

VOL. XXII. No. 1

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

DECEMBER, 1949

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

DECEMBER

1949

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

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## Editorial

Ever since its beginning Princeton Country Day School has offered its students endless opportunities both in the classroom and out. One of these opportunities, often not realized until it happens, is that of being a "Sixth Former."

The minute you enter the Sixth Form a feeling of responsibility creeps over you. That word "responsibility" is somewhat frightening. Behind it, to a Senior, lies the reputation of himself, his class, and the School. In this light the Senior year is a year of decision, a year to "sink or swim." But using the knowledge which has been taught him in the previous years to prepare him for the Sixth Form, a boy enters it with a spirit of confidence in himself and the future.

From the psychological standpoint a Senior gains the satisfaction of being a "big shot," which he has craved so long. This frame of mind is present until the year starts; then, as if by some strange power, a Sixth Former wants to be like the rest of the School. He has no desire to be a boss. Why? Probably through a feeling of sadness that this is his last year, that he must graduate at the end of it.

During that last year and along with the responsibility, numerous privileges such as being a prefect are offered, plus other "small things" which cannot be transferred to the printed page and cannot be understood until the Senior year is reached. But you leave the Country Day School with happiness over your past and faith in your future, and this is the best feeling in the world.

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December, 1949

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<i>Gymnasium</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	RICHARD STILLWELL

## ABOUT OUR ADVERTISERS

The advertisers are very important to this magazine, for we would be unable to publish it without their financial support. We hope our readers will read the advertisements and patronize the business firms listed on these pages.

While thanking our advertisers, we also want to thank the business managers of the JUNIOR JOURNAL for their good work in obtaining all the advertisements.

# The Calendar

## SEPTEMBER

- SEPTEMBER 14—School opens. Masters are all smiling, for once. The rest of us come back with mixed feelings. It may not be so bad for a while, since the gymnasium walls are just beginning to go up on the steel girders, and there ought to be plenty of activity and noise.
- SEPTEMBER 17—George Hess, last year's Upper School Scholarship Cup winner, leads again with the first birthday of the term.
- SEPTEMBER 25—Henry Urbaniak, All-West Trenton quarterback, has a birthday.
- SEPTEMBER 26—The year has started with a bang, all right. It was too much for Richie Bray, who reports to school with a broken arm. The Fourth Form take up a collection to buy him shoe laces and a necktie you can tie with one hand.
- SEPTEMBER 29—"Singin' Sam" Busselle blows out his birthday candles with one big puff of his deep bass voice.

## OCTOBER

- OCTOBER 2—John Wellemeyer, the Mr. Hercules of Beden's Brook Road, born.
- OCTOBER 3—Ken (or Kenny) Moore and Kenny (or Ken) Scasserra both born today. A certain faculty member is also seen being privately congratulated by his friends.
- OCTOBER 8—Soap and hair tonic do double duty today, and a resulting scrubbed avalanche descends on Miss Fine's school for the opening of the fall dances. No broken hearts this time, only two or three broken (female) toes.
- OCTOBER 14—Douglas Levick, Fifth Form woman-hater, born.
- OCTOBER 19—Noisy rejoicing in the First Form today. Guy Dean, bee-man and honey merchant, and Jackson Sloan, champion long-distance giggler, find out that they are practically twins.
- OCTOBER 20—Poor Mike Callahan! His pockets are so full of treasures and junk that he has no room for all the birthday presents his loving classmates bring him today!

OCTOBER 23—That old landlubber Hugh Fairman decides he'll take a canoe trip this fine Sunday afternoon. But a three-mile-an-hour gale whips up the treacherous waters of Lake Carnegie, and before you know it our hero is pitched into the whitecaps and sinks rapidly to the bottom, 48 inches down! A Lone Ranger in blue uniform gallantly dashes to the rescue, earning a Carnegie Medal which he will probably never get.

OCTOBER 31—Tom Dorf, Wyoming gold-pro prospector and beefsteak-swallow-er, born. Normie Dorf, New Mexico bronc-buster and chiclet-chewer, also born. Yes, they're each other's other brother.

## NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER 1—Now right on the heels of Halloween comes Jimmy Ackerman's birthday. Almost too much excitement for a little fella!

NOVEMBER 5—Gordon Sikes, the Battle Road Battler, born this fine day.

NOVEMBER 6—And Bruce Mullinix, husky Skillman farmer, is born on *this* fine day.

NOVEMBER 8—While Jimmy Kerney, future New Jersey political boss, wins a smashing victory on Election Day by being the only boy in school with a birthday to celebrate.

NOVEMBER 12—Yale-Princeton game! Five hundred members of the "Y" Club—former Eli athletes and their families—have lunch before the slaughter in our new gym. P.C.D. traffic directors armed with posters and cheerful grins stand at the windy street corners and guide the hungry New Havenites on their way.

NOVEMBER 18—Arthur Meritt born today, years and years after most of his favorite jokes.

NOVEMBER 22—Richard Stillwell born, *causa gaudendi patriae*.

NOVEMBER 26—About this time, Sixth Formers begin to get sentimental and sad about leaving their old school. How else can you explain Billy Wallace's name written lovingly on the notices and bulletin boards all over Miss Fine's School?

## DECEMBER

- DECEMBER 2—David Maxwell, parachute and balloon manufacturer, born today. ("Good to the last drop!")
- DECEMBER 6—Lance Odden, hunter of the mighty fox, and Peter Bauer, who is a pretty foxy mite, both claim to have been born today. Speaking of animals, Mr. Ross encountered a regular ring-tailed raccoon knocking at the front door of the school last night. He says it looked sort of blue-and-white in the moonlight, but he wouldn't swear to its color.
- DECEMBER 11—The last Sunday before exams, and Renssy Lee is so busy studying that he forgets all about its being his birthday. Hey, wake up, Renssy—congratulations!
- DECEMBER 16—Let's pretend the rest of this week never happened. We just dreamed that there were exams. Now we're awake, and it's really the beginning of vacation, and—why, look! The faculty are smiling again for the first time since school opened. Merry Christmas, everybody!

