

VOL. XXIX, No. 2

JUNIOR JOURNAL

APRIL, 1957

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Junior Journal

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

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

Vol. XXIX

APRIL, 1957

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EDITORIAL

April is not too early a time to be thinking about the summer. A boy can profit greatly by the vacation period or he can utterly waste this valuable time.

Many boys use the summer months to earn a little extra cash. This fine occupation can be very beneficial to a boy in several ways other than financially. He might, by helping in a grocery store or other shop get a better picture of business and the way it functions. By having newspaper routes

boys soon learn to be prompt and efficient. Older boys may find it great fun to get jobs as junior counselors at summer camps. This occupation can be not only very enjoyable but also educational. These summer-time money-earning jobs may help the boy to decide upon a career in later life.

The summer vacation is the best time in the world to improve in sports and in many other interests such as music and hobbies. The idea of summer school seems appalling to any boy, but it is really a great opportunity for him to get ahead in his work. The same idea applies to the playing of musical instruments, for here in Princeton there is a large musical group summer session. If a boy has the will, he can use the summer months to advantage by trying to improve in sports whether at camp or at home.

Some boys use the vacation as an opportunity in which to take educational trips. Such a trip as last year's "Westward Ho!" can give a boy a deeper understanding of his country.

Think seriously about your plans for the summer so that it may be put to profitable use and not wasted.

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. ROBERT GOHEEN

By ANDREW HARRIS, BEVERIDGE AARON, and WILLIAM W. SMITH

Robert F. Goheen, the newly elected President of Princeton University, was born in Vangurla, on the west coast of India. The son of missionary parents, he passed his early childhood days there.

When he came to the United States, he spent two years in the Second and Third Forms at P.C.D. during the years 1929-1931. He well remembers Mr. Murch as headmaster then, Mr. Ross as a teacher, and Mr. Gorman as a classmate.

When recently interviewed, Dr. Goheen remarked, "Until I went to P.C.D., I had breezed through school and had had an easy time of it. There I first learned you have to work."

Dr. Goheen's steps next pointed toward Lawrenceville and then to Princeton University. He first decided on teaching as a career when he was a Princeton Senior.

Since 1945 he has been teaching Greek literature and philosophy at Princeton, and he says he will miss this very much when he takes over as President. "I hope," he mentioned, "that being President will not cut me off from the undergraduates too much."

Dr. Goheen's advice to a young man thinking about a career is that, by the time one leaves high school, he should have laid a firm foundation in the knowledge of mathematics, English, and at least one foreign language. These are the tools by which one can make oneself useful in the twentieth-century world.

When asked about the uses of a liberal arts education he replied, "The function of such an education is to make minds inquisitive and develop a breadth of vision. The function of a vocational education, on the other hand, is learning methods of a particular line of work. If this is all you learn, it will be like wearing blinders, for progress is made by men who go beyond technicalities."

Dr. Goheen recommends teaching on the basis that you can use your intellectual interests in connection with your main work. It lets you take a long-range viewpoint on matters of interest, and if you find any satisfaction in working with young people, teaching enables you to have that satisfaction.

As President of Princeton, Dr. Goheen will be responsible to the Board of Trustees for the well-being of the university, its buildings, faculties, and students, among many other duties. He says that Princeton will continue to be a strong institution, dedicated to the arts and sciences.

The editors of the JUNIOR JOURNAL wish Dr. Goheen the best of luck in his new job.

THE FIGURE

By GILBERT LEA (V)

The other day I saw a man,
The strangest man was he.
He had a large cane in his han',
His eyes were fixed on me.

His eyes were small, and I could see,
Though you never would have known
Had you not looked at him, like me,
That both were made of stone.

He looked so strange, just standing there,
Small children turned and ran.
'Twas strange that they were not aware
He was a white snowman.

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WESTWARD HO!

By ROBERT C. KUSER, JR.

"Go West, young man, go West."

A busload of pioneers put out last summer from P.C.D. looking for adventures in the Golden West. This group comprised 23 boys under the supervision of Mr. Richard Griggs and Mr. Wesley McCaughan, who were assisted by Dave Delacour, a Junior at Princeton. Tim Harris, our bus driver, was burdened with this group as he steered his way over 8,000 miles of roads. These hardy pioneers left their memory in every town and city through which they passed, and there are new friends of P.C.D. from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The expedition began on June 15, 1956. A crowd of parents, friends, and newspaper reporters waved good-bye as we pulled away in our shining bus. The first few days we traveled as far and fast as possible. Stops were made at motels along the way where we had reservations. The boys soon fell into routine and the trip ran smoothly as we pushed on to Denver. We had swims in gigantic public pools in two of the towns where we stopped. At Springfield we visited Lincoln's house and tomb, and at Hannibal, Missouri, a short excursion was made to Mark Twain's cave. Inside the cave the temperature was 50 degrees, and when we got out, the nearby coke stand had quite a bit of business. The country through which we passed was flat and covered with farms. In Colo-

rado great swirls of dust rose on all sides because of a long drought.

After a week on the road, we started to enjoy the beauties of Rocky Mountain National Park. Here the work began. All the tents and cooking gear had to be set up. Everyone quickly found something to do, such as playing football or hide and go seek. Some lucky boys "volunteered," though, and the tents and cooking gear were soon set up. After tasting our own cooking we decided that maybe diners weren't so bad after all. That night the temperature dropped to 35 degrees, the coldest on the trip. Next day several boys showed their ability as photographers of wild life. They prowled around a nearby woodpile and got some pictures for Walt Disney's new picture, "The Story of a Ground Squirrel."



Later on, a famous hike set out for Bear Lake, which was about five

miles from camp. There was a time limit, and the hikers were due back in camp in two and a half hours. After two hours of trudging along a mountain road the group arrived at Bear Lake. Since only half an hour remained and everyone was dead tired, John Davison decided to call back to camp. A phone was found, but it didn't work, so the group headed dejectedly home. After going a mile by use of short cuts they stopped to rest. Just then an old Model "T" Ford came around the bend and stopped. The old lady who was driving insisted that we all get in and she would take us back to camp. Eight boys piled in and the car almost collapsed. But it pattered along and soon was back in camp. Our eight hikers grandly marched into camp claiming victory in their ascent to Bear Lake.

On the next day the trip left Rocky Mountain over the Trail Ridge Road, which is the highest in the world. Rocky Mountain is a beautiful park with huge snow-covered mountains and deep blue lakes. After leaving it we went to Leadville, where the famous Baby Doe Mine is located. At one time this mine was worth millions of dollars, but now it is worthless. We stayed at a motel for the night and then entered Mesa Verde National Park. Here we went into two of the famous pueblos. One was a cliff dwelling, and we followed a trail down the side of a cliff to reach it. A ladder led from the trail up to the dwelling. A friendly guide men-



tioned several times that people with bad hearts ought to be careful because several tourists had spoiled the scenery by slipping and breaking trees below. We went through both dwellings and were fascinated at the ability of the Indians to enter and leave them.

Then our expedition traveled to the Grand Canyon, stopping at the Painted Desert for a short while. We marveled at the beauty of the Canyon with its many intricate formations of rock in red, purple, yellow, orange, and various other colors.

