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JUNE, 1958

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EDITORIALS

Mr. Henry Ross is now terminating a distinguished career as Headmaster here at P.C.D. We feel a great loss at his departure, for he has imbued the School with an excellent spirit and a high sense of moral values.

That he will have an excellent replacement is small consolation. As measure of how sorry we are to see him go, there are the English trophy presented in his honor by the Sixth Form and the presentation made at Commencement by the Board of Trustees.

While we are sad to see him go, we are glad that he will be doing what he wants to do. After his well-deserved vacation, we should be happy to hear that he might go back to his first love, teaching.

The recent "executions" of General Pal Maleter and Imre Nagy in Hungary serve as a grim reminder of the duty that the United States failed to do. When the Hungarian people revolted in October, 1956, the United States and the rest of the free world had a splendid opportunity to show that they were sincere when they fought Communism. But did we take it? No. We were all afraid that the Russians would turn it into a Third World War.

We were content to sit back and watch while the Hungarian people fought tanks, airplanes, and artillery with their bare hands. Not only that, but if we had helped the Hungarians, people in other Communist countries would also have revolted, with the result that the Communists would in a few months have been driven out of central Europe. The Communists realized this. They brought their best weapons and divisions into Hungary. Even these, in order to be relied on to fight, were told that they were fighting Americans.

The free world has professed shock and horror at the assassination of these men. It is as if they had not expected this to happen. It should have been obvious that once the Russians got hold of Nagy, they would "execute" him. It is also as if we did not realize that prompt action on the part of the free world in 1956 would have prevented these known assassinations as well as thousands we do not know about. Fate offered us a splendid opportunity to vastly increase the free world's strength with little effort, but that effort appears to have been too much. We are now getting the repercussions for not making that effort. We shall undoubtedly continue to feel them for many years.

OUR RETIRING HEADMASTER

By RAYMOND AGAR

Henry Beates Ross first came to teach here in 1929, when the school was still known as the Junior School for Boys and before it had moved to its present location. For years he was the English Department, and he was also Faculty Adviser to the JUNIOR JOURNAL. After World War II broke out, he volunteered for duty in the American Field Service. He spent two wartime years in the Near East, Africa, and Italy. After the war he returned to the School and taught English till 1947, when the death of Mr. Murch left the headmaster's position vacant.

Since Mr. Ross took over the headmastership, the School has grown tremendously in student body, faculty, and building size. The student body is now only slightly less than double what it was in 1947, and there have been three additions to the school building. In fact, the job of headmaster became so complex that a year ago Mr. Gorman was appointed assistant to the headmaster.

In September Mr. Ross will take a long-awaited vacation in Scotland, England, and Italy. When he returns to the United States, he may resume teaching, but at this writing he is not sure just what he will do or where he will be.



OUR NEW HEADMASTER

By RAYMOND AGAR

Peter F. Rothermel IV is an alumnus of St. Paul's School and of Princeton University, Class of 1942. He graduated from Princeton with Honors in Economics, and after the war he acquired a Master of Education degree from Johns Hopkins University.

After college Mr. Rothermel joined the Marine Corps and served as an air observer in the Central and Southwest Pacific. While serving with the Marines he was awarded a commendation and the Distinguished Flying Cross. He is now a Major in the Honorary Reserve.

He returned to his native Philadelphia, where he spent three years in the insurance business. He then moved to Baltimore, where he taught English and History at the Gilman Country Day School. From there he moved to St. George's School in 1951. At St. George's he taught history and was also head coach of football, Director of Athletics, Dean of Discipline, and Assistant Director of the Summer School.

Mr. and Mrs. Rothermel and their two daughters, aged six and three, plan to move to Princeton on July 1st. They will live on Rosedale Road.

When asked about the future plans, Mr. Rothermel was, of course, indefinite. He said that he would probably not do any teaching next year but would give all his time to administration. He was also uncertain about whether he would make any major changes, but he thought not. In closing he said that he was impressed by the loyalty toward the School shown by graduates and students alike.



THE FOOL

By PHILIP BONNET (VI)

In an isolated shack lived one of the most eccentric men the world ever contained. Thorton's gray hair had never been combed. He had never shaved; he merely tore out his beard when it annoyed him. His visage was cramped into the lower part of his head as if to make room for his massive brain. His small mouth contained yellow, unbrushed teeth. His deep-set, sharp blue eyes were piercing and cruel. His apparel was sloppy and dirty.

With such an appearance one might expect some eccentricities, and he had a few. He was a complete non-conformist, not because he wanted to be different, but because he considered all men fools and saw no reason to take their ways. He was completely void of emotion; he never laughed except in mockery of men's foolishness. He never cried. When his father died, he merely said drily, "Good, I need my inheritance now." He was an atheist, but he did have a strange religion: self-discipline mixed with egocentrism. The self-discipline was more correctly self-torture. I shall never understand why anyone would stick red-hot needles into his own flesh.

Thorton sat outside his shack thinking of his past. His life work was almost completed. His college days were terrible memories, but he had no happy ones. He never had any friends, for he was too intolerant of any shortcomings, and he could

not stand the tremendous ignorance of men; yes, they were all fools. He had finished his formal education, Ph.D. and all, when he was only fourteen. In college he had decided it would be possible to predict the future by mathematical calculations. Everyone told him it was impossible, but why should he heed men, the fools? He felt he was the forerunner of a superior race and had branched from the human race just as humans had branched from apes. Indeed, because of his delight in torture and suffering those who knew him were more than happy that he did not fancy himself human.

After completing college he started to pursue his dream of foretelling the future. He collected historical facts from the cave man to current events. He studied all societies from the stone-age tribes of Australia to modern western countries. He knew more historical facts than any man had ever before known. But this was just Thorton's first step.

When his father, a nuclear physicist, died, he had enough inheritance to buy what he needed: a jeep, a generator, and the basic materials for making his own transistors, resistors, etc. Before he was twenty he took over the abandoned shack in the mountains by the desert and hadn't seen a human since.

Thorton twisted about, trying to get a bit more comfortable, for he was now suffering from one of those

vicious migraines which he had had since childhood. He could never figure whether it was eye strain, lack of sleep — for he never slept more than four hours — or whether his human parents had given him a cranium incapable of properly enclosing his superior brain.

His headache having slightly subsided, he began to recollect again. Those first months — or was it years? — he had spent building computers, installing his generator, and perfecting the proper code. After that his time was spent coding information, feeding it into his hungry computers, decoding, recoding, and feeding it in again. His goal was to predict fifty years into the future. The facts mounted like an inverted pyramid. Now he had nearly finished his last decade.

Since coming here he had led a Spartan existence, sleeping on the floor and eating only what his traps caught. Now he was almost finished.

He wondered how his computers were doing. Last week the atomic war with Russia was very close, and, unless one of his computers broke under the strain, he should have the outcome today.

His headache was getting the better of him. It disturbed him that he didn't have enough control of his nervous system to turn it off, but he would teach it. He went into the shack and heated a nail; then he sank the red-hot nail deep into his thigh. A sizzle was heard, and the one-room shack smelled of cooked flesh. He lay senseless on the floor.

When he awoke, the whole thigh was red and blistered, but he had triumphed. The headache was gone. Yes, he was the master of his body.

By dawn he had decoded and translated the data which the computers turned out. He let out a long sigh; his work was completed. In fifty years Russia would rule the world! Although he was an American, it did not matter to him for he was past seventy and would not live another fifty years. No one would believe his discovery, but what could he expect of apes who fancied themselves intelligent? After the fall of the United States, however, they would come and look at his epitaph: "Here lies Alford Thorton, the man who told you so."

