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JUNIOR JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1960

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EDITORIAL

During this term we have had examples of real pride and helpfulness to the school. The Lower School boys who volunteered to rake leaves off the lawn were one such example. Another was the Upper Schoolers who, on the day of the scholastic aptitude tests, helped direct students from other schools around the building.

Unfortunately, a minority of boys have been just as outstanding in lack of pride in the school. Some have shown their lack of respect by writing on walls. Others have been heard uptown loudly talking down their school in front of people who might have wanted to send their sons to P.C.D. On a

smaller scale, those who leave papers everywhere and those who cross the muddy fields and track mud into the building have shown a lack of pride. This is a good school, one of the best of its kind in the country. We all may have a small gripe here and there, but on the whole we are and should be proud of the school.

The harmful actions of some boys cannot be cured by marks or suspension. The faculty can't punish a negative attitude, only the by-products of it. *It can only be cured by the boys themselves.* The Student Council has taken the lead. All those who really are proud of their school will give thought to it whenever they are about to cross a muddy field or drop a piece of paper — and especially when more serious harmful actions come into their minds. Let's all have a sense of pride in Princeton Country Day School.

The JUNIOR JOURNAL expresses its sympathy and best wishes to William Hoog after his accident. We hope that he will soon be back with us as an active member of the Fifth Form.

WELCOME TO NEW TEACHERS

By WALTER EDWARDS

We welcome to the Faculty Mr. David Delacour. Mr. Delacour graduated from the Choate School in 1955 and from Princeton University in 1959. *Having served as an assistant English teacher last year, Mr. Delacour now teaches English I and III and coaches the basketball squad.*

We also welcome Mr. James Morris. Mr. Morris graduated from the Haverford School in 1952 and from Ursinus College in 1956. He served attendance at the Virginia Theological Seminary from 1956 to 1958. Mr. Morris now teaches Mathematics III and IV.

We are glad to have with us, in the temporary absence of Mr. Gorman, Mrs. Neville Archer, who is teaching French III. Mrs. Archer has taught at Miss Fine's School and is well known in Princeton for her tutoring in French. She brings her native talent in the language to our school.

THE ALLIED PENCILS

By BROCK PUTNAM (VI)

The little hand bell rang, and I entered the classroom. We sat down and the teacher began rattling away about the power of the Führer. "Herr Hitler ist Gott." "Deutschland ist über alles." My thoughts wandered to the first days. As soon as the German line had moved past Amsterdam, the schools had been taken over. Only German was taught there, most of it being propaganda. Everyone hated Professor Mueller, who was our teacher, except my best friend, Kurt Proger. He was indifferent. He took it all in stride. He was always fooling with those enormous pencils. They were always with him.

Kurt had gotten those pencils off a dead underground worker. Kurt had wanted to leave when the Germans first invaded, but as soon as he had become the owner of the monstrous pieces of wood and graphite, his attitude had changed. My thoughts were aroused by a book striking my head. "Faule schwein!" and off I went to the Direktor. Twenty minutes later I emerged with a beating, and with the thought that I would leave this school as soon as possible. It was lunch period by that time.

Kurt and I ate in the dingy yard

and talked in one corner. "What I would give to get my hands on that pig's throat!" I said.

"You won't ever," Kurt said in a guarded voice. "We will leave in two weeks. If we are lucky, we will have a home in London in a month."

Then the little bell rang, ending our conversation. Two weeks later, though, we left Kreisler's (now Mueller's) Boarding School forever.

There was no moon. The night was cold. Sparse clouds could be seen floating in the sky by starlight. Kurt and I slipped through the barbed wire fence that surrounded the school. We got our bicycles out of the bush where they had been kept secret from the impounding-minded Germans. Kurt halted suddenly. "I forgot the pencils!"

"Vergust die?" I said. The meaning is of no importance. The fact I had said it in German as second nature was. Later it helped us to steal a boat. Kurt had gone back before I could stop him; he raced towards the once-beautiful school which loomed over his small figure, reminding me of a courageous David fighting a tyrannical Goliath.

When he came back, we mounted our bicycles and headed for the coast. It was about 40 kilometers to

the shore. We stole a fishing boat, put our bicycles in and headed across to England. Seventeen hours later two water-soaked boys reached the coast. We tied the boat to a tree and went for the police. Kurt's French and broken English got us to Colonel Michelson of the Intelligence division in London.

Kurt handed Michelson the pencils, grinning widely. I was baffled. Michelson's brow twitched. "So?"

"So here secret zu Amsterdam forces ist," Kurt exclaimed in his

broken English. He pulled the cords off the pencils, and hitching them together played a voice over the miniature recorder. "Haben wir mappen von die artillerie von . . ." A voice droned over the recorder. Kurt exclaimed, "And I haff maps also off!" The colonel and I were astounded.

Today, whenever Kurt and I have guests at our flat, they inquire about the medal. "Oh, we got it for quitting school." They always wonder why Kurt and I laugh so at our joke.

HORROR IN THE NIGHT

By GERARD CAMERON (IV)

I woke up and looked around. An eerie feeling swept over me. I didn't know where I was. Everything was in a mixed-up order. Shadows swept across the room forming all different kinds of shapes and objects. My imagination made me see awful things. I saw a tree outside the window. It was waving its arms in time to an eerie dance. A light showed dimly in the shadows of the night. A hoot owl gave out its scary song. A bell pealed out a mournful toll.

Suddenly a figure came towards me. It disappeared. Horror swept

upon me. I was trembling. A noise outside frightened me. I felt as though I was imprisoned in a horrible tomb. I remembered stories of boys being murdered in their beds. I became even more scared. My hands started shaking. My nerves were "shot." A strange noise sounded out in the night. It was a dog. Still frightened, I decided to look around. I went into the room across the hall. I looked in and saw my parents. Were they also imprisoned?

Just then I remembered. It was my first night in our new house.

ONE COLD NIGHT

By PETER RAYMOND (V)

The blizzard was still screaming when I climbed into my little herder's wagon with my dog Swit. I took off my dripping leather and wool coat and turned on the lamp. The sheep were bedded down and there were the usual five counters. (In every hundred head of sheep there is a black one called a counter.) I hoped that none of the sheep had wandered from the flock, although it was needless to worry because the sheep usually stick together in a blizzard.

My herder's wagon was quite small and all the necessary equipment found some place. Not an inch of space was spared. Whenever the supply wagon came up from camp, Swit had to sleep on my small bed because there was no room.

The wind was sweeping the snow against the wagon with such force that it could be heard hitting the dry tinder wood. I took the kerosene lamp from its hook and set it on the little shelf beside my bed. I took a book from under my small wool-stuffed pillow and called Swit onto the bed.

"Hey, boy. Yer gonna hafta listen to me yak again." He looked at me quizzically and scratched his ear,

which we both knew didn't itch.

"Here, boy!"

