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JUNE, 1948

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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THE SCHOOL, 1947-1948

The Calendar

APRIL

*Is it spring, indeed?
Or do we stir and mutter in our dreams,
Only to sleep again?*

- APRIL 5 That deserted stretch of road down by Broadmead is alive again with groups of quiet, serious youths intently shooting marbles under the budding trees. School has opened for the spring term! Dick Furman, famous Calumet Stables jockey, born.
- APRIL 6 David Flanders, Jamesburg politician and flower gardener, born.
- APRIL 12 Grenville Cuyler, the original "Sad Sack," born.
- APRIL 15 The mystery of the chicken wire on the front sidewalk is explained. Blades of grass appear where formerly nothing but mud and brown earth would grow.
- APRIL 17 Peter Cook, Kingston (N.J.) Good Humor man, born.
- APRIL 18 Henry Cannon, First Form big shot, born—with a bang.
- APRIL 20 David Outerbridge, notorious Millstone River pirate, born.
- APRIL 24 The tether-pole season is in full swing. Wendell Stanley arrives at school for his customary morning game, and wonders why nobody will come out and play with him. Then he discovers that today is Saturday.
- APRIL 28 Tim Cain, big game hunter and trapper, sends a runner in from the Belle Mead bush country to remind us this is his birthday.

MAY

*The dogwood calls me, and the sudden thrill
That breaks in apple blooms down country roads
Plucks me by the sleeve, and nudges me away.*

- MAY 1 Bucky Shear, editor of "Collected Poems of T. L. Shear, Jr." and "Shear's Prize-Winning Plays," has a birthday.
- MAY 4 Sherry Smith, who digs clams out of Stony Creek for a living, born.
- MAY 7 Believe it or not, those tennis courts next to the school are being used for tennis! The team has a coach, and a schedule, and real uniforms, with the school motto in a blue bullseye running from the belt to the collar. The players don't have to climb over the fence any more to get on the courts. Mr. Tibbals has a key.
- MAY 10 Billy Phelps, New York night club entertainer, born.
- MAY 11 The Dramatic Club takes possession of Murray Theatre for dress rehearsals of "The Merchant of Venice." Roger Wood is an excellent stage manager; he can always be found over at the Campus Center making sure there are enough cokes for all the cast. John D'Arms's beard impresses the freshmen so that they call him "Sir."

In spite of everything, Mr. Ross lives through the week, and the play, given for three nights, proves to be one of the best the school has ever put on.

- MAY 13 Larry Griggs, that quiet boy in the back row of the Glee Club, thinks this is not at all an unlucky day to be born on.
- MAY 16 Caleb Clarke, radio crooner, born. (No, that isn't static you hear, it's Caleb.)
- MAY 20 Teddy D'Arms, Ringling Brothers tight-rope walker, born.
- MAY 22 Poor old Dad! He looks kind of helpless out there on the baseball field, all nine of him. But if he can't win, Mom makes up for it with the Country Fair. The Mothers' committees have turned this into the Greatest Show on Earth! The boys all crowd to get into the china-breaking contest, while the girls rush to the other end of the field to watch Harold Elsasser tap-dance. Rumors about how much money was made turn into the solid fact that the Building Fund is \$1,500 to the good because of everybody's hard work.
- MAY 25 Joe Outerbridge born, and he still seems surprised to find himself here.
- MAY 26 Jonathan Cabot, daredevil automobile racer, born. He has his picture taken with the whole school around him, dressed in white pants, etc. It looks like a big party, Johnny!
- MAY 29 Track stars who will make up the U.S. Olympic Team in 1956 hold a preliminary meet in Palmer Stadium. Blues win by an eye-lash (Mapes's eye-lash is a little longer than Lindberg's). The stadium, as usual, is not quite filled. The medals are late, but the Good Humor man is on time, so the day is a success.
- And Bobby Laughlin, blue-ribbon poultry-breeder, celebrates his birthday with a cackling good party.
- MAY 31 Bobby Kales and final exams begin on the same day.

JUNE

What is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days.

- JUNE 4 Sixth Form celebrate their approaching manhood by giving a class "dance." Certain alumni take over and turn it into a "bang-up" affair. A "good time" is had by all, in spite of which every Senior (except one!) manages to show up on
- JUNE 5 for the Activities Luncheon and read his prepared speech. After such oratory, Commencement is an anti-climax.
- JUNE 6 David Harrop (see "Who's Who in Sport" for details) born.
- JUNE 7 All good things come to an end. The applause as you Seniors get your cups and diplomas means "Congratulations," but it also means we are sorry to see you go. For the rest of you—

See you next term!!

THE BOY WHO SITS BEHIND YOU

Books Are Gateways

Books are gateways because it is through books that we can go out of the gate of present time and enter the gate of the past. It is through books that we learn of life in foreign countries. It is through books that we know of ancient civilizations.

Modern man would know little about ancient civilization except for the books and manuscripts of the feudal age monks. But for the writings of famous Greeks like Plato, Sophocles, and Plutarch, which have been uncovered in the ruins of their cities, we would know little or nothing of their civilization. Great Romans like Caesar, Cicero, Virgil, and Horace give us our only knowledge of the Latin language and the everyday life of the time. If it were not for the gift of books, we would know little of their civilization.

Books help us to understand other people in other lands and we would be a much more disunited world with none of the books to tell us what is happening and what has happened.

Even in our own country we would know little of the past or of the type of life in other parts and industries if it were not for books. Thus books are gateways to other times and places and things, and it is through these that we get a full understanding of the world.

However, books are not all learning. Much enjoyment can be obtained from the tales of fiction which are now available. Books are therefore gateways to adventure and comedy which first make you worry and when the stories come out all right make you breathe a sigh of relief and be happy.

Thus, by reading, one can obtain knowledge of past and present things, adventure, comedy, thrills, disappointments, and happiness. The famous books of Dickens give us a clear picture of the life of his time and some give us many laughs, but always there is happiness and a feeling of satisfaction.

HAROLD ELSASSER (VI)

The Alarm Clock

A little clock beside my bed
Is not as harmless as it seems.
The alarm goes off ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling,
And stops some really pleasant dreams.

It never fails to wake me up
At seven o'clock each day.
But why does it have to, I want to know,
Why does it have to, I say.

THOMAS KERR (II)

Cleverness Counts

Some of the cleverest things that live are the animals. They are sly and always awake.

For instance, the dog is one of the most wideawake animals there is. He is man's most faithful companion. He brings man his game on hunting trips and leads packs of dogs after the fox and mountain lion. Though he may seem a silly pup when he is young, he still grows up to be a steady-minded helper of man.

Another clever animal is the beaver. He lives for years in streams and rivers in the forests. He gnaws down trees and builds dams with them. He builds his house with twigs and leaves from the underbrush of the forest. In his home he grows a family, and for his home he traps fish and stores them away. His house is made up of two floors. In the top one he stores his food. He has a tail which is flat and rubbery. When the leader of a beaver village knows there are hunters near, he will slap his tail on the water. This signal means, "Head for your homes." At this signal the beavers race for their near-by homes. By the

time the hunters come to the stream the village is all quiet except for the splash of the dams the beavers have built. And when the beavers are sure the hunters have gone, they quickly go back to work, the danger past.

In the fish family the most skillful is the swordfish. When caught by hook and line, he sometimes keeps up a wild fight of eight hours. He shoots into the air, wiggling as he goes. When he shoots up in the air the evil fisherman says, "He's dancing on his tail."

Another skillful animal is the reindeer. He is always wide-awake. Although when you come across one (you seldom will) he may be grazing solemnly, he is very wide awake. He is skillful with his antlers. Although they come rather late in his life, they come in very handy in fighting wild animals.

There are many other animals, wild and domestic, such as the fox and the horse. They all show one thing, and that is that "Cleverness Counts."

