

VOL. XXIII, No. 2

JUNIOR JOURNAL

MARCH, 1951

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

Blues and Whites

THE BLUES

1930 1944
1931 1947
1934 1948
1935 1950
1936
1938
1943

SOCCER CHAMPIONS

HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

1926 1951
1937
1938
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1941
1948
1949

BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

1946
1947

BASEBALL CHAMPIONS

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THE WHITES

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read . . .

THE PRINCETON HERALD

JUNIOR JOURNAL

MARCH

1951

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY		
Vol. XXIII	MARCH, 1951	No. 2

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Editorial

What would one find if he could look into all the waste-baskets in the world? Rubbish, you say? Well, perhaps. All kinds of things can be learned from trash. In fact one of the first things a smart detective does when trying to crack a case is to investigate the suspect's garbage barrel.

If we examined the wastebaskets at P.C.D. we would find many things. For instance, how the masters' private lives are spent, and particularly what certain people's grades are. The things most in evidence, however, would be pictures, doodles, and scratch-work. There are all kinds of pictures—foolish, comical, and questionable ones.

In Prefect Council meetings the questionable pictures, along with swearing and off-color jokes, have been brought up several times. All agreed that the collapse of a roof on someone's head might call for the milder kind of swear words. But there is no excuse for the crude pictures and drastic jokes that sometimes circulate in our lower forms especially. The Prefect Council

agreed, however, that rules and regulations cannot prevent such things. Only the persons involved can halt them. Perhaps the reason for a steadily decreasing amount of this kind of humor in the upper forms is that after a time one grows tired of such things. Maybe the boys in the lower forms will do the same. However it is done, it must stop, for it not only gives the school a bad name but forms a habit. In later years you may use that habit at a time when you least want to.



The JUNIOR JOURNAL wishes to express its sorrow at the loss to the School of a loyal parent and trustee, Mr. John I. Pearce. His cheerful presence and powerful bat will be particularly missed by the boys at future Fathers-Sons baseball games. To Bobby Kales, Johnny Pearce, Bucky Kales and the other members of his family, we extend our sincere sympathy.



DEPARTMENT EDITORS

<i>Editorial</i>	WILEY FRIEND
<i>Hockey</i>	{ DOUGLAS LEVICK
	{ HARRY RULON-MILLER
<i>Basketball</i>	THOMAS DORF
<i>School Play</i>	ROBERT MILLER
<i>Hockey (Blue-White and League)</i>	ROBERT KALES



Stand and Deliver

It was typical London fog that smudged the glare of the city's lamps. Thick and chilling it was, the kind which made a sane man think twice before plunging out of doors.

This fog was exceptionally heavy for the early evening along in September. Usually at this time of year London's people enjoyed cool, pleasant nights upon which it would be nice to take a stroll. Perhaps it was a better setting for what was to take place, as business of that kind depends on fog to some extent.

Out in this dense, misty sea by a shadowy sidestreet, commanding a view of Billings Bank of London waited two men, furtive and watchful. They had with them a rather worn sedan chair which seemed set off from its surroundings.

"'E ought t'ave been out fifteen minutes ago. Yessir, Guv'nor, this's bad, it is."

"That's quite enough worrying, for here he is; grab the forepart and march lively now. Remember when he hails us you do the talking."

"Righto."

The two men with the chair between them passed down the street towards our friend Mr. Willoughby, who had just stepped from the Bank and was tugging at his gloves. He was a short, fat man, wrapped in a heavy greatcoat tied at the neck with a large woollen muffler. On his head he wore a beaver top-hat and at his feet was a dark leather briefcase. After taking a breath of fresh (rather damp) air

he noticed the two men with the chair.

"I say, chair there, are you free?"

"Yessir, guv'nor, where can we tyke you?"

"I'd like to be left at 1322 Wellington Street in the West End."

"Righto, climb in. Could I stow your bag on that rack in the rear?"

"No, thank you, I would rather carry it in my lap."

Off through the dimly lighted streets they trotted, sometimes along bright ways, often through dark side streets. As they were jogging along down a narrow alley with shabby houses overhanging as if about to topple onto the slippery cobblestones, suddenly the rear bearer stumbled, jolting the chair and giving a hoarse cry.

"Do stop, Jerry. I'm sure I've done something to me ankle. It hurts dreadful, it does."

Mr. Willoughby, groping for his bag and at the same time yelling profusely, was startled nearly out of his skin, which had the duty of covering a considerable expanse. The reason for his fright was quite obviously the more active end of a large twin-barreled pistol shoved unceremoniously into his ribs.

"Step out, sir, you are honored by the presence of a daring young gentleman and a man of the world. Kindly stand and deliver."

In no time Mr. Willoughby was stripped of what is of interest to an "honest tradesman." After the well-

mannered intruder had finished his search he leaned back against the chair with his large pistol ready for action.

As he engaged Mr. Willoughby in conversation, his free hand un-noticed behind him found and deftly opened the briefcase in the chair; then after a few quite decisive movements shut it again.

