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JUNIOR JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1956

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JUNIOR JOURNAL

JANUARY 1956

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Junior Journal

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

Subscription	} \$1.50 the Copy } \$4.50 a Year
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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

VOL. XXVIII

JANUARY, 1956

No. 1

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EDITORIAL

As the year 1955 drew to a close, we all experienced our holiest and merriest holiday, Christmas.

Looking back on this year with all honesty, it would now be helpful if we could each think of ways that we could have done a better job, been a better person, shown better sportsmanship. How do we feel about the results of our efforts in scholarship? Any improvements needed? Let's work harder in '56 to get that 80% School Average, and earn that holiday! The result of your good work is not only beneficial to your Color and to the School, but is pleasing to you.

Let's co-operate with the Prefects in the halls. They are doing a job for the good of the School and incidentally helping you to keep out of trouble.

So, with the passing of Christmas and coming of the New Year, let's make a resolution to try hard in 1956, shine up our halos, and live up to our School motto — "Manhood, Learning, Gentleness."

WELCOME MR. McCAUGHAN

This year P.C.D. welcomes a new member to its faculty. Mr. Wesley McCaughan, an English major and war veteran, is a graduate of Rutgers and the Trenton State Teachers' College. He teaches Math and English to the lower forms, as well as heading a new and very popular activity, the Chess Club. Mr. McCaughan lives here in Princeton with his wife and three little girls. He formerly taught at Lawrence Junior High School and at Allentown High. Mr. McCaughan is a welcome addition to P.C.D.

WHO'S WHO

1955-56

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THE BIG CATCH

By WEBB HARRISON (V)

The water was quite rough that late October day on Howard Jenkins' little four-car ferry. I was going to Madeline Island, one of the many in the Apostle Islands, to try to find the cause of the lack of fish in the fishing industry. I am a scientist that James Booth, the owner of the Booth Fisheries, selected for this job. This, however, was not my first encounter with Madeline Island, for as a boy I spent many summers there.

Finally we tied up at the small town dock and I drove to the island's only hotel, the Chateau. After I had settled down, I called the Hagens and asked them if I could go out on their fishing boat while they hauled in the nets. They said it would be fine, and told me I was to be there at six o'clock sharp.

I managed to be there the next morning in time, and we were at the first net just as the sun began to rise. What a sight that is! After pulling in the nets, we found only six fish. They consisted of four whitefish and two lake trout, which is a surprisingly small catch. We went through a few more experiences like this until suddenly I heard Frank Hagen say, "Hey, George, I think we've got a big load here. Feel how heavy it is."

"Well, I'll be doggoned. This feels like the good old days," George Hagen called out.

A few minutes of strenuous labor and they had the net up by the side of the boat. Then a gasp of horror and a wild scream that shattered the silence like a bullet brought me running to the side of the old boat. There I saw a sight that haunted my dreams for years. A dead Indian lay in the bottom of the net. His skin was wrinkled from his stay in the water. His body was blue, the most horrible shade of blue I have ever come across in my life. His face had the most awful expression that I have ever seen, and his eyes seemed to bulge with fear and horror. Right then I knew what a terrible death he had had in drowning.

After that unpleasant and strange episode, the fishermen went around to the rest of the nets and back to shore, the body in with their catch. Just as we were nearing shore I said, "You won't be needing me any more, I guess. I hope the business picks up for you, and I don't think you'll have much trouble with the Indians robbing your nets after this."

"Nope, I guess we won't. Steve Navagoo, this Indian we found in our nets this morning, was the only one that gave us any trouble. Now that he's dead I think the old business should be getting better," George said rather happily.

By this time they had docked the boat, so I thanked them and started

back to my hotel to check out. On my way, however, I passed Leo Casper's little bungalow and I decided to stop in and tell my good friend of my strange experience. Leo and I had been great friends ever since the summers we spent together when we were boys. After all the formal greetings and such, Leo and I talked about old times over a cup of hot tea. Then I told him of the mysterious happening of the morning. Leo was very interested and curious about the matter, which surprised me, for he didn't show interest in something without reason. Soon Leo's wife, Martha, interrupted our conversation by offering another cup of tea. When it was refused she sat down and gave us some of the town's latest gossip. "Leo, have I told you that poor Mrs. Whitman has been taken ill?"

"Oh, Martha, you're always gossiping," was Leo's reply.

Then the conversation drifted back to my experience and suddenly, just out of the blue, Leo jumped up and said, "Webb, I'm going over to the Hagens. If you want to come with me you can. I think something's a little strange about this whole set-up."

A few minutes later we were at the Hagens' house, where we found the two brothers cleaning the fish. After asking permission, Leo started looking at the body and he smelled the Indian's lips. Also, he found on the Indian a group of small puncture wounds. He suddenly asked George

if he had caught any strange fish that day.

"As a matter of fact, I have," George answered. "I caught two lamprey eels which were already dead when I pulled them in."

"Thank you very much for the information, gentlemen," Leo said, and with that we hopped back into the car and were on our way back to my friend's house. There, without a word, he went to his library and started looking through a medical book. His library was very elaborate, for he was an author. Soon he placed the book back in its shelf and took out his pipe, lighted it, and then sat staring into the fire in deep concentration. I thought this was a good time to leave, so I took my cue and drove back to the hotel.

Later in the evening I went back to his home, but his wife told me that he had gone to Ben Whitman's house. So I went over to Ben's house where I found a group of men, including the constable, surrounding Ben, who had a pair of handcuffs on.

"What's going on here?" I asked stupidly.

"Steve Navagoo was poisoned by Ben Whitman," Leo responded casually.

"But why?" I asked impatiently.

Leo replied, "His wife has been very sick and he needed money badly to pay for her medicine, so he started selling moonshine whiskey to the Indians. But something went wrong with one batch of it and Steve Navagoo threatened to tell the

authorities, because he was angry at getting bad whiskey. Ben took some strychnine, which is the medicine his wife is taking, and poisoned the Indian. He then placed the Indian in the net to make it look like he drowned. Is everything clear?"

"Well, almost everything, but I still don't see how you knew he was poisoned, and how did you know he was selling moonshine whiskey?"

"I knew he was poisoned because of the smell from his lips and because of the lamprey eels which had sucked the blood from him and then died. Also, the water was too

rough that night for anybody to rob the nets. I knew he was poisoned with strychnine on account of my medical book. Tonight I followed Ben out to the place where he makes the whiskey, and there the constable and I got a confession out of him."

"There's just one more thing," I said. "Why has there been a lack of fish this year?"

"Because of the lamprey eels who attach themselves to the fish and drain them of their blood, obviously," answered our detective.

With that I gave up and went home.

DEPARTMENT STORE SANTA CLAUS

By JOSEPH SMITH (III)

My name is Pete Jones. People ask me what I do for a living. I'll tell you. I'm a department store Santa Claus.

My first day on the job didn't go very well. A boy got me off to a bad start by asking where my reindeer were. Without thinking I said that they were being overhauled in a downtown garage.

Nearby a spaceman was signing autographs and he was getting all the attention, but the moment the kids heard about my reindeer there was a mad rush to me. I was in business! Not only were there children in the audience, but there were adults too. Every clerk and floorwalker lent an ear.

One little girl asked me where

Mrs. Claus was. Again, without thinking, I said she was playing Canasta with the neighbors.

