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JUNIOR JOURNAL

JUNE, 1957

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Vol. XXIX

JUNE, 1957

No. 3

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EDITORIAL

As Commencement approaches, one is overcome with a feeling of relief: the end is near! Exams are almost over and summer vacation is in sight! However, as the word **commencement** implies, this is actually the beginning. The beginning of prep school life for older boys, the beginning of a new grade for others, and the beginning of a bigger and better P.C.D.

In the past ten years colleges and schools all over the country have felt the pinch of limited facilities. They have had to enlarge and become more selective in choosing applicants than in the past, and P.C.D. is no exception.

Grounds on which were fought the battles of learning are being torn up in the name of progress. New buildings, new teachers, new boys, new ideas, and new horizons; but the philosophy of "Manhood, Learning, Gentleness" must never be disturbed.

Let it remain, the guide of teachers and boys alike.

CONGRATULATIONS. "J. J."

The JUNIOR JOURNAL, as a member of the Columbia Interscholastic Press Association, is judged annually by that organization. Breaking our habit of winning only 2nd Place awards, this year we were awarded First Place. As the judging was done on the issues of April 1956, June 1956, and January 1957, we offer our congratulations in particular to Peter Moock, Eddie Benson, and Bev Aaron, who were editors-in-chief of those issues.

WORKING AGAINST THE POWER OF NATURE

By TIM CAREY (VI)

You are a human being with feelings. You are like any other person. You have a family of three kids, and you love them as any parent would. They mean more than anything to you, and it would be hard to live without them. You love nature, too. You've got a garden, and a nice one. You are building a well for it, and you've been working hard all week to finish it. You keep telling the kids to stay away from it even though it has been covered. Then comes the day that you strike water. You get excited and run to the barn to get a pipe. The kids are left alone, only for a few seconds, with the well uncovered. You run back to find that the seven-year-old has fallen down into the well.

Frantically you run back to the barn and get a rope. You let it down the well while telling the poor kid to grab it, telling him, "Daddy will pull you up." This may seem to be easy for the child, but you soon find that he is too weak and frightened to do anything. He is twenty feet down and completely unable to move. The well is only ten inches wide, so you

can't go down yourself and get him.

The police have just arrived, with the fire department. Gradually a crowd of people forms. Your wife is a nervous wreck and she is nearly uncontrollable. The other two children just stand and watch and occasionally ask if the little one will be all right. You keep assuring them that everything will be fine when even you don't have any idea. You say an occasional prayer, hoping it will help.

Things get worse for you. The sand on the side of the well keeps falling down on the trapped boy and it is getting higher up toward his head. The rescuers have tried almost everything to get him out.

When about twenty hours have passed, you figure he is done for. You want to go with him. He was always the spark of the family. He never cried very much and usually had a smile on his face. You probably favored him some above the others, and you feel so alone to think he is gone. Then you think again that he might still be alive, that he may be thinking, "Boy, it really is

cold down here. I wish they would hurry up and come get me. I want to go home."

You are only hoping this because by now even the friendly priest has lost hope.

The men had failed the first time in digging down beside the well and then over into it. Sand had stopped them by caving in on a man who nearly died himself. The second time they set up metal plates to prevent the caving in of the sand.

The time really passes slowly now. It has been twenty-six hours. You just sit and pray, and then the moment comes.

Out of the large hole comes a man with a limp body in his arms. You

are not sure at first because the man's face is expressionless. You quickly go over to see, but very soon you leave again. You go into your house and tell your frantic wife the bad news. She faints, and an ambulance takes her to the hospital for treatment.

You realize after thinking a long while that now you have the problem and the job of taking care of what family you have left. You also realize that you cannot let something like this ruin your life. It is things like this that tell you that Nature has the upper hand, that Nature can turn the tide either way at any time. You can only keep on living.

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

By DOUGLAS MACKIE (III)

David Ryan, superintendent of the McGowan Building, was sitting in his office thinking of ways to get new tenants. He thought that a new skyscraper 60 stories high ought to have lots of tenants, but it didn't, and the president of the syndicate that owned the building had said he would have to get more tenants or be fired.

As he was thinking, the intercom buzzed and his secretary said, "Two men to see you."

He replied, "What are their names?"

The secretary did not know, but he had her send them in.

One of the men was very short, and the other was very tall. They introduced themselves as Mr. Nohn

and Mr. Bohn. Mr. Bohn said, "We would like to rent a floor for one month."

Mr. Ryan asked, "What floor would you like to rent?"

"The 13th."

"But that is impossible," said Mr. Ryan laughing. "There is no 13th floor."

At this the pair were very startled. Mr. Nohn said that if the building had sixty floors it must have a 13th. Then Mr. Ryan explained that many people are still superstitious, so when the building was put up the floors were numbered 11, 12, 14, etc. There was no 13th floor!

The two strange men protested, insisting that they must rent the 13th floor.

Then Mr. Ryan said, "If you want to rent the 14th floor, that is empty."

They said no and stamped out.

A few hours later Mr. Ryan received a call from the president of the syndicate. He said: "Two men just visited me and told me that you refused to rent them an empty floor!"

"But — But —" Mr. Ryan stammered.

"No but's about it. Either you rent them the floor or you're fired."

Two days later the strange men came back. They said, "We assume you are ready to rent us the floor."

Without thinking Mr. Ryan said, "Yes."

"Then please sign here."

As he was thinking about something else he signed and went on about his work. Only three days later when they started to move in did he realize what had happened. He saw furniture and equipment go up in the elevator. Immediately he thought they were taking it up to some other floor, so he asked the elevator man where he had taken them. The elevator man said he had taken them to the 13th. Bewildered, Mr. Ryan asked to be taken to the 13th floor. 11 — 12 — 14 — 15 — but no 13th. Then he went back to the 14th and went in to see if they were there, but they weren't, nor were their things.

Every day housemaids, cleaners, and what evidently were customers went to the 13th floor, but he couldn't get there. Then he reasoned that he couldn't get there because

he had no reason to.

Then one day he received notice that they would vacate in one week. At the end of this time he was excited because now he would have a reason to go to the 13th floor. He entered the elevator and said, "13th floor, please." When he arrived at the 13th, the two strange men greeted him. He was very interested to see what it was like.

Mr. Bohn said, "What is your business?"

Mr. Nohn said, "Of course he has business or he wouldn't be up here."

Then Mr. Ryan said, "By law I am required to inspect the floor for any damage you might have done." Then he checked the floor all around and came back to the elevator. Mr. Nohn and Mr. Bohn were just about to leave, and Mr. Nohn said, "Coming, Mr. Ryan?"

"No," he replied, "I think I'll stay awhile."

Finally he decided to go and get back to work, so he went to the stairs, but the door to the stairs was stuck — not locked, but just stuck. "I'll have to tell the repair man about that," he thought. Then he went over to the elevator and pushed the button. He saw an elevator go right past him. Suddenly he got into a panic. Frantically he pushed the button but nothing happened. He went to the window and tried to stick his head out, but something stopped him.

That's logical, because there never was, isn't now, and never will be a 13th floor in the McGowan Building.

THE CIRCUS

By JOSEPH SMITH (IV)

Last year, when it was rumored that the circus would be no more, I tried to think what it was that made up the pleasures of a circus.

In the first place, it is the anticipation of seeing something new and mysteriously different. This anticipation is stimulated by the advance man who plasters the town with billboards and posters.

On the day of the big event, an ordinary grassy lot is transformed into an enchanted place of other-worldness. As you enter the lot, the fresh smell of the grass, trampled and bruised by many feet, is pleasant. Stepping high and taking giant steps, you avoid a stake here and a rope there as you slip in the juicy grass. Being a part of the jostling crowd all moving in one direction is stimulating. The rubbery smell of a small child's balloon as it bobs against your nose with a rubbing sound is tantalizing. You hold your head high straining to get a glimpse of a cage, or a trunk, or a wagon, for all the paraphernalia of the circus is interesting. Even the roustabouts speak a jargon all their own.

The line narrows and comes to a standstill at the entrance to the big top. As you stand there waiting for tickets to be bought, you can hear the mysterious jungle noises from

the distance — rumblings and trumpeting. You give a little shiver and wonder if the cages are strong.

Inside, the colors are always the same — a faded blue and a faded red. The seats are faded blue. The bandstand is faded red. Every board, every stool, every block of wood is the same faded blue. The members of the band, in faded red suits, are taking their places.

There is nothing as good as the circus band! It sounds as though it is made up completely of trombones, that slide in a deliciously outrageous way at every opportunity. The clowns are going around the ring now with their relaxed, loose-jointed motions, doing their bit of slapstick. The seats are all filled now, and the ringmaster steps forward to begin "the greatest show on earth." Suddenly there are so many events going on at once, you look from one ring to another and back again in an effort to see everything.

The circus acts follow fast and furious until you have seen everything: trapeze artists, jugglers, tumblers, fire-eaters, daring riders, wild animal trainers, trained seals, and lumbering elephants. Though I am told the trapeze artists and wild animal trainers are the most difficult and highest-paid acts, I still prefer

performing animals and the feats of the acrobatic riders who stand with a foot on each horse as a pair of glistening whites gallop around the arena.

By the end of the performance the big tent has taken on its most outstanding, most unique characteristic — the one and only circus smell. It

is the combination of roasted peanuts and the stale odor of sweating animals. It is unforgettable. It has never been duplicated.

So, though they may produce some of the circus acts on T.V., they cannot reproduce the anticipation of the good-natured, jostling mob, and the unique smell of the circus.

TOO CURIOUS

By GILBERT LEA (V)

From a Newark newspaper:
NEW YORK (UP) — Police were leaving the office of a drug firm, after checking a burglary report and finding nothing, when the telephone rang in another room. Someone picked it up and said 'hello'.

