRENVILLE CUYLER (I)

Athletics

SOCCER

The P.C.D. eleven completed a splendid season. A well-balanced team, powerful on offense and equally effective on defense, scored eighteen goals in seven games and allowed only one goal to its opponents. This lone score was a penalty kick by the Peddie Junior School in a game which P.C.D. won 4 to 1.

In the return game with Peddie the P.C.D. line-up was limited to Fifth Formers and three of the lighter Sixth Formers. With this handicap P.C.D. was held to a lone tally, but Peddie failed to score. The same lightweight team disposed of our home-town rivals, Township, Witherspoon, and Junior High Schools. The hardest-fought game was that with Trenton Junior Three, in which excellent team work brought the home team a 1-0 victory.

Captain Roger Wood played a fullback position, and Mr. McAneny was the coach.

The scores for the season were as follows:

P.C.D.	2	Township	0
P.C.D.	4	Peddie Juniors	1
P.C.D.	1	Peddie Juniors	0
P.C.D.	1	Trenton Junior Three	0
P.C.D.	2	Witherspoon	0
P.C.D.	3	High School Freshmen	0
P.C.D.	5	Junior High	0

The first team line-up was as follows:

Goal	Harrop
L.F.B.	Stanley
R.F.B.	Wood
L.H.B.	Lindberg
C.H.B.	Dennen, B.
R.H.B.	Wallace, J.
O.L.	Erdman
I.L.	Elsasser
C.F.	Hackl
I.R.	Dennen, R.
O.R.	Mapes

In addition to these boys, the following also won letters: Bray, C., Burnstan, Fletcher, Law, Belford, Boice, Carey, Johnson, Palmer, Phelps, Brown, G., and Brown, J., (co-managers).

SIX-MAN FOOTBALL

This sport got off to an excellent start in response to a late-season challenge from Solebury School in New Hope, Pennsylvania. Two games were played. P.C.D. won the first 32 to 6, to everyone's surprise, and repeated the performance by winning 38 to 7 when Solebury came to Princeton to play.

The team had a total of only four and a half hours of practice before the first game. Mr. Tibbals, Mr. Clark, Pete Lindberg '46, and Dick Summers all helped to coach them. The squad, who were all Sixth Formers, was composed of Captain Wood, Bray, Burnstan, Elsasser, Hackl, Harrop, Lindberg, Mapes, Stanley, and Wallace.

HOCKEY

After a lapse of several years during and after the war when the Baker Rink was used for other purposes, hockey was resumed at P.C.D. with Richard Vaughn, Princeton University's varsity coach, providing the technical direction and Mr. Smyth in general charge.

A fast and aggressive team ran into tough opponents, losing four games, tying one, and winning three. This was considered to be a good record in view of the fact that this was the first year of hockey competition for all members of the team. Coach Vaughn claims that three years are needed to develop a top-flight sextet.

A foundation for future teams was built by means of senior and junior leagues which competed throughout the season. The senior league contained four teams called Deerfield, Exeter, St. Paul's, and South Kent. South Kent beat Exeter for the championship. In the junior league there were six teams: Princeton, Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Williams, and Trinity. Trinity came in first with Williams second.

P.C.D. 3, Lawrenceville J.V. 1

In the first game of the season Captain Harrop scored in the first and second periods, while Erdman scored in the third period. Hackl assisted in two of the tallies.

P.C.D. 4, Morristown J.V. 8

The team met with disaster against a Morristown Junior Varsity team that had every appearance of being varsity material. Against determined opposition Harrop, Erdman, and Dennen, R., managed to produce four goals.

P.C.D. 4, Lawrenceville J.V. 8

In the second game of a series, Lawrenceville overcame the P.C.D. defenses to score eight goals. Elsasser, Lindberg, and Hackl accounted for the four P.C.D. marks.

P.C.D. 3, Lawrenceville J.V. 9

In the deciding game of the series, Lawrenceville scored five times in the second period to outclass the Blue and White skaters.

P.C.D. 2, Bryn Athyn 1

P.C.D. came out on top in a game which was highlighted by close guarding by both teams. Dennen, B., and Lindberg uncorked the pair of goals necessary to bring victory.

