

VOL. XXI, No. 1

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

DECEMBER, 1948

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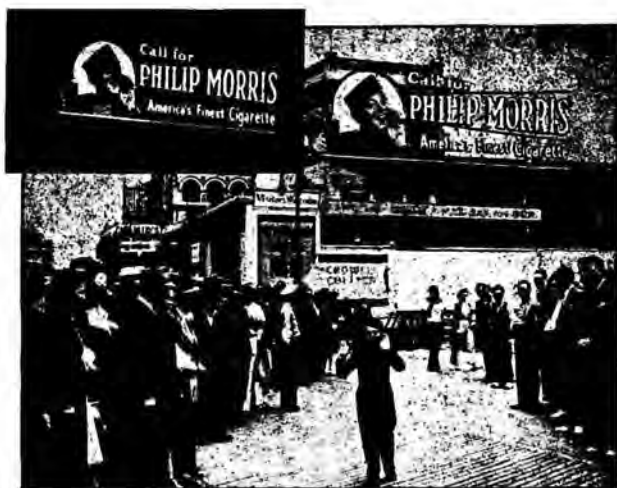
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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

DECEMBER

1948

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

# Who's Who

1948-1949

## COLOR OFFICERS

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ROBERT DENNEN, *Secretary*

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## PREFECTS

Bruce Dennen and Edward Johnson (head prefects) and all members of the Sixth Form in rotation.

## Honor Roll

Fall Term, 1948-1949

### First Honor Roll (90-100)

PETER COOK  
BRUCE DENNEN  
THOMAS DORF  
ALEXANDER FINLEY  
GEORGE HESS  
EDWARD JOHNSON  
THOMAS KERR  
PETER KNIPE

### Second Honor Roll (85-89)

PETER BAUER  
JEFF BELFORD  
ROBERT DENNEN  
DAVID HAMILTON  
GARRETT HEHER  
ROBERT HILLIER  
ROBERT KALES  
RENSSELAER LEE  
KENNETH MOORE  
DAVID PETERSON  
HENRY RULON-MILLER  
LESLIE SHEAR  
RICHARD STILLWELL  
BENT WALLIS  
DENIS WRIGHT

### Third Honor Roll (80-84)

RICHARD BRAY  
HENRY CANNON  
GRENVILLE CUYLER  
JOHN D'ARMS  
FRANK DAVIS  
NORMAN DORF  
CLIFFORD ELGIN  
WILEY FRIEND  
LAWRENCE GRIGGS  
OAKLEY HEWITT  
HENRY HUFF  
JOHN KERNEY  
PETER LINDABURY  
JOHN MARTINELLI  
ROBERT MILLER  
LANCE ODDEN  
JOHN PEARCE  
WILLIAM PHELPS  
ADRIAN RAKE  
KENNETH SCASSERRA  
HENRY STEELE  
HENRY URBANIAK  
WILLIAM WALLACE  
WILLIAM WRIGHT



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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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## BOARD OF EDITORS

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## The New Wing

The new wing is a great accomplishment which is now having a useful, as well as a novel sense. It is something new for the boys and a new responsibility for the masters.

The improvements contained in the new wing are ones which the school has looked forward to for a long time. These improvements consist of showers; a locker, instead of a box and a hook, for every boy; and two new classrooms, which have eliminated classes being held in the Study Hall. As a result of the new wing, the following changes have been made in the old building: a new library room, a new faculty room, two new offices, an enlarged cafeteria, a dark-room, a printing room, and a club room.

Yet we are still looking forward to something else. In short, we still need a gymnasium. At present we have to use outside gymnasiums for our own purposes. We also have to use an outside theater for our plays.

If this year proves as progressive as the past one, the future looks very bright, indeed, for obtaining this needed addition.

We feel that great appreciation is due Mr. Ross, the members of the Board of Trustees, the generous contributors to the fund, and the boys of the school. Although it would have been impossible without the material aid of the contributors, it would have been equally impossible without the spirit of the faculty and the boys. We deeply thank those who have made this dream into a reality. It is especially our pride, but it will be the pride and joy of the boys yet to come to the Country Day School.

## *Six-Man Football*

Our football team has done very well. Considering the fact that it had very little practice and it started late in the season, we feel that it was a good team. But there are several questions that need to be answered.

If we are to play football, what will become of soccer? Seemingly the best answer is that football should be played only in the top two classes. This would be satisfactory because soccer is not unpopular in the remaining forms, but we feel that football is actually a varsity sport.

Why has football not been played here before? Primarily the school felt that it would be a great responsibility because many boys are injured in the playing of football. Furthermore, before this year there were no showers in the locker rooms. It would be ridiculous to play such an exercising game as football and then to have no showers for the players to use.

Should football become our major sport? This question, we feel, should be decided only after a great deal of serious consideration, especially on the part of the students.

In conclusion, we want to congratulate every member of the team for the success they have had in what may be the first regular year of football in our school.

## The Calendar

### SEPTEMBER

*Thirty days hath September—*

SEPTEMBER 27—After about two weeks in which sad little boys have hung around the building begging for school to open, it does at last. We can hardly believe all we see. We'll really have to come back tomorrow and finish looking around.

### OCTOBER

*All the rest have thirty-one—*

OCTOBER 3—Sunday, a day of rest—until I have to start on that composition after supper. This is "Ken" day: birthdays for Kenny Moore and Kenny Scasserra.

OCTOBER 11—The plumbers in the shower room play tunes with hammers on pipes as if they really mean to finish their job before Christmas. They complain to Mr. Ross that, with the First and Second Forms on the floor right above them, there is too much noise for them to get their work done.

OCTOBER 19—Bill Carroll, hermit of Lawrence Gulch, born.

OCTOBER 21—Jeff Belford, bibliophilous philomath, born.

OCTOBER 30—Eddie Johnson, well-known daguerreotypist and philogynist, born. Bruce Raymond, big-game hunter and importer of monkeys, also born.

OCTOBER 31—Painted windows, uprooted goal-posts, and a general spasm of nocturnal activity sweeps the town. No wonder, for next to Washington's Birthday what event in American history is more stirring than the birthday of Tom and Norm Dorf (and they're NOT twins)!

## NOVEMBER

*April, June, and November—*

- NOVEMBER 1—Jimmy Ackerman, human cricket, born.
- NOVEMBER 4—A dozen ferocious-looking athletes with broad shoulder pads and business-like helmets cavort on the back field and start the football season rolling. We know you, Billy Wallace, behind that shirt! Henry Urbaniak, you can't hide inside that helmet! Come on, John D'Arms, we'd know you anywhere!
- NOVEMBER 5—Gordon Sikes, human question mark, born.
- NOVEMBER 8—Jimmy Kerney, brother of Johnny, born.
- NOVEMBER 18—The Fifth Form gets quite an addition today. Arthur Meritt and Steve Stock both born (and they're not twins either!)
- NOVEMBER 22—Dick Stillwell, F.B.I. secret agent, born.
- NOVEMBER 27—J. D'Arms, human tackling dummy, born.