The police entered the room, guns drawn, and arrested Ramsey Gerena, 26, who admitted breaking in.

"My curiosity got the best of me," Gerena said.

My name is Ramsey Gerena. I am twenty-six years old. All my life I have been curious and always I have been in trouble because of it.

When I was a little boy a new house was being built next door, and I became interested in the painters painting the house. After they left I had to try it. So I broke into the house and picked up a can of paint and a brush that they had left behind. What a surprise the builder must have had in the morning when he found all the lower window panes painted white! The evidence was all over me when I came home covered with paint. My punishment was only

a severe beating from my father.

Many times after that I tried things just to see how it was to do them, and most of the time I was caught. Although this did not dampen my spirits, I was always conscious of the punishment that I would suffer if caught.

My family is rich enough and I do not need money, so there is no reason for me to rob the office of the Simons Drug Co. It's just that I have read about burglaries and now I want to see what one is like. I'll probably return the money when it's over.

Well, here it is. Now all I have to

do is to slip through the back door and disappear. Where's that key? Here it is. That guy Williams sure knows his business; it fits perfectly. Now the safe. Here, over in this corner.

Slowly I turn the dial. Click. Click. Ring!

"Oh my gosh, I must have set off the alarm," I say to myself.

There is the sound of a siren, and two policemen come bursting into the building.

"The place looks empty," one says to the other.

"Yeah. Mr. Simons told me that that alarm needed repairing. It went off by itself just a week ago."

"Let's take a look around anyway."

The telephone rings on the desk

right next to me and it startles me. The policeman shines his flashlight on it and says, "Do you think we ought to answer it?"

"No, let it ring. I've got to go home."

I wonder who would be calling at this time of night. I think to myself, I'll bet it's important. I'll just pick it up and listen. Very slowly I lift it, and a voice on the other end says, "Hello."

"Hello!" I say instinctively.

My voice sounds a thousand times its normal volume. I slam the phone down, but I have been heard. The policemen come back. There's nothing for me to do but give up.

I don't know why I'm so curious.

IRONY

By WEBB HARRISON (VI)

The newly fallen snow covered the thick forest like a blanket. The frisky cocker spaniel kicked up her heels playfully, trying to avoid the cold, mysterious substance which hindered her in chasing small animals. A slight suggestion of a breeze whispered in the barren tree-tops, moving the branches from their idleness. The young cocker kept running back to her master, a small boy of seven, to receive the attention that all puppies need. Then, enthusiasm renewed, she would again undertake

the exploration of the forest.

Sandy, as this cocker was called, was a recent addition to Bobby's possessions, and a very cherished one. Bobby's mother had given it to him on his seventh birthday in hopes of compensating for the loss of his father. She hoped that it would fill the gap of loneliness that had been so obviously present since the divorce. Sandy played her difficult part well, and the boy and dog became inseparable. The deepest wounds had been healed.

Blond, seven-year-old Bobby had loved both his parents equally. For this reason he could not realize why this same love was not common to them. He was in a state of perpetual confusion, being frequently argued over. As he was an only child, he had always turned to his parents for companionship, so the main burden of the separation was placed on his small shoulders.

All this he was pondering as he trudged along the familiar trail which he frequently used to exercise Sandy. Soon his thoughts wandered, and he began to notice the fine points of nature. Even his young eyes had a depth to them which took in the cold purity of his surroundings. Perhaps, though, he didn't see the cruel side of nature that was shortly to unveil itself.

The thick forest soon opened into a clearing, beyond which a lazy stream was waiting for them. Bobby quickened his pace, for this was his favorite part of the walk. Sandy emerged from the forest in wild pursuit of a rabbit. Flurries of snow marked the path of the two antagonists as they raced toward the stream. The distance between them quickly shortened, and the rabbit seemed trapped by its playful foe. In desperation it ran onto the thin sheet of newly formed ice, which supported its slight weight until it reached the other side.

Ice was a new element to the cocker, but the chase of the rabbit was not to be impeded by any element, so Sandy started running gin-

gerly out on it. For the first couple of feet it held, tempting the dog to go further. The frantic calls of Bobby were ignored as the dog ventured out on the middle ice. A sharp crack suddenly resounded. The ice parted, leaving a big hole, from which came frantic yelps. The panicked dog started clawing madly at the edge, but it would only break, sending her back under water.

The yelps sent Bobby running to the stream, and without thought he plunged into the water to rescue the drowning cocker. The ice shattered under this extreme weight and left the boy floundering in midstream. Bobby had never been taught to swim, and the additional weight of his heavy clothing pulled him under time and again. His lungs began to fill with water. His thrashing wrists were bloody from breaking the edges of the ice. Each time he went under, the water would drag him to the bottom and bury him in the sphere of panic. The angry water smothered him, and his life slowly seeped away with the current.

Swimming is instinct to the cocker spaniel, so Sandy had little trouble in reaching shore. A path of open water had been cleared of ice by the wild thrashing. Her master's limp form soon floated to shore. Sandy lay faithfully next to him, and a light snow began to fall, as if to cover nature's evil doing. The day turned to night and the night to day, but neither nature nor time would ever harm this everlasting friendship again.

NO, THANK YOU

By ROBERT KUSER (VI)

The name is Jones — Stanley Q. Jones — but you may call me Stan. I am relaxing here in my humble abode after a trying day at work. It's so nice just to sit back and relax. Hohum! As I was saying, today was quite irritating. I accomplished nothing toward my financial welfare, and instead I nearly was deprived of the right to work for the Zippo Company. I am one of those housewife's pests, a salesman. My product is that wonderful little machine, the vacuum cleaner. Now I shall tell you my adventures on this most disastrous day.

Early this morning when I arrived at the factory, I was summoned before Mr. Cornelius F. Scott, the president of our thriving concern.

"Jones, you have been our leading salesman for some time now. Harumph! I have decided to promote you," Mr. Scott began.

"Why, Mr. Scott, I don't know how to thank you," was my reply.

"No thanks are needed. Yes, tomorrow you will start the day as head of the Sales Department, but there is one catch to this promotion."

"Yes, sir, and what may that be?"

"I expect you to sell at least one vacuum cleaner today. This ought to be easy for you. Good luck, and tomorrow you will start on your new job."

"Thank you, sir! I will not fail you."

Then I departed, with my equipment, to a residential section. I drove along until I saw a small white house. This, I decided, was a good place to sell a vacuum cleaner. Removing the machine from the car, I walked up to the door and rang the bell.

A neatly dressed young woman opened the door. "Yes?"

"How do you do, madam? I am the sales representative of the Zippo Company, makers of quality vacuum cleaners for thirty-one years. I am inquiring whether or not you would be interested in one."

"One what?"

"A vacuum cleaner, madam."

"Well, I'm not so sure. My cleaner is getting old, but perhaps you wouldn't mind demonstrating it for me. **Your** cleaner, that is."

"Certainly, madam. Nothing would please me better."

She directed me to an electrical outlet into which I inserted the plug. Buzz! The machine purred like a kitten.

"This is the finest machine money can buy," I told her as I sprinkled some dust on her rug.

"What is that dust for?" she asked.

"I use this dust in order to demonstrate the powerful suction of the vacuum cleaner. You will notice how quickly it disappears."

"What disappears?"

"The dust, madam."

"Oh! Well, that's all very interesting, but does it also work behind radiators?"

"That is our specialty, madam. Here in this box are twelve different attachments. These twelve attachments enable you to clean behind radiators, Venetian blinds, armchairs, woodwork, and it even can be used as a spray painter."

"Can you imagine that?"

"Yes, madam, it does all that and more."

"What does?"

"The vacuum cleaner."

"It looks nice, too."

"You are so right, madam. A Zippo vacuum cleaner makes your house look nice, too."

"How much does it cost?"

"It costs only \$99.95."

"Oh, it costs less than \$100."

"That is correct, madam."

"But I couldn't buy it without John's permission."

"John is your husband, I presume."

"Oh, no. But he will be. Here he comes now."

A rather brawny individual opened the door. "Agnes?"

"Yes, John," she replied.

"Here I am. I just got me a job at the Ajax Electrical Company. I'm goin' to sell vacuum cleaners."

This was a shocking thought, that such a muscle-bound young man was an employee of a rival firm.

"Hey, who's that?" he asked.

"Stanley Q. Jones is the name," I replied as I surveyed this character with fearful eye.

"He's selling vacuum cleaners,"

Agnes said.

"Oh, yeah? Who ya workin' for?"

"The Zippo Company is my concern."

"Well, I'm an Ajax man and accordin' to company rules you is taboo."

"The feeling of dislike is mutual, I'm sure."

"Git outa this house!"

"If you don't mind, I would like to take the vacuum cleaner with me."

"I'll give ya ten seconds to vac-moose, or I'll tear ya to shreds."

The man seemed irritated, so I decided to depart as quickly as possible.

"One, two, three —" he had started to count as I gathered my things together. "Eight, nine, ten. O.K., buddy, you asked for it."

All I was aware of was the fact that I was flying through the air with a vacuum cleaner following me. Then I landed on something solid, namely the sidewalk. My cleaner was shattered and I was not feeling much better.

"Now beat it!" Slam! The door was closed by my friend, the employee of the Ajax Electrical Company.

Well, after this unpleasant experience I was not held in such high esteem by Mr. Cornelius F. Scott. In fact, he deducted the cost of the vacuum cleaner from my salary. Oh well, I might as well forget about it because tomorrow is just another working day.

By the way, would you be interested in a vacuum cleaner?"

