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JUNIOR JOURNAL

DECEMBER, 1950

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JUNIOR JOURNAL

DECEMBER

1950

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

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

Vol. XXIII	DECEMBER, 1950	No. 1
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Editorial

What is one of the oldest and most respected buildings of Princeton? The natural answer is Nassau Hall. From the front of Nassau Hall it's not so far to a quiet, tree-lined residential street called Broadmead. Broadmead would not be much but for an impressive, cultured-looking building surrounded by playing fields and stately trees. This building, as is well known, is the Princeton Country Day School.

It is not just any ordinary school. Its high scholastic standing has enabled boys to enter many leading prep schools with a good head-start and on the right foot.

This school has cultivated many friendly connections with Princeton University, which is in a sense its big brother. The University helped the School first and foremost by helping it get on its feet. Another example of its neighborly friendliness was shown just a few years ago when the school had a basketball team with no place to put it. The University promptly came

Warning of the Wild

It was a hot September day; the air was muggy and only a slight wind was blowing. All around a small swampy stream rose tall oak trees with here and there a stately elm. The sun could not make its way down through the thick tangle of leaves and branches, so it was comparatively cool beside the stream. In a nearby hawthorn bush a catbird was singing, and every once in a while he let out the squawk from which he got his name.

A great flock of very noisy crows had alighted in the nearby elms and were holding a meeting on what to do about a certain neighboring red hawk who had been quite a menace to their community. Their meeting finally adjourned and left, with the exception of two old politicians who were still arguing over their manner of attack.

In a small thicket of young maple trees a five-point buck lay drowsing. He was tired, for the night before he had found a rival buck on his property. The two of them had fought for three quarters of an hour. Finally the intruder was driven out and was chased well over a mile across the country. The buck now lay quietly oblivious of what went on around him, motionless except for when an occasional deer fly bothered him.

Joshua Perkins, a good-for-nothing farmer, who owned a small patch of land eight miles from town, was sitting in his old rocking chair smoking. It was too hot for Joshua to be working, for any time the thermometer went over eighty degrees Joshua

thought it was much too hot to work. Even if Joshua wasn't a very good farmer, he certainly was an excellent woodsman and stalker of game. Joshua wasn't very particular about when he hunted either. July or August were just as good to him as was December, the regular deer-hunting season. Since today was muggy, Joshua wasn't out working but sitting, thinking occasionally about hunting as he dozed. He finally began to get up enough energy to rise and fetch his gun. After this burst of activity, Joshua stood on the sagging porch steps meditating which way to go.

He started down the slight rise, on which his house was built, toward the stream below. When he arrived at the stream he walked slowly up it, carefully watching the ground. He saw where a raccoon had been sitting on the bank hunting frogs; further along he came to a stop suddenly, for there the ground was all torn up and some of the small trees knocked down. Joshua saw what had happened. There had been a fight between two rival bucks and one had been driven away as the tracks plainly showed. He stopped and thought. Where would he go if he was tired from a fight and had to recuperate? Then he reasoned that the buck would have to have water, so he would be somewhere along the stream.

Not far ahead of him two crows were cawing loudly, probably arguing over some important matter. The banks of the stream were swampy and Joshua's feet began to get wet. Joshua went even slower now, because of the

crows. He glided like a shadow from tree to tree.

Suddenly the crows stopped, and everything was quiet. The wise old birds had seen a movement behind one of the oak trees. They kept their attention on that spot. Soon a man stepped from behind the tree and they recognized him. At once they knew what he was after and they also knew that the buck was on the other side of the brook. They could see the buck restlessly shaking his head to keep off the flies. They immediately decided what to do and with loud calls of "Man! Man!" they flew over the buck.

The buck had been lying quietly until the crows had stopped cawing for the first time. Then he was aroused at once and when the crows flew he stood up and started to plunge through the trees. As he got farther from the brook he began to run and didn't stop until he was well away.

Joshua crossed the stream after the crows cawed and made for the spot where he saw some branches swaying. When he got there he cursed his luck, for he had just missed getting the buck. Then, after following the trail for a while, he walked dejectedly home.

ROBERT MILLER (VI)

The Old Sidewalk

You should feel sorry for the old sidewalk.
It lies there always but cannot talk.
And in the summer children play
And mark it up with chalk and clay.
The sun heats it up with burning rays
And keeps it hot for days and days.
Winter covers it with ice and snow,
How it stands it I don't know.
But through it all there's never a squawk.
Don't you feel sorry for the old sidewalk?

JOHN MARTINELLI (III)

A Hallowe'en Adventure

It was the day before Hallowe'en. Bill and Jack were planning what they were going to do the next day. Bill said, "Let's raid the Princeton Country Day School."

Jack said, "We'll throw stones at the windows."

Bill replied, "Let's soap some of them. We'll have lots of fun."

Jack said, "You go home and get a bag full of stones and I'll get some soap."

Bill got a bag full of stones and Jack got some soap and put it in Bill's bag. They hid the bag under a bush.

Next morning when they met, Jack said, "Let's play hookey today and go to the lake and play ball until the twelve o'clock whistle blows. Afterwards we'll eat lunch and play until we think it is time to start for school. We'll dress as skeletons."

They went to the lake where no one could see them and put the bag behind a tree. The tree was very near the lake and they didn't notice that the ground was wet. They played

until the whistle blew. Then they ate lunch and when they thought two hours were up they walked back to school where they hid behind some bushes. When the coast was clear, Bill said, "Let's raid the First Form. We'll break all the windows."

They grabbed some rocks from the bag but they slipped out of their hands when they tried to throw them. Bill and Jack shouted, "We shouldn't have put the soap and the stones together in a damp place!"

While they were yelling and trying to get the soap off their hands, they heard someone shout, "You missed the party!" They looked up and saw the First Form children putting their heads out of the window and laughing.

"We've eaten the last cooky and we drank the last cup of cider. Better luck next year."

Bill and Jack said, "Oh, we forgot all about the party and we didn't have any fun."

TONY ROSS (I)

Transco at Princeton

The Transcontinental Gas Line between Texas and New York has now reached New Jersey and is being laid outside of Princeton.

As first steps in this gigantic engineering feat, the company has to arrange for the right of way on private property. Then bulldozers come through, making a clearing about twenty yards wide, cutting down trees, going through streams, and up and

over mountain ranges. At one side of this clearing big diesel-powered shovels dig a trench about four feet wide and eight feet deep. Sometimes blasting can be heard as the workmen dynamite large rocks which are in the way of the trench. In some places the pipe, thirty inches in diameter, goes through open fields. In the latter case wide-treaded shovels straddle the ditch and dig while moving.

