

VOL. XXX, No. 1

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

FEBRUARY, 1958

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

## FEBRUARY 1958

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# Junior Journal

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Vol. XXX

FEBRUARY, 1958

No. 1

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## EDITORIAL

Last fall an incident occurred which it is to be hoped is not an example of the conduct of our armed forces overseas. Specialist 3rd Class William S. Girard shot and killed a Japanese woman who was gathering brass from a military target range to augment her family's meager income.

True, she was on the target range at a forbidden time. This, however, had not the slightest thing to do with the situation. Girard and a group of his buddies lured this woman into a pit by telling her that there were some empty shells in it. Gratefully, unconscious of the fate to which she was destined, she walked into this trap. Then Girard and his buddies, after an abbreviated game of "who-can-come-closer," shot and killed this poor naive lady.



The rest of the story need not be told. He got off with no penalty at all, returned to this country, and would have been played into a hero, were it not for a few enlightened newsmen.

## MR. ACKLEY

The JUNIOR JOURNAL welcomes Mr. William Ackley to the Faculty. Mr. Ackley teaches 4th and 5th Form English and helped coach J.V. soccer. Besides this he is coaching the Dramatic Club, which this year will put on two one-act plays written by — Mr. Ackley.

He attended the Emerson Speech School. During World War II he served in the Navy as a medical aide. He has taught in several schools, as well as in an orphanage and a boys' reformatory. We wish him all success in the future.

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## WHO'S WHO

1957 - 1958

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#### *Fifth Form*

CHARLES CALDWELL, HUGH HOFFMAN, HOWARD McMORRIS, ROBERT MUELLER.

## "FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE —"

By BUBBY VANDER STUCKEN (VI)

"Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy!" thought Ed Jackson as he walked across the Princeton University campus to one of his classes. "First person into outer space, first person to the moon! Oh boy, oh boy!"

Ed was a tall, good-looking Senior at Princeton. He was a member of the R.O.T.C. and had also done secret work with the Navy, and had qualified and been accepted to be the first passenger in their new rocket to the moon.

Over the past three months Ed had gone through more tests than one can conceive. At one time he had been sealed in a tube for a week with some of the greatest scientists watching his every movement and reaction. Of course, because of what times are, not a word of these tests or of the exploit soon to be had been let out. Ed could not even tell his girl why he couldn't make the Christmas dance. He had not yet seen his means of transportation nor did he know the date when he was going to leave for the moon. The Navy had spent six years and an unbelievable amount of money developing their new rocket. Ed was supposedly going to be carried safely to the moon

in this rocket named "The Big Bird."

One day when he entered his dorm Ed was greeted by an admiral of the United States Navy. Very little talking was done, and the two walked out to a waiting car. They drove away without a word spoken. Ed tried to act calm, but he couldn't hide his anxiety and excitement. They drove for about thirty minutes, east of town. It seemed like hours to Ed. The car turned south on a dirt road. They soon entered a dense wood. About ten minutes later Ed sensed that they were drawing near their destination, for they had passed through several barriers. Then, emerging quickly before them, like a submarine rising out of the water, stood a tall, slender rocket reflecting the redness of the late sunset. The admiral and two of his colleagues had briefed Ed, for what seemed to him to be the millionth time, about his trip, on the way out from Princeton. Some men checked the communications devices, and Ed was then placed in his position for the trip.

He found things quite cramped, but the tests had accustomed him to these conditions. The sweat fell

from Ed's face in large drops as he waited. Why didn't somebody say something?

A Navy photographer walked around snapping pictures of Ed and his complex surroundings. Quietly the photographer descended the long steel ladder to the ground. Ed could hear the loud, strong voice of a man counting off seconds — "eight, seven, six—". It had all happened so fast. Ed pinched himself to make sure it was not a dream. "—five, four, three, two, one, zero, blast off!" spoke the voice strongly.

Ed felt the vibrating of the great, powerful rocket engine. He began to feel a pull on his body. In a matter of a few seconds he could hardly bear it. Then in a few minutes the pull stopped. The vibrating stopped. Ed was not at all sure that the craft had not stopped forward motion entirely. Then he remembered that this was to be the sensation expected.

The trip was supposed to take ex-

actly 119 hours fifteen seconds. Then the rocket would begin to fire again. The ship would reverse and slowly land on the moon with the rockets counteracting the moon's pull of gravity.

Approximately 100 hours had passed. When Ed was not asleep he would almost constantly send reports back to the Earth about the rocket's and his own symptoms and sensations in outer space.

A warning signal flashed on and off. He was approaching the moon. The time was up. The ship should reverse its course. The jet had not yet started. Ed could feel the increase of speed as the ship entered the moon's gravitational field. He knew he was doomed.

He took one last look at the Earth, whence he had come, before he and his craft were drawn to destruction against the scarred and cratered face of the moon.

## THE TRUTH

By JOHN SHEEHAN (III)

The sky is gray  
On football day.  
Princeton's won —  
Here comes the sun.

## A DAY IN A FUN HOUSE

By CHARLES STUART (V)

"Chicken!" exclaimed Pete.