He recharged his battery and with a bit of unfriendly persuasion started the jeep for the first time since he had come here. He had kept it well oiled; the dry air had preserved it.

He was in as good spirits as he had ever been when he drove toward the town. Then in the distance he saw something. He exclaimed, "Fools! Fools! Damned fools — and I am a fool, too!" He stopped the jeep. Holding a hunting knife to his throat, he cried, "Oh, terrible world of fools and idiots, you now lose the only intelligent being that ever trod on your foul terrain." He slumped over, quite dead, and the jeep was dampened with his anemic blood.

What had he seen? A hammer and sickle on a solid red field. The fool had spent more than fifty years in his self-imposed exile.

THE GREAT FALL

By ARIO ALEXANDER (V)

Alan Mather lifted his head. "What a downpour!" he said aloud. "I must fix the leak in the roof of my house, for if I don't we will all be drowned."

In five minutes he was on the roof of the two-story building fixing the leak with a hammer and nails. He didn't do a very good job on it, for he only made the hole bigger, and water was now pouring down into the house. So he climbed down and went to call a carpenter to come and fix the hole in the roof.

"What, me come and fix your roof in the rain?" said the carpenter over the phone. "Fix it yourself."

"All right, I will," said Mr. Mather. Determined to fix the roof, he went up to try again. He did manage to get about half of it done before he slipped from the wet shingles off the house. Luckily for him he grabbed a tree on the way down. There he hung for at least half an hour calling his wife. Finally she came out and saw him.

"Stay right there where you are and I'll call the fire department."

She found that in the storm the phone had gone dead.

"Hold on!" she shouted to Alan. "I'll get you down myself."

She then went to get a ladder. Meanwhile the storm was turning into a hurricane. Poor Alan was sure the tree would collapse in the storm. Just then his wife came up with a ladder. She could not get him down for the ladder blew down on top of her and broke her leg. How long could Mr. Mather hold on?

"Don't just hang there," yelled his wife. "Do something to help me!"

What could he do? The wind was now blowing harder than ever and the cold rain was beating down on him. His hands were numb. Just then a great gust of wind came up and the tree snapped. In order to avoid being crushed by the tree when it fell he let go of the branch. He was sure he was a goner. It was thirty feet down. Twenty-five, twenty, fifteen, ten, five . . .

With that he woke up, lifted his head, and exclaimed aloud, "What a downpour! Hey, that reminds me—"

He did not finish what he was going to say, for his wife nearby called to him, "Alan, you **must** fix the hole in the roof or we'll all drown!"



SAVED BY THE BELL

By PETER SKILLMAN (II)

"Oh, brother, what a hard day," I said to myself as I got into bed. It would be good to get some sleep. As soon as I hit the bed, I fell asleep.

Suddenly I awoke. There in the window at the foot of my bed I saw a weird face looking at me. It started to come through the wall. It was like a ghost, except that instead of white it was a very light green. Its feet were where its hands should be and its hands were where feet should be. It grabbed me and I tried to get loose, but it had too strong a grip. It took me right through the wall and went so fast everything was a blur.

After seeing things in a blur for about a minute we slowed down. We flew into an old deserted house on an island. In the house I saw some more of the same kind of people. They told me that they were hobblins and that they were going to shrink me down to the size of a mouse and use me as a slave. They put me in front of a machine that looked like a gun. The hobblins called it their S-ray. One of them clicked a switch and pulled a lever and a yellow light came out and shrank me down to mouse-size.

I tried to get away and ran for the door but something happened. There wasn't any floor and I fell upon a mattress. They looked down at me

and said, "You will not get any food or drink. You will starve here." Then the door went back into its place.

I started to search for an exit. I touched a spot and a door opened in front of me. I ran out but a guard saw me, so I ran the other way. There in front of me was a steel gate. I could not get through. More guards grabbed me and took me off to see the head hoblin. He said I would die by the blade.

They took me to a room which had in the middle a block of wood with a curve in it. On one side of it was a basket. A hoblin came in carrying an axe, and his head was done up so it couldn't be seen. They put my head on the block so it was over the basket. The head hoblin laid down an alarm clock. He said that when it went off my neck would be in two pieces. All of a sudden the alarm bell went off!

I turned over on my back. Sunlight was coming through the window. "Rats," I said. "Today is school and that old history test. Oh, gosh, I haven't even studied." I pushed in the lever so that my alarm clock would stop ringing. "Oh, brother," I said, "last night's horror movie will be the last one I'm going to see for a long time."

THE UNNAMED

By ROBERT CARRICK (V)

I rushed up the path, through the massive doorway, and into one of the strangest courtyards that I had ever seen. What puzzled me was, how? . . . or why? . . . why was this massive stone fortress here, cut off from civilization deep in the heart of darkest Africa? I had never heard of such a building in this remote section of the Limpopo. The castle had tremendous age, but something about it led me to believe that the place had been lately, or was still, inhabited. Another strange thing — the castle was positively untouched by the jungle!

"Ed? Ed? Where are you?"

"Mac! I'm in here," I answered.

MacDonough pushed open the thick wooden gates and walked in, staggering under his pack. Wait a minute, I thought — if this place had been deserted for centuries how come there was a thick **wooden** door in **perfect** working order? The wood should have decayed.

"What the heck are you trying to do? Get me lost?" he bellowed. He dropped his pack and looked up. "What is this place?" he asked.

"Got me beat," I answered. "Come on, let's set up."

"No," he said. "I want to look around."

"Don't be a fool," I told him. "The sun's started to set. You'll get lost."

"All right," he said resignedly, "you're boss. But first thing tomorrow."

We set up camp and I went to work cooking supper . . .

Mac stood up with his hand on his stomach. "Good meal. Say, I think I'll turn in."

"I think I'll stay up awhile," I told him.

The dishes were cleaned and everything was orderly, so I pulled out my pipe and sat down against a big rock. There I sat watching the smoke rise high into the night. And there I thought.

All of a sudden I became uneasy. It comes as a sixth sense when you work and live in the jungle, and apparently through that sense I had become aware of their presence. Quickly I jumped to my feet, my hand on my rifle, and looked around, but there was no one — no one I could see, that is! I stood there for a minute, for I was afraid to sit down again. Then I turned in. For half an hour I tossed restlessly, then fell into a welcome slumber.

I woke with the sun. Mac was still asleep, so I got up as quietly as I could and went out to prepare breakfast. Our provisions were out all over the ground. Everything had been completely ransacked, as if someone had been looking for something. I was angry.

"Mac!" I called. "Mac, come here!"

He came tearing out of the tent. We decided to explore the place and try to find out what was going on. We passed through one great portal

and into an immense room. Apparently there was no source of light, no window or anything; but from somewhere filtered a fluorescent blue glow. In the middle of the floor was a shadow. There were several shadows about the wall, but there was no visible cause of these shadows.

That evening we sat around the fire. The day's search had been uneventful, except that there was definitely something, or someone, living in the place.

We decided to stay up that night in watches, two hours each. Mac had the first watch, and so I went inside the tent. I did not get into bed. I just sat there waiting for Mac to come in and wake me.

About ten o'clock Mac shouted, "Ed! Ed! I saw it! I saw it! I was sitting there. The moon — something passed between me and the moon. I couldn't see it, but for — for a second it blotted out the moon. Ed, something is out there, something is out there!"

"Mac, get a good night's sleep and

tomorrow we shove off."