Meanwhile the pipe is unloaded off freight cars and onto special trucks at the Middle Yards of the Princeton station, where usually football specials load and unload passengers for the games. The trucks dump the sections of pipe at the side of the trench. After the trench is dug, the sections of pipe are welded together in overall lengths from a quarter to a mile long. The length of these sections is determined by the distances between roads and streams, where special operations are necessary. When the welding has been completed, the pipe is carefully covered with hot pitch and heavy brown paper. This coating helps protect the pipe from static electricity built up by the action of the gas.

When a long section is ready, a number of special heavy tractors equipped with side booms drive

through the clearing and stop at even intervals along the side of the pipe. Strong canvas slings hanging from the end of the booms raise the pipe and swing it down into the trench. In the process, the huge steel pipe bends as would a garden hose if a man were kicking it into the gutter while walking alongside it. After the pipe is tested under pressure, the big bulldozers refill the trench.

The other day one of the shovel drivers told me that Mercer County is one of the most difficult areas for this type of construction because of the many highways, streams and rivers to be crossed, and the rock encountered in the ridges. To overcome their difficulties the company has brought trained crews all the way from California and Oklahoma oil fields.

GORDON SIKES (VI)

Roper's Knob

Just back of my grandmother's home in Tennessee is a hill called Roper's Knob. Winding around the base of it to the west is Spencer's Creek. There are a lot of foxes on this hill and there used to be fox hunts here, and you could hear the hunters' dogs barking in the night. There are many paths winding up and around the hillside, made by the cattle, sheep, and other animals. Near the top of the hill there is a strip of land with no trees on it which runs all of the way around the hill. There is an old legend that this place was made by the Indians, and that they used it as a race track for their ponies.

There are many Indian arrowheads and minnie balls on the hill and in the fields around it. If you scrape the moss from some of the stones on the Knob, you will find carved on them the names of Civil War soldiers with names of states from which they came: Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, etc. The pointed top of this hill was scooped out to form a fort which was used in the Civil War. There is a beautiful view from the top of this hill in all directions. At this time of year it must be very beautiful in autumn colors, and I wish I could climb to the top of it instead if being in class tomorrow.

FLOYD MINKS (IV)

Delphi on the Slopes of Mount Parnassus

The modern town of Delphi is one of the most picturesque towns in Greece. It is situated on a narrow ledge on the northern side of Mount Parnassus. The village is about a mile from the ancient sanctuary of Apollo. The sanctuary is set on the terraced side of a slope of the mountain with a beautiful cliff below it and another above. Such cliffs as these line the whole of the Sacred Valley, which is an overwhelming sight. The valley is one tremendous olive grove of a magnificent bluish-green silvery color. It stretches for miles into the mountains.

In ancient times pilgrims to the Delphi Oracle would land on the north side of the Corinthian Gulf and would then proceed up the Sacred Valley which led to the sanctuary. Then they would climb the cliff to a sort of gymnasium or resting place below the sanctuary. After a few hours of rest and fast, they climbed to the entrance of the Sacred Way, the street which leads by the twenty-eight treasuries. These were used as meeting places for people of the different cities and as places to keep the gifts brought to the priestess. The ruins of all these treasuries may be seen today, but only one stands fairly complete. This is the Treasury of the Athenians, a beautiful but small building of the Doric order with a two-column facade.

There are the ruins of many monuments along the way leading up to the

Temple of Apollo, in which sat the priestess of the Oracle. The temple has now only two and one-half columns standing. These columns are very crude and are made not out of marble but of porous rock. The foundations of the temple are made of the same rock and still exist, but the crevass out of which came the volcanic gases has been filled up because too many interested people fell into it.

Further up the slope behind the temple is one of the nicest ancient theaters now in existence. It is not as large as some nor as well preserved, but the magnificent view one gets of the Sacred Valley at sunset from the top of the theater is well worth a trip to Delphi. As I said before, the theater is not well preserved; only the seats and about three-fourths of the orchestra are there. You can see the remains of the scene building, but nothing stands. After a visit to the temple, the ancients would attend a festival in the theater above, at the head of the Sacred Way. After this they might go farther up the cliff to the stadium. This is very hard to get to, but, to the archaeologist, well worth the climb. Only twelve rows of seats are remaining on one side, and in the horse-shoe, but it is still interesting.

The site is altogether one of the most interesting in all Greece, even though it is not the best preserved nor the largest.

T. LESLIE SHEAR (V)

All Hallows' Eve

Before me lay the desolate windswept moor. Around me rose the lonely neolithic ruins of an ancient monument. After a day's exploration I was stranded here for the night, having tarried until dusk before returning to the village. It was a curious ruin, composed of a circular ring of mounds, a stone or two showing through in some places. It was my theory that this construction had originally been like Stonehenge but had somehow decayed faster.

October thirty-first — October thirty-first! It kept coming back to me. What was so dashed important about that date anyway? Ah-ha! it was the date of today, but no, that wasn't it. Today must be important for something. Suddenly it came to me that the night was the Eve of All Hallows. What a time to be marooned in an old ruin! Oh, dash! I thought, who cares about some ancient, addle-pated ghosts!

I found a sheltered crevice and curled up for a snooze. What was that? Oh, nothing, just the bell in the village, I thought, but there seemed to be an electrifying effect in the air. There was another sound, a low, measured tread, which was gradually growing closer. Nearer and nearer it came, each sound like the crash of a pile-driver. Suddenly it stopped.

I lay hugging the wall of my rock shelter as though frozen, for what seemed several minutes; but I finally fortified myself enough to look out of the crevice. To my horror I saw a

huge giant standing in the center of the ruins, his flaxen hair flowing in the wind, and a stone axe over his shoulder.

His powerful muscles rippled and the axe was lifted high in air; then it descended with a crash which rolled away across the moor like echoing thunder. Again and again the mighty axe crashed, and with each impact the ruins seemed to take more regular shape. In the gloom I saw shadowy forms pass by—British Tommies, soldiers in high hats, knights, men at arms, archers, rough-clad peasants, and finally Roman legionnaires. Without warning the noise of the axe ceased as suddenly as it had started.

The ruins were no longer ruins but a magnificent circular erection of rough-hewn stone. In the center stood an altar. The giant lifted a horn to his mouth and blew a loud stirring note which drifted out over the moor. Slowly his gigantic form seemed to fade, then finally was blown away like a misshapen cloud of mist.