THE BOY WHO SITS BEHIND YOU.

*A Welcome*

We are happy to welcome two young ladies who joined the families of faculty members this term: Roxana Tibbals, born on September 14 to Mr. and Mrs. Lester Tibbals, Jr.; and Abigail Kingsberry Clark, born on November 16 to Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Clark.



## The Haunted Car

On the seventh of June, 1937, Ernest King bought a car—the latest model with a 21-horsepower motor. As he drove away from the garage, he congratulated himself on his good fortune. He had bought the car cheap because one of the bumper braces was missing and the door to the glove compartment wouldn't open.

He settled back in his seat and listened as he drove. There was a slight rattle from the front bumper, but that could be fixed easily. One tire clicked lightly, but otherwise there was no noise as the engine ran smoothly.

Suddenly he heard a soft clank, followed by an ominous, regular ticking, coming from somewhere inside the car. King listened intently and discovered that the sound came from the direction of the locked glove compartment. He turned into his drive and stopped the car. As he switched off the ignition, he heard the same dull clank that he had noticed before, and the ticking stopped. The silence seemed almost weird.

It was a clear, warm, sunny day, without a breath of air. Not a bird chirped; not a car drove by. King awoke from his reverie as a leaf fell on the windshield, and he turned his attention to the glove compartment. The key was in the lock. He turned it and pulled, but the door would not open. He turned it the other way, with no better luck. Mysterious; if

the key would turn, the door should open. Oh, well. . . . He went into the house.

The next day as he drove to his office the same thing happened; there was a noise as of metal falling on metal, followed by a loud, slow ticking which continued until the motor stopped.

A week later, as if to tantalize him further, the ticking suddenly stopped even when the motor was running, and it did not tick again for nearly a month. When it began again, the engine started to act queerly. Very often, as King opened the door to step in, the engine would start of its own accord. Soon other things began to happen: explosions, groans, coughs and the lights would turn on by themselves. Queerest of all, nothing would ever happen if another person, or even a dog, was in the car. Only for King alone. Garage men inspected the engine and wiring and declared both perfect. The glove compartment was broken open and found empty and normal. A defect in the lock had allowed the key to turn and not move the bolt. But still the car exploded, moaned, blew, coughed, started itself. Pieces dropped off, but when King looked, they were still there. He rented another car, and it developed the same symptoms within a week. The car, a four-door sedan, suddenly turned into a coupe.

An examination of King proved

that he was mentally sound and in good condition. At this point he put the car in his garage and bought a bicycle. That soon took to firing Roman candles out of the ends of the handle-bars, and was discarded. He went back to the car.

One morning it had changed color overnight, and was parked in the

garage heading the opposite way from the way he had parked it the night before. Finally, when the radio could not be turned off but gave him "The Happiness Hour, with Smiling Jim Rosenstein, the Irish Meadowlark," every morning, he turned in his license and bought a horse and buggy.

RICHARD STILLWELL (VI)

## *My Glider*

I see my glider way up high,  
She's just a speck against the sky.  
She climbs and dives, she banks and  
turns,  
She falls and drops, she never learns!

She comes in for a long, flat glide,  
She's coming down, she's on her side!  
I hope she has no tear or rip,  
For if she does, well, it's a gyp!

Oh dear, oh my, she's torn her wing,  
And I spent days to make the thing!  
I'll toss her on the old trash pile,  
And sail my next ship o'er the stile!

DAVID HAMILTON (III)



## The Quarterback

The quarterback on a football team has the greatest strain of all the players. In tight places he has to make fast decisions and make them right. He is the key man to the ten other players on the field and the thirty-or-so players on the sidelines. His coach depends on him to use the right play at the right time. He has to watch everybody at once and watch for the weak spots in the opponents and likewise in his own team.

Suppose the opposing team has kicked off to him and the ball has been returned to around his 20-yard line. All the time he has to be thinking of what play to use. Suppose he uses a line buck and makes a very small gain, about a yard. The next play he makes a little but still needs three yards for a first down. These yards must be made in the next play, or his team will have to kick. Already he is in a tight spot. His team-mates are waiting for orders, and his coach is chewing his finger-nails. Should he call for a pass, an end run, or a play through the line? If he passes so close to his own goal, the ball may be intercepted. If he tries around end, a key block may easily be missed. If he tries the line, he may not make the three yards.

Or suppose his team has marched down to the opponents' 25-yard line. There are five yards to go for a first down and two plays to do it in. Let's say his team is behind by six points. He has a tough decision to make.

The first thing he thinks of is to pass, but his opponents will probably be expecting that. He probably has one or two secret plays he can use, but is this situation bad enough to risk using one of these plays?

If his team is near a score and time is running out fast, he has an even harder job. He has to get his men together quickly and start a new play, or quickly call time out, which will stop the clock.

All these things a quarterback has to be thinking of when he is on the offense. When he is on the defense he has a new set of troubles.

Now he has to watch what the offensive team is doing. If he thinks it wise, he will add an extra man on the line. On the other hand, if the other team may pass he will take the man out of the line. He is charged with the task of lining his men up the right way.

The quarterback is an important man. He runs his team completely from his own skill. His coach trains him on what to do, but he is on his own in a game. Keeping a cool head counts tremendously, and his whole team depends on him. The crowd cheers for his star team-mate, who gains all the yards. Few realize what the quarterback has to go through. Few appreciate the skill that is needed to run the right plays at the right time.

MICHAEL ERDMAN (VI)



## La Tour Eiffel

In Paris one of the main attractions is the Eiffel Tower. It was built in the early 1900's and is a fine example of engineering. It is about two-thirds as tall as the Empire State Building. It is a bit more scary to go up in than the Empire State Building because it is made of just framework and is all open. Its color is sort of a rusty red-brown.

