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APRIL, 1956

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No. 2

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EDITORIALS

On the extra day allotted February every four years, a former soldier and present statesman announced to the country a long-awaited decision of great importance. For, on February 29, President Eisenhower stated, in his broadcast to the nation, his willingness to seek reelection. A long period of suspense and uncertainty was ended.

Ike had made a decision which must have taken much time and consideration on his part. Completely recovered from a heart attack, he responded to the call of duty, obviously stronger than his personal desire to retire to his new home on his Gettysburg farm.

For obvious reasons, Republican leaders had hoped for an affirmative decision, Democratic leaders for a negative. But aside from political considerations, the public wanted Mr. Eisenhower to run again. They liked the peace and prosperity brought to the country by his administration. But, furthermore, they liked Ike himself. They had been won over by his simplicity, his lack of pretense, his ability to speak without resorting to the use of wise-cracks and fables, even by his warm smile.

Mr. Eisenhower won the admiration of people everywhere as Commander of the Allied Forces in the last World War. As President of the United States, he has won the minds and hearts of his countrymen, who now sigh with relief with the knowledge of his decision.

As the winter term draws to a close, we at P.C.D. are proud to have witnessed a very fine season in varsity sports, giving us one of the best records we have seen in many years. This did not just happen. It did not take the skill or ingenuity of one boy but of many working together in coordination as one unit or team.

The same thing is often true on a larger scale, such as in wartime. For instance, in the two World Wars the United States has formed an alliance or team with other nations against a common threat. Without this alliance, Germany might have finally conquered the world.

Often members of the same team are split up only to find themselves soon fighting each other. For example, next year many boys on P.C.D. teams will be going away to many different schools. Very likely, they will then compete against each other in athletic events and fight just as hard as when they were together. Another example in recent times is Japan. During the First World War she fought with the Allied Forces against Germany, while in the Second, she unexpectedly switched sides, in her sneak attack on Pearl Harbor.

We, at school, must also use teamwork in support of our color, both scholastically and in sports. That 80% School Average, which earns us a holiday, cannot be obtained unless all of us work together, as a team, to pull up our individual averages and consequently that of our color and finally of the school.

Teamwork is very important in our daily life, in the sense of learning to get along with others, not only as individuals, but as nations of the world. For, without this, further progress in greater things for peacetime use is impossible. So, unless we, as the citizens of tomorrow, can foresee this and do something about it, the race for possession of wartime devices will continue to the ultimate destruction of everything that man has strived for since the beginning of time.

A TALE OF MONT BLANC

By JOHN STEIN (VI)

David Brenich arrived in Zurich in the beginning of August. The climbing season would last only two more weeks, and he wanted to make the best of it before he returned from his vacation. Five months before he had been climbing mountains, too. It seemed funny to him that he would go climbing up icy and treacherous mountainsides again, so soon after he had left those other, despised mountains. So soon? Five months is a long time. Yet for David those five months had gone like five minutes. He still couldn't believe he was no longer in the mountains of Korea.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Payton checked in this morning. He's in his room now — number three six one — adjoining yours. Here's your key, sir." The man at the desk gave David his key and sent for a bellboy. It was an American hotel, so everyone spoke English. After several months in France, David finally had learned to speak passable French, so his cousin should choose an American hotel!

"Dave!"

"How are ya', cousin Pete?" David mimicked. "Or should I say, 'Mr. Payton!' You're quite the refined gentleman these days, aren't you? Say, how did you like Germany, Pete?"

"O.K. When you're there on business, though, it's not so fun. But

you. You're looking great. Say, Paris has done wonders with you! Mom told me that when you came out of the Army you looked pretty shot — I — I mean — ah, ah weak."

"Yeah." Korea again. David couldn't keep it out of his mind. He still had a slight limp because of that bullet wound.

"I got us a guide, Dave. They're hard to get now, but this old fellow has had plenty of experience. We'll take some warm-up hikes in the next day or two and then Mont Blanc. The guide says he wouldn't normally take us up this late in the season, but I talked him into it."

The next morning they took a train to the little mountain village which would be their base. They saw Jacques Boulon after they had checked in at the pretty chalet-inn and bought some needed equipment. Monsieur Boulon was a fairly old man, nearly sixty, and had a weather-beaten face with the typical squinting eyes of an experienced mountaineer. In their first few hikes, Dave didn't get to know the man very well, because he was quiet and reserved. Pete had been somewhat hostile toward him from the first because of his aloofness.

On the day before their last climb, Pete and the guide had a row. Boulon didn't want to take them up, because he feared an impending storm. Pete thought this

was foolish. Anyway, the guide had promised to take them. Dave didn't say anything. Boulon was silent for a minute, and then he looked at Dave.

"All right, we'll go," he consented.

The day was beautiful. The sky was a bright blue. There was a strong, unseasonably cool breeze from the northeast, and there were no clouds to be seen.

"It's not good," the guide had mumbled as he looked at the sky. But they went.

By noon they had come to the Corault Pass, the most dangerous part of the ascent. After a short rest the three started on. "Don't look down." The mountain dropped off at awing angles for thousands of feet on both sides. The three-foot-wide path went for nearly one hundred feet along the dangerous pass.

The party reached the summit just before two. The guide didn't let them rest. They started back at a fast pace. Boulon kept looking anxiously toward the north.

The clouds came over about an hour after they started back. "If we can just get over the Pass" . . . said the guide. He was very seldom worried — he knew those mountains like the back of his hand. But he was worried now. "If we can only get to the Pass . . ."

As soon as the snow started falling everything was covered with the soft white powder. It was blinding, and without their protective goggles the wind-whipped snow could ac-

tually injure the eyes. They trudged on as fast as possible, Boulon leading the way. Just before they reached the Pass, Pete stumbled, then fell. He cried out in pain. In some way he had jammed his foot in a hidden hole; in his fall, he felt his shin give a sickening break. Boulon had grabbed for the man, brushing off his goggles with his sleeve in the motion. The wind picked them up and took them away like so much snow.

"We can't stay here. The Pass is just ahead. If we can only cross it . . ." said the guide, looking even more worried with his eyes squinting hard to keep out the blinding snow.

The crossing took about fifteen minutes. Boulon carried Pete, who was by then unconscious. He warned Dave to stay right behind him, for he would not be able to see the path. Only once did they pause. Boulon peered through the snow and seemed to look beyond David. They started off again.

Should anyone have tried to cross that Pass in a blinding snowstorm who didn't know that mountain as well as Boulon did, he would have perished after the first few steps. And Boulon was carrying an injured man on his back.

When they reached the end of the Pass, after a painfully slow and breath-takingly careful passage, Boulon put Pete down in a sheltered area. Then he turned around, paused a moment as if pondering

something, and then he started. He walked by Dave without even looking at him — as if he didn't even see him. Then he started to go back across the Pass.