A few ten-year-old boys climbed up on my knee and jumped up and down on it. I still don't know why my leg didn't break!

But that wasn't the real trouble. Towards the end of the day a boy came in and whispered something to another boy. They chuckled over it and one of the boys walked up to me and pulled my whiskers off. I was never so embarrassed in my life.

The next day the headlines in the papers were, "Local Boy Pulls Off Santa's Whiskers!" That day the store was packed to see Santa. I was smart to leave my beard off that day. The boss gave me a raise!

BROWNIE'S OPERATION

By RUSTY EDMONDS (IV)

I am a little brown dog with big brown eyes and weigh about 15 pounds. I love to go for rides in the car with my master, Mr. Brown.

One day Mr. Brown called me and I came running up wagging my tail and jumped up and down with joy to know we were going for a ride in the car. Not long after, we were entering a long lane which led up to some buildings. Soon we drove up in front of the biggest of the buildings. Getting out I wondered why on earth we were coming here for my walk. He led me into the building and soon a man in a white coat came and started poking me in the belly. After a little of that he told my master I would have to have an operation.

"What's that?" I asked myself.

Then still another man came into the room and picked me up and took me down a long hall and put me in a big white cage that had a big barred-up door.

"Oh, goodness! Where's Mr. Brown?" I cried out to the man. I thought he was deaf, because he didn't even answer.

The next morning I was awakened by a lady with a white cap and dress. She opened my cage and reached in and, taking me about a quarter of the way down the hall and turning into the second door on

the left, she set me on a table. Then in came that doctor that had poked me in the belly the previous day. But this time he was a lot friendlier. He just practically knocked me on the floor patting me, but in a friendly manner.

Before I knew it they had this buzzing thing buzzing around the roof. I found out that they could pull it down from the roof, but a wire kept it from falling.

Then the nurse grabbed me and held me on the table. And then guess what they did! They had enough nerve to run that terrible terrible buzzing thing down my leg, taking hair off as it went. Turning me over on my back they shaved some hair off my belly. After all of this fuss they took me over to a bathtub and started washing and spraying me. I just hate baths, so I tried to bite the nurse who held me so tight. You just can't get away with that though. Then, even worse, they took me back to that table with the buzzing thing hanging low overhead. The doctor then got a long glass tube with a needle on the end of it. The nurse tightened her hold on me and I felt a sharp sting in my leg and started to get sleepier and sleepier. After that I don't know what happened at all.

Up until now I have never found out what they did.

HALLOWE'EN FACES

By RICHARD ROTNEM (V)

It is Hallowe'en, which to most people means Trick or Treat, and, to most young people, Trick or Treat means going from house to house greedily collecting candy. There are always a few places which don't have any candy or have run out of it, and this, of course, means a few soaped windows or the like. I have, in the past years, run into many types of people and I have come up with four main groups, each with many variations of people in them. The Big Four are (1) **Old People without candy**, (2) **Old People with candy**, (3) **Newly-weds and Middle-aged People**, and (4) **The Money Givers**.

In the group of **Old People without candy** there are a few typical ones whom I have seen over the years.

First, there's the old man who says, "Sorry, sonny, my wife's been sick all week. So beat it."

Then there's the old woman who says, "Beat it, boys, my husband's sick and I ain't got no candy."

Next is the grouch who says, year after year, "Well, maybe next year I'll have some."

In every town there is a person who has the feeble excuse that he doesn't have any money to buy candy. Most of these people live in huge houses.

Another typical person is the old lady sitting in front of the fireplace

doing her knitting. You ring the door bell, thinking this will be a cinch, when her pet Great Dane comes tearing around the house. Most boys will make a quick exit before the little old lady can get to the door.

You can't forget the poor old lady who has completely forgotten about Hallowe'en, but be sure to get her telephone number so that next year you can call her up the day before Hallowe'en and remind her to buy some candy.

The next group of people is the **Old People with candy**. The first person in this group is the old man and his wife who live in a huge mansion. Most of these people have a table piled high with all sorts of good things to eat.

The lady who comes out and wants to know everybody's name can't be forgotten either.

Older people love to play bridge. Well, lots of people seem to play bridge on Hallowe'en. One person left a tray on her doorstep. It was filled with candy which was very good. There was a sign on top which read, "HELP YOURSELVES," and we did. If that poor lady only knew how early her candy disappeared!

Along with the other old women comes the type that say, "My, you boys are the biggest I've seen all evening. I know you'll have to have a lot of candy to keep you going."

At this she takes our bags and almost fills them to the top with everything under the sun.

Along with the previous type comes the old lady who says, "You boys are the biggest I've seen tonight." At this she generously gives us a peanut. (What a haul!!!)

Belonging to the friendly type is the lady who uses her home. She asks you to come in and sit down on the couch, and then she brings in a tray piled high with cider, donuts, cookies, candy, peanuts, lollipops, and much more, and, not knowing boys, says, "Help yourselves."

The old lady that I always like to meet is the kind that has forgotten all about Hallowe'en, but instead of pushing you on, she goes into the kitchen and brings out the cookie jar. These cookies are always much better than the ones you would ordinarily get.

There are some very different types of people in the group of **Newly-weds and Middle-aged People.**

At one time or another most of us come across the family that has lots of little children running around, and when the mother or father goes to get the candy they find that it has been eaten up. (As Aesop's fox would say, "It probably wasn't any good, anyway.")

Inside the modern house you can see a man working hard over some papers. You ring the door bell—no answer. You ring again—no answer. This man gets soap on his windows.

Quite often people that have just come home from a party can be found, but a really good catch is to find a couple with an early hang-over. When I say "find"—that's all. Try to soap their windows and the man would probably come out with a shot gun.

In the fancy part of town, as you're walking up the driveway to a fancy house, you think, "Oh, boy, what a haul we'll get here." A butler answers the door. He has a huge gold platter and on it is the most awful looking stuff I have ever seen. You certainly can get fooled.

Among the others there is the wary type. Instead of acting like a normal person, she sticks her head through the window. She then goes back into the house and through a tiny slit in the door sticks a few tiny lollipops.

The kind that always starts out badly, but ends up very nicely, is the dinner party. The host answers the door. He then wants all of you to meet his guests. This is rather embarrassing, especially if there is someone at the party whom you know, but the good part comes when they give you a part of their roast beef, steak, or turkey.

The fourth and last group is the **Money Givers.**

First in this group is the rich man who gives one-dollar bills. Unfortunately, these are the rarest cases in all of the four groups.

The second type is the man that gives out pennies. He is not as

rare as the previous one, but, still, once the word leaks around, his house becomes very popular and he becomes discouraged and gives no pennies the next year.

Another type has a huge bowl filled with pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, and half-dollars. There are, however, two catches. You have to be blindfolded and you must

use a teaspoon that is so small that it does not hold much.

There is a squealer that gives no money, but tells who is giving out money. Upon arriving at the recommended house you find that there is no money being given out after all.

There is one thing wrong with the **Money Givers** group, and that is there are very few of them.

