

VOL. XXXI, No. 3

JUNIOR JOURNAL

JUNE, 1959

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JUNIOR JOURNAL

JUNE 1959

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Junior Journal

Published by the Students of the Princeton Country Day School
Member *Columbia Scholastic Press Association*

Subscription	\$1.50 the Copy
	\$4.50 a Year

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Vol. XXXI

JUNE, 1959

No. 3

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THE FUTURE OF P.C.D.

In the past few years P.C.D. has been a rapidly growing school with one large problem — space. In the summer of 1957 our problem was solved temporarily. A new wing was built at the cost of \$100,000, housing the First and Second Forms, a spacious shop, a locker room, and an assembly room.

What will happen in the future when we need another addition? Will we still be at our present site on Broadmead? Last fall, to the School's great fortune, Mr. Dean Mathey generously gave P.C.D. twenty acres of his land between the Great Road and Pretty Brook Road. Miss Fine's School

also received twenty acres from Mr. Mathey. Aroused with this new hope for the future, P.C.D. faces many decisions.

One of these is the question of whether the School should have three grades added to it and thus continue through the twelfth grade. If so, should the fourth, fifth, and possibly the sixth grades be dropped? Our opinion is that no change should be made. The reason lies in the fact that the School's fine record might decline. This would happen because some students in the three years before college would want to meet the challenge of a larger boarding school, which has so much to offer. The students who have trouble getting into the boarding school of their choice would be the ones to remain at P.C.D. New England has many preparatory schools, and few students from our school have trouble getting into at least one of them. If the parents of some students want them to stay at home after the ninth grade (our present Sixth Form), there are at least four preparatory schools within fifteen miles of Princeton. Here these boys could remain as day students.

There would be other problems, too. To mention just one, it would be difficult to allot time at the hockey rink for this larger school so that every boy would have as much time as he now has. What would happen to our fine hockey teams if the younger boys did not have the chance to learn the game early as they do now?

No, if the School continued through the twelfth grade, many students of higher caliber would go away to a boarding school anyway, and the new grades would be small and would contain mostly students not able to go to a good boarding school. It has been a tradition to send boys away to preparatory schools, and Princeton Country Day is fine the way it is.

The radicals should be outvoted!

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. Rothermel on the birth of their son, Peter Frederick Rothermel, Jr., on April 28, 1959. We hope to see Peter graduate with the Class of 1973 at Princeton Country Day School.

and

To the JUNIOR JOURNAL for winning a First Place certificate in the annual contest sponsored by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

THE PENALTY OF SOLITUDE

By HAROLD VAN DOREN (VI)

The old sourdough heaved a sigh of relief as he set down his pack. He proceeded to make camp, carefully putting up his tent and unpacking his equipment.

As he worked, the old man thought things over. He had been in the wilds of northern Montana for over a month, scorched by the sun, soaked by the rain, and chilled by the cool nights. He was a prospector, hunting for gold. Thus far he had been unsuccessful. Yet, he kept on going, simply because he had to. He had sunk every cent he had in this venture and he just had to make it pay off. Defeat was not in his vocabulary.

He prepared his meager lunch and when he had finished, he began to explore his immediate surroundings. He looked carefully among the drear outcroppings of rocks, hoping to find even the slightest flake of the precious element.

Suddenly, fortune smiled on him. He found a small vein of pure gold in an outcrop. His first thoughts were to stake a claim, but he was far away from any towns, so he decided to mine what he could and then return to civilization.

For the next two weeks he labored,

day in and day out, mining a great supply. But soon the work began to tell on him. He not only became tired but the intense heat of the sun and the barren, desolate surroundings bore down on his spirit and his solitary life transformed him into a morose being. His loneliness became so nerve-racking that he even welcomed the companionship of an animal.

A marten made friendly advances and the prospector, through careful attention, won the little animal's trust. The man realized that without a living object to be interested in, he would go mad.

One day a trapper arrived. He was hunting martens. The prospector greeted him, glad to see a human.

"Hello!"

"Hello," the trapper answered.

"Whew! It certainly is hot."

"Yeah."

"You're the first man I've seen for two months."

"That so?"

"Only company I've had has been that little marten."

"Yeah? His fur's worth plenty."

"Look here! That marten's my companion and he's not to be bothered!"

"Okay, okay, friend. Don't get excited. Guess I'll be going along. So long."

"Good bye."

The trapper moved on down the trail and the prospector went back to his mine. About an hour later, the prospector heard a rifle shot. He ran back to his camp but saw no one.

Late afternoon came and went and he had his supper. However, the marten did not come to him as it usually did. The prospector began to grow suspicious. "If that man got my pet," he thought to himself, "I'll kill him."

Days passed. Still no marten. "He must have shot him," the prospector thought. "There can't be any other reason why it would be away for this long."

Another day passed. He grew desperate, and driven by the urge for revenge, he yelled, "If I ever see

that trapper again, I'll kill him, just as he killed my pet."

Just then, the trapper came up the trail. The miner took out his gun. They met, face to face.

"Why the gun, friend?" the trapper asked.

"You know very well. You shot my pet!"

"What? I haven't been around here since I last saw you."

"Oh, no? That pelt you're carrying looks mighty familiar to me! That's my marten and you know it! Have you any last words?"

"For Pete's sake, man! Be reasonable! I didn't touch your marten. That skin came from miles away!"

But the miner's finger squeezed the trigger. The gun exploded and the trapper fell to the ground.

Just then, the marten poked its nose over a log and three other little noses followed. The absence of the marten had been explained, but alas, too late!

NIGHT LIGHTS

By WARD JANDL (IV)

Lights aglare on every street,
Showing people where to eat,
Where to find a nearby store.
Street lights shine by every door.
Some look gay and others sad,
Some display the latest fad.
Headlights shining in the night,
Fill the darker streets with light.
But the one that tops them all
Welcomes me in my front hall.

NOVICE

By ROBERT CARRICK (VI)

Nora had been growing tiresome of late. She just wasn't the same woman that John had married. The Richards had been married for five years, and just now John began noticing a change. She was grumpy and irritable in the morning and tired and snappish at night. There seemed to be no explanation.

John Richards was a well-to-do lawyer. He commuted to New York every day. They had a maid, Louise. It was only one, but that was all they could afford. And yet with the conveniences that they did have, Nora was always nagging about how hard she had to work and she seemed to have a gripe about anything else she could think of. Her nagging started first thing in the morning and started up again the moment he stepped in the front door, coming home from work.

It got so that the only peace he could get was when he was working. He took every opportunity he could to work late on purpose, and sometimes he went out and got drunk. That was bliss. Nevertheless, the moment he got home, no matter how late it was, Nora was always up, waiting to jump on him the moment he came in. Then, somehow, she got the notion into her head that there was another woman! That was too much!

The weekends were especially hard to bear. Nora wanted to learn to drive, so, of course, John had to take her out and drive up and down the mountain road with her. Nora was an utter imbecile. She could not learn a thing. When the slightest thing stirred Nora would jam down the brakes, nearly sending John through the windshield. Several times, in fits of desperation, John was tempted to drive right off the cliff. But his self-restraint was enough to hold him back.

This went on several months. In the process John lost sleep and his work at the office fell off. When the boys at the office started to mention this change in him, he decided it was time that something should be done. But she would not grant him a divorce. It seemed as if she almost enjoyed watching him suffer.

He got the idea while riding to work one morning after an especially bad session with his wife. All that day he hardly did any work. He was busy cultivating the fiendish idea that had crept into his otherwise tranquil mind. The plan was this. Wednesday was Nora's market day. It had been only two weeks since she got her driver's license and she was still terrified of the mountain road that led to the village. John would unscrew the brake ped-

al, so when, as was her tendency, she jammed on the brake, it would collapse and over into the valley she would go. She wouldn't have a prayer.

Wednesday morning came! John did not get up as usual but remained in bed, feigning sickness. When Nora crossly asked him why he wasn't going to work and earn a living, he snapped back that he had a bad headache. She walked out of the room in a huff.

Louise brought him some ham and eggs on a tray. He told her that he was going back to sleep and not to disturb him unless it was necessary.

When the maid had left the room, John hopped out of bed and went to the closet. He had to get to the car before Nora finished breakfast. He threw on his pants, a jacket and his slippers. He took the wrench and screwdriver from their hiding place on the top shelf of the closet. He slipped out the door and tiptoed out the back door.

Nora was still in the dining room gorging herself on the food that John slaved every day to buy. He slipped out through the laundry-yard and out into the garage.

John walked up to the murder weapon. It was a '56 Ford and John knew how to take it apart and put it back together again. He was particularly proud of his automotive ability and now he was grateful for it. John set about his task with the air of an expert executioner. Dis-

mantling the brake pedal from the rest of the brake system was a relatively simple job. In a minute his task was done, but his hands were smeared with telltale grease. He put the tools on the car floor and reached for a rag. He heard the door slam and he heard Nora come out on the front steps. He dropped the rag and quickly shut the car door. He then sneaked out of the garage and into the laundry-yard.

Suddenly he remembered the wrench. "Oh, my God! If they find the tools in the wreckage, the first thing they will suspect is murder!"

He turned on his heel and strode back to the garage. He had to get those tools before Nora came. He stopped outside and listened. Too late! Nora was at the car! Wait! She was now turning and walking back to the house. She must have forgotten the car keys.

John raced into the car and opened the car door. He picked up the tools and put them into his pockets. All of a sudden he heard the distinctive clacking of high heels on the driveway pavement. He closed the door and walked around to the front end of the car and towards the back door. But then he stopped dead in his tracks. He saw Nora's shadow on the door and there was nothing he could do but crouch down between the front of the car and the backwall of the garage. He crouched there hoping Nora wouldn't see him.

He heard her get in the car and

start it. He started to grin. It was working perfectly. In a few minutes she'd be gone and all he would have to do was wait for the police to bring the tragic news.

To his horror the car began to move towards him. It was going to crush him against the wall. Nora, the stupid fool, had missed reverse, she had shifted into high. He screamed in horror. Nora saw his

figure crouching there and she jammed down on the brake but it fell loosely to the floor with no response. The man's head was crushed between the bumper and the wall.

Louise heard Nora scream and she ran upstairs and banged on the bedroom door. "Mr. Richards, Mr. Richards, come quick! Something awful has happened . . . !"