NEW YORK ROUTINE

By ANDREW HARRIS (VI)

It was a usual March day in New York: strong gusts of wind raced between the tall skyscrapers as if playing tag, while the sun tried its best to peer through the haze of the great industrial city.

It was just another school day to me, as I left the apartment with my books under my arms. The buzz and noises of the city were all about me as I headed for the uptown subway station. I was soon there, safely enough, although in crossing Fifth Avenue I was nearly hit by one of those carts pushed by delivery boys.

I bought my token at the subway station and went out on the platform. It was not long before the train arrived. I pushed my way into the crowded car just as the door closed. Spotting an unoccupied seat, I headed for it, but just as I reached it a large, husky man wearing long overalls pushed in front of me and sat down. Though I was annoyed, I said nothing. With my books under my arm I grabbed a strap and stood there swinging to and fro with the motion of the car, counting the stations. As the train slowed down for my stop, I made my way to a spot near the door. The second the door opened I jumped out to avoid the oncoming tide of people rushing in.

Looking about, I saw two teen-age boys suddenly run as if to grab me. I did not have time to see if they carried knives, but remembering past experiences, I dashed up the

stairs to the sidewalk and then down the street. As I ran in and out of the crowd, I felt a book slip out from under my arm, but I did not dare to stop. It was a good three minutes before I felt it was safe for me to resume my normal speed.

As I approached Third Avenue, I passed a number of small boys, not more than ten years old, each with a box containing a little shoe polish, a brush and a rag. On the front of each box was a sign which read: "Shoe Shines - 10c." What kind of future lies ahead for these boys, I wondered as I passed.

On reaching Third Avenue I saw the usual drunken men on the curbs and in doorways. One of these men staggered up to me and asked for a dime, "for a cup of coffee," but I paid no attention. Mobs of people were crossing the street at all times as if they couldn't tell the difference between red and green. At the same time taxis were weaving in and out between cars and people without decreasing their speed. I was thankful to get to the other side in one piece!

As usual, I began counting out the last 152 paces to the entrance of the school. When I arrived at the gate, I saw, as I had so often seen before, one of the teachers removing a "drunk" from the porch.

I passed by and entered the school, but I gave no more thought to the experiences of the last half-hour. They were common in New York.

THE X-5-9

By CHARLES STUART (IV)

This is the story of the crash of the X-5-9. It happened on a Saturday afternoon in October, at the field beside Palmer Stadium. This is how it happened.

Mac McMorris and I had decided to fly my remote-control airplane. We called it the X-5-9.

"Hurry up," said Mac.

"Okay," I said. "Give me time to get it started."

I was trying to get the motor started while Mac was holding the controls. In five minutes we had it in the air. At first Mac tried all the controls to see if they worked. After that he made it do tricks.

After three minutes I took over the controls. I decided to have some fun, so I made the airplane go very close to Mac's head.

"Hey, look out, will you, stupid!" he said.

There was a football game going on in the stadium and something very exciting had happened. Mac was trying to hear what the announcer was saying over the loud speaker. While Mac was listening I again made the plane come right at him.

"Hey, Mac, look out!" I shouted.

"Yow! What do you think you're doing?" he yelled as he ducked. I didn't say anything and I made the plane come back at him. This time

he ran, so I kept the plane following him for about a minute. Then I landed it.

It took us so long to get it started again that by the time we had it in the air I had forgotten all about my chasing Mac with the plane. He hadn't forgotten, however, so when he had the controls again he made it come after me. As my back was turned, I didn't see it and it hit me in the head. Mac dropped the controls and ran over to me.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"What do you think, stupid?"

"I don't know," he said.

Then I said, "Boy, you certainly can't drive an airplane right. Where is it anyway?"

"Oh my gosh," he shouted, "when the airplane hit you I dropped the controls and came over to see if you were all right."

"Look, there it goes into the stadium!" I shouted. "Where are the controls? We have to get the plane out of there."

Meanwhile in the stadium the plane was weaving in and out among the football players. Then it happened! The plane hit a forward pass, and it crashed! Mac and I saw it crash just as we entered the stadium.

So ends the story of the wreck of the X-5-9.

A PLOT THAT FAILED

By SANDY EDWARDS (I)

One day two men named Joe and Jim were in the hideout. It was a little cave that was close to the town of Jacksonville. They were robbers and of course wanted to rob the bank. They made a plan. Joe said, "When I rob the bank, you keep me covered."

Jim said, "Shall I shoot anyone who tries to get you?"

"No, it would be too noisy," said Joe.

But Jim said, "If I don't kill him the whole town will know about it."

Finally they made up their minds that they would shoot anyone who tried to sneak up on them.

"There is only one trouble," said Jim. "If we blow up the safe, everybody will wake up from the noise."

Joe said, "That is the only way we can do it. It is too bad we don't have any other tools for opening the safe."

"If we did, it would be much quieter," said Jim.

So they made their plans. Right after the bank closed they would unlock the back door. They had found out that the bank had five people guarding it. Instead of shooting the guards they would knock them out.

But the guards had found out that the robbers were in town. They had heard from other people how their plans worked. So they made plans too. They were going to hide outside and wait until Joe and Jim got inside. Then they would go inside and get them.

Joe and Jim were surprised when they didn't see the guards. They thought they were even safer then. When they were about to blow up the safe, they heard a noise. They stopped everything and turned around. There stood five guards. One of them said, "Don't go for your gun or I'll shoot you and your friend."

They took them to jail. All the people in Jacksonville were so happy when the two burglars were caught that they had a big party.

Joe and Jim were glad that their sentence was only four years. If it had been about twelve years they would have been very mad. When they were let out, they said they would never rob a bank again, because they were afraid the same thing would happen.

So they never robbed another bank again.



TWITCHY

By ROSS FULLAM (IV)

Do you know a ghost? Well, I did. His name was Master Robert Windfield Jones, III, but for short I called him Twitchy because he could not stay still.

Twitchy was ten when he was killed by a tree which fell on him in the woods behind our house. At that time the conductor of the Daily Heaven Limited was very tired from overworking the previous day. His job was to take the spirits of the dead to Heaven, but by chance he missed Twitchy. The day after his death I was walking around in the woods when I heard a faint, ghostly cry for help. Then, to my horror, I saw a body under a tree. I rolled the tree off and, to my surprise, something shook my hand and said, "Thank you." I looked around but saw nothing but trees. Then the voice told me his story. He said that if I kept his

secret and let him go to school with me he would help me.

So the next day we went to school together. Twitchy sat in the empty desk behind mine. He was quite a help, since two heads are better than one. He could look on other people's papers. He helped me in my work and in sports. The only drawback was that I always had to think up excuses for the things he did since nobody could see him. For example, there was the time he decided to leave class and go outside, so he picked up one of my books and left. I had to get up and grab the book. For getting up, of course, I got into trouble.

Twitchy stayed with me for about two weeks. Then the conductor found him and took him to Heaven on the Daily Heaven Limited.

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE FACADE

By WILLIAM SMITH (VI)

The gardener clipped the hedge with a deftness attained by long practice. Pausing for a moment, he wiped his brow and reflected on the artistic qualities of the part already trimmed.

The big, white house was Victorian in design, a well-kept relic of pre-Civil War days. Shrubbery and trees screened it from the outside world. A gravel driveway, shaded by trees on either side, circled up to the house from the road.

The quiet was broken by the sound of two bicycles coming up the gravel driveway. Two boys stopped in front of the house and rang the door-bell. A maid came to the door. After a minute of conversation she opened the screen door and ushered them into a library of somber reds and greens. At the far end the sunlight filtered through the windows, partially cutting the gloom. Seated in front of the windows an elderly gentleman was writing furiously.

When the boys entered, he looked up expectantly.

"Hello, sir. Would you like to buy some tickets —"

"No!" he shouted. Murmuring apologies, the two boys dropped back into the shadows and seemed about ready to beat a hasty retreat when he winked.

"I know you're admiring me," he stated, "because I said what I meant. I don't want any tickets. Now, if I had said I was poor, and didn't have any money, and so I couldn't buy any tickets, you'd make me out a liar, wouldn't you? You know I'm not poor. You know I've got plenty of money."

Smiling reassuringly he said, "Have a seat," and picked up a lighted cigarette from a cluttered table. He leaned back in his worn chair and sipped at it contentedly, as one might sip a glass of cold lemonade.

"I never shall forget," he chuckled, "when my grandfather pulled that one on me. I'm writing a book, you know." Pulling on the cigarette an extra long time, he gestured to the profusion of notes on the table and floor. "Got it all outlined. Do you know how many Roman soldiers there were in Jerusalem when Christ was crucified?" he asked.

"No, sir, I don't."

"Well, guess. Guess."

"About four thousand?"

"Pretty close; three thousand. And do you know how many Jews there were in Jerusalem at this time? Well, I'll tell you. Hundreds of thousands, because it was the Passover, you

know. And the Sunday before, Palm Sunday, they had all cheered Jesus and called him the 'Messiah'. So just think, if there had been a leader who could have stirred up the people, freed Jesus, and killed the Roman garrison, things might have been different, don't you know? Caesar might not even have bothered to recapture Jerusalem. He might have thought it would be too much trouble.

"Well, I'm writing a book about what might have happened if there had been such a leader. — Tickets, you say?"

"Sir?"

"You're selling tickets?"

"Oh, yes sir, I was wondering if you would buy some tickets to the P.C.D. play, 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois'. That would be on Friday and Saturday evening. Tickets are a dollar."

"Let's see," he said, thumbing a calendar on the table. "Hope I'm in Florida that day. I'll buy two tickets."

"What night, sir?"