He deftly hopped on top of me and licked my face until I almost died laughing. That's all he ever wanted me to do. Laugh and give him orders for the sheep. He's the only dog I ever knew that had more than an instinct for sheep. He really loved them. Whenever I had to help a ewe with her lamb, he would sit in front of the girl and lick her face. When the ewe let out a bleat, he would whimper as if it hurt him.

I started reading to Swit aloud and then I got so absorbed by the book that Swit fell asleep, seeing that I didn't look up at him after every other sentence. This discouraged me a bit and I knew I had a hard day ahead, so I reached up to turn the lamp out. Swit was as much in the way as he could be. So I tried to make my voice sound harsh, but I guess I failed miserably because all Swit did was carefully lift one eyelid, move his front paws a little out of the way and then go back to sleep. I grinned at his innocence and painstakingly put out the light.

Swit was at the door pacing and whimpering as if he was starved.

"What's ailin' you?"

It was about one o'clock and the wind had died down although the snow still fell heavily. I immediately knew that there was something wrong, or Swit wouldn't act the way he was. His face was one big worry, and I figured he'd die if I didn't let him out. I leaped off my bed and threw on my heavy coat, still a bit soggy from the day's excursions.

I strained against the door and it just didn't want to budge. Swit looked at me expectantly and I returned the look apologetically. Again I strained against the solid door and this time it gave. There was at least three feet of snow against the door, which explained its stubbornness. Swit dove through my legs as I stepped onto the snow-covered ledge which was five feet off the ground. I knew the flock wasn't having an easy time of it. Where in the devil did Swit go? I whistled shrilly and I heard a furious barking right under my feet. Like a darned hedgehog, Swit had landed in the snow-drift by the wagon. He was quite terrified because when I jumped in after him he bit me as soon as I hit the ground.

"Swit! Now you looka here, pup. I shore don' wanna hurtcha but I will if I hafta."

That shut him up. He had bitten my arm and I couldn't tell if he had broken my coat or not, but I did know he hadn't touched my skin.

I struggled out of the drift, and Swit followed, jumped in and out of

my tracks. I could faintly see the flock, just a rise in the plain. The biting cold was something and the snowflakes blurred my eyelashes. I stumbled along to see what had been bothering Swit.

The snow was falling heavily, covering the flock with a beautiful white blanket. The silence that engulfed us was gorgeously peaceful. An occasional bleat of a ewe made it even more wonderful. But I hadn't time to admire the scenery; I had to satisfy Swit. I counted five counters — nothing wrong there — then a horrible scream filled the night air.

Wolves! I scrambled as fast as I could back toward the wagon. Swit! I turned and called him. I knew that he was well disciplined and would return to his master (much against his will). I reached the wagon and barged inside. I took down my beautiful carbine and crammed as many cartridges into the chamber as it would hold. I quickly threw a shell into firing position and threw off the safety. As I turned to leave, I almost tripped over Swit. Blood-stained but apparently not harmed, he had already engaged in the battle. While defending his ewes, he heard me call and returned to the wagon! I judged by all the noise that there were at least ten wolves. The flock was getting uneasy and the touchy yearlings were moving around. I was all confused.

"Keep the ewes here, Swit! I'll get those murderers!"

He plunked to the ground and, amid all that confusion, he kept the flock down. Now I had a small duty. I had to go around the flock to get to the battle, so that's what I did. Telltale scream after telltale scream sounded. These wolves didn't want supper. They wanted to kill. They are the hardest to work with because of their savageness. I neared and saw a wolf atop a hysterical ewe, ripping open her stomach. I waited until the poor girl was dead and raised my rifle. The wolf dropped. I had not advanced ten feet when I spotted three of the devils closing in on a ewe. This is where a repeating rifle comes in handy. Two of the wolves dropped but I was wide on the third and he turned tail. I got four more as they fled, and after that I saw no more. Now I had the pleasant job of killing the half-surviving ewes. I dragged the dead assailants to positions around the flock to keep other happy-go-lucky packs away. I lost six ewes and a ram, but out of five hundred sheep it's not the staggering loss it could have been.

It hit me like a ton of bricks. The jaws tightened with a vise-like clamp. I was aware of snow in my face and a lead-like weight on my

back. Then there was the biggest mess of snarling I had ever heard. My gun was thrown when the wolf pitched me, and now I searched for it. Swit was fighting doggedly and bravely. The wolf was bigger and heavier and had more teeth (which Swit encountered many times that night), but Swit was just as quick if not quicker. I found the gun, threw a shell into the chamber. Then I realized how helpless I was. I couldn't fire into that mass of fur and snow without risking Swit's life. Finally Swit barged out from under his competitor and I caught the wolf in the chest. He went through a stage of convulsions and I pumped another bullet into him out of sheer hatred. I turned to Swit, bloodied and mangled in the snow. If he wasn't the sorriest-looking pup I've ever seen in my life, my name isn't Pete. I gathered him in my arms and started for the wagon.

I threw off my coat and put Swit on it. I then saw the gaping slash in his stomach. I took out thread and needle, well worn with use.

For three endless days and nights, I waited. Swit was walking on the fourth. We prayed together in thanks to be alive.



BUILDING A BOARD

By JOHN BRINKERHOFF (VI)

The construction of a board is difficult enough to put a strain on any man's mind. This could prove to be dangerous, for your mind would probably not be in such good shape if you wanted to build a board. It is also possible that one would want to make something with the board, or that one might want something to do. I am going to use Herman Bostwick for an example of a man trying to build a board.

Herman was no different from any of the other men who worked in the sewer, so it was unexplainable why he was seized with a sudden burning desire to build a board. Rising early Saturday morning, Herman downed a hearty breakfast consisting of one pint of bourbon and marched out onto the lawn to find a suitable tree. There being only one tree on the property, Herman did not find this very difficult. After surveying the tree for some time he went into the garage to get his tools. Finding his axe, he sharpened it to a razor edge and strode happily from the garage. Herman squared off with the tree and with a tremendous swing promptly cut off his left foot.

"Damn," screamed Herman, "I missed the tree!"

Following this outburst he kicked the foot aside and began to chop

down the tree. Unfortunately for Herman, his wife didn't appreciate this, for he had chopped down the only tree. Being a very unsympathetic sort, Herman silenced her with a sweep of his axe and occupied himself with hauling the tree from the wreckage of the house (of course it had fallen on the house and demolished it).

Herman was very skilled with the saw and plane, and except for a slight accident in which he lost three fingers he was soon ready to sand the board to its final smoothness. Herman sanded for a long time and just as he finished, three large cars pulled into the driveway and a horde of men in immaculate white coats emerged. The leader of the group stepped up to Herman and bluntly told him they were going to put him in the asylum. At this Herman did what anyone would have done — he broke the board over the man's head.

There is really nothing more to say about Herman except that he is very happy in his padded cell. He has been had only once and that was the time he strangled five of the guards who brought him lunch. I hope that from now on whenever you want to build a board you will do it properly and follow Herman's stirring example.

AN EXPERIENCE AMONG MANY

By JONATHAN HOWLAND (VI)

While in Germany this summer, I stayed with a family in Augsburg. I had previously known these people and therefore felt quite at home and able to express myself freely.

