

VOL. XXIII, No. 3

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

JUNE, 1951

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

# Blues and Whites

## THE BLUES

## THE WHITES

### SOCCER CHAMPIONS

1930 1944  
1931 1947  
1934 1948  
1935 1950  
1936  
1938  
1943

1928 1941  
1929 1942  
1932 1945  
1933 1946  
1937 1949  
1939  
1940

### HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

1926 1951  
1937  
1938  
1939  
1941  
1948  
1949

1927 1934  
1928 1935  
1929 1936  
1930 1940  
1931 1942  
1932 1943  
1933 1950

### BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

1946  
1947

1950  
1951

### BASEBALL CHAMPIONS

1926 1942  
1930 1943  
1931 1944  
1935 1948  
1937 1949  
1938 1950  
1939 1951  
1941

1927  
1928  
1929  
1932  
1933  
1934  
1936  
1940  
1945  
1946  
1947

**SCHOOL SUPPLIES**  
**Kodaks and Films**

***HINKSON'S***

**74 Nassau Street**

**Phone 112**

**Hickory Smoked Hams**

**Pheasant**

**Hickory Smoked Bacon**

**Squab**

**Hickory Smoked Chipped Beef**

**Guinea Hen**

---

***ROSEDALE, Inc.***

**262 Alexander Street**

**Princeton, N. J.**

**Phone 134**

# SHERWIN- WILLIAMS PAINTS

IT PAYS TO PAINT WITH  
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS  
... Inside and Out



SEE YOUR HOME TOWN DEALER

The R.C. Maxwell Co., Inc.



COVER  
THE  
EARTH

# SHERWIN- WILLIAMS PAINTS

... Inside and Out  
SEE YOUR HOME TOWN DEALER



COVER  
THE  
EARTH



The R.C. Maxwell Co., Atlantic City N.J.

**BOICE LUMBER AND  
COAL CO.**

**Princeton, N. J.**

**DUTCH BOY PAINT—YALE HARDWARE  
GULF FUEL OIL**

***LEWIS C. BOWERS & SONS, Inc.***

**180 Nassau Street**

**Princeton, New Jersey**

**Builders**

**Tel. 2001**

THE PRINCETON HERALD

read . . .

THE JUNIOR JOURNAL

BETWEEN ISSUES OF

OF PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

FOR NEWS . . .

The Princeton Journal

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

JUNE

1951

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL .....	7
SIGNOR G—, by W. FRIEND .....	9
PEANUT FALLS INTO BAD COMPANY, by F. MINKS ....	11
THE DAYS OF OLD, by W. HILLIER .....	11
A ROUGH SPORT, by L. GRIGGS .....	12
THE TWO ENGINES, by W. MENAND .....	13
THE OCEAN, by R. FERNHOLZ .....	14
A DIFFERENT STORY, by R. HILLIER .....	15
CLOUDS, by L. WARD .....	16
CIRCUS TIME, by R. HAINES .....	16
BLIND, by G. DEAN .....	17
KRUGER NATIONAL PARK, by D. LEVICK .....	18
GULLIVER'S VOYAGE TO AMERICA, by T. DENNISON ....	19
HONOR ROLL .....	21
THE CALENDAR .....	22
THE WILD WEST FAIR .....	25
WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES .....	26
ATHLETICS .....	27
"CAPTAIN APPLEJACK" .....	29
COMMENCEMENT .....	30
CLASS POEM .....	32
CLASS PROPHECY .....	33
CLASS WILL .....	34
WITH THE ALUMNI .....	35



# 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
--------------	-----------	--------------------------------------

---

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Vol. XXIII

JUNE, 1951

No. 3

---

## BOARD OF EDITORS

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	- - - - -	ROBERT C. MILLER, JR.
<i>Associate Editors</i>	- - - - -	{ THOMAS DORF WILEY FRIEND GEORGE HESS DOUGLAS LEVICK ROBERT KALES HENRY RULON-MILLEN
<i>Business Manager</i>	- - - - -	HUGH FAIRMAN
<i>Assistant Business Managers</i>	- - - - -	{ WILLIAM DORMAN RICHARD FURMAN JAMES KERNEY GORDON SIKES
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	- - - - -	MR. HERBERT MCANENY

---

## Editorial

Some of us have read in the papers lately about the New York schools where the teachers have been on strike for a year for higher pay by refusing to take part in any school activities outside of classes. Thus athletics, school publications, dramatics, and clubs of various kinds could not be carried on because there were no faculty members to guide them.

This reminds us of our good fortune in having such an energetic faculty, which besides its wonderful accomplishment of getting a sizable portion of knowledge into our heads has worked extra hard on extracurricular jobs.

The job which took the most complete faculty participation was the School Play. Mr. McAneny, the director, put in much extra time to help make it a success; Mr. Ross painted a good part of the scenery; Mr. Robson, Mr. Tibbals, Mr. Gorman, and Mr. Thiel teamed up in building scenery and on the stagehand crew; and Mr. Whitehead took charge of the lights. Mr. Clark

and Mr. Smyth gave one of the best Glee Club performances ever, but while Mr. Clark conducted the songs Mr. Smyth couldn't be there because he was head make-up man for the play.

In sports Mr. Tibbals did a very good job coaching football and tennis and he helped bring the hockey team through an undefeated season. Mr. McAneny produced good results in baseball and soccer, and Mr. Robson's basketball team is improving and should be much better next year.

Special thanks for their first successful year of work should go to Mr. Gorman, who has the tough job of teaching the First Form, and to Mr. Thiel, who has worked hard on improving the Shop. Proof of his success was exhibited at the Hobby Show.

It has been a very successful year, and we sincerely offer our thanks and wish the masters good luck in the years to come.

## DEPARTMENT EDITORS

June, 1951

<i>Editorial</i>	. . . . .	ROBERT MILLER
<i>Dramatic Club</i>	. . . . .	GEORGE HESS
<i>P.C.D. Fair</i>	. . . . .	HENRY RULON-MILLER
<i>Baseball</i>	. . . . .	WILLIAM DORMAN
<i>Tennis</i>	. . . . .	THOMAS DORF
<i>Blues and Whites</i>	. . . . .	WILEY FRIEND

## Signor G—

I paid the chauffeur his fee and started up the steps of the villa. Hassen followed with the baggage. It was a charming establishment in the style of the Italian Renaissance; fountains played in the gardens, and boxwood rose in astounding shapes from the lawns. I opened the main door to allow Hassen to enter with the baggage. As he stepped over the threshold a stunning explosion greeted him. I struggled to my feet and saw that the central building was in shambles and that the interior was rapidly filling with smoke. Looking down at my feet I found Hassen, never to rise again. A large piece of flying glass had split his skull and the brains were oozing out on the mosaic pavement.

A throng of wildly gesticulating peasants was rapidly gathering from all sides. The master of the house appeared pushing his way through the mob. Order was soon restored, some being sent for water, others set to rescuing articles from the flames.

When the situation was in hand the owner of the estate turned to me saying, "— and where did you come from, Signor?" I immediately showed my credentials, explaining that his house had been suggested to me as a stopover. He became all smiles, though his property was extensively damaged, and at once put himself at my service, begging pardon for the recent unfortunate incident.

"But, Signor," said I, "it was not your fault that men continually try to kill. This is the work of G—, an

agent for Comrade K—, who is a member of Stalin's private purging organ. They want my life because I deviated from the party line and saw them in their true perspective. They have followed me from Russia through Hungary and Rumania to Turkey. There I flew to England, hoping to escape them. They found me and I crossed the Channel thinking to sail for South America from some continental port. It is no longer of any use to attempt escape; they will have my life or else. There is but one thing to do—kill as many of them as I can before they get me. Do you know where I can hire or borrow a motorcar? I must follow G—."

My friend immediately offered me the use of his Mercedes-Benz, explaining that he too hated the Communists. I was somewhat loath to take it from him, but finally persuaded him to sell it since he was unlikely to see it again. When arrangements for Hassen's entombment had been made I visited a party member whom I used to know.

With my heart in my mouth I entered his dwelling. Did he know I was a marked man? Posing as a still-loyal party member, I demanded a machine-gun. Taking another chance I asked if he had seen my old friend G— lately. He replied quite cheerfully that G— had been in that very morning to get a land-mine. Before leaving, G— had said that he could be found at the house of a communist friend in a nearby village.

Putting two and two together I concluded that the land-mine was the cause of my unfortunate experience earlier in the day, and that G—— was waiting nearby for news of my death. I shot the proprietor of the arsenal in the back and, after laying in a supply of explosives, set out for the next village. When I had found the sympathizer's home I took no chances and loaded my pockets with hand grenades and placed a small time-bomb in the inside pocket of my coat. Taking a pistol in hand I knocked on the door. No one answered. I knocked again, after five minutes. Still no one answered. I had just decided to throw a grenade into an upstairs window when the door swung slightly ajar.

A low whispering voice asked, "Who is it?"

I gave my former code name and after a moment's hesitation the door opened just enough to admit me. Once my eyes were adapted to the dark I found a small, wizened old man standing before me. Sensing that he also did not know of my banishment, I inquired of G——.

"Ah, Signor," he said, "Signor G—— arrived here early today saying that he had come to rest. Perhaps you would like to rest, Signor? No?"

"Ah—yes, but about G——. He was hardly here an hour when another man came rushing in very excited about something. When G—— heard what he had to say he flew into a terrible rage and cried, 'We must go to Taranto!' He packed up his luggage and was gone like that. Without even eating. Would you like to eat, Signor? I have caviar, herring, and vodka; the strongers all like that."

I immediately decided to proceed toward Taranto. I felt sorry for the deluded old man, but he was aiding my enemies and must go. I left a souvenir, a time-bomb. Though the roads were not good I maintained a high speed at some detriment to the machine. After several hours of such driving I noticed a dust cloud on a turn in the road ahead. Was it G——? I redoubled my efforts and again caught sight of the cloud on another turn. It was closer. A game of nip and tuck followed but just as dusk was settling I came onto a straight stretch of road.

There he was, a quarter of a mile ahead, but he had seen me also. A few bursts of machine-gun fire were directed at me by his companion but they went wild from the motion of the auto. In the meantime I was closing in on them and they began tossing grenades out the windows in an attempt to wreck my machine.

