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JUNIOR JOURNAL

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JANUARY 1959

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METAMORPHOSIS

The history of P.C.D. may be compared with that of a caterpillar spinning a cocoon. In 1924, P.C.D. was the new born caterpillar getting its bearings and searching for food; then, upon getting fat, retiring from one world on Bayard Lane to a new world in a cocoon on Broadmead. There

over the years the caterpillar grows bigger, and when he starts to expand he splits his cocoon slightly. Preparing for the future, the caterpillar repairs his cocoon and enlarges it, and then grows until once again he is splitting the cocoon. Again he repairs it, taking another step toward the future. Until one day, the caterpillar has just about formed into a full-grown moth. After adding two wings and a new gym on his cocoon, he sees that there is no room to expand, and he also notices that soon the cocoon will open; he wonders what he will be and where he will go. Stay around the cocoon, or join his sister moth? The answers we will know in about ten years when the moth is due to emerge.

WHO'S WHO

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CAUSE OF DEATH: LARGE ANIMAL

By ROBERT CARRICK (VI)

Twelve solemn men filed slowly into the dimly lit room. The old man showed them their seats along the far wall, and they obediently went over and sat down on a long, rickety, old bench. A flickering candle was the only source of illumination in the dingy log cabin. In the middle of the room was a large wooden table on which was laid out the still form of a man draped with a sheet. Bending over the still form was a well dressed man inspecting the corpse quite thoroughly. The old man stood, interestedly, looking over the shoulder of the coroner. The candle illuminated the features, also, of an apprehensive young man. The young man's and the coroner's clothes seemed strangely out of place and alien to this dirty little backwoods cabin.

The coroner turned to the old man and conferred with him in low tones. The young man craned his neck in an effort to hear, while the twelve southern foresters spoke noisily among themselves. Then the old man turned around to the twelve men and signalled for quiet.

"You men know why you are here!" he began. "You are here as

witnesses for the proceedings. Therefore you must pay attention. You all have at one time or another become acquainted with the deceased." He indicated, with a flourish of his hand, the still form on the table. "That is another reason for your presence here. The deceased has been living here for ten or more years. He made his living by his traps. He had no enemies, was in perfect health, but yet, four days after his nephew," indicating the young man, "arrived at his cabin, he died. The coroner here lists cause of death: mauling by large animal."

The twelve began murmuring among themselves. The speaker signalled for silence and then went on.

"The nephew", again indicating the young man, "has told me his story and I want him to tell it to you."

Immediately all eyes focused on the young man, who stepped out of the shadows and into the vague, flickering light of the candle.

"I was living in Charlottesville when I received Uncle Mil's wire. It said that there were some very strange things going on here, and

that I should hurry right down. Well, that's just what I did. Uncle Milt wan't as young as he used to be and living alone, in the middle of the woods the way he was, I thought he might need some help.

"Well, the next afternoon I arrived at his cabin and, to my great surprise and consternation, found him cowering in his bunk. He kept babbling that 'It' was after him, that 'It' was waiting outside for him. I tried to calm him by telling him that nothing was outside, for I had seen nothing when I came in. That only frightened him more and he sat there with a look of terror etched across his face. Then he shouted, 'You wouldn't, you wouldn't.' At that time, I could not understand this.

"When I calmed him down enough to make sense, he told me what was then the most fantastic and absurd story I had ever heard. He said that one day while he was sitting on the front porch doing not much of anything he noticed that, some twenty feet away, the grass was matted down as if a large dog was lying there. But he could not see a thing. Then the grass sprang up as the weight was moved. Uncle sat contemplating this for a while and then dismissed it from his mind completely. Three days later, however, while inspecting his traps, he found that the one down by the creek had been sprung and there were strange pug marks that even Uncle, an experienced tracker,

couldn't identify. They were very large.

"That was his last run-in with the thing up until the time that I arrived. The second day we went out looking for it. We took plenty of ammunition but came back that night empty-handed.

"It was on the fourth day an event happened that I shall never forget until my dying day. That morning there were fresh tracks around the cabin. Apparently it had been here during the night. We loaded our guns and set off. All that morning we tracked but found nothing. After these long hours of fruitless labors we were both tired and hungry, and so when we had come to a large grassy area, we decided to have lunch. I was sitting about ten feet away from my uncle. My gun was right beside me. Uncle's, however, was propped up against a tree, quite out of his reach. Then I noticed something moving off to my right. I wasn't sure just what it was, the wind or something, so I made no outcry. Then I saw a bit of matted-down grass which kept moving towards Uncle. It was here I picked up my rifle and yelled a warning, but it was too late, for it sprang and knocked my uncle off his feet. I dared not shoot for I might hit Uncle. There he wrestled, thrashing violently at it, helplessly writhing in grotesque agony. I was too petrified with fear and disbelief, too stricken with a great doubt to do anything,

and besides what could I have done? By the time I recovered, he was dead, and the thing had left. So I carried the body back to the cabin, where you see him now, and notified our neighbor," indicating the old man.

The twelve sat with jaws agape, not seeming able to comprehend all. By this time, hours had passed and the moon was full. The old man stood idly gazing out the window.

"The coroner says that death apparently was caused by a large animal," he murmured, "and from the looks of it, it probably was a

mountain lion. So I don't see why he insists on telling this story."

