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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

APRIL, 1958

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

APRIL 1958

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# Junior Journal

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# EDITORIAL

This time next year will you be one of the thousands who have suffered from an unforeseen accident because you were ignorant of the dangers involved in chemistry and rocketry? You get only one pair of hands, one pair of eyes, and one life. The stakes are too high to play this game without knowing how to play.

First you should decide just why rocketry and chemistry have a lure for you. In building and firing a rocket do you derive a childish thrill as if it were a new kind of superdeluxe firecracker, or is your interest more



mature and scientific? If your interest is scientific, be scientific; but if it is not, quit before your losses mount.

In preparing a rocket fuel as well as any other chemical mixture use a handbook and follow it to the letter. Mixing at random is flirting with disaster. Spontaneous combustion or the generating of poisonous gases are some common results of unscientific experimentation.

It is very popular to fill a piece of pipe with some explosive requiring no intelligence to prepare, light it and call it a rocket. Here we are back to overgrown firecrackers and immature thrills. The thrill in true, mature, scientific rocketry is in designing and perfecting rockets that will work on a rocket fuel. Many books are available that tell how to prepare safe fuel, or you can buy a commercial product such as Jet-x, which is perfectly safe.

Most of the catastrophes occur at the time of launching. Many rockets will misfire because of improper design. This need not be dangerous if you are at a safe distance and have used a safe fuel. If explosives have been used the rocket may explode, and even at a generous distance the shrapnel may be fatal. In firing a rocket use a pre-tested fuse or some other means that will give you plenty of time to get a safe distance away and behind some protective barrier. Finally, be sure that when your rocket comes down it will not endanger the lives or property of anyone.

Rocketry and chemistry present genuine thrills if you are mature and scientific enough to appreciate them. They make wonderful hobbies that may turn to life work. Just remember that America needs two-handed and two-eyed scientists, not crippled crackpots.

---

## **AN EXPERIMENT**

By RANDOLPH HOBLER (III)

I had some Hydrogen Oxide.

I put it on some bread.

Then I added acid,

And now I am quite dead.

*Fifth Form science fiction authors have tackled the problem of the way the world might end. Two of their findings are printed below.*

## THE DAY THE WORLD DISAPPEARED

By WILLIAM PUTNEY (V)

The day began as it always had, with the usual rush to dress, eat breakfast and get to school. As far as I could see it was going to be a very uneventful day in my life and I was prepared for nothing special.

The weather was cloudy and the temperature was about forty degrees. Nearly everyone arrived at school on time except, of course, for the usual stragglers. Then, just before Latin class, a strange thing happened. The area outside the school got exceedingly misty. At first no one paid any attention to this occurrence but, as the mist slowly grew thicker, people began to look out the windows and speculate on the causes of the mist. Finally, the headmaster decided to send a teacher out to evaluate the situation. That was the last we ever saw of that teacher.

After that, rumors spread like wildfire. Among them were that the world was coming to an end, we were being invaded by Martians with pink antennae, and that there had been an atomic explosion and this mist was the fallout. The teachers tried their best to keep us in or-

der but in vain, mainly because they couldn't keep themselves in order. The school was the scene of turmoil and terror until, strangely enough, a sense of calm descended upon everyone. While this took place, I decided that this was a time for action. I gathered together with some friends and we decided to form a temporary students' government until the crisis was over. It was no trouble taking over the school from the bewildered teachers and, to establish our authority, we locked the teachers up in Room 2 and posted a guard at the locked door. We then began to organize the school into an effective machine. We established our headquarters in the office and sent representatives to each room along with one guard to maintain order. We then began a program to determine just what had happened to the rest of the world. The telephone was dead and the Room 5 radio was also not receiving.

Just then, one of our guards came running in to inform us that strange green lights had been seen faintly outside the windows in the mist.

Other important members of the government and I went upstairs to investigate. As the boy had said, strange lights circled in the sky and, as we watched, settled to the ground. We rushed to the front door of the building and awaited whatever was coming.

The rest of the story is short. The earth had been invaded by the government of the universe, and P.C.D. was one of the last places to be captured. All the people of the earth

were being moved to Sores, a distant planet, to begin a new civilization. But we were going there for our own good. You see, the earth would have been destroyed by a comet which was approaching our solar system. So earth was to be no more and Sores was to be our new home.

I cannot write further now because the ship that is taking us to Sores is almost ready to leave and I must lie down now for the blast-off.

---

## THE DOOMED WORLD

By HARTLEY SHEARER (V)

I went to school as usual without noticing anything odd about the morning. The only thing I did notice was that there were very few cars on the road for a Monday. We arrived at school before the bell rang, so I took my time in the locker room before going up to class.

As I walked up the stairs from the locker room I saw that there was a heavy greenish-purple fog outside. I couldn't see a thing beyond the glass in the door. Just as I reached the top of the stairs, the door swung open and a boy seemed to drop out of the fog onto the floor. We pulled him away from the door and closed it. When we stopped to take a good look at him we saw that his clothes were all eaten and his face looked as if it was melting. His hands and neck were in the same condition. It was horrible. He was nearly dead, but

he managed to tell us that there was nothing outside but the fog, which seemed to be some type of acid that destroyed everything it touched in half an hour or so. Mr. Ross arrived just as the boy died, so I told him what had happened and showed him the corpse. He then called a meeting of teachers, Sixth Formers and some Fifth in the Faculty Room. We were all assigned to do certain things. Some had to evacuate the new wing and to find all the boys who weren't where they should be. The reason the new wing was cleared was that the fog was eating through the sides. It did not hurt the main part of the school building, however. The gym was also being eaten by the acid, along with the new wing.

The boys that Mr. Ross appointed had to see that everyone was in a

class and not wandering around. They had to be kept occupied because they could very easily get panicky and out of hand. Everyone was thinking about parents and homes. We were all pretty nervous wondering how long the school would stand up to the fog. We found out right away when one of the Sixth Formers reported that Mr. Whitehead's room had disappeared completely. That meant that the rest of the school was not so safe after all.