P.C.D. 4, Bryn Athyn 2

In the second game of the series, Hackl and Harrop produced four goals while the opponents were held to a pair, both in the first period.

P.C.D. 4, Bryn Athyn 4

In the third and final game of the series, Bryn Athyn solved the P.C.D. defense, and with three goals in the first period and one in the second, set up a score which P.C.D. managed to equal through two successful shots by Dennen, B., and one each by Erdman and Elsasser.

P.C.D. 1, Alumni 2

The final game of the season saw Boice make the only score for P.C.D., while their elder opponents came through with two markers in the first period.

The usual line-up was:

Goal: Bray, C.

Defense: Dennen, B., Dennen, R., Johnson, Elsasser.

Forwards: Harrop, c. (Capt); Hackl, l.w.; Erdman, r.w.; Lindberg, c.; Boice, l.w.; Carey, r.w.

Substitutes: Davis, Fletcher, Lapsley, Palmer. *Manager:* Brown, G.

BASKETBALL

The upper three Forms were given their choice this year of hockey or basketball. As only nine boys were out for basketball, it was hard for the team to get practice against any opposition. Practice was held in the Princeton Seminary gymnasium. The Miss Fine's School team, which also practised there, furnished opposition in a few games and gracefully yielded to our players, handicapped though they were by girls' rules.

In the regular schedule P.C.D. dropped two games apiece to Witherspoon and Township Schools, and one to the Junior High team. The last game of the season resulted in our only victory, a one-point success against St. Paul's School. Mr. Robson was head basketball coach, assisted by Mr. McAneny and Mr. Whitehead.

The scores of the games were as follows:

Witherspoon	48	P.C.D.	15
Township	21	P.C.D.	20
Witherspoon	44	P.C.D.	26
Township	34	P.C.D.	19
Junior High	23	P.C.D.	18
P.C.D.	31	St. Paul's	30

The regular line-up was as follows: Wallace, J., and Burnstan, forwards; Wood, center; Mapes and Stanley, guards.

These five and Belford, who alternated at forward, won their letters. The substitutes were D'Arms, J., Lindabury, Rake, and Wallace, W.

With the Blues and Whites

SCHOLARSHIP

The scholastic competition between the Blues and the Whites has been closer than close this year. In the first term, the Blues triumphed with an average of 2.4—, while the Whites were close behind with a 2.4+ average. When the second term ended, it was learned that the Blues had garnered a well-rounded 2.3 average, with the Whites trailing slightly with a 2.3+ average. With the two Colors so evenly matched scholastically, the betting odds are about even for the third term.

The following boys are credited with a no-failure record for the first and second terms:

WHITES (21) Alsop, Belford, Brown, G., Brown, J., Dorf, T., Elsasser, Flanders, Hackl, Hamilton, Harrop, Heher, Hillier, Johnson, Laughlin, Law, Meritt, Rake, Shear, Wallace, J., Wallace, W., Wallis.

BLUES (20) Bauer, Bray, C., Bray, R., Burnistan, Cook, Dennen, D., Dennen, R., Fletcher, Griggs, Hess, Kerr, Mapes, Miller, Moore, Phelps, Rulon-Miller, Sikes, Thompson, Wood, Wright.

SOCCER

The Blues and Whites began the Fall term with a hotly-contested series of soccer games. Close scores marked all the games; but the Blues walked away with the largest number of games won in all divisions except the Intermediate A squad, where the Blues were held scoreless in all seven contests. The Whites never gave up hope and the competition continued to be keen until the final whistle.

A summary of the games won, lost and tied, as well as points earned in the Blue and White competition is given below.

	WON	LOST	TIED	POINTS
TOTALS				
Blues	14	9	5	38
Whites	9	14	5	32

HOCKEY

The Blue and White competition in hockey was spirited throughout the season, with the teams well matched in the Senior division and the Blues well out in front in the Junior group. In the final tally of points earned in the Blue and White competition, the Blues emerged with a one-point margin.