Now I heard the tramp of feet and within the minute a contingent of sombre-faced men appeared. As they entered, each took his place silently. Who were these grotesque people? That I could not decide. More appeared, with three figures covered in dark cowls among them. As the rest filed in, the three figures tore off their cowls, revealing two magnificently garbed young men and a maiden.

I saw what was to happen. These human beings were to be sacrificed,

and these rogues were Druids trying to prevent the souls of the dead from haunting the living. But they were going about it the wrong way, for they were creating a few more dead to haunt the living.

Now the Druids began to chant and throw out their hands. I felt ill, hypnotized by the dim swaying figures, the horrible sounds. Suddenly a scream

rent the air. They've done it, I thought. What will I do? Then I lost all sensation. It was the twentieth century again. Gad! what a horrible origin Hallowe'en has, I thought. Jumping up, I ran without stopping towards the twinkling lights of the village eight miles away.

WILEY FRIEND (VI)

To the Rescue!

It was a bleak and cold day. The ocean was quite mean. Tim, the life guard, was having a busy time keeping track of all the heads bobbing under and over the waves. I was sitting next to Tim on the life guard chair. My brother was going for a swim so I joined him. I was just about to get wet when a large wave broke over me. That settled it. That was the end of my going in that day!

I was just about to lie down on the sand when someone shouted "Look!" and to our amazement we saw a head bobbing away out in the ocean about half a mile. Every one on the beach was horror-stricken. The

life guard ran down the beach opposite to the swimmer. He dove in and swam out to the man. By this time quite a crowd had gathered. The same thing was in all our minds. Would they reach the shore alive? for there were many whirlpools and "sea pusses."

Tim had just reached the man, and suddenly turned. To our amazement he swam back alone! When he reached shore we asked him what had happened. He said, "Well, he is a long-distance swimmer out for exercise."

MICHAEL WARD (II)

"Land Hurricane"

My uncle parked his car under a sturdy-looking tree on Saturday, November 25th. I stepped out upon the rain-soaked ground into the "land hurricane" that was shaking the country. My outer gear was a fireman's hat, a poncho, and rubbers. We left the car between the Country Day School and the Stadium, our destination. The wind, being at my back, pushed me toward the Stadium. I grabbed my hat and was pushed up the embankment.

As I turned to cross the street, the wind grabbed my poncho and sent it off to the side like a flag, exposing my clothes to a direct soaking. I put the rubber pad, on which my cousin and I were going to sit, on my head with my hat and dug a wet hand into my pocket for the tickets. After I had passed through the gate, I leaned against the wind and jammed the wet tickets into my pocket. We separated into three groups; my uncle and aunt headed for Section One, my father and sister for Section Six, while my cousin's and my destination was Section Twenty-six.

My cousin wanted his ticket, so I went through the same stages of getting the tickets out of my pocket. I staggered as though I had no balance at all into the shelter of the Stadium and walked to the twenty-sixth section. The wind hit the Stadium at that end and rushed across to the Princeton side. Walking up that portal was like being in a wind tunnel. When my cousin and I (after wrestling with my poncho) got to the top, the usher

told us to go to Section Twenty-five as a large piece of the seat at the threshold had been blown off. His words were blown across the stadium, but I saw what he meant. I pulled myself down the "wind tunnel" with my poncho streaming out behind me. I was ushered up the next corridor by a wind a little less strong. I held my poncho back as it seemed as though I was going to be flown, express, across the gridiron.

My cousin, who had jumped the gap at the twenty-sixth section, picked an unprotected seat. I anchored the bottom of my poncho by means of my feet—and my hat blew off. I gave my cousin the rubber pad and started after it. The wind whipped the poncho over my shoulders as though I had jibed in a sailboat during a good wind, leaving the poncho clinging to my neck. Somehow I got it back on myself and sat down to start once again. I put my feet on the front of the poncho and cupped the brow of my fireman's hat, and settled down to watch "football in the mud."

The rain came in on my left, so I took off my hat and held the sides from flapping. That was no good, for I could not see through my wet glasses, but it was better than being soaked. The worst of it was that my cousin was being protected by me, with his hat tied down, and a raincoat that did not flap or expose him to the rain. Suddenly my back told me that I had better change to another position. I put my hat on, cupping it with both hands and letting the poncho

blow in any position it liked. Water poured down my wrists to the elbows. Somehow I got my cousin to sit on the other side of me, but the rain still came in, watersoaking me. The half ended.

My father and sister were sitting lower down behind the protection of the cement barrier at the portal. My cousin and I walked down to the track, which was full of water. Soon my sister and father came down to the field. They had moved to the Dartmouth side for the wind was too cold on the Princeton side.

When the game started again, we huddled behind the barrier at the cor-

ner of the field where the visiting team appears. The wind really did blow around that corner. During the second half the water, in which I was surrounded, seemed to freeze. I would look up behind me at the water bouncing off the wooden seats and a shiver would go through my body. But I saw more of the second half than I did of the first. Finally the second half ended and my cousin and I ran back to the car. A regular swish-swash could be distinctly felt in my left shoe.

Soon we were home in a house without electricity.

EDWIN METCALF (VI)

My Little Niece

I have a little niece
Who is two years old.
She is quite cute,
So I've been told.

She goes to her neighbor's
And brings home a cat.
Her mother doesn't want it,
So that is that.

One day she went out
And brought home the kitten.
I must admit
We were all quite smitten.

The little old kitten
Is here to stay,
And all he does is
Play and play.

THOMAS SHELTON (III)

The Fall of Troy

My name is Sinon. I am a Greek, and I am going to give you an eyewitness account of the fall of Troy. We Greeks, unsuccessful in taking Troy by force, were advised by Ulysses to use strategy instead.

We pretended to abandon the battle for Troy, and withdrew part of our fleet, which lay hidden behind a neighboring island. Then we built a huge wooden horse which we said was to be a peace offering to Athena, but which actually was filled with our ablest warriors. The rest of our men, excepting me, then sailed away in the remaining ships as if departing for good. I managed to slip into Troy and mingle with the people.

The Trojans, seeing our encampment broken up and the fleet gone, decided that their enemies had given up. They opened the gates of the city and the people came out, curious to see our wooden horse at close hand. Some wished to bring it into the city; others were afraid of it. The priest Laocoon advised the Trojans to have nothing to do with the horse, saying, "I fear the Greeks, even when they offer gifts." He threw a lance at the horse's side, and it made a hollow sound. The people were about to take his advice and destroy our horse; but at that moment I allowed myself to be captured in order to prevent the

failure of our plan. I was brought before the Trojan chiefs, who promised to spare my life if I would give true answers to their questions.