ROBERT HILLIER (II)



A Naturalist's Life

I'd like to live the life of Ivan T. Sanderson, who is one of the outstanding naturalists of today. I should like to enumerate some of Sanderson's adventures and tell why I would like to have the same.

One of Sanderson's adventures was to study the different types of ants in Nigeria. Among the most interesting ants is the leaf-carrying ant, which Sanderson studied for days on end. He found out the reason why these ants kept carrying leaves into their nests. The ants would climb up cultivated trees, which they seemed very partial to, and rip off whole leaves or sections of leaves and carry them umbrella-fashion to their nests. To solve the puzzle of why they did this, Sanderson had to rip one of the nests. Doing this, he discovered that the ants used the leaves to cover the ant eggs.

The reason I would like to have such an experience is that I think one

should know as much as possible about the things which grow and live around us humans. I also think it would give one great satisfaction to solve one of the riddles of science.

Another experience Sanderson had was the finding of the giant water shrew, about which no living man had ever given any definite information or taken any pictures. This animal was almost considered to be a legend and non-existent except by the tribes who live in Upper Nigeria. The length of the shrew is from one to two feet, and it has a long snout and eyes the size of a pin-head! It is covered with short brown fur except for its tail, which is flat and long and has no hair on it.

I have the same reason for wanting to have had this experience as the other.

ROBERT LAUGHLIN (V)

My Cat

There is a cat in our house. He is gentle, but a "pain in the neck."

There is the feeding to do. Every morning he'll come and jump on the breakfast table, and Daddy will say, "Go feed your cat!" This goes on all the time I'm home, and what makes it worse is that he "meows" like a siren.

Putting him out is the toughest of all because he wakes up in the middle of the night and starts to "meow" worse than ever because he wants to go out. I have to get up, stagger downstairs, and let the little monster out.

Making him mind is something that I advise not to try on my cat, because he gets mad and you have to run or be cut up by his claws. At night, if he's not wanting to go out, he gets into my room, climbs on the bed, and starts snoring on my head. I throw him off the bed, but he returns and starts snoring again. That's the last straw, so I put him on the roof, and then I get some sleep. (P.S. Never own a cat unless you know what you're up against!)

HARRY RULON-MILLER (III)

Who Should Drive?

It is wrong to say that almost no one under 21 years of age drives for any useful purpose. I feel that driving teaches responsibility to young men from 18 on. It coordinates their reflexes and makes them think faster.

If a boy is old enough to go to war at 18 and maybe die for his country, I think that he is just as qualified to drive as an older driver. I think that it is less dangerous for an 18-year-old boy to drive than for many of the 70 and 75-year-old people who take to the road.

If licenses were restricted to men over 21, it would make boys of around 18 and 19 go to illegal means to get cars and drive. This would increase juvenile delinquency and not decrease it. Juvenile delinquents who are now only 15 and 16 steal cars for driving purposes. Think of how many more cars would be procured illegally if this new license age law were passed.

I feel that if authorities had to cut down on the licenses, it would be better to stop driving after a certain old age. Old men and women who drive have slower reflexes and poorer co-

ordination than young men, and thus endanger the highways more.

It is true, I am sure, that there are many hare-brained youngsters who drive that ought not be given licenses, but it is also true that there are many older men who drink too much before driving and they are just as dangerous as the younger ones.

I think that a more constructive way of thinking would be to improve highways and all of the other traffic facilities. Here are a few more suggestions: wouldn't it be better, instead of making a prospective driver pass the test at the necessary age, to make a thorough investigation into his past and if any sign of bad judgment or the like is apparent, make that boy wait a year before he could get a license?

Another thing, wouldn't it be better to have a much stiffer driving test?

In summing up my viewpoint, I think that better highways, closer examination for young aspirants, and stiffer driving tests would make the highways much safer.

DAVID HARROP (VI)



Late for the Exam

I was still in bed when the grandfather clock announced that it was eight o'clock. I jumped out of bed and looked out of the window. Already the sun was quite high.

Just then the telephone rang. As I picked up the receiver, I had a sinking feeling. I had not studied for the English examination. The telephone call was for my mother. I hurried to get dressed and as I did so I tipped over a pitcher of water on the bedside table.

It was now five minutes past eight. I was nervous. I raced downstairs and started to eat my breakfast, but my mother interrupted me and told me to go upstairs and change my shirt. I did so. It was now eight-fifteen. I came downstairs again and finished my breakfast. I then went to get my bi-

cycle, and as I reached it I remembered that my chain had broken a week ago. I was desperate now. Picking up my book bag, I started to run. This was the most foolish thing I could have done. Before I got to the end of the street I had cramps. The pain was awful, but I kept running. Finally, two blocks from my house, I tripped and fell flat on my face. I lay there for a minute, stunned.

At nine o'clock I came within sight of the school. Just then the bell rang. I knew it was the last bell. But wait; the City Hall clock said only ten minutes to nine. What luck! The old grandfather clock had been wrong. The bell ringing at school was the signal for the doors to open. I was saved.

ARTHUR MERITT (IV)

Discovering the Ocean

The nicest thing that ever happened to me occurred when I went to Maine last summer. I know it sounds silly, but it's true. You see, it was the first time I ever went on a real vacation, because during the war you couldn't get the gas to travel, and before the war I wasn't old enough to realize the advantage of a vacation.

When our car rose over the hill from which we could first see Tenant's Harbor I left my stomach at the top of the hill. For the first time in my life I saw a beautiful water scene. The tide was high, the water was still and blue, the sun was shining.

Later we arrived out on the Neck and my sister and I jumped out of the car and ran to the edge of the dock. We weren't allowed on the dock without a lifesaver unless we could swim to the end of the dock, which was two hundred feet, and we hadn't learned to swim that far yet. I skipped stones over the water while my sister looked for the things on the beach that had been washed up by the tide. Altogether we had a good time and we're going up there again this summer.

PETER ALSOP (III)

Seven First Formers Look Ahead

When I grow up I would like to be an explorer or a minister or a policeman or a fireman. Most of all I would like to be an explorer and explore the world. I would go deep-sea fishing on trips and see different lands. I could see different trees and different animals and all kinds of things. I could see different people.

I would like to go down to Antarctica and go on a shelf of ice and on deep, deep snow on snowshoes. I would also like to have a vacation in Florida and go swimming. I could row a boat and go on a sailboat ride and on a motorboat.

Now let's get back to our exploring. Let's go up to Hammerfest and see what we can find there. Our boat is loaded and off we go. Now we are there and we have found a gold mine. Now I am rich because nobody owns it.

Now let's go to Iceland. We find nothing there so we go to Alaska. I find another gold mine and nobody owns it, so now I'm the richest man in the world.

I am getting old now so I quit my job and then after about ten years I die of old age.

NICHOLAS CAMERON (1)

* * *

When I grow up, I think I would like to play baseball and football for the New York Yankees. I have a special reason, too. You see, I follow them in the newspapers every day and

I listen to them on the radio whenever I get a chance to. I like all the star players they have. Some of them are Joe DiMaggio, voted the most valuable player in the American League in 1947, Joe Page, their best relief pitcher, Larry Berra, or Yogi as they call him, Tommy Henrich, ace right fielder, Charley Keller, George McQuinn, Billy Johnson, and many other fine baseball players.

Now I'll tell you why when I grow up I would like to play football with the Yanks. It's because I think they have a good team, too. They have certain stars like Spec Sanders and Buddy Young. They were red-hot. They went all the way up the ladder to first place in the A.C.C. (I don't know what that means or I would have written it out.) They played a game with the Philadelphia Eagles of the N.F.L. (National Football League), and won 28-27.

So there you have it why I would like to play baseball and football with the N.Y. Yankees when I grow up.

