

VOL. XXXII, No. 3

JUNIOR JOURNAL

JUNE, 1960

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

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Thoughts of a New Master at P.C.D.

Two years ago on July first, I arrived at Princeton Country Day as the new Headmaster. It was my good fortune to have Mr. Ross still here for the first month and in our many discussions I was able to learn much about the personnel and philosophy of the School. The help and assistance given by Mr. Ross and the members of the Faculty on many occasions underline one of the strongest assets that the School has — unity.

The unity of a school involves far more than a cooperative Faculty. Over the past two years, parents have given generously in time and money to help us meet many challenging problems. The successful Fair and Outgrown Shop are just two examples of the contributions made by interested individuals. One only needs to realize our situation without such assistance to see the vital part the parents play in the success of the School.

Princeton Country Day, like many educational institutions, has its growing pains, but the unity of the boys has helped to meet many problems. When one realizes that the School has doubled in size in a little more than the past decade, the variety of difficulties can be more clearly understood. Through the devotion and interest of our students I feel that the morale of the School has grown stronger rather than weaker. A P.C.D. student is proud of his School and eager to help it in any way that he can. Along with this pride comes the sense of responsibility towards the School and the community. The privilege of attending P.C.D. does not make one better than his contemporaries but does mean that an individual must set for himself high standards of academic and moral excellence to justify the School. Our boys are meeting this challenge and will continue to improve through their unity.

A boy, his school, and his family, all working together, can produce sound and happy results. As we move towards our exciting future it is this continued united action that will help us reach our goal. As a new member of the community and of the Faculty, it has been a great privilege to work with so many fine children and adults. By building on strength established over the past thirty-six years, Princeton Country Day will serve and flourish for years to come.

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Junior Journal

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

Subscription	\$1.50 the Copy
	\$4.50 a Year

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Vol. XXXII

JUNE, 1960

No. 3

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GRADUATION

In the days of ancient Rome, a boy went through a ceremony of entering manhood at the age of seventeen. This consisted of a ritual during which the boy would remove his toga with a purple trim and receive the all-white toga of the Roman citizen.

In every great civilization of the past, such an occasion has had its place in the heritage of its people. Although in our present society there is no such rite, our coming graduation from Princeton Country Day School will be a close facsimile, for as graduation draws nearer, we have begun to realize more and more what an important stage of our education this is. Up until now, school has been a rather routine chore; however, for the first

time it begins to take on a new light. Thoughts such as these are likely to be in every Senior's mind: "I now stand closer than ever to the threshold of adulthood, and I now must not only continue to pursue a good education, but I must start to channel my learnings toward a more direct goal. I now must begin to evaluate both myself and my surroundings to the extent that I must look forward to a place in the world and my society. I, for the first time, must ask myself: 'What are you? What are you going to be? How are you going to serve your fellow man?'"

We all must begin the long search for the answers to these questions.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Although this was only the second year of a student council, we feel that there is still a fairly large room for improvement. This year the Council started off well, but it petered out. It almost seemed as if the student body felt that a council was a fine idea — until they were elected to serve on it. For some it became an excuse for getting out of a study period. Others lost interest because the council did not do enough.

This failure was not completely the fault of the students. The faculty seemed to care little about it and gave it not much support. We think that with a faculty member at each meeting the Council would have accomplished more.

Next year's Sixth Form should try to decide how much disciplinary action the Council should handle or whether it should be left completely to the Faculty Disciplinary Committee. We hope and think that the Council will do a better job than this year, and that it will really get a good method of student government.

CONGRATULATIONS

The JUNIOR JOURNAL wishes to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Robert Whitlock on the birth of their first child, Robert Carlisle Whitlock, on June 1, 1960.

IDEALS TO FOLLOW

A Tribute to Lance Raymond, Class of 1960

By A MEMBER OF THE CLASS

Lance was dead. There was no hiding it now. Lance was dead. I will always remember that fateful Monday morning when Mr. Ross addressed the crowded Study Hall. He characteristically stopped to clear his throat as he waited for the boys to quiet down. There was something in his manner which made me a bit nervous.

"I'm afraid I have some bad news for you boys," he said. "Lance Raymond of the First Form was injured in a gun accident on Saturday." He paused to take a breath. "He died in Princeton Hospital yesterday." Everyone in the room felt a gasp. I glanced at my pale-faced classmates. Tears were sliding down their cheeks. At the same time I could feel hot moisture running down my own.

— Lance, my pal, my best friend. Lance, the athletic whiz. Lance, the boy genius. Lance, who never got any marks. Lance Raymond, always on the Headmaster's List. Lance . . . why Lance? Why not some good-for-nothing slob? We've more than enough of those in our class. — These thoughts raced through my brain, filling it with confusion. An empty void occupied the place where my stomach should have been. I felt sick, lonely, left out.

Otherwise cheerful classes and athletics wore on like so many hours of torture. All my mind and soul brimmed with Lance, his face floating before my eyes, his voice filling my thoughts with gay laughter. And though the laughter was remembered from joyful times, it was a mocking, swelling laughter that infected my brain with misery. It couldn't be, it shouldn't be, I won't allow it. It's impossible. It's all a crazy nightmare. Wake up! Wake up!

But I didn't wake up. Neither did Lance. He won't wake up.

There is an award which is given on Commencement night at the Princeton Country Day School to a proud member of the First Form. It is one of the most coveted awards in the Lower School. This is the Lance Raymond Shield. On it is an inscription which reads thus: "To honor the memory of a boy whose eager spirit, loyal friendliness, and fine sportsmanship showed the way to his friends and classmates."

Lance Raymond will always be the model member of the Class of 1960. The entire class attended Lance's funeral at the University Chapel. Though there will be one less person in the 1960 class picture, we will always remember him. He taught me, and I believe he taught others in our class, about ideals and how to live up to them. His life was, and still is, a pattern of ideals woven together for boys to follow.

This he left: Ideals to Follow.

AS NATURE CHOOSES

By WALTER EDWARDS (VI)

To a person entering Sandtown, Maine, the most impressive sight is the ancient lighthouse, straddling the ocean, the bay, and, seemingly, the whole realm of the sea. Though looking awesome and majestic, however, the only real purpose of the edifice is to keep the soul of Captain Elias Klockner alive with the memories of the sea. "Cappy's" life was the sea, and if he and the ocean ever were to part, his days would be numbered. Once, when Sandtown was a bustling seaport, the lighthouse was prominent. It had saved many heavy-laden vessels from destruction on the treacherous rocks of Sandtown Bay.

Even more exclusive is the huge mansion, standing among the sand, trees and rocks on the cliff above the bay, where the influential Laury family lives. Here is the core of the lazy little hamlet. If it were not for the Laurys, Sandtown would not exist. The rich family employs practically all of the hundred grown inhabitants in one way or another. The Laurys were a close-knit family, and most of them lived at Laury Hall. The most buoyant personalities raised at Laury Hall were Mrs. Robert Rothingford Laury, affectionately called Aunt Agatha by her friends, and Miss Elizabeth Lillian Laury — "Liz," a sixteen-year old girl with a bubbling nature.

Laury Hall, the old lighthouse, the sand dunes, the birds, and the sea were all seen one day in early July by a stranger whose name was Doug

McKee. He was a muscular boy, recently graduated from high school, who had had great difficulty in finding a job and — especially important — keeping one. He had finally accepted the position of helping "Cappy" with the care of his treasured lighthouse. Unhappily, since Doug had imagined Sandtown to be a bustling seaport, he was disappointed at what he saw. After walking down the steep road that was the main boulevard, Doug came to a small wharf.

"Excuse me," he said. "Can you point out someone who would row me across the bay?"

"Where you headed for, son?" asked the salty old man.

"The lighthouse."

"Oh, I see. And what would a young man like you want with that old relic?"