Pretending to be terrified, I told them I was a Greek who had displeased Ulysses and had been left behind by my countrymen. I told them also that the wooden horse had been purposely made so huge to prevent its being carried into the city, for a prophet had told us that if the Trojans could take the horse into the city they would surely win the war. This changed the mind of the crowd, and they moved the horse within their walls. This was done with songs and festivity.

In the night, when the signal flame rose from the ship of Agamemnon, and our fleet came out of hiding, I finished my mission. This final act was to open the secret door in the gigantic chest of our horse and let out our armed men. These men at once opened the gates of the city to our friends, who found the unsuspecting city an easy prey.

At last Troy was ours. We had accomplished the impossible with the help of Athena, the goddess who always favored us. Troy's rich treasures were ours, and King Menelaus recovered his stolen wife, the beautiful Helen.

JAMES O'BRIEN (III)

Puppies

About three weeks ago our springer spaniel had seven baby puppies. They were black and white, almost the same. Their eyes were still closed and they wobbled around like seals. Every day I saw them they seemed to grow bigger by the minute and almost before I knew it, we had to start to make a dog house.

We needed a very large one and luckily my father found some lumber up in the barn. It didn't look like a dog house at first but after a while it took shape. Then we went over to

Princeton and got some fence for a yard. I found out it was my job to paint it, so on Saturday afternoon my sister, some of my friends and I started to paint it. About two hours later we had more paint on us than on the fence, so we got out the turpentine. A few minutes later we were clean again except for our clothes. We changed them again so that we looked presentable. The job was done and we hoped that the baby dogs would like it.

GUY DEAN (II)

The Ghost

Once upon a time there was a little ghost
Living in a hole by the old fence post.
Once when he went out to haunt
The old, old lady's restaurant
Someone said, "Don't leave your hole."
"Why not?" said ghosty. "Why you ole—,"
The voice of his conscience spoke again,
"You better watch out or you'll be put in the pen."
"There is an old lady I want to scare.
I'll scream until I raise her hair!"
So he screamed and howled and gave her a fright,
But she chased him through the dark, dark night.

RICHARD SHEPHERD (II)

At Anchor in Barbados

Everything seemed very calm as we lay at anchor in the harbor of Bridgetown, Barbados. This was not surprising, for the constant throbbing of the ship's engines had just ceased after twenty days, and the middle of the bay on the leeward side of the island was not rough. It was eight o'clock on a Sunday morning, and the hot tropical sun was rising overhead in the clear sky. I was standing on the deck looking at our new surroundings.

The shore, about four hundred yards away on three sides, looked very bright with many varying shades of green and yellow. Here and there among the palm trees were houses, and several large warehouses stood out along the water's edge. On a small section of sandy beach I could make out tiny black specks moving about as though playing in some game. Farther to the left was the center of Bridgetown. Here there was an inlet at the mouth of a river, surrounded by rather small buildings, in which fishing boats, motor launches, and several trading schooners were tied up. Behind these could be seen many other buildings, and houses shaded by palm trees. Above the town the land rose gently, and in the distance a little to the right I could see the rounded, gray hill on the far end of the island.

Four other ships were anchored in the harbor, and there were also a few small power boats scooting around. One neighboring vessel between us and the land was a black and white Dutch freighter; the others, on my

left, were British. The closest of these was probably an ore ship, with her bridge near the stern and all the hatches forward. She was painted gray with black masts, funnel, and trimmings. Each of the other two was an ordinary type of gray cargo ship. Beside one of them I could see several small lighters into which cargo was being unloaded. The ship was too far away, however, to see what was going on very well.

Two other lighters were just coming alongside our ship. They were like over-sized rowboats, about thirty feet long, and were made of planks almost a foot thick. Each one was rowed by three Negroes who walked back and forth on the gunwales using twenty-foot oars. Some, standing in the bottom of the lighter, would not be able to see the water.

When the lighters had come up to the ship, they were fastened by a hawser running over our side. It was then that I noticed how very clear the water was; I could hardly tell how high it came on the barges. Another boat, this time carrying a Negro working crew to unload the cargo, came up and put them aboard. Many of them were wearing well-worn but once quite respectable sport coats. After living for a year in South Africa, where the Negroes generally speak various languages, I was at first surprised to be able to understand what these Barbadians were saying.

Aboard the ship, the tarpaulins, planks, and metal beams covering the

hatches had been removed, and the booms had been moved into the proper position. Now the unloading began. Boxes were piled into a cargo net in the hold, and the corners of the net were attached to two cables. One cable, connected with the starboard winch and a boom over the hatch, lifted the net from the hold. Then the other one, on the port winch and a boom going over the side, pulled it over to the side and lowered it into the lighter. The men in the lighter unhooked the net and emptied it while

the next load was being brought up.

The perspiring Negro dockmen piled up all the boxes right in the middle of the lighter, putting none near the ends, and stacked them so high that I thought half of them would fall off on the way in. Since nothing new was happening, I began to become impatient to go ashore; so, when the captain said a launch would be out in ten minutes, I needed no coaxing to go in and change my clothes.

GEORGE HESS (VI)

My Fishing Hole

Out in the woods I have a fishing hole which I keep very secret because the fishing is so good there.

The other day when I was riding my bike I stopped by to see how things were. It was a beautiful sight with the afternoon sun shining on the leaves, turned to their autumn colors. The cool wind rustling the pine trees and a duck with her babies swimming in the cool water brought back memories of getting up at six o'clock Sunday morning and going fishing in this gay little pool.

It is a small pool, about twenty by fifty feet and very narrow at one end. At the narrow end is a dam which is about four feet high and very noisy. Over this dam new water is always coming. At the other end there is a grating which is a little lower than the level of the water. The water goes into this and through a pipe to Stony Brook.

There are slight hills on all sides of the pool which come right down to it.

On one side there is nothing but pine trees, whose dropping needles make the ground very smooth and brown. The other side has many kinds of trees with lots of various bushes at the bottom. Besides the trees, which come right down to the shore, there are many wild raspberry bushes.

In the center of the pool is a log which I fish from. When fishing on the log it looks as if the water is only three feet deep, but if you were to jump in you would go down twelve feet before you stopped.

At the top of one of the hills is a small shanty which D'Arms built; it becomes very useful in case of rain.

