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JUNIOR JOURNAL

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

MARCH, 1960

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EDITORIAL

Certainly the recent movie, *On the Beach*, has shown us clearly the picture of desolation which an atomic war might bring.

As the story runs, the war started when one man pressed a button, firing missiles carrying atomic warheads. It must be held in mind, however, that although it was the panic-stricken soldier who actually pushed the button, it was we who let things happen to the point where it would take but one man to start such a war. Who among us has taken the public responsibility of keeping well informed as to the world's situation? We, at Princeton Country Day, are especially guilty, for here we are offered one of the best educations one can have at our level; yet it seems that, as a whole, the World Series is more important to us than the world and its peoples.

Some of us may find ourselves in positions of leadership later in life. Here again we find that our responsibility is greatly increased.

To conclude: if man is to meet the challenge he now faces with a threat of atomic war, he cannot start too young to assume his responsibility, and to look upon the world as a unit rather than as individual nations with conflicting interests.

First Prize Winner:

Upper School Poetry Contest

THE SEA

By WARD JANDL (V)

The din of the mountainous waves splashing on the coast,
Echoing down the shore line
As if to be pulled back by the wind,
Crashes up the beach.
The distant fog horn, barely audible,
Sounds its warning in the misty light;
The clapping waves, silenced by calmness at sea
For only a second —
Then another crashes heavily on the beach.
Roaring, swirling, the tide rises;
To the sea wall it inches.
A wave rises to its height
And, falling flat on its face, washes sea weed
Over the dunes.
Then, silence — a soothing relief,
But for a small lapse —
And the swirling brine tears against its natural barrier,
the rocks.
The rippling sound of tide water going against the current;
The monotonous sound of tidal waves crashing on the rocks,
Broken only by the squawking of the gulls in their search
for food;
The ear-splitting boom of another great wave;
The ever so faint sound of barking seals as they playfully
dive between waves;
All these are heard at early morn,
When a misty shadow of fog
Blankets the air.

First Prize Winner: Upper School Science Fiction Contest

THE WORLD OF THE GNOMES

BY WILLIAM HEREFORD (IV)

It happened one day when my friend and I were exploring the Mount Shasta Caves. We had decided to spend the weekend there. When we reached the caves, we were all tired out so we stopped just inside the cave opening. An hour later, we finished resting and got our gear, a thermos bottle of milk, and a hand pickaxe, and started exploring.

These caves went miles back into the mountains. After walking for what seemed to be years, we stopped to rest. My friend Bob Ingleton and I sat down on a peculiar-looking rock. It was shaped like a seat! I was the first to realize this and remarked about it, but we soon forgot about it. The caves were well lighted so we had no trouble finding our way. Again we stopped to rest and we had our supper, which consisted of a sandwich and a glass of milk. Again I remarked on the shape of the rock we were sitting on. This time it looked like a water fountain with a birdbath in it. But again it was forgotten as we moved on.

Two hours later we came to the end of the tunnels. Here we planned to spend the night. For some reason Bob wanted to explore the wall of the cave that stood before us. I told him he was crazy and went to sleep.

It seemed only seconds after I had

fallen asleep, dreaming of my girl friend, that a hand shook me roughly and woke me up. It was Bob. He yelled at me, "Bill! Bill! I've found a door!" With this I became fully awake. A door! Who ever heard of such a thing? But, sure enough, when I got to my feet there was a crack in the wall and Bob was trying to pry it open! I ran over to help him. Together we accomplished the feat of opening it. We opened it wide enough so that we could slip through. I said to Bob, "Everything is in three dimensions." "Yeah. Boy, it sure is beautiful!! Let's explore these tunnels. O.K.?"

"O.K."

After walking down the tunnel for about a mile we came to a crossroad. Ordinarily we would have disregarded this crossroad, but just then a little — thing — crossed our path. It was about three feet tall and its head was perfectly round. It had pointed ears and round friendly-looking eyes. It had a small mouth and the lips were pursed. There were horns on its head. These horns were terribly deceiving because this thing, which I shall call a gnome, was very pleasant. He came over to us and said, "Hello!" It was the strangest "hello" I have ever heard. It sounded like a buzzer. But I could hear and understand it. The

gnome took us to his colony. This colony covered about five acres. He led us through the city to a huge mansion. We went in. There on his throne was the king. He told us we were in Gnomania. I asked him, "What are you people doing down here?"

"Well, it started about a million years ago when we dropped through a crevice and into the earth. We found life pleasant here, except for the heat and the pressure. We cured the heat problem by putting our colonies under domes and installing air-conditioning. As a precaution, we have underground streams running over the domes so they don't get too hot."

"But," asked Bob, "why are you only three feet tall?"

"Well," replied the king, "as I have told you, the pressure is tremendous down here and by the time we finished our domes the pressure had pressed us together so that we are only three feet tall."

"Do you think we could spend a few days with you?" asked Bob.

"I guess so, but you will have to turn over all your valuables to me until you leave. Thieves, you know."

"What! Thieves down here in this peaceful world?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the king. "We also have full-scale wars! As a matter of fact, there is a war scheduled for tomorrow! It seems that the West Colony is starting to revolt. If they revolt, all the other colonies will follow suit."

"Holy smoke," I cried, "that'll be fun!"

The next day Bob and I woke up and got dressed. This was the day of the war. When we opened the door of our room, we immediately heard the screams of battle. We quickly got outside the house where we had been sleeping. I said to Bob, "It looks as if the gnomes of the West Colony had attacked this colony before we were prepared." We rushed out to help our friends. We found out as soon as we started fighting that the East Colony (the colony we were fighting for) was going to win the battle. So we decided to stay out of the way.

In ten minutes the battle was over. Our side had won! When the survivors of the West Colony were taken prisoner, we quickly changed sides. Instead of fighting the West we were for it. This change was because of the brutality with which the prisoners were treated. Their captors whipped them as they walked towards the dark dungeon. As we followed the procession, we decided to try and kill all the East Colony gnomes and to set free the Westerners. We ran toward the East gnomes and with long strides trampled them. While the East Side boys were just getting up, we freed the West Side boys and ran to the opening in the dome where the door to the caves was. We heaved mightily at the door and it closed, crushing five East Side gnomes who were trying to get away from the West Side boys. We sat down trembling. Bob said, "Let's get outa' here!" I agreed with him.

Wouldn't you?

COURAGE

By BROCK PUTNAM (VI)

Courage is doubtless the theme of a good many stories. You read about it in Boy Scout magazines, war stories, or in the daily papers. Psychiatrists have wondered what courage is. So have soldiers, and, for that matter, so have normal everyday people. If you're still wondering why I set down the words I have written above, they are merely an introduction to my topic, "What is courage?"

My belief is that courage is not "absence of fear." How many times have you heard soldiers, telling how they got their medal, say, "But don't get the idea I wasn't scared. I was scared stiff!" No, courage is not merely absence of fear.

"Perhaps then," you muse, "courage is a momentary period of anger, fear, or love that overcomes all other emotions." Possibly it is. I believe, though, that there is more to courage than that. If a person was afraid, for instance, that a dog would bite him or his friend, he would run from that place as fast as possible, deserting his friend. That is **not** an act of courage, though fear has overcome all other emotions.