However, when I came down to the breakfast table one morning and announced that I was taking a trip to Vienna (an idea that I had been toying with the previous night) I wished I had been a bit more careful.

After quickly thinking over what I had said, I changed the subject immediately in hopes that no more would be said of my excursion. Unfortunately the seed had been planted, and although I didn't mention it again, it was brought up the next day at dinner.

"You really want to go to Wien?" asked Heidi, the eldest daughter.

I started to say no, and then, as if swept up in a wave of emotion consisting of independence, I replied with a hesitant, "Yes," and then a very definite "Yes."

"Is good. You leave at ninety-thirty," was her rather startling answer.

Seeing that I had gone too far to turn back, I decided to act as if it were an everyday event; after which I put it out of my mind until it was time to leave for the station.

Nine o'clock came very quickly and caught me with neither bags

nor plans ready. I grabbed up an old army field coat which I used for traveling, and a small bag, into which I stuffed a toothbrush; and after bidding my German family farewell I headed for the station. I quickly got my ticket and boarded my "magic carpet" which was to deliver me to many new adventures.

As I said, I was to have many adventures in and to and from Vienna, but one of the most rewarding and interesting experiences took place during the first part of my nine-hour train trip.

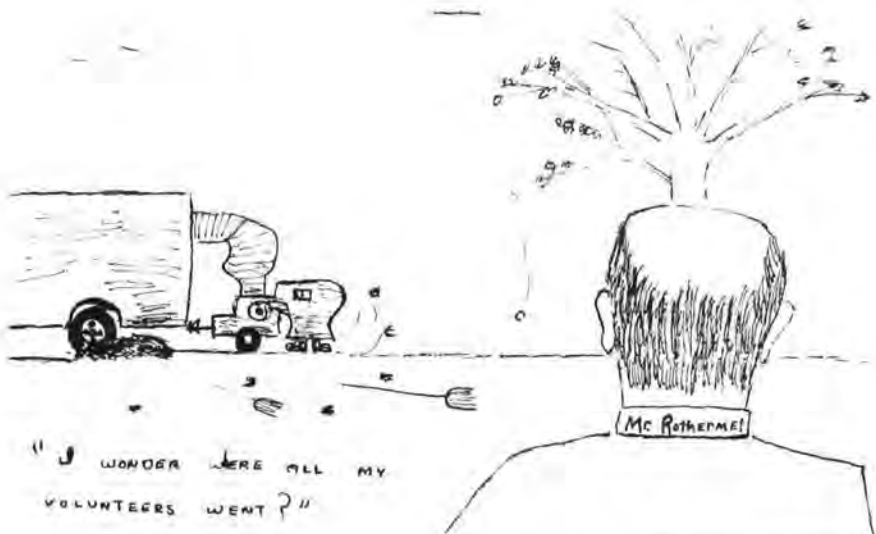
Not wishing to go directly to a seat, I stood in the aisle and looked out into the black night, the station lights quickly losing their brilliance.

It was a good five minutes before I noticed that the man standing opposite was staring at me with a broad grin. When I did look at him, I saw a picture which must have slightly resembled myself. He was a young man with a tee-shirt and rather shabby clothes, mine being nothing to brag about. He possessed a marvelous grin, which made me immediately grin back. We smiled and almost laughed at each other for about ten minutes, and finally, thinking of nothing better to do, I waved to him. He returned the gesture and we both started talking at once, he in German and I in English. When he saw that I could not speak Ger-

man he tried Italian, his native tongue; for he, like me, was just traveling in Germany. He looked a bit perplexed for a moment at my negative reaction to Italian, and then he broke out into his grin again and said, "Ah! Americano."

So there we stood, neither knowing the other's language, yet we conversed. It was more than a conversation of smiles and small gestures; it was a conversation of emotion, for

we shared many things. But I think the most important was the youthful desire for universal friendship, and we were, in our own small way, fulfilling that desire. I stood there loving that man, whom, although a stranger, I knew and understood so well, and he did likewise. We were neither Italian nor American at that moment. We were simply young men, wandering gypsies, enjoying life and its freedom.



LUCKY INTUITION

By WARD JANDL (V)

My name is Philip Chandler. I have worked at Oldridges, Ltd., in Boston, for ten years. I have a strange story to tell that began exactly two years ago. I can remember it just as if it had happened last night

Every summer I take my family to our rambling cottage on Drake Island in Maine. I had just returned from a company meeting. My wife and our two children were on the beach when I drove up the driveway. Directly, I sensed that something was wrong. You know how that happens. I cautiously looked up and down the row of cottages. About ten houses away from ours, I saw a horde of people shouting and milling around a smoke-filled cottage. Quickly I ran down to the beach, not bothering to change my gray suit, and hustled my family to see the fire. We arrived just in time to see the local fire engines rush up, unlatch the hose, and connect it to the temporary water supply on the truck. This I realized would last only a couple of minutes. It didn't even last that long, for the hose sprang a leak and water rushed out, flooding the narrow road.

By now flames were wildly leaping from the wooden structure. A

loud sizzling, crunching, thunderous noise could be heard as the left wing of the house crumpled, with the licking flames leaving a charred mess. There was a strong wind blowing, making the blazing house a hazard to the other dwellings nearby. A horrid thought hit me. What if that flaming house were ours? I quickly dismissed this idea when I heard another siren in the distance. The two helpless engines from Wells were doing their best by using a garden hose on the fiery spectacle and hacking the exterior with hatchets. The siren in the distance was coming closer to the blaze. Next to me was a middle-aged woman who remarked to her friend, "Mrs. Shore, the owner of the house, is down in Lowell. She was robbed last night down there of her valuables. Isn't that something?"

The engine that I had heard in the distance was unloading its equipment. Minutes later, a fine spray fell over the spectators. The hose was working! Clouds of hazy gray smoke poured out the broken windows and roof. After five minutes of furious fighting the blaze was put under control. Suddenly another gust of wind came along and the flames started raging out of control

again. Two men, who were not a part of the fire force, darted into the house with the garden hose, putting out small fires in the interior. Just when everything looked helpless the wind stopped blowing, permitting the firemen to spray that part of the basement where the fire had started. Five minutes later it was all over. The crowd thinned out as the islanders went back to their houses or to whatever they had been doing. I rounded up my family, for we were scattered about. We went back to our cottage. Strangely the children were quiet. I knew how they felt. What if it were our house? What would we do? How would we act? Supper also seemed unnaturally quiet. The silence was broken by my son, Peter. "Now we won't need any Fourth of July bonfire!"

The children went to bed early because of the community picnic the next day. Mr. Miles, our next-door neighbor, dropped in that night to tell us the fire that I was trying to forget about had been started by a faulty hot-water heater. We talked business for a while, then again about the fire. He left about 10:30. My wife and I decided to go to bed; she dozed off right away, but I lay awake thinking about the fire. How would I escape in a crisis like this? First I'd close the hall door. Then I'd get the family in our room . . . close the windows . . . close the doors. That would help, but how would I escape? I remembered that

the clothesline was outside my window. It was strong and could act as a net. That was how I would escape.

