

VOL. XXXI. No.2

JUNIOR JOURNAL

APRIL, 1959

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JUNIOR JOURNAL

APRIL 1959

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Vol. XXXI

APRIL, 1959

No. 2

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INDIVIDUALITY

The average American usually likes to think of himself as an individual, a person who does things his own way. Sadly enough, as a nation we are losing our individuality which once marked us as a new example, a new experiment in civilization. People who are truly individuals are most likely to be regarded as "crackpots" or "soreheads" these days. The average American is no more of an individual than a person in any free nation; in

fact he is becoming less and less of one as the trend toward conformity and sameness speeds forward. This trend is pushing us every day, perhaps only in small ways, but the force is there, and woe to any person who would stand in its way. Unless we meet the challenge of complete uniformity, unless we are ready to act as individuals and to say what we believe, no matter how unpopular our beliefs may be, then the American experiment may very well be a failure.

A CORRECTION

In the January JUNIOR JOURNAL the names of the officers of the Whites were reversed by mistake. The correct list of Color Officers is as follows:

BLUES		WHITES
Charles Stuart	President	Howard McMorris
Stephen Cook	Secretary	Robert Carrick

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

By ARI0 ALEXANDER (VI)

The night was clear, the moon was
bright.

From out of my window was a
beautiful sight.

I couldn't stay in, so I ran down two
floors,

Put on my coat and went out of
doors.

I lay on the grass and counted the
stars;

I found the Big Dipper, Venus and
Mars.

The next thing I knew 'twas the
break of dawn;

I had slept the night through, out
on the lawn.

THE CANE WAS TOO SHORT

By CHARLES STUART (VI)

"What's your name?"

"Frank Hilton," I replied.

"What's your business?"

"I'm stage manager for the Ice Follies."

"Did you know James Smith?"

"Yes, we both worked in the show."

"Did you know William Harvey?"

"Yes. He was a good friend of both Jimmie and me."

"Did you discover both their bodies?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Rounds, the landlady, was with me."

"Both of them were dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did the incident happen?"

Well, it all started when we needed midgets for the show. Will and Jimmie showed up with lots of others. Will was too big, but we took Jimmie along with a few others. I got to know Jimmie very well. Sometimes he and I would have long talks. I found out Jimmie and Will lived together in an apartment. It seems Will had trouble getting jobs ever since he got his second growth."

"His what?"

"His second growth. I think that when some midgets get to be a certain age they begin to grow again. They grow about a foot or so and then stop for good. It doesn't

happen to many. Of course after that they don't look like midgets any more.

"Well, anyway, that's what happened to Will. He couldn't get very many jobs and it seems that Jimmie was supporting both of them. I guess Will was always talking about it and Jimmie always tried to cheer him up. Finally it seemed to have taken effect on Jimmie.

"About half an hour before the show I saw Jimmie coming down the street toward the theatre. He looked very sad. I noticed that he didn't have his little cane with him. This was unusual because he usually came swinging it in a wide circle.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I'm scared," he replied. "I'm starting to grow."

"You're growing?" I said. "You can't be."

"Well, I am. I'm the same age that Will was when he started to grow. I've already grown two inches."

"You look fine to me," I said. "How tall have you been all along?"

"Forty inches," he said.

"All right, follow me and I'll measure you."

"No, I don't want to know. I know I'm growing and that's that." Then he left and went to his dressing

room. He managed to dodge me the rest of the week, but just last Monday I managed to speak to him.

"Listen," I said. 'It's probably Will. He talks so much about this growth that now he has got you thinking that you're growing too.' He didn't say a thing. 'Look, have you been measured?' He shook his head. 'Well then, how do you know you're growing at all? All your clothes fit, and your pants are even too long.'

"That's because I loosened my suspenders to let them down."

"Look, just let me measure you. All this could just be in your mind."

"No! I told you that I don't want to be measured.' With that he walked away.

"That was the last I saw of him before Mrs. Rounds phoned me on Tuesday." I fell silent.

"Patrolman Sides said that the bodies were next to each other. Is that the way you found them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did Mrs. Rounds phone you?"

"Well, when Jimmie hadn't shown up for rehearsal Tuesday morning I phoned his apartment. Mrs. Rounds said that he was out some place with Will. Then an hour later Mrs. Rounds called me and said that Jimmie's door was bolted from the inside. She said that all her other tenants were out and she was alone and scared. Well, I went over there and broke down the door."

"Did you see both knives on the floor?"

"Yes, sir. I **knew** then that each one had taken his own life. It appeared to me that they had killed themselves because Jimmie's growth had made it impossible for **either** of them to get a job."

"Well, I had never been convinced of Jimmie's growth, and when I found the cane he had always carried, I started figuring. Will had gone a little crazy, I guess, and wanted to die, but wanted Jimmie to die with him. Well, when I examined Jimmie's cane, I saw where Will had been cutting little pieces off the end of it."



THE MISTAKE

By JOHN SHEEHAN (IV)

It was Monday, February 16, 1959, at about four-twenty. The second hand on the big brown clock moved steadily toward twelve.

Gathered in a circle in the cold afternoon air, a group of faces were tight with suspense. It had failed before. Maybe this time it would be different. Maybe this time it would work.

Back, way in the background, spectators watched anxiously. They were all silently wishing that the experiment would be successful. Only minutes before, the final check had been completed. Everything had seemed to be in perfect order. Maybe this would be the lucky shot.

As the second hand was nearing twelve the man in charge said, "Get ready." Everybody tensed up. The spectators were perfectly silent. Then, with an anxious tone in his voice, the man in charge began the countdown. "Five, four, three, two, one, zero, fire!"

The boy at the small box quietly pushed the small, hardly noticeable button. There was a great flash of light. Then there was an abundance of pure white smoke. The spectators turned away disappointed. The group on the field was quiet. Silence reigned supreme. Mackie's electrical rocket had failed again.

MEMORIAL DAY PARADE

By WILLIAM STANIAR (VI)

"Hey, here it comes!" a little boy shouted next to me. Then, as predicted, around the corner came the horses, jerking and tossing their heads and marching all in step. The Memorial Day Parade had now officially started. I watched the boy's face light up as the cowboys, with their fancy saddles and bridles, pass-

ed the corner where he was standing. Instead of waiting for the band which followed, he ran on the sidewalk, bumping and dodging through the crowd, trying to keep the horses in sight. My attention turned to a man leaning against a telephone pole. The band marched past to the beat of the bass drum. Immediately,

this man stood up straighter, pounding his hands against the pole in an unvaried rhythm. I wondered if he had at one time marched in the same high school band.