PETER COOK (1)

* * *

I'd like to be a milkman and get a free ride all around the town. Maybe you don't get much money but you get a good deal out of it and you get lots of free rides. You get up early in the morning and have a short breakfast, and then go to work. Of course you have to work all day, but it ought to be fun.

Another thing I'd like to be is a newspaperman because you get a free ride there too. You get up early in the morning and have a short breakfast and go out to work.

Another thing I'd like to be is a big boss and boss everybody around. When I get really mad at them I'll kick them and boy! will I boss people around. But when you're a boss you don't get free rides. You just walk around and boss.

I'd like to be a person who gives exams and just sits around and watches, and then you start checking their mistakes. Another thing I'd like to be is a garbage man. But when you're a garbage man you've got to remember one thing, and that is to put a clothespin on your nose for those awful smells.

And I'd like to be an artist so I can draw a whole lot of pictures and have a big window to look out of. I would have lots of fun in that.

NORMAN DORF (1)

* * *

When I grow up, I would like to be an airplane pilot. I should think it would be fun, gliding around above the treetops.

Whenever I can, I go to the airport on the Somerville Road. I see lots of interesting things there. I like the Seabee they have. It has wheels that can be taken up into the body. I think it is a very nice plane, but oh, the price of it. If it were for sale, I'm sure it would cost more than three thousand dollars. And believe me, not many people can afford it.

A Piper Cub is another very nice plane, and it doesn't cost nearly as

much as a Seabee. It can land in a very small space, while the Seabee has to have a longer landing strip. But on water all the Seabee has to do is pull up its wheels and presto! it's all ready to land, while the poor Piper Cub will, inside of a half hour, go to the bottom.

Boy oh boy, would I like to be the first to ride in one of those super-jet P-80's, or one of those wonderful new jet fighters! I don't see how those men can invent such things. Right now they are trying to invent a fuel for the rocket ship to the moon. It has to be highly explosive, like T.N.T.

I just can't wait till I am an airplane pilot.

DAVID HAMILTON (1)

* * *

I want to be a newspaperman. I'm going to work for the Trenton "Times." I hope to work in the news part. The news comes in on a telegraph machine. It writes the news on a tape. They have about ten of them. It is fun to watch them, but I don't know how it will be to work them. They work awfully fast.

Another department is the printing department. They have many printing presses. Some of them work by hand and some by themselves. There are many other departments too, like the photograph, paper, and money. There is a warehouse, too. At the warehouse they are putting a radio station.

Another thing I would like to be is a teacher. A teacher has no work except keeping the children good. He can read books and that's lots of fun. He can boss people around, like this: "Stop talking, Harry," or "Bela, stop

fooling around," or "Pete, turn around," or "No, you can't go to the bathroom." He can give hard Math or English or Geography, and since a boss is a good job I would like to be a teacher.

JOHN KERNEY (I)

* * *

When I grow up, if I ever do, I have dreams of being a forest ranger. I could help poor people, put out forest fires, make new trees grow. I could fish and ride horseback. And I could get stuck in the snow, hunt deer, get bad people, shoot guns, and go swimming.

When I was little I wanted to be a radio. I wanted to talk, talk, talk, talk, and never be turned off. When I was older I wanted to be a plump, fat, lazy person with plenty of money on hand, and have swimming pools and servants all over creation. I wanted to be the King of the World. And when I was a little older I wanted to be editor of the best newspaper. Of course I would have a long limousine which took all the room on the road.

Getting back to the forest ranger. I would like to feed animals. A forest ranger is the forest policeman. When I went to Maine my uncle, who is a forest ranger, took me to the north woods. It was so quiet, and if you made a noise it would echo. When I go up to Maine this summer, my uncle says, he will take me again.

A forest ranger is a wonderful thing to be.

CHARLES SAVAGE (I)

I would like to be a great many things, but I would like two out of them all. They are doctor and lawyer. The reason is that my father is a doctor and my uncle is a lawyer.

One thing I don't like about a doctor is that he has to take tonsils out and that makes me sick. I don't know how he can stand it with ether. I know what it feels like because I was put to sleep by it and that's why I dread to go into a hospital.

What I like about a doctor is that when he goes on vacation he almost never comes back. Well, I guess I wouldn't mind taking out tonsils. I would just have to learn not to make myself sick.

I dread one more thing about being a doctor and that is that you would have to study too hard. You would have to read thick books almost three feet wide, and I mean it. The doctor cannot take it easy as we can. He works, works, and does more work. I wouldn't mind that because I like to work.

A doctor has a little time off, but when he does the phone rings. He answers it and then the doorbell rings, then the phone, and then the doorbell. The doctor has fun when he goes out on his night off, and that is Thursday. And on Friday night he and all his friends go bowling.

A doctor has to operate and many other things I hate. Even with these bad things about a doctor I still want to be one.

THOMAS URBANIAK (I)

A Trick

The kindest thing ever done to me was at the Branchville Farm and Horse Show.

Branchville is a small town in the northern part of New Jersey. In this town every year a Horse Show is put on by the people of the town. The show lasts for three days, and for two days there is a fair. In the fair are all sorts of games, a Merry-Go-Round, and a Ferris Wheel.

On the first day, I went down to the show, walked through the 4-H Club tent, and saw all the cows and sheep that the boys and girls had taken care of all summer.

On the next day I went right to the fair part and had a ride on the Ferris Wheel. This is the ride that I am going to tell you about.

I got in the seat and started to go up. It seemed as though I were going

up, up, up, and suddenly I was going across, then down! I was frightened at first and wanted to get off. Just then I stopped near the top and then I was very, very frightened. I thought that I was stuck up there all alone.

I saw two people get into the seat below me. Then I went down with the wheel and the people in the car in front of me got out.

The man running the machine asked me if I wanted to get off.

I said, "I don't know."

So up I went again, around five or six times. When I wanted to get off I asked the man, but he would not let me off. Then I realized that I was getting a longer ride than all the rest of the people. After that I didn't mind that Ferris Wheel at all!

HUGH FAIRMAN (III)

Detective Work

Sherlock Holmes, the detective, is my hero. He solves case after case, no matter how baffling, in what seems like an easy way. He is not conceited, yet he has a certain amount of confidence about him; and though a case may seem difficult, even to him, he does not let anyone know that he is momentarily stumped.

I would not wish to be Mr. Holmes, however, but his friend and companion, Dr. Watson. If I were he, I would be able to accompany Holmes in all his cases, and I would get the

benefit of any pieces of information, or comments, that might be hurled my way. I would be with Holmes on all his most interesting cases, and even try my own hand at detective work. Then I would feel like a hero if I had perhaps tied and gagged a desperate criminal whom Holmes had captured.

From this brief composition you might get the idea that Dr. Watson is a mediocre sort of man, who tries to make himself a "big shot." On the contrary, I think that Watson himself

has a certain amount of dignity, being a doctor and a very learned man.

These are some adventures I might like to share with Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes.

"The Creeping Man" is one of the best adventures. Holmes and Watson accompany a young man to a professor's house. The professor has changed from a normal human being into a monkey. Holmes, after a long and baffling case, finally comes up with the correct solution. It seems that the professor was in love with a woman much younger than himself, so to make himself younger the professor took a certain drug which gave him the habits of an ape.

The most thrilling of these adventure stories, however, is the one in which Holmes is supposedly dead, but comes to life to track down a very famous killer who uses a high-powered air gun as a weapon. Holmes and Watson encounter this criminal in a house across the street from the detective's lodgings. They capture him, and he admits that he has killed a man whom the whole city of London has been looking for for months.

I think, as Dr. Watson, I would get practically a thrill a minute with Sherlock Holmes, and after a year of adventure, I would be ready to settle down to a quiet life.