* * *

You have just heard the first part of my strange story. The second episode took place about three weeks later.

Our family had almost forgotten about the fire. Everything was normal in our household again. July 28, 9:00 P. M., found the family playing Canasta together. At 9:45 the children went to bed. We went to bed a little later. Suddenly a strange feeling came over me. Then the same questions popped into my mind. What would I do? How would I act? Feeling drowsy, I dozed off. I slept restlessly for a few hours, awaking at any slight noise. At about 1:00 A. M. I woke up with a start, feeling that something was wrong. The room was hazy with smoke. Maybe my wife couldn't sleep too and she smoked to . . . Then I saw that she was asleep! I got up to look around. It seemed that the smoke was coming from the basement. My heart stopped beating for a second. Smoke was pouring from the kitchen and into the dining room. Then I recalled what I had thought of when I lay in bed . . . Shut the hall door. This I had done. Wake the children! This also I did. Close the windows! The air was stuffy, so I hesitated at this step. After a second's thought I decided to close them.

Now I grabbed the fire extinguisher. I slowly opened the hall door, opened the nozzle, and started spraying the dining area. My wife had called the fire station and police. Seeing that my efforts to stop the fire were being wasted, I shut the door and went back to our bedroom where my family was waiting. Surprisingly enough I wasn't afraid. I decided that we'd better jump to the ground, so I opened a small window by the bedside table. My wife went first. Seeing that the clothesline-escape plan worked, I sent the children down. Then I went down. The "Operation Vacate" was going smoothly so far. In the distance I could hear the wail of the sirens. Mr. Miles offered to take the children into his house. They left a little sadly, but at least they left. By

now a crowd had begun to gather. The engines had arrived and were already spraying the kitchen and dining room. Luckily there was little wind, and so in about five minutes the fire was put out. Mr. Miles, along with the fire chief, had turned on the spotlights. Only a small part of the house was damaged. The floor had buckled and the kitchen and dining rooms were scorched.

We spent the rest of the night at the Miles'. While in bed, I realized that it was pure intuition that had led me to do what I did. Just lucky intuition.

* * *

(The story is partially true. I was inspired when I saw a fire like this up at Drake's Island — the first fire, I mean. In bed that night the questions that the man in the story thought rushed through my mind. The rest is fiction. — W. J.)

LONG, SLEEK CAR

By JONATHAN HOWLAND (VI)

Oh long, sleek, shiny car,
If you weren't so blinded
By the reflection of your
Own chrome
You could see how
Hideous you are.

FORBIDDEN FUN HOUSE

By JOHN McCARTHY (IV)

The July moon shone radiantly upon the drab beach as people hurriedly paraded down the boardwalk. Bright colored lights gleamed down at the passersby from every stand. Cheerful conversations, delightful music, and the click-clack of the pin-ball machines completed the lovely evening. People screeching on the ghastly rides and happy cries of winning bingo players made the boardwalk a trouble-free spot.

At only one point along the boards was there heard a sound other than laughter — at the "Fun" House. Here six-year old children, about my age, were crying and yelling to their parents. My older brother, who was taking care of me, asked if I would like to go in to the fun. Since my brother had trust in me, he believed that I would not be frightened about going in. After he asked me, I felt I could not refuse his request because it would be letting him down. I had seen some of those horror movies, and now they were going to show them in person in that torture chamber. The ticket woman took our

money; she was the judge, sentencing me to the death penalty. As I walked through the door, I took one last look at the outer world. Would I be lucky enough to get out alive?

The gloom of the fun house lay ahead. A skeleton suddenly popped up and some of the little children screamed. This was only a starter. We went underground, and I knew the worst must lie ahead. I stiffened and said some final prayers. Surely this would be my last hour in this cruel world. I saw my other companions, unaware of what was going to happen, laughing gaily. Then we continued on, and I saw a beam of light! I could not believe my eyes. It was light! Could I be wrong? No, there it was, moonlight!

I came out, surprised to see the outer world, which I never thought I would see again. It was wonderful. How beautiful the sand and the amusements were. The people — how happy they looked. And those stupid kids, bawling — I couldn't understand them!



THE CURSE OF ATOMIC POWER

By BURTON JACKSON (VI)

One man gets up from a long table and walks over to the telephone. He calls up a second man and tells him something. They hang up and go back to their positions.

A few seconds later a red button is pushed and a huge rocket carrying an atomic warhead is heading across the world to another continent. There it explodes and in a few minutes two countries are in an Atomic War.

This very incident could happen tomorrow. All someone has to do is push a little red button and ZOOM! The whole world is swallowed up in an Atomic War. Man could wipe himself and every living thing off the globe. Even a small mistake made by one country could bring this kind of war upon us.

One of these days man is going to

make something and have it blow up in his hands. Atomic energy might be it. True, you can say atomic power can benefit man by keeping all lights lit forever or produce an endless source of heat to heat the whole world in winter; but it can blow us off the map or poison us with deadly radiations. It could get out of control in one way or another and produce chain-reactions that man never dreamed of.

You say progress must go on. This is true, but when such a powerful thing as atomic energy is discovered and used in large quantities, representatives from every country should get together and form a government to control and operate it.

When and if this is done, such a thing as atomic power will no longer be a curse. It will benefit mankind.

LOOK TWICE

By JONATHAN HOWLAND (VI)

Look around you,
Americans,
And see Industry,
The accomplishments of man;
But do not give thanks
Until you have looked again
And seen the accomplishments
Of God.

A SURPRISE MEAL FOR DR. HADRICK

By JOSEPH RIKER (V)

At the far corner of the room the boys, pretending to be asleep in their beds, heard footsteps coming closer to the door. The door handle turned, and a faint ray of light shone on the floor. Dr. Hadrick, the house-master, stuck his head in, shone his flashlight around on the three boys; then left the room and went on his nightly rounds.

About three minutes later a slight creak came from one of the beds and the door was opened again. A second later three boys were fastening a blanket over the single window. The light was turned on, but quickly turned off at the sound of the returning footsteps. Down came the blanket with a thud. The door was opened; the master entered, looked around, and saw a boy apparently asleep on the floor. Thinking only that the boy had fallen out of bed, Dr. Hadrick left.

Again the bed creaked and the blanket went up. The light was turned on, and it revealed two boys yawning through their lockers and one crawling out on the fire escape. After a few minutes everything was ready.

Each boy was seated on his own bed surrounded by an array of food. In the middle of the floor was a large jar of cider. As they were about to start to eat, the light burned out.

"D—— it!" exclaimed an infuri-

ated voice, and a light came on from a small flashlight. One of the boys got up, went into the bathroom, and fumbled around for a new bulb. He came back, turned off the wall switch, took out the old bulb, put in the new bulb, and turned on the switch.