	WON	LOST	TIED	POINTS
TOTALS				
Blues	4	2	4	8
Whites	2	4	4	7

ICE CARNIVAL

The skating season ended with the Ice Carnival; the entire school participated in a two-day competition. The winners of the races in the three divisions are listed below.

<i>Seniors</i>		<i>Intermediates</i>		<i>Juniors</i>	
1) Elsasser	(W)	Erdman	(W)	Cain	(W)
2) Harrop	(W)	Davis	(B)	Bray, R.	(B)
3) Fletcher	(B)	Meritt	(W)	Outerbridge, D.	(B)

In these races, the Whites amassed 19 points, with 8 points to the Blues.

These victorious skaters, together with Shannon, A., Dennen, B., and Rulon-Miller, participated in a spirited relay race which the Blues won, adding 5 points to their total.

The Whites collected another 10 points in the whole-school relay which they won by a close margin.

The final score at the end of the Ice Carnival was: Whites, 29; Blues, 13.

Rifle Club

This year the P.C.D. Rifle Club was reorganized after a six-year discontinuation because of war conditions.

Master-Sergeant Louis E. Jernigan, the official small-arms instructor of Princeton University, instructs the club in the correct positions used by both the Army and the National Rifle Association of America. Every Saturday morning the club meets at the R.O.T.C.'s rifle range. The rifles are provided by the R.O.T.C. and are regular army target twenty-twos.

There are 17 members in the club, from the upper three forms. A letter has been sent to the National Rifle Association asking readmittance of the club to this nationally known organization.



Activities

Every day after lunch, fall and spring, each boy takes part in some voluntary "activity" during a 40-minute period. It is possible to engage in four different activities on four separate days. Reporters from some of the groups here tell what has been done in their activity this year.

ART

A great attraction was added to the activities program when Mr. Peter Cook started a very successful art class. Mr. Cook has taught his twelve students of all ages how to use pastels; to understand and to know how to use colors (which is the primary thing the artist must know). We hope this activity will be kept in the years to come, for it means very much to the school and to those boys who are interested in this work.

S. C. L.

SIGNALING

During the fall term the members of the signaling activity practised sending and receiving messages in semaphore. On all good days the group split into several sections and went outdoors to practise "long distance" sending. On rainy days the group stayed in and either took tests of their knowledge of the semaphore code or further practised it. At the beginning of the spring term Drs. Law and Norman from the R.C.A. gave an excellent talk, explaining the requirements for a person to be an amateur radio operator. Since then the members have been learning the Morse Code, which is the basic requirement of an amateur radio operator.

E. E. J.

PHOTOGRAPHY

This activity has appealed to many boys. It consists of demonstrations on printing, developing, and enlarging by Mr. Whitehead; and in the line of individual work boys are given a chance to print, develop, and enlarge by themselves. Also each boy can make a camera which will take real pictures. From time to time there have been contests on interesting appropriate seasonal topics to test each boy's skill in picture composition and developing.

H. B. E.

SHORTHAND

The shorthand activity is under the direction of Mrs. Ashley. During the year we have learned the characters, word signs, and brief forms, and are now doing phrasing. The classes consist of reading shorthand from the board and writing it into our notebooks; and writing on the board or in our books in shorthand, sentences dictated by Mrs. Ashley. Although the meetings are too short and too few to learn to write shorthand proficiently, one receives an excellent start in this useful subject.

J. T. L.

NATURE

In the fall we tried to find some of the late flowers. After the flowers were gone and the leaves turned color we began collecting them. The first time outside we gathered leaves for ourselves. The next time we did not go out but traced the leaves into little notebooks and colored them. Later in the season we watched the birds that flew south, looking through field-glasses to identify them. This spring three boys brought in some aquariums and some seeds. We put some dirt in boxes and planted the seeds. Lately we have taken walks looking for the different kinds of birds as they fly back from the south. In a brook near Carnegie Lake we tried to find crawfish, salamanders, and water snakes. We have been taught how to tell if it will rain, and what kinds of clouds are in the sky. Mr. Tibbals plans to have us go fishing later in the spring and study tadpole life and other under-water creatures.