JOHN D'ARMS (V)

Many Days in China

"Here we are in Shanghai, China. Look at all those coolies. May I have a ride, please?" asked Hugh Coxen.

"Yes, you may," said his mother. "In fact, we are all going to the hotel now."

She called a coolie, who came and got her and her son to the hotel all safe and sound. On the way Hugh was quite surprised to see a few cars. When he got to the hotel, he hoped to see a little, old-fashioned hotel. Instead he saw a new building.

The next day Hugh and his mother got into an old, run-down car and started out of the city. Along the Yangtse River they went. The roads were bad.

When they got to the rice fields they both looked very carefully so as not to miss anything. They were now

in the midst of May and some fields were being planted. By the time the afternoon was over they were very tired of rice fields.

In the afternoon they stopped to have the lunch they had brought from the hotel. Just as they were about to eat, a small, brownish boy came up to them and said in English, "Hello. You Americans? I Yen He. I orphan."

"Hello. Yes, we are Americans," said Mrs. Coxen.

"I'm Hugh," Hugh said in a cheery voice.

"You leave quick-quick," said the boy. "Communists come and fight."

Mrs. Coxen felt sorry for Yen He, so she said, "Hop in."

On the rest of the trip they were very glad that they had taken Yen He.

He told how he had had to beg for food, and how he had seen his mother and father die in a concentration camp when they were not given any food while they were sick.

"Oh, how I hate those Japs!" he said.

He told how he had learned English in the concentration camp.

They went to a big feast where fresh monkey brains were served. A man pulled a lever, and a young monkey stuck his head out. His head was chopped off and his brains were eaten fresh. This is outlawed in China now, but I have heard that they still do it at big feasts.

RICHARD WISE (II)

Truth in Fiction

I believe that the statement that characters in fiction are seldom real and human is a false one.

In many books, although the characters' names are not the same, it is easily possible for the reader to come to consider the characters as real people. In many cases, the author creates the people so vividly that the reader, however familiar with the actual non-existence of the character he may be, begins to recognize a reality in the character. The author will often have a real-life person in mind when he writes his book and will carry the story through with actual facts and every detail correct except the name of the hero.

An example is "The Tale of Two Cities" by Charles Dickens. His characters, such as Sidney Carton and Charles Darnay, are so well exploited that throughout the book I obtained a great sense of real life attitude in the story.

Dickens' facts are true ones in the book and his description of the storming of the Bastille is also accurate. Some of his characters, such as the Jacquerie, were actual people. Madame and Monsieur Defarge, although their

names were not applied to actual people, typify the underground leaders.

In "Oliver Twist," Dickens uses the name Oliver Twist for the little boy in the story. However, it is a fact that in this story he showed to his readers some of the troubles he himself had had in his miserable boyhood. This is another example of the falsity of the opening statement.

In the play "Julius Caesar," Shakespeare does not give a completely accurate account of the history of the time, but he does write about true characters, and for the most part, although his plays contain anachronisms, his facts and characters are true. This final example once more shows the falsity of the statement.

In summing up, I realize, of course, that there is some truth in the statement that characters in fiction are seldom real and true. I believe, however, that it is wrong to say all fiction is this way. In this paper I have pointed out three characters as examples of reality and truth. There are numerous other characters I could have used.

JACK WALLACE (VI)

The Dramatic Club

The annual school play, which this year was "The Merchant of Venice," was presented three nights in a row at the Murray Theatre on May 13, 14, and 15. This was the first time that three performances of the school play have ever been given.

The Princeton *Herald* summed up the production with this paragraph: "The performance moved smoothly and at an even pace under the consistently able efforts of the whole cast, directed with understanding and imagination by Henry Ross."

Other comments made by the *Herald* reviewer were: "Alexander Burnstan was the guiding spirit of the production as a poised and stately Portia . . . Harold Elsasser met without hesitation the most demanding role of the play with his portrayal of Shylock. He reached at times a fine emotional interpretation of the truly exacting role . . . Charles Bray stole the show as Launcelot Gobbo. His portrayal of the clownish menial was in the highest tradition of Shakespearean comic characters."

Mr. Robson was in charge of the scenery construction. Mr. Clark and Mr. Smyth directed the Glee Club, which sang a program of songs between the acts.

The cast of characters:

Antonio, <i>a merchant of Venice</i>	JACK WALLACE
Salarino { <i>his friends</i>	GEORGE HACKI
Salanio {	JAMES BROWN
Bassanio, <i>suitor to Portia</i>	WENDELL STANLEY
Lorenzo { <i>friends to Antonio</i>	EDWARD JOHNSON
Gratiano { <i>and Bassanio</i>	DAVID HARROP
Portia, <i>a rich heiress</i>	ALEXANDER BURNSTAN
Nerissa, <i>her waiting-maid</i>	*PETER LINDABURY
	*ROBERT LAUGHLIN
Balthazar, <i>chief servant to Portia</i>	GARRETT HEHER
Shylock, <i>a rich Jew</i>	HAROLD ELSASSER
Stephano, <i>a page to Portia</i>	ADRIAN RAKE
The Prince of Morocco	SAM LINDBERG
Launcelot Gobbo, <i>servant to Shylock</i>	CHARLES BRAY
Old Gobbo, <i>Launcelot's father</i>	JOHN D'ARMS
Leonardo, <i>attendant to Bassanio</i>	JOHN LAW
Jessica, <i>Shylock's daughter</i>	GEORGE CAREY
The Prince of Arragon	PAUL ROEBLING
Tubal, <i>a rich Jew, friend to Shylock</i>	EMERY FLETCHER
Antonio's Servant	JEFF BELFORD
Salerio, <i>a friend to Antonio</i>	PRATT THOMPSON
The Duke of Venice	GEORGE BROWN
Clerk of the Court of Justice	WILLIAM PHELPS
The Duke's Guards	BRUCE DENNEN
	ROBERT DENNEN

*Pages to Portia at alternate performances



*"The Merchant
of Venice"*





BASEBALL TEAM



HOCKEY TEAM

Athletics

BASEBALL

This year the school team was just as strong as in previous years. It won four of the six games played and lost only to Lawrenceville and the Alumni.

Bruce Dennen was an excellent pitcher, pitching five complete games. In thirty innings he struck out forty-one men, walked only nine and allowed twenty-seven hits. Bob Dennen was a hard-hitting catcher, making the only home run of the season as well as two of the team's three triples.

Four of the regulars—Dennen B., Dennen R., Mapes, and Hackl—batted over .300, and the team batting average was .302.

The best-played game was the victory over the Fathers by a 5-1 score. The most exciting was the 4-3 victory over Peddie after Peddie had gained a one-run advantage in the final inning.

P. C. D. 9, Peddie 0

The first game of the season was played on the Peddie diamond and produced some good pitching and hitting. Dennen R. hit a triple and Mapes a two-bagger. P.C.D. made only one error as compared with three by Peddie.

Lawrenceville 11, P. C. D. 1

Though both sides made the same number of hits, nine, P.C.D.'s six errors were too many and the Blue and White was thoroughly defeated. Bruce Dennen pitched and drove in the only run with a two-bagger.

P. C. D. 17, Township 8

The first home game resulted in a smashing victory against Township School. Harrop and Wallace each pitched half the game. Four doubles were hit, two by Wallace and one each by Wood and Bob Dennen, and in this game Dennen also made his home run.

P. C. D. 4, Peddie 3

P.C.D. managed to defeat Peddie in the return game also. Johnson tied the score with a pinch-hit triple in the last regular inning. Peddie went one up in the extra inning, but a P.C.D. rally pushed over two runs for the victory. Dennen B. struck out nine men, while the team back of him made two errors to Peddie's four.