Now they settled down to their feast and were undisturbed for a few minutes — then over went the cookie tin. A loud crash was one of the results; then — in the order of their happening — the assorted "goodies" were pushed out of sight, the light went out, and the boys jumped into bed. For the third time the door opened, and Dr. Hadrick stuck his head in and, for the third time, left.

It was 12:32 A. M. and the three boys were still feasting. The feast was almost over, although they didn't realize it.

"Pass the cider!"

"It's gone!"

"Oh well, pass me the ——"

"Hello, boys," said Dr. Hadrick, who had just entered. "How's your little banquet coming? You know what this means, don't you? Do you have anything to say for yourselves?"

There was a long silence, which was finally broken by one of the boys.

"We'd be happy to have you join us. Won't you, Dr. Hadrick?"

TRAPPED

By PETER SKILLMAN (IV)

I was on a geological expedition exploring caves. We found what looked like a good one. I went in first. Suddenly a beam gave way. Dirt fell behind me. I was trapped. I heard a voice at the mouth of the cave asking if I was okay. Very stupidly I answered, "Yes, get me out of here!" My voice made echoes. These, bounding back and forth, up and down, turned into shock waves. They made the earth start to fall again. I was buried alive! Miraculously, I was turned so I was on my stomach and under my mouth there was a pocket of air.

I could not see or hear. All I could do was to breathe, and by the size of the pocket of air I could do that only for a short time.

I began to wait. I thought of

when they would find me. I thought of many things. Strangely, very strangely, I went to sleep. I did not for long. I estimated that I had an hour of air left. I waited. Seconds seemed like minutes. Minutes seemed like months. What seemed like an eternity was only an hour. Would they get to me in time? I had very little air left. I started to panic but did not. It would be costly to panic. I might start screaming and use up precious air or I would try to move and get away from my air. I could hear the clinking of shovels against the rock and dirt. Suddenly I blacked out.

I awoke in a bed. Around me there was an enclosure. I was in an oxygen tent. Everything was going to be all right.

AS I LOOKED OUT MY AIRPLANE WINDOW

By JONATHAN HOWLAND (VI)

"Yow! Look at those clouds
In one solid mass.
Man, I could walk on them!"
I said, knowing full well
That they wouldn't support
A flea's leg.

FALL LIFE TO A SCHOOLBOY

By ROBERT KERNEY (V)

Often, as I sit in the classroom at school, my mind is not on what the teacher is trying desperately to get across, but I am glancing outside at the wonderful world of autumn. The trees are tinted with fall's majestic colors, red, green, yellow and orange. The sky always is bluer in the fall. The dark trees look like something from a horror movie in comparison to the bright colors of the leaves. The grass has turned to mud in places where boys have been playing football or soccer. The bright sun makes curious shadows on the lawn and trees. A strong November wind is blowing and leaves are gliding slowly down creating a blanket on the moist earth.

I also hear fall as I sit in my seat daydreaming. Fall has a way of making things quieter. Not as quiet as winter, but "softer" than summer. The trucks up on Nassau Street have a peculiar sound. The crackling of leaves as they burn — the wind as it whistles through the trees — the drone of an airplane flying overhead — all have weird sounds. In the afternoon you can hear the University Band playing, the sound of the R.O.T.C. men shouting out orders, the steam shovel working at that new house on the corner, a hammer pounding in a nail, cars going by. Even the classroom has a strange

attitude as far as sound is concerned. I can hear the Princeton football team practicing — the sounds of the team doing calisthenics. I guess fall is never quiet.

The smell of fall drifts in through the open windows. Burning leaves contribute greatly to this smell. Also the fresh, crisp air takes away the heavy-smelling air of summer.

Suddenly the blue sky turns into a mass of grey. An east wind comes up and the smell of the Walker-Gordon dairy fills the air. The once majestic trees become dark ghosts. The air is filled with a dark smoke as the light rain begins to smother the fires. A new sound is heard, that of the falling rain. The once dark bark on the trees becomes as black as night. The air begins to get musty, and it gets colder as the rain begins to pelt down. The streets are filled with cars of people who are in a hurry. People scamper here and there looking for shelter. What was once dirt turns into mud.

Then, as suddenly as the whole thing starts, it stops; and once again everything becomes a mass of colors, this time with little drops of water sparkling like diamonds. The sound of a car running over a wet road and through a puddle may be heard as once again fall puts on yet another face.

THIS I BELIEVE

By PETER KIRKPATRICK (V)

The school day was over. I shouted farewells to my friends and began my four-mile bicycle journey past the mammoth shopping center, through the woods, on a more or less broken paved road. Though I ride the same way down our short driveway every week-day, today seemed out of the ordinary. I rode my bike into the two-car garage. As I was removing my books from my bike basket, it came to me: our beloved three-year old Cocker Spaniel was not around, barking and running up to greet me, as he had every day in the past. I gave little thought to it and walked drearily down the short path to our house.

"Did you have a good day?" came the usual question from my mother. I told her yes and asked what dinner was going to be.

"Fried chicken, peas, baked potatoes, and ice cream," came a quick answer, and she reminded me to feed the dog.

I asked her where Blacky was. She replied that she had last seen him at about two o'clock in the afternoon. This is when I first became worried. I went to the outside door and shouted and whistled loudly, half expecting him to show up any minute in one of the lighted areas around. I

stood there another minute or so. Then I returned to the kitchen and began my dinner.

After finishing my homework, I went downstairs to relieve my curiosity about my dog. As I opened the door leading outside, I was shocked to see his dish still full of the horse meat I had put there, now half covered with freshly fallen snow. I looked around frantically near the house and under the bushes. Pulling myself together, I realized that this would prove nothing. I resolved, however, that I would sleep in the downstairs bedroom.

I must have slept restlessly for only a few hours when I woke up to some small whimperings outside the window. I sat up with a start. Yes, they were whimperings! I put on some slippers and rushed to get a flashlight.

I walked carefully through the snow, which was now an inch deep. I watched carefully for the trustful dog. Pointing the flashlight this way and that, I caught a glimpse of something. It was Blacky, and there seemed to be nothing wrong with him. As I ran toward him, I heard a low warning growl. I stopped short and slowly, cautiously stepped toward him, talking gently. I was

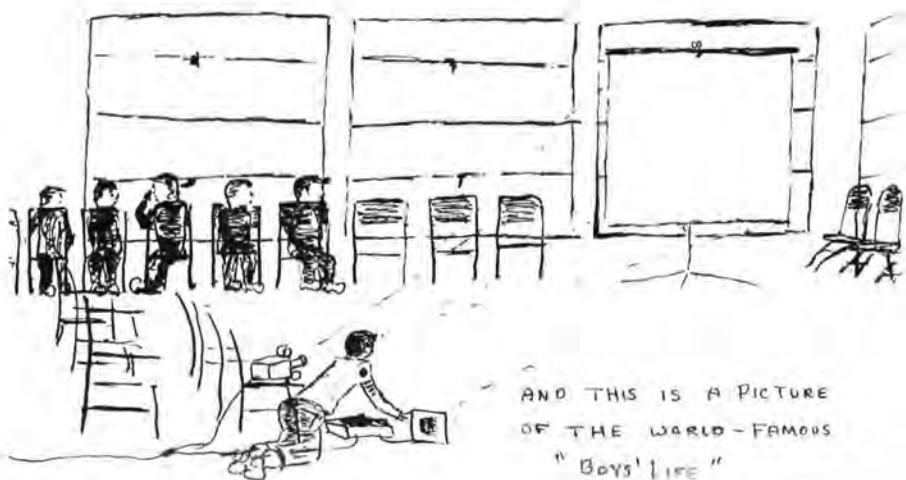
stunned when I saw blood oozing from a large wound in his side. I dared not touch his snow-covered body but did pat his head once. I then ran to the house. I rushed to my parents' room and woke them up. It took five minutes for them to get downstairs, and I hurried out ahead of them.