P. G. P. W.

PRINTING

The printing is divided into two groups, one which meets on Tuesdays and the other on Thursdays, although some members do extra work on Wednesday afternoons or Saturdays. Our equipment consists of one small hand printing press and one large press worked by a foot pedal; also four main fonts of type—Goudy Bold, Caslon Old Style, Ultra Bodoni, and Old English—in six or eight different sizes of each. We print such things as name cards, Christmas cards, Princeton football cards (like "Paralyze the Elis"), letter-heads, and tickets for the School play.

A. V. R.

DRAWING AND PAINTING

The Drawing activity for the lower forms has improved a great number of boys. At the beginning of the year we started out with pencil drawing, and then started crayon drawing. After this we had a little water colors. Then there was a long time while we used pastels. After this we began drawing live people with pencil, then with pastel. Personally I think the Drawing activity is very worth while.

J. R. H.

Other activities which were not covered by reporters include Current Events, Shop, Choir and Glee Club, Stamps, and Scouting.

Alumni Association

The Princeton Country Day School Alumni Association was formally organized and a constitution adopted at a meeting at the School attended by about 50 members on January 9, 1948.

The following officers were elected to serve for the first year:

President: RICHARD W. BAKER, JR. '31

Vice-President: WILLIAM M. SLOANE '36

Secretary: ROBERT E. DOUGHERTY '43

Treasurer: JAMES R. SLOANE '36

The executive Committee has issued invitations for an

A L U M N I D A Y

to be held at the School on Saturday, June 5. Beginning at 12:30 there will be a short meeting, box lunches (to be provided by the returning alumni themselves), and a baseball game with the School team. The game will start about 2 o'clock. All alumni and their wives are urged to come for an afternoon of fun.

The JUNIOR JOURNAL will print all the news of P.C.D. alumni which it can obtain. Keep your Alumni Association informed about yourself. The JUNIOR JOURNAL will help you share your news with your fellow alumni.

1925

Albert C. Gerould, Librarian of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., whose home is in Rochdale, Mass., became the father of a second daughter, Rosemary, on April 16.

1926

Lloyd Gibbons is in the advertising firm of Carl Reimers Co., Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York. He lives on Stanwich Road, Greenwich, Conn.

Gerard B. Lambert, Jr., was one of fifty-two passengers who lost their lives in the crash of a DC-6 airliner at Bryce Canyon, Utah, last October.

1927

Frederick W. Loetscher, Jr., is on the faculty of Centre College, Danville, Ky.

Henry N. Russell, Jr., is a pediatrician living at 1014 13th Avenue, Greeley, Colorado. He has two sons, aged five and one.

1928

Ernest F. Fullam is a research microscopist at the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Co., Schenectady, N.Y. He is the father of three boys, aged six, four, and two.

Donald C. Stuart, Jr., is Director of Distribution at the Princeton Film Center. He is also editor and publisher of the popular weekly, "Town Topics." His older son is nearly seven, the younger, three.

Joseph Warren is associated with I.B.M. Corporation, Concord, N.H.

1929

Albert S. Roe is an instructor and curator of the Art Museum at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.

1930

Elmer E. Green is with the Ocean County National Bank at Point Pleasant, N.J. His only son, James E., is four years old.

1931

Lyndon Crawford is an engineer with S. Morgan Smith Co., York, Pa. He has two children, a son of five and a daughter of two.

Herbert B. Davison is Credit Manager and Assistant Sales Manager of the Hightstown Rug Co., with offices at 295 Fifth Avenue, New York. He also has two children, a son aged seven and a two-year-old daughter.

John Scoon has just joined the ranks of the "two children" fathers. A son, Maxwell Hibben, was born on April 13 at Princeton.

1932

Bruce Bedford, Jr. is associated with the Luzerne Rubber Co. in Trenton. His home is at 52 N. Stanworth Drive, Princeton. His son, Bruce, III, will be a year old next month.

Richard E. Funkhouser is a secretary in the American Embassy at Cairo, Egypt.

Robert Hendrickson lives at 2326 44th Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. He is in the advertising business.

Sanders Maxwell is in advertising with Young and Rubicam, 285 Madison Avenue, New York. His address is 17 S. Stanworth Drive, Princeton.