Dave stared at him in disbelief. Then waking up to his senses, he called after him — he did not dare to follow for obvious reasons. Jacques Boulon never returned.

Peter and David Brenich never knew why their guide had turned back. But there were many things

they would never know. For instance, they would never know what snow can do to unprotected eyes when under extreme conditions. Nor would they ever know that the guide had returned for Dave, who was already across. But the guide didn't know this, because he hadn't seen or heard Dave since he started across the Pass. Hadn't heard him because Dave hadn't said anything and the wind was deafening — hadn't seen him because he had become totally blind!



S N O W

By ADAM HOCHSCHILD (V)

The snow is falling, the purest white,
As it comes down past the tree-tops;
It stills the wind as it fills the air
With a soft and lovely light.

The bowing trees their burdens bear,
Weighted under the snow;
Their branches bend to touch the ground,
While crystals fill the air.

Outside the frosty window panes
The ground below is white;
As Nature's work lies undisturbed,
And silent stillness reigns.

MY TRIP TO SWITZERLAND

By ANDREW HARRIS (V)

I was flying into Switzerland. Beneath the great Swiss plane I saw the majestic Alps. It was a thrilling ride through the snowy mountains. We passed the great Matterhorn. All too quickly the plane was coasting along the runway at the airport.

After the breath-taking plane ride, I went directly to St. Moritz. The most thrilling of St. Moritz's famous winter sports is the bobsled run. With champion Nino Bibbia at the controls I went on one of the bobsleds. The bobsled raced down the slope at a terrific speed. As we rounded each corner, it seemed that the bobsled was going to turn over. We would go far up on the banks, the sled tilting until we almost turned over. We took the famous "Horse-Shoe Corner" at record speed.

I stayed at St. Moritz and saw Europe's most successful ice show, "Holiday on Ice," at the rink of the Suretta House. Two giant toats carved out of ice and the heavenly Alps made up the scenery. The temperature was ten degrees below zero. It was so cold that the clarinetist had to play with thick sheepskin gloves and the cornetist's lips stuck to the metal mouth-piece. The ice at the rink was frozen so hard that the skaters found it did strange tricks to their routines. There were

some very funny acts where the clowns got all mixed up in some chairs. There were also some serious numbers. One of these was a Viennese waltz on ice that was as thrilling as it was beautiful.

Next I went to Davos. I was going skiing on the magnificent snow-covered slopes above Davos. I got on the funicular railway to the Alpine heights from which the Parsenn ski-run begins. The ski-run was crowded with hundreds of people and consequently I found fun weaving in and out of them. It was thrilling to go down the glistening white slopes. I took the breathless jumps, leaving the snow-bound earth beneath me. Finally, covered with snow and ice, I was at the bottom, safe and alive.

That evening I went to "The Farm" of Tony Morosani's Belvedere Grand Hotel. There was a cheese-fondue party. I heard Ernest Berchtold play his accordion. I participated in the rollicking, old folk song, "Hop-sah-sah." It was sung by Ernest Berchtold and Bertely Studer, well-known European yodeling singers with the entire group joining in the chorus.

As I looked around, it suddenly dawned upon me. I wasn't in Switzerland at all. I had been watching "Cinerama Holiday."

ALONE AND HAPPY

By MORGAN SHIPWAY (V)

I love to be alone in my little pram down at the lake on those days when the sky is very blue and full of very fleecy, billowing clouds, on those days when there is a good breeze and my boat kind of wallows along, not fast but yet not slow. The water has little tiny splotches of white on it and once in a while a fish will jump out of the water after a bug. As for me, I am in a very lazy mood, with not a worry in the world. As I go along I kind of dream and think very hard about the fun I'm having.

All of a sudden the sail pulls a little faster. The boat picks up speed in the miniature wind storm. It is now that I think of exciting things in life. Maybe I'm the skipper of a clipper ship going to the spice islands of China, or maybe I'm a bandit of the old West! I think of exciting things that have happened to me, the time I almost fell off the house roof or the time I turned over in the "Duster" and got tangled up in the sheet rope.

Abruptly as the wind started, it dies down. The sail droops. I stow the mainsail and put up the jib so I hardly move at all. I stick my head over the side of the boat, and, steering with my toe on the tiller, I just kind of glue my eyes to the bluish greenish water and think of quiet things in life. I see myself as

a sheik in Arabia with a big sword at my side just lounging around all day. Nothing to do except sit in the sun and boss people around. I think of sitting in a hammock on some south sea island drinking lemonade all day and being entertained by some hula girls. What fun!

After thinking about quiet things for a while I come to my senses and realize that I'm never going to get my boat back to the boat house. I struggle with the halyard and raise the mains'l. Nothing happens. Where is that darn wind anyhow? It is now that I think of terribly boring things like when the pond is frozen in winter and when I come home from school instead of going skating I have to study for some darn old English exam or something like that. Then I hear the kids out on the pond and hear the yells and squeals and I know what fun they're having while I have to study. Bah! After an hour and a half of adverbs I go out to see the kids. I lug my skates and stick over to the pond just in time to see everybody go home.

I feel a light breeze. Wind at last! My boat and I come tearing down the lake before the wind. I pass a canoe or a rowboat with some jerk in it who doesn't know one end of a boat from the other. It's fun to watch him struggle with the oars

and get mad at them. Now I think of the funny things. The circus clowns. That little car they drive around and when they stop thirty clowns pile out. What fun they must have!

Drat it all! I went right by the

boat house. Oh well, I'll just have to tack back up the lake and maybe I'll think of more things to let my imagination run away with me on. Who knows what I'll think of? Well, all I know is I had a lot of fun this afternoon.



ALL WET!

By BEV AARON (V)

Once last year in the middle of May,
I decided to go out and spend the day
On a sunny little island,
Far out on the bay.

I lugged my supplies down to the shore,
Got them into the boat, and was off with a roar,
To spend a nice and quiet day
On that little island out in the bay.

When I finally reached my destination,
I let out a cry of exclamation,
For there, resting on a sandy strip,
Was an old and rotting derelict ship!

I anchored just off her starboard side,
Hauled myself up and went inside.
I entered the cabin, and there: what a sight!
Was a grinning skeleton, all bleached and white!

I rushed up on deck and leaped for my boat,
But I missed and got myself thoroughly soaked!
I quickly swam over and clambered aboard,
And gave full gun to my trusty outboard.

A few seconds later I was dragged out of bed,
And being yelled at, "Get up, you sleepy head!"
"Whew! That was too close for comfort," I said
As I shook the sleepiness from my head.

"HOT ROD" HUNDLEY

By ROGER KIRKPATRICK (VI)

A while ago I saw the West Virginia vs. St. John's basketball game on television. I had looked forward to this game for almost a month (when I first learned it would be televised) because of the fact that "Hot Rod" Hundley, the world-famous showboat, would be in the West Virginia Mountaineers lineup.