NO SCHOOL TODAY

By DANIEL QUICK (VI)

On the eve of Ione's intended arrival
While South Carolina fought for survival,
I lay in my bed all cozy and warm
And thought of this poem concerning the storm:
With the hurricane terror drawing nearer and nearer
Visions of trouble came clearer and clearer,
For she was the mightiest storm of them all.
The strongest, most violent storm of the fall.
I had hope that the school might close
And the next day though I could do as I chose,
For without any school, and my homework all done,
There'd be one whole day of nothing but fun.
I rose next morning with a beaming smile
And to seven-ten I turned my dial,
For I had to hear John Gambling's show
To see if the school would close for the blow.
At seven o'clock I had plenty of courage,
But by eight o'clock I was plumb DIScourage'd;
At eight-fifteen I'd lost all hope
And went off to school to grieve and mope.
Those were my thoughts of the preceding night:
But the following morn as soon as 'twas light
I turned that same dial to seven-ten
And listened, and listened, and listened, — and then
At seven-thirty-nine of that fateful morn
John said, "P.C.D. will be closed for the storm."

NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

By DAVID SCOTT (VI)

Paris, July 2: The prefecture of police arranged a display of fakes shown at the Louvre during the summer. This included fakes of famous paintings and other works of art to warn tourists that every painting they see that is for sale and is said to be a famous painting is not necessarily one at all.

A cable was received at the Columbia Broadcasting Company's office in Paris. The cable read as follows: "Blair Clark, Columbia Broadcasting Co., Paris, France, Make recording of exhibit at the Louvre to be broadcast at 11:00 P.M. tonight."

My Uncle Blair received this cable five minutes after the Louvre had closed. He called the Louvre, and they said it was impossible to record it from there after hours. So he decided to pick the next best place. He decided to record a description from a restaurant above the Lido night club, which is a very fashionable place. This restaurant had a high ceiling so it gave the same impression of sound as the Louvre.

We arrived first, and waited for my uncle to arrive with the equipment. The restaurant was very large and there were a lot of people walking through the building. The Lido was underground, and there were a lot of fashionable people in fancy clothes coming in the door.

At the door a doorman stood at attention. He was dressed in a red uniform with gold trim. In the restaurant itself there were just plain people sitting at many tables. Shop windows were around the inside. The ceiling was about twenty feet high with square pillars holding it up.

About eight-thirty my uncle arrived in his car, followed by the company truck. The rest of the men involved came from all different directions. There were about five technicians, two actors with scripts, and some sound men and their equipment.

A crowd now began to gather as the equipment was being set up. They were all ready to start, but my uncle found that they did not have the tape for the recorder. So I ran with him to his office five blocks away and then ran back again. It was then nine-thirty.

He started the first recording, reading from a script. He explained the reason of the exhibit, and then the other two actors, who were supposed to be tourists, walked up and Uncle Blair asked them questions. Just as he was coming to the end, a young couple gazing into each other's eyes tripped over a wire. The technician threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Mon Dieu!"

They started over again after calm had been restored. In the

middle of the second recording a stack of dishes was dropped and one of the men remarked, "What shall we say that is? A statue falling over?" As it was, when they played it back and found the noise was too loud, it had to be done over again.

This time the recording was satisfactory so they decided to use it, which was just as well because they had no more time.

Now it was a rat race. The equipment was quickly closed up, wires rolled, equipment taken apart and the like. They rushed back to the office, and I rode with them and listened while the recording was sent over the telephone to New York.

"Fine, Blair, fine," I heard them say. They never discovered that it was a fake show about fakes.

CHess PLAYER

By DARIEN GARDNER (V)

In English class that day I was looking listlessly out the window. Suddenly the teacher interrupted my state of thoughtlessness with, "Yes, Gardner?"

I was startled. "Uh, what, sir?"

"I thought you had your hand up."

"Oh, I didn't, sir. I just —"

"Well, please pay attention."

The teachers have beautiful voices, most of them, that drone on and on. Makes you feel like going to sleep. Some boys I know like to catch up on their sleep that way. Not I, though. I don't think it's safe. I go into a day-dream, because you don't look so silly as when you're snoring. Besides, you can wake up quicker if the teacher calls on you.

So I went into a day-dream. I was the great Dariania, master chess player! I was about to play that — in my opinion — little amateur, Chig-ananoski. After winning the game I would be world champion! We

began to play. In five minutes I was way ahead. I had developed my queen, a bishop, both knights, and a rook. They were all centered on the pawn in front of his king. He had developed only his queen and a bishop. I had castled, he had not.

He moved. He castled! My whole attack was a flop. It was as though I were attacking an empty house. I moved my queen to attack his castled position. He took my queen with his pawn. What a stupid move that was! I took the offending pawn with my knight. Suddenly he moved his queen. My king was checkmated! I got mad and hit him in the jaw. He returned a terrible wallop in my stomach. I floated up above the earth a hundred miles. Then I fell down, down, down and whisked through the window and into my seat. I almost expected the teacher to say, "Where have you been, Gardner?"

THE SNAKE!

By DICKON BAKER (IV)

"Hiss". Loud and clear it came from the dark tunnel.

Instantly my friends and I were out of the mine passage. We knew all too clearly what it was. It was a rattlesnake cornered in the dead-end tunnel of the mine.

We knew we shouldn't be here in the first place. It was strictly out of bounds for all of us. I could remember when, only a few years back, two boys had almost lost their lives when a cave-in blocked the entrance of the passage. But here we were, determined to get to the end of the mine and confronted by a rattlesnake the first time we went in.

"Should we go in and find out where it is?" I asked Bob Anderson, the leader of the group.

"After you," he replied.

"Aw, come on, Bob," pleaded Tim Saunders. "We've come this far already so we might as well keep on going."

"O.K.," Bob reluctantly answered. "Where is your flashlight?"

"Here it is," I said. "Let's go."

We entered only to hear, "Hiss, hiss." We were pushing and shoving to get outside immediately. Finally after about ten tries we

were able to shine the flashlight on the walls and tell that the snake was back further.

"Let's go back and kill it", suggested John Watkins, who was drowned out by a chorus of "No" from the other three of us at once.

"There is only one thing to do," said Bob, "and that is to go on back and find it."

This we did and slowly made our way to ten feet from the back of the passage. The hissing was louder than ever now, and John was so scared that he went on outside to wait for us to come back out.

Tim suddenly exclaimed, "Gosh, it's wet in here!"

He was right. It had been getting hotter and wetter ever since we entered the passage. We were also now sure that the snake was in a crack in the ceiling of the tunnel at the very end.

Slowly we proceeded to about five feet from that end where, much to our surprise, Bob started to laugh. We strained our eyes to see what was in the crack and then we started to laugh, too, for, coming out of the crack at short intervals, were puffs of steam and, as they came, they made, "Hiss, hiss, hiss!"

HE ISN'T REALLY GONE

By STEPHEN CRAWFORD (V)

In late September of 1954 — I think it was the 30th — I walked merrily up the drive after being let out by the car-pool, coming home from school. As I rounded the corner in our short stony driveway, a queer, strange sort of feeling came upon me. Something about the atmosphere seemed to have changed from that of the first part of my walk up the drive. The bright sunny day had become dark and dismal. Instead of the sun's soothing rays warming my back, a gust of frigid air sent a shiver up my spine. The birds stopped singing and the happy bustle of the farm was still. Then I realized what was wrong. Skipper, my beloved Belgian Shepherd, wasn't there to give me his usual greeting. When I got in the house I asked my little brother, Dick, where my mother was, since I noticed she was gone, too. He told me that she had taken Skipper to the vet's. I was not worried since Skip was an old dog, maybe 13 years, and often had slight ailments which required professional medical care.