As the parade continued, more and more people gathered on the sidewalk and the lawns of the houses that lined the street. The next section of the parade consisted of the town's fire engines, ambulance, and rescue service. With lights, siren, and bell blaring, it passed along the street, with many young children waving and yelling at the men driving the fire engine. To my right I heard a young mother talking to her baby whom she held in her arms.

"Oh look, darling, those beautiful big fire engines! Look, aren't they lovely?"

As the fire engines got closer and the sound got louder, the baby answered his mother with a loud screeching cry which could be heard above all. Hurriedly, she laid the baby in the carriage and pushed it across the lawn at a fast pace.

The parade continued without interruption. Many gay colored floats representing the American Legion, the Women's Auxiliary, and the Garden Club, went by. Finally, along the street came the most beautiful float of all. It was decorated with thousands and thousands of flowers, roses, carnations, and poppies all assembled on the top of the float to represent a graveyard with white crosses in straight rows. In front of

this procession marched the flags of the armed services with the American flag in the center and two color guards on either side. This float was for the men who died in different World Wars. I glanced across the street and observed a middle-aged woman mopping the tears which appeared in her eyes as the float paraded by. By her side was what appeared to be her husband. He was talking to her, most likely trying to comfort her and stop the crying.

The person at my right took an entirely different attitude toward this float. The fat, squat man, chewing on the butt of his cigar, raised his hands in disapproval of the float.

He remarked, "I thought this was supposed to be a happy holiday, not a time for bringing up bad memories. How in the heck did that float ever get past the parade judges?"

The man next to him, whom the question was addressed to, just shrugged his shoulders, not answering. I wondered if that man really meant what he said. Then as he turned and started up the sidewalk, I saw him fighting back the tears which would have appeared on his face, and then he dropped out of view.

At last came the end of the parade with the little children riding their decorated bikes, scooters, and express wagons. They were joined by a gang of children from the sidewalks, walking and riding their vehicles, and waving at their friends.

MY MICHIGAN SCHOOL

By SEYMOUR MORRIS (V)

I began school around the middle of September. Grosse Pointe University School was located about a mile and a half from our house. It was commonly called "Gupus". It was a private co-educational school with about 650 students. However, the boys occupied the second floor and the girls occupied the main one. The only time they were together was at lunch period. Very often great riots broke out between the boys and girls (started by the boys, of course). All the boys would throw everything they could at the girls, such as ice cream, peas, squashed baked potatoes, oranges, grapes, and jello. Was it fun!

We had lunch from noon to a quarter to one. After classes, everyone rushed down to the cafeteria, grabbed their bill cards (which were arranged in racks in alphabetical order), and got in line. Then everyone waited until they reached the food counters. Their choices were totaled by a cashier and it was written down on the bill card. Every six weeks the amounts for each day were added up and your parents received a bill. There were quite a lot of selections. Every day there were two kinds of meat, two vegetables, soup, three kinds of bread, twelve

varieties of salad, three choices of dressing, four kinds of sandwiches, five kinds of desserts, ice cream, white and chocolate milk, ice tea (served in the spring only), and crackers. If you wanted, you could go back and get seconds. If the boys and girls finished lunch before the end of the period, they could go outside, go down to the recreation room (there they would have cokes, dance, "rock 'n roll," bowl in the little alley, or play ping-pong), go to the lobby and watch television, or go up to the home room. I usually went up to the home room because there wasn't a teacher to supervise. Riots and fights broke out all the time. That's why most people went to the home rooms.

The discipline system was tough, much tougher than it is here. Anything you did wrong, you had "detention" and had to stay back on Friday afternoon and, for an hour, write "Why I got detention, and what detention teaches me." If the teacher wasn't satisfied with your paper, you had to come back and do it again, until you had a good paper. Sometimes the teacher gave you two hours' extra homework to do over the weekend. A person had to stay an hour for each "detention" he got. Many boys had to come back Satur-

day morning. There was one fellow in our class who got into trouble all the time. He came back and wrote a countless number of papers for his teachers. His papers weren't usually good, so he had to come back and rewrite them, and at the same time write papers for the number of detentions he had received in the past week. His number of papers due slowly grew. At the end of the year, he owed 19 hours of work to the school. So he had to work at school for three days straight to make up his papers. He was a nervous wreck when he had finished, but he had gotten into his head the foolishness of unnecessary fooling.

In athletics, I took football in the

fall (soccer isn't played in the West; it is considered a "sissy" sport), hockey and miscellaneous athletics in the winter, and baseball in the spring. "Miscellaneous athletics" was a series of different kinds of athletics played in the gym. We played such games as badminton, baseball, soccer, volley ball, wrestling, and basketball. I played in this program only when the ice in the pond was bad, as it usually was.

We had three exams in the year. The first one in December was a regular school one. The second one in March was an S.E.B. exam. The final exam, in May and June, was based on the material learned in the whole year.

SAILING ON BARNEGAT BAY

By JOHN GOBLE (VI)

We sat at breakfast early one
bright day,
And watched the tossing mast heads
by the dock.
The wind was blowing briskly down
the bay.
The azure water rippled o'er the
rock.

With battens and the sail bag in
our hand,
We hastened to the dock and jumped
aboard.

We quickly hoisted sail and left the
land,
And like a sea bird down the wind
we soared.

We reached 'cross Silver Bay to
Cattus Isle.
By now the pangs of hunger 'gan to
gnaw.

We turned and beat to windward
many a mile,
Until we came in sight of home once
more.

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BLACKY

By ELIAS BAKER (V)

The night was black. As I trudged through the dark forest, I heard weird sounds. I was afraid, but I knew I had to keep going. It was at this time I heard a faint, weak whimper coming from the bushes that surrounded me. I ran frantically in the direction I thought the sound had come from. I was excited as I came to the bush which I hoped concealed my dog.

Blacky had been gone for three days and this was the fourth night. I was so nervous that I could hardly push the button forward to turn on my flashlight. I played the light on the bottom of a rather large bush. There, to my relief, was my beloved pup.