THE BETTER THINGS OF LIFE

By JONATHAN HOWLAND (V)

All of us have hopes, for hope is an essential of life. We usually have a number of main hopes which sometimes take the form of goals. If one of our hopes or goals falls through, we usually have another one to take its place, and all that we really do is switch our energy from one dream to another; thus, we have a kind of antidote for any discomfort or any disappointment which we might suffer. This makes life bearable.

But our story deals with a time, the gold rush days, to be exact, when thousands of men gave up their smaller hopes and concentrated on one; gold. Unfortunately, there was not enough gold to satisfy

the hopes of even one man, much less thousands. Therefore, in the 1800's, there were many men living a life of despair out in the West with nothing but the animal instinct of self-preservation keeping them going. There was nothing much these men could turn to; dance-hall girls, liquor and other such things never satisfied their deep wants.

But there was among the population "west of the Mississippi" a man who by his appearance looked as though he didn't belong there: his name, Professor Thompson. He wore tails and a top hat and if asked what his profession, he would answer, "I, sir, am a spreader of the better things of life."

It was a June night when the professor rode up to the livery stable of a town not much different from any other western town of that period.

"Can I help you, mister?" asked the proprietor of the stable.

"Yes, you can, my dear fellow. You can do me two services, both of which I will be equally grateful for. You can put my horse up for the night and you can tell me where the best poker game goes on in town," replied the professor.

"The Golden Nugget would be your best bet on the poker game, but the competition is plenty stiff."

"Competition, my dear fellow, is but a product of lack of ability and lack of confidence. I suffer from neither."

"Well, then, you will find the Golden Nugget down the street a bit."

The professor strolled into the saloon where he was greeted with a roar of laughter, after which he bowed and remarked that he didn't see how he could be such a wit without even opening his mouth but that he didn't put it past himself. Then he spotted an old man at the bar and proceeded to walk up to him.

"Tell me, my good man, would you join me in a game of poker? I am not very good and I am afraid those ruffians at the table might rob me clean."

"Well, sir, I'd be happy to oblige you."

The couple proceeded to the table where they started a game. It was a very short game, and after half an hour or so the Professor had cleaned the man out down to his last penny. Then he did something that startled the onlookers to quite an extent. He turned around and gave the man three-fourths of what he had just won. The man at first didn't trust him, but then he accepted the money and turned away in tears. The professor had a look on his face as if he had just completed a day's work. He had. A dance hall girl came up to him.

"You cheated that man, and you know it."

"My dear young lady, I did execute a bit of 'sleight of hand', yes, a beautiful work of art, I might add, but cheat him, no ma'm. I didn't cheat him."

"What do you mean? I saw you."

"You saw me take his money, yes. You also saw me give most of it back. I also gave him back something that all the money in the world couldn't buy."

"What's that?"

"Faith, my dear girl, hope and faith in all mankind. Something which he had been slowly losing ever since he came out to this uncivilized part of the world."

And with that he got up, went to his horse and rode out of town to some new place where he would repeat what he had just done.

Truly a spreader of the better things of life!

THE TRACK AND THE TRAIN

By ALEXANDER PATTON (V)

Days slip by; summer draws near.
School soon will end, never fear,
I'll be free for the summer. Then but a step
To another school, this time a prep
School — St. George's by name — there to commence
A totally new life, my first chance,
On my own, away from home.

For the next four years that's where I'll be,
Part of my education, part of my life.
This is the pattern destined for me —
For me and others of this modern age.
And after prep school there is college.
In classes I spend the best years of my life.
Is this what's meant for me?
Is this my destiny?

Sometimes I think of a railroad track;
At one end is the train, and at the other
Is its destination. The train starts over
The road of steel, going faster and faster.
When the track curves the train must follow,
Even though it would like to go straight. There is
A slight resistance, but in the end it smoothly
Follows the track, acknowledges its master.

And when the train has reached the end,
At his final run, where has he arrived? He sits
In a yard, with others, for the rest of his life,
Where he can look back on his better years.
But were they better?
He was young, yes, and yet confined
By his master — the track. He learned of the world
And now he's in the yard.
At last the track has gone, and soon
So will he, for he is young no more.
Yes, he has reached his destination.
But for me this isn't enough, this conformation —
No, I say this can't be me. It just . . .
It just can't be!

I KNOW IT'LL RING

By JOHN DUNNING (VI)

"Dear Janet,

I've made the major leagues now, and I'm batting a thousand too. I'm going to the gas chamber in six hours. This is probably the last time I'll be able to get hold of a pen. Incidentally, how's the old man? Break it to him gently. I suppose all's well at home. Sorry I couldn't write sooner. I got to go now. My pre-execution feast is ready.

Love,

Turk"

The kid gave the pen back to the attendant. Approaching his feast, he inspected it carefully. "What! No apple pie! You all vegetarians? The least you could do is send apple pie."

"Sorry, would you like something else?"

"Ah, yes! I suppose the caviar is in season."

The attendant scowled, and stalked out with an empty tray.

S raddling his chair, Turk feasted for the better part of an hour. He then retired to his bunk. He tried to seem greatly interested in his book, **Adventure in Singapore**, but he was surveying his last home carefully. Everything from the rusty window screen to an old, tired chair caught his eye. He interrupted this process occasionally to check the clock.

"Three and a half to go!" leered an occupant of an adjoining cell.

"Oh shut up!" pleaded Turk.

Silence prevailed once more. Another hour passed before Turk stirred again. This time out of impatience, resignation and fear. He had to be doing something. He occupied himself for a while by looking out the window. An old grey pine bent painfully with the wind. Apparently bored with this, Turk got up and paced the tired floor several squares with each step.

"Two to go!" sang out his clock-watching friend.

"I know, my faithful friend!" scorned Turk.

A disturbance in the hall aroused Turk's hopes, quickly squelched, however, as the warden strode in. "How is he?" the warden questioned.

"Okay, I guess," the attendant replied.

"Well?" questioned the warden, expecting a more detailed answer.

"I'm fine, how are you?" interrupted Turk.

"Oh, I - - -" the warden started to answer. Then realizing the implication, he scowled fiercely, and left abruptly as he had entered.

The minutes could now be heard, ticking off, one by one. It was a

silence of fear. Fear was gnawing at Turk's soul. The confident grin of earlier hours became a queer little twist of the mouth. Challenging this fear was undying hope, harbored by all condemned men.

The air was dead. It was damp, heavy, and even a bit smelly. It was almost like fog. You could almost feel it; it seemed like something tangible.

Suddenly a buzz of activity could be heard about seventy feet down a long, dark corridor. From there a door opened into a small room, containing a spherical compartment, the gas chamber, and a phone. This was the end of the long story of life for sixty men a year.

Time moved on relentlessly, as it always does. It was seven o'clock, one hour to go.

Turk asked for a radio. He listened intently for about ten minutes, then he seemed to lose interest. Finally he asked to have it turned off. He sat glassy-eyed, staring at the cold, steel door. He began to fidget noticeably; then, he folded his hands and looked skyward, as if he was pleading for his life before God.

Barely audible, a telephone rang in the distance. Turk shot up, waited breathlessly for three or four minutes, and then sank back onto his bunk.

The air was simply unbearable; a well-meaning attendant opened the window. The ensuing gust of cool air was nothing less than a life-saver.

"Shut that window!" Turk shouted, in a fit of anger.

A door opened and closed down the hall. Turk half rose.

"Come on, son," a uniformed man said, while entering the room. If there was ever a misfit, he was it. He looked like the department store Santa Claus, — greying whiskers, twinkling blue eyes, and rather stout.

The low mumble stopped as footsteps were heard. Turk was walking down the gloomy corridor, his road to destiny.

He entered, and stopped by the warden. "No call?"

"No, not yet," replied the warden, looking human for once in his life. "But there's still time."

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed.

"That's it!" the warden decided. "Time to go, son."

The prisoner was moved quietly into place.

His nonchalance was gone, he was begging for his life. "Please, I know it'll ring, please!"

"I'm sorry, son," responded the warden, "but there's no word from the governor."

In a burst of action, the switch was pulled, the compartment was clouded with the gaseous fumes.

"One, two, two and a half, I think he's gone, sir," estimated an attendant.

"Br-ring!" the phone exploded.

The warden grabbed the phone. All eyes were on him, waiting impatiently.

— "It's all right; a laundry truck just caught fire outside the gates."



HORIZONS

By JOHN BRINKERHOFF (V)

Standing on a hill looking all around there seems
To be an end where the earth reaches up to touch the sky —
This is a horizon.
There is always a horizon shutting off your view.
The horizon prevents us from seeing what's ahead,
But Why?
You see it stops everyone, not only you.

For what's on the other side is more than we can say.
It may be something new,
Or something of decay.

Man never knows what lies ahead
For just in front of him there is a horizon
Hiding any dangers there, being very kind.
But there may even be good fortune in
Whatever lies behind the horizon.

On we go not caring what is to come,
For just ahead of us does the horizon hover.
Whatever does it cover?
Will it be good?
Could it be bad?
Or maybe in between ?
We will never know, for it will not be seen.

FRIENDSHIP

By JAMES KERR (V)

A slap on the cheek,
Advice or complaint,
Make up real friendship.
Friends — without restraint.

One who tries to help,
Improve, or strengthen
Will always find that
Friendship will lengthen.

For a friend is one
Who, with you, will tease,
But when with others
Will put you at ease.

A friend is not one
That you can expel,
Because he's a person
That knows you too well.

If you cannot trust
One who calls himself friend,
It's right "in the book" —
Your friendship must end.

The true friend will aid
When you're in distress,
Even to the point
He gets in the mess.

You can count on him
In thin or in thick
To defend your name,
On your side to stick.

A friend is not one
Who is on your side

And tells the world when
You in him confide.

And then there are those
Who want some reward
For their friendship "true"—
They should be ignored.

A friend's a person
Who with you will go —
One whom you'd like all
The family to know.

Every person
Should have a real friend,
A cordial person
On whom to depend.

Friendship is kindness,
Kindness that is true,
Kindness that's living
Between him and you.

Friendship is lasting
If friendship is real,
Because your close friend
Knows you're no "big wheel."

He knows you simply
For what you are.
A real friend from you
Can never stray far.

Friendship is simple;
The structure is plain.
It's the basis of happiness,
And an end to pain.