About an hour later my mother came home. I helped her get Skipper out of the car and carry him into the house. All of a sudden her voice startled me and I came out of my trance. "Pardon?"

"Steve, I was saying that Skipper is a very sick dog. This is going to come as quite a shock and be rather

hard to you." Ideas streamed through my head. Thoughts I'd never thought could be true whirled crazily about my mind. I tried to tell myself that I was being silly, but again I remembered the incident of last winter.

I had gone down to the barn as usual to feed the horses. Mickey, the older of our two chestnut bays, was lying down in his stall. When I went to give him his oats he still didn't get up. I had never seen him lie down in his stall although I knew that horses will, at times, to sleep. But then I tried to give him oats and he wouldn't get up. I knew something was very wrong. Ideas streamed through my mind then, too. They came true. I was up most of the night. I'm not going to go into it all, but the next morning the horse I had learned to ride on, Mickey, was dead. Could this happen to Skipper also? I had had many nightmares about Skip dying, but I always laughed at myself when I woke up. I thought Skipper would never die. Not good old Skip.

I brought myself to my senses again and my mother went on. "Skipper's getting along in age now. He's been in your life as far back as you can remember. He's always been a good companion to you." This brought happier thoughts to my mind. Mother was right. Skip was about 13 and I wasn't quite 12

yet. I remembered the accident seven years ago. We lived in Pennsylvania then, near Bryn Mawr, in a small neighborhood. My father liked to take Skip out for a walk along the road on nice evenings. They had been walking a short distance and, as Skipper bounded ahead, a car came along. My father called and called, but Skipper didn't come back. Since he couldn't find him with his small hand flash light, he got out the car and used the headlights for a much more thorough look. He found him lying in the road. With my mother's help, Dad took Skip to the vet's. It was a big decision when Skipper had either to be put away for keeps or to have his leg amputated. We did the second.

He quickly learned to get along on three legs. When we moved to the farm he came with us. His leg didn't stop him from following us on all-day horseback trips and chasing rabbits. Up until a month ago he was always amidst the excitement and was always an outstanding watch dog. Then slowly he stopped his roaming. He sat around the house more and lolled in the sun all day. His energy was much less and he slowed down greatly.

My mother continued, "If Skipper lives through the winter we'll be lucky." I never forgot those words.

On October 6th he could hardly move. He was a pitiful sight. That night my father said it would be better if he slept in his usual bed in

the barn. Before carrying him down to the barn, my father brought him into the kitchen for me to say good night to. I was helping with the dishes. As I patted him he looked up at me with his big rolling eyes. They shone in the dim pale light. I said good night to him and turned away to finish the dishes. I didn't know I'd never see him alive again.

The next morning my mother asked me not to go down to the barn. I knew something was wrong and I ran down. My bare feet kicked up stones as I rushed frantically for the barn. I was too late. Skipper was dead! I cursed the world and cried over his stiff, cold body. I tried to wonder how his last moments were, but I couldn't face up to the thought. I remembered what my mother had said a week ago. "If Skipper lives through the winter we'll be lucky." But that didn't matter now. The only life I'd ever known was gone. I wondered why my father had left him in that cold barn. I pulled myself together and I realized he hadn't wanted me to find him dead if I came downstairs early in the morning as I often do. He had known it would be his last night.

Within a week I was over the greater part of my misery. Now Skipper still seemed to live with me. I saw him in my dreams. In my mind he came rollicking up to meet me after school. I knew he'd lived a good long life, and although I often missed him greatly I knew I'd really found him again.

A DAY IN A FRENCH CITY

By JEB STUART (VI)

This summer, while I was at camp, I took a canoe trip with fifteen other boys into Canada.

On our last day we were supposed to land at a French city called Sherbrooke in the province of Quebec.

Early in the afternoon the river led into a small lake. On the shore of this lake was a playground where we were supposed to spend the night. The playground was on the outskirts of the city. At first we couldn't believe our eyes, but a second look told us that it was true: there were about a thousand French boys and girls all around the place. Most of the boys were crowded into a tiny roped-off place in the lake where they could wade. The girls would go swimming later.

We landed our canoes down a way from the crowds, but as soon as we landed, about a hundred and fifty of the little kids came running over and stood around us. They were like flies around a cake.

Then some of them started talking to us, but as none of us knew that much French, we didn't know what to say. Finally we were able to find out how old some of them were and ask them some other simple questions. They soon grew tired of standing around and began to get into our packs and canoes. We fought valiantly, but in vain. Every one we got one off, two others

would take his or her place. We were saved by a man who must have been the playground officer. He told them all to beat it. Even then a few still hung around.

We all dreaded the thought of trying to cook supper with all those kids around, but luckily we found out that they all had to leave the place after five o'clock. That night after supper we were given a dollar to spend in town. We had to be back at 11:00. At first we wandered around the town not buying anything. We wanted to save our money in case any real bargain came up. We soon found one. A store was selling 30-ounce bottles of pop for ten cents. We all got some and then went on. Since there was nothing else to do we decided to go to a movie. We looked at all the theaters until we came to one showing what we thought was a good picture. In we went and out we came. We had failed to notice a sign saying "No one under sixteen admitted." It was written in both English and French. We wanted to spend all our money because there would be no other chance to use it. Finally we just stopped at a small sweet shoppe and used it all up on records and food.

At 10:45 we decided to go back to camp. We took a side walk that wound down by the river. We made out six tall forms coming our

way. The path was narrow and a high wall was on one side and the river on the other. The six came right up to us and we thought they would push us in the river, but they

let us walk between them. That was our first sight of "French Hoods."

The next morning it rained, but since the camp truck was there to take us back it did not matter.

STRANGE HALLOWE'EN

By BEV AARON (V)

One Hallowe'en night Sam Perkins said to his brother Simon, "Hey, Simon, I'm getting tired of this trick or treating. How's about us going over to old Widder Kain's house and do a little nosing around?"

"But Sam!" Simon said. "It's awful lonely down by her place, and most people are afraid of her 'cause she's so mysterious and never goes out of her house."

"What's the matter?" came the reply. "You scared?"

"Who, me? I can do anything you can do and twice that, you big ape!"

"Okay, let's go."

And so the two boys started off for Widow Kain's house.

It was a dark and spooky night with the trees forming weird and frightening patterns against the sky and the wind droning softly through the swamp grass. As the two boys reached the widow's house, they could hear the shutters creaking and groaning as they swung to and fro on their hinges. They could also see a dim light flickering through one of the dust-covered windows.

Both of the boys began to tremble ever so slightly, but nary a word did they speak. They crept over to the desolate old barn, curious to see what was inside. As they went in, the old building seemed to shudder, and they were startled by a cat that suddenly meowed and like a shadow flitted across the floor.

"Y-you know, maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all," said Sam. "Why don't we go home?"

"Yes, let's," said Simon. "Let's leave this creepy place right away!"

Then they started out of the barn. Suddenly a tall, withered, black figure appeared in the doorway and emitted a shrill cackle.

"It's Widder Kain!" whispered Sam, terror-stricken.

"What's the matter, boys? Scared?" said the black figure as it slowly advanced upon them.

Even though it has been many years since their mysterious disappearance, people still wonder what happened to the two Perkins boys on that Hallowe'en night.