"I say, sir, you show very good judgment in respecting me as you do. My gun is a very fine one, a gun which has spilled many a slew of brains on the ground. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll trot along. Cheerio."

It was getting quite bright in the morning as a certain English rigged fishing smack found its way into a slip on the Calais waterfront. On the wharf were two well dressed French gentlemen who solemnly greeted our overfed friend, Mr. James B. Willoughby as he cheerily stepped from the boat to shake hands.

"It was a jolly good passage. I wasn't affected as I usually am by

these crossings. I say, how are you Duval? It's been a month since the last trip."

"We are to take the eenformation eemediately. My government weel pay you well een the usual way."

"Duval, why so gloomy? Well, it's right here."

He reached into his dark leather briefcase and removed a sealed envelope which was immediately opened, and after a glance:

"Why, thees eesn't eet."

"How so? Hand it here."

He nervously grasped the sheet and read:

"My dear Mr. Willoughby,

Men of the world are tolerated, but traitors are disliked by all, even the French.

My message to you is,
Re-enter England and lose your life.

Your devoted Follower,

'The Captain.'

ROBERT KALES (VI)

The Easter Rabbit

Is the Easter Rabbit short and fat?
Does he wear glasses, a tall silk hat?
Who knows the answers to these questions?
Can you give me any suggestions?

SAM BUSSELLE (II)

An Embarrassing Mistake

When I woke up, I noticed today had a big circle around it on the calendar. I asked myself, "What is today?" I tried to think but couldn't figure why I had today marked. I'll ask my sister, I thought.

"Nancy, do you know what today is?" I asked, pretending that I really knew.

She didn't know so I said, "You know, today's our 'ump-ump'."

We planned a party, and each invited some friends over for the afternoon. We had ice cream and cake, candy and favors. We played games, and had a lot of fun.

All went fine until Carl asked me what we were celebrating.

I said, "This is a 'ump-ump' party."

He was puzzled, but didn't say anything more, pretending he knew what

a "ump-ump" party was.

We were calmly enjoying a Western on television when the telephone rang. Mommie called me to the phone.

I couldn't think why Uncle Ed wanted to speak to me.

"Where have you been, John? We have been waiting over here at the rink for you for almost an hour," he said.

I nearly fell on the floor. I remembered then where I should have been this afternoon. That's why I had today marked. The Princeton-Yale hockey game and I missed it.

Oh well, we had our first "ump-ump" party and everyone had fun. But it certainly turned into an embarrassing mistake.

JOHN DAVISON (1)

Might Does Not Make Right

Peter was a little boy in nursery school. One of his classmates was a prince. His father had been driven from the throne of Persia by Hitler. They had brought with them a lot of faithful followers.

When the prince (whose name was Ahmed) was supposed to go home from school, but did not want to, he would kick the followers in the shins. He was quite an unruly boy. So as it turned out in school, he was the bully of all the children and of Peter, too. This kept up for about a week. Finally the teacher and Peter's mother

thought something must be done about it.

At last the teacher hit upon a solution. She would ask Peter's big brother Frank to take care of the prince in the good old American way. So Frank and his gang washed Ahmed's face with snow and put snow down his neck, and generally abused him. From then on Ahmed understood the American saying, "Might does not make right!" Ahmed became the most humble boy in the nursery school thanks to Frank's gang.

MICHAEL WARD (11)

The Jeep

This jeep belonged to the American School in Athens and was used for transporting anything from Byzantine walls—torn down—to eight people plus their luggage. It was a second-hand, pre-war jeep that had gone through the war. That fact had a good deal of effect upon its operating abilities; in other words, it was rather battered up when the School got it.

While I was in Greece, I saw a good fifteen years cut off its life in four months. Every morning at seven-thirty a loud coughing and sputtering would be heard, the jeep would appear in front of the School gate, and in a few minutes would leave carrying six to eight people. Then the poor thing would work all day carrying huge rocks back and forth around the Agora. At sundown it would have its roughest treatment when George, the Agora driver, would practically drive right up the steps of Lykabettos, the high hill in back of the School.

The jeep led a hard life around Athens, but when the summer school got hold of it and the school station wagon, they really killed it. It was on the southern trip through the Peloponnesus that the jeep formally announced that it was through. It did this in a very subtle way, yet it was quite obvious. The jeep died for the first time at Orchomenos. It refused to move; that was when the ignition failed.

At Olympia they got the gears stuck in four-wheel drive; so when they wanted to go backwards, they all six jumped out and started to push. The carburetor went on strike a little later.

When the jeep collapsed for the second—no, third—time the driver of the station wagon, Papandreou, got out and disconnected a few wires, slopped some water on the engine, and hit it a few times with a hammer. Then, as if nothing had happened, he would grin, jump back into the station wagon, and off they would go. Those few wires which Papandreou had disconnected proved to be the gas meter and the speedometer. After that they never knew how fast they were going or how much gas they had.

On the high mountain roads of Greece it is extremely hard to drive, since they curve and twist like no other roads in the world. Anyway, the jeep, which was going ahead, would go around a curve, stop abruptly, and someone would have to run back to pick up the baggage.