After seeing the Grand Canyon and staying for the night we pushed on to Lake Mead and Hoover Dam. On the trip across Arizona the temperature skyrocketed to 123 degrees, so we couldn't wait for a cool swim in the lake. As we rounded a bend from the desert the lake came into view. All around Lake Mead the shores were sand! The only plants were a few sage bushes and wilting trees. We quickly went down for a

swim. At least the water was nice.

That night we didn't put up tents, and the wind howled and sand blew around in gusts. By morning everyone had more sand in his sleeping bag than out. Later in the morning we took a boat ride on the lake. When we were 100 feet off shore, the engine conked out. It took half an hour to fix, and we started out again. The wind blew spray all over us and we were drenched when we disembarked. In the afternoon we went through the dam and saw the generators. We left Lake Mead on the following day and we all were glad.

Proceeding to Las Vegas, we stopped at an amusement park called Frontier Village. After lunch each boy had a nickel put in the slot machine for him by Mr. Griggs. We actually came away winners, getting 70 nickels back from 23 nickels put in. Then we spent the afternoon swimming in the motel's pool. That night at 2 o'clock we left for California and Disneyland. We all crammed into the bus and twisted ourselves to be more comfortable as we crossed the Mojave Desert.

When we woke up, we were almost in Anaheim. We had our first breakage; as we entered the motel, the bus banged several lights. Mr. Griggs was promptly out of the bus to calm the owner down and shell out several dollars. That afternoon we took a swim in the Pacific Ocean.

The following day was a big one. First we went to Knott's Berry Farm. This is a ghost town and has rides.

We didn't spend too much time here so that more fun could be had at Disneyland. We got a free ride on the Mark Twain Riverboat, which goes through wild Indian country. Each of us received a ticket book and then all split up. Disneyland is divided into Fantasyland, Tomorrowland, Frontierland, Adventureland, and Main Street. On Main Street many stores are located and the railroad station is at the entrance. Adventureland's main attraction is a river boat ride. This winds its way through jungles teeming with wild life. There are elephants, lions, hippopotamuses, crocodiles, and other animals. They are all mechanical but very realistic. There are also natives along the banks of the river.



Frontierland has the Mark Twain Riverboat and Tom Sawyer rides. There is also the Golden Horseshoe, where we saw the show. There were dancing girls, a cowboy, and one of the funniest comedians you ever saw. Tomorrowland has several trips

in space ships and several exhibits. One trip is from the earth to the moon, and another is with Space Station X-1 around the earth. Autopia was the favorite of our group. You drove a car around a winding highway for several minutes. From Tomorrowland to Fantasyland there is a skyway. Baskets in which you rode hung from the cables, making it faster and more fun crossing from one land to the other. Fantasyland had several rides such as Mr. Toad's Wild Ride, the Spinning Saucers, a small train ride through Storybookland, and others. All were fun and we spent lots of time here. We had a most enjoyable day at Disneyland and were dead tired when we left.

The next day, July 3rd, we headed north to Bakersfield. We arrived at the Bakersfield Inn, the world's largest motel, just in time for a swim in the motel's pool. We decided to stay here another day because we felt that swimming was more fun than traveling in the bus.

Then we pushed on to Sequoia National Park. The giant Sequoia trees rose all around us, dwarfing some of the tallest pine trees in the world. These Sequoias are almost 4,000 years old, and they can't burn because of their protective bark. We visited the General Sherman Tree when we arrived. This is the oldest living thing on earth and is really colossal. We then went back to camp for the night.

The following day our hikers got another workout, but this time a

park guide was leader. A short trip through the Sequoia Forest was made. The famous groups of trees and individual trees were pointed out. When the hikers returned some of them decided a nice swim was due. So they went to a small water hole in a nearby stream. Apparently the water was a little too refreshing, for our swimmers didn't stay too long. They claimed the water was 40 degrees or colder.



We moved on to Yosemite National Park on Saturday. Yosemite is a very beautiful park, but there were too many people there for our liking. Many beautiful waterfalls cascade over cliffs. The biggest is Upper and Lower Yosemite Falls, which together fall over 3,000 feet. Almost everyone took a swim in a stream next to our camp. The water was freezing, but several boys had races across the stream and they really flew! At night we attended a show that was put on in the main village of the park. At the end of the show a fire

was shoved off the cliff behind us. This grand finale was almost like a red waterfall.

Bright and early next morning we left for Lake Tahoe, and we finally arrived there late in the afternoon. Here we again had a chance to swim. The next day was spent in swimming and playing games. This was a red-letter day for our fishermen because at long last they caught a fish. It took all their skill and cunning to land this 6-inch whopper.

Now we headed east across the Nevada desert and the salt flats of Utah. After a two-day trip we arrived in Salt Lake City. There we went to see the Mormon Temple Square. At night we had fun at a nearby amusement park located on the Great Salt Lake. While most of us enjoyed the fun house and roller-coaster, some went for a swim in the lake. They bobbed up and down in the water as they tried to completely submerge themselves. Some said that they saw Mr. McCaughan floating along smoking his pipe and reading a book!

Then, by way of Idaho, we proceeded to the Goodridges' ranch at Jackson Hole. Now we really were pioneers and cowboys. Everyone had been buying various articles of Western clothing, and now they donned their outfits. Next morning everyone was sitting on the corral fence watching the horses being saddled. Soon half of the group were in the saddle. (The others had to wait until later because there weren't enough

horses.) It certainly was an odd-looking bunch of riders. Dave Delacour, the loudest boaster, was taken for a fast ride by his horse, and it took ten minutes to get him back. Soon the train of horses started off, to the jeers of the boys who were left behind. This latter group played games around camp and some went for a short truck ride to the Snake River. In the afternoon the two groups switched around.

On the 14th we again rode, and hikes were taken to the top of a hill behind the ranch house. The next day saw us hiking again. This time we went to Bradley Lake in Grand Teton National Park, which is right next to the ranch. We did some swimming, although the lake was cold, and then returned to the ranch.

We had a wonderful stay at the ranch and the whole group was grateful to the Goodridges for their hospitality. We were sorry to leave, but many were getting homesick, so we kept traveling most of each day for the rest of the trip. On the way we passed through the Badlands of South Dakota.

We spent a night at Lake Okoboji, Iowa, where we had a swim. In the middle of the night the clouds broke loose with a terrific downpour. Since we didn't have our tents up, the whole mob rushed to the bus with our sleeping bags. We all crammed ourselves in any way we could. Soon snores arose from the bus and then the rain stopped.

Then we pushed on, crossing Wis-

consin, Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan. At Dearborn we went through the Ford Rotunda and the Henry Ford Museum. We then went across Ontario, Canada, to Niagara Falls. We took the "Maid of the Mist" boat ride and passed under the Canadian Falls. We left here for Cooperstown and the Baseball Hall of Fame. Everyone liked this museum; we had

a hard time getting everyone out.

We now headed home for Princeton on July 25th. Amid cheers we pulled up in front of P.C.D. and piled out. There was a general buzz as boys told parents all about the trip. Then the bus was unloaded and everyone departed. It had been a thrilling trip, but everyone was glad to be home.



THE MISTRESS OF OUR HOUSE

By WILLIAM MORSE (VI)

A cat roves throughout our house,
To pass the daylight hours.
She spends her time on rugs and beds
Or dozes in her bowers.