"I am not!" shouted Joe. "I'll go some other time."

"Oh shut up and come," I said.

Pete, Joe, and I had planned to visit a fun house, but Joe didn't think it was such a good idea. We finally persuaded him, and by the time we had our tickets we had him thinking it would be fun. Pete and I had already been there, so we knew our way around.

When we got there we immediately began to climb some stairs. As we reached the top, the floor gave way. We fell a few feet — onto a soft mattress. Then we staggered on. Suddenly the floor slanted down, then to the right, then to the left. After a while we reached a door. We weren't too sure whether to open the door, for fear something would jump out at us. Pete got up his nerve and slowly turned the knob. Nothing was there. We started walking again, but we didn't get anywhere. We looked down and saw that the floor was moving. It moved faster and faster! Soon we were running. We became so tired that we dropped, and the floor moved us along through a hole in the wall. We went down a slide and were quickly stopped by a wall. Then the lights

went out! Pete and I stuck together while Joe went through another door.

"This didn't happen last time," said Pete nervously.

"Yeh, I know," I said. "Let's get out of here. I know a way out. You with me?"

There wasn't any answer. I opened a door and to my horror I saw a man hanging from the ceiling by a wire which went through one ear and out the other. He also had a knife through his belly!

I quickly closed the door. I was scared, very scared. I hadn't seen this before. Perhaps it was an actual man! Maybe the murderer had also killed Pete and Joe! I ran, terribly scared. I felt something like cobwebs strike my face. I tore at them like a madman. I ran through a door. I entered a vacant room. The door closed. I ran to it. I pulled, I pushed, and I kicked at it, but it wouldn't open. Then I stopped and listened. People began to laugh — not a friendly laugh but a wicked one. Then I heard a board creak. Faint footsteps were coming toward me, then they disappeared. I felt relieved, but not for long. The walls closed in on me. Closer, closer, closer! They were almost against me

when the floor gave way. I tumbled down into another room. I heard the footsteps again. They came closer and closer! Even closer than before, but again they faded away. What was making this noise? Whose footsteps were they? Suddenly I saw an electric saw coming at me. But once again, as it got close, the floor gave way. I dropped down into another room. Again the footsteps came toward me. But this time they did not turn away. I was terrified! Closer they came. Louder! Louder! Suddenly I felt a huge hairy hand drop onto my shoulder!

"Hey, kid, get out of here," scold-

ed a voice behind me. "It's closing time."

I turned and saw a fat, dirty, angry workman. Boy, was he a welcome sight!

I got out of the fun house in a hurry. Pete and Joe were at the exit. They were glad to see me, for they had left the fun house just after we separated and had been waiting a long time.

We went home, each in a different mood. Joe had enjoyed the experience, so he went home happy. Pete was a little upset from some of the experiences he had been through. As for me, I went home ready to drop in my tracks — exhausted!

## HOMework

By TEDDY HOLLMAN (III)

Homework's got to be done every day  
Or I can't go out with my friends to play.  
English, Science, and Math must be done  
Or I can't watch television and have any fun.  
The weekend would be better, but I can't shirk  
Those comps, or Spelling and French rework.  
Ask any boys and they'll agree  
We have too much homework at P.C.D.

## THE PIPE

By ROBERT MUELLER (V)

As "They" lowered me into the disgusting pipe, my mind wandered over many things in general; but it kept coming back to the short stretch of muddy, clammy sewer pipe into which I was being lowered. Suddenly my right foot touched something sticky and gooey, and I recoiled at the feeling of being trapped in this dark, confined cell. I continued my descent with a sickly feeling that this journey might be my last.

As I touched bottom, mud oozed up between my toes. Slowly my hands reached down and I settled in the mud on all fours. I kept sinking deeper and deeper, and as I started to breathe in the ooze I had to turn my head quickly to gasp for air. I began to crawl along the bottom of the pipe. As the muck declined, I was able to travel slowly through

the pipe, with the rough concrete bruising me black and blue.

At times I had to twist onto my back in order to get enough air from the top of the pipe. The concrete felt cold and damp against my bare back, the mud and slime thickened, and the air pockets became less frequent. I was beginning to understand why they wanted this place cleaned out. The air was running short, and what there was was becoming staler. I was beginning to feel dizzy. I saw illusive visions of light ahead and I stumbled on. But I was too fatigued. I felt a tug on the rope around my waist, hands pulling at me; saw glaring lanterns, felt the soft, sweet, cool night air brushing my cheek, and heard voices saying proudly, "Way to go!"

"Yah, you're in the club now!"

"A full-fledged member!" — before I dropped off into blackness.

## WEATHER REPORT

By GUY VICINO (III)

Sun and rain

Will help the farmer.

Ideal forecast:

Wet and warmer.

## MY SPUTNIK

By JOHN SHEEHAN (III)

I used to have a very comfortable home with my master. We had a lot of fun. He would throw sticks and I would get them. He fed me very delicious food and I liked him.

My master was what they called a scientist. For a while, I can remember, my master was all excited over something they called a sputnik. Then one evening he came home unusually excited.