As I bent down to get the pup, I noticed his hind leg was caught in a trap. I shuddered as I undid the trap because I noticed two things: one, it was one of my own traps, and the other was that his hind leg was almost gnawed through. The poor dog must have been frantic and starved to have done a thing like that to himself.

The first thing I did was to feed him the last of my provisions. He ate them hungrily and then looked thankfully up at me. Then I decided to take him to the nearest doctor,

who was fifty miles away. I took off my shirt and ripped the sleeves off it to be used as a temporary bandage, then I made a carrying sling out of the rest of my shirt.

I set out on my long journey. The rest of the night went by with nothing happening. I was traveling lightly and gaining about four miles an hour. I made about sixteen miles during the night. By daybreak I was tired and hungry. I decided not to rest until noon.

The day was foggy at first but then it cleared up perfectly. I now made only three miles an hour because of fatigue. At noon I stopped and washed out Blacky's wound. Then I rewound the bandage and lay down to sleep. I had about twenty miles left to my journey. I rested for an hour and then set out again.

Night fell quite suddenly so I decided to stick to the main trails. I walked on through the night. I was quite cold with the loss of my shirt. Come daybreak, I sighted in the distance the village in which the doctor lived. I now knew that I had only a mile left. I trudged on with higher spirits.

When I reached the doctor's house I was glad to find him at home. When I told him my story he

was shocked that I had walked that far in such a rather short time. He immediately took Blacky into his office and laid him out on a table. Blacky was in a very painful condition.

Dr. Buckley told me Blacky's leg was broken in two places. He had also lost quite a large amount of blood. The doctor's first problem was to get the pint of blood he needed badly. He searched through his stock room, but he was looking without any luck. This was about the time I got the idea that I was a healthy young boy of fourteen and had an extra pint of blood to spare. I told the doctor of my idea and he approved.

He then approached me with a big

hypodermic needle. He carefully stuck it in one of the larger veins in my upper arm. He withdrew the needle and the blood. This was the first time when I passed out, from both the loss of blood and the lack of sleep.

When I awoke it was just dawn. I had slept for about ten hours. My first thought was Blacky. I looked over at the table and there I saw him. He was asleep with his hind leg carefully wrapped in gauze and a thick plaster cast to top it all. I was happy to see him still alive and breathing.

I paid the doctor and then started on my way home. I was so happy I could have danced because Blacky's life had been saved.

THE WOODS

By HAROLD VAN DOREN (VI)

When I am s'rolling through the
woods

I sense a peaceful air,
With which man-made contrivances
Can not the least compare.

I hear the call of nature's voice —
How sweetly it does ring
Among the hemlocks and the oaks,
Among the shoots of spring.

The squirrels leap from bough to
bough,

So gracefully they play
I find it difficult to turn
From watching them all day.

The door of day is closing fast,
All nature now is still.
The mists of evening dim the sun
Behind the distant hill.

And as I homeward wend my way
My heart is now in tune
With all the miracles I've seen,
Now lighted by the moon.

THE CROWD

By JOSEPH SMITH (VI)

It is interesting to watch a wide variety of individuals converge upon a stadium, unite, and react as one composite creature — the crowd.

This monster, the crowd, groans, grins, rocks, and roars in its mighty reaction to the events on the playing field.

The game is about to begin. The monster stands and is quiet waiting for the kick-off. The ball is kicked and it sails through the air. A player grabs it and starts to run. The monster roars his approval. The player is still running, but he has to get past two of his opponents. The monster shouts encouragement. The player neatly sidesteps one of the tacklers. A squeal of delight comes from the monster. But the next tackler doesn't miss and the man with the ball is brought down. The monster groans. A player was injured. As the stretcher-bearers run out, the monster is strangely quiet. The player is helped on the stretcher but he shaki-

ly stands up and refuses, preferring to limp off the field with one of the aides. A hearty cheer goes up from the monster, and he loudly applauds. But upon seeing that the other team has no casualties, he yells threats and boos.

The players come out of their huddle and line up. The monster shouts his idea of the right play, but when they seem to ignore him, he shouts words of encouragement. The neat formations scatter and the quarterback is fading back with the ball. Two tacklers go after him. He hands off to another player just as they take him out. The monster goes wild. The player is running, thirty yards, twenty yards, ten yards . . . touchdown.

The game is over. The home team has won. The monster heaves a sigh and begins to disintegrate into a thousand individuals who stream out of the stadium in different directions.



A MODERN SHYLOCK

By SAMUEL GUTTMAN (VI)

Mr. Slater had amassed a great amount of money by working hard and scrutinizing every cent. He was very stingy and was disliked by everyone in town.

His greatest pleasure was to make the less fortunate people eat dirt. He would do everything in his power to get his hands on money before someone who really needed it could. He would lend money at a high rate of interest, and he'd try to sue anybody for a mishap that might have been his fault. It was a small town that he lived in, and he was virtually pumping it dry. He wasn't modest about his wealth and didn't mind telling people that he was a very wealthy man.

He lived in a very old house and no one knew how much money he really had, for it was expected that he hid some of it around the place.

People would come around to see this man as if he were a wild animal on exhibit. He didn't mind this because he knew that the people were just jealous of his wealth.

One day a tall man in a gray suit came to the front door and Mr. Slater let him in. The man asked him about his financial status. Mr. Slater immediately thought that the man was a reporter, so he started to boast about his wealth. He figured that there would be a big story which, written up in a paper, would make people even more jealous. He boasted and told how very rich he was. Presently, after he couldn't think of anything more to brag about, he inquired, "What paper are you from?"

"I'm a tax collector," replied the man.

AEROPLANES

By SAMUEL GUTTMAN (VI)

The silver monsters come and go
To places far and wide,
From Amsterdam to Lebanon
As in the clouds they hide.

Now even across the Poles they fly,
Where weather's mighty cold,

Cruising at fantastic heights
As on their course they hold.

Jets now streak across the skies —
From the Wright brothers a far cry!
In a hundred years or so
Who knows where planes will fly?

TELEVISION

By ROBERT CARRICK (VI)

T.V. is the medium
That's taken the country by storm.
It's spread to such a wide extent,
There's a set in every home.

The things that you can see today,
With just a flick of the dial!
Everything from Sherlock Holmes
To Godfrey's leering smile.

The greatest T.V. shows to see
Are adult westerns, for sure.

But they are not adult any more;
Now, they are just mature.