Maybe, then, courage is the power

to overcome fear of something that you are afraid of. I think that is the best definition of courage that I know. At this present moment there lives a man who is courageous indeed. He is a blind diabetic. In May, 1957, he was given two years to live. My father knew him. Yet whenever this diabetic from Chicago heard my father come into their room at the Morristown "Seeing Eye," he would say something like, "Hi, Mr. Putnam. I did great today. Only fell down t'ree times!" A man such as this has real courage.

Two years ago I met a boy up at camp who almost drowned trying to swim a closed course in a certain time. He went up to his cabin with his counselor. He had been given a real scare. That afternoon he was in the water and made the time with a two-second margin. He, too, overcame fear to do something.

I sum up with this: courage is not necessarily saving property, rescuing a drowned man, or shooting your way through to the other side's general. It is ability, which must be developed, to overcome fear of an obstacle that blocks or oppresses your, or another's, happiness or safety.

HARVESTING CRANBERRIES

By DARYL GOODRICH (IV)

I was standing on one of our big dams,
Looking down at the bog
And its surroundings.
I could see a line
Of about twenty-five pickers
Working across the bog with their scoops.
The men were dressed in bright shirts and trousers.
The different shades of red berries
Stood out among the green vines.
The stream in the middle of the bog flowed briskly
Along its crooked course.
On the left a couple of pickers walked to the road
With their bushel baskets resting on their heads.
On the road
Our truck was loading up
With filled quarter-barrel boxes.
The pine trees were waving
As the wind played with their needles.
Several pickers were waiting in line
For their turn to drink from the water keg.
On the sandy edge of the bog
There were some bleached bones,
All that remained of a deer.
The sky was deep blue
With a few puffy white clouds in the distance.
Over the trees buzzards circled slowly in the air.
Butterflies drifted among the wild flowers.
Three jets
Shot across the sky,
Leaving behind
A stream of white smoke.
The boss picker waved his orange hat —
A signal
To quit.

THE UNDERWATER CASTLE

By JOHN WILLIS (V)

I have a temper. It isn't a vicious temper, but it is a real one. I always have to watch it because a loss of control over oneself can have bad results. I learned long ago that physical exertion of almost any kind helps to calm me down. But I don't exercise just when I'm angry. I enjoy exercise at any time. That's the main reason for my love of our summer house. It is situated about a half-mile from a small lake. It is surrounded by forests, high hills, and a few low mountains. It's a good place for exercise.

I had been full of plans for building a shack in the woods, but when I walked into town to check on local building ordinances, I found that my hut was out of the question. I could feel my temper fraying, and I decided to leave before I started to swear or do something like that.

I jogged home, trying to cheer up, but it was a vain attempt. My parents were wise and kind enough not to question me about the results of my trip to town. I quickly changed into a bathing suit and ran to the lake. Instead of keeping to the path, I ran through the woods. The stately pines always make all of my concerns seem small and petty, and they made me a little happier this time, too. Just the same, I wasn't in too good a mood when I reached the edge of the lake. Since I hadn't

taken the path, I came out on some cliffs which I had seldom visited before.

On one of my few earlier visits I had learned that the water below the fifteen-foot cliffs was quite deep, and I dived in without pausing. Instead of surfacing immediately after my dive, I went a bit deeper. I noticed a hole in the cliff face just as I was starting to go back up. I knew that I couldn't hold my breath much longer, so I went up without investigating further. But as soon as I regained my breath, I went down again and rashly swam into the hole.

The short tunnel soon opened into a sort of cavern that was dry because it was above the water level. The air was not fresh, but it was air. Most of the cavern had a rock ledge for the floor, which was broken by the end of the tunnel.

I left the cavern and climbed to the top of the cliff again after surfacing. I found a bush growing in a crack in the rock and pulled it out, making a shaft to let air and light enter my cave. Later I set up a pulley with a rust-proof cable and a bucket with a lid for carrying things in and out of the cave.

• • • • •

I have opened up more air and light shafts, and the room is quite light and comfortable. There is a

fireplace with a chimney leading to a shaft which will serve to keep the cave warm in colder weather. I have a small library of paper-back books enclosed in plastic bags to keep them dry. I have set up a little pier which utilizes a rock ledge, and I

keep a small boat at it (a natural breakwater protects it from storms), and I often fish from it. Altogether I am having a lot of fun with my "underwater castle," and I still have plans for improving it.

RUSSIA'S PATRIOTS

By RANDOLPH HOBLER (V)

We in Russia are always faithful
To those inventive men
Who made Russia the greatest nation
In the modern world.

We are grateful to Edisonsky,
Who invented the electric light;
We praise Alexei Bellov
For producing the telephone.

We thank the Wrightsky comrades
For developing the first airplane;
We honor G. Washingtoniev,
Who was our greatest leader.

We are ever thankful to Fultonikin
For making the first steamboat;
We praise Howard Johnsonovich
For keeping our millions fed.

We are grateful to Nikita Khrushchev
For keeping down the population,
And to Sam Coltsky,
Whose invention made it possible.

ONE AFTERNOON

By PETER RAYMOND (V)

"It's your own fault. If you can't keep your sense about you enough to realize that sheep don't like to be excited and that to shoot at them with a gun is utterly insane, then you should be punished. No more guns for a solid month. Now get the heck out of my way!"

The boy tore out of the house in a perfect rage. Pounding through the garden gate, past the barn, he ran around the bull pen. The chickens squawked and dodged in all directions. The bull in his pen gazed sleepily at this mad running thing. The boy thought of nothing. He just ran. Blasted sheep! It's really going to hurt the poor little things. He threw a disgusted glance at the barnyard where the sheep were panting in any available shade. He hated everything in his way. He cursed the deerflies and the crows on the fence. He was infuriated by the dust that the chickens had stirred up in his face. He loathed the thick heat. He ran into the wide entrance to the rye fields where the stalks, shoulder high, whipped his face. This maddened him also. He slowed to a walk to keep the sharp blades from scraping his brown skin. He kept in the narrow rows, placing his feet in the small space between each wall of grain.

He looked far ahead where the

rows turned to follow the contour of the land. A small flock of grackles were raising a ruckus in the rye. Crouching and stalking with panther-like quietness, the boy crept toward the flock. Ten feet away, he jumped up with a sudden shout that nearly bowled the birds over backwards.

"Beat it, you stupid birds! Boy, if I had my . . . Oh heck, what's the sense in crying about it! Ma's right. I shouldn't have shot at the sheep. It's breedin' season and they shouldn't be all stirred up."

Now that his temper had cooled, he opened his mind to the sounds of the birds and the occasional "burp" of a frog in the stream ahead. He emerged from the forest of rye to the deeply shaded coolness of the woods. He stood at the bank of the burbling brook. It seemed very inviting. He stripped and waded into the cold water. The fish flicked away to the cover of the bank; the crawdads scuttled warily away from his feet, calloused and strong. A frog, dreamily sunning himself, found himself getting an unexpected drenching. Shaking himself, the boy scrambled out of the water and pulled on his patched pants.