"We've done it, Laika, we've done it," he shouted. "Sputnik will be launched in a week. It will have weather instruments that will send a code telling us what space is like."

Now all this flow of words astounded me, but since I saw my master was happy I danced and frolicked around as though I knew what was going on.

Next day my master said, "Laika, we're going to take you to the Lab and prepare you for your trip."

The only word I understood was "trip," but that made me very happy. "My master and I are going somewhere together and it will be lots of fun," I said to myself.

My master took me to a big building and showed me around. Then he rode to a certain floor in an elevator. When we reached the floor, he showed me to his companions or fellow-scientists. They took a queer-looking thing and placed it outside

my heart. During this operation they said a lot of "oh's" and "ah's."

Next they searched my coat for ticks and other things. This I appreciated because I had an especially painful tick on my shoulder.

After that they gave me all sorts of other tests. Finally one of them said to my master, "He'll do."

"He'll do so far," the other one remarked drily. There were other tests and I passed them all too.

Next I was measured. They measured my body, my legs, my head, everything. (I found out later this was for my "space suit." The suit was absolutely perfect. It even had a place for my tail.)

About a week after that I was put in a small ball. The ball was placed on a rocket and the rocket on a launcher. During all this my master was crying bitterly. I made a desperate effort to get out. Then the rocket started to blast off into outer space.

I felt as though a giant hand was pressing in on me. The hand came off and I found I was floating. Then another blast hit me and nearly knocked my senses out.

Life up here is all right but a little bit boring. All you do is eat, sleep, watch, and sometimes duck the moon and other flying objects. Yipe! See what I mean? — Bye - y - y - y.



## DANGER IN THE FOREST

By PETER RAYMOND (III)

My name is Buck. I live in the deep woods of Dalhousie Farm.

One day as I was walking along I suddenly heard noises. I quickly ran for the cover of a huge fallen tree. Then I saw some people coming toward the very tree I was hiding behind. I was frozen with fright. They came up to the tree and started pounding on it. At first I was going to run for it, but just as I was getting ready the people went away. I waited for a little while and then came out from behind the tree, looking to see what the people had been doing. On the place where they had been pounding I saw a white piece of paper but I didn't know what it was for. I immediately went back to the herd to tell everybody about the sign I had seen. All the deer were very excited and two of them made me show it to them. So I took them to the place, but then we heard men's voices. This time I was not so scared. I looked at them and saw that they were not the same people as I had seen before.

These were a lot bigger and they had different clothes on. They had red and orange coats like the color of dead leaves, and they had high boots. But the most interesting thing is what they carried. The things were long and had a big hole in the end. One of the men read the sign aloud. This is what it said!

"No hunting or trespassing with dog or gun in the name of the law!"

I jumped when I heard this because it brought back a flow of memory. First of all I remembered seeing a sign just like the one posted on the tree. Then I remembered hearing my father saying to watch out for guns and hunters; but a week later he was killed by hunters. All of a sudden I decided that these people were hunters and the things they were carrying were guns. I closed my eyes in fright and then opened them just in time to see the men rip down the sign and laugh. Then I knew for sure that these people were hunters.

I wagged my tail up and down as a sign to run like crazy. And that we did! The other two deer did not understand, but when the hunters made a loud, sudden explosion, which I knew right away was the gun, they ran like fury. We ran through briar bushes and whipped around trees and leaped over brooks, and when we came to the herd I yelled, "Hurry up and follow us!" Later they said they thought we had gone mad, but they followed us anyway. We all ran for quite a distance and then stopped at a brook. I called to everyone to get a drink. I did not have to tell them that, for they were very thirsty themselves. That night the whole herd sacked out right by



the brook. I thought that maybe the next day we could forget all about it.

But the next day was even worse. We started off the morning by grazing at the special pasture. After everybody had a hearty breakfast, we went into the woods to exercise. After a while an explosion shook the air. The whole herd ran at the signal and went back to the brook. There was dead silence. We wondered what was going on. Then I said that they had probably lost us,

and that I was going to find out what was happening.

I crept away, and as I got near the place where the hunter had shot at us I heard loud shouts of anger. I crept up to a bush and peeped over. I saw a beautiful sight! The two hunters were going away with their heads hanging, but best of all, there were the two owners of Dalhousie Farm yelling at them. They probably went to see the "law," or whatever it is, and had a jolly talk with them!

## I LIVE MY LIFE OVER

By HAROLD HENRY (I)

On a nice sunny day in June I decided that I would take a walk in the woods. As I walked along I saw a little animal and decided to try to catch it. I gave a leap but slipped and twisted my ankle. Just then there was a huge roar and a grizzly came out and with a slap of his paw killed me.

I didn't find that I was dead until I was born again. Only I was born into a dinosaur. Well, I don't know precisely, but I think I was a tyrannosaurus, the kind that eats meat. But my head and brain were much bigger than a regular dinosaur's and the funny thing is I got enough energy from one ounce of meat to lift three billion pounds twenty feet into the air for an hour. My stomach held ten tons of food and I weighed twenty tons after a meal. You can

see that I ate about once a week.