"Ed! What about the —"

"Do as I say?"

Meekly he complied, but terror was etched in his face. Finally he was asleep.

The morning dawned, much to Mac's relief, and, as I suspected, there were footprints all about the tent. We packed and walked out and away . . .

"Ed," he asked, "what was going on back there?"

"Mac, listen, you forget about that place," I said. "It never happened."

"All right, but —"

"You know that the human ear is an imperfect organ. There are some sounds that are not audible to us,"

"Yes, but —"

"It is my guess that the human eye is not a perfect organ either. Therefore there is some color on which the eye will not register. Right?"

"Yes."

"Well, I believe that the inhabitants of that castle are that color!"

"Oh, my God," he said. "Oh, my God!"

WESTWARD

By REGAN KERNEY (III)

Way out west on a Texas plain
The horizon is marked by a wagon train.
As the sun goes down in the western sky
And night brings the sound of a coyote's cry,
The campfire blazes, and the moon encases
The whole dark prairie in a light that traces
The clear, dark outline of every living thing,
And the slightest noise makes the cold air ring.
This is the prairie of the western land,
A dried-out desert, filled with sand.

THE HAND WITHOUT A BODY

By WARD JANDL (III)

It was nine o'clock when little Jimmy went to bed. As he lay in his warm bed watching ghostly shadows jump across the snow he thought he saw a distinct image of a huge, burly body dart through the small grove of trees.

A sharp chill ran up and down Jimmy's spine. Quickly he ducked under the covers. Slowly he gained enough courage to peep out of the blankets. He peered cautiously out toward the grove. Now nothing was there! Relieved, Jimmy sat up. As he stared at the moonless sky he thought he heard a rustle in a bush not six feet away from his window.

Jimmy was petrified when he saw a ghostly hand feel around in the snow. For what? — a dagger? — a pistol? And what was the hand doing without a body?

This time instead of crawling under the covers he ran to his mother. He told her the strange story, and about the hand without a body. She listened to his story as if a witness was telling this to a judge. Finally, after thinking it over, she took him

back to his room and showed him that there was nothing outside.

Satisfied, Jimmy went to bed and soon fell asleep. But he had made up his mind to look for any tracks in the snow the next morning.

When Jimmy woke up he hadn't forgotten to look for the tracks left by that hand (?) He put on his snow suit and went to the grove of trees. Sure enough, there were tracks — tracks that led to the neighbors' house.

He trotted to the Sims' house and rang the doorbell. Mr. Sims answered the door. Jimmy told him the queer story about the tracks and the hand without a body.

Mr. Sims laughed. He explained that his son Billy had lost a mitten. He hadn't remembered where he dropped it until late last night. Afraid that it would snow, Mr. Sims had gone to the grove to start looking. He groped until he came behind a bush and there he reached out and found what he was after.

The dagger of the night before was just a daytime mitten!

THE DEER

By LEE SMITH (III)

One evening cool and clear
I went to the brook to look for deer.
Shadows all around me
And the brook rippled gently.
The western skies turned softly pink,
And two brown deer came out to drink.
Suddenly there came a bark,
And the deer ran into the dark.

THE OLD WOMAN

By WILLIAM SHEA (III)

One warm night in June two 16-year-old boys were walking on the trail to their woods cabin when they noticed some very black storm clouds in the west. They hurried along the trail because they didn't want to get caught in the rain. When they reached their cabin they found that it had been burned down during the winter.

The storm had come upon them and they were five miles from civilization. They had no food, to speak of. All they had was one burned-down cabin and two cans of fruit.

Wearily they started back and finally came to a very small house in a little clearing. They walked up to the door and knocked, and an old woman answered. She was nice-looking but had a mysterious air about her.

She said, "You may come in for the night but you must go in the morning." The boys agreed because Jack had a cold and had to get to bed fast or it would get worse. The old woman took them to the upper floor and saw them to their door, saying, "Good night and pleasant

dreams." Later they heard her say while going down the stairs, "They might be your last, too. Ha, ha, ha."

In the middle of the night Jack awoke and nudged Bill. "Bill, are you asleep?"

"No," the answer came. "Why?"

"Well, I woke because something was dripping on my face. I felt it and then I tasted it. It was blood! Then I felt around and something was hanging up there. It must have been a human because I felt legs and arms!"

At that moment they both heard a sound like someone sharpening the blade of a knife. Then they heard the **bong, bong** of the clock striking in the hall. It was twelve o'clock. Then the steady **thump, thump** on the stairs as the old woman came up them.

Creak! The door slowly opened and the old lady softly entered the room. She had a long, curved knife that looked very dangerous. She came toward the beds and raised the knife and plunged it deep into the pig she was trying to get some meat from.



A CAMPING TRIP

By VINCENT WICKWAR (VI)

"Ouch! That's me, not a fish," I yelled, half in pain and half in anger. "Get that hook out of my pants!"

"I'm sorry, Roy, real sorry. I'll get a big knife. We have to —"

"Never mind, just get this damn thing out."

"O.K. Just don't sit down or I won't be able to reach it."

"Sit down! Are you crazy?" Everything seemed to be happening to me — "Ouch, can't you be gentle?" — on this trip, and I couldn't figure why. Maybe it was because I walked under a ladder, or because I saw a black cat, or because the trip started on Friday the thirteenth — anyway, I didn't know. "Have you finished?"

"No, just a little bit more."

A moment later Bill appeared. "What's going on here, Roy, Jim?" He started laughing.

"Shut up. Can't you see this is a serious matter?" I pleaded. Jim had now cut the hook and removed it.

I remembered my tent falling down the night before, and my waking up to find ants throughout my things. Also how yesterday I had fallen into a stream because I slipped off a rock. This was all too much for one camping trip. I could now truthfully say that I had been hooked and that I had ants in my pants. My feelings having been hurt by these incidents, I tried to think of some way of getting even with Bill

and Jim. Somehow I would get them soaked on the way home. "It will be simple," I thought. "I'll show them what it's like to fall into the water. While they are looking at the stream I will manage to slip and knock them in, while I fall on the bank." The more I thought about it, the better I liked the plan.

"Let's fish some more," Jim said.

In no time at all I got a bite. "If I land this fish it will be my first of the whole trip," I mused. "Bill," I yelled, "get the yardstick." By its fight, I was positive it was a big one. I almost landed in the water again. "Here it comes. Get the yardstick."

I groaned. "This is disgusting!"

"What's wrong?" Bill yelled.

"Look. I'm lucky if it's an inch long."

What a laugh they got! I was doubly determined now to use my plan of revenge.

On the way home we reached the stream where I had previously fallen in and where I planned my dirty work. I looked in and said, "Bill — Jim — quick, a trout!" They came running. I started up the bank and took hold of the branch of a tree. Without looking back I started to drop on my unsuspecting companions. Suddenly I got a sickening feeling. They had moved. I let out a yell and held on to the branch for all I was worth. Crack — it broke. Splash! "Oh no," I thought. "This is the end of everything."

A SHUT CASE

By JOHN SHEEHAN (III)

Grudney Yule was with his parents on a ship. They were bound for Ireland. Grudney was about five or seven. Let's say he was in a mischievous age.

Grudney was given the run of the ship. Everybody liked him. The man who ran the bar let him mix martinis. The stewards let him ring the bells that announced breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Once they even let him ring the big gong announcing that it was time to go ashore if you were going ashore.

The band players let him fiddle with their instruments. Once they even let him sing "Home on the Range," through the microphone, to the people at breakfast.