The sun was making its downward journey when he fell asleep in the green crabgrass. The snap of a twig woke him an hour later, and he saw

his dog, a one-eared stray that had taken a liking to the farm a year ago and stayed. Realizing how long he had slept, the boy with his dog headed back to the house. The lush green alfalfa, tinted by the sun on the horizon, smelled and looked beautiful. The friendly odor of the woods, brought by a light breeze, made his heart swell.

"Gee," he thought, "if life would only stay like this."

* * * * *

This is my dream. I often forget the meaning of time, as the boy has done. I have walked through fields of rye and alfalfa. I've swum alone in a burbling brook. I also have run from a house and spent the day alone in the woods, trying to make people forgive me for "utterly insane" deeds. I only wish "time" could not be found in any dictionary.

WINTER

By THOMAS KNOX (IV)

Winter seems to be the time when death is nearest.
Its workers bring cold and sleet
To make all nature die.
The sky is dark and misty,
Rain comes drizzling down.
But white splotches of snow
Grow smaller as the sun
Tries to shine,
To bring life back into our world.

SNOW

BY PETER HART (VI)

The snow that falls so quietly
In the night, gliding from the clouds,
Dipping and rising, blown by a gentle, loving wind,
Colored white as a sheet, or red from the dust,
Or black with smoke;
Whether the flakes are large and round,
Or small, and do not coat the ground;
Be the snow that falls less than an inch,
Or, as at the Poles, a mile or more deep —

It is nothing more than frozen rain.

THE SNOW

By JOHN BECKER (V)

As I walked through the woods that afternoon, a layer of newly-fallen snow lay on the ground. I marveled at the sight, for I had been asleep most of the day and the snow came unexpectedly.

Trudging slowly through the snow, I looked around me. The tree branches, with the powdery-fine snow lying precariously on their tops, appeared to be eerie fingers reaching out in my direction. On the ground the tracks of small animals in search of food seemed never to end, for most of their food supply was hidden by the white invader. Now and then, as I stepped on small

twigs, the cracking sound was muffled by the soft blanket. As a breeze blew restlessly through the treetops, huge pieces of snow plunged from the higher branches of the swaying trees.

Suddenly it stopped snowing, as quickly as it had started. The sun peered out from behind a cloud. When I walked beside a snowbank, it glistened like a million diamonds, for the sun's rays had just struck it.

As the solemn, colored snow clouds left the sky, the puffy cumulus clouds took their place. Like tremendous balls of cotton they spanned the blue sky.

THE MOUNTAIN

By ADDISON HANAN (IV)

The mountain stands there in its great splendor,
A glorious thing,
A challenge to man,
Its magnificence gleaming in the noonday sun.
A tall, sleek spire
Stretching up to the heavens,
This great spire attracts men
As a magnet does a nail.
A man climbs up,
Risking life for glory,
Then falls.
The mountain claims its sacrifice.
Men try,
Men die.
The mountain conquers all.

TO THE MERCER OAK

By WARD JANDL (V)

The Mercer Oak, a sight to see,
Contains a story spun
Of fighting men, close to that tree,
And General Washington.
The English foes, in all their gloss,
Advancing for the kill,
Trim in their line, no thought of loss,
Came marching up the hill.
The clashing throngs amid debris —
Then, Britons on the run,
And at the end, by that old tree,
Our ragged troops had won.

All now are dead who saw that fight,
Soldiers and country folk.
But one remains that viewed the sight —
That is old Mercer Oak.

THE GUN FIGHT

By BRUNER DIE LHENN (IV)

I saw them there,
Face to face,
The shifting of eyes,
Shooting through space.
And then the slapping
Of leather I heard,
And the echo of shots
Splitting the silence.
One lay dead on the floor.
The other staggered
Out the door.

In the darkness

He started to walk,
Mounted his horse,
Tried to ride:
The wound in his side
Was bleeding profusely.
He dropped from his horse
And lay in the gravel.
There came a whisper,
His very last words,
"Oh Lord — what an awful —
Thing —
I have done."

CHRISTMAS IS DIFFERENT

By DARYL GOODRICH (IV)

Heavenly smells
Came from the oven
As the turkey browned.
The aroma
From the warm rolls
Filled the kitchen.
The sweet fragrance
That came from the mince pie
Made my mouth water,
And the bitter smell
Of the coffee
Perking on the stove.
The bayberry candles
On the dining-room table
Had a pleasing smell.
The minty aroma
From the chocolate candies
Spread through the room.
A warm balsam fragrance
Came from the tree.
A woody smell
Came from the logs
Piled next to the fireplace.
Every room in the house
Had a different smell
For Christmas.

THE END

BY WILLIAM SMOYER (VI)

Man's best friend sprints
Toward man's precious machine.
There is the scent of burning tires,
And a lifeless animal.
Many people hurry by;
None halt.

THE DOOMED ISLAND

By ALEXANDER EDWARDS (IV)

It all started in the year 1601 in the small island kingdom of Terhan. It was foretold that in two years the island was going to sink. I was a fairly well-off person on this island, one of the workers of the king. This kingdom was very advanced, but nobody except its inhabitants knew it even existed.

When the king heard of the fate of the island, he ordered a dome to be built over it. The work was very hard. About a month before the island was to sink we finished. There was a pump that would pump oxygen out of the water but would not kill the fish. Also there was a chute that sent out capsules which would enclose people who wanted to live in the regular world, and it could be used for evacuation, too.

One day, about a month later, there was a loud rumble. Everyone rushed out of doors. We could see water rising on the outside of the dome. I don't know about anyone else, but I was hoping and praying that the dome would hold. The dome was made of very thick but clear glass.

Hour by hour the water rose higher. Finally we stopped sinking. For a couple of days nobody did any work. They all just sat looking at the fish around them, and marveled at the thought of living on an underwater island.

After that everything went on as normal until one morning about a year later. I woke up to loud shouting outside. I quickly got dressed and went out. I splashed into water up to my knees. Then I realized that the dome had broken and water was coming in fast. I looked around me. I saw people everywhere splashing around in a panic. By this time the water was chest high. When I got to the place where the chute was, the door was locked, and the water was up to my neck. The man with the key arrived, but when he reached in his pocket he could not find the key. The crowd of people were splashing frantically.

All of a sudden there was a loud crash. The dome had broken from the top.

The next thing I knew, I was on some ship. The captain said he saw me floating around and picked me up. I asked him if he had seen anyone else, but he hadn't. I figured everyone else had died.

I spent the rest of my life in a place I had never heard of, called America. It wasn't advanced, as Terhan had been. My father had once told me that somewhere across the ocean there was a place far more primitive than Terhan. I figured that this was the place and I was here to stay.

A COLD WINTER DAY

By DAVID WAKELIN (IV)

The emptiness of the trees
And the absence of leaves
Bring thoughts of winter to my mind.
The soft, new-fallen snow
Shows a sort of white over all,
As I look over the countryside.
I see the very light-green and brownish evergreens,
That spot the world not seen in the summer;
The beautiful sights of nature,
Such as the symbolic ivy of the East;
And the refreshing cold, brisk air
That only winter brings.
The brisk, cold wind brings ice,
And the new-fallen snow
Brings out children on sleds,
Rolling with antics in the soft, white snow.
The smoke swirling over a house,
From which the gust of ash came.
The beautiful mountains
Which tower over towns
And ascend over the world,
Into the unknown depths of clouds and the heavens.
The magnificent clouds
Which seem almost firm or stable,
These white masses, as it seems,
Of lovely, white nothing,
Floating through the sky with the wind.
This is my impression
Of a cold, winter day.