## DECEMBER

*Jingle bells, jingle bells,**jingle all the way—*

- DECEMBER 2—David Maxwell born, and his nephew was the editor of the JUNIOR JOURNAL six years before David was born. Want to bet?
- DECEMBER 6—Peter Bauer, 'gun-totin' frontiersman, born. Lance Odden, First Form desperado, follows Peter's example.
- DECEMBER 9—Nothing ever happens but birthdays! Here comes Pierce Milholland, trying to slip into the world without being seen.
- DECEMBER 10—But he can't escape because Hank Steele is just a step behind him.
- DECEMBER 11—Curtain going up on the drama of the life of Rensselaer Lee. Give the little boy a big hand, folks.
- DECEMBER 17—Last day of the term. Whew! Fairman just gets into this birthday list, one day more and he would have missed! Give him your personal attention, fellows, before he gets home. —And so, Merry Christmas, young and old!

THE BOY WHO SITS BEHIND YOU

## Christmas at Carter House

Excitement ran high through all the many big rooms of Carter House, the large white New England house on the hill overlooking the village of Stanford, New Hampshire. It was two days before Christmas, but already the four Carter children were busily running up and down the attic steps bringing down the Christmas decorations. Among these was the much-prized family heirloom, an 18th century Italian presepio. It was the tradition in the Carter family to set this up two days before Christmas.

All the Carters worked all day arranging the beautifully carved figures of the nativity scene. It was now complete with its background of greenish-brown hills from which the shepherds were coming to view the Babe Jesus with his mother, Mary, and Joseph watching over him. This manger scene was set in a grotto and the ox and ass were there. Behind was a glimpse of the roof of the Inn. The three wise men with their attendants formed a procession through an archway. They were bearing their gifts to the newborn Saviour. All these figures were in miniature, but were beautifully and realistically clothed. The presepio was a family heirloom more than two hundred years old.

When Christmas Eve arrived there was all the fun and excitement of opening the presents. Exclamations of joy and screams of delight issued from every corner of the great living

room with its brightly lit Christmas tree. At last exhausted but happy the family gathered around the presepio.

Bob, the oldest of the four Carter children, looked admiringly at it and then said, "Say, Dad, how did this idea start anyway?"

"Well, Son, sit down a minute and I'll tell you. This custom goes back as far as the seventh century when, according to legend, the relics of the original manger were brought from the Holy Land and deposited in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. The relics were brought out on Christmas Eve for all the people to see and thus began the custom of representing the manger scene in the Italian churches. The kindly old Saint Francis made this custom popular in the 13th century, as we know, from Giotto's fresco at Assisi. The practice quickly spread throughout the Christian world and is a common custom of Christmas festivals today. In Italy it became popular to include the wise men with the manger group and set this scene in a local Italian landscape or village scene. These figures were collected in Italy years ago so that we might also carry on this old tradition."

"My, that is quite something," said Bob. "Christmas has quite a story behind it, doesn't it? You know, Dad, I like this idea very much."

With that the Carters trooped off happily to bed.

T. LESLIE SHEAR, JR. (III)

## *War: Everybody Loses*

It was the year 19??, and I was sitting by my two-way radio in the recreation hall of the 21st Rocket Squadron of the U.S. Air Corps. Suddenly over the radio came the startling announcement that Russia had bombed five major cities in the South and Middle-Eastern states. Immediately we were ordered to stand by for action.

About three hours later we were ordered to escort a flight of bombers which were going to bomb Russia. Half way over the Arctic Ocean some Russian rocket fighters tried to stop our bombers. Before we could stop them, they had shot down one of our crews. They got no more, however, for we drove them out of the sky after a fifteen-minute battle, thanks to our newly invented fire-ray guns.

As we approached Russia we climbed to an altitude of 70,000 feet and watched our bombers drop their plutonic bombs. Then we quickly turned back for the United States. A half hour later we reached the base, mission accomplished, with only one bomber and one fighter lost. Little did I know what was going to happen at the end of this Third World War.

About a year and a half later the war was still going on, and neither side had succeeded in doing any real damage to the other because of the strong underground fortifications which each side had. Every day now we were making bombing runs over Russia, and each day we would come

back having done a little more damage to the Russians that day than they had done to us.

Then we began hearing rumors of a bomb which was being invented by the American scientists, which would, when finished, be a hundred times more powerful than the plutonic bomb. We also heard that the Russians were working on such a bomb too.

Then one day, exactly two years after the beginning of the war, we were called into the office of the commanding general and were given these orders. Our squadron was going to escort only two bombers over Russia for a bombing mission. Then he answered the question which had entered all our minds at once. "The reason why you are escorting only two bombers is this," he said. "Each bomber has one of the newly invented 'X-bombs,' which, as you probably have heard, is one hundred times stronger than the plutonic bomb." We all gasped at this news, for we hadn't thought the rumors we heard were really true.

That afternoon we took off for Russia. We flew at 800 miles per hour across the ocean. Our target for the day: Moscow. Two hours later, flying at 100,000 feet, we approached Moscow. As we flew over the target, I grew tense. Beads of sweat began to form on my forehead. I saw the bombers release their "X-bombs." I watched them fall, with eager expect-



tation. Even my wildest dreams couldn't dream what I saw that day; for suddenly a terrific explosion rent the air, and my rocket ship was hurled bodily by the concussion up to 200,000 feet. Billowing smoke soared into the air and enveloped my crazily bouncing ship. Then I blacked out.

I came to about a minute and a half later. My ship was in an end-over-end spin. Quickly I leveled off. My altimeter read 75,000 feet. Suddenly I was aware of terrific heat. I climbed higher and then looked around to see what damage had been done. To my utter amazement I saw a huge, yawning crater which must have been 150 miles in diameter and at least 50 miles deep. After remaining a few hours I returned to my base and reported the results of the mission. Moscow had been completely destroyed.

However, the scientists did not realize the power which they had unleashed with the making of that bomb.

That same night—is it possible that it was this very night on which I write?—hundreds of reports started coming in over the radio, like these: From Shanghai, China, "City being destroyed by violent earthquakes. Please send aid." From London, England, "Earthquakes, violent storms, raging fires demolishing city, also surrounding cities." From Argentina, "Shattering earthquakes destroying all cities. Great fissures opening in ground. New volcanoes rising. Help, help."

Suddenly, just as a report from Iceland of a tidal wave was cut off, I felt the earth begin to tremble underneath the radio tower. Then I realized what had happened. The tremendous explosion of the "X-bomb" had set off chain reactions all over the world. The planet Earth was doomed, and so was every soul on it!