As I approached Blacky his eyes were closed. Blood was no longer coming from his wound, and he was

expressionless. I moved in closer. With my hand, I opened his eyelid. His eyes did not move. I knew now that my dog was dead. I flopped down beside him and hugged his face, but he didn't respond. I cursed the world and hated everything.

After a moment I grew calmer. Blacky had had a wonderful life, and he will always be remembered by those who loved him.

This, I believe, is nature.



AND THIS IS A PICTURE
OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS
"BOYS' LIFE"

— BY KARL PETTIT

LOWER SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

SERGEANT

By WARREN BAKER (III)

Sergeant was a two-year old German Shepherd who had spent one year of his life at an army training camp and had passed his last exam. Now he was in a truck of reinforcements who were going to help Company A. Company A had been fighting for some time and were running low on men and ammunition. When Company B, the new reinforcement, came, it was just in time. Now Company B had been fighting several hours. Sergeant became very restless, seeing his men being knocked down one by one, and he knew as well as the men did that things were getting serious. When two Japanese daredevils came up with hand grenades and blew half the company apart, they knew that they should send for help. When their captain told them to find the man with the walky-talky, all they found was a broken walky-talky, two arms, two legs, and what had been a head.

The captain was very mad because of this, so he sent for Sergeant. He took Sergeant's collar off, and in an inside secret compartment he put a message: "Send reinforcements to our location." Then he put a fake message on the outside of the collar. He did this because he knew that the dog would have to travel

through Japanese territory. The captain then said, "Listen, Sergeant. I know that this is long and dangerous, but try to get it there." With this the dog was off at a run in the direction the captain had told him.

Everything was all right until two Japanese darted out in front of him. He tried to run, but they got him in the leg, which slowed him down. The Japs found the outside message and thought the Americans quite dumb. They let Sergeant go, thinking he'd do no harm. Again everything was all right until he walked into a Jap camp. By now he had hardly any energy and was caught quickly. They didn't see any message, so they decided to look over the collar completely. Sergeant knew they would find the message, so he made a run for it. Again he was shot, but this time right above the thigh. He kept running until he came to a creek where he stopped and rested. He lapped some water in pain and agony. You could surely see he probably would not make it. Then he thought, "I can't make it, but I've got to make it. The whole company is in my collar. I will make it."

He made it, all right. When he got there he fell down unconscious in front of the general's quarters. A

soldier saw him and rushed to him. He took off his collar and told some men to take Sergeant to the doctor's quarters. He took the message to the general, who quickly read it. Seeing what it said, he got about 75 men and sent them to Company B's location. They got there in time to save the company, thanks to Sergeant.

When they got back to quarters, Sergeant was in the hospital. The operation was over and the doctor said he'd be all right, but he had

suffered two very bad bullet wounds.

The general got a special medal of honor and pinned it on his collar for such a task.

As far as I know, Sergeant lived another year with the army, and then was given to a nice family in Princeton, New Jersey, where he lived for four or five years. Then one day he collapsed and died of old age, at the age of eight. Some of the men from Company B who are still living remember and honor the dog called Sergeant.

AN INTERESTING SUMMER DAY

By AMOS ENO (II)

The whole family got on board our big cabin cruiser. Oliver Spear, our captain, said, "Let her go, Amos." So I untied the bow and the stern. Oley told me to steer the boat to Cromwell Harbor.

When we got there we went swimming. (This took place outside Bar Harbor, Maine.) After that we had Chips, my older brother, row my mother and father ashore to a party. Then Oley told Chips to steer for Egg Rock Lighthouse.

The first thing we saw at the lighthouse was a big cannon. At all times at the lighthouse one man has

to be on watch. All the lighthouse-keepers can do is work, watch T.V., play ping-pong, or play cards. They have two outboards at the lighthouse. In the lighthouse they have prism reflectors which make the light bigger. They have an icebox and a deep-freeze.

The lighthouse does not have a real tower. It has a square thing about two feet high on the main building.

I was very lucky to go to the lighthouse. I am one of the only people that have gone there.

AN EMBARRASSING EXPERIENCE

By WARREN SHEW (II)

One day while I was at the seashore and down at the beach I was riding the biggest waves that I could find. I was having a great deal of fun on this warm July morning. The water was warm and the day was wonderful.

My sister and mother never did enjoy the water because all they were interested in was a sun tan, but not me. Brother, I was in the water while I had the chance! You see, we were only down for the day. After I had been in the water a reasonably long time, Mom called me out. She said, "You have been swimming long enough, so you better come out of the water for a little while." I was furious, but soon enough I was back in the water.

Boy, were those waves bigger than ever!

When I was going out for a big wave I saw my sister walking down to the water. Well, I was going to show her the fun I was having. Now I was ready for the big wave, and it came sailing. Suddenly up went my legs and down went my face. With a mouthful of sand I started to get up. Then I stopped dead in my crawl. My bathing suit was pulled down to my knees! I quickly got down for the next wave to cover me. Then I would be safe, but it was too late. Most of the people had already seen me. I was the most embarrassed kid on the whole unknown beach.

THE EFFECT OF TELEVISION ON MY EDUCATION

By DONALD WOODBRIDGE (II)

I think T.V. affects me in two ways. One way is that it teaches me bad English. The other way is that it teaches me history and science.

Most Westerns use bad English, but they have a lot of history in them, so I watch a lot of Westerns.

One of my favorite shows is called "Sea Hunt." It is about a skindiver who is almost always getting killed.

My special mystery program is "Zacherly at Large." It used to come on at 11:00 P. M., so I could only see it when my mother and father went out late on Saturdays. But this year it will also come on at noon.

I like to watch Disneyland whenever there is something exciting on, such as a trip to the moon.

THE DAY THE EARTH WAS DESTROYED

By TOBY LAUGHLIN (II)

One cool autumn day people were going their normal ways except two old scientists. One was looking through a telescope, the other developing some pictures taken in outer space with the help of their telescope. Suddenly Professor Sayen said, "Come here quickly, Professor! I have the pictures ready! Look at this one. There are many round objects in this one. Taken thirty minutes later, they are gone."

Professor Morales sat down thinking. Suddenly he jumped up and looked again through the telescope. Then he looked at the clock.