WARNING TO AMERICANS

By EUGENE ARMSTRONG (V)

Do you remember 1776, America?
That was the year of the Revolution.
Now do you remember, America?
Do you remember 1812, Americans?
That was the second war with Britain.
Now do you remember, America?

Do you remember the bloody Civil War,
The North against the South?
Now do you remember, America?
Do you remember the steaming battles
During the Spanish-American War?
Now do you remember, America?

Do you remember the First World War,
When planes and gas were first introduced?
Now do you remember, America?
Do you remember the Second World War
When Hitler's troops marched over Europe
And almost to the "Isles"?
Now can you remember, America?

Do you remember Korea, when the jets
Were first used, where many of our boys
Lost their lives for the free world?
You must remember, America?

Now we're in the Cold War,
In the age of atomic might.
Take care, America.
Be patient in our fight,
Lest the holocaust engulf us.

We must remember, America!

AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

By JOHN POOLE (IV)

The terrible war is over,
The accomplishment has been done;
The North has saved the Union,
But neither side really has won.

The battlefields spotted with soldiers
Who gave their lives for their side —
Yet the hate between the North and the South
Is not like the soldiers who died.

The plantations and land through the South
Show the evil effect of the war,
Battered and looted fields that were
So prosperous and lovely before.

But in the North there's no trace
Of the family-splitting fight,
For the South fought a losing battle
Against a force with too much might.

Today we look into the past
And honor the courageous men
Who fought in the tragic war.
Yet — we now seem to fight it again.

CREATING VERSE

By JAMES AUL (VI)

This paper blank before me lies.
I scan the earth, I scan the skies,
Rubbing my head, making a fist;
I just can't seem to get the gist.

At last a subject comes to me:
Perhaps I'll choose a bumblebee —
Or a horse, a dog, a goose, a chicken —
But then my brains begin to thicken.

Oh, why is it I can't create
Like a Poet Laureate?

LOWER SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

First Prize Winner:

Lower School Poetry Contest

A SNOW STORM

By CHARLES SAMSON (III)

'Tis a fearful night in the winter time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the blast is heard like the thump
Of the waves on an angry sea.
The night sets in on a world of snow
While the air grows sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a fearful blow
Is heard on the distant hill.

A farmer comes from the village plain —
But he loses the travelled way;
And for hours he treads with might and main
A path for his horse and sleigh.
But colder still the cold wind blows,
And deeper still the deep drifts grow.

Now the wind goes down, and the storm is o'er —
'Tis the hour of midnight, past;
The whitened fruit-trees bend no more
In the whirl of the rushing blast.
The silent moon with her peaceful light
Looks down on the snowy hill,
And the giant shadows of Camel's Hump
Are cast on the plains so still.

THE SIX BULLIES

By HAROLD HENRY (III)

"Sheesh! did you ever see anyone as angry as Pete Green? He really blew his top when we won that game. We won it because he refused to have any part of George Peters, just because he was new. Gosh, Georgie really is a slugger." Bill Brown, captain of the ten-year old baseball squad, was still bubbling with excitement. Yesterday his team had slaughtered the "Old Crows."

"Yeah, but I think there's something fishy about the Crows' not taking George. Everybody knows that he is a good hitter," said Jeff Smith, Bill's best friend. "And did you notice that when we were leaving school Georgie and Pete Green and four others followed us as far as States Avenue and then took the Wilbur Street shortcut? They looked as sore as boils and as mean as coyotes."

"Oh yeah?" "And why shouldn't we?" The boys turned in the direction from which the voices came. Almost instantly six figures emerged from the bushes. The six bullies!

"Hev, you lily-livered babies! Hold up." The speaker was George Peters! Hold up? What else could Jeff do? He had four teen-agers on him. Two were holding his arms and two were holding his legs. Just before he was pulled down, he caught a glimpse of

Bill, with two pursuers hot on his trail, pedalling madly down the street.

"Good," he thought. "At least Bill escaped those guys. Well, here I am with only four of them." As this thought raced through his mind he found himself jerked to his feet.

"Well, punk, your dopey friend saved his hide. But you won't," said the biggest of the bullies.

"Shut up, Fifi, and let me do the talking," said Pete Green. "Oh, on second thought why waste words on this jelly bean? Hey, Fifi, get that homework leaflet and take his papers out."

"Say, Pete, this one looks like an A paper," said Fifi as he fumbled with the papers.

"Haw, A for awful?" said George Peters.

"By the time we get through with that paper it will be worse than awful," said another member of the gang.

At that moment a car rounded the corner of the street. "Let's go, you guys, somebody's coming," said Pete Green. All four disappeared into the bushes.

"Whew," thought Jeff, "I'm sure glad to get rid of them. Hey, where in heck are my homework papers? Oh no! they've stolen them. The filthy rats!" He picked himself up

slowly and looked, first at the scattered and dirty books, and then at his filthy, torn, muddy clothing.

"Gosh," he thought, "what will Mom say when she hears about this?"

As he trudged slowly down the street he thought, "Why did those guys try that on me and Bill instead of somebody else?" Suddenly it came to him. They were after Bill so he couldn't play in the game on Friday. And since they didn't get him they would try again tomorrow. That meant he could set a trap for them. A second later he walked in the front door and almost collided with his mother.

"Jeffrey Smith! What has happened to you? Where have you been? What have you been doing? Your brand new shirt is a mess and just look at those pants, absolutely ruined."

"But Mom, it's not my fault, I . . ."

"Nonsense, what do you mean not your fault?"

"Pete Green and five others attacked me as . . ."

"Peter Green, nothing. Peter Green's no hoodlum."

"But Mom, listen, I was only . . ."

"I've listened. Young man, no allowance until that shirt is paid for. Now get upstairs and do your homework."

"Oh gosh." As he tramped upstairs, he came down with a thud on every step. He wished with all his might that each step was a bully's head. What he could have done to them! He wanted to kick the door of his

room in but his mother at the bottom of the stairs made him think twice about that. He wasn't in a very happy mood as he entered his room. "Well," he thought, "I might as well do my homework and,—**HOMEWORK?** Oh no, I'm done for, I didn't bring my Math or English books home." He climbed slowly into his pajamas and crawled into bed.

The next morning Jeff met Bill at the States Street corner.

"Gosh," said Bill, "what happened after I left?"

"They stole my homework papers, roughed up my shirt, and then scrambled," answered Jeff.

"What did your mother say?"

"She didn't believe me."

"Well, let's go to school."

"Okay."

They walked silently down the street.

"Gee whiz," thought Bill, "Jeff's going to get into a ton of trouble because of George Peters. I'm going to get that filthy, ratty traitor off our team."