In a few minutes I realized that only one spot about nine hundred feet to the rear of the other machine was dangerous to me. This resulted from the fact that the grenades did not explode immediately but waited several seconds. If I could pass the danger zone unharmed I would be in a relatively safe region of unexploded grenades. I resolved this and pushing the accelerator to the floor came through with nothing more than a broken spring. I aimed my pistol at their right tire. I hit, and the machine veered off the road into a ditch. I grabbed the machine gun and poured round after round into their auto until it looked like a sieve.

WILEY FRIEND (VI)

## *Peanut Falls Into Bad Company*

I have a brown and white spotted fox terrier pup that is about a year old. I have named him Peanut because he was so little when I got him. He likes to tease and torment the cats, but he teased one cat too many.

One night about a month ago he barked at the door to get in. Someone let him in, and for a few seconds nothing happened. Then everyone grabbed his nose, or got up and moved away in a hurry. My mother said, "Get that dog out of here, quickly!" We got him out, but was he a sight! Even the cat ran from him. He had done everything he could to get that smell off. He had rolled in a mud puddle, then rolled in dirt. He kept running around rubbing against things, stopping, then starting to run again as fast as he could. Maybe he

couldn't smell himself so much when he ran, but he couldn't run all night, and we couldn't stand him around. My sister and I put clothes' pins on our noses and gave him a bath. Wow! what perfume! It certainly wasn't made in Grasse. That was the first time Peanut had ever liked his bath. Before, he had always shivered and shook, and moaned and groaned, but this time he was as still as could be, and even lifted up his feet for us to wash them. Still there was some perfume left when we got through; it would just have to wear off. It was a good thing my sister didn't have a date that night.

Now Peanut keeps a safe distance between himself and black kitties with white stripes. He's learned his lesson.

FLOYD MINKS (IV)

## *The Days of Old*

Beautiful were the days of old  
And of them many a story has been told  
When men would write verses  
To fatten their purses,  
When men were galian't  
And knights were valiant,  
When brave Robin Hood  
Dwelled in the greenwood,  
When mighty ruled over meek  
And strong challenged weak.  
Oh, beautiful were the days of old.

BILLY HILLIER (II)

## *A Rough Sport*

It was the wild horse race at the Sheridan Rodeo. This was the last and main event. The prize was \$300, the biggest purse among the events. Twenty-five "green" colts ranging in age from four to seven were brought in, all fresh off the range, never been ridden before. The ropes twirled and settled neatly around the ponies' necks.

We watched the big Swede handle the ton of dynamite in front of us. The rangy colt reared and went to bucking. When the horse came down from a high lunge, the agile Scandinavian grabbed the colt's head in his strong arms. He savagely hung on and finally succeeded in biting the ear of the untamed fury. The animal quieted down almost at once, looking dazed for a moment. The saddle was placed on for the warm up (the saddle is usually put on once to get the horse accustomed to the feel of it a bit more before it goes on for the actual race).

Suddenly the dynamite exploded. The saddle flew up in the air and Swede was thrown about like an old rag. This spooked the other horses on the track, and the whole crowd went to bucking. Ropes shot out once more, and the bellow of the ponies was heard ringing around the rodeo grounds.

When at last all was in order, the judge announced that the race was about to start. All riders and workers helping them saddle up were tense.

Then the whistle blew. Men lunged, horses struck. The big Swede went down with a broken leg, the rider

next to him was blinded by the blood from a cut in his scalp where one of the iron hooves of the horses had caught him.

One horse was loosely saddled, up went the rider onto the back of the horse. Then the fun began. That horse was a limber-backed cross between greased lightning and where it hit. The rider was "setting" him easily, raking him with his taped spur rowels. Now all riders were up. A paint gelding was bucking wildly when he suddenly reared and went over crushing his rider. Another threw both saddle and rider, making both hit the ground at the same time. One boy was just about gone; his horse, a "blind bucker," had plowed through the fence, hanging him up on one of the rails as he went. Some of the horses were running around the track to the left, others to the right. Some, without saddles, trampled the fallen riders who had "bucked off." One horse came tearing down the track like a house on fire; the crowd cheered as he neared the finish line and he spooked. His rider tried to shy him on with his hat, but was left shying a lot of air and dirt. Another rider had his shirt off swatting his balky horse who had stopped fifty yards short of a \$300 prize and refused to go on.

After five minutes of this, one of the seven remaining riders still mounted came bucking across the line. He had no sooner crossed than he jumped off, having had enough to hold him. Then in came the man with the balky horse "fanning" with his shirt as he



came. A third crossed the line soon after, and the rodeo was over. The total damage of the last events, the wild horse race, was as follows: two horses with broken legs that had to be shot, five smashed saddles, seventeen men in the hospital: three

in dangerous condition, ten with broken arms and legs, the rest with concussions, hemorrhages and fractured skulls.

Fun? Maybe.

LARRY GRIGGS (V)

## The Two Engines

One morning in the roundhouse the trains were waking up from their sleep. One of the engines was a small one which just runs around the railroad yard and the other was a big passenger engine. That morning when they were ready to go on their trips the big locomotive said to the small one, "Yesterday I went on a long trip across the country and went up many big hills while you just pulled cars around the railroad yard."

"Well, if you had that much work you'd probably be still asleep."

After they finished their conversation they came out of the roundhouse and began their journey. During that day the small engine just pulled cars around the railroad yard and the big engine who was so proud of himself was on a journey from New York to Princeton Junction. That night when the big engine got home he

started to talk about his trip, which the small engine thought was very boring. That kept happening for the next two weeks and it was getting more boring each time.

One afternoon while the small engine was pulling the cars around, the control man in the control tower got a message that one of the trains had gone off the track and that the machines could not get it on the tracks. He was told to send one of the railroad yard engines to come and pull the train back on the track. It so happened that the small engine got the job, so the engineer got in and started off. In about thirty minutes the engine reached the spot and started to pull the train back on the track.

That night instead of the big engine bragging the smaller engine bragged that he had to pull him back on the track.

WALTER MENAND (II)

# The Ocean

*(An imaginary radio script)*

Announcer: This is Station WXYZ, Princeton's first station. At the signal it will be 8:00 o'clock. Stay tuned for Mr. Ocean Quiz, 30 seconds from now.

Narrator: Just imagine, long ago in the history of the world there was only one big ocean with one continent at the South Pole. As the earth spun around it made this continent break into pieces and these pieces formed the other continents and divided the ocean into separate seas. Today all the continents have been explored but very little is known about the bottom of the ocean. This coming program may help you understand quite a bit about the ocean, with Joe Beels asking the questions and Mr. Ocean giving the answers.

Joe Beels: Mr. Ocean, how did they use to measure the depth of the ocean?

Mr. Ocean: They used to measure the depth by dropping a line with lead weights on one end. This was done even in Magellan's time.

Joe Beels: How is it done nowadays?

Mr. Ocean: They do it now by soundings with a fathometer.

Joe Beels: What is better about the new way?

Mr. Ocean: The old way, when they dropped the weight the boat might have been drifting and the line might be slanting or curved. The new way, the soundings go straight down and register the amount of time it takes for the echo to come back up.

Joe Beels: How do these fathometers work in more detail? How is the sound made?

Mr. Ocean: The sound is made by a small bomb that explodes under the sounding ship. The distance is measured by the time it takes the echo to come back to the ship. There are two or more other ships close by to take the soundings by microphones under the water and record them instantaneously back to the sounding ship to find the exact location of the ship.

Joe Beels: What have they found out with this fathometer?

Mr. Ocean: They have found mountains that they call guyots and they have found how deep it is in different places of the ocean and they have found how the guyots look.

Joe Beels: Who discovered these guyots and what do they look like?

Mr. Ocean: The guyots were discovered by Professor Harry H. Hess of Princeton University. He named them from Guyot Hall, the geology building at the University. These guyots look like underwater plateaus. Sometimes they rise two or three miles from the ocean floor but their tops are always covered with at least half a mile of water. Professor Hess estimates they are about 600,000,000 years old.

Joe Beels: How deep is the deepest part of the ocean?

Mr. Ocean: The greatest depth found is in the Pacific Ocean. It is



30,000 feet, nearly six miles. You could drop Mt. Everest in at that place and it would be completely submerged.

Joe Beels: Thank you very much, Mr. Ocean. This has been very interesting.

Narrator: This program has been brought to you by Squash and Co., the makers of Squashy Tooth Paste.

ROBERT FERNHOLZ (II)

## *A Different Story*

In the early fall I wrote about my fishing hole. In that composition I told of the ground being covered with soft pine needles, the beautiful bushy trees which came right down to the shore, the cool, fresh air, and the chirping of the birds under the bright sun.

Last week, having nothing to do, I went down to the fishing hole to look over the prospects for fishing this summer. As I rode along on my bike, I thought nothing of the fact that I had not been to my fishing hole in six months and that during that six months there had been a hurricane.

As I came closer to the pond, I thought of the sight of the noisy, cheerful and colorful little pond in a world of its own and not of the tangled mass of fallen trees and branches that soon met my eyes.

The beauty and happiness of this little defenseless pond had been destroyed and carried away by the fury of the hurricane with its wind, light-

ning, and rain. No longer was there the pine needle floor but just the dry branches from the huge forms of trees, ripped up by the roots. No longer was there the fresh cool air against your cheeks, but just the motionless, hot and foul air to breathe. There were no birds chirping, and all that had been left behind in their retreat from the storm was a nest, lying on the ground, smashed by the falling of the tree it had been so carefully built in.

The pond's happiness was gone, many years of mother nature's work destroyed by an hour of hurricane. Its beauty is dead, and it will take many years for it to return to its natural state.

After looking around for a long while among the tangled brush I could find only one thing left. That was that the big fish were still there, the only reason I have kept my fishing hole a secret.

ROBERT HILLIER (V)

## Clouds

Clouds are of all shapes: some are like a man's face, you even will be able to find his nose, eyes, and mouth. He might be smoking a pipe. Sometimes when you gaze at the sky for a long time, you are able to see a movie. Then sometimes you may see Thor with his hammer, fighting with other gods, or you may just see great white masses which you wish you were able to draw. But whatever shape they are, the composition is the same. They are merely atmospheric moisture condensed until it is visible. Clouds are also known as upper air fog.

Clouds are formed when the sun warms the surface of the earth; the water reached by its heat loses its liquid form and it is transformed into vapor. This vapor rises and is cooled by expansion into the light upper air. Then it is condensed into tiny particles of snow or ice which form our clouds. Clouds or banks of fog are also formed when winds carry warm atmosphere into a cold region or vice versa; the result is exactly the same

as when you see your breath on a wintry morning.