"Make it Friday." He delved into his pocket and produced two battered dollar bills. "You know —"

At this moment an elderly woman entered, carrying a vase of roses.

"Such lovely flowers. I've bought some tickets, dear," he began in an apologetic tone of voice.

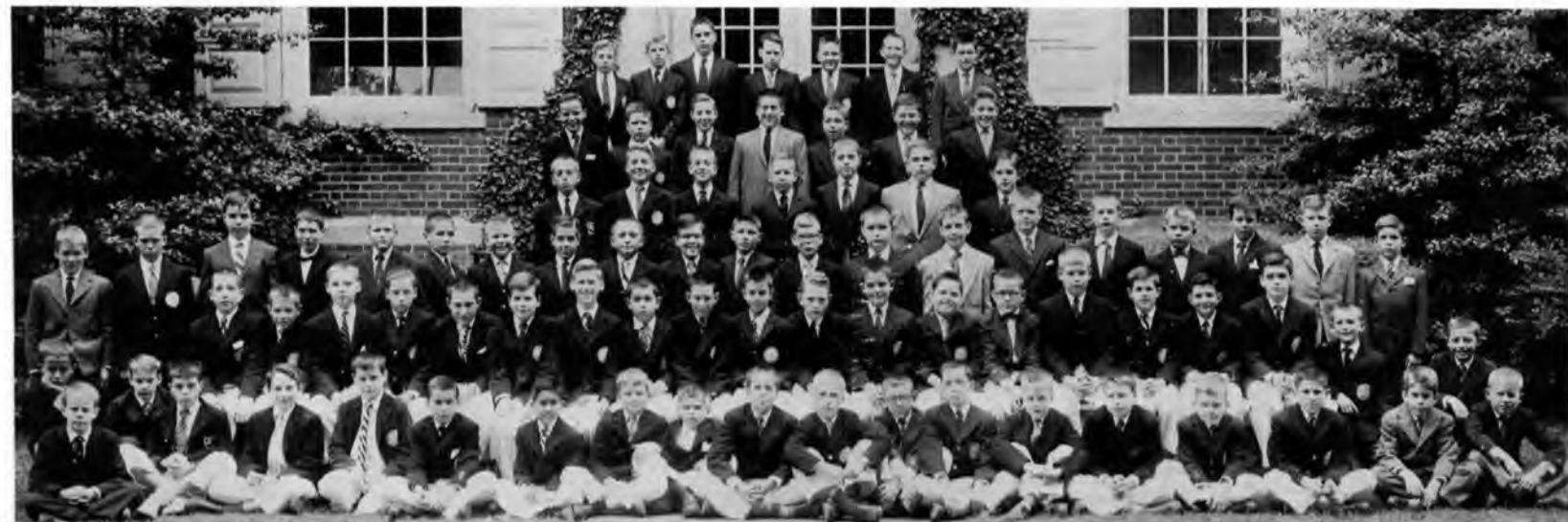
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As the bikes met the road again, one boy said, "Well, I wonder what is behind the next facade. Shall I ring, or will you?"



The Upper School

The Lower School



HONOR ROLL

SPRING TERM, 1956-1957

(These records do not include the Final Examinations.)

FIRST HONOR ROLL

(90-100 %)

RICHARD BAKER
FRANCIS BUSHNELL
HOWARD BUSHNELL
WARREN ELMER
ROGER FAGAN
HARRISON FRAKER
DARIEN GARDNER
SAMUEL GUTTMAN
WEBB HARRISON
ROBERT KUSER
ANTHONY LAUCK
MICHAEL MADEIRA
RICHARD MARCUS
JOHN ODDEN
ALEXANDER PATTON
JOHN POOLE
WILLIAM SMOYER
CHARLES SMYTH
JOHN WILLIS

SECOND HONOR ROLL

(85.89 %)

BEVERIDGE AARON
ELIAS BAKER
JOHN BAKER
PHILIP BONNET
JOHN BRINKERHOFF
GERARD CAMERON
RICHARD CRAWFORD
JOHN DUNNING
ALEXANDER EDWARDS
DAVID GREENE
ROBERT GRIGGS
ANDREW HARRIS
RANDOLPH HOBLER
JAMES KERR
DOUGLAS MACKIE
FREDERIC MOCK
SEYMOUR MORRIS
WILLIAM MORSE
ROBERT MUELLER
JOHN POSTLEY
BROCK PUTNAM
DOUGLAS RAMPONA
RICHARD REYNOLDS
JOSEPH RIKER
JOHN SHEEHAN
DAVID STEWART
JOHN STRASENBURGH
CHARLES STUART
GLENN THOMAS
HAROLD VAN DOREN
HUGH WISE

THIRD HONOR ROLL

(80-84 %)

RAYMOND AGAR
NORMAN ARMOUR
JAMES AUL
ROBERT AYERS
ROBERT BALES
EDWARD BARCLAY
JOHN BECKER
ROBERT CARRICK
THOMAS CHUBET
JOSEPH COFFEE
STEPHEN COOK
STEPHEN CRAWFORD
DAVID DAVIS
RICHARD ECKELS
ROSS FULLAM
DARYL GOODRICH
ADDISON HANAN
PETER HART
WILLIAM HEREFORD
GIBBS KANE
PETER KATZENBACH
LAWRENCE KUSER
GILBERT LEA
ROBERT LEVENTHAL
ROGER MARCUS
HOWARD McMORRIS
PETER MILLS
PETER MORSE
MALCOLM MUIR
RODMAN PATTON
GEORGE PETERSON
KARL PETTIT
WILLIAM PUTNEY
RICHARD ROTNEM
FREDERICK SAYEN
DAVID SEDER
JAMES SHEA
PARKER SHEARER
JOSEPH SMITH
WILLIAM SMITH
ROBERT SMYTH
WILLIAM STANIAR
JOSEPH STEVENS
HENRY TOMLINSON
JAMES VOLLBRECHT
PETER WHITE
JOSEPH WRIGHT
PETER WRIGHT
WILLIAM WYMAN

"ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS"

A Review by MR. ALEXANDER P. ROBINSON

"Abe, we'd like you to run for the State Legislature." Words of this nature coming from Judge Bowling Green, Ninian Edwards, and Josh Speed are probably the cause for Abe Lincoln becoming President of the United States. Abe, simple in his tastes, fundamental in his personal ways and a strict adherent to the laws of the land, made a good choice for that job. He was popular with the local people who were educated and he was also popular with the town roughs because he could beat the best in a wrestling match.

It was scenes of this sort that the Princeton Country Day School Dramatic Club presented on the evenings of May 3rd and 4th. The scenes were taken from Robert Sherwood's play and seven were presented under the direction of Mr. Ross, who was ably assisted by Mr. Gorman.

Three characters, in the opinion of this writer, ought to be mentioned particularly. John Postley, who acted the part of Mr. Lincoln, deserves mention for the way he carried the role in every scene, even though perhaps at times the part was overacted or done too casually. The part of Ninian Edwards, played by William Smith, was also done consistently and with a fairly professional air. The third part, that of Mary Todd Lincoln, played by Raymond Agar, was particularly good. Agar had the double duty of acting the part of a woman and also putting into that role some of the historical facts about the character of Mrs. Lincoln, who has been handed down as a woman particularly ambitious and probably not overly in love with her husband.

A total of 36 persons appeared on the stage throughout the play. Many were minor roles, but all tended to show Mr. Lincoln against the background of his environment; and all the people who knew him or had some contact with him are important in this type of presentation. Especially well portrayed among these parts were those of Ann Rutledge, played by Morgan Shipway; Josh Speed, acted by Andrew Harris; and Judge Bowling Green, taken by Beveridge Aaron.



Further pictures of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" are on page 62

There was a professional air about this amateur group. Lines had been well learned, and except for a couple of brief spaces, the prompters in the wings were little used. The polished performance of this group of young actors is even more remarkable when one realizes that many were appearing on the stage for the first time and many had only a limited background in theatrics.

Part of the niceness of this presentation was the deliberate lack of scenery. In each scene there was only just enough to get the idea of the scene across to the viewer. In the final scene there was an excellent bit of painting done in the formation of the end of a train car on which Mr. Lincoln was to leave Springfield for Washington. Mr. Whitlock, along with a very efficient group of painters, was largely responsible for this.