Just to get you used to "Hot Rod's" style of play I'll give you a few examples of his past stunts. In one game, last year, everybody suddenly realized, to their amazement, that West Virginia had only four men on the floor. However, they quickly noticed Mr. Hundley hanging from the basket at the other end of the gym, yelling for a pass.

Another of Hundley's favorite gags is dribbling with his knees. Yes, he actually dribbles around the floor controlling the ball with his knees. Most players have enough difficulty dribbling with their hands, but not "Hot Rod."

Well, enough of his past experiences. Now for his exploits of February 16th at Madison Square Garden.

As I tuned in Channel 11 I was reminded by Bud Palmer (the announcer) that Hundley needed only 37 more points to set a new 2-year national scoring record. I had been following his totals very carefully, but had failed to notice this new result.

Well, I thought, no stunts tonight! He'll be concentrating on scoring those 37 points and forget about his fancy maneuvers. However, I was pleasantly surprised from the start. The first time our hero got the ball he started hopping up the floor — just a little girl's skip — as he dribbled. This drew a big laugh from the crowd, but "Hot Rod" really brought the house down as he offered the ball to his opponent, flipped it behind his back (of course!) to a team-mate, broke for the basket and laid the ball up and in as he took a return pass from his center. Hereafter, every time Hundley made a basket he ran up the court with two fingers high in the air, signifying the 2 points he'd just scored.

Then Hundley settled down to a few basic fundamentals such as behind the back dribbles and passes. However, with a few minutes to go in the first quarter he got the ball, rolled it around his shoulders and arms, caught it in his left hand and tried to shake hands with the man who was guarding him.

The second quarter was more of the same. Although he was doing a lot of fancy stunts, Hundley already had 22 points to his credit as the first half came to a close.

The second half finally started and then "Hot Rod" really got going. He made some beautiful shots

as well as some fancy passes such as one he bounced off his head to another West Virginian. Then it happened! Hundley sank a long jump shot for his 36th point.

After two unsuccessful tries he finally made another long jumper for a new record. (Hundley's new record was announced over the public address system.) Then I saw an unbelievable sight. "Hot Rod" Hundley was leading a cheer for himself! He was down in a crouch saying, "Two, four, six, eight, who do we appreciate? — Hot Rod, Hot Rod, R-a-a-a." This really brought the house down. And, as if that wasn't enough, "Hot Rod" then started doing a charleston around the gymnasium floor. He then proceeded to go over to the stands and shake hands with all the people who'd come to watch him, and then

he walked over to the referee and stood with his arm around his (the ref's) neck.

The St. John's stands now broke into a loud, noisy song, "We want Hundley with a rope around his neck," thinking that, for once, "Hot Rod" would be speechless. However, even this didn't stop him. He waved and threw kisses to the spectators and then . . . "Hot Rod" joined in the chorus.

With two minutes remaining in the contest Hundley canned another long shot, giving him a grand total of 14 field goals, 12 fouls, 40 points.

So ended the most enjoyable basketball game I've ever seen. If "Hot Rod" Hundley doesn't play pro basketball after his college career is over he'd be a very successful comedian, I'm sure.



VIRTUE HAS ITS OWN REWARD

By STEPHEN CRAWFORD (V)

"Hurry up, son, I haven't got all day," yelled an angry old man as he stepped on to the luxurious liner docked at Southampton.

"Yes, sir," replied his porter.

Later that day the manager called Johnny over to his office. "Johnny," he said, "I want to have a little talk with you."

"Yes, sir."

"My boy, I've had reports from different people recently, that you have not been on the job properly. I know how you love the sea, boy, but you've got to keep your mind on your job. If you don't, I'm going to have to discharge you. I noticed that you were quite fascinated by that big ship in port today. I know you often dream about going to the United States on a big ship, but that costs money, and you have to wait until you have it. By the way, that reminds me. This is Friday, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You've been working for me one month now. That means your first pay day has come. Here's a twenty-pound note."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

"Very well, Johnny, you can go now. . . . Just a second, I'd like to tell you that starting tomorrow, a new liner is going to be in port for the next two weeks. It's the most beautiful ship you or anyone else has ever seen, and the safest ever

built. Please don't let it lose you your job."

"Yes, sir, I mean, no, sir, I won't at all, and thank you very much, Captain Brown."

The next day Johnny hurried to work early, so he could get a good look at the new liner before work started. There he saw a ship right out of his dreams. The band played as sailors threw ropes to the men on the dock. He feasted his eyes on the massive hull, but the glare of the sun prevented him from reading the name of the ship. Flags waved and during the day many people came to look at the new vessel, the best ship that ever sailed the seas. But in the following days, Johnny worked extra hard, and only thought about the new luxurious liner in his spare time. Then, eight days before she was to sail, he walked up to her captain and, when no one was looking, addressed him. "Captain?"

"What do you want, boy? I haven't got long."

"I want to know how much a round-trip ticket would cost to the United States on your new ship."

"It's a steep price, boy, but on the finest ship that ever sailed the sea, fifty pounds is only fair."

Johnny's heart sank. All he had dreamed of for the past week, was to ride on this new liner. He knew that by the time she sailed Captain

Brown would owe him ten more pounds. That would be thirty-three pounds altogether. He had been hoping that that would be enough.

He worked with little zeal or hope of ever riding on the new luxurious liner. Then one evening as Johnny sat down for tea, his father proudly announced, "Today I was given a twenty-five-pound a month raise. I would like to present a note worth twenty pounds to you, Johnny. I hope that, added to what you've already saved yourself, is enough to buy you a ticket to the United States. It's all I can spare you."

"Oh, Dad! Thank you ever so much." He was living on top of the world now.

But on the eve of the day he was to sail, as the boy packed his clothes and counted his money again, his father called him downstairs.

With tears in his eyes Mr. Blair said to Johnny, "Son, I have some very sad news for you. I hope you can take it."

"What is it, Dad?"

"Johnny, today your grandfather had a serious accident. He broke his leg in three places. It's going to cost a lot of money for his operation. Your grandad has nothing and I can spare him little. I was wondering if you'd be willing to sacrifice your trip savings. You don't have to do it, but if grandad is to have the operation, he'll need the money. I've given you the plain facts, and I'm not going to build up any heroism

behind what I'm asking of you. It's up to you, son."

Tears came to Johnny's eyes as he realized the truth. He asked his father for a little time to think it over. Half an hour later he came downstairs again. "Dad, if grandpa's leg is really bad, I guess I have no choice."

"The good Lord will bless you for this, son. Thank you."

The boy dashed upstairs in a frenzy of hatred for life. He flung himself on his bed, buried his face in his pillow, and cried himself to sleep.

The next day Johnny walked slowly down to the docks to see the vessel off. It seemed more beautiful and shining than ever before. Rows of streamers and flags were strung along the ship. Half the city seemed to have come to watch its departure. The band struck up the tune "God Save The King" as the sailors unlashd the ropes fastening the ship to its dock. People waved good-bye to their friends and relatives leaving for the United States.