THE SECRET OF SANTA CLAUS

By ALEC PATTON (II)

It was December 24th. Ten-year-old Peter Wood's heart was beating fast. He had just finished the exciting book *The Tunnel Behind the Picture*. It was so exciting that he couldn't help believing it was true.

"Maybe," he thought, "maybe it was true. Maybe it could happen. Well, even if it isn't there's no harm in trying." Peter was completely carried away by the book and so he forced himself to believe that there was a tunnel of some sort behind one of the pictures in their house!

Peter's hands were shaking with excitement when he looked behind the first picture. Nothing was there. While putting the picture back he dropped it. The crash brought Mrs. Wood into the room. Seeing the mess she exclaimed, "What on earth are you doing?"

For a minute Peter couldn't answer, until finally he said, "Jane hid my homework-papers from me and she said they were behind one of the pictures."

Peter's mother let him look under the condition that if one more picture so much as got cracked, he must pay for it. Peter agreed and looked more carefully behind each picture but always got the same disappointment.

Peter was very discouraged but was sure that there was one more picture that was hiding the tunnel.

Then he remembered where the

book described the tunnel behind the picture. It was in the darkest corner in the attic. He rushed up to the attic. There was no tunnel or even a picture so Peter decided to look in the cellar. He searched in the corners, where to his delight he found a portrait of St. Nick. He carefully put it aside. There was a tunnel!

Peter was so excited! Down at the other end was light. He went on his hands and knees. Closer and closer he came. He was almost there. Then, — oh, how terrible; he was falling, falling towards nowhere. He had no hope.

As poor Peter neared the ground something wonderful met his nose. At least he was going to die peacefully. Then he hit something soft, sticky, and yummy! It was cotton candy.

Peter struggled out and found himself in the middle of many little dwarfs saying, "I didn't know we made a cotton candy man!" Peter did look like a cotton candy man because candy stuck to him.

Then who should come along but Santa Claus. He realized who Peter was and how he got to his village called Santa Land. Santa Claus was very nice to Peter but was very grave.

When Peter was cleaned he asked Santa, "Why are you so grave? I thought you were jolly."

Santa answered, "I am. But, sonny, you have learned my secret. Your house is my entrance to the world. I know you want to see your parents again but you have seen where I make candy. Now you must not see another thing. Tonight when I go around with the presents I shall leave you at your house. But you must not tell a single soul about what you know and saw. You must not move that picture again. Now come on. You will need some sleep."

Santa gave Peter some hot cocoa and told him to try to sleep. Peter thought it would be impossible.

"Wake up, wake up!" Mrs. Wood was saying. "It's 9:00 A. M. and it's Christmas morning."

Peter couldn't understand it until he saw the book which started him off. Then he remembered everything, and to this day Peter Wood has kept it a secret, almost — because the only ones who know about it are Peter, Santa, and Me.

THE CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

- Sept. 14—Hi, fellers! It's great to be back in SCHOOL and see you all sitting down in front of me so full of pep. But lo and behold,—dig all those yards of gray hairs that have blossomed on the faculty heads in one short summer!
- Sept. 17—Our first weekend and our first birthday—*Tommy Chubet*, chief dribbler of that fine German soccer team, the *Sauerkrautens*, celebrates today.
- Sept. 20—If you call "Kuser" or "Stuart" in the hall, about a dozen people big and little will come running. Let's start unraveling them and call congratulations today to *ROBBIE Kuser* and *CHARLIE Stuart*.
- Sept. 21—Ace basket weaver *Bob Stockton* celebrates the day by making one of his famous basket creations.—*Ray Goodrich* promises to buy shinguards for each member of the opposing team, so that he will have friends once more.

- Sept. 25—Thank goodness for *Michael Kamenstein's* powerful lungs! Hurricane Ione was heading straight for Princeton, but Michael, blowing out his birthday cake candles, hit Ione on the ear and blew her out to sea.
- Sept. 26—Mr. Ross knew about Ione but didn't know about Michael, so he gave us a "hurricane holiday" anyway, weather or not.

OCTOBER

- Oct. 2—*William Smoyer*, who is anything but David's shadow, born.
- Oct. 3—What a five-ring circus! A birthday for *Tim Kuser*, who, believe it or not, is growing older. A birthday for *Hugh Hoffman*, star of the N. Y. Knickerbockers' basketball team (he runs under their legs). A birthday for *Peter Hart*, mainstay of the famed *Isay-oldchapers*, British soccer team. A birthday for *Bill Staniar*, strong silent star of the new western picture, *The Return of Gary Cooper*. And finally, a certain teacher's birthday: I asked Mr. Ross whose, but he said he didn't want to tell on a member of the faculty.
- Oct. 4—*Roger Marcus*, chief manufacturer of Boston baked beans, born.
- Oct. 5—*Adam Hochschild*, Carnegie Lake life guard and swimming champ, born.
- Oct. 6—*Mac McMorris*, basketball's "Man of the Year," the only player who can dribble as well with his feet as with his hands, born.
- Oct. 12—Speaking of basketball, who are these four brawny figures running five miles over hill and dale every Wednesday afternoon? They are none other than P.C.D.'s basketball co-captains: *Killer Kirkpatrick*, *Soft-Shoe Shannon*, *Sock'em Smoyer*, and *Set-shot Stuart*, getting in shape for the basketball season two months from now.
- Oct. 14—*Buzzy Mather* hoped for a motor-bicycle for his birthday, to make the long trip home each day, but he only got a new pair of shoes.
- Oct. 15—*Dickon Baker*, problem child, born today.—So is *Sam Guttman*, a great man with the tape recorder.
- Oct. 19—*John Tassie*, reformed desperado, born. Ditto *John Brinkerhoff*, who gets the "Most underrated player of the year" award for his fine work on the soccer field.
- Oct. 23—TV's Sunday afternoon feature, "Wide, Wide World," films its big scene in Princeton, because ace actors *Chris Shannon* and *Webb Harrison* haven't time to go out to Hollywood. Gee, I wish I were the handsome movie type!

- Oct. 30—*Parky Shearer*, born today, scorned rattles when he was very young and played with model boats instead.—*David Kamenstein*, also born today, scorned model boats and turned into a model boy instead.
- Oct. 31—*Freddy Sayen* can never get into trouble if he's out on the town on Hallowe'en night. He can always say that he's just having an outdoor birthday party.

NOVEMBER

- Nov. 2—*Johnny Cook*, best actress of 1955, born today.
- Nov. 6—*Bobby Smyth*, inventor, is born. (Don't ask me what he has invented; something deep and devilish, I bet.) *Cris Stoess*, underwater explorer from the flood-plains of Stony Brook, also sees the light of day for the first time.
- Nov. 12—*Brock Putnam*, an expert on mud puppies, finds his patience sorely tried when forced to answer such questions as, "Why do puppies want to go into the mud?" Happy birthday, Brock.
- Nov. 13—*Robin Kerney* celebrates his birthday in a house one of the faculty lived in as a boy. Have you found any old skeletons or toys that used to belong to Mr. Go---, I mean to anybody, Robin?
- Nov. 16—*Pcmj Fraker*, heart-breaker, born.
- Nov. 17—Thinking over what he *didn't* get for his birthday, *Jay Dilworth* muses, "The day will come when I will own my own candy factory."
- Nov. 22—The stork that shuttled *Bev Aaron* and *Steve Crawford* into the world must have given each of them a quill pen as a souvenir of the trip. When before have two such famous writers been born on the same day?—*John Goble* wishes not to be forgotten today too. He will surely be remembered if the rumor is true that John wants P.C.D. to give the French language back to the Frenchmen.
- Nov. 24—Happy Thanksgiving, everybody. (Sorry, birds.)
- Nov. 28—*Huck Fairman*, P.C.D. soccer coach (1966-1996) born.
- Nov. 29—*Johnny Becker's* grin is becoming quite famous, and his ability to grin his way out of embarrassing situations and past irate teachers is the envy of his classmates. Today, on his birthday, his grin is two inches wider.