As Bill was planning what he would do to Georgie Peters, two heads emerged from the schoolroom door.

"Hey, Pete," said one to the other, "look at this." He held up a cheap little bow and a suction-tip arrow.

"Place that arrow on Jeff's chin, Georgie," replied the other.

"Aye, aye." Georgie pulled the bow back. Twang-thud, the arrow struck.

"Ow," said Jeff. "Now look what those bullies have done, they've given me a sore chin." Both Bill and Jeff ran toward the school building. Jeff threw the door open. All six bullies were in their seats.

"What's this all about?" roared the teacher.

"Those two shot me with a bow and arrow," said Jeff, pointing at George and Pete.

"If anybody had shot you with a bow and arrow you wouldn't be here. Now sit down and be quiet. Now, did anybody have trouble with the homework?" Silence reigned. "All right, Pete Green, what answer did you get on the fourth problem?"

"Five hundred, forty-six."

"Absolutely correct." A very self-satisfied grin spread over Pete's face as Jeff glared at him.

"Sure it's right! He copied it off my paper!"

"Jeff, what answer did you get for number two?"

"I don't have my homework so I don't know."

"Again? What's your excuse this time?"

"It was stolen from me on the way home from school by . . ."

"Enough, enough! I've heard as much of the most feeble excuse ever told, as I want to. Friday afternoon from three to five you do your homework right here."

"But, sir, I can't on Friday, that's the day of the school championship game."

"So it is. Well, you'll be sorely

missed, but if I make up an assignment it's got to be done."

"Sir, I can't do it and that's that."

"YOU WILL DO IT. And for that impudence you'll empty the wastebaskets on Wednesday—that's today—and on Thursday and Friday."

The day went slowly. Jeff tried to concentrate but his mind always went back to Pete Green. He was very relieved when the last bell rang. Now for home! But suddenly the teacher's voice rang out. "Everybody may now leave except Jeff Smith, who will empty the wastebaskets in rooms four, five, and six."

"Oh no," thought Jeff, "the wastebaskets!" He picked up the wastebaskets in his room and walked into room five to get the wastebasket. As he was coming out of the second room he heard voices. He came closer. One of the voices was that of Pete Green. Another was Georgie Peters' and the third was Fifi's.

"So, it's settled," Georgie was saying, "we take old Mathhead's bike tomorrow. The old dope stays till five so we'll have plenty of time to return the bike."

"Yeah," said Pete. "And now we can get even with Bill. He only got away because of that nutty bike of his. Tomorrow we'll have a bike and we'll show him. But we've got to be careful because if old Mathy caught us, boy oh boy, would we get it!"

"So that's their plan. Now I see what Dad means about forewarned being forearmed. Well, I've got to do some thinking." Jeff walked slow-

ly back to the classroom where the teacher was correcting papers. The sight of him sitting there set a plan working in Jeff's mind. "Good night, sir."

"Good night, Jeff, and no more excuses."

Jeff was a restless young boy the next day, wondering if his plan would work.

The three-thirty bell sounded. The boys made a rush for the door. Jeff, quivering with excitement, seized the wastebasket, but instead of hurrying out to empty it he started picking up papers on the floor. As he passed the window he looked out. "Sir! Your bike!"

"What about my bike and—HEY, Green! leave that bike alone, you" . . . he didn't wait to finish, but rushed outside leaving Jeff standing at the window. As Jeff watched the teacher follow the bullies down the path he thought, "Well, my plan has a chance."

Meanwhile the teacher was racing down the path. Suddenly he came to a stop. There in front of him was Bill with four boys on top of him. Two were messing up his bag. "Hey there," he yelled, "STOP! What's the meaning of this, Green, Peters, Gregory, Kilgore, Fifi, and McAlders? I know you all so there's no use running."

"Why sir, this is just — well — just a . . ." said Pete Green.

"That's enough. Where's my bike?"

"Your bike? How should we know? I guess . . ."

"Where is my bike?" roared the teacher.

"Over there, sir," said Fifi meekly.

"Thank you," said the teacher sarcastically. "Now Bill, what's the story?"

"Well sir, they caught me and ripped up my homework paper and were messing up my clothes."

"Well, well, so that's it. I don't have time to do anything now so I'll tend to this in class tomorrow. And Bill, your homework for tomorrow is taken care of. Good-bye." With that he mounted his bicycle and rode away.

Bill mounted his bike and rode full speed towards the school house. He rushed in the door. "Jeff, the six bullies are caught. They're . . ."

"I know, I planned it."

"What are those worksheets doing there? There must be over two hundred of them!"

"Oh, some people I know are going to do these every afternoon until the whole three hundred thirty-seven of them are done."

"I wouldn't know who they are!!"



IF I WERE A KING

BY STEVEN SACKS-WILNER (II)

If I were a king I would try to rule my kingdom with justice and wisdom. It would be my duty to protect the rights and privileges of my people.

I would see that the children were well educated. I would also see that my subjects learned to respect everyone's religion and beliefs.

I suppose that most people think that a king should live in a castle. I don't agree with this. A man who is a king should never lose touch with his common people.

Being a king is a hard job. He can't live his life to suit himself. He even must marry to please his people.

Everything that he does is noticed by everyone in the kingdom. If I were a king I would try to make everyone proud of me.

I am glad that I am just plain Steven Sacks-Wilner and do pretty much what I please, because if I were a king it would seem to me that I was a golden fish living in a glass bowl.

CAPTAIN HOOK

By JOHN TAYLOR (I)

Captain Hook was a bad old man;
He buried treasures in the sand;
He sailed a ship which he had stolen,
For a pirate's life he had chosen.

When Peter Pan joined a fight,
Captain Hook fought with all his might.
In one of these battles, so the story ran,
Captain Hook had lost his hand.

A helper of Captain Hook was Smee.
As Peter Pan said, "He helped capture me;
They planted a bomb right next to my door,
In hopes that I would be no more."

Now Tinker Bell, the little sprite,
Warned Peter Pan in the night,
And on Hook's ship in the morning bright
Pan saved the Lost Boys in a fight.

IF I WERE A KING

BY FRANKLIN BERGER (II)

If I were a king I would do as an ordinary king does, but there is one complication. The trouble is I don't know what an ordinary king does and I don't even know what a special king does; so I have a lot to learn about being a king.

One thing I don't like about being a king is the fact that you cannot do as you like to do. Suppose you are a king. You decide you would like a soda, so you call up your best friend. Then with your friend you get in your royal limousine. When you arrive at the drugstore, the whole street looks at you as you are having your soda. Everybody starts to laugh at the king having a soda in an ordinary drugstore and you are greatly embarrassed. I really like my soda in an

ordinary drugstore, but if I were a fine, civilized, decent king, I would have gone to the royal soda fountain and got the soda free and possibly a better one.

There are just three things I like about being a king and these are that you get to have the best service, the best things, and, the most important, an education. These, too, have faults such as having to have the best manners. I am not saying it is bad for you to have good manners, but if you don't have the best manners you are ashamed if you are a king. If you took a good look at being a king it is one of the most downright funny things I can think of after my little incident at the drugstore.

