

VOL. XXI, No. 2

JUNIOR JOURNAL

MARCH, 1949

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JUNIOR JOURNAL

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PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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A Fine School

Up at the end of Nassau Street stands a large and impressive piece of architecture. Behind it there is an athletic field, and the driveway leading up to the structure is long and well shaded by large trees.

Upon careful examination, this building appears to be a school, and so it is. It differs from others in Princeton, however, in that it stresses primarily the education of young ladies (although many P.C.D. boys got their earlier education here). Though many of us do not realize it, we are greatly indebted to this school—Miss Fine's by name.

In the first place many of us are now interested in some of the present occupants of the school; and those who are not may very well become so before their career at the Country Day School has ended. We like to go on dates with the girls and take them to parties, and we enjoy their company in general. We see them on our free Wednesday afternoons, at Skating Club on Friday nights, and Sunday afternoons. Moreover, there are dances every two weeks at Miss Fine's itself, and occasional dances at other places. In fact, now that we know girls, many of us wonder how we got along as well as we did without them in the past.

Secondly, P.C.D. boys meet Miss Fine's girls several times a year in friendly sporting events. We have already played them in field hockey, soccer and basketball (girls' rules), and softball is planned for the spring. Oddly enough, most of the victories usually fall into our hands, but the fact remains that both schools enjoy the games whenever they are scheduled.

Before leaving the subject, we should certainly mention the fact that Miss Fine's is a very good school—one of the best girls' schools in the country. To the school and the students in it, therefore, we extend our greetings and wish to say that we are happy to be your neighbors.

Department Editors

<i>Editorial</i>	- - - - -	JOHN D'ARMS
<i>Athletics</i>	- - - - -	PETER LINDABURY
<i>Blues and Whites</i>	- - - - -	BRUCE DENNEN
<i>Ice Carnival</i>	- - - - -	EDWARD JOHNSON

Spring

Spring is here, spring is here
 For everybody has good cheer.
 The snow is gone and gone for good,
 The spot is clear where the snow-
 man stood.

Baseball's here with balls and mitts,
 So go to the plate and rap out
 some hits.
 The sun is shining brightly now,
 For spring is here, O Boy! And
 How!

The groundhog can't predict weather
 for me,
 Because anyone with eyes can see
 That the grass is green and the sky
 is clear.
 You can surely tell that spring is
 here.

ROBERT KALES (IV)

The Calendar

JANUARY

*In winter, when the dismal rain
Comes down in slanting lines,
And Wind, that grand old harper, smites
His thunder-harp of pines.*

- JANUARY 6—The new year has hardly begun when three of our liveliest Shmoo-babies claim birthdays. Nicky Cameron, Hufty Huff, and Charley Savage all blow out their candles with one puffy puff. I wonder if secretly those three are really triplets?
- JANUARY 14—David Peterson, retired train announcer and Madison Square Garden loud speaker, born.
- JANUARY 22—The winter social season is in full swing. Members of the Fifth and Sixth Forms find that the interior of Miss Fine's School holds more interest than they ever suspected when they went there daily as 3rd Graders. Ohhhhhh, how we danced—
- JANUARY 24—Sam Hamill, noted apiarist and honey merchant, buzzed into the world on this date.
- JANUARY 31—What should one call a member of the Senior Class? All our Sixth Formers are so dignified that you feel like calling them *Mr. Belford*, *Mr. Boice*, etc. Then *they* go around calling each other "Stretch" and "Butch" and "Bones." It's very confusing.

FEBRUARY

*Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When youth and I lived in't together.*

- FEBRUARY 5—Tommy Kerr, inventor of the new candy "Licksavers — the Candy that is all Hole", born.
—Garrett Heher, hero of the radio serials "Superboy" and "Jack Headstrong, All-American Story-teller," and author of the newspaper gossip column "Heher Today, Gone Tomorrow,"—well, this is Garry's birthday too.

- FEBRUARY 8—Mike Erdman, Lower Middle New Jersey Junior Amateur Double-Runner Figure Skating Champion, born.
- FEBRUARY 9—The Fifth Form go into training for next Saturday night's dance by taking on the 8th Grade of Miss Fine's in a game of soccer. Mike Erdman, even though he is a big boy now, forgets his manners and scores three goals.
- FEBRUARY 16—In faraway Trenton the schools are closed today in honor of the birthday of Mayor Oakley Hewitt.
- FEBRUARY 20—Richard Bray, Professor of Ornithology at Princeton University, passes his birthday quietly among his peacocks, yellow-bellied flycatchers, and pet condors.
- FEBRUARY 21—Richard Whitney, successful writer of stories for the pulp magazines, born.
- FEBRUARY 26—Pierce Milholland, for no good reason, gives a party. A fine time is had by all the boys. But listen, men, girls don't enjoy doing nothing but having their pictures taken!
- FEBRUARY 28—Charles Green, member of the Chinese Secret Service disguised as Humpty Dumpty, born today.
—Harry Rulon-Miller, only rival to Miss Yvonne Sherman on skates, also born.

