

VOL. XXVIII, No. 3

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

JUNE, 1956

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

## JUNE 1956

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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VOL. XXVIII

JUNE, 1956

No. 3

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# EDITORIAL

Some time ago in Birmingham, Alabama, a negro singer named Nat Cole was attacked by a group of white men while he was trying to give a concert. That is but one of the more publicized occurrences, demonstrating an increasingly tense situation in the South.

It seems evident that something permanent should be done to relieve the tension. However, it is also obvious that it is necessary to find out what is causing the tension, before any steps are taken. For instance, we feel that the fault lies, to some extent, with the Negroes. It looks as if they are trying to run things too much, as witness the case of Autherine Lucy. It is also true



that the Whites feel uneasy because the Negroes are much more numerous in the South than in the North (in some counties, the Negroes outnumber the whites 9 to 1) and so they also resent any suggestion from the Yankees. Nevertheless, it is true that the Whites are acting worse than the Negroes.

The case of "King" Cole demonstrates the sort of thing some of the Whites are doing. The car of the conspirators was packed with everything from sawed-off shotguns to black-jacks. There can be little doubt about their intentions. This is the sort of action which could induce the North to do something foolish.

The case of Autherine Lucy is not quite so clear-cut. It is true that she was overly persecuted when she tried to go to the state university (where she certainly had every right). However, we wonder if, after she had been banned from the university, and after the students had demonstrated, it wouldn't have been wiser to protestingly enroll in another university, which **did** accept Negroes. It seems that the publicity would have been almost as great, and no mention of her unstable character would have come into the picture. Still, the Whites were again in the wrong. They had absolutely no right to try to ban an inhabitant of Alabama from the state university, for the Supreme Court had just decided that the education for all individuals should be the same.

However, there are some bright spots in the picture, e. g. the case of the Georgia Tech football team. They were to play the Pittsburgh team in the Sugar Bowl. Pitt had a negro fullback on its team. As a result, the governor of Georgia tried to get the game called off. But the Yellow Jackets insisted upon meeting Pitt. In this case the sensible course won out, and Tech played Pitt.

To sum it up, it seems that the situation could be remedied more easily if the facts were scrutinized very carefully, perhaps even by a third party (the U. N.?). and then action could be taken.

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## A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor  
The JUNIOR JOURNAL

Dear Sir:

I read the April JUNIOR JOURNAL with more than usual interest, partly because I had a story in it, but mainly because in it you published a very provocative editorial. Indeed, I found it so provocative that I am moved to send what is probably the first letter to the Editor in the history of our School magazine.

I am a believer in the principles of the Democratic Party. Unquestionably, I have few sympathizers in this school; however, I have never hesitated to speak my mind or commend the Democratic Party. Because of that,

I would naturally be opposed to an editorial which lauds the President and expresses delight over his decision to run again. I can bestow little praise on him, and I certainly feel that he is neither capable nor equipped to continue in office. As to the "peace and prosperity" to which your editorial alluded, what is peace when we are all too often at the brink of war, and what is prosperity if it doesn't apply to all — and if it is based on credit? On these points and others I am always ready and willing to debate objectively and sensibly with anyone.

However, "aside from political considerations" (to quote from the editorial), I question the idea that you as editor may speak for "the public" when you say, "The public wanted Mr. Eisenhower to run again" and "They (the public) like Ike." The Editor may speak for himself — even for the majority of the School — but he is certainly in no position to speak for the public. No one is.

Therefore may I suggest that if you write more partisan articles, you speak in your own behalf, and let others judge for themselves whether you speak correctly or not?

Sincerely yours,

JOHN STEIN (VI)

April 16, 1956

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### THE EDITOR REPLIES

May I point out that we do not claim to be non-partisan in what we write, but rather to give our honest opinion on such matters as that touched upon by the editorial to which you refer? After all, what is the purpose of an editorial, if it is not to give the opinion or comment of the writer? In so doing, you are bound to arouse opposition from people not sharing the same beliefs. This is now the case from a few of our readers, such as you. As you have pointed out, since those readers are in the minority at P.C.D., we are writing not for them, but for the majority.

Of course, we could argue forever on certain points such as the interpretation of the word "public" as it was used, or on any other debatable remarks which might have occurred in this editorial; but I feel that it is of little or no avail to argue further on such matters when it is now three months since the announcement of Ike's decision. Perhaps it is time now to advance our thoughts to the outcome of the coming election.

I would like to add, though, that we appreciate your letter and any advice offered, and we publish it willingly for the purpose of giving our subscribers a glimpse at the other side of this matter.

PETER MOOCK,

Editor-in-Chief, April issue

## THE DECISION

By FRANK HESS (VI)

Steve Numan was an average college graduate — no, perhaps a bit better than average. He had a degree in engineering. This was his fourth year as an engineer for the rocket division of Preston Electric, Inc.

Preston had been chosen to design and build the rockets which were to be used to shoot aloft the first man-made satellites. Steve had been chosen as the Preston representative on the government satellite committee.

The morning paper announced, "DR. NUMAN, ROCKET SPECIALIST, MISSING." He was last seen leaving his office with an unidentified man. Dr. Numan was a valuable and enthusiastic rocket specialist, and was regarded as irreplaceable.

Three days later he walked unannounced into his Preston Electric office. He told his secretary that he was not to be disturbed and went into his private office. It was a greatly changed man from the Steve Numan who had vanished three days before. His rocket plans were greatly changed, too, and his enthusiasm had faded out.

All twelve rocket tests were failures for unknown reasons. Billions of the taxpayers' dollars had been wasted. But the failure of the rockets didn't disturb Numan at all. He seemed totally uninterested. A week later the project was halted and

money for more tests was denied. This seemed to please Steve. What had happened in the three days he was missing?

If Steve had wanted to tell you where he had gone, he couldn't have done so. He didn't know where he had been taken or how he had gotten there. All he knew was that he had participated in one of the most important debates in history.

He had found himself in a super-modern auditorium with highly intelligent creatures of all kinds. He was told that he was in a meeting of representatives of other worlds forming a Union of United Worlds. He was to represent the Earth in a debate. The topic was, "Resolved, that the Earth should be admitted into the Union of United Worlds."

The first speaker for the negative was, it seemed, only a large blue-green mass of liquid. It had no apparent shape. Its color, at first blue-green, was always changing. Some of the colors had never yet been seen by any human being. From somewhere in the mass came a wave or impulse which, with the aid of a machine, was translated into understandable English.

Steve couldn't remember the speech but its main points were: Earthmen were acquiring space travel too soon; they were still fighting among themselves over land and power; such people would only en-

danger the peaceful state of the Union. It stated that Earthmen were far too under-developed for so intelligent and honorable a position as the Union offered. This last statement greatly angered Steve at first. Later, he began to agree and was less angry.

The second speaker eased Steve when he told him that the first had meant no offense and was being quite polite about it. Steve was told that the translating machine couldn't give the expression or mood of the speaker. He went on to tell Steve that they were not blaming the under-civilized state of Earth on its people, for their own civilizations had once been so. He explained that the question was not a final judgment on Earth but only, "Is it ready yet?"

The speakers in favor of admitting the Earth seemed less honorable. Their interest in his planet seemed to be not in its people but in the usefulness of its natural resources. After hearing the speeches Steve was to be the judge.

He was faced with a very difficult decision. The negative side, as unpleasant as it was to him, seemed to be right about the fact that Earthmen were not ready for such an offer. Was he betraying his home planet? Should he fight for the admission of the Earth?

If Steve voted to let Earth in, he would be siding with the group who were uninterested in his people but only in his planet. They might even take over the Earth by force and rule it. He didn't know whether these selfish ones on the affirmative side or the honest ones who seemed interested in the welfare of his people would help his people more. If Earth could join the Union it could advance quickly — but, maybe too quickly for its own good!

The debate went on for another day, but the main facts didn't change.

On the third day Dr. Numan had to make his decision. His people might advance years in civilization with the help of the Union. Or his civilization might be taken over by force or completely destroyed. He didn't know which side had more power in the Union.

After considering both sides of the question he made his decision. Within an hour he was entering the Preston Electric building. After asking that he be not disturbed he went into his office.

For unknown reasons the rocket tests had failed and were stopped. Maybe Steve caused the failure or maybe it was caused by creatures from other worlds. We don't know which, but we do know that Steve's decision . . . Ah! but Steve didn't care to tell us, remember?