The huge control tower is toppling—down on me and my buddies—down — down — —

JEFF BELFORD (VI)

## Our Pig

One day when Uncle Tom and I  
Were going to look about,  
"Oh, deary me—oh my, oh my—  
The pig has gotten out!"

When once again we got him in,  
That is, inside his pen,  
He got right up and got to work  
Chasing our little white hen!

I think you'd like to know about  
This naughty little pig,  
For when he was tired of being  
fenced in,  
He'd go under the fence and dig!

PETER COOK (II)

## The Hump

It was eight o'clock in the morning when my mother and I arrived at the foot of Camel's Hump. This is truly a majestic mountain, four thousand one hundred forty-one feet high.

The trail follows along the side of a clear, noisy mountain stream for about half a mile. Then the white blaze markers lead abruptly up a steep grade under big trees which darkened our path. Some of these trees are virgin timber.

After walking Indian fashion, that is, one behind another, for a quiet half hour we came to a place where we could see out over the valley and the smaller foot-hills which we had climbed early that morning in order to reach the foot of the Camel.

After a moment's rest we started on. A light breeze was blowing which seemed to stiffen as we climbed. Later we buttoned our coats. Suddenly we made a sharp turn, and there before us was the rocky outline of the Hump, fifteen hundred feet straight up. To my relief we did not have to climb over the face of this rock but walked around until we found an easier grade on another side.

Presently we arrived at the last spring, where we filled our canteens. From this point on the trees were scrubby and low.

Finally we arrived at a comparatively flat spot where an overnight cabin was nestled under the hump of

the camel. There was a fireplace here; so we took off our packs and ate our lunch. I must say that I was very hungry.

After the meal I climbed the last five hundred feet by myself, which I soon discovered was difficult. The rocks and boulders were huge, and the cracks between them were deep and treacherous. Sometimes one could find snow in the bottom of them.

At last I came to the top, and began to crawl on my hands and knees. The wind was terrific, and I was often enveloped by a swirling mass of wet vapor. Then the clouds broke away, and for a second I saw the cairn which marked the very top. A sudden gust of wind came, and it was blotted out. The wind whistled over the top as if wrestling with the mountain, trying to tear it stone from stone. The ghostly cairn appeared and disappeared in the swirling clouds.

Suddenly a chill came over me as I thought of the awful crash which had taken place here two years ago. All but one of the crew of a B-17 had met their fate on this mountain when their plane crashed into its side. The snow was deep when this happened.

Then I felt I'd like to find this wreckage and began to crawl along the side to look for it. The clouds hung thicker here, so I could not see as well. All at once I slipped and hit something that gave way with the



sound of denting metal. Through the foggy light I could see that what I had found was one of the plane's engines. As I walked on a short distance, I thought I heard the noise of clanking metal and wondered what it was. The wind parted the clouds again and there it was: the dim shape of the plane resting on some boulders with the bomb-bay doors clanking a melancholy chime. The clouds swirled down and enveloped the scene; I saw no more.

It was now four o'clock; so I returned to the overnight cabin. My

mother and I took the trail down the mountain. Our tin cups jangled at our belts as we dropped into the taller woods and finally into the meadow of the deserted farm where we had parked our car.

I looked back at the Camel; the clouds had cleared now that it was sunset. The mountain was dark purple against the pale sky. From the quiet of the field it looked as always, a beautiful picture of everlasting strength.

BENT WALLIS (V)

## *A Bad Boy*

Once there was a boy named Peter. He was a bad boy.

One day he was sent to his room. He didn't want to, of course. But one of his friends was outside playing. He called to him, "Hey, Joe, come here."

He came running. "What do you want now?"

Then Peter said, "Get me the rope in the shack."

He got the rope and brought it.

"What are you up to now?"

"I'm going to get out and go to your house."

"Who said you could come over to my house?"

"I did," replied Peter.

"O.K., that is if you don't take any of my marbles."

"Throw me the rope."

"But how can I, Peter, if the screen is there?"

"Just a minute. In my chest I have a hammer and I can break it."

About a minute later he had the rope tied to his bed and was going to slide down. Just at the same minute his father was coming in the room. He said, "Here is your supper. I hope you like it."

But to his surprise there was no one in the room. Just at the same time he flew down the stairway. He said to his wife, "The boy is gone. He broke the screen and one of his friends got the rope from the shack and he slid down it."

"But he couldn't be gone."

"Yes he is. We had better find him."

About an hour later they found him at Joe's house.

"Where have you been all this time?"

"Well, you see, Joe's mother will tell you the whole story and what happened to Joe and me."

JOHN PEARCE (I)

## *My First Day's Hunting*

Have you ever been hunting? Ever since I was a very little boy I wanted to go hunting. So this year my father said he would take me on Saturday morning early. I was delighted! Saturday morning came around quickly and my father and I were dressed. Soon we had finished breakfast.

"Get the shotgun, Tim," said my father. "Going to get wet, Tim," he said. For it had rained that night and the fields were soaked; but I had planned for that.

We were hunting by seven o'clock and decided to try our luck at squirrels. So we walked down to the brook. We weren't there long before two gray squirrels tore out of the underbrush and up a tall oak tree.

"Wonder where they went?" I asked.

"I know they are up the tree," Dad said, as he handed the "16" to me.

"If we see them, take a crack at one," hollered my father for we were a short distance away.

Then two gray squirrels raced down a limb and were about to jump from one tree to another when I pulled the trigger. And down came a squirrel and the dog retrieved it.

"Good shot, he was really running," said Dad. Then we looked for the other one but couldn't find him. So we walked a little farther and I spied another but was too far away to shoot.

"Let's go to the Townsend Farm," suggested my dad.

"Suits me," I replied. So off we went to the farm that was about three miles distant. On the way over we hunted for rabbits, but no luck. We asked the people who own the farm if we could hunt on their property.

"More than welcome," they said.

We hadn't gone far before Dad spied a squirrel. So of course I wanted to shoot it. Dad handed the gun to me and I saw the animal in a crotch of a tree.

"Bang!" went the shotgun. Down came the squirrel! I was glad to see I got him in the head.

"You're doing well today, Tim," said Dad. Then we decided to hunt for pheasants. We heard a few shots and Dad looked up and saw a pheasant about four fields away.

"He landed in that hay field."

So we took off on the run for the hay field. We decided to work the field and see if we could get him. We walked up and down the field for about a half hour. We walked and walked, for the field was a very big one. We had to cover the whole field fast because five other hunters were after the bird.

Then suddenly the pheasant took to the air!

"Bang!" went the shotgun.

"Nice shot, Dad," I said. We looked to see if he had a ring around his leg.

"Native bird!" I said.

"Yep," Dad replied. Then we decided to walk home.

"Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!" went the city slickers who couldn't even hit the broad side of a barn.

"Poor fellows are wasting shells," I said.

"About time we started home," Dad said.

"O.K."

We didn't get anything going home.

When we reached home we skinned the squirrel and picked the pheasant.