AMERICAN LIFE

By BRADLEY SMITH (III)

- A is for America, where all this takes place;
- M is for mankind, who keep up the pace;
- E is for economy, which must not recess;
- R is for rights, which we all possess;
- I is for income tax, which everyone must pay;
- C is for Congress, which makes things this way;
- A is for Alaska, our largest state;
- N is for the *Nautilus*, with her sister ship, the *Skate*.
- L is for liberty, in which we outrank all;
- I is for initiative, which must never fall;
- F is for freedom, in which we take pride;
- E is for eternity, which will continue at our side.

DON'T GIVE UP THE COW

By THOMAS GAMAN (1)

It is 4 o'clock in the morning, milking time as they call it on the farm. I am going to milk Annie the calf for the first time in my life. I do it all alone. I get a bucket and clean it very well. Mac and Jim both told me to clean it. I am sitting down next to the cow to wash her "milkers." I am doing this first one but she doesn't like the idea. As I wash her I see she is thinking how to get rid of me. Annie decides the best way is to lie down on me. She lies down and leaves me under her. After she has been down an hour she gets up and I get all the milkers clean before she sets another 800 pounds on me.

When I am ready to milk, I put the bucket under her. She gets wise again and kicks over the bucket. Then I pick up the thing and place it under her again. This time she does nothing so I start milking. Nothing comes out. I pull and squeeze harder and harder, but still nothing comes out. I call Jim over but he's no good. He just says, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." It is time for school before I can get a drop out of her so Mac tells me to "Get." I let go of the milkers and Mac sits down and starts milking. Out it comes, six quarts of milk and one pint of cream out of one cow. Annie looks at me and says

in cow language, "You don't give up, do you?"

In the afternoon when I came home I had to feed Annie. She grunted and said, "This is going to be worse yet." I got some feed and added some medicine. She would not touch it when I gave it to her so I decided to smell it to see what it smelt like. It smelled like peas, tomato soup and cough medicine all in one. I called Mac over and asked him why Annie would not eat it and he said, "You gave her ground-up weed killer instead of cod liver oil with her feed. This feed isn't cow food, it's pig food!" I said to Mac, "Well gee, you gotta do something wrong. You can't have everything perfect the first time you feed one of these things." Mac said, "Well, I guess you will get to know Annie better when a little time goes by." Then Jim, who had listened to all this, added, "I sure hope so."

The next day I milked and everything went along well except that I got a scar from Annie kicking me that will last for the rest of my life.

I have been milking Annie for two years now and I can handle her now. It was just a little bit hard in the beginning, though. If you give me a cow to milk like wise old Annie, she won't be any trouble to me now.



HONOR ROLL

WINTER TERM, 1959-1960

(These grades do not include Term Examinations.)

FIRST HONOR ROLL (90-100%)

DAVID BLAIR
TOWNSEND BLODGET
WARREN ELMER
RANDOLPH HOBLER
WARD JANDL
RICHARD MARCUS
JOHN McCARTHY
JOHN POOLE
BRADLEY SMITH
JOHN WILLIS

SECOND HONOR ROLL (85-89%)

WARREN BAKER
FRANKLIN BERGER
GEORGE BRINKERHOFF
JOHN BRINKERHOFF
GERARD CAMERON
ROY COPPEDGE
MICHAEL DESMOND
BRUNER DIELEHNN
WILLIAM EDWARDS
THOMAS GAMAN
STEPHEN GOHEEN
PETER HART
AUBREY HUSTON
CHARLES O'BRIEN
JOHN ODDEN
RICHARD REYNOLDS
JOSEPH RIKER
JAMES SCARFF
JOHN SCHEIDE
WILLIAM SMOYER
HENDERSON TALBOT
STOWE TATTERSALL
PAUL VOGEL
DAVID WAKELIN
JOSEPH WANDELT
DONALD WOODBRIDGE

THIRD HONOR ROLL (80-84%)

BRUCE ARMSTRONG
CLIFFORD AYERS
JOHN BAKER
DAVID BATTLE
LAWRENCE BENSON
STEPHEN BIELAWSKI
HARDCASTLE BROWNE
THOMAS BUDNY
CHRISTOPHER BUSH
JOHN CLAGHORN
HAMILTON CLARK
EVAN DONALDSON
WALTER EDWARDS
AMOS ENO
HAROLD ERDMAN
PAUL HAGENBUCH
HAROLD HENRY
TED HICKS
RICHARD HILL
FREDERICK HUTSON
PIERRE IRVING
WILSON KEHOE
JAMES KILGORE
STEPHEN LANE
CHRISTOPHER LAUGHLIN
ULYSSES LI
JOHN MUELLER
DONALD PICKERING
PETER PYNE
SCOTT REID
STEVEN SACKS-WILNER
CHARLES SAMSON
HUGH SAMSON
DAVID SAYEN
WILLIAM GUTHRIE SAYEN
PHILIP SHERWOOD
PETER SKILLMAN
ALFRED STENGEL
JAMES STRASENBURGH
BRUCE TYLER
WILLIAM WALKER
MATTHEW YOUNG

WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

By WILLIAM SMOYER

SCHOLARSHIP

The Winter Term scholarship competition was won by the Blues with an average of 78+¹/₂, while the Whites made 77+¹/₂. The Blues were ahead in each marking period except the last one. In that one, both Colors had identical marks of 78+¹/₂.

HOCKEY

In Blue-White hockey this year, the Whites defeated the Blues by virtue of their J.V. victory, 2-0. John Becker and Peter White scored the winning goals for their team. In the varsity, an inspired White team, led by goalie Ricky Delano, held a strong Blue team to a 0-0 tie. Delano stopped many a Blue attack with his excellent goal-tending.

BASKETBALL

In Blue-White basketball, the Whites routed the Blues 51-23. Led by Captain Pepper Pettit, the Whites dominated the play during the entire game. Pettit scored 34 points. Dick Reynolds, the core of the Blue offense and defense, scored 13 points for the losing cause.

SKATING RACES

The Whites won the skating meet by a score of 36-24. Five points were given for first place in individual races, three for second place, and one for third place. Each winning relay team received five points.

In the First Form races, Donaldson (W), Raymond (B), and Mueller (W) finished one, two, three. Delano (W), Meredith (W), and Budny (B) led the Second Form skaters. In the Third Form, Fraker (W), Samson (B), and Miller (B) were the winners. Otis (W), Baker (W), and Tibbals (B) led in the Fourth Form. In the combined Fifth and Sixth Form race, the winners were Smoyer (B), Pettit (W), and Griggs (W).

In the picked relay — one skater from each class — the Blue team of Raymond, Budny, Samson, Tibbals, Hobler, and Smoyer defeated the White team of Donaldson, Delano, Fraker, Otis, Griggs, and Pettit. The All-Lower School relay was won by the Whites, and the All-Upper School relay was won by the Blues.

There was tremendous spirit on both sides, but early victories by the White skaters led to their team victory.

ATHLETICS

HOCKEY

By WALTER EDWARDS

Although the team was inexperienced, only one boy having played regularly last year, they had quite a fine season. Captain Smoyer and his squad achieved four victories and three ties against three defeats.