The majestic mistress of the sea pulled into the harbor and turned broadside to continue down the river. Its massive hull stretched out before him like a giant, and for the first time he was able to make out the golden letters written across the bow of the ship he should be on. He squinted against the glare of the sun, and mumbled the title to himself, "S. S. Titanic."

A SEA ADVENTURE

By WILLIAM STANIAR (III)

My name is Billingley Staniar. I was born in the town of Princeton, October, 1690. I went to sea when I was only twelve. I was cabin boy at the time and it was my first journey. My brother, fifteen years old, was on the ship with me.

We had sailed south about a week or two when we spotted what appeared to be a big storm coming up from the east. We hoped it would blow over. It was getting very windy, and the waves looked like mountains. In about an hour the first of the storm was upon us. The crew lowered the sails.

The captain called them together and said, "Men, I want you all below deck before the storm reaches its height."

We went below to our bunks. The ship was beginning to rock violently. For days the wind blew and we were carried far off our course.

Then one day the ship hit a rock. We were all thrown from our bunks and wanted to know what had happened. We crowded to the door to the upper deck. One of the older men, named Joe, got there first. He went out, but soon came back saying that the wind was so strong that he could not stand up.

The next day the wind died down but the waves were still very high and getting higher as the tide came on. One member of the crew couldn't stand it any longer. He rushed out

of the door before we could stop him. Through the door we could see a big wave coming. We yelled a warning but he did not hear us. Just before he was swept over the side, we heard him cry, "Land! Land!"

We didn't know for sure whether or not he had sighted land. We would have to wait till the storm quieted down.

The waves were getting bigger by the minute, and pounding against the sides of the ship. Then it happened! With one big crash the ship bounced against the rock, swept off and started to sink. We all jumped into the water. My brother and I were together. We just swam and stayed afloat as best we could.

It seemed hours later that our feet touched wet sand. We were both exhausted but managed to pull ourselves farther up on shore until we felt grass. There we stayed for the night because we could go no farther. At dawn I was awakened by the pounding surf. At first I didn't know where I was, but then I remembered the night. I immediately started to look for my brother. He was there, not far from me, just getting awake. I asked my brother whether he was all right. He said, "Yes, but I am very thirsty." We went to look for water and soon found a bubbling spring, from which we drank. Near the spring

was a tree of oranges. We ate a few while we explored to see where we had landed. About two miles to the right was a small mountain. We climbed it only to find disappointment. We were on an island. To the north, to the east, to the south, water, but far to the west land was in sight. We were not sure whether it was the mainland or another island. We could only hope it was the mainland.

We decided to explore our island. From the hill where we stood, it appeared to be about three miles long and a mile wide. Near the center was a small valley where trees grew in thick clumps. Here we found bananas growing and we picked as many as our arms would hold. We also saw many strange birds but no other sign of life.

During the next few days parts of our ship drifted ashore. We found some pieces of wood and a

water-soaked sail. We stretched the sail between two trees and fastened the other ends with the sticks. In this way we made a tent for ourselves. We ate fruit and the fish we were able to catch.

No ship appeared in the first week we were on the island, but more wreckage from our ship floated in. Fortunately, a box of tools was among this. We set to work to build ourselves a boat. The days passed. After what seemed like a month, we had finished a boat which we thought would carry us to what we hoped was the mainland.

We started off, with our tent once more a sail. The sea was fairly calm but a nice warm breeze helped us to the shore. After landing we trudged inland for several miles and finally came to a small village and learned that we had reached the mainland on the coast of Florida.

BRANT POINT LIGHT

By PONY FRAKER (V)

It stands upon the rocks of the point
Which sea and sand have worn.
The powerful light that shines through the night
Guides the ships high waves have borne.

When thick fog dims its warning beam
The lighthouse will resort
To ring its bell, which tolls to tell
The channel's way to port.

CHANCELLORSVILLE

By WILLIAM SMITH (V)

Jackson's men came marching, marching, marching,
Through the scrub and over bank,
Jackson's men came marching, marching, marching,
To the east and round the flank.

"What's the strategy today?" they cried
And pressed onward with ever vigorous stride.
Jackson's men came marching, marching, marching,
"Ole Jack's a-plannin' an attack," they cried
And pressed onward, onward with ever vigorous stride.

Jackson's men came marching, marching, marching,
Through the Yankee line, charging Sickle's Corps.

Hand to hand the Yanks' ten thousand they defied,
Hand to hand they fought with strength and might.
Hand to hand they fought for what they thought was right,
Hand to hand they fought and died.

The Yankee line began to waver and then began to run.
For Sickle's proud ten thousand, defeat had quickly come!

Jackson's men came charging, charging, charging
Through the line, charging Sickle's fleeing corps.
Jackson's men came charging, charging, charging
Through the line, routing Sickle's shattered corps.



THE "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN"

By PHILIP BONNET (IV)

The "Abominable Snowman" is one of the great scientific mysteries of today. The "Yeti," the name given to him by the natives, has the bad reputation of carrying away young women of the tribes.

We really know very little about him. The best clue we have is in his footprints. From footprints found in loose snow, scientists estimate his height to be about five feet. These footprints are most frequent in the Himalayas, but they have been found in the Alps. The "Yeti" footprints resemble men's, but in place of toe marks there are claw marks.

There is another clue to the century-old mystery, and that lies in a strange "sacred scalp" possessed by a native tribe. It is supposed to be that of the "Yeti" and is used in religious ceremonies. The leader of an expedition into Everest country was granted permission to examine the "scalp." While examining it he

extracted a few hairs. The studies of Dr. Hausman, Professor of Zoology and Ornithology, considered the expert on hair, stirred up more mystery. He thinks this "scalp" is really a section of a much larger mammal molded into the shape of a scalp. The animal bearing the skin used for the "scalp" is not native to Tibet. It came from hundreds or thousands of miles away. Who made it? Why? Does it have a real connection with the "Yeti"? The "scalp" may be a big clue or quite misleading.

One of the strangest features of the "Yeti" is that its footprints occur at mountain heights where men can survive only by using oxygen masks.

This great mystery has aroused much interest, particularly in England. Some scientists think the "Yeti" are apes. No one knows for sure, but at any rate the "Yeti" will continue to be an issue of interest.



SIXTH AND FIFTH FORM FAVORITES

A poll of favorites was conducted by the JUNIOR JOURNAL among the Fifth and Sixth Forms during the winter. The results follow. In most cases only the first-place winner is mentioned, although a few of the more interesting "also rans" are included.