1933

Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr. teaches History at Princeton University. He is the first P.C.D. alumnus to serve on the School's Board of Trustees having been elected at the beginning of this year. He lives at 74 N. Stanworth Drive, Princeton.

Philip M. Worden lives at 88 N. Stanworth Drive, Princeton.

1934

James I. Armstrong and *Robert F. Goheen* are both teaching in the Classics Department of Princeton University.

David L. Hughes is assistant purchasing agent of Sloane-Blabon Corporation, Trenton, N.J.

Robert L. Terry, whose home is on Rosedale Road, Princeton, is with the Public Service Electric and Gas Co., Newark, N.J.

Henry P. Tomlinson is a salesman of corrugated boxes with The Mengel Co., New Brunswick, N.J. He has a son and two daughters.

Dubois Wynkoop is a purchasing agent with the Fogel Refrigerator Co., 5400 Eadom St., Philadelphia. His home is at 1922 Ringgold Place, Philadelphia. His son, Peter Dubois, is a year and a half old.

1935

John L. Bender is a graduate student at Princeton, living at 46 Park Place. His son, John Frederick, is three years old.

Bruce Crawford is in the book design and production department of Little Brown and Co. in Boston. He lives at 26 Leonard St., Annisquam, Mass., is married and has one child.

Stephen B. Dewing is a doctor with the U.S. Veterans' Administration at Oteen, North Carolina. A son, Andrew Ogden, was born on January 7 of this year.

Andrew W. Imbrie has a two-year appointment to study musical composition at the American Academy in Rome. His address is Via Angelo-Massina 5, Rome, Italy. When he returns in the summer of 1949 he expects to join the music faculty at the University of California.

1936

Henry W. H. Baker, after serving three and a half years in the Far East, entered Princeton again as a freshman in 1946. He expects to graduate this September.

John C. Cooper, III received critical praise for his novel "The Gesture," which was published this year under the pen name of John Cobb.

1937

Harold I. Donnelly is now a teacher at Deerfield Academy.

William Flemer, III, will be married in July to Miss Elizabeth Sinclair, sister of Jack Sinclair '37. Bill is instructing in Biology while completing his studies at the Yale Graduate School.

George T. Gretton, Jr., is District Manager of the Home Rubber Co., Box 4214, Jacksonville, Florida.

William R. Rossmassler, Jr., is a chemist with the Carbide and Carbon Chemical Corporation at Oak Ridge, Tenn.

John K. Sinclair is a graduate student in architecture at Princeton. He hopes to acquire the degree of M.F.A. in June.

Robert A. Hunter is a graduate student at Columbia University. He is living at International House, 500 Riverside Drive, New York.

1939

Bradford B. Locke, Jr., is a student at the University of Virginia. He is in his third year in the University Glee Club, and is Director of News at the University radio station WUVA.

1940

John F. Locke is a daily attendant at P.C.D. baseball practice, and he presented the team with a set of bats.

1941

Leighton H. Laughlin was married last June to Miss Carin Moore, sister of John '44 and Tom '45. He is President of Students for Stassen, Princeton University political group which sponsored the recent address in Princeton of Mr. Stassen.

Alfred B. Parsons is a student at the Newark College of Engineering.

1942

Bernard Peyton, Jr., a senior at Princeton University, is Chairman of "The Princeton Tiger," campus humorous magazine.

Frederick N. G. Roberts received the highest honor a Princeton hockey player can be given when he was awarded the William B. Blackwell Cup as well as the captaincy of next year's varsity team. He is the second P.C.D. alumnus to become Princeton's hockey captain, the other being George C. Young '34.

1943

Elmer B. Greey, Jr., is a pre-medical student at New York University. He is maintaining a B average.

Dean W. Mathey is on the varsity tennis team at Princeton. He was center on the hockey team until he broke his collar-bone.

David H. McAlpin, Jr., is in the Princeton University Glee Club and was on the J.V. soccer and wrestling teams. He is going to France this summer with the Experiment in International Living.

George W. Piper is studying at Dawson College, McGill University, Montreal.