Clouds are of various colors such as gray, black, or white. At sunset when the sun reflects upon them, they are all the colors of a rainbow.

Every cloud has a name. A Cirrus cloud is a curly white one of crystals, which form high above all other clouds. The average altitude is five and one-half miles. Stratus clouds are the most fog-like and are the ones that are generally nearest to the ground. The average height is three thousand three hundred feet. You will probably find a stratus cloud at early morning or evening. A Cumulus cloud is the beautiful heaped-up mass of snowy white that floats across the sky on a lovely summer day, casting swiftly-moving shadows on the ground. A Nimbus cloud is a rain cloud. It has a grayish color and shapeless form because its lower half contains rain drops. The scientists use the clouds for making predictions of the weather.

LAURENCE WARD (V)

## Circus Time

For days we were looking forward anxiously toward going to the circus. Finally the day arrived and our whole family went to the circus. As it was too early for the circus show, we decided to spend some time at the side

show. Wow! What sights! A giant 7 feet 10 inches tall and right beside him a family of midgets 3 feet tall. I couldn't help overhearing a little boy asking his mother, "Are these little midgets the giants' children?" And at

the next stand there was an armless girl who typewrote with her feet, a sword-swallower, a tattooed man and a magician who called my brother up. We were very excited impatiently awaiting to see what he was going to do with him. Can you imagine, he pulled half dollars out of my brother's ears.

At long last we got ourselves seated and ready to watch the main show. The band began to play. The ring lit up with different color lights. As if from nowhere sprang up elephants doing tricks in one place, tigers, lions and bears all over the place, and how I wished that I had a neck of a giraffe in order to watch all the tricks at the

same time. There was a bit of relief when a tiny motor car arrived, from where numerous clowns came out, and they were so funny our bellies ached with laughter. Suddenly there was a hush. The tight-rope walker was coming across the rope on his bicycle. It was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. Starey-eyed people with their mouths open and all with the same thought, "Will he make it?" He did. What a relief when one heard the band play again. The gates opened and out came beautifully decorated floats drawn by horses, cars, clowns and many other objects of interest.

The circus is over.

BOBBY HAINES (I)

## Blind

December 12, 1943 is a day I will never forget. I was in the Army and our company was making a charge on the enemy line. All of a sudden a mortar shell came screaming down about a hundred feet from us. All the other men "hit the dirt." But I turned around and started running. As I looked over my shoulder there was a blinding crash. Then everything went black.

As I regained consciousness everything was pitch black. I was lying on a bed and I heard the doctor and some of the men in my company talking quietly. From what they said I gathered that there was no chance of saving my sight and that I would be blind for the rest of my life.

Soon I was on an American ship headed for the United States. A few days later I arrived at the Valley

Forge Veterans Hospital. I was taught to read with my hands. This is called Braille. To read Braille you run your fingers over a piece of paper with holes punched in it. The holes are made into different shapes to represent letters. When I had learned to read Braille successfully I learned that I could subscribe to different magazines that were published in Braille. I was amazed and pleased when I found out that my favorite magazine, the Post, was put out in Braille.

A few weeks later as I was enjoying my magazine I thought how fortunate I was compared to some of my friends who had lost their lives, or even their legs or arms. So then and there I decided not to spend the rest of my life complaining, but to make the best of what I had.

GUY DEAN (II)

## Kruger National Park

The largest, and in many respects the most striking, permanent sanctuary of wild life in the world lies in the northeastern corner of South Africa. It is bounded on the north by Southern Rhodesia and on the east by the Portuguese province of Mozambique.

This sanctuary is known as the Kruger National Park. Its total length from north to south is over 200 miles, and from east to west it averages about 40 miles. The Park is in the lower veld and it is drained by seven large rivers which flood a good part of the Park during the rainy season.

The weather from June to September is dry and continually clear. The midday temperature is not much over 75 degrees. From October to April the weather gets hotter and wetter. The temperature averages well over 100 degrees and has reached 120 at times. As the wet weather comes, malaria begins to make its appearance. At this time of year the public is restricted from most of the park. After the rains cease, malaria dies out and the weather becomes much cooler.

The vegetation of the park varies greatly. Most of the northern part of the park is high, so the vegetation is lighter. There are scrubby thorn bushes and small trees, but not much else. However, the southern section is wetter all year round and it is more of a jungle.

The natives who reside in the park are the type which are commonly found in the lower veld. They are

relics of various tribes, usually all classed together by the Europeans as the "Shangans."

The first white men entered this area about 1840. This district was used as hunting grounds and as trading routes between central Africa and the east coast until 1895, when President Kruger made it a wild-life reserve for the fast-perishing animals. The present boundaries were laid out and laws were made forbidding the killing of game.

In those days the natives of the low veld looked upon game as their natural food, in fact as their chief support, and every animal track within miles of a habitation was dotted at short intervals with every variety of snare and other device for entrapping birds and beasts known to the native ingenuity. Besides this, every kraal contained a bunch of nondescript dogs used solely for the purpose of hunting, and a considerable number of the men possessed firearms of one kind or another. It may therefore be realized that it was a hard task to curb animal destruction in the park area.

There are over 150 different types of animals in the park, ranging all the way from mice to rhinoceros. There are no fences bounding the animals in; however, a surveyed boundary has been laid out to restrict hunters. The animals in the park do as they please and are not hindered by humans. Twisting roads traverse the park so that the public can see all the various species of animals. The

people are not allowed to get out of their cars because any animal might pounce on them. Scattered throughout the reserve are places at which people can spend the night.

I think that it is a great spectacle to see all the animals in their natural

surroundings. Their colors stand out much more distinctly and they seem more real. I think this is the greatest game reserve in the world.

DOUGLAS LEVICK (VI)

## *Gulliver's Voyage to America*

I soon grew bored of sitting around doing nothing. So I decided to go on another voyage. I made arrangements to sail on a ship to Ireland as the ship's surgeon.

We had been sailing for several days and the weather was fine, unlike any other of the voyage. Members of the crew were fixing the rigging. Men were climbing up the masts and repairing sails. I was walking down the deck smoking my favorite pipe when suddenly a piece of mast fell and cracked on my head. Everything went dim and I sank to the deck.

Quickly everything changed. I was walking down the deck of the "Queen Mary," a large ship with huge chimneys belching clouds of dark smoke, and no sails were used. The great speed of the ship scared me half to death. Everything was made of a hard strong shiny substance. And all of the people were wearing much different clothing from mine.

I was still dazed when suddenly a member of the crew shouted out, "There's a stowaway on board!" He grabbed me and threw me into the captain's room.

The captain shouted at me and asked me where I came from. I told him I came from England and that I did not know how I got on board. He thought I was insane and had broken away from a hospital. He took me to a small room and bolted the door. There were small round windows in the room and long round rods of glass which shone brightly. These were called lights, but none like I had ever seen.

After three days of travel we came in sight of a strange land called the United States of America. As our ship moved slowly up the harbor I saw many queer sights from my window. I saw buildings which seemed to reach the clouds and crowds of people moving quickly from one store to another. The noise of the people talking and the roar of huge horseless coaches moving up and down the streets made my ears ache. Clouds of smoke and dust moved through the air. This was surely a very busy city. I learned later that this was New York, the largest city in the world. It was named after my own home town.



The captain took me from the small room and insisted I pay a large amount of money for bail. I gave the captain the money, which was half of what I had with me. I then ran from the ship to the nearest store to buy myself a suit of American clothes and then went in search of work for myself. I found work in a small store as clerk.

I rented a room in an inn or "hotel" as the Americans called it. In my hotel room there were several queer objects. One was a small box with two knobs. When one knob was turned you would hear music, when the other was turned it would change the music to a person talking or to different music. This was called a radio. Another box which worked just like the first one had a window in which you could see a person who was talking or singing. It was called a television set. This I was very interested in and watched frequently.

I took several walks and saw other interesting things. Among these were some large objects with wings that looked like birds from a distance. There were called airplanes, and I saw many horseless coaches that made roar-like sounds and were called cars or automobiles.

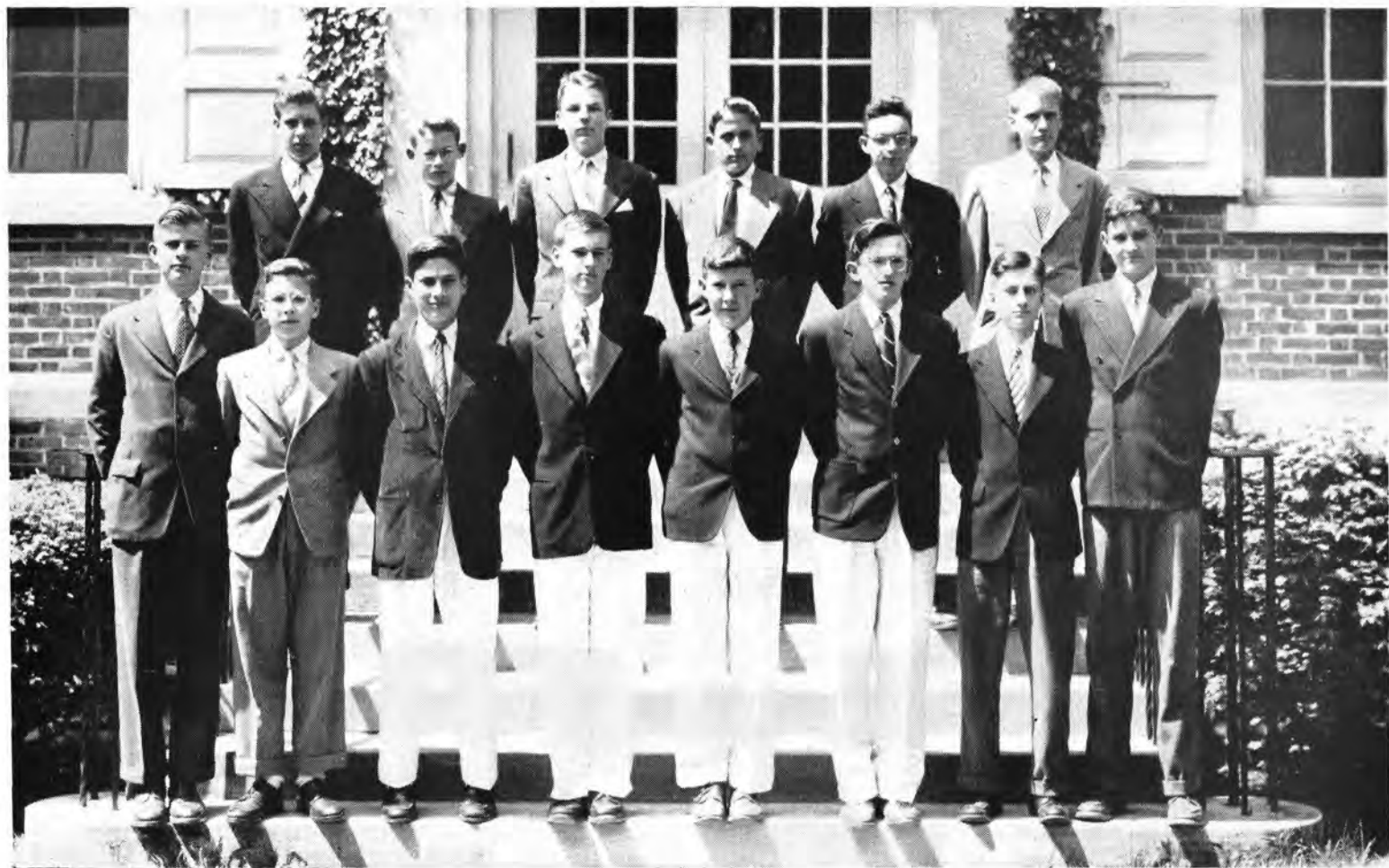
When a person wished to talk with someone else miles away or a few blocks away he used a gadget called a telephone. This looked like a box. A stick which had a place to speak in at one end and a place to hear through at the other end lay on top of the box. When you would speak in it your voice would travel on a magic cable and a person miles away could hear you talking through his telephone. I had a chance to talk on one of these several times but was scared to death of it.