The jeep was in its last stages when they reached Corinth, but the worst was still to come. After leaving Corinth, the jeep was speeding around a curve in the road and was soon lost from sight to us who were in the station wagon. Soon, however, we came upon it, half turned over with one wheel missing. One of the girls who rode in the jeep, a Swedish girl, was picking up the baggage, but the other five were not in sight. Someone in the station wagon leaned out of the window and called, "Is anybody hurt?"

The Swedish girl, who didn't quite understand what he had said, called back, "Oh, ya, dey are all down in de Gulf of Corinth."

Suddenly, a small party of wet human beings, pushing the wheel of the jeep, appeared after fishing for the wheel in the Gulf. Papandreou temporarily put the wheel on with wire and we continued to Athens.

The last time I saw the jeep it was standing completely dismembered on the floor of the School garage with two hopeful Greek mechanics poring over it.

BUCKY SHEAR (V)

Jim Had the Laugh On Me

There's an old crow in our woods that I believe will live to be a hundred. The closest I ever got to him was the day we had a holiday. I've been "laying" for him a long time, and he knows it, but that doesn't bother him a bit. When the other crows fly down to eat, he perches on a limb overhead and keeps a sharp lookout. Occasionally he will call out something in crow language, and one of the other crows will come up and take his place while he goes down for a bite. This keeps up until the crow on watch sees someone or hears a noise; then he gives a short, sharp caw, caw, and away they all go like magic.

Besides eating the farmers' grain, crows often eat other birds' eggs and young. This makes enemies of the small birds and often you see black birds, etc., chasing a crow away up in the air, flying at him and pecking him until they drive him away.

"Old Jim," as I call him, must be the leader of the flock, and often he will come back of our house, all by himself, and caw around telling me just what he thinks of me. He knows I will come out with my gun, and he has figured out in crow mathematics just how far it will shoot. As I said, the closest I ever got to him, was that day that everything was

frozen over solid. I suppose he was curious to see if I could get around outside because maybe he had been slipping a little himself. As he couldn't find any food, perhaps he thought he would pass the time by having a little fun. He came closer to the house than he ever had before, all by himself again, and called out, "Caw, caw, caw!" Out I went with my gun. He was in a big oak tree about 150 feet from me, and I had a feeling there was a crow grin plastered all over his black face. I thought, "You sit there just a couple of minutes, and I'll fix your clock." He didn't say a thing; just sat there, watching me. I took what I thought was a firm stand on the ice, aimed, and bang!!! To my amazement, my feet shot out from under me as if they were jet-propelled, and I went down backwards on the ice with the gun on top of me. Old Jim flapped his wings slow and easy, and headed back into the woods, calling back as he went, "Haw, Haw, Haw!"

I believe that old rascal had figured out what would happen if you shoot a twelve-gauge shotgun while standing on ice. When I get that good at figuring, Mr. Whitehead will be proud of me. I don't guess that time will ever come.

FLOYD MINKS (IV)

The Little Rascals

(This is the story of a movie which the author saw.)

Once upon a time a boy named Nicky was eating his breakfast, and his brother was complaining that he did not like mush. The postman had just come and given a package to Nicky's mother. She opened the package quickly. She had ordered a dress in one of the downtown stores. She showed it to her husband and said, "Look, Fred, isn't it beautiful?"

He said, "Take it back." It was her birthday.

She began to cry. Then she went upstairs to lie on her bed. After a while Nicky came up and tried to comfort his mother. Then he went downstairs again. Then Nicky said to his little brother, "What shall we do?"

His little brother said, "Let's get a job. A good job."

Then he said, "Yeah, that's it. We'll get a job!" So they started out.

Meanwhile they passed a store with some nice women's clothes. In the window was a beautiful dress. Nicky said, "Let's get Mom that dress." In the window next to the dress store window there were hunting things. His little brother said, "Let's get that gun."

Nicky asked, "What would you do with that gun?"

He replied, "Shoot Daddy."

Just then the man who ran the store came out and said, "What can I do for you?"

Nicky asked, "How much is that dress?"

The man said, "I'll let you have it for \$1.98."

Nicky said, "Gosh. All I have is 10 cents."

The man said, "Ha! Ha! Remember now, \$1.98."

So Nicky and his little brother sat down on the edge of the sidewalk. A colored boy who was walking along sat down beside Nicky and said, "What is the matter?"

Nicky replied, "I want to get that dress for my mother and it costs \$1.98. Got any money to loan?"

The colored boy said, "No."

Then the colored boy saw a sign on a shop that said "MONEY TO LOAN." So he got up and walked in.

In thirty seconds he came out saying, "Then why do you have that sign up there, you big bully!" So Nicky, his brother, and the colored boy went to Nicky's house. Nicky nailed up some signs on the front gate posts. Then he went in to make a cake. They got the cook book and started to make the cake. They put shoes, soap, hair brushes, garters, wood, balloons, acorns, nuts, mouse traps, and all sorts of things in the cake. All the children had come and were saying, "We want cake! We want cake!"