EAST BERLIN

(A True Story)

By JOHN POOLE (III)

A short while ago my mother and father got back from Europe. They had been in Germany, England, France, Italy, and the Netherlands. But the place they thought most interesting was Berlin in Germany. As you probably know, Berlin is divided into two sections, East and West. Berlin, West Berlin being free and East being Communist territory. At one point of their trip their guide took them into the back streets of East Berlin! Here they took many movies.

In West Berlin almost every place had modern beautiful buildings and homes. The West Germans had done a remarkable job of cleaning and clearing the city since the Second World War. Just outside West Berlin there was a man-made mountain of rubble and trash from the wrecks of war. This mountain was two and a half miles long and five hundred feet high. The West Germans were growing vines and bushes trying to make this mountain a nice place.

But when my parents went into East Berlin, they only found one place which had been cleared and built since the war. This was Stalin Alley. All the rest of East Berlin was trash, broken buildings, and unhealthy people. In the period of two hours my father only saw three

cars, while in West Berlin the number was uncountable. It appeared that since the Second World War the Communists had done nothing except build Stalin Alley and build war monuments. Probably the only reason for building Stalin Alley was so the touring buses could go there and show tourists what a fine job the Communists had done on East Berlin. The touring buses weren't allowed in the back streets of East Berlin to find out the real truth. Only special guides (such as my parents had) were allowed to go into the back streets.

Between East and West Berlin there is a gate where they inspect almost like a customs. In West Berlin they wear little pins which look like the gate. These pins mean, "Open up the gate which divides Berlin and let us clean out the city of East Berlin and make it free."

Most of the poor people of East Berlin long to be free and try to escape. The Allies allow two hundred fifty people into West Berlin each day.

Now as I sum up, you can see that most of East Berlin looks as if the war had just ended. But West Berlin is a thriving new healthy city which has worked hard to rebuild the city since the Second World War.

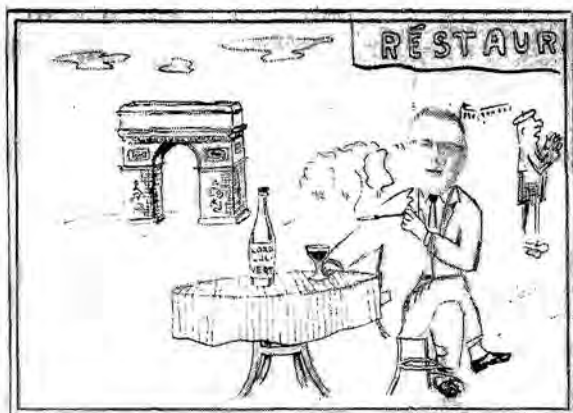
"MASTER" PIECES

Drawings by ROBERT CARRICK

Photography by ROSS FULLAM



Mr. Ackley

"With the wind and the rain in my hair."

Mr. Smyth

"C'est la guerre!"



Mr. Rothermel
"Waterloo? Where's Waterloo?"



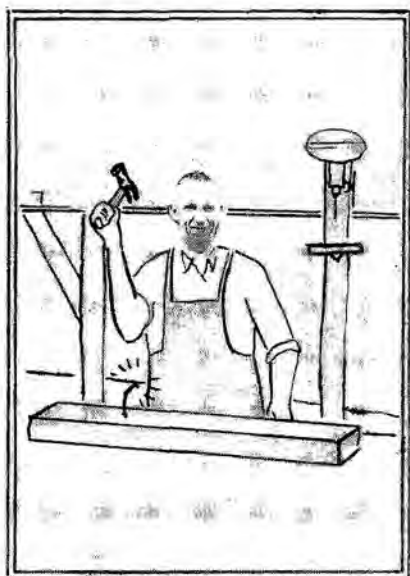
Mr. Robson
"What, me worry?"



Mr. McAneny
"At last! They're on time!"

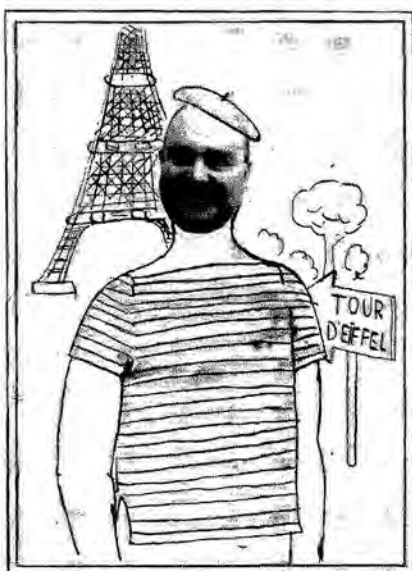


Mr. Whitehead
"Limburger!"



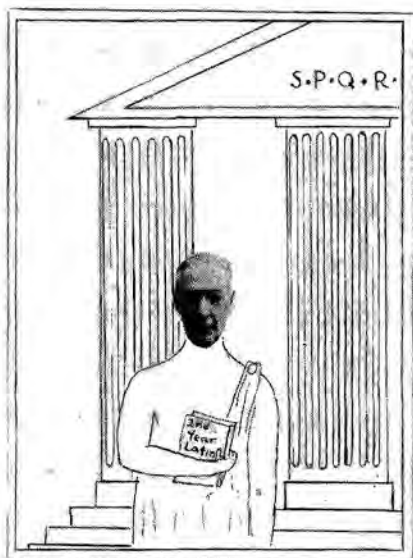
Mr. Whitlock

"Now get a mop and a pail and just follow me."



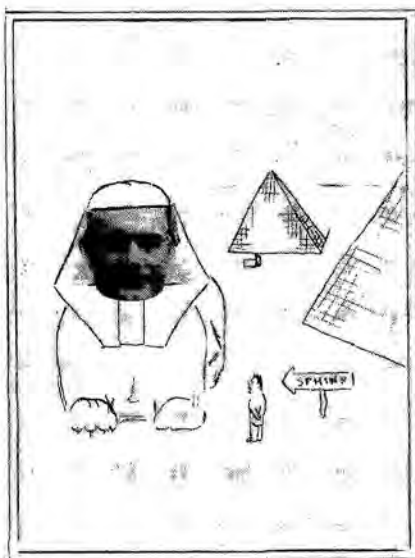
Mr. Gorman

"They've got Vic Tanney here, too!"



Dr. Harwood

"The noblest Roman of them all"



Mr. Lea

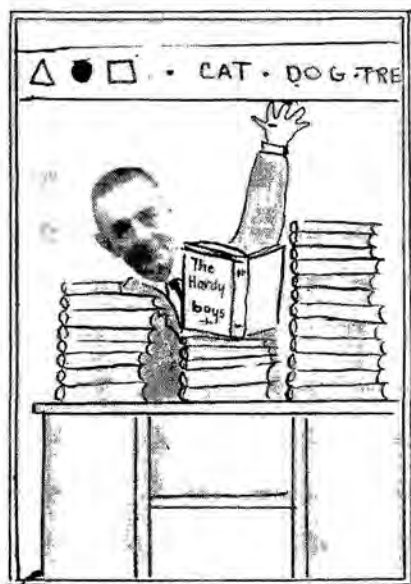
"The Great Stone Face"



Mr. Tibbals
"Look, Ma, no hands!"



Mr. McCaughan
"Remember, boys, the umpire always likes to think he's right."



Mr. Nicholas
"Hardy Boys - - just trash."



Mr. Griggs
"It's dangerous to put more than one rabbit in the hat at a time."

ADVICE TO A TWELVE-YEAR OLD BOY

By ALFRED DAVIS (V)

My mind was tormented as the waves on the beach during a restless night. Devotion was overrun by the guilt one may easily feel when a friend or child has done something wrong. Prejudiced pride was overcome by . . . was I treating him in the manner which he as my son deserved and as my soul knew to be proper? Was I placing my trust with the love a son needs? Was I being the admired father I thought and hoped I was?

My advice to him at this crucial point of his life would have to be advice from the deepest sources of my heart, or untruth would be sensed and then I would lose a son. Thinking of God made me realize. . . the Ten Commandments . . . could I find guidance for a boy and a father through the Bible?

My boy's misdemeanor had not been reported, and now I knew the importance that time could play on a restless mind if I were hesitant.

As he entered my private study, I knew our thoughts were far from contrary. The walls and floor changed shape and I imagined myself a preacher in a pulpit . . . then a judge. I was perhaps as sorry and

confused as he. I prayed for the words to come correctly. Then I spoke:

"Anger has ceased, disappointment reigns. I have attempted from the day you were born to make life happy and good for you. I want you to understand the next few years of your life are most probably the hardest, where you must shed youth and start the tedious climb from boyhood to manhood. I want you to keep what I'm about to say as a guide for the time when you are tempted to dishonesty. I hope these wishes of God will remain in your heart and mind until your last day: love thy neighbor as thyself; make yourself honest; think of the man, when you lampoon and criticize him, that you may remember to do unto others as you would have them do unto you; and above all remember the duty you have to yourself, that you keep a clear head about you at all times."

I was hopeful that he had realized that a maturer life than he had ever experienced was ahead of him. After my talk I strangely felt the presence of another man in the house. It was my son grown up.

THE NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN TOY

By JOHN McCARTHY (III)

I dare not move! I hardly want to breathe! I hear the Nazi soldiers making their daily inspection of the farmhouses. They know an American Air Force soldier is somewhere in the vicinity because they had captured all but one member of our reconnaissance crew flying over the city of Beilstein.

As I sit here very still, I glance at a crudely carved wooden doll on the floor. This doll again brings to my mind how I found my hiding place and how I have been able to avoid the German soldiers for more than three weeks. When I was a small boy living in Princeton, my grandmother, Nana Kunkel, used to tell me stories about her childhood in Beilstein, Germany. The most exciting one she ever told me was about the secret that the Kunkel children had in their family.

My grandmother said, "Walter, our large white house was very much like your house here overlooking Carnegie Lake. Only ours in Beilstein was on the highest point of the hill on the banks of the beautiful Moselle River. While building the basement of our house, my father added a little secret room behind the coal-storage room. The secret room was primarily used as a place to hide valuables," Nana Kun-

kel continued, "but on special occasions my sister and I were allowed to play there. In order to get into the room, we would go downstairs to the coal bin and carefully remove the first three planks of the coal bin wall. Afterwards, we would dress in grown-up clothes and play house with our dolls. My favorite doll was a little wooden one which my father had carved. My family had always kept that room a secret! We did not tell our playmates about it nor did we tell the people who bought the house from us. My only regret was in the excitement of leaving for America, I forgot my dear little doll!" Nana Kunkel sorrowfully ended her story.