You might think that I was a horrid beast and was always eating animals but that's not true, for the plant-eating dinosaurs were always trying to eat the meat-eaters (just the opposite of what the scientists thought). When I was very young my mother was killed by a plant-eater and the plant-eater was killed by a cave man. The cave man put a collar on me and took me home to his little boy and his little boy gave me to his mother to cook. Well, then I got mad and filled up my stomach with man, woman and boy. I still was hungry so I went out and emptied the village into my stomach. That was about nine tons so I drank a well dry, which filled me up pretty well. I died of overfilling the next day, and from then on I was a human.

## THE REAL REASON

By JOSEPH SMITH (V)

When we first moved into our new house, a little boy about five years old came over and introduced himself as Bobby. It seems that Bobby had been all alone and had never had anyone to play with before, and so he became quite attached to me. A kid about five tends to worship someone besides his parents, and that idol happened to be me. Whatever I did he did. Whatever I wanted he wanted. When I got a new bicycle, he got one. And when he discovered I owned a Dalmatian, he wanted a dog.

Well, it so happened that neither of his parents particularly cared for dogs, especially since they owned a cat. But after their cat mysteriously disappeared, that opened the way for a dog.

Bobby had persuaded his parents that he would take good care of the dog and always feed him on time. So his parents took him down to the dog pound to pick the mongrel that appealed to him. Bobby chose one and promptly named him Joe. Well, it seems that Bobby did not take as good care of the dog as they had hoped he would. When Joe had not been fed at night he would wait until everyone was asleep and then he would howl and whimper and whim-

per and howl until finally Bobby's father would come out in his bathrobe, muttering at having been awakened, to feed the mutt.

But soon Christmas came, and as a present to Bobby I gave him a very beautiful dog collar for Joe. It was like no other collar. I even had Joe's name engraved on it. The parents gritted their teeth and stood the noise and the habits of the dog; and soon it was Spring.

One morning I got up rather late and, hearing a commotion next door, I wolfed down my breakfast and ran outside to see what had happened. Bobby's mother had sworn she would never plant a flower garden, but there she was busily planting flower seeds in a newly spaded plot. When Bobby saw me he ran toward me, crying, "Hey, Joe, did you hear what happened to my dog? He disappeared last night. Did you see him?"

"Why, no," I said.

The days slipped by, and so did the months, and finally I got out of school. The very next day Bobby came over to ask me to play with him. He was all rigged up as a pirate, and he said he was going to dig for treasure where the spring flowers had been planted. I went and got a shovel and went off with

him to dig for the treasure. I became bored after the first few shovelfuls and sat down to watch him dig.

All of a sudden he let out a shout that could be heard all the way across the lake. I jumped up and helped him unearth a skull.

"Gee," he said, "is it a pirate skull?"

I looked at it with the eye of a

specialist on skulls.

"No," I said. "It's an animal's skull."

Suddenly a flash of sunlight glinting off metal confirmed my belief. I reached in the hole and brought out a piece of silver with the name "Joe" engraved on it. As I quickly slipped it into my pocket, I understood the real reason why Bobby's mother had planted the flower bed.

## A SILLY SIGHT

By JOHN WILLIS (III)

Once I saw my beagle, Annie, chase a small chipmunk. The chipmunk ran in a "figure eight" and sat in the middle, where the two circles came together, and rested.

Now, most dogs trail by scent until they are rather close to their quarry. Then they start to trail by sight. I said, that is what most dogs do! Annie wasn't like most dogs, and she wasn't too smart. She came close enough to the chipmunk to

have grabbed him, but Annie decided that she was trailing by scent so it was against the rules to peek. She ran in a "figure eight" right after the chipmunk, and almost touched him. The chipmunk probably decided that Annie would find him sooner or later unless he left right away. He did leave right away, and when Annie finished running her "figure eight" she learned that "Smelling isn't always Believing."

## NO WATER

By WARREN ELMER, JR. (II)

It was May, 1854. A party of emigrants were starting their journey west at St. Louis. "Forward ho!" someone yelled. The wagon train started. It had in it ten wagons and about 45 people, including children. They were heading west for California. The name of the head of the wagon train was "Old Big-Britches" Bill. His real name was Bill Jones.

The wagon train got along pretty well until it got into Indian country. Then the emigrants had a little trouble. About five people were killed. But then they got to the desert. Right before they left they filled their water barrels. "Big-Britches" Bill said it would be enough, so they started across the big desert.

For three or four days things went all right. Then Bill began to notice Indian signs. "That's funny," he thought. "I didn't think there were any Injuns in the desert. They must be on the war path." So Bill started the wagons going faster. He hoped

to get out of the Indians' way. But they couldn't.

The next day the Indians attacked. They killed two people and wounded four. They also shot holes in all the water barrels except four. The wagon train went on for a few days. Then their water ran out. By now they were in the middle of the desert. They struggled on. Some of the animals died and then people died, but they still moved on. Finally they found a river. They all had drinks and then they filled their barrels.

Things went all right for a few days, but Indians attacked again and shot holes in their remaining water barrels. So they had no water. Again they struggled on. More animals died, then people. The next day they got out of the desert and found a river. There were only 30 people left and only six wagons, because some of the horses had died. But they were out of the desert! The people who were left made it to California.