To a person who would like to go up it, it is quite a challenge. Nowadays you have to take an elevator—or several elevators—most of the way up. People used to be able to walk all the way up, but it has become unsafe to go past the first platform on the stairs. There are four platforms altogether. The first one has a square hole in the middle. There is a restaurant there for anyone who has lots of money. Next comes the second platform—of course. There is nothing interesting there. It is just a place to nose around or relax if you don't want to go the rest of the way up. There is a complicated elevator system, but I will explain that later.

From the second platform you continue on up to the third, where you just change elevators. Then you continue on to the top. On the top there are souvenirs and numerous other articles to be bought. There are telescopes through which it is possible to see a great part of Paris; at least the most important part. You really get a feeling of height when you are way up there. All tall things sway a bit, and the Eiffel Tower is no exception. It sways back and forth just

about all the time for a distance of 6 meters, which is 18 feet.

The way to get up is by elevator. The system is quite unique. First of all you get on a car which is sort of a box. It climbs up inside one of the four legs of the tower till it gets to the first platform. On this first lap the leg is slanting a lot, so the car slants inward. After the stop at the first platform the leg climbs up straighter, so the car slants outwards. It still climbs up inside the leg. When it gets to the second platform the four legs join together. There you change elevators. You change into a car that runs right up the middle. This car goes up to platform three, which is half way between the second and the top platforms. Platform three is just a little place where you change elevators to go the rest of the way up. There are two elevator cars that run straight up the middle. They are on the same cable that runs through a pulley at the top. When one car goes down the other goes up, and so on. (It is very hard to explain.) One car goes only half way up, where you change into the other one which has just come half way down. Then the cars reverse and you go on up the rest of the way.

The tower was built for a world's fair along with a few other big buildings near it. It wasn't meant to last as long as it has, since it was just to thrill the public at a world's fair. It is about the most expensive useless object in the world.

ROBERT KALES (V)

## The Escape

Jake Sloane, No. 74391 in the New York State Penitentiary, laughed quietly as he read the code in a letter from a fellow outside the gates. For the remainder of the day he crept around whispering into the ears of four other men the news which he had had in that mysterious letter.

Jake had served three months of a ten-year term for burglary. His work in the penitentiary was in the engine room, behind which there was an empty closet unknown to most. In this room Jake had collected pieces of scrap iron, metal, and any other such hard substance for the last two months.

The day came on which the long-planned escape was to be attempted by five of the most notorious crooks of the twentieth century. The five men involved were top operators in their own line. There was Lefty Jones, the hijacker; Pinky Wilson, the kidnapper; Johnny Rosso, the best gunman the East could provide; Gus Millan, the firebug and safe-cracker; and lastly Jake Sloane, the wealthiest crook in the business. These five had put their heads together to produce what they thought was the perfect escape. They had had a man sent for to meet them at a specified spot outside the gates. The escape had been calculated to the second, for a slip-up could mean a lot in this kind of work.

As one of the night watchmen was making his rounds through the engine room, he was struck from behind and

fell to the floor. Jake, who was in the closet, burst out and poured buckets of the scrap metal into the air-cooling slits in the side of the electricity generator. In a few seconds the generator clogged and the electric power in the penitentiary was shut off. It would take hours to fix when and if the source of the trouble was found, so from that point of view they were safe.

At the time the light went off four of the five crooks happened to be out of their cells and in the yard, and twenty seconds later Jake was up in the yard with the others. It just happened that a plane came over during the beginning of the blackout. Just as the men had planned it, the plane dropped a huge wire netting over the wall. It took only a few seconds for the five to climb up the net to the top of the wall and jump to the other side, where an impatient driver waited in a large, long, low, black limousine. They piled in instantly and were off unpursued except for a few bullets shot wildly into the darkness after them.

The morning paper in a nearby town described the escape as the fastest, completest, and most perfect escape in the history of the penitentiary. In fact, all the newspapers in the country spoke of it in the same way, and there was hardly a man, woman, or child in the whole United States who did not know of the escape by the end of the next day.

Unknown to the five gangsters, however, the prison officials were laughing heartily at the time. The whole proceeding had been the idea of the warden, to let the gangsters lead the law to stolen money, other criminals, and clues to certain unsolved cases of the past.

Sure enough, after about three weeks of hiding, Sloane and his followers set out to find their buried treasure and meet the boys they used

to know. From then on it was an easy task for the law to recover stolen money and to capture or recapture many gangsters.

So an escape which looked like one of the best the world had ever seen was reversed into one of the largest hauls of criminals and their loot ever made by the law-enforcing agencies of the United States.

NATHANIEL SMITH (VI)

## *The Moonlight Serenade*

The cat sits on the picket fence,  
The pots and pans are flying dense—  
At the cat,  
And the bat,  
Who serenade the moon.

Mr. Jones is flying higher,  
His temperature is just like fire—  
At the cat,  
And the bat,  
Who serenade the moon!

Biff! Bam! Bang! Wow!  
And out of the mist there comes a "meow!"  
From the cat  
And the bat,  
Who serenade the moon.

SAM HAMILL (III)

## *The Adventures of a Balloon*

I am just a common, ordinary balloon, but I have had some wonderful experiences. For instance, take the time that I went to a football game!

I was the last balloon that a man had for sale, and he was trying hard to sell me so that he could go to the game. He yelled, "Balloon for sale! Balloon for sale!" so loudly that I would have had an ear-ache, if I had any ears. Finally I was bought by a little boy, just because the man was making too much noise. The boy didn't like me, so he let me go.

"Oh, boy," I said to myself, "now I can see the football game from a bird's-eye view. Or rather, a balloon's-eye view."

A favoring wind carried me up to the top of the stadium and over the side. The game had already started, and I looked over to see what the score was. It was seven to nothing.