The results:

Actor: JIMMY STEWART

Actress: DEBBIE REYNOLDS (over Grace Kelly by one vote)

Movie of '55: BATTLE CRY (followed closely by "Blackboard Jungle")

TV Show: SGT. BILKO-ED SULLIVAN

Radio Show: MAKE BELIEVE BALLROOM

TV Station: WCBS-TV (Channel 2)

Radio Station: WOR-(WNEW-WBUD in that order)

Announcer: JOHN DAVISON

Advertisement: PIELS

Popular Song: ANGELS IN THE SKY-POOR PEOPLE OF PARIS

Record Artist, Vocal Group: THE PLATTERS-JOHN STEIN

Band: LES ELGART-(with Guy Lombardo second)

Musical Instrument: TROMBONE-SAXOPHONE

Eook: ANDERSONVILLE-BANNER IN THE SKY (Latin Book 2)

Magazine: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED-SAT. EVENING POST (next in place is censored)

Sport: HOCKEY

Baseball Team: DODGERS

Indoor Game: CHESS

Hobby: GIRLS (practically unanimous)

Prep School (Boys): LAWRENCEVILLE (Exeter and Andover in that order)

Prep School (Girls): MISS FINE'S

College: PRINCETON (Harvard & Slippery Rock Teachers College)

Subject: MATHEMATICS

Beverage: COKE

Ice Cream Flavor: PEACH-VANILLA-CHOCOLATE

Candy Bar: CLARK BAR

Breakfast Cereal: CORN FLAKES

Local Soda Fountain: RENWICKS (Esquire-second)

Color: RED

Automobile: FORD

Animal: DOG (and an unidentified teacher)

Hair Tonic: WATER

Tooth Paste: CREST

HONOR ROLL

WINTER TERM 1955-56

(These averages do not include Final Examinations)

FIRST HONOR ROLL (90-100 %)

RAYMOND AGAR
RICHARD BAKER
EDWARD BENSON
JOHN BRINKERHOFF
RICHARD CRAWFORD
BARRY CUSTER
JOHN DUNNING
ROGER FAGAN
HARRISON FRAKER
DAVID GREENE
ANDREW HARRIS
WEBB HARRISON
ADAM HOCHSCHILD
JAMES KERR
ROBERT KUSER
ANTHONY LAUCK
MICHAEL MADEIRA
JOHN ODDEN
DANIEL QUICK
JAMES SHEA
DAVID SMOYER
CHARLES SMYTH
JOHN WILLIS

THIRD HONOR ROLL (80-84 %)

ELIAS BAKER
ROBERT BALES
JOHN BECKER
PHILIP BONNET
HOWARD BUSHNELL
ROBERT CARRICK
STEPHEN CRAWFORD
RUSSELL EDMONDS
DARIEN GARDNER
ROBERT GRIGGS
SAMUEL GUTTMAN
PETER HART
BURTON JACKSON
PETER KAMENSTEIN
GIBBS KANE
TIMOTHY KUSER
GILBERT LEA
ROBERT LEVENTHAL
DOUGLAS MACKIE
ROGER MARCUS
FREDERIC MOCK
PETER MOOCK
SEYMOUR MORRIS
ROBERT MUELLER
MALCOLM MUIR
MARK MUNGER
ALEXANDER PATTON

GEORGE PETERSON
JOHN POSTLEY
BROCK PUTNAM
WILLIAM PUTNEY
JOSEPH RIKER
RICHARD ROTNEM
DAVID SEDER
CHRISTOPHER SHANNON
PARKER SHEARER
JOHN SHEEHAN
JOSEPH SMITH
WILLIAM SMOYER
JOHN STEIN
JOSEPH STEVENS
DAVID STEWART
CHARLES STUART
GLENN THOMAS
HAROLD VAN DOREN
JAMES VOLLBRECHT
HUGH WISE

THIRD HONOR ROLL (20-84 %)

BEVERIDGE AARON
ARIO ALEXANDER
EUGENE ARMSTRONG
ROBERT AYERS
JOSEPH BUDNY
CHARLES CALDWELL
THOMAS CHUBET
JOSEPH COFFEE
JOHN COOK
STEPHEN COOK
JOHN DAVISON
HUTCHINSON FAIRMAN
ROSS FULLAM
JOHN GOBLE
JONATHAN HOWLAND
PETER KATZENBACH
ALEXANDER KIRKPATRICK
PETER KIRKPATRICK
ROGER KIRKPATRICK
LAURENCE KUSER
HOWARD McMORRIS
WILLIAM MORSE
RODMAN PATTON
KARL PETTIT
DOUGLAS RAMPONA
STUART ROBSON
WILLIAM SMITH
WILLIAM STANIAR
HENRY TOMLINSON
JOSEPH WRIGHT
PETER WRIGHT
WILLIAM WYMAN



ATHLETICS

HOCKEY

By ANDREW GODFREY

Even though there were only five Seniors out for hockey this year, the team had a fine season. More games were played than in any recent years. Our record was 9 wins and 2 losses, with an unofficial tie game with the Fathers thrown in. Two of the nine victories, against Peck and Harvey, were not counted in the official scoring records as no Sixth Formers were allowed to play in them.

Altogether we made 31 goals, while only 14 slipped past our two goalies, Keegin and Wright. The two co-captains were both high scorers in their class. Cook led the forwards with 11 points, and Budny led the defensemen with 4 points.

P.C.D. 3, SHORT HILLS 2

This was the first time that we met this team, and, although they seemed bigger, a scrapping team managed to hold them in the first period. In the second period Cook scored our first goal, and in the third Carey and Fraker followed his example.

LAWRENCEVILLE 4, P.C.D. 0

The team wasn't up for this game and the score shows it. We were outplayed and out-hustled. Even a few strong words from Mr. Vaughan couldn't help. The scoring for Lawrenceville was by Baxter in the first period and Warrick and Miles twice in the third period.

P.C.D. 5, PECK 0

This game was almost decided before it started, but Peck put up a good fight and nearly scored a goal. The scoring was as follows: in the first period, Morse; in the second, Lea and Kelley; in the third, Stevens and Godfrey.

P.C.D. 1, LAWRENCEVILLE 0

The team was really up for this game, because of the defeat in the first game between these two teams. The first two periods were scoreless, but very fast. For most of the third period it was the same way. Then Budny went into the corner and passed the puck out to Fraker, who scored.

P.C.D. 3, CHOATE 1

This was the first game of the New England trip and, although the team had been traveling all morning, it did not take them any time at all to get on their feet. The scoring came in each period, each time by a member of the first line — Cook, Carey and Fraker.

TAFT 3, P.C.D. 2

The ice was slow, the game was a bit sloppy, and we just made more mistakes than they did. Otherwise it was a good game. We scored two fast goals and perhaps just got over-confident. They were by Harrison and Fraker. The Taft goals came in the second period and two in the third.

P.C.D. 5, FATHERS 5

In an extra game we tied the fathers with goals by Cook, Carey, Fraker, Godfrey and Stein. For the fathers Mr. Cook scored three times, Mr. Carey and Mr. Wright each once.