"I'm going to work there."

"Oh? You are, eh? Well, mind me, boy, watch out for old Cappy. He's a little rusty upstairs." With that the old man tapped his temple lightly.

"Look, gramps, I don't want to hear the history of this musty old place. Just tell me who'll row me across."

"Well, according to what it's worth to you, of course, I'll row you over."

"Will a dollar be enough?"

"Aye, aye, captain. Climb aboard!" exclaimed the weathered man as he pointed to a boat a few yards away.

The trip to the lighthouse yielded little. The rower chatted constantly

about the Sandtown that was, and, although it must have been interesting, Doug paid little attention. His mind was lost in wonder about the coming summer. Would he find it enjoyable? He could not even imagine what the product of this season would be.

"Here we are, boy!" The old man's abrupt statement awoke Doug from his day-dream.

"Oh - ah - yeah! Ah -- thanks, old timer, thanks a lot."

"Well, I was expecting more than just words of thanks."

"Oh - ah - sure! Here you go - -" Doug placed a crumpled bill into the mariner's hand.

"Thank you. Have fun, if you can!" The old man chuckled and then whistled a sailor's tune as he rowed toward the mainland.

Inside the weathered lighthouse was a man who seemed as old as the building itself. Day after day, the one-time Captain would sit at a window high above the bay, his vision fixed on the main, reliving memories. Suddenly a rap at the door startled the old man.

"Hello, anyone home?" questioned Doug.

"Eh? Who goes aft?"

"Is that you, Captain Klockner?"

"Aye, it be me. And who might you be?"

"I'm Doug McKea."

"Doug McKea? Don't seem to recognize the name."

"I'm here to help you, sir. For the summer."

"Eh? You are? Well, nice to have

you aboard!"

"Nice to be here, sir." There was a bit of hesitancy in Doug's voice.

"Come here, boy. So's I can look at you."

"Where are you, Captain Klockner?"

"Here I be. Up the stairs a mite."

After climbing the stairs, Doug came to a small room directly under the massive light of the lighthouse, enclosed entirely by glass windows. "Cappy" sat in a large rocker, never once looking at the boy but rather staring at the vast expanse of sea visible from that point.

"Here I am, sir."

"Aye, so I notice. Well, boy, you've come to help me, have you?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Klockner."

"Call me 'Cappy'. Look beyond there, see that boat? That belongs to Liz Laury."

"Liz Laury? Who's she?"

"You haven't been aboard long, have you? She's a rich young lady. Belongs to Laury Hall, she does."

"Married?"

"Eh?"

"I say, is she married?"

"No, no. She ain't married. Now," said "Cappy," as he turned from the window to look at Doug for the first time, "you're going to work for ole Cappy, are you? Well, well, ain't that nice?"

"Yes, sir." Doug was a little afraid of the elderly man - he had a strange expression in his eyes. It seemed that the man at the wharf was correct about "Cappy's" mental capacity.

"Aye, that's real nice. Well, I guess

you'll be wanting a place to sleep. There's a cot in the sitting-room, downstairs. I usually sleep up here. So's I can keep an eye on the sea. She gets in trouble sometimes, if I'm not around, that is."

"Thank you, sir. I'll unpack my things."

"Before you go, Doug, I want to explain the rules of this ship. You get up at six and get me breakfast, clean the place, and then you eat. At lunch, do the same thing. Just keep busy, that's all I'm asking you, matey."

"Yes, sir - Cappy."

"Now, run on with ye!"

So it went, day in and day out, the same chores, done the same way. The ancient building was in terrible condition; some of the rooms had not been cleaned or even entered in many years. And still, "Cappy" stared at the sea; sometimes he did not move for hours. To Doug, an energetic person, this waste of time seemed pitiful. Far worse, the old man's constant position began to gnaw at Doug's nerves. Then one day, after two weeks of service to the aged Captain, Doug's wrath broke free.

"Damn it," he screamed, after watching "Cappy" for a few minutes. "How can you stand just sitting there? Can't you move? Don't you want to move? I hate this junky place! I hate you!"

"Be quiet, else I throw you in chains!" choked the old sailor, as he struggled to get up, trembling with rage. "You young landlubber, do you

hate the sea as you hate me? She's my staff for life, I love her. But you - you have nae a bit of sea water in your veins. If you hate her company, get out of my sight. Let an old man die in peace with people that love him."

"I'm sorry, Captain," sputtered the boy with bowed head. "I didn't mean anything wrong."

"You had better be sorry!!"

As the weeks passed, the situation between the two began to get worse. The elderly man felt as though Doug's eyes were always piercing his heart. The young man resented "Cappy" for his wasteful passing of time. Something was definitely needed to strengthen their relationship. A crisis arose that fulfilled this requirement.

In the fourth week since his departure from home, Doug arose to a beautiful, clear morning. Captain Klockner, as usual, seated himself near the wide windows of the lighthouse and focused his view on his beloved sea. Since it was a beautiful day for boating, Liz Laury had left the Hall to ride about the sound and ocean a bit. At Aunt Agatha's request, Liz took out *Auphin IV*, a sturdier craft than her small skiff, because storms were predicted.

"Cappy" watched Liz steer her boat through the channel and into the open sea. However, the predicted storms arose so quickly that Liz was not able to get back to the safety of the bay. The winds and rain were very fierce, and Liz found that she could not propel her craft.

Seeing this, Captain Klockner called to Doug and they both scrambled down the long flight of stairs.

Meanwhile, Liz was frantically trying to save both herself and the boat. However, the storm was so very sharp that she could not save the sinking craft. Grabbing hold of the life-line which Doug and the Captain had thrown to her, Liz began her tedious trip to Lighthouse Island through the churning waters. She had to struggle to prevent herself from swallowing the bitter water and to keep her head above it.

Soon she was pulled ashore, and her limp body was carried into the warmth of the lighthouse in Doug's strong arms. On awakening from the exhausted sleep she had fallen into after her rescue, Liz was overwhelmed with thankfulness to the men who had saved her life. But Doug sensed that she was a bit afraid of "Cappy," as he was.

After the storm passed, Liz was taken home in "Cappy's" craft by Doug. Inside his heart he was beginning to have a new feeling for the salty gentleman — he was beginning to trust him, perhaps even to like him.

The weeks passed slowly for Doug. He did not enjoy this way of life at all and found it very hard to take it in his stride. After the initial clean-up of the ancient lighthouse, however, Doug was able to do more things that he wished. Soon his job at Sandtown would be over, and he would return to his home town to look for another occupation.

In Sandtown a dread of the future loomed overhead — hurricane weather was approaching. Many times before, Sandtown had been struck by great storms, and many times the homes of the inhabitants had been severely damaged. This year the chance of a hurricane in the quiet town seemed quite valid. The southern coasts of Maine had been hit by tropical storms in the last few days, and a hurricane seemed on the way.

The storm came at the end of August. After the warnings were given, the inhabitants quickly made ready for the hurricane. Even after he had heard the warning, however, old "Cappy" merely laughed at the thought of a hurricane harming his cherished lighthouse.

"This old guy's been here more'n a century, and it'll be here three more!" smiled the old man.

On the day the hurricane was forecast, the sky was cloudy but not exceptionally dangerous-looking. However, towards noon, the sky became a slimy gray in color and the wind began to gain velocity. Soon the water was choppy and even reached the foot of the lighthouse. At about three o'clock the wind became so strong that the lighthouse began to tremble. A worried look crossed the face of the sailor, and his young companion wished that he was elsewhere instead of on the shaky edifice. Suddenly the hurricane whipped forth with all of its strength.

"Glory be!" shouted the old mariner. "There she be, old *Morgan*!

Dear *Morgan*, God bless her! She ain't been in this port for more'n sixty long years! And there's old *Savannah*, bound for Europe, no doubt. And look there, the good ship *Stillwell*! Godspeed to you! Godspeed! Ha! And *Mighty Warrior*! What a ship!"