"Sure had a nice time, Dad, and thanks for taking me," I said.

"You're welcome," said Dad.

After that I went and got cleaned up because we were going to a wedding. I really enjoyed hunting, and if you haven't been you're really missing something.

TIMMY CAIN (III)

## The Penny's Trip

### *To the Mint*

The day I was with my brothers and sisters was a funny day, because I was handled by a lot of people first with one hand and then another.

### *To the Bank*

Pretty soon I was put in a package with a lot of other pennies. It seemed that I would be lost in the wide world. But no, I was put in a box. Then somebody took the box to a sort of shelf. Then hands came and moved us all about.

### *To the Pocket-Book*

By and by I was pushed into somebody's pocket-book with a big window in the top. Then the big window shut. The window was really the opening part of the pocket-book.

### *To the Bus*

Then pretty soon a hand came in the big window. It took out a nickel and five pennies, and I was one of the five pennies. Then I heard a voice say, "A new penny in the bus fare." Then I heard "jingle jingle!" and I was given to someone else who held

me tight in his hand. When he got out of the bus he put me into his pocket. Then all of a sudden I fell out of his pocket into the street.

### *To the Boy*

Cars came and ran over me. Then one day a tire of some kind ran over me and made a noise which went "clank clank!" and the tire stopped. Then a hand picked me up, and a voice said, "Now I can get some penny candy." So the boy got on his two-wheeled thing and rode off.

### *To the Candy Man*

Pretty soon the boy got off his something-or-other and I heard him say, "Stop, Mr. Candy Man." "What do you want?" said a gruff voice. "I want a piece of penny candy." Then the boy gave me to the candy man. Then a big hand took me and put me into a big drawer, and I chipped up.

### *Back to the Mint*

Then by and by I was put in a box and saw my brothers and sisters and told them my adventures.

CHARLES SAVAGE (II)

## Arturo Toscanini

Toscanini is the finest conductor in the world. He is 81 years old and still as spry as ever. The other night I went and saw him do an all-Brahms program. It was very nice. There was one solo with the violin and violoncello. The performance was in an N.B.C. studio in Rockefeller Center. One of the 100 reasons I wanted to see Toscanini was because he is 81 years old and won't live much longer.

Last year Toscanini raised a great deal of money for charity. At a concert in Madison Square Garden they raised more than \$100,000 and when they auctioned his baton it brought \$8,000. He is a popular conductor.

Toscanini is quite a television fan because every night he listens to

"Howdy Doody" with his granddaughter.

Toscanini is a wonderful man to watch conduct because he is always very gentle. He makes movements with his hands to tell the orchestra whether or not it is loud or soft enough.

He is a gentle man when he is conducting but people say he can be very cross when perfection is not given in rehearsal.

I am sure I shall never forget him although I may never again see him conduct. I know I shall never forget the applause I heard when the concert was over.

I shall never forget the greatest conductor in the world.

TIMMY WARD (III)

## Teddy

Jerry, the spaniel, had disappeared for a week. The McKnew family was completely overturned. Frequent searches for the dog were made, rewards were put in the paper, but no Jerry. Finally to quiet the tumult Mr. McKnew took Janey, one of two daughters and the hardest hit by the loss of Jerry, to the pound, where, after some deliberation, she selected a white poodle with black button eyes. The poodle was taken home, and nothing more was said.

The next morning, after Janey had left explicit instructions not to let Teddy (the decided name for the

poodle) out of the enclosure and had taken the bus to school, much to Mrs. McKnew's grief Teddy was gone. The trashman had left the gate open—consequently, no Teddy. You can well imagine the reactions and thoughts of the McKnew family that day. Janey had not yet returned from school, and when she did this news would be most disheartening.

So, after forfeiting lunch to hunt for Teddy, Mrs. McKnew returned, sat in a chair, and thought.

A bell pierced the silence. Mrs. McKnew arose, answered the door, and then discovered it was the telephone.

It was Janey.

"How's Teddy?" she inquired.

No reply from the other end.

"How is he, Mother?" she repeated.

"He isn't here," said Mother, mustering enough courage to say those three fatal words.

"Well, I just wondered because there is a dog just like Teddy following me around in the school yard. I wonder how he got here."

Yes, "I wonder how he got here," was a good question. Teddy, you see,

had had to walk the equivalent of two miles in the heart of Washington to get to the school. Janey rode on the bus which she took directly opposite her house; so Teddy could not have scented her. Of all schools how did Teddy know where to find Janey in a city with a maze of streets?

No one in our family knows the solution; and my aunt, who is Janey in the story, doesn't to this day know how Teddy found her two miles away.

DAVID FLANDERS (V)

## Reading Books

Reading books is my favorite pastime.

I really don't know just why.

I think it's just because books are  
different,

Some are true and some tell a lie.

The books I read I know are different.

They are funny, they are sad.

The characters in them too are  
different,

Some are good and some are bad.

If some of the books that I read are  
not

As different as I say,

I read them, usually, all the way  
through,

And most I like anyway.

TOMMY KERR (III)

## Three Interviews

(Note: Staff members of the JUNIOR JOURNAL interviewed three recent alumni of the school who are now undergraduates in Princeton University. BERNARD PEYTON, Jr. is Editor-in-Chief of the Princeton *Tiger* and a member of the Undergraduate Council; LEDLIE LAUGHLIN, Jr. told about his experiences as a social worker in London last summer; and FRED ROBERTS is captain of the University hockey team this winter. Their interviews are printed below.)

BERNARD PEYTON, Jr. '42

By JOHN D'ARMS

Three reporters from the JUNIOR JOURNAL climbed up a stairway in Walker Hall on a rainy Saturday morning. When we reached the door marked "222" we got out our notebooks and prepared to knock. Then we saw a sign on the door, reading:

"Junior Journal

Be back at 9:30

B. P., Jr.

Make yourselves at home."

Upon seeing this we entered the room.

There we saw a large desk with drawing materials on it, and several drawings in their half-finished stage. All around the room were covers of the Princeton *Tiger*. Then we realized that Bernard Peyton, Jr. is not only editor-in-chief of the *Tiger* but the creator of all the covers too.

By this time we were all anxious to see and talk to Peyton, because all we knew about him was that he was a graduate of P.C.D., that he had been editor-in-chief of the JUNIOR JOURNAL, and that he is now editor-in-chief of the Princeton *Tiger*.

In a few minutes we heard steps coming toward the room, and Peyton entered. After exchanging greetings, we got down to work and began asking him questions.

In answer to a question about the differences between running the school and the university magazines, he said: "On the JUNIOR JOURNAL all the work used to be done for you. By this I mean that all I had to do was to write the editorial and give it to the faculty adviser. On the *Tiger*, on the other hand, I have to write editorials ten times a year, and then create ten covers, and then make sure that everything gets to the printer."

The difference in size is shown by the fact that the *Tiger* has three offices, and that there are twenty people who work on interviews alone.