MARCH

*The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.*

- MARCH 6—Bent Wallis lets us know it's his birthday by dividing a huge birthday cake among the whole school in the cafeteria. All month we keep hoping for others to do the same, but every one of the birthday kids tries to pretend he never was born.
- MARCH 14—We hear that the two scientific geniuses, Tom Dorf and Bob Kales, have invented a new gunpowder which with just a little compression will blow a nail through a piece of cardboard. Is this for tomorrow, the Ides of March? Or are they saving it for exam week?
- MARCH 17—Mr. Butch Palmer, Sixth Form importation from Ireland, born.

- MARCH 18, 19—A great show at Baker Rink. The Ice Carnival is the high spot of the winter. Everywhere you look, you see beauty, talent, and P. C. D. boys on skates. The School and its Building Fund owe a lot to the stars who make this a carnival to be remembered.
- MARCH 21—First day of spring, also first day of Tommy Duckworth, the Fifth Form's "Mr. Atlas."
- MARCH 22—The stork was busy today supplying future champions. First along came Bob Dennen, national champion at badminton and rope-climbing and winner of the Indianapolis Speedway tricycle races.
- Also Bruce Dennen, Olympic winner of the hop, skip, and jump, holder of the New Jersey calf-roping title, and Nassau Street spelling champion.
- Also a birthday for Cliff Elgin, Prospect Street distance walker and champion P.C.D. messenger boy.
- We don't know so much about Billy Wallace, who was also born today, but they say he's one of the smartest youngsters out the North Road way—possibly the champion of the Wallaces in something.
- MARCH 24—Alec Finley, who teaches the First Form, born.
- MARCH 26—John Van Cleve, who has made a great success at the local bowling alley as pin-boy, born. (What? No, we didn't say pin-up boy.)
- MARCH 27—Adrian Aristotle Alexander Archimedes Rake born. He is, or will be, quite a great man.
- MARCH 28—Benny Hubby, part owner of the Lost-and-Found closet, born.
- MARCH 31—Wayne Birch, another March redhead, born just in time to get into this calendar. What a joke if he had waited one more day!
- Don't forget to bring your baseball gloves, and I'll see you next term.

THE BOY WHO SITS BEHIND YOU.

Points of View

PHOTOGRAPHY

Photography means the careful application of physics and chemistry, coupled with patience and skill, to produce a photographic image. Without any one of these ingredients, it would not be possible to obtain a satisfactory picture. Photography means the science of the Europeans enriched with American production and ideas; it means a method of preserving one's delicate remembrances; it means a perfect record to the scientist; it means a seeing eye to perceive the infinitely large, or the infinitely small; it sometimes means the product of much investment, with little profit. Photography is a field of unlimited possibilities for improving the visible record of all that is seeable or recordable.

EDWARD JOHNSON (VI)

PLAYING FOOTBALL

Playing football means the knowledge of all the different plays, formations, blocks, and tackles. It means fitness of the body, with calisthenics and hours of practice each day. It means eating only certain foods, and meals at a training table. It means plenty of rest at night with no smoking or drinking. A thorough knowledge of the rules will assist you in making the right decisions at the right time. In short, playing football means a knowledge of the game plus hard work.

ROBERT DENNEN (VI)

HUNTING

Hunting means the knowledge of firearms, especially rifles and shotguns, powder, bullets, and where and when to hunt; it means being willing to plough through a forest or sit in a swamp for hours at a time; it means alertness, carefulness, steadiness, and having a good eye; it means the tricks of men of yesteryear combined with the utensils of today. To hunt *wild* animals, it means you must have the quickness of a snake, the imagination of a fox, the memory of an elephant, the eyes of a cat, and the perseverance of a beaver. It means having the traits of the animals themselves, and the skills of human beings.

WILLIAM PHELPS (VI)

STUDYING

Studying means applying one's mind to a certain subject for the purpose of deriving knowledge from it; it means a clear mind and a strong and steady constitution; it means being willing to give up certain pleasures; it means a mental ability to accept and acknowledge new facts; it means having the willpower to say a firm "No" to the beckoning radio; it means having the willpower to say "Some other night," to the movies. It means planning ahead and balancing different subjects; it means that for a certain period one must possess the maximum in concentration. It means, in short, ability for steady mental application.

WILLIAM WRIGHT (VI)

A Day in the Life of a Fly

My name is Diptera Genus Musca, but you can call me "Sticky the Fly" for short. I am going to tell you about a day in my life.

I have just gotten out of bed. You should know that I usually sleep on a kitchen wall. I was awakened by a terrific crash on the wall no more than a thin slice of cheese away. I was being chased by a huge lady giant with a large piece of screen on a long handle in her hand!

I got rid of her when she tripped over the cat and went sailing into the wall right near my bed. Then I saw a thing that looked like Niagara Falls on a rainy day. On the shelf next to it, I found some red stuff in a bottle. I took a taste. "Ouch"! I got burnt. I hurried over to Niagara Falls and I took a long sip. "Oh, just in time!"

After investigating the garbage pail, I slid into a cold white room with a big door and got something to eat. Suddenly the light went out and I couldn't find my way out.

It began to get cold. In a short while I was so frozen that I couldn't fly any more.

Just as I was about to faint away, the light flashed on and I fell out

of the big white door and on to the floor.