So meantime in the kitchen the boys were ready to put the cake in the oven. When they got it in the oven the colored boy lit a match and threw it in the stove; thirty seconds later dough was running out of the oven. Then the oven started jumping up and down. Bang! Crash! Wham! Crash! Bang! Wham! Bang! Crash!

When the stove stopped, the colored boy got out the cake and covered it with thick icing. Then he took it in the dining room. All the kids were licking their lips. When the colored boy cut the cake, water splattered out at him. One of the boys didn't get anything in the cake so he said, "Here! Take your old cake back and give me a better piece!" The colored boy said, "Keep it! I'm not going to give you any more!"

So the older boy threw his cake at the colored boy. Soon everybody was throwing cake. Suddenly Nicky's father came home. He hollered at all the kids, "Get out of here!" All the kids got right out except the little ones. He didn't holler at them. Nicky's little brother stayed in his

high chair and told his daddy who brought all the kids in the house. Just then Nicky came in. His father caught him and began to spank him just as his mother came in. She told her husband to stop. Then her husband asked Nicky why he had done this. Nicky said, "I did it to get money for this birthday present I got for Mommy. Here Mommy, here's your birthday present."

Nicky's mother said, "Oh! Thank you ever so much!" She opened it quickly and there was a beautiful dress.

Nicky said, "Does it fit, Mommy?"

His mother said, "Yes, it fits."

Then Nicky's father said, "Nicky, you've taught me my lesson."

TIMMY KUSER (I)

Gretchen the Cat

Gretchen is a cat,
Everyone knows that.
She runs and dives and squirms around,
And chases mice all over town.

As you can see,
She's a worry to me.

She's always looking for some fun,
And then she keeps us on the run.
She messes up my homework paper,
And is always ready with some new caper.

As you can see,
She's a worry to me.

ANDY KERR (II)

How a Modern War Is Fought

In any war of today worth its salt each side lines its men up across the whole area it is trying to capture or defend. This does not mean that two continuous walls of men face each other. It means that each commander places heavy lines of defenses around the important communication centers in his area. These are such places as road junctions and river crossings.

Whenever the enemy attacks between these places his opponent sends out reserves from his heavily defended areas. Actually not every heavily defended area is a reserve base. Only those places are used from which a large part of the line can be reached quickly. Such places are called strategic reserve bases or jump-off points.

Getting back to the attack, if the attacker can pour enough forces through the weak spot before his opponent's reserves arrive he has his opponent in a tight spot. The defender must retreat along his whole front or be encircled. This maneuver is called a breakthrough.

The whole concept of modern land-war is built around the breakthrough. Both sides in a battle are always looking for a weak spot in the other side's lines. In general, an army retreats from the fear of a breakthrough rather than the pressure from a direct frontal assault. Sometimes two breakthroughs are made at either end of the enemy's line and a pincer movement is tried. This movement can be varied by making one pincer an amphibious landing or airdrop in the enemy's rear areas. If a weak spot can't be found in either side's line

by the other, then one must be made. In Asiatic and Russian armies this consists of throwing huge masses of men against a particular spot in the enemy line. The idea is that the defender will not be able to shoot all the attackers and some will get through. If the attack fails, however, thousands of men will have been lost for nothing.

In a western army the above action is done in a somewhat different fashion. First a suitable place is chosen—usually a good road, crossing the enemy's line. At the jump-off point commanding this road tanks, self-propelled guns and motorized infantry are collected for several days. Then on "D" day a terrific bombardment is laid down. Every building is destroyed by bombs and then the whole area is pattern-bombed with napalm and fire shells. This is kept up night and day until the whole countryside is a charred ruin.

Now the tanks move in with guns and flamethrowers, destroying anything that is left. A hole has now been created in the enemy line. Through this hole the motorized infantry and self-propelled guns are poured, fanning out behind the enemy lines. This method usually works since it is next to impossible to bring up reserves fast enough to stop the motorized infantry.

There are many other maneuvers and tactics used but these are the main ones. If you wish to know more about the subject, read a book on military maneuvers.

WILEY FRIEND (VI)

Slot Machines

I had never heard of slot machines until I came to Wyoming and Nevada. At a lodge near the Grand Teton mountains I saw my first slot machine. I found out that children were allowed to play these at the lodge; so I went out to try my luck.

I had just gotten my allowance of a dollar. There were five cent, ten cent, twenty-five cent, fifty cent, and dollar slot machines. So I decided to play the five and ten cent ones. I won about fifteen cents. Then I started losing money. I knew that what you got from working these machines was either good or bad luck. The trouble was I usually got the bad luck. In a little over ten minutes I had gotten down to about thirty-five cents. After I had finished, I was quite broke. Even though I lost a lot, I thought it was funny the way one puts in a

nickel or a dime and gets nothing and then the next time you may get twenty-five or thirty cents. I usually got nothing.