"Cap! Cap!" implored Doug above the wail of the storm. "What's wrong, Cappy?"

"I say, boy! Can you nae see ships in yonder port?" said Captain Klockner, with a faraway look in his eyes. "Can you see nae ships?"

"Stop it, Cap!"

"But look! There's a terrible storm a-brewing. We've got to save those ships. They'll be dashed to pieces by the rocks! Come, boy, help!"

At that he struggled with the heavy trap door that led into the room where the light which guided ships so long ago had been illuminated. The rats that lived in the dirty room stared at "Cappy" with beady eyes and then raced to their nests. The lighthouse was so old that kerosene had been used to produce the beam. Since there was none there now, "Cappy" decided that it would be best to burn all the wood and paper in the lighthouse.

By that time the storm was at its peak and the lighthouse was shaking under the great blows of the wind. Doug felt fear for the storm, but now he felt an even greater fear of

"Cappy." The old man had become crazy with fear for his so-called ships. Now, his eyes wide open with excitement, Captain Klockner began dragging to the beam room all the burnable objects he could find.

"Come, Doug, ain't you going to help save the good *Savannah*? Quickly, quickly help me, boy."

At the very moment "Cappy" set fire to the mass of rubbish, and as the fire danced in his eyes, the hurricane struck hardest. The venerable lighthouse began to sway and trembled as the waves crashed high upon its walls.

"Cappy," shrieked Doug, "we've got to get out of here!"

"Not till we save the ships, boy. Not till then!"

Suddenly the lighthouse lurched forward, swayed back again, and then collapsed with a sickening crash. It floundered in the surf for a short time, like a distressed vessel, and then sank deep into the bottom of the inlet.

The following morning, after the fierce hurricane passed, some of the villagers found Doug, clinging to flotsam. He was in agony, for his wounds were many and deep. However, no one ever found the remains of Captain Klockner. It seemed that there could have been no hope for him once his beloved sea turned against him. And so our lives are run, as Nature chooses.



LULABELLE

By WARD JANDL (V)

Our house was buzzing with excitement — a medium-sized crate had arrived from Steers and Rawbuck's, addressed to Henry W. Jandl. Maybe it was the new lawn-mower that my father had ordered just last week. But why — why was it addressed to me? I slowly pried loose the boards. What happened after this is history.

After my mother had been revived and my sister calmed down, we decided the best thing to do was to call Steers. I can say they were more than a little bit disconcerted when we told them a bear had arrived at our house from their warehouse. They said that a delivery truck would pick him up on the morrow; would we mind keeping him one night? Since he was a cub and five pounds of horse meat was included, we consented. The manual that was attached to his collar said that his name was Lulabelle — pardon me, her name was Lulabelle.

I, being curious, wanted to see if she knew any tricks. My sister's hula hoop was the perfect thing for testing her jumping ability. To my surprise, she jumped through it and rolled over on the floor. I remembered reading somewhere about feeding an animal as a reward when he does a trick, so I scooped up some horse meat and gave it to her. I played with Lulabelle all afternoon, trying to teach her new tricks. The trouble was that she knew most of them. She ate in the basement, against my

wishes, but my mother was still afraid of the "beast," as she called it, and didn't want "her presence near the table where it would spoil our dinner."

After dinner we usually look at the news shows, and, bear or no bear, my mother was determined to watch them. I was on my way to the basement to see how Lulabelle was coming along with her dinner when I heard my mother gasp and say, "Oh, no-o!"

I rushed into the living-room just in time to hear the newscaster say, "I repeat — the Truck Driver's Union is on strike for higher wages as of six o'clock tonight against the Red Light Stores, Applegate Grocery, and Steers and Rawbuck. Deliveries will be halted to and from these companies indefinitely until what appears to be a long strike is settled." I could have shouted for joy, but I knew that this would not have been appreciated at that moment.

And so Lulabelle stayed with us for some 75 days. Horse meat was available at the grocery store, so we didn't worry too much about the food. She hadn't grown much, and the house I made for her was still large enough. Bears, especially cubs, can be trained easily, and Lulabelle, already knowing many tricks, learned quickly. I taught her by the trial-and-error method and by much repetition. She learned to walk on two paws, to bow, and to do somersaults.

She became a commercial success in Princeton. I made \$4.00 every Saturday showing her off at birthday parties. This just about paid for her horse meat.

One night, when we were watching the Dick Clark Show — Lulabelle's favorite program — it was interrupted by an announcer who said that after 75 days, the Truck Driver's Union had agreed to management's terms and that service would be back to normal immediately. That meant Lulabelle would be leaving us. Sure enough, the man from Steers came

the next day and started boxing her up. I asked where she was going. The man looked at his pad, puzzled a minute, and said, "Randal's Bear Farm, out on Route One." I did a double take. Mr. Randal was a neighbor of ours. I now vaguely remembered that he was in the animal business.

Now, every Sunday I go out to the farm. Lulabelle is happy with her surroundings, but she is glad when I come out. She still is Lulabelle, my trained bear.

A CONVERSATION

By JOHN BRINKERHOFF (VI)

"Dad, why can't I use the car?"

"Because you can walk."

"But can't you walk?"

"Yes, I can walk; but older people should not be forced to walk. They might have a heart attack."

"So, you've got lots of insurance, and walking would do you some good. Look at the pot you're building up."

"And I suppose walking would harm you?"

"Sure, it would. I might pull a muscle, and then I couldn't play football."

"Remember the last time you drove the car?"

"Well, the tree shouldn't have been that close to the road."

"The tree was in the middle of the Joneses' lawn."

"I skidded on a patch of ice."

"In August?"

"You never know."

"No, *you* don't."

"I guess I took the corner a little sharp."

"It's a straightaway."

"Well, it happens to the best of us."

"That leaves you out. Besides, it was the seventh time."

"Seven's my lucky number."

"NO!"

AN ENCOUNTER WITH DEATH

By JONATHAN HOWLAND (VI)

During 1956, in Hungary, a torch of freedom was lit by a group of people who had long been oppressed, and who had finally decided that as men it was their duty to live life, not just to endure it. They felt that if life were worth living, it must be lived as closely according to man's ideal as possible. Therefore a revolt was started. But who now was to carry that torch to its inevitable doom? Who was going to sacrifice himself that others might see the light? Only youth was young enough to still have high ideals and the flair to live, unsoiled by the reality of life. And it was youth who carried that torch. It was the young boys and girls whom one found throwing rocks at tanks, "Molotov cocktails" at armored cars, and old shoes at soldiers. Youth carried the torch and youth made the sacrifice.

Among these youths was a boy named Franz. He had been captured while making gas-bottle bombs in a cellar.

Franz had spent the first night of his captivity waiting. He was to be killed in the morning, yet death hardly seemed real. As there seemed to be no hope for rescue in his immediate environment, and as death was an unthinkable thing, he could do nothing but wait. For what? He was not sure. All he did know was that he couldn't die.

However, as the night wore on, and finally off, death began to oc-

cupy his mind. Not yet as a reality, but simply as a thought or more of an image. For the first time he questioned the very existence of death. To him it had always portrayed a sort of blackness, but now he began to wonder. Death was now beginning to take on an air of majesty. He found himself almost eager to see beyond life as it is on earth.

Without being aware of it, he drifted to sleep and was not awakened until the sun shone through the barred window onto his face. Now, as he became aware of his surroundings, he felt an awful emptiness where his stomach was. He was a bit shaky, and when he tried to stand he found it difficult. Death appeared now in a very different light from before. It loomed ahead of him like a huge fog that was slowly overcoming him.