## CONNECTICUT RIVER RAPIDS

By DONALD C. STUART, III (VI)

"Well, there they are," called out Jim Davis, our counselor, pointing down to the beginning of a several-mile stretch of rapids along the Connecticut River. All four of our canoes were lined up and ready to go. After a few last-minute instructions and warnings, we were off. I was paddling bow in our canoe, with Frank Johnstone, another counselor, at stern, and another boy, Dick Vale, in the middle.

"Remember, head for the V!" called Frank.

I paid no attention at all, for I figured the whole business would be very easy.

Then everything began to happen at once. We picked up speed and shot along; white swirling water and big forbidding rocks came up on all sides. Before I could collect my wits we were perched on top of a rock.

"Get out and push us off!" yelled Frank.

"Get out?" I repeated, amazed. "I'll get wet."

"So what?" he shouted back.

Out I stepped into waist-deep water. I pushed and heaved and finally got us going again. The canoe went faster and faster, and the rocks became thicker. I was one big mass of an uncoordinated canoe paddler.

"Rock off port! Rock off starboard!" I would yell, then frantically mess around with my paddle and try to miss it.

I finally learned to head for the V's, but half the time I would miss them. Then when we went fifteen seconds without hitting a rock, I thought I was pretty good, but by some clumsy movement I got us wedged in between two rocks. I hopped out; in fact, everybody did, and at last we were free.

Luckily we came to a small stretch of calm water, and here we stopped to rest. Frank concluded that of all the rocks we had passed I had let us hit 95% of them. He told me to keep my eyes open and not to do so much talking about wanting to be back on Carnegie Lake, lazily paddling around.

We were off again, and I was determined to bring the percentage down to 75 or maybe even 60. I couldn't have started off worse. I yelled, "Rock off port!" when it was really on the right side, and in no time at all I heard the familiar scrape and the familiar words, "Get out!"

I certainly did no better than before, — and while I would congratulate myself for miraculously sneaking past a couple of rocks, I would be rudely interrupted by our canoe hitting another. Our emotions were varied. Frank was furious at me, Dick Vale was scared stiff that we would tip over, and I was cursing every rock we hit. After another calm stretch Frank decided I had done worse. I agreed and Vale, by

this time, was praying we would get through alive.

A short rest, and away we went. I decided to give myself one point for every rock we avoided and take away one for every rock we hit. Knowing how bad I was, I gave myself a bonus of 10. The game lasted about five minutes. The count shot down, hovered around 1 and 2 for a moment, and disappeared into minus quantities. I gave up.

Then suddenly the end came into view. Frank was so happy that he offered me an enormous milkshake if

I could hit fewer than ten rocks. I started out with high hopes. I could almost taste the milkshake. Then I made a terrible mistake. I pictured the shake in my mind, and we hit four rocks. Then we hit five more before I could get us straightened out again.

With the shake gone if I hit another rock I really did well up to 100 yards from the end. I weaved in and out of rocks and really did a magnificent job. The only trouble was that I hit a rock about five feet from the finish, and that was the end of the milkshake!

---

## THE WEATHER

By JAMES SHEA (V)

Have you ever wished on a hot summer day  
That you could be riding on a sled or a sleigh?  
Or have you in winter, when cold as ice,  
Thought of the heat as something quite nice?

I certainly have, and I'm sure you have too;  
But isn't it funny when your wish becomes true  
That the heat which you wished for ruins your day  
And the cold winter wind discourages play!

So just remember when you're sweating away  
That if you were on that sled or that sleigh  
There you still wouldn't be satisfied,  
So forget the weather and go play outside!



## GOLDEN ARROW

By ELIAS BAKER, JR. (II)

One stormy night a herd of wild horses was looking for shelter. A few hours after they had found it, a Palamino colt was born. It was called Golden Arrow. As he got stronger he tried to climb to his feet. After an hour he could walk a few steps but then he stumbled and fell. But he was determined that he was going to walk. After a few days of working he could walk about twenty-five feet, but he was too tired to walk any farther and fell to the ground. But when two weeks were over, he could walk fairly well.

When Golden Arrow was a year old some cowboys came hunting for the herd. The lookout, a big black stallion, spotted them and gave the alarm. The herd ran but the cowboys caught up to them. After a half-hour passed, the men rode off with twelve prisoners: Golden Arrow was one of them. After one month's training the man that had captured Golden Arrow was going to try to ride him. He saddled him and put on a bridle. Then he quickly mounted. For the first time Golden Arrow felt weight on his back. He stood still for a minute stunned, but then he started bucking madly, but could not get the rider off. After he had used every trick that he knew, he stood still. Then he remembered one more trick that he had forgotten. He suddenly started running at a mad gallop. He headed straight for a big

oak tree. When he was about three yards away from it he stopped as suddenly as he had started. The rider flew over Golden Arrow's head and fell to the ground. Then Golden Arrow started running toward the fence. When he was close enough he jumped, but one of his hind legs struck the fence. The wound was not very serious. He had just skinned his leg.

Now that he was no longer a prisoner, he set out to find the rest of the herd. On his way to find them he went through a rocky valley. He walked under an overhanging rock, but he did not notice that on top of the rock was a crouching bobcat. As soon as Golden Arrow was under the rock the bobcat pounced and landed on the horse's back. Golden Arrow fought furiously but could not get the bobcat off his back. Then he sat down on the ground and rolled over. That trick worked. The bobcat lay on the ground with his bones broken. Then Golden Arrow trampled the bobcat to death. He lay down wearily, both from exhaustion and from pain.

Golden Arrow stayed in the valley until his wounds were healed, and that took two weeks and a half. When they did heal he had ten scars two inches long, five on each shoulder, each one an eighth of an inch apart.

After another week of hunting he finally found the rest of the herd.

When Golden Arrow was three years old the leader of the herd, a big black stallion, challenged him to a fight. If Golden Arrow won he would become leader, but if he lost he would be no longer a member of the herd.

When the fight started, both horses fought well, but Golden Arrow got stronger and started gaining on the stallion. Both were landing good sturdy blows. But then Golden Arrow got a blow on the head. Then he gave the stallion a kick on the head with all his might. The stallion fell to the ground with his skull smashed. After an hour of suffering he died. Now that Golden Arrow was leader, he was going to lead the herd wisely. And he was a wise leader.

That winter was a bad one. Some of the horses got sick and died. The others tried to move south, but they could not find food. When they finally did find food, they shared it with the rest of the herd. The horses that lived just pulled through that winter.

When Golden Arrow had been leader for two years, a herd of buffalo stampeded toward the wild horses. Golden Arrow ordered the rest of the herd to run, while he stayed to try to hold off the buffaloes. Then the leader of the buffalo herd charged Golden Arrow. The horse fought back, but the buffalo gored him in the throat. Golden Arrow fell to the ground, dying. The stampeding buffalo herd trampled him. But the memory of this brave leader was in the minds of all the herd.

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## **"DO IT YOURSELF"**

OR — MAN'S INHUMANITY TO HIMSELF

By JOHN DAVISON (VI)

They call it America's fastest-growing indoor and outdoor sport — this "do it yourself." Actually, the equipment for this so-called inexpensive sport totals into the millions — the doctors' bills run into the thousands — and hours a husband can spend away from his wife can, and do, run into the hundreds.

The direction for any one project can be so complicated that it would

take a professional carpenter to figure them out, with possibly the help of an engineer.

The reference books popular with the handy man are "How to Make Fine Orange Crates from Old Furniture" and "How to Get HER to Do It" — not to mention the time someone sent a book on Basic English to the Do It Yourself publishers.

Hanging wallpaper is one of the



most common feats for the do-it-yourself fan. The work begins with the mixing of the glue-paste, which usually sticks to everything except the paper. With the use of the hands of the other members of the family the paper is carefully matched with the other sheets. Hanging the paper in our own kitchen, we had mixed the paste into a hard lumpy liquid, which in turn made a lumpy effect on the wallpaper. When it was hung, we had dinner. While we were eating, we heard the unraveling sound of the wallpaper in the kitchen as it rolled up to the ceiling into a ball!

I can remember the summer I helped Bob build a boat on which he had been working for quite a while in his cellar. When he finally completed it, he found to his great disappointment that he couldn't get it out of his basement.

Little children try to be helpful to our handy man. Bill had been seen by his daughter struggling over a lamp which apparently didn't work. While Bill was fixing the cord in the light socket itself, his daughter said,

"No wonder it didn't work, Dad, the switch was off," — and obligingly turned on the switch!