And now, for all the kiddies,
They've got Captain Kangaroo,
Popeye Theatre, Daffy Duck,
And Aunt Matilda's Zoo.

So for all the things you wish to see,
(How good or bad the show may be)
You'll find them there,
Right on T.V.

SOLITUDE

By HOWARD McMORRIS (VI)

Not enough people today get
alone and think things out. One reason
for this is the pace at which
modern day life moves. A person
doesn't have time to relax alone
somewhere and think.

People today put too much emphasis
on entertainment every night.
They can't provide their own means
of enjoyment. Too much stress is
put upon being in "a gang". Each

person follows the crowd and has no
individualism.

A person should have confidence
in his ideas and not be afraid to express
them. Too many people follow
the example of older or more prominent
ones. Many people aren't sure
what they're doing, but just stumble
blindly ahead. They ought to slow
down and collect their thoughts.
Often someone will know something

is wrong but will not try to stop it. He is afraid of what people will think of him and as a result keeps quiet. Instead of speaking his thoughts he hangs around in the background and loses more confidence in himself and his ideas.

There are several reasons why someone can become intimidated like this. It may be that he has been constantly picked upon and teased. As a result he is self-conscious and is always trying to please other people. Or perhaps all his ideas have been called silly. He is afraid to express them for fear they will be laughed at. Because of these reasons he feels he is inferior to other, more popular, boys and follows their

example.

He should sit down and think about his situation from someone else's view. If he thinks about it, he will realize that he is not dependent on other people for entertainment. He could become more independent and believe in himself once again. He would not be afraid to express his ideas and would probably gain more respect from his classmates or fellow-men.

The advantage of solitude is that one has a chance to look at things the way they really are. He can see the truth and face the facts. He can pull himself together and have more confidence in himself and his ideas.

LOWER SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

NO WATER!

By KEVIN KENNEDY (II)

It is the year 2519. You are in a small room. It is one of the seven wonders of the world because it has in it a little bottle of water. This is the last bit of water left in the world. It seems strange, but the way you are supplied with water is in pills. Most of the people on earth have died because the pills are running out.

A few days ago a few hundred men left in a giant rocket. They were

looking for water on another planet.

The rocket might make it. You know if the rocket does not arrive you and all the rest of the people on earth will die. It is getting hotter. The back of your neck gets hot. In a minute you begin melting. After getting outside you know you are doomed.

The rocket ship got back to see a little ball wither away. It was what was left of the burned earth.

I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER

By ROBERT OTIS (III)

One night I woke up scared. The wind was howling outside and it was raining. I got up to close my window, when I noticed our neighbors were having a party. So I decided to stay up and spy on them with my telescope. This was not unusual, for our neighbors liked to have parties that lasted well after midnight. After about half an hour of this I got tired so I crawled back into bed, only to enjoy about two hours of sleep.

I woke up about five o'clock hearing voices outside my window. I noticed that they were trying to keep their voices low, so I knew that they hadn't come from the party or they would probably be singing. I looked to see if the party was still going, but it had long since been over and all the guests were gone. Only the wife and husband remained and they were asleep.

Now I wanted to find out who the people were that were in the bushes. I could just make out two figures staying close to the bushes and crawling close to our neighbors' house. I also noticed that one of them had on his back a gadget that I wasn't acquainted with. I could see them plainly now because they were under the neighbors' garage light. They were both wearing masks and I assumed they were robbers, so I ran into my parents' room. I tried to wake my father and mother up, but

they gave a huge grunt and turned over. I decided that was a hopeless plan and went back to my bedroom. I thought this **could** be a joke on the people in the house, so I stayed to watch.

After an inspection of the house they walked in as if they owned the place. Maybe they did — I didn't know. Very soon I heard two faint muffled shots and decided it wasn't a joke, but I was so intrigued by the thing that I stayed and watched some more of it. I heard the two robbers searching through the house. Since there weren't any other houses near, I was the only one that could have seen it except for my father and mother, but they were out cold. I remembered the police, so I called them. I got some person that gave me a bad bawling out because I had interrupted his game of pool. I abandoned that thought and went back to see what the robbers were doing. Now I saw them come out of the house and pause for something. I saw a brilliant flash of light and I remembered the thing on that man's back. It must have been a flame-thrower. They started back toward my house, and I got down low so they would not notice me.

I remembered the B.B. gun that was given to me on my birthday. Even though it was illegal in New Jersey, I loaded it up with B.B.'s and took careful aim at the burglars. I

let one B.B. go and I heard a frightened yelp. I no sooner heard that than I let three more go. I hit on all three. The robbers were flustered and so was I. The neighbors' house was well on fire now and I heard some fire sirens. I had been cocking like mad and shooting as many well-placed shots as I could get off. I was getting nervous because they knew where I was now. I received a volley of poorly placed shots in my bedroom wall, but I noticed that only one man was shooting at me. So I decided to go over to my parents' window where I could get a better shot at him. He was still shooting at my other window when

I landed a B.B. in his eye. I went out to get the men in the rain. I got my wagon and hauled my prisoners over to where the firemen were trying to put out the fire.

I was congratulated and had my B.B. gun taken away by the chief of police.

When I got the reward for the robbers I decided to buy an alarm clock with it so I could wake my father and mother up in an emergency like this one. When I returned to my house at a quarter of seven my father and mother were still asleep. When they asked me if I had dreamed well, I said, "No!"

MY EXPERIENCE IN NORWAY

By WARREN SHEW (I)

If I were an explorer I would go to Norway. I would go there because I like to skate, sled and ski. I would be the greatest mountain climber in the world. I would be "the Great Shewskee".

I always wanted to go to Norway because it is a nice place. One of the main reasons is that it is cold. It is a pretty place to go sightseeing, to go up to the mountains and look down on the town. It is even nice to look up to the mountains.

While people are enjoying sights, you don't think for one moment I would be with them. No! I would be climbing a mountain. Before starting

I would tell the people that their Great Shewskee was going to climb their biggest mountain. When I reached the top I would come sliding down on my trusty sled "Explorer". I would start off on my journey dragging "Explorer" behind me . . .

You won't believe me, but I made it to the top, and I still had "Explorer". I came sliding down, full speed ahead. I got slowed down by a hole: I got to the bottom, but not in one piece. That's the trouble. "Explorer" and I were a bit worse for the experience. "Explorer" was in splinters and I was battered and bruised.

