

VOL. XXI, No. 2

*Twenty-Fifth  
Anniversary  
Number*

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

JUNE, 1949

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PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

Published by the Students of the Princeton Country Day School  
Member *Columbia Scholastic Press Association*

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Subscription	One Dollar the Copy \$3.00 a Year
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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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Vol. XXI	JUNE, 1949	No. 3
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## Editorial

Thanks partly to the increased facilities of the school, all the masters have done an excellent job with their various out-of-the-classroom activities this year.

Mr. Ross, of course, deserves great credit for his work in making the school play presentable. The same is true of Mr. McAneny for his yearly coaching of the varsity sports. Although this year's varsity squads in soccer and baseball achieved few if any records, they did have a successful year and are examples of his able coaching. Mr. Whitehead deserves praise for his re-activation of the photography club and for his work with the class of boys studying science. He has accomplished much in making these subjects both interesting and factual, and we hope that both activities will prosper in the coming years.

Messrs. Clark and Smyth combined to make this year's Glee Club the most active and best-sounding that we can remember. It was even invited to sing, and did, over the Princeton University radio station. This achievement should be a recompense for the many hours these men spent in getting our

musical aspirants organized in their singing. Mr. Robson did a fine job in handling the scenery for the school play, as usual, and he also coached the basketball team to the point where it was well organized and played a fast game, even though the scores were not always in our favor.

Of Mr. Glynne, in that far-off world of the First Form, little news reaches the ears of Senior editors except that he does his usual fine job teaching drawing and "the three R's." Finally, thanks go to Mr. Tibbals, who coached the six-man football team, and who has started a very interesting activity called "Seamanship." He counseled the upper and lower schools in the basic principles of boating, which included tying knots, learning the rules of the sea, and plotting a course at sea.

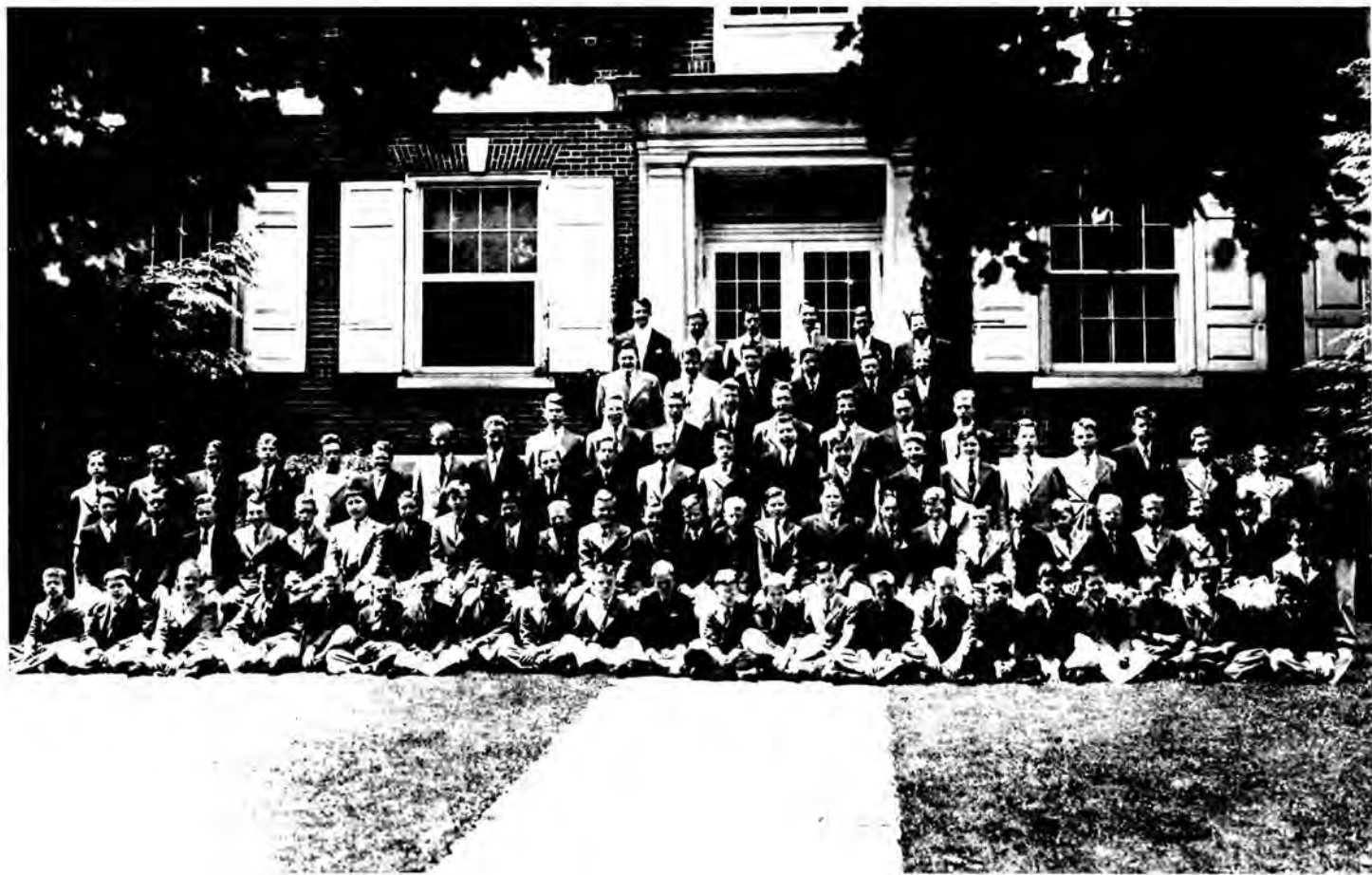
To each and all of these men, on behalf of the students of the Country Day School, we offer our congratulations for having succeeded, in large part at least, in educating and training us. We extend the hope that they will all have even greater success with their future students.

## DEPARTMENT EDITORS

June, 1949

<i>Editorial</i> .....	EDWARD JOHNSON
<i>Athletics</i> .....	JOHN D'ARMS
<i>Blues and Whites</i> .....	BRUCE DENNEN
<i>Dramatic Club</i> .....	GARRETT HEHER

The Editors wish to thank Mr. R. V. C. Whitehead for taking the photographs opposite the following pages: 24, 32, 33 (all except the Dramatic Club, which was taken by Mr. Delmar Lipp), 40, 41, 48, and 49.



THE SCHOOL 1948-1949



THE FIRST SCHOOL BUILDING 1924-1929



THE SCHOOL 1924-1925

Back Row: NIELDS, FUNKHOUSER, C. GEROLD, A. GEROLD, JOHNSON, MORSE, COLLINS,  
LOFTICHER, ROBINSON,  
Middle Row: ONCKEN, SAMUELS, RUSSELL, JEFFE, KOPPEL, HARRIS, LEWIS, CONNOR, DINSMORE,  
Front Row: DUGAN, LAMBERT, D. C. STUART, GIBBONS, STOCKTON, BUFFUM, EISENHART.

## About This Issue

In the spring of the year 1924 a group of Princeton men, who had decided that they wanted their sons educated in a school with men teachers and boy fellow-pupils, met together in the Nassau Club and named a committee to interview possible headmasters for such a school. Their choice fell on James Howard Murch, at that time a master at the Fessenden School, who had also taught in his native England and at Trinity School, Repton School, and Rumsey Hall in this country.

The men who thus broke ground for the Princeton Country Day School were Professor V. Lansing Collins (who was named chairman), Irving L. Roe (who is still a Trustee after services to the School too great to be properly acknowledged), Luther P. Eisenhart, Charles H. Jones, Burdette Lewis, John B. Fine, Robert Scoon, Richard Stockton, III, and William J. Warren.

In this Anniversary Number the JUNIOR JOURNAL commemorates that event of twenty-five years ago. It is not our purpose to print a history of the School, but to recall a few significant events and try to recapture some of the living atmosphere of these twenty-five years. To this end we have asked for and received contributions from one of the founders of the School, Professor Scoon; from several alumni representing successive generations in the life of the School; and from the present Headmaster. In the following pages there will also be found an article on the sport for which the School has become more than locally known, as well as pictures which it is hoped will help to bridge the gap between 1924 and 1949.

If this were a history of the School, an attempt would have been made to give due credit to every one who contributed to its founding or to its growth. As that is impossible, we print below the names of the leaders through whom numberless others have worked to give meaning and character to the familiar initials, "P.J.S." and "P.C.D."

### HEADMASTERS

J. Howard Murch, - - - - -	1924-1947
Henry Ross, - - - - -	1917-

### CHAIRMEN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

V. Lansing Collins, - - - - -	1924-1926
Robert M. Scoon, - - - - -	1927-1931
Andrew C. Imbrie, - - - - -	1932-1935
Sherley W. Morgan, - - - - -	1936-1939
P. MacKay Sturges, - - - - -	1940-1942
Dean Mathey, - - - - -	1943-1947
Ledlie I. Laughlin, - - - - -	1948-

## The First Twenty-five Years

By PROFESSOR ROBERT M. SCOON

*Trustee of the School, 1924-1931; Chairman of the Board, 1927-1931*

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Princeton Country Day School, by itself, would be something of an occasion; but when we add to it the recollection of the progress which has taken place during this period, and the consciousness that the School is at present recognized as so good that expansion is justified, the occasion becomes a red-letter day.

To those of us who were concerned with the beginning and the first phase of the School there are two special satisfactions in the present situation. The first is that the School has steadfastly honored the mortgage which we persuaded the University to assume, so that it has not lost a penny on the transaction. The second is that our contributions and those of our friends have been matched by a long line of subsequent gifts, and the appeal of the School still goes successfully on. Such an institution can only flourish by its continual satisfaction of a basic need in the community, so that generation after generation is ready to step forward and shoulder its share of responsibility. The private enterprise which we consider one of the high values of our American society really extends far beyond the sphere of business, to which we usually confine it in our ordinary thinking; and perhaps it is seen at its best in such an undertaking as the Princeton Country Day School.

One of the main reasons for starting this School was the desire to keep our sons longer in the home than had been previously possible, and I take it that this motive is still strong. We believe in the home influence and the family tradition as the basis of all education; and we have tried to make this a community of fine homes. We have no Country Club, but we do have a Country Day School.

The most remarkable feature of the School has not been its facilities, but its faculty. In the beginning the facilities were totally inadequate; and even now, after twenty-five years, they are no more than adequate, though fortunately they will be distinctly better next year. But we have had a faculty who have always put the emphasis squarely on training the mind and building the character, who have themselves remained loyal through the discouragements and invented ways to get around the difficulties, and who have turned out a succession of graduates, the quality of whose education has given the School a reputation beyond this community. Under their leadership the future looks bright.



## 1924 - 1928

By DONALD C. STUART, Jr.

The letter said, "We're asking a few alumni from each five-year generation to send us some recollections of the Country Day School as they knew it. Will you stir your memory and do this for us?"

You would, of course, just as anyone would grasp the chance to turn the clock back 25 years to re-visit the village that was Princeton a quarter-century ago. To re-visit and re-live his boyhood, the period of life marked by a constant eagerness to grow ever bigger and older, only to be replaced through the sharp perspective of passing years with fleeting wishes to grow young again.

So the letter blurred and faded from view, and in your hands you held a ticket on the Memory Limited, the only train in the world guaranteed to run backward and still take you where you wanted to be.

As the station signs flashed past the observation platform, they looked vaguely like leaves on a calendar, and when the train slowed down to a stop you could see the signpost read "1924."

With 27 other boys, you went that sparkling September morning to a three-story building at 10 Bayard Lane. On the side in symbolic Blue and White was a large sign reading "Princeton Junior School for Boys." Young as you were and small as the assemblage was, you had the feeling it was important to be there that day.

Even before the school was ready to open, there had been rumors of "a strict headmaster with English training and standards" who would systematically extinguish the lighter side of life. He was there on opening day, and it was just as well: if fate had decreed that J. Howard Murch stand elsewhere than greeting his new pupils at the entrance to 10 Bayard Lane that morning, the school might never have observed its fifth anniversary, let alone its 25th.

Strict he was—not in the Dickensian sense, of course—but in the sense that discipline was tempered with justice that was never questioned. English was his background, and from it stemmed the splendid scholastic training and unusually high, yet wholly attainable, standards that are P.C.D.'s heritage today. Unyielding and forceful was his character, yet once you saw the twinkle in his eyes you knew the man's depth and enthusiasm for his task. This was the foundation for an esprit de corps that has inspired pupil and teacher alike for the past quarter century.

So you began that first year, in somewhat crowded quarters and with a bus to drive you on a four-mile round trip to the old Princeton Prep School when it was time for athletics. Soccer in the fall, basketball and indoor track and softball in the winter, baseball in the spring—but nowhere near the school itself.

You enjoyed the intense intramural rivalries that sprang up the moment the first list of Blues and Whites was announced. You were a Blue, and no matter how much you thought of another boy, if he was a White, the poor guy was licked from the start. Whites were known to carry that awful stigma as long as 24 hours after graduation.

It was a rule that you wore a necktie or else—or else you walked, not rode your bike, home to get one as soon as your oversight was discovered. Then the work was made up after school. One warm spring day, the absent-minded bug swallowed your tie in two easy bites and you discovered your condition mid-way through assembly. You lived a mile and a half from school, but somehow you got through the period and were saved because your cousin grabbed a tie for you from his second-floor apartment right in the school.

You liked these things, among others: mid-morning milk and crackers in the restaurant that held forth in the basement. . . .the unexpected holiday declared on the morning of a huge snowstorm, even though you and the boy who lived next door had left so early that the telephone call cancelling classes missed you and you got there anyway. . . .commencement exercises under sun-flecked trees. . . .a baseball game played on the diamond used one year at the foot of Bayard Lane which broke up just as three genial lads of color hove into view, and the crack some one made, "Game called on account of darkness."