If someone in your household is a do-it-yourself fan, I advise you to take out life insurance on him. How often have you heard — "Get the iodine, I did it again!"

Isn't it odd that every time your handy man takes to fixing a washing machine, dish washer, etc., he spends at least an hour working on it and winds up calling the repair man?

From now on, when there is anything planned for you to do on a certain day, try waking up with headache, neuritis, and neuralgia. Another word to the men — whenever you hear your wife say to the neighbor, "You mean your husband makes his own screens, built his own terrace, does his own decorating . . .", I advise you to clear out.

Here's a word of advice to those who want to stay in good with our indoor-outdoor hobbyist — always compliment him on his work and never, but **never**, say, "What is it?"



## INVASION

By DAVID SCOTT (VI)

Why had they come? His people had not hurt them or bothered them. Why were they now destroying all his people? Just because they were not quite the same? When he was young he had thought about how nice it would be to communicate between worlds. Then these terrible monsters had come in their large spaceships, and his people had tried to stop them. Now it was too late; their weapons were too powerful. His people were being hunted down like wolves.

He sat on the floor of a cave while hunger made his stomach scream for food. However, he didn't dare go out into the open to get it for fear of being spotted and shot.

When they had come, he and all the family had gone to the park to see their spaceship. He had wanted to be friendly, but they were so ugly that he had been afraid. For two or three months his people and THEY had lived together. Then the government had declared war and he had joined the army to try to rid his people of the monsters. But they had been disastrously defeated and now were being hunted down like criminals.

He heard the tramping of feet outside the mouth of the cave before he saw THEM. He hid himself under some rocks. Some monsters came in

and talked to each other in their strange language. Then they made a poor search of the cave. Soon they left.

His stomach was now hurting so much that he thought he would either have to go out and eat or he would die.

He had had a gun a while ago which killed the monsters, but that had been dropped when he fled from the battlefield with his comrades falling all around him.

He had fallen once and had put his hand out to stop himself. His hand had gone into the body of one of THEM, whose chest had been ripped open. He had gotten some terrible liquid on his hand that had made him run all the faster. He hadn't stopped until he reached this cave — and that was five days ago! His rations had been used up two days before.

He had to go out and get something to eat! He made his way to the mouth of the cave.

He looked out on a valley that once had been beautiful. Now it was full of holes from THEIR guns, and this made it hard to see if any of THEM were around. But he had to eat, so he went out and down into the valley.

Half way down he heard shouting

behind him. He could easily run away from those clumsy things, which had only two legs, but all of a sudden he saw more in front of him. Something ripped into his chest and stomach. He staggered a little and fell at the feet of one of the monstrous creatures.

"The mind detector is blank," said one of THEM. "This one was the last of his breed. Tell the men we will return to Earth tonight!"



## ROCK 'N ROLL

By JOSEPH BUDNY (VI)

Bach, Beethoven, and many others  
All wrote music soft and sweet.  
But Rock 'n Roll seems to me  
An extra special treat!

Glen Miller's fine, Lombardo's cool,  
But nothing like Bill Haley,  
'Cause I love his real gone tunes  
And listen to him daily.

People often say it will  
Surely drive them mad.  
Others feel it really isn't  
Nearly quite so bad.

Symphonies never could interest me,  
For I hate that long-haired noise.  
But something hot with lots of beat  
Can really send the boys!

## DR. HENRY DE WOLF SMYTH

An Interview by FREDERIC MOCK (V)

Among the many distinguished Princetonians who have caught the eyes of the world, one will recognize Dr. Henry De Wolf Smyth. A Princeton professor, Dr. Smyth has enjoyed an exciting life.

Before the war Dr. Smyth was head of the Physics Department at Princeton University. During the war he was making the first atomic bomb. Between 1949 and 1954 he was on the first Atomic Energy Commission. While he was on the A.E.C. he issued the first translated report that was easy to understand for all the world. This famous report became known as the Smyth Report. Dr. Smyth showed me a set of these books; all Smyth Reports, but in different languages, even Russian.

When asked what it was like to work for the government while he was on the A.E.C., he replied, "It was great working on the Atomic Energy Commission, but naturally everybody was always looking over your shoulder to make sure that everything was running smoothly. Such people and groups were the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, which was always asking the members of the A.E.C. questions to see that they were working on the level and not allowing any secrets to escape; and the Appropriations Committee, which was naturally interested because they supplied the large sums of money

needed by the A.E.C. for all of their costly experiments. The latter had to keep a close eye on where and what all their money was being used for, because it was really the taxpayers' money. The Department of Defense was naturally interested in all that we found out, and we even had the President breathing down our backs." Dr. Smyth added that he thought the government had done an extremely good job in keeping secret the work done by the A.E.C. and, on the whole, carrying out their risky, dangerous job very well.

"On the other hand," he said, "working at the University is very different for many reasons. One of the main ones is that we have half as much money or less to work with here. The second main reason is that I'm much more free to go about my work without being constantly watched as we were in Washington, D. C."

Asked why atomic power is so expensive, Dr. Smyth said that it's not the uranium that costs the most, but the building of the atomic reactors and refueling them. He said that it is impossible to get all the energy entirely out before using up the fuel which keeps the chain reaction going. "Our main problem and hope, facing us in the future," he said, "is to reduce the cost of producing atomic power."

"One of the main uses of uranium

is in radioactive isotopes," said Dr. Smyth. "These are being used to trace different growths in the human body, to find flaws in many different objects, etc. Of course, the other use, which is just as important, is the making of power by these atomic piles."

Dr. Smyth has made the impression of often "sticking his neck out" and doing what he thinks is right. One of these occasions occurred when he wrote the minority report which was his opinion on the Oppenheimer case. When asked what was the main thing that Oppenheimer had done wrong, he replied, "The essential argument was that Dr. Oppenheimer was believed to have associated with Communists or almost-Communists." At this he drew down a 900-page book on just the Oppenheimer case. "There was nothing really wrong with that," he continued, "because they were his friends, but he neglected to report that one of his Communist friends had asked him for some secret information. I

stood up for him because there was no real evidence that he had given any secret information about the atomic bomb to any of his friends."

"Did you have any close connections with him?" I asked. "I mean, were you his friend at all?"

"No, I'm not his friend, nor was I then. I hardly knew him."

After being asked whether Russia has advanced beyond us in the atomic age, Dr. Smyth said that they are only a little bit behind, but they are definitely behind.

"I liked being in Washington while I was on the Atomic Energy Commission," he concluded, "but it feels good to be back again in Princeton." After all, Dr. Smyth does belong in Princeton because he was born here, is a graduate of Princeton University, and has been working here for a good part of his life.

I came away feeling that he is really a great man, and thinking that we are lucky to have this distinguished scientist living near us.



## SPY EXTRAORDINARY

By ADAM HOCHSCHILD (V)

In 1952 newspapers in this country reported the arrest, in Tokyo, of a Soviet spy named Sorge. Behind this announcement was one of the most fantastic espionage dramas in history, led by an amazing man who certainly was one of the cleverest and most brilliant master spies that ever lived.

Richard Sorge, son of a poor German oil driller, was born in 1895. In 1914, like so many other young Germans at that time, he joined the army. During the war Sorge was wounded three times. In 1918, back in Germany, he was jobless and disillusioned from his previous pride in Germany. He managed to get into Hamburg University. Four years later he was Dr. Richard Sorge, Doctor of Political Science. The very afternoon of his graduation, with the degree still in his pocket, he joined the Hamburg branch of the German Communist Party.

Ten years later the same Richard Sorge appeared in the Far East. He was now a full-fledged Communist espionage agent, and had instructions to organize the Far Eastern outpost of the Red Army Intelligence.

In the past ten years Sorge had been receiving his training as a spy and had also been making visits home to Germany, to get himself made a member of the Nazi party. He got to know some high Berlin

officials in the process. Then, since he had been a journalist before the war, he got himself assigned as Tokyo correspondent of two German newspapers. This was to be his "cover" occupation in Japan.

Sorge had now assembled the members of his spy ring in Tokyo. There were now five men. Sorge's principal assistant was Ozaki, a Japanese who was an expert on Sino-Japanese relations. The amazing thing was that Ozaki was personal adviser to the Japanese prime minister on this subject. Then there was a Russian, Voukelitch, like Sorge a journalist. There were two others: Klausen, the unit's radio operator, and Miyagi, a Japanese painter. All were Communist fanatics.