"I LIKE IT HERE" CLUB

By JOHN McCARTHY (III)

It was the twenty-third month of being in a Philippine concentration camp. I, Colonel Fred Yoeger, West Point 1940, somehow had survived the Bataan march and lived through numerous ordeals. We prisoners could only complain about the poor food, miserable living quarters, our little chance for physical exercise and the absence of mail from home.

It was then that I thought of an idea! In spite of all the complaining of the men, I believed that an "I Like It Here" Club would really boost the spirits of the men. To be a member of this club, we each had to think of one good reason for liking it here in the prison camp. It was exactly what we needed to take our minds off our troubles.

Each day one man was to give his reason for "liking it here." Porky, who had always been overweight, remarked, "I never could lose weight with my mother's good cooking. But here, since the food is very scarce and unappetizing, I am down to a slim one hundred forty pounds. The best part is I didn't have to pay for

any reducing pills!" Joe liked it here because at home he had to work hard and never had a chance to finish his high school studies. "But here, I have plenty of spare time for schoolwork," added Joe. One group said to me, "In the States we were working and never had much spare time to play cards. Now, we have a good opportunity to play bridge all day and even enjoy a little poker!" I also had my reasons for liking it here. Where else could I find a place that I could learn the complete Russian language? Nikolai, a fellow prisoner, is teaching me Russian while I am teaching him English.

Finally, after thirty-eight months, we were released and the ordeal was over. Since then I taught Russian at West Point and am at the Princeton Graduate School studying for my doctorate in Far Eastern Studies. A week doesn't go by that I don't receive a card from one of my fellow prisoners. In every card the following four words are always mentioned, "I like it **here**. . ."



AN AMUSING EXPERIENCE

By ROBERT WOLFF (II)

About three weeks before Thanksgiving I was invited to my friend Kimmy's house for two days during Thanksgiving vacation. I looked forward to this very much, because I always enjoy being at Kimmy's house.

Kim lives in the country on the other side of New Hope, and it is always a lot of fun at his house for many reasons. There are wide-open spaces, and a big hill to ride down on our bikes or slide down when it's icy.

This time I was particularly happy when the day arrived, because

when I looked outside I saw snow falling. Now Kim and I would have fun.

I ran upstairs to my room and packed my bag with snow boots and a warm sweater and gloves, and everything I could think of to use in the snow.

Kimmy's father picked me up in his car that evening, and I could not wait to get to his house. The snow was still falling. Finally we arrived. I rushed indoors, opened my bag, and found nothing in the bag but my bathing trunks. My sister had played a trick on me.

AN ADVENTURE STORY

By MAURICE LEE (I)

One day I was on a ship at sea. It was a very nice day. Suddenly a giant sea monster leaped out of the sea and crushed the boat. Then he started to eat all of our supply of food, and after he had eaten all our food he started to eat our men. It was our luck that he must have gotten full so he dove back into the sea.

But the remaining men knew they were in danger of being eaten too. We all grabbed a piece of the wrecked ship and started swimming to an island. There we found plenty of

food and fresh water. When night came the sea monster jumped up and ate two more of us. Then he left us with three men.

The following night again the sea monster came and ate another man. Now only my partner and I were left. Then we set a trap for him. We dug a hole, and when the sea monster came he fell into the hole and we killed him.

We stayed on the island for a week and then a ship came and got us. Finally I got home. I never want to have another trip like that.

THE GHOST OF THE GRAVEYARD

By JOHN POOLE (III)

It was 11:00 P.M. in the San Quentin graveyard. The caretaker had just finished burying the killer of the decade, who had been executed in the electric chair. As the caretaker walked away, he heard a rumble. He turned around and, seeing the same man he had just buried, dropped dead of shock. The man was six feet nine inches tall. He had very big eyes which could scare anyone by glimmering at them. He started for the prison. A guard saw him and recognized him at once. He shot his rifle eight times at the victim's head. Then he ran. The ghost simply flew after him and slowly strangled him. He hated the world.

The next day he strangled all the witnesses who had come to court with charges against him. The ghost then returned to the graveyard at San Quentin after freeing all the prisoners in the prison.

For seven years he killed anybody who entered that graveyard. He wanted to guard the graves of his friends, the prisoners of San Quentin.

After seven years scientists were sure they had a gas which would

make the ghost appear like a regular man instead of like a foggy mist. The four scientists took their chemical into the graveyard, but before they could do anything the ghost was upon them. He killed them all. Then the ghost looked at the bottle. Not knowing what it was, he smelled it. Suddenly, to his horror, he saw himself appearing.

A year later some scientists thought they knew what would kill the monster who could now be seen.

They went to the graveyard. Suddenly they saw the monster. They threw the chemical at him and ran. The curious monster picked it up and smelled it. Then he fainted. The scientists saw this and called policemen.

At 11:30 that night a caretaker rolled the monster's coffin out. He had heard about the wonderful eyes and had to see them. He opened the coffin. Immediately he closed it and put his hands over his eyes. He turned to lower the coffin into the grave. Suddenly the monster reached out of the coffin, strangled the caretaker, and disappeared, never to be seen again.

MASSACRED BY APACHES

By JONATHAN MARK (I)

Captain Rogers studied the map in front of him. It was marked here and there with dots and squares. Suddenly his face turned white. He had just found a place on his map where the Apaches could pour into his camp and kill everyone.

As he raised his head he could hear the shots in the distance and wondered how many good men would fall before the battle was over. His head felt dizzy from lack of sleep, and he wondered if more guns and men would arrive before he and his command could be overtaken.

Meanwhile, back in his lodge, Cochise talked with his braves. He asked them the best way into Rogers' camp. One said, "Here is a good place. His lines are weakest here."

"True," said Cochise, with lines of

wisdom running through his wrinkled face. "We shall attack there."

Next morning Captain Rogers had gotten an hour's sleep and felt a little better. He put some coffee on to boil for his breakfast.

At 11:00 that day the Apaches swarmed in over the lines. Then Captain Silverman, who was desperate to blow everyone and everything to destruction, tried to fire all the powder, but was riddled with Apache gunfire in the attempt. It would have been useless because each grain was drenched in blood. Captain Rogers, moping over his map, drew his pistol and killed five, then with his saber killed three, and was found there next to his blood-stained weapon four hours later by Corporal Hutton of the 92nd Cavalry.

LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS

By WILLIAM EDWARDS (II)

Scientists are quite sure that there is no animal life on any other planet except Earth. They have puzzled whether there is any kind of life on these planets. Most modern astronomers believe there is plant life on Mars. A telescope shows bluish-green color which might mean life.

Mars also has a polar cap which melts in the summer and provides water for the plants. Many straight

dark lines can be seen through a telescope. They are called Schiaparelli's Canals, after the Italian astronomer who discovered them. Some scientists think that these lines are strips of vegetation along canals. These lines have been studied over and over again, and most astronomers agree that they are probably plant life. But some think they are natural features such as rivers.

HONOR ROLL

WINTER TERM, 1958-1959

(These grades do not include the Term Examinations.)

First Honor Roll

(90-100%)

TOWNSEND BLODGET
WARREN ELMER
RANDOLPH HOBLER
WARD JANDL
RICHARD MARCUS
JOHN McCARTHY
JOHN POOLE
WILLIAM SMOYER
JOHN WILLIS

Second Honor Roll

(85-89%)

JOHN BRINKERHOFF
GERARD CAMERON
ROY COPPEDGE
JOHN DUNNING
WILLIAM EDWARDS
PETER HART
AUBREY HUSTON
KEVIN KENNEDY
JAMES KERR
JAMES KILGORE
JOHN ODDEN
ALEXANDER PATTON
RICHARD REYNOLDS
JOSEPH RIKER
STEVEN SACKS-WILNER
WILLIAM SAYEN
JOHN SCHEIDE
CHARLES SMYTH
DONALD WOODBRIDGE

Third Honor Roll

(80-84%)

NORMAN ARMOUR
BRUCE ARMSTRONG
ROBERT AYERS
ELIAS BAKER
JOHN BAKER
WARREN BAKER
FRANKLIN BERGER
DUDLEY BLODGET
HAMILTON CLARK
RICHARD CRAWFORD
ALFRED DAVIS
ALEXANDER EDWARDS
WALTER EDWARDS
DAVID FROTHINGHAM
STEPHEN GOHEEN
ROBERT GRIGGS
SAMUEL GUTTMAN
HAROLD HENRY
FREDERICK HUTSON
DAVID JOHNSON
GIBBS KANE
CHARLES KATZENBACH
WILSON KEHOE
PETER KLINE
ROBERT LEVENTHAL
GRAHAM MATHEWS
RICHARD MILLER
HOWARD MYERS
JAMES SCARFF
PHILIP SHERWOOD
WARREN SHEW
PETER SKILLMAN
WILLIAM STANTAR
ALFRED STENGEL
GLENN THOMAS
BRUCE TYLER
GUY VICINO
DAVID WAKELIN
WILLIAM WALKER
FREDERICK WANDELT
HERBERT WARDEN
ROBERT WOLFF

NINTH GRADE M.F.S. – P.C.D. POLL

A poll of favorites was conducted by the JUNIOR JOURNAL among the Ninth Grade girls and boys at Miss Fine's and P.C.D. As proved below, girls do have minds of their own.

In most cases only the first-place winner is mentioned, although a few of the more interesting answers are given in parentheses.

Subject	Girls	Boys
Actor	Tony Perkins (2nd, Richard Boone)	Zacherly
Actress	Ingrid Bergman	Brigitte Bardot (2nd, Kim Novak)
TV Show	Have Gun, Will Travel (Thin Man)	Shock Theater (Romper Room)
Radio Show	Jean Shepherd	Alan Freed
Band	Lester Lanin (P.C.D.)	Benny Goodman
Popular Song	Alvin's Harmonica	Charlie Brown
Record Artist (or) Vocal Group	Kings:ton Trio	Kingston Trio
Magazine	Seventeen	Mad (2nd, Playboy)
Advertisement	Maypo	Piel's
Beverage	Root beer	Beer
Teacher	Mrs. Shepherd	Dr. Harwood
Subject	French, English (tied)	French (2nd, English)
Tooth paste	Ipana	Crest (2nd, Stripe)
Sport	Tennis (Chasing boys)	Hockey
Hobby	Men	Girls (Going to the Canteen)

ATHLETICS

HOCKEY

By SAMUEL GUTTMAN

In the 1958-1959 season P.C.D. continued to have a strong team with a winning spirit. Even though our unbroken winning streak of 28 games was finally ended, we had a most excellent season, winning seven games and losing one.

The usual starting line-up was as follows: goal, Crawford; defense, McMorris and Stuart; center, Captain Cook; wings, Shearer and Hare.

P.C.D. 9, LAWRENCEVILLE 1

This was just a scrimmage as Lawrenceville had had only a few days of practice. Goals for our side went as follows: Cook, 5; Carrick, Shearer, Stuart, and Patton, 1 each.



P.C.D. 7, KENT 1

Despite the handicap of getting up at 5:30 and playing before sunrise, we defeated Kent in the first game of the annual New England trip. Goals were scored by Cook, 3; Stuart, Hare, McMorris, Smoyer, 1 each.

TAFT 1, P.C.D. 0

This was our hardest effort of the season. We were forced to play this game the same day as our early-morning contest at Kent. Taft's goal came in the second period on a tricky shot.

P.C.D. 3, NEW CANAAN C.D. 1

We had a little trouble pulling ourselves together in this second invasion of Connecticut. We won, however, with two goals by Cook and one by Hare.

P.C.D. 5, LAWRENCEVILLE 0

This was a rather easy victory for P.C.D. We were able to let some of the less experienced players have a chance to play. Carrick scored three times, Stuart once and Cook once.

P.C.D. 7, LAWRENCEVILLE 1

With the whole school looking on, we won by six goals in a good showing. Goals were divided as follows: Smoyer, 2; Shearer, Hare, Cook, Odden, and Alexander, 1 apiece.

P.C.D. 9, HILL 1

At Hill we played against a scrappy team, but we were a bit too strong for them. Cook scored four times, Stuart twice, Shearer once, Patton once, and Alexander once.

P.C.D. 5, WISSAHICKON SKATING CLUB 1

In this final game in Philadelphia we played against a worthy opponent, and it was a tough struggle all the way. Goals were scored as follows: Stuart, 2; Cook, 1; Hare, 1; Smoyer, 1.