After inviting him and his family to supper a couple of times the captain gave orders not to stop Grudney from having fun.

What Grudney liked to do most was play the drums in the recreation room. The drummer said he could use the drumsticks if he put them back.

One day Grudney was getting the

drumsticks. They were in the big, empty case that holds the big bass drum. Grudney slipped and fell in. The top of the case fell down, closed, and locked tight.

Inside, Grudney was scared. He didn't know what to do. Here he was, trapped, inside a drum case, on the balcony overlooking the dining room. The band didn't rehearse until three o'clock in the afternoon. And the time of Grudney's accident was a little before eleven.

He didn't know what to do. Then he remembered the drumsticks. He managed to turn himself over and began beating a tattoo on the inside of the case with the sticks.

At length a band member who was getting his instrument heard him and came to the rescue.

Meanwhile Grudney's parents were terribly worried. They didn't have the slightest idea where he was. When he got back to his stateroom he was scolded and wept over at the same time.

All he had to say was, "It was fun."





LOWER SCHOOL



UPPER SCHOOL



HONOR ROLL

Spring Term, 1957-1958

(These grades DO include Term Examinations)

FIRST HONOR ROLL (90-100%)

DAVID BLAIR
TOWNSEND BLODGET
GERARD CAMERON
WILLIAM EDWARDS
WARREN ELMER
ROGER FAGAN
RANDOLPH HOBLER
WARD JANDL
ANTHONY LAUCK
RICHARD MARCUS
JOHN ODDEN
JOHN POOLE
RODGERS PRATT
JAMES SCARFF
JOHN SCHEIDE
JOHN WILLIS

SECOND HONOR ROLL (85-89%)

JOHN BRINKERHOFF
FRANCIS BUSHNELL
THOMAS CHUBET
ROY COPPEDGE
ALEXANDER EDWARDS
DAVID FROTHINGHAM
ROBERT GRIGGS
SAMUEL GUTTMAN
ADDISON HANAN
DAVID JOHNSON
KEVIN KENNEDY
JAMES KERR
JOHN MARSHALL
ALEXANDER PATTON
RICHARD REYNOLDS
JOSEPH RIKER
WILLIAM SAYEN
JOHN SHEEHAN
PHILIP SHERWOOD
PETER SKILLMAN
CHARLES SMYTH
JAMES VOLLERECHE
VINCENT WICKWAR

THIRD HONOR ROLL (80-84%)

RAYMOND AGAR
ALAN AGLE
NORMAN ARMOUR
BRUCE ARMSTRONG
ROBERT AYERS
ELIAS BAKER
JOHN BAKER
WARREN BAKER
ROBERT BALES
DUDLEY BLODGET
PHILIP BONNET
ROBERT CONSOLE
RICHARD CRAWFORD
ALFRED DAVIS
JOHN DUNNING
RICHARD ECKELS
WALTER EDWARDS
DAVID GREENE
PETER HART
HAROLD HENRY
FREDERICK HUTSON
BURTON JACKSON
JAMES KILGORE
PETER KLINE
HAROLD KNOX
WARD KUSER
ROBERT LEVENTHAL
RICHARD LONGSTRETH
DOUGLAS MACKIE
DIRAN MAJARIAN
ROGER MARCUS
PETTERSON MARZONI
LEWIS PERRY
WILLIAM SMOYER
WILLIAM STANIAR
ALFRED STENGEL
CHARLES STUART
GLENN THOMAS
HAROLD VAN DOREN
WILLIAM WALKER

THE FATHER SON SHOP PROGRAM

By VINCENT WICKWAR



DRAWING BY MR. MICHAEL RAMUS

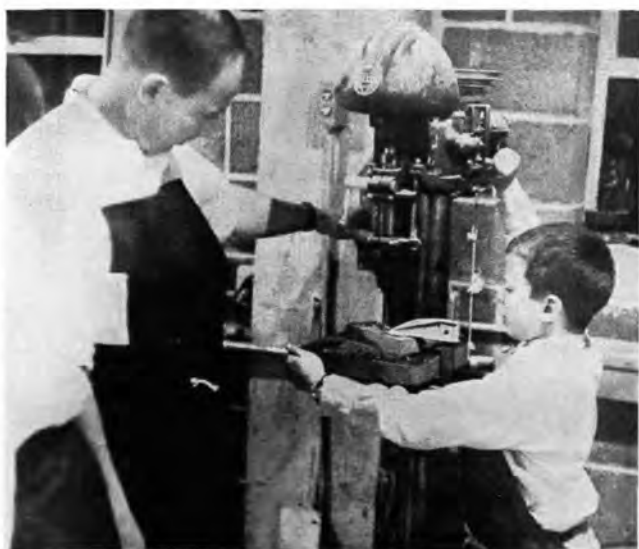
Reprinted from the Princeton Packet

March third was the beginning of a new era at school — activities for both fathers and sons. This era arrived with Mr. Whitlock's father-son shop program.

Mr. Whitlock originated it a few years ago, but it wasn't until the new wing was built that the shop was big enough for undertaking it.

Excepting Easter vacation, the father-son shop program was held every Monday evening between early March and the end of school, from seven-thirty till nine-thirty. There were seventy registered members, of whom twelve to forty were present at each session.

This program is going to continue under Mr. Whitlock's direction again next year.



QUESTIONNAIRE

The Editors of the JUNIOR JOURNAL polled members of the Sixth Form and of the First Form on some of their likes and dislikes. The results are tabulated below.

	6th FORM	1st FORM
Favorite Actor	James Stewart (Mr. Ackley, 1 vote)	Perry Como (Jerry Lewis, Phil Silvers)
Favorite Actress	Brigitte Bardot	Gracie Allen
Favorite T.V. Shows		
Comedy	Sergeant Bilko	Phil Silvers
Drama	Shock Theater (Maverick)	Perry Mason
Free	Have Gun, Will Travel (Dick Clark Show)	Zorro
Favorite Radio Show	Operation 60,000 (Jean Shepard)	Make Believe Ball Room & Amos and Andy
Favorite Radio Station	WINS (WOR)	WOR & WNEW
Favorite Food		
Drink	Beer (Coke)	Coke
Solid	Steak	Steak & Lobster
Favorite Singer		
Male	Elvis	Perry Como
Female	Doris Day	Dinah Shore
Favorite Magazine		
1.	Play Boy	Life
2.	Sports Illustrated	Sports Illustrated
3.	Life	Mad
Favorite Song	Witch Doctor	Witch Doctor (Purple People Eater)

Favorite Hobby

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

Girls
Sports
Loafing & Stamps

Models
Stamp collecting
Woodwork

Favorite Commercial

Piel's Beer

Ipana & Maypo

Favorite Color

Blue (Green)

Green, Red, & White

Favorite Breakfast
Cereal

Wheaties

Cheerios

Favorite Baseball
Team

San Francisco Giants

N. Y. Yankees

Favorite Subject

Math

Math

Favorite Sport

Hockey
(Football)

Baseball

Favorite Car

Mercedes 300 SL

Ford

Favorite Recent
Movie

The Young Lions

Run Silent,
Run Deep

Favorite Recent Book

Peyton Place

Homer Price

Worst Job

Homework

Cleaning room

Worst Commercial

Storm Windows
(Franco-American
Spaghetti)