When we moved on to Nevada, I was quite surprised. Just about every store you went into you saw a couple of men with cards and stacks of silver dollars in front of them, and along the walls, rows of slot machines. The only trouble was that in most cases children weren't allowed to play them in Nevada. In that case I would get an older person to play them for me. I would ask him to put in my nickel or dime and give me the profits, if there were any. Of course, I would give him a slight commission. I had a lot of fun working them, but I think I lost most of my money that way.

GRENVILLE CUYLER (IV)

A Sailboat

The most beautiful thing I ever did see,
Is a sailboat on the dark blue sea.
The sun on the waves makes it sparkle and dance.
—I know I'm not a poet, but give me a chance!

EDMUND GROFF (II)

Honor Roll

WINTER TERM 1950—1951

TERM AVERAGES

First Honor Roll

(90—100%)

PETER COOK
GRENVILLE CUYLER
THOMAS DORF
GEORGE HESS
THOMAS KERR
RENSSELAER LEE
DOUGLAS LEVICK
MICHAEL McKENZIE
FLOYD MINKS
JAMES O'BRIEN
THEODORE SHEAR
EDWARD THURBER

Second Honor Roll

(85—89%)

PETER BAUER
JOSEPH BUDNY
JOHN COOK
JOHN DAVISON
GUY DEAN
JOSEPH DELAFIELD
THOMAS DENNISON
CLIFTON ELGIN
LAWRENCE ESTEY
ROBERT FERNHOLZ
CHARLES GREEN
OAKLEY HEWITT
ROBERT HILLIER
ROBERT KALES
WILLIAM KALES
PETER KNIPE
EDWIN METCALF
ROBERT MILLER
FREDERICK OSBORNE
DAVID PETERSON
HENRY RULON-MILLER
CHRISTOPHER SHANNON
RICHARD SHEPHERD
JOHN VOLLBRECHT
JOHN WELLEMAYER
DENIS WRIGHT

Third Honor Roll

(80—84%)

JOHN BALES
EDWARD BENSON
JOHN BURBIDGE
SAMUEL BUSSELLE
NICHOLAS CAMERON
HENRY CANNON
NORMAN DORF
ARTHUR EDMONDS
RICHARD FURMAN
LAWRENCE GRIGGS
EDMUND GROFF
WILLIAM HILLIER
ROGER HOIT
ANDREW KERR
TIMOTHY KUSER
JOHN MARTINELLI
WALTER MENAND
BRUCE MULLINNIX
LANCE ODDEN
RICHARD PALMER
JOHN PEARCE
SHERWOOD SMITH
DONALD STUART
PAYSON TREDENNICK
THOMAS URBANIAK
MICHAEL WARD
TIMOTHY WARD

The Calendar

JANUARY

*Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight*

JANUARY 3—Ping! Ping! Ping! There goes that blamed old alarm clock reminding me Christmas vacation is over and school begins again in an hour! Up betimes for a dish of Nutsies and a last-minute Safari hunt for those pesky school books. Where did that Latin Word List go? One of our Scotties must have chewed it up for his Christmas dinner. First I question Bluie. Then I put Whitie on the witness stand. Both smile and wag their tails and look as innocent as First Formers trying to explain what they were doing inside the school safe. Can't prove anything on Bluie and Whitie this time. They don't seem to know a word of Latin So off to School, minus a *Latin Word List*, *Simple Arithmetic for the Simple-Minded*, *Worry With Words*, or *How to Spell Katt, Oui et Non pour Vous et Moi*, and *The Muddle of History from Caveman to Superman*. If Bluie and Whitie really digested all that stuff they ought to be on the Headmaster's List!

Brrrr! It's cold! Where does all that snow come from, anyway? It's frosty inside school too when the teachers find out about those missing books!! Bump into Renny Ward and Sumner Rulon-Miller, hacking about among the lockers. They're feeling blue too. Seems today is their birthday, and it *would* come on the first day of school. "There ain't no justice!" cries Renny. Summie agrees but puts it more grammatically. "There isn't no justice!" says he firmly and correctively. I agree with both of them, and everybody would be happy in 1951 if there were no books, schools, or teachers!

JANUARY 4—Pipe all hands! Heave ho, my hearties! Lay aloft, you swabs! Make way for *Captain Applejack*, the saltiest tar who ever munched a sea-biscuit or hurled a marlin-spike at a cabin-boy! He's the hero of our school play and an old shipmate of Cap'n McAneny. Seems they took a voyage together a few years back, and now Skipper McAneny has asked Captain Ambrose Applejack—or is it Applejohn?—to set sail again. So they're off on the bounding main and will heave to port in P.C.D.'s Broadmead Theatre come this April. Meanwhile, they're signing on as tough a crew as ever climbed a theatre rope or walked stage planking. Line forms on the left for try-outs! So step up, all you pirates and sea-dogs, heroes and heroines, villains and villainesses! It's "down to the seas again" for the P.C.D. Dramatic Club!

JANUARY 6—Nicky Cameron, Henry Huff, and Charlie Savage look older today. They ought to — it's their birthday!

JANUARY 14—David Peterson, M.H.F.H. (Master of the Hopewell Fox Hounds) born. Loud yelps all the way from Hopewell to Princeton!