During these past three weeks I have had plenty of time to remember how surprised I was when my plane was shot down over Beilstein, my grandmother's home town. I immediately looked for the old house on top of the hill that resembled mine in Princeton. There it was, just as my grandmother had described it to me! I hid in the bushes until dark and then sneaked into the basement through the window. I followed the description from my grandmother's stories. When I lifted the three planks of the coal-bin wall, I saw the old rotted wood and

knew the people living in that house had never discovered the secret room! Also, my grandmother's little wooden doll was there lying on the floor where she had left it 50 years ago.

As I remain here motionless, my deep thoughts are brought to a close when I hear men speaking English rather than the usual German. Could it be that the Germans are trying to lure me out of my hiding place by

posing as American soldiers? Should I stay here for a few hours and make certain the men are Americans? But no! I hear the German villagers cheering with such emotion that even the intelligent German soldiers could not force such happiness upon them! As I prepare to leave, I take one last look at the room which had saved my life! However, as I rush out the door, I quietly turn back and pick up a little wooden doll.

THE HIKER

By BRADFORD MOUNT (V)

He wakes at dawn on a cool, crisp day
And from his meager shelter crawls,
Lights his fire and cooks his meal
To be off as early as he can.
He packs his gear (no extra weight)
And shoulders up his pack.
He checks the fire, now quite dead,
And sets upon his way.
Across the brook and up the hill
He trudges under the load,
Up the side of the mountain climbs,
Until the summit is conquered.
He stops to rest; takes off his pack
And stands refreshed in the breeze.
Now he must set off again,
His pack upon his back,
Carefully picking his way back down
The steep side of the mountain.
Now that he's back down to earth
His night's camp he must make.
He finds a grove to pitch his tent
And builds a crackling fire.
After dinner he goes to bed,
And falls asleep to the breeze in the trees,
And dreams of another summit.

THE ATOM

By DOUGLAS MACKIE (V)

The Atom is a wondrous thing;
It can be friend or foe.
Transformed to electric power,
It will help humanity grow.

With the atom bomb, however,
The whole idea must change;
For the concept is not too
peaceful
On a Russian testing range.

Some people think the atom
Will send us back to caves.

It's probably more likely
To dig us fiery graves.

As for the present moment
I think it fair to say
The atom may bring to us
Peace for another day.

For, put to peaceful uses,
The atom is a friend.
I only hope in time to come
It will not be our end.

KEYS

By WARD JANDL (IV)

"A key is used to lock a door.
That's all," you say, "and nothing more."
Some keys have opened history,
Or merely chests of Chinese tea.
Some opened journals very old,
Or loaded trunks of pirates' gold,
Or gates to castles and their spells.
Keys lock the doors to prisoners' cells.
All keys are each of different mold,
Made of silver, brass or gold.
Some are dull and others shine;
Many have an odd design.
No matter what the shape may be,
Each key excites and interests me.

THE HARDSHIP

By WALTER EDWARDS (V)

"Oh, Johnny, me boy, you have come again!
And I will sigh the long amen,
For while ye were gone away, now ye hear,
The darkness closed over your mother, so dear.
She is gone to heaven so far above,
Or to the depths of hell, oh no, dear love.
Aye, she is gone and I all alone today
Will die and join her, this I hope and pray.
Now all alone, and sorry too, I will be —
But ye, will ye stay and abide with me?
For I, an old man as ye well can see,
Can nae care for a farm as well as ye.
Me limbs am tired and me heart nae young,
But ye am a strong-un, oh my young son.
So will ye — for your father's own sake —
Help the crops from the fields to take?"

"Aye, me good father," replied the young man.
"I will abide if ye give me some land."

"Oh good son, do nae tell me ye want wage,
For surely it would cause me to fret and rage.
For, lo, I can nae afford to pay
With the reapin' of the hay so far away.
The cow is in torment and the chickens starvin'
And soon there'll be food nor meat for carvin'."

"Aye, tis a great and grave pity,
For when ye're starvin' I'll be sittin' pretty.
I'll go, bag and baggage, to the great city
And become rich and very, very witty."

"Then be gone with ye," shouted the father with rage,
"I'll see ye nae more nor pay ye a wage."

And so the young son left his aged father
To go to the city to live with nae a bother.
The sobbing old man sat down near a shelf
And pitied his kin who had died with nae wealth.
He saw then an image of his beloved Marie
And died there thinking of the old memory.
Nae hardship too great could curse his mind,
He thought only of the good times he had left behind.

OUR PARROT AND THE MINISTER

By DUDLEY BLODGET (V)

He was quite an extraordinary bird, our parrot. He first became one of our family about two months ago, when my little brother spotted him in the local pet shop window. He came home that night and raised such a fuss over "the beautiful bird in the window" that my father was forced to go downtown the next day and buy the bird.

It didn't prove to be any kind of a bargain when we first got it. It couldn't talk at all. All it could do was sit in its cage waiting to be fed; but my brother loved it, no doubt about that. He would come home every day from school, pull up a chair under the parrot's cage, and sit there and watch it.

Gradually the bird became livelier. He began to make soft, gurgling noises in his throat until, finally, they worked up to shouts. The only time he did this, though, was when my brother was sitting under the

cage. The parrot — which we named Wilber after my brother — became very attached to him. He would sit on his perch in his cage looking very sad until about three o'clock when he heard my brother's voice yelling, "I'm home, everybody." Then the parrot would become quite lively.

The first words the parrot learned were "Mom, I'm home." It was quite a shock to the whole family when he first uttered these words. Soon he learned more and more words, all of which were my brother's favorite sayings. One of his most popular expressions was "The bum, throw him out." He got this when he heard my brother yelling at an umpire on T.V.

To get on to the dark side of the story, my brother's marks slowly began to fall. The cause for this was quite obviously the parrot. All of Willie's time was taken up pamper-

ing the parrot. He neglected his homework, and when he was told to do it he did it in such a haphazard way that his marks were no better than if he hadn't done it. It got so bad that my father was forced to give the bird away, temporarily, until Willie pulled up his marks.

The trouble was that no one would take the bird. Finally, after much asking, Father was able to palm it off on the local minister. After this Willie loved to go to church — which he never had before — in hopes that after the sermon he could sneak in back of the church and visit Wilber.

But this isn't the end of the story; quite the contrary. Willie's marks began to rise until they were almost

"hitting" ninety. My father gave in and agreed that next Sunday Willie would be allowed to bring the parrot home, providing his marks didn't go down.

When the great Sunday finally rolled around, Willie was the first one up and the first into the car to go to church. All through the sermon he sat there, impatiently waiting for the end of it. It got so bad that he made up the excuse that he was thirsty and sneaked around to see the parrot. He opened the cage, but the parrot got away from him. It took off and flew right on to the minister's head and yelled, "The bum, throw him out!" A howl of laughter went up.

Since that day the parrot hasn't been allowed out of the house.

HUNGRY

By WILLIAM PUTNEY (VI)

To Tom the line ahead of him seemed endless. "It must go on for miles," he thought. "I've been here for almost an hour."

Although he had been waiting for only fifteen minutes, the line hadn't moved closer to the cafeteria window by any more than five feet. Lunch seemed inaccessible to Tom right now, and only twenty minutes were left before the movie started. "Why did this have to happen on a Saturday?" he thought.

As he looked out over the huge cafeteria floor, he began to think

that all the world was eating lunch — except him. The noise was deafening, and the hungrier he grew, the louder it became. His stomach felt so empty that he thought it would take at least four lunches to fill it, and maybe five.

He began to think that he felt weak. "From hunger, no doubt," he thought. "Why, I haven't eaten since eight o'clock this morning."

Just as he was sure he would collapse from lack of nourishment, some one said, "Hurry up, son, and get a tray. You're holding up the line."

WHAT, ME, BE A TEACHER?

By JOHN ODDEN (V)

My title suggests the negative case, but my thoughts are affirmative.

The life of a teacher is one of less strain. The everyday businessman's worry of "What will the boss think?" is not present, except only slightly, in the life of a teacher. To be able to work with kids, and to be able to help quench the thirst for knowledge would be to me most satisfying. The teachers, I realize, are being underpaid today, and that is wrong.

We praise "John Jones," the famous rocket expert, but pray tell where would he be today if he had not had "math" with Mr. Paul, the Eighth Grade teacher? Teachers are much in demand, but yet are still underpaid. My hope is that by the time of my arrival at the teaching level this matter will have been straightened out.

I talk of salaries, but I think that no matter what the case I would indulge myself in teaching. I think that one's thoughts stay younger than those of the commuter. To be in the company of younger people might be called refreshing. To be able to say that one of our great leaders of today was in your class! To get back to the money matter, there are always the days of summer in which one can make up for the

lost time. At an older age one may go into a more profitable line of work. The youth of today is becoming more and more intellectual. This always leaves those who haven't had quite the opportunity as others, and you may be more valuable in this field. In my mind, some, such as our many great men who give up an easy life to go to a place such as Africa and help those who are really in a most needy way, are our greatest men. And, I think, these men can most certainly be needed in our times. If a man is able to give up his career to help others, I myself will most certainly admire him. Men such as Dr. Albert Schweitzer are our greatest educators. It is hard to find a place in our modern world where men like these wouldn't be of great use. An ambassador is one who is a teacher in one sense of the word, and these are ever important in our lives.

Now that I think of it, teaching isn't a job with only one field, and it isn't easy to decide which one to go into.

I certainly hope to become a teacher. I'm sure that I won't stand out such as many have, but I will certainly try to do my part in this lifetime which I have been so generously allotted.