There are many others who should get credit. Mr. Whitehead directed the lighting along with some able assistants. Douglas Ewing took charge of the properties, and Mr. Smyth was in charge of the make-up. Though the costumes were rented, the dressing of the boys was the work of two parents, Mrs. Donald Stuart and Mrs. Gordon Knox.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Judge Bowling Green	BEVERIDGE AARON
Ninian Edwards	WILLIAM SMITH
Josh Speed	ANDREW HARRIS
Ann Rutledge	MORGAN SHIPWAY
Ben Matting	STAFFORD KEEGIN
Trum Cogdal	JAMES CAREY
Jack Armstrong	WILLIAM APPLEGATE
Bab	WILLIAM VAN RIPER
Feergus	GORDON KNOX
Jasp	RODMAN PATTON
Clary	FELIX VANDER STUCKEN
Abe Lincoln	JOHN POSTLEY
Nancy Green	ROBERT MUELLER
William Herndon	HUGH WISE
Elizabeth Edwards	JOSEPH SMITH
Mary Todd	RAYMOND AGAR
Willie Lincoln	CHARLES STUART
Tad Lincoln	GERARD CAMERON
Robert Lincoln	HOWARD BUSHNELL
Rev. Dr. Barrick	WEBB HARRISON
Crimmin	ROBERT KUSER
Sturveson	HARRISON FRAKER
Jed	JOSEPH WRIGHT
Kavanaugh	FREDERIC MOCK
Army Captain	STEPHEN CRAWFORD
Town Band	RICHARD ROTNEM, ROBERT SMYTH, HARRISON FRAKER, BEVERIDGE AARON, CHARLES SMYTH, JOSEPH STEVENS, PETER HART.
Conductor	JAMES SHEA
Brakeman	ALFRED ANDREW
Secret Service Agents	STUART ROBSON, LOUIS HANO

MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL BAND

MELLOPHONES

Karl Johnson
Brad Mount

CLARINETS

Roger Fagan
David Greene
Andy Harris
Tony Lauck
Mac McMorris
Billy Morse
Billy Smoyer

PERCUSSION

Peter Hart
Charlie Smyth
Charlie Stuart

TRUMPETS

Steve Cook
Dick Crawford
Pony Fraker
Rhea Goodrich
Biffy Lea
John Odden
Dick Rotnem

SAXOPHONE

David Seder

TROMBONES

Bev Aaron
Bobby Smyth

BARITONE

Jobe Stevens

TUBA

Walter Smith

FLUTE

Jay Kerr

MEMBERS OF THE GLEE CLUB

Alan Agle
Jimmy Aul
Bloxy Baker
Jock Baker
Gerry Cameron
Ricky Eckels
Sandy Edwards
Bobby French
Bobby Griggs

Andy Halcomb
Barry Hunter
Peter Katzenbach
Robin Kerney
Hal Knox
Bobby Leventhal
Richard Marcus
Davis Mather
Buzzy Mather

Lee Maxwell
Erock Putnam
Tracey Ramus
Peter Raymond
Tammy Reynolds
John Sheehan
Griff Strassenburgh
Hank Tomlinson
Peter White

GLIMPSES OF THE P.C.D. FAIR

By Fifth Form Reporters

This year's P.C.D. Fair was one of the best, if not the best, the School has ever had. It had some new features, such as having the main part of the fair situated in front of the School and along Broadmead, instead of, as in former years, behind the building. There were, I think, more than the expected 1000 people, and for good reason. There were new attractions, like the "Dippy Doodle Ferris Wheel," as well as some of the attractions seen in former fairs . . . The "cotton candy" booth had a long waiting line. It became common practice to have a schoolmate or friend wait in line and buy your "cotton candy" for you, being reimbursed when the deal was completed. But the booth operators became wise to this clever little scheme and limited the number of candy orders to two a person.

— DAVID STEWART

Another very popular booth was the make-up parlor. Small children swarmed around it while waiting for their turn to be made an Indian, a clown, or a beautiful woman. Volunteers dabbed or slapped make-up all over the faces of smiling children. Then came the eyebrow pencils. Deftly the volunteers drew streaks all over the children's faces. This continued until the "product" was finished. Later on in the afternoon I saw a car with several fair-made clowns in it, driving down Nassau Street.

— FRANK BUSHNELL

Nearly seven eighths of the people who went to the fair were children, and at the end of the day there seemed to be many missing parents. The audio booth, ably handled by Tony Lauck, was a great help throughout the day . . . There was some trouble with the china-breaking, because the bullet throws from many contestants slowly but surely cracked the stands to bits. Another trouble was that wild throws often went into the tennis courts. One small boy, who looked a bit like Bucky Beaver, had a deadly arm with which he carried off many prizes . . . The baseball game attracted many spectators, one being a small girl. She was screaming, "C'm on, Daddy, hit it!" when her mother leaned over and informed her that her father was not even up. At this she let out a wail and said, "Why not?"

— MICHAEL MADEIRA

Another attraction was the hay ride. For five tickets you could ride around the playing fields three times. Now, this may not sound so exciting, but the thrill of being a party to the churning up of the varsity baseball diamond was something. And, as the fair progressed, the hay ride became a real adventure. Several children (who I'm sure were not from P.C.D.) got the bright idea that the hay riders were the long-sought answer to the question, "How can I get rid of this lemon in an effective way?"

— DAVID STEWART

I went to the pet auction booth to find dogs, ducks, and kittens. I overheard one boy say to his freckled friend: "I got two of 'em (meaning kittens) at home and my Mom wouldn't let me get anudder one." "Oh," said his friend, "I got three of 'em." . . . I bought a hot dog, and after waiting half an hour for some cotton candy I sat down next to some girls. From there I walked to my car minus three dollars, and plus a rabbit's foot, a card saying "Why be disagreeable — with a little effort you can be a stinker," one china thing, a balloon on a stick that made a noise, and two worn-out legs. I thought to myself, "This year's fair was the best."

— JOHN WHITE

At the china-breaking booth the workers were constantly being called on to fix the equipment when some spry pitcher knocked down a slat. You never could tell when a boy of 18 would miss all three shots and a youngster of 3 would hit three plates . . . In general, business was good, the spun sugar candy booth being the biggest drawer. In fact, business was so good that, towards the end of the afternoon, the hot dog stand ran out of buns, the General Store ran out of water pistols, the china-breaking booth ran out of china, the Magic booth ran out of tricks, and a good many men with children ran out of money.

And so, with a "Will the owner of a wallet with a picture of a family in it please report to the Audio Booth?", we leave the P.C.D. Fair of 1957.

— DICKON BAKER

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

By STUART ROBSON, JR.

The 1957 baseball team was highly successful, compiling 8 wins, 2 losses and 1 tie. Mr. McCaughan, in his rookie year as coach, did a very commendable job. This year's squad was cut down in size to fourteen players and three managers and base coaches. With five home runs the team showed a powerful attack, and it was also a fine fielding team. Each of the fourteen players started at least one game.

Captain Webb Harrison did a fine job of leading the team. The two pitchers, Pony Fraker and Freddy Andrew, allowed less than five runs per game while their team-mates scored more than eight per game.

P.C.D. 9, LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 5

We traveled to Lawrence Township and met a good hitting but poor fielding team. Their many errors and our several hits gave us nine runs. Wise got 3 hits in 3 times up, and Carey got 2 for 3. Fraker pitched the whole game well.

P.C.D. 12, PEDDIE 2

At Hightstown we wasted no time in getting a lead. We scored three times in the first inning as Bill Applegate hit the first P.C.D. home run in two years. Fraker struck out eleven Peddie batters and allowed but one hit.

P.C.D. 8, VALLEY ROAD 7

As usual, the Valley Road game was tough. With the score tied 3-3 Andrew hit a bases-loaded single, and that plus an error gave us a 6-3 lead. However, in the top of the last inning they scored four times. In our last at bat we scored the tying run, and then Carey raced home from second on an infield hit by Harrison. Andrew and Fraker divided the pitching duty for P.C.D.

P.C.D. 8, WITHERSPOON 5

Although the Witherspoon pitcher struck out four P.C.D. batters in the first inning, before we were through we had scored three times. They tied that score, and it took a three-run rally and then a two-run rally to win the game. Fraker pitched the whole game and won his fourth straight decision.

P.C.D. 6, TOWER HILL 3

We traveled to Wilmington, Delaware, and met an ambitious team. We took a 5-2 lead going into what should have been the last inning. No inning was to be started after 5:15; but just one minute too soon, at 5:14, we retired them after they had scored once. They insisted we play another inning, but that only hurt them because we scored another run and then got them out 1-2-3. Andrew pitched the whole game amid loud comments from the spectators.

P.C.D. 14, PEDDIE 5

In a return game with Peddie we scored 12 runs in the first inning and from then on sailed to an easy victory. Harrison and Hano each hit a home run as Fraker won his fifth game without a defeat.

P.C.D. 3, WITHERSPOON 1

Witherspoon proved to be a stronger opponent in our second encounter, but "Red Fred" Andrew pitched a very fine game, striking out fourteen and allowing only one run during the full seven innings. Tim Carey, our regular first-baseman, was injured in a play at his base and had to miss several games. We made three double plays in this game.

VALLEY ROAD 5, P.C.D. 2

Today was apparently our bad day as we received our first loss. We held a 1-0 lead for three innings, but then the "roof fell in." A single, three infield safeties and a triple gave them a 4-1 lead which we could not make up. A triple by Charlie Stuart was one of our few bright spots as the opposing pitcher struck out 15 P.C.D. batters. Andrew pitched well even in defeat.





For these impressions of Bill Applegate, Rob Kuser, Webb Harrison, and coaches Whitehead and McCaughan the JUNIOR JOURNAL is indebted to Robert Perrine.

P.C.D. 7, FATHERS 7

On the day of the Fair we may have expected to slaughter the Fathers as we had beaten them last year, 21-4. Nevertheless we played hard but only came out with a six-inning tie. Mr. Goodridge was the hero for the Fathers as he made two excellent catches in center field and then hit a bases-loaded triple. Fraker pitched all the way for P.C.D.

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

Our second game with Lawrence proved much closer than the first. With the score 2-0 in their favor, and the Lawrence pitcher having retired the first twelve batters in a row, Webb Harrison singled and Bill Applegate hit his second home run of the year to tie the game. Again they took the lead, 3-2, and in the last inning Applegate hit another homer and tied the score again. Then with two outs Kuser scored Robson from second base on an infield hit and we won our second "squeaker." Andrew pitched well throughout the game.

TOWER HILL 10, P.C.D. 8

In our last game of the season we took our second loss, this time against Tower Hill. They built up a 10-0 lead against Fraker and Andrew. We rallied for eight runs, but when your opponents have more, eight aren't enough.

J. V. BASEBALL

The J. V. baseball team, coached by Mr. Robinson, was very successful this year, winning five and losing only one. The high point of the season was the victory over Valley Road by a score of 14-0.

SOFTBALL

This year something new was added to the athletic program. It was a softball league, designed to give a chance to play to boys who would normally be J. V.'s or substitute J. V.'s, with little chance to get into games.