The boys were all moved into the cafeteria, where we had a giant study hall. After an hour of studying we heard half the school building crumble overhead. By this time the gym and the new wing were just about gone. We waited in the cafeteria

for five hours before we dared use any of the food, but we were all so hungry that we risked it.

After eating we resumed our studying for about five minutes before I smelled something very strange. I turned to Stuart, who was sitting next to me, to ask him if he smelled it too. I saw a mass of flesh! Frantically I looked around me. What had been boys were horrible creatures with their heads one big mass of skin and bone. This is what the gas outside did, so I realized that it must be inside with me! I couldn't see it, but I could smell something. The odor got stronger and stronger. My God! My hands were melting, and my neck! I — was — melting —

---

## THE ROCKET

By RAYMOND AGAR (VI)

Within the massive gantry tower  
The mighty rocket stands,  
All ready to unleash its power  
When through the flimsy strand  
The signal comes to show that men  
The universe command.

A burst of flame, a deafening roar,  
Away will fall the crane.  
The rocket hanging in midair  
A second will remain,  
Then swiftly skyward climb: a sight  
Sublime, or else profane.

## DENTISTS

By PETER HART (IV)

The long-feared day has come! Your mother drags you into the car. On the way, you think of the other times you have been there. Your mother tells you that a dentist is no monster. As your car draws close to the door, an ambulance tears out of the emergency exit. You give a shudder!

On the way up in the elevator, a man is talking about the last tooth he had pulled. A soldier with a long string of medals on his chest is cringing in a corner with a yummy blonde crooning over him. At the fifth floor the elevator man says, "Floor 5. Dr. X's office." You worm your way out, but your mother's hand grabs your neck.

As you open the door, a rush of stale air meets you. A muffled groan reaches you from the farthest torture room. A nurse helps a man out of the doorway. He is still under the effect of a drug as he leaves. You sit down and start to read a comic, dated July, 1949. Your mother marches you down the hall. You are strapped into the chair.

After half an hour filled with the agony of suspense, the dentist enters. He takes a long terrifying look down your throat. He calls your mother. They go into a huddle in the far cor-

ner of the room. A minute later the dentist is back at you with his pick and shovel. Meanwhile you perspire, think, and just manage not to scream. After a while he goes into a long huddle with two nurses, your mother, and a bird. Then he comes over and looks at some of the more recent X-rays of your teeth. One of the nurses starts to make some filling while the other stuffs your mouth with cotton balls. The dentist puts some toys and games on the board in front of you and reaches for the drill.

In the next hour he drills three teeth. All this time you are sweating like sixty and your clothes are all wet. Then he rests for a while. In the meantime the nurse has prepared a glob of filling. Now the dentist fills at least ten holes in only three teeth. Then, as if that wasn't enough, he puts you in a deep, dark coma. When you come out of it, you are minus not one, not two, but three teeth. Next he goes on to put braces on all of your remaining teeth. Again he goes into a huddle first with the nurse and then with your mother — traitor that she is! He emerges from these huddles joyfully to tell you to be sure not to forget to be back next week.

On the way out, the nurse gives you a lollipop.

## WORTHLESS?

By FRANCIS BUSHNELL (VI)

Sitting on a wooded slope under a great fir tree, a boy whittled with his new knife, the one he had been given for his birthday. Its keen blade entranced him as he sat there sharpening the ends of a branch, so much, in fact, that he forgot about his daily chores. His father had not forgotten, though. His mother did not mind his spending one day as he wanted to, but his father certainly did!

At the moment his father was looking everywhere for him, getting madder and madder. The boy, who was quite a distance from the cabin, did not hear his father's calling, and probably would not have even if he were within earshot.

Giving up in great disgust, the father got his ax and went up the slope to cut some firewood, one of his son's chores. As he entered the forest he spied his son still working with the knife.

"What the h— do you think you're doing?" he bellowed.

Grabbing the youngster by the shirt he picked him up and threw him down on his back.

"How many times do I have to tell you to stop wasting time? Since you don't want to chop wood you can plow the field and I'll fetch the wood. Now get going and don't expect any meals today."

The boy picked up the stick and turned to go, but his father snatched it from him and thrust it into the ground.

"What were you making this worthless thing for?" he shouted, hitting his son as he spoke. "If I ever catch you making some fool thing like that again, I'll spread that nose of yours all over your face. Understand?"

Starting to speak, the boy changed his mind and trudged home, miserable.

Meanwhile, the father started cutting up a dead tree. Unknown to him, a cougar in the tall fir tree was scrutinizing him. It was probably waiting for him to put the ax down.

Tiring, the father set the ax on the ground. He went to look at the stick his son had been working with.

"Foolish kid," he mumbled.

There was a snarl and the cougar jumped from the tree! The father was defenseless except for the sharp stick! He quickly put this between him and the lion!

It hit hard, knocking the father down. He scrambled to his feet and leaped for the ax! It was needless. The cougar was dead. The boy's worthless whittling had saved his father's life.

## PUBLIC QUESTIONS

By PETER RAYMOND (III)

If there is anything I hate about the sheep business it is the questions of the public. What I mean is when we take our show flock to a fair, there are a lot of questions that people ask. Such as, what are the jackets for? Why does the hair of the sheep grow in a square? Do they bite? and many others. When somebody asks what the jackets are for, my mother says, "They aren't jackets, they're blankets. They keep out the dirt." One time when a fat lady came up to an experienced shepherd and asked the question, the shepherd bellowed, "Well, how would you feel without any clothes on?"

And that fixed her wagon. The answer to the next question, why does the hair grow in a square, my mother explains that she clips it that way. When people ask do they bite, I say yes, and they hurry away.

I don't think that there has ever been a time before the show, when the blankets are off, that a person has not come up to the sheep and dug his fingers into the wool. Now, when somebody does this, it makes holes in the fleece which somebody has to card out.

So now you can see why I don't like the sheep business when it comes to people.