The Sorge unit's method of operation was a carefully worked-out plan. Ozaki, who gained a lot of confidential information from the prime minister, or Voukelitch, or Miyagi, would secretly contact Sorge, who would in turn give the message to Klausen, to be sent to Russia by radio.

Sorge himself was a close friend of the German ambassador in Tokyo, and also of the Embassy military attache.

Only one man ever knew how much Richard Sorge influenced the course of history. That man, Josef Stalin, is now dead.

Typical of the valuable informa-

tion which Sorge sent to Moscow is that concerning the German attack on Moscow. The Russians were faced with the serious problem of how to defend their capital. There were only a few troops left in the surrounding areas, but they had several divisions in Siberia which were being kept there for defense against possible Japanese attack.

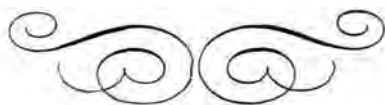
On October 10, 1941, the German flag fluttered over the southern suburbs of Moscow. The time for the attack on the city was 8:00 a. m. The Germans were sure that the only defense the Russians had was the remnants of their western army. At dawn, with a fanfare of bugles, down out of the empty streets of Moscow came the two million men of the Siberian army. The German army suffered its first major defeat. If it had not been for Richard Sorge, Russia would never have known that the Japanese did not intend to attack Siberia, and thus could not have used the Siberian army for the defense of Moscow.

Meanwhile, back in Tokyo, Sorge was the master spy no more. He had

been captured. He had been betrayed — betrayed by a woman. She was a dancer to whom he had confided some of his secrets. Only too late did he realize she was in the pay of the Japanese police.

After his trial he was sentenced to hang. With his death ended one of the most amazing espionage stories in history. But did it really end? No Westerner witnessed his execution, and five years later an event happened which may have proved that he never died.

One evening in 1947, at a Shanghai night-club, an audience had gathered to watch a performance by a well-known Japanese singing star. Suddenly, during the show, she recognized a face she knew, near the door. She gave a terrified scream. A minute later she was dead, murdered. She was the Japanese dancer who had betrayed Sorge. There is only one man whose face would have terrified her so, and who would have wanted to murder her. And that man, alive or dead, was Richard Sorge.





## "SHERLOCK HOLMES"

This year the school produced "Sherlock Holmes," one of the most successful plays in its history. A tremendous crowd assembled for the two performances on Friday and Saturday nights, April 13 and 14. Mr. Ross and Mr. Gorman did an effective job of directing.

The lighting and special effects which were necessary particularly in the fourth and final act were very well taken care of by Mr. Whitehead and his crew.

As for scenery, Mr. Whitlock and the stage crew did a wonderful job of handling the sets which were changed between the four acts. The sets ranged all the way from a lavish house with plush curtains and lace draperies to an old deserted gas chamber.

The makeup and costume crews were successful in capturing the audience and reviving the period of Sherlock Holmes.

The individual performances, on the whole, were very good. The play had just the right amount of humorous incidents and more serious moods to make it a success.

The Glee Club was appreciated, and the Band, making its second "play appearance" with a new addition of a brass quartet, did likewise.







## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Forman, <i>a butler</i>	DAVID SMOYER
Madge Larrabee	ROBERT RUBINO
James Larrabee, <i>her husband—a daring blackmailer</i>	JOHN STEIN
Therese, <i>a maid</i>	ROBERT DORF
Mrs. Faulkner	RAY AGAR
Sidney Prince, <i>a professional "locksmith"</i>	JOHN POSTLEY
Alice Faulkner, <i>an innocent victim</i>	BEVERIDGE AARON
Sherlock Holmes	EDWARD BENSON
Professor Moriarty, <i>a blackhearted Napoleon of crime</i>	JOHN DAVISON
John, <i>his henchman</i>	ALFRED ANDREW
Bassick, <i>Prof. Moriarty's right-hand man</i>	PETER MOOCK
Billy, <i>Mr. Holmes' page-boy</i>	MORGAN SHIPWAY
Doctor Watson	DAVID SCOTT
Lofty	ANDREW HARRIS
French Dane	DONALD STUART
Leary	JOHN COOK
McTague	JAMES CAREY
Craigin	JOSEPH BUDNY
O'Hagan	ROBERT KUSER
Sparkler Beads	FREDERIC MOCK
The Baron	ROGER KIRKPATRICK

*Villainous members of the  
notorious Moriarty Gang*



---

MEMBERS OF THE GLEE CLUB

Jimmy Aul	Regan Kerney
Bobby Ayers	Robin Kerney
Richard Aaron	Jay Kerr
Bloxy Baker	Peter Kirkpatrick
John Becker	Ward Kuser
Robby Carrick	Bobby Leventhal
Steve Cook	Buzzy Mather
Jay Dilworth	John Odden
John Dunning	Alec Patton
Roger Fagan	Pepper Pettit
Don Fischer	Bill Putney
Bobby French	Bob Rubino
Ross Fullam	Billy Shea
John Goble	John Sheehan
Rhea Goodrich	Joe Smith
Tommy Goodridge	Bill Smoyer
Bobby Griggs	Charlie Smyth
Barry Hunter	Bill Staniar
Michael Kamenstein	Henry Tomlinson
Gibby Kane	Harold van Doren
Peter Katzenbach	Jim Vollbrecht

---

MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL BAND

## CLARINETS

Dan Quick  
Bill Morse  
Andy Harris  
Howard McMorris  
Rusty Edmonds  
David Greene  
Tony Lauck  
Bob Mueller  
Roger Fagan  
Bill Smoyer  
Bloxy Baker

## FLUTE

Jay Kerr

## SAXOPHONES

David Seder  
Peter Kamenstein  
Adam Hochschild

## TRUMPETS

Dick Rotnem  
Pony Fraker

## Biffy Lea

Dick Crawford  
Steve Cook  
John Odden

## MELLOPHONES

Pompey Delafield  
Karl Johnson

## TROMBONES

Bobby Smyth  
Chris Shannon  
Bev Aaron

## BARITONE

Jobe Stevens

## TUBA

Walter Smith

## PERCUSSION

Peter Hart  
Charlie Smyth  
Charlie Stuart  
Peter Moock

## THE SCHOOL FAIR

By PETER MOOCK

ANDREW HARRIS and RICHARD ROTNEM, Reporters

The Fair, held on Saturday, May 19, was a big success as usual. People started flocking in early, many to see the annual Fathers-Sons baseball game, which took place in the morning. The Fathers took quite a beating, losing 21-4.

This year's theme was "Robin Hood." To follow along with this, there was a "Theater in the Round," from which a performance was given approximately every hour. In this the Herald (Bob Rubino) would announce to the Sheriff (John Stein) and the public what events were forthcoming. There were sword and cudgel fights, a strong man (Dave Scott), and, of course, a jester (Bob Dorf), who had a monkey to collect money. After the events, up stepped Robin Hood (John Davison), dressed as a peasant. Proclaiming that he was the best shot in the land, he drew his bow and let an arrow fly. Sometimes it flew twenty feet, sometimes over the school; but each time, lo and behold, from the top of the school building came a wild turkey with an arrow through its head! Eh, tricky?

A contest was held encouraging people to try their skill at archery, rope climbing, tight-rope walking, and log balancing. For winning at any one of



these you got a green feather. Anyone who got four feathers could stick a pin on the treasure board. The person with the winning pin won five dollars.

Many of the old concessions were back — china breaking, penny pitching, sponge throwing, fish pond, and many others. The whip and the hay-ride both lured many youngsters.

Numerous shows were given inside the school. People could see movies, a marionette show, or a magic show. Science and shop projects were on display, as well as many hobbies lent for the occasion.

As usual, hungry people kept the food counters busy all day. The biggest of these was the baked goods counter in the gym. In the cafeteria sandwiches were sold. Outside you could get hot dogs, ice cream, cold drinks, cotton candy, and almost anything else you might want.

Thanks to all the help from parents and boys, the 1956 Fair was the best ever. The profit from it, Mr. Ross announced at Commencement, was approximately \$2,040.