In eight games, P.C.D. made 45 goals against 7 for our opponents. The P.C.D. goals were scored by the following players: Cook, 17; Stuart, 7; Hare, Carrick, Smoyer, 4 each; Shearer, 3; Patton and Alexander, 2 each; McMorris and Odden, 1 each.

BASKETBALL

By WILLIAM PUTNEY

This year's basketball squad was a group of hard-fighting boys who, although winning only a third of their games, produced a fine record of good sportsmanship and teamwork. Our record of baskets and foul shots made, however, was not too good. We missed far too many of these shots, and needed to use the basic plays more often. However, we gave most of our opponents some hard action and we improved quite a bit since last year.

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 40, P.C.D. 23

We were up against a much better, well-practiced team and we never really had much of a chance. Smyth led the scoring with eight points, and Dunning made seven.

P.C.D. 24, WARDLAW 22

The teams were fairly evenly matched during the entire game, but we managed to play slightly better than our opponents at the end to come up with our first victory in over a year. Smyth was again high scorer with ten points.



VALLEY ROAD 25, P.C.D. 9

We played generally poorly in this game, especially toward the end. We never really had a chance to get moving and Valley Road kept control of the ball most of the time. High scorers were Pettit and Reynolds T. with four points apiece.

P.C.D. 34, PENNINGTON PREP 33

A very close game. One of the high moments of our basketball season came when one of their players scored for us. Leaders in points were Smyth (10) and Reynolds T. (8).

WEST WINDSOR 38, P.C.D. 21

We just weren't up to par in this game, and our opponents certainly played a fine game. Our high scorer was Reynolds T. with ten points.

WITHERSPOON 31, P.C.D. 20

Our old rivals won mainly for two reasons: we made far too few of the shots we attempted, and we played on a strange court surrounded by hordes of shouting Witherspoon fans. Leader of the scoring was Pettit with thirteen points.

VALLEY ROAD 36, P.C.D. 18

Again we were outplayed by our opponents and we never really had a chance. We fought back, though, or the result could have been much worse. Reynolds T. led our scorers with nine points.

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 47, P.C.D. 20

We were again beaten by a much better and more developed team. We suffered our worst defeat of the season in this game. Aul was high scorer with nine points and Staniar had eight.

P.C.D. 36, WITHERSPOON 32

This time we were ready for Witherspoon. On our own court, with the aid of our own horde of shouting fans, we outfought our opponents and turned the trick. Our high scorer was Reynolds T. with eleven points.

PENNINGTON GRAMMAR 31, P.C.D. 25

Some poor playing and a poor referee cost us this game. We were losing only by a few points when the last minute of play began, but our opponents kept scoring and we got panicky. Aul was our high point man with ten.

PENNINGTON GRAMMAR 25, P.C.D. 24

Our hardest game to lose; we were evenly matched throughout the whole game, but our opponents managed to come out ahead by a single point. Pettit, with ten points, and Reynolds T., with eight, were our high pointers.

P.C.D. 22, WEST WINDSOR 20

This time our opponents weren't up to par and we played a fine game even though we had never expected a victory. Pettit was our high point man with twelve and we finished the season in fine style.

High scorers for the year were: Reynolds T. (71), Pettit (59), Aul (40), Smyth (39), Dunning (32), Reynolds R. (27), Staniar (23). Total points: P.C.D. 276, Opp. 380. Average points per game: P.C.D. 23, Opp. 32. Total Fouls: P.C.D. 111, Opp. 137. Average fouls per game: P.C.D. 9, Opp. 11. Percent of foul shots made: P.C.D. 28%, Opp. 35%.

WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

SCHOLARSHIP

Blues: 78+ %

Whites: 77+ %

HOCKEY

By RICHARD CRAWFORD

The Blue and White hockey competition was very close, but was finally won by the Whites. The competition was divided between Varsity and Junior Varsity teams.

The first J.V. game was tied, with Goble scoring for the Whites and Kane for the Blues. The second game was scoreless. In the third and deciding game Hart scored for the Whites, giving them a 1-0 victory.

In the first Varsity game the Blues won 6-0, Cook and Stuart each scoring two and Alexander and Smoyer one goal apiece. The Whites came back, however, and won the second game by a score of 2-1, McMorris and Carrick scoring for the Whites and Smoyer for the Blues. The third game was tied 1-1, with a goal apiece by Stuart of the Blues and McMorris of the Whites.

Therefore the Whites won the series because of the Junior Varsity victory. As always, there was fine spirit and hard play in these exciting games.

BASKETBALL

BLUES 24 - WHITES 15

The varsity Whites really surprised the Blues, since the Blues had almost all the varsity players. The Whites really fought hard and kept the Blues down to a nine-point victory. High scorers: Blues, Reynolds T. (9), Coffee (5); Whites, Pettit (10), Warren (4).

A very close basketball tournament played in all forms after the close of the hockey season resulted in a 19-17 victory for the Whites. With two points for a victory and one point for a tie, the table which follows shows that the Blues were superior in the First and Sixth Forms, the sides were evenly matched in the Fourth and Fifth Forms, but that the Whites were too strong in the Second and Third Forms. The point total was as follows:

	Blues	Whites		Blues	Whites
I Form	7	1	V Form	2	2
II Form	2	6	VI Form	4	0
III Form	0	8		—	—
IV Form	2	2		17	19

SKATING MEET

By JOSEPH SMITH

In the annual Blue-White skating races at the end of the hockey season the Whites won by a score of 23 to 14.

The Junior Division (Forms I and II) was won by W. Baker (White). Wolff (White) was second, and Story (Blue) was third. This gave the Whites 8 points, the Blues 1.

The Intermediate Division (Forms III and IV) had a photo finish, with Chubet (Blue) coming out ahead. Kirkpatrick (White) was second, and Tomlinson (White) placed third. This gave the Blues 5 points and the Whites 4.

In the Senior Division top-seeded Alexander (Blue) slipped on a turn, leaving Carrick (White) and Cook (Blue) to fight it out. Carrick placed first with Cook second and Shearer (White) third. This gave the Whites 6 points and the Blues 3.

The mixed relay, consisting of one skater from each class on each team, was won by the Blue team of Kehoe, Story, Tibbals, Chubet, Smoyer and Cook. This gave the Blues 5 points, making the score 14 to 18.

A victory in the final event, the All-School Relay, would have given the Blues a 1-point triumph, but instead the Whites won and clinched the meet, 23-14.