---

## ON WRITING A POEM AT HOME

By ALEXANDER KIRKPATRICK (VI)

When writing a poem one spends one's time  
Trying to find words which make sense, and rhyme.  
And then, most important job out of the way,  
The dilemma comes up of what to say.

You twist and squirm and get quite taut,  
For on your paper you have naught.  
You look at the clock and look at the bed  
And wonder what time . . . . oh well, 'nuff said.



## OPPORTUNITY

By RAYMOND AGAR (VI)

Opportunity is what you make it. To a coward, having a poor weapon will be an opportunity to leave the battlefield and justify it to his conscience. To a brave man, this weapon is an opportunity to attack more fiercely an enemy who otherwise might defeat him. Likewise in ordinary life, what seems to one man to be an insignificant drop in the bucket, to another man will be just the beginning, and this man will turn the drops into a torrent.

To one who looks hard enough, an opportunity to do anything will present itself. A person who just ambles along half-asleep will not see opportunity unless it lies across his path in such a manner that he can't possibly miss it. Some extremely dull characters even then will do everything in their power to move it out of the way, so that they can resume

their old ways.

Opportunity actually might be called merely a state of mind, for the man who looks for opportunity, and is always looking for it, finds it, even when it seems that there is none anywhere. Andrew Carnegie must have been this type of man. So must most of the people who started their lives in the gutter and ended them in luxury and ease.

In effect, there are three general types of people. Those who cannot see opportunity unless it practically stands in front of them like a brick wall, would fall into the first category. The second category would consist of people who, when opportunity presents itself, take full advantage of it. Into the third category would fit the rare individual who makes opportunity when none is apparent to anyone else.

---

## THE HIMALAYAS

By DAVID KELLEY (VI)

There they stand so mute and high.  
Few can equal, none surpass  
These shining monarchs in the sky.

Ridge on ridge, their snowy mass  
Mounts up against the crystal blue,  
And glitters in the sun like glass.

Oh mountaineers, one day these will pass, too.



## THE STOWAWAYS

By NORMAN ARMOUR (II)

Tim Dorson lived near the docks in New York City. One day he was thinking, "Wouldn't it be fun to go far-off places like Africa, India, and all those places?" He said to himself, "Vacation is just around the corner. Maybe I can stow away."

Then he looked in the newspapers to see what ships were coming in, and he found the **Queen Mary** was coming Friday. Today was Tuesday.

So the next day he went over to Tom Martin's house and asked if he would like to come with him. Tom answered, "Yes, I will come."

They began making plans. First they would tell their mothers they were going on a camping trip with a club they belonged to. (They had just formed a club called "The Stowaways".)

They would get some camping equipment for sleeping, and also a new bicycle built for two and a big box which was going to be their house for the next few days while they were crossing the Atlantic on the **Queen Mary**. This is how they would do it. Tim would ask a friend to pick the box up on Thursday and deliver it to the **Queen Mary**. Then the next day the boys got into the

box, the friend delivered it to the **Queen Mary**, and the journey was on.

The trip across the ocean was a smooth one. Tuesday the boat landed on the coast of France. That night Tom and Tim got out of the box and got away with nobody seeing them.

Then they began traveling through France. They climbed the Eiffel Tower. They saw bullfights in Spain. At the end of the month they began getting ready to go home. They got a big box and got into it and had it delivered back to the **Queen Mary**. Everything went well except that part of the box broke and anybody could see in. So they got out of the box and hid behind some crates. Then the boat docked back in New York. But what could they do? Men would be coming in very soon, so they got in the box and hoped for the best. If they were seen they would be put in jail.

Just then the men began coming in. One man almost saw them, and they got very scared, but they finally got home.

Then their mother asked them where they had gone. They said, "Just around."

## "WHO AM I?"

By DUDLEY BLODGET (IV)

It was Sunday. I remember that day well, for that was the day I lived through a living nightmare.

I had just gotten up and was dressing for Sunday School when I heard a knock on the door. It seemed strange to hear a knock, for most of the time anyone wanting to get into my room would just walk right in. I tightened my tie and walked to the door to meet this strange intruder. I opened the door to find my mother outside. I was about ready to ask her why she hadn't just walked in when she started to speak. "Who are you?" she said. Who am I? I thought — of all the ridiculous things to say, especially when my mother was saying it. I knew Dad might say something like that, for he was a great joker, but coming from my mother — I didn't know what to say. I just stood in the doorway, spellbound.

Again she asked the same question. I snapped out of my trance. "Okay, Mom, the joke's over with. What's the angle? You know this isn't April Fool's Day, or are you celebrating it early?" She looked at me queerly and then left. I thought that she had decided to drop the joke, so I closed my door, finished getting dressed, and then went downstairs for breakfast.

But what a reception I had at the bottom of the stairs. My father,

mother, brother and two sisters and the maid were waiting for me. Again they asked the same question that my mother had asked me, and I answered in almost the same words that I had said to her. Then I was met with another barrage of questions. "How did you get into the house? Where does your family live?" and many others. I didn't know what to say.

They were being very kind to me, offering me everything, waiting on me hand and foot, but still they kept insisting that I was a different person. I told them over and over that I was their son. I tried to prove myself by saying that my name was in every one of my school books. To prove that this was true, they asked me to show my books to them. I ran to my room to fetch them. I came down and opened my English book. My name wasn't there! I looked in all my other books, but I still couldn't find my name. Then I remembered that I had been so lazy the first day of school that I hadn't bothered to put my name in them. I was really mad at myself for that. It could have saved me all this trouble that I was going through. I **had** to prove that I was really who I was.

I remembered one thing that might still save me. The other day I had been down in my father's home lab-

oratory and I had broken one of his test tubes that he was experimenting with. My father had gotten very mad at me and had spanked me. As I was lying over his knee I remembered seeing a pencil drop out of my pocket. It was one with my name on it, my only one. I ran down to the lab and searched all over for the pencil, but I met with no success. I wasn't allowed to go to school all day, for they thought I had a case of amnesia. All day they said that they didn't know what to do.