"Professor," he said, "we have twenty-four hours before the earth is destroyed. There is no way to get

off, and anyway if we did we could not get far enough away."

Just then their secretary came in and said, "What's this I hear about the earth being destroyed?"

"Yes," said Professor Morales, "we have twenty-three hours to live. It will be very fast and we won't feel a thing." At that information she fainted. Professor Morales quickly brought her back. The two professors went home and told their families. Then they told about it over the radio. No one panicked. They said to themselves, what can we do?

Four hours were left. Louder it got. One hour. Still louder. Then it stopped. All was quiet. Then a great flash. The giant sun hit!!

THE EARTH

By KEVIN KENNEDY (III)

For years the earth was red hot,
Boiling, boiling, just like a pot.
Then came years and years of rain,
Coming to put out the red hot flame.
Soon the earth was all a sea,
And it seemed it would stay till eternity.
But then the sea drained
And dinosaurs reigned.
Later it came right down to man,
But the cycle will start again, if it can.

EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN

By THOMAS BUDNY (II)

Our expedition was a dangerous one and one that had never been done before. Our trip had been specially outfitted with special equipment by some scientist. The ship itself was an atomic submarine. The top was made of a special kind of glass that would take any kind of punishment. The name of the ship was the U.S.S. **McCaughan**.

The crew were the best men in their fields and we were prepared for almost any discovery. We headed north to the Arctic Ocean.

Our job was to find out how thick the ice was, how fast the current was, and how fast the ice moved. We kept records as most ships do until it was time to submerge under the ice. Then the men had to work. Sometimes the machinery that gave us measurements acted funny, so

we had to stop and work these out.

When we figured we were half way we stopped and started to measure the ice's thickness and weight. Our floodlights were turned on and everyone forgot what he was doing. In the ice were trees and animals frozen like statues. Horrified men saw a dinosaur almost ready to leap at the ship. Here was something no one could put in words. The ice was a graveyard for reptiles, sharp-horned, armored, huge and ugly things. There were dinosaurs and mammoths, many animals none of us had ever heard of. When we realized these things could not hurt us, we got the cameras going.

After this the rest of the trip was routine.

THANKSGIVING DAY

By MARK ABRAMS (II)

Thanksgiving means to a lot of people a big turkey dinner. To others it means giving thanks to God. To other people, including me, it means both.

On the day before Thanksgiving we go to our grandparents' house in Trenton. The next night we stay home and have a good old-fashioned Thanksgiving.

After dinner, the fire is lit, and the family sits around it and talks about things like being in this great country that we live in, being healthy, and numerous other things which sometimes we don't think about.

Yes, Thanksgiving means a lot of things to a lot of people, but to my family it means all of those reasons.

FACULTY – SIXTH FORM POLL

By JOHN ODDEN

Recently, this quiz was taken by members of the Faculty and Sixth Form. The results were as follows (close second choices are put in parentheses):

Sixth Form	Faculty
Favorite actorJames Stewart	Gary Cooper
Favorite actressBrigitte Bardot (Sophia Loren)	Lassie
Favorite movieSome Like It Hot	Ben Hur
Favorite pastimeSports	Getting somewhere that's peaceful
Favorite singerPerry Como	Perry Como (Maria Callas)
Favorite T.V. program77 Sunset Strip	Dingdong School
Favorite magazineSports Illustrated (Life)	Post
Favorite comic stripPeanuts (B. C.)	Peanuts
Favorite expressionI don't know	Quiet, please!
Favorite T.V. commercial..Piel's (Chevron Supreme)	Chevron Supreme
Favorite sportHockey (Tennis)	Skating
Favorite authorDickens	Shakespeare
Favorite poem“The Raven”	“If”
Favorite branch of the armed forcesNavy	Air Force
Worst T.V. commercial ...Anacin	Winston
Worst day of the weekThursday	Monday
Worst classroomScience Lab	Aren't they all alike?
Foreigner (not actor or actress) you admire most..Churchill	Churchill
Favorite petDog	Dog
Country (not U. S.) you would most like to visit..France (Russia)	France

WHO'S WHO

1959 - 1960

COLOR OFFICERS**Blues**William Smoyer, *President*John Odden, *Secretary***Whites**Karl Pettit, *President*Peter Hart, *Secretary***STUDENT COUNCIL**John Brinkerhoff, *President*Jonathan Howland, *Vice-President**Fifth Form*

Ward Jandl

Richard Reynolds

Third Form

William Edwards

Stephen Goheen

John Odden, *Secretary*Walter Edwards, *Treasurer**Fourth Form*

Warren Elmer

Richard Marcus

Second Form

Aubrey Huston

Donald Woodbridge

TEAM CAPTAINS

Karl Pettit (Football)

William Smoyer (Soccer)

LIBRARIANS

Peter Hart

Eugene Armstrong

Glenn Thomas

WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

By WILLIAM SMOYER

In scholarship, the Blues stayed ahead of the Whites through the fall term. The final average was this: Blues, 78%; Whites, 77%.

In the fall athletics, the Whites won the soccer series, 11½ points to 5½ points.

The annual football game ended in a 13-13 tie.

In First Form soccer, the Blues won 7 games to the Whites' 4. The Whites took six points in the Second and Third Forms as they won 25 games, lost 12, and tied 8. In the Upper School the Whites took two games to none for the Blues on the J.V. squad. The varsity played only one game, which ended in a scoreless tie. Since the Whites had already won the series, the varsity, by agreement of both teams, ended their series after the tie.

In the football game, the Whites drew first blood as Captain Pettit added an extra point to the touchdown he had scored. The Blues came back as Brinkerhoff scored on a long run. Reynolds made the extra point. Pettit scored again early in the third period, but the try for the extra point failed. Late in the same period Brinkerhoff again scored, but the extra point was missed. It was an excellently played game, with both teams playing hard.

FALL TERM HONOR ROLL

(Based on Term Averages before Examinations)

FIRST HONOR ROLL (90-100%)

DAVID BLAIR
TOWNSEND BLODGET
WARREN ELMER
RANDOLPH HOBLER
RICHARD MARCUS
JOHN McCARTHY
JOHN POOLE
JOHN WILLIS

SECOND HONOR ROLL (85-89%)

JOHN BAKER
JOHN BRINKERHOFF
GERARD CAMERON
MICHAEL DESMOND
THOMAS GAMAN
WARD JANDL
JOHN ODDEN
JOSEPH RIKER
BRADLEY SMITH
JOSEPH WANDELT
DONALD WOODBRIDGE
MATTHEW YOUNG

THIRD HONOR ROLL (80-84%)

WARREN BAKER
FRANKLIN BERGER
GEORGE BRINKERHOFF
HARDCASTLE BROWNE
JOHN CLAGHORN
HAMILTON CLARK
ROY COPPEDGE
BRUNER DIELENN
EVAN DONALDSON