"Yes," began the coroner, but his sentence was cut short by a short cry from the old man. Several of the men went to the window and looked out just in time to see a long shadow cast across the window by a large, intangible something which was passing between the cabin and the moon. They all turned and looked at the young man and then stared out the window. The coroner pulled a small card out of his pocket and wrote: "Cause of Death: Large animal"



THE PEACE – DISTURBERS

By CHARLES STUART (VI)

At approximately eight p.m. on Friday, October 31, three boys set out to terrorize the neighborhood. They were loaded with about sixty fire-crackers, one Roman candle, and a blank gun. (To protect the innocent, we will call these boys something original, like Tom, Dick and Harry.)

These peace-disturbers were going down around the area of University Field. They chose this spot because

they could throw a firecracker at a person or car, whichever the victim happened to be, and then easily duck out of sight behind one of the clubs on Prospect Street.

At about fifteen firecrackers after leaving home, our heroes arrived at their choice spot, and after a few suspenseful moments they succeeded in setting off the Roman candle in the middle of a lot.

When they got up their nerve and

came out from hiding, it started to rain. It came down in torrents! The boys ran along the street and ducked into what looked like a deserted house. Tom opened the door and there was. . . .

"Holy cow, look at all the cats!" he exclaimed.

"And the birds!" added Dick. "Billions of 'em!"

"Wonder if anybody lives here," said Harry. "Anybody home?"

"You go look upstairs," said Dick to Harry, "and Tom and I'll look around down here."

"No!" shouted Harry. "I won't!"

"Oh, so you're chicken," said Tom.

"We-l-l-l, yes, I am. At least I'm not afraid to admit it."

"Oh, go on, there's nothing to be afraid of," said Tom.

"And we'll be right down here all the time," added Dick.

"Oh, I suppose I'll do it — but don't blame me if I end up dead!"

"Oh, don't worry, we wouldn't do that," said Dick.

Then Harry went upstairs, numbling, "It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever. . . ."

"Oh, shut up!" said Tom and Dick in succession.

They still heard, however, ". . . it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have . . . Y-ee-e-ow!"

Tom and Dick rushed upstairs and found a very old lady laughing at Harry, who was petrified.

"Did you, ah, come for some candy?" said the lady, still laughing.

"Oh, ah, wh-wh-wh—ah, yeh, I

guess so — sure, that was it, candy. Ah, t-t-trick or treat?" said Tom, somewhat startled at the appearance of the lady.

"But never m-m-ind," said Dick, "we have to go home now. It's past bedtime, you know."

"But it's raining," said the lady, who still was in convulsions of laughter over Harry, who hadn't uttered a word. "You can wait here until the rain stops."

"Oh no," said Tom, "th-that's quite all right. I like the rain. Anyway, Mom wants me in bed by nine, and it's past that already."

"Oh pshaw, I won't hurt you, and you know you can always explain." By now the lady had stopped her laughing, but not for long. "You can throw your firecrackers at cars when they pass the house — and don't tell me you don't have any, because you dropped them on the steps when you ran upstairs." Again she burst into laughter.

When the old lady mentioned throwing firecrackers at cars, the boys immediately took a liking to her and decided to stay. They started heaving cherry bombs and firecrackers out the windows at everybody.

"She's a weird old lady," said Dick, "but I like her."

"Yes, I like her too," said a rough voice from behind them.

They slowly turned around. They saw: a man in a uniform with a badge. They heard: that same old laughter they knew so well.

JOEY

By KARL PETTIT, JR. (V)

The night was bitter, and while Joey — my pet puppy — twelve rough soldiers and I were driving through German lines in a convoy of five trucks and three armored half-track anti-air trucks, we were fired upon by heavy German artillery. We swerved off the road, and, with the loss of one truck, we found cover for the rest of the night behind a large dune.

I was awakened in the morning by a soft tongue going horizontally across my cheek. It was Joey. His droopy ears hung over my face, and as I got up he bobbed around in a playful way. I had forgotten to feed him the night before, so while I was prying a ration can open he rolled around in the sand. During the time he ate I asked the lieutenant in command when we would be out of German territory.

"Well," he said, "if there are no more injuries we might make it by tomorrow evening. Get the map case and let's see how far we got yesterday and how far we have to go."

After figuring that we had about a quarter of the way still to go I folded up the map, picked up Joey, and ran to the truck and told the lieutenant our situation.

After a quick breakfast we got our trucks under way, pushing them

through the thick, soft sand on to the road. With nothing to do in the back of a truck, we taught Joey some tricks — how to beg, roll over, and chase his tail. All this put some humor into the ride, and at noon we stopped to put the last bit of gas in all the trucks.

Just as we drove off, we started to get hit by a heavy mortar barrage coming from about half a mile ahead of us. We came to the edge of a large sand dune and "bailed" out of the trucks and scrambled behind the dune. Joey followed on my heels. A sniper killed Jonathan, my best friend. Within ten minutes we destroyed the whole emplacement. We had no injuries except for Jon, so we were on our way again at three forty-five.

At eight o'clock night came but not peace. German troops were coming in from the north. Light artillery smashed our outpost, destroying three trucks and killing many. We finally outflanked them and killed their twenty-one men and destroyed four light guns and four mortars.

Dawn replaced the night but not the dead. We had lost twenty-eight men out of our fifty-three. Damage, too, was high. Finally at two thirty we got started, with three trucks,

twenty-five men, and a dog. Our gas tanks were half full, and we had seventeen miles more to go.