I felt like having fun, so I looked around and saw a lady's green hat with purple feathers in it and with red and yellow polka dots on it, and with pieces of an old feather duster for trimming. I coiled my string around the hat, then gave it a twist and away it came! That was such fun that I snatched some more, and by half-time I had quite a collection.

I tried taking the referee's hat and

got it, but I could not take the players' helmets because they were too heavy. I got the bright idea of taking cigars, vest buttons, cigarettes, and pipes. What fun! The only difficulty was that my collection weighed me down a lot, and I was afraid that I would get pulled down to the ground. So I let some of the hats go and I rose up again.

Then I sailed over the press box, and I snatched the pieces of paper a reporter was writing on.

He let out a yell and said, "Come back here! Come here, you!"

But I pulled myself and my hat collection out of harm's way and took the pieces of paper with me. Then I dropped my collection of stuff and went down toward the field, for I had an idea.

I carefully coiled my string around the opposing captain's pants. I pulled the string, and off they came! I then picked up the ball that he was carrying and carried it across to the other end of the field for a touchdown.

I was the hero of the town, and the Athletic Manager gave me a medal, but when he pinned it on me, I popped! The manager was very sorry and he patched me up as good as new. I am still the hero of the town.

DAVID HAMILTON (III)

## Our Cat Ranch

We live in an old farmhouse. Everybody calls it a cat ranch because every stray cat that sees our house puts up there for the rest of his life. At the moment I think we have five cats. About a month ago a mother cat came and had kittens somewhere near our house, and soon three baby kittens were there to be tripped over. Now they are really tame and stick to your heels. Every time I go out to get into the car I am on my face before I get there.

Lately our friends' refrigerator was broken and they used a little space in our refrigerator. When they would

come to get some food, the cats were waiting to ambush the carrier. Away across the porch would go the carrier and so would the cats, jumping up and down trying to get the food.

Then the next morning we would look at the cats and say, "Oh, the poor little things!" and we would suffer looking at them. A half hour later, after a hearty meal, the cats are washing themselves proudly. It goes on forever that way.

Pretty soon I think I will have a hobby for the school fair. Cats!

JEFF OSBORNE (II)

## Electricity

When I was young I always blew fuses. Once I was working on a toaster. After I decided it was fixed I plugged it in. First I heard a "Zzzz." Then the lights went out.

My father called, "Jack, did you do that?"

I called back, "I don't know. All I did was to plug in the toaster."

Then my father called back, "You must have done it."

The next day my father said, "This fan is no good. Can you fix it?"

I said, "I think so," and so I went to work on it.

The same thing happened as before, only this time I got a spanking.

JACKSON SLOAN (I)

## Dawn

The old farmer walked slowly down to the barn. He paused a minute to look at the stars. The air was cold, and the snow crunched and crackled beneath his feet.

At length he exclaimed, "B' the great Jehosophat, we're going to have a terribly cold night. I can feel it in my bones."

Then he turned around and entered the barn. Only a few wisps of breath remained clinging to the dead stillness of the night air.

Inside the barn the farmer went about the last of his chores. He cleaned up milk pails and fed the cows for the night. The only light in the barn came from an old storm lantern which cast its flickering rays only a little distance into the darkness. The lantern hanging from the ceiling began slowly to melt the layers of frost on a nearby beam.

At length the farmer finished and took the lantern for a final look around. Then he closed the door and walked up the path to the house. The sound of the crunching of the snow under his feet faded into the distance.

Inside the house he took off his coat and built up a blazing fire in the kitchen and parlor stoves. He sat down in the kitchen to warm himself. His wife sat opposite in a rocking-chair, knitting.

"It's a mighty cold night," the farmer remarked.

"Will the pipe at the watering trough freeze?" his wife asked. "And

if it does where are you going to get water for sixty head of cattle? You certainly couldn't lug it in the dead of winter."

"I'll stay up all night so that I'll hear when the water stops running," he replied. "I can get down to the watering trough to thaw the pipe before it freezes solid. But you better go to bed so that both of us won't be all tired out in the morning," he added.

His wife then got up and made him some coffee and went off to bed. The farmer drank the coffee while reading the paper, but all the while he was hoping and praying that the pipe would not freeze. Soon the work of the day and the warm chair made him sleepy, and presently he dozed off.

Later he woke with a start. The fire had died down and it was cold in the house, but to his relief he could still faintly hear the water running down at the trough. He rebuilt the fires in the two stoves and sat down to wait for the dawn and the sun, which would raise the temperature. If only it would come soon.

Then he paused in his reading to listen. There was a dead silence, and he knew the water must have stopped. Quickly he put on his coat and grabbed the tea kettle off the stove and ran down to the trough. He worked feverishly wrapping hot rags around the pipe, hoping it would start to thaw before the rest of the pipe froze. He ran back to the house, filled the kettle with water, put it



back on the stove, and took another and ran back to the trough with it. To his great relief he found a small stream trickling out, but much was to be done. The rags on the pipe were already beginning to stiffen. Quickly he poured hot water on them and wrapped more dry rags tightly around

the pipe. Last of all he wound a bran sack around the rags.

At last the water was running to his satisfaction, and he looked up from his work. For the first time he noticed that the sky was turning gray. The dawn had come at last.

BENT WALLIS (VI)

## Jack Pumpkin

Once there was a little pumpkin seed. Now this little pumpkin seed wished he could grow into a vine. Finally he did.

One of the pumpkins was named Jack. First he was just a little one, but he grew bigger, and bigger, and bigger! That year when Halloween came, the little boy who lived on Jack's farm cut him off the vine and

took him in the house. He cut Jack's face. First he cut eyes, then a nose, then he cut his mouth. When they were all cut, Jack could see, smell, and talk.

That night the little boy put Jack out on the porch, to frighten the spooks.

DICK SHEPHERD (I)

## The Hunters

When the autumn season's near  
The hunters get out all their gear.  
They rise up early, clean each gun,  
And get the rabbits on the run.