The next morning I heard another

knock. Expecting to go through the whole procedure again I opened the door. My whole family was there — but this time they knew me.

Then they told me their reason for pretending not to know me. When I had broken the test tube the other day, it contained some sort of gas which, when one breathes it, will kill a person in the next twenty-four hours unless he has an active reason to live for. So my father had thought up this idea. I would have a reason to live for — to prove to them that I was their son.

---

## THE FOX AND THE CROW

By WARD JANDL (III)

One day a large black crow  
Was watching a fox below.  
The fox called up to him,  
"Will you sing me a hymn?  
Your voice must be sweet and low."  
Flattered by this remark  
The crow opened his beak, and hark!  
From his beak fell some cheese  
(With the greatest of ease)  
And the fox let out a bark.  
The crow had been tricked, but good!  
As he flew from the wood,  
The fox said, to tease  
(After eating the cheese),  
"Your voice is quite good,  
But your brain is no better than wood!"

## END OF BEAUTY

By CRISPIN STOESS (VI)

Once the Earth was beautiful,  
Teeming with life, filled with joy,  
Caped in a blue-black mantle,  
Lined with white cotton clouds.  
But why did Man always make war and battle?

First with clubs he swung and butted,  
Then with swords he lunged and plunged.  
Next came cannon and guns; the Earth  
He marked, blasted and matted.  
That was not enough; he had to have the Atom.

First all was well, then chaos:  
Everywhere death and terror.  
Nothing was spared — from elephant to bee.  
Once a beauteous place to live —  
Now a shining star, but who's to see?

---

## THE CRUEL SEA

By PERRY RODGERS (VI)

Slowly, with deliberate patience,  
Moves the armored snail,  
Fighting the water across the sand  
Stirred by the ocean gale.

*His manner is always persistent,*  
Resisting the pull of the sea,  
Tediously straining toward the rock  
Where shelter and safety may be.

The tiny courageous fighter  
Has almost ended his chore  
When a monstrous breaker grapples him  
And shoves him back toward the shore.

## WHY I LIKE BERMUDA

By JOHN GASTON (II)

Bermuda is a small island made of coral. It is in the Atlantic Ocean about 700 miles from New York. I have been there three times and I like it better than any other place I have ever been because it is so beautiful and because there are so many things I like to do there.

The water in Bermuda is very blue. The sand is pink on all of the beaches and all of the houses are pink or blue and have white roofs. The houses are made out of sandstone that is cut out of the ground. The roofs have to be whitewashed twice a year because they have to be clean to catch the rain water. Rain

is the only fresh drinking water on the island, and when there is a drought, water has to be imported.

Sailing, fishing, swimming, and skin-diving in Bermuda are fun because the water is so clear you can see the interesting coral formations under the sea, and you can also see the beautiful tropical fish.

All of the cars in Bermuda are small foreign cars and they are driven on the left-hand side of the road. I like to ride a bike there because it is easier that way to get to the crystal caves and to the other places that I enjoy visiting.

---

## THE DOG SHOW

By GEORGE PETERSON (VI)

Parading canines of high class,  
They scorn to mingle with the mass.  
These thoroughbreds look so aloof  
I guess the limelight warps their woof.

## HONOR ROLL

### WINTER TERM, 1957-1958

(These grades do not include Term Examinations.)

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JOHN ODDEN  
JOHN POOLE  
JAMES SCARFE  
JOHN SCHEIDE  
JOHN WILLIS

#### SECOND HONOR ROLL (85 - 89%)

ALAN AGLE  
NORMAN ARMOUR  
JOHN BAKER  
JOHN BRINKERHOFF  
FRANCIS BUSHNELL  
ROY COPPEDGE  
JOHN DUNNING  
WALTER EDWARDS  
ROBERT GRIGGS  
SAMUEL GUTTMAN  
PETER HART  
RANDOLPH HOBLER  
KEVIN KENNEDY  
JAMES KERR  
ROGER MARCUS  
JOHN MARSHALL  
ALEXANDER PATTON  
LEWIS PERRY  
RODGERS PRATT  
WILLIAM PUTNEY  
JOSEPH RIKER  
WILLIAM SAYEN  
PHILIP SHERWOOD  
PETER SKILLMAN  
CHARLES SMYTH  
JAMES VOLLBRECHT  
VINCENT WICKWAR

#### THIRD HONOR ROLL (80 - 84%)

RAYMOND AGAR  
BRUCE ARMSTRONG  
WARREN BAKER  
ROBERT BALES  
JOHN BECKER  
DUDLEY BLODGET  
WALTER BROWER  
ROBERT CONSOLE  
STEPHEN COOK  
RICHARD CRAWFORD  
ALFRED DAVIS  
RICHARD DELANO  
RICHARD ECKELS  
DAVID FROTHINGHAM  
ROSS FULLAM  
JOHN GASTON  
DAVID GREENE  
ADDISON HANAN  
HAROLD HENRY  
FREDERICK HUTSON  
BURTON JACKSON  
DAVID JOHNSON  
GIBBS KANE  
JAMES KILGORE  
PETER KLINE  
HAROLD KNOX  
LAWRENCE KUSER  
THOMAS LANGE  
DOUGLAS MACKIE  
DIRAN MAJARIAN  
PETTERSON MARZONI  
GRAHAM MATHEWS  
LEE MAXWELL  
ROBERT OTIS  
HENRY PRINCE  
RICHARD REYNOLDS  
WILLIAM SMOYER  
WILLIAM STANIAR  
CHARLES STUART  
GLENN THOMAS  
BRUCE TYLER  
HAROLD VAN DOREN  
PETER WHITE  
DAVID WHITNEY

## A P.C.D. NIGHTMARE

By THE BOY WHO SITS BEHIND YOU

Some of you have asked me why I stopped writing about your birthdays in the JUNIOR JOURNAL. The fact is, P.C.D. has grown so big I just couldn't keep up with everybody's birthday any more. Besides, I always felt sorry for the fellows who were born in the summer because they never got mentioned.