At four o'clock we had eight miles more to go. Then in the sky two spots sparkled in the sunlight. They were German Focke-Wulffs and they were coming in fast. Our last anti-aircraft truck spat shells into the air. One plane was shot down right away, but the other seemed bulletproof.

The excitement scared Joey, and he wriggled right out of my hands and ran across the sand. I called, but he kept running. Then I saw a thing I couldn't believe. The plane dove right at Joey and shot him. I

jumped up with tears in my eyes and swore my head off at that German. I grabbed Tom's B.A.R. and ran out on the sand. The plane made a second pass at the convoy, and I emptied a whole magazine at it. A couple of bullets broke through the cockpit and I guess through the pilot's head, for the plane crashed a hundred yards away from Joey. I ran over to him and buried him on the spot. I said a quick psalm that I had memorized from the Bible and walked back to my truck.

We got back to our lines at ten o'clock with twenty-two men, two trucks — but no Joey.



THE U. F. O. MYSTERY

By WILLIAM PUTNEY (VI)

In the last ten years or so, a number of people have claimed to have observed strange phenomena in our skies. The popular name for them is Flying Saucers, but the people who are involved with the study of these phenomena refer to them as "unidentified flying objects", or U.F.O's. Thousands of people have reported U.F.O. sightings since about 1947, and some even believe

sightings were made in Biblical times.

Some of the most important and documented reports of aerial phenomena have come from airplane pilots, both civil and military. One of the most unusual incidents concerning pilots took place just as U.F.O. sightings were becoming increasingly common. An Air Force pilot was in contact with his field

when he suddenly reported a strange object moving at a tremendous rate of speed. He announced that he was going to pursue the object. Then there was silence. The pilot's body was found among the wreckage a while later. The incident was never explained. There have been a number of such sightings by pilots, though not as tragic. Pilots have often reported lights coming from these strange saucers and have seen the objects traveling in groups or formations.

But airplane pilots are a minority among the saucer sighters. Most of the people who have claimed sightings are average, everyday people who spotted their saucers by pure chance. Reports have come from all over the world, not just from the United States. Reports often vary as to the shape, size, and color of the U.F.O's. Sometimes they are described as silvery, at other times as dark. Cigar-shaped saucers have been observed, and claims as to their size run as high as ten miles long. More moderate observers, however, have spotted small, disc-shaped objects supposedly shotting through the heavens at fantastic speeds.

Large groups of saucer-believers have been formed all over the country, and a number of books and periodicals devoted to the subject have appeared. The most important group of saucerites is the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, with headquarters in Washington, D. C. This is one of the

better, more intelligent groups of the saucer faithful. There are, however, numerous more fanatical groups, many claiming contacts with people from Venus, Mars, and other regions of space. Some members of these organizations go so far as to claim visits to various planets and the moon.

The Air Force, on the other hand, claims that flying saucers are not from space but have reasonable and logical explanations. The Air Force states that believers in "saucers from space" are mentally sick, trying to exploit saucerists, or just plain stupid. Ninety-five per cent of all saucer sightings, says the Air Force, can be easily explained. About that missing five per cent the Air Force usually remains silent.

The saucerites claim that the Air Force is suppressing the facts, mainly because of the fear of world panic. They say the Pentagon knows that the strange objects come from worlds other than our own, but is trying hard to conceal the truth and destroy the saucer organizations. These organizations hold an annual flying saucer convention in California, and recently the first East Coast convention was held here in New Jersey, not far from Princeton. I hope to be able to attend the next East Coast convention and perhaps learn more about the subject.

What do I believe about the U.F.O's? I don't know; I just don't know.

LITTLE GREEN MEN

By JOHN SHEEHAN (IV)

Now, as soon as they see this title some people will think they know what this story is about. But they don't. The little green men I'm talking about do **not** appear after three martinis or a bourbon and rum soda. These men I'm talking about come from outer space.

These men are about three feet tall. They're dressed in green clothes that match their bright-green skin. The only color contrast on these men is in their yellow eyes and yellow guns. They have happy faces like human faces — except that they're green.

My adventure with these men began on a Sunday afternoon. I was taking a walk, and as I was going past this vacant lot, I felt something pulling at me like a magnet. It was pulling me toward the vacant lot. I tried to get free but I couldn't. I yelled for help, but the streets were deserted. Then I remembered almost everybody must be at the fireworks exhibition they were having at the other end of town, so I gave up and allowed myself to be pulled into the vacant lot.

Once inside, I saw one of the strangest sights on earth. I mean, I saw something stranger than anything we have on earth because what I saw was definitely not from Earth.

There were about a dozen or so of the little men I have previously described, and a rocket ship that would hold about five men comfortably. Of course, to those small men it must have seemed gigantic.

They could speak English and they asked me to help them. They said they were from Uranus and were part of the Uranian Suicide Squad. They were after a monster called the Pigadoo. It had escaped from Uranus in a stolen rocket ship. They had tracked it all over the solar system — Neptune, Pluto, Saturn, Mars, Mercury, everywhere, till they reached Earth. They had lost track of it around Cape Canaveral, where all those rockets were going up. Anyway, they wanted me to help them and . . . excuse me a minute.

. . . "But, dear, I've only had about three or four martinis, and I'm . . ."



"WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME"

By ALEXANDER PATTON (V)

America is no good, phooey! My papa says America is all lies. He says America should let us Puerto Ricans go. We can govern ourselves. He says America won't let us go because we might become Communists. My papa don't like the Russians but he says Communism is much stronger. I don't care about that, but he says Americans are weak and soft. I believe that.