You liked the faculty. . . .Mr. Carter, Mr. Bathgate, Mr. Gartner, Mr. Dill and a broad-faced, ever-smiling substitute history teacher from Princeton Prep whom every one somehow called "Pop" Phelan to his face. . . .you used to kid the teachers behind their backs when they went out after school and had a catch in the backyard, and for an inexplicable reason, the ball often went over the fence into the Fine School backyard. . . .and then one bright June day, one of the faculty and a pretty young teacher at Miss Fine's were married.

You made fast friendship. . . .with Francis Dinsmore, later a roommate in college, now an advertising executive for Procter & Gamble; with Sing Collins and Barney Koren, both now with the State Department in foreign service; with Doug Stuart, now doing reader interest research for the Curtis Publishing Co.; and a host of others—Alfred Acuff, Bill Green, Johnny Spaeth, Lloyd Gibbons, the three Maxwell brothers, Bill Oncken, Joe Warren, George Morse, some of whom you have inevitably failed to find in the intervening years.

Other than athletics, extra-curricular activities were few but the *Junior Journal* was born in 1926, mimeographed at first as would be expected before graduating to the printers'. . . .but plays, hobbies, movies, ice carnivals and fairs came later. . . .so did the opening of the present school building a stone's throw from your front yard, after you had ridden a bicycle 5 miles a day to and from Bayard Lane for four years.



The diploma you got in 1928 was followed in due course by one from Lawrenceville and another from Princeton. From secondary school exams to college entrance tests to senior comprehensives and a thesis, you were aware, often actively so, that above and beyond book learning and the pleasures of school life, you had reaped a double harvest: the ability to concentrate (i. e., study) and the ability to think for yourself.

No level of a liberal arts education is gauged to provide practical training for an occupation in later life. Yet if it was the editorship of the *Junior Journal* which first focused your attention on the pleasures and rewards of journalism, and if 25-odd years later, your career is centered about expansion of a publication of your own, the axiom about a straight line being the shortest distance between two points holds as good as ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

The conductor aboard the Memory Limited has just received a new set of orders, and the train is even now catching up with the station whose sign reads "1949." From here, it will proceed into the future, but there is more ahead than in the past: when 1950 comes, one of your sons will enter P.C.D. and in 1953, the second boy will be along.

That observation platform will be just the right place for some time to come.

## 1929 - 1934

By FRANK T. GORMAN, JR.

In September 1929 we arrived at the Princeton Junior School for Boys, a trip which was for many only a trip around the corner from Miss Fine's. Here we found a world of men and boys which was a considerable change from our previous surroundings. We soon learned that Mr. Loney's bark was worse than his bite and welcomed the reading periods which served as a break from the regular classroom work. Then, as now, the First Form was set apart from the rest of the School and the older boys seemed much larger than they really were. As a matter of fact, that particular year went by without a Fifth Form and the Blues and Whites officers were virtually the same for two years.

During recess period and the time before afternoon classes we played "Territory" on the bare space under a large copper beech. Who could forget Nicky Cowenhoven singing "The Stars and Stripes Forever" as he fiendishly carved up an opponent's territory?

In those days the playing fields were at the foot of Bayard Lane—downhill to get there, but a long trek uphill after a busy afternoon of sports. The fields were far from smooth, for the area was used by a near-by stable as an exercising place.

In September 1930 we moved to the ultra-modern Princeton Country Day School where we had bright new classrooms with no-draft ventilation, a large common study hall, real drinking fountains, a manual training room and other unheard-of conveniences. We rode to School in taxis and ate in a cafeteria graced by the old Princeton Junior School sign. About the only carry-over from the old days was the name of the JUNIOR JOURNAL, which by that time had achieved some standing in Secondary School circles. Mr. Loney became the ogre of the stationery and candy (only five to a customer) window, and we rejoiced in playing fields which were just across the street. The Senior Class was having its second year of power and ruled with an iron hand. The era of Prefects had arrived and we were undecided as to whether or not they represented a fifth column in our midst. John Scoon, Ed Reeves, John Morey and John Munn were members of that class.

The 1931-1932 year gave us our first taste of dramatics and the School turned out two creditable performances with an abbreviated form of "The Merchant of Venice" and a one-act chiller going by the name of "The Crimson Coconut." Members of those casts were Bunny Shelton, Sandy Maxwell, George Young, Howie Muller, Lawrence Heyl, Dave Wicks, Jim Armstrong, and many others. During that year, and the subsequent years, Mr. Dill was our Latin teacher and doubled as soccer, hockey and baseball coach. Mr. McAneny was the French teacher and doubled as Intermediate coach. Mr. Ross and Mr. Murch held down their usual positions in English and Math.

By the way, did you ever sit down on the seat in the front hall waiting for Justice to be dispensed? The noise of the Clock in Mr. Murch's office was enough to cause consternation to the most dyed-in-the-wool offender, and I have no doubt that it considerably eased the problem for our Headmaster. What did we do to cause trouble? Nothing of really great importance. John Colt crawled through the ventilating system from what was then the Latin room and ended up looking out over the Study Hall. Mr. Loney, who was in charge at the time, failed to appreciate the fine technique required of such a maneuver. Many others went down for such minor infractions as throwing water bombs, spitballs, or that Country Day School variety known as "Eraser-balls," which were nothing more than well chewed rubber erasers.

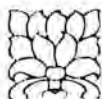
Fourth Form year produced the celebrated Halloween incident after which a number of stalwarts were asked by name to report to the Chief of Police. Time has dimmed the memory of those individuals, but the names of Jim Crudgington and Peter Hopkins come to mind. "How would you like it if your little sister's eye had been put out?" was a stock phrase for some time. We went on the boards again with "Treasure Island" in three acts, with the usual help of Mrs. McAneny, Dean and Mrs. Condit, Mrs. Erling Dorf and many others. The principals that year were Bob Walker, Jim Armstrong, Tommy Wertenbaker, Bill Thom, and others. We also had our hobby show which turned up a number of stamp collections, model houses, model ships, as well

as some turtles, frogs, toads, and other creeping and crawling creatures. We had ice cream on the lawn, and it was a real occasion for the parents to come and look over the school.

Our Fifth Form year was also the Tenth Anniversary of the founding of the School. As the last surviving members of the old Princeton Junior School for Boys, we were privileged to talk about the hardships of the "good old days" on Bayard Lane. We had advanced to a position of importance, although the study hall desks still hid (or we thought they did) a number of nefarious activities. Our dramatic talents were turned to "The Ghost of Jerry Bundier," a one-act mystery play, and "The King's Warrant," a humorous bit about Robin Hood and the Sheriff of Nottingham. This year the stars were Andy Imbrie, Tris Johnson, Howie Muller, Ken Condit, Allan Bigelow, Jim Armstrong, and Dave Hughes for "The Ghost," and Henry Tomlinson, Frank Gorman, Jim Crudgington, Nick Katzenbach, Tom Wertenbaker, Chris Chapman and others for the Robin Hood opus. In addition the First Form under Mr. Loney put on a scene from "Tom Sawyer" with Bob Wicks, Charley Erdman, John Northrop, and others whose names I do not recall.

We paid a visit to New York to see "The Mikado." "The Flowers that bloom in the Spring, Tra-la" was an immediate favorite, rivalled only by the trip to New York in "Flash" Dill's yellow convertible, by the lunch at the Newark Airport, and by Henry Tomlinson's later renditions of "Ham Sandwich" and "Chockled Sody" which were the day's specialties as proclaimed by the local hash slinger.

Graduation that year was for only nine boys of the vast numbers who had been in and out of our class. They were: Jim Armstrong, Tris Johnson, Hugh Green, Marshall Howard, Frank Gorman, DuBois Wynkoop, Henry Tomlinson, Howie Muller, and Dave Hughes. Our class had included such members as Douglas Webster, Bob Goheen, Bob Terry, George Young, Jack Honore, and Jerry Colpitts. Graduation ended pleasant associations with numerous others—Allan Bigelow, Ken Condit, the Sloane twins, Phil Paris, Henry Baker, Bill Meredith, Andy Imbrie, Tom Wertenbaker, John Bender, John Brooks. With the departure of the Class of 1934, the Princeton Country Day School became a group who had known no other allegiances; the event definitively marked the end of an era in the School history.



## 1932 - 1937

By ROBERT A. HUNTER

It was raining outside when we of the Class of 1937 first found our seats in the study hall. We were frighteningly "up front" with Mr. Murch facing us for the first time, masters to the right of us, and the entire weight of upper form authority pressing from the rear. Speaking for myself, I was terrified and terribly homesick for Trenton.

A few of us, including Ed Johnson, Jack Sinclair, Bill Flemer, Lacy Smith and myself, were entering under false colors as alumni or alumnae of Miss Fine's, and I am certain that as long as we were First Formers no one among the faculty knew the difference. We had been living in a fool's paradise, and the stern realities of P.C.D. were met with many a titter and occasionally a tear. Mr. Loney, who always seemed to know what was going on in our heads when we had no idea, told us that we would have to grow up, the rest of the faculty concurred, and after a while we began to sample the experience.

At Monday morning assembly in the study hall Mr. Dill would lead the school in rendering the songs of our future colleges, and what a menagerie we were! "Ohoho, Lord Geoffrey Amherst" was the signal for all of Bedlam to break loose. Voices would strip gears going from second to third and back again; Fifth Formers would solemnly mutter and croak; while at the front of the hall the First Formers would join in one prolonged and savage scream. Mr. Dill filled us so full of Latin that by the time he left the school we were able to steal an occasional march on Caesar.

Our first sense of ownership—the feeling that P.C.D. belonged to *us* lock, stock, and barrel—came to us on the soccer field when we began to make teams. On one of the coldest days of the year Mr. McAneny took us up to Riverdale School, and after trouncing our hosts they served us cold ginger ale for our efforts.

At Princeton High we first tasted fame when we put on *The Prince and the Pauper*, *Tom Sawyer*, and those gripping thrillers, *Captain Applejack* and *The Crow's Nest*. With the production of *Twelfth Night* a Fool was born, one Wade Brown, who became our class jester in reality and entertained us ever afterward.

In those days Mr. Ross encouraged our literary talents, and we swamped the *Junior Journal* with the most fantastic tales you have ever heard. Mr. Loney kept close tabs on all our activities by means of a diary that would appear in each issue of the *Junior Journal*. Such entries as "March 14, Arthur Morgan is out tapping his maple trees. He reports that more than one kind of sap is running, however, in his section of the village"—these kept us jumping.

Mr. Murch introduced us to the world of science, which we thought was contained in his own home on Princeton Avenue, and the more he told us about his marvellous gadgets, the easier it was for us to grasp the basic principles of a new language. We even called on Einstein.

Our favorite relaxation on rainy days was listening to the adventures of Sherlock Holmes, as narrated by Mr. Ross. Being read to by our present headmaster was always a special treat. After a while we would no longer be on the edge of our seats but directly inside the story, expecting to see the Hound of the Baskervilles bound up to us at any minute.

In the spring of 1936 the Blues and the Whites held their first track meet on the greensward across the road from the school. The following spring the contest was held in Palmer Stadium, where we cavorted in various states of undress to the tune of Mayor Erdman's stop watch. I believe that this was the first track meet in history in which the participants wore sneakers instead of spiked shoes.

At Hobey Baker Rink Coach Dealey's ardent pupils learned the fundamentals of hockey and acquired an enviable record of victories each winter. The Sloane twins were particularly ardent, as I recall.

On Wednesday afternoons members of our class would get together for lunch on Nassau Street or at a classmate's home. In the afternoons we sometimes invaded an old fire-trap of a movie theatre on the main drag or attended a matinee at the McCarter Theatre. Those were golden times!

Before I graduated from P.C.D. I used to seek excuses for hanging around school after five o'clock, and I believe that this must have been my first experience with that strange phenomenon known as nostalgia. For most of us, however, there was nothing romantic about working off demerits on Saturday mornings, though even that ordeal is romantic enough to one who has been a graduate of P.C.D. for over a decade.

Other memories return to startle like old photographs of friends you have known and loved: the school's first concert at the Westminster Choir School, when Andrew Imbrie performed one of his earliest compositions, a "School Suite"; our dramatic rehearsals in the cafeteria under the direction of Mr. Ross and Mr. McAneny; an undefeated Princeton football team; a moonlight hayride for the whole class out near Flemer's; and, of course, the many memories that must remain silent and untranslatable until an old friend happens along.

I suppose that the places you love the most become works of art over a period of years. For me the red-brick school by Carnegie Lake is the symbol of all that was best in my boyhood. I doubt if the school has changed much since then. What changes have taken place — a new locker room, a slightly larger enrollment—are our own, and there is a deep satisfaction in this.



## 1936 - 1941

By RICHARD S. MORGAN

September 1936: We were ten years old and starting our first year at P.C.D. Mr. Loney ruled us with as tender an iron hand as ever a fierce old pedagogue bore. Not sophisticated enough to roam the school, we stayed in that northeast ground-floor room and learned: about Pocahontas and John Smith, about what they did in Sao Paulo, Brazil, and Minsk, Russia, about what happens when six apples cost 42 cents, about "time flies," those perennial subjects of sentences, and best of all, at the end of the day, about the never-ending adventures of two boys who, single-handed, it seemed, fought the War of 1812 (these read aloud to any and all who would listen by Mr. Loney, who would scratch his ear with a pin, quell rough-houses, read his tale and make caustic asides in nearly the same breath). In the afternoons we played intense clumsy soccer on the Junior field to the west of the school, and if we secretly wished it were football, we forgot about that in the heat of the game. Unless we were wicked enough to get ten demerits and have to do penance, we could play football Saturday mornings on our own hook.

Bright, gloomy, long, short, our autumn days were filled, in a world no bigger than Princeton itself, with miniatures of the same successes, confusions, jokes, and insurmountable problems that face us now.