Along the sunny lanes they walk,  
And to their dogs they gently talk.  
With their sticks they beat the brush,  
And then you see the rabbits rush!

Suddenly a shot is heard,  
And down will come a great big bird.  
Another shot and all is still,  
For the hunters have had their thrill!

KENNETH SCASSERRA (III)

## Washington Maze

If summer vacations are intended to teach you anything, I never learn. I say this because anyone who would venture into the interior of a U.S. government building, alone and without a guide, is either inexperienced or not quite bright.

I did not realize that I was taking my life into my hands when, one day last summer, I decided to visit the Archives Building in Washington, D.C., where important papers of the United States are kept. I entered the building through a large marble doorway to find myself standing in a circular hall, around which were display cases containing the ancient documents of the country. Unfortunately for me my eye caught sight of a sign which read: "Replicas of the documents in Room 300-B."

I inquired of the guard where I might find Room 300-B, and after his reply I was off. For fifteen minutes I wandered through corridors trying to find Room 300-B. The guard had said it was "down the hall." Finally I spotted a room with the number "300," but no "B." I opened the door to find it was a clerk's office. I asked where Room 300-B was.

"Oh, down the hall and to your right," the man replied.

I looked at my watch. It was one o'clock. When I reached the right-hand turn it was five after one. Twenty-five minutes after I had begun the futile search I found Room 300-B. There was a sign on the door—"Closed." A little sign under that

read, "See Room 291-B."

I was determined. I set out back down the hallway. While trekking over the miles I met a lone wayfarer with a pail and mop. He "no speaka the Engleesh so good." I then came to a profound conclusion: I was lost.

I rounded another corner, and guess what lay before me . . . A corridor! Was I surprised!

Seeing a bench I broke my march and rested what was left of my feet. As I was sitting there, a man passed and asked me what I wanted.

"I would like to find Room 291-B."

"That's down the hall," he replied.

I smiled wryly and was about to ask where I could get a subway to the room when he left.

I followed his directions. The hall wound around, and as I walked I couldn't help thinking how nice my name would look on the front page of the *Daily News*. "Boy Found Dead in Archives Building." A sub-heading would tell of my starvation, which I must confess would be lengthy—but so were the corridors.

All the time I was looking at the numbers on the doors which I passed: 287-B, 288-B, 289-B—then 507-B, 508-B, 507-B? How did they count in Washington? I looked back and saw that I had missed a hallway.

I about-faced once more, and at the end of that marble death-walk, there was Room 291-B. Victory, and two sore feet!

But the door was locked.

DAVID FLANDERS (VI)



## The New Gymnasium-Auditorium

Last June, at our twenty-fifth Commencement, Mr. Ross announced that the School could at last proceed with the building of the gymnasium that P.C.D. students and alumni had long hoped to see. Shortly after Commencement the contract was awarded to L. C. Bowers & Co., builders of the classroom wing erected last year. By mid-July the workmen had completed excavation of the area. There was then a delay of several weeks as the contractors waited vainly for delivery of steel girders and other essential materials. Early in September the work was resumed, and by the opening day of term the girders were in place and solid walls began to rise. Now only a few minor installations remain to be made before the building is ready for use.

The gymnasium forms an extension of our class-room wing, and is one hundred feet long and sixty feet wide. A stage, twenty feet in depth, occupies the end nearest the school building. Under the stage is a room which will be used for additional locker and storage space. The gymnasium will contain facilities for playing basketball, and the stage will have the necessary curtains and lighting equipment for dramatic presentations.

Mr. Ross has said: "We can be very proud of our new building. Approximately 140 people contributed directly to make its construction possible; while many more—students, alumni friends, and friends of the School—gave indirect assistance through their support of the Ice Carnival, the Spring Fair, and other building fund benefits. To Mr. John H. Wallace, Chairman of the Building Fund Committee, to members of the Board of Trustees, and to all contributors and workers go the thanks of the boys of the School for a job well done."

## Who's Who

1949-1950

### COLOR OFFICERS

#### BLUES

FRANK DAVIS, *President*  
KENNETH MOORE, *Secretary*

#### WHITES

MICHAEL ERDMAN, *President*  
WILLIAM WALLACE, *Secretary*

### TEAM CAPTAINS

#### SOCCKER

ARTHUR MERITT

#### SIX-MAN FOOTBALL

MICHAEL ERDMAN

### LIBRARIANS

ARTHUR MERITT  
KENNETH MOORE

RICHARD STILWELL  
NATHANIEL SMITH

### CHARITY COMMITTEE

Arthur Meritt, Henry Urbaniak (VI); Thomas Dorf, Harry Rulon-Miller (V); Richard Bray, Robert Hillier (IV); John Kerney, Thomas Urbaniak (III); Alexander Finley, Thomas Shelton (II); Sam Busselle, Frederick Osborne (I).

# Honor Roll

Fall Term, 1949-1950

## FIRST HONOR ROLL

(90-100)

PETER COOK  
THOMAS DORF  
ALEXANDER FINLEY  
DAVID HAMILTON  
THOMAS KERR  
DOUGLAS LEVICK

## SECOND HONOR ROLL

(85-89)

HENRY CANNON  
GRENVILLE CUYLER  
GUY DEAN  
JOSEPH DELAFIELD  
CLIFFORD ELGIN  
WILEY FRIEND  
OAKLEY HEWITT  
ROBERT HILLIER  
ROBERT KALES  
WILLIAM KALES  
ANDREW KERR  
PETER KNIPE  
RENSSELAER LEE  
LANCE ODDEN  
HARRY RULON-MILLER  
THEODORE SHEAR  
RICHARD SHEPHERD  
NATHANIEL SMITH  
RICHARD STILLWELL  
HENRY URBANIAK  
JOHN VOLBRECHT

## THIRD HONOR ROLL

(80-84)