The league was divided into three teams, "A", "B" and "C", captained respectively by Rampona, Smith W. and Bonnet. Rampona's team came out on top by winning three, losing two, and tying one game. Second came Smith's team, winning three, losing two, and tying two. Last came Bonnet's team, which won two, lost three, and tied one.



TENNIS

By STEPHEN CRAWFORD

The won-and-lost record of the tennis team was very close this year. In fact, the last four games of the last set were the deciding factor. We lost that set, and so came out with a record of two wins and three losses. It was a good season, however, considering that the School is limited in its choice of players and even more so in the practice that can be had on two courts.

Mr. Tibbals was the coach, and the final starting line-up was as follows: (1) Harrison, (2) Crawford S., (3) Morse W., (4) Mock, (5) Shea J., (6) Captain Rotnem, (7) Muir, (8) Madeira, (9) Patton R. The first seven men received tennis letters.

LAWRENCEVILLE 8, P.C.D. 0

We were up against strong and undefeated opposition, and we proved to be no match for them. Webb Harrison lost a close match to an exceptionally good opponent. The scores: Godwin (L) defeated Harrison (P), 3-6, 7-5, 6-2; Hollister (L) defeated Crawford (P), 6-1, 6-1; Gilbert (L) defeated Morse (P), 6-1, 6-0; Eisner (L) defeated Shea (P), 6-4, 6-1; Dunlop (L) defeated Rotnem (P), 6-2, 6-1; Dolcell (L) defeated Mock (P), 6-2, 6-1; Hollister and Dunlop (L) defeated Crawford and Mock (P), 6-1, 6-1; Eisner and Dolcell (L) defeated Morse and Rotnem (P), 6-1, 6-2.



P.C.D. 5, TRENTON H. S. 4

Our first victory was difficult, the match being played on asphalt courts, which we were not used to. The scores: Harrison (P) defeated Michelson (T), 6-0, 6-3; Moses (T) defeated Crawford (P), 6-4, 7-5; Bennett (T) defeated Morse (P), 7-5, 8-6; Shea (P) defeated Ahlback (T), 6-0, 5-7, 7-5; Rhodes (T) defeated Rotnem (P), 7-5, 6-3; Muir (P) defeated Lavine (T), 6-2, 6-0; Harrison and Morse (P) defeated Beach and Sutnick (T), 6-0, 6-0; Crawford and Rotnem (P) defeated Aronsen and Rosenfeld (T), 6-4, 6-0; Blau and Lavine (T) defeated Shea and Muir (P), 8-6.

P.C.D. 5½, PEDDIE 3½

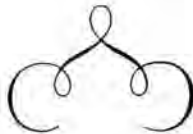
This match was good, close tennis all the way. The scores: Harrison (P) defeated Forbes (Ped), 6-1, 6-1; Kay (Ped) defeated Crawford (P), 6-0, 6-0; Morse (P) defeated Roth (Ped), 9-7, 6-3; de Florin (Ped) defeated Mock (P), 6-3, 9-7; Shea (P) defeated Cott (Ped) 6-0, 6-0; Minskoff (Ped) defeated Rotnem (P), 6-4, 6-4; Harrison and Crawford (P) defeated Forbes and Kay (Ped), 6-3, 6-4; Morse and Mock (P) defeated Roth and de Florin (Ped), 7-5, 6-4; Shea and Rotnem (P) tied Cott and Minskoff (Ped), 6-4, 4-6.

TRENTON JUNIOR THREE 8, P.C.D. 3

This team was just a little better than we were, and although it was good tennis we couldn't quite catch up to them. The scores: Robinson L. (T) defeated Crawford (P), 6-0, 6-1; Morse (P) defeated Myers (T), 6-1, 3-6, 6-3; Robins (T) defeated Mock (P), 6-0, 7-5; Shea (P) defeated Barga (T), 6-3, 6-1; Robinson R. (T) defeated Rotnem (P), 6-1, 9-7; Muir (P) defeated Lubitz (T), 8-6, 7-5; Schradger (T) defeated Madeira (P), 6-3, 6-2; Feinstein (T) defeated Patton (P), 6-2, 6-0; Robinson L. and Barga (T) defeated Crawford and Mock (P), 6-0, 6-3; Robins and Myers (T) defeated Shea and Morse (P), 6-4, 6-3; Lubitz and Schradger (T) defeated Rotnem and Muir (P), 9-7, 9-7.

GEORGE SCHOOL 4, P.C.D. 3

It looked as if we might have a winning season when the Rotnem-Muir doubles team tied the match up at 3-3, but then Crawford and Morse lost their deciding set in a few close, hard-fought games. The scores: Worth (G) defeated Crawford (P), 6-0, 6-2; Morse (P) defeated Wyler (G), 6-4, 6-4; Sachs (G) defeated Mock (P), 6-4, 6-4; Shea (P) defeated Scott (G), 7-5, 7-5; Rotnem and Muir (P) defeated Alminson and Schiller (G), 5-7, 7-5, 6-1; Flashner and Schmidt (G) defeated Patton and Madeira (P), 6-4, 6-2; Worth and Sachs (G) defeated Crawford and Morse (P), 6-3.



COMMENCEMENT

The School Auditorium
Monday, June 10, 1957 — 8:15 P. M.

PRESIDING

James Carey, Esq.

CHAIRMAN: Board of Trustees

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

INVOCATION

Rev. David H. McAlpin, Jr. '43
Witherspoon Presbyterian Church

CLASS EXERCISES

Class Poem	{ BEVERIDGE AARON
	{ DOUGLAS RAMPONA
Class Prophecy	{ HOWARD BUSHNELL
	{ WILLIAM SMITH

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

Rev. Ernest Gordon

DEAN OF THE CHAPEL, Princeton University

AWARDING OF PRIZES AND DIPLOMAS

Henry B. Ross, Headmaster

SCHOOL AWARDS

The Headmaster's Cup	{ HARRISON SHEDD FRAKER, JR.
(Leadership)	{ EDWARD WEBB HARRISON, JR.
The Faculty Cup	WILLIAM ANDREW CRAWFORD HARRIS
(General Character)	
The Athletics Cup	EDWARD WEBB HARRISON, JR.
(Best All Around Athlete)	
Upper School Scholarship Cup	RICHARD WHEELER BAKER, III
(Forms IV, V, VI)	
The Alumni Cup	RICHARD WHEELER BAKER, III
(Proficiency in Form V)	
Lower School Scholarship Cup	WARREN PHILO ELMER, III
(Forms I, II, III)	
The Lance Raymond Shield	ROBERT NORTON OTIS
(General Character in Form I)	
Awards for Endeavor and Improvement:	
Sixth Form	{ DOUGLAS MERCER RAMPONA
	{ ROBERT OSGOOD SMYTH
Fifth Form	GEORGE CRISPIN STOESS

AWARDING OF SENIOR PRIZES

Mathematics (Murch Cup given by	{ EDWARD WEBB HARRISON, JR.
Class of 1946)	{ DARIEN ADAMS GARDNER
	{ HARRISON SHEDD FRAKER, JR.
	{ ROBERT CHRISTIAN KUSER, JR.
	{ JOHN EDWARD POSTLEY, JR.

English	{ EDWARD WEBB HARRISON, JR. ROBERT CHRISTIAN KUSER, JR. HOWARD McNAIR BUSHNELL HARRISON SHEDD FRAKER, JR. DARIEN ADAMS GARDNER
Ancient History	{ ROBERT CHRISTIAN KUSER, JR. EDWARD WEBB HARRISON, JR.
Latin	{ EDWARD WEBB HARRISON, JR.
French	{ EDWARD WEBB HARRISON, JR. ROBERT CHRISTIAN KUSER, JR.
Public Speaking	{ WILLIAM WARREN SMITH, JR.
Art	{ WILLIAM WARREN SMITH, JR. SEYMOUR MORRIS, JR. (Form III)

CLASS SCHOLARSHIP RECORDS

High Commendation for General Excellence

Sixth Form	{ EDWARD WEBB HARRISON, JR. ROBERT CHRISTIAN KUSER, JR. HARRISON SHEDD FRAKER, JR.
Fifth Form	{ RICHARD WHEELER BAKER, III FRANCIS MARTIN BUSHNELL, JR. MICHAEL CRAWFORD MADEIRA
Fourth Form	{ ANTHONY GERALD LAUCK CHARLES ANTHONY SMYTH SAMUEL ADAM GUTTMAN
Third Form	{ ROGER CHARLES FAGAN JOHN HANSEN ODDEN JAMES KERR
Second Form	{ JOHN OSGOOD WILLIS JOHN RUSSELL BECKER ROBERT CHARLES GRIGGS
First Form	{ WARREN PHILO ELMER, III RICHARD GREENWALD MARCUS GERARD CAMERON

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS — THE CLASS OF 1957

GLOSTER BEVERIDGE AARON, JR.	ROBERT CHRISTIAN KUSER, JR.
SAMUEL ALFRED ANDREW	FREDERIC JACOB MOCK
EDWARD STANLEY BARCLAY, JR.	WILLIAM MARSTON MORSE
HOWARD McNAIR BUSHNELL	JOHN EDWARD POSTLEY, JR.
JAMES CAREY, JR.	DOUGLAS MERCER RAMPONA
STEPHEN CRAWFORD	STUART ROBSON, JR.
HARRISON SHEDD FRAKER, JR.	RICHARD LEE ROTNEM
DARIEN ADAMS GARDNER	JAMES MORGAN SHEA
LOUIS C. HANO, III	CHARLES MORGAN SHIPWAY, III
WILLIAM ANDREW CRAWFORD HARRIS	WILLIAM WARREN SMITH, JR.
EDWARD WEBB HARRISON, JR.	ROBERT OSGOOD SMYTH
STAFFORD WARWICK KEEGIN, JR.	HUGH DOUGLAS WISE, III
	JOSEPH HENRY WRIGHT, III



The Class of 1957

SENIOR SKETCHES

BEV AARON

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. for six years. He won a letter as manager of basketball, and he was Editor-in-Chief of the January issue of the JUNIOR JOURNAL. As a member of the Dramatic Club he played the role of Alice Faulkner in *Sherlock Holmes* and Judge Bowling Green in this year's play. Bev played trombone in the Band. He is going to Hotchkiss.