After a while I began to find friends. I was invited on a fishing trip on a small yacht. I bought some equipment and we began the trip. We had caught several very large fish, when suddenly I had a large tug at my line, and since I was not tied to my seat or ready I went headlong into the water.

The shock woke me up and I was on the old English ship ready for Ireland. When I awoke I was being doused with water. One of the crewmen told me what had happened and that I must have been dreaming.

Surely this was one country that I couldn't say existed.

THOMAS DENNISON (III)



THE CLASS OF 1951

RULON-MILLER	METCALF	LEVICK	FURMAN	HESS	HEWITT		
MILLER	DORF	DORMAN	KALES	KERNEY	FRIEND	SIKES	FAIRMAN



THE SCHOOL, 1950-1951



# Honor Roll

SPRING TERM, 1950-1951

TERM AVERAGES

FIRST HONOR ROLL

(90—100%)

PETER COOK  
GRENVILLE CUYLER  
GUY DEAN  
ROBERT FERNHOLZ  
GEORGE HESS  
OAKLEY HEWITT  
THOMAS KERR  
RENSSELAER LEE  
DOUGLAS LEVICK  
MICHAEL MCKENZIE  
FREDERICK OSBORNE  
THEODORE SHEAR  
EDWARD THURBER

SECOND HONOR ROLL

(85—89%)

JOSEPH BUDNY  
SAMUEL BUSSELLE  
NICHOLAS CAMERON  
JOHN COOK  
JOHN DAVISON  
JOSEPH DELAFIELD  
THOMAS DENNISON  
NORMAN DORF  
THOMAS DORF  
LAWRENCE ESTEY  
EDMUND GROFF  
ROBERT HILLIER  
WILLIAM HILLIER  
ROBERT KALES  
WILLIAM KALES  
ANDREW KERR  
PETER KNIPE  
TIMOTHY KUSER  
EDWIN METCALF  
FLOYD MINKS  
JAMES O'BRIEN  
DAVID PETERSON  
HENRY RULON-MILLER  
CHRISTOPHER SHANNON  
RICHARD SHEPHERD  
JOHN VOLLBRECHT  
JOHN WELLEMAYER  
DENIS WRIGHT

THIRD HONOR ROLL

(80—84%)

JOHN BALES  
PETER BAUER  
EDWARD BENSON  
WILLIAM BRADLEY  
HENRY CANNON  
PHILIP D'ARMS  
ARTHUR EDMONDS  
CLIFTON ELGIN  
CHARLES GREEN  
LAWRENCE GRIGGS  
ROGER HOIT  
JOHN KERNEY  
ROGER KIRKPATRICK  
WALTER MENAND  
ROBERT MILLER  
BRUCE MULLINIX  
RICHARD PALMER  
JOHN PEARCE  
CLEMENT PEASE  
ELOF ROSENBLAD  
JACKSON SLOAN  
DONALD STUART  
THOMAS URBANIAK  
MICHAEL WARD

# The Calendar

## APRIL

*The flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la  
Have nothing to do with the case!*

- APRIL 2—Up with the sun this fine April morning and decide to be the first boy at school for the new term—but who should be ahead of me, Ralph, Mr. Ross, Mr. Whitehead, Dick Furman and all the other early birds, but Billy Dorman, wearing a broad smile and a crocus in his button-hole! He's got his clothes on too, but that's only because he thought he'd better get dressed in honor of his birthday. As the mourners gather, Billy receives many expressions of sympathy on the sad fate of having to celebrate a birthday on the opening day of school.
- APRIL 4—Tommy Urbaniak, "Old Reliable" pinch-hitter for the Trenton Tigers, signs a \$50,000 contract and cuts a birthday cake with his favorite bat.
- APRIL 5—Dick Furman, fast-moving Wall Street runner, hustles into the world today.  
Christopher Shannon eats a nice, rich, gooey cake for his breakfast this morning. And why not? It's his birthday, isn't it?
- APRIL 9—Only his father and mother, his classmates, the Bureau of the Census, and representatives of the press know the closely guarded secret that Peter Knipe is celebrating his arrival on this terrestrial globe.
- APRIL 12—After sharing Grenny Cuyler's birthday cake with him, I have a funny nightmare tonight! Find myself in a crowd of people struggling to get into the P. C. D. Auditorium. Before I know it, I am up on the stage, blinking into the foot-lights in front of hundreds of eyes that stare at me and glow in the darkness like rows of electric bulbs. Suddenly I hear gurgling noises behind me. I turn and discover I am being attacked by pirates! On they come, led by a frail little fellow in a plumed hat who dances all around me singing, "I am Sir Joseph Applejack, P. C. D.!" "And we are his sisters, his cousins and his aunts!" scream the pirates. What can I do? In front of me, a vast audience shrieking and thirsting for my blood — behind me, the pirates just shrieking and thirsting. There is only one way of escape. I make a flying leap for a basketball hoop. As I swing out over the audience, I turn upside down, and the contents of my pockets spatter like hail-stones over the entire theatre. "Marbles, all marbles!" I mutter as I fall through the hoop—and wake up.
- APRIL 13—Hear the Dramatic Club is giving a play, so I follow a crowd struggling to get into the P. C. D. Auditorium. "Captain Applejack." H'm—where have I seen that play before? The program says we gave it in 1937, but that was long before my time. Perhaps I just dreamed I saw it in last night's nightmare . . . I settle back in my chair—thoughtfully provided by a local undertaker—and have a wonderful time. Actors, Glee Club singers, scenery crew, director, make-up committee are aces, all aces—and I almost forgot my disappointment that there is no part this year for Ralph, my favorite Dramatic Club star.

- APRIL 17—Peter Cook, popular Millstone River life guard, born.
- APRIL 18—Harry Cannon, old-time Ringling Brothers circus snake doctor and medicine man, takes his first bow today.
- APRIL 23—William Shakespeare, Saint George, and Eddy Benson are among eminent P. C. D. men born this day.
- APRIL 24—The stands are packed and the fans are yelling their heads off as the Umpire calls "Play ball!" — and the Big Time season is off to a terrific start. It's P. C. D.—16, Solebury—1 - - - and even Jack Locke seems willing to admit we have a baseball team!
- APRIL 27—Roger Kirkpatrick, popular singing waiter in a local Broadmead beanery and night club, hums "Happy Birthday" to himself all day.
- APRIL 28—Sounds of reveling and celebration from over Belle Mead way. What's all the shoutin' and shootin' for? Seems it's Rancher Tim Cain's birthday, so some of the hands are whooping it up for their boss man right handsome-like.
- APRIL 30—"Happy birthday, Tommy!" Tommy—*who?* Well, it just goes to show you can't kill two boys with one birthday cake—at least, not when their names are Tommy Dennison and Tommy Shelton!

## MAY

*Then after April comes smiling May,  
In a more sweet and rich array.*

- MAY 1—Bucky Shear, noted author, lecturer, and Crime Committee Investigator, sees in the papers it's his birthday.
- MAY 3—Elof Rosenblad, Daredevil Bicycle Racer and Speed King, whizzes past another birthday milestone.
- MAY 4—Peter Minuit arrives and takes over Manhattan Island from the Indians for a string of beads and a tether bat. A few years and several real estate transactions later, Jimmy O'Brien and Sherry Smith arrive and take over Mercer County for nothing.
- MAY 6—Joe Dilworth, roving Hodge Road explorer and census taker, stays home, for a change, and celebrates the most important day in the year.
- MAY 12—All roads lead to the P. C. D. Bar None Ranch today for the big Wild West Fair. Yes sir, the place is bustin' apart with cowboys, cowgirls, Indians, and dudes from everywhere. General verdict on the shindig: bigger, noisier, funnier, 'n' better than ever. Only silent moment comes as nine old pan-handlers are carried from the baseball diamond, breathing hard and mouthing vows of revenge. Boy, are their faces red! And not with Mrs. Dorf's make-up or war-paint either! Peter Oppenheimer says it's the best birthday party he's ever had.
- MAY 13—Larry Griggs, retired lion tamer, puts in a quiet birthday anniversary by shooting a few foxes, skinning same, roping some ornery long-horns, and rounding up a gang of exploring rattlers.

- MAY 19—"Happy Birthday, David!" David—*who*? Well, it just goes to show you can't kill two boys with one birthday cake — at least, not when their names are David Miller and David Scott!
- MAY 20—Teddy D'Arms, eminent Carnegie Lake star-gazer, takes a squint at the solar system and calculates it must have looked just about that way on the night he was born.  
John Davison is seeing stars too — after his classmates finish giving him those friendly birthday love-taps!
- MAY 28—Faculty Fun Week begins. The annual five-day quiz program gets under way, and everybody has a wonderful time playing Twenty Questions, Stop Me If You've Heard This, Information Please, and Who's Who, What, Where, When, and Why? Aw, stop the music, please, fellas, and give all us Quiz Kids a break!
- MAY 31—Bob Kales, talented pavement artist and paper hanger, born this day.  
Walter Menand, old-time gospel singer and street-corner preacher, celebrates his first appearance on any street today.