I have had dreams about you, however — some terribly queer dreams — and I'm going to tell you one of them while I can still remember it.

• • •

It all started peacefully enough. I was standing in a meadow, and across this pleasant *lea* I saw a little village. A *smith* was shoeing horses at his smithy, and a *shearer* was clipping sheep, from which *bales* of wool were being loaded onto a truck.

But when the truck arrived at the woolen *mills*, no one was there. The *mill* had left a *sayen* on his door: "Have gone fishing." The truck driver drove angrily down to the *poole*, and there he found the *fischer* with his line dangling in the water, while his girl friend, *cameron* hand, was taking pictures of him.

"Why aren't you at your mill?" stormed the truck driver. "You knew I was coming with this wool. I *cald-*

*well* in advance on Monday the tenth, and then I waited on the *elev-enthal* morning for you. I've a good mind to beat you up."

"Why, you stupid *ignoramus*," answered the miller, rolling up his sleeves, "don't start putting on *ayers*. How much *chubet* I can't take this fishing-line and tie you up, *hanan* foot? Would you like to make something of it?"

"Yes, I *sherwood!*" shouted the truckman. "If we're going to fight this out, let *stuart* right now!"

But suddenly his eyes froze with terror and his *hare* stood on end. He sat a-*gaston* the seat of his truck, for the miller had turned into a medieval knight! His fishing-rod had become a long, wicked lance; he was dressed in *armour* from his head to his *stoess*; and he wore low on his *brower* flashing helmet of steel.

At the same time a *blair* of trumpets sounded. Where the truck had stood was now an ancient castle on a hill. Some old English king (probably *Henry* or one of the *Edwards*) had built it high up on a *goodridge* for defense, so that to attack it an enemy would have to *mount* through a steep *wood*. As the trumpets sounded, the king's son appeared on the walls.

"*Marshall* the army for *battle!*" he

commanded. Then he looked down at the knight who stood on the far bank of the river, testing the water with his toe and muttering to himself, "Is this *hereford* or ain't it?"

The prince laughed with scorn. "Otis that vile bill collector who is always *dunning* me to pay for those new candle-wicks I ordered for the castle. *Aul wright*, if he wants a *wickwar*, let it begin now!" — So saying, he galloped down the hill and splashed across the *kingsford*, meanwhile *patton* his horse to keep it from getting nervous.

—(If this weren't a dream, I'd never believe what happened next!) —Instead of an armoured knight, the prince saw approaching him a hunch-backed *walker* who turned out to be an old witch leaning on a *kane*. She wore a *greene* and *white scarff* and a *bonnet* of *goodrich* material. An ugly dog was at her side, and two gray *katzenbach*.

"Don't be afraid of my pretty puppy," she cackled. "I'm just takin' it and the pussycats out for an *aaron*. Do you want to *pettit*?"

The prince replied, "Ordinarily my *hart* is brave enough and my *arm-strong* enough to fight a *wolff*, but that *kerr* of yours gives me the shivers."

"Wyman?" inquired the witch.

Before he could answer, the bells up on the *churchill* struck twelve, and the witch turned into an old *morse*-covered trunk of an *elmer* maple or some such tree.

The prince said to himself, "This has been as *odden* encounter as I could well imagine."

Then he saw some *hutson* the hill-side. Hoping that one might be a tavern where he could *console* himself with a glass of ale, he started toward them. Without warning, the prince split into two parts — cut cleanly down the middle! Instead of a *hollmann*, one half was a man's left side, the other the right side of a gorilla, and each half walked by itself!

Nevertheless, he (or they) went up to the tavern door and knocked. A drunken *cook* came and fumbled with the *lauck*, finally managing to open the door.

"Who *knox*?" he called. Then he stared in amazement at the two-bodied apparition on the doorstep.

"I *shea*," he cried. "Am I *sheehan* double?" He called the *baker* from the kitchen. "Look what's out there — a half monkey, *hoffman*!" He gave a frightened *howland* slammed the door shut.

"If I *goble-o* and drink in the cellar, won't you let me in?" begged the gorilla-man humbly.

The cook, although drunk, was a very *fairman*, so he reopened the door. He brought some ham and eggs, *french* toast, and *coffee* (the meat had been cooked in soap suds and was a somewhat *frothingham*).

"This *hamill* make you pretty thirsty," he said, "so I brought enough ale for four glasses. Here



they are — *fullam* up!"

As the ale bubbled up over the tops of the glasses, the half-prince and the half-ape both vanished. In their place sat a Russian soldier with a long red scar on his cheek.

The baker stared at him and asked in an *earnest* voice, "What have you *guttman*, on your cheek?"

"Oh, that *marcus* a cut I got when I was filming a war scene in the movie '*Warren Peace*,'" said the Russian.

"A likely *story*," answered the cook and the baker together. "Prove it."

"How can I prove it? Ah yes, where a *willis*, there's always a way. I'll cut you a hand of cards. Get those cards over there."

"What cards?" they replied. "*Vicino* cards."

"You're a pair of smart *alexander* pain in the neck," shouted the Russian. — A pack of cards suddenly appeared from nowhere.

"Now start *dielhenn*," he said, "and *mather* best man win."

The cook and the baker shuffled the pack, and while *wandelt* the other watched their opponent. Their own hand was full of face cards — kings, *jackson* queens. The Russian, who had nothing higher than a five, quietly picked up a few aces and started *putnam* up his sleeve.

"No, you don't," shouted the others. "I never *seder* cheater like you. We'll call a cop!"

They *beckerned* to a policeman who happened to be drinking at the bar. He began tiptoeing along the wall, but when the Russian saw this *coppedge* around the corner, he made a dash for the door. Just then a burglar alarm began to ring and —

\* \* \*

I woke on a bright sunny morning. I turned off the alarm clock and *ross* from my bed. Out on the lawn the *robinson* thrushes and *whiteheaded* sparrows were singing merrily. The crows were in my vegetable garden nibbling on *meccaughan*. I woke my brother. We put on our bath-*robson* slipped downstairs without *mcaneny* noise. After breakfast we went outside and fastened the front door *whitlock* and key. I told my dream to my brother, *exackley* as I have told it to you. He tried to discourage me from publishing it. "I wouldn't give six cents for that story," he said. "A *nicholas* all it's worth."