After awhile I came to and crawled up the side of the hot box to thaw out. I decided not to be so curious, as it always gets one into trouble.

I flew around, minding my own business, when I saw a long string covered with honey hanging from a shiny bulb. I had to look closer. The temptation was too much to eat some of the sweet stuff. I was caught in the trap!

Soon other flies joined me. Later in the day a smaller giant Richard came in, and was about to throw away the sticky stuff when I spoke up.

"Save me and I'll do anything for you!"

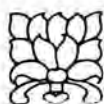
"What can you do for me?" he asked.

"Well, what do you want done?" I replied. "I'll do most anything if you'll only get me out of this mess."

He finally admitted that his main problem was the composition he had to write over the weekend.

That's why I am telling this story. Never again will I be so curious. I am going to stay out of trouble! Writing a composition is not much better than being stuck in the fly paper!

RICHARD WHITNEY (III)



Is There Life On Venus?

Most people have been concentrating on the question, "Is there life on Mars?" But why not ask the same question about Venus?

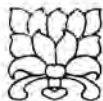
The planet Venus is covered by a thick atmosphere of clouds, so we cannot see any surface markings; therefore, almost anything may be going on beneath the clouds. Scientists have figured out that Venus probably rotates on its axis once in a period of less than 225 days. In other words, it keeps the same side toward the sun in one revolution around it. The temperature on the dark side of Venus is not very low, being an average of only —9 degrees Fahrenheit. Although the dark side is not very cold, the sunny side is not particularly warm. It radiates a temperature of from 120 to 140 degrees Fahrenheit, comparable to a warm day on one of our deserts rather than to Mercury, the nearest planet to the sun, where lead and tin melt. Because of its thick atmosphere no evidence for oxygen and water vapor has yet been found. Research along this line, however, shows that there is a lot of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere of Venus. How much of this gas may lie on the surface below

the clouds is a matter of speculation.

Our observations through the solar system have shown planetary exteriors that are completely undesirable for home sites. The distant planets are too cold; Mercury is both too hot and too cold. The giant planets are covered with noxious or poisonous gases and may even lack solid surfaces. Pluto and Mercury and some of the moons of other planets have no atmosphere whatsoever. When at last we do find a planet, comfortably heated and complete with atmosphere, we find that there is no water or oxygen and nothing but smothering carbon dioxide; so we are tempted to turn to the planet Mars as the only remaining hope for the possibility of our kind of life on another planet.

But is there not some chance that conditions may be more favorable beneath the thick, opaque clouds of Venus? This question is certainly worth discussing, although we can rarely be certain of deductions concerning unobservable physical conditions. We shall probably never know until we are able to make a trip to Venus. Until then the study of Venus from the Earth will be limited.

NICKY HUBBY (V)



Professional Wrestling

The time-honored sport of wrestling that dates back to the Olympics has become a branch of entertainment which rivals vaudeville. It is just another act. A smattering of scientific wrestling is injected into a rough-and-tumble fight. All rules of wrestling are ignored. The participants square off and punch each other just as if the event were a boxing match. Later they kick and bite. As the battle progresses they begin to pull at one another's hair. As quick as a flash, one of the wrestlers picks up his opponent and throws him completely out of the ring. As the thrown man re-enters the ring, he is so angered that he springs from the rope to throw his rival to the canvas and tramps all over him.

These rough tactics go over big with the audiences. The rougher the fight, the more they cheer. Usually before the time limit of the match is over, the winner throws his opponent with a body press and the bout is over.

Some of the popular wrestlers are Gorgeous George, Golden Superman, and Gene Stanley, better known as Mr. America. These wrestlers really give the crowd a terrific show.

The favorite showman in the wrestl-

ing world is Gorgeous George. As he approaches the ring with his white silk robes and long golden hair, one would expect to see a queen, but instead it is only Gorgeous. He walks to the ring on a Persian rug, and his valet sprays perfume and gives golden bobby pins to his audience.

The Golden Superman is one of the strongest men in wrestling. When another wrestler gets an armlock on him, he is able to get out of it by sheer strength. He has long blond hair and beautiful robes. He wears golden trunks and long black tights. Being a very well-built man, he is able to lift any of his opponents off the canvas and throw him out of the ring.

Mr. America is another well-built man and is very strong. He wears all sorts of robes and has a beautiful strut. Even in the toughest battles he keeps his poise. He fools all his opponents with tricky holds and daring tactics.

There are many well-known wrestlers who have more scientific methods, but the people enjoy a rough, dirty fight rather than a clean match. It is quite apparent that wrestling will remain the same because it is really what the fans want.

HENRY URBANIAK (V)



The Whale

Once there was a whale and one day he was bobbing up and down in the ocean waves, when he saw a big ship and some little boats coming toward him. Then he dived under water. When he came to the surface he saw that the boats were nowhere in sight.

A little later he began to get hungry so he went to look for his supper. Finally he found a school of fish so he scooped them up and swallowed them whole. Then satisfied he floated along with the tide, and the sea was calm and nice.

Then out of nowhere suddenly there came a great northeaster which made the sea very rough. The whale was tossed about on the high waves and one wave came with a force that knocked him way towards shore. He had only gotten a little way out when he was washed all the way in to shore. Now he could not get back into the deep water. So each wave washed him a little farther up on the beach. He was at last stranded and could only stay there to die.