Guards came and literally dragged him into a small court, for he could not walk alone. He leaned against a wall while men loaded guns and joked about something. Nothing seemed quite real. Nothing except himself and death. Death had now replaced his previous conception of life. Life had always seemed to be a big, real thing. Now it seemed so small that it could be snuffed out at the jerk of a trigger. Death was the real thing. It was all that men could really depend upon. Everything now seemed to revolve around it, instead of around life. How funny the world

seemed, life being no more real than luck, death being a sort of inevitable goal of everything.

His legs now began to give way completely and he felt an odd sensation crawl up his body. He began to feel numb all over, and sick at his stomach. He felt as if he were sink-

ing into a well and could not grab on to any side. He wanted his mother, his father, a friend — a rock, gun, anything, but there was nothing there. Then he heard a voice that seemed very distant.

"Shoot him before he faints," and that was all.

MY PET, KEVIN

By JOHN McCARTHY (IV)

I truly believe that I am quite fortunate to have the pet that I do. My pet is four feet tall, seven years old; and he has blue eyes and brown hair. Kevin, my pet, for a human, is very obedient and loyal to me. At my single "meow" he comes to my aid, and he assists me in every way possible in all my demands. I do not care what other cats say about their pets because I still feel my human, Kevin, is the best pet in the world.

One day, as I recall, I was chased up a tree by a huge dog! Presently, I found myself trapped in that tree with no means of escape. At that moment, I shouted for my pet's assistance with a loud "meow". Immediately Kevin ran to my rescue, and he shoed the dog away. At last, he climbed up the tree and proceeded to save me. This is only one example of my pet's loyalty to his master. In addition, Kevin performs

many everyday actions that are well worth commenting about. In the morning Kevin promptly takes me outside. Afterwards I am fed my daily meal. Also, I am bathed by my pet, and he does other helpful gestures for me.

Nevertheless, I still have to look after my pet to make sure nothing happens to him, and I have to make sure he remains content. I am forced to let Kevin play with me so he will be occupied. Then, I follow him around to make sure he will be safe from rodents. In conclusion, I have to do small but kind acts in order to make certain that he will not choose another master, such as a mean dog or a useless hamster. Therefore, I repeatedly sit on his lap, purr next to his feet, and frolic when he approaches me. My pet Kevin is fortunate to have a master whose ancestors hold a sacred niche in China.

"MOTHER, MOTHER!"

By WALTER EDWARDS (VI)

Running into the house, Barbara screamed, "Mother, Mother! Junior just threw a gallon of water on me. Mother, I'm drowning!"

Mother, running to Barbara, searched her for external injuries and then asked, "Barbara, what were you yelling about? What ever is wrong?"

"Oh, Mother," sobbed Barbara, "it's awful! Junior threw water at me from the bathroom window and I'm all wet!"

"Oh, that Junior!" exclaimed Mother in a threatening tone. "When I get my hands on him, I'll punish him!"

"Thanks, Mom." With that, Barbara shed all her lamentations and, with an unusual gleam in her eyes, dreamed of what a mess Junior would be after a hundred lashings with a sturdy chain.

After Barbara — the witch that she is — departed, Mother began to do the various chores every household presents and whispered under her breath the usual slogan — "Oh, those children! They will be the death of me! Why mothers get gray!"

Meanwhile, I (under the title of Junior) had finally gathered enough courage to tell Mother the truth. After slinking between bushes and cowering at every noise, I found myself entering the door of danger. Upon arriving at the threshold, I noticed Barbara striding confidently from Mother's room. As she swept past me, she hissed something to the effect of, "Ha! Ha! A big, fat chain!

You'll be sorry, brother dear!"

After seething for a few moments, I cautiously knocked on Mother's door, saying, "May I come in?"

"Certainly, Junior."

As I entered, a meek voice came from my mouth.

"Mother?"

"Yes?"

"May I speak to you?"

"Certainly."

"It's about that Barbara."

"Oh?"

"It wasn't my fault, you know."

"Really?"

"Well, not entirely my fault."

"Go on, this might prove to be interesting."

"All right, Mom. You see it happened this way. Here was that Barbara taunting me while I was in the bathroom washing my hands. I looked out and there she was, making all sorts of faces at me and yelling names at me. You can't know how mad I was!"

"You'd be surprised, dear."

"So then, I simply filled a little cup about half full and heaved the contents out the window. She was hardly even wet!"

"I didn't listen to her anyway," explained Mother. "Now please weed the rose garden for me?"

After that brief conversation, my emotions were mixed. Great joy was the result of once again defeating Barbara, but that rose garden and those weeds!

THE OPERATION

By PETER HART (VI)

Dr. Paul Van Skoort, heart specialist, drove into the hospital parking yard. He didn't see what was so special about a clot removal; he had read about them being performed on board submarines during the war. Switching off the ignition, he thought to himself, "Must be a pretty dangerous operation for them to have called me in the middle of the night like this. I guess I made it to the hospital in record time, twenty minutes from the time they called me to the time I got here." He entered the staff entrance and walked to the emergency ward. "They said come right here Here we are."

"Dr. Van Skoort, please go straight to the operating room. It's a rheumatic fever victim; I believe he's got a clot in the bifurcation of the aorta. The place where the aorta splits to go down the legs? Dr. Horn says that it is very advanced; that you'll know what to do."

"Yes, I do. Is there a staff ready for an operation?"

"Yes, sir. I'll tell them you're here."

Rushing upstairs, he thought to himself that this was it. The operation he had always dreaded; he had to get that little clot out of the aorta before it was too late. If it stayed in there too long, both legs would have to be amputated at the hip. If he broke the clot while he was trying to remove it, pieces of it would flow down the artery until they came to a place through which they could

not pass. Then they would lodge there and the leg would have to be amputated at that point. A very tricky operation, to say the least. How innocently it had all started; a small piece of blood lodged in the heart broke loose, gaining more blood as it flowed down the aorta. As it neared the bifurcation it was so big that it could not pass it. The clot lodged there, stopping all circulation until it could be removed.

Dr. Van Skoort entered the ready room. It smelled of boiled water and several medications. He rang the buzzer for the staff and looked about the familiar room. "Thirteenth operation I've performed in these rooms and not a mistake yet. Thirteen is an unlucky number, or so some people say . . . where is that staff? . . . wonder which staff it will be? Here they come, Good!" He washed his hands with more thoroughness than usual, but he knew he needn't have, because the sterilized gloves covered all his arms up to his elbows and the jacket covered the rest of the top of his body. The scrub nurse pulled his gloves on up to his elbows. He was glad he knew all his staff. For an operation such as this, one needed the best staff one could get, and he knew that he had the best in the city. His mask was on. —Then it hit him — that wave of nervousness that accompanied every operation: he felt dead, as if he hadn't slept for weeks. His hands started to shake

as never before. His entire body was racked with shivers over and over again. The question — What if I slip? — raced back and forth in his mind. He almost panicked, but tried to reassure himself by denying to himself the fact that he was going to operate, but he could not. The question raced on unanswered. He finally managed to control himself.

The motley group walked with a purpose to the operating room, the doctor in the lead. He grabbed the door handle, more with the purpose of steadying himself than of opening the door. He fought back embarrassment when one of his assistants had to remove his hand from the knob and open the door himself. He entered the surgical room and told the "scrub" what instruments he was likely to need. He took one whiff of the clean air of the operating room and instantly was reminded of all the other operations he had performed or attended. Then he was overcome by a wave of nausea. His perspiration stained the medical suit he was wearing from light to dark green.

When the patient was wheeled into the room he was already under anaesthesia and there was a troubled look on his face. The anaesthetist looked at his charts and motioned that he was ready to begin. A calm of self-confidence swept over Dr. Van Skoort, and he fought it back knowing that his nervousness helped him. "All right. Let's get to work. Anaesthetist, starting now. Scalpel." The anaesthetist started to fill up his charts.