## JUNE

*June is bustin' out all over!*

What is so rare as a birthday in June? Seems nobody at P. C. D. thought of being born before the closing of school — so, there's nothing left to cheer about until

- JUNE 4—Commencement! Whoopee! Yippee! And other mild expressions of approval and satisfaction! It's all over but the speeches, the prizes, the cheers, and the good-byes. Among those who will celebrate their birthdays by staying away from school until next September are the following able seamen, bird-watchers, hatchet-men, and cow-hands: Joe Budny, Jeb Stuart, Mickey Shannon, Tim Ward, Joe Delafield, Payson Tredennick, Bob Miller, Frank Hess, Dudley Clark, Clement Pease, Jeff Osborne, George Scott, Eddy Thurber, John Bales, Jimmy Hagenbuckle, Bobby Hillier, Michael Stevens, Arthur Edmonds, Bucky Kales, Dick Shepherd, Brian Shannon, Johnny Kerney, Edwin Metcalf, Denny Wright, Wiley Friend, Denny Dignan, John Vollbrecht, Freddy Osborne, Johnny Martinelli, Johnny Pearce, and

THE BOY WHO SITS BEHIND YOU

## The Wild West Fair

This is the fourth year that P. C. D. held a spring fair, and this year the theme of the fair was the Wild West. Most of the youngsters came attired in the garb of the old West.

The Hobby Show itself was held in the gym. Although the number of hobbies decreased this year, the number of manual training projects increased immensely. Also in the gym were all of the food counters. On sale were all sorts of soft drinks, ice cream, cakes, cookies, and various other foods. The Printing Club had an exhibit and took orders for stationery and other jobs. The Photography Club had its exhibits on the stage.

In the First and Second Form rooms were Science and History projects. One boy made a very interesting miniature planetarium. A marionette show was conducted in the Study Hall, and in the cafeteria Garry Heher '45 put on his magic show.

Outside on the School grounds crowds were all over the place. Some watched the Fathers-Sons baseball game, and most of the others were all over the main fair grounds. The main attractions were the china-breaking concession; the water-soaked sponge-throwing booth; the fish pond; the flying saucers; the turtle races; the pony and surrey rides. Many children got their faces made up, and others had their portraits drawn. The newest attraction this year was a Western singer.

Altogether the fair brought the School a profit of well over \$1,300.



# *With the Blues and Whites*

## SCHOLARSHIP

The Whites again won the scholarship contest in the spring term with an average of 2.3 — against 2.4 — for the Blues. This makes the Whites scholarship champions for the year.

In boys clear of failures the Whites were well ahead. They had 41 out of 55 boys clear, or 75%. The Blues had only 37 out of 56 boys clear, or 66%.

The names of the boys clear of failures are:

BLUES: Bales, Bauer, Benson, Budny, Burbidge, Busselle, Cameron, Cannon, Cook J., Cook, P., D'Arms P., Davison, Dean, Dennison, Estey, Friend, Groff, Hess G., Hewitt, Hoit, Kerr A., Kerr T., Knipe, Metcalf, Miller D., Miller R., Odden, Palmer, Pease, Peterson, Rulon-Miller H., Shepherd, Stuart, Urbaniak, Vollbrecht, Ward L., Whitney.

WHITES: Bradley, Callahan, Clark, Cuyler, Delafield, Dilworth, Dorf N., Dorf R., Dorf T., Edmonds, Elgin, Fairman, Fernholz, Furman, Hagenbuckle, Hillier R., Hillier W., Kales R., Kales W., Kerney J. E., Kirkpatrick, Kuser, Lee, Levick, McKenzie, Menand, Minks, O'Brien, Osborne F., Pearce, Rosenblad, Scasserra, Scott D., Scott G., Shannon C., Shear, Stevens, Thurber, Ward M., Wellemeyer, Wright.

## BASEBALL

The Blues made themselves baseball champions for 1951 by winning on three squads, tying on one, and losing to the Whites on only one.

In the younger forms the color games were played with a lot of spirit this year. The Senior games did not receive as much attention because of the large number of outside games. However, on the Seniors the Blues won both games played, while on the Intermediates the Blues won five out of six. The Third Form was even, with each side winning one game by an overwhelming score. The Second Form Blues won, while the First Form Whites won their series.

The results by squads:

SENIORS—Blues won, 2-1 and 9-1.

INTERMEDIATES—Blues won, 18-0, 7-2, 6-4, 5-2, and 5-1. Whites won, 9-1.

THIRD FORM—Blues won, 9-0. Whites won, 15-3. Three games were tied, 5-5, 7-7, and 3-3.

SECOND FORM—Blues won, 7-1, 7-2, 12-0, 5-4, and 8-1. Whites won, 7-3.

FIRST FORM—Whites won, 10-5, 8-5, 8-7, and 5-1. Blues won, 6-5 and 7-4. One game was tied, 9-9.

# Athletics

## BASEBALL

This year's team won five games and lost five. We beat the Fathers, which we wanted very much to do, but lost to the Alumni. A few games were very well played, but in three games we fell apart and did practically everything wrong. Harry Rulon-Miller (the captain), Oakley Hewitt, and Sherwood Smith turned in some good pitching. There were no outstanding hitters, and the team batting average was .239.

### P. C. D. 16, SOLEBURY 1

Our first game was played at home and was not much of a contest, for the other team had not had much practice. We made ten hits and only two errors. Rulon-Miller and Smith gave up only two hits.

### P. C. D. 6, VALLEY ROAD 2

Valley Road (Township) has always had a good team and gives us a good fight. We made only one error and outscored them although we got only three hits. Hewitt pitched and gave them five hits, only two of which, a double and a home run, helped them to score.

### WITHERSPOON 10, P. C. D. 2

This was the first of our poor games. We made ten errors and could not get a safe hit till two were out in the last inning, when Wellemeyer singled. Rulon-Miller struck out eight men, but some heavy hits plus our bad play made the game one-sided.

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

Although we lost, this was a well played and exciting game, played on the Peddie diamond. Hewitt and Smith pitched well, allowing only five hits and walking five. We could not score till the fifth inning when we got one run, and added two in the next inning. With the score 7-3 against us, we put on a last-inning rally which brought in three runs and just fell short of tying the game.

### VALLEY ROAD 11, P. C. D. 3

In the return game with Valley Road, our batters were nearly helpless. Nine of them struck out in a five-inning game. The opposing team hammered out three home runs, and scored all except two of their runs in a disastrous third inning. Smith was the starting pitcher, Wellemeyer relieved him, and Rulon-Miller finished the game.

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

In spite of the hard hitting of Mr. Rulon-Miller, Mr. Levick, and Mr. Tredenick, the school team came through with a three-run rally in the last inning and won the game on a solid single by Kales after Dignan and Harry Rulon-Miller had hit two-baggers. Mr. Cook and Rulon-Miller were the opposing pitchers, and each gave up only one walk in a well-played game.

### P. C. D. 20, SOLEBURY 4

In our return game with Solebury at New Hope, we thought we would have a closer game but didn't. The best thing about the game was that everybody on the squad had a chance to play. Our team made twenty runs, ten hits, and two errors. The losers made only one hit off Smith.

### WITHERSPOON 11, P. C. D. 3

One bad inning again wrecked our chances as Witherspoon scored six runs on three hits, three walks, and four of our errors. By that time the score was 8-1 and



our efforts to catch up did no good. Harry Rulon-Miller hit a terrific home run but unfortunately the bases were empty. Hewitt pitched the whole game for P. C. D.

#### P. C. D. 6, PEDDIE 3

This was one of our best-played games. We made six hits, five of which helped to drive in runs. Rulon-Miller pitched his best game, as all but one of the 15 Peddieites who were put out were struck out. Kales and Wellemeyer each contributed two hits.

#### ALUMNI 14, P. C. D. 3

Once again the Alumni were too strong for us. Henry Urbaniak, of last year's team, pitched and held us scoreless for six innings, after which Bayard Stockton was rushed to the mound in time for us to get three runs in the last inning. Stanley Wilson, who held the school's highest batting average (.789) when he played here in 1942, showed how it was done by getting four hits in four tries. Mr. Gorman made two hits for the old-timers, but obligingly struck out twice also.

The regulars on this year's team were as follows:

HARRY RULON-MILLER, *pitcher, short stop, outfield*

OAKLEY HEWITT, *pitcher, short stop*

DOUGLAS LEVICK, *1st base*

ROBERT KALES, *3rd base*

EDWIN METCALF, *center field*

JOHN WELLEMAYER, *left field*

DENIS DIGNAN, *2nd base*

SHERWOOD SMITH, *pitcher, right field*

THOMAS URBANIAK, *short stop, 3rd base*

SUMNER RULON-MILLER, *catcher*

*Substitutes:* KERNEY J. C., DORMAN, MILLER R., HESS G., SHANNON A.,  
WHITNEY, CAIN, HILLIER R., GRIGGS.

### TENNIS

The tennis team split even in four matches, winning one from Germantown and one from Hun and losing two to Hun. The squad was cut down to nine boys so that they could play more often. On the team were Tom Dorf, Hugh Fairman, Rensselaer Lee, and Tim Ward, while also on the squad were Pease, Ward L., Cuyler, Hamill, and Stevens.

The first match against Germantown was a success. We won 3 to 1 against a slightly younger team. Lee lost and Tim Ward won in singles. Both doubles pairs won, Lee and Ward by 6-4, 7-5, and Dorf and Fairman by 6-1, 6-2.

We won our first match with Hun also by 3 to 1. Ward lost in singles, 6-4, 6-3, but Lee won, 6-2, 6-2. In both doubles matches we won, both going to three sets.

In a return match with Hun we were overwhelmed, 3 to 0. Hun had found our weaknesses, and we did not win a set in the whole match.

In our last match with Hun we improved slightly because we were now playing on our home courts. Ward and Lee lost in singles, but the same two won their doubles match, 6-3, 2-6, 7-5. The final score was 2 to 1 in favor of Hun.