Maybe it's not worth even that! But anyway it's finished now, and if you don't like it, just blame

THE BOY WHO SITS  
BEHIND YOU.





"The Pipe"



"Muggsy"

## THE SCHOOL PLAYS

By PHILIP BONNET

**The Pipe** and **Muggsy and the Dirty Glass** were presented in the School auditorium on the evenings of April 18 and 19.

To say that both plays were good would be a gross understatement. Few of us will soon forget the old farmer, Mr. Hawkins, or the hard-boiled Bill, from **The Pipe**; or "G.A.", Muggsy and his gang, poor persecuted Little Mac, or the Sheriff whose pension is coming up soon, from **Muggsy and the Dirty Glass**. One can easily tell both plays were a success, not by the lack of errors, but by the attention of the audience. When Timmy was at last free of the pipe, everybody let out a long sigh; and during the fight in the saloon — which many feel was better than Hollywood's — everyone sat on the edge of his chair.

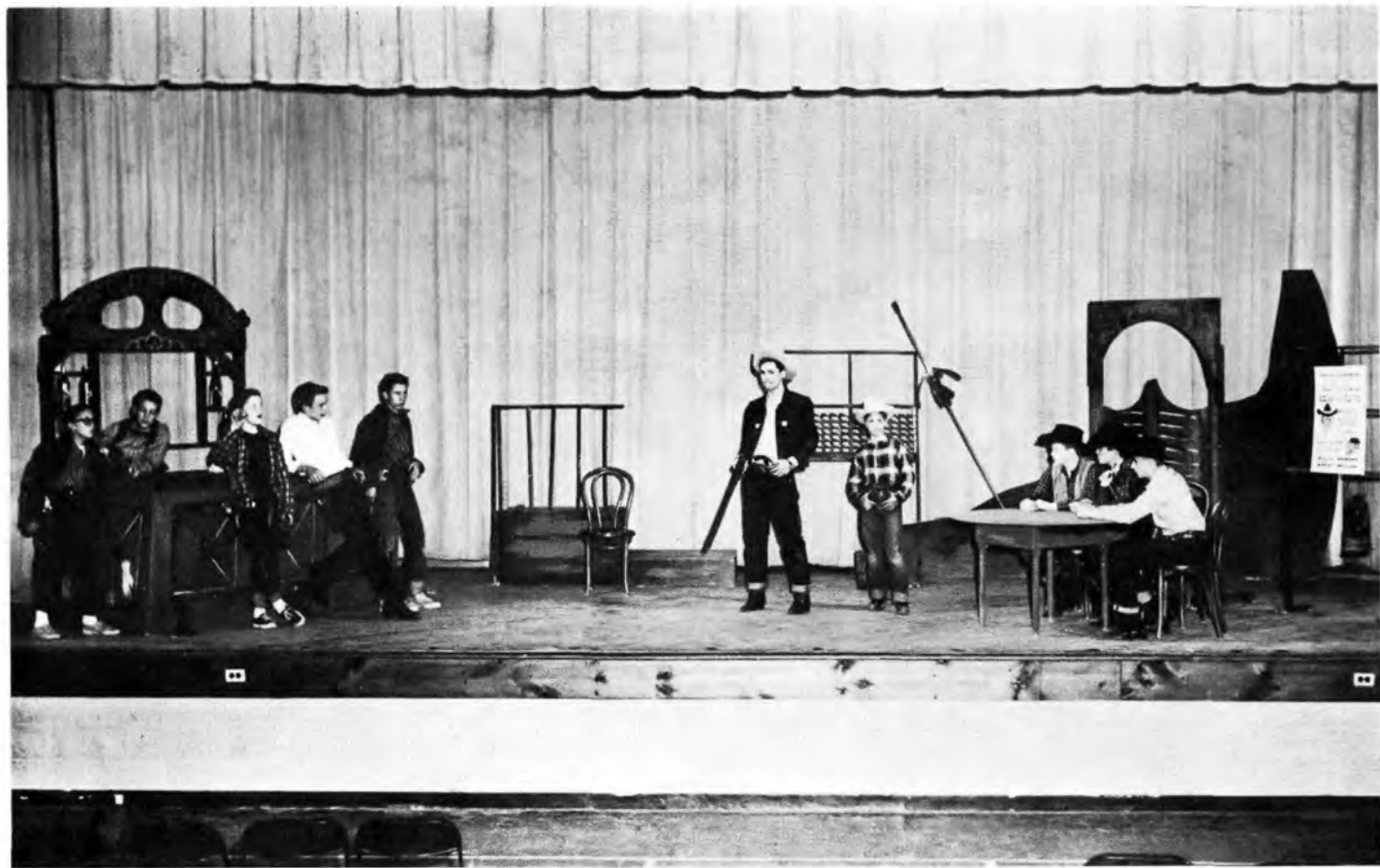
Anyone who saw the vast preparation for those two nights of glory would have been sure of an entertaining evening before he came. It takes plenty of hard work and sin-

cere interest to memorize those lines and stage positions, to make the best scenery for the least amount of money, or to produce the fine singing of the Glee Club and the superb music of the Brass Trio and Quartet. And what would the plays have been without their costumes and make-up? This year, in addition to all these other extensive preparations, we had two new departments: Sound Effects and Electronics. Formerly sound effects consisted of somebody shooting a blank or shaking a piece of sheet metal for thunder; but now there was a tape to record, amplifiers to wire, and more than ever the need for perfect timing.

Mr. Ackley wrote and directed both plays, with assistance in directing from Mr. Gorman. They held the complete interest of a varied-age-group audience — a remarkable feat.