*September 1936: What kind of days were the ten-year-olds starting in Barcelona? —What kind of stories were the ten-year-olds hearing in Berlin?*

January 1939: Third Formers now, we had desks half-way back the big study hall upstairs as our only bases. We went to one room and were introduced to the Nervii and other strangers somewhere beyond the three parts of Gaul, by Mr. Smyth. We went downstairs and Mr. Murch tried to convince us that  $(a+b)$  squared equals whatever it does, and our papers came back with those flowing, faultless 1's or 5's as the case might be. Mr. McAneny tirelessly demonstrated how Parisians pronounce "eu"; Mr. Ross gave us a one-man version of "The Merchant of Venice"; and after such rigors we were glad of a hockey game, something we could handle, on Carnegie Lake, or, barring ice, going interminably round the rink and back to school in that jolting, wonderfully warm and steamy bus to settle down and sleep through study period. Then sometimes, after four o'clock, as long as we were through with Help Period, we could go to Mr. Ross's room and play checkers, watching the snow fall lazily outside, or go and swap wisecracks with Mr. Smyth.

A slightly large world was ours now, but for few of us did it extend beyond our own country; for none of us did it include, within our own country, a very immediate knowledge of those among us who didn't eat, weren't clothed, or couldn't get to school.

*January 1939: What kind of school were the twelve-year-olds going to in Naples? — What kind of winter pastimes lay before the twelve-year-olds in Nanking?*

June 1941: Big men, running the school, librarians of our one-long-row-of-shelves library that stretched across the back of the study hall, roll-callers, prefects (stern disciplinarians holding assizes), *Junior Journal* editors for a whole year now—then, whoopee! road agents, drinks on the house, blood dripping from lofts, pistols flaming—"The Girl of the Golden West." But it was just an average year end at P.C.D., with our interest in Ancient History and time lines waning as our excitement over batting averages or enchantment with springtime (and what goes with it) waxed.

And after that, one June evening, with the windows of the study hall draped in mosquito netting and ourselves draped in blue coats and white pants, while Mr. Murch read the record of the school year and we capered through Wills and Prophecies, we ended our five years at P.C.D. Doubtless we were supposed to be masters of French, Latin, History, Algebra and General Science (even Mr. Murch's clarity couldn't order that subject for some of us). Whether we were or not, we certainly felt like masters of every subject and equal to any task. Maybe we were getting to be too big frogs for our P.C.D. puddle. (If so, we began again in the boarding school lake.) Maybe we were good. Maybe P.C.D. had made us that way. And then?

*June 1941: How big were the fourteen-year-olds feeling in bombed London? — Whither were the fourteen-year-olds going in Leningrad?*

## 1938 - 1943

By GARRISON MCC. N. ELLIS

Presumably, at least from an overall viewpoint, there is not much difference between one five-year period in a school's history and another, particularly when they are fairly close together. The personalities on the faculty that are the most remembered usually "last" over several such periods, boys *en masse* have the same characteristics from decade to decade, and the scenery remains approximately the same; in general, one can only define an era by noting the peculiarities of expression and some of the events that have marked it as distinct—superficial definitions at best. The reader should therefore pardon a certain lack of originality here; the writer has forgotten many of the topical expressions and the events. What he remembers about P.C.D. probably resembles very closely the impressions of students before and since.

In our day at P.C.D., although we were well provided for, we moved in surroundings considerably less plush than they would seem to be at present. Some of the younger element today probably doesn't approve of the new showers because they may feel that their use involves a needless waste of time at the end of a hard day; subsequent experience, it may be added, should serve to teach them the intrinsic value of the shower-bath. The new library space would seem to contain everything essential save ash-trays and spittoons; most reference work in the pre-expansion days was performed on the radiators or windowsills.

However, nobody seemed to feel the lack of these latter-day blessings too heavily, and there were other things at the time to keep the student body happy, not the least of which was Princeton's supremacy on the gridiron during the period. The chief objects of the hate of the majority of students were either the Blues or Whites, depending on one's affiliation, and Yale. The few Eli supporters were teased unmercifully, nearly euchred out of a couple of month's allowance, and sometimes even subjected to physical violence, come the middle of November, a Princeton victory and practically unanimous rejoicing. Nor did the faculty, whose judgment on this subject may have been a trifle faulty, take the side of the underdog; true to their questionable form, most students of the era have since ended up in Princeton. Only five stalwart characters presently attend the institution at New Haven.

P.C.D. has shown itself actively helpful towards Princeton athletics particularly in the hockey line—about half of the squad, as far as I know, played on the school teams in the early forties. Mr. Vaughan used to start developing his material early in those days. What with the work of the Matheys, Schluters, Erdmans, *et al*, seldom was a game lost. Of course in those days hockey ruled alone in the winter; either you learned to skate or your posterior was perennially sore.

The outside games in any sport, however, took a poor second in student interest behind the Blue-White encounters, which were fought as hard as any Yale-Princeton game. I don't recall whether in our day the overall edge lay with the Blues or the Whites, although I would guess the Blues were a trifle ahead. At any rate, ability was pretty evenly divided between the two colors, which of course intensified the competition not only in the official contests but also in pick-up touchfootball or baseball games after school and in verbal clashes in the locker rooms and elsewhere. There were standard epithets: the Whites were dubbed *termites*, although I forget what stigma was attached to the Blues. Possibly *shmoos* or something of the sort.

In our P.C.D. days we were still under the aegis of Mr. Murch, whose death since shocked us deeply. His character and mannerisms, however, lend themselves to the memory. He liked to sound a good deal more gruff than he actually was and to keep things running at full and efficient speed all the time; he got particularly annoyed when, during a study hall, he would find



somebody's attention wandering to things other than academic; he would scold the culprit roundly, saying that only if he got a "1" average could he relax. Once he made the above statement to Mike Shenstone, who had anticipated Mr. Murch's requirements, and henceforth the headmaster was more careful about the boys whom he chose for his goats. Mr. Murch liked the Bible readings at morning assembly, which he conducted, and was idealistic enough to believe that the morals pointed therein would be taken to heart. One of his most popular selections was "When I was a child, I thought as a child, etc., but when I became a man I put away childish things," delivered with an accusing look over his glasses at anybody who happened to be fabricating one of the paper airplanes that were then in vogue.

Mr. Ross possessed one of the strongest voices and most piercing wits on the faculty and was sparing in the use of neither; on the whole, he was a figure awfully to be feared by the younger set until it was discovered that his bark also was much more in evidence than his bite. I presume that his present lofty position has made him still more formidable; I trust he is just as much fun. Mr. McAneny was the opposite; he usually spoke in a patient, restrained undertone. It was bruited about—and with good reason—that whenever he raised his voice, a great deal of trouble was in store. Mr. Smyth was the dry wit of the faculty; we had our first lesson in an economic monopoly from his candy-store, which went into one-sided competition with the Good Humor people. The results of the fight forced the Good Humor representative off school limits and prohibited his appearance anywhere in the neighborhood during the lunch hour. Despite restrictions, however, the man in white did a pretty booming business during the spring months—at least after an insane afternoon during which he let everybody sample his delicacies on credit.

A note of tragedy marred our years at P.C.D. when Mr. Loney, who supervised the fortunes of the First (now the Second) Form, died suddenly in November of '41. Despite a constantly harassed air, he was a lovable and friendly man. He got us interested in history by having us construct historical scenes; the competition was intense for the honor of making the church or the bridge.

A week or so after Mr. Loney's death, Mr. Ross came down with a case of acute appendicitis, which threw the faculty into complete confusion for awhile. A substitute English teacher was engaged and promptly demonstrated his ignorance of affairs by failing two or three boys who had excellent academic reputations. This shocking procedure, thank heaven, was not duplicated when the regular staff, who knew the ropes, started operation again.

During the period of which I write the school saw one presidential election and adjusted itself to the contingencies of a war—the prospects for victory were not bright until after we had left. The election found most of the partisan students wearing "We Want Willkie" buttons; an occasional First or Second Former declared himself a "Democrat for Willkie," while some,

with an eye for satire, declared, "Poppa, I wanna Be A Captain Too." After the attack on Pearl Harbor—the news of which came through when we were involved in one of the usual Sunday pick-up games in Baker Rink—everybody became very war-conscious, but at our pleasantly naive age we were more excited than frightened or disillusioned. All the boys whose parents were plane spotters became connoisseurs of aircraft, and a buzzing overhead would bring a large crowd to argue vociferously about the identity of the plane, its combat usefulness, etc. Lots of clubs dealing with various aspects of preparedness and safety sprang up, with practically every student having the chance to be chairman of the P.C.D. branch of some drive or other. Mr. Ross inaugurated a current events club which followed the action on the different fronts and started the wave of after-dinner activities which gave an outlet for extra-curricular energies.

Probably a great deal has been overlooked in characterizing this five-year period of P.C.D. life. I hope, however, that a little of the spirit of the era has been recaptured. Notwithstanding the haziness of our memory, the school made an impression on us. No institution is faultless—P.C.D. wasn't then—but a more than adequate education penetrated our sometimes rebellious minds, and in other ways the school provided us with a realistic *entree* into the wider spheres of prep school and college. We could ask no more.

## 1941 - 1946

By BRANDON HART

These few years were packed with events, though our small Second Form was hardly aware of the changes that were to take place.

Opening day in September 1941 found us with a large crop of new boys in our form, as well as those who had had the distinguished honor of having graduated from the Lower School of Miss Fine's and were now reunited with their former classmates.

Mr. Loney's temper seemed a little harsh at first, but we were soon able to look beyond this outside aspect and begin to realize what he stood for and what he was doing for our class. Being in constant touch with him, it was a very dreadful shock we received one afternoon when Mr. Murch informed the school of Mr. Loney's death. We went home full of sorrow and bewilderment, almost unable to believe what we had heard.

When Mr. Robson joined the Faculty to take Mr. Loney's place, some of us wondered whether he would be able to handle a rowdy class and teach them at the same time. He did. Out on the Junior field he whipped us into quite a soccer team, and more than once we were able to beat the Intermediates.

The fall term had not even ended when the war broke out and food rationing began to affect the school. Frances's wonderful meals had to be

decreased a little in intensity, and meatless Tuesdays were introduced much to the protests of the young gentlemen. Fire drills were accompanied by air raid drills. Worst of all inconveniences was gas rationing. The boys would have to ride home on their bicycles now instead of traveling in the luxury of a car.

The school year that began in 1942 was the first during which the skating rink was not available to us. This was quite a hardship, but when compared with what other people in the world were doing without, it seemed rather trivial.

The next fall brought with it the absence of the First Form. The study hall appeared very small and empty, but it was just as noisy as ever.

It was this year that we lost Charlie Howard from our midst. Few of us realized what a tremendous contribution he was to our class, until he was gone. His loss was felt heavily throughout the school, and I feel certain that none who knew him will ever forget what a wonderful person he was.

Fifth Form year saw us assuming minor responsibility, as we took our turns at being prefects. Also this year saw the beginning (for us) of the dancing class and the famous after-school meetings in Kenwick's with the gentler sex, or students of Miss Fine's. This was, however, just the beginning of the social activities of our form. As Sixth Formers we enjoyed a great number of parties throughout the year with Miss Fine's Ninth Grade. We were growing up.

The winter of '46 found a top-notch basketball team practising in the old Hun School gymnasium. There was some ice on the lake, but it was usually covered with snow and required a bit of shoveling.

As usually happens, the time flew and it seemed as if the spring had just started when we were plunged into our final S.E.B. exams, while still worrying about being accepted by prep schools. Then came graduation, "our night," and it was all over. It seemed like a dream to us at that time, but they say, "You never realize how much fun you have at school until you've left it." I think most of us now feel that is very true.

Our Senior year was the last full year of Mr. Murch's teaching. We were very fortunate to have had as fine a mathematics teacher and leader as he. At the end of our first year away from P.C.D. we returned home to find that Mr. Murch had died. This filled us with deep regret, and our class decided to present a cup in his memory to the school. However small this token may have appeared, it symbolized our feelings toward Mr. Murch. I only wish he were alive today to see the marvelous progress being completed on the school's construction plan. This had been his goal ever since the school started.

We know the school and the new building project will thrive under the direction of Mr. Ross, and we all sincerely wish him the best of luck in his efforts.

## 1943 - 1948

By EMERY S. FLETCHER

The year of 1943-1944 was a memorable one for all those connected with the Princeton Country Day School. Due to the fact that only three candidates showed up for it, the First Form was abandoned entirely, and the whole school had an attendance of 57 pupils. Mr. Ross had left for the war. For this reason, a mass shifting of jobs among the faculty had to be performed. Mr. McAneny took the English and some History courses, Mr. Smyth, one History and all French classes, and Mr. Maurer came to take over the Latin department and one History group. It was he who, along with Mr. Smyth, organized the first P.C.D. glee club. The Baker Rink was taken over by the Navy for barracks, and the hockey team found itself with no place to practice. Air-raid drills were frequent in this darkest of the war years.

Late 1944 saw the return of Mr. Ross from Africa, but he did not resume his teaching until 1945. In '44 the First Form was reestablished, with Mr. Glynn coming to take charge. The first basketball team was formed, having its practice at the Seminary gymnasium. With this came renewed stirring of the idea that the Country Day School have its own gym, which could also be used as an auditorium. The War made it impossible to do any actual planning of that building, and the idea was put aside for post-war consideration. Mr. Maurer began his "Music Appreciation" activity with a group of about ten boys. In the spring he took this select group to the Met to see a performance of "The Barber of Seville."

In the middle of the winter of 1946-47 Mr. Murch's physical condition became critical, but he kept at his duties at school. It was not until the spring term that he relinquished his last Mathematics class, and Mr. Ross was appointed Acting Headmaster. By Commencement time Mr. Murch was unable to leave his bed, and for the first time in the history of the school he did not attend the exercises. Just after the term ended, the tragic news of his death was announced, and Mr. Ross accepted the official Headmastership of the school. This event launched the school on a new era, and the days of Mr. Murch's regime became cherished memories.