- JANUARY 24—There was a young fellow named Sam-u-el
 Who sipped H₂O like a cam-u-el.
 Cried he, 'From the first I've thought I would burst
 With a thirst that's the worst
 Since the day I was born a Ham-u-el!'
- JANUARY 26—Don't look now, all you Third and Fourth Formers, *but your mothers may turn up in class today.* Mothers, mothers, everywhere, and not a drop of tea to drink — for the boys, that is! My, look at those luscious chocolate brownies and those pink-frosted tea-cakes! No wonder mothers like to go to meetings. Wonder what they talk about — what Little Junior should get on his reports, what he should wear, how he should cope with grown-ups — or just what makes Little Junior *tick*, anyhow? Any hungry Third or Fourth Former strong enough to hold a sandwich in one hand and a piece of cake in the other has all the answers, if only he could crash that Mothers' meeting!

FEBRUARY

*February brings the rain.
 And thaws the frozen lake again.*

- FEBRUARY 1—It's raining, it's pouring
 The old man's snoring—
 but not The Boy Who Sits Behind You! No, sir, he's been up since the crack of dawn listening to Radio Station WOR. Please, Mr. Gambling, make it rain so hard we won't be able to go to school today! Just look at all that rain, and sleet, and slush, Mr. Gambling! You wouldn't ask a dog to go to school on a day like this — not even Blueie and Whittie! Aw, please, Mr. Gambling! What? — he's heard us! Cracked Rock Country Day School — Crow's Neck Elementary School — Hey, what about P.C.D.? Goonsocket Academy — Jerks Junior High — Miss Phoebe's Farm for Feeble Females — The Nutley Nuttery — Has he forgotten us? It's raining here, too, Mr. Gambling! — "and finally, folks, Princeton Country Day School!" Hurrah for John Gambling, the school boy's pin-up champ!
- FEBRUARY 2—Back to school again. Curse you, John Gambling! How could you do this to us?
- FEBRUARY 5—Tommy Kerr, editor, manager, reader of the Jamesburg Journal, born.
- FEBRUARY 9—Out Lawrenceville way a mighty upheaval of the earth, and little Fritzie Blaicher appears. He looks around, sees his shadow, and darts underground again. Seems he comes out once a year just to make sure it's his birthday!
- FEBRUARY 12—Honest Abe Lincoln born today. Nice of Abe to arrange the anniversary on a Monday so we can have a long week-end.
- FEBRUARY 15—Andy Kerr, popular bagpipe blower, huffs and puffs and blows his house down. And why not? After all, it's his birthday!
- FEBRUARY 16—What "Trenton makes, Princeton takes!" Let's all sing "Happy Birthday" to Oakley Hewitt, Trenton's gift to Princeton!

- FEBRUARY 17—"Going, going, GONE! To the little gentleman in the blue-and-white sweater there!" Who's that? Why, Mike Callahan, of course. He knows a bargain when he sees one — especially when it's an Auction for the March of Dimes. Say, look at all those people in our Gym! Boy, are they spending money! Wish I had a million dollars—wish I had that catcher's mitt — wish I had that camera — wish I could buy a life-saver!
- FEBRUARY 21—Dick Whitney, veteran Carnegie Lake fisherman and trapper, born.
- FEBRUARY 22—Honest George Washington born this day. Too bad George didn't think of rigging the calendar so we could have another long week-end! Strange noises in the little red schoolhouse today. Wild shrieks fill the air, and weird mumblings echo through the halls. Trace these clues up to the Assembly Hall, where I find a quartet from the Westminster Choir College blowing sweet music at all the boys. The minstrels get a big hand and an invitation to come and sing for us again.
- FEBRUARY 28—Tucker Green, Champion Fifth Form Weight-lifter, born. Harry Rulon-Miller, Champion Sixth Form Weight-guesser, born.

MARCH

*When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.*

- MARCH 2—Again, no school today! Reason — no teachers! Seems they're all in New York improving their minds. It's all just for the day, of course — but we could think of all kinds of ways of improving teachers for longer than that!
- MARCH 10—Harry Savage, First Form Atomic Scientist, born.
- MARCH 16—Michael Ward, Chief Detective for the Mercer Street Irregulars, born.
- MARCH 17—Sure, and if it isn't me old pal Patrick Rulon-Miller, wearing a green top hat, smoking a pipe as big as a shillelagh, and heading the St. Patrick's Day parade down Fifth Avenue! Appears it's his birthday too!
- MARCH 22—Lines from a First Form Poet:
 "Bells ring! Boys cheer!
 Birds sing! Vacation's here!"
 Lines from Another Poet on the Same Subject:
 "Like prisoners from their dungeon gloom
 Like birds escaping from a snare,
 Like school-boys at the hour of play,
 All left at once the pent-up room,
 And rushed into the open air;
 And no more tales were told that day!"
 Other Famous Men who will celebrate birthdays during the vacation,
Clif Elgin, retired F.B.I. investigator, *Bobby Fernholz*, Premier Dancer of the Corps de Ballet, Garden Theatre, *Benny Hubby*, the Broadmead Daniel Boone, *Wayne Birch*, Bass Soloist, P.C.D. Grand Opera Company, *Burke McHugh*, Champion Third Form Sword Swallower and

Athletics

HOCKEY

This season was the most successful hockey season which P. C. D. has had since it started hockey again after the war. The team went through a five game schedule with four victories and a tie. One of the main reasons for our success was due to the goal tending duties of Bill Dorman.