It is my privilege to thank and congratulate all those who worked so diligently to give us those two evenings of delightful entertainment.





"Muggsy and the Dirty Glass Saloon"

## "THE PIPE"

"G. A."	Vincent Wickwar
TIMMY	Peter Kline
1ST BOY	Walter Edwards
2ND BOY	Richard Aaron
3RD BOY	Roger Marcus
4TH BOY	Peter Hart
5TH BOY	James Aul
6TH BOY	Edwin Goodridge
7TH BOY	Thomas Goodridge
8TH BOY	Peter Wright
BOBBY	Thomas Lea
JERRY	Jay Kerr
AL	Lawrence Kuser
LARRY	Robert Mueller
FRANK	Richard Crawford
MR. HAWKINS	Francis Bushnell
MARTHA	Harold Churchill
ETHEL	Brock Putnam
BILL	Thomas Reynolds
TOM	Eberhard Rosenblad, Sam Guttman
MIKE	John Tassie
LESTER	John Howland

## "MUGGSY AND THE DIRTY GLASS"

"G. A."	Vincent Wickwar
MUGGSY	Charles Stuart
LOUIE	Douglas Mackie
STINKEY	John Odden
CHUCK	Robert Carrick
BARTENDER	Joseph Smith
BIG RED	Gordon Knox
1ST HENCHMAN	Raymond Agar
2ND HENCHMAN	Van Cleve Blakeman
LITTLE MAC	Warren Baker
SHERIFF	Joseph Stevens
"DIRTY JACK"	(disclosed at end of performance)

## MEMBERS OF THE GLEE CLUB

Alan Agle	Alexander Edwards	John Marshall
John Baker	Walter Edwards	Lewis Perry
David Blair	Ford Fraker	Tracy Ramus
Gerard Cameron	Robert French	William Shea
Roy Coppedge	John Gaston	John Sheehan
Bruner Dielhenn	Robert Griggs	Griffin Strassenburgh
Robert Earnest	Addison Hanan	Guy Vicino
Richard Eckels	Thomas Lange	Peter White
	Richard Longstreth	

Mrs. Barbara Lewis, *Director*

*Trumpet Trio* — Stephen Cook, Richard Crawford, Rhea Goodrich

*Brass Quartet* — Stephen Cook, Richard Crawford,  
Bruner Dielhenn, Joseph Stevens

Mr. Sylvan Friedman, *Director*

## WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

### SCHOLARSHIP

Again the Blues won the scholarship competition. The Blues' general average for the winter term was 2.3—. The Whites' general average was 2.6—.

Clear of failures were 53 Blues, or 59% of their number. The Whites had 52 clear, or 58% of their number.

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

**BLUES:** Agar, Agle, Ayers, Bales, Blair, Blodget D., Blodget H., Bonnet, Brinkerhoff, Brower, Cameron, Console, Dunning, Edwards W. R., Elmer, Frothingham, Goodrich D., Goodrich R., Greene, Henry, Hobler, Howland, Jandl, Kane, Katzenbach, Kennedy, Kerr, Kline, Lange, Lauck, Marcus Ri., Marcus Ro., Marzoni, Mather, Odden, Poole, Pratt, Putnam, Putney, Reynolds R., Scarff, Scheide, Sherwood, Skillman, Smoyer, Smyth, Stuart, Thomas, van Doren, Vollbrecht, Whitney, Wickwar, Willis.

**WHITES:** Armour, Armstrong B., Baker E., Baker J., Baker W., Bushnell, Carrick, Coppedge, Crawford, Davis, Delano, Donaldson, Eckels, Edwards C. W., Fagan, Fullam, Gaston, Griggs, Griswold, Guttman, Hanan, Hart, Hutson, Johnson, Kirkpatrick P., Kuser L., Lea, Leventhal, Longstreth, Majarian, Marshall, Mathews, Maxwell L., Maxwell R., McMorris, Mills, Mount, Mueller, Otis, Patton, Perry, Pettit, Prince, Riker, Sayen W., Sheehan, Staniar, Walker, Wandelt, White P., Wolff, Wood A.

### HOCKEY

The Blue-White hockey series was won by the Blues. In the Junior Varsity the Blues won both games. In the Varsity, where the playing was very high-spirited, the Whites won one game and tied the other.

### BASKETBALL

The Blues also won the basketball series. In this series almost every game was a deadlock, but the final score was: Blues 32, Whites 24.

It was a good term for the Blues.

### SKATING MEET

This year, after a long period of debating, it was decided to run the skating races in a new way. In the past it was possible for all Blues or all Whites to race in the finals. This year the two Colors were separated until the final races, so two Blues and two Whites faced each other in each division final race.

The Color prizes were given after the semi-finals before the two sides met each other. These results were as follows:

	<b>Blues</b>	<b>Whites</b>
Junior 1st	Strassenburgh	Donaldson
Junior 2nd	Tibbals	Baker J.
Intermediate 1st	Odden	Pettit
Intermediate 2nd	Smoyer	Baker E.
Senior 1st	Rodgers	Stevens J.
Senior 2nd	Peterson	Kelley

The results of the final races were as follows:

	<b>Juniors</b>	<b>Intermediates</b>	<b>Seniors</b>
1st	Donaldson (W)	Pettit (W)	Kelley (W)
2nd	Tibbals (B)	Baker E. (W)	Rodgers (B)
3rd	Baker J. (W)	Odden (B)	Peterson (B)

The score was now Whites 19, Blues 8, and ten points more to go.

The Blues won the Select Relay, gaining five points. The two teams were as follows:

Blues: Kennedy (I), Strassenburgh (II), Chubet (III), Odden (IV), Cook (V), Rodgers (VI).

Whites: Sayen W. (I), Donaldson (II), Tomlinson (III), Pettit (IV), Fairman (V), Kelley (VI).

The Whites won the All-School Relay, making the final score: Whites 24, Blues 13.