She spares no couch, mat, or chair,
Her claws so sharp and ready;
Respects no rule, room, or right,
Demure, calm, and steady.

She waits before the icebox door,
Eager and relentless.
Kitchen's robber pest she'll be
If meat is left defenseless.

What's on your mind, my feline friend?
Speak, and state the fee,
Your thoughts, design, means, and end —
That meow is Greek to me.

THE MODERN CEREAL BOX

By HOWARD BUSHNELL (VI)

Have you ever seen a cereal box without a "give away offer" printed in gaudy colors on most of its sides? I doubt it. Nowadays there isn't a cereal box in existence that is designed only for holding cereal. There are many types of offers, most of them made to attract young boys and girls, although some are meant to attract housewives too.

One type deals with rather cheap silverware. This, of course, is for the housewife. To acquire this silverware, she collects coupons (there is one in every cereal box) until she has enough to send to the cereal company and receive her spoons. If she really intends to profit from this deal, she sends in thirty-four coupons and ten cents for each spoon. This means she is going to feed her family thirty-four boxes of cereal for just **one** spoon. If she wants a dozen spoons, she will have to send in four hundred eight coupons and \$1.20. This would not be so bad if the family had five years in which to eat all this cereal, but these offers are very short-lived, and our housewife has to collect her coupons quickly or the offer will have expired and the coupons she does have will have become void. Coupon-collecting usually ends in hard feelings all around.

Another type is the "Free inside this box" variety.

The rock collector of the family is filled with joy when he sees written on the cereal box, "Genuine Amazon Amorite inside this box!" Without stopping to consider that there are already three boxes of cereal open on the shelf, our avid rock-collector rips open the box and proceeds to pour the contents into a large bowl. After a great deal of grubbing around in the cereal with his grimy little paws, he comes up with a tiny plastic bag with a small chip of stone inside it. Written on the bag is, "Genuine Amazon Amorite."

"It looks like ordinary gravel to me," he mumbles, "even if it is a genuine Amazon Amorite," and drops it back into the bowl of cereal and walks away, leaving the mess behind him. It is doubtful whether his mother will ever buy another cereal box with "Free inside this box" written on it.

Last, and perhaps most common, is the type in which you send away a box top with a quarter or fifty-cent piece for some item.

Junior's eyes glow as he comes downstairs in the early morning. Today he will take the box top off that new package of cereal and send away for that terrific whistle advertised on the side of the box. Junior picks up the box and looks at the colorful advertisement for the hun-

dreadth time, his hands shaking with excitement.

"Send right away for your Sergeant Heston Whistle! Only 25c and one box top! Be the first in your neighborhood to get this beautiful three-note, gold-plated whistle! Train your dog with it! Call the police in time of danger!" The ad also gives many more reasons why this whistle is a "must," the whole thing being printed in a rainbow of colors.

With his heart pounding, Junior thinks of all the things he could do with the whistle. He could buy a dog and train it, he could call the police in time of danger. . . .

"Oh boy," he cries, his voice shaking with excitement as he snatches

off the box top. His breakfast and the spilled cereal are forgotten as he dashes off to get his weekly allowance, a stamp, and an envelope.

Six weeks later a small box arrives. Racing upstairs, Junior yanks open the box and extracts the whistle. He puts it to his lips and blows.

"Phhht."

He blows harder, again and again. "Phhhhhht."

Junior's dreams fall about his feet. He stares out the window and his eyes fill with tears. Junior, like multitudes of other boys and girls, has learned his lesson the hard way.

The moral is: never fall for an offer on a cereal box. You will find only hard feelings and misery inside.

IT HAPPENED UNDER THE APPLE TREE

By ALEXANDER PATTON (III)

It was late in the afternoon. I was stuffing myself with cookies under the shade of an apple tree. It was early spring. Blossoms were just appearing. I gazed at Tom who was snoozing at my feet. "Tom, why can't you be a big, fast hound dog with a good nose instead of a fat old clumsy dog that does nothing but sleep and eat?" I said to him. Tom wagged his tail lazily, then went back to sleep. I thought dreamingly of what I could do with a good

hound dog. About this time Bruin, the big grizzly that lived in the timber around Albion Mountain, should come out of hibernation. Last fall we had an unusually early blizzard. Bruin hadn't enough fat to live through the winter so he resorted to our sheep for his food supply. And now that he has had a taste of domestic food he will be back this spring. With a good hound I could track down that grizzly. "Oh well," I thought, "that can wait."

I closed my eyes, and when I opened them there was Tom, the most perfect dog I ever have seen. He looked at me with steady dark eyes. He seemed to beckon me to come with him. I got up, and to my surprise, at my feet was my dad's 10-gauge shotgun. It was all I needed. Away went Tom. He was sniffing eagerly about. Near the sheep pasture I came upon the bear's tracks. I thought he would make his kill at dusk. The sun was just setting when I decided to go home and try tomorrow. I called to Tom and started home, but Tom whined and I turned. He looked steadily at me and I stared back. He seemed to say, "No, don't go. This is your only chance." I couldn't resist. Something pulled me on and on.

We entered the timber. There were different bear tracks now. I saw nothing but I seemed to feel eyes watching me and hear voices whispering as if I wasn't meant to hear. I seemed out of place up here where no humans lived. The shotgun seemed useless in this dark, strange place. Suddenly I wished I was home in my nice warm bed, but Tom led me on further into the timber. The full moon cast shadows about that made me so scared I turned white. Then I thought I heard something whisper, "See the human in the dark without fire and other humans."

Then another voice whispered,

"Yes, he jumps at every shadow and is afraid of his footsteps." Then Tom led me into a large clearing. In the center was a beaver pond. The moon showed clearly the shapes of moose, deer, bears, lynx, foxes, wolves and many little rodents. Hundreds of little yellow eyes were fixed on me. Then a large grizzly stepped forward and said, "Here I am. You wanted to kill me and I want to kill you."

Then Tom growled, "You said we would talk, not fight."

"What good would talking to a scared human do? Humans think and I use my power. Once things go wrong, humans run, so if I kill some, others will run," the grizzly finished.

"But, Bruin, if he agreed to leave you alone, wouldn't that be good enough?" Tom argued.

"No, I kill him!"

"You will have to kill me first!" Tom sprang at his throat. Bruin fought hard but Tom was just quick enough. They whirled and struck, roared and screamed. Then Bruin grabbed Tom and started to squeeze the life out of him. "Tom, Tom!" I cried. Then suddenly at my feet was Tom, doing his darnedest to catch a vicious flea that had a tight grip on his tail. "Whew, Tom, I'm glad you're no super-smart dog after all. Let's go home and get some supper. We'll let Dad handle Bruin from now on."

THE GAMBLER

By DAVID STEWART (V)

It happened on a Monday morn,
The place was near Lake Mead;
And to this day, the people say,
'Twas like no other deed.

It all began when a gamblin' man
Whose luck was running bad,
Made one last bet but went in debt
And lost what he never had.

They wouldn't take his I.O.U.,
They wouldn't give him time;
They took instead his liberty
For what they called a crime.

They tied his hands behind his back,
And put him on a steed;
And took the trail to the county jail,
Through the hills beside Lake Mead.

But a gambler's heart will never change,
When freedom is at stake;
He saw the dare as he travelled there,
On the cliffs beside the lake.