When asked about his memories of the JUNIOR JOURNAL, he said: "The time I remember best was when I was carrying newly printed Junior



Journals and the ink was still wet. When I got back to school I looked like a zebra. I had blue and white stripes all down the front of my jacket."

Besides writing and painting, Peyton finds time for drama and swimming. During the summer he worked at a camp for underprivileged boys, which is sponsored by the University Campus Fund. Good food and sports do a lot to build up the boys, he said. Some weekends in the winter term he does the same kind of work for boys in a reform school.

Looking ahead, he hopes to be a free-lance cartoonist and writer later on.

LEDLIE LAUGHLIN, Jr. '45

By BRUCE DENNEN

Mr. "Tubby" Clayton, a former chaplain to the King of England, recruited boys from American prep schools and colleges to work in the rehabilitation of some of the worst-bombed sections of England. Ledlie Laughlin, a graduate of St. Paul's School, volunteered with sixteen others, and they sailed in June and remained in England until the middle of August.

"We were called the Winant Volunteers," Laughlin said, "in honor of John G. Winant, the American ambassador to England during World War II. Our first week in England was spent in getting to know the districts in which we were going to work. I was assigned to the slum section of Stepney, along the Thames River in London. Many of the people were dock workers, and the Communist party had a strong hold on the people here.

"In the daytime I visited many of the poorest people of the parish to bring them food and information about the church. At night I visited and instructed in boys' clubs (practically all boys leave school after they are fifteen and have jobs during the day). My weekends were spent taking different clubs on hikes and camping trips. There are no forests near Stepney, and we had to camp in a pasture at a farm of one of the rector's friends.

"Sometimes I had to talk in schools. I found the British accent very difficult to understand at first. My work began at 7:45 almost every day and lasted till 11:30 at night and sometimes longer. Although there was rationing and the food was poor, it was not hard work because almost everybody was very friendly. The American soldiers had treated the people in this section very kindly, and being a 'Yank' I was very popular."

The biggest thrill of his life, Laughlin said, came when the ex-chaplain to the King took him to a tea where he met the King, the Queen, and the Prime Minister.

"I went over," Laughlin said, "partly for the experience and partly to see the critical condition of England at first hand. It was a cause worth working for, and a wonderful experience."

FREDERICK ROBERTS '42

By PETER LINDABURY

The University hockey squad had finished their afternoon practice. A cold grey mist was settling about the ice, where now only a few people were

skating. We found Freddy Roberts, the captain of the team, sitting on one of the benches taking off his skates. I tried not to act nervous even though I knew him well.

Freddy told us that he started playing hockey at Country Day and also played while at St. Paul's School. He has played ever since he was eleven, except for one year when he was in the Navy.

We asked him the difference between school and university hockey training. He said they are fundamentally the same, but one important difference is that the college players have to keep moving at all times without a second's rest.

There are no limits to the amount of athletics one may take at Princeton, Freddy said, but all freshmen who are not on a team must take a course in physical education. He himself has played 150-pound football and J.V. lacrosse besides hockey.

By this time he had finished taking off his skates and putting on his shoes. He asked us to come over to the dressing room and meet the other members of the team who went to P.C.D. Among them were Mel Dickenson (the lacrosse captain), Peter Erdman, Bill Clarkson, Don Mathey, and Paul van Dyke who may play later in the season.

## Nightmare On A Night-mare

One night when I was riding my black horse, my reins suddenly disappeared in my hands. My horse started to go faster and faster. We were going at a terrific speed now. I was so scared I couldn't move a muscle. I thought of screaming for help but I was so scared I couldn't make a sound come out of my mouth. I saw that I was going through a town.

It wasn't a very large town but the queer thing about it was that there were no people near me. Soon I was out of town. I was going through fields of grain and orchards of fruit. It was getting to be morning because the sun was beginning to rise in the east. The horse suddenly turned into

the highway. You could hear his hooves on the concrete a mile away, they were so loud. Still we went on going faster every second.

He began jumping over Crosleys and going under trucks. We were right in the middle of the highway and I thought for sure that we would be run over, but we weren't. I suddenly saw a huge wall in front of us and I was getting more scared as we got closer and closer. We were sure to hit it. Suddenly we crashed. Bang! and I found myself on the floor. That is the end of my nightmare on a night-mare.

RICHARD WHITNEY (III)



## Two Ways of Growing Up

One day when I, a policeman, was on duty, I saw a man in a dark alley. He fired at me, and luckily missed me. I fired back at him twice, and got him in the leg and hand. He dropped himself and his gun. I went in the dark alley and dragged him out and I recognized him slightly, but didn't know him thoroughly.

I took him to headquarters and told my boss my happenings. He was interested and tried to get the name out of this thug. After a long major procedure we got it out of him. Just as he said it he made the mist in my brain vanish like a bolt of lightning. I told him my name, and we both recalled having resolved twenty years ago to meet in the same place in New York City.

We both grew up partly in Brooklyn. We played a game which usually ended up with him being the robber and me being the cop, as we are now. We then both told how we grew up, and now you will hear how Bob, my friend, grew up.

As I was just saying, we both

grew up, partly together, all the way through high school. Bob went out west, which took most of the money out of his pocket. He tried to get a job, but the odds were against him. He then got the crazy idea that stealing would be much easier. He started stealing, more every week, until he stole about one thousand dollars a week. He thought the chances were much better, of course, for stealing, in the East.

Now you will hear how I found a job in the East. Since I was always the cop in our boyhood games, I asked to join the police force. They were glad to have me because of the little police force they had, against dangerous street corners, robbers and killers. I learned an awful lot about clues to cases, how to handle two crooks, and how to help the citizens of New York City find their way around. Finally I became a policeman and unwillingly captured my best friend.

"Crime does not pay."—Proverb.

PETER BAUER (III)

## In the Dark

In the dark everything looks different to me. As I walk along, and glance behind me, the shadow that always follows makes me think that a man is behind trying to catch me. If I run he runs just as fast. When I stop he stops and waits for me to start again. As I pass a tree the shadow of the limbs placed upon the ground looks

like snakes ready to pounce on me. I get frightened and run right through their funny shadows that do not move as I walk all over them.

I do not mind or pay any attention to the darkness when I go to the movies. I am so interested in the picture on the screen that I feel I am a part of the picture.

TOMMY URBANIAK (II)

## *A Scientist*

He sat waiting in the dark, the centrifuge whirling around behind him in a corner. He lighted a cigarette, pulled on it and crushed it out. He got up, walked around, sat down again, lighted another, got up and threw the cigarette away. He turned and kicked the stool across the room. It hit a side table and an old flask resting near the edge crashed to the floor. Waiting! Waiting!