### **LITTLE LEAGUE HOCKEY**

The results of the Lower School Little League Hockey Tournament are as follows:

	<b>Won</b>	<b>Lost</b>	<b>Tied</b>	<b>Points</b>
<b>VARSITY</b>				
Williams	3	0	0	6
Princeton	2	1	0	4
Dartmouth	1	2	0	2
Trinity-Hamilton	0	3	0	0
<b>JUNIOR VARSITY</b>				
Trinity-Hamilton	2	0	1	5
Williams	1	0	2	4
Princeton	1	2	0	2
Dartmouth	0	2	1	1
<b>COMBINED RESULTS</b>				
Williams	4	0	2	10
Princeton	3	3	0	6
Trinity-Hamilton	2	3	1	5
Dartmouth	1	4	1	3

## ATHLETICS

### HOCKEY

By BUB VANDER STUCKEN

At the beginning of this season Mr. Tibbals said that he expected no great wonders from the team, and that this season would be a warm-up for next year. The team had other ideas. They wanted to match last year's undefeated season. With excellent individual playing and fine teamwork they achieved that goal — an undefeated, untied 1957-1958 season.

Both goalies — Toby Knox and Sandy Kirkpatrick — had never played varsity before, but they did an excellent job. Captain Jobe Stevens and Dave Kelley always gave a great exhibition of stickwork. Perry Rodgers got off a good many effective slap-shots, and Parky Shearer showed up with some fine long shots. The rest of the team did an unbelievable job, and the new Fourth Form players really improved. Altogether it was a great and surprising season.



#### P.C.D. 8, LAWRENCEVILLE 6

We started well against an old rival. The first line put on a terrific early burst of speed, and the second and third lines did a fine job in the last two periods. Kelley and Mueller scored three goals apiece, and Rodgers and Stevens one.

#### P.C.D. 5, KENT 1

The end of a snowy, cold, well-played game at Kent, Connecticut, found us with another winning score. Kelley, Rodgers, Stevens, Cook, and Peterson all scored one apiece.



## P.C.D. 4, LAWRENCEVILLE 3

We came from behind to win this one. The score was 3-1 in Lawrenceville's favor in the middle of the second period, but before the period ended Shearer scored twice to make the game a deadlock. Mueller scored the final goal.

## P.C.D. 13, PECK 1

Though this was our highest-scoring game, we were very clumsy in it. Our opponents were a good deal younger than we.

## P.C.D. 4, LAWRENCEVILLE 3

We came from behind to beat Lawrenceville for the third time. Kelley, Cook, Shearer, and Stevens each scored once.

## P.C.D. 9, PEWEES 0

This game was a good exhibition of what the second and third lines could do. Smoyer did an excellent job by scoring four times.

## P.C.D. 10, PEWEES 0

The second and third lines proved up again with wonderful teamwork. From these lines E. Baker and Smoyer scored twice, and Fairman and Knox got one apiece.



**P.C.D. 9, HILL 0**

This was a well-played game on the part of all the lines. Stuart opened the scoring early in the first period. Peterson accounted for three of the goals, while Mueller, Rodgers, Kelley, McMorris, and Hare accounted for the rest.

**P.C.D. 5, LAWRENCEVILLE 3**

This was not only a tough, but an extremely unusual game, for Stevens acquired all five of our goals. It was really a scrappy game, for Lawrenceville wanted to win their last game with us.

**P.C.D. 5, WISSAHICKON 3**

We really got discouraged when the score climbed to 2-0 against us, but as soon as Stevens scored we began to click. Stevens scored three times in all, with Rodgers and Cook contributing one goal apiece. The end of this game found us with another undefeated season!

---

**BASKETBALL**

By ROBERT T. BALES

This year's basketball squad was a hard-fighting, high-spirited bunch of boys. Every one played his hardest in every game, but there were two things lacking: height and experience. Despite this factor Mr. Robson formed a hard-working, spirited team.

The starters were, at forward, Pettit and Budny (Smyth); at center, Dunning (Fagan); at guard, Captain Bales and Reynolds T.

**VALLEY ROAD 70, P.C.D. 21**

The first game was hard-fought by both teams. The score may look bad, but they had several advantages over us. They had height and they had more players. Almost all the P.C.D. starters had to play the whole game. Although we were far behind throughout the game, we never gave up. Pettit and Reynolds were our high scorers.

**MILLTOWN 37, P.C.D. 30**

This game was very fast and exciting. The score was close all the way, but in the last few minutes of play they pulled away from us.

## MILLTOWN 35, P.C.D. 32

This was the most exciting game yet. We led our opponents at odd times throughout the game. Though we came close to our first victory, we were unable to beat them. Pettit was our high scorer with 9 points.

## WITHERSPOON 39, P.C.D. 21

Although we were never anywhere near the opponents' score, every player kept trying down to the final whistle.

## HUN 57, P.C.D. 22

The height of our players didn't even compare with that of the Hun team. We got very few rebounds. Bales was our high scorer with 8 points.

## LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 37, P.C.D. 16

This game was a smear. As we were not used to their large court, we were outrun. We would have done better if we had made more of our foul shots. It just wasn't our day. Bales and Reynolds were our only scorers.



**VALLEY ROAD 41, P.C.D. 34**

We played one of our best games this time. Determined to do better than in our first Valley Road game, we did. Through hard fighting and sticking to it we came within 7 points of our toughest opponents.

**WARDLAW 28, P.C.D. 21**

This was the first time P.C.D. ever played Wardlaw in basketball. We played well up to the half. The score then was 13-12 in their favor. In the last quarter, however, we fell apart. Our high scorer was Bales with 13 points.

**LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 48, P.C.D. 21**

All through this game we had bad passes and poor shooting. The half-time score was as poor as the final one.

**WITHERSPOON 62, P.C.D. 34**

This was an exciting game, probably because it was our last. We played well up to the last half. Then we went to pieces. We were so worn out from the first half that in the second they ran circles around us.

**Statistics:**

Won — 0                      Lost — 10

P.C.D. scored 257 points (game average: 26 points).

Opponents scored 454 points (game average: 45 points).



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