It was wonderful to see my peaceful little spot with a slight breeze blowing over it, to hear the small dam splashing its hardest, to see the sun shining out of the beautiful blue sky onto the golden leaves of the trees, and to get the urge to do a little fishing right now!

ROBERT HILLIER (V)

No Sleep Tonight

It was nine o'clock when I got into my new, soft bed. The storm outside told me I wasn't going to get any sleep. My father was banging on the typewriter, and my brother was complaining at his immense amount of homework. To make matters worse the spring in my bed squeaked.

After a while I dozed off into a light sleep. No sooner had I shut my eyelids when I was awakened by some kind of noise. I sat up like a rocket (which made my springs screech). Everything seemed strange, the storm outside had died out, my father had stopped typing and my brother had

gone to bed. I was lying still in bewilderment. The dead silence was broken annoyingly every once in a while by drops of rain falling on a loose drainpipe above my window. After I had been awake for some time I felt a faint constant ringing in my ear. I touched it. That started a loud splitting earache that sounded like a telephone ringing in my ear.

Then I knew that that night, before I went to bed, I was absolutely right. There was not going to be any sleep that night.

BILLY HILLIER (II)

Christmas Eve

The house is quiet,
All lights are out.
But hark! A voice!
There is a shout.

Could it be Dad?
No, he's in bed.
Maybe it's Santa,
Arrived in his sled.

I'll not take a chance
On looking to see,
For he might turn 'round
And then see me!

And in the morning
I'd be sad as could be,
For then my stocking
Might be empty, you see.

DAVID PETERSON (III)

Honor Roll

FALL TERM 1950-1951

TERM AVERAGES

First Honor Roll

(90—100%)

PETER COOK
GRENVILLE CUYLER
GEORGE HESS
THOMAS KERR
RENSSELAER LEE
DOUGLAS LEVICK
DONALD ROSS

Second Honor Roll

(85—89%)

JOSEPH BUDNY
JOHN DAVISON
GUY DEAN
JOSEPH DELAFIELD
THOMAS DORF
CLIFTON ELGIN
LAWRENCE ESTEY
ROBERT FERNHOLZ
CHARLES GREEN
OAKLEY HEWITT
ROBERT KALES
WILLIAM KALES
ANDREW KERR
MICHAEL McKENZIE
EDWIN METCALF
JAMES O'BRIEN
FREDERICK OSBORNE
DAVID PETERSON
HARRY RULON-MILLER
THEODORE SHEAR
RICHARD SHEPHERD
EDWARD THURBER
JOHN VOLBRECHT
JOHN WELLEMAYER

Third Honor Roll

(80—84%)

JOHN BALES
PETER BAUER
EDWARD BENSON
WILLIAM BRADLEY
SAMUEL BUSSELLE
NICHOLAS CAMERON
HENRY CANNON
JOHN COOK
PHILIP D'ARMS
THOMAS DENNISON
NORMAN DORF
EDMUND GROFF
ROBERT HILLIER
ROGER HOIT
ROGER KIRKPATRICK
PETER KNIPE
TIMOTHY KUSER
JOHN MARTINELLI
ROBERT MILLER
FLOYD MINKS
BRUCE MULLINNIX
LANCE ODDEN
RICHARD PALMER
JOHN PEARCE
CHRISTOPHER SHANNON
DONALD STUART
THOMAS URBANIAK
MICHAEL WARD
DENIS WRIGHT

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- SEPTEMBER 13—School opens. There are so many new boys you can hardly see the old ones. Total enrollment is 112. Faculty looks terrified.
- SEPTEMBER 17—George (Bring-'Em-Back-Alive) Hess returns from a year in South Africa in time to celebrate his birthday.
- SEPTEMBER 21—Moke Raymond, a new and shiny First Former, predicts great days for all Princeton football teams on this his birthday.
- SEPTEMBER 23—John Burbidge, who has come to add weight and dignity (?) to our Third Form, counts off another 365 days from his last anniversary.
- SEPTEMBER 29—Sam Busselle, Olden Lane ladies' man, born.
- SEPTEMBER 30—Philip ("Lightweight") D'Arms, baseball commentator, born. Princeton's great football streak is also born today, as the Tigers claw Williams, 66-0. Mr. McAneny and Mr. Smyth, Williams graduates, try to look as if nothing had happened.

OCTOBER

- OCTOBER 2—It may be "Blue Monday" to everybody else, but John Wellemeyer—"Mr. Football"—looks in the pink in spite of his advancing age.
- OCTOBER 3—Ken Scasserra, New Jersey cattle king, and Tim Kuser, Bordentown commuter, both claim this date as their favorite day to be born on.
- OCTOBER 14—Doug Levick, athlete, socialite, and what have you, this day started the career which led him to the presidency of the P.C.D. Whites.
- OCTOBER 18—"Two-Ton Tony" Ross, California explorer, cuts another notch in his gun as another year bites the dust.
- OCTOBER 19—Jackson Doan and Guy Slean—excuse me, I'm always mixing them up—Guy Sloan and Jackson Dean—well, you know who I mean—Dean and Sloan are both celebrating today.
- OCTOBER 20—Mike Callahan's old age doesn't seem to bother him. In fact, his face today has more than the usual number of smiles. I wonder why?
- OCTOBER 30—Halloween began early this year, last Saturday, in fact, when some middle-aged travelers from New York wanted to celebrate the Princeton-Cornell game by tearing down the P.C.D. goal posts. Mr. Ross used his best Study Hall manner to persuade them to give up the idea. Several nocturnal visitors with somewhat similar intentions are quite surprised to find they walked into what amounts to a P.C.D. faculty meeting on the athletic field in the dead of night. The goal posts stay up.
- OCTOBER 31—Here they come, sure as pumpkins—the two Dorf boys claiming to have been born today. If you can't tell them apart, Tom wears a necktie, and Norm wears one pant rolled up.

NOVEMBER

- NOVEMBER 1—Autumn seems to be the time for athletes! Jimmy Ackerman, bone-crunching, line-busting fullback, born.

- NOVEMBER 2—Johnny Cook decides that if he's going to help with the Thanksgiving turkey, he'd better hustle and get born.
- NOVEMBER 5—Gordon Sikes, inventor of the Sikes-Kerney Latin Synopsis Sheet (which is expected to roll off the presses early in 1952) born today.
- NOVEMBER 6—When Bruce Mullinnix finds his glasses he'll see that today is his birthday.
- NOVEMBER 8—Jimmy Kerney, interviewed on his birthday, tells reporters that by putting pressure on his printing partner he hopes to get the Sikes-Kerney Latin Synopsis Sheet on the news-stands by Christmas of 1951.
- NOVEMBER 25—We were just spending Thanksgiving being thankful there were no more birthdays to report this month, when along comes that "look-out, I'm-in-an-awful-hurricane" to upset plans, trees, wires, and everything. For three days everybody is too busy sawing see-saw branches and seeing sawed-off trees to worry about whether he was born or not. Personally I rather begin to like the taste of candle-wax where I have buttered it on my bread in the dark.