DAVID PETERSON (I)

Corn and Beans

Our Indians grow corn and beans
And stew them in a pot
They call the mixture succotash
And eat it quite a lot.

The Mexicans grow corn and beans
And dry and cook them slowly;
Tortillas are cakes made from corn,
Baked beans are called frijoles.

A thing that always puzzles me—
It's true, though it seems not—
It's the chili in tamales
That makes those meat balls hot.

HENRY STEELE (IV)

How to Torture Your Mother

The first thing to do to torture your mother is to be slow. In other words, when she says, "Time to do your music lessons," just lie there and keep reading your book.

Another thing that is very annoying is when you don't want to brush your teeth. Wait till your mother says, "Time to brush your teeth." Fool around until your mother starts to brush her teeth, then slip quietly

away when she's all stuck up with her mouth full of toothpaste.

Another thing that is very annoying is when something is lost to say, "I can't find it."

"You can't!" says your mother.

"Please come in here and help me find it," you say.

When your mother comes in, it's in plain sight and she is very annoyed.

HENRY CANNON (II)

The Towers of Princeton

The towers of Princeton are so high,
I think that some must reach the sky.
There's Holder Hall we know so well,
How high it is I just can't tell.

There's Nassau Hall with its big
clocks four,
Its bells will ring for evermore.
There's Cleveland Tower so big and
tall,
Its carillon bells ring big and small.

There's Alexander Hall so old,
Its pointed towers look so bold.
The Gymnasium tower although so
short,
Takes its place like a very good sport.

Of all the towers I think the best
Is the Graduate Tower out to the
west.

There are other towers that we know
well,
But what they are I will not tell.

THOMAS DORF (IV)

The Escape of Mr. Trimm

As people scurried about in terror and confusion, no one noticed a short, plump man in his middle forties with his hands clasped in front of him, walking away from the wreckage. There was so much confused screaming about the flaming train that no one noticed this man making his escape from a government agent caught in the blazing wreckage. The man whom no one noticed was the famed banker, Hobart W. Trimm, who was on his way to a penitentiary when the accident occurred. He had been convicted of breaking, in one way or another, about all the laws that are presumed to govern national banks. Now he was escaping with his hands in enforced companionship with a pair of new and shiny Bean's Latest Model Little Giant Handcuffs. These were the least of his worries for the moment.

Mr. Trimm, who had been walking ever since he had left the wreck, now stopped to rest and to try to rid himself of the handcuffs. His wrists had become swollen and blistered. When he tried to free himself, they began to bleed, causing great pain. He tried rubbing the chain against an old rusty fence wire, but with little result. He decided to walk on and find shelter, for the night was rapidly approaching.

The next morning Mr. Trimm found a newspaper which had blown from a hand-car along the railroad. He read: "The body of United States

Deputy Marshal Richard Meyers, frightfully crushed, has been taken from the wreckage. Next to Meyers another body, with features burned beyond recognition, yet still retaining certain distinguishing marks of identification, has been identified as that of Hobart W. Trimm, convicted banker." After reading the account, Mr. Trimm regained his courage and set off through the woods, eating berries for his breakfast as he went.

As evening approached, he found his hunger almost unbearable. He came upon a dirt road leading to a farmhouse, and here he saw a boy carrying a milk-pail. The boy stopped and put down his pail to throw a stone at a fence post. Mr. Trimm advanced awkwardly and began, "My boy, would you — " The gleaming metal on the man's wrists frightened the boy, who dodged past Mr. Trimm and ran back along the road, disappearing around a bend.

Had the boy looked back, he would have seen the curious spectacle of a man on his knees in the yellow dust, gulping the fresh, warm milk from the pail, while the creamy liquid ran over his chin and splattered over his dusty coat.

For two more days Mr. Trimm was without solid food. Wandering about the woods on the third day, looking for berries, he smelled something cooking and saw smoke. He had stumbled into the encampment of a tramp. He stayed hidden for a short

time, watching the tall, thin man prepare his soup in a tin can. Hunger getting the best of him, Mr. Trimm stepped forward. At the sound of footsteps the tramp turned and greeted the stranger with, "Well—welcome to our small city!"

After describing his plight to the tramp, Mr. Trimm promised him a large sum of money if he would get the tools needed to remove the handcuffs. As no answer was forthcoming, Mr. Trimm suspected that the tramp was considering turning him back to the police for a greater reward.

The suddenness of his attack surprised the tall man. He staggered back, clawing at the air, tripped over the tin can, and with a yell vanished over the precipice.

Looking over the bluff, Mr. Trimm could see the man lying face downward, motionless, bleeding, half-way down the cliff on an outstretching shelf of rock.

Turning toward the camp, Mr. Trimm found the last of the contents of the tin can dripping over the rocks of the fire-place. He licked the stones crazily and then started down the hill, murmuring something to himself. As he reached the bottom a gentle rain came down, and despite the shelter of the forest he was soon thoroughly wet.

That night there was a knock at the door of the house where lived the chief of police of Westfield. The

chief opened it to find a short, fat man, dirty and wet, with mud and twigs plastered on his clothes.