LITTLE LEAGUE HOCKEY

By **RICHARD CRAWFORD**

The Little League competition was played in two rounds and was won by Trinity-Hamilton with 26 points. Dartmouth was second with 18 points, Williams third with 15, and Princeton fourth with 13. Each team consisted of a varsity, junior varsity and reserves, with fewer boys on the varsity than on the lower teams. Each game played counted the same number of points.

The referees were Fifth Formers chosen from the school Varsity. They were E. Baker, Davis, Patton, D. Blodget, and Smoyer.

The managers, who were Sixth Form varsity members, were Hare for Trinity-Hamilton, Vollbrecht for Dartmouth, Crawford for Williams, and Fairman for Princeton.

It was certainly a successful season, and the P.C.D. Varsity will be a fine team in the future with many of these lower form enthusiasts keeping up its record.

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1947

Stanley N. Wilks was married to Miss Mary Jocelyn Wilkins, of Short Hills, N. J., last summer.

Dr. Paul M. Roediger, who received his M.D. degree from Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia last June, is an interne at Abington Memorial Hospital, Abington, Pa.

McKim Steele, Jr., was married to Miss Ann Lozier Price, of Sea Girt, N. J., last June 13.

1952

Philip D. Kopper is a Senior at Yale. He is Editorial Secretary of the **Yale Daily News**, and is a member of the Elizabethan Club and the Manuscript Senior Society.

Rensselaer W. Lee III, a Senior at Princeton, is trying to make up his mind whether, on graduating, to take up Government service, advertising, graduate school or the army.

Charles S. Green III, a Senior at the University of Virginia, expects to be married this summer to Miss Jo Anne Dougherty, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, who is a Senior at Sweet Briar College. "Tucker" is currently President of his chapter of the Phi Sigma Kappa fraternity and also of the American Rocket Society.

Richard P. Whitney, having just left the Navy, is back at Brown University as a second-term Sophomore.

Richard H. Wise, Jr., hopes to become a teacher in a California high school after a year of graduate work following his graduation from Princeton this coming June.

Peter Bauer played fullback on the Princeton varsity soccer team. He was named to the Second All-Ivy team.

Lawrence T. Griggs is engaged to Miss Joan Kennan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Kennan of Princeton.

Peter Knipe is president of his fraternity at Yale and also President of the Inter Fraternity Council (IFC).

1953

Peter B. Cook was second-high scorer on the Princeton varsity hockey team this winter.

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Grenville Cuyler was in the cast of the Princeton Triangle Show this fall. He is also Vice-President of the Princeton Theatre Intime.

John E. Kerney, Jr., played varsity hockey at Middlebury College and is working on the college newspaper, **The Campus**. He was in the U.S. Coast Guard until July, 1957.

Kenneth Scasserra received a Junior varsity "P" for his work as sophomore manager of hockey at Princeton.

Nicholas A. Cameron is on the Dean's List at Yale, majoring in Industrial Administration and Mechanical Engineering. He is Chief Printer at Jonathan Edwards College and a member of the Jesters, an informal singing group.

1954

James H. Ackerman, Jr., is a Freshman at Colby College, Waterville, Maine. He played on the Colby hockey team and plans to major in Business Administration.

Ben Hubby played varsity soccer and squash as a Sophomore at Trinity College. For the past three summers he has worked as an orderly at the Princeton Hospital.

James F. O'Brien II is a Freshman at Dartmouth, having spent one year following his graduation from Lawrenceville studying at the Brentwood School, Essex, England, and traveling on the European continent.

Lance D. Odden won a varsity letter in hockey at Princeton in his sophomore year. His two goals enabled Princeton to tie Harvard, 5-5.

John Pearce, a Sophomore at Branford College, Yale University, was a forward on the Yale varsity soccer team.

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1955

Sam Busselle has been a steady point winner for the Yale Freshman swimming team.

Michael Callahan is at the Northwood School, Lake Placid, N. Y. He has played varsity soccer and hockey, is an editor of the paper and the year book, and is earning honor grades.

William R. (Bucky) Kales III and John T. (Chip) Woodward won numerals on the Princeton freshman hockey team.

Robert T. McLaughlin is in his first year at Harvard University. He played on the Freshman soccer team, but academically he has Sophomore standing.

1956

Edward Benson played J. V. football at Andover and had the lead in Eugene O'Neill's "Ile", Drama Workshop play. He expects to enter Princeton next fall.

John F. Cook was co-captain of the Exeter hockey team. He broke the all-time Exeter scoring record for one season. He also played on the soccer team in the fall.

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Roger Kirkpatrick played varsity soccer at Hotchkiss and is News Editor of the Hotchkiss **Record**. He plans to go to the University of Colorado next year.

Peter Moock is a Senior Proctor at Andover. He is headed for Williams College next year.

1957

Louis Hano won his varsity letter in soccer at Peddie.

Webb Harrison and Hugh Wise have been elected co-captains of next year's hockey team at Andover.

Robert C. Kuser, Jr., played varsity football at Canterbury School.

William Morse played varsity soccer and hockey at Portsmouth Priory School.

Douglas Rampona is first man and co-captain of the fencing team at Lawrenceville.

Richard Rotnem played varsity football and hockey at Lawrenceville and is out for lacrosse. His grades, he reports, are "improving."

Robert Smyth transferred from Taft to the Princeton High School for reasons of health. He plays trombone in the High School Concert Band.

For News of Princeton Country Day School

Between issues of

THE JUNIOR JOURNAL

read

THE PRINCETON HERALD

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1958

William Applegate played varsity football and J. V. basketball at Peddie. He was high scorer on the basketball team.

Robert Bales played Lower School football and club basketball at Taft.

Pompey Delafield has had bad luck in athletics in his first year at Salisbury School. He put his knee out playing football and broke his wrist playing hockey.

David Kelley played varsity soccer and hockey at Choate.

Jobe Stevens was elected captain of the Andover soccer team for next year, although he is only a sophomore.

1962

Lewis Perry III writes from the Fountain Valley School, Colorado Springs, where his father is headmaster: "Riding and figure skating are my main interests now. Colorado is the outdoor sport lover's paradise."

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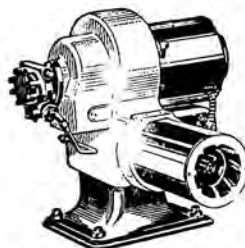
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