You see, there was this American boy in our class. His father was in the embassy. This kid is very rich. He lives in the Patio Hotel, the most expensive in the city. Every day he drives up in this big, black Cadillac. The kid is in the back seat, reading. He is always reading. There is a chauffeur in a black suit driving.

The first day we saw this car pull up in front of school we all gathered around and gaped. Then this puny kid got out with a pile of books so high. He stared at us as if we were wild creatures. The chauffeur said, "Will you be all right, Sidney?"

"Yes, quite," he said in a faint little voice. "You may go now, Charles."

From that day on we all hated him. The teacher gave us very strict warnings about teasing or fighting with him. He was a real "brain" and could have helped us with our work, but when Max asked him a question

he said, "If you can't answer a simple question like that you should be in First Grade." Max is big and has a bad temper, and when this little punk said that, he was gonna kill him. The teacher stopped him.

The kid wouldn't play any sports. When we tried to get him to play rugby with us so we could knock his puny head off he said, "I would not play with you Puerto Ricans in a million years."

Boy! This made me and Max mad. All the time this kid kept being so "pushy". And the way he bragged! He'd brag about his old man or the United States. Phooey! Max says all Americans are like that. I believe him.

Well, at the end of a week me and Max got so fed up we made a plan to get him. We got him as he left school on Friday. Max said, "I don't like the way you talk about us."

He glared at Max and says, "Let me by."

"Just a minute," Max says. "I ain't through with you."

Then this punk says, "Are you challenging me to a fist fight?"

"Call it what you want," Max says.

So the little kid takes off his neat little coat, folds it and puts it on the ground. "This is where my judo

training comes in handy," he says, "handling hoods like you."

Max starts to circle him. He swings his right arm at the punk and this kid does something quick and Max is on the ground. I grab him from behind and hold him. Max gets up and lets him have it right in the puss.

That guy yelled bloody murder so loud all of Puerto Rico could hear. We dug out, but we were caught.

Boy, did we get it for that! All 'cause of this pushy little kid from America.

Then there's this business about America being the "land of fortune". That ain't true. They ain't fair to us Puerto Ricans. My uncle went to New York with this get-rich-quick idea along with a dozen others and came back, "busted".

America's only for the guys with Cadillacs.

A NEW INCURABLE DISEASE

By SAMUEL GUTTMAN (VI)

Many chewed fingernails, nervous breakdowns and sleepless nights are the result of a new rage. This is to sit up and torture yourself by watching horror movies until all hours of the night. This pastime seems to offer a strange fascination to both young and old.

The only equipment you need is a television set, a blank wall to sit against, and something to tear to shreds. Always be on guard for a practical joke by a non-horror-loving member of the family. All that they have to do is calmly say "Boo" in the middle of "House of Dracula" and the viewers, who by this time are a bundle of nerves, will jump for the ceiling.

There are two types of viewers. First are the ones who sit there and every few minutes let out a chuckle and say, "Oh, it's just a movie." When it comes to the part where the

vampires go into action, this type goes down to the kitchen for a glass of milk and returns later grumbling about missing the exciting part. The second type is the viewers whose eyes are glued to the screen. They get so wrapped up in the movie that they unconsciously take on the facial expressions of the grief-stricken victims. It's not advisable to sit next to this type because they often get so involved that they may start flailing their arms or kicking, which might cause you bodily injury.

I've been asking myself for a long time this question, "Why do people enjoy inflicting torture upon themselves and then saying they enjoy it?"

After watching your first horror movie you'll most likely get the habit. It's unexplainable and there's no cure. I know. I've got it.

ERNST AND KARIN

By PETER HART (V)

The siren had sounded the all clear signal and Ernst, Karin and their step-sister, Ingrid, came up the stairs to their room. They lived in constant fear of two things, the Gestapo and the bombs. They couldn't decide which they hated more. Their younger brother, Karl, had been killed by the bombs and right now their father was being held by the Nazis.

They entered their cubicle and looked out at the ruins of Hamburg. Karin screamed, "Ernst, Ernst, do you think we'll see Pa tonight? How many Nazis do you think the fat Americans' bombs killed? I hope they killed a hundred thousand of them and a hundred planes were killed. Don't you?"

"Pa'll be all right," Ernst said, trying to reassure himself. "I hope all the Nazis in the world are killed!"

"Why?"

"Don't forget Nanna." At this Karin burst into tears. She remembered kind, pretty Nanna. How they had beaten her and then taken her away. How she and Ernst had cried until their father, Knut Jensen, had come home. How their Pa was probably dead.

A sharp knock on the door! Was

this the hated Gestapo come to get them too? Karin said as if she were in a trance, "Pa, Pa. I knew you'd come back." She opened the door and fainted. The Gestapo! Ernst ran to her side. "Karin, Karin, wake up! Wake up! You killed her! You killed Karin!" He hit at the officer madly with his small fists.

A man behind the officer said, "Ernst, Ernst, stop it at once!" He looked up.

"Pa! Pa! Did they hurt you? Are you all right? Karin, Pa's back! They didn't kill him! They didn't kill Pa!" Karin didn't move. Knut knelt down and slapped her face.

"Don't hit her, Pa! Don't hit her!" Karin arose and looked around.

"Pa, look out! Gestapo pig!"

Her father looked up, "I'm sorry, Colonel, you know."

"Let's go."

"Where?"