HONOR ROLL

SPRING TERM, 1958—1959

(These grades do not include Term Examinations)

FIRST HONOR ROLL (90—100%)

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

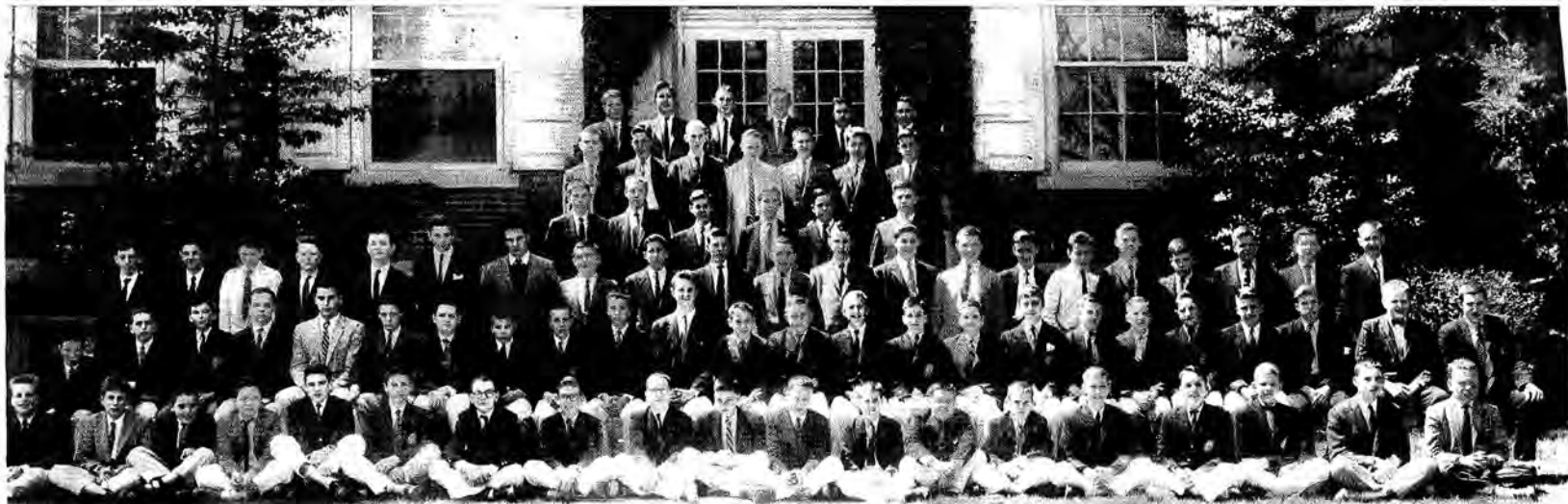
SECOND HONOR ROLL (85—89%)

JOHN BAKER
JOHN BRINKERHOFF
GERARD CAMERON
RICHARD CRAWFORD
ALFRED DAVIS
WILLIAM EDWARDS
STEPHEN GOHEEN
SAMUEL GUTTMAN
RANDOLPH HOBLER
AUBREY HUSTON
KEVIN KENNEDY
JAMES KILGORE
JOSEPH RIKER
JAMES SCARFF
WILLIAM SMOYER
CHARLES SMYTH
ALFRED STENGEL
GLENN THOMAS
DONALD WOODBRIDGE

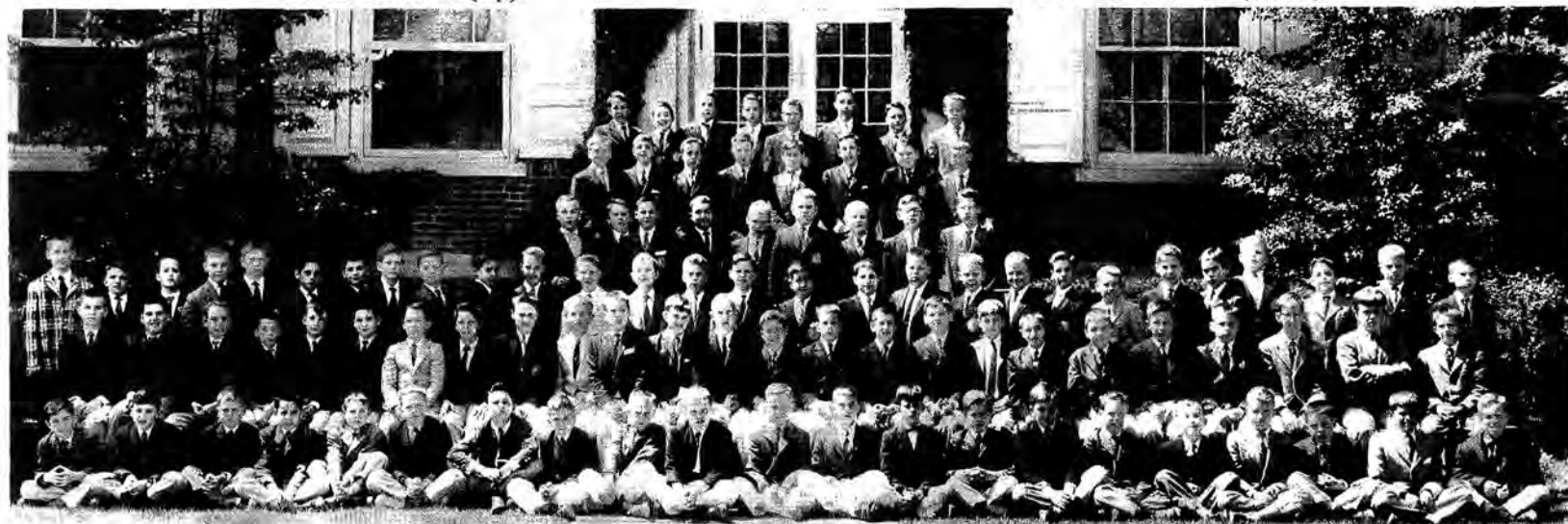
THIRD HONOR ROLL (80—84%)

NORMAN ARMOUR
BRUCE ARMSTRONG
CLIFFORD AYERS
ROBERT AYERS
ELIAS BAKER
WARREN BAKER
FRANKLIN BERGER
DUDLEY BLODGET

THOMAS BUDNY
HAMILTON CLARK
STEPHEN COOK
ROY COPPEDGE
JOHN DUNNING
RICHARD ECKELS
ALEXANDER EDWARDS
WALTER EDWARDS
PAUL HAGENBUCH
PETER HART
HAROLD HENRY
FREDERICK HUTSON
DAVID JOHNSON
CHARLES KATZENBACH
WILSON KEHOE
PETER KLINE
STEPHEN LANE
ROBERT LEVENTHAL
RICHARD LONGSTRETH
DIRAN MAJARIAN
HOWARD McMORRIS
RICHARD MILLER
SEYMOUR MORRIS
HOWARD MYERS
RICHARD REYNOLDS
STEVEN SACKS-WILNER
WILLIAM SAYEN
JOHN SCHEIDE
PHILIP SHERWOOD
WARREN SHEW
PETER SKILLMAN
WILLIAM STANIAR
GRIFFIN STRASENBURGH
CHARLES STUART
BRUCE TYLER
HAROLD VAN DOREN
GUY VICINO
JAMES VOLLBRECHT
DAVID WAKELIN
WILLIAM WALKER
FREDERICK WANDELT
ROBERT WOLFF



UPPER SCHOOL (top)



LOWER SCHOOL (bottom)



DRAMATIC CLUB PLAY

By MR. LANGDON LEA

As a newcomer to the School, this writer was initiated into the mysteries of the Glee Club, the Band and the Dramatic Club, at their annual performance in the School gymnasium on April 16, 17, and 18. He came away deeply impressed, and somewhat awed, by the excellent performance of all concerned. The fact that boys of such youthful years can sing difficult pieces as well as they do, that they can start 'from scratch' as it were, and master many musical instruments to the extent of being able to give, in public, a first-class concert, and that, above all, they can produce such a play as "Mr. Bottom" with the ease and perfection of young professionals, is truly something to be marveled at. To Mrs. Lewis, and the members of the Glee Club, to the Band, under the direction of Mr. Friedman and Mr. Smyth, and to the Dramatic Club and its producer-director, Mr. Ackley, heartiest congratulations for their admirable efforts.

Many things about the performance of "Mr. Bottom" were impressive: the high calibre of acting of these boys, their poise, the clearness of their diction, and the confidence with which they moved about. There was a noticeable lack of strain in the adult audience. Everyone seemed to be enjoying the play tremendously. My own enthusiasm and admiration increased with leaps and bounds, at the smoothness and skill with which the boys did their acting. They were well-cast, and showed the results of endless practice and skillful direction. "Hamming" was conspicuously absent. The sound-effects, lighting, and even the curtain-pulling, were done with polish and finesse.

Congratulations to all the actors! Each and every one of them did such a tremendous job, that it would be very difficult to mention any individual as standing out above the others, — with the possible exception of Edwards and his portrayal of Worm. Walter was superb as he suffered through his martyrdom! To the Production Staff also, our most sincere words of praise. To be sure, they were unseen, but their presence was very definitely felt, and appreciated. In particular we commend Mr. Ackley for writing a play so entertaining and delightful, and so well adapted to these youthful thespians.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

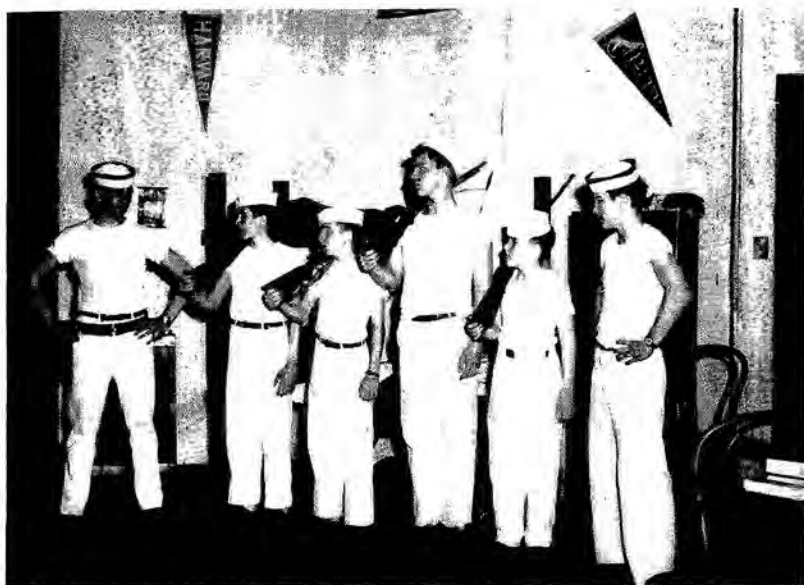
WORM, <i>Cadet</i>	WALTER EDWARDS
TED, <i>Cadet</i>	JOHN ODDEN
DUFF, <i>Cadet</i>	RICHARD CRAWFORD
PETE, <i>Cadet</i>	ALFRED DAVIS
LATIMORE, <i>Senior Cadet</i>	CHARLES STUART
JOHNSON, <i>Ass't. Senior Cadet</i>	TOM REYNOLDS
MAC, <i>Cadet</i>	WARD JANDL
PIXIE, <i>Cadet</i>	TED CHURCHILL
HAPPY, <i>Cadet</i>	JOHN WILLIS
ANNOUNCER (for the game)	DAVID GREENE
CAPTAIN HARRIS, <i>Commandant of Albright Academy</i>	JOE SMITH