Dr. Van Skoort found himself thinking, "It's easy from now on. Just incise here (be sure not to let the skin cover the blade); slice through the abdomen, open the clot. It's easy from here."

"No, no. It's not easy. I can't think that this is easy." He pressed down softly and felt the skin parting under the razor-sharp blade. His assistant placed the tiny muscle retractors into place. He paused and asked for a report. The anaesthetist read off a quick list of figures and spoke a curt word of encouragement to the doctor. He started to his work once again and sliced even deeper with the new scalpel. "Tissue retractors". As he placed the tissue retractors into place he shuddered and wondered at the silence of the operating room. He was the only person that moved without his command. The only noises were those of the anaesthetist's watch and gauges and that of the slap of the instruments into his hands. He paused again and asked for the respiration, temperature, blood pressure, and time taken. He spoke softly, telling his assistants of his next step. "I'm going to enter the aorta just above the bifurcation". Now, move the blade upwards — **JUST A LITTLE** — there."

"Forceps, three." The "scrub" slapped them into his hand. He clamped them shut over the end of the aorta.

"I'm scared I don't know . . ."

"Get to work doctor!"

"But I . . ."

"Get to work, doctor!"

He put his fingers into the aorta.

He was more terrified than ever before. He felt the clot — he had it! "Now lift it out; careful. It's coming." Unknowingly he had slipped from thinking to speaking. An assistant moved closer to see the deadly little clot; she bumped him — he dropped the clot! To him it seemed as though the world had ended and the clot had broken. He put his two fingers in the microscopic hole. What was that he felt? No, no it couldn't be! YES! YES, IT WAS THE CLOT! . . . It hadn't broken. It was lying across the top of the exposed end of the aorta. The doctor's trained, gentle, tender,

careful fingers moved into the aperture in his patient's aorta.

"Stand back! I'm bringing it out. Don't come near me. Scrub, get a cloth ready for the clot; it's still all in one piece! Ready, quiet, here. Hold that cloth still! Got it? Good. Go away. Anaesthetist, give me the figures."

"Respiration, just under normal; pressure, normal; temperature, 98.8° F.; time required, three hours, fifty minutes, sir."

"Doctor, are you all right?"

"Yes, yes, I am fine, just fine . . .
"Thank You, God. Thank You."

THE OLD SAILOR

By GLENN THOMAS (V)

There he was, the old sailor, sitting on his front porch with children all around, telling them his adventures.

His head was bald from age, his eyes a deep dark green and piercing, his face weather-beaten, his nose bent and scarred.

His body was thin, his right arm mangled, his neck scrawny, his whole frame skinny.

His legs were bent; when he walked, it was unstably with a wobble; his voice was low and cracked.

Three scars marked his head, his left ear was partly cut off; his lips were twisted, and his neck was deeply pierced.

He had a patch on one eye; his head was set back, his cheekbones higher than normal, his eyes grave and ominous-looking.

His clothes were very coarse; his shirt a bright red, his pants gray striped, his shoes black yet shined.

He was in his nineties, but seemed to enjoy good health. Beneath it all, a kindly-looking man, he enjoyed telling stories.

This was the old sailor, as he sat on his porch in 1850, telling children all around him sea stories about himself.

IRVING AND SCHLEP

By HOWARD MYERS (IV)

Irving has a dog. It is a German shepherd. The dog's name is Schlep. Schlep is vicious. Today is a nice day. Irving will train Schlep. Irving drags out a large doll dressed like a postman and carrying a mail bag. Then he puts a bone in the bag. Question. Where does Irving get all these things? Simple, his mother is a "klepto." Back to the training. Irving props up the dummy. Irving lets Schlep loose. Schlep tears on the doll. He rips it apart. This is good exercise for Schlep's teeth. Irving gives Schlep the bone.

It is almost 2:00 P.M. Along comes the mailman. Irving points him out to Schlep. Schlep runs after the mailman. He is carrying bills to Irving's daddy. He is also carrying draft notices and court summonses, advertisements and rent notices. But he is not carrying the new Sports Illustrated. Schlep attacks! "Rrrrip," what a hole in the mailman's pants! Schlep growls. The mailman runs. Mission accomplished. No bills today. Good work, Schlep!

Schlep must undergo more training now. Irving must train Schlep to attack the meter reader. Irving hits Schlep with a paper. Now Schlep hates paper. Irving puts paper in the dummy's hand and Schlep attacks. Schlep learns fast, doesn't he?

4:30 P.M. Schlep is in the kitchen lying down. He looks asleep but he is really looking out the part-way open door.

A man walks up. He is the meter reader. He thinks he is a brave man. But he won't be in a minute. Schlep sees him. Schlep runs out the door. Schlep sees the paper in his pocket. Schlep hates paper. Schlep attacks it. "Rrrrip!" Now Schlep has ripped the meter reader's pants and jacket. The meter reader drops his bill notes and flashlight. He runs away. He is not brave any more. Schlep chews up the paper. This develops his teeth. As you can see. Schlep uses his teeth a lot. Irving has trained him well. Good work, Irving! Good work, Schlep!



LOWER SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

NO WATER

By WILSON KEHOE (II)

One day last year in August, I was with a wagon train going from St. Louis to San Francisco. We were about half-way there, in Colorado country, when the wagon-master spotted the Rockies. He brought the train to a stop and sent a scout ahead. When the scout came back, he said that there was a high pass winding in and out of the mountains. He also said that there was a strip of desert between the mountains which would be shorter, but he didn't advise it.

Then the wagon master shouted, "Forward, ho!" and the wagons headed in the direction of the pass — all but two wagons, that is. One was mine, the other was Tom Jeffers'. We went in the direction of the desert. We were in a hurry to get to San Francisco.

When we reached the edge of the desert we carefully checked our water and estimated how long it would last. Then we started on our way. After one day we were about a quarter of the way across, when I found no water. I knew then that Tom Jeffers had gotten to the water when I was checking the wheels. Just then my wife came up to me and said she had used the last quart of water. That meant that Tom had

used over half the water for his wife and children. I asked my wife how our children were and she said that they were thirsty. I knew I shouldn't let Tom know the water was completely gone until we were more than half way out of the desert. That way he wouldn't dare turn back. That night I tied the water barrel to our wagon.

The next morning, with our wagon leading the way, we went on. We were in the middle of the desert. I kept count. Five times they asked me for water, and five times I told them, "We've got to save the water."

That night Tom headed for the barrel. Before I could stop him, he had the cover off. He put his hand in the barrel. When he found no water he pulled his hand out and blew the dust off it. For a while he just stood there looking at me. Then he shouted, "You mean we were following an empty barrel?" He looked at me with hate in his eyes. A moment later he strolled off to his wagon.

The next morning we made a small, light cart of the old wagons. Anything we didn't want, we left behind. The horses had died early that morning, so we pulled the cart

by hand. Even the children helped.

An hour later I spotted a group of rocks. I thought it would be a good place to rest because of the shade the rocks offered. We rested a good part of the afternoon. When I woke up I counted noses. All the children were accounted for, but Tom wasn't around.

* * *

"Water, water!" gasped Tom Jeffers. Just then he saw the scout from the wagon train ride up. The scout jumped from his horse and knelt beside Tom. He gave Tom some water.

"I'll lead you to the rest of them," said Tom. About half an hour later

I saw the scout riding horseback, and sitting on the horse behind him was Tom! They both got down. The scout told us they had found we were gone when it was too late to turn back. He said that they were camped just below the pass.

After we had talked awhile the scout led us back to the wagon train.

"We thought we had enough water, but I guess we underestimated," I said to the wagon master.

"We thought it would be shorter," added my wife.

We got to San Francisco all right, but I'll never forget the time we had no water.



TAKING CARE OF A BABY

By PIERRE IRVING (II)

In all my years I have had an awfully hard time taking care of babies. All of the babies I have taken care of are either crying or doing something out of the ordinary.