P. C. D. 5, Fathers 1

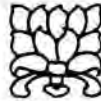
The Fathers' game was the climax of the season. The sons out-hit the fathers 10 to 5 and played brilliantly in the field. Bray at second base starred with an unassisted double play. Stanley made a two-base hit for P.C.D.

Alumni 6, P. C. D. 4

The first game ever played against the Alumni, as part of Alumni Day, was hard-fought, but the alumni proved to be too tough. Loose play by the school team gave the alumni a lead of six runs, and good pitching by Wolcott Baker and Bob Wicks kept the losers from catching up.

The line-up for most of the games was as follows:

Pitcher, Dennen B.; catcher, Dennen R.; first base, Wood (captain); second base, Bray C.; shortstop, Hackl; third base, Wallace J.; left field, Harrop or Boice; center field, Mapes; right field, Brown, G., or Stanley; substitutes, Elsasser, Johnson, Brown J., Carey; manager, Law.



TENNIS

For several years the pair of tennis courts adjacent to the School have been unusable on account of tall weeds and lack of care. This year the School made an agreement with the University League, and about a dozen boys put the tennis courts back into condition under the guidance of Mr. Tibbals. Mr. Tibbals set up a ladder-tournament system whereby all the boys in the school might contend for championship. He also planned several matches with other schools, but unfortunately only two of these matches could be played because of the rainy weather.

The boys who took part in these matches were Belford, Burnstan, Carey, Erdman, Hackl, Lindberg, Wallace J., and Wood.

Hun 3, P. C. D. 1

The first of the two matches was with the Hun School on their courts. At first it looked as if the Hun School would have a complete victory, but finally Belford won his match to make the final score 3-1, Hun School's favor.

P. C. D. 4½, Peddie ½

The second match was more successful, against the Peddie School Juniors on their grounds. P.C.D. took the match with four wins and one tie. Carey, playing in the number one singles position, was outstanding with his 6-0, 6-2 victory. Hackl and Wallace also won their singles sets. Wood's was called at even sets due to the lateness of the hour. Belford and Burnstan won the only doubles match of the day, which completed the P.C.D. victory.

With the Blues and Whites

SCHOLARSHIP

The scholastic competition in the school has been very close all year, and the spring term was no different. At the end of the term the average of the Blues was 77+ % and that of the Whites was 77--%. Added to the other two terms, this gave the Blues the winning margin for the year.

The following boys had no failures on their spring reports:

BLUES: (33)—Bauer, Bray C., Bray R., Burnstan, Cannon, Carey, Cook, D'Arms E., D'Arms J., Davis, Dennen B., Dennen R., Dignan, Finley, Fletcher, Friend, Griggs, Hess, Hewitt, Kerr, Lapsley, Mapes, Moore, Outerbridge J., Phelps, Rulon-Miller, Sikes, Smith S., Stanley, Thompson, Urbaniak H., Wood, Wright.

WHITES: (29)—Alsop, Belford, Brown G., Brown J., Cain, Clarke, Cuyler, Dorf N., Dorf T., Elsasser, Erdman, Furman, Hackl, Hamilton, Harrop, Heher, Hillier, Johnson, Kales, Laughlin, Law, Lindberg, Meritt, Rake, Shear, Smith N., Wallace J., Wallace W., Wallis.

BASEBALL

The baseball competition this year was very one-sided, the Blues winning by 34 points to the Whites' 11.

In the Senior division the Blues won four games and lost none, while there was one tie. In the Intermediates the Whites were ahead with three wins as against two for the Blues. The Junior Blues won all five of their games.

These are the scores of the games:

<i>Seniors</i>			<i>Intermediates</i>		
Blues	7,	Whites 2	Blues	10,	Whites 1
Blues	4,	Whites 1	Whites	7,	Blues 4
Blues	16,	Whites 0	Blues	8,	Whites 0
Tie,	3-3		Whites	2,	Blues 1
Blues	6,	Whites 0	Whites	7,	Blues 2

Juniors

Blues	12,	Whites 2
Blues	11,	Whites 5
Blues	3,	Whites 0
Blues	2,	Whites 1
Blues	4,	Whites 0

TRACK

The thirteenth annual track meet took place in Palmer Stadium on the morning of Saturday, May 29. It was an excellent meet with close competition throughout. It was so close that if the Blues had not won the relay race—which they did by about two feet—the final score would have been a tie.

As it was, the Blues won the Erdman Cup, 57 points to 47.

The winners:

Seniors

100-yard dash: Lindberg (W), Mapes (B), Dennen B. (B)
220-yard dash: Tie between Lindberg (W) and Mapes (B); Wood (B)
Broad jump: Johnson (W), Wood (B), Dennen B. (B)
High jump: Tie between Dennen R. (B) and Wallace J. (W); tie between Elsasser (W) and Johnson (W).
Shot put: Stanley (B), Wood (B), Elsasser (W).

Intermediates

75-yard dash: Tie between Clarke (W) and Erdman (W); Davis (B)
Broad jump: Davis (B), Clarke (W), Lapsley (B)
High jump: Erdman (W), Lapsley (B), Meritt (W).

Juniors

50-yard dash: Cain (W), Bauer (B), Dignan (B)
Broad jump: Cain (W), Dignan (B), Bray R. (B)
High jump: Tie between Dignan (B) and Outerbridge D. (B); Bray R. (B).

The winning Blue relay team was as follows: Urbaniak T., Bauer, Dorman, Davis, Dennen B., Mapes.

The Country Fair

On May 22, the day of the Hobby Show, an innovation was introduced in the form of a Country Fair, to raise money for the Building Fund. It was a tremendous success, financially and in every other way. The sum of \$1,500 was earned for the Building Fund.

The Junior Field was covered with booths and other attractions gaily decorated in blue and white. There were activities for young and old alike. There was a Children's Corner for the very young, with slides, pony rides, fish-ponds, and a Punch and Judy show put on by boys of the First Form.

For older children and younger grown-ups there were contests in breaking china dishes, puncturing balloons, driving nails, bowling, and so forth. Mr. Wicks made "quickie" sketches of people, and Mrs. Dorf made up children's faces into an assortment of clowns. Miss Longstreth and Harold El-sasser gave a tap-dancing exhibition. Garrett Heher and Paul Roebing presented a magic show in the cafeteria. Jonathan Cabot gave rides in his lawn-mower-powered midget car. Also there were flowers, food, and drinks for sale, and many boys acted as "barkers" for the different attractions.

Most of the credit for the success of the fair should be given to the Mothers' Committee, which had Mrs. John H. Wallace, Jr. as its chairman. It was their idea, and they did a great deal of work on it, assisted by some fathers, the faculty, and the boys on the Fair Committee.

The fair attracted a huge crowd of people, many of whom had never been to the school before. It was a great success for the school as a whole.

The usual exhibition of boys' hobbies, as well as science, social studies, and other projects, was displayed inside the building, and also attracted the interest of many of the visitors to the Fair.



Honor Roll

SPRING TERM, 1948

FIRST HONOR ROLL

(90-100)

Hamilton
Hess
Johnson
Kerr
Wallace, J.

SECOND HONOR ROLL

(85-89)

Bauer
Brown, G.
Brown, J.
Cook
D'Arms, J.
Dennen, B.
Dennen, R.
Dorf, T.
Fletcher
Heher
Hillier
Kales
Law
Lee
Rulon-Miller
Shear
Wright

THIRD HONOR ROLL

(80-84)

Alsop
Belford
Bray, C.
Bray, R.
Cannon
Clarke
Davis
Elsasser
Griggs
Harrop
Hewitt
Laughlin
Lindabury
Meritt
Miller
Moore
Pease
Phelps
Smith, N.
Urbaniak, H.
Wallis

June 7, 1948

PRESIDING

LEDLIE I. LAUGHLIN, Esq.