The leading scorer was Harry Rulon-Miller with eight goals and three assists. Other scorers were Levick, 2 goals, 2 assists; Kales, 2 goals; Fairman, one goal, one assist; and Hewitt, one goal. The usual starting lineup was: Kales and Levick at defense, Rulon-Miller at center, Hewitt and Fairman at wings, and Dorman at goalie. The second line consisted of Kerney, Dorf, and Dignan. Other members of the team were Miller, Cuyler, Knipe, Griggs, Cain, Bauer, D'Anns, Urbaniak, and Whitney.

P.C.D. 4, LAWRENCEVILLE J. V. 0

Although we won this game handily, we were handicapped by our bad passing and lack of co-ordination. It was in the second period that we found ourselves and began to click. Notable credit for defense work should be given to Kales and Levick. Scoring honors went to Rulon-Miller who scored all the goals.

P.C.D. 0, CRANFORD HIGH SCHOOL 0

Three full periods and a five minute overtime produced no score. The game was hard fought while we lacked the services of Dignan and Levick because of injuries. The star of the game was Dorman, who made one great save after another.

P.C.D. 5, LAWRENCEVILLE J.V. 4

This time we were up against an improved Lawrenceville team which put up a hard fight. By this time Dignan was back but Levick was still unable to play. Lawrenceville drew first blood by pushing in two goals at the beginning of the first period. Each team scored a goal in the second, but then in the third the fireworks began. We fought back and shot in three goals to Lawrenceville's one. Rulon-Miller was the star, getting three goals and two assists, while Kales put in the winning goal. Fairman also tallied.

P.C.D. 2, BRYN ATHYN 1

From our point of view this game was the worst played of the season. Everyone on the team seemed half awake and one of our star players was injured in the second period. Near the end of the game when they scored their only goal, our whole team seemed almost helpless. Scoring on our team went to Hewitt and Rulon-Miller.

P.C.D. 3, CRANFORD HIGH SCHOOL 2

From the beginning of the game to the end it was hard-fought. In the first two periods we scored all of our goals, and we seemed to have the game well in hand; but near the end of the game with sudden pressure they scored two goals. We were saved only by good defense work. Our scoring went to Kales with one goal and Levick with two.

BASKETBALL

The School team played well in spite of the fact that there were no Sixth Formers on it. This should make for a good team next year. Coached by Mr. Robson and two students in the University, Vic Hall and Don Kennedy, the team won two games and lost seven. Several of the games were close, and the players showed fine sportsmanship in all of them.

In general the basketball team showed fair teamwork, but the shooting was not so good. One handicap was that there were very few boys over five feet six inches tall. John Wellemeyer was the captain.

WITHERSPOON 27, P.C.D. 24

The opening game was played away from home. P.C.D. played hard but was not sparkling in teamwork.

SOLEBURY 21, P.C.D. 11

In a second game away P.C.D. was completely overwhelmed by a superior team. Our main fault, bad shooting, pulled down our score.

VALLEY ROAD 32, P.C.D. 13

In a home game P.C.D. was slaughtered by a far better team. Lack of teamwork and poor shooting accounted for our low score.

P.C.D. 26, SOLEBURY 18

This was a good comeback after being beaten by the same team earlier. Sherry Smith was top scorer with 11 points. Wellemeyer fouled out in a fairly rough game.

PEDDIE 28, P.C.D. 19

Another home game was lost to a faster team. Again Smith was our top scorer with 8 points. Although no one fouled out, there were more fouls than necessary.

WITHERSPOON 28, P.C.D. 19

We were defeated at home with a score identical to that of the game before.

P.C.D. 22, SOLEBURY 18

A third game with Solebury proved a victory for the Blue and White although the score was close. Norm Dorf was our top scorer.

VALLEY ROAD 39, P.C.D. 20

A return game at the Township School found P.C.D. in a slump which continued to the next and last game. Again poor shooting proved to be an Achilles' heel to the Blue and White. Dorf led our scorers with 7 points.

PEDDIE 38, P.C.D. 23

In a second game with Peddie the team showed up poorly while Peddie had improved. Smith scored 13 of our 23 points. P.C.D. committed far fewer fouls than their opponents in this game.

The members of the team were:

Forwards: Dorf N., Ward L.

Center: Smith

Guards: Wellemeyer, Shannon A., Tredennick

Substitutes: Green, Hillier R., Stevens, Wright, Shannon B.

With the Blues and Whites

SCHOLARSHIP

The Winter Term scholarship battle was another close one. The Whites won it with an average of 2.2+ against 2.3— for the Blues.