John A. Schluter is working at the Thermoid Co., Trenton, until next September, when he will re-enter Williams College.

Michael Shenstone is a student at Trinity College, University of Toronto.

Lawrence Sturbahn is enrolled in the University of Iowa.

William E. Wetzel, Jr., is a student at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. He is in the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

1944

Don Mathey is a freshman at Princeton. He has been a mainstay of the freshman soccer, hockey, and tennis teams.

Richard K. Paynter, III, is rowing on the freshman heavy crew at Princeton.

1945

John W. Flemer is a senior at Lawrenceville. He hopes to enter either Cornell or Rutgers in the fall.

John R. Heber will graduate from Lawrenceville this June. He has played soccer and tennis, and was music editor of the "Lawrence."

Colin C. McAneny was on the soccer team and was elected to the Cum Laude Society at Taft.

John H. Stewart is a sophomore at the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N.M.

1946

John Elderkin is a student at Tabor Academy, Marion, Mass.

David Erdman played on the varsity hockey team at Exeter.

Brandon Hart is rowing in the second crew at South Kent School.

Lewis C. Kleinbans has been elected captain of the basketball team at Hotchkiss for next year.

Robert R. Piper is editor-in-chief for next year of the "Lawrenceville Literary Magazine." He played J.V. football.

Allen J. M. Synge has completed preparatory school at Millfield School, in Somersetshire. His home address is Daptemere, Chorley Wood, Herts, England.

1947

David Rogers played junior soccer, freshman-sophomore hockey, and tennis in his first year at Deerfield. He had a part in the Dramatic Club production of "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

Noel J. Stace made the J.V. swimming team at Deerfield, swimming the free-style.

Howard W. Stepp was a back-stroker on the varsity swimming team at Deerfield.

Winter sports awards at Princeton University were made to the following P.C.D. alumni at the end of the 1948 season:

Varsity hockey: Charles R. Erdman, III, '38, Robert S. Wicks '38, Melville P. Dickenson, Jr., '42, Frederick G. Roberts '42, William E. Schluter '42, Peter B. Erdman '43, Dean W. Mathey '43, William F. Clarkson, Jr., ex-'44.

J.V. hockey: Fredric E. Schluter, Jr., '40, Thomas S. Matthews, Jr., '41, Thomas S. Dignan, Jr., '42.

Freshman hockey: Macdonald Mathey '44, John P. C. Matthews '44.

Varsity wrestling: Charles T. Hall, Jr., '40.

J.V. wrestling: Alden B. Hall '41, David H. McAlpin, Jr., '43.

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May 29—Blues-Whites Track Meet.

Palmer Stadium. 10:00 A. M.

June 5—Alumni Day. 12:30

Baseball: P.C.D. vs. Alumni. 2:00 P.M.

June 7—Commencement. 8:15 P. M.

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1931 1947
1934
1935
1936
1938
1943

SOCCER CHAMPIONS

THE WHITES

1928 1941
1929 1942
1932 1945
1933 1946
1937
1939
1940

HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

1926
1937
1938
1939
1941
1948

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

BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

1946
1947

BASEBALL CHAMPIONS

1926
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1947

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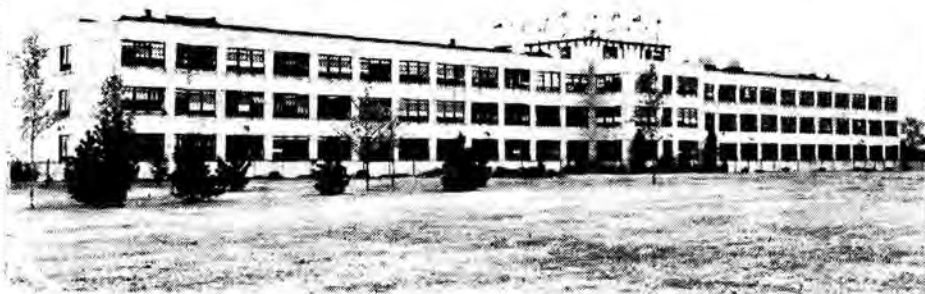
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