He urged his mount to the very edge,
And then, as in a flash,
They left the ground with a mighty bound
That ended in a splash.

They saw some bubbles rising up
But nothing else beside;
And the sheriff's men went home again,
Sorry their man had died.

He hadn't been that bad a man,
His only crime was debt.
But they all agreed 'twas a foolish deed
Making that one last bet.

TWO DOZEN ROSES

By WILLIAM W. SMITH (VI)

It was the noon hour. People rushed here and there, all seemingly intent on some unknown errand. In this hustle and bustle of the big city walked a woman of perhaps thirty years. At intervals her red head bobbed in and out of the crowd. Five years ago, such a scene had appeared to her as a state of perpetual motion and confusion; but now she was a part of the atmosphere of accounts, cigarette smoke, and the whirr of typewriter keys.

She turned into a coffee shop, her regular eating place at noon. Bright with artificial light, the room was filled with people and cigarette smoke. The hum of conversation punctuated with the clink of the silver had seemed exceedingly loud five years ago when she had felt alien to everybody and everything there. Today her practical glance swept the sea of faces and focused on the one familiar one. As she made her way through the labyrinth of tables, she had a feeling of belonging — of being an anonymous part of the composite whole. As she slid into the seat across from Molly, at a table for two, the din of the place made possible a feeling of privacy and at the same time of intimacy.

"Hi, Molly. It's lucky you could save the place for me. Sorry I missed you yesterday, but I was in the midst of typing a presentation. Mr. Carson was pacing the floor, he had to have

it for his luncheon date — so I was stuck."

"I must tell you —"

"One chef's salad, one egg salad on protein bread, and two coffee, please."

"Yes, go on."

"If you had seen me yesterday, you would have seen a bewildered girl. When I got home from work day before yesterday, there were two dozen of the most beautiful roses in front of my door."

"Wonderful! Who sent them?"

"Well, there was no card or anything, and when I began thinking, a number of people came to mind."

"Why didn't you call the florist?"

"I couldn't even do that. They weren't in a florist's box, but in a container with no identification. I took them into my room and rather expected a call all evening, but nobody called."

"Gee, it would be too bad never to know. Maybe you have a bashful beau you never dreamed of."

"Well, hardly."

— "No, I have the chef's salad. She has the sandwich."

— "So this morning, when I got to the office, I was telling my boss about finding these lovely flowers without any card when he smiled and said he had sent them in appreciation for all the overtime I had done lately. You know it has been rugged these last few weeks."

"Even so, not many bosses would be so thoughtful."

"A little later in the morning this new account exec from our agency came in — you know, the one who took me out to dinner last week, the night I stayed and dug out some information for him from our files."

"You mean the one that's so cocky?"

"That's the one. Well, I was telling him about finding these flowers with no card when he interrupted with, 'I never dreamed you wouldn't know I sent them. After all, you dug up some information that helped me land another account, so I wanted to say thank you.'"

"Well, do you really think — "

"Just wait. Later, during the coffee break, I was telling a group of the girls about finding these lovely white roses when I noticed Sam Shea was bending an ear. He pushed himself right into the group and said, 'Why, Lucy, I didn't think you would ever wonder. Haven't you always told me white roses are your favorite flowers? Anyone else would

have sent you the obvious, red roses.'"

"Aren't you glad he was really the one? You like him a lot, don't you?"

"I must say I was relieved at the time. Yes, I had liked him from the time he first joined our organization. He was shy, but he always seemed so honest and forthright. They say he is being groomed for one of the top spots in our place. Naturally I was thrilled when he started taking me out. The flowers seemed a real extravagance for him for he never had much money to spend, or at least was unwilling to part with it."

"I guess he just felt romantic that day."

"Let me finish. Last night, when I came home from work, the doorman at my apartment said, 'Miss Sterling, did you enjoy the roses?'"

"I said, 'Why, yes.'"

"They were left over from the wedding and I know how you love flowers so I thought it would be a pity to have them go to waste."

"Here's the correct change. Will you take care of the check? I have to run."



MY SNAKE

By HARTLEY SHEARER (IV)

At one time I had three snakes, but at the moment I have only one. He is a Central American boa constrictor. He is over three and a half feet long and is colored dark beige with light and dark blotches on his back. He will grow to a length of about nine or ten feet.

I keep him in a cage I had built for my pine snakes. It is three feet long and one foot high. There is glass in the front and wire over parts of the top so he will get plenty of air.

My snake is usually quite friendly, but he can be very nasty. He is the best-tempered of all the snakes I have had. He has bitten me only once and tried only twice. This may seem to you that he is mean, but if you had seen George — one of my pine snakes who was really mean — and then compared him with the boa, you would see that the boa is especially friendly.

His habits are different from any other snake I have ever had. The pine snakes are land snakes, but the boa is a tree snake. He coils around anything he can find. That's rather a nuisance when I have him out of his cage because he'll coil around something and I can't get him loose.

As for going under the paper in the bottom of his cage, there is nothing odd about that as all snakes do it.

His food consists of nothing more than water and a fairly large rat, or five mice, once every two weeks. The trouble is that I have to put the rat in dead, but if he doesn't eat it then I've blown a dollar right there. However, he usually eats well.

The odd thing about snakes, or for that matter any other animal, is that they can tell if you're nervous or not when you handle them. They dislike to be handled by any person who is afraid of them and they will often strike at you under those conditions. All snakes like to be stroked, especially mine. He likes me to handle him if I do it gently. There is one thing he hates, and that is for me to make any sudden movement. I have been bitten a couple of times just for doing that, and believe me, it hurts to have three rows of needle-sharp teeth about an eighth of an inch long stick into you.

My boa was born in June two summers ago. He will live for about fifty years and maybe longer if he is treated well. When he does die, and if I still have him, I will make a belt out of him.

AN EXCURSION

By BEVERIDGE AARON (VI)

"Martha, are the brats ready yet?" shouted Henry Goulac.

"Just a minute, Henry!"

Mr. Goulac had been sitting in the car for twenty minutes while his wife got their four young children ready. They were going to the shore to look for a good boat to buy. Mr. Goulac sat in the car, red-faced, nervously drumming on the dashboard. Finally, however, the four little monsters all piled in, followed by the harassed Mrs. Goulac.

"Now, children," she said, "your father isn't feeling very well today and you must be quiet. All right?"

Thoughtful silence, and then an indignant, "Ma, Susy bit me!"

"Now, now," soothed Mrs. Goulac. "We'll be at the shore soon, and we can look at the boats, and —"

"But Susy bit me, Ma."

"Well, Susy, be a good girl and tell Patrick you're sorry."

"No."

Things went along at this pace until they arrived at the shore. Mr. Goulac was, by this time, hunched over the steering wheel, shaking horribly, and muttering all kinds of happy thoughts about his children. As they pulled up to a restaurant, Mr. Goulac said in a quiet voice, "Is anybody hungry?"

There was a roar, the car gave a startled shake, and eight little hands

were dragging him out of the front seat.

"I want three cheeseburgers, Pop!"

"Can I have a coke, Pop?"

The family entered the restaurant, and after all the children had ridden the horsie, played the jukebox, and bought some comics, they ordered lunch. This consisted of six cheeseburgers, four malteds, and a hot dog for the children, a turkey sandwich and some coffee for Mrs. Goulac, and some broth and an aspirin for Mr. Goulac.