The Blues were ahead in the matter of boys clear of failures by an even closer margin. They had 33 out of 56 clear, or 59%. The Whites had 32 out of 55 clear, or 58%.

The following boys had no failures during the term:

BLUES—Bales, Bauer, Benson, Budny, Burbidge, Busselle, Cameron, Cannon, Cook J., Cook P., Davison, Dean, Dennison, Estey, Groff, Hamill, Hess G., Hewitt, Hoit, Kerr A., Kerr T., Knipe, Metcalf, Miller D., Miller R., Mullinnix, Odden, Palmer, Peterson, Rulon-Miller H., Shepherd, Stuart, Vollbrecht.

WHITES—Bradley, Callahan, Cuyler, Delafield, Dorf N., Dorf T., Edmonds, Elgin, Fernholz, Green, Hillier R., Hillier W., Kales R., Kales W., Kerney J. E., Kuser, Lee, Levick, Martinelli, McKenzie, Menand, Minks, O'Brien, Osborne F., Pearce, Rosenblad, Shannon C., Shear, Thurber, Ward M., Wellemeyer, Wright.

HOCKEY

The six games of the Blue—White hockey tournament (three varsity and three junior varsity) were as tough, close, and well played as any games all season. Three of the six were ties, and the Blues finally won by the narrowest of margins. Here is what happened.

On the first day the Whites pulled ahead with a tie on the varsity and a win on the J. V. The next day the Blues made up for it with a win on the varsity and a tie on the J. V. The third day things really hung in the balance, but the Blues finally won on the J. V., tying up that division. In the varsity game the Whites were leading by one goal by Fairman. Then in the last three minutes Hewitt scored for the Blues on a lucky shot which rebounded off the goalie. By tying this last game, the Blues won the series by a narrow margin.

SKATING MEET

The Blues won the ice skating meet held on the last two days of the skating season, but only after some of the most exciting races in many years. The final score was: Blues 22½ points, Whites 14½ points.

A little more than half of the Blues' total was made by the Rulon-Miller family. Harry won the Senior individual races, Sumner took third place in the Intermediates, and Patrick added five points by winning the Junior event. In addition to these eleven points, all three brothers were on the Blue six-man relay team which finished in a dead heat with the Whites, giving 2½ points to each side. The All-School relay was won by the Blues.

The results of the individual races were as follows:

SENIORS—1st, Rulon-Miller H. (B), 2nd, Levick (W), 3rd, Kales R. (W).

INTERMEDIATES—1st, Kerney J. E. (W), 2nd, Hubby (B), 3rd, Rulon-Miller S. (B).

JUNIORS—1st, Rulon-Miller P. (B), 2nd, Kales W. (W), 3rd, Raymond (B).

The two relay teams were made up of these boys: Blues—Cook J., Rulon-Miller P., Rulon-Miller S., Urbaniak, Dignan, Rulon-Miller H.; Whites—Clark, Kales W., Martinelli, Kerney J. E., Cain, Levick.

BASKETBALL

The Whites made almost a clean sweep of the basketball series, thus winning the championship for the second year in a row.

In the Senior division, two out of three games were needed. The Whites won the opener 10-8, the Blues won the next 19-8, and the Whites won the deciding game 15-10. The Intermediate Whites won two straight games by scores of 11-8 and 13-6, while the Junior Whites slaughtered their opponents, 10-0 and 3-1.

Hockey League

The "Little League" season of Lower School hockey games was very active this year. As in the past, it appeared that the team which could put the most men on the ice for every game was the one which was able to overwhelm its opponents. Every team played every other team twice; everybody had a good time and learned a bit of hockey.

The names of the teams, their co-captains, and the final point standing were as follows:

1. Princeton (Ackerman, Pearce)	17 points
2. Dartmouth (Hubby, Rulon-Miller P.)	14 points
3. Yale (McHugh, Odden)	10 points
4. Hamilton (Rulon-Miller S., Blaicher)	8 points
5. Williams (Birch, Peterson)	7 points
6. Trinity (Martinelli, Osborne J.)	4 points

The week after hockey ended, the same teams played a round-robin series in basketball, each team meeting every other team once. The results were as follows: 1. Yale (9 points), 2. Williams (8 points), 3. Hamilton (6 points), 4. Trinity (4 points), 5. Princeton (3 points), 6. Dartmouth (0 points).

The School Play

The Dramatic Club will put on for its annual play "Captain Applejack", by Walter Hackett, a three-act mystery comedy. It will be given on Friday, April 13 and Saturday, April 14 at the School Auditorium-Gymnasium. Tickets will be at the usual price of fifty cents for children and a dollar for adults.

"Captain Applejack" was last given by the Country Day School in 1937. It and "Tom Sawyer" are the only plays the School has ever revived.

The officers of the Dramatic Club are Robert Miller, president; Wiley Friend, vice-president; Hugh Fairman, secretary-treasurer.

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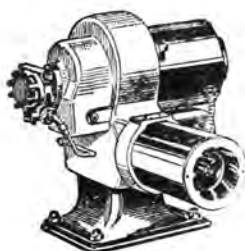
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