**For News of Princeton Country Day School**

Between issues of

**THE JUNIOR JOURNAL**

read

**THE PRINCETON HERALD**

Published Wednesday and Saturday

**NOW** is the time

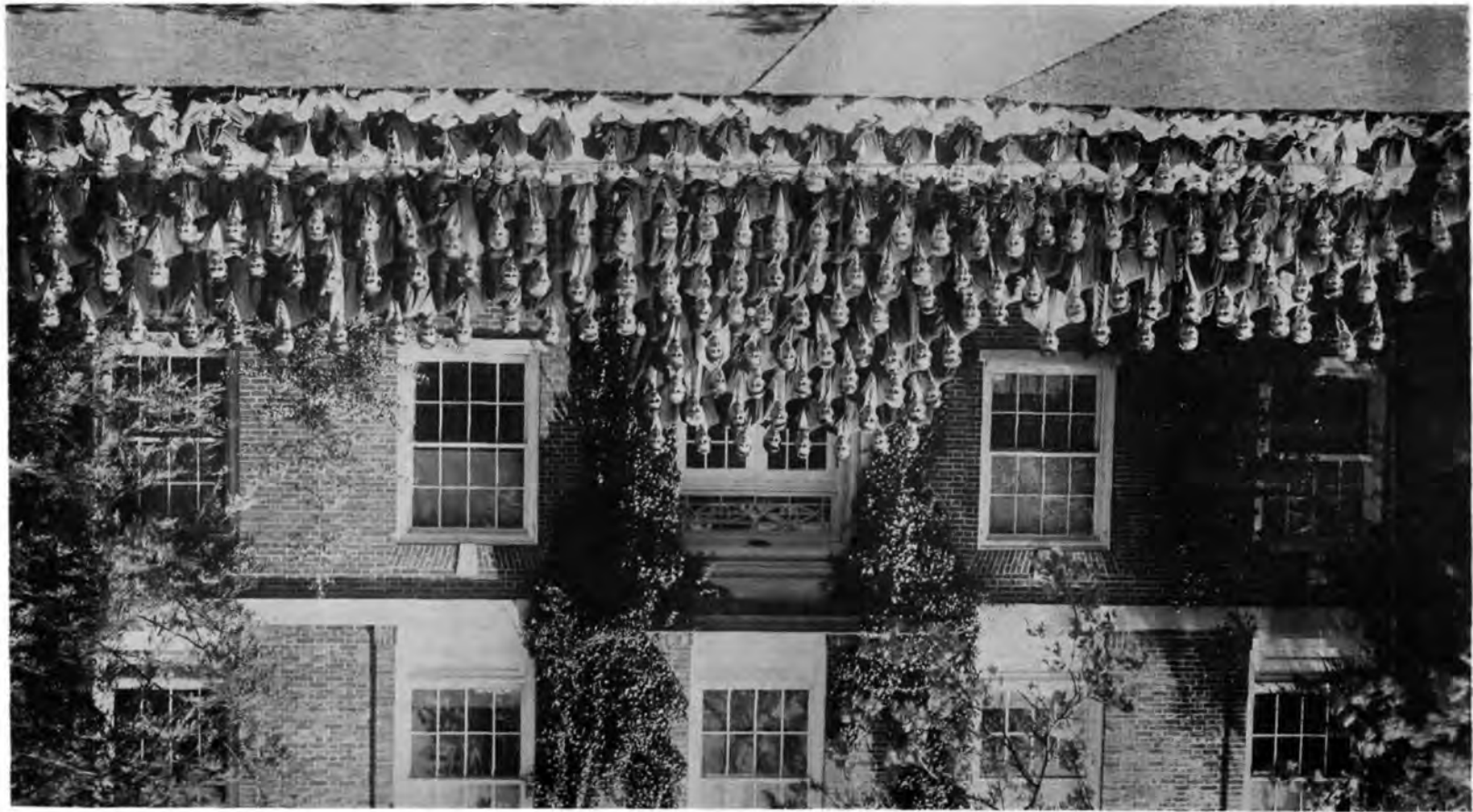
to start **YOUR** savings account.

**PRINCETON BANK AND TRUST COMPANY**

**PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY**

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THE SCHOOL, 1955-1956



# HONOR ROLL

SPRING TERM 1955-1956

(These averages do not include the Final Examinations.)

## FIRST HONOR ROLL (90-100%)

RICHARD BAKER  
BARRY CUSTER  
JOHN DUNNING  
ROGER FAGAN  
HARRISON FRAKER  
WEBB HARRISON  
ADAM HOCHSCHILD  
PETER KAMENSTEIN  
JAMES KERR  
ROBERT KUSER  
ANTHONY LAUCK  
MICHAEL MADEIRA  
JOHN ODDEN  
DANIEL QUICK  
JAMES SHEA  
DAVID SMOYER  
WILLIAM SMOYER  
CHARLES SMYTH  
JOHN WILLIS

## SECOND HONOR ROLL (85-89%)

ROBERT AYERS  
ELIAS BAKER  
JOHN BECKER  
EDWARD BENSON  
JOHN BRINKERHOFF  
HOWARD BUSHNELL  
JOSEPH COFFEE  
JOHN COOK  
RICHARD CRAWFORD  
DARIEN GARDNER  
DAVID GREENE  
ROBERT GRIGGS  
SAMUEL GUTTMAN  
ANDREW HARRIS  
PETER HART  
RANDOLPH HOBLER  
LAWRENCE KUSER  
TIMOTHY KUSER  
GILBERT LEA  
ROBERT LEVENTHAL  
DOUGLAS MACKIE  
PETER MOOCK  
SEYMOUR MORRIS  
MALCOLM MUIR  
ALEXANDER PATTON  
JOHN POSTLEY  
BROCK PUTNAM  
JOSEPH RIKER  
CHRISTOPHER SHANNON  
PARKER SHEARER  
JOHN STEIN  
CHARLES STUART  
GLENN THOMAS  
HAROLD VAN DOREN

JAMES VOLLBRECHT  
HUGH WISE

## THIRD HONOR ROLL (80-84%)

RAYMOND AGAR  
ARIO ALEXANDER  
EUGENE ARMSTRONG  
JAMES AUL  
ROBERT BALES  
EDWARD BARCLAY  
PHILIP BONNET  
CHARLES CALDWELL  
ROBERT CARRICK  
THOMAS CHUBET  
STEPHEN CRAWFORD  
JOHN DAVISON  
RUSSELL EDMONDS  
DOUGLAS EWING  
HUTCHINSON FAIRMAN  
ROBERT FRENCH  
ROSS FULLAM  
JOHN GOBLE  
NIXON HARE  
JONATHAN HOWLAND  
GIBBS KANE  
PETER KATZENBACH  
REGAN KERNEY  
ALEXANDER KIRKPATRICK  
ROGER KIRKPATRICK  
WARD KUSER  
ROGER MARCUS  
HOWARD McMORRIS  
PETER MILLS  
FREDERIC MOCK  
PETER MORSE  
WILLIAM MORSE  
ROBERT MUELLER  
MARK MUNGER  
RODMAN PATTON  
GEORGE PETERSON  
KARL PETTIT  
WILLIAM PUTNEY  
DOUGLAS RAMPONA  
STUART ROBSON  
RICHARD ROTNEM  
FREDERICK SAYEN  
DAVID SEDER  
JOHN SHEEHAN  
JOSEPH SMITH  
WILLIAM SMITH  
WILLIAM STANIER  
JOSEPH STEVENS  
DAVID STEWART  
HENRY TOMLINSON  
PETER WRIGHT  
WILLIAM WYMAN



## ATHLETICS

### BASEBALL

By DONALD C. STUART III

This year our baseball team finished with a commendable eight-and-three record. An informal game was also won against the Alumni. For the most part we were a weak-hitting but good-fielding team. Smoyer and Harrison alone among the regulars batted over .300. Cook carried the bulk of the pitching, winning eight games and losing one. Mr. McAneny, assisted by Mr. Whitehead, gave us very valuable coaching.

#### P.C.D. 5, LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 4

In our opening game we played well defensively but had a weak day at the plate. In the last inning we rallied to push across four runs and then cut short a final rally by L.J.H. Cook went the route for us on the mound.

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

Again our last-inning rally proved to be decisive. Witherspoon's ten errors gave us all our runs. Cook pitched all the way for his second triumph.

#### P.C.D. 6, PEDDIE 5

For the third straight time we won by one run. Cook had a shutout going until the last round, when they picked up five runs.

#### TOWER HILL 3, P.C.D. 2

Our playing was not up to par as Tower Hill handed us our first loss of the season. We made a costly error that let in the tying and winning runs, and we made only two hits. The game was called in the top of the fifth inning because of rain.