One time I was to baby-sit with a baby named Susie. Every time Susie's mother came in I always heard these ear-splitting words: "Oh, darling Susiekins," followed by a startled cry from the baby. Well, anyway, Susie's mother left for a dinner party. Then the baby started crying. I gave her some milk. She drank it quietly, so I lay down to rest. Three minutes later I heard a crash. The baby start-

ed to cry. Her rattle had fallen on the floor. I picked it up and gave it to her, and I placed my drink on the top of her crib. A little later the baby started to cry again, and I found out why. My drink had spilled all over her. I called up her mother and asked what was wrong with the child. She just said, "Oh, is that the trouble? I thought I told you to say, 'Oh, darling Susiekins'." I spent the rest of the night saying that until three o'clock.

When Susie's mother came home and handed me the bill, I was glad to leave.

LOST IN A SWAMP

By WARREN SHEW (II)

It was a foggy, dreary night when my friend and I were camping out in the woods a short distance from our house. We had planned this trip all week, and we weren't going to miss it. Frank and I have known each other for years and have gone on trips like this before, but this is one we will never forget.

It all started on Friday after school when we were walking home. We were talking about going on a trip all weekend to explore the Great Woods, the darkest, most dangerous woods for at least a hundred miles around. We were old enough now to have a gun, and if I went I wouldn't go without it, that's for sure!

I said to Frank, "I have heard that there is a lost swamp in those woods, and I'm curious about that. It sounds pretty dangerous to me."

"I know," said Frank. "I don't like it either, but it will be exciting."

We went inside my house and had some cookies and milk, and I asked my mother about the trip. Cautiously I told her all the things we were going to do, and finally she said that we could go. We called up Frank's house and had little trouble; after we told his mother I had permission to go, she too said yes. We started packing everything we needed, and soon we were off.

It was hard seeing where we were going because of the big trees block-

ing the rays of the sun, but we managed. Soon we reached a place that looked good for the night, so we made camp.

After supper we took a short walk to look over the place and to decide the direction we would take the next day. At eight o'clock we crawled into our sleeping-bags and fell fast asleep.

Hours later I was awakened by someone breaking twigs. I reached for my flashlight and looked Luckily it was Frank, and he was sleep-walking, so I followed him. After about twenty minutes he woke himself by falling, and he was so startled he ran, and then he was caught — caught in the lost swamp! I quickly ran in to try to get him, but then I got stuck, too. I still tried to free him, but we couldn't get free. I noticed a large limb of a tree hanging over me. With all my strength I reached out and grabbed it and hung on with all my might. Frank grabbed my leg, and together we managed to crawl up the limb — free at last!

Exhausted, we lay down on the moist ground and waited until dawn. We were awakened by the birds chirping. We hurried to find all our gear and were fortunate to find our way. What a nice sight to see our house and smell the apple pie in our oven! Everyone was glad to see us and hear about our adventure.

AGAINST ODDS

By WEBSTER PEARCE (III)

Tommy Rediger lived in Honolulu, Hawaii. He was in a family of four that lived in a fairly good house. He usually went surf-boarding every day that he could. He was going to go this particular day. But this day seemed different to Tommy. He could feel it in the air, he could feel it in his bones.

When Tommy and William Rogers, a friend, got down to the beach at Waikiki they found that there were not many people out on the beach or in the water. They started into the water. Tom and Willy noticed that the water was very cold.

Tom got beyond the breakers point before Willy did. So Tom started on his first ride in to the beach. When he got up on his surf-board he nearly fell off but he regained his balance. When the breaker broke right on his head he fell off the surf-board. Then came Willy almost hitting Tom on the head with the board.

When they got to speak to each other they decided to go much farther than they had gone before. When they got to where they had been before they were not sure whether or not to go farther. Tom said, "The sky is clear and the waves aren't rough." So Willy decided to go.

When they got to where they thought it was good, Tom suddenly noticed that the sky was getting dark, clouds were moving in toward land, and the sea was getting rough.

Then Tom saw the water whirling

about 200 yards away. He knew from books that he had read that it was a whirlpool. He nodded to Willy and made signs for him to swim away from the whirlpool and then toward the land.

Willy tried to swim away from the whirlpool but the whirling water pulled him slowly towards the center. Tom was being pulled toward it also, though they tried as hard as they could paddle.

They were now getting near the outskirts of the whirlpool. Tom signaled to Willy that it was no use trying to outswim the force of the whirlpool. Tom also signaled that they had better get together. If they were going to die they should die together.

When they were getting near the part that was whirling fast Willy tried to get away. But as soon as Willy got about ten feet away it started to get faster.

Willy got in the fast part. He started in toward the center. He was crying for help but there was nobody to help him. Tom thought that Willy would never make it to safety. Then Tom noticed that the water was whirling very fast. Then he noticed that by centrifugal force he was being pushed away from the center.

When Tommy got out as far from the whirlpool as it would push him he started swimming. It was hard to get through the waves. Then he noticed that there was something bob-

bing up and down in the water about 20 yards in front of him. When he got near he saw that it was one of the surf-boards. Tom swam madly for it. When he reached it he got up on it and started it in toward the beach. He started to go as fast as he could. On his way up the beach he dropped his surf-board.

When he reached his home he told that Willy had drowned in a whirlpool. His mother did not believe him, but when he showed her she

did believe him. So they called the Coast Guard and told them that a boy had drowned in the bay. They said that they would look for him as soon as the storm stopped.

That night the storm stopped and the next morning the Coast Guard was out looking for the boy. They found him, but he was dead.

So from now on Tom never goes beyond the breaker point because he will never forget his friend, William Rogers.

THE STORM

By HAROLD HENRY (III)

The sky grows dark,
The sun grows faint.
Far off a streak of yellow light appears;
Slowly you count: one — two — three — four —
Then the earth trembles,
Far off the thunder booms.
The storm approaches, and then
Everything lights up for a second — just a second —
Then all is dark and still.
Suddenly, as if the earth had split asunder, the
 mountains rolled aside,
The thunder comes again,
And with rain.
Softly pattering at first,
Then coming harder until it seems
That solid sheets of water are coming down,
The rain comes.
Softly, pitter-patter in the night it comes
And lulls you.
You snuggle into your bed,
Relaxing with the ceaseless rain,
And then you sleep.

APRIL FOOL

By THOMAS LEA (III)

"April first. This day comes only once a year," I thought to myself. "I'll play another one on Jones this year. Last year it didn't work out too well. Jones and Smith have been working for the vice-presidency in the Sayen Insurance Company for years, and myself, I'm just a lower member of the firm. Now, let's see . . . I have one that'll work. I'll tell Jones that Mr. Brown (the almost retired vice-president) suddenly died of a heart attack. Ha, I can see him now! Now, let's think this out . . . I know, I'll invite him over for a drink with the rest of my friends and tell him then."

I called Jones's number. Of course he answered and said that he could make it.

At about 7:30 my friends started coming in. When Phil Jones opened the door my face lit up. I let everyone have a few drinks before I called

Phil into the next room with me. When we were both inside, I shut the door and told him my story about Brown. I really don't know if he was crying or smiling with joy. I waited about five seconds to let it sink into him before I said, "April Fool!" I burst out laughing, but Phil didn't think that it was very funny.

Just then the phone rang and I answered it, still laughing at the joke. It was for Phil. I picked up the receiver in the next room. I heard a lady's voice, and the words she said stunned me. "Mr. Brown has just died of a heart attack, and his instructions are that you should take his place."

Phil is happy with his job. As for me, I still work for the firm, but the trouble is that Phil has changed my hours. I now work from 5:00 P.M. to 5:00 A.M., and I'm the night watchman.

THE SECRET MESSAGE

By EVAN DONALDSON (I)

"What! You must be kidding. I'd conk out before I got half way!"