Ipana

Worst Subject

Latin

Social Studies
Science & Math

Worst Book

Both Latin books

The Hardy
Boys SeriesWorst Medical
Treatment

Typhoid shot

Shots

Worst Song

Short Shorts

Hound Dog

Worst Magazine

Mad

Mad

THE SCHOOL FAIR

As Seen by Various Third Formers

On Saturday, May 17, Princeton Country Day School held its annual fair. The theme of this fair was "P.C.D. By the Sea." Of the many rides and contests, the "whip" was one of the most popular. It consisted of about ten cars which were attached to a chain which went around an oval-shaped base. At each corner the cars went faster and jerked. Of the contests of skill, the life preserver was the easiest. All you had to do at it was to throw at least one of three footballs through an old car tire which hung from a tree. One boy won seven toy animals and ten doctor's kits there. (**John Willis**)

Hundreds of people scurried through the entrance which was decorated with barrels, navy caps, and, hanging from some trees, was the sign saying, "P.C.D. By the Sea." . . . Though the ferris wheel didn't look scary, when you got in it with two screaming five-year-olds, well . . . The most interesting and successful booth was probably "Knock-the-bottles-off-the-table." This booth attracted long lines of more than 20 people. Skill was needed to knock the wooden bottles down, so not many people walked away from that booth with a prize. (**Ward Jandl**)

There were 33 booths of things to ride, test your skill, or eat and drink. The Hay Ride was a big wagon pulled by a tractor. The main trouble about it was that you were in danger of a lemon attack. I also liked the China Smashing booth. It was where you tried to knock down some china on a rack with a baseball. The Sponge Throwing was fun. Some sucker would stand behind a board with a hole in it. He would then be hit, if unlucky, with wet sponges. (**Gibby Kane**)

The Tattoo Parlor was having a large amount of customers and about fifteen minutes after the fair had started a little boy, about seven, appeared with ten tattoos all over his two small arms. Several people got tattooed all over their legs instead of their arms. (**Bill Shea**)



"Climb the Rigging" consisted of two ropes hung from a limb of a tree. One had knots in it to make it easier to climb. The other had no knots in it and was supposed to be harder to climb. The easier rope you paid one ticket to climb, and two for the other. When you reached the top you got a prize which could be about anything. **(Peter Katzenbach)**

Although all the attractions were great fun my favorite was the sports car rides. The car would go down Broadmead till it came to the lake. It would then go along Lake Shore Drive for half a mile and then return to the fair. This ride made up for its shortness by its excitement when you would go speeding along with the wind beating in your face and whenever you hit a rut or a bump it would send vibrations through you and make you feel great, or sometimes if the bump was bad enough you would lose your balance and almost fall out of the car. **(John Becker)**

The Sports Cars did a very good business until a policeman said that they would have to stop because they were speeding and the passengers were standing, which endangered their lives as well as the lives of occupants of other cars. But after promising to have their passengers sit down and to not go above the speed limit the policeman said they could continue their operations I liked the Soft Drinks not because of their taste but because of their selling place. What they did was to take the Dirty Glass Saloon bar and sell the soft drinks from behind it. **(Glenn Thomas)**

Another good thing was the ship **Henry B. Ross**, the non-seagoing ship There was no Cotton Candy, so to take its place they had Snow Cones which were ground-up ice put in a dixie cup with an assortment of soft drinks poured into the dixie cup. These Snow Cones did not make as much of a hit as Cotton Candy. **(Henry Tomlinson)**

One part of the fair I liked was the bakery sale. The mothers must have worked hard to make all the cookies, cakes, brownies, etc. There was one cake that had white icing and little green leaves around the edges and in the middle was a "Happy P.C.D. Fair, 1958." Another thing that I had something to do with was the soda stand. I helped load the cokes into our truck and then unload them at the stand. I still have a bottle scar from one of the bottles which slit my little finger The only thing wrong with the whole fair was that I had no money. **(Peter Raymond)**

THE P.C.D. FAIR

By GUY VICINO (III)

I went to the P.C.D. Fair.
The food and the rides were there.
 I drove to the lake
 While my mother sold cake;
Unknowing, I gave her a scare.

The Glee Club, in very fine tune,
And after rehearsing at noon,
 Sang praise to their boss,
 The fine Henry Ross,
Whom we will be losing in June.



ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

By DAVID KELLEY

This year's baseball team not only had an excellent season but also showed a vast improvement from the beginning of the season to the end. Its record was seven wins and three losses. The pitching was done by Jobe Stevens and Perry Rodgers. Special mention should be given to George Peterson for his fine job as captain. Mr. McCaughan helped the team with his valuable coaching.

P.C.D. 10, WITHERSPOON 5

In our first game both teams were sloppy and we managed to get only one hit. We won mainly by aggressive base-running. Stevens did the pitching.

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 11, P.C.D. 2

We received a sound beating and made many errors. Peterson started on the mound, but Stevens relieved him.

VALLEY ROAD 4, P.C.D. 2

Despite our loss we finally looked like a ball team. Our batting was improving and the infield looked good. Rodgers pitched a good game.

WARDLAW 8, P.C.D. 7

We were beaten but played well. The teams were evenly matched and it was a good game. We hit and fielded well. Rodgers did the pitching.

P.C.D. 13, SHORT HILLS 1

This game was a complete slaughter and everyone played well. Stevens pitched a good game.

P.C.D. 5, VALLEY ROAD 4

After being previously beaten, we came back to win. The team played well and the hitting was up to par. Stevens was on the mound.

P.C.D. 23, FATHERS 0

Everyone on the squad played and had a good time. Rodgers pitched the whole game.

P.C.D. 6, LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 4

This was our greatest victory. Everything went our way. Stevens pitched an excellent game.

P.C.D. 7, WARDLAW 2

We played a good game. Our hitting was up and the team had a lot of spirit. Stevens was on the mound and did an exceptionally good job.

P.C.D. 10, WITHERSPOON 7

The outlook was very dim in our last game. Stevens started on the mound, to be relieved by Rodgers. He in turn was relieved by McMorris, who pitched very well for his first time. After a slow start we managed to get a rally going in the last inning to win.

At the Activities Dinner varsity letters were awarded to Peterson (Captain), Bales, Bushnell, Kelley, Kirkpatrick A., Knox G., Rodgers, Stevens J., Tassie, Carrick, Cook, Fairman, McMorris, Mueller, Stuart, Davis, Smoyer, Wood P., Reynolds T. (Manager).



The Fathers fail to
make a put-out.



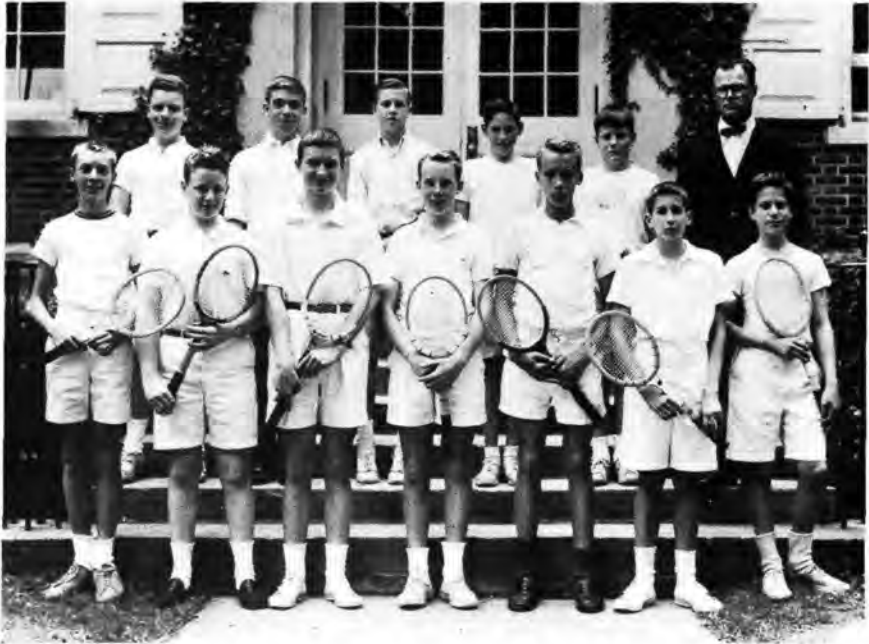
Fischer returns
a hard one.