P.C.D. 5, LAWRENCEVILLE 1

Unlike the other Lawrenceville games, this one was played with the lower school. It was a bit sloppy and it took us a period to get started. Cook got the only goal in that period. In the second, Cook, Stein, Dorf and Morse opened up the game. Also, Lawrenceville scored its only goal. The third period was fast but without scoring.

P.C.D. 3, HILL 2

Most of the team remembered this game from last year and wanted to win it. The first period was scoreless. In the second, Stein and Cook scored for us. Hill scored once. In the third they scored first, tying the score. Then Wise scored the winning goal.

P.C.D. 6, LAWRENCEVILLE 0

This was just another game to the team, since we had met this team before and had defeated them. It was the second of four games in five days, all of which we won. The scoring in the first period was by Morse and Fraker; in the second by Stein; and in the third one by Cook and two by Rotnem.

P.C.D. 8, SUMMIT 1

We had never met this team before so we did not know what to expect. After about ten minutes it became apparent that we had our seventh win. Goals were made by Carey, Harrison, Morse and Fraker in the first period; in the second by Baker, Budny, and Cook; in the third by Lea.

P.C.D. 8, HARVEY 0

Even though we could not use the Sixth Formers, this game was won easily. The goals were by Carey and two by Stevens in the first period. In the second Fraker, Carey, Wise, Stevens and Rotnem scored. In this game Stevens got the hat trick, making three goals.

The scoring records for the nine official games was as follows:

Name	Goals	Assists	Points
Cook	7	4	11
Fraker	6	3	9
Carey	3	5	8
Morse	5	3	6
Budny	1	3	4
Harrison	2	1	3
Stein	3	0	3
Baker	1	1	2
Dorf	1	1	2
Lea	1	1	2
Rotnem	2	0	2
Wise	1	0	1
Totals	31	22	53



BASKETBALL

By ROGER KIRKPATRICK and JEB STUART

This year our varsity basketball team, under the able coaching of Mr. Robson, Chuck Lapine, and Collum Davis, compiled a record of 12 victories and 3 defeats, which is the best record the school has ever attained in the sport. We scored 651 points for an average of 44 points per game, against our opponents' 388 points for 26 points per game.

The team was primarily composed of Sixth Formers, with the four co-captains — Roger Kirkpatrick, Chris Shannon, Dave Smoyer, and Jeb Stuart — starting all the games, and with Bill Applegate and Robert Kuser fighting for the other starting assignment. Peter Moock and Danny Quick did a fine job as the team's managers.

P.C.D. 40, WITHERSPOON 24

In the opening game of the season we defeated our old rivals for the first time in many years. Our zone defense bottled up the visitors, while we scored easily. Smoyer was high scorer with 15 points.

P.C.D. 51, CRANBURY 21

Our opponents weren't much of a match for us as we notched our second victory on our court. Smoyer was high man with 18 points.



P.C.D. 43, VALLEY ROAD 19

For the second straight year we were able to beat Valley Road by more than 20 points. We got off to an early lead and were never headed. Smoyer and Kirkpatrick scored 12 and 11 points respectively.

P.C.D. 36, TOWER HILL 19

We were determined to beat this rival because for the past two years we had lost down at their court in Wilmington, Del. Both teams were a bit sloppy. Smoyer again led in scoring with 21 points.

VALLEY ROAD 30, P.C.D. 27

Trying for our fifth straight victory, we were defeated by a much improved Valley Road team. Our offense just couldn't begin to click. Applegate was top man in the scoring list with 10 points.

P.C.D. 37, LYNWOOD 36

This was our most exciting game of the season. With less than three minutes to go we were behind, 33 to 25. However, we capitalized on some good ball-hawking and fast-breaking to win by one point.

P.C.D. 54, LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 34

Although we were up against a taller team, we made the most of their inaccurate shooting by doing some very accurate shooting ourselves. Applegate was our high scorer with 14 points.

P.C.D. 52, MILLTOWN 9

A weak Milltown team proved to be little opposition. All the substitutes played in the game. Smoyer with 16 points, Stuart with 12, and Shannon with 10 were our high scorers.

LAWRENCEVILLE 32, P.C.D. 24

Lawrenceville used their height to good advantage and controlled the boards throughout the game. The game was pretty close until the final minutes. Kirkpatrick topped our scorers with 8 points.

P.C.D. 50, MILLTOWN 24

We again beat a little-better team than we had faced before. The first team played only half the game. Applegate was high man with 16 points.

P.C.D. 39, CRANBURY 17

Again Cranbury fell prey to our now veteran team. All the substitutes got a chance to play. Smoyer was high with 16.

P.C.D. 49, SOLEBURY 25

Solebury became our tenth victim as we rolled to an easy victory. For the third straight time the first string was used sparingly and all the players got in. Kirkpatrick with 14 points and Smoyer with 13 led the scoring.

P.C.D. 56, TOWER HILL 24

In this game we broke the one-game scoring record for P.C.D. by one point. Again we beat our Delaware rivals easily. Smoyer was high scorer with 17 points.

P.C.D. 52, LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 28

Once again we took the measure of a good L.J.H. team. We played a highly commendable game for our twelfth win. Shannon led in scoring with 18 points.

LAWRENCEVILLE 48, P.C.D. 41

We were determined to beat this team, which had beaten us earlier, and finish our season well. But the visitors' accuracy in shooting was too much for us. We fought back, but Lawrenceville kept their lead. Shannon, Kirkpatrick, and Smoyer were high with 12, 11, and 10 points respectively.

WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

The Blues won the scholarship competition in the Winter Term. Their average was 2.2—, while the Whites were more than a point behind with 2.3+. The Blues had 54 out of 83 boys clear of failures, and the Whites had 53 out of 83 boys clear.

The following boys had no failures on their tri-weekly reports:

BLUES (54) — Agar, Alexander, Ayers, Bales, Benson, Bonnet, Brinkerhoff, Budny J., Chubet, Cook J., Cook S., Custer, Davison, Dunning, French, Gardner, Godfrey, Goodrich, Greene, Harris, Harrison, Hochschild, Howland, Jackson, Kane, Katzenbach, Kerr, Lauck, Mackie, Madeira, Marcus, Morris, Morse W., Muir, Odden, Peterson, Postley, Putnam, Putney, Quick, Shea J., Shipway, Smoyer D., Smoyer W., Smyth C., Stein, Stewart, Stuart C., Thomas, Tyler, Van Doren, Vollbrecht, Willis, Wyman.