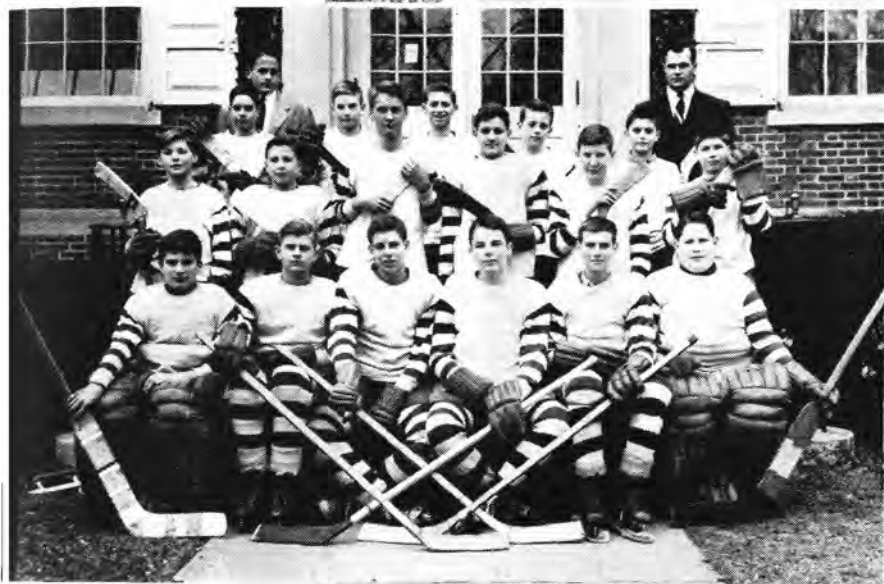
After the season a squad tournament was played. In the semi-finals Ward beat Fairman, 6-3, 6-0, and Lee defeated Dorf, 7-5, 7-5. Lee won from Ward in the finals, 6-3, 6-3.



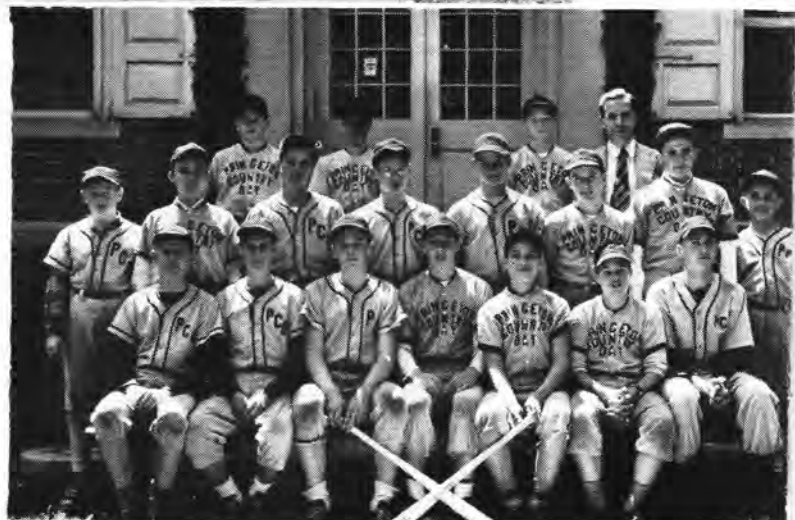
SOCCER

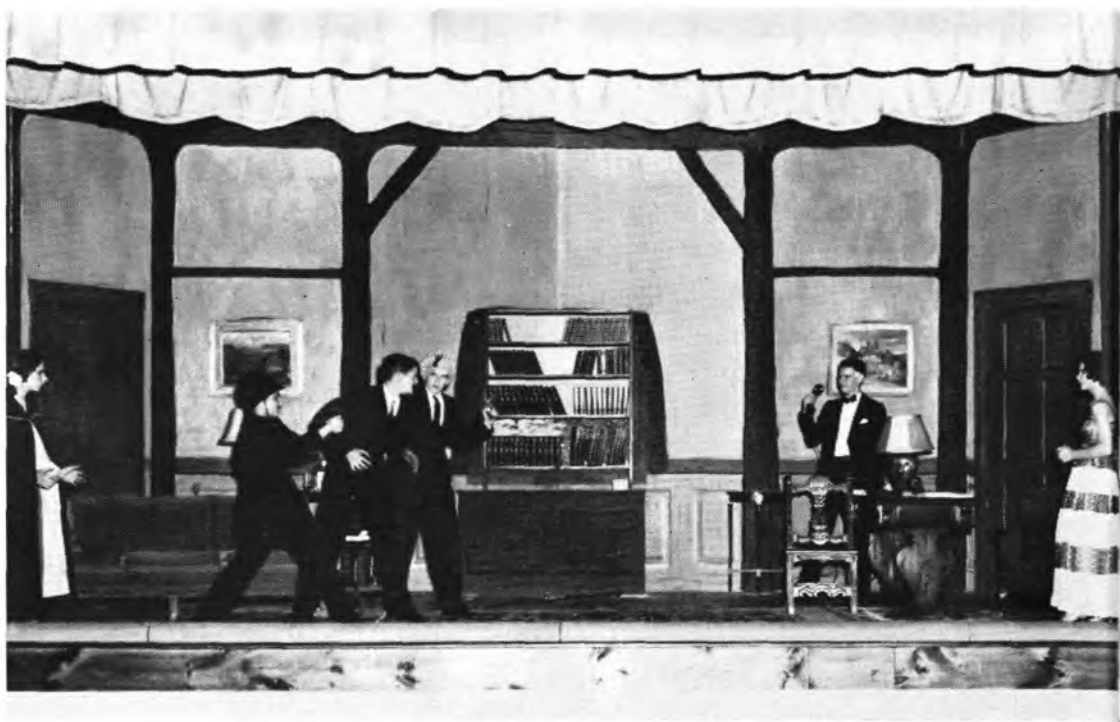


HOCKEY



BASEBALL





SCENES FROM  
"CAPTAIN APPLEJACK"



## "Captain Applejack"

On April 13 and 14 the Dramatic Club presented "Captain Applejack" in the auditorium. The School had given the same play once before in 1937. Although opening on Friday the thirteenth, it was very successful, and a delighted capacity audience called it one of the best plays in years. The acting on the following evening was even better, and several added lines helped rouse some extra laughs.

In the difficult leading role of Ambrose Applejohn, Robert Kales did an excellent job with very spontaneous acting. Douglas Levick did equally well in portraying the imperious Captain Applejack. As the refined but villainous Ivan Borolsky, Hugh Fairman sent shudders through the audience. Richard Whitney played the part of Poppy Faire, Mr. Applejohn's ward, almost as well as a girl.

Timothy Ward's foreign glamor as the charming Anna Valeska, and Bucky Shear as an emotional old lady added noticeably to the comedy. Among the others deserving commendation were Lush, the butler (Robert Miller); the sly Mr. Pengard (Wiley Friend); the hard-boiled Mrs. Pengard (Rensselaer Lee); Johnny Jason, the slick real estate agent (Oakley Hewitt); the fake policeman (William Dorman); and Thomas Kerr who doubled as a beautiful maid and the pirate's cabin boy.

Much of the credit should also go to the hard-working people backstage, including the director, Mr. McAneny, and the stage crews under Mr. Robson, Mr. Whitehead, and Mr. Ross.

The Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Clark, and especially the soloist, Teddy D'Arms, completed the enjoyment of the audience.

The cast of the play was as follows:

AMBROSE APPLEJOHN	ROBERT KALES
CAPTAIN APPLEJACK ( <i>in the dream</i> )	DOUGLAS LEVICK
POPPY FAIRE	RICHARD WHITNEY
POPPY ( <i>in the dream</i> )	THOMAS KERR
LUSH	ROBERT MILLER
MRS. AGATHA WHATCOMBE	THEODORE SHEAR
ANNA VALESKA	TIMOTHY WARD
MRS. PENGARD	RENSSELAER LEE
HORACE PENGARD	WILEY FRIEND
IVAN BOROLSKY	HUGH FAIRMAN
PALMER, <i>a maid</i>	THOMAS KERR
DENNET	WILLIAM DORMAN
JOHNNY JASON	OAKLEY HEWITT
	RICHARD FURMAN
	DENIS DIGNAN
	LAWRENCE GRIGGS
	ARTHUR SHANNON
	LAURENCE WARD
	JOHN WELLEMMEYER
PIRATES ( <i>in the dream</i> )	

# Commencement

The School Auditorium

Monday, June 4, 1951 — 8:15 p. m.

PRESIDING

JUSTICE HARRY HEHER

CHAIRMAN: Board of Trustees

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

INVOCATION

REV. JOHN VERNON BUTLER, D.D.

CLASS EXERCISES

Class Poem .....	{ ROBERT GRAY KALES, JR.
	{ ROBERT CARTER MILLER, JR.
Class Prophecy .....	{ THOMAS ALFRED DORF
	{ HUGH SPENCER FAIRMAN
Class Will .....	{ OAKLEY HEWITT
	{ DOUGLAS GUINNESS GWYNNE LEVICK, III
Presentations by Class of 1952 .....	{ EDWARD FRANCIS D'ARMS, JR.
	{ TIMOTHY EMERSON WARD

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

DR. PAUL CRUIKSHANK

HEADMASTER: The Taft School

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS AND PRIZES

HENRY B. ROSS, M.A., HEADMASTER

AWARDING OF PRIZES

Mathematics (Murch Cup given by Class of 1946) .....	GEORGE BURNS HESS
English .....	GEORGE BURNS HESS
Ancient History .....	{ DOUGLAS GUINNESS GWYNNE LEVICK, III
	{ GEORGE BURNS HESS
Latin .....	DOUGLAS GUINNESS GWYNNE LEVICK, III
French .....	GEORGE BURNS HESS
Endeavor and Improvement .....	WILLIAM RAWLINS LIVINGSTON DORMAN

## CLASS SCHOLARSHIP RECORDS

## HIGH COMMENDATION FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE

Sixth Form .....	{ GEORGE BURNS HESS DOUGLAS GUINNESS GWYNNE LEVICK, III THOMAS ALFRED DORF
Fifth Form .....	{ RENSSELAER WRIGHT LEE, III THEODORE LESLIE SHEAR, JR. THOMAS ALBERT KERR, JR.
Fourth Form .....	{ PETER BIGELOW COOK GEORGE GRENVILLE CUYLER FLOYD MINKS
Third Form .....	{ MICHAEL MCKENZIE DAVID HILL PETERSON JAMES FRANCIS O'BRIEN, II
Second Form .....	{ EDWARD GERRISH THURBER FREDERICK SPRING OSBORNE ERHARD ROBERT FERNHOLZ
First Form .....	{ JOHN HERBERT DAVISON JOSEPH EDWARD BUDNY LAWRENCE MITCHELL ESTEY

## AWARDING OF SCHOOL CUPS

The Headmaster's Cup .....	HENRY GARDNER RULON-MILLER ( <i>Leadership</i> )
The Faculty Cup .....	OAKLEY HEWITT ( <i>General Character</i> )
The Athletics Cup .....	{ DOUGLAS GUINNESS GWYNNE LEVICK, III HENRY GARDNER RULON-MILLER ( <i>Best All Around Athlete</i> )
Upper School Scholarship Cup .....	{ GEORGE BURNS HESS RENSSELAER WRIGHT LEE, III ( <i>Forms IV, V, VI</i> )
Lower School Scholarship Cup .....	EDWARD GERRISH THURBER ( <i>Forms I, II, III</i> )
The Alumni Cup .....	RENSSELAER WRIGHT LEE, III ( <i>Proficiency in Form V</i> )

## AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS

SCHOOL SONG: The School

SCHOOL CHEERS:

Class of 1951 .....	JAMES ROBERT HILLIER
The School .....	ROBERT CARTER MILLER, JR.