DECEMBER

- Dec. 1—To celebrate his birthday, *Chris Wright* plans to ride one of his fleet of bicycles to New York or to Philadelphia. Now which will it be?
- Dec. 3—*Louis Hano*, left-footed, right-handed, left-handed, right-footed soccer star born today.
- Dec. 4—THE LAST DORF (*male variety*) born! What will P.C.D. do next year without a single specimen? Well, see you on the campus, Bobby.
- Dec. 6—*Peter Katzenbach* born, but he won't tell us why. I guess we'll just have to watch him and see.
- Dec. 7—*John Stein*, P.C.D.'s leading actor, enjoys his birthday shrewdly watching the teachers acting in front of the Evaluating Committee. How *did* they act, John?—scared, silly, too-too- wonderful? Did any of them act natural?
- Dec. 10—*Dick Rotnem*, radio and TV expert, gets a thrill on his birthday by seeing a moving image in his mirror as he walks across his room.
- Dec. 13—*Barry Custer* gets an armful of his favorite birthday presents— exams! What can you expect if you're born on the 13th?—It's all relative, says *John Sheehan*, who, according to one of his classmates, spends the day reading Einstein's *Theory of Relativity*.
- Dec. 14—It is reported that *Robbie Carrick* wears out three pairs of skates a year. He goes so fast that the blades crumble. His birthday comes at just the right time.
- Dec. 15—God Rest You Merry, P.C.D. Gentlemen, and may this be the best Christmas ever. I wish I had room to tell you about all the birthday presents *as well as* Christmas presents which *David Stewart*, *David Mount*, *Ward Kuser*, *John White*, and *David Smoyer* are going to get. Happy birthday to all of them, and I'll see you all next term!

THE BOY WHO SITS BEHIND YOU

HONOR ROLL

(These grades do not include Term Examinations.)

FIRST HONOR ROLL

(90-100%)

RAYMOND AGAR
RICHARD BAKER
PHILIP BONNET
BARRY CUSTER
ROGER FAGAN
HARRISON FRAKER
WEBB HARRISON
ADAM HOCHSCHILD
JAMES KERR
ROBERT KUSER
ANTHONY LAUCK
MICHAEL MADEIRA
JOHN ODDEN
DANIEL QUICK
JAMES SHEA
DAVID SMOYER
JOHN WILLIS

SECOND HONOR ROLL

(85-89%)

JAMES AUL
JOHN BECKER
EDWARD BENSON
JOHN BRINKERHOFF
ROBERT CARRICK
STEPHEN COOK
RICHARD CRAWFORD
DARIEN GARDNER
DAVID GREENE
ROBERT GRIGGS
ANDREW HARRIS
PETER HART
GILBERT LEA
ROGER MARCUS
PETER MOOCK
SEYMOUR MORRIS
ROBERT MUELLER
MALCOLM MUIR
ALEXANDER PATTON
RODMAN PATTON
GEORGE PETERSON
JOHN POSTLEY
JOSEPH RIKER
RICHARD ROTNEM
CHRISTOPHER SHANNON
JOHN SHEEHAN
CHARLES SMYTH

JOHN STEIN
JOSEPH STEVENS
DAVID STEWART
CHARLES STUART
HAROLD VAN DOREN
HUGH WISE

THIRD HONOR ROLL

(80-84%)

EUGENE ARMSTRONG
ROBERT AYERS
ELIAS BAKER
ROBERT BALES
HOWARD BUSHNELL
JOHN COOK
STEPHEN CRAWFORD
ALFRED DAVIS
JOHN DAVISON
JOHN DUNNING
RUSSELL EDMONDS
NIXON HARE
RANDOLPH HOBLER
HUGH HOFFMAN
BURTON JACKSON
PETER KAMENSTEIN
GIBBS KANE
REGAN KERNEY
ALEXANDER KIRKPATRICK
ROGER KIRKPATRICK
LAWRENCE KUSER
TIMOTHY KUSER
DOUGLAS MACKIE
HOWARD McMORRIS
FREDERIC MOCK
WILLIAM MORSE
MARK MUNGER
BROCK PUTNAM
WILLIAM PUTNEY
DOUGLAS RAMPONA
STUART ROBSON
DAVID SEDER
HARTLEY SHEARER
JOSEPH SMITH
WILLIAM SMITH
WILLIAM SMOYER
WILLIAM STANIER
GLENN THOMAS
JAMES VOLLBRECHT
PETER WRIGHT

ATHLETICS

SOCCER

By ROGER KIRKPATRICK

This year our soccer team compiled a record of 7 wins, 2 ties, and 1 defeat under the excellent coaching of Mr. McAneny and Mr. Whitehead. It is interesting to note that in the three cases where we were tied or defeated by a team in our first encounter, we defeated them the second time we met. It is also interesting that of the 20 goals we scored, 9 or nearly half came in the fourth quarter. Our last two victories were both won by rallies a few minutes before the final whistle. Dave Smoyer, our captain and goalie, allowed our opponents just 6 goals in 10 games.

The J.V. team won three games, tied one, and lost two. The two teams set a record probably unparalleled in the School's history: in 16 games played, P.C.D. scored in every game.

VALLEY ROAD 2, P.C.D. 1

In our first game we were not in top form. Although P.C.D. drew first blood on Jeb Stuart's second-period goal, Valley Road came back to win with two goals later in the game. Who would have predicted that this would be our only loss!

P.C.D. 3, PEDDIE 0

This game belonged to P.C.D. all the way. We were faster than our opponents and bored through their defense time after time. Stuart led the attack with two goals and Peter Moock scored one. Smoyer was required to make no difficult saves in the goal.

P.C.D. 2, WEST WINDSOR 0

Although we literally ran circles around the West Windsor team, we weren't able to crack their defense till the last quarter. Stuart and Godfrey finally found the range for P.C.D.

P.C.D. 1, LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 1

Despite the fact that P.C.D. gained the lead on Roger Kirkpatrick's third-period goal, Lawrence bounced back to tie the score midway through the last period. This was a hard-fought game on a windswept, unfamiliar field.

P.C.D. 1, WITHERSPOON 1

We scored first on Jeb Stuart's goal from point-blank range in a very exciting game. However, the visitors were able to tie the score on a pretty shot in the fourth period.

P.C.D. 2, LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 1

This time Lawrence got the jump on us and scored first. Danny Quick charged through their defense men to tie the score, and Jobe Stevens, moved

from the backfield to the forward line, accounted for the winning goal.

P.C.D. 6, PEDDIE 0

On Peddie's field it was again a rout. Stevens and Mooock scored two goals apiece, while Stuart and Hano each scored one.