Letters were awarded at the end of the season to the following: Smoyer, Brinkerhoff J., Delano R., Donaldson C., Griggs R., Hart, Kirkpatrick P., Morse, Odden, Tibbals, Tomlinson, and Edwards W. R. (manager).

P.C.D. 2, TAFT 2

Since Taft defeated us last year, everyone was a bit nervous about this first game of the New England trip. However, a successful penalty shot by Smoyer and a goal by Morse during the last seconds of the game produced a well-earned tie.

P.C.D. 1, KENT 0

Getting up at 5:30 A. M. and trudging to Kent's outdoor rink while a slight snowstorm was prevailing, the team was victorious when Smoyer scored with an assist from Odden.



PETITO, D. GRIGGS R. HOBLER TIBBALS RAYMOND P.
 STRASENBURGH G. MR. TIBBALS
 EDWARDS W. R. TOMLINSON CHUBET OTIS KANE
 BLODGET DONALDSON C. BAKER J.
 HART MORSE BRINKERHOFF SMOYER ODDEN KIRKPATRICK P. DELANO R.

CHOATE 5, P.C.D. 1

Being forced to play on the same day as the early-morning Kent match, we didn't come near matching our strong rival's force. The only P.C.D. goal was scored by Odden, with an assist by Strassenburgh.

P.C.D. 4, LAWRENCEVILLE 4

After scoring three goals in the first period, the team felt pretty confident of beating an old rival. Lawrenceville worked hard, however, and almost beat us. Tibbals, Hobler, Griggs, and Smoyer scored one goal apiece.

LAWRENCEVILLE 5, P.C.D. 3

Again we began well but lost to their scoring in the last two periods. Kirkpatrick, Tibbals, and Smoyer scored for P.C.D.

P.C.D. 6, LAWRENCEVILLE 4

We met Lawrenceville's six with a clash of enthusiasm. In the spotlight was Smoyer with three goals to his credit. Morse scored two goals and Kirkpatrick one.

LAWRENCEVILLE 3, P.C.D. 2

The tie-breaking meeting with Lawrenceville was a hard struggle. Smoyer and Kirkpatrick scored a goal apiece in a losing cause.

P.C.D. 7, HILL 2

Since the opponents were not as experienced as our team, we beat them easily, though we played sloppily in doing so. Smoyer and Kirkpatrick scored two goals each, while Tomlinson, Kane, and Morse each added one. Assists were credited to Smoyer, Odden, Otis, and Kirkpatrick.

P.C.D. 3, LAWRENCEVILLE 3

Since P.C.D. really wanted to win this final game with Lawrenceville, the squad really fought hard. Odden scored twice and Morse once.

P.C.D. 6, WISSAHICKON 2

Our team played very well and chalked up another victory on Philadelphia ice. Morse made two goals, with Griggs, Smoyer, Kirkpatrick, and Odden scoring one apiece. Assists were accomplished by Tibbals, Smoyer, and Kirkpatrick.

BASKETBALL

By KARL PETTIT

Mr. De La Cour coached the team this year, and he did a good job. Although it may seem as though we didn't have a good season, the team played well and the majority of the games that we lost were lost by less than five points. If we had played the second half of many games as well as the first, we would have won more games than we did.

Two school records were set by this team. The scoring record of 481 points beat the former record of 444, and Pettit's 207 points broke Bill Applegate's old record of 151 points in one season.

The following boys won letters in basketball: Pettit (captain), Aul, Jackson, Kuser L., Leventhal, McCarthy, Reynolds R., Riker, Vogel, Warren, and Sheehan (manager).

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 39, P.C.D. 23

The shock of meeting our first game so quickly stunned the team and we played weakly throughout the whole game. Dick Reynolds, Jim Aul, Pepper Pettit, Jackie McCarthy, and Joey Riker were the starting five. Reynolds and Pettit were our high scorers with eight each.

VALLEY ROAD 36, P.C.D. 34

This game was a heart-breaker. The team really fought, but lost in an overtime. The same five started, and Pettit was high scorer with 19 points, Reynolds next with 7.



SHEEHAN ECKELS THOMAS HOWLAND ARMSTRONG E.
 JACKSON MR. DELACOUR MR. ROBSON
 RIKER REYNOLDS AUL PETTIT KUSER L. WARREN MCCARTHY

P.C.D. 43, WARDLAW 12

They were no match for our team. We kept a large lead throughout the game. Pettit had 12 points and Lawrence Kuser was next with 7.

VALLEY ROAD 37, P.C.D. 34

We played well through the whole first half but fell apart in the second half when we lost our 21-10 lead. Pettit was high with 17, and McCarthy next with 7.

WITHERSPOON 57, P.C.D. 24

We didn't play up to our par at all, or it would have been a much closer game. Pettit and Aul led our scoring with 11 and 8 points.

P.C.D. 45, FAR HILLS 25

Ninth Graders couldn't play in this game. Almost everybody else on the squad played in it. McCarthy was high scorer with 10 points, and Thomas and Reynolds were next with 6 apiece.

SCHOOL CLOTHES
FOR TEEN AGE BOYS

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PEDDIE 41, P.C.D. 37

This game was lost by carelessness. Reynolds, Warren, Pettit, McCarthy, and Riker were the starters. Pettit was high man with 21 points.

RUMSON 26, P.C.D. 22

This was another game in which Ninth Graders were barred. We played a sloppy game. McCarthy was high scorer with 8, and Riker was next with 7.

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 35, P.C.D. 25

We played a good first half but tired and fell apart in the second. Pettit and Reynolds made 13 and 6 points to top our scorers.

PENNINGTON JUNIOR HIGH 45, P.C.D. 41

We played well to the end but couldn't quite make it. Pettit sank 34 of our total, and Reynolds added 6.

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P.C.D. 53, PEDDIE 38

This time we really looked like a team. Reynolds and Aul both played exceptionally well. Pettit was high man with 26 points, followed by Reynolds with 16 and Aul with 9.

WITHERSPOON 39, P.C.D. 26

We were ahead for most of the first half, but careless ball handling lost the game for us.

ENGLEWOOD 43, P.C.D. 38

Again a sloppily played second half cost us a game which we should have won. Our three high scorers were Pettit with 16 points, Reynolds with 12, and McCarthy with 5.

PENNINGTON JUNIOR HIGH 46, P.C.D. 36

We were ahead throughout the whole first half, but fell apart in the second half. Pettit was high scorer with 15, and McCarthy, playing very well, accounted for 8.

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WITH THE ALUMNI

1962

Tracy Ramus is at the Cardigan Mountain School in Canaan, New Hampshire. He has enjoyed the skiing this winter.

1961

David Johnson is on the Honor Roll at Lawrence Junior High School. He won a soccer letter and played against his old P.C.D. team-mates last fall.

1960

Mike Morris is at St. George's School. He reports "very little news of myself, unfortunately."

Jay Kerr is equally modest, saying only that he is at Saint Andrew's School, Middletown, Delaware.

Dudley Blodget, who is at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, tells nothing about himself but writes that **Biffy Lea '58**, on the varsity second line in hockey, scored the goal which gave St. Paul's a 3-3 tie with the Dartmouth freshmen.