1947-1948 was the year of change. Mr. Clark came to assume all of Mr. Maurer's jobs, including the direction of the Glee Club. Mr. Tibbals became the English teacher for the Fourth and Fifth Forms, relieving Mr. Ross of that duty. Mr. Whitehead returned from Lawrenceville and took all of Mr. Murch's mathematics and science classes. With the building of the new University gymnasium the Baker Rink was put back into use and for the first time in six years P.C.D. had a hockey team. The plans for the classroom addition to the school were drawn up and the money for it collected, but it was decided to withhold the building of the gym until the next year.



THE NEW WING







(Above) First Step: Coach Vaughan with Beginners (Below) Second Step: P.C.D. Varsity Practices



## Hockey at Country Day

*(In the winter of 1948 "Life" Magazine sent a battery of cameramen and reporters to investigate the rumor that the Princeton Country Day School did something special in the way of training hockey players. Although the story was not published, the rumor was well-founded. To give the "Life" reporter some background material on P. C. D. hockey, the following article was prepared. Slightly abridged and brought up to date, it is printed here as a tribute to the boys and men who made hockey what it has been in the first twenty-five years of the school's life. For any errors or omissions we apologize; we shall be glad to receive corrections.)*

It is fitting that hockey came to the Country Day School directly from Canada, the original home of the sport. Allan F. Dill, a graduate of Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia, who taught English and Latin at the school, organized the first teams. For a few years they confined their activities to spirited games with the school alumni. When in 1931 the team first played a full interscholastic schedule, it won all its eight games, amassing 53 goals against 2 for the opponents. The stick used by Captain John Scoon, embellished with the painted record of that year, now hangs in the school locker room.

When poor health forced Mr. Dill's withdrawal in 1936, Lewis P. Dealey continued to turn out teams of similar caliber. Mr. Dealey also taught the First Form (at that time called the Junior Form). He is still often seen on the ice in the company of his former pupils, only now it is in the capacity of referee of intercollegiate hockey games.

In 1942 Dick Vaughan, Princeton University's hockey coach, took over the training of the P.C.D. skaters. Besides working with the school "Varsity," he taught the beginners as well, giving ten-and eleven-year-olds the fundamental skills which turned many of them into prep school captains and college stars a few years later.

## CRADLE OF HOCKEY CAPTAINS

If the captaincy of a hockey team is a mark of quality, P.C.D. alumni have carried that quality with them. In the years from 1932 to 1949 no less than twenty-one preparatory school hockey teams have been captained by former P.C.D. players! Of the pioneering 1931 team whose record was mentioned above, four boys—Dave Wicks, Wolcott Baker, George Young, and Phil Worden—became captains five years later at Lawrenceville, Groton, Hotchkiss, and St. George's respectively.

Exeter has gone in heavily for P.C.D. leadership. Bill and Jim Sloane were co-captains there in 1939. In 1940 Exeter was led by Phil Paris, and in 1942 by MacKay Sturges. (Sturges later won two varsity letters at Yale, and he is now P.C.D.'s first alumnus school-coach, being in charge of the hockey team at Gunnery School, Washington, Connecticut.) Keeping up the Exeter tradition, Peter Rossmassler has been elected captain of next year's team.

Other leading prep schools whose hockey teams have been led by P.C.D. boys include St. Paul's (Henry Baker in 1940), Deerfield (Dean Mathey in 1946, Don Mathey in 1947), Hun (Joe Warren in 1932, Phil Worden in 1937), Lawrenceville (George Gretton in 1941), Berkshire (Joe Elmer in 1941), Millbrook (Walter Hall in 1940, Jack Northrop in 1941), South Kent (Tom Matthews in 1944, John Matthews in 1947), and Hill (Dick Swinerton elected co-captain for next winter).

## COMING BACK TO OLD NASSAU

Because a large majority of P.C.D. alumni have returned to Princeton University, the Tiger squad is the best criterion of how these boys have fared in college competition. A few figures tell a story: In 1938 three Country Day School boys won Varsity "P's"; in 1939, one; in 1940, one; in 1941, three, including the captain of the team, George Young; in 1942, one; in 1943, five. In 1947, when Princeton was represented by an "informal" team without an indoor rink, more than half the squad had once skated at P.C.D. Of the 1948 Tiger hockey teams, the Varsity contained eight old P.C.D. boys, the Junior Varsity four, and the Freshman team two. In the recently completed 1949 season, our Fred Roberts captained the team, while Mel Dickenson, Bill Schluter, Bill Clarkson, Peter Erdman, and Don Mathey—six in all—won their letters, and John Matthews received numerals. Peter Erdman is also next year's captain, setting a new record of two consecutive P.C.D. captains.



Some of them keep on playing after they leave college. At least five of our alumni have played for the St. Nicholas Hockey Club of New York. One of them—Jim Sloane—represented the United States on the official Olympic hockey team which visited Europe in 1948.

### ALL IN THE FAMILY

Hockey-playing brothers have been a tradition at the Country Day School. The skatingest family of them all are the five Erdmans. Charles, the oldest, played three years for Exeter and won three hockey letters at Princeton. Harold played three years at Lawrenceville, was on the Princeton squad in 1943, then entered the Navy and was stationed at Yale, where he won two varsity letters. Later he coached the Yale freshmen and himself played for the St. Nicks. Peter played two years on the team at Exeter, one on the Princeton J. V., this year on the varsity, and next year will lead the Orange and Black as captain. David has played three years for Exeter. Mike, number five of the Erdman clan, was captain of the P.C.D. team last winter and has another year to go at the school.

The Youngs were another hockey-minded set of brothers. Besides George, who captained both Hotchkiss and Princeton, there was his older brother "Tad" (who lost his life in a plane crash during the war), a four-year player at Hotchkiss and a varsity letter-winner at Princeton in 1938; while Don, the youngest brother, represented both Hotchkiss and Lawrenceville, played three years of varsity hockey at Princeton, and has continued to play with the St. Nicks.

The Sloane twins, Bill and Jim, carried off jointly the cup for the best athlete at P.C.D. Together they captained the Exeter team. The next year they were co-captains of the Princeton Freshmen, and after that teamed together as forwards on the Princeton varsity. Last year both played with the St. Nicks. (Will the Dennen twins, Exeter-bound, please take note?)

Other hockey-playing brothers who went through P.C.D. and into college were Dave and Bob Wicks (now on the Lawrenceville faculty); Dean and Don Mathey, who captained successive teams at Deerfield and continued the good work at Princeton; Tom and John Matthews, both former South Kent captains and subsequently Tiger players; and Fred and Bill Schluter, currently at Princeton.

All these boys and many others here unnamed have brought distinction to the name of the Princeton Country Day School, and have left a tradition and an incentive for the boys who are now in the school and those who will come hereafter.

H. McA.

## The Next Twenty-Five Years

By HENRY B. ROSS

*Teacher at the Princeton Country Day School,  
1929-1949; Headmaster, 1947-1949*

When Mr. McAneny asked me to contribute some appropriate thoughts to this Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Number, he was generously vague in his instructions. His one specific request was that I should "confine" myself to a prophetic sweep of the next twenty-five years. Quite purposely, and mischievously, I am choosing to interpret the editorial mandate in almost as broad a spirit as the latitude of the subject allows—tempting though it would be to predict that we may look forward with placid confidence to a quarter-century of brighter boys, more handsome teachers, larger buildings, unbroken athletic victories, and that happy never-never-time when all the Blues admit that all the Whites are the finest fellows in the world. But looking into the future's crystal ball—especially for one who enjoys strictly amateur rating—may sometimes stir odd distortions, so we shall perhaps gaze with clearer eye if, Janus-like, we glance backward at our past before we peer ahead.

In the considered regard of the average red-blooded boy there is probably no more painfully embarrassing experience than the moment when some well-meaning but muddle-headed adult gushes patronizingly, "My, my, how you've grown!" This perennial surprise in the face of one of life's processes is itself one of life's continual mysteries. Yet, like John Milton, who called Time the "subtle thief of youth," most of us must confess to a sense of perpetual astonishment at the rapid passing of the stolen years. We never cease to be amazed at the realization that we do not live in a vacuum, that Time does not stand still, and that Life is a sort of endless birthday party to which we receive our periodic summons. Only the very wise or the very foolish have not hesitated to hazard any more profound or rational explanation of the aging process than that held by Topsy, who "just grewed."

I am sure that many friends of Princeton Country Day School are genuinely surprised to realize that the school is now a quarter-century old. The twenty-five years have marched relentlessly off, leaving us to sort out and file away the memory images they have left behind. During that time boys matured into men; war and change stamped their mark; and somehow, through it all, P.C.D. *just grewed!*

That it did so is due first to the constant flow of boys who each year have renewed and re-stocked the life-stream of the School. From the beginning the School has been a family enterprise. Besides supplying us with their boys, parents have given their counsel and support; and we owe much to those who, over the years, have borne the responsibilities of Trusteeship. Courage, vision,

and sound planning were the contributions of the original group who sought to fill the need for an independent day school in Princeton.

The School was fortunate in the selection of its founding Headmaster. A veteran of the first World War, James Howard Murch brought to the twenty-eight boys who attended the opening assembly in the temporary school-rooms at Ten Bayard Lane, and to their successors, an integrity of character, a depth of sympathy, and a superb gift for teaching younger boys. Undoubtedly Mr. Murch drew heavily upon his years of seasoned experience at such schools as Fessenden and Rumsey Hall and upon his earlier training in England; but it was the man himself who cut the pattern, made the mould, and set the trademark on the new P.C.D. product. He found understanding loyalty and co-operation in a small, hard-working faculty, among whom Howard Loney and Allan Dill will be remembered by older alumni as men whose selfless, whole-hearted devotion to their calling may well have hastened their untimely passing. As the busy years slipped by, Mr. Murch built a sound reputation for training boys in thoroughness of scholarship. He expected and frequently received the maximum in interest and effort. Skillfully he helped us survive our growing pains. Thus, usually purposefully, sometimes unwittingly, but always steadily, boys and teachers, working together, set a standard of scholastic attainment which is perhaps the School's most solid inheritance from its first quarter-century.

Shall we do as well in the next twenty-five years? We must do so if, in common with similar private schools, we are to justify our existence independently of the state-supported educational system. Our recent building program, now being rounded off with the construction this summer of a gymnasium-auditorium, is the logical recognition of our development since 1924. No luxuries in an economy-minded era, the class-rooms and locker-rooms built last year have already proven their worth; while the indoor play facilities now being provided will enable us to live up to the varied obligations and activities of a full country day program.

But our physical expansion, necessary though this has become, must remain subordinate to our prior responsibility of helping boys grow into well-rounded maturity. At a time when schools, as well as homes and churches, are under general attack for both alleged and actual failures in the educational process, we must be sure that we too are not contributing to that prolongation of adolescence which has become such a marked and alarming characteristic of individual and national life. We must be careful that we are not producing just an attractive or eccentric composite of Tom Sawyer, Penrod, and Henry Aldrich, with some cross-breeding strains from Superman or Dick Tracy that may linger on into adult life. Although such a product can achieve temporary success—even brilliance—in meeting the requirements of our push-buttoned, can-opened, televised age, the boy of 1949 must have tougher vir-

tues and more subtle equipment to adapt himself to the not-so-brave new atomic world he will inherit. More than ever, it will still be necessary to teach the young male animal how to think, to read, to write, to count, to talk, to listen, to build, to dream, to revere God, to respect Man. Especially he must be made sensibly and modestly aware of himself at his best.

To attempt all of this, with co-ordination, direction, and understanding, is the mutual responsibility and goal of students and teachers in any school anywhere. Within the wide focus of this general objective, our special job at Princeton Country Day School in the next quarter-century is to help a good, time-tested product grow into a still better one.

## *"Happy Birthday to You"*

From Phillips Exeter Academy:

May I send you the most cordial greetings of the Phillips Exeter Academy and best wishes for your second quarter century? Exeter has been extremely fortunate in having so many of your boys come our way. You must be very proud of the record they have made here.

William G. Saltonstall  
Headmaster

Exeter owes the Princeton Country Day School a debt of gratitude for the succession of able boys whom it has sent to us in these past years. They have been well trained in their scholastic work, have shown excellent social adjustment, and have been a wonderful help to the Exeter hockey squad! We hope you will continue the close relationship which the School has had with Exeter.

So here's to your next twenty-five years!

E. S. Wells Kerr  
Dean

From Taft School:

I send you my most cordial greetings on this important occasion. The outstanding performance of your school these past twenty-five years constitutes a cheering assurance that the next twenty-five will mean a continually valuable contribution to your community and the educational program of independent schools.

Paul Cruikshank  
Headmaster

From Hotchkiss School:

The record of the Princeton Country Day School has been a very fine one during its twenty-five years, and I think you can look back on your achievement with great pride and satisfaction. We are very much impressed by the splendid record you have made. I congratulate you on your achievement thus far and am happy to extend our best wishes to all of you on this anniversary and express our confident hope that you are at the threshold of still more useful and rewarding progress.

George Van Santvoord  
Headmaster

From Saint Mark's School:

In behalf of St. Mark's School, I send hearty greetings to Princeton Country Day School on the happy occasion of your 25th anniversary. We are confident that under the able direction of Mr. Ross the school will continue to flourish and to serve our society by graduating soundly educated boys. Best wishes and good luck to you all.

W. W. Barber, Jr.  
Headmaster

From Phillips Andover Academy:

I send the heartiest congratulations and best wishes of the Andover Trustees and Faculty on the occasion of your twenty-fifth anniversary. May the next twenty-five years see as much progress and success for Princeton Country Day School.