After lunch Mr. Goulac paid the bill, took another aspirin, and the family started out to look for boats. Finally there was a sign, "Boat Show, five miles." Mrs. Goulac read it and smiled, undisturbed by the pandemonium that followed. The driver merely crumpled up. Arriving at the Boat Show, they came to a stop in front of a huge, open building, containing a large assortment of boats. All the Goulacs piled out and entered the building. A greasy-looking character came up and inquired, with a butter-melting smile, if they would like to be shown "anything special."

Mr. Goulac said, "No, thank you, we'll just browse around if you don't mind."

"Certainly," said the salesman, taking a long look at Mr. Goulac.

While the two adult Goulacs looked at lower-priced boats, the children started clambering aboard the larger twenty-thousand dollar yachts. In a body they jumped aboard the first one they saw. They charged into the cabin and started "testing" the seats, stove, steering wheel, motor, paneling, etc. Jimmy scrawled with his crayons, "J.G.", all over the shiny white interior.

Clarence opened a port-hole and, perceiving a gaudy assortment of feathers floating by, grabbed a few. There was a scream, and the high voice of a woman cried, "Oh, my hat!"

Clarence quickly let go, and all the children lay on the floor in a fit of giggling. Soon they got into a pillow fight, and while Jimmy continued to decorate the interior, they knocked over lamps, chairs, ash-trays, and various other things that weren't nailed to the floor. Because they were deep inside the cabin, nobody noticed them. Soon the children tired of this and left the cabin. They explored other yachts. Jimmy got quite carried away with himself,

writing in bigger and bigger letters, "J.G.", in beautiful colors.

All things must come to an end, and so the children were finally trapped by their parents and herded into the car. Mr. Goulac had had a long discussion with the owner about the best kind of boat to buy, and he was in very good spirits. They were ready to leave when the greasy-looking fellow rushed up and drew Mr. Goulac aside. The children and Mrs. Goulac couldn't hear what was said, but they could see that the man was very excited, for he kept hopping up and down and sputtering something about "J.G." Mr. Goulac turned a sickly white, opening and shutting his mouth and making queer little noises. At length he wrote out a check and handed it to the man. Then he stumbled over to the car and got in.

As they drove off, Mrs. Goulac inquired if anything was wrong.

"What?" replied Mr. Goulac. He looked at her with a strange light in his eyes, then his voice broke into a mirthless, senseless giggle. "Anything wrong? Oh no, nothing at all."



"X-195"

By WILLIAM PUTNEY (IV)

One day as I was tuning the most powerful radio receiver in the world, I heard something that was so amazing that this is the first time I've dared tell of it. It was a contact between an agent of the government of Mars and a so-called "flying saucer." At first, I imagined it to be a gag of some kind, but what was said during this contact convinced me of its reality.

"This is Kanoi on planet Earth calling ship X-195," said a voice. "Come in, X-195, I have some vital information for our imperial leader Kernoi." This was repeated several times and then . . .

"This is ship X-195 to Kanoi on planet Earth. Come in, come in," answered a voice from out of space. "What is your information?" continued the voice. "Kernoi must know if we are to invade planet Earth at 17.30 hours tomorrow."

"I have found the Earthlings' weakness," replied the Martian agent. "It is —" suddenly a stronger signal replaced the Martians' transmission.

"Good evening, folks," a cheery voice boomed, "this is the happy, happy station WPNJ in Princeton bringing you the Farm and Home hour, but first a word about Doctor Geepo's Head-cold Pills. Friends, you too can —" click! Off went Doctor Geepo and my temper with him.

If only I could have heard the last part of the conversation by the Martians!

Soon I calmed myself enough to think. I decided on a plan of action to save the Earth from invasion.

The next day I again listened to the Martians on the same frequency, thereby learning their exact plan and where they would land.

At exactly five that afternoon I slowly made my way across a large meadow at the edge of town. Then I waited.

At five twenty-seven a man appeared and came running toward me.

"What are you doing here?" he yelled. "Get out, you fool, if you value your life!"

"I know all about you and what you are here for!" I cried.

Then, before he could speak, a strange green light appeared as if from nowhere.

A man with a green-tinted skin descended from the light without any visible means of support and addressed us.

"The invasion of planet Earth has been called off," he said. "We must return to Mars at once!"

The next thing I knew I was in a small room which was lighted by an unknown source and was painted a beautiful green.

You see, I now live on Mars.

PIRATES AND MUTINY

By SEYMOUR MORRIS (III)

A large British man-of-war, the **Golden Dane**, stood in the English Channel on July 13, 1805. The crew of the huge ship was very busy preparing her for her next voyage. The captain of the ship, Captain William Witherford, was very busy in the study aboard his ship. In two weeks the ship was already prepared for the next voyage. On a sunny morning, the **Golden Dane** left England. Captain Witherford was a kindly and honest man. He was also an excellent seaman. The first mate was Stephen Gerry, second was Davie Riley, and the third was Andy Pick. Andy always had a huge appetite. The cook, Chopper, had a hard time trying to please Andy. The youngest of the group was Lyman Hall. He was a cabin boy who was 12 years old.

The **Golden Dane** was ordered to go down to the West Indies and destroy the Spanish settlements there because Spain was at war with England. Three weeks went by. Everything was quiet. One night the sea was quite rough. Captain Witherford was on the deck measuring the distance with his sextant. Two shadows sneaked up from behind. All of a sudden Lyman Hall ran up to him. Blood was pouring out of his left ear. "Sir, the crew has mutinied!" All of a sudden there was a large racket. They ran forward.

"Stay where you are!" The captain turned around. There were two of the crew in front of them with guns in their hands. Then the racket stopped. The men came up from below. There were prisoners. The mutineers came forward with Englishmen as prisoners. The prisoners were Stephen Gerry, David Riley, Andy, Chopper, Harlan Bailey, Jimmy and Thomas Cooper.

"Cowards," yelled Witherford. The mutineers talked in Spanish in the corner of the deck.

"They must be Spanish spies," said David. Then the mutineers came forward and lowered the longboat into the water. They told the men to go to their cabins and get a bundle of clothes. They returned with their bundles. They were ordered to get in the boat, which was about 39 feet long. The men obeyed.

"Now get rowing." The men sadly rowed away from their former ship. Captain Witherford stood at the rudder. Andy was busy fixing Lyman's ear which he reported "was struck by a rifle." There were only 2 pounds of bread and 6 gallons of water in the boat.

"Men, I expect that we should reach the West Indies in two weeks." A week went by. The men were very hungry. There wasn't much food left. The next day it was a windy day. They fastened a sail to the mast and

made a good rate of speed. About noon, Tom Cooper went up to the bow and scanned the bright blue sea.

"Land," he shouted. The men piled up on the bow.

"Men, we shall probably reach the islands by tonight. Keep your hopes high," said Witherford. The men rowed on. They saw the masts of the **Golden Dane** in the distance at the island. There was a huge stone fort on the island. The men stopped and waited. Then night came. They picked up their oars and continued rowing. An hour later they landed on the island. They hid their boat and sneaked up to the fort with knives and pistols in their hands. They came up to the wall. The wall was over 130 feet high and was blank. The men climbed up the heavy ivy vines that grew on the walls. They sneaked down the alleyway. There was a row of doors on each side with small windows in them. Lyman peered through them.