"Hello, there," said the chief. "What do you want?"

"I have come," answered the man in such a low voice that the chief could hardly hear him—"I have come to surrender myself. I am Hobart W. Trimm."

"I guess you got another think comin'," said the chief. "He was buried just two days ago."

"I am Hobart W. Trimm, the banker," whispered the stranger again.

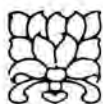
"Go on and prove it," suggested the chief. "It isn't often that wandering lunatics come a-callin' in Westfield. Got any way to prove it?"

Slowly, with struggling attempts, Mr. Trimm raised his hands into the chief's sight. They were red with dried blood and horribly swollen. Blackened, rusted, and battered, the wristlets were almost buried in the flesh; yet still strong and tightly locked was the pair of Bean's Latest Model Little Giant handcuffs.

"Great guns!" cried the chief. "Come in, Mr. Trimm, and lemme get them irons off you. They must hurt something terrible!"

"They can wait," said Mr. Trimm very humbly. "I have worn them a long, long time, I think—I am used to them. Wouldn't you please get me some food first?"

BRUCE DENNEN (VI)



John Jones, Master Detective

John Jones was a master detective
Who had always gotten his man,
Yet Jones, who'd always been
 effective,
Was stumped by "The Case of the
 Missing Fan."

Then when it really looked bad for
 him
He decided to test for fingerprints;
That's how he got started when things
 looked dim
And he's never forgotten that since.

For he found the prints of Bill, his
 son,
And now Jones had a suspect;
Next he went to Bill's room with his
 gun.
(Empty, as you might expect).

But there was the fan which Bill had
 "swiped"
To make a wind tunnel for a paper
 plane;
But now he was caught, with allow-
 ance at stake;
All Bill's planning had been done in
 vain.

So closes "The Case of the Missing
 Fan"—
Again John Jones has gotten his man!

GEORGE HESS (IV)

My Lamb Susie

This event occurred when I was about five. We had started to raise sheep and I was very interested. Every day my mother and I would go to the sheep and see whether everything was all right.

One day we did that but everything was not all right. A mother had just had twins, and was very mean to one of them. She kept bucking one away. She wouldn't lick her dry to make her warm, or let her get some milk, or even come near her.

Pretty soon we got fed up and took the little ewe inside. Then we decided to feed her on a bottle in the cellar for one or two weeks. I had the privilege of naming her, and since she was a girl, I named her Susie.

It was quite a job feeding her, because we had to feed her five times a day, a wee bit at a time. Some people make the mistake of feeding lambs three times a day. A little lamb's stomach can't digest this much at a time, so the little lamb dies.

Finally we were able to put Susie back in the barn with her own kind. She was a little lost at first but got used to it after a while. Immediately she made friends with all the other lambs, and the next day all of them were jumping around together like large-size frogs.

Of course, we still had to feed her on a bottle. She ate grass by now, too.

Whenever it was feeding time, my mother would give me a nice warm bottle of milk. I would go out and call "Susie, Susie!" and out of twenty-five sheep, Susie was the only one who would answer and come running! It was so much fun!

On some days I would climb over the fence and hug her. She didn't mind it much, but she nudged me aside, because she really wanted the bottle!

A few years later, she became a big ewe mother. This was the happiest day of my life. Susie had had twins, and was the best mother of twins we have ever had in all our experience with sheep. Susie probably remembered her mother and how it felt to be left alone, or bucked away, so she resolved to do her duty.

Still, whenever I called Susie, she was the only one who bothered to look at me.

Last year a terrible thing happened. Susie got attacked by worms, and the disease was too much for her. The doctor said that she was too far gone to be helped; so ended the life of Susie my lamb.

PETER BAUER (III)

It's a Small Universe

"Dear anybody who happens to find this on Earth:

"I am a professor of astronomy on Yemen, a planet like yours which revolves around a star. The star which we revolve around we call Pointer, because it is the star of the Dipper which points to the North Star. We here on Yemen would like to be permanent friends with the Earth.

"I am sending you plans of a new kind of telescope which will enable you to see clearly our planet and the other four planets which make up our solar system. I am also sending you plans for a rocket ship, so that you can visit us. We would appreciate your sending us an instrument for measuring temperature and moisture in the air.

"You on Earth have gone beyond us in other fields of science, but we have excelled you in astronomical discoveries.

"Sincerely yours,

Prof. J. T. Cavern."

This letter reached the Earth five weeks after it was written. It was received by the Council of Strange

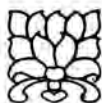
Happenings in the Universe. The Earth sent a message back to Yemen saying it would be glad to co-operate.

Another letter came from Yemen asking the Earth to help them because they were in grave danger. They were expecting an attack from the people living on another planet, Vegar, who thought that the people of Yemen had sent a missile at them, trying to start a war. But the missile was only a shower of meteorites which had exploded about a hundred feet in the air.

The Earth immediately started to work on the rocket ship to get to Yemen. When it was built, the Council carefully picked brilliant young men who were able to use their heads in an emergency. Instead of flying to Yemen, they went directly to Vegar and explained the real situation. The Vegarians refused to accept this at first, but finally after a meeting of truce they agreed that they had been frightened by a shower of meteors.