"Where do you think?"

"Jail!"

"Pa, don't let"

"Come along, Ernst, Karin. The colonel will bring your toys."

"Pa, are you letting them take us away?"

"I am coming too," replied her father.

"Why, Pa, why? What did we do?"

"Listen, son. It will be all right."

"But why?"

"Come along." Reluctantly they followed their father downstairs and down the street.

They were given orders by a sergeant. They were to go down the hall and turn left. They did so. In front of them was Nanna. She was gaunt and thin. "Nanna, Nanna!" Both children ran towards her. Ernst hugged and kissed her and Karin cried on her knee. It was hard!

"Nanna, what's wrong with your legs?"

"I lost them in the fire!" she said as she looked up at the Nazi. What their father said when they were alone in a cell chilled them.

He said, "Karin, Ernst, goodbye. You know I love you so I shall not expect you to cry when I say this. We are all going to be killed."

"Why?"

"Let me continue. As you know, there is a war going on and Germany is losing. A man named Hitler is the ruler of the Nazis. He is a crazy fool! Because his generals are losing the war, he has to 'take it out' on someone. That someone happens to be us."

"Why us?"

"I am coming to that. You see this man believes that we are responsible for his losing."

"We didn't fight the Nazis. Why should they want to kill us?"

"I told you that. This Hitler is not smart so he could not see why he was losing. A man named Heinrich Himmler, the leader of the Gestapo, told him how he should hate us and what we do."

"What did we do?"

"Nothing, but this Himmler led Hitler to think we did. So Hitler told Himmler to kill us."

"Why just us? Why not the Krupers or the Slovaks?" asked Ernst.

"He has killed not just us but millions of unfortunate people like us."

A creak and the ever-nearing footsteps brought their conversation to a close.

"I'm scared."

"Don't be. It won't hurt."

"All right, get up! Come on, follow me!"

They followed him down a corridor and into a room. Twelve more people came in, sobbing. In a moment it was all over. An engine generated carbon monoxide into the chamber and they were dead.

You see, the Jensens were Jews.



HISTORIC "COLROSS"

By WALTER F. SMITH (VI)

About 175 years ago the house on the Great Road recently bought by Miss Fine's School, and known locally as "Colross", was built in Alexandria, Virginia. As the town grew, the house was gradually surrounded by industries and the location became undesirable for residential purposes. For many years this fine example of Southern colonial architecture was unoccupied and neglected. It deteriorated into a shocking condition of near-ruin.

Only the vision of Princetonian John Munn, who saw it while visiting in Alexandria, saved it from complete oblivion. He purchased the property in 1929 and had it moved, piece by piece, to its present location on the Great Road just north of the Pretty Brook Road. Using as much

of the original structure as possible, the house was rebuilt and emerged once again as a dignified residence. Some time later my parents bought "Colross", and it became my home for almost ten years.

The house, built entirely of the original handmade brick, consists of a large three-storied central section with well-proportioned, two-storied wings on each end. Against this background of time-mellowed brick walls are generous plantings of holly, evergreens, shrubs, and various flowers similar to those of the original gardens.

Inside, every detail has been copied with great care. The first floor of the central section consists of a large entrance hall, library, dining room, and drawing room,



each finished with hand-carved panels of white pine. Black marble fireplaces, imported from Italy, are in each room, and the ceilings are beautifully decorated with friezes copied from moldings found in the original house.

The second floor has four large bedrooms, each with its own fireplace. The third floor has three rather plain rooms of no particular distinction. All the floors are random-width boards salvaged from Virginia. Bathrooms and electric lighting, added when "Colross" was redesigned, are the only modern features. The west wing of the house, finished while we lived there, is a complete apartment in itself, while

the east wing contains the service areas and rooms for servants.

"Colross" has had too long a history to report here in detail. These are the most interesting facts:

It was built by Jonathan Swift in 1785 in Alexandria, Virginia, as a Southern colonial gentleman's manor. It changed ownership when it became the stake in a notorious card game. Later it was abandoned and neglected for a long time. Moved to Princeton, it once again became a private residence for some thirty years. Now it stands ready to add another chapter to its colorful story — perhaps as part of a future Miss Fine's Princeton Country Day School campus.

LOWER SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

A DAY IN DISNEYLAND

By WILLIAM EDWARDS (II)

This summer I went to California for a month. I think Disneyland is "the most". My second day there I went very early because I thought there wouldn't be a very large crowd there, and I was right. First I walked down Main Street. As I walked along I peeked in the old-time shops and saw chaps dressed in very old-fashioned clothes. Finally I got to Adventureland. In Adventureland I only went on one ride, but it was fun. This ride was called the Jungle Cruise. After the ride I went to Frontierland where I went on the Mark Twain, which is a copy of an

old Mississippi paddle-wheeler. This boat goes around Tom Sawyer Island. When it docked I got off and went to Fantasyland. Once in Fantasyland I headed straight for the Mad Hatter's tea party. When I got there I got in a very big cup with a round disc in the center. I turned it to the right and I spun around in circles. The faster I turned the disc the faster I turned. Finally it stopped and I got out. As I walked out the Main Gate I was very sad about leaving but I came back again the next day.

BEWARE OF THE GHOST OF EL MORRO

By JOHN McCARTHY (III)

Lieutenant-Colonel Victor Blake had just been stationed at Fort Buchanan in San Juan, Puerto Rico. His house was next to an old Spanish fort built about 1613. The castle was called El Morro, meaning "the Fort".