He looked at the time, 2:10 to go. He sat down and threw the book across the room and then picked it up tenderly for it had all his notes. He hadn't slept in 36, no, it was now 37 hours. He was tired bodily but not mentally. He found he had no cigarettes so he hurried down the hall to the room where the assistants kept their clothes. He rummaged for some cigarettes, and went back loaded with them.

He ran into his laboratory fearing something had happened and checked the time, 1:40. He checked the centrifuge. Everything was all right. He sat down and breathed a sigh of relief. He got out some of his butterflies and set a hummingbird moth. The primary wing on the left side wouldn't set right. He threw the board down, ruining the specimen. He sat there, half asleep, half awake.

He heard a noise out in the hall. Perhaps it was a thief with a gun coming for his note-book.

He snatched up a chair and walked out into the hall. A murderer seemed

to lurk in every shadow. He slid along the wall to the light switch and turned it on, expecting to be knifed any second. Nobody there, but what made that sound? He peered down the hall. He sighed with relief as he saw the mascot cat of 24-C licking up the milk around its overturned saucer.

He ran back into his laboratory, laughing at himself, but still quaking with fear. He looked at the time, 1:03 to go. He checked his figures and centrifuge again.

His wife! He had forgotten to call her. He glanced at the time—3:46 a.m. He was supposed to be at home at 5:00 in the afternoon. He raced to the phone but found that the operator had, strangely enough, gone home for the night. He ran through the dark halls to the Institute's telephone switchboard. He struggled with it for a few minutes but couldn't work it.

He ran out into the street and into a corner drug store. The phone was busy so he ordered a sandwich and a glass of milk. It was his first food since last morning when he had gone home for an hour. The phone was clear and hurriedly he dialed his number.

His wife answered the phone immediately. He could tell by her voice that she had been worried but she forgave him understandingly and told him to hurry back to his work.

Knocking over an old man in his mad rush up the street, he was in his laboratory again. Was everything all

right? The centrifuge, was it going at the right speed?

He timed it. It was. He was now hunting through the ash trays for cigarette butts, as a European child hunts through garbage cans.

Time to go :30. He got out all the stuff for mounting the fluid in the centrifuge on an electron microscope screen. He set the electron microscope vacuum pump in motion. No sense in wasting time. Everything was ready for the awaited time.

Time to go :10. He lay down on a table as he had done for the past five nights but this time he didn't sleep. He lay there thinking of all the children he was going to save. He jumped up, :05 to go. He checked his figures.

Time to go :02. "Oh hell!" he exclaimed and almost pushed his finger-

nails through his palm and drew blood. He quickly put a bandage on it. He was just going to get another drink of water when the alarm went off.

He jumped and ran back to the centrifuge. He shut it off and opened the door and took out the flask. He hurried to a table and made an electron microscope screen and ran to the microscope and fitted the screen and turned on the power.

He twirled the knobs. Would he have found it or would he have failed? He was afraid to look. Slowly the picture came into focus. Was it? Was it? It was! He had done it! He quickly flicked some pictures and turned off the microscope, and leaned back in the chair, and fell asleep.

ADRIAN RAKE (VI)

## Bats

Last summer when I was visiting my friend up in Buzzards Bay we were going to bed when we heard a funny noise. Then we saw something that looked like a bird. It sat on the end of my bed and we saw that it was a bat. The first thing we did was to get a fishing net and try to catch him in it, but it was no use, we couldn't catch him. He was too quick. Then our second guess was to try to make him go out the window but that was no use, he was too scared. Every time

we turned on the light he would hide in the closet or behind the bureau.

The next morning we found him hanging upside down in the closet. That day we went exploring and we found an old barn. When we opened the door we found spider webs all over and when we looked in the next room we found hanging from a rafter four bats.

Soon I said, "I think it's supper time."

JOHN MARTINELLI (I)



## Christmas

Christmas is the time to be jolly.  
Christmas is the time for holly.  
Christmas is the time to be gay.  
Christmas is a happy day.

I remember last Christmas we trimmed  
the tree,  
And oh what a sight it was to see,  
With Santa sitting on the top  
Calling his reindeer to a stop,  
And over Santa a star of gold  
Recalled to us that night of old.

We hung up our stockings late that  
night,  
And waited till morn to see the sight,  
And boy what a sight it was,  
With snow on the ground like fuzz.  
Santa Claus was very kind,  
And hid little things for us to find.

He gave me an apple to eat,  
And little candies that were very sweet.  
He gave me a big toy gun,  
And a little wooden dog that could  
really run.  
We had an awfully nice time that  
Christmas day,  
When everything was so jolly and  
happy and gay.

LARRY GRIGGS (III)

## A Hike

It was a warm Saturday in September. Bill and his friend, Joe, were going to go on a hike and eat lunch near a river about four miles away. As they left, Bill's mother said, "Be careful and don't go near the river. It has a strong current."

"Oh, we'll take care of ourselves," replied Bill, and they started down the road.

After walking quite a way they came to some woods. Bill said, "Hurry up. We want to have some time to play when we get there."

"Okay," replied Joe, "I'm coming."

"Well, hurry up. It's getting late."

They arrived at the river bank a little before noon, and as they were tired they sat down to rest.

"Boy," said Joe, "I hope there's as much food in that knapsack as it felt like when I was carrying it. I'm really hungry."

"Well, let's start eating," said Bill.

They opened the knapsack and quickly finished its contents. Then they went down to the edge of the river bank.

"There's someone's row boat," said Joe as he looked along the bank.

"Say! that's a nice boat," exclaimed Bill. "Do you want to try it out?"

"Well," said Joe.

"Oh, come on," said Bill.

"Well, okay," replied Joe.

"I'll row," Bill shouted as he climbed in.

Joe pushed the boat out, jumped in, and then said, "Let's go up stream. Then it will be easier coming back."

Bill turned the boat up stream and then rowed along the far shore. He had been rowing for a long time when Joe looked at his watch.

"It's already four o'clock," he exclaimed, "and we've got to be home at five o'clock!"

They quickly rowed back to where they had found the boat, but as they got near they saw an old man standing there.

As soon as he saw them, he began shouting, "You rascals! You bring that boat back! I'll have the law on you, I will! I'll . . . I'll . . ."

Bill did not wait to hear more. He landed the boat as far from the man as he could. A few seconds later they heard the man coming; so they ran away as fast as they could.

"We shouldn't have kept the boat so long," panted Joe. "What would happen if he caught us?"

"Well, he didn't catch us," answered Bill.

Meanwhile the man on the river bank was laughing as hard as he could. He said to himself, "I'll bet it will be a long time before those boys take someone else's boat again."

GEORGE HESS (IV)

## *The Museum of Science and Industry*

On my recent trip to the West, I had a chance to go to the Museum of Science and Industry. The building had been built for the Chicago World's Fair.

There are many interesting things to do in Chicago, but we were told not to miss seeing this place of wonder. We arrived at the museum, which is a beautiful building. As we entered the main hall, we saw several charts on the effect of atomic energy.