PETER BAUER  
WAYNE BIRCH  
WILLIAM BRADLEY  
RICHARD BRAY  
SAMUEL BUSSELLE  
CALEB CLARKE  
FRANK DAVIS  
NORMAN DORF  
THOMAS DUCKWORTH  
CHARLES GREEN  
HENRY HUFF  
JOHN MARTINELLI  
ARTHUR MERITT  
ROBERT MILLER  
KENNETH MOORE  
BRUCE MULLINIX  
FREDERICK OSBORNE  
JOHN PEARCE  
DAVID PETERSON  
SHERWOOD SMITH  
THOMAS URBANIAK  
WILLIAM WALLACE  
BENT WALLIS  
TIMOTHY WARD  
JOHN WELLEMAYER  
DENIS WRIGHT

# Athletics

## SOCCKER

P.C.D. won only one out of five of its outside games this year, but the competition was good and the spirit of the team was high despite the results. The majority of the squad was made up of Fourth Formers, and this young team learned a lot about the game from the coach, Mr. McAneny.

The J.V. team lost three games, but all of them were close. The varsity team had to cancel return games with Peddie and Witherspoon and two games with Trenton Junior 3 on account of the outbreak of polio in town.

Township 3, P.C.D. 0

Township was too fast for us and won convincingly on the P.C.D. field in the first game of the season.

Peddie 6, P.C.D. 1

Sparked by its South American stars, Peddie gave us a lesson in kicking and team play on our field. Center forward Caleb Clarke saved P.C.D. from a shutout by scoring our only goal.

Witherspoon 1, P.C.D. 0

On the winners' field, we lost a close but not very well played game as the forward line was unable to keep the ball in our opponents' territory. Billy Wallace, injured in football, played center halfback and added strength to the P.C.D. team.

P.C.D. 1, Pennington 0

Our only victory was won at the expense of an older but inexperienced Pennington team as Timmy Cain scored on a long shot which the opposing goalie fumbled.

Township 2, P.C.D. 0

A hard-fought game on the Township field ended the season. Poor defensive work allowed Township to get the first goal, while a brilliant kick by their center forward accounted for the second. We almost scored several times but could not quite make it.

The usual line-ups:

Forwards: Clarke, Cain, Dignan, Outerbridge, Hillier, Hubby, N.  
Halfbacks: Miller, R., Wallace, Wallis, Wellemeyer  
Fullbacks: Meritt (Captain), Flanders, Pease  
Goal: Whitney, Ward, T., Shannon, A.

## Six-Man Football

The school team, although starting off the season poorly, improved rapidly. After two defeats by Hun School, it was quick to bounce back with three victories over Solebury, Rumson Country Day, and again Solebury.

Although the season was hindered by the polio scare, the team enjoyed a successful year under its coach, Mr. Tibbals. Michael Erdman was the captain.

Hun School 26, P.C.D. 12

The opening game was played on a wet, soggy field at Hun School. The two teams were fairly evenly matched although our team was not well coordinated. This was mainly due to the fact that it had not had many scrimmages. Billy Wallace was spectacular in his running, sparking the team with two touchdowns.

Hun School 18, P.C.D. 8

This game was played at P.C.D. under excellent conditions. Our playing was greatly improved over our first game. Wallace passed to Hewitt for a touchdown with Erdman converting. Minor injuries were sustained by Moore and Smith, but Wallace received a dislocated thumb which sidelined him for the rest of the season.

P.C.D. 40, Solebury 12

The third game of the football campaign was played against Solebury at New Hope. P.C.D. enjoyed an easy afternoon romping to a 40-12 victory. In the touchdown column, you find: Davis, Levick, Rulon-Miller (2), Smith (2). An extra point and safety were thrown in by Erdman and Hess.

P.C.D. 43, Rumson Country Day 25

The next game was played against Rumson at P.C.D. In this game an inspired P.C.D. team rolled over a good Rumson team, 43 to 25. After Rumson got off to a fast start, P.C.D. surged ahead and thereafter never gave up the lead. In the touchdown department were: Davis, Hewitt, Levick, Moore, and Smith (2) with 6 points after touchdown kicked by Erdman.

P.C.D. 34, Solebury 19

The fifth and last game of the season found P.C.D. playing host to the men from Solebury. Although we saw a much improved Solebury team, both in playing and in weight, P.C.D. still came out on top, 34-19.

Touchdowns were scored by Rulon-Miller, Erdman, Davis, and Urbaniak (2), with a point after touchdown and two runs for points after touchdown by Erdman.

The P.C.D. line-ups were as follows:

*Line*—Dorf, T., Dorman, Duckworth, Fairman, Hess, Hewitt, Moore, Smith, N.

*Backs*—Davis, Erdman, Levick, Rulon-Miller, H., Urbaniak, H., Wallace.

## *With the Blues and Whites*

### SCHOLARSHIP

The usual close competition between the two colors in scholarship was very close in the fall term; in fact it was as close as it could possibly be. Both Blues and Whites had the same average of 2.4—.

The Blues were slightly ahead in the matter of boys clear of failures. They had 29 boys clear, or 60% of their members, while the Whites had 26 clear, amounting to 57% of their members.

The names of the boys with no failures are as follows:

Blues (29)—Birch, Bray, Busselle, Cannon, Cook, D'Arms, Davis, Dean, Duckworth, Finley, Friend, Griggs, Hess, Hewitt, Hubby, B., Kerr, A., Kerr, T., Knipe, Miller, D., Miller, R., Moore, Odden, Peterson, Rulon-Miller, H., Rulon-Miller, P., Shepherd, Urbaniak, H., Urbaniak, T., Vollbrecht.

Whites (26)—Bradley, Clarke, Cuyler, Delafield, Dorf, T., Elgin, Fernholz, Green, Hamilton, Kales, R., Kales, W., Levick, Martinelli, Meritt Osborne, F., Pearce, Scasserra, Shear, Shelton, Smith, N., Stevens, Stillwell, Wallace, Wallis, Ward, T., Wright.