"People. Prisoners in there," he mumbled.

"Are you English?" he asked the prisoners.

"Yes, we are officers of the British Navy." Tom stood behind a corner. The guard came around the corner and was bound and gagged. Tom took the keys and freed the prison-

ers. Then they caught one man after another. Finally they came to a room. There were several voices in it. The men charged through the room. A tall thin unattractive man with a goatee grabbed Stephen Gerry by the collar and growled.

"I'll show you who's boss around here, Englishman. I am the captain of this fort," roared the captain. "Now you little chink, let's say I am the gallant captain and you are the low-grade chink."

"Mind if it's the other way around?"

"Fine, prove it!" He drew his sword and handed another to Stephen.

"Now fight like a gentleman!" he roared. By this time all the Spanish men were dead except for the captain. The two men were sword fighting like two magicians or like Heckle and Jeckle. The fight was a very even one. Stephen took his chance and threw his sword through his enemy's head. Some of the crew of the **Golden Dane** were on her. They climbed aboard and killed every man there. Captain Witherford left the English prisoners to preserve the fort until he could come back with some soldiers. The Englishmen on the fort saw the **Golden Dane** disappearing below the dark blue sea.



FOOLISH SUPERSTITIONS

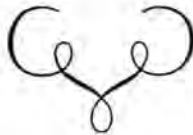
By ROBERT OTIS (I)

I think we have some pretty foolish superstitions. Here are some of them — Goblins cause milk to turn sour. Breaking a mirror is bad luck. Walnuts are good for the brain. The number 13 is unlucky. Bubbles in a tea cup mean visitors. If you eat bubbles in your tea cup, you are going to receive some money. A blister on your tongue means you have been telling lies. If your ears burn someone is talking about you. If you get the shivers someone is walking over the spot where you are going to be buried. I want to talk about some superstitions I think are the funniest.

To me the funniest of them is the one about the goblins souring milk. How do you think that one became

a superstition? I think one day someone thought he saw a goblin in the ice box near the milk and they were very scared and so they waited for the goblin to go. So after a while they looked and the milk was sour. And that is how I think that superstition arose. How do you think it did?

The one about the bubbles in the tea is one of my favorites, too. I think that was originated when some old lady saw some bubbles in her tea cup one morning and all of a sudden up rode an unexpected guest. Do you think my theory is very good? This morning my mother ate some bubbles in her tea and this afternoon she got a check for one hundred dollars, and so maybe superstitions aren't so crazy!



HONOR ROLL

WINTER TERM 1956-1957

(These averages do not include the Term Examinations)

FIRST HONOR ROLL (90-100 $\frac{1}{2}$)

RICHARD BAKER
FRANCIS BUSHNELL
WARREN ELMER
ROGER FAGAN
HARRISON FRAKER
DARIEN GARDNER
SAMUEL GUTTMAN
WEBB HARRISON
ROBERT KUSER
ANTHONY LAUCK
RICHARD MARCUS
JOHN POOLE
CHARLES SMYTH
JOHN WILLIS

SECOND HONOR ROLL (85-89 $\frac{1}{2}$)

RAYMOND AGAR
ALAN AGLE
NORMAN ARMOUR
JOHN BAKER
JOHN BECKER
PHILIP BONNET
HOWARD BUSHNELL
GERARD CAMERON
RICHARD CRAWFORD
JOHN DUNNING
RICHARD ECKELS
ALEXANDER EDWARDS
ROBERT GRIGGS
ANDREW HARRIS
JAMES KERR
MICHAEL MADEIRA
WILLIAM MORSE
JOHN ODDEN
ROBERT OTIS
ALEXANDER PATTON
JOHN POSTLEY
JOSEPH RIKER
JAMES SHEA
JOHN SHEEHAN
WILLIAM SMOYER
DAVID STEWART
CHARLES STUART

GLENN THOMAS
HAROLD VAN DOREN
HUGH WISE

THIRD HONOR ROLL (80-84 $\frac{1}{2}$)

BEVERIDGE AARON
ROBERT AYERS
ELIAS BAKER
ROBERT BALES
JOHN BRINKERHOFF
ROBERT CARRICK
JOSEPH COFFEE
STEPHEN CRAWFORD
COLEMAN DONALDSON
DAVID GREENE
PETER HART
RANDOLPH HOBLER
GIBBS KANE
ALEXANDER KIRKPATRICK
LAWRENCE KUSER
GILBERT LEA
ROBERT LEVENTHAL
DOUGLAS MACKIE
ROGER MARCUS
DAVIS MATHER
HOWARD McMORRIS
FREDERIC MOCK
SEYMOUR MORRIS
MALCOLM MUIR
RODMAN PATTON
KARL PETTIT
BROCK PUTNAM
WILLIAM PUTNEY
RICHARD REYNOLDS
JOSEPH SMITH
WILLIAM SMITH
ROBERT SMYTH
JOSEPH STEVENS
JOHN STRASENBURGH
HENRY TOMLINSON
JAMES VOLLBRECHT
PETER WHITE
ALLEN WOOD
WILLIAM WYMAN

ATHLETICS

By STEPHEN CRAWFORD

HOCKEY

Undefeated, untied!

So ends the most successful season P.C.D. has ever had. The 1951 team was undefeated but not untied for their five games, making this year's team the cream of the crop. This year P.C.D. had a nine-game schedule besides the Fathers' game, making the record 10-0.

Pony Fraker and Webb Harrison led the scoring with 10 goals each. The other first-liner, Co-captain Tim Carey, scored 4, but had the most assists, 13. Of the first defensemen, Jobe Stevens scored 4, while Co-captain Hudie Wise scored once and assisted twice. On the second line Kelley had 6 goals. Morse had 5, and Rotnem had 3 but led in assists with 5. On the third line Lea had 2, Peterson 1, and Baker 1 assist. Rodgers, second-string defenseman, scored 2 goals. Staffy Keegin and Joe Wright, first and second-string goalies, let only 7 goals through in nine games with other schools, while their team-mates were piling up 48.

Thanks and commendation are due to the two coaches, Mr. Tibbals and Mr. Vaughan, for the excellent job they did. A debt of gratitude is also owed to the kind and willing parents who helped with the driving.

P.C.D. 9, KENT 2

We started the season off well, making a clean sweep of this first game on the New England trip. Fraker scored thrice, Harrison twice, and each of the following once: Kelley, Rotnem, Rodgers, Lea.

P.C.D. 6, TAFT 0

We were up against an old rival who had beaten us the two previous years. With high spirits and terrific teamwork we amazed ourselves as well as everyone else. Kelley scored twice, and Harrison, Fraker, Morse, and Stevens each once.

P.C.D. 10, SHORT HILLS 1

We avenged our football loss quite well, with our highest score of the year. P.C.D. played well the entire game, and everyone got a chance to play. Harrison scored 4 times, Carey 3, and Stevens, Kelley, and Lea each once.

P.C.D. 6, LAWRENCEVILLE 1

We were a little clumsy in this game, and our opponents slightly smaller, but we held to our minimum of 6 goals a game quite nicely. Fraker scored twice, with a goal apiece going to Harrison, Wise, Kelley, and Morse.