Now the Earth, Yemen, and Vegar are the best of friends.

STEVE STOCK (V)



An Old Book of 1710

One rainy afternoon when I was looking for something to read, I came upon an old book of my grandmother's.

This book, called Salmon's "Family Dictionary, or Household Companion", was published in Fleet Street, London, in 1710. It is, according to present-day standards, a very funny collection of household remedies, cookery, and even a section on "Husbandry, as it relates to the improvement of our barren and waste lands."

I had a hard time reading it, as all the s's looked like f's. Spelling, too, is very peculiar. For instance, *sauce* is spelled *sawce*, *powder* is spelled *pouder*, and *pie* is spelled *pye*.

One good remedy was as follows: "Hearing—to recover. Take Juices of celandine and Daisie Roots and drop into the Ears, stopping them afterwards with Black Wool or Cotton,

lying on your Back with your head very low for the space of half an Hour after it; and in twice or thrice so doing, you will find great advantage by it."

On another page I came upon this definition of beets. "Beet Red. Its Root is larger than any Carrot, and in the same form, of the deepest Red Colour. Boiled in Water till it is soft, and then dressed with Butter, a little Salt, Pepper, and Vinegar, it may be eaten as Spanish or English Potatoes, Parsnips, Carrots etc. It nourishes much. Eaten cold (being first boiled and sliced thin) with a little Salt, Pepper and Vinegar, it is an admirable Sallet, strengthens the Stomach, and very much gratifies the Appetite."

So ended a very profitable afternoon. I learned a lot, but for days afterward my spelling was nothing to boast of!

SHERWOOD SMITH (III)

Vacations

Vacation time is lots of fun.
There is no homework to be done.
Every day you play and fool
And never have to think of school.

Christmas vacation is specially nice,
For then there's plenty of snow and
ice.

I like to ski and I like to skate
And at night go coasting until it's late.

During vacation in the spring
You can do almost anything.
I play tennis, and I go riding;
My baseball bat comes out from
hiding.

Summer vacation is best of all,
With three whole months until the
fall.

There's plenty of time to swim in the
sun.

—Vacation time is lots of fun!

BILLY WALLACE (V)

Honor Roll

Winter Term, 1948-1949

First Honor Roll
(90-100)

PETER COOK
BRUCE DENNEN
ALEXANDER FINLEY
DAVID HAMILTON
GEORGE HESS
EDWARD JOHNSON
THOMAS KERR
DOUGLAS LEVICK

Second Honor Roll
(85-89)

JEFF BELFORD
ROBERT DENNEN
THOMAS DORF
CLIFFORD ELGIN
GARRETT HEHER
OAKLEY HEWITT
ROBERT HILLIER
ROBERT KALES
PETER KNIPE
RENSSELAER LEE
KENNETH MOORE
LANCE ODDEN
JOHN PEARCE
DAVID PETERSON
HARRY RULON-MILLER
LESLIE SHEAR
RICHARD STILLWELL
HENRY URBANIAK
BENT WALLIS

Third Honor Roll
(80-84)

PETER BAUER
RICHARD BRAY
NICHOLAS CAMERON
HENRY CANNON
CALEB CLARKE
GRENVILLE CUYLER
JOHN D'ARMS
FRANK DAVIS
NORMAN DORF
THOMAS DUCKWORTH
MICHAEL ERDMAN
JOHN GARDNER
LAWRENCE GRIGGS
HENRY HUFF
JOHN KERNEY
JOHN LAPSLEY
PETER LINDABURY
JOHN MARTINELLI
ARTHUR MERITT
ROBERT MILLER
WILLIAM PHELPS
ADRIAN RAKE
KENNETH SCASSERRA
NATHANIEL SMITH
SHERWOOD SMITH
THOMAS URBANIAK
WILLIAM WALLACE
DENIS WRIGHT
WILLIAM WRIGHT

Athletics

HOCKEY

The 1949 team won five games and lost only one. This was one of the best records ever attained by the school. It compares favorably with that of the great P.C.D. teams before the war.

This year was the second year of hockey after the war. Last year was mostly a building-up year, with a good but not outstanding record. This year, under Mr. Vaughan's expert coaching and with Michael Erdman setting a fine example as captain, the team came back after losing its opening game to win the next five games in a row.

Bryn Athyn 5, P.C.D. 0

On account of bad passing and lack of co-ordination, the first game was lost to our Pennsylvania rivals without a single P.C.D. player scoring.

P.C.D. 8, Lawrenceville J.V. 3

A greatly improved team held their older opponents to a 1-1 tie during the first period, then began to play harder and faster and rolled up their biggest score of the winter. Captain Erdman scored five times for P.C.D.

P.C.D. 4, Bryn Athyn 2

The return game with Bryn Athyn was close for awhile, but in the second and third periods P.C.D. produced four goals. Two were by Erdman, one by Dennen, B., and one by Kales.

P.C.D. 4, Lawrenceville J.V. 2

The second game with Lawrenceville was closer than the first. Their team had improved, while ours seemed to stay at the same level. The Blue and White finally pushed through its third consecutive victory.