### SOCCER

For the first time in three years the Blue and White soccer series ended with the Whites victorious by a score of 41 points to 33.

In the Senior division, where each victory counted four points, the Whites took a big lead by winning six games, losing none, and tying two. The Intermediate division was closest, with the Blues winning four games and the Whites two, while four games resulted in ties. On the Junior squad the Blues won seven games, the Whites won one, and three were tied. Victories in the Intermediate and Junior divisions counted two points each.

The point score in detail was as follows:

	SENIORS	INTERMEDIATES	JUNIORS	TOTAL
Whites	28	8	5	41
Blues	4	12	17	33

## With the Alumni

1926

*Lloyd Gibbons*, of Meadow Lane, Greenwich, Connecticut, has joined the advertising firm of J. Walter Thompson Co., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, as an account executive.

1929

*Roger C. Dixon* is with the U. S. Department of State in Washington. His home address is 1614 Mt. Eagle Place, Alexandria, Virginia.

1931

*Richard W. Baker, Jr.* was recently promoted to the rank of Commander in the U. S. Naval Reserve. He has just moved into a new house on Edgerstoune Road, Princeton.

*George G. Shelton* is to be married next March 25 to Miss Doris Bjelke of Brooklyn, N. Y. His fiancée is Assistant Buyer of women's wear at John Wanamaker, New York. George works for the Associated Hospital Service, Inc., 370 Lexington Avenue, New York.

1932

*Charles T. Cook* is teaching at the Browning School, 52 East 62 Street, New York.

*Benjamin F. Howell* is teaching geophysics at Pennsylvania State College.

1933

*Walter F. Pettit* is a Senior in the University of California Law School. He is married and has one child, and lives at 65 Hazel Lane, Piedmont, California.

*Allen W. Shelton, Jr.* now lives at 111 Randolph Road, White Plains, N. Y.

*William T. Thom, 3rd* is studying clinical psychology at Pennsylvania State College, in order to do testing and remedial reading at George School, from which he is on leave for this year.

1934

*Tristram B. Johnson* has left the Bankers Trust Co. and is now with Hemphill, Noyes, Graham, Parsons & Co. in their Trenton office at the Stacy Trent Hotel.

1935

A first novel by *John Brooks*, entitled *The Big Wheel*, was published this fall by Harpers and won both critical praise and a position on best-seller lists. John (a former editor-in-chief of the JUNIOR JOURNAL as well as the *Daily Princetonian*) presumably got the material for his book while working as an editor of *Time*, Inc. He is now on the staff of *The New Yorker*.

*Dr. Stephen B. Dewing* is Medical Resident at the Bronx VA Hospital, 130 West Kingsbridge Avenue, New York. He plans to begin Residency in Radiology there next July. His home address is 42 John Place, Bergenfield, N. J.

1936

*Joseph E. Brown, III* has been abroad for a year preparing a book he is writing on the North American Indians. Previously he spent nearly two years with the Sioux Indians in South Dakota. He is teaching this winter at the Aiken Preparatory School, Aiken, North Carolina.

*John B. Chadwick*, of Old Lyme, Connecticut, is a student at the University of Rochester School of Medicine, Rochester, N. Y.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. *William Henry Sayen, IV* of the Pennington Road, Princeton, on November 17. The child's name is David Churchill Sayen.



## 1937

*Harold I. Donnelly* is teaching at the Woodberry Forest School, Woodberry Forest, Virginia.

*Robert A. Hunter* is teaching Freshman English at Columbia University, and he is also writing.

*John K. Sinclair* was married in August to Miss Dorothy Mansfield of Wilmington, Delaware. With his wife he is traveling through the United States on what is left of his Paris Prize Scholarship in Architecture, having studied abroad last year.

*Lacey B. Smith* has received a Fulbright Grant and is studying this year at the University of London.

## 1938

Lieutenant (j. g.) *Joseph S. Elmer*, U.S.N., was married on November 11 to Miss Dorothy Virginia Moore of New Orleans, Louisiana. They live at 122 S. Catherine Avenue, Ellinor Village, Pensacola, Florida.

*Charles R. Erdman, III* was married on September 4 to Miss Joyce Ann West of Edgartown, Massachusetts. He is working with the Grand Union Co., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

## 1939

*Robert B. Benham* is employed in the Aero Engine Laboratory at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. He lives at 108 Lansdowne Court, Lansdowne, Pa.

*Bradford B. Locke, Jr.* was married on September 6 to Miss Anne Gill of Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. He is attending the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in Alexandria, Va. and lives at 1451 Martha Custis Drive in Alexandria.

## 1940

*James G. Dougherty, Jr.* was married in July to Miss Jeanne Livingston Marsh of St. Augustine, Florida. He is working with the Kellex Corp., 233 Broadway, New York.

*James K. Meritt* is studying History in the Graduate School at Princeton.

*Fred Schluter, Jr.*, a Senior at Princeton, played on the 150-pound football team until he was injured.

## 1941

*Stevenson Flemer* was married to Miss Ann Jean Kirschbaum of Waterbury, Connecticut, on September 10.

*Bertrand L. Gulick, 3rd* was graduated last month from the Academy of Aeronautics at La Guardia Field, New York City.

*David M. Hart* is a first year graduate student in the Department of Anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania.

The engagement of Miss Ellen Clare McHugh of Trenton, N. J., to *R. George Kuser, Jr.* was announced in October. He is a member of Elm Club at Princeton University.

*Thomas C. Roberts*, a Senior at the University of Chicago, has recently become engaged to Miss Sally C. Rutherford of New York City and Syosset, Long Island.

*John W. Stewart* is doing graduate work in physics at Harvard. His ultimate goal is teaching and research in physics.