## HONOR ROLL

FALL TERM, 1957 - 1958

(These grades do not include Term Examinations.)

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JOSEPH STEVENS  
GRIFFIN STRASENBURGH  
GLENN THOMAS  
BRUCE TYLER  
HAROLD VAN DOREN  
EDWARD WARREN  
VINCENT WICKWAR

## THE NEW WING

By RAYMOND AGAR

The new wing, built at a cost of \$100,000 — most of which came from private contributions — was dedicated on December 3 as the "Henry Ross Wing." It houses the First and Second Forms, the new Shop, and a large assembly room.

The new Shop is a dream come true to Mr. Whitlock and his classes, as everyone who had to work in the old shop will readily understand. The old shop, left vacant, has been turned into a science room by the installation of science equipment.

The new wing was begun early in June and finished two days after school was supposed to open in September. Excavating proved to be more difficult than expected, for there was a thick layer of shale just below the surface.

The construction is of pre-stressed concrete, each block of which weighs five tons. The blocks were made in special molds, the specifications for



LATE JUNE



LATE JULY

them being drawn up by Mr. Clifford Quick, the architect. When the blocks arrived, they were followed by a large crane and a crew of professional builders who would have delighted Hollywood. The crane, however, was not up to these standards. When it tried to lift the first of the blocks into place, the boom buckled, and it was necessary to send for a new crane. With the arrival of the new crane the placing of the blocks was accomplished in five days.

Much of the interior work, especially in fitting out the new science room, was done by Mr. Robson and Mr. Whitlock, who could have been seen almost any day of the summer working away in the shambles of a cafeteria which was also used as a temporary dump for all the furniture which had to be moved from different parts of the building where construction was going on.

The School certainly appreciates the hard work put in by all concerned so that classes could begin on time in spite of the cement strike during the summer.



AUGUST



SEPTEMBER !



## WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

### SCHOLARSHIP

In the first term the Blues took a real lead over the Whites. The average of the Blues was 2.3+, and the average of the Whites was 2.5+. The Whites will have to go some to catch up with the Blues.

The Blues also had a better record in number of boys clear of failures. In the three marking periods of the Fall Term the Blues had 64 boys with no failures, and the Whites had 57 boys clear. The following boys had no failures:

**BLUES** — Agle, Ayers, Bales, Battle, Blair, Blodget D., Blodget H., Bonnet, Brinkerhoff, Brower, Cameron, Churchill, Coffee, Console, Cook, Dunning, Edwards A., Edwards W. R., Elmer, French, Frothingham, Goodrich D., Greene, Henry, Hobler, Jackson, Jandl, Kane, Katzenbach, Kennedy, Kline, Knox H., Knox T., Lauck, Marcus R., Marcus R., Marzoni, Mather, Morse, Odden, Peterson, Poole, Pratt, Putnam, Putney, Reynolds, Scarff, Scheide, Sherwood, Skillman, Smith L., Smoyer, Smyth, Strasensburgh, Stuart, Thomas, Tyler B., Tyler D., Van Doren, Vollbrecht, Wickwar, Willis, Wyman.

**WHITES** — Aaron, Armour, Armstrong B., Baker E., Baker J., Baker W., Becker, Bushnell, Carrick, Coppedge, Crawford, Davis, Delano, Dielhenn, Donaldson, Eckels, Edwards C. W., Fagan, Fairman, Fullam, Gaston, Griggs, Griswold, Guttman, Hanan, Hart, Hutson, Johnson, Kelley, Kerney Re., Kirkpatrick A., Kuser W., Leventhal, Longstreth, Majarian, Mathews, Maxwell L., McMorris, Mills, Mueller, Norton, Otis, Patton, Pettit, Prince, Riker, Rosenblad, Sayen W., Seder, Sheehan, Staniar, Stevens J., Vander Stucken, Walker, Wandelt, Wood A., Wright P.

### SOCCER

The Whites won the annual soccer series this year by a decisive margin — 12½ points against 4½ points.

In the Upper School the Varsity and J.V. Whites won, gaining 5 and 3 points respectively for their Color. The First Form Whites also won, adding another 3 points. The Second and Third Forms were combined into three squads which played two round-robin series. In one the Blues won, and the other was a tie, so the final score was 12½ to 4½ for the Whites.

### FOOTBALL

Whites, 21 — Blues, 6.

Both teams were handicapped by the loss of players on the day of the game. The Blues were missing more of their players, and this showed in their score. They managed to get one touchdown, which was scored by Stuart. The White touchdowns were scored by Fairman, Pettit, and White.



## ATHLETICS

### SOCCKER

By CHRISTOPHER WRIGHT

This year our team was an excellent one, with a record of 5 wins, 4 ties, and 2 defeats. At the end of the season Mr. McAneny, the coach, gave special praise to Captain Dave Kelley for his brilliant play as center forward, to Jobe Stevens for his unerring and powerful fullback play, and to George Peterson for his "hustle" and spirit which helped give our forward line a strong attack. The whole team, regulars and substitutes, played hard.