P.C.D. 3, Cranford H.S. 1

Both teams played without much vigor, but the P.C.D. skaters were more at home than their opponents and won out in the closing minutes by a margin of two goals.

P.C.D. 3, Cranford H.S. 0

A second victory over Cranford brought the season to a successful conclusion. Milholland, acting as a substitute goalie, turned in the only shut-out for P.C.D. during the season, while Erdman, Dennen, B., and Dennen, R., accounted for the three goals.

The usual starting line-up was as follows:

Centers: Erdman (captain), Kales

Wings: Boice, Lindabury, Davis, Meritt, Milholland, Rulon-Miller, H.

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

Goalies: Stock, Smith, N., Milholland

Substitutes: Palmer, Dewey

BASKETBALL

This year the upper four Forms were given their choice of basketball or hockey. Only eleven boys chose to take basketball, and as four of these were from the lower classes the team lacked the practice of any reasonable opposition. Practice was held in the University's Dillon Gymnasium.

During the season P.C.D. had four regularly scheduled games. Of these they lost two to Township School and won two from the Witherspoon School Junior Varsity. In an off-the-record game with Miss Fine's School, the girls fought gamely but came out on the short end of a 50-14 score.

Mr. Robson was head basketball coach, assisted by Mr. McAneny and Mr. Whitehead.

The scores of the games were as follows:

Township 48, P.C.D. 20
P.C.D. 27, Witherspoon J.V. 17
P.C.D. 28, Witherspoon J.V. 23
Township 45, P.C.D. 39

The first team line-up was the following:

Forwards: Belford, Wallace
Center: Wright, W.
Guards: D'Arms, J., Moore
Substitutes: Rake, Duckworth

Princeton Ice Carnival

The first Princeton Ice Carnival since 1941 was held in the Baker Rink on the evenings of March 18 and 19 for the benefit of the P.C.D. Building Fund. The carnival was composed of skaters from skating clubs in New York, Philadelphia, and Princeton.

The featured star was Miss Yvonne Sherman, the North American Women's Figure Skating Champion and runner-up in the international championships at Paris in February. Other featured skaters were Miss Irene Maguire and Walter Muehlbronner, Eastern Senior Pair Champions; Newbold Black, Philadelphia skating champion; Miss Ann Hall and Miss Kathryn Ehlers, stars in both solos and pair; and Robert J. Swenning, professional of the Princeton Skating Club, who teamed with Miss Sherman on the U.S. Olympic Team.

The Carnival was organized by a committee of mothers, of which Mrs. R. Kenneth Fairman was chairman and Mrs. John H. Wallace, Jr., was vice-chairman. Large numbers of the fathers, faculty, and alumni headed the many committees which worked to make it a success. About twenty of the boys took part in the opening number by the Princeton Skating Club, called "School on Skates."

With the Blues and Whites

SCHOLARSHIP

Although still close, the competition between the two colors was not quite as close as in the fall term, when their averages were the same. This time the Whites came out ahead with a general average of 2.2+ while the Blues were close behind with an average of 2.3—.

In the five bi-weekly reports the Blues had 31 boys clear of failures, barely leading the Whites, who had 30 boys clear.

The following boys had no failures during the term:

BLUES (31): Bauer, Bray, Cameron, Cannon, Cook, D'Arms E., D'Arms J., Davis, Dennen B., Dennen R., Duckworth, Finley A., Friend, Griggs, Hess, Hewitt, Kerr, Knipe, Lapsley, Miller, Moore, Odden, Osborne, Palmer, Peterson, Phelps, Rulon-Miller H., Smith S., Urbaniak H., Urbaniak T., Ward L.

WHITES (30): Belford, Clarke, Cuyler, Dorf N., Dorf T., Elgin, Gardner, Green, Hamilton, Heher, Hillier, Huff, Johnson, Kales, Kerney J. E., Lee, Levick, Maxwell, Meritt, Pearce, Rake, Scasserra, Shear, Smith N., Stevens, Stillwell, Wallace, Wallis, Ward T., Wright W.

HOCKEY

The Blue and White hockey teams, although starting very late in the season, managed to play a "best-out-of-three" series in both the Junior and Senior divisions. The competition in the Junior division was evenly matched, the Blues winning by scores of 1-0 and 2-1. In the Senior division, competition was very one-sided, with the Blues winning both games 4-0 and 8-0.

SKATING MEET

The school ended its skating season at the Baker Rink with a two-day Skating Meet, in which nearly the entire school participated. The winners of the races in the three divisions were as follows:

<i>Seniors</i>	<i>Intermediates</i>	<i>Juniors</i>
1. Erdman (W)	Rulon-Miller, H. (B)	Cook (B)
2. Davis (B)	Levick (W)	Cuyler (W)
3. Johnson (W)	Bray (B)	Ackerman (B)

The result of these races totaled 15 points for the Blues, 12 points for the Whites.

The relay, in which one boy from each class and color took part, was also won by the Blues, adding 5 points to their total. The Blues collected 10 more points by winning the all-school relay race.

The final score of the Skating Meet was: Blues 30, Whites 12.

With the Alumni

The Princeton Country Day School Alumni Association, at its annual meeting on January 14, 1949, elected the following officers, who will begin their terms on August 1, 1949.