DECEMBER

- DECEMBER 2—Reading the signs out Mercer Road, I'd say that David Maxwell is advertising a big event in his life.
- DECEMBER 3—And Roger Hoyt, Town Crier and Second Form Orator, wants the world to know that his birthday is pretty important too.
- DECEMBER 4—While Bobby Dorf, third member of the Dorf Rocky Mountain Circus, celebrates quietly with the help of his BIG brothers.
- DECEMBER 5—At the end of school at 4:30, every boy's mouth is crammed with cake and cookies so that nobody can even croak "Good-bye, sir." It appears that the First and Second Form mothers are having a tea in the cafeteria. I wonder what they could have had to eat!
- DECEMBER 6—The world has gone birthday-crazy. Peter Bauer entertains the visiting firemen out at his country estate in Pennington; Lance Odden paints the Armour Road section red with his cronies; while Mike McKenzie and his frenzied friends crack jokes and peanuts till far into the night.
- DECEMBER 11—Rensselaer Lee, the "Answer Man" (and isn't it a fine thing to be an Answer Man in exam week?) is born today. Cut a big cake too for Billy Hillier, author of those radio thrillers that chill the flesh of all the poor sad little boys who have no television set to look at (Advertisement).
- DECEMBER 15—Suddenly the fall term is over. The football and soccer players get their letters, the boys get their exam books back from the masters, the masters get hard looks from the boys, and everybody parts happily. Before I say good-bye, I want to ask everybody to be very nice to the unfortunate children who have birthdays so close to Christmas that one present usually does for both days: Hugh Fairman on December 17, Bill Bradley and Lee Palmer on December 19, and Eddie Groff on December 20. To them and to you all, Merry Christmas!

THE BOY WHO SITS BEHIND YOU

Athletics

FOOTBALL

The six-man football team, which won three out of four games, was coached by Mr. Tibbals, who gave this estimate of the team:

"Throughout the season the team was sparked by its quarterback and triple-threat captain, Doug Levick. Doug's passing was always of great importance and his running and punting were not far behind. He was also a bulwark on defense. Harry Rulon-Miller was a scatback and left-handed passer who could turn the tables at any time. Bobby Kales, the other starting back, was a fine blocker and place-kicker.

"The new Captain, John Wellemeyer, was brilliant on both defense and offense at center. He was perhaps the most savage tackler on the team. Hugh Fairman developed into a good pass-catching end, and George Hess played a strong defensive game as another flanker. Tim Ward, one of the two starting Fifth Formers, was a very hard tackler as well as a good pass-receiver and blocker. Tom Dorf did a good job as a relief center, as did Billy Dorman at end. In Richard Whitney and Denny Dignan the team has two good backfield prospects for the future. The injury to Oakley Hewitt in the season's first scrimmage deprived us of perhaps our best end prospect. The team was very capably managed by Wiley Friend.

"In general it was the best-balanced team P.C.D. has had, with a few boys who should do well on their prep school teams."

P.C.D. 34, SOLEBURY 20

Our first game, played at home, was a victory for us and a morale-booster. Rulon-Miller, Levick, Ward, and Kales played especially well.

P.C.D. 34, SOLEBURY 26

A return game at New Hope also proved a victory for P.C.D.

WARDLAW 36, P.C.D. 0

Although this was a rather bad defeat for the Blue and White, it was generally conceded that the Wardlaw team was a bit larger. Our boys enjoyed the experience, however, and learned something about football.

P.C.D. 34, SOLEBURY 19

This game was our best in running, passing, and everything else. We even had a safety by Wellemeyer, assisted by Kales, who blocked a Solebury kick. The end of the game was played in darkness, but most of our loyal fans stayed on to hear the score though they couldn't see the ball.

SOCCER

The school team was weakened this year by the fact that most of the Sixth Formers played football. This left only four Sixth Formers and some Fifth and Fourth Formers. The younger boys played a wonderful game against high odds, and if they keep on playing soccer we should have a good team next year.

Our forward line was good but young, consisting entirely of Fourth and Fifth Formers. Our halfbacks and fullbacks were generally dependable in defense but the kicking was often poor. Mr. McAneny was our coach and Jimmy Kerney and Bob Miller co-captains.

VALLEY ROAD SCHOOL 6, P.C.D. 0

The opening game was played at our field. The Valley Road School team was the best we played all year and their teamwork went right through our defense. The absence of our regular goalie helped them to pile up the score.

VALLEY ROAD SCHOOL 3, P.C.D. 0

The team improved a great deal and we were able to hold them to three goals. Even so we were still weak on offense and the ball rarely went to their end of the field. This game was played at the Valley Road School.

WITHERSPOON 3, P.C.D. 2

This was a well-played game against a heavier team. Our defense improved and so did the line, who for the first time had control of the ball in enemy territory. Our two goals were scored by Bob Miller on penalty kicks.

WITHERSPOON 2, P.C.D. 0

The return game on the Witherspoon field was hard-fought, but we did not have quite what it takes to pull out a victory.

PEDDIE 2, P.C.D. 0

After a weak start this was a good game. Peddie's goals were scored in the first period and from then on we kept the ball down in their territory but failed to score after many attempts.

PEDDIE 3, P.C.D. 1

This game was also close and we scored first on a corner kick from Urbaniak to Knipe. After this we got a little overconfident and they came through to score three times.

GEORGE SCHOOL 1, P.C.D. 0

This was a good game which was mainly a defensive game for both sides. The George School scored in the third period on a goal which Johnny Kerney stopped, but the referee ruled that he stepped back with the ball over the line. Our team played its best game of the season against bigger opponents.

Finally, at the end of the season, we played our football team in a game of soccer. They beat us by a score of 2-0. Harry Rulon-Miller scored both of their goals.

The usual line-up was as follows:

Forwards: Pease, Hillier R., Knipe, Dorf N., Rosenblad, Urbaniak.

Halfbacks: Miller R., Metcalf, Urbaniak, Bauer, Shannon A.

Fullbacks: Kerney J. C., Cain.