#### P.C.D. 2, WEST WINDSOR 1

The first game, played without Sixth Form regulars, was close. A goal by our new halfback Dudley Blodget in the first period and one by Bob Mueller in the second period were enough for the victory.

#### LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 1, P.C.D. 0

We were up against strong opposition. We played a good game though it was mostly defensive. They plowed through early in the first period to make the goal which won the game.



**P.C.D. 4, VALLEY ROAD 1**

On the Valley Road field Kelley gave us a quick lead with two goals early in the first period. Though Valley Road fought back, two second-half goals by Peterson clinched this well-played game for us.

**P.C.D. 0, WEST WINDSOR 0**

We were again without our Sixth Form regulars, although Kelley took the place of McMorris in goal after Mac was injured. The game was hard-fought but neither team had much of an attack.

**PEDDIE 2, P.C.D. 0**

A tall Peddie team gave us our second and last defeat on our own field. The second of their two goals was scored by Outside Left Louis Hano, who graduated from P.C.D. last year.

**P.C.D. 0, LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 0**

After their first victory, our opponents were stunned when they were held to a scoreless tie on their own field. Our defense showed up specially well in this game.

**P.C.D. 3, VALLEY ROAD 0**

Again in our second meeting we won, with Kelley scoring all three goals, all in the first half.

**P.C.D. 3, HUN J.V. 1**

Though lighter and younger than Hun, our team played probably its best game of the year, outwitting their forward line and breaking through their defenses three times. Two of our goals came on beautifully placed direct free kicks from outside the penalty area, one by Kelley and one by Stevens.

**P.C.D. 1, PEDDIE 1**

Peddie seemed confident of another victory after Hano scored once more for them in the first quarter. We played them to a halt, however, and in the third period Peterson outraced their fullbacks and evened the game with a solo goal.

**P.C.D. 0, WITHERSPOON 0**

Against a much smaller Witherspoon team we were probably over-confident. The field was wet and there was much slipping and kicking the ball the wrong way. McMorris made some great saves in the goal.

**P.C.D. 2, WITHERSPOON 0**

This time we did not underestimate our opponents and we played a hard, safe game to end up the season. Both of our goals were scored by Captain Kelley.

The usual line-up was as follows:

Goal — McMorris	O.L. — Seder
L.F.B. — Stevens	I.L. — Mueller
R.F.B. — Bonnet, Stoess	C.F. — Kelley
L.H.B. — Hoffman	I.R. — Peterson
C.H.B. — Knox	O.R. — Carrick
R.H.B. — Blodget	

Substitutes — Rosenblad, Wright C., Agar, Hare, Fullam, Crawford, Hart, Smoyer, Patton, Fagan.

## FOOTBALL

By FRANCIS BUSHNELL

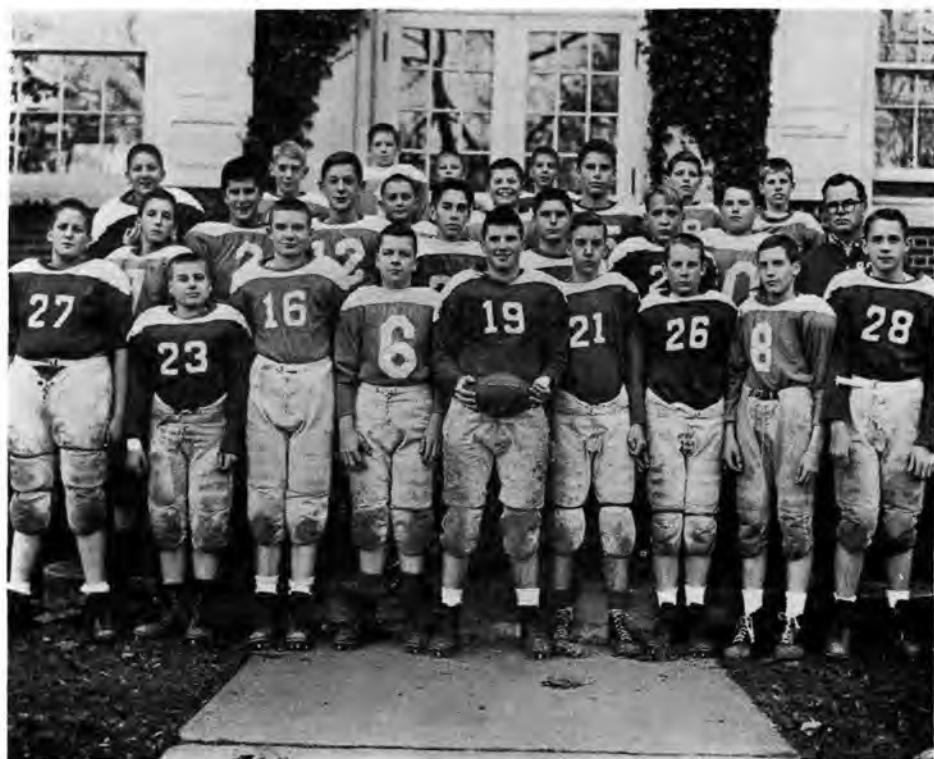
This year, as last year, the football team played eleven-man football, but the team was not as successful as last year's. The only game it won was the last one, against Short Hills.