Chairman: Board of Trustees

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

INVOCATION

REV. HENRY BREVOORT CANNON

CLASS EXERCISES

Class Poem	{ EMERY SANBORN FLETCHER JAMES WARD BROWN
Class Prophecy	{ ALEXANDER SLOAN BURNSTAN JOHN TOWNSEND LAW assisted by GEORGE HAROLD BROWN, JR.
Class Will	CHARLES WILLIAM BRAY, III
Presentations by Class of 1949	{ PETER VLIET LINDABURY WALLACE CRAWFORD PALMER, JR.

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

PROF. EDWIN GRANT CONKLIN

Professor Emeritus of Biology
Princeton University

AWARDING OF PRIZES

MR. HENRY B. ROSS, Headmaster

Mathematics	{ GEORGE HAROLD BROWN, JR. EMERY SANBORN FLETCHER
English	{ GEORGE HAROLD BROWN, JR. JAMES WARD BROWN JOHN DUNCAN WALLACE
Ancient History	{ GEORGE HAROLD BROWN, JR. JOHN DUNCAN WALLACE
Latin	JAMES WARD BROWN
French	JAMES WARD BROWN
Endeavor and Improvement	WILLIAM PRATT THOMPSON

HIGH COMMENDATION FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE

Sixth Form	{ GEORGE HAROLD BROWN, JR. JAMES WARD BROWN JOHN DUNCAN WALLACE
Fifth Form	{ EDWARD ESREY JOHNSON BRUCE P. DENNEN
Fourth Form	{ PETER BENT BRIGHAM NORTHROP WALLIS KENNETH WILLOUGHBY MOORE, JR. ARTHUR DEAN MERITT
Third Form	{ GEORGE BURNS HESS PETER GWIN PATTON WRIGHT THOMAS ALFRED DORF
Second Form	{ THOMAS ALBERT KERR, JR. THEODORE LESLIE SHEAR, JR. PETER BAUER
First Form	{ DAVID CARPENTER HAMILTON, JR. PETER BIGELOW COOK

AWARDING OF SCHOOL CUPS

The Headmaster's Cup	JOHN DUNCAN WALLACE (<i>Leadership</i>)
The Faculty Cup	EMERY SANBORN FLETCHER (<i>General Character</i>)
The Athletics Cup	{ GEORGE CRAIG SEVERANCE HACKL ROGER JENNINGS WOOD (<i>All-round Athlete</i>)
Upper School Scholarship Cup	GEORGE HAROLD BROWN, JR. (<i>VI, V, IV Forms</i>)
Lower School Scholarship Cup	THOMAS ALBERT KERR, JR. (<i>III, II, I Forms</i>)
The Alumni Cup	EDWARD ESREY JOHNSON (<i>Proficiency in V Form</i>)

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS
THE SCHOOL SONG

School Cheer: 1948	GEORGE GIBSON CAREY
School	DAVID COLE HARROP

THE CLASS OF 1948

CHARLES WILLIAM BRAY, III	DAVID COLE HARROP
GEORGE HAROLD BROWN, JR.	JOHN TOWNSEND LAW
JAMES WARD BROWN	SAM CLAES LINDBERG
ALEXANDER SLOAN BURNSTAN	CHARLES FRANCIS MAPES, JR.
HAROLD BOYD ELSASSER	WENDELL MEREDITH STANLEY, JR.
EMERY SANBORN FLETCHER	WILLIAM PRATT THOMPSON
GEORGE CRAIG SEVERANCE HACKL	JOHN DUNCAN WALLACE
	ROGER JENNINGS WOOD

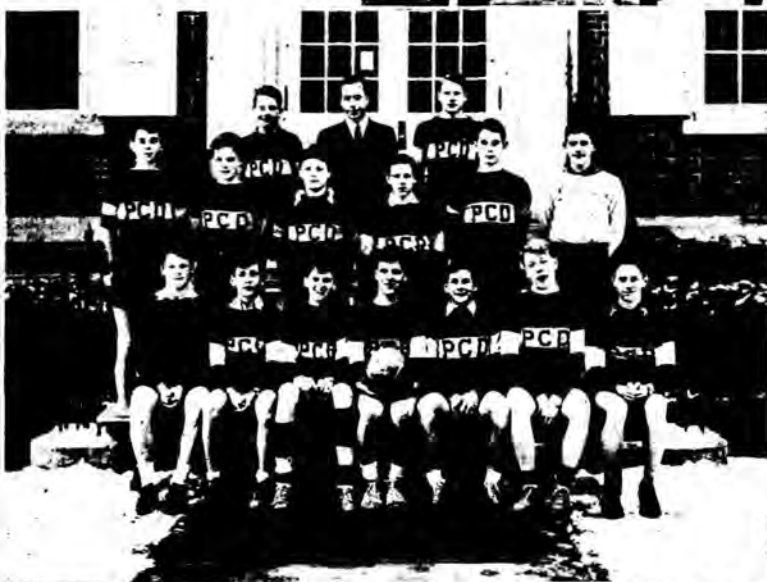


THE CLASS OF 1948

TENNIS TEAM



SOCCER TEAM



BASKETBALL TEAM



The Class Poem

(By JAMES WARD BROWN AND EMERY SANBORN FLETCHER)

These verses don't sound
Like Shakespeare or Burns;
So Fletcher and Brown
Had better take turns.

On the western end of Battle Road
Lives a famous joker, they say.
The girls all call him "Dimples,"
But we call him Charlie Bray.

George Brown is an inventor
With his automatic gear
And shock-absorbers on his bike
Which make it hard to steer.

Jim Brown is a studier;
To him it is a lark.
Each morning in Latin class
He's a help to Mr. Clark.

Burnstan was our Portia,
A darling gal was he.
And now he's packing for a trip
Across the eastern sea.

Elsasser rises early
To get his exercise.
It hasn't made him burly,
But it's good for little guys.

Fletcher is a person,
That we must concede.
However, science fiction
Is all that he will read.

George Hackl starred especially
On the ice at Baker Rink.
A couple of times he got the puck
And gave it to Harrop to sink.

Dave Harrop was the captain
Of the Varsity Hockey Team.
And when he shot the puck,
He was always on the beam.

Law doesn't seem to be in school
For serious education;
For he goes into gales of laughter
At any provocation.

Lindberg's a politician
Who revels in debates.
He'll probably be a senator
After he graduates.

Charles Mapes lives for baseball
And talks of the Dodgers' fame.
He "moldered" his father's pitches
In a very recent game.

Stanley loves his camera.
He's always taking shots
Of his classmates and their friends
In various poses and spots.

Of all the class, Pratt Thompson
Is the star at tether-pole.
But when it comes to Latin,
He's sometimes in a hole.

Jack Wallace as suave Antonio
Did justice to his part.
For friendship's sake, he offered
The meat around his heart.

Roger Wood's our baseball captain;
He's terrific at the bat.
And he was tops while playing first;
There's no denying that.

Fifteen verses are quite a few.
That is all of this motley crew.
Tall and short, and a twin or two,
The Class of '48's thanking you

The Class Prophecy

(By ALEXANDER SLOAN BURNSTAN AND JOHN TOWNSEND LAW,
assisted by GEORGE HAROLD BROWN, JR.)

SCENE: A television studio

CHARACTERS: Al, a fund-raiser

John, studio manager

George, studio announcer

Al. This is a mighty nice television studio you have here, John.

John. I'm glad you like it, Al. George, try this announcement, will you? We're on the air in twenty minutes.

George. Okay. (He reads.) "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your friendly station, PCDTV, Channel 13 on your dial. In just a minute we will bring you the fourth chapter of *Mother's Other Husband's Wife*, but first, an important announcement. Think of your child's future! Donate to the fund for the new P.C.D. Six Man Football Stadium! Contributions may be sent directly to Carter Cuyler, Headmaster, Princeton Country Day School, Princeton, N. J., or to Alec Burnstan, chairman of the P.C.D. Stadium Building Fund, Room 77, Burnstan Building, Burnstanburg, N. J.—And now, *Mother's Other Husband's Wife*!"