WHITES (53) — Aaron B., Armstrong, Baker E., Baker R., Becker, Bushnell, Carrick, Crawford R., Crawford S., Davis, Edmonds, Fagan, Fairman, Fraker, Fullam, Goble, Griggs, Guttman, Hare, Hart, Kamenstein P., Kerney Re., Kirkpatrick P., Kirkpatrick R., Kuser L., Kuser R., Kuser T., Lea, Leventhal, McMorris, Mills, Mock, Moock, Moore, Mueller, Munger, Patton A., Patton R., Pettit, Rampona, Riker, Robson, Rotnem, Rubino, Seder, Shannon, Sheehan, Smith, W. W., Stevens, Tassie, Wise, Wright J., Wright P.

HOCKEY

In the Blue-White hockey series, the Whites emerged victorious. There were two games apiece for both Varsity and Junior Varsity.

In the first Varsity game the score was tied up, 1-1, with scoring by Rotnem for the Whites and Cook for the Blues. In the second, the Whites won 2-1, with goals by Dorf and Keegin (W) and Harrison (B).

In the J. V., Kamenstein scored the only goal in both games, assisted by Rubino, for the Whites, clinching the series.

THE SKATING RACES

In the annual skating races this year, the Whites, also, were victorious. The individual races, as well as the relays, were very exciting and hard fought.

In the Junior Division Alec Patton (W) came in first, followed by John Odden (B), and Bob Griggs (W). The Whites were victorious throughout the Intermediates with Dave Kelley, Robbie Carrick, and Biffie Lea, in that order. Due to an unfortunate fall Stevens did not qualify in this race. At the same time the Blues made a clean sweep in the Senior division, with Tim Carey in the number one spot, Joe Budny second, and Webb Harrison third.

In the picked relay made up of one skater of each color from each form the Whites team, consisting of Griggs (I), Patton A. (II), Carrick (III), Stevens (IV), Wise (V), and Dorf (VI) defeated the Blue squad made up of Chubet (I), Odden (II), Cook S. (III), Hamill (IV), Carey (V), and Budny (VI).

The closest race of the day was provided by the All-School Relay, in which the Whites edged the Blues by one man.

The final score for the entire meet was Whites 25, Blues 12.

LITTLE LEAGUE HOCKEY

In Lower School hockey, which was organized as a league consisting of four college-named teams, the results were as follows: Trinity, which led throughout the series, won with a total of 18 points, followed by Williams with 16, Princeton with 9, and Hamilton with 5.

The co-captains of these teams were: Hamilton, Carrick and Hare; Princeton, Alexander and Coffee; Trinity, Moore and Mueller; Williams, Cook S. and Smyth C.

CALENDAR

JANUARY

- Jan. 4 — The winter term starts off well for *Oliver Hamill*, whose birthday softens the pain of going back to school.
- Jan. 6 — Out on the farm, where a fellow can really taste the weather, *George Peterson* predicts that the winter has a few surprises up its sleeve.
- Jan. 8 — Enormous sunspots and other atmospheric disturbances have been traced to three storm centers in Mercer County, New Jersey, where the *Applegates*, the *Kelleys*, and the *Budnys* of Penns Neck are holding "quiet" birthday parties for their sons.
- Jan. 9 — Yesterday's disturbances caused nature to break out in a cold sweat, with the result that all roads are covered with ice today and school is called off. (Thanks, *Applegate*, *Kelley*, *Budny*!)
- Jan. 12 — *Perry Rodgers* and *Rusty Edmonds* born today, just to keep each other company.
- Jan. 14 — Born today is *Jimmy Aul*, known as the "groaner" when asked to read his compositions in class. (He claims this gives him a cushion to fall on if his work is as bad as he thinks it is.)
- Jan. 17 — *David Seder*, ballet artist, born. He becomes famous at an early age for his superb footwork in the home room.
- Jan. 20 — *Toby Knox*, manufacturer of unbreakable toys, is made president of the Hard-Knox Knick-Knax Company.
- Jan. 21 — *Eberhard Rosenblad* and *Peter Raymond* gain one lap and are a year closer to their older brothers down at Lawrenceville.
- Jan. 22 — *Webb Harrison*, winner over the Russians in the 1964 Olympics, born.
- Jan. 24 — *Joe Coffee*, bullet-passing center on the New York Bockerknickers basketball team, born.
- Jan. 30 — *John Postley*, P.C.D. ambassador to M.F.S., born today. — And so, by Joe, is young Mr. *Riker*, recently voted by Mad Magazine to be the "most underrated klöckenbrungelheimer of the year." Say, Joe, what is a . . . er . . . that thing I just said, anyway? — Today Mr. *Whitehead* is welcomed back to school after his accident. The Sixth Form bakes a cake in his honor, and generously helps him eat it up before lunch.

FEBRUARY

- Feb. 6 — *Malcolm Muir*, editor of *Muir's Frantic Fiction Monthly*, born.
- Feb. 9 — *Karl Johnson*, non-stop reader, born. He spends his birthday (not study periods, of course) reading *Muir's Frantic Fiction Monthly*.
- Feb. 12 — *Bobby Ayers* thinks it's worth being class clown as long as it's first class. Well, for the rest of this year, he's it: First Class clown. Happy birthday, Bobby.
- Feb. 18 — According to Second Form scuttlebutt, *Bloxy Baker*, born today, is in line for Mad's "Boy's Boy" award. Oh boy!
- Feb. 19 — *Doug Rampona*, Cuyler Road game warden, born. — *Howard Bushnell*, Millstone River showboat operator, born.
- Feb. 21 — His Color Officers honor *Ario Alexander* on his birthday by carrying his books for him, in return for his part in raising the scholastic average of the Color.



- Feb. 23 — P.C.D. Night School opens. The pupils are parents of First, Second, and Third Formers. They find the work too hard, so school closes after one night of classes.
- Feb. 26 — V is for *Vollbrecht* and Victory — two words which are not contradictory.
- Feb. 28 — *Burton Jackson* is sad that he did not get a baby elephant for his birthday. He wanted to practice carrying it around on his shoulders as an ad for the Fair.
- Feb. 29 — Nobody born today. A lucky thing for him!