The captain of the team, Perry Rodgers, had a short season after injuring his thumb. Ineffective blocks and tackles were responsible for some of the team's losses, although it improved steadily all through the season.

### PINGRY 25, P.C.D. 0

We may have lost this game because of inexperience, but there was almost no blocking, and they got through on nearly every play. Also Pingry had the advantage of larger players. They were far from good, but we were worse.





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

On our home field we held Pingry to a more reasonable score. Our touchdown was made by Charlie Stuart, who ran some 65 yards to make it. Coming within several yards of the goal, we almost scored again, but an *Iside* penalty pushed us back. At least we had improved.

#### NEWARK ACADEMY 26, P.C.D. 0

We fought hard and well against our old rivals. They had a weight advantage, and also they played with a Junior-size ball while we used an official-size ball. It was an odd game for every time the ball changed hands a different-sized ball was put in play. Our plays were rather slow in getting under way.

#### HUN 26, P.C.D. 12

Putting up a wonderful fight after a poor start, we tried to regain what we had lost. Johnny White fantastically snatched a nearly-intercepted pass from a Hun player in the end zone for our first touchdown. Stuart made the second by running.

## HUN 20, P.C.D. 6

Starting with a bang, Stuart caught the kickoff and ran all the way for a touchdown. Then we kicked, and Hun nearly did the same thing. It was a tough battle, but we lost again.

## P.C.D. 34, SHORT HILLS 7

Short Hills was smaller than the teams we had been playing. We had no mercy and tried to make up for our losses. Stuart scored the first two touchdowns, Tassie the third, and Bales the fourth and fifth. Extra points were made by Stuart, Fairman, Cook, and Tassie.

The first-string line-up was as follows:

Ends — Staniar, Coffee.

Tackles — Davis, Vollbrecht.

Guards — Vander Stucken, Wickwar.

Center — Kirkpatrick A.

Quarterback — Tassie.

Halfbacks — Stuart, Rodgers.

Fullback — Cook.

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## WITH THE ALUMNI

Eight students at P.C.D. this year are sons of Alumni. In the Fifth Form is **Charlie Stuart**, son of **Don '28**. The Fourth Form boasts **Pepper Pettit**, son of **Karl '31**. **Hank Tomlinson**, son of **Henry '34**, is in the Third Form. In the Second Form are three "alumlets" — **Lee** and **Bobby Maxwell**, sons of **Sandy '32**, and **Jock Baker**, son of Board of Trustees' Chairman **Dick '31**. The First Form delegation includes **Billy Sayen**, son of **Harry '36**, and **Freddy Hutson**, son of **Holmes '37**.

### 1945

Mr. and Mrs. **Carl Weiser** are the parents of a daughter, **Joan Reeves**, who was born in Princeton on April 22, 1957.

**Malcolm Cleland** and **Martha C. Hill** were married in December, 1957 in Lincoln, Nebraska. They are currently living in Evanston, Ill.

The engagement of **Miss Roxanne Dodd** to the Rev. **Ledlie Laughlin, Jr.** was announced recently. **Ledlie** is a member of the Team Ministry at Grace Church Van Vorst in Jersey City.

### 1946

**Airman 1st Class** and Mrs. **Dexter Ashley**, who are living in Smyrna, Tenn. are the parents of a son, **Michael Keith**, who was born December 9, 1957.

**Copeland MacClintock** received a Master of Arts degree in geology at the August commencement of the University of Wyoming.

**Fay Taft**, of Montclair, N. J., and **Grenville Paynter** recently announced their engagement. No date has been set for the wedding. **Gren** is with the Chemical Corn Exchange Bank in New York City.

### 1947

**David Dignan** is now a Private First Class with the 54th Antiaircraft Artillery Missile Battalion in Sweet Air, Maryland.

**David Rogers** reports the birth of a daughter, **Jane**, in May, 1957.

The engagement of **Miss Ann Price**, of Drexel Hill, Pa. to **McKim Steele, Jr.** has been announced.

The engagement of **Mary Jocelyn Wilkins**, of Short Hills, N. J., to **Stanley Wilks** was announced recently. **Stanley** is completing a second year of military service at Ft. Meade, Maryland.

### 1948

The engagement of **Miss Jacqueline Read** of Decatur, Illinois, to **James Ward Brown** was announced last June.

**Miss Sandra Ann Gale**, of Bridgeport, Conn., has become engaged to Lt. (j.g.) **Harold Elsasser**.

**Ann Van Woert Thurston** and **John Chivers** were married in June, 1957.

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They are living in North Andover, Mass., where John is teaching at the Brooks School.

**David Harrop** is in England doing graduate work at the University of London. **James Donnelly** is teaching English and helping to coach soccer at the Taft School, Watertown, Conn.

#### 1949

Last August **Peter Lindabury** was reported in Company B, 4th Training Regiment, Ft. Dix, N. J.

2nd Lt. **Bevis Longstreth** is working hard with the Marines. Last May he was graduated from officer basic course at Quantico, Va.