John M. Kemper  
Headmaster

From St. George's School:

My recent visit to the Princeton Country Day School was a most pleasant one. I am convinced that the service the school is rendering to your community is important and well done. I was impressed by the plant you have already developed and with your plans for the future. It is with a great deal of pleasure, therefore, that I send you my greetings on the occasion of your twenty-fifth anniversary and my best wishes for continued growth and success.

Willet L. Eccles  
Headmaster

From William Penn Charter School:

The William Penn Charter School sends hearty congratulations and best wishes to the Princeton Country Day School on the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary. We wish you many generations of continued service to the young people of our country.

John F. Gummere  
Headmaster

From St. Paul's School:

Heartiest congratulations to you on your 25th anniversary and all good wishes for prosperity in the years to come.

Henry C. Kittredge  
Headmaster

From Peddie School:

May I congratulate you on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Princeton Country Day School and extend a most sincere wish for many more years of the sort of service you have so happily and successfully rendered your community and society?

William S. Litterick  
Acting Headmaster

From Fessenden School:

I am particularly glad to send this letter on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the Princeton Country Day School because Mr. Murch taught here for several years before going to Princeton. This school followed with pride his achievement there. I know full well what an excellent job he did. He handed on to you a fine school, one adhering to the practice of demanding hard and careful work, one expecting and getting decent social behavior—both today difficult objectives to reach. Attaining them is, therefore, doubly to be honored. Let me wish you well over these next twenty-five years.

Hart Fessenden  
Headmaster

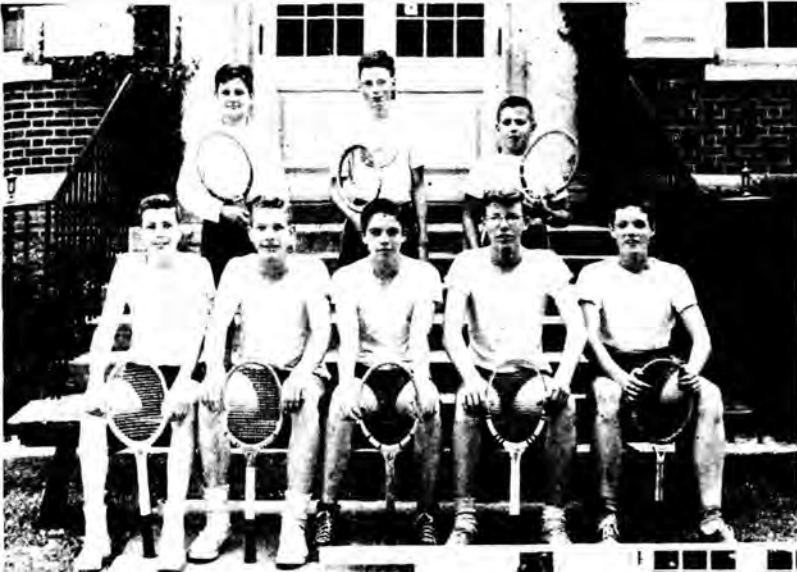


## The Calendar

### APRIL

*The first of April, some do say,  
Is set apart for All Fools' Day,  
But why the people call it so  
Nor I, nor they themselves, do know.*

- April 11 First day of the new term. Bill Dorman, Dick Furman, David Flanders, Peter Knipe, and Tommy Urbaniak come back hopping mad. They all had birthdays during the vacation and so won't get their names in the Calendar! They decide to campaign for "No More Vacations!" Flanders is elected spokesman for the group.
- April 12 Gren Cuyler, commander of the U. S. Army's First Armored Lead Soldier Division, born.
- April 17 All work stops in the Second Form today and tomorrow in honor of Peter ("The Kingston Killer") Cook and Harry ("Alias the Angel") Cannon. Mr. Robson's arm gets tired spanking the birthday boys and then going on spanking everybody else who needs it. Denny Wright escapes by staying home; David Hamilton gets out of it by asking six questions just as Mr. Robson's hand is about to come down; and Rulon-Miller swats the teacher first.
- April 20 David Outerbridge tries out his new birthday gift, a sort of periscope which he pokes through the side door of the movie theater while people are coming out and with which he then sees the whole second show from his room a block away.
- April 21 The season's first big social affair takes place at Miss Fine's School, namely their Middle School Plays. The curtain is delayed until the actresses are sure Davis and Lapsley are in the audience. At last they are found, everything is in order, and the plays proceed. Bill Wright thinks he should get his money back—half the play is in French!
- April 25 Mr. Ross looks very serious in assembly this morning. He has an important announcement to make. The School Marbles Championship Tournament is about to begin! The rules are read aloud, the class tournament committees are elected, and, come recess, the experts are out matching their skills in a cloud of glass.
- April 28 Tim ("Sugar") Cain born.
- April 30 Tommy Shelton, inventor of the super-de luxe one-wheel "Atomic Scooter," born.



TENNIS



BASEBALL



BASKETBALL

NATURE-STUDY



DRAMATIC CLUB



DRAWING  
AND PAINTING





## MAY

*He was as fresh  
As is the month of May.*

- May 1 Bucky Shear, editor of the 1969 *Farmer's Almanac*, born.
- May 4 Sherwood Smith, Princeton Township fire and game warden, shoots a big buck for his birthday dinner.
- May 10 Bill Phelps, reformed hermit, born.
- May 13 Even the nightingales are silent this evening. They don't dare match notes with the P.C.D. Glee Club, which is very much on (and only a little bit up in) the air broadcasting its program over the University radio station. Even Larry Griggs stays in tune, though his cheeks are still stuffed with his own birthday cake as he sings.
- May 16 Caleb Clarke, who is wanted as a pinch-hitter by sixteen major league ball clubs, born today.
- May 20 Teddy D'Arms, famous female impersonator, born. Wait till television gets hold of him!
- May 21 Rain yesterday, rain tomorrow, but no rain today, for this is the day of days. The Fathers take their baseball lesson like good sports, and the Mothers put on a Fair that has everything—even to fierce make-up and false mustaches that scare little sister but get in your way for eating hot dogs. There is music all through the Fair, too, from the "Racketeers," and are they good! Well, they have Meritt.
- May 25 Dress rehearsal of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The snowstorm won't come down, and Mr. Ross's temperature goes up. Boice's hound-dog steals the show, although it forgets all its lines.
- May 26 First night! A hit, a palpable hit. I can't recognize anybody till the lights go up and I can read my program. But chaw me into sassage meat if I haven't heard that auctioneer around the school somewhere. Most the cast, though, are really acting! I'm sure Bob Miller isn't in the habit of gazing wistfully at the sky and passing out as he does as little Eva night after night, nor is Peter Lindabury (Aunt Ophelia) usually addicted to nerves—only nerve, sometimes. As for Bill Wright, he really isn't as bad as Simon Legree, so he *must* be acting. The only one I was frankly puzzled about was Butch Palmer; he handled that cigar with remarkable ease!

- May 27 Second night. A packed audience. The hound-dog (who, I forgot to say, jumped out of a car window last night and refused to appear on the stage) was excellent. So was the snowstorm. So was John D'Arms.
- May 28 Closing night. The hound-dog was in top form,—even got across the Ohio River ahead of the fleeing Eliza. After the show, to Renwicks, leaving the faculty and stage-hands in the theatre, with their tongues hanging out, drinking milk and eating bread-and-butter sandwiches.
- May 31 Bobby Kales born, with a paint brush in one hand and a hockey stick in the other.

## JUNE

*It is the month of June,  
The month of leaves and roses,  
When pleasant sights salute the eyes  
And pleasant scents the noses.*

- June 6 The faculty settle down to three days of gleeful gloating while the rest of us suffer through the "reeling and writhing and written tricks" that come with final examinations. The Sixth Form, tired of wearing coats, ties, and pressed pants all year long, arrive at school in orange football jerseys. By noontime these have all melted away in the heat. No one feels like joking any more.
- June 11 The Big Men who have run the school all year, and the Little Men who made the teams and got in the play, gather in the cafeteria for the Activities Dinner. The Big Men make speeches leaving the Faculty orators envious; the Little Men laugh and clap and are glad, for once, that they are not Big Men and don't have to make speeches. A last rousing cheer is raised to Mrs. Repert and Mrs. Hendrickson who are too busy in the kitchen to hear it; a last hearty pitcher of iced punch is spilled on Jeff Belford's last pair of white trousers; and so the year settles to a stop.
- June 13 Commencement Night. Twelve Seniors are said good-bye to. Gosh, the school won't seem the same with the Sixth Form gone.  
—Still, I'll see you next term, all you new Sixth Formers!

—THE BOY WHO SITS BEHIND YOU

## The Chink

"Tip" was a very little boy. He was not quite four years old. He had a great many toys, but he had three toys he loved most of all—a furry rabbit with black eyes, a blue golliwog with white linen eyes, and a broken walking stick. Nobody understood about the walking stick; only Tip. It was Tip's friend. It knew about the caves in Tip's little bed. Once it got lost way down in the part of the sofa where you can poke your hand—a cold and crumby part.

Tip always took his rabbit, his golliwog, and his stick to bed. But they did not quite drive away Tip's afraid-feeling about the passage outside his bedroom door. The passage was long; at night it was dark. To Tip, because he was so little, the passage seemed miles and miles long and most frightening. When Mother carried him out of her bedroom to put him to bed, he would peer over her shoulder. Funny little moonbeams danced after them. Sometimes Tip clutched Mother. Once he screamed, but he could not tell her about it. He kept saying, "Geggy-Wugg." Nobody understood about the Geggy-Wugg — not even Mother.

Geggy-Wugg was the name of a thing which Tip was afraid of, and had never seen.

One night Tip awoke suddenly. He lay in his bed. It was dark. Tip sat up and called, "Mummy! Mummy!" There was no answer. Tip screamed, "Mummy! Mu-ummy!" Still there was no answer.

Tip got out of bed and went to the door. The passage was dark. Tip

sobbed in great gulps. How did he dare run down to Mother's door? He knew the door was there although he could see no light. He could see nothing. His eyes were shut. He was afraid of that passage and of the Geggy-Wugg, that Tip said lived in dark passages. He pattered a few steps—sobbing and horribly frightened. The passage was like a long and dark tunnel. The cold darted up Tip's toes. "Geggy-Wugg biting," he thought.

Then Tip did a wonderful thing. He stopped sobbing and opened his eyes. There in front of him was a chink of light. It was the light under Mother's door. He rushed to the door and banged on it with his little fists. In a moment, Mother was there. "Why, Tip!" she exclaimed; and she took him to the fire which was burning brightly in her room.

"Tip waked up," he sobbed, "and came and saw the light."

"Mother's door must have closed when she didn't notice," said Mother. "But how did Tip see the chink of light, if he was crying?" Then she wiped Tip's eyes again, that were still blinking with sleep.

"Tip stopped crying and then he saw it," said Tip, laughing.

Then Mother carried him back to bed, saying, "Nothing like stopping tears to see the chink on the other side." She tucked Tip into his little bed with his bunny, his golliwog, and his broken stick. And, queerly enough, nobody ever heard another word about the Geggy-Wugg after that night.

PETER COOK (II)

## The Longest Five Minutes of My Life

One hot July afternoon I entered the dentist's office and hung up my coat. I was jittery — and I mean jittery—for I was to have four teeth taken out. I sat down and just waited. It would be about five minutes, said the nurse, until the doctor had prepared the "operating room," as she put it drily.

I waited and waited. Through an open door to the "operating room" I noticed a large tank-on-wheels being pushed into the room. Clearly marked in red on this object were the words, "ETHER — DANGER — Inflammable." I gave one look and jumped toward the open, inviting corridor leading to the elevator. I was very young, but old enough to know about ether. At the elevator I was caught by my equally jittery mother, who hauled me back to the open arms

of the nurse and into that already well-known waiting-room.

"You poor little man," said the nurse, "don't be scared. Your five minutes aren't up yet, you know."

I shivered and walked slowly to the typically uncomfortable waiting-room chair. I waited. I went through about seven year-old copies of *Fortune*, trying to get through them quickly, yet trying to learn something about the steel industry, even at that age and in that place. I had the feeling that ether was being slowly but surely pumped into the waiting-room, but I soon forgot this and sat for what seemed like centuries.

"Come along now," called the nurse, breaking through the silence of the longest five minutes that I have ever spent or, I believe, that any clock has ever recorded.

NICHOLAS HUBBY (V)

## Spring

Spring is wonderful!  
Birds are singing,  
Fish are jumping,  
Joy is in the air.

Spring is beautiful!  
Flowers are blooming,  
Green are the trees,  
Joy is in the air.

Spring is magnificent!  
The boats start sailing,  
Vacation is coming,  
Joy is everywhere.

DAVID PETERSON (I)

## From Athens to Rome By Plane

Last summer I spent four months in Greece, the most enjoyable months of my life, watching the excavations upon which my mother and father were digging. Almost every day a new wall, statue, inscription, or any of a dozen other things would be brought to light by the excavators; or an already known wall would take on new significance as something else was unearthed.

All too soon the summer had passed, and the time came to depart. It was decided that we were to fly from Athens to Rome, and spend a week or two there, before taking the ship back to New York. Two days in advance of the day of flight we clambered into the station wagon at Corinth, where we had spent the summer, and drove to Athens. The rest of the day and all the next one were spent in gathering our possessions and packing them into two trunks and several suitcases. The trunks, containing articles which would not be used on the voyage, were left at Athens to be placed on board the *Vulcania* when she stopped at Piraeus. The suitcases we took by bus to Phaleron, the airport near Athens.

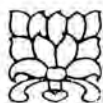
After that everything was frantic confusion, getting baggage checked and passports ready, discovering which

runway the plane was to take off from, and making sure that nothing was misplaced. Finally we were warned that the plane was about to take off. We ran to the runway, found seats in the plane, and fastened our safety belts.