#### VALLEY ROAD 7, P.C.D. 4

We improved in this game, but not enough to beat a fairly good Valley Road team. Our five errors gave them as many unearned runs. Carey started his first game as pitcher for P.C.D.

#### P.C.D. 3, PEDDIE 2

Although we won, we could get only one hit as fourteen of us went down on strikes. Cook turned in a fine performance, limiting Peddie to two hits and striking out nine.

#### WITHERSPOON 6, P.C.D. 2

Our poor hitting and fielding helped Witherspoon roll to an easy vic-



tory. At bat we made only two hits, and we committed six errors in the field. Carey pitched three innings, and Cook finished the game.

#### P.C.D. 4, LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 3

Behind by two runs in the final frame, we scored three times and again defeated L.J.H. Captain Shannon started as pitcher, but tired and was relieved by Cook, who went on to win his fifth decision.

#### P.C.D. 2, VALLEY ROAD 1

We avenged an earlier setback with our sixth victory by a one-run margin. In the final inning we scored the winning run on two Valley Road errors. This was Valley Road's only loss of the season.

#### P.C.D. 21, FATHERS 4

To make the Fair completely successful, we creamed the Fathers. Our 21 runs came on 14 hits and their 10 errors. Everybody on the squad got a chance to play.



**P.C.D. 9, TOWER HILL 3**

Journeying to Wilmington on the last day of the campaign, we at last batted solidly, getting ten hits, and made only one fielding error. Cook hurled the complete game and won his eighth victory against one defeat.

The usual line-up was as follows:

Pitcher — Cook, Carey  
Catcher — Smoyer  
1st base — Shannon  
2nd base — Wright  
3rd base — Stuart  
Shortstop — Harrison  
Left field — Applegate  
Center field — Wise  
Right field — Stevens, Fraker, Hano

**VARSAITY RESERVES**

By EDWARD BENSON

This year, the Varsity Subs played 4 games, compiling a 3-1 record. Two victories were scored against the Valley Road reserves, and West Windsor went down to an 18-1 defeat. In the final game of the season, Hopewell defeated us 7-6 with a bases-full home run in the last inning.

Fred Andrews pitched most of the four games. On the whole, he pitched well, allowing only 13 runs. Tim Carey pitched part of the Hopewell game.

Team hitting was effective, with a team average of .238. Team fielding completed a fairly good picture, with 11 errors in 4 games.

On the whole, next year's team is going to have to try hard to beat this.

**TENNIS**

By ANDREW GODFREY and ROGER KIRKPATRICK

This year's P.C.D. tennis team, coached by Mr. Tibbals, put together a creditable record of 3 wins and one defeat, the best record we've had in a number of years. The regulars on the team were Captain Andy Godfrey, Roger Kirkpatrick, Jimmy Shea, Bobby Dorf, Joe Budny, Peter Mocck, David Kamenstein and Danny Quick.

**P.C.D. 2 — TOWER HILL 0**

In the first match of the season we proved superior to our opponents from Wilmington. Roger Kirkpatrick and Jimmy Shea won the only singles matches, the former by 6-3, 6-1, and the latter by 6-2, 8-6. In the sole dou-

bles match, Bobby Dorf and Joe Budny were leading 6-0, 2-0 when the contest was halted by rain.

#### LAWRENCEVILLE 9 — P.C.D. 0

Playing against the last 6 men on the Lawrentians' varsity we gained a great deal of experience although we were badly defeated. In the singles, Kirkpatrick lost 6-1, 6-0; Shea by 6-1, 6-0; Dorf 6-0, 6-1; Budny 6-2, 6-0; Kamenstein 6-0, 6-0. Playing doubles, Shea and Kirkpatrick managed to take one set, losing, 6-1, 2-6, 6-2; Budny and Dorf were defeated 6-4, 6-2; and Andy Godfrey and Dick Rotnem lost, 6-3, 6-2.

#### P.C.D. 6 — GEORGE SCHOOL 0

This was the second of three matches played away from home and our second victory of the year. For this game we journeyed into Pennsylvania to the George School. The scores were: Kirkpatrick, 6-4, 4-6, 7-5; Shea, 6-2, 6-1; Dorf, 6-3, 6-2; Budny, 6-3, 6-2; Quick, 6-4, 6-3; and Kamenstein, 6-0, 6-3.

#### P.C.D. 6 — TOWER HILL 0

For this match the tennis and baseball teams took a bus to the Tower Hill School in Delaware. The scores were: Kirkpatrick, 6-2, 6-0; Shea, 6-0, 6-0; Dorf, 6-3, 6-1; Budny, 6-1, 6-0; Moock, 6-2, 6-1; Rotnem and Godfrey (doubles): 6-3, 6-2.



## WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

### SCHOLARSHIP

By winning the scholarship competition in the Spring Term with an average of 2.2, against 2.3— for their rivals, the Blues clinched scholastic honors for the year. After tying in the Fall Term, the Blues won both the next two terms. The final average for the whole year was: Blues 2.2+, Whites 2.3+.

The following boys had no failures on their tri-weekly reports for the past term.

**BLUES (55)** — Andrew, Aul, Ayers, Bales, Barclay, Benson, Bonnet, Brinkerhoff, Budny J., Carey, Chubet, Coffee, Cook J., Cook S., Custer, Davison, Ewing, French, Gardner, Godfrey, Goodrich, Greene, Harris, Harrison, Hobler, Hochschild, Howland, Kane, Katzenbach, Kerr, Lauck, Mackie, Madeira, Marcus, Morris, Morse P., Morse W., Muir, Odden, Peterson, Postley, Putnam, Quick, Raymond, Shea J., Smoyer D., Smoyer W., Stein, Stewart, Stuart C., Thomas, Van Doren, Vollbrecht, Willis, Wyman.

**WHITES (56)** — Aaron B., Armstrong, Baker E., Baker R., Becker, Bushnell, Carrick, Crawford R., Crawford S., Davis, Edmonds, Fagan, Fraker, Fullam, Goble, Griggs, Guttman, Hare, Hart, Kelley, Kerney Ro., Kirkpatrick R., Kuser L., Kuser R., Kuser T., Kuser W., Lea, Leventhal, McMorris, Mills, Mock, Moock, Moore, Mueller, Munger, Patton A., Patton R., Pettit, Rampona, Riker, Robson, Rotnem, Sayen, Shannon, Shearer, Sheehan, Smith W. W., Stevens, Stoess, Tassie, Tomlinson, White, Wise, Wright C., Wright J., Wright P.

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### ATHLETICS

In the Spring Term the Blues won the baseball series and the Whites won in tennis. This made an even break in athletics for the year, each side winning three sports, as follows:

Soccer — WHITES  
Football — BLUES (informal)  
Hockey — WHITES  
Basketball — BLUES  
Baseball — BLUES  
Tennis — WHITES

# COMMENCEMENT

The School Auditorium

Monday, June 4, 1956 — 8:15 P. M.

## PRESIDING

James Carey, Esq.

CHAIRMAN: Board of Trustees

## THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

## INVOCATION

Rev. Martin H. P. Davidson

Trinity Church, Princeton

## CLASS EXERCISES

Class Poem .....	{ JOSEPH EDWARD BUDNY DANIEL EARSLEY BUCK QUICK
Class Prophecy .....	{ JOHN HERBERT DAVISON ROBERT MICHAEL RUBINO
Presentation by the Class of 1957 .....	{ ADAM MARQUAND HOCHSCHILD JOHN E. POSTLEY, JR. JOSEPH HENRY WRIGHT, III

## ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

Rev. William A. Buell

HEADMASTER, St. George's School, Newport, R. I.