ALEXANDER EDWARDS
WILLIAM EDWARDS
WALTER EDWARDS
HAROLD ERDMAN
STEPHEN GOHEEN
JEFFREY GRIGGS
PAUL HAGENBUCH
PETER HART
HAROLD HENRY
AUBREY HUSTON
FREDERICK HUTSON
PIERRE IRVING
WILSON KEHOE
PETER KLINE
CHRISTOPHER LAUGHLIN
JOHN MUELLER
CHARLES O'BRIEN
SCOTT REID
RICHARD REYNOLDS
WILLIAM RING
ROGER RITTMASER
STEVEN SACKS-WILNER
WILLIAM STOCKTON SAYEN
JAMES SCARFF
JOHN SCHEIDE
WARREN SHEW
PETER SKILLMAN
WILLIAM SMOYER
ALFRED STENGEL
HENDERSON TALBOT
STOWE TATTERSALL
BRUCE TYLER
PAUL VOGEL
DAVID WAKELIN

WILLIAM WALKER

ATHLETICS

SOCCER

By WILLIAM SMOYER

This year's soccer team started out well but failed to improve as rapidly as our opponents. We made a record of 3 wins, 4 losses, and 3 ties (plus an unofficial win over Milltown at the end of the regular season). We scored 9 goals against 13 for our opponents. The scoring was divided among seven players, Morse and Leventhal leading with two apiece.

Mr. McAneny, the coach, summed up the team: "Our halfback line, of Peter Kirkpatrick, Captain Bill Smoyer and John Odden, was one of the best the school has ever had. Jim Aul and Peter Hart led the forward line, with Peter Morse showing a lot of fight and improvement. The backs did not always cover opposing men carefully enough, but generally they played well."

The usual line-up was as follows:

O.L. — Aul (Riker)	L.H.B. — Kirkpatrick
I.L. — Hart	C.H.B. — Smoyer
C. — Morse	R.H.B. — Odden
I.R. — Leventhal (Wright)	L.F.B. — Kuser, L.
O.R. — Riker (Griggs)	R.F.B. — Hollmann

Goal — Kuser, W.



AARON HOLLMANN BECKER GRIGGS MORSE KIRKPATRICK BLODGET
PUTNAM TIBBALS KANE SAYEN KUSER, W. RIKER GASTON ELMER MR. McANENY
HART KUSER, L. AUL SMOYER WRIGHT EDWARDS ODDEN

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

We started the season well by virtue of Leventhal's goal in the first period. In the second period Lawrence scored on a penalty shot. From then on they were on the offensive although they couldn't score again.

P.C.D. 0, WITHERSPOON 0

In this game both teams were strong defensively but weak offensively. Our halfback line excelled.

WEST WINDSOR 3, P.C.D. 1

West Windsor outthrustled us and made all their goals in the first half. Blodget scored for us in the third period. By agreement, our Sixth Formers played only one period apiece.

P.C.D. 1, VALLEY ROAD 1

This was an exciting and generally well-played game in which both teams missed numerous scoring opportunities. Morse scored for us on passes from Kirkpatrick and Aul.

P.C.D. 1, PEDDIE 0

We outplayed this team, but it took a fourth-period goal by Morse to win the game. Our passing and ball control were better than in any previous game.

P.C.D. 2, WEST WINDSOR 0

After a previous loss to this team, we came back well and beat them. Griggs and Wright scored goals in the second half. By agreement, Sixth Formers played half the game.

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 3, P.C.D. 1

The absence of Aul and Kirkpatrick proved vital in this game. Although we played better than in our first outing, Lawrence overpowered us. Larry Kuser, our fullback, scored on a long free kick from midfield.

VALLEY ROAD 2, P.C.D. 0

This game was played on a muddy field making footing difficult. Our halfbacks and fullbacks had trouble stopping their fast attack.

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P.C.D. 2, PEDDIE 1

We outplayed our opponents, taking the lead on Leventhal's quick first-period goal. Peddie equalized, and it took a long, high shot by Kirkpatrick in the fourth quarter to give us victory.

WITHERSPOON 2, P.C.D. 0

Witherspoon presented the best team they have had in several years. Their teamwork was as good as ours, and they outhustled and outshot us on a slippery field.

P.C.D. 3, MILLTOWN 2 (Unofficial)

This last game of the season was played against a team that had previously overwhelmed a varsity reserves - J.V. team. Smoyer's penalty kick in the last quarter proved to be the margin of victory after Joe Riker had scored two goals to keep us in contention.

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FOOTBALL

By JOHN BRINKERHOFF

Mr. Lea took over as head coach this year and did a fine job. The team won 2, lost 3, tied 1, and came very close to having an even record.

Warren and Kerney played excellently on offense and defense in the line, while Pepper Pettit, our captain and high scorer, was key man in the backfield. Vogel played well, and since he is only a Fourth Former he should be one of our best players next year.

The usual line-up was as follows:

L.E. — Chubet	R.T. — Petito, D.
L.T. — Kerney, J. R.	R.E. — Hobler
L.G. — Thomas	Q.B. — Vogel
C. — Warren	W.B. — Reynolds
R.G. — Howland	T.B. — Pettit
F.B. — Brinkerhoff	



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NEWARK ACADEMY 20, P.C.D. 16

We weren't quite ready for this one, but we came alive and outscored them in the second half, 16-6. Reynolds scored a touchdown, and Pettit a touchdown and a safety. Brinkerhoff's fumble was recovered by Warren in the end zone for one extra point, and later Brinkerhoff got the other point.

PINGRY 35, P.C.D. 13

Our only consolation after this game was that we kept them under forty points. Hobler scored on a pass from Pettit and Brinkerhoff made the extra point. We failed to make the extra point after Pettit's second touchdown of the season.

P.C.D. J.V. 18, ENGLEWOOD 18

Our J.V. played very well and showed that they would give our opponents a rough time next year. Wood scored on a 70-yard run and Vogel twice on short runs.

P.C.D. 14, NEWARK ACADEMY 12

We wanted badly to win and succeeded in defeating Newark for the first time in history. They had a 12-0 half-time lead, but we came back on touchdowns by Pettit and Brinkerhoff. Pettit and Reynolds scored the extra points.

P.C.D. 13, SOLEBURY 13

They were quite a bit bigger than we were, but still we should have won. Brinkerhoff scored first and Pettit made the point. Then, with time running out, Hobler made a great catch of Pettit's long pass for a touchdown, but we couldn't make the conversion.

ENGLEWOOD 19, P.C.D. J.V. 0

The J.V. did not play as well at home as they did away and suffered a defeat. One Englewood player seemed to be almost impossible to tackle, and he went for long gains every time. Wood ran very well for our team, and Eckels threw some good passes.

PINGRY 19, P.C.D. 7

We played a much better game against Pingry this time and held them to a reasonable score. As usual we played a good second half, and Pettit made our touchdown and extra point in the final quarter.

P.C.D. 20, SOLEBURY 13

The first two times they had the ball they scored, but we came back. Brinkerhoff made two touchdowns and Reynolds one. Two extra points were made by Pettit as we finished the season excellently.

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