We took off and headed southward toward Corinth. There we saw the excavations and the houses of the village grouped about the square. We then turned westward over the Gulf of Corinth and proceeded out to sea. We passed over a large island and several smaller ones. We watched the clouds curling over the mountains until the islands became too small to see. Then there was no more land until we reached the "toe" of Italy. We had been flying steadily westward until this time. Now we turned north and flew up the coast toward Rome, watching the never-ending change of the shore-line: first, a long stretch of white sand; then jagged rocks; then a sheer cliff, and so on.

Soon we saw Naples, the great seaport of southern Italy. Then Rome itself came into sight, and in a few moments we were back to earth on a Roman runway. This brought to an end an exciting and fast-moving day.

RICHARD STILLWELL (V)



## *A Spider's First Web*

A young spider was looking for a place to spin a web. It was to be her first web, and she wanted it to be a good one. After about twenty-five minutes of hunting she came upon a small bush with a good place for a web.

"Just the thing!" she said.

So she climbed the little bush and began to work. She started by making the guy ropes very strong. Before she fastened each of the strands, she gave it a little tug to make sure that it was tight.

You probably don't know it, and I'm sure you won't believe it, but a spider's web is stronger than steel. Of course, this is in comparison with size.

The rim and the inner circles of the net are the only ones that are sticky.

With these, too, the little spider makes sure that each one is tight. After that, her work is all finished. Don't worry about the sticky gum, for it is already forming on the web.

Now the little spider sits down and waits for her first fly. Five — ten — fifteen minutes go by. But spiders are patient ones.

At last a fly gets caught, and after one bite behind the head it is all over. The spider, even though she has poor eyes, could feel the fly coming because she could feel the tugs on the strands she was sitting on. Spiders have a telegraph system just like our own.

The little spider will stay in her web until the weather knocks it down.

DAVID HAMILTON (II)

## *A Journey Into The Future*

One day as I was walking idly through the streets of Boston, I came upon a lucky stone in the street. It had a little tag tied to it. It said, "If you put me under your pillow for a week, you will travel a hundred centuries into the future."

Of course I didn't believe a word of it, but I did what it said anyway to see what would happen. And sure enough, I went into the future!

When I stopped shooting through space, I found myself in a dark, cold, barren desert. I looked around and saw three giant half-bull and half-man things coming at me. I didn't think it was a dream, so I ran like all get out. I soon saw a river so I swam,

but they could swim better than I. I climbed hills, but they could climb better than I. I was so tired from running, swimming, and climbing that I lay down and hid under a bush. The giants hunted high and low for me, and sometimes my heart went into my throat because they almost stepped on me.

At last one of them found me and I thought it was all up with me. He picked me up in his huge mouth and shook me till my teeth chattered. I woke up at once to find my mother shaking me because I had overslept and I had to go to school.

ALEXANDER FINLEY (I)



## Old John

This is a description of a horse that belonged to my grandfather when he was a young man. John was the horse's name, and he lived at the old homestead for twenty-eight years. He was a Morgan by blood, and had the peculiar reddish-brown color of his breed. He also had its intelligence. Grandfather always said that he knew more than most of the hired men. If he was fastened in his stall, he would untie the rope and open the barn door with his teeth, and morning would find him peacefully grazing in the meadow. But if Grandfather put him in his stall loose, he would stay in the barn all night.

Old John was especially helpful in taking the milk to the Creamery. In those days milk was carried by wagon. Grandfather would hitch him up in the dooryard, and when all was ready he would say, "All right, John, it's now in your care." The "old boy," without either reins or bridle, would

go alone to the Creamery. He always would keep his place in line, and when all cans were emptied and the Creamery man had given the signal, back home he would come. For years he did this, and never once was there an accident.

John had one peculiar characteristic, however, which at times was annoying. He was a "one man horse." The hired men did not like him, and he positively hated them. He would not work for them; neither would he let them care for him. He was Grandfather's horse and remained so until the end of his life. Like Grandfather he was born on the old place and died there.

Old John lies buried under the big elm tree in the pasture that he loved so well. Grandfather always said there never would be another horse like him, and to this day there never has been, at least on our farm.

BENT WALLIS (V)

## Spring

Spring is here, spring is here!  
It's the nicest time of year  
For it's the time that birds appear.  
The birds and bees all sing and buzz,  
Flowers bloom and tree buds burst,  
And seeds are planted in the earth.  
In the gardens growing green  
It is such a pretty scene,  
And in the forest green and cool  
Spring is reflected in the pools.  
Spring is the nicest time of all;  
There's so much to do between now  
and fall!

JOHN MARTINELLI (I)

## Taxes

After the Revolutionary War the United States was in very bad condition. The states ran themselves and were disorganized. The government was unable to collect taxes, and this made it rather difficult to keep working. In time, however, it received more power to collect taxes, mint money, have an army, and keep all organized. At first the taxes were for defending the country and for government expenses. Slowly year after year, however, the government expenses began to include a lot more than what they were intended to at first. Some of the added expenses are soil conservation, electrical plants, free lunches for school children, unemployment payment, free medical care for war veterans, free schooling and old-age pensions, free government housing, and many other things. Perhaps in the preceding sentence I have used the word "free" too much since nothing the government gives you is free, for the more that people ask from the government the more it takes from them in taxes. In time the government may be taking all our money and spending it for us. In other words, it will be telling us that we don't know how to spend our money and that it must spend it correctly for us.

I'm not saying that all the expenses I mentioned are bad. As a matter of fact I think some are very good, such as soil conservation, teaching people who are physically incapable of work-

ing what they can do to make a living, and sending aid to Europe. But I think that a person who is not able to supply a roof over his head or who can't pay his bills needs to see a doctor. Of course, I think that any one who cannot take care of himself because of a mental or physical defect should be taken care of by the government as an act of charity.

One reason why I oppose large government spending is that it takes a person's incentive and kindness away from him in time. For instance, if a man's house burns down and he has no money to rebuild it, his neighbors, not the government, should pitch in and help him. (He should have had enough sense, however, to buy insurance before his house burned down.) Imagine that the government paid for everything. Then suppose a man wanted to go some place else. He couldn't because he would know what to do only when the government told him to do it.

A government of this type can easily fall into one man's hands, and this would be the downfall of our country. Therefore my plan is to cut out all government expenses except for defense, conservation, help to physically disabled persons, and running costs. If this were done the taxes would be cut, our nation's debt lifted, and more money and aid would be given to our army and to Europe.

WILEY FRIEND (IV)



PHOTOGRAPHY



SHOP



PRINTING



"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"



## The Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club produced "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on May 26, 27, and 28, delighting three capacity audiences. One local paper commented editorially on the high quality of the production.

Many of the individual performances were deserving of praise. John D'Arms gave a moving characterization to the difficult part of Uncle Tom. William Wright was frighteningly excellent as the villain Simon Legree. On the humorous side, David Flanders, as Phineas Fletcher, appealed to the feminine enthusiasts; Steve Stock, as Topsy, appealed particularly to the press reviewer; the subtle humor of Wiley Friend, as Gumption Cute, appealed to the adult members of the audience; Arthur Meritt, as Marks, appealed to every one.

The most stirring scene, combining drama, humor, and suspense, was the slave auction scene.

Mr. Ross's direction of the play was masterful; the scenery was original and colorful, and the stage crew headed by Mr. Robson added smoothness to the running of the play. The Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Clark and Mr. Smyth, sang four numbers between the acts. The cast:

Eliza .....	PIERCE MILHOLLAND
George Harris, <i>her husband</i> .....	MICHAEL ERDMAN
Mr. Shelby, <i>a Kentucky planter</i> .....	JEFF BELFORD
Haley, <i>a Slave Buyer</i> .....	BRUCE DENNEN
Aunt Chloe .....	OAKLEY HEWITT
Uncle Tom .....	JOHN D'ARMS
Phineas Fletcher, <i>a frontier settler</i> .....	DAVID FLANDERS
Marks, <i>a lawyer</i> .....	ARTHUR MERITT
Tavern Waiter .....	ADRIAN RAKE
Tom Loker, <i>another Slave Buyer</i> .....	ROBERT DINNEN
Mr. St. Clair, <i>a Louisiana planter</i> .....	EDWARD JOHNSON
Eva, <i>his little daughter</i> .....	ROBERT MILLER
Miss Ophelia St. Clair, <i>Eva's aunt</i> .....	PETER LINDABURY
Topsy .....	STEVENS STOCK
Skeggs, <i>an Auctioneer</i> .....	GARRETT HEHER
The Auctioneer's Clerk .....	HUGH FAIRMAN
Simon Legree .....	WILLIAM WRIGHT
Plantation Owners	NICHOLAS HUBBY
and Slave Buyers .....	JOHN LAFLEY
	DOUGLAS LEVICK
	ROBERT KALES
	WILLIAM WALLACE
Adolph	KENNETH MOORE
Aunt Hagar	RICHARD FURMAN
Caesar	JOHN MARTINELLI
Cassy	FRANK DAVIS
Major Mann .....	NATHANIEL SMITH
Fisk, <i>a river-boat showman</i> .....	WALLACE PALMER
Gumption Cute, <i>a card shark</i> .....	WILEY FRIEND
Sambo, <i>Legree's slave</i> .....	DEWITT BOICE

## Honor Roll

SPRING TERM 1948-1949

### FIRST HONOR ROLL

(90 - 100)

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

### SECOND HONOR ROLL

(85 - 89)

PETER BAUER  
JEFF BELFORD  
GRENVILLE CUYLER  
ROBERT DENNEN  
NORMAN DORF  
THOMAS DORF  
CLIFFORD ELGIN  
OAKLEY HEWITT  
ROBERT HILLIER  
ROBERT KALES  
PETER KNIPE  
ARTHUR MERITT  
KENNETH MOORE  
DAVID PETERSON  
HARRY RULON-MILLER  
THEODORE SHEAR  
NATHANIEL SMITH  
RICHARD STILLWELL  
HENRY URBANIAK  
THOMAS URBANIAK  
DENIS WRIGHT

### THIRD HONOR ROLL

(80 - 84)

RICHARD BRAY  
NICHOLAS CAMERON  
HENRY CANNON  
CALEB CLARKE  
JOHN D'ARMS  
FRANK DAVIS  
THOMAS DUCKWORTH  
LAWRENCE GRIGGS  
HENRY HUFF  
JOHN LAPSLEY  
PETER LINDABURY  
JOHN MARTINELLI  
ROBERT MILLER  
LANCE ODDEN  
JOHN PEARCE  
GARY PLANTIFF  
ADRIAN RAKE  
CHARLES SAVAGE  
KENNETH SCASSERRA  
GEORGE SCOTT  
SHERWOOD SMITH  
WILLIAM WALLACE  
BENT WALLIS  
WILLIAM WRIGHT



## *With the Blues and Whites*

### SCHOLARSHIP

The Whites kept up the slight lead in scholarship which they had built up in the winter term, and in the last term of the year their general average was 2.3 — compared with 2.4 — for the Blues.

This gave the Whites an average for the whole year of 2.3+, giving them a close but definite margin of victory over the Blues' final average of 2.4—.

The following boys were clear of failures in the Spring Term:

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

WHITES (29)—Belford, Clarke, Cuyler, Dorf N., Dorf T., Elgin, Furman, Green, Hamilton, Heher, Hillier, Huff, Johnson, Kales, Kerney J. E., Lee, Levick, Maxwell, Meritt, Pearce, Rake, Scasserra, Shear, Smith N., Stevens, Stillwell, Wallace, Ward T., Wright D.

### BASEBALL

Blue and White baseball competition this season was somewhat one-sided with the Blues victorious, as they have been in all athletic competitions this year. In the Senior division the Blues won all their games but one, which was tied. The Blue team on the Intermediate A squad won a majority of the games played there.

The Whites were superior on the Intermediate B field, winning five games while losing only two. In the Juniors, the Blues in turn were champions.

No accurate point total was kept, but the unofficial point score at the end of the season was: Blues 27, Whites 18.

# Athletics

## BASEBALL

This year's team had a very good season. The record was 4 wins, 2 losses, and 1 tie. After tying Peddie in the first game, the team won four in a row, and ended its season by losing the last two games by the margin of one run in each.

There were few consistent hitters, but there were some long-ball hitters, for in seven games a total of 9 doubles, 3 triples, and 6 home runs were made. The fielding average was quite good, being .930. Bruce Dennen was an outstanding pitcher. He pitched 33 innings, allowed 25 hits, struck out 49, and walked only 8. Bob Dennen led the team in batting with an average of .609.

### P.C.D. 9, PEDDIE 9

The first game, played at Peddie, would have been an easy victory if Bruce Dennen had been left to pitch the complete game, for he struck out nine of the first ten men to face him. But Mr. McAneny put in second and third-string pitchers to give them practice, and Peddie succeeded in tying the score. In this game Johnson hit a home run and Bob Dennen two doubles.

### P.C.D. 5, PENNINGTON 1

In this game, also away, Bruce Dennen was in fine form, allowing only one hit and no runs and striking out nine in six innings. Pennington's only run came in the last inning, off D'Arms. P.C.D. made six hits, including a double by Wallace.

### P.C.D. 5, PENNINGTON 4

The return game with Pennington was much closer, but with five runs in the second and third innings P.C.D. won its second game. Bob Dennen batted out two doubles and a triple. D'Arms, Wallace, and Dennen B. handled the pitching.

### P.C.D. 4, TOWNSHIP 3

The first game with our town rivals was close, but a 3-run uprising in the sixth inning won for P.C.D. Bruce Dennen was the winning pitcher and helped his own cause with a two-bagger. Wallace saved the game in the last inning with a fine throw from left field to the plate, cutting off the tying run.

## P.C.D. 11, FATHERS 4

The annual Fathers-Sons game was an easy victory for P.C.D. The sons hammered Mr. Peter Cook for 13 hits, including doubles by Dennen R., Boice, and Urbaniak and home runs by Johnson and both Dennens.