#### 1950

**Tom Duckworth** earned Honors in History from Princeton last June.

Miss Margaret Mae Williams and **David Flanders** were married in Princeton on November 2, 1957. David is currently serving with the U. S. Navy. **Nat Smith** is on the faculty of the Taft School, Watertown, Conn.

Last July **James Tidd** was photographed during amphibious training at Norfolk, Va. Jim is a midshipman second class at the U. S. Naval Academy.

**Henry Urbaniak** is working hard at Penn Medical School.

Pvt. **William Wallace** is with the Artillery Training Command at Fort Chaffee, Arkansas.

**Dick Stillwell** is doing graduate work in chemistry at Harvard University.

**For News of Princeton Country Day School**

Between issues of

**THE JUNIOR JOURNAL**

read

**THE PRINCETON HERALD**

Published Wednesday and Friday

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## 1951

Last May **Hugh Fairman** was photographed while preparing to make a parachute jump near Princeton. "Sky diving," as it is called, is also being practiced at Yale and Harvard.

**Joseph Conway Hiden** was released from the Navy last June and is now at Hobart College.

Last summer **Bob Kales** took a cruise aboard the USS **Des Moines** as a Reserve Midshipman 1st class.

**Doug Levick** was named to the All-American Lacrosse squad last year. This year he is currently a mainstay on defense on the Princeton hockey team and is maintaining high honors in Basic Engineering.

**Harry Rulon-Miller** is Captain of the Princeton Hockey Team.

## 1952

**Peter Bauer** was first-string fullback on the Princeton varsity soccer team this fall.

**Robert Hillier** was elected president of this year's Junior Class at Princeton.

The engagement of Miss Ione D. Mylonas to **T. Leslie Shear, Jr.** was announced last summer. "Bucky" is now a junior at Princeton, where he is president of the Savoyards, an organization devoted to the presentation of Gilbert and Sullivan works.

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## 1953

**Carl Akerlof**, a student at Yale, received one of the Benjamin Garge Prizes in Mathematics last June.

**Peter Cook** is a high-scoring forward on the Princeton varsity hockey team.

**Charles Fischer** is a midshipman 3rd class (sophomore to you) at the U. S. Naval Academy.

**Charles Savage** is a Freshman at Princeton University.

**Ken Scasserra**, who graduated from Canterbury School last June, is now a Freshman at Princeton.

**John Vollbrecht**, a Sophomore at Cornell, is first string center on the newly-organized Cornell Hockey Team.

**Tom Urbaniak** was first-string fullback next to Peter Bauer on the Princeton soccer team.

## 1954

**Fred Blaicher** graduated from Hun in June.

**Tom Dennison** graduated from Princeton High School in June. He received the J. R. Quigley scholarship at the Architecture School at the University of Pennsylvania.

**Cliff Elgin** is at Washington and Lee College.

**Benny Hubby** is a Freshman at Trinity College.

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**John Martinelli** is a Freshman at Rutgers University.

**Burke McHugh** is at Little Creek, Va. with the 8th Marine Regiment.

**Lance Odden** before graduating from Andover last June, was Vice-President of his class, President of the Student Congress, and won the Bierer Prize for "a student outstanding in character and personality." He is playing on the Princeton Freshman hockey team.

**John Pearce** is at Yale, majoring in architecture. He captained the Freshman soccer team this fall.

**Sumner Rulon-Miller** is a freshman at Princeton, playing on the hockey team. He was Valedictorian of the graduating class at Proctor Academy, Andover, New Hampshire.

**David Peterson** played Freshman soccer and is now playing Freshman hockey at Princeton.

At the Lawrenceville commencement the following members received diplomas: **Mike McKenzie**, **Jim O'Brien**, **John Burbidge**, **Benny Hubby**, **Austin Sullivan**.

**McKenzie** was Valedictorian; Cum Laude; and received the Religion V prize. **O'Brien** wrote the Class Poem; was Cum Laude; and received the Latin V prize. He is presently an exchange student at the Brentwood School in England. He met Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip on the occasion of their visit there last October.

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## 1955

At Lawrenceville last commencement, **George Akerlof** received prizes in Latin and Mathematics and **Ed Thurber** received the Chemistry prize and the Franklin and Marshall Alumni Book prize to an outstanding member of Form IV.

**John Bales** is co-captain of the Deerfield varsity track team.

**Sam Busselle** is captain of the Lawrenceville swimming team.

## 1956

**Dudley Clark** is studying at Proctor Academy, Andover, New Hampshire.

Last summer **Bob Haines** participated in the Camp Chorus and Symphonic Band at the Beaverbrook Music Camp, Pocono Pines, Pa.

## 1958

**Dickon Baker** wrote an article for the Princeton Herald last summer about the National Boy Scout Jamboree at Valley Forge, Pa. He is currently doing well in his studies at Groton. In addition he played some football and is a member of the varsity hockey team.

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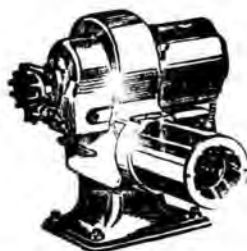
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