P.C.D. 1, WITHERSPOON 0

We were determined to beat this old rival and we did, although they pressed us hard for three periods. Kirkpatrick's goal late in the fourth quarter proved decisive. Smoyer played an outstanding game at goalie.

P.C.D. 2, WEST WINDSOR 1

Things looked bad in our last game. After a scoreless first half West Windsor took the lead in the third period. Two minutes from the end Kirkpatrick blasted a shot through the goal from close in. Sixty seconds later Jimmy Shea took a pass from Kelley and sent in a beautiful shot from the left wing to win the game and climax a most successful season.

The usual line-up was:

Goal — Smoyer

L.F.B. — Kamenstein D.

R.F.B. — Kuser R.

L.F.B. — Wise

C.H.B. — Godfrey

R.H.B. — Morse W.

O.L. — Shea J., Dorf

I.L. — Quick

C.F. — Stuart J.

I.R. — Kelley, Stevens

O.R. — Kirkpatrick R., Mooock



FOOTBALL

By CHRISTOPHER SHANNON

This year may be called an experimental year in P.C.D. football because for the first time we had an eleven-man team. We played both six-man and eleven-man. Our record was 3 and 3, winning both of our six-man games, but winning only one of our four eleven-man games. We had a good team, which always seemed to be in there fighting hard. Mr. Tibbals did a fine job of coaching, assisted by two college boys.

Our usual starting team was:

In six-man: Ends: Budny J. or Rotnem, Stein; Center: Mock or Budny J.; Quarterback: Shannon (Captain); Halfbacks: Harrison, Fraker or Rampona.

In eleven-man: Ends: Rotnem, Stein; Tackles: Budny J., Applegate; Guards: Van Riper, Wright J. or Postley; Center: Mock; Quarterback: Shannon; Halfbacks: Harrison, Fraker or Cook J.; Fullback: Rampona.



P.C.D. 24, SOLEBURY 7

In this game we outmatched our opponents from the opening kick-off. We scored two touchdowns early in the first quarter and added one in the second and another in the third. Harrison accounted for three P.C.D. touchdowns while Applegate scored one on a pass.

P.C.D. 12, PEDDIE FRESHMEN "B" 6

This was our first eleven-man game. We were outweighed, but that didn't seem to make any difference for we played well both on offense and on defense. We opened the scoring with a 15-yard pass play to Stein in the end zone. Our last tally was scored with about two minutes to go with Shannon going over from the two. Our line did a commendable job.

PRINCETON HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMEN 35, P.C.D. 6

In this game we were outmatched in both weight and experience. Our blocking and tackling couldn't get started, and before we knew it we were behind, 21-0. Our only touchdown was scored on a pass covering 55 yards, from Shannon to Rotnem, who ran the remaining 25 yards to pay dirt.

PEDDIE FRESHMEN "B" 12, P.C.D. 0

Although we had beaten this team earlier, this time it was their turn. Again we couldn't seem to click on blocking or tackling. Their first score came in the first half, and they added another in the last few seconds of the game.

NEWARK ACADEMY 14, P.C.D. 6

This was the first time that P.C.D. had ever played Newark Academy in any sport. They were a smaller team than we were, but showed plenty of fight throughout the game. What we seemed to lack in this game was spirit, at some times. Their scores came in the second and fourth quarters. Our touchdown came late in the fourth quarter with Shannon going over from the one.

P.C.D. 40, SOLEBURY 12

We were especially out to win this one to break our three-game losing streak and also to even up our record. It was a complete team effort. Our tackling was hard and our blocking was good, and the backs seemed to have a field day. The highlight of the game was a 60-yard kick-off return by Harrison. Other scoring was done by Harrison, Fraker and Van Riper. Outstanding on defense were Budny and Applegate.

WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

SCHOLARSHIP

The Blues and the Whites finished the fall term with exactly the same scholastic averages: 2.4—. If either side could be said to have won in Scholarship for the term it would be the Whites, because they had 56 boys clear of failures on the tri-weekly reports, while the Blues had 53 boys clear. The following boys had no failures:

WHITES (56) — Aaron B., Aaron R., Armstrong, Baker E., Baker R., Becker, Bushnell, Carrick, Crawford R., Crawford S., Dorf, Edmonds, Fagan, Fairman, Fraker, Goodridge E., Goodridge T., Griggs, Guttman, Hare, Hart, Hoffman, Kamenstein M., Kerney Re., Kerney Ro., Kirkpatrick A., Kuser L., Kuser R., Kuser T., Kuser W., Lea, McMorris, Mills, Mock, Moock, Moore, Mueller, Munger, Patton A., Patton R., Pettit, Rampona, Riker, Rotnem, Seder, Shannon, Shearer, Smith J., Smith W. W., Staniar, Stevens, Tassie, Vander Stucken, Wise, Wright J., Wright P.

BLUES (53) — Agar, Applegate, Ayers, Bales, Benson, Bonnet, Brinkerhoff, Budny, J., Caldwell, Chubet, Coffee, Cook J., Cook S., Custer, Davison, Dunning, Ewing, Gardner, Godfrey, Goodrich, Greene, Harris, Harrison, Hobler, Hochschild, Howland, Jackson, Kane, Katzenbach, Kerr, Knox, Lauck, Madeira, Morris, Morse W., Muir, Odden, Peterson, Postley, Putnam, Putney, Quick, Shea J., Smoyer D., Smyth C., Stein, Stewart, Stuart C., Thomas, Tyler, Van Doren, Vollbrecht, Willis.

SOCCER

The Blue-White soccer series was, as always, hard-fought, from the opening line-up till the final whistle. The Whites made a clean sweep in the Lower School, winning their series in Forms I, II, and III. The Blues conquered in the J.V. series, and the Varsity series was tied.

The scoring system was as follows: Varsity, 5 points; J.V., Form III, Form II, and Form I, 3 points each. Therefore the Whites won by a score of 11½ to 5½ points.

FOOTBALL

This year the Blues beat the Whites, 12-0, in an informal six-man football game. The teams were fairly evenly matched, with the Blues having a powerful line and the Whites having the better backfield. It was a good, hard-fought game. The Blues scored on a White fumble and on a 35-yard run by Webb Harrison in the closing minutes of the game.

SCHOOL NEWS

HIGHEST ATTENDANCE IN P.C.D. HISTORY

With the opening of school on September 14 the faculty watched anxiously as a record-breaking 166 starry-eyed boys (11 more than last year) trudged into the building. This led to a mild surprise for the old boys as morning assembly was held in the gymnasium instead of the crowded study hall. In the winter term, assembly will be held only two days a week, since the gym must be cleared of chairs for basketball practice.

CHESS CLUB

Mr. McCaughan, our new teacher and an expert chess player, has introduced a very popular chess club to add to our fine list of activities. The competition is mainly intramural, although there are occasional outside matches for the better players. To determine each boy's standing in the club a system of points is used. Each member starts the year with 500 points, and with each victory or defeat he wins 5 per cent of his opponent's points or loses 5 per cent of his own. A large board in the hall tells the standing each week. The name of the winner for the year will be engraved on this board.