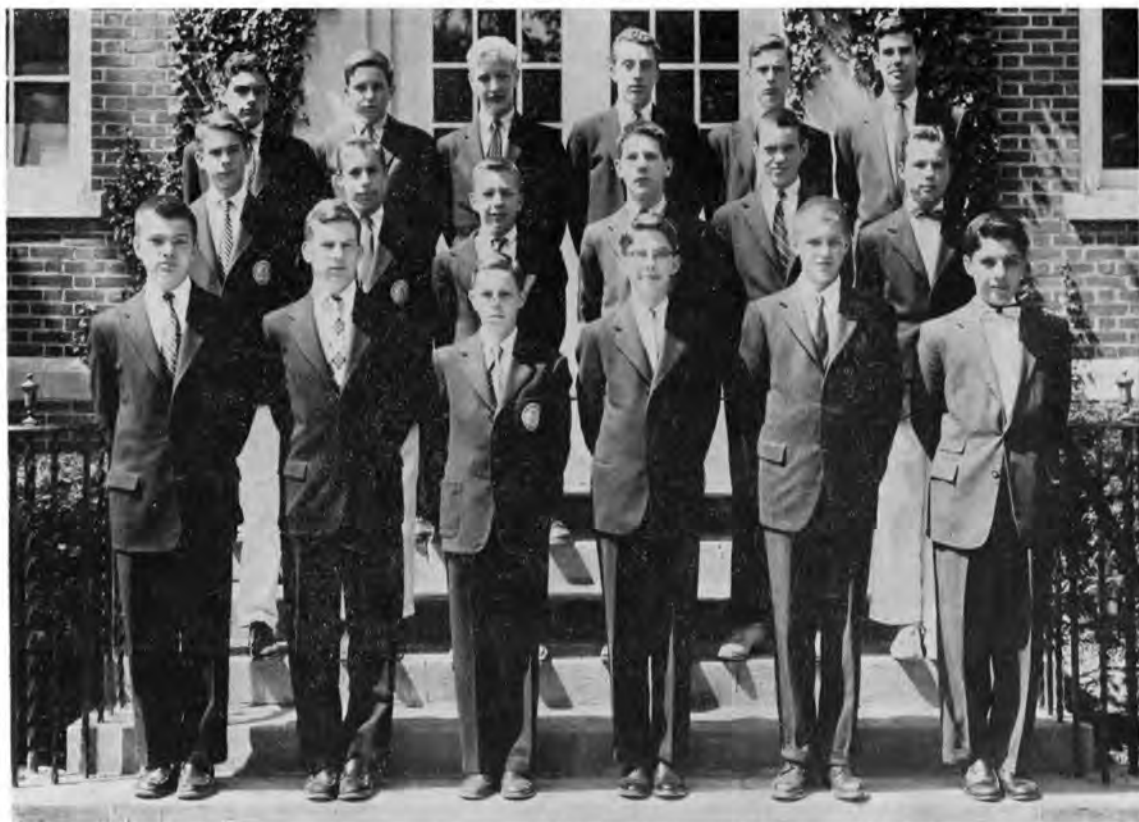
## AWARDING OF PRIZES AND DIPLOMAS

Henry B. Ross, Headmaster

## SCHOOL AWARDS

The Headmaster's Cup .....	DAVID BROOKS SMOYER
(Leadership)	
The Faculty Cup .....	CHRISTOPHER SHANNON
(General Character)	
The Athletics Cup .....	{ CHRISTOPHER SHANNON DAVID BROOKS SMOYER
(Best All Around Athlete)	
Upper School Scholarship Cup .....	RICHARD WHEELER BAKER, III
(Forms IV, V, VI)	
The Alumni Cup .....	EDWARD WEBB HARRISON, JR.
(Proficiency in Form V)	
Lower School Scholarship Cup .....	ANTHONY GEROLD LAUCK
(Forms I, II, III)	
The Lance Raymond Shield .....	ROBERT CHARLES GRIGGS
(General Character in Form I)	
Special Prize for Service to the School .....	ANDREW ELLIOTT GODFREY
Awards for Endeavor and Improvement:	
Sixth Form .....	ROBERT MICHAEL RUBINO
Fifth Form .....	SAMUEL ALFRED ANDREW

# THE CLASS OF 1956



HESS	SCOTT	BENSON	KAMENSTEIN	SMOYER	DAVISON
STUART	COOK	DORF	STEIN	SHANNON	MOOCK
EUDNY	GODFREY	QUICK	KUSER	KIRKPATRICK	RUBINO

## AWARDING OF SENIOR PRIZES

Mathematics (Murch Cup given by Class of 1946) .....	{ DANIEL EARSLEY BUCK QUICK CHRISTOPHER SHANNON
English .....	{ DANIEL EARSLEY BUCK QUICK DAVID BROOKS SMOYER PETER RUSSELL MOOCK JOHN HOLLISTER STEIN
Ancient History .....	{ DANIEL EARSLEY BUCK QUICK DAVID BROOKS SMOYER CHRISTOPHER SHANNON DAVID BROOKS SMOYER
French .....	{ DANIEL EARSLEY BUCK QUICK EDWARD GEORGE BENSON, JR. PETER RUSSELL MOOCK DAVID BROOKS SMOYER
Latin .....	{ EDWARD GEORGE BENSON, JR. DANIEL EARSLEY BUCK QUICK PETER RUSSELL MOOCK

## CLASS SCHOLARSHIP RECORDS

## High Commendation for General Excellence

Sixth Form .....	{ DANIEL EARSLEY BUCK QUICK DAVID BROOKS SMOYER EDWARD GEORGE BENSON, JR. EDWARD WEBB HARRISON, JR.
Fifth Form .....	{ ADAM MARQUAND HOCHSCHILD HARRISON SHEDD FRAKER, JR. RICHARD WHEELER BAKER, III
Fourth Form .....	{ BARRY HAWKINS CUSTER MICHAEL CRAWFORD MADEIRA ANTHONY GEROLD LAUCK
Third Form .....	{ CHARLES ANTHONY SMYTH JOHN LAURANCE DUNNING, JR. JOHN HANSEN ODDEN
Second Form .....	{ ROGER CHARLES FAGAN JAMES KERR JOHN OSGOOD WILLIS
First Form .....	{ ROBERT CHARLES GRIGGS JOHN RUSSELL BECKER

## AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS — THE CLASS OF 1956

EDWARD GEORGE BENSON, JR.	WALTER TIMOTHY KUSER
JOSEPH EDWARD BUDNY	PETER RUSSELL MOOCK
JOHN FOLINSBEE COOK	DANIEL EARSLEY BUCK QUICK
JOHN HERBERT DAVISON	ROBERT MICHAEL RUBINO
ROBERT ERLING DORF	DAVID CAMERON SCOTT
ANDREW ELLIOTT GODFREY	CHRISTOPHER SHANNON
FRANK DEMING MATHER HESS	DAVID BROOKS SMOYER
DAVID RODNEY KAMENSTEIN	JOHN HOLLISTER STEIN
ROGER FORDYCE KIRKPATRICK	DONALD CLIVE STUART, III

## THE CLASS POEM

By JOSEPH BUDNY and DANIEL QUICK

We, the class of '56  
Of Princeton Country Day,  
Have gathered here this fateful night  
To put in our last say.  
If a few minutes of painful verse  
You're prepared to bear,  
This summary of our least known traits  
With all of you we'll share.

So let's begin with Edward Benson,  
He's our Sherlock Holmes,  
For with his magnifying glass  
From room to room he roams.  
Some believe his glass is used  
When fingerprints he's sighting,  
But we all know he uses it  
To read his own handwriting.

Jolly-Joe Budny's our amateur artist  
And though this may sound rude  
Most of his paintings and drawings and sketches  
Are often very crude.  
He's also a regular Esquire man,  
The luncheonette that is,  
He goes there every Wednesday noon  
To get his chocolate fizz.

Johnny Cook's our Kingston boy  
Who always raises chickens,  
And when he throws that curve ball in  
He's faster than the dickens.  
On P. C. D.'s good football team  
John was the real spark;  
In baseball he was so superb  
He could play it in the dark.

Our radio and T. V. guide,  
John Davison by name,  
'Round P. C. D. and elsewhere  
Has earned himself great fame.  
His tape recorder is a hit  
When stationed at a dance;  
His records are the best round here;  
They make the hep-kats prance.



"Mais non, madame, eet eez the 'ouse,"  
Bobby Dorf did say  
As he portrayed *cette fille française*  
In our yearly play.  
Bobby is a socialite,  
A veritable party guy,  
Whose dashing and romantic air  
Makes many a fair one sigh.

The senior photographer of our class  
Is Andy Godfrey, "The Flash";  
Recently some of his party shots  
Have made a terrific smash.  
Armed with his flashless infra-red bulbs  
He stalked a quiet pair,  
And after he had got his shot  
They claimed it was unfair.

Comrade Hess is our jokester  
With party propaganda;  
He sleuths around to find out news  
Just like Andy Panda.  
Of all the shows that come to town  
He never misses one.  
Although he seldom takes a girl  
He claims he has his fun.

David Kamenstein seems to be  
Our only fancy-dresser;  
Whenever he can meet a girl  
He always can impress her.  
On a field or on a court  
He may never be a star,  
But his classmates all know very well  
He's going very far.