## THE CLASS OF 1951

THOMAS ALFRED DORF	ROBERT GRAY KALES, JR.
WILLIAM RAWLINS LIVINGSTON DORMAN	JAMES CALDWELL KERNEY
HUGH SPENCER FAIRMAN	DOUGLAS GUINNESS GWYNNE LEVICK, III
ALBERT WILEY FRIEND, JR.	EDWIN HORTON METCALF
RICHARD HOWELL FURMAN	ROBERT CARTER MILLER, JR.
GEORGE BURNS HESS	HENRY GARDNER RULON-MILLER
OAKLEY HEWITT	GORDON GOWANS SIKES, JR.

## Class Poem

By ROBERT GRAY KALES, JR. and ROBERT CARTER MILLER, JR.

Our class before you now presents  
A passage from our sentiments,  
Which we hope will show in fun  
The ways of the boys of '51'.

Dorf always has his homework done,  
But then comes the great big fight;  
He wants to see Doug's answers  
To tell if his are right.

Bill Dorman is our goalie.  
His defense is strong and stout;  
When he can find no other way  
He moves the cage about.

Hugh Fairman is our tennis star,  
He slices high and low.  
Sometimes he even hits the ball,  
How, we do not know.

Wiley's a genius sure as fate,  
With rocket ships he's crafty;  
His homework always comes in late,  
Things look sort of grafty.

Furman's the Sixth Form socialite.  
With the girls he's handy.  
But when at night he grabs them tight  
They think he's not so dandy!

Hess's the strong and silent man,  
To him Math is a cinch;  
Problems we can't do he can.  
He works without a flinch.

Hewitt's the tall man of the class,  
In Trenton he does stay;  
He's always roaming with the mob  
Who live down that-a-way.

Bob Kales is our class dreamer,  
His mind is in a fog;  
He's thinking of his still at home,  
And making better grog.

Jim Kerney is our sailor boy,  
He sails the mighty blue.  
But when the sea gets really rough,  
His stomach's in a stew.

Levick's popular with the girls;  
When he's around they sigh.  
But when the girls are far away,  
He says, "What! Girls, not I!"

Metcalf's quite a fiend at golf;  
His game is most alive;  
He does the course with 30 shots  
Above par 75.

Miller's the woodsman in our midst,  
Peeping down holes in the ground.  
He'd like to get a ground hog,  
But the critter's not around.

Harry's the school athlete;  
He's better known as Hat;  
And you should hear the girls all yell,  
When "Hat" gets up to bat.

To look at Gordon Sikes you'd think  
That he was meek and mild;  
But a "Sparrow in the Treetop"  
Can drive the poor guy wild!

Now since the year's passed quickly by,  
With shaking hand and misty eye,  
We say farewell to this school so dear,  
And for the place we shed a tear.



# Class Prophecy

By THOMAS ALFRED DORF and HUGH SPENCER FAIRMAN

*Scene:* Office of the Editor of the Alumni column of the JUNIOR JOURNAL.

*Time:* 1973.

*Clerk:* Well, that's all for the class of 1950. Let's see what's happening to the class of '51.

*Editor:* Here's *Tom Dorf*. He's become a designer of women's bathing-suits for the "Diminishing Bathing Suit Company." Says his motto is "The customer is always wet!"

*Bill Dorman* has inherited his father's freezing business. Bill's business always thrives best when things are not so hot.

*Wiley Friend*, mad scientist, after locking himself up for two years in his secret mountain laboratory, has come out with the formula for Desiccating Dry Detergents, or how to wash your hands without water.

*Hugh Fairman*, while listening to Professor Smyth's "Breakfast with Wiley and Dick," Educational Quiz program, started laughing so hard that the audience broke into hysterics, and a minor earthquake followed.

*Dick Furman* is now working in a peanut factory and has written a book on the subject. The critics say, "We have seldom read a book which pulsates with such pure and cherished ideals and at the same time tells you so much about peanuts. An ideal gift for a friend."

*George (Ivan) Hess* after rediscovering the formula for the area of a circle, is head of the Soviet Bureau for Rewriting History on strictly Party lines.

*Oakley Hewitt* is now a member of the bar and is judge for the still pending trial of the "Trenton Six" of which he is the seventh.

*Bob Kales*, inventor of the muzzle-loading machine gun, is now manufacturing government surplus water pistols for "Happy Little Hackers."

*Jim Kerney* has been making a lot of money at job-printing, mostly tens and twenties.

*Doug Levick* is master of ceremonies for the television show "People Aren't As Funny As They Think, Especially Me."

*Bob Miller* has just left for Australia to develop a new breed of kangaroo with hip pockets so that its young can see where they have been rather than where they are going.

*Edwin Metcalf* has just placed sixth in a field of six in the Kentucky Derby on his mechanical horse, Mortician out of Order.

*Harry Rulon-Miller* was the last soldier to reenter Seoul on the occasion of its thirty-seventh capture by United Nations forces. Private Rulon-Miller has just received an award for remaining a private longer than anyone else, a total of nineteen years and the only decoration before this on his uniform was a red spot caused by spilled tomato juice.

*Gordon Sikes*, president of the "Lonely Hearts Club of Central Battle Road" was recently spotted sprinting across the golf course in pursuit of a beautiful red-head.

*Clerk:* Well, that finishes with '51. Say, it's five o'clock. Let's knock off for the day.

# Class Will

By OAKLEY HEWITT and DOUGLAS GUINNESS GWYNNE LEVICK, III

WE, THE MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL, SITUATED IN PRINCETON, IN THE COUNTY OF MERCER, IN THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY, HAVING GIVEN SATISFACTORY EVIDENCE OF BEING AT THIS TIME IN A SOUND STATE OF MIND, DO GIVE, DEVISE, AND BEQUEATH THE FOLLOWING ITEMS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE FIFTH FORM:

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE FIFTH FORM who possess the necessary qualifications, we do give, devise, and bequeath the positions that we now relinquish as officers of the Blues and Whites.

TO CHARLES GREEN, BOB (Rip Van Winkle) KALES wills his temperamental alarm clock, an excuse to be late to school, and also his corrugated tooth picks in prevention against pneumatic-mononeuclosus, commonly known as sagging eyelashes.

TO EDWARD D'ARMS, BILL DORMAN gives his remote-controlled goalie stick to add to his huge coverage of the cage.

TO TIM WARD, HUGH FAIRMAN, who acquired more knowledge this year at Miss Fine's than at P. C. D., bequeaths his miraculous stamina for social engagements.

TO MICKY SHANNON, WILEY (Zoroaster) FRIEND leaves his motto: "I ain't gonna work no more" — in his well-worn book (\$1.50 per copy) entitled, "One Hundred Fool-Proof Excuses for the Modern School-Boy."

TO JOHN WELLEMAYER, DOUG LEVICK wills his temper-raising saying amidst the sweat-ridden disgust of the class, "Ah, it's a cinch, boys."

TO LAWRENCE GRIGGS, JIMMY KERNEY, Lawrenceville's donation to the latest Einstein theory, gives his hard-earned advice to his followers, "To solve a radical, take a spade, and keep digging until the root is reached."

TO ROBERT HILLIER and TIM CAIN, EDWIN METCALF wills his ability to solve math problems by hook, crook, or the answer book.

TO RICHARD WHITNEY, RICHARD FURMAN bequeaths his home hair-styling kit, guaranteed to wrinkle, krinkle, binkle, bend, or bust your cootie crop.

TO LARRY WARD, GORDON (the Supersonic) SIKES bequeaths his diamond studded paper puncher which serves a dual purpose of punching paper and pounding word lists into his head.

TO THOMAS KERR and RENSSELAER LEE, GEORGE HESS wills his ex-African bone bush caller so that the masters will be able to catch George's words of wisdom.

TO PETER BAUER and CLEMENT PEASE, THOMAS DORF leaves his ability to slip in the last word with the teachers, even if he has to slip it in edgewise.

TO DENIS DIGNAN, HARRY (Slip-the-Hip) RULON-MILLER wills his flexible hockey-hips for his bone-jarring kidney-crusher.

TO SHERWOOD SMITH, ROBERT (Bring-em-back-alive) MILLER bequeaths his machete which enabled him to slice his way through the entangled jungles of the great Stony Brook in order for him to relate his tales by bush telegraph.

TO THEODORE SHEAR, OAKLEY HEWITT wills his ability always to get Mr. Clark so confused about gerunds and gerundives that he forgets the assignment.

TO THE MASTERS OF P. C. D., WE, the finest class on record, bequeath our appreciation and gratitude for the fine instruction which we received during the past few years.



TO ALL THE BOYS OF THE PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL, we bequeath the honor of upholding the good name of the School.

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

## With The Alumni

Officers of the Princeton Country Day School Alumni Association who were elected on May 26 to serve for the coming year are as follows:

JAMES CONYERS SAYEN '31, *President*  
TRISTAM B. JOHNSON '34, *Vice-President*  
GEORGE H. GALLUP, JR. '45, *Secretary*  
WOLCOTT N. BAKER '33, *Treasurer*

### NOTICE

All Alumni are reminded that they are members of the P. C. D. Alumni Association whether or not they pay their dues. The dues, which are \$2.00 a year, are being used to build up a scholarship fund so that the son of an alumnus may attend P. C. D.