P.C.D. 6, LAWRENCEVILLE 1

This game went about the same as the last one. The spirit of an undefeated season was growing rapidly. The scoring was evenly divided among Carey, Stevens, Morse, Rotnem, Rodgers, and Peterson.

P.C.D. 4, HILL 0

This game at Pottstown was hard-fought all the way. The Hill players were large and fast and had a very lucky goalie. Only our first and second lines could keep up the pace on rather poor ice, but they finally drove home. Keegin and Wright did exceptionally well in the goal.

P.C.D. 2, SUMMIT 1

This game was the true test of our ability. It was a hard fight all the way, and Fraker and Stevens were the only ones to score. The game was played completely by first and second-stringers.

P.C.D. 3, LAWRENCEVILLE 1

This was a rough, scrappy game, and we may have paid too much attention to Dorf's head and not enough to the puck. There were two penalties against us. Fraker scored twice and Harrison once.

P.C.D. 2, LAWRENCEVILLE 0

This game was about the same as the previous one, but we won and won well. Morse and Kelley were the scorers. It was a great day for P.C.D. The final victory was won and we were undefeated.

BASKETBALL

By ROB KUSER

The basketball team finished the season with a 6-6 record, which underates the team since none of our losses was by more than 8 points. We had a good team that averaged 39 points a game compared with our opponents' 32 points. Unfortunately we did not come up with the big points when we needed them. Our inaccuracy at the foul line was a major factor in most of the defeats we suffered. Mr. Robson and Chuck Lapine were the coaching staff once again and they did a fine job even though our record does not show it.

The starting quintet had Bill Applegate, our leading scorer, and Andy Harris at forwards, Rob Kuser at center, Doug Rampona and Charlie Stuart at guards. This team was full of fight and drive even in defeat.

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 29, P.C.D. 27

This was the first game of the year and we were quite sloppy in our ball-handling. The game was close until the third period when they built up a big lead which we could not overcome. Applegate led our scoring with 13 points.

VALLEY ROAD 42, P.C.D. 35

We were continually losing the ball in the backcourt because of the full-court press which they used to good advantage. The game was not as close as the score indicates because we collected 6 points in the closing minute. Kuser and Applegate each netted 12 points on lay-ups and jump shots.

P.C.D. 45, MILLTOWN 36

We got our first victory of the season at the expense of a weak Milltown team. Our playing was not so good and they led until the fourth quarter when our height proved superior. We were limited in who could play and our taller players sat out the game. Applegate poured 18 points through the hoop to be high scorer.

WITHERSPOON 39, P.C.D. 33

After three away games we played one in our own gym. Bad passes and poor shooting ended the game in defeat. The only one who could hit for us was Applegate and he got 22.

P.C.D. 45, MILLTOWN 20

This time we easily defeated Milltown as our driving lay-ups produced most of the scoring for us. Stuart and Louis Hano held top scoring honors with 12 apiece.

P.C.D. 44, HOPEWELL 34

This game was easy as we substituted freely throughout the game. After getting used to their court we steadily raised the score. Once again Applegate hit for 18 points.

P.C.D. 40, TOWER HILL 20

We coasted along in the first half to build up a lead of 25-6. The second half saw our subs in action most of the time. Kuser was high man in the game with 15 points to his credit.

VALLEY ROAD 37, P.C.D. 29

We really were up for this game but they fought a little harder for their second victory over us this year. We were going too fast and this eventually wore us down as we only got 9 points in the second half. Kuser scored 7 of these and ended as high man of the game with 11.

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 49, P.C.D. 45

Our defense was slipping and it cost us the game. On offense we did not move too well either except Applegate who played his best game and netted 24 points in a losing cause.

WITHERSPOON 36, P.C.D. 34

We really sparked in the first half, running to a 22-17 half-time lead. Then the roof caved in on us as Applegate fouled out after one minute of the third period. They slowly caught up and the fourth quarter began as a 29-all tie. The roar from the crowd was deafening as a three-point play put them in the lead. Hano netted a foul and Kuser hit for two but that was the last tie when they tallied two more baskets. Kuser had 11 points to top our scoring list.



P.C.D. 54, HOPEWELL 9

We ran up the highest margin of victory ever, 45 points, as we came within two points of the School record. The score was 16-0 before they scored. Stuart with 16 and Hano with 12 led the scoring.

P.C.D. 32, CRANBURY 27

We ended the season with a hard-earned victory. They led us 18-2 after the first quarter and things looked very black for us. Then we suddenly came alive and ripped off 18 straight points to lead 20-18 at the half. The second half did not have much scoring as the defenses tightened. Kuser and Applegate were the scoring leaders in this finale.

Our individual scoring:

Name	Games	Points	Average
Applegate	11	151	13.7
Kuser	9	79	8.8
Stuart	12	75	6.3
Rampona	10	49	4.9
Hano	12	35	2.9
Harris	8	28	3.5
Bales	6	18	3.0
Robson	11	10	.9
Barclay	5	5	1.0
Hoffman	2	4	2.0
Andrew	5	3	.6
Smyth	6	3	.5
Postley	5	2	.4
Team	12	462	38.5

LITTLE LEAGUE HOCKEY

By WILLIAM W. SMITH

The Little Hockey League is an intramural contest among the younger boys of the School — First, Second, and Third Forms. There are four teams, each divided into a varsity and a J. V. The eight fastest skaters in the Lower School are the co-captains.

Each team has a manager, an old boy who tries to help his young men improve as hockey players. Each game is refereed by another older boy.

The League standing at the end of the season:

Team	Won	Lost	Tied	Points
Trinity-Hamilton	7	2	3	17
Williams	7	3	2	16
Dartmouth	4	4	4	12
Princeton	1	10	1	3



WINTER SPORTS



WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

SCHOLARSHIP

The Blues won both halves of the scholarship competition this term. Their general average was 2.3+ compared with the slightly lower 2.4— of the Whites.

In boys clear of failures, the Blues had 59 out of 85, or 69%. The Whites had 53 out of 84 clear, or 63%.

The following boys have had no failures on the tri-weekly reports during the winter term:

BLUES (59) — Agar, Agle, Alexander, Aul, Barclay, Bonnet, Brinkerhoff, Caldwell, Cameron, Chubet, Coffee, Cook, Dunning, Edwards, Elmer, Ewing, French, Gardner, Goodrich D., Greene, Hano, Harris, Harrison, Howland, Jackson, Kane, Katzenbach, Kerr, Knox T., Lauck, Mackie, Madeira, Marcus R., Marcus R., Mather D., Morris, Morse P., Morse W., Muir, Odden, Poole, Postley, Putnam, Ramus, Reynolds R., Shea J., Shipway, Smoyer, Smyth C., Smyth R., Stewart D., Strassenburgh, Stuart C., Thomas, Tyler, van Doren, Vollbrecht, Willis, Wyman.