MEMBERS OF THE GLEE CLUB

Alan Agle	Thomas Lange	Griffin Strassenburgh
John Baker	Richard Longstreth	Glenn Thomas
Gerard Cameron	Petterson Marzoni	Guy Vicino
John Gaston	John Norton	David Wakelin
Addison Hanan	John Sheehan	William Walker
	Harold Knox	

THE BAND

<i>Flute</i>	James Kerr	Stephen Cook
<i>Clarinets</i>	Bruce Armstrong	Ford Fraker
	Robert Earnest	Rhea Goodrich
	William Gaman	Hector Griswold
	Stephen Goheen	Burton Jackson
	Daryl Goodrich	Harold Knox
	William Hamill	Petterson Marzoni
	Addison Hanan	Tracy Ramus
	Harold Henry	John Scheide
	Frederick Hutson	<i>1st Trombones</i>
	Thomas Lea	John Baker
	Richard Miller	Gerard Cameron
	Robert Otis	Hutchinson Fairman
	Webster Pearce	<i>2nd Trombones</i>
	Glenn Thomas	Diran Majarian
	David Whitney	John Norton
<i>Saxophones</i>		James Scarff
	Kevin Kennedy	<i>Baritone</i>
	Alfred Stengel	Edward Warren
	Bruce Tyler	<i>Percussion</i>
	Herbert Warden	Roy Coppedge
<i>Trumpets</i>		William McDowell
	Eugene Armstrong	Charles Smyth
	Warren Baker	David Wakelin
		<i>Tubas</i>
		Walter Smith
		James Kilgore



ATHLETICS

By WILLIAM PUTNEY

BASEBALL

We had a good baseball squad this year with a respectable record of 4 wins, 3 losses, and 2 ties. Only one of the defeats was by more than two runs. The team was ably coached by Mr. McCaughan, who once again turned out some fine diamond material. Much of the team's success was owed to first-string pitcher Mac McMorris. It was unfortunate that the two days Mac was absent all year were back-to-back baseball days, when the rest of the pitching staff could not match his winning ways. Captain Charlie Stuart swung the big bat, with a season's average of .435.

Beside the varsity games, the varsity reserves won three games (two against Valley Road and one with Dayton) and tied their other game with Dayton. Mainstays of the reserves were Tom Reynolds behind the plate and left-handed pitcher Jimmy Aul, who should see much service next year.

P.C.D. 2, WITHERSPOON 1

Our season got off to a fast start with this game. We were behind 1-0 as the last inning began, but McMorris hit a ball into right field bringing in two runs and handing us a successful start for the season.

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

Our strong opponents were nearly tied in this contest. It was a good ball game and could have gone either way.

P.C.D. 4, VALLEY ROAD 4

This was another close contest. Both teams were neck and neck all the way.

VALLEY ROAD 8, P.C.D. 6

We drove in no less than five runs in the first inning, but Valley Road bounced back and wiped out this lead.

P.C.D. 8, PEDDIE 3

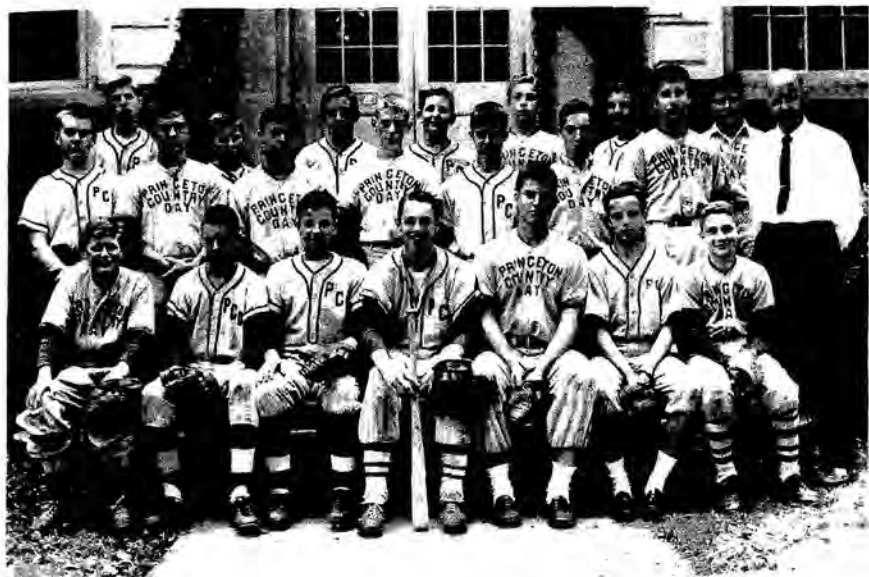
We led 8-0 going into the last inning, but Peddie scored three runs to spoil a shut-out.

P.C.D. 3, WITHERSPOON 3

Aul and Kirkpatrick shared the pitching duties in this game. Going into the last inning, we were leading 3-1, but again our opponents rallied to tie us.

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 9, P.C.D. 1

For the second time we were without McMorris's pitching. Stuart, Carrick, and Alexander all tried to stop the Lawrence batters, but with no success. By this time Alexander had developed into a good outfielder and finished the year with the second-highest batting average on the squad.



P.C.D. 7, FATHERS 1

In this game, played the morning of the Fair, even the presence of Mr. Rothermel behind the plate could not save the Fathers from their annual defeat. Mr. Coffee's home run was the only point they made. Still, they did much better than in last year's 23-0 shutout.

P.C.D. 3, WARDLAW 2

This game, in Mr. McCaughan's opinion, was the best-played of the year. Particular commendation should go to Joe Coffee, who filled in at first base where he had never played before, and to Alex Patton, who made an outstanding fielding play at second base. This was also McMorris's best game in the pitching department.

These were the regular varsity positions and batting averages. (These averages include all games except the Fathers' game.)

Pitcher: McMorris	200	Outfielders: Davis118
Catcher: Cook250	Alexander346
1st Base: Carrick167	Coffee286
2nd Base: Patton071	Wood, P.111
Short Stop: Stuart435		
3rd Base: Smoyer333	Team Average235

TENNIS

By JOSEPH SMITH

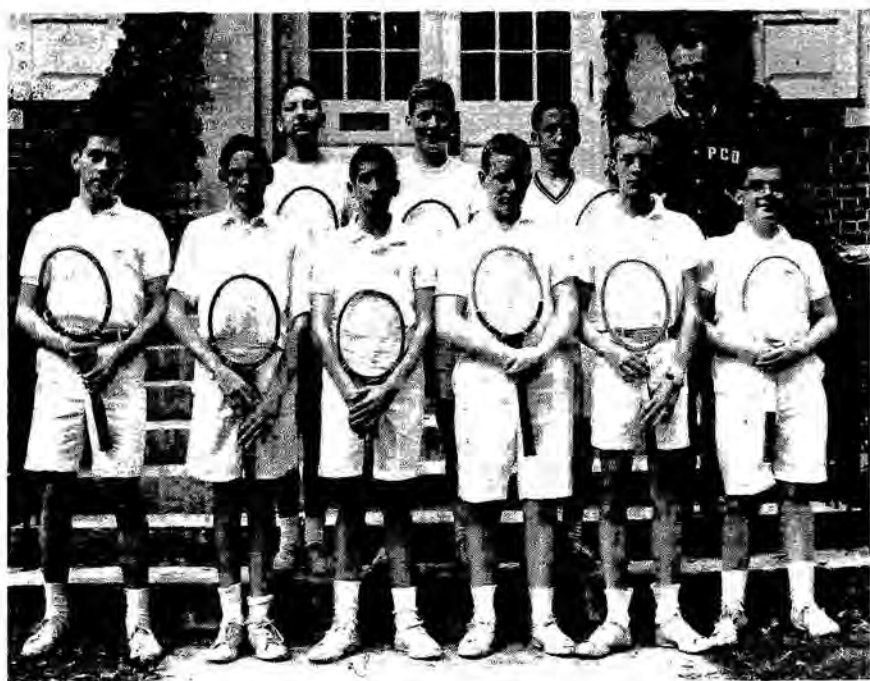
Of the four matches completed, we won two, tied one, and lost one. The usual line-up of the team was as follows: No. 1, Crawford; No. 2, Smyth; No. 3, Churchill; No. 4, Shearer; No. 5, Smith, J.; No. 6, Guttman.

LAWRENCEVILLE 8, P.C.D. 1

Lawrenceville showed up with its annually strong team and beat us rather badly. We had gotten together our team only the week before and had had very little practice because of rain. We dropped all our singles, with the exception of Shearer's, by scores of 6-0, 6-1. We lost two of the doubles with scores of 6-1, 6-2, but Churchill and Smith managed to win theirs at 6-4, 6-4.

P.C.D. 3, LAWRENCEVILLE 3

In this second encounter with Lawrenceville we were pitted against their Juniors instead of J.V.'s. As the score shows, we were more evenly matched. Everyone played a good game and the set scores ran quite high. Because of the long time involved in the singles, only one doubles was played; and since it was called for time, it didn't count. The P.C.D. players who won their matches were Shearer, Smith, and Fairman.



P.C.D. 4, WITHERSPOON 0

This match was played on our own courts, and since there wasn't room or time to play the regular 6 singles and 3 doubles, only 2 singles and 2 doubles were played. Because of their inexperience, we beat them rather badly. Crawford and Smyth won the two singles at 6-0, 6-0. Churchill-Smith and Shearer-Guttman won the two doubles by identical scores.

P.C.D. vs. HIGH SCHOOL (incomplete)

We played 3 singles and 2 doubles. Smyth and Churchill lost in singles at identical scores of 6-1, 6-3, while Crawford's singles was incomplete because of rain. In doubles, Fairman and Guttman won their match, 4-6, 6-2, 8-6, while the match which Shearer and Smith were playing was not finished because of the weather. The two teams were quite evenly matched.