There were strange stories of ghosts who lived in the castle. Natives swore they heard horrifying voices telling them to beware. They were supposed to be those of Sir Francis Drake and his crew members. After not succeeding in taking El Morro, Drake vowed that after his death he would come and haunt the castle forever. Colonel Blake, who was not superstitious, did not heed it.

One Sunday afternoon the Colonel went over to look at the old fort. He was walking, looking at the beautiful high walls and the old historic

cannons. Suddenly he stopped! He heard a loud groan! Even though he was trembling, he went over to a cannon to investigate. He looked in and saw two glassy eyes peering at him. Then another groan echoed from the cannon. To his surprise, a little black puppy was crying as he was trying to escape from the cannon. How relieved Colonel Blake was as he pulled the pup from the cannon.

He took the rescued dog home to his three children. After several weeks of trying to find the owner, he decided to keep the puppy. They named him "El Morro" in honor of the castle in which he was found. From that time on, little Morro spent many happy days running through the castle and trying very hard not to terrify the visitors with weird groans.

WAGON TRAIN

By JOHN POOLE (III)

The year was 1849. I was leading a wagon train to the California gold rush. We were traveling through Apache land. It was by far the most dangerous part of our journey. My partner, Jona King, was ever on the watch for an Apache war party. Suddenly to my horror I saw Apache smoke signals over the horizon. I

screamed this to Jona. When I heard no answer I looked to the top of the wagon and again to my horror I saw Jona, lying dead with an arrow through his heart. Immediately I rode to the rear of the wagon train to get everyone moving fast. We were seventy-five miles from Fort Phillips in the town of Grotonburg, Nevada.

About an hour later I saw what I had hoped never to see. It was a war party of well over three hundred Apaches. I quickly made a circle of the wagons. There were forty-seven of them. We had only fifty fighting men with one hundred and fifty guns.

After six hours of furious fighting they finally rode off. This was when we sent out our messenger. We didn't know whether he would get through or not.

The next day the Apaches attacked again. After they rode off they left us with thirteen men, seventy-six rifles, forty-one women and fifty-nine children.

The third day we were prepared. Just as they were charging I heard the beloved sound of an Army bugle. The unit charged in and completely wiped out the Apaches. Then we trotted sadly off toward the setting sun.

THE MOST INTERESTING ANIMAL IN THE WORLD

By WILLIAM SAYEN (II)

I think the most interesting animal in the world is the tuatera. A long time ago the tuatera had many relatives, but they all died off. Now you see why it is called the "living fossil" and belongs to a group by itself.

The tuatera is a reptile, but many people think it is a lizard. It has two eyes in the place where you expect and one eye on the top of its head. The tuatera is about two feet long.

The tuatera lives in a burrow made by the petrel, which is a bird. The burrow is about three feet long.

At the end it gets wider so it makes a room lined with grass and leaves. The tuatera usually lives on the right side and the petrel lives on the left side. No one knows why they room like this.

The tuatera only lives on some islands near New Zealand. It is very well protected. No one is allowed on some of these islands where it lives. Nobody anywhere is allowed to kill the tuatera, wherever they are. People do not want this "living fossil" to disappear.

THE GHOST STORY

By WILLIAM McDOWELL (III)

This is Hallowe'en Night,
Ghosts and goblins,
Ants and monsters
Chasing the goblins.

Witches are brewing
Their favorite stew.
Devils are eating it,
Goo, goo, goo.

There are the witches
Crossing the sky.
There goes the devil
With a wicked eye.

In a dismal house
Across the street
Bony skeletons
Gobble a feast.

Little spooks
And goblins, too,
Are having a dance,
A-rickety-roo.

Devils and monsters
Walk down the street.
All the fat ladies
Take to their feet.

Screeching and screaming
Goblins walk.
All the black crows
Squeak, squawk, squawk.

Hear the skeletons
In the graveyard
Dancing and mocking
Hard, hard, hard.

Now they creep stealthily
Back to their graves,
Stalking behind
The long-haired knaves.

Pumpkins galore
All through the night;
Cats on the fence
Hissing a fight.

As dawn steals up
And Hallowe'en stops,
A swarthy goblin
Suddenly pops.

DR. HARWOOD AND MR. LEA

By RICHARD CRAWFORD and WILLIAM PUTNEY

This year P.C.D. is honored with two new teachers: Dr. Floyd Harwood, who teaches Latin to the Sixth, Fifth, and Fourth Forms; and Mr. Langdon Lea, who is History instructor to the Sixth and Second Forms.

Dr. Harwood attended Yale University and in his Junior year was elected to **Phi Beta Kappa**. He graduated in 1914 with a B.A. degree. He continued in the Graduate School and obtained his Ph.D. in 1917. Dr. Harwood taught at Yale and the University of Nebraska. He also was chairman of the Latin and Greek department at the Taft School and later at Lawrenceville. He retired from Lawrenceville last year.

During the first World War Dr. Harwood was a second lieutenant in the field artillery. He was abroad in 1922, most of the time studying in Rome. He has three married daughters and one stepson — T. Leslie Shear, Jr. (P.C.D. '52), who is now a Senior at Princeton University.

Mr. Lea spent his childhood in Philadelphia and graduated from St. Paul's School and Princeton University in the class of 1932. He majored in English and graduated **cum laude**. He then taught Latin at St. Paul's and was on the discipline board there.