FRED ANDREW

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. for six years. He won letters in basketball and baseball in his senior year. In the Dramatic Club he played John, a crook, in *Sherlock Holmes* and a conductor in *Abe Lincoln*. His activities include Chess Club and Printing. Fred won the Endeavor and Improvement Prize in his Fifth Form year. He is going to Hun School.

NED BARCLAY

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. for two years. This year he won letters in football and basketball. He is Associate Business Manager of the JUNIOR JOURNAL and also a librarian. His activities include Printing, Photography and Math Club. Ned is going to Lawrenceville.

HOWARD BUSHNELL

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. for two years. He played the role of Robert Lincoln in this year's play. He played hymns on the piano for assembly this year and was in the orchestra in his Fifth Form year. Howard is on the photographic staff of the JUNIOR JOURNAL, and his activities include Photography and Public Speaking. He is going to Choate.

TIM CAREY

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. for six years. He is Secretary of the Blues and co-captain of the hockey team. He has won letters in hockey in Fourth Form year; hockey and baseball in Fifth Form year; and soccer, hockey and baseball this year. He is Vice-President of the Dramatic Club, playing the role of McTague last year and Trum Cogdal in *Abe Lincoln*. His activities include Public Speaking, Shop and Printing. Tim is going to Pomfret.

STEVE CRAWFORD

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. for three years. He won letters in hockey and tennis in his Sixth Form year. He is a librarian, and he played the Captain in this year's play. He is a contributing Editor of the JUNIOR JOURNAL. His activities include Public Speaking, Printing, Shop and Chess. He won 2nd place in the Chess Club tournament. Steve is going to Choate.

PONY FRAKER

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. for five years. He is President of the Whites and co-captain of the football team. He won letters in hockey and baseball as a Fourth Former; and in football, hockey and baseball in his Fifth and Sixth Form years. He played the role of Sturveson in this year's play, and he played first trumpet in the band. At Commencement he was co-winner of the Headmaster's Cup. Pony's activities include Shop and Public Speaking. He is going to Exeter.

DARIEN GARDNER

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. for five years. He won a letter in soccer in his senior year, and he has been champion of the Chess Club for the past two years. He is also a librarian. Darien is going to Princeton High School.

LOUIS HANO

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. for three years. He won letters in basketball and baseball in his Fifth and Sixth Form years, and also a soccer letter in his senior year. He was in the play this year as a secret service man. His activities include Chess Club and Math Club. Louis is going to Peddie.

ANDY HARRIS

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. for six years. He won basketball letters in Fifth and Sixth Form years, and a football letter this year. He is Secretary of the Dramatic Club, having played the role of Lofty last year and Josh Speed in this year's play. Andy was Editor-in-Chief of the April issue of the JUNIOR JOURNAL. He is on the Home Room Committee and plays first clarinet in the Band. At Commencement he was awarded the Faculty Cup. His activities include Public Speaking. He is going to Lawrenceville.

WEBB HARRISON

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. for six years. He is President of the Blues, captain of the baseball team and co-captain of the football team. At Commencement Webb received the Athletics Cup and was co-winner of the Headmaster's Cup. As a Fourth Former he won letters in soccer and baseball; as a Fifth Former, in football, hockey and baseball; and this year he received four letters, in football, hockey, baseball and tennis. He is a librarian and his activities include Shop. He acted Dr. Barrick in this year's play. Webb is going to Andover.

STAFFY KEEGIN

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. for five years. He has distinguished himself in hockey, winning letters in Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Form years. He also won a football letter as a Fifth Former, and this year a manager's letter in baseball. He was in *Abe Lincoln* as a Revolutionary soldier, and he is a librarian. His activities include Public Speaking and Seamanship. Staffy is going to Darrow.

ROB KUSER

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. for six years. He has won letters in soccer, basketball and baseball in both Fifth and Sixth Form years. As a member of the Dramatic Club Rob played O'Hagan in Fifth Form and Crimmin this year. He is a Contributing Editor of the JUNIOR JOURNAL, and his activities include Chess Club, Public Speaking, Math Club and Shop. Rob is going to Canterbury.

FRITZ MOCK

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. for three years. He won letters in football, hockey and tennis in his senior year and in football as a Fifth Former. He is on the Home Room Committee and is a librarian. In last year's play he had the role of Sparkler Beads, and that of Kavanaugh this year. His activities include Shop, Printing and Photography. Fritz is going to Andover.

BILL MORSE

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. for five years. He won soccer and hockey letters in both Fifth and Sixth Form years, and added a tennis letter this year. Bill is a member of the Band, playing first clarinet. He is a librarian, and his activities include Chess Club and Math Club. Bill is going to Portsmouth Priory School.

JOHN POSTLEY

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. for five years. He is on the Home Room Committee and in senior year has won letters in football, basketball, and — as manager — in baseball. He is President of the Dramatic Club. In *Sherlock Holmes* he played the part of Sidney Prince, and this year he played the lead in *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. John is Business Manager of the JUNIOR JOURNAL. He is going to Exeter.

DOUG RAMPONA

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. for five years. He won a football letter as a Fourth Former, and letters in football and basketball in Fifth and Sixth Form years. He was captain of the winning league softball team and lighting director of this year's play. He was co-winner of the Sixth Form Prize for Endeavor and Improvement. Doug is going to Lawrenceville.

STUIE ROBSON

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. for six years. He won a basketball letter in Fifth Form year, and letters in football, basketball and baseball this year. He is a Contributing Editor of the JUNIOR JOURNAL. He played a secret service man in *Abe Lincoln*, and he was also assistant lighting director of the play. Stuiie is going to Lawrenceville.

DICK ROTNEM

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. for six years. He is captain of the tennis team. His athletic letters include football and hockey in Fifth Form, and football, hockey and tennis in Sixth Form. Dick is on the Home Room Committee and is also Photographic Editor of the JUNIOR JOURNAL. He plays first trumpet in the Band. His activities include Public Speaking, Shop, Photography and Seamanship. He was a stage hand. He is going to Lawrenceville.

JIMMY SHEA

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. for six years. He has won three letters each in soccer and tennis, in Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Form years, and he was also a manager of the hockey team in his senior year. He had the role of a conductor in this year's play, and his activities include Chess Club, Printing, Seamanship and Math Club. Jimmy is going to Lawrenceville.

MORGAN SHIPWAY

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. for six years. He has been active in the Dramatic Club, playing the role of Billy, Sherlock Holmes's page-boy, last year, and Ann Rutledge in this year's play. His activities are Printing, Chess Club and Seamanship. He is going to Westminster.

WILLIAM SMITH

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. for six years. He won letters as manager of soccer and hockey in his senior year. He is Editor-in-Chief of the June issue of the JUNIOR JOURNAL, and his activities include Chess Club, Public Speaking and Art. For three years he won the first prize in Art. He played the role of Ninian Edwards in this year's play, and played the violin in the orchestra as a Fourth Former. William is going to Lawrenceville.

BOBBY MYTH

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. for six years. He won letters in soccer and basketball in his senior year. He was in the Band, playing trombone, and he appeared in *Abe Lincoln* as a member of the town band. His activities include Printing, Chess Club and Shop. He was co-winner of the Sixth Form Prize for Endeavor and Improvement. Bobby is going to Taft.

HUGH WISE

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. for six years. He is Secretary of the Whites, captain of the soccer team, and co-captain of the hockey team. As a Fourth Former he won a letter in hockey, and in Fifth and Sixth Form years he won letters in soccer, hockey and baseball. Hugh played the role of Billy Herndon in this year's play. He is going to Andover.

JOE WRIGHT

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. for five years. He won a hockey letter in his Fourth Form year, and letters in football, hockey and baseball in Fifth and Sixth Form years. He is a librarian and has been active in the Dramatic Club for two years, last year as assistant stage manager and this year in the part of a telegraph operator. Joe is going to St. George's.

THE CLASS POEM

By BEVERIDGE AARON and DOUGLAS RAMPONA

Since we haven't a Shakespeare or an Ogden Nash,
Rampona and Aaron will read for our class.

Red-Fred Andrew with tricks abounds,
When standing on the pitcher's mound.

Never-late Ned Barclay is always on time,
And he's ever so casual with manner sublime.

Howard Bushnell's our celebrity,
Playing piano, he's never off key.

Slim Tim Carey is our athlete,
At tricky plays he can't be beat!

Darien Gardner is ever so fond
Of winning at chess with great aplomb.

Steve Crawford loves to play tennis,
And by his opponents he's considered a menace.

Andrew Harris and Billy Morse,
On clarinets, are musts of course!

Bobby Smyth is our sharp trombonist,
He's won recognition as a skillful euphonist.

Hugh Wise has such an angelic face,
You'd never guess the things that take place.

Down the court Stu Robson whizzes,
In basketball shots this kid never misses.

John Postley as the leading man,
Portrayed Abe Lincoln as no one can.

William Smith paints odd creations,
And he's widely known for his orations.