P.C.D. 4, WITHERSPOON 0

We again beat them badly and, as before, played 2 singles and 2 doubles. The singles were won by Churchill and Guttman. The winning doubles teams were Smyth-Crawford and Shearer-Smith.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club was started this year by two Sixth Formers and several Fifth Formers who had enjoyed Mr. Ross' public speaking class so much last year they wanted to continue the activity.

The club had speakers, informal debates, and open discussions on subjects ranging from birth control to capital punishment. As a finale, the club formed two teams and held a heated formal debate on whether PCD should consolidate with Miss Fine's when the schools move to their new locations.

The club had only ten members when it started, but now the membership has risen to fifteen. Since the club has limited membership, the candidates are voted in only after a trial period to determine how much they add to the discussions. The club has a different chairman appointed each week, with Jonathan Howland acting secretary, Joe Smith and Dick Crawford Sixth Form advisors, and Dr. Harwood faculty advisor.

COMMENCEMENT

The School Auditorium
Monday, June 8, 1959 — 8:15 P. M.

PRESIDING

Richard W. Baker, Jr., Esq.
Chairman: Board of Trustees

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Reverend James R. MacColl
St. Thomas' Rectory, Whitmarsh, Pa.

AWARDING OF PRIZES AND DIPLOMAS

Peter F. Rothermel, *Headmaster*

SCHOOL AWARDS

The Headmaster's Cup	WILLIAM WALLACE STANIAR
(<i>Leadership</i>)	
The Faculty Cup	HAROLD SURFLEET VAN DOREN
(<i>General Character</i>)	
The Athletics Cup	CHARLES COWENHOVEN STUART
(<i>Best All-Around Athlete</i>)	
Upper School Scholarship Cup	HENRY TOWNSEND BLODGET
(<i>Forms IV, V, VI</i>)	
The Alumni Cup	JOHN HANSEN ODDEN
(<i>Proficiency in Form V</i>)	
Lower School Scholarship Cup	JOHN F. McCARTHY, III
(<i>Forms I, II, III</i>)	
The Lance Raymond Shield	DONALD ELIOT WOODBRIDGE
(<i>General Character in Form I</i>)	
Award for Special Service to the School	WALTER FREDERICK SMITH
Awards for Endeavor and Improvement:	
Sixth Form	HARTLEY PARKER SHEARER
Fifth Form	GEORGE THOMAS REYNOLDS

AWARDING OF SENIOR PRIZES

Mathematics (Murch Cup given by Class of 1946)	JAMES LOUIS VOLLBRECHT
English (Ross Bowl given by Class of 1958)	WILLIAM BRYANT PUTNEY
Book Prizes:	<div> HAROLD SURFLEET VAN DOREN RICHARD DOUGLAS CRAWFORD </div>
Ancient History	<div> JOHN LAURANCE DUNNING, JR. RICHARD DOUGLAS CRAWFORD </div>
Latin	<div> CHARLES ANTHONY SMYTH WILLIAM WALLACE STANIAR JOHN LAURANCE DUNNING, JR. </div>
French	<div> CHARLES ANTHONY SMYTH JOHN LAURANCE DUNNING, JR. RICHARD DOUGLAS CRAWFORD </div>

Art	{	HAROLD SURFLEET VAN DOREN
		SEYMOUR MORRIS, JR. (<i>Form V</i>)
		WALTER R. EDWARDS, JR. (<i>Form V</i>)
		THOMAS N. LEA (<i>Form II</i>)
	}	WARREN WALLACE SHEW, III (<i>Form I</i>)

CLASS SCHOLARSHIP RECORDS

High Commendation for General Excellence

Sixth Form	{	JOHN LAURANCE DUNNING, JR.
		RICHARD DOUGLAS CRAWFORD
		CHARLES ANTHONY SMYTH
		SAMUEL ADAM GUTTMAN
Fifth Form	{	JOHN HANSEN ODDEN
		ALEXANDER EUSTIS PATTON
		JAMES KERR
	}	WILLIAM STANLEY SMOYER
Fourth Form	{	HENRY TOWNSEND BLODGET
		HENRY WARD JANDL
	}	JOHN OSGOOD WILLIS
Third Form	{	JOHN F. McCARTHY, III
		WARREN PHILO ELMER, III
		RICHARD GREENWALD MARCUS
Second Form	{	CHARLES WILLIAM EDWARDS, JR.
		KEVIN WILLIAM KENNEDY
		JAMES EBERHARDT SCARFF
	}	JOHN RIGGS SCHEIDE
First Form	{	AUBREY HUSTON, III
		DONALD ELIOT WOODBRIDGE
	}	STEVEN L. SACKS-WILNER

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS — THE CLASS OF 1959

ROGER EDWARD BUDNY	NIXON WALN HARE
ROBERT DUNCAN CARRICK	HOWARD McMORRIS, II
HAROLD CHASE CHURCHILL	WILLIAM BRYANT PUTNEY
JOSEPH NORBERT COFFEE	ARJO PARDEE RODGERS
STEPHEN STANDISH COOK	HARTLEY PARKER SHEARER
RICHARD DOUGLAS CRAWFORD	JOSEPH JOHNSON SMITH
JOHN LAURANCE DUNNING, JR.	WALTER FREDERICK SMITH
HUTCHINSON KAY FAIRMAN, JR.	CHARLES ANTHONY SMYTH
WALTER ROSS FULLAM	WILLIAM WALLACE STANIAR
JOHN REYNOLDS GOBLE	CHARLES COWENHOVEN STUART
SAMUEL ADAM GUTTMAN	HAROLD SURFLEET VAN DOREN
JAMES LOUIS VOLLBRECHT	

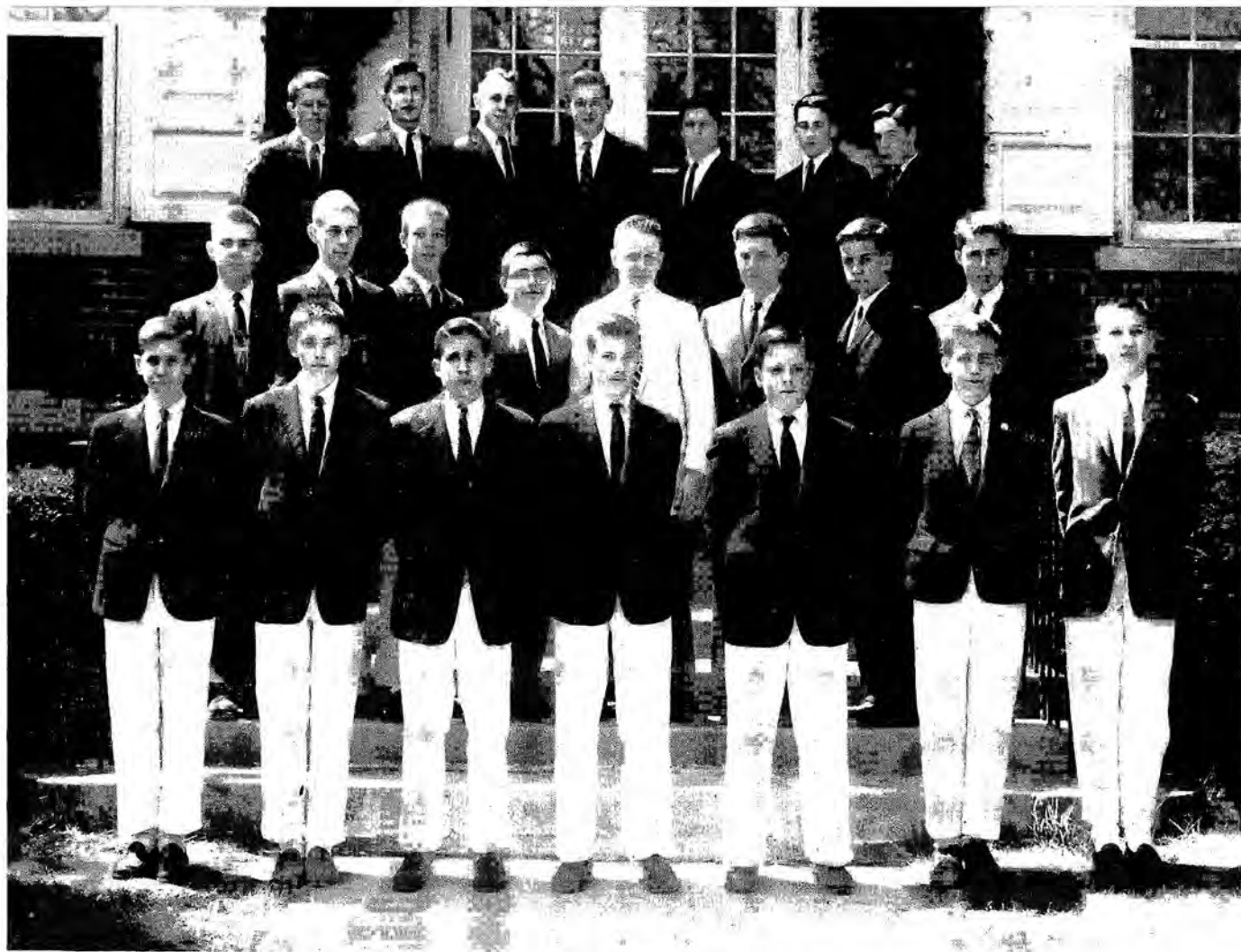
THE SCHOOL SONG

Introduction of the Class of 1960

SCHOOL CHEERS:

For the Class of 1959.....Led by GEORGE THOMAS REYNOLDS '60

For the SchoolLed by NIXON WALN HARE '59



THE CLASS OF 1959
(Missing from picture: VAN DOREN)

CLASS POEM

By S. GUTTMAN, J. SMITH, and H. VAN DOREN

Kilmer said it — so do we —
"Poems are made by fools like me."
Barnum said it — there's truth in it,
"Suckers are born, one every minute."
Caesar said it — "You too, Brutus?"
(We trust no listener wants to hoot us.)
As what follows, please believe it,
Is pure banter, thus receive it
In that spirit, for tomorrow's daylight
Will disperse the class that this night
For the last time meets together
In this rare scholastic weather!
But enough — our prelude o'er,
See what victims we can score.

No Alexander's band you'll lead
Unless our guess is wrong indeed,
But, Arío, in baseball you
Have equals none and rivals few.

Of Roger Budny one can say
He has an easy-going way,
But in the alleys (we mean bowling)
You may be sure he keeps them rolling.

Robby Carrick's our playboy.
He claims Epicurus wrong;
He says there's nothing better
Than drink, wine, women, and song.