Another exhibit was arranged something like a pinball machine in which were live frogs. A bar would pass over the frogs, and if they were radioactive a light would blink.

From there we went to see the huge electric train. It was really wonderful. Everything was in perfect scale with an enormous transformer.

At this point our time was running short. We were told to go up a flight of metal stairs. When we reached the top, an elevator came for us. It took us a hundred feet below the floor. When we reached the bottom, a man

in miner's clothes greeted us. He explained the dangers the miners experience. It was actually like being in a real coal mine.

We got on an extremely rough and noisy train with wooden seats. After riding through several tunnels, we came to the next room. We saw a queer machine, like a drill-press, pointing sideways. It drilled holes in the coal so the coal could be blasted away. We went around a corner into another room. We saw a short wall-cutting machine that dug out the coal from the bottom and forced the wall to give way. We went through another tunnel and entered a room with benches. A miner explained to us how a man would walk through a tunnel holding a lantern near the ceiling. If there was gas, the flame would get brighter. This was a great safety device.

We had a wonderful day, and I hope everybody will have an opportunity to visit this museum.

OAKLEY HEWITT (IV)

### WINTER

The sun shines on the snow.  
On my sled away I go.  
Then up the hill I climb  
In all the bright sunshine.

We slip, and slide, and skate,  
And at hockey throw our weight,  
While the lake, the hills, the trees  
Are cloaked in one solid freeze.

NICHOLAS CAMERON (II)



## *Athletics*

### SOCCER

The school team, although starting off the season poorly, improved rapidly, and was a much better team than the record implies. We had a fast though uncertain line, a hard-working set of halfbacks, and dependable and long-kicking fullbacks. The goalie improved steadily with each game. Our captain was Bruce Dennen, and the coach was Mr. McAneny.

After the first three games, twelve boys left the squad to play six-man football. The final three soccer games were played with a team made up of Fifth Formers and one or two light Sixth Formers.

#### Peddie Freshmen 3, P.C.D. 1

In the first game of the season, played at Peddie, bad passing and uncertainty brought about the defeat. Bob Dennen scored our only goal, which came after a corner kick. Many boys saw action in this game.

#### P.C.D. 1, George School 0

A fine game which showed good defensive work by both sides was highlighted by a goal for P.C.D. scored by Bruce Dennen in the last minute of play. This game was played at George School.

#### P.C.D. 2, Peddie Freshmen 2

The return game with Peddie was played in the rain on our field. After three periods, P.C.D. led 2-0, but Peddie scored twice in the final period, once on a penalty kick. Bruce Dennen scored one goal, and he and Bob Dennen collaborated on the other.

#### Junior High 2, P.C.D. 0

The first game played by our lightweights was a ragged affair, with P.C.D. almost constantly on the defensive. Several Intermediates played their first game for the school in this contest.

#### P.C.D. 1, Township 1

The heavier visitors were held to a tie by a hard-fighting P.C.D. team. Lindabury scored for the Blue and White. The work of Lapsley as goalie was outstanding.

#### Township 3, P.C.D. 2

The last game, played in the rain on the Township field, was anybody's game until five seconds before the final whistle, when Township pushed through a goal following a corner kick. Lindabury and Stock scored for P.C.D.

The usual line-up was as follows:

Goal.....	Lapsley
L.F.B.....	Belford
R.F.B.....	Johnson
L.H.B.....	Wright, W.
C.H.B.....	Phelps
R.H.B.....	Boice
O.L.....	Erdman
I.L.....	Dennen, B.
C.F.....	Lindabury
I.R.....	Dennen, R.
O.R.....	Smith, N.

Substitutes: Palmer, Wallace, Davis, D'Arms, J., Heher, Rake, Clarke, Moore, Stock, Urbaniak H., Wallis.

### SIX-MAN FOOTBALL

The P.C.D. six-man football team this year played a two-game schedule against Hun School. Twelve boys volunteered to play, and practice got under way early in November under Mr. Tibbals as coach.

With one week's practice behind them, the team met the strong Hun School team on the latter's field. Because of more practice and experienced players, the Hun six were superior in plays, blocks, and tackles, and were victorious by a 39-27 score.

In the second game, P.C.D. again went down to defeat, 38-27, but had greatly improved both in offense and in defense. A large number of boys and masters watched this game on the home field.

The P.C.D. line-ups were as follows: line—Johnson, Wallace, Boice, Palmer, Wright W., D'Arms J.; backs—Erdman, Dennen B., Dennen R., Urbaniak H.





# With the Blues and Whites

## SCHOLARSHIP

Whoever divides new boys among the Blues and Whites managed to get about as well-matched sides in scholarship as it is possible to get. The average of the two colors for the fall term was exactly the same: Whites, 2.5—; Blues, 2.5—.

The number of boys clear of failures on bi-weekly reports was also close: The Blues had 28 clear out of a total of 48, or 58 per cent; the Whites had 29 clear out of a total of 46, or 63 per cent.

The names of the boys clear of failures are as follows:

Blues (28): Bauer, Bray, Cameron, Cannon, Cook, D'Arms, E., D'Arms, J., Davis, Dennen, B., Dennen, R., Finley, A., Griggs, Hess, Hewitt, Kerr, Knipe, Lapsley, Miller, Moore, Odden, Pease, Peterson, Phelps, Rulon-Miller, H., Sikes, Steele, Urbaniak, H., Urbaniak, T.

Whites (29): Belford, Clarke, Cuyler, Dorf, T., Elgin, Erdman, Fairman, Flanders, Furman, Green, Hamilton, Heher, Hillier, Huff, Johnson, Kales, Kerney, J. E., Lee, Lindabury, Martinelli, Meritt, Pease, Rake, Scasserra, Shear, Stillwell, Wallis, Wright, D., Wright, W.

## SOCCER

The Blue and White soccer season came to a close with the Blues winning by 45 points to the Whites' 32.

The Senior division was the most evenly matched. Here the Blues won two games and lost none while two were tied. On the Intermediate "A" squad the Blues won four, lost one, and tied two. The Blues won seven games on the Intermediate "B's" and three were tied. Only among the Juniors were the Whites successful, winning nine games, tying one, and losing none.

The season's record for the four squads follows:

	WON	LOST	TIED	POINTS
Senior: Blues	2	0	2	12
Whites	0	2	2	4
Intermediate "A": Blues	4	1	2	15
Whites	1	4	2	6
Intermediate "B": Blues	7	0	3	17
Whites	0	7	3	3
Junior: Blues	0	9	1	1
Whites	9	0	1	19

## With the Alumni

Older alumni were saddened to learn of the death of *Allan Frederick Dill* at his home in Windsor, Nova Scotia, on October 27. Mr. Dill was a member of the faculty here from 1926 to 1936. Besides teaching English and Latin, he coached the school's earliest hockey teams and helped found the JUNIOR JOURNAL. The following tribute was paid by Mr. Ross:

"I know that Allan Dill's students will always remember with gratitude the fine qualities of mind and personality which combined to make him an inspiring teacher and congenial friend. Both as gifted scholar and athlete he devoted himself unsparingly to the well-rounded development of the boys in his charge. For several years he did much for school-boy athletics in Princeton, and more than half our total alumni must at some time have felt the influence of his friendly, stimulating leadership."