WHITES (53) — Aaron R., Armour, Armstrong, Baker R., Becker, Bushnell F., Bushnell H., Carrick, Crawford R., Crawford S., Delano, Donaldson, Eckels, Edmonds, Fagan, Fraker, Fullam, Goble, Griggs, Guttman, Hanan, Hart, Hunter, Kerney Re., Kerney Ro., Kirkpatrick A., Kuser R., Kuser W., Lea, Leventhal, Maxwell L., McMorris, Mills, Mock, Mueller, Otis, Patton A., Patton R., Pettit, Rampona, Riker, Rotnem, Sayen, Seder, Sheehan, Smith J., Smith W. W., Stevens, Tassie, White P., Wise, Wood A., Wright J.

HOCKEY

The varsity hockey game was won by the Whites, 3-2. In the J. V. game the score was Blues 4, Whites 1. Thus, with the point score 6 to 4 in their favor, the Blues won the series.

BASKETBALL

The Blue-White basketball game was more exciting than was expected. For a good part of the contest either Color could have won. The Blues, however, with their greater reserve strength finally triumphed, 22-17.

SKATING RACES

By WILLIAM W. SMITH

Marking the end of the winter season, the annual Blue-White skating races were held in Baker Rink.

Every year at this time a three-day series of races is held. Points are awarded as follows: in the individual races first place receives 5 points, second place 3 points, and third place 1 point; the Form relay and the All-School relay are worth 5 points each to the Color that wins them.

Individual winners in the Junior division (1st and 2nd Forms) were Griggs (White), Chubet (Blue), and Tomlinson (White). In the Intermediate division (3rd and 4th Forms) the winners were Carrick (White), Shearer (White), and Alexander (Blue). In the Senior division (5th and 6th Forms), Stevens, Fraker, and Rotnem produced a clean sweep for the Whites.

In the Form relay, where the Color officers picked one skater from each Form, the two teams were as follows: Blues — Tibbals (I), Chubet (II), Smoyer (III), Cook (IV), Rodgers (V), Carey (VI); Whites — White P. (I), Griggs (II), Pettit (III), Carrick (IV), Stevens (V), Fraker (VI). The Whites won by a very narrow margin.

The Whites also won the All-School relay race, so that the final tally was: WHITES 33, BLUES 4. However, the competition was keener than it appears on paper.

THE PLAY



This year's Dramatic Club play will be "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," written by Robert E. Sherwood. It will have seven scenes, showing Abe's life in New Salem and Springfield until the time when he leaves for Washington, D. C. as President of the United States.

"Abe Lincoln in Illinois" is packed with action, joy, sorrow, straight from Abe's life; and it promises to be one of the best plays P.C.D. has put on the stage.

In the school Auditorium — Friday and Saturday evenings, May 3rd and 4th. Let's have a fine audience!

WITH THE ALUMNI

1929

Albert Roe is Professor of the History of Art at the University of Pennsylvania. He reports two children: David, 2 years, and Laura, 8 months old.

1937

Dr. Ralph B. Little was co-author of a paper, "Moot Questions in Psychiatric Ethics," read at the annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association in Chicago last Spring.

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1938

Horace Cook was married in December to Mrs. Elaine Rogers of New Canaan, Conn.

Newton Gibson will be serving as Reunion Chairman for Princeton's Class of 1945 this coming June.

1939

Owen Roberts, who is working for the State Department, is at the American Embassy in Cairo, Egypt.

MacKay Sturges is teaching French at the Collegiate School in New York City.

For News of Princeton Country Day School

Between issues of

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1940

Bill Guthrie has been commissioned to write the book for a musical production of "Don Camillo", to be produced next season by Oxford Productions.

Mark Munn, who lives in New Orleans, announced the arrival of John Randall Munn II on November 13, 1956.

1941

Stevenson Flemer earned a Master's degree in Architecture from Harvard last June. He is with Eero Saarinen and Associates in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, and lives in Birmingham, Mich.

John W. Stewart is continuing his researches at the University of Virginia. He is studying the behavior of matter when subjected to extreme cold and extreme high pressure. He hopes that this will provide a clue to the make-up of such bodies as Jupiter and Saturn.

ROGER WILLIAMS

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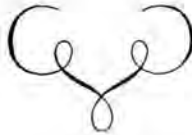
Babe Clarkson is still a bachelor and lives in Memphis, Tennessee. He says he manages to keep fit by playing hockey — 15 to 20 games a year!

The engagement of **James Laughlin** to Julia Gallup, sister of **Alec** and **George Gallup**, was announced in January. Jim is a member of the administrative staff of Princeton University.

1944

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. **Gardner Munro**, of 345 Harrison Street, Princeton, on March 13.

Markley Roberts is on the staff of the Washington Star in Washington, D. C.



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1945

Malcolm Cleland has been released from the Marine Corps and is in the banking business with the Northern Trust Company of Chicago.

The engagement of Miss Alison J. Winn, of Newcastle, Australia, to **John W. Flemer** was announced in December. John is in business with his father and his brother William at the Princeton Nurseries.

Niels O. Young is a physicist, dealing primarily with optics, with the Baird Associates, Cambridge, Mass. He has two children: Thomas, 3 years old, and Sara, who will be 2 in July.

1947

David Winans and Miss Kathryn Wedemeyer were married on January 12 in St. Louis. Dave is working for the Electric Boat Company in Groton, Conn., but hopes to resume his studies at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, in the fall.

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1948

Charles W. Bray III will be married this spring to Miss Eleanor Mauze of San Antonio, Texas. Charlie, who is stationed at Fort Bliss in El Paso, was a Fulbright Fellow at Bordeaux University, France, last year.

George Pellettieri is in his second year at Rutgers Law School, Newark, and is president of his class. He is on the school's Law Review. He recently became engaged to Miss Louise Bigelow of Tunkhannock, Pa.

Jack Wallace has been promoted to Lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy. He is serving as assistant flag secretary on the staff of Vice Admiral L. S. Sabin, commander of the Atlantic Amphibious Force.

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1950

Mike Erdman played first string defense on Princeton's varsity hockey team. A Senior, Mike is the last of five Erdman brothers to play on the Princeton team.

1951

Harry Rulon-Miller, high-scoring forward, has been elected captain of the Princeton hockey team for 1958. **Doug Levick** and **Bob Kales** also played on the team this year. Doug, a veteran of last year's lacrosse team, is again playing this spring.

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1952

Larry Griggs is a member of the Sophomore Class Cabinet at Brown University. He is also a member of the Brown Youth Guidance and Chairman of the Class of '59 Lecture Committee.

1953

Peter Cook and **Gren Cuyler** played on the Freshman hockey team at Princeton.

Peter Knipe played on the Freshman hockey team at Yale.

1954

Austin Sullivan and **Benny Hubby** played varsity hockey at Lawrenceville. During the Lawrenceville Tournament they played against their classmate **John Pearce**, captain and goalie on the St. Paul's team. Other P.C.D. alumni in the tournament were **Pat Rulon-Miller '55** (St. Paul's), **David Peterson '55** (Taft), and **Joe Budny '56** (Lawrenceville).

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1955

Phil D'Arms played on the first soccer and hockey squads at Westminster School, and is a reporter on the school newspaper.

1956

John Cook was on the varsity hockey team at Exeter. Playing center on the first line, he scored a goal and two assists in Exeter's 5-4 victory over traditional rival, Andover.

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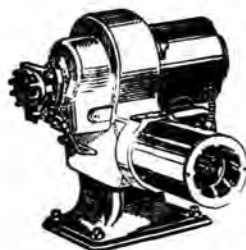
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