DAVID D. WICKS, '32, *President*

SANDERS MAXWELL '32, *Vice-President*

WILLIAM H. SAYEN, 4th '36, *Secretary*

TRISTAM B. JOHNSON '34, *Treasurer*

1928

Donald C. Stuart, Jr. was elected an Alumni Trustee of the Princeton Country Day School in January. He will fill the unexpired term of *Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr.* who is in Europe.

1934

Mr. and Mrs. *Tristram B. Johnson* are the parents of a son, Thomas Harris Johnson, who was born in Princeton on February 13.

1939

The engagement of Miss Janet Read Keihel, of Chesterland, Ohio, to *Owen W. Roberts* was announced in January. Roberts is now at Columbia Law School.

1940

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Martha Preston Holding, of Providence, Rhode Island, to *Samuel L. Tattersall, Jr.* He is with the Universal Bag Company and the Union Mills Paper Manufacturing Company in New Hope, Pennsylvania.

1941

Stevenson Flemer won the first prize for his ice sculpture at the Dartmouth Winter Carnival. Photographs of his jack-in-the-box imp springing from a ski boot appeared in several newspapers and magazines.

1942

Bernard Peyton, Jr., a February graduate of Princeton University, was married on March 19 to Miss Joan Paton, of New York and Spring Point, St. James, Long Island.

1943

Peter Erdman has been elected captain of the Princeton University hockey team for next year. He succeeds *Frederick Roberts* '42, who captained the team this year, and he becomes the third P. C. D. alumnus to win this honor, the only other one having been *George Young* '34.

1944

Charles E. Stokes, II, a Sophomore at Yale, has been elected to the Chi Phi fraternity.

The following Princeton Sophomores were elected to Prospect Street clubs in March: *John Matthews* and *John Moore*, Charter Club; *Rayne Herzog*, *Richard Paynter*, and *Robert Warren*, Colonial Club; *Don Mathey*, Cottage Club; *Gardner Munro*, Dial Lodge; *Paul van Dyke*, Ivy Club; *Markley Roberts*, Prospect Club.

The engagement of Miss Martha Alice Helson, of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, to *Robert B. Warren, Jr.*, has been announced.

Garrison Ellis, a sophomore at Yale, has been elected Chairman of the 1951 Board of the Yale Daily News.

1945

George H. Gallup, Jr., was awarded the soccer cup of Deerfield School, awarded annually to the most valuable member of the team. The Deerfield team won the New England Championship this fall.

John R. Heber is on the board of the *Hoya*, the campus newspaper of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

Colin C. McAneny was elected to the board of the *Daily Princetonian* in January.

1947

Peter Rossmassler has been elected captain of the Exeter hockey team for next year.

Noel Stace swam the 220-yard free style on the Deerfield swimming team.

Howard Stepp, Jr. was also on the Deerfield swimming team, his specialty being the backstroke.

Richard Swinnerton, Jr. has been elected co-captain of the hockey team at the Hill School for next year.

1948

David Harrop played center on the second line of the Deerfield hockey team this winter, and was a consistent scorer.

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Blues and Whites

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
 1949

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
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 1936
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 1945
 1946
 1947

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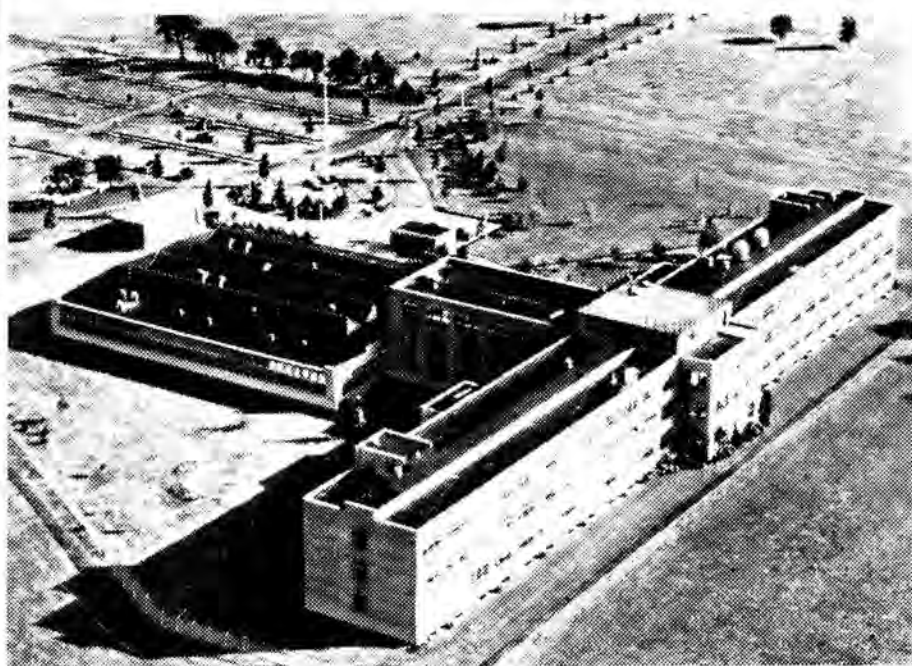
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