John. Very good, George.

Al. John, when is the next board meeting of our Sapphire Rocket Line to the Saturn Satellites?

John. It's tomorrow at ten.—Say, before this appeal for donations for the building fund goes on the air, let's look over the alumni list to see if there are any likely prospects.

Al. That's a good idea. Let's see—1946, 1947, 1948—look here's our class. I wonder how many of them have struck it rich.

John. Well, here is one name—Roger Wood. We ought to get a big contribution from him. I understand he has been proclaimed "Pepsi King" and took three of the \$100,000 sweepstakes in a row.

Al. Yes, I know. He's living in the foreign section of town on that street named in his honor—"Rue de la Burp," or something like that. He's a sure bet for a contribution with all that money of his.

John. I hear he put some of his money into his new ball club in the American League, the "Carbonates."

Al. Well, who else is on the list? Let me see—Sam Lindberg.

John. Oh, we won't get anything from him. He's a missionary, trying to teach Christianity to the natives of Lower Unglefrania. I hear he almost got killed when he was comparing one African with another. Lindberg called him "a horse of a different color," whereupon the native took up a club and beat him within a yard of his life.

Al. Well, that cancels him for sure.—Who's next? Pratt Thompson.

John. Oh, I know what's become of him. Once when he was hunting giant rats in Jamaica, the idea came to him of a way of manufacturing rat traps for the Jamaicans in order that they might obtain their food. It seems the Jamaicans have a craving for fresh rat meat, and Thompson (who always was a smart guy) saw his chance. Now he's making a fortune trading traps for the natives' cattle and sheep. There was a great demand for food in the Fourth World War, you know.

Al. We'll get something from him. Who else is on the list?

John. James Brown. You know, the fellow who always signs his name "Jake."

Al. Oh yes. He's a naturalist now. Graduated from Dismal University in the southern Georgia swamps.

John. Yes. You know, he's been trailing a bumblebee for several months now. I was told by Mr. Cuyler, the headmaster, that the poor man must be very confused. He hasn't come to an alumni meeting since his brother stepped on his pet ant and crushed the poor thing to death.

Al. Well, we won't get any money from him. But speaking of that brother of his—I think his name was George—I've heard of him lately. A long time ago, I think it was when we were in school together, he got into an argument with one of the masters about a picture of an equation in *Life Magazine*. The story had to do with the Institute for Advanced Study, and the equation was on a blackboard in the background of one of the pictures. Well, he argued and argued with the master about the equation's canceling out, and it made such an impression on his mind that now he's traveling around the country trying to prove his theory. He always has a copy of this particular magazine with him. (NOTE: At this point the studio announcer, who has been quietly reading *Life Magazine* in a corner, hastily tries to hide it.) His lectures have been a flop, though. The only audience he ever gets is a group of eager, penniless psychologists.

John. Maybe we could get a dollar from him.—But who's this? Charles Bray? I don't remember him.

Al. You don't remember Charlie Bray? He was recently adopted into the Sioux Indian tribe, and given the title of Little-Lad-With-Pink-Cheeks. He likes it so much that he has now taken on the job of placing runaway Indians on reservations. He's so crazy about it that whenever he meets somebody he utters a feeble grunt of "how."

John. He doesn't sound like much of a prospect. Who else is there?

Al. Dr. Fletcher. Doctor? Oh yes, you remember him, the one who went to the planet Pluto last year in his Gibbo-ship. He didn't seem to like it, for he moved to Mars where he invented an electro-pneumatoscope to prevent belligerent electrons from acting up and causing war. He made a lot from his discovery—let's put him down for five million dollars.

John. He's moved around so much, what is his address now?

Al. Dr. E. Fletcher, Lunartic Valley, The Moon.—The next man is Mapes—Charles Mapes.

John. Oh, he used to be quite a runner. He could do the hundred in eight flat with the wind against him. As a matter of fact he holds the universal record for everything except the six-mile dash.

Al. Yes, well—a rich Texas ranch girl saw him run one day, was immediately smitten, and they have been together ever since—happily married. Yes, he can really pick out the rich ones. What luck for the school!

John. Al, this is quite a class, every one outstanding. Look here—General George Hackl. He received the Nobel Peace Prize because of the "Hackl Plan" which unified the universe into six general divisions, or states, which are ruled much the way the United States used to be.

Al. He really made good use of that history he studied in school. And he deserved that Nobel Prize. Stopping the Fifth World War in the nick of time was a pretty good thing for all of us.

John. Ah, here's the name of Dr. Wallace. We'll get a good contribution from him; he's just been coining money from his discoveries. Last night I learned from a program in this studio that Dr. Wallace, working at the Happy and Hopeful Hacienda Hospital, received recognition for the discovery of a cure for coryza, acute catarrhal fever, catarrhal rhinitis, pharyngitis, laryngitis, trachitis, and infectious respiratory transmissible virulent expectorating organisms—in other words, the cold.

Al. This name—Harrop—looks familiar, but I can't place it.

John. You know, the "H" man—"when you think of Hockey, think of Harrop."

Al. Oh yes, the owner of the "Avid Avengers," the hockey team which is playing the "Mighty Midgets of Mars" tomorrow night for the Interplanetary Championship. He has a good team—I remember now, he played center on it for thirty years until they gave him the team out of gratitude. He ought to have money. Let's put him down.

John. Who is this Dr. Stanley?

Al. He is the one that has a large farm in California for the breeding of pigs. He has been working there for some time, but just this month he was given an honorary degree in Hog Culture at the University of Northeastern California.

John. I remember now. He discovered a pair of the *Hammus Alabamus*, thought to be extinct, and he has now raised two families of them.—Here is one more name. Whose is it?

Al. H. B. Elsasser. He's doing very well for himself. He is president of the big toy company in New York which manufactures "Little and Lighter Lifties for the Little Lifters."

John. They are quite a thing. My children—and I—use them all the time.—I'm sure Elsasser will do a lot to help swell your fund.—But it's getting late, I must get ready for the broadcast.

Al. Just a minute, John. You were one of this class. You seem to have done well in television. How much of a contribution can we count on from you?

John. Why yes, Al, I'll be glad to help. Put me down for fifty cents—on condition that a million other people also give fifty cents. You're going to make a sizable contribution yourself, aren't you, Al? Judging by your clothes, you've done pretty well financially since you left school.

Al. Well, I was doing well up to last year, John. But then the government sent me a bill for four million eight hundred thousand dollars for evasion of income taxes over the past thirty years, so I'm counting on the rest of you alumni to get that stadium built.

John. All right, George. It's time to broadcast that announcement. Give it just the way you gave it before. Ready? Switch on the current.

(A light appears on the television screen in another corner of the studio. The face of Jim Brown is on the screen. While George Brown goes through the motions of reading the announcement, Jim Brown, with identical gestures, reads the actual words on the screen).

Voice. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your friendly station, PCDTV, Channel 13 on your dial. In just a minute we will bring you the fourth chapter of *Mother's Other Husband's Wife*, but first, an important announcement. Think of your child's future! Donate to the fund for the new P.C.D. Six-Man Football Stadium! Contributions may be sent directly to Carter Cuyler, Headmaster, Princeton Country Day School, Princeton, N. J., or to Alec Burnstan, chairman of the P.C.D. Stadium Building Fund, Room 77, Burnstan Building, Burnstanburg, N. J.—And now, *Mother's Other Husband's Wife!*"

The Class Will

(By CHARLES WILLIAM BRAY, III)

WE, THE MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL, SITUATED IN PRINCETON, IN THE COUNTY OF MERCER, IN THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY, BEING OF UNUSUALLY SOUND MIND AND MEMORY, DO MAKE, PUBLISH, AND DECLARE THIS OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

To the members of the Fifth Form who possess the necessary qualifications, we give, devise and bequeath the positions that we now relinquish as officers of the BLUES and WHITES.