1959

Steve Cook played varsity hockey at St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

Dick Crawford, another modest alumnus, writes not about himself but about the six P.C.D. alumni on the Andover hockey team.

John Goble played soccer and hockey at Darrow School, New Lebanon, New York. He reports that the weather up there resembles that of Little America.

Sam Guttman made honors in his first semester at Lawrenceville School.

Charlie Stuart played varsity football and first defense on the varsity hockey team at Andover.

David Seder, who is a sophomore at George School, played left wing on the first soccer team. Very few boys make the starting team in their sophomore year.

1958

Russell Edmonds is on the winter track team at Lawrenceville and won a major letter in cross-country.

Doug Ewing is on the varsity skiing team at Hotchkiss.

David Kelley has been elected captain of the soccer team at Choate for next year.

Dave Stewart is on the J.V. swimming team at Hotchkiss.

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Princeton, N. J.

1957

Howard Bushnell is President of the Chime Ringers Guild at Choate.

Steve Crawford is earning good grades as a Senior at Choate.

Tyler Gatchell was House Manager for the University Players in Princeton last summer. He is a Senior at Princeton High School and hopes to go to Carnegie Institute of Technology and major in drama.

Louis Hano hopes to attend the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania after graduating from Peddie this year.

Adam Hochschild is President of the Pomfret School Student Body. Last summer he went to Africa on a special study program with nine other students from all over the United States, under the sponsorship of Pomfret. They visited Kenya, Rhodesia, South Africa, and Ghana. He is going to Harvard next year.

Bill Morse played center on the Portsmouth Priory School hockey team. He plans to go to Yale next year.

Moke Raymond and **Dick Rotnem** were members of the undefeated football team at Lawrenceville School last fall.

Bob Smyth won a varsity soccer letter at Princeton High School, where he is a Senior.

Jim Shea played left wing on the Lawrenceville soccer team. This winter he is running the mile on the varsity track team.

Webb Harrison and **Hugh Wise** were co-captains of the Andover hockey team this winter. Rounding out a record six P.C.D. alumni on the team were **Fritz Mock**, **George Peterson '58**, **Jobe Stevens '58**, and **Charlie Stuart '59**. Webb also played halfback on Andover's football team and is undergraduate president of the Athletic Association.

1956

John Cook won numerals as a member of both the freshman soccer and the freshman hockey teams at Princeton. **Jeb Stuart** also played on the freshman soccer team.

Hugh Sloan is on the freshman hockey team at Princeton.

Robert Rubino graduated from Lawrenceville in June and is now a student at Georgetown University.

1955

The following Princeton University sophomores were elected to these Prospect Street clubs in February: **Phil D' Arms** (Campus), **Ed Thurber** (Cannon), **Roger Hoit** and **Andy Kerr** (Cap and Gown), **Joe Delafield** and **Bucky Kales** (Colonial), **Chip Woodward** (Charter), **John Bales** (Tower).

Roger Hoit is the first P.C.D. graduate ever to play football on the Princeton Varsity team. A third-string tailback, he scored a touchdown against Colgate in Palmer Stadium on October 19.

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Robert Kales is the engineering officer aboard the U.S.S. **Fessenden** in the Pacific.

Fred Osborne is studying in the Tyler Art School, a division of Temple University in Philadelphia. He hopes to make a career in the Fine Arts, perhaps in the teaching field.

George Akerlof is associate editor of the **Yale News** and on the Yale Dean's List.

Michael Callahan is a student at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, Va.

1954

Benny Hubby is on the squash team and a member of the Student Body Senate at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. He is a member of **Sigma Nu** fraternity.

John Pearce, who played inside right on the Yale soccer team and was high scorer in the Ivy League last fall, was elected captain of the Yale team for next year.

Austin Sullivan, who is in the freshman class at Princeton after a term of service in the Marine Corps, played wing on the freshman soccer team and defense on the hockey team.

1953

Peter Cook has been playing center on the first line of Princeton's Varsity hockey team.

Grenville Cuyler, a Senior at Princeton, directed **All My Sons** and acted in **Oedipus Rex** with the Princeton Theatre Intime, of which he has been President.

Norman Dorf spent six weeks last summer aboard the destroyer **Henley**, on a cruise of 28 Navy warships through the St. Lawrence Seaway and the Great Lakes. He was an escort for Queen Elizabeth during her visit to the St. Lawrence.

Thomas Urbaniak played fullback on the Princeton Varsity soccer team.

1952

Lawrence Griggs, graduating from Brown University last June, was married in the same month to Joan Elizabeth Kennan, of Princeton.

Leslie Shear graduated from Princeton last June with Highest Honors in Classics, **summa cum laude** and **Phi Beta Kappa**. (That his stepfather is Dr. Floyd Harwood, our former Latin teacher, is purely a coincidence!) In June Leslie married Ione Doris Mylonas, of St. Louis, Mo., and Athens, Greece. They are in Athens this year, studying archaeology.

For News of Princeton Country Day School

Between issues of

THE JUNIOR JOURNAL

read

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1950

Michael Erdman has become engaged to Ann Porter Lea, of Princeton, the sister of **Biffy Lea '58** and **Tommy Lea**, who is in the Third Form at P.C.D.

1949

Ralph Belford has become engaged to Ann Sexton Kennedy, of New York City and Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

George Carey is on the faculty of St. George's School. He was married last August to Deborah Davis.

1948

George Brown is continuing his studies in electrical engineering at Ohio State University.

Carter Cuyler and Jane Stafford Warren, of Murray Hill, N.J., were married on February 20. Among the ushers were **Grenville Cuyler '53**, **James Donnelly**, and **Alexander Burnstan**. **Carter** is on the editorial staff of the North Adams (Mass.) **Transcript**. His home address is 3 Siara St., North Adams, Mass.

Hugh Wright is Chaplain and chairman of the department of religion at the Darrow School, New Lebanon, New York. He was married to Sarah Virginia Shaw, of Beaver, Pa., on June 20, and was ordained a minister in the chapel of the Darrow School on September 20.

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1947

Shepherd Roberts is an Instructor in Biology at Princeton University. He has three children: Elizabeth and Anne, 4-year old twins, and Oliver, aged 3.

Dr. Paul M. Roediger is taking his Medical Residency at Abington Memorial Hospital, Abington, Pennsylvania.

1946

David Erdman was married on February 26, in London, England, to Eldred Pearce, of Blechingley, Surrey. He and his wife will live in Princeton. He works with two of his brothers for the N. J. Aluminum Extrusion Co. in New Brunswick.

1945

Robert DeVecchi, a Foreign Service officer in the State Department, has been in Paris for over a year as a staff aide to the U. S. Ambassador to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO). He was an escort officer for President Eisenhower during his trip to Paris in September. Bob has a wife and one daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. **Colin McAneny** have a daughter, their first child, named Jean Frances. Colin works for the Kennecott Copper Company in Hayden, Arizona.

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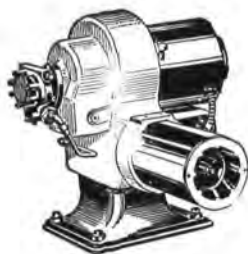
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