TENNIS

By CHRISTOPHER WRIGHT

At the beginning of the spring season, the tennis squad realized that it did not have good material to start with. Most of the players were Fifth Formers who had never before been on the squad and were lacking skill and experience in the game, with the exception of a few. Captain John White tried his best to lead his team to victory, but sadly, due to strong opposition, P.C.D. lost all of the matches except for the last one, which was tied.

The three outside schools played were Lawrenceville, Trenton Junior Three, and Witherspoon. The Varsity included the following players — John White, Donald Fischer, Dick Crawford, Parkie Shearer, David Seder, Charles Smyth, Ted Churchill, Joseph Smith, and Vincent Wickwar.



WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

By PHILIP BONNET

SCHOLARSHIP

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

The following boys were clear of failures during the Spring Term. (Boys whose names are printed in capital letters had no tri-weekly failures during the whole year.)

BLUES (69) — Agar, AGLE, Aul, AYERS, BALES, Battle, BLAIR, BLODGET D., BLODGET H., BONNET, BRINKERHOFF, CAMERON, Chubet, Churchill, CONSOLE, Cook, DUNNING, Earnest, Edwards A., EDWARDS W. R., ELMER, French, FROTHINGHAM, GOODRICH D., Goodrich R., HENRY, HOBLER, Jackson, JANDL, KANE, KENNEDY, Kerr, Kilgore, KLINE, Knox H., Lange, LAUCK, Mackie, MARCUS R., MARCUS RO., MARZONI, MATHER, Miller, Morse, ODDEN, Peterson, POOLE, PRATT, PUTNEY, Raymond, REYNOLDS R., SCARFF, SCHEIDE, SKILLMAN, Smith L., SMOYER, SMYTH, Strassenburgh, STUART, THOMAS, Tibbals, Tyler B., Tyler D., VAN DOREN, VOLLBRECHT, Whitney, WICKWAR, WILLIS, Wyman.

WHITES (61) — ARMOUR, ARMSTRONG B., Armstrong E., BAKER E., BAKER J., BAKER W., BUSHNELL, CARRICK, COPPEDGE, CRAWFORD, DAVIS, DELANO, Dielhenn, DONALDSON, ECKELS, EDWARDS C. W., FAGAN, Fraker, FULLAM, GASTON, Goble, GRIGGS, GRISWOLD, GUTTMAN, HANAN, HART, HUTSON, JOHNSON, Kerney Ro., Kirkpatrick A., Kuser L., Kuser W., Lea, LEVENTHAL, LONGSTRETH, MAJARIAN, Marshall, MATHEWS, MAXWELL L., Maxwell R., MILLS, Mount, MUELLER, Norton, PATTON, Perry, PETTIT, PRINCE, RIKER, SAYEN W., SHEEHAN, STANIAR, Stengel, Stevens J., Stoess, Vicino, WALKER, WANDELT, Warren, White P., Wright P.

BASEBALL

This year the Whites made a very good showing in baseball. They won every series except on the Junior Varsity.

TENNIS

The tennis competition, however, was much closer. In singles the two Colors were tied. The Blues managed to win the tournament by winning the doubles match.

COMMENCEMENT

The School Auditorium

Monday, June 9, 1958 — 8:15 P. M.

PRESIDING

Richard W. Baker, Jr. '31
Chairman: Board of Trustees

INVOCATION

Rev. Ledlie I. Laughlin, Jr. '45
Grace Church, Jersey City, N. J.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

CLASS EXERCISES

Class Poem	{	RAYMOND AGAR ALEXANDER KIRKPATRICK
Class Prophecy	{	FELIX VANDERSTUCKEN GORDON KNOX ROBERT BALES GEORGE PETERSON