MARCH

- Mar. 1 — *Tony Lauck*, the Third Form's most distinguished scientist, passes his birthday attending a board meeting at the R.C.A. Laboratories. — *Mike Morris*, the Second Form's famous short-story writer, born today. A dozen pencils were chewed to bits while Mike subdued the five crooks in that stirring saga, "Gold Island."
- Mar. 2 — School is closed while the Faculty go to the S.E.B. Conference in New York. Some Sixth Formers celebrate the holiday by touring the U. N., also in New York. All that *Jeb Stuart* remembers of the trip is the pretty guides — "and all of them," as he puts it wistfully, "probably single." — *Jobe Stevens* also celebrates, period.
- Mar. 5 — *Ted* and *Tom Goodridge*, PCD's "terrible twins," now cause as much havoc on the basketball court as they did on the soccer field.
- Mar. 6 — The printer says that he won't have room to put in all the other birthdays this month unless I "do something" about it. I don't want to leave anybody out, so here are their names and the date on which "Many Happy Returns" is the right thing to say to them. *Richard Aaron* and *Bobby Leventhal* (today), *Bill Putney* (7th), *Mark Munger* and *Bobby Griggs* (11th), St. Patrick's little favorite, *Joe Smith* (17th), *Buffy Lea* (19th), *Harold van Doren* (20th), *Pompey Delafield* (22nd), *Steve Cook* (27th), *Randy Hobler* (28th), *Peter Kamenstein* (29th), *Billy Shea* (30th), and — no joking, he really was born! — *Buzzy Van Riper* on April 1st.
- Mar. 7 — *Mr. Griggs* distributes Cadillacs to the disappointed Fourth Formers who failed to get into the finals of the \$64,000 Math Question. *Baker*, *Bales*, *Patton*, and *Stevens* eventually hit the jackpot. Each of them is now \$2.25 richer, after deducting \$63,997.75 in taxes.
- Mar. 15 — The First Form was always *rugged*, but never as much so as today when they returned from a visit to the Hightstown Rug Company, each carrying a sample of the company's product big enough to cover all the floors of little sister's doll house.
- Mar. 20 — For two days we have been watching the blessed snow from heaven, and for two days school has been shut tighter than a bulldog's mouth in a trespasser's pants. Two days of exams snowed out! I'll say the winter had a surprise up its sleeve!
- Mar. 23 — The Faculty stubbornly refused to admit that the weather could lick them, and somehow they jammed the exams in anyhow. Well, they're over today, and spring vacation starts in a flurry of flying snowballs. See you all next term.

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MR. R. V. C. WHITEHEAD, JR.

Princeton Country Day School Representative

Catalogue and Personal Interview Upon Request

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WITH THE ALUMNI

1928

Charles Lineaweaver is presently a free-lance writer in New York.

1935

Tom Wertenbaker and his family live in Plattsburg, N. Y. where he is currently on the staff of the local television station.

John Brooks was one of the judges for the National Book Awards — the only industry-wide honor in the book-publishing field.

1936

Chris Chapman has returned to the American Embassy in Teheran and will probably be there for at least another year.

Nick Katzenbach is an assistant Professor at the Yale University Law School.

For News of Princeton Country Day School

Between issues of

THE JUNIOR JOURNAL

read

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Published Wednesday and Saturday

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1938

Dave Huntington and his wife live in Northampton, Mass. where he is a member of the faculty at Smith College.

Charley Erdman is living in Princeton and commuting to New York. He is with Chubb & Son.

1940

Ham Hazelhurst has just gained his Ph.D. in Architecture at Princeton.

1941

George Kuser is president of the Troy (Ohio) **Daily News**, which he recently purchased. He and his wife and three children, Clare McHugh, Rudolph George and Peter Doelger, are now settled in Troy.

David Hart returned home last summer after a three-year field trip in Spanish Morocco collecting material for a Ph.D. in anthropology from Pennsylvania. He reports seeing **Tom Matthews** in Gibraltar a year ago, but has since lost track of him.

John Stewart is still grinding away at post-doctoral research in physics at the University of Virginia.

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1942

Tom Dignan lives in Green Valley, N. J. and works for Union Securities Corp. in New York. He says that he sees **Mel Dickenson** frequently and that the latter is located in Moorestown, N. J.

Marty Benham was married last April to Miss Bertie Howald of Bunker Hill, Illinois. He is now a Ranger with the National Park Service, Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming.

1943

Jim Laughlin is working for the Bureau of Student Aid at Princeton University.

William Harrop reports that he has moved his family from Palermo, Sicily to Rome. A State Department re-assignment was the cause of this move.

Dave McAlpin was recently ordained to the Presbyterian Ministry. He reports that David Mark McAlpin was born May 8, 1955.

Dean Mathey is, in his own words "down in Florida studying tennis under Mercer Beasley with the idea of writing three books on the game and I hope to become an amateur tennis star."

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Charles, Earl of March has recently taken a final examination to become a Chartered Accountant. He has two children, a boy 1 year old and a girl 3 years old. He reports visits during the past year from Peter Erdman, George Piper and Johnny Matthews. He hopes that any alumni in England will call on him at 19 Melbury Road, London, 14.

George Piper sends no news but he is working for "3M" of Canada, Ltd. in London, Ontario.

1944

Garry Ellis is teaching English at the Hill School and directed the School play, "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial."

Nicholas Gordon-Lennox, is, according to his brother, The Earl of March, at present in the American Department of Her Majesty's Foreign Office.

1945

George Gallup is working for the American Institute of Public Opinion in Princeton.

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1947

Paul Roediger is in the middle of his second year at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

1948

John Townsend Law is in his second year at the Harvard Graduate School of Design, studying Architecture. He plans to marry Miss Peggy Huguley of Mt. Kisco, N. Y. this June and to leave Harvard this summer for three years as a pilot in the Air Force.

Harold Elsasser is aboard the U.S.S. **Snowden**, home port Newport, R. I., and is serving in the gunnery department.

The engagement of Miss Marion Bacon to **Roger Wood** was announced last January.

1949

John D'Arms has just been awarded a Fulbright Award to study comparative literature next year at the University of Bordeaux. John is a Senior at Princeton.

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1950

Fred Bright, who is now with the Marine Corps at Camp LeJeune, N. C., tells of his engagement to Miss Shirley Ann Wyldes of South Chatham, Mass.

Frank Davis' succinct report is "Survived exams."

Mike Erdman is on the first defense of the Princeton Hockey team.

Nathaniel Smith reports that he is the Director of the Princeton Summer Camp for under-privileged boys. He succeeds John D'Arms '49.

1951

Harry Rulon-Miller is one of the leading scorers of Princeton's Hockey team.

The following Club selections have been made by members of the Sophomore Class at Princeton: Peter Alsop, Bob Miller (**Tower Club**); Hugh Fairman (**Colonial Club**); George Hess (**Cloister Inn**); Doug Levick, Harry Rulon-Miller (**Ivy Club**); Ed Metcalf (**Terrace Club**); Tom Dorf (**Campus Club**); Bob Kales (**Tiger Inn**).

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1952

Peter Bauer played on the Freshman Soccer team and Freshman Hockey team at Princeton. He passes along the information that **Bobby Hillier** played on the soccer team as Left Wing.

1953

Sumner Rulon-Miller is at Proctor Academy, Andover, Mass. He says that **Dudley Clark '56** is on the Hockey team.

1955

Freddy Osborne reports "not much" at Exeter, but says that **Joe Delafield** made the mid-year Honor Roll and that **Peter Cook '53** made the same Honor Roll and the Varsity Hockey team as well.

Jackson Sloan earned his letter in Soccer at Milton Academy.

Walter Menand reports from Exeter that **Chip Woodward** made the J. V. cross-country team and that **Craig Stafford** at Andover had broken his leg playing soccer.

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