Mr. Dill is survived by his wife and by two children. The JUNIOR JOURNAL extends to them the sympathy of the school.

1932

*Sanders Maxwell* was elected Chairman of Princeton Group Arts, a community-wide organization sponsoring participation in all the arts, succeeding *Alden M. Wicks* '29, who now lives in New Hope, Pa.

1933

Mr. and Mrs. *Paul T. Condit*, of Baltimore, are the parents of a son, their third child, born on October 28. The child's name is Philip Harrison Condit, 3rd.

1935

*John N. Brooks*, newspaper and magazine writer, has been awarded a fellowship by the executors of the Eugene F. Saxon Memorial Trust. He is using it to complete a novel about his experiences in the writing field.

1938

*Charles R. Erdman III* is working for the Pennsylvania Railroad at the Consolidated Ticket Office, 3 West 47 Street, New York City.

*Robert S. Wicks*, who joined the faculty of the Lawrenceville School this fall, has been drafted into the U. S. Army.

1940

*James K. Meritt* is with the Guaranty Trust Co. of New York, in the Corporate Administration Division of the bank.

*Fred Schluter* played 150-pound football at Princeton this fall.

1941

*John W. Bodine* is an engineer assistant in the New Jersey State Highway Department.

*Frank Donnelly* was captain of the varsity soccer team at Williams College this fall. He is also captain of the squash team.

*Charles H. Lee* was married on August 21 to Miss Pamela Dix of Mount Kisco, N. Y.

*Richard S. Morgan* is in his third year at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. He reports that psychiatry is his current interest.

1942

*Thomas S. Dignan, Jr.* was married on September 4 to Miss Suzanne Etnier at Kennebunkport, Maine.

1943

*Harris R. Gates* was on the varsity soccer team at Lehigh University.

*David H. McAlpin, Jr.* spent the summer in France as a member of the Experiment in International Living.

*Ward Morehouse* is on the Dean's List and played soccer at Yale University.

*George W. Piper* is a second-year engineering student at McGill University, Montreal.

*John A. Schluter* is on the *Purple Cow* magazine, in the Christian Association, and a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity at Williams.

1944

*Paul Broneer* is on the Glee Club at Harvard University.

*Garrison Ellis* is on the board of *The Yale News*.

1945

*John W. Flemer* is a freshman at Rutgers University. He is taking an animal science course in preparation for study in veterinary medicine.

*Thomas J. Moore* played on the freshman soccer team at Princeton University.

*John C. Stewart*, a freshman at Trinity College, is on the board of the college newspaper, *The Tripod*, and is a reporter for *The Hartford Courant*.

1946

*David Erdman* and *Martin Stevens* were on the varsity soccer team at Exeter.

*Lewis C. Kleinhans* played football and is on the Student Council and the Glee Club at Hotchkiss.

*Grenville H. Paynter* played varsity football and has a 94% average at Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va. He is also senior monitor, in the choir, on the school paper and on the yearbook.

*Robert Piper* won a minor "L" in football at Lawrenceville this fall.

*Jared H. Wilson* played varsity football for the third year at South Kent School.

1947

*David Dignan* has been elected soccer captain at Exeter for next year. *Roland Burnstan* and *Peter Rossmassler* were also on the team this year.

*Peter Mott* played J.V. Football, is on the varsity swimming squad, and has an honors average at Lawrenceville.

*Richard Swinnerton* was on the varsity soccer team at Hill School this fall. *Donald Bergen* was also on the squad.

1948

*Charles Bray* has been playing lightweight football and is earning a B average at Deerfield.

*Carter Cuyler* is on the Honor Roll and played midget football at South Kent. He was leading lady in the Thanksgiving play, "Of Thee I Sing."

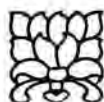
*David Harrop* played lightweight football at Deerfield.

*Paul Matthews* was captain of the midget football team at South Kent. He was also in the cast of "Of Thee I Sing."

*Pratt Thompson* was appointed manager of the "Little Giant" football team at Taft.

Ex-1949

*Robert Laughlin* is on the Honor Roll at South Kent. He played halfback on the midget football team.



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## THE BLUES

### SOCCER CHAMPIONS

1930 1944  
1931 1947  
1934 1948  
1935  
1936  
1938  
1943

## 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  
1930  
1931  
1935  
1937  
1938  
1939  
1941  
1942  
1943  
1944  
1948

1927  
1928  
1929  
1932  
1933  
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1936  
1940  
1945  
1946  
1947

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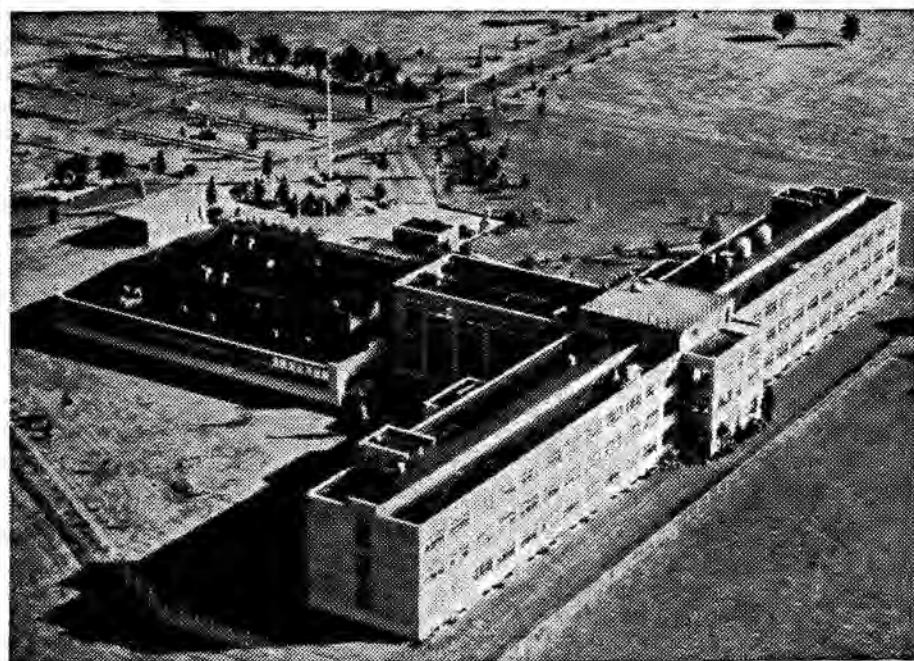
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