## TOWNSHIP 7, P.C.D. 6

In the second game with Township the pitching of Lapsley and D'Arms was not quite good enough to gain the victory, in spite of triples by Johnson and Wright and four-baggers by Urbaniak and Bruce Dennen. This was our first loss of the season.

## ALUMNI 4, P.C.D. 3

The Blue and White lost the last game to a hard-fighting and high-spirited Alumni team. Dick Swinnerton, pitching against his old school, allowed only two hits and two walks. Although Bruce Dennen pitched brilliantly himself, the Alumni won out with a run in an extra inning.

The usual line-up was as follows: Bruce Dennen, pitcher or infield; Bob Dennen, catcher or infield; Bill Wright, 1st base; Henry Urbaniak, 2nd base; DeWitt Boice, short stop; John D'Arms, 3rd base or pitcher; Bill Wallace, left field or pitcher; Eddie Johnson, center field or catcher; Wallace Palmer, right field.

Substitutes: Lindabury, Lapsley, Stock, Clarke, Milholland, Moore.  
Managers: Meritt and Heher.

## TENNIS

In the first match with the Princeton High School junior varsity, we took one singles match and lost the other. Belford won for P.C.D., while Erdman was the loser. With only two courts to play on and a limited amount of time, the match could not be finished and the score remained a tie.

In the second meeting, against the Pennington School junior varsity, we played two singles matches and lost them both. Erdman and Davis represented the Blue and White.

A return match was played with Pennington, which they won by a score of two to one. Belford won his singles for P.C.D., but Erdman was defeated. The doubles team of Frank Davis and Nat Smith also was defeated.

Mr. Tibbals coached the team, and letters were awarded to Belford, Erdman, Davis, Smith, and Phelps.

# Commencement

Assembly Hall of the First Presbyterian Church

June 13, 1949

PRESIDING

LEDLIE I. LAUGHLIN, Esq.

Chairman: Board of Trustees

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

INVOCATION

REV. FRANK SERGEANT NILES, D. D.

CLASS EXERCISES

Class Poem.....PETER VLIET LINDABURY

Class Prophecy.....{ GARRETT MARTIN HEHER  
EDWARD ESREY JOHNSON

Class Will.....JOHN HAUGHTON D'ARMS

Presentations by Class of 1950.....{ ARTHUR DEAN MERITT  
NATHANIEL BALDWIN SMITH  
RICHARD NEWHALL STILLWELL

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

DR. ALLAN V. HEELY

Headmaster: The Lawrenceville School

AWARDING OF PRIZES

HENRY B. ROSS, HEADMASTER

Mathematics (Murch Cup given by Class of 1946) ..EDWARD ESREY JOHNSON

English.....{ BRUCE PETER DENNEN  
GARRETT MARTIN HEHER  
EDWARD ESREY JOHNSON

Ancient History.....{ BRUCE PETER DENNEN  
EDWARD ESREY JOHNSON

French.....{ BRUCE PETER DENNEN  
GARRETT MARTIN HEHER  
EDWARD ESREY JOHNSON

Latin.....BRUCE PETER DENNEN

Endeavor and Improvement.....ADRIAN VAUGHAN RAKE

HIGH COMMENDATION FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE

Sixth Form.....{ EDWARD ESREY JOHNSON  
BRUCE PETER DENNEN  
GARRETT MARTIN HEHER

	RICHARD NEWHALL STILLWELL
	KENNETH WILLOUGHBY MOORE, JR.
Fifth Form.....	ARTHUR DEAN MERITT
	HENRY S. URBANIAK, JR.
	WILLIAM COOK WALLACE
	GEORGE BURNS HESS
Fourth Form.....	DOUGLAS G. G. LEVICK, III
	THOMAS ALFRED DORF
	THOMAS ALBERT KERR, JR.
Third Form.....	THEODORE LESLIE SHEAR, JR.
	RENSSELAER WRIGHT LEE, III
	PETER BIGELOW COOK
Second Form.....	DAVID CARPENTER HAMILTON, JR.
	PETER ROLIN KNIPE
	ALEXANDER FINLEY
First Form.....	DAVID HILL PETERSON
	JOSEPH CLIFTON ELGIN, JR.

## AWARDING OF SCHOOL CUPS

The Headmaster's Cup.....	EDWARD ESREY JOHNSON
( <i>Leadership</i> )	
The Faculty Cup.....	BRUCE PETER DENNEN
	JOSEPH ROBERT DENNEN, JR.
( <i>General Character</i> )	
The Athletics Cup.....	BRUCE PETER DENNEN
	JOSEPH ROBERT DENNEN, JR.
( <i>All-round Athlete</i> )	
Upper School Scholarship Cup.....	GEORGE BURNS HESS
( <i>VI, V, IV Forms</i> )	
Lower School Scholarship Cup.....	PETER BIGELOW COOK
( <i>III, II, I Forms</i> )	
The Alumni Cup.....	RICHARD NEWHALL STILLWELL
( <i>Proficiency in V Form</i> )	

## AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS

School Cheer: 1949.....	JOHN WILLARD LAPSLEY
School.....	GEORGE DEWITT BOICE

## THE CLASS OF 1949

RALPH JEFFERS BELFORD, 2ND	EDWARD ESREY JOHNSON
GEORGE DEWITT BOICE, 2ND	PETER VLIET LINDABURY
JOHN HAUGHTON D'ARMS	WALLACE CRAWFORD PALMER, JR.
BRUCE PETER DENNEN	THOMAS WILLIAM PHELPS, JR.
JOSEPH ROBERT DENNEN, JR.	ADRIAN VAUGHAN RAKE
GARRETT MARTIN HEHER	WILLIAM FISKE WRIGHT, JR.

## Class Poem

By PETER VLIET LINDABURY

First, Belford is our tennis player,  
A whiz at slams and serves.  
Sometime you should see his forehand,  
It twirls, zigzags, and curves.

DeWitt Boice is our shortshop,  
And catches all the flies;  
But when there are girls from Miss Fine's  
around,  
Instead he's catching eyes.

Next, D'Arms is our track star.  
You'll never find anyone faster.  
In the play he looked so cute in his war-  
point  
And writhed nobly under each "massa."

Bruce Dennen is our pitcher,  
Making the batter's hopes look dim.  
The secret of his success is  
That they're scared to death of him.

Bob Dennen is the other twin  
And, together, they aren't hard to  
separate,  
But when they're found alone,  
You can't compare them by their voice or  
weight.

On the outskirts of Princeton,  
Trenton, to be exact,  
Dwells the illustrious Garry Heher  
Famous for his figures, and reputed for  
his facts.

Ed Johnson is our scholar  
And toils from dawn 'till dark,  
So he's usually been successful  
In bagging that higher mark.

Lindabury is our lady.  
In the play he was quaint and sweet;  
But he made one fatal error  
Showing large and floppy feet.

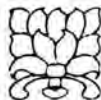
Butch Palmer is our opera star  
And moans tunes loud and long;  
Each morning when he comes to school,  
He's crooning some new song.

Bill Phelps is our huntsman  
Who's hunted night and day;  
But in spite of all his marksmanship,  
That stag got clean away.

Adrian Rake is a mathematician  
Who likes a stiff Math puzzle.  
He's always first to finish  
Because he likes to hustle.

Lastly, Wright is our basketball star.  
Compared to him each of us seems a  
wretch.  
His real name is William or Bill,  
But we all call him Stretch.

And now that we are graduating,  
We hope you'll think sometime  
Of those who went before you  
In the Class of '49.





THE CLASS OF 1919



HOCKEY



SIX-MAN  
FOOTBALL

SOCCER



## Class Prophecy

By GARRETT MARTIN HEHER and EDWARD ESREY JOHNSON

SCENE: Bowser Club (Old Folks' Home)

TIME: 1974 (50th Anniversary of P. C. D.)

CHARACTERS: Mr. Whitehead (E. Johnson) Mr. Ross (G. Heher)

Mr. Ross—Well, well—Bob Whitehead!

Mr. Whitehead—Why, if it isn't Henry Ross! How are you?

Mr. R.—Pretty well, thanks, and what are you doing here?

Mr. W.—I was just wondering what had happened to the class of '49 from P. C. D.

Mr. R.—Say, speaking of that class, I was just reading an article on them—here, take a look at it.

Mr. W.—Well, well, "President DeWitt Boice, founder of the Boice Political Machine of Princeton, who is serving his seventh term as President, recently appointed Garrett Heher as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Justice Heher was well known before his appointment as a fiery tobacco auctioneer."

Mr. R.—Garry always was a great orator—still is, I guess! Oh, here's an article from a recent issue of the "Junior Journal"—"Billy Phelps, professional soccer player, in a game with the P. C. D. Soccer Team kicked the ball so hard that it went over the School building and hit Robert Dennen on the head. Mr. Dennen is building the school gym personally because he accidentally set fire to the money contributed by the parents for the P. C. D. Building Fund on the 25th anniversary."

Mr. W.—Poor boy, I wonder when he'll finish it.

Mr. R.—Maybe he'll have it finished for the 75th anniversary.

Mr. W.—Say, here's an interesting item in the Daily Food Digest. "Wallace Palmer, noted restaurateur, who owns such famous restaurants as "El Copabanana," "The Stump Room," and "Gintze's Delicatessen," recently honored his personal friend, The Right Honorable Peter Vliet Lindabury, PH.D., at a dinner in celebration of his appointment to the Chief Bachelorship of the Feminine-Hating Society. Founded by Adam."

Mr. R.—Pete will *never* give in! Here's a new twist! "John D'Arms, known for inventing such slogans as "Hey, now wait a minute!" and "Howdy, Bub!", has invented a new slogan for Jeff Belford, President of the Belford Hair Goo Co., an affiliate of the Belford Plaster of Paris Co. The new slogan is, "Which Schmoo Has the Goo?"

Mr. W.—I've always wondered what he put on his hair. Here's a special article from "Vogue"; "Bruce Dennen, famed modernistic dancer who learned his vocation while pitching for P. C. D. School baseball team, was just voted the best dressed man of the year because he introduced the new sun glass for men, developed by Bill Wright. It is a frame for glasses containing only one lens to permit a member of the opposite sex to see a wink. Mr. Wright originally made this for his personal use, but is now making millions of dollars because of mass production."

Mr. R.—I always wondered why they wore those sun glasses.

Mr. W.—Ah, yes. Here is an article in the "Scientific American" about the rest of the Class of '49. "Edward Johnson, who wrote such best-sellers as "The Life and Death of Thomas Dewey," was awarded the Rake Literary Prize of \$25,000. This prize was donated by Adrian Rake, President of the A. Rake Mouse Company, who, by means of his scientific and mathematic mind, has been able to produce mice in such great numbers for scientific experiments that he is now second only to Winthrop Rockefeller in wealth." Well, that's all for the class of '49. Let's see what we can find on the Class of '50.

Mr. R.—Well, now here's an article on Billy Wallace in "Harper's Bazaar"—

## Class Will

By JOHN HAUGHTON D'ARMS

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

To Nat Smith and Nicky Hubby, Jeff Belford leaves his "Little Atom" tennis racquet, with which he not only won all his matches, but acquired his numerous hand blisters as well.

To Steve Stock, Eddie Johnson leaves his method of procuring a maximum of high scholastic marks, and a minimum of conduct marks.

To Henry Urbaniak and Kenny Moore, Garry Heher, the loyal Trentonian, leaves his specially made shock absorbers, which helped him to stay comfortable on his daily rides from the big city.

To Pierce Milholland, Butch Palmer bequeaths his charge account at Renwick's.

To Arthur Meritt, Bob Dennen leaves his catching equipment, which was left Meritt to put away after every game, anyway.

To David Flanders, Billy Phelps wills his uncanny ability to keep quiet, no matter what the circumstance.

To Tommy Duckworth and Bruce Raymond, Adrian Rake leaves his jump rope, which helped build him up to his present robust physical condition.

To Caleb Clarke, Peter Lindabury wills his method of being appointed daily to call the Fourth Form to lunch.

To Jack Lapsley, DeWitt Boice bequeaths his specially powered golf clubs, which help him hit his 350-yard drives.

To Mike Erdman, Bruce Dennen leaves a copy of his latest book, entitled: "How to Win Friends and Influence Masters."

To Billy Wallace, "Stretch" Wright leaves his method of getting his date to pay his way into the movies, and then ditching her once inside.

To Bent Wallis, John D'Arms bequeaths his miraculous method of obtaining two desserts at lunch.

To Frank Davis, the graduating class leaves the job of writing a decent review of next year's school play for the Princeton Herald.

On Richard Stillwell, the whole class pins its faint hopes that next year's Seniors may be able to come even close to the high level of scholarship that the Class of '49 has set for their example.

And to the whole School, we of the Class of '49 leave the job of upholding all the standards which we have set, not only in the classrooms but on the athletic field; we hope you do as well, if not better than we hope we did.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF WE HAVE SET OUR HAND AND SEAL, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE, AT PRINCETON, IN THE COUNTY OF MERCER, IN THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

## With the Alumni

Through the courtesy of the School and the Alumni Association this 25th Anniversary Number of the JUNIOR JOURNAL is being sent to every alumnus and former student of the school whose address we have on file.

The officers of the Princeton Country Day School Alumni Association, whose one-year term will begin on August 1, 1919, are the following:

David D. Wicks, '32, *President*  
Sanders Maxwell, '32, *Vice-President*  
William H. Sayen, 4th, '36, *Secretary*  
Tristram B. Johnson, '34, *Treasurer*

The following alumni took part in the second annual baseball game with the school team on Saturday, June 4:

Don Stuart '28, Sanders Maxwell '32, Dave Wicks '32, Frank Gorman '34, Henry Tomlinson '34, Chris Chapman '36, Jack Cooper '36, Bill Meredith '36, Harry Sayen '36, Bill Sloane '36, Dave Huntington '38, Jack Locke '40, Colin McAneny '45, Dick Swinnerton '47.