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

Robert F. Goheen '34
President: Princeton University

AWARDING OF PRIZES AND DIPLOMAS

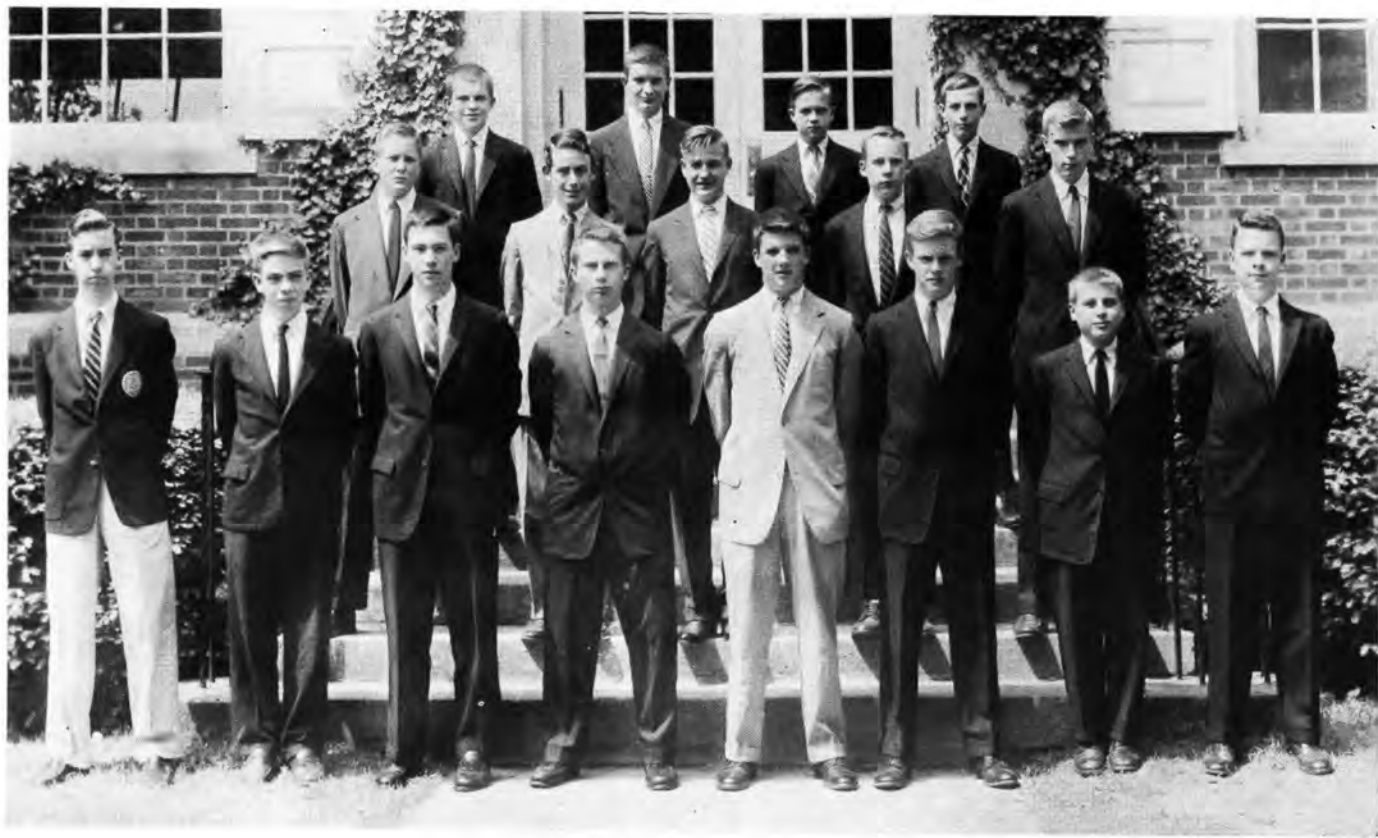
Henry B. Ross, *Headmaster*

SCHOOL AWARDS

The Headmaster's Cup	JOSEPH BREWSTER STEVENS
(<i>Leadership</i>)	
The Faculty Cup	ROBERT TORRENCE BALES
(<i>General Character</i>)	
The Athletics Cup	JOSEPH BREWSTER STEVENS
(<i>Best All Around Athlete</i>)	
Upper School Scholarship Cup	ANTHONY GEROLD LAUCK
(<i>Forms IV, V, VI</i>)	
The Alumni Cup	ANTHONY GEROLD LAUCK
(<i>Proficiency in Form V</i>)	
Lower School Scholarship Cup	WARREN PHILO ELMER, III
(<i>Forms I, II, III</i>)	
The Lance Raymond Shield	CHARLES WILLIAM EDWARDS, JR.
(<i>General Character in Form I</i>)	
Awards for Endeavor and Improvement:	
Sixth Form	JOHN MILTON TASSIE, JR.
Fifth Form	JOHN R. GOBLE
Award for Special Service to the School	{ ROBERT TORRENCE BALES GEORGE ARVID PETERSON

AWARDING OF SENIOR PRIZES

Mathematics	{	ROBERT TORRENCE BALES
(Murch Cup given by Class of 1946)	{	VINCENT BEAUCHAMP WICKWAR FRANCIS MARTIN BUSHNELL, JR. PHILIP LAURENCE BONNET



THE CLASS OF 1958

English	{ FRANCIS MARTIN BUSHNELL, JR. RAYMOND SCOTT AGAR ALEXANDER L. KIRKPATRICK
Ancient History	{ FRANCIS MARTIN BUSHNELL, JR. VINCENT BEAUCHAMP WICKWAR
Latin	FRANCIS MARTIN BUSHNELL, JR.
French	VINCENT BEAUCHAMP WICKWAR
Public Speaking	PHILIP LAURENCE BONNET
Art	{ ROBERT DUNKIN CARRICK (Form V) WALTER R. EDWARDS, JR. (Form IV) FORD McKINSTRY FRAKER (Form I) KARL DRAVO PETTIT, III (Form IV)

CLASS SCHOLARSHIP RECORDS

High Commendation for General Excellence

Sixth Form	{ FRANCIS MARTIN BUSHNELL, JR. VINCENT BEAUCHAMP WICKWAR ROBERT TORRENCE BALES
Fifth Form	{ ANTHONY GEROLD LAUCK SAMUEL ADAM GUTTMAN CHARLES ANTHONY SMYTH
Fourth Form	{ JOHN HANSEN ODDEN ROGER CHARLES FAGAN JOHN WESTAWAY BRINKERHOFF
Third Form	{ JOHN OSGOOD WILLIS RANDOLPH WINDSOR HOBLER HENRY WARD JANDL
Second Form	{ WARREN PHILO ELMER, JR. RICHARD GREENWALD MARCUS GERARD G. CAMERON JOHN BOWMAN POOLE
First Form	{ DAVID HUNT BLAIR, III JOHN RIGGS SCHEIDE CHARLES WILLIAM EDWARDS, JR. JAMES EBERHARDT SCARFF

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS — THE CLASS OF 1958

RAYMOND SCOTT AGAR	EEERHARD MATHIAS ROSENBLAD
ROBERT TORRENCE BALES	JOSEPH BREWSTER STEVENS
PHILIP LAURENCE BONNET	GEORGE CRISPIN STOESS
FRANCIS MARTIN BUSHNELL, JR.	JOHN MILTON TASSIE, JR.
DAVID M. KELLEY	EMILE FELIX VANDERSTUCKEN, III
ALEXANDER L. KIRKPATRICK	EWART JOHN WHITE, III
GORDON KNOX, JR.	VINCENT BEAUCHAMP WICKWAR
GEORGE ARVID PETERSON	CHRISTOPHER BISSELL WRIGHT
	CHRISTOPHER RAYMOND PERRY RODGERS, JR.

CLASS POEM

By RAYMOND S. AGAR

(Delivered by RAYMOND AGAR and ALEXANDER KIRKPATRICK)

You have fought with many teachers 'mongst these halls.
All of 'em have flunked you; some of 'em have cursed you
For conversing loudly in your study halls
And not doing rework that was overdue.

There was some of you what couldn't take it.
You started off at twenty-six in Rooms 1 and 2
But there's eighteen what finally could make it,
And we'll just 'ave to bloody well make do.

So here's to you, Class of Fifty-Eight, with your homes around Princeton.
You have among you *Ray Agar*, who is devilish with a gun,
And when he up and shoots a few you can hardly call it fair
For he could take a twenty-two and with it shoot a bear.

In basketball there's only *Bobby Bales*,
And for the plays we gave he set the scene;
While in an argument he never fails,
The teachers do not think him quite so keen.
Bonnet's a bloody blooming scientist.
"Blimey" says he, "I'll up an' make a rocket."
To start it off he hit it with his fist.

He came to, his head almost in his pocket.

So here's to you, Class of Fifty-Eight, who the masters couldn't teach
to spell.

Their only hope among you all is conscientious *Frank Bushnell*,
Who lives out in a jungle which is also called Belle Mead,
And for grades way high up in the sky, he seems to have a greed.

In soccer and in hockey, *Dave Kelley* is our boy.
Not only is he very rough and tough,
With talk the foes' morale he does destroy.
He's captain of the Whites (of him we've had enough).
Kirkpatrick's humour spices up the time
With jokes he's plagiarized from Jean Sheppard.
We wish he'd add some reason or some rhyme
To the jokes that all of us have three times heard.

So here's to you, Class of Fifty-Eight, with your schooners full of beer,
Let us drink a toast to *Knox*, who played Big Red this year.
Although he was beat by Muggsy, with the girls he always wins.
If you ask him how he does it, "Aw shucks," he says and grins.

Peterson's the cap'n of the baseball team,
In mathematics he is not so great;
Invectives at the problems he will scream.
When it comes to Latin his heart is black with hate.
But *Perry Rodgers*, on the other hand,
In addition to the 'Blues' president,
P.C.D.'s football team he does command.
He's the Great Road's wildest resident.

So here's to you, Class of Fifty-Eight, with your love of blood
and gore,

And to your *Bambi Rosenblad*, who pulls off pranks galore,
Who speaks his French in Swedish style but does well just the same;
Also he in tennis stars, for he never tires of the game.

If you can't lick 'em, join 'em, the saying goes,
And *Mr. Ross*, our honorary, did just that.
It's all right that he's graduating, I suppose,
Showing there's more than one way in which to skin a cat.

Jobe Stevens is your hockey captain
And Secretary of the Whites besides.
If after girls he goes, he scores again.
Even in the classroom, not too low are his tides.

So here's to you, Class of Fifty-Eight,
with your love of fun and frolic.