Goal: Kerney J. E., Hewitt.

Substitutes: Furman, Cuyler, Wright, Vollbrecht, Rulon-Miller S.

With the Blues and Whites

SCHOLARSHIP

The scholastic competition for this fall term turned out the traditional hair's-breadth margin between the two colors. The Whites came out on top with a 2.4 average over a 2.5—average for the Blues.

The Whites edged out ahead also in the matter of boys clear of failures. They turned out 61—% of their members with a clean slate whereas the Blues were able to clear only 55+ % of their members.

Here are the names of the boys with no failures:

BLUES—Ackerman, Bales, Bauer, Benson, Busselle, Cameron, Cannon, Cook J., Cook P., D'Arms E., D'Arms P., Davison, Dean, Groff, Hess G., Hewitt, Hoit, Kerr A., Kerr T., Knipe, Metcalf, Miller R., Odden, Palmer, Peterson, Rulon-Miller H., Shepherd, Stuart, Urbaniak, Vollbrecht, Ward L.

WHITES—Bradley, Callahan, Cuyler, Delafield, Dorf N., Dorf T., Edmonds, Elgin, Fernholz, Furman, Green, Hillier R., Hillier W., Kales R., Kales W., Kerney J. E., Kuser, Lee, Levick, Martinelli, McKenzie, O'Brien, Osborne F., Pearce, Ross, Scott G., Shannon C., Shear, Sloan, Thurber, Tredennick, Ward T., Wellemeyer,

SOCCER

In the inter-color competition on the soccer field the Blues were the winners, 7 points to 6. The Whites won the majority of all games played, but the Blues inched into the lead through the new scoring system. By this system the winner of the Senior series was given 4 points, and the winner in each of the three Junior divisions (Third Form Squad, Second Form Squad, and First Form Squad) was given 3 points.

The Senior Blues won four games against one for the Whites. The Third Form Blues also won their series, four games to three. The Whites were successful on the other two squads. In the Second Form they won four games to two, while in the First Form they upset the Blues six times against only one loss. Wright.

Who's Who

1950-1951

COLOR OFFICERS

BLUES

HARRY RULON-MILLER, *President*
OAKLEY HEWITT, *Secretary*

WHITES

DOUGLAS LEVICK, *President*
ROBERT KALES, *Secretary*

TEAM CAPTAINS

SOCCER

JAMES KERNEY, ROBERT MILLER
(*Co-captains*)

SIX-MAN FOOTBALL

DOUGLAS LEVICK

LIBRARIANS

HUGH FAIRMAN
WILEY FRIEND

JAMES KERNEY
EDWIN METCALF

CHARITIES COMMITTEE

RICHARD FURMAN, OAKLEY HEWITT (VI); THOMAS KERR, JOHN WELLEMAYER (V); GRENVILLE CUYLER, PETER KNIPE (IV); LANCE ODDEN, JOHN PEARCE (III); EDMUND GROFF, MICHAEL WARD (II); RICHARD PALMER, TONY ROSS (I)

With the Alumni

1926

V. Lansing Collins, Jr. is now with the State Department in Washington, D.C. His address is care of Division of Foreign Service Personnel, Department of State, Washington 25, D.C.

Lloyd Gibbons, who works in the advertising firm of J. Walter Thompson Co. in New York, now lives in Armonk, N.Y.

1928

Donald C. Stuart, Jr., and *Herbert Davison '31* have the distinction of being the first alumni whose sons are enrolled at Princeton Country Day School. Donald C. ("Jeb") Stuart, III and John Davison are members of the First Form.

1931

Dr. Robert H. McCarter has bought a new home at 14 Newton Street, Weston, Mass. His first child, Robert H. McCarter, Jr., was born in February.

1933

William T. Thom, 3rd is back at George School doing full-time work in remedial reading and testing. He also coaches the "cub" soccer team, and brought his team to P.C.D. for a soccer game on November 15.

1934

James I. Armstrong is teaching at Princeton University as an Instructor in the Department of Classics, after a year of teaching at Indiana University.

Tristram B. Johnson has moved to 46 Westcott Road, Princeton, N.J.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. *George C. Young* of Rosedale Road on October 10.

1935

John L. Bender is working as a research analyst for the State Department in Washington. His home is at 101 Highview Drive, Alexandria, Va.

A. Caryl Bigelow, Jr. is working for the Sauquoit Silk Co. of Philadelphia.

Dr. Stephen B. Dewing is a Resident in Radiology at Bronx Veterans' Hospital. He is married and has a three-year old son, Andrew Ogden Dewing. He is a Captain, M.C., in the New Jersey National Guard.

1936

Christine Chapman has just become a Foreign Service Officer in the Department of State. He lives at 1220 Potomac Street N.W., Washington, D.C.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. *William F. Meredith, Jr.*, of Rocky Hill on November 29. The child's name is William Bartlett Meredith.

One day earlier, on November 28, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. *William M. Sloane*, of Valley Road, Princeton. She has been named Isabel Hoyt Sloane.

1937

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. *William Flemer, III*, on June 24. Bill is associated with his father in the Princeton Nurseries and lives on Carnegie Lake Road. The child's name is Louise Wilkinson Flemer.

Robert A. Hunter spent the summer in France and Scandinavia, studying and doing newspaper work. He has just appeared with the Princeton Community Players in a production of Maxwell Anderson's play, "Both Your Houses."

Arthur P. Morgan is manager and building a plant for the E. R. Squibb Inter-America Corporation in Montevideo, Uruguay. His address is 2187 Avenida de 18 Julio.

First Lieutenant *Eric H. Phinney*, who is serving his ninth year with the U.S. Air Force, is at present at Fukuoka, Japan, having had two months of duty in Korea. He has a wife and two boys, aged four and one. The younger one was born in

Osaka, Japan. Eric's address is: 20-6 A.W.S. Det., APO 929, care of Postmaster, San Francisco, California.

John K. Sinclair is working for the architectural firm of Pilafian and Montana, 153 East Elizabeth Street, Detroit, Michigan. He lives at 17155 Ontario Street, Detroit 24.

1938

Roger Wilde, of 225 West 86 Street, New York 24, is employed with the Du Mont Television Co.

1939

Harold B. Erdman, who is with the Stone and Webster Securities Corporation, lives at 3 Peter Cooper Road, New York City.

T. Burnet Fisher has moved back to Princeton from Omaha, Nebraska. He and his wife are living at Coventry Farm, and he is working with the firm of Ford, Bacon and Davis, 39 Broadway, New York City.