Kirkpatrick is a fine athlete  
In basketball, soccer, and tennis;  
To all of the opposing team  
He's worse than Dennis the Menace.  
In acting he's magnificent,  
"The professor" line was grand;  
Even as officer of the Whites  
Rog was in command.

Tim Kuser always thinks of cars,  
Ferraras, Jaguars, M. G.'s,  
But thinking of cars always seems  
To make him feel at ease.  
Ancient or modern, no matter what  
It will always make him a king;  
Knowing that in his old Ford  
There's not even a missing ring.

Bob Rubino's our leading lady;  
He plays Madge Larrabee,  
For he imitates many a gal  
And does it perfectly.  
He never never forgets his ties;  
They're almost always bows;  
His jokes are many and varied —  
Where he gets them, Lord only knows.

Another Romeo have we,  
His name is David Scott,  
He claims that History's just corn  
And Algebra, just rot.  
As far as his Math homework goes  
It may not be too neat,  
But in a rousing tennis match  
He's lightning on his feet.

Peter Moock's our editor  
Who proof-reads in the dark;  
He lowered the school's scholastic standard  
To the twenty mark.  
But we are happy to confess  
His issue was the best;  
It had by far the most distinction  
Apart from all the rest.

Danny Quick's a little man  
Who has a great big brain;  
"Brain not brawn wins many a fight"  
You'll often hear him claim.  
He's always first with an answer  
That completes the riddle;  
In all the squabbles he seems to be  
Smack dab in the middle.

Shannon's 'bout the nicest guy  
Of anyone we know;  
Athlete, scholar, stage crew man  
He's an O. K. Joe.  
And when he's in mixed company  
He still stays just the same,  
But confidentially — some say  
He's really quite a flame.

Big Dave Smoyer is a scholar  
And a real athlete;  
When engaged in a tennis match  
You'll find he's hard to beat.  
He does his homework fast and true,  
In French he's really cool,  
And even on a ballroom floor  
He ain't nobody's fool.

Our politician's named John Stein,  
He hails from Washington,  
And in the coming fall election  
He'll root for Stevenson.  
He's a regular cycle whizz  
Who's sometimes on the ball;  
He's fairly slow in getting here  
And late to study hall.

Jeb Stuart is a real neat guy  
Who spends hours combing his hair;  
The times when it's not all in place  
Are very few and rare.  
Jeb is our early bird  
Who's always here by eight;  
He set an unprecedented record  
By never being late.

In this moment's pause we say  
The Faculty's been the best;  
We know — for we're the very ones  
Who put them to the test.  
Athletes and scholars have we been  
With some hacking thrown in too;  
But now we think enough's been said  
And so, to you — adieu.

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## THE CLASS PROPHECY

By JOHN DAVISON and ROBERT RUBINO

This is Radio Station WPCD, the voice of the Princeton Country Day School in Princeton.

Good Evening, Mr. and Mrs. America and all ships at sea. This is Walter Knowall . . .  
And Walter Tellall with the latest scoops on the class of 1956.

EDDIE BENSON, famed New York and Hollywood actor, has just added to his harem "Miss Tennis 1960" — What a racket, Eddie!

JOE BUDNY has just been appointed chief-in-charge of recapping the tires on Professor McAneny's red Jaguar convertible.

JOHNNY COOK's famous talking turkey's last words were, "Here comes my cook!"

DAVID KAMENSTEIN, before flying to Wimbledon to play in the Davis Cup matches, made a guest appearance on another network to introduce his new song hit — "Love Stay Out of my Tennis Score."

FLASH — BOBBY DORF has just divorced Amanda Maugham for stepping on his imported blue suede shoes — estimated cost — \$50,000 — He is now residing in the Heart-break Hotel.

BOB RUBINO, former PCD actress, changes her name to Ruby Rubino to sell women's cosmetics on the new million dollar give-away show, "The Big Problem," starring our own "Mr. Fixit," Mr. Whitlock.

JOHN DAVISON, better known as Long Herb to you, now commands highbrow and lowbrow musical enthusiasts with his award-winning disc-jockey show direct from Secaucus. The call letters WPCD now stand for "We Pigs Can Dance."

ANDY GODFREY bought a new yacht with his prize winnings from his great knowledge of spelling on the \$64,000 Question.

FRANK HESS, with his vast experience in the manufacture of *paper airplanes* at PCD, has just come up with an equation that has astounded the Aeronautical engineers — Air over Plane equals Airplane.

DANNY QUICK is now working at the Institute For Advanced Study as assistant to the assistant janitor. Quoting Danny — "It's Brawn not Brains that count."

ROGER KIRKPATRICK, known to the women as Mr. Kirk, famous clothing designer, has invented the shrinking bikini — guaranteed to keep boys interested.

HERE'S ONE HOT OFF THE PRESS — PETER MOOCK, while getting his foot-prints incased in cement in Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, suddenly realized he would stick to the theatre.

TIM KUSER, world-renowned collector of old cars, has recently spent one million dollars towards the building of a home for aged autos. Says Tim, "Let them spend their last years in one piece."

On last week's "This Is Your Life" TV program, DAVE SMOYER admitted that his Athletic and Scholastic ability was due solely to the expert coaching of CHRIS SHANNON, his dear friend. Chris has recently been voted "the coach of the year."

DAVID SCOTT is now working at Miss Fine's School as an instructor of Mathematics. Dave told our reporter that he's always been interested in figures.

JOHN STEIN, the Metropolitan opera tenor, is behind those zany jingle-slogans promoting, of all things — the Republican Party!

JEB STUART, writer for the Princeton Packet, and now society editor for Confidential magazine, has just finished writing a new book entitled, "Search for Latin Rework."

Well that's all for now — this is Walter Tellall . . . and Walter Knowall . . . quoting a phrase from two prominent New York disc-jockeys — "Evening There You!"

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## FAREWELL REMARKS TO THE SIXTH FORM

By ROBERT V. C. WHITEHEAD, JR.

*Senior Home Room Master and Mathematics Teacher*

(Mr. Whitehead's speech, delivered at the Activities Dinner on June 2, 1956, is reprinted here by popular request.)

In the past 20 years I've solved a good many hard word problems, but these remarks this evening turned out to be the toughest word problem I ever faced. Most text book problems deal with two unknowns at the most, but here we have 18 unknowns! Usually you know at least that the son is 5 years older now than one-third of the father's age 6 years ago. But in this problem I don't even know the age of any of the fathers!

When 3 pipes and a hose are used to fill a swimming pool it takes much less time to fill the pool than when the hose is used alone. But when 18 boys solve a problem with their teacher it seems to take them 10 times as long as it would take one of them to do it alone.

In most mixture problems we are given a per cent which is represented by the pure over the total. But what a mixture we have here! No per cent is given (don't think it isn't asked for!) and we certainly haven't any pure among these 18.

Now take the distance, rate, and time. Normally an 8-man crew rows 4 miles with

the current for 23 minutes and back in 3 times as long. But here we have an 18-boy crew part of which is going to Miss Fine's and the rest to Quarry Street. I can't figure that out. Again — 2 trains usually meet in 20 minutes and we find their rates. But in this situation 10 boys are going to school on bikes, downhill, on Prospect Street, 1 is walking around the corner, 5 are driven to school in cars, one is pushing a 1909 flivver up Washington Road, while another has missed the bus. At what time shall I call the roll?

Then we have the problems about the number of <sup>rev</sup> revolutions the large wheel makes while the small wheel travels 4,853 feet. They are easy. But how about the problem created when the front wheel of a bicycle hits a parked car and the rear wheel keeps on revolving?

When a troop of Boy Scouts buy a boat we can easily find out how many Scouts there are in the troop if each one earns \$3.67 selling magazines. BUT — when 18 Sixth Formers buy a wedding present for a teacher who gets married, one boy has earned his share by shoveling snow while 2 others forget to bring their share for 3 weeks, 2 days, and 15 seconds. How much more did the wedding present cost than the cake which the class gave the teacher with the cracked head?

These problems remain unsolved. However, I am sure that none of us present holds it against the 18 gentlemen that they have created such insoluble problems. We commend them on their achievements and we wish them health, happiness and every success in the years ahead.

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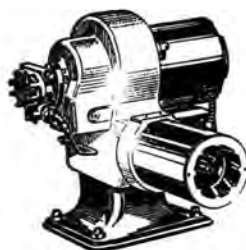
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