During the second World War he was a sergeant with the Air Force in radio communications in North Africa. After the war he went back to St. Paul's to resume teaching. He is presently Home Room Master of Room 2. He assisted with the coaching of the football team.

HONOR ROLL

FALL TERM, 1958-1959

(These grades do **not** include the Term Examinations.)

First Honor Roll

(90-100%)

TOWNSEND BLODGET
WARREN ELMER
WARD JANDL
RICHARD MARCUS
JOHN McCARTHY
JOHN ODDEN
ALEXANDER PATTON
JOHN WILLIS

Second Honor Roll

(85-89%)

GERARD CAMERON
JOHN DUNNING
WILLIAM EDWARDS
WALTER EDWARDS
RANDOLPH HOBLER
AUBREY HUSTON
WILSON KEHOE
JAMES KERR
JOHN POOLE
STEVEN SACKS-WILNER
JAMES SCARFF
JOHN SCHEIDE
PHILIP SHERWOOD
WILLIAM SMOYER
HERBERT WARDEN
DONALD WOODBRIDGE

Third Honor Roll

(80-84%)

NORMAN ARMOUR
JOHN BAKER
FRANKLIN BERGER
DUDLEY BLODGET
JOHN BRINKERHOFF
THOMAS BUDNY
HAMILTON CLARK

ROY COPPEDGE
ROBERT CONSOLE
RICHARD CRAWFORD
ALFRED DAVIS
RICHARD ECKELS
ALEXANDER EDWARDS
DAVID FROTHINGHAM
STEPHEN GOHEEN
DAVID GREENE
JEFFREY GRIGGS
ROBERT GRIGGS
SAMUEL GUTTMAN
ADDISON HANAN
PETER HART
HAROLD HENRY
RICHARD HILL
FREDERICK HUTSON
DAVID JOHNSON
CHARLES KATZENBACH
KEVIN KENNEDY
PETER KLINE
ROBERT LEVENTHAL
RICHARD LONGSTRETH
JONATHAN MARK
HOWARD MYERS
WILLIAM PUTNEY
RICHARD REYNOLDS
JOSEPH RIKER
DAVID SAYEN
WILLIAM SAYEN
WARREN SHEW
PETER SKILLMAN
CHARLES SMYTH
WILLIAM STANIAR
ALFRED STENGEL
HAROLD VAN DOREN
GUY VICINO
JAMES VOLLBRECHT
DAVID WAKELIN
WILLIAM WALKER

WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

SCHOLARSHIP

A margin of between 1 and 2 per cent has separated the Blues and the Whites on each marking period this term. In every case the Blues were on top. The figures for the four marking periods were as follows:

| | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th |
|--------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Blues | 78 | 78— | 78+ | 77+ |
| Whites | 77— | 76 | 76+ | 76— |

Thus the Blues win for the term with an average mark of 78— against 76+ for the Whites.

SOCCER

This year the Blue and White series was extremely close, the Whites finally winning by one goal in a play-off game.

In the First Form the Blues won. There were three squads in the Second-Third Forms, and here the Whites won in a round-robin series. The Blues won in the Junior Varsity, tying up the series. In the Varsity the first game was a scoreless tie. A play-off was held the Wednesday afternoon before Thanksgiving in which the tie was broken when Joe Riker scored the winning goal for the Whites. Some of the hardest playing of the year took place in this series.

FOOTBALL

The Blues outplayed the injury-ridden Whites throughout the game. Touchdowns were scored by Stuart on a reverse, by Cook on a line plunge, and by Staniar on a pass from Stuart. The defensive play of the Blues was led by Stuart, Coffee, and Cook, who riddled the White backfield all afternoon. The Whites were sparked by Fairman's passes and Pettit's and Davis's runs.

ATHLETICS

SOCCER

By ROSS FULLAM

Although the team did not have what you would call an excellent won-and-lost record, it fought hard and ended its season with three straight victories. The halfback line of Dudley Blodget, Tom Reynolds and Peter Kirkpatrick and the play of co-captain McMorris in the goal were our strongest points. Among the forwards co-Captain Rob Carrick and Bill Smoyer supplied most of the scoring punch, each with four goals to his credit. The season's record was four wins, three ties and three losses.

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

We managed to hold our own against a heavier and stronger team. This was mainly due to our hard-playing halfbacks, Blodget, Smoyer and Kirkpatrick, and to McMorris, our goalie.

VALLEY ROAD 2, P.C.D. 1

Valley Road built up a two-goal lead, but in the last quarter Carrick scored to put us back in the game. We threatened several times in the last five minutes but couldn't quite make it.

P.C.D. 0, PEDDIE 0

We played our confident opponents even. McMorris made a great stop of a penalty shot which saved the game.



LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 3, P.C.D.2

Again we were two goals behind and nearly pulled out a tie with a last-quarter rally. Carrick, at wing, and Smoyer, playing center forward, were our scorers.

P.C.D 3, WEST WINDSOR 1

For a while we played a sloppy game against a younger team. With Sixth Formers playing only one quarter each by agreement, we finally won. Carrick scored first, while Fourth Formers Blodget H. and Reynolds R. also made goals.

VALLEY ROAD 2, P.C.D. 0

Although we couldn't score, this was our best game of the season so far. Much of the time we were out-hustling a team which always plays a good game.

P.C.D. 1, PEDDIE 1

Aul put us in the lead early in the game, but Peddie came back in the last period to tie the score.