Bradford B. Locke, Jr., who is in his second year at the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Virginia, became the father of a baby girl on July 15. His daughter's name is Suzanne Gill Locke.

1940

Franklin Hamilton Hazlehurst was married on August 26 to Miss Carol Foord at Kerhonkson, N.Y.

William P. Hunter is working for the Martin Aircraft Company, Baltimore, Maryland as a junior test engineer in the Static Test Department.

Fredric E. Schluter, Jr. was married to Miss Dorothy Osborn of Hingham, Massachusetts on September 9.

1941

Bertrand L. Gulick, III, who was graduated from the Academy of Aeronautics in 1949, is taking a trainee course with the Thermoid Company of Trenton.

John Gulick is also with the Thermoid Company. He graduated last June from Southern Methodist University.

Robert W. Locke is with the McGraw-Hill Book Co., 330 West 42 Street, New York 18.

Dr. Richard S. Morgan has joined the U.S. Air Force.

John W. Stewart, who is working for a Ph.D. in physics at Harvard, lives at 34 Ash Street, Cambridge 38, Mass.

1942

Thomas S. Dignan, Jr., is working as a geologist for the El Paso Natural Gas Company, Farmington, New Mexico. His work is in the newly developed San Juan Basin which will supply Arizona and California with natural gas.

Randolph H. Hudson, having graduated from Stanford University, is doing graduate work in English at Cornell University.

1943

Jean Casadesus gained national recognition as a pianist when he appeared in Carnegie Hall in a three-piano rendering of Bach's *D Minor Concerto* with his mother and father, Gaby and Robert Casadesus, last month. A picture of the three Casadesus appeared in the December 4th issue of *Time*.

Peter E. B. Erdman is in the Sales Training Program of the Bethlehem Steel Company, Bethlehem, Pa.

Caxton C. Foster, who received a B.S. degree after four years at M.I.T., is now employed at the M.I.T. Nuclear Physics and Electronics Laboratory while working for a Ph.D.

William C. Harrop is teaching at Deerfield Academy, having graduated from Harvard.

Ward E. Morehouse is working for the Bank of California, National Association, San Francisco, California. His home address is 1025 Bush Street, San Francisco.

George W. Piper is completing his last year in the Department of Civil Engineering at McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

Michael Shenstone is in his second year at Trinity College, Cambridge University, England. He is a candidate for the B.A. degree in the History Tripos.

William E. Wetzel, Jr. enlisted last month in the U.S. Air Corps and is now in Texas.

1944

David Barlow, a Senior at Yale, is in the Naval R.O.T.C. and a member of *Chi Phi* Fraternity.

Garrison Ellis, Chairman of the *Yale Daily News*, conducted a reporting experiment when with two members of his board he came to Princeton and sat in on a music test in order to test the working of Princeton's honor system. The Yale men helped themselves and each other with written notes and whispers, and were promptly reported by a Princeton student. Ellis was campaigning to have an honor system introduced at Yale.

Alfred Gardner and *Don Mathey* are playing on the Princeton varsity hockey team.

Markley Roberts, who is a Senior at Princeton, spent last summer bicycling in England and France.

Charles E. Stokes, a Senior at Yale, is engaged to marry Miss Bliss E. Dunn of Washington, D.C.

Everett T. Tower is engaged to Miss Leora Aline Stepp of Princeton, the sister of *Howard Stepp '47*. Ted is in the U.S. Air Forces.

1945

Robert DeVecchi is a Junior at Yale. His address is Branford College, New Haven, Conn.

SOCCKER NOTES

Our Alumni continued to distinguish themselves on soccer teams in colleges and prep schools. *Harris Gates '43* was captain of the Lehigh University team. *Tom Moore '45* and *George Gallup '45* played on the Princeton varsity eleven.

Princeton's undefeated freshman team had three P.C.D. alumni in the starting line-up: *Peter Rossmassler '47* and *Richard Swinnerton '47* at the wings and *David Dignan '47* at halfback. *Malcolm Peyton '47* also played on the squad. *Rowland Burnstan '47* was captain of the freshman team at the University of North Carolina. *David Rogers '47* played fullback on the Harvard freshman team.

Lawrenceville, Exeter, and Deerfield had strong P.C.D. support with *Harold Elsasser '48*, *Edward Johnson '49*, and *William Wallace '50* playing for Lawrenceville; *Charles Mapes '48*, *George Hackl '48*, and *Jeff Belford '49* on the Exeter team, and *Charles Bray '48* (at goal) and *Noel Stace '47* on the Deerfield team. *Arthur Meritt '50* played on the undefeated Junior team at Deerfield.

The only P.C.D. representative on the Hotchkiss team was *Jack Wallace '48*, who played goal. *Peter Lindabury '49* starred on the forward line at the Hill School, scoring several goals in a successful season.

1946

Dexter D. Ashley, who is with the U.S. Air Force on the island of Okinawa, has been promoted to the rank of sergeant.

Brandon Hart rowed this fall and is now out for hockey at Princeton. He is a member of the "Study of Education at Princeton" project.

Grenville Paynter, a Sophomore at Princeton, is a member of B Battery of the 696th A.F.A. Battalion, New Jersey National Guard.

Robert R. Piper is studying Aeronautical Engineering at M.I.T.

1947

Rowland Burnstan, Jr. has become a member of the *Phi Gamma Delta* fraternity at the University of North Carolina.

Dan Houck, Jr. is editor-in-chief of the Millbrook School yearbook and assistant editor of the school paper. He is also vice-president of the Dramatics Club and a member of the track and basketball teams.

David Rogers is in the Freshman debating club at Harvard.

1948

James W. Brown has a High Honors average and is a member of the Cum Laude Society at Lawrenceville.

Carter Cuyler is playing the part of Queen Guinevere in the musical production of "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" at South Kent School.

Harold B. Elsasser is Captain of the Hockey team at Lawrenceville. He is earning an Honors average and is in the Glee Club.

Emery S. Fletcher is Editor-in-Chief of the *Oracle*, the Taft School magazine.

Roger Wood received a major letter as a member of the football team at Taft School.

1949

Bob Dennen and *Bruce Dennen* played J.V. Football at Exeter.

Edward E. Johnson has an Honors average at Lawrenceville.

1950

Michael Erdman played on the J.V. Football team at Deerfield Academy.

Kenneth Moore played on the Dickinson House Football team at Lawrenceville, and is trying out for the J.V. basketball team.

Richard Stillwell is in the Camera Club at Taft, and is earning Honors in studies.

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