## 1942

*Martin Benham* is a Senior at the University of Illinois, majoring in Political Science.

The Associated Press last month reported the feat of *Frederick Roberts*, last year's University hockey captain, who crossed northern Africa from Tunis to Cairo on a motorcycle at a total cost of \$12.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Nancy A. Hurd of Princeton to *William E. Schluter*, who is a Senior at Princeton University.

1943

*Peter E. B. Erdman* is captain of the Princeton University hockey team this winter. He is a Senior in the Basic Engineering Department and president of Dial Lodge.

*David H. McAlpin, Jr.*, a Senior at Princeton, spent the summer in England with the Experiment in International Living. The year before he was in France with the same organization.

*John Schluter* is on the hockey and lacrosse teams at Williams College.

*Michael Shenstone* graduated from Toronto University, Canada, in June. He is now reading History as an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge University, England.

1944

*Paul Broneer* is a member of the Glee Club and the Classical Club at Harvard, and took part in the Latin play. He studied at Oxford University last summer.

*John Matthews* is singing in the Princeton Glee Club and also working with the St. Paul's Society and the Student Christian Association of the University.

*John L. Moore, Jr.* is a Junior in the American Civilization Program at Princeton, majoring in English.

*Samuel L. Pettit* is a Sophomore at Brown University, majoring in Economics.

1945

*George H. Gallup, Jr.* starred as center halfback on the undefeated Princeton Freshman soccer team this fall.

*Robert De Vecchi* is a Sophomore at Yale, living at Branford College, New Haven, Conn.

*Thomas J. Moore*, a Sophomore, played outside left on the varsity soccer team at Princeton, and was one of the high scorers on the team.

1946

*David Erdman, Allan Forsyth, Thomas Godolphin, Lewis Kleinbans, Grenville Paynter, Martin Stevens, and Jerry Wilson* are members of the Freshman Class at Princeton University.

*Peter Lindberg* is a Freshman at Columbia University.

1947

*Donald Bergen and Richard Swinnerton* formed two-thirds of the varsity halfback line on the Hill School soccer team, Don at left half and Dick at right half. Dick is co-captain of the hockey team for this winter.

*Peter Mott* is a member of the Glee Club, the Periwig Club, and "Parlons Français," and is an officer of the Bird Club at Lawrenceville. He has Honors grades, was on the varsity soccer squad and is now on the swimming squad.

*George Pellettieri* acted in the Lawrenceville play, "The Hasty Heart," and was head of the Program Committee.

*Paul Roediger* was on the Program Committee at Lawrenceville and played J. V. soccer.

*Shepherd Roberts* helped construct the set for the Deerfield annual fall play between snapping photographs for the "Scroll," the school newspaper, and the "Pocumtuck," the yearbook.

*David Rogers* played J.V. soccer at Deerfield, and was *John*, the second-oldest redhead, in the Dramatic Club's production of "Life With Father."

*Peter Rossmassler* is captain of the Exeter hockey team this year.

*Noel Stace* played right wing on the Deerfield varsity soccer team. He is now getting in shape to swim the 220 again this winter.

*Kim Steele* played guard on the Exeter varsity football squad.

*Howard Stepp* is captain of the Deerfield swimming team and will swim the backstroke.

*Robert R. Piper* is a Freshman at M. I. T. He played a little football and hockey, and was pledged to the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.



## 1948

*Charles Bray* played league soccer at Deerfield and was the goalie for the underclassmen in the '48-'49 soccer game.

*George H. Brown, Jr.* is writing for the school newspaper, the "Lit" magazine, and the yearbook at Lawrenceville. He also played house soccer and is earning an "Honors" average.

*James Brown* is earning "High Honors" grades at Lawrenceville.

*Harold Elsasser* won a major letter on the Lawrenceville soccer team and acted in "The Hasty Heart." He also has Honors grades.

*Carter Cuyler* was captain of the Kidget football team (120 to 135 pounds) at South Kent School.

*Emery Fletcher* played left halfback on the Taft J. V. soccer team. He has been on the Honor Roll all fall, most of the time at the top of his class.

*George Hackl* was on the varsity soccer squad at Exeter.

*David Harrop* has his eyes glued on a hockey puck in preparation for the Deerfield-St. Mark's game in Madison Square Garden on December 28. (He plays for Deerfield.)

*Charles Mapes* won his letter and was captain of All-Club Soccer at Exeter.

*Frank Thompson* made the Honor Roll at Taft twice this term.

*Jack Wallace* played second-string goalie on the varsity soccer team at Hotchkiss.

*Roger Wood* was in the backfield on the Taft J. V. football team.

## 1949

*Jeff Belford* played first-string fullback on the Exeter All-Club soccer team and received a letter.

*Bruce* and *Bob Dennen* both received letters for playing on the J. V. football team at Exeter.

*Edward E. Johnson* won a major letter for playing fullback on the Lawrenceville varsity soccer team. He is also a member of the Camera Club and the hockey team and is making "Honors" grades.

*Peter Lindabury* played on the Hill School varsity soccer team as second-string left wing.

*Garrett Heber* is earning Honors grades at Lawrenceville.

*William Wright* acted in the Lawrenceville production of "The Hasty Heart."

The following alumni have kindly consented to act as correspondents for the JUNIOR JOURNAL and send in news of all P.C.D. boys at their schools: David Rogers (Deerfield), John D'Arms (Exeter), Edward Johnson (Lawrenceville), Robert Laughlin (South Kent), Peter Lindabury (Hill), Bill Phelps (Taft), John Lapsley (St. Paul's).

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# Blues and Whites

## THE BLUES

### SOCCER CHAMPIONS

1930 1944  
1931 1947  
1934 1948  
1935  
1936  
1938  
1943

## THE WHITES

1928 1941  
1929 1942  
1932 1945  
1933 1946  
1937 1949  
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  
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1927  
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1936  
1940  
1945  
1946  
1947



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