You have among you *Stoess*, who lives in a setting bucolic,
And though he never talks too loud he's bigger than an ox,
But to even you he is an enigmatic paradox.

John Tassie is your fanciest dresser
With his black shirt and phosphorescent tie.
When it comes to grades he's the best guesser;
If the class failed math he knows 'fore you or I.
Bubby is a Texan, likes wide open spaces;
He spends his time spelunking in Sonorra,
But in the midst of French he is always making faces —
He's far from Texas now but he'll be there tomorrow.

So here's to you, Class of Fifty-Eight,
and your love of fight and riot.

John White's the man of tennis, though in class he's very quiet.
His imitations of Donald Duck, which always are a laugh,
Are not much help in math tests when you try to draw a graph.

Vince Wickwar has returned from Lebanon
To excel throughout the academic year,
Of him we shall undoubtedly see more anon;
You will always see him with his camera gear.
Christopher Wright is always on the spot.
In study period his livelihood is doing everything that he should not
And not doing most the things he should.

So here's to you, Class of Fifty-Eight,
with your friends that couldn't take it.

You're going to some other schools and the teachers hope you'll make it.
In the last six years or so the masters have more than had enough
And so they really couldn't take a year more of your guff.

CLASS PROPHECY

By R. BALES, G. PETERSON, and F. VANDERSTUCKEN

(Delivered by TOBY KNOX and BUBBY VANDERSTUCKEN)

V—Why, Jobe Stevens, you old son of a gun. You sure have changed.

K—That would be a change, Bub, it is Bub Vanderstucken, isn't it? I happen to be Toby Knox.

V—Oh yes, how could I have been so mistaken? It has been fifteen years since we've seen each other. So you're making millions on your New Square records.

K—Yes, but wait till I invent a record machine that will play them. Then I'll really clean up. I heard that you are now doing a revival of the Jackie Gleason show.

V—Yes, but did you hear about our good old friends Phil Bonnet and Ray Agar? They opened a new plant a couple of years ago. Phil made new kinds of gunpowder and Ray made new guns that could use the powder. It was too bad, the last that anybody heard of them was one loud explosion.

K—Sandy Kirkpatrick got fed up one day with the constant ridicule about his figure and started on the long road to lose weight, and just the other day he won a prize for being elected "Mr. America."

V—Dave Kelley turned out to be quite a guy. He is now teaching Princeton students how to look casual while playing ice hockey.

K—Bob Bales announced to the public the other day that he didn't think that it was fair for him to take advantage of other pro basketball teams, so from now on he is going to take all long shots with a bowling ball.

V—Remember old Jobe Stevens? Now he's known as the hot-dog man. He is working on something completely new — the meatless hot-dog. Have you heard anything about his pal, Perry Rodgers?

K—Yes, he's back at good old P.C.D. teaching Latin. Through his love for the language he is trying to make it a "live" language instead of a "dead" one.

V—I was sure Cris Stoess would turn out to be a scientist, but he is a movie star. One of his best and most popular movies was "The Zombi," in which he had the leading role.

K—Yes, people can sure fool you. I thought Bambi Rosenblad would be a jockey, but now Bambi has a T.V. program for the kiddies. It's called "Bambi Land." This week he is showing a film from a new series called "People and Places on Mars."

V—Good old George Peterson won't have any more fire trouble, for he has just invented a fireproof house. Everything in it is fireproof. He is really an amazing fellow, for he accomplished this incredible thing by making everything out of stone.

K—John Tassie turned out to be a writer. He is author of such books as "How To Cheat at Hopscotch," "How To Cheat at Tiddlywinks," and many others.

V—Remember when John White was captain of the tennis team, back in '58? He stuck to the game and is now working on a water-cooled tennis racket to keep it cool when he hits those hot serves of his.

K—That renowned bicycle fixer and rider, Chris Wright, has just turned the 500-mile Indianapolis auto race into a six-day bike race.

V—You know how Vincent Wickwar used to be interested in photography? Well, it paid off. Today he is a famous photographer for Playboy magazine.

K—I bet you'll never forget Mr. Ross, the honorary member of the Class of Fifty-eight. People haven't seen much of him lately, but the last I heard, he was living alone somewhere in the Florida Everglades, away from the screaming voices of little moppets . . . well, I have to run, it's been nice talking with you again.

V—Yes, I hope we meet again soon. Goodbye.

WITH THE ALUMNI

1955

Arthur M. Edmonds was killed on June 14 together with three other Princeton High School students when an automobile in which they were passengers crashed near Kingston, N. J. Arthur was to have graduated four days later.

To his brother Russell, Class of 1958, and to his parents and family, the JUNIOR JOURNAL extends the sympathy of the School.

1950

Pierce Milholland is Art Editor of Ivy, the college year-book at Trinity College.

William C. Wallace has become engaged to Elizabeth Ann Cockroft, of Fitchburg, Mass. Bill recently completed six months active duty with the Artillery Training Command at Fort Chaffee, Arkansas. He is with the First National City Bank of New York.

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1951

June graduates of Princeton University include **George Hess** (High Honors in Physics), **Douglas Levick** (Honors in Engineering), **Peter Alsop**, **Thomas Dorf**, **Hugh Fairman**, **Robert Kales**, **Edwin Metcalf**, and **Harry Rulon-Miller**.

Kales, **Levick**, and **Rulon-Miller** were commissioned in the U. S. Naval Reserve, and **Fairman** in the U. S. Air Force Reserve.

Hess earned membership in **Phi Beta Kappa**, while **Dorf** and **Hess** are members of **Sigma Xi**, honorary scientific group.

Levick was named to the All-American lacrosse team for the second year. He played defense on the Princeton Ivy League championship team.

Rulon-Miller, captain of the Princeton hockey team, received the William B. Blackwell Trophy in Hockey.

1952

Charles S. Green is president of the University of Virginia chapter of the American Rocketry Society. **Tucker** is a Senior, majoring in aeronautical engineering.

J. Robert Hillier has been elected president of the Senior Class at Princeton University. **Bob** has also been president of the class during Junior year.

Clement Pease is co-captain of next year's tennis team at the University of Vermont.

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1953

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

Peter Knipe was a member of the Yale University debating team.

John Vollbrecht played on the varsity hockey team at Cornell.

The following Princeton sophomores were elected to Prospect Street clubs this winter: **Peter Cook** and **Gren Cuyler** (Ivy Club), **Tom Urbaniak** (Cannon Club).

1954

Benny Hubby won Freshman numerals in squash and tennis at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

Mike McKenzie, a Freshman at Harvard, has won an honorary National Scholarship, awarded to "an outstanding student who has no financial need at present."

Marine Pfc. **Austin Sullivan** has been attending the Radioman School at the Naval Station, Norfolk, Virginia.

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1955

Sam Busselle, graduating from Lawrenceville, received an award for his record as captain of the swimming team.

Fred Osborne was in the cast of "Our Town," presented in March by the Princeton High School.

Walter Menand, David Miller, and Clark Travers all received diplomas from Princeton High School this month.

1956

Dudley Clark has been elected to head the Student Government at Proctor Academy, Andover, New Hampshire. He received the highest rating of 126 boys, on qualities which included character, leadership, and popularity.

1957

Fred Andrew pitched 23 innings in six games for the Hun School baseball team and compiled an excellent 1.1 earned run average.

Bev Aaron and Tyler Gatchell acted in the Princeton High School production of "Our Town."

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JUNE 26 TO AUGUST 21

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