To Bruce Dennen, Jack Wallace leaves his Saturday evening engagements for next year.

To Billy Phelps, Roger Wood leaves his collection of duplicate Pepsi-Cola bottle tops.

To Bobby Laughlin, Harold Elsasser reluctantly wills his unfinished subscription to Charles Atlas' correspondence course.

To John D'Arms and Garrett Heher, George Hackl bequeaths his reducing secret. Better cut down on the dosage, boys!

To Paul Roebling, John Law leaves his uncanny ability to keep Mr. Smyth in a good humor.

To Adrian Rake, our future champ, Wendell Stanley wills his magnetic tetherball paddle.

To George Carey, Alex Burnstan and Sam Lindberg leave their powerful fore-hand drives.

To DeWitt Boice, George and Jim Brown leave their special concoction of midnight oil.

To Bob Dennen, David Harrop regretfully bequeaths the bat with which he was able to strike out so successfully.

To Butch Palmer and Jeff Belford, Pratt Thompson and Charles Mapes will their sharpshooter badges awarded for great accuracy with an eraser at 10 paces.

To Eddie Johnson, Emery Fletcher bequeaths his marble collection accumulated at the expense of his less able P.C.D. colleagues.

To Peter Lindabury, Charles Bray leaves his inexhaustible, inexcusable store of wisecracks.

To the Fifth Form in general, we of the Graduating Class do hereby bequeath our standard of high marks; we hope that they will do almost but not quite as well as we think we did.

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 SEVENTH DAY OF JUNE IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND FORTYEIGHT AT PRINCETON, IN THE COUNTY OF MERCER, IN THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.



With the Alumni

1931

Thomas H. Norris is teaching in the Chemistry Department at Oregon State College, Corvallis, Oregon.

1933

Nicholas R. Cowenhoven, of New Brunswick, N.J., is the father of a son, *Nicholas R. Cowenhoven, Jr.*, who was born on June 4, 1948, at the Middlesex Hospital.

1934

James I. Armstrong and *Robert F. Goheen* were awarded the degree of Master of Arts at Princeton University this June.

1936

John C. Cooper, III, was awarded the B.A. degree of Columbia College at the recent commencement exercises of Columbia University.

William F. Meredith was married on May 8 to Miss Catherine C. Welch, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Roy Dickinson Welch of Princeton University, and sister of Spencer Welch '41 and Roy Welch '43.

1937

John K. Sinclair was awarded the annual Paris Prize in Architecture of the Beaux Arts Institute of Design of New York. One of the highest honors that can be won by a graduate student in architecture, the award carries a scholarship of \$5,000 for architectural study and travel in Europe and later in this country.

1938

John Crocker, Jr. is a teacher at the Waring Ranch School, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Charles R. Erdman, 3rd. and *Robert S. Wicks* received their B.A. degrees from Princeton University at the Commencement exercises on June 15.

1939

Wilhelmus B. Bryan, III. received his B.A. degree from Princeton University this June.

Edward S. Frohling graduated with honors from Massachusetts Institute of Technology this June. He is married and has a son, *Edward S. Frohling, Jr.*, who will be a year old in September.

Edward M. Gorman received his B.A. degree from Harvard in June. His engagement to Miss Dorothy S. Fleming of Princeton was announced this month.

1940

James G. Dougherty, Jr. received the degree of Bachelor of Science from Princeton University in June. He was elected to *Phi Beta Kappa*, national honorary scholastic society.

Charles T. Hall, Jr. was awarded crew insignia for membership in the Princeton University J.V. crew this spring. He was coxswain in the varsity boat that rowed at Poughkeepsie and in the Olympic trials at Princeton.

John Hemphill received his B.A. degree from Princeton in June.

Frederic E. Schluter, Jr. won numerals as a member of the Princeton J.V. baseball team.

1941

George A. Harrop, 3rd, graduated from Princeton with a B.A. degree in June.

David M. Hart was elected president of the Princeton University German Club in May.

1942

Melville P. Dickenson, Jr., a Junior at Princeton University, has been elected captain of next year's varsity lacrosse team.

William E. Schluter won his numerals as a member of the Princeton J.V. baseball team.

1943

Peter Erdman won a letter as a member of the Princeton University lacrosse team this spring.

Samuel C. Howell won his letter as the leading quarter-miler on the Princeton University track team this spring.

Charles, Earl of March, leaves Eton College at the end of the present term for a year of service in the British Army. Thereafter he hopes to enter Christ Church College, Oxford University.

1944

Nicholas Gordon-Lennox has been a student at Eton College since 1944, and has one more year there before being drafted into the army. His address, as well as that of his brother, Charles March, is Goodwood House, Chichester, Sussex, England.

Don Mathey was elected captain of the Princeton Freshman tennis team at the conclusion of their undefeated season this spring.

John Matthews won numerals as a member of the 150-pound Freshman crew at Princeton.

Richard K. Paynter, III, won numerals as a member of the second Freshman crew at Princeton.

1945

Ledlie I. Laughlin, Jr. was graduated *cum laude* this month from St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

Colin McAneny was Salutatorian of the graduating class at Taft and won the Senior prize in science.

Carlos Quian, Jr., won the Fifth Form Best Essay award at Lawrenceville, where he graduated this June.

John C. Stewart graduated from Middlesex School and will enter Trinity College, Hartford, in the fall.

1946

Dexter D. Ashley has enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Forces. He is stationed at Lackland Air Force Base, San Antonio, Texas.

William Black won a minor L as a member of the golf team at Lawrenceville.

Robert L. Patterson was on the championship debating team and also won the "Time" Current Affairs Prize of the Circle Houses at Lawrenceville. He is Managing Editor of next year's Lawrenceville Literary Magazine.

Robert Piper, editor-in-chief of the Lawrenceville Literary Magazine for next year, won the Fourth Form short story prize this spring.

1947

Guy Casadesus entered the Lycee Carnot in Paris in the Second Class, equivalent to the 11th Grade. He is taking a course of languages and mathematics, and made the basketball and tennis teams. His home address is 54 Rue Vaneau, Paris, France.

David Mathey played on the tennis team at Deerfield.

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1943

THE WHITES

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1929 1942
1932 1945
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1927 1934
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BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

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BASEBALL CHAMPIONS

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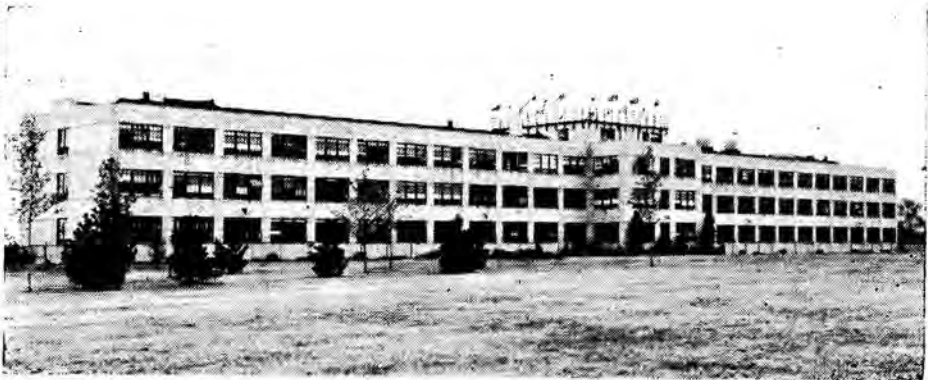
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