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND TAPE RECORDING

Other new activities this year are Public Speaking, under Mr. Ross, and Tape Recording, under Mr. Griggs. Public Speaking is open only to Fifth and Sixth Formers. Many talks and debates have been held in front of a critical audience of students. Some of the debates have been: "Should the voting age be lowered from 21 to 19?" — "Should nuclear energy be curbed?" — "Should there be compulsory military training?" — and last but not least, the \$64,000 question, "Should P.C.D. and Miss Fine's unite?"

Tape Recording is for the Lower School, with Mr. Griggs behind the recorder controls. Who knows, maybe the Lower School has some hidden talent!

For News of Princeton Country Day School

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BOOK SALE

As usual, the pre-Christmas book sale was a big success. For a week the Library found itself decorated with approximately 300 new books on display. The "old reliable" mothers were on hand not only to buy but to help sell. Better than \$900 worth of books were sold, giving the school a profit of around \$200 for the purchase of new books for the Library.

SHOP EXHIBIT

The trophy case in the front hall has been displaying some of the projects built in shop by P.C.D. craftsmen. Here may be seen anything from tie and key racks to woven reed coolie seats, from plastic dishes to ship models, from hammered aluminum ware to a radio. Tim Carey is in charge of the case.

MR. CHASE SPEAKS ON BIRD CARVING

On November 2 we were visited by Mr. Charles Chase, renowned wood-carver of birds. He gave a very interesting talk on his profession, showed some movies of birds (taken by himself), and concluded by answering questions from the eagle-eyed audience.

CONCERT SERIES

The school tuned its ears to some fine music played by the New York Brass Ensemble on November 17. The concert was not only interesting but amusing too. Each instrument of the 5-piece orchestra was explained, and at the end a question-answer period was held. On December 2 a concert of stringed instruments was given by the Curtis String Quartet.

SCHOOL EVALUATED

For the first time in its history, P.C.D. was visited by an Evaluating Committee on December 5 and 6. For two days the eight members of the committee visited all classes, attended lunch and athletic practices, inspected all parts of the building, and investigated the administration and workings of the school from A. to Z. The committee will send the Board of Trustees an official report on their visit during the winter.

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WITH THE ALUMNI

1929

David Imbrie Roe, son of Mr. and Mrs. **Albert Roe**, was born on May 11, 1955.

1932

Ben Howell is head of the Department of Geophysics and Geochemistry at the Pennsylvania State University. He has four children: Barbara 10, Catherine 8, Bonnie 4, and James 1.

Frank McCarter is President of the Rumson Improvement Association, Rumson, N. J.

1933

Dr. **Edward L. Katzenbach Jr.**, who has been Assistant Professor of History at Columbia University, is this year Associate Director of a new Defense Studies Program for research and graduate work at Harvard University.

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1936

Phil Paris became the step-father of three children when he married Mrs. Majorie Boam on August 16, 1954, at San Jose, Costa Rica. His present address is Petrobras, Belem, Para, Brazil.

Steve Conger's daughter Elizabeth was born on June 22, 1955 in Washington, D. C.

1937

Arthur Morgan is in the Chemical Securities Division of the Empire Trust Co. in New York City.

Rev. Bradford B. Locke Jr. is the Rector of Christ Episcopal Church at Guilford, Conn.

1938

David Huntington is working toward a Ph.D. in Art History at Yale, and is living at his wife's family home at 311 Elm Avenue, Swarthmore, Pa. His daughter, Abigail Gertrude, is now a year old.

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**THE
CLOTHES LINE**

1939

Robert Benham was married on July 16 to Sarah Virginia Canan in Philadelphia. Mr. McCaughan of the P.C.D. faculty was one of his ushers. Bob is stationed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

Owen Roberts became the father of a third son, Read K. Roberts, last May 26. He is working as a foreign service officer for the U.S. Government.

1941

Richard Conger recently returned from the University of Stockholm, where he had three years of graduate study. He also did some broadcasting for the British Broadcasting Company.

Stevenson Flemer received a Master's degree in Architecture at Harvard in June. He and his wife are living in Detroit.

1943

Peter Erdman's daughter Margaret Covell arrived in Princeton on July 19, 1955.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. **Sam Howell** on August 19 at Princeton. The child's name is Steven V. Howell.

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John Sly and his wife were recently home on leave from Liberia, where they head the faculty of Bomi Hills School of the Liberian Mining Company. John spoke to several classes at P.C.D. about his life in Africa.

Paul van Dyke, who is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Naval Reserve, was married to Julia Elizabeth Rogers of Long Beach, California, on August 20.

1944

Paul Broneer, who has been a student at the Russian Institute at Columbia, was married on June 4 to Diana Wintsch of Westfield, N. J.

Henry Burchell Gardner, son of **Alfred Gardner**, was born in Princeton on October 17, 1955.

1945

John Flemer graduated from Cornell in June with the degree of Doctor of Veterinary Medicine. He is now practicing his profession in Brattleboro, Vermont.

John Heher graduated from the University of Michigan Law School with the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

Ledlie Laughlin was ordained a deacon of the Episcopal Church on June 19, 1955, in a ceremony in Trinity Church, Princeton.

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1946

Dexter Ashley is doing a year's tour of duty with the U. S. Air Force at Thule, Greenland.

Copeland MacClintock is a graduate student at the University of Wyoming.

1947

Peter Mott is teaching French at Phillips Andover Academy.

Malcolm Peyton is studying Composition in the Music Department at Princeton. His "Two Pieces for String Orchestra" was performed recently by the Princeton Symphony Orchestra.

David Rogers was married to Helen Rodgers Burgin on June 11 in Milton, Mass.

2nd Lieutenant **Richard Swinnerton** has been assigned to the 5th Armored Division as executive officer of Battery C, 47th Armored Field Artillery Battalion.

Stanley Wilks graduated from North Texas State Teachers College last June. He plans to study at Cambridge University, England, this year.

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1948

Charles Bray, who graduated from Princeton in June, is studying Politics and History at the University of Bordeaux, France, on a Fulbright Scholarship.

1949

John D'Arms was Associate Director of the Princeton Summer Camp at Blairstown, N. J., last summer.

Bob and **Bruce Dennen** played outside right and left fullback respectively on the Yale varsity soccer team this fall.

Bill Phelps has transferred from Swarthmore College to Temple University.

1950

John Lapsley was elected captain of the Harvard varsity crew at the end of his Sophomore year. He will be the first Junior to lead a Harvard varsity team in 15 years.

Henry Urbaniak has been elected captain of the Princeton varsity soccer team for next year. A regular fullback for the past two seasons, Henry is the first P.C.D. alumnus to win this honor.

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1951

Conway Hiden, after completing training at the Pre-Commissioning School at Norfolk, Virginia, will see duty on the U.S.S. Ponchatula, based in California.

Harry Rulon-Miller received the Freshman Hockey Trophy at Princeton University last spring. He is currently playing wing on the first line for Princeton's varsity.

Gordon Sikes is a student at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

1952

Ted D'Arms appeared in four productions of the Oregon Shakespearean Festival in Ashland, Oregon, last summer. He is now a Freshman at Wooster College, Ohio.

Larry Griggs has been chosen president of his Freshman dormitory at Brown University.

John Van Cleve has been pledged to the Kappa Alpha Fraternity at West Virginia Wesleyan College, where he is a Freshman.

Larry Ward is a student at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

John Wellemeyer played guard on the Yale Freshman football team this fall.

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