The first dance sponsored by the Alumni Association was held in the School Gymnasium on May 18, 1951. A committee of which Bayard Stockton was chairman was in charge of the affair, proceeds of which went into the Alumni Scholarship Fund.

The Alumni baseball team whipped the School nine for the third straight year on the morning of Saturday, May 26. Score: 14-3. Those who showed they still have it included Don Stuart '28, Bayard Stockton '29, Frank Gorman '34, Tris Johnson '34, Henry Tomlinson '34 (quite a class, 1934!), Jack Locke '40, Stan Wilson '42, George Gallup '45, Dick Swinnerton '47, and Henry Urbaniak '50.

---

1932

Dr. and Mrs. *Benjamin F. Howell, Jr.*, of State College, Pa., are the parents of a daughter born on May 20. Her name is Bonnie Andrea Howell.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. *David D. Wicks* on April 30. The child has been named Sarah Lansing Wicks.

1934

Mr. and Mrs. *William Henry Sayen 4th* are the parents of a son who was born on April 25. Mrs. Sayen is a sister of Bill Guthrie '40.

1935

The engagement has been announced of Miss Eleanor M. Stott, of Morrisville, Pa., to *Donald R. Young*.

1937

*Harold I. Donnelly* was married on March 17 to Miss Ellen L. Taylor in Rapidan, Va.

1941

*Elwyn B. Quick* was married to Miss Hazel L. Syverson on April 6 in Berkeley, Cal. His address now is 2434 Bryon Street, Berkeley, Cal.

1942

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Adelaide A. Comstock, of Princeton, N. J., to *Frederick N. G. Roberts*.

1944

June 15th is the date of the wedding of *Alfred W. Gardner* and Miss Sandra Hebard, of Princeton, N. J.

A letter was received from *Nicholas Gordon-Lennox* regretting his inability to attend the Alumni Dance. It was written on the stationery of The King's Royal Rifle Corps and mailed somewhere in Germany.

1946

*Brandon Hart* was a member of the Princeton Freshman heavyweight crew this spring.

1947

*Malcolm Peyton*, a Freshman at Princeton, was highly praised for his performance in the title role of Pirandello's "Henry IV" with the Princeton Theatre Intime.

*Peter Rossmassler* played on the Princeton Freshman hockey team.

*Noel Stace*, a member of the Deerfield swimming team, received the Swimming Cup for outstanding performance in the pool. This spring he was on the track team.

1948

*Charles Bray* was elected to the Cum Laude Society at Deerfield. He has also won an NROTC scholarship and will enter Princeton in the fall.

*Harold Elsasser* was another of the 1800 successful candidates out of 34,000 who competed for NROTC scholarships. He was captain of the hockey team at Lawrenceville this winter.

*David Harrop* captained the Deerfield hockey team this winter and was elected to the Cum Laude Society.

*Pratt Thompson* was manager of the golf team at Taft, and has been admitted to Princeton next fall.

*Jack Wallace*, who graduates from Hotchkiss this month, was another of the successful candidates for NROTC scholarships.

*Roger Wood* played varsity basketball and was on the track team at Taft. He was elected a school Monitor, and has been admitted to Princeton.

## 1949

*Bob and Bruce Dennen*, who used to catch and pitch respectively on the P. C. D. team, have been appearing in the same positions on the Exeter baseball team this spring. The twins were elected co-captains of the Exeter hockey team for next year.

*Peter Lindabury* has been made chairman of the "Record," literary magazine at the Hill School.

## 1950

*Michael Erdman* played first defense on the Deerfield hockey team, and this spring played J. V. lacrosse.

*David Flanders* is photographer for "The Lawrence," weekly school newspaper at Lawrenceville.

*Jack Lapsley* was on the 3rd Isthmian hockey team and rowed on the 4th Halcyon crew at St. Paul's. He is also a member of the Scientific Association and the Missionary Society.

*Kenneth Moore* played house baseball and had a small part in the Lawrenceville school show, "To High Heaven."

*Nat Smith* was on the Taft J. V. wrestling and track teams.

*Richard Stillwell* is in the Navigation Club at Taft.

*Henry Urbaniak* has been getting an 89 average at Lawrenceville, and was short-stop on his house baseball team.

*Bill Wallace* has been catcher on his house baseball team at Lawrenceville.

*Compliments of*

**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
OF PRINCETON  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY**

*Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation*

**COUSINS COMPANY**

**INC.**

**51 Palmer Square West**

**Princeton, N. J.**



## THE MUSIC SHOP

16 Nassau Street

*Real  
Estate*

EDMUND  
**COOK**  
& COMPANY  
REALTORS-INSURANCE  
190 NASSAU STREET  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY  
TELEPHONE 322

*Insurance*

## HEEREMANS

*THE PRINCETON FLOWER SHOP*

Phone 962

144 Nassau Street

Princeton, N. J.

**WALTER B. HOWE, Inc.****Real Estate****94 Nassau St.****Insurance****Telephones 95 and 96****Princeton, N. J.****THE SANITARY COAT, APRON AND  
TOWEL SUPPLY COMPANY****Trenton 9349****100 Ward Avenue, Trenton, N. J.***Louis B. Shipper, President***INVESTMENT SECURITIES****W. E. Wetzel & Co.****Tel.****Trenton 8251****1 W. State St.****Trenton, N. J.****JAYSON****Shirts****Pajamas****Sport Coats****Slacks****Neckwear****Halfhose****W. H. LAHEY****150 Nassau St.****Opp. Firestone Library**

***RENEWICK'S COFFEE SHOP***

**Excellent Food**

**Soda Bar**

**50 Nassau Street**

***"A PRINCETON LANDMARK"***

***Compliments of***

**THE DIELHENN MUSIC SCHOOL**

**18 Nassau Street**

**Princeton, N. J.**

**Steinway Hall, New York, N. Y.**

**Phone 2516**

**PIEDMONT LANDSCAPE CO.**

**Russell M. Bettes**

***Landscape Design  
and construction***

**262 Alexander St.  
Princeton, N. J.**

***Arthur J. Turney Motor Co.***

**Telephone 2070 — 2388**

**255 Nassau Street**

**Dodge - Plymouth Sales and Service**

**Princeton, N. J.**



**THE FARR HARDWARE COMPANY*****HARDWARE and HOUSE FURNISHINGS*****Telephone 67****138 Nassau Street****Princeton, N. J.****STUDEBAKER*****SALES AND SERVICE*****KENNETH M. DOTEN****University Place*****H. J. FRAZEE*****SEA FOOD MARKET****3 Hulfish Street****Princeton, N. J.****Telephones 72 and 73*****Pontiac Sales and Service*****TITUS MOTORS****19 Witherspoon Street****Princeton, N. J.*****GOOD WILL USED CARS*****Telephone 3464 and 3465**

**MILHOLLAND & OLSON, Inc.**

8 Stockton Street

*INTERIORS*

*ANTIQUES*

**CLEAROSE STUDIO**

148 Nassau Street

Princeton, N. J.

Phone 1620

**Portraiture, Framing and  
Art Reproductions**

**F. A. BAMMAN, Inc.**

10 Nassau St.

Wholesale and Retail Grocers

**FANCY GROCERIES    IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC**

In fact, anything and everything that constitutes  
an up-to-date Grocery

**TELEPHONE EXCHANGE 1282**

*Fruit Baskets and Oversea Packages a Specialty*

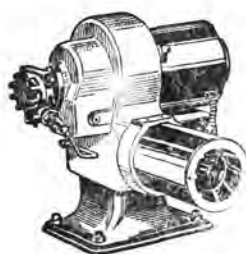
**TELEPHONE 641-J**

**GALE**

**DRY CLEANING**

38 Witherspoon Street

Princeton, N. J.



***Philip J. Golden, Jr.***

**Plumbing and Heating**

**Princeton-Kingston Road, R.D. 1**

**Princeton, New Jersey**

**Phone 1190-W**

***NEW INSTALLATIONS***

***REPAIRS***



**GITHENS,  
REXSAMER  
AND  
CO.**

***QUALITY FOODS SINCE 1861***

**Philadelphia 6, Pa.**

Phone 9686

Est. 1905

***Trenton Window Cleaning Company*****Building Maintenance  
Janitorial Service****203 East State Street****Trenton 8, N. J.**

Phone 9664

**VAUGHN & ROCKNAK****Gas Oil Lubrication Repairing****235 Nassau Street****Princeton, N. J.**

A neat and tidy head of hair is always the outstanding feature of a smart appearance. It is therefore necessary to use a preparation that will keep the hair in position all day. Hence the reason why you should use Oleaqua. As a hair tonic, Oleaqua has a most gratifying record as a real effective dandruff remover.

**Mfg'd and Sold By Jack Honore's Barber  
Shop, Opp. Holder Hall. Next to Langrock**

# *FLORSHEIM SHOES*

*FOR MEN AND WOMEN*

**HULIT'S SHOES, INC.**

**140 Nassau Street**

**Princeton, N. J.**

**Phone 1952**

# **VOGEL BROTHERS**

*SCHOOL CLOTHES*

*FOR TEEN AGE BOYS*

**THE PREP SHOP**

**12 Chambers Street**

**Princeton 2450**

*Established 1911*

*Phone 225*

**DANIEL M. CARUSO**

**Custom Tailor**

**8 Palmer Square East**

**Princeton, N. J.**

- Factory Trained Mechanics
- Modern Equipment
- Factory Engineered Parts
- OK Reconditioned Cars

**GERBER CHEVROLET CO.**  
354-362 Nassau St.                      Telephones 430 — 1272

**Convenient Spring Shopping**  
at

**Z A V E L L E ' S**  
**BOOKS — GIFTS — TELEVISION — RADIOS**  
**RECORDS — EDUCATIONAL TOYS**  
Phones 813 and 1730

**COMPLIMENTS**

**OF**

**A FRIEND**

***PHILLIPS & GODSHALK CO.*****Makers of Good Printing**

- BUSINESS FORMS
- BOOKLETS
- PROGRAMS
- SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS
- CONSTITUTIONS AND BY-LAWS
- CONTRACTS AND AGREEMENTS

**215 Perry St.*****PHONE 5-6210*****Trenton, N. J.****Phone 606****Estimates*****R. F. Johnson*****Electrical Contractor****35 Park Place****Princeton, N. J.**



*Compliments of*

RADIO CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA

RCA LABORATORIES DIVISION

Princeton, New Jersey