"No, I'm not kidding," my commanding officer told me. "You're the most well-trained man in the post."

I had been chosen to go on a secret trip through enemy territory.

"I've just been looking through

your record," he said, "and you fill the bill perfectly. You can't let me down. We need help, and we don't have a radio, or a plane, or anything, for that matter."

"Yes, sir, I know, but - -"

"No 'buts' about it. I'm sending you on this mission; and that's an order."

After my talk with Major Bennett, I went to the briefing room, where I was given a map, a pair of field glasses, and a few other things I would need. Then I was on my way.

At first I encountered no enemy, but as I got further away from camp I felt as if I were being watched. I was being watched all right. The Japs made sure of that. Then I heard a branch snap. I jumped to the ground as a few shots from a gun whizzed by my head. I turned over on my back and fired. There were no answering shots. I got up and

went to make sure my bullets had found their mark.

After this I ran into a mine field. I got on my stomach and crawled the rest of the way. On the other side I saw some Japs unarmed except for knives. I crawled back into the mine field. The Japs ran towards me. Then, Boom! Boom! The mines went off right in their faces.

"Some fun," I said as I got up. "This is the hardest mission I've ever had, even if it is an easy one."

That is how I delivered the secret message.

TAKING CARE OF A BABY

By FRANKLIN BERGER (II)

I am a baby-sitter. When I heard I was wanted by Mrs. Whiffle, I hurried over to her house. When I saw her baby I practically fell over. This baby looked more like a fighter than a baby. I said, "I can't handle this baby."

Mrs. Whiffle said, "I know he looks beautiful, too beautiful for you, but I could only get you."

I said, "I can see why, too."

"I'm glad you agree."

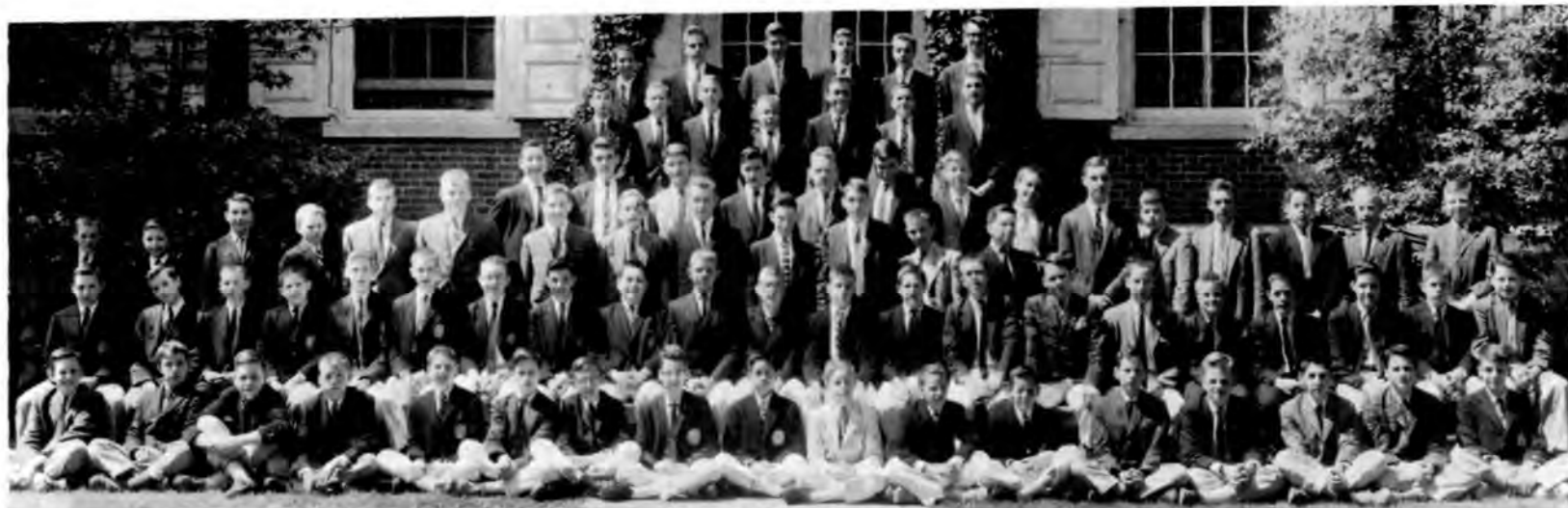
"Oh, no," said I. Well, that fixed me up.

As soon as Mrs. Whiffle left, the baby put on the record player. It sounded like this: "You ain't nothing but a hound dog, and sheep mixed in there too." It was ear-splitting. This baby was crazy for sure!

I finally got him to bed. I went down for a rest. I dreamt that the baby knocked me on the head with a hammer. Suddenly I awoke and saw the baby about to hit me with a hammer. I started running after the baby madly. Unfortunately the baby was bare. We ran around the block seven times. Finally I caught him and got him home safely.

Then the baby started to listen to jazz again. I brought him milk so he would quiet down. He knocked down the milk and started to drink his father's whiskey.

At last Mrs. Whiffle came in and gave me the money. Ninety-nine cents! I wasn't one to argue with Mrs. Whiffle, so I beat it.



LOWER SCHOOL

UPPER SCHOOL



HONOR ROLL

Spring Term, 1959-1960

(These grades do not include Final Examinations.)

FIRST HONOR ROLL (90 - 100%)

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

SECOND HONOR ROLL (85 - 89%)

WARREN BAKER
LAWRENCE BENSON
FRANKLIN BERGER
GEORGE BRINKERHOFF
JOHN BRINKERHOFF
GERARD CAMERON
HAMILTON CLARK
MICHAEL DESMOND
BRUNER DIELEHNN
WILLIAM EDWARDS
WARREN ELMER
THOMAS GAMAN
STEPHEN GOHEEN
PETER HART
AUBREY HUSTON
ULYSSES LI
CHARLES O'BRIEN
JOHN ODDEN
RICHARD REYNOLDS
JOSEPH RIKER
CHARLES SAMSON
JOHN SCHEIDE
WILLIAM SMOYER
STOWE TATTERSALL
PAUL VOGEL
JOSEPH WANDELT
DONALD WOODBRIDGE
MATTHEW YOUNG

THIRD HONOR ROLL (80 - 84%)

CLIFFORD AYERS
JOHN BAKER
DAVID BATTLE
STEPHEN BIELAWSKI
HARDCASTLE BROWNE
CHRISTOPHER BUSH
ROY COPPEDGE
EVAN DONALDSON
AMOS ENO
HAROLD ERDMAN
PAUL HAGENBUCH
HAROLD HENRY
TED HICKS
RICHARD HILL
GEOFFREY HOGUET
PIERRE IRVING
CHARLES KATZENBACH
WILSON KEHOE
JAMES KILGORE
PETER KLINE
STEPHEN LANE
CHRISTOPHER LAUGHLIN
ROBERT LEVENTHAL
DIRAN MAJARIAN
JONATHAN MARK
DONALD PICKERING
PETER PYNE
SCOTT REID
WILLIAM RING
ROGER RITTMASER
STEVEN SACKS-WILNER
DAVID SAYEN
WILLIAM GUTHRIE SAYEN
WILLIAM STOCKTON SAYEN
JAMES SCARFF
ALFRED STENGEL
GRIFFIN STRASENBURGH
JAMES STRASENBURGH
HENDERSON TALBOT
BRUCE TYLER
DAVID WAKELIN
EDWARD WARREN



SCENE FROM "A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT"

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT

Reviewed by MR. DAVID DELACOUR

On the evenings of April 21, 22, and 23, the School Dramatic Club presented Mark Twain's *Connecticut Yankee*, for the second time in the club's history. It was originally given in 1943, and the school was pleased to have six members of that cast in the audience during this year's performances.