He draws cartoons, does Ted Churchill.
They hit the spot, they fill the bill.
We think that we shall see them soon
Within the New York *H. Tribune*.

Joe Coffee is our thinker,
He never says too much,
But when it comes to football
He certainly has the touch.

Steve Cook a rifleman is he,
He keeps his game bag full,
And when it comes to killing time
He sure can shoot the bull.

Dick Crawford is our tennis star;
In play he does excel,
And when he's in the classroom he
Does equally as well.

John Dunning is our super-brain,
He really knows his stuff.
But he and promptness strangers are
There's never time enough.

We spent a lot of precious time
To find a word with which to rhyme
Your name of Fairman, Huck, old buddy,
Why couldn't it be McGillicuddy?

Ross Fullam is a camera bug,
His shutter never stops,
And when it comes to arguing
At this he's also tops.

John Goble, if a prize were given
For courtesy outstanding,
We're just as sure as we can be
That prize you would be landing.

Sam Guttman is a Nimrod guy,
An Isaac Walton, too,
Good student, joker, not too shy,
We could use more like you.

Tho' Nicky Hare may lack in size
Be not deceived by your eyes,
For swift and agile is our Nick
And wields a potent hockey stick.

A soccer star Mc Morris is;
At goalie he does play,
And many a game our Mack has saved
By getting in the way.

Bill Putney is our short-wave fan;
He listens day and night
To countries far across the sea
And to the Sputnik's flight.

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But when Joe acts and starts to rave
Ed Booth turns over in his grave.

Walt Smith's our radio hi-fi man,
Disciple of Marconi.
The wiring in his sets appear
Like scrambled macaroni.

Cool cat Charlie Smyth's no square;
Does his marks with points to spare.
Nobody says he gets all the breaks,
For he earns what he gets and he's got
what it takes.

You claim your interest is the horse,
Bill Staniar, which is true, of course,
Yet tho' you may wear riding britches
In school plays you can sure throw
switches.

Chas Stuart, all round athlete
Good student, actor, hard to beat
In any sport, above the crowd,
Of you the school is mighty proud.

If Harold van Doren takes up farming
The stock he raises should be charming —
Frogs, turtles, snakes, and lambkins wooly,
Enough to make the cows feel bully.

Hartley Shearer once took a quiz
In math — the quiz gave him the biz.
He couldn't check most all the answers;
It gave him answers in his pantsers.

Jim Vollbrecht's got the know-how
In algebra, that is.
In fact, among his classmates
He's regarded as a whiz.

Now it's over, gents and dames;
We've run through the list of names
Of the class of fifty-niners
Born too late to be gold miners.
But at P.C.D. they've gathered
Gems of learning and palavered
With their masters, most respected
Who their thinking vivisected.
Yet in retrospect be certain
Now the time to draw the curtain
Has arrived. this class will cherish
This last hour until they perish.
Comes the morn they go their way
No more parts of Country Day.



For News of Princeton Country Day School

Between issues of

THE JUNIOR JOURNAL

read

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CLASS PROPHECY

By ROBERT CARRICK and JOHN DUNNING

Time; 1967

Scene: *A New York street. A street cleaner is busily sweeping the street. A well-dressed man comes walking down the street, apparently lost. He notices the street-cleaner and comes over to ask directions . . .*

Man: Ah! Pardon me, but could you tell me how to get to the Pennsylvania Railroad station?

St. C: What?

Man: I said can you . . . (He stops and looks at the Street Cleaner) Why, Rob, Rob Carrick, you son-of-a-gun! Why, you're the last person I expected to meet. What has happened to you anyhow? Gosh! The last time I saw you was when we graduated from P.C.D. back in 1959.

St. C: John Dunning! I wouldn't be here now, but after about my sixth wife I found I didn't have any money left.

Man: That's life! By the way, what ever did happen to the rest of the Class of '59 at P.C.D?

St. C: The other day I got a letter from Ario Alexander. He had just been elected president of General Motors!

Man: Just goes to show how wrong you can be about a guy! You remember Roger Budny? He's made a fortune manufacturing sunglasses. It seems he sells all his glasses to Ross Fullam. Ross, it seems, is a T.V. star. He stars every Tuesday Night on the wrestling bouts, "Bedlam from Boston."

St. C: Steve Cook is serving a stretch of two years up the river in San Quentin. He was arrested after breaking into the Outgrown Shop.

Man: Jim Vollbrecht is back at P.C.D. He's taken over Mr. Whitehead's old spot as Math teacher.

St. C: The last I heard of Charlie Stuart was he had left for France to become Brigitte Bardot's body-guard. He says the French intrigue him.

Man: That's Charlie all right! Sam Guttman has just written a popular Russian Travel Guide, "Siberia At a Glance."

St. C: You remember Dick Crawford? He went back out to Pennington and became a cabbage farmer. Yep! Dick is still trying to get a head.

Man: Not to brag or anything, but I've become a pretty successful artist. You know all the work I did in school finally paid off. The other day I sold an old notebook of drawings that I did in study halls for \$4,500!

St. C: I didn't quite have your luck. I published a joke book that was so bad that it brought the old 'Joe Miller Joke Book' back into business.

Man: What happened to Joe Coffee is no joke. He answered an ad for strong, silent men to count icebergs in the Antarctic. He's still there — doing so well they call him "Ice Coffee." That reminds me, what happened to his pal Huck Fairman?

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THE CLOTHES LINE

- St. C: Oh! He was on Ted Mack's Amateur Hour playing his trombone. It was the only time in the show's history that the applause meter didn't register anything.
- Man: Ted Churchill has become a world renowned guitar player. But his third wife divorced him on charges of negligence.
- St. C: Oh really! What were the exact charges?
- Man: Well, she claimed that he would sit up alone all night watching Zacherly on Shock Theatre. Her leaving didn't affect him too much because he said she wasn't too "ghoul" anyhow!
- St. C: Well! Bill Putney has been steadily employed for the last few years as Santa Claus's bodyguard!
- Man: Mac Morris was invited to represent the United States in the Davis Cup matches but he refused because he thought the Australian weather might tarnish his chrome-edged tennis strings.
- St. C: My friend Joe Smith made a smash hit on Broadway the other night. We were sweeping the stage after a performance and he hit a vase with the end of his broom. It fell on the floor and busted and . . .
- Man: Speaking of Smith, what ever became of Walter?
- St. C: He enjoyed working for the school so much that he came back. He's been janitor for seven years.
- Man: Hartley Shearer has become a clothes model for Robert Hall. He also sings the little jingle and instead of pay, he gets free clothes (Robert Hall, of course! Alterations free!)
- St. C: John Goble has become a fairly successful radish farmer. The pay is not too good but he says that he couldn't carrot all!
- Man: Nicky Hare, intrigued by Shearer's clothes, has become a tailor. His latest accomplishment is the invention of a black fluorescent shirt.
- St. C: Bill Staniar finally put his height to work. He is now employed in the Bronx Zoo as a Giraffe dentist.
- Man: Charlie Smyth is now a geologist and achieved great heights with the discovery of a fossilized Stone-Age switchblade. By the way, what ever became of Harold Van Doren?
- St. C: Van Doren is a rock 'n' roll star. His latest record, "Get Away from Me Baby Cha-Cha-Cha," sold eight copies. I guess that's about it. Come on down to the corner and I'll buy you a drink!
(Exeunt!)

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CLASS WILL

By H. McMORRIS, R. BUDNY, H. CHURCHILL, S. COOK, and R. CRAWFORD

WE, THE CLASS OF 1959, of Princeton Country Day School, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare, this as and for our Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking any and all wills and codicils thereto by us at any time heretofore made.

To John Brinkerhoff, Ario Alexander leaves his nine beloved brothers and sisters.

To Brad Mount and Burtie Jackson, Roger Budny bequeaths his illegible handwriting.

To Jay Kerr, Robbie Carrick gives his constant laugh which has distracted his classmates and teachers for the last six years.

To Pepper Pettit and Bloxy Baker, Ted Churchill gives his drawings of Mr. Rothermel.

To William Hoog, Joe Coffee bequeaths his strong silent attitude.

To David Greene, Steve Cook leaves his dead groundhogs.

To Dudley Blodget, Dick Crawford leaves his goalie pads.

To Mike Morris and Johnny Howland, John Dunning gives his lost time.

To Alec Patton and Pete Wood, Huck Fairman gives the "lost" towels, the whereabouts of which have been bothering Mr. Tibbals.

To Peter Hart, Ross Fullam bequeaths one of his deciphered Math papers.

To Walter Edwards, John Goble gives his bangs.

To Larry Kuser, Sam Guttman leaves the bowling ball he broke two hundred with.

To Bill Smoyer, Nicky Hare bequeaths his horrible shorts.

To Davy Davis, Mac McMorris gives his broken bicycle wheel.

To Peter Wright, Bill Putney leaves his always occupied place in the shower.

To Rhea Goodrich, Hartley Shearer bequeaths his classy clothes.

To Jimmy Aul, Joe Smith gives his "wonderful" wit, and hopes that his classmates appreciate it more than Joe's did.

To next year's baseball manager, Walter Smith leaves his tipped-over wheelbarrow.

To Tom Reynolds, Charlie Smyth gives his well-worn shades.

To John Odden, Bill Staniar leaves the stupid puns which drove everyone mad.

To Fred Sayen, Charlie Stuart bequeaths his wornout Canteen card.

To Van Blakeman, Harold Van Doren gives his marvelous singing ability.

To Doug Mackie, Jim Vollbrecht leaves his black-knit tie which he has worn to school every day.

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CLASS WILL (Cont'd)

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands and seals, this first day of June, 1959.

THE CLASS OF 1959

Subscribed and sealed by the Testators in our presence and at the same time by them to us Published and Declared as and for their Last Will and Testament, and thereupon we, at their requests and in their presence and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses at Princeton, N. J., this first day of June, 1959.

PETER F. ROTHERMEL 4th,
Residing at 125 Library Place,
ROBERT VAN CLEVE WHITEHEAD, JR.
Residing at 116 Edgehill Street,
F. C. HARWOOD,
Residing at 10 Orchard Circle.

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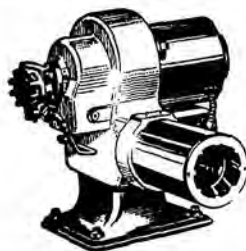
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