Rob Kuser is so husky and tall,
Soft living's not for him at all.

Among other teams he causes great fright;
Why, it could be none other than Joseph Wright.

Jimmy Shea is dressed to kill,
To all the girls he's quite a thrill.

Taking a turn with a wild cry,
Staffy Keegin just rode by.

Dick Rotnem is our picture taker,
He got some stunning shots of Fraker.

In football, Harrison will always win
As he carries the ball with a fiendish grin.

Morgan Shipway's our man-about-town,
Where girls congregate he's sure to be found.

With a lacrosse stick in his hands,
Fritz Mock gallops past his fans.

Louis Hano's such a gay young fellow,
As he travels about, with smile so mellow.

There, it's over, finished at last,
And we hope each verse,
So short and terse,
Will acquaint you with this sterling class.

THE CLASS PROPHECY

By HOWARD BUSHNELL and WILLIAM SMITH

Time: 1977

Scene: Two ditch diggers are excavating for a P.C.D. swimming pool. Their conversation follows.

I wonder what the class of 1957 is doing now? I wonder if they all had better luck than we did.

Bev Aaron has certainly developed a good racket. Just imagine, he's making a mint of money drawing cartoons and writing editorials for "MAD MAGAZINE."

Fred Andrew's theory is that since the "H Bomb" will destroy everything, the Fourth World War will be fought with ancient weapons. Fred is therefore pounding out swords and armor in his iron foundry in preparation for this great conflict.

Ned Barclay is taking pictures of the girls playing basketball at Miss Fine's. Ned says: "I've always enjoyed watching basketball."

Tim Carey has perfected the backless loafer, which he is selling to enthusiastic teenagers who *really* like to scuff when they walk. With each pair he includes free a can of floor wax and an extra pair of heels.

Baptist minister Pony Fraker has recently released his LP album "Modernized Hymns". This album is smashing records all over the country.

Steve Crawford is the international tennis court sweeper. This job requires him to commute between Wimbledon and Forest Hills, sweeping everything before him.

The U. S. has won the international chess championship for the first time. The winner is no other than Darien Gardner.

Louis Hano is now president of YARD'S DEPARTMENT STORE. He has a reputation for selling thirty-seven inches to the yard.

Andy Harris is the current matinee idol. He is known for his role as the passionate lover in the movie, "Love Stay Out of My Basketball Net."

Webb Harrison is assistant dance instructor at a local dance studio. He spends his time teaching young ladies of six and seven the mysteries of the waltz and foxtrot.

Rob Kuser is behind one of the biggest money-making organizations in the country. They say the presses work day and night.

Bill Morse is head of the Atomic Energy Commission. His work on dryphal has made the D BOMB possible.

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John Postley has won a bushel of medals for his Air Force Development program, and is currently planning a trip to the twenty-inch satellite released in 1957.

Doug Rampona is a tree surgeon. He is specializing in the sap problem which is threatening the lives of so many of our Sassafras Trees.

Stuie Robson has developed a new tranquilizer. This sedative is intended for the teaching profession, and is guaranteed to cure jumpy nerves, spitball complexes, and a host of other ills.

Dick Rotnem is leading a drive to eliminate the teaching of dead languages in public and private schools.

Jim Shea is in suits . . . at Brooks Brothers.

Morgan Shipway is a hair stylist. He makes toupees for Fifth Avenue clients.

Bobby Smyth has his own band and is one of the hottest two-fisted manipulators of the sweet potato.

Hugh Wise is a lawyer. He got his reputation by winning accident cases. . . . He makes side bets with the jurors and never loses a case.

Joe Wright is the first permanent coach at P.C.D. He coaches football, soccer, hockey, baseball, and the modern dance.

Fritz Mock has designed the fastest bicycle in the world. It is patterned after an 1890 model except that the big wheel is in the back instead of the front.

Staffy Keegin is the chief caretaker of the Union graves at Gettysburg.

So much for the rest of the class. Everybody is a ditch digger at heart anyway, whether he's a do-it-yourself fan or otherwise. Let's get back to work.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

By WILLIAM W. SMITH

Photographs by RICHARD ROTNEM

ART

Art has been a part of P.C.D. for several years. Under the patient guidance of Mrs. Constance Bonotto future masters develop their styles. At the end of each year there is an exhibition at the Fair, and prizes are given to the best Upper School and the best Lower School painter.



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THE PRINCETON HERALD

Published Wednesday and Saturday

CHESS CLUB

Across checkered battlefields the game of chess is fought. Mr. McCaughan, master in charge, somehow still manages to defeat the young chess fanatics. At the end of the year a tournament is held. Darien Gardner (VI) is the current champion, and Steve Crawford (VI) the runner-up.



MECHANICAL DRAWING

Mechanical Drawing is a fascinating hobby enjoyed by many. Mr. Whitlock is in charge here. The future draftsmen in the picture are making blue-prints. So far, no space ships have been designed.



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TAPE RECORDING

Tape recording is an interesting science and has many enthusiasts. This probably proves that man never tires of hearing his own voice. Mr. Griggs is chief tape recorder.



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WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

SCHOLARSHIP

The Blues kept up their slight superiority over the Whites in scholarship through the Spring Term. Their average was 2.2+, while that of the Whites was 2.3+.

This gave the Blues a winning average of 2.3— for the whole year, as opposed to 2.3+ for their opponents.

The following boys had no failures on any tri-weekly reports in the Spring Term:

BLUES (58) — Agar, Ayers, Bales, Barclay, Bonnet, Brinkerhoff, Budny, Caldwell, Cameron, Chubet, Coffee, Cook, Edwards, Elmer, French, Gardner, Goodrich D., Goodrich R., Greene, Hano, Harris, Harrison, Hobler, Howland, Jackson, Kane, Katzenbach, Kerr, Lauck, Mackie, Madeira, Marcus Ri., Marcus Ro., Mather D., Morris, Morse P., Morse W., Muir, Odden, Peterson, Poole, Postley, Putnam, Reynolds R., Shea J., Smith L., Smoyer, Smyth C., Smyth R., Stewart, Strassenburgh, Stuart, Thomas, Tibbals, Van Doren, Vollbrecht, Willis, Wyman.

WHITES (55) — Aaron B., Armour, Armstrong, Baker E., Baker J., Baker R., Becker, Bushnell F., Bushnell H., Carrick, Crawford R., Crawford S., Delano, Donaldson, Eckels, Fagan, Fairman, Fraker, Fullam, Goble, Griggs, Guttman, Hanan, Hart, Hereford, Kerney Re., Kerney Ro., Kuser L., Kuser R., Kuser W., Lea, Leventhal, McMorris, Mills, Mock, Moore, Mueller, Otis, Patton A., Patton R., Rampona, Riker, Rosenblad, Rotnem, Sayen, Seder, Shearer, Sheehan, Smith J., Smith W. W., Staniar, White P., Wise, Wright J., Wright P.

SPRING SPORTS

The competition this year was as close as always. When the dust of battle cleared in baseball, it turned out that the Blues had 9½ points to the Whites' 7½. The Lower School was as close as could be, as the Whites won in the First Form, the Blues won in the Second Form, and the Third Form was a tie. In the Upper School the Whites won the J. V. series, but a Blue victory on the Varsity overshadowed this and brought the Blues the baseball championship.

To make it a completely successful year in athletics, the Blues swept the Whites in tennis also.

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SCHOOL NEWS

By ANDREW HARRIS

THE NEW WING

Over the summer P.C.D. is erecting an addition to the present building, which will run parallel to the gymnasium, but will not be as long. It will join the old building at its southwest corner. In this wing will be four new classrooms, a new shop, an additional locker room, and space for art and band and glee club rehearsals. Remodeling of parts of the old building will turn the shop into a science room, the Faculty Room into an additional office, and Room 3 into a faculty room.

The work began on May 22, and it is expected that it will be finished in time for the opening of school on September 16. The earth which has been dug up for the foundations of the new wing is being used to level off the land in back of the school, which will be turned into more playing fields.

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THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club this year was for the first time under the direction of Mr. Paul Assenheimer. It had a membership of 27 boys from the Lower School. The Glee Club sang publicly on two occasions, at the Christmas assembly and at the School Play.

THE PRINCETON JUNIOR MUSIC FESTIVAL

On April 25 Miss Fine's, Valley Road, Witherspoon and P.C.D. all contributed to produce the Princeton Junior Music Festival in the High School gymnasium. P.C.D. contributed 20 members to the combined band, including seven trumpeters, five clarinetists, two trombonists, two percussion artists, and one each playing the saxophone, the horn, the baritone, and the tuba. Two P.C.D. representatives played in the orchestra, one a violinist and one a cellist.

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TICKET SELLING

This year the Whites edged out the Blues in the competition for selling tickets for the School Play. The margin of victory was \$35.00. Joe Smith led the Whites in individual sales, while John Willis headed the Blues. The total sale, including that of door-to-door salesmen and at the box office, was \$786.00.

BICYCLE INSPECTION

On one of the first warm days of spring everyone who owned a bicycle was called out for the police inspection. Township policemen checked fenders, bells, lights, etc. Many boys did not have the necessary parts and were instructed to get them.

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EAGLE SCOUT

On May 23 Dickon Baker was awarded the highest honor in Scouting, the Eagle badge. Dickon has been a member of Troop 50 of the Boy Scouts for less than three years, a remarkably short time to work to the top.

ACCIDENT TO JONATHAN HOWLAND

About the middle of the spring term Johnny Howland, of the Third Form, had quite a serious accident when he was struck by an automobile on the curb in front of his house. He underwent a number of operations but pulled through wonderfully. He is now resting and getting in good shape. Good wishes from the whole school, Johnny!

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