Congratulations on lasting through eight innings and pulling out a 4-3 victory!

### 1928

*Francis W. Dinsmore* reports that he has been working in the manufacturing and advertising departments of Procter & Gamble Company in Cincinnati ever since he graduated from Princeton in 1935. His home address is 1065 Laurel Avenue, Glendale, Ohio.

### 1931

*Richard W. Baker, Jr.* was made General Assistant in the Securities Investment Department of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York in April. He lives at R. D. No. 2, Carson Road, Princeton.

*Dr. Robert H. McCarter*, of 99 West Cedar Street, Boston, Mass., practices psychoanalysis and general psychiatry and teaches at the Harvard Medical School. He was married last February to Miss Dorothy Douglas.

*George G. Shelton* is with the American Express Co., 65 Broadway, New York City. He lives at 81 Irving Place, New York 3.

## 1932

*Richard Fankbouser*, who is a career officer in the diplomatic corps of the Department of State, may be reached at the American Embassy, Cairo, Egypt.

*Benjamin F. Howell, Jr.* received a Ph. D. degree from the California Institute of Technology for his advanced studies in geophysics and geology, including investigations of ground vibrations and of structural geology.

*Francis E. P. McCarter*, who lives on Fairhaven Road, Rumson, N. J., practices law at 11 Commerce Street, Newark 2, N. J.

## 1933

*William T. Thom, 3rd*, has been given a year's leave of absence from George School to study for an M. A. in Clinical Psychology at Pennsylvania State College. He plans to specialize later in individual testing and remedial reading work.

*Bishop White* is on the staff of Life Magazine. He lives at 74 Allison Road, Princeton.

## 1934

*James I. Armstrong* received a Ph. D. degree in Classics from Princeton University in June. He expects to be teaching at Indiana University next year.

*Jeremy R. Colpitts*, of 75 Cleveland Lane, Princeton, writes that he is moving to south Texas in the lower Rio Grande valley in the fall.

A daughter, Frances Thorpe, was born to Mr. and Mrs. *Frank T. Gorman, Jr.* on May 24. Frank works at the National City Bank in New York, and he lives at 6 Southern Way, Princeton.

*Robert L. Terry* is with the Florida Public Utilities Co. in West Palm Beach. His home address is 137 Kings Road, Palm Beach, Florida.

*George C. Young* is Assistant Manager at the 141 East 23rd Street branch of the National City Bank of New York. He lives on Rosedale Road, Princeton.

## 1935

*John L. Bender* received a degree of M.A. in History from Princeton University in June. He lives at 46 Park Place, Princeton, and has two sons: John Frederick, who is four years old, and James Harold, who was born January 10, 1949.

*Kenneth W. Condit* also received an M.A. degree in History from Princeton this month.



## 1936

Mr. and Mrs. *Nicholas de B. Katzenbach* are the parents of a son, Christopher, who was born recently in Oxford, England, where his father is working for a D. Phil. (Doctor of Philosophy) degree. They will return in July to Trenton, where Nick will take up the practice of law. The Princeton Alumni Weekly reports that at Oxford he "participated in lacrosse and ice hockey for the Dark Blue."

## 1937

*Robert A. Hunter* is an instructor in English at Rutgers University, and in the fall he will also do part-time teaching at Columbia University with the title of Lecturer in English. This summer he is doing some writing in Paris. He expects to make writing his major work from now on: in his own words, "No more degree-chasing!"

Mr. and Mrs. *Arthur P. Morgan* announced the birth of a daughter, Anne Underwood, on March 1, 1949 in Montevideo, Uruguay.

*William R. Rossmassler, Jr.* is with the Carbide and Carbon Chemical Corporation at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. His home address is 306 Florida Avenue, Oak Ridge.

*John K. Sinclair*, who has been studying architecture abroad for a year after winning the Paris Prize last June, will return home in July. He will be married on August 27 to Miss Dorothy Mansfield of Wilmington, Delaware.

*Lacey B. Smith* received a degree of M.A. in history from Princeton University in June.

## 1938

*Francis X. Critchlow* was married to Miss Gale Dinsmore Minton of Lawrenceville, N. J., on June 2 in Washington, D. C. They will reside in Georgetown, Washington, D. C.

*John Crocker, Jr.* has taught English this year to Grades 7, 8, and 9 in the Ivanhoe, Minnesota, public school. He will return there next year and hopes to continue in public education.

The engagement of *Charles R. Erdman, III* and Miss Joyce Ann West was announced in April.

*Newton H. Gibson* is with the Chase Brass and Copper Co. of Newark, N. J. His home address is the Princeton Inn.

*David C. Huntington* will join the faculty of the Middlesex School, Concord, Mass., in September.

*Roger Wilde*, whose home address is Wildeacre, Sharon, Conn., is with the National City Bank and Trust Co., New York City.

## 1939

Mr. and Mrs. *Harold B. Erdman* are the parents of a son, *Harold Bulkley, Jr.*, who was born in Princeton on May 30.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. *Thomas Burnet Fisher*, of 4422 William Street, Omaha, Nebraska, on November 19, 1948. The child is named *Mona Elizabeth Fisher*. Burnet reports that he is "designing concrete structures" for the Omaha Public Power District, 4th and Marcy Streets.

*Edward Madison Gorman* was married on May 14 to Miss *Dorothy S. Fleming* of Princeton, N. J.

## 1940

*James G. Dougherty, Jr.* received his Master's degree in Electrical Engineering from Princeton in June. He was co-recipient of the Charles Ira Young Medal in Engineering. He will be married to Miss *Jeanne Marsh* in St. Augustine, Florida on July 20.

Three members of the class graduated from Princeton University this month with honors. *Charles T. Hall*, a member of Phi Beta Kappa, received High Honors in Economics. *Michael G. Hall* received High Honors in History and was co-recipient of the Joline Prize in American History. *Franklin Hamilton Hazlehurst* received Honors in Art and Archaeology.

*William P. Hunter* is a member of Alpha Chi Rho Fraternity at Lafayette College.

*Lloyd M. Ritter* was married on April 8 to Miss *Joyce Bloch* of New York City. Their home address is 34 Richey Place, Trenton, N. J. Lloyd graduated from Harvard with a B.A. degree in June.

*Fredric E. Schluter, Jr.* was on the Princeton varsity baseball squad which won the Eastern Intercollegiate League championship this spring.

*Samuel L. Tattersall, Jr.*, was married on June 11 to Miss *Martha Preston Holding* of Providence, Rhode Island.

*Dana B. Wilde* is with the Zenith Radio Corporation, in the hearing aid division.

## 1941

*Frank Donnelly* was graduated from Williams College this month.

The engagement of *Stevenson Flemer* and Miss *Ann Jean Kirschbaum*, of Waterbury, Conn., was announced in April.

*Alden B. Hall* graduated from Princeton in June with Honors in Biology.

*George A. Harrop, III* is attending Law School at the University of Virginia.

*David M. Hart* graduated from Princeton in June in the field of Modern

Languages. He will enter the University of Pennsylvania in the fall as a graduate student in anthropology.

Mr. and Mrs. *Leighton H. Laughlin* are the parents of a son, Leighton Howe, Jr., born on May 23. Their home is at 219-C King Street, Princeton. Leighton received his B. A. degree in Psychology from Princeton University in June.

*Richard S. Morgan* is in his fourth and last year at Columbia Medical School. His address is 50 Haven Avenue, New York 32, N. Y.

*Elwyn B. Quick*, a Junior at Princeton University, has received a scholarship for study in Mexico this summer. His subject will be the culture and problems of the Indian in contemporary Mexican literature. His findings will form part of his Senior thesis next year.

*John W. Stewart* graduated with High Honors in Physics from Princeton in June. He was a member of both Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Chi honor societies. He plans to do graduate work in physics at Harvard next year.

## 1942

*Anthony Chapman* received his B. A. degree from Princeton in History this month.

*Melville P. Dickenson* graduated from Princeton in the field of Politics. He was awarded the W. W. Roper Trophy for General Proficiency in Athletics, having been voted Best All-Around Athlete by his classmates. He was a member of the "North" lacrosse team in the annual North-South game played on June 11.

*Frederick G. Roberts*, undergraduate commander of Princeton University's Naval R.O.T.C. Battalion, received the Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich Prize as the outstanding Senior in the naval training program. He received his B.A. degree in Geology in June.

## 1943

*Peter E. B. Erdman* was elected captain of Princeton's varsity lacrosse team for next year, in which position he succeeds *Mel Dickenson* '42. Pete is already next year's hockey captain, succeeding *Fred Roberts* '42. Not content with this P.C.D. athletic monopoly, he was awarded the J. E. Higginbotham Award for "outstanding play, gentlemanly conduct and good sportsmanship" in lacrosse. He is also President of Dial Lodge.

## 1944

*David Barlow* is enrolled in the N.R.O.T.C. program at Yale University. He is a member of Chi Phi Fraternity.

*Paul Broneer*, who is majoring in classics at Harvard, is in England this summer studying at Oxford University.

*William W. Ricketts* holds a scholarship at Dartmouth, where he has been active as a boxer and gymnast, in the band and orchestra, and on WDBS, the college radio station.

*Robert Warren, Jr.* and Miss Martha Helson, of Bryn Mawr, Pa. were married on June 25 in Merion, Pennsylvania.

## 1945

*John W. Flemer* was the winner of a \$125 freshman scholarship at the Rutgers University College of Agriculture. Sixteen agricultural students were selected from the upper two-fifths of the class for these awards.

The engagement of *Carl S. Weiser* and Miss Dorothy D. Brainard, of Plainsboro, N. J., was recently announced. Carl is a student at Bucknell University.

## 1946

*Dexter D. Asbley* has been promoted to the rank of corporal in the Army Air Force. His present address is QM Food Service School, Fort Sheridan, Illinois.

*Allan Forsyth* graduated from Exeter in June and will enter Princeton University in the fall.

*Brandon Hart* rowed on the first crew at South Kent and has been elected captain of the crew for next year.

*Grenville Paynter* played varsity baseball, was on the Hop Committee, and had a 93% average in his last term at Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va.

*Robert R. Piper* was inducted into the Cum Laude honor society at Lawrenceville prior to his graduation in June. He expects to enter M.I.T. in the fall.

## 1947

*Richard Swimmerton* won a varsity letter in baseball at the Hill School, where he was an active member of the pitching staff.

1948

*George H. Brown, Jr.* earned an 87% average at Lawrenceville and played on his house baseball team, as well as reporting for the school newspaper, the "Lawrence."

*James W. Brown* had an average of 90% at Lawrenceville, and received the Ernest E. Rich Mathematics Second Prize for the Third Form. He too is reporting for the "Lawrence."

*Carter Cuyler* was assistant crew manager at South Kent and will be manager next year.

*Frederic B. Dennis* graduated a year ago from the Greenwich Country Day School and is now a student at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

*Emery S. Fletcher*, in his first year at Taft School, was elected to the board of the "Papyrus," the school newspaper, and the "Oracle," the literary magazine.

*Hugh K. Wright, Jr.* won the Third Form Best Essay award at Lawrenceville.

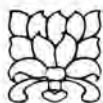
1949

*George Carey* played number two man on the South Kent tennis team.

*Robert Laughlin* was coxswain on the third crew at South Kent.

1950

*Robert T. Oliphant, Jr.* rowed stroke in the four-oared shell at St. Andrews School, Middletown, Delaware. He was present at the P.C.D. commencement on June 13.



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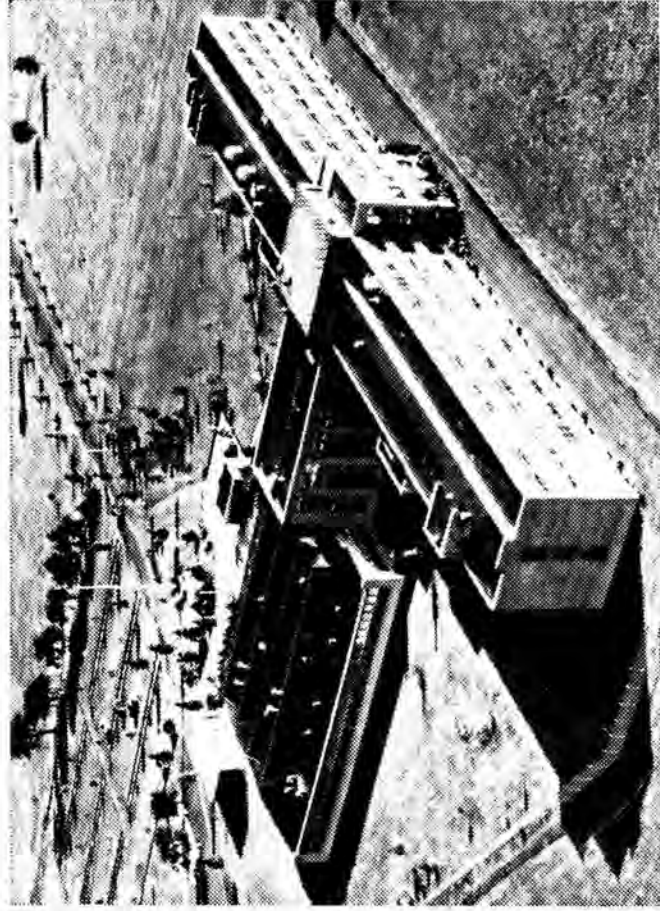
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# Blues and Whites

## THE BLUES

### SOCCER CHAMPIONS

1930 1944  
1931 1917  
1934 1918  
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  
1949

1927  
1928  
1929  
1932  
1933  
1934  
1936  
1940  
1945  
1946  
1947

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HONORED MEMORY OF  
JAMES HOWARD MURCH  
HEADMASTER  
OF THIS SCHOOL  
1924 — 1947

This inscription is engraved on the memorial tablet on the New Wing, shown in the lower photograph facing page 24.

L. C. BOWERS AND SONS, INC.

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