P.C.D. 2, WITHERSPOON 0

We won this game through superior teamwork. Carrick scored two goals, one of them on a nice cross shot from Odden.

P.C.D. 2, WEST WINDSOR 0

This was a slow game until the third period, when we came through with two quick goals. Smoyer and Aul each scored one.

P.C.D. 1, WITHERSPOON 0

Although we controlled the ball most of the time, it took a well-aimed penalty kick by Smoyer in the last quarter to break the tie and give us our fourth victory against three defeats and three ties.

The usual starting line-up:

O.L. Aul (Carrick)

I.L. Hare (Odden)

C. Smoyer

I.R. Hart

O.R. Carrick (Riker)

L.H.B. Kirkpatrick

C.H.B. Reynolds T.

R.H.B. Blodget D.

L.F.B. Mount

R.F.B. Smyth (Hollmann)

G. McMorris



FOOTBALL

By JOHN DUNNING

The 1958 season was one of the best since the School took up football. Running from a straight T, we were led by a triple-threat halfback, Charlie Stuart. In all the varsity games we amassed 104 points, and our strong defense allowed our opponents only 60 points, 28 of which came in the one game we lost.

We reached a peak in the final game, as we shut out a formidable and fast-improving Hun team, 14-0. This completed a varsity season of five wins and one defeat. Credit should go to Mr. Tibbals and Mr. Lea for a fine coaching job.

P.C.D. 21, SHORT HILLS 12

After a shaky first period we counted twice on a Stuart pass to Coffee and a Stuart run around end. As the third period began we scored early on a long run covering about half the field. The reserves came in in the fourth period, allowing two Short Hills touchdowns.

WARDLAW 31, P.C.D. (Reserves) 7

This was a game for our J.V's, Fourth and Fifth Form reserves. Lack of experience put the game out of our reach by the end of the first half. We scored late in the fourth period on a pass to Wood. The opposition was big, fast, and very spirited.

P.C.D. 31, HUN 6

Hun looked to be big and powerful but actually were slow and very sloppy. This may well have been our best game. Stuart led the attack with four touchdowns. Hun managed to score late in the fourth quarter.

P.C.D. 12, PINGRY 7

We were clearly a better team, but not up to our best. Pingry's defensive play was top grade. It kept them in the game until most of the third quarter. Then a short run and a spectacular pass play made it 12-0 for us. They scored with seconds remaining in the game.

NEWARK ACADEMY 28, P.C.D. 8

They were a good team and scored early. Miraculously we held them throughout the rest of the first half. They broke through again for a score in the third quarter. Then Stuart left the game late in the quarter with an injury. Inspired for awhile, we scored a much-disputed safety, and later scored again on a pass to Staniar. The loss of Stuart hurt us, however, as they scored twice on long passes late in the game.

P.C.D. 18, PINGRY 7

Scoring twice in the first half, we took a commanding lead and were never behind. Coffee made a stupendous catch for a touchdown, which started us rolling. The defensive play of the ends, Staniar and Coffee, Davis at tackle, the line-backers, Cook and Budny, and the safety man, Stuart, throttled the visitors' attack. A serious Pingry threat was thwarted by an interception by Budny, who ran it back 30 yards.

P.C.D. 14, HUN 0

Hun was a much improved team, but on a recovered fumble by Coffee we obtained possession near their goal line. We broke the scoreless duel several plays later on a pass to Staniar. Later Stuart assured us victory on a long run after a pass. Our defensive play was sparked by Cook, who played his best game of the year.

The usual starting line-up:

L.E. Coffee

L.T. Shearer

L.G. Budny

C. Dunning

R.G. Alexander

R.T. Davis

R.E. Staniar

Q.B. Stuart (Fairman)

L.H. Fairman (Stuart)

R.H. Pettit (Wood)

F.B. Cook



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The Hearth, Eaglebrook School, Deerfield, Mass.

The Hill News, The Hill School, Pottstown, Pa.

Horae Scholasticae, St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

The Mirror, Northwood School, Lake Placid Club, N. Y.

The Rectory News, Rectory School, Pomfret, Conn.

The Taft Papyrus, Taft School, Watertown, Conn.

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WITH THE ALUMNI

THE SECOND GENERATION

Thirteen boys in this year's student body are sons of P.D.C. Alumni. The boys and fathers, with their classes, follow:

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------|
| John Baker (III Form) | Richard Baker '31 |
| Harold Erdman, Jr. (I Form) | Harold Erdman '39 |
| Stephen Goheen (II Form) | Robert Goheen '34 |
| Frederick Hutson (II Form) | Holmes Hutson '37 |
| Leighton Laughlin, Jr. (I Form) | Leighton Laughlin '41 |
| Lee Maxwell (III Form) | Sanders Maxwell '32 |
| Robert Maxwell (III Form) | Sanders Maxwell '32 |
| Roy Meredith (I Form) | William Meredith '36 |
| Karl Pettit, Jr. (V Form) | Karl Pettit '31 |
| David Sayen (I Form) | Henry Sayen '36 |
| William Sayen (II Form) | Henry Sayen '36 |
| Charles Stuart (VI Form) | Donald Stuart '28 |
| Henry Tomlinson, Jr. (IV Form) | Henry Tomlinson '34 |

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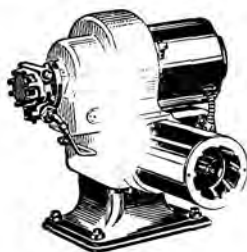
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