This observer was first struck by the excellence of this year's set. The grayish background with its impressive arches gave a fine representation of a large medieval castle. The colorful shields and crossed spears which decked the walls added greatly to the overall mood. A great deal of credit should be given to Mr. Whitlock, Mr. Ackley, Pepper Pettit, and Peter Wright, who were mainly responsible for this setting.

The cast did a beautiful job in handling this rather difficult play. John Odden proved to be a skillful and very amusing Sir Boss (Hank Bennett), a difficult role with a very large number of lines. Walter Edwards was wonderfully believable as the scheming but thwarted Merlin. This viewer also enjoyed the blustering Sir Sagamor, ably enacted by Brock Putnam, and faithful Clarence, portrayed by John Sheehan. Regan Kerney was a truly dignified if somewhat harried King Arthur.

In the female roles the skill of the make-up artists was shown to be truly remarkable. The boys who played these parts were uniformly good. Joseph Riker was a convincing Queen Guenever, Peter Hart a lively Elaine, and Gerard Cameron was beautifully cast as the innocent and good Sandy. Ward Jandl rendered the outstanding performance of the play as Queen Morgan Le Fay.

Space does not permit the mentioning of each member of the cast, but each was impressive in contributing to the overall success of the production. A special tribute should go to Mr. McAneny for his skillful and sensitive direction.

Before the play, the audience was treated to a performance by the School Band, which, in the opinion of this observer, was the finest this year. Especially enjoyable were the marches and the Latin-American numbers. Mr. Friedman did a truly outstanding job with a young and inexperienced group.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

HANK BENNETT	JOHN ODDEN
MARION BENNETT, <i>his sister</i>	HOWARD MYERS
MRS. BENNETT, <i>his mother</i>	FREDERICK SAYEN
MERLIN	WALTER EDWARDS
KING ARTHUR	REGAN KERNEY
DINADAN, <i>the King's jester</i>	RICHARD AARON
QUEEN GUENEVER	JOSEPH RIKER
OSWALD, <i>a page</i>	BURTON JACKSON
SIR GAWAIN	JOHN WILLIS
SIR SAGRAMOR	BROCK PUTNAM
SIR BEDIVERE	JONATHAN HOWLAND
CLARENCE, <i>a page</i>	JOHN SHEEHAN
ELAINE	PETER HART
SIR LAUNCELOT	JOHN BRINKERHOFF
ALISANDE DE CARTELOISE (<i>Sandy</i>)	GERARD CAMERON
SIR KAY	GLENN THOMAS
QUEEN MORGAN LE FAY	WARD JANDL

BACKSTAGE STUDENT WORKERS

Scenery — Peter Wright, Karl Pettit, Robin Kerney, John Odden, William Walker, Gerard Cameron
Lights — Robert French, Eugene Armstrong
Properties — Robert Griggs
Make-up — Thomas Chubet, Regan Kerney, Lee Smith
Sound Effects — John Baker
Shields and Spears — Karl Pettit, Peter Wright
Rehearsal Prompts — Glenn Thomas, John Willis
Tickets Printed — Peter Wright

THE BAND

Clarinets

Bruce Armstrong
 James Delano
 Stephen Goheen
 Daryl Goodrich
 Paul Hagenbuch
 Addison Hanan
 Harold Henry
 Frederick Hutson
 Thomas Lea
 Richard Miller
 Robert Otis
 Webster Pearce
 Glenn Thomas
 David Whitnev
 Donald Woodbridge

Percussion

William Ring
 Warren Shew
 David Wakelin

Trumpets

Eugene Armstrong
 Hamilton Clark
 Ford Fraker
 Thomas Gaman
 Jeffrey Griggs
 Aubrey Huston
 Burton Jackson
 Harold Knox
 Petterson Marzoni
 Roy Meredith
 Howard Myers

Trombones

John Baker
 Gerard Cameron
 John Norton
 James Scarff

Baritone

Edward Warren

Tuba

James Kilgore



SCENES FROM "A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT"



WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

By WILLIAM SMOYER

BASEBALL

In baseball this year the Whites completely dominated the play. They took four out of five Lower School squads, and both the Varsity and the J.V.

In the Lower School, the Blues won in Squad II while the Whites took Squads I, III, IV, and V. The Whites, led by pitcher Ricky Eckels, defeated the Blues in the J.V., 7-5. In the Varsity the Whites took advantage of wild pitching to defeat the Blues, 5-4 and 13-7.

TENNIS

The only bright spot in athletics for the year for the Blues was tennis. After losing soccer, hockey, basketball, and baseball, and tying football, the Blues won tennis. Peter Morse and Randy Hobler took the final doubles match to win the series. The score was 9-7.

Earlier the Whites won two matches as Captain Kuser defeated Hobler and Fred Sayen beat Walter Edwards. For the Blues Morse beat Bob Griggs and Bob French defeated Gene Armstrong to make the doubles the decisive match.



STUDENT COUNCIL

Standing: HUSTON (II), GOHEEN (III), MARCUS (IV), JANDL (V),
REYNOLDS (V), ELMER (IV), EDWARDS C. W. (III), WOODBRIDGE (II)
Seated: ODDEN (VI), BRINKERHOFF (VI), HOWLAND (VI), EDWARDS W. R. (VI)

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

By PETER HART

This year's baseball team, under Coach McCaughan, had a fairly good season. We won 5 and lost 3. Our main spark came from Pitcher Jim Aul. Captain Pepper Pettit did an excellent job out in left. We defeated the Fathers, 12-5, on the morning of the Fair.

The regular starting line-up was as follows:

Pitcher — Jim Aul	3rd Base — Coley Donaldson
Catcher — Peter Hart	Left Field — Pepper Pettit
1st Base — Peter Kirkpatrick	Center Field — John Brinkerhoff
2nd Base — Gibby Kane	Right Field — Joe Riker
Shortstop — Bill Smoyer	Manager — John Sheehan

WITHERSPOON 6, P.C.D. 4

This was our first game, and we were not up to par. The hitting was very poor and there were a few holes in the infield. Jim Aul, losing pitcher, did a fine job striking out 13 players. Kirkpatrick got the best hit, a triple to right.

P.C.D. 5, VALLEY ROAD 3

With some adjustments made by our coach, the team fared very well against our opponents. We got our bats on the ball much more than in the first game, and the opposition made a few errors which helped. Kirkpatrick and Smoyer were the outstanding players for our team.

P.C.D. 8, WITHERSPOON 4

Fired by our recent victory over Valley Road, we were eager to revenge ourselves on Witherspoon. We fought hard and finally triumphed in a close game. Aul pitched a good game and Smoyer fielded well.

P.C.D. 11, WARDLAW 0

Due mainly to our pitcher, Aul, who pitched a no-hitter, we swamped Wardlaw. Although they were older and bigger, we put up a continual fight and won fairly easily.

P.C.D. 4, MILLTOWN 2

It was the general feeling among the team that this team was inferior to us. However, they put up a good fight. The strange diamond and its size held our score down and resulted in several errors on our part.

P.C.D. 12, FATHERS 5

Aul's pitching held the Fathers in check, while we scored freely because of timely hitting and a weak defense by the Fathers at the plate. Many runs came in on steals and passed balls.

VALLEY ROAD 7, P.C.D. 6

This was our hardest game of the year. We were without our regular pitching staff. Coley Donaldson started and was given the loss. We fought hard but they overcame our lead and won.

LAWRENCEVILLE 21, P.C.D. 4

We put up a fight, but as the score shows, we were fairly well basted. The Lawrenceville team were bigger and they were completely out of our class.

J. V. BASEBALL

By ALAN AGLE

This team, coached by Mr. Lea, played very good ball. We played six games and won five of them. The final batting average was .268. We scored 30 runs and our opponents 18.

The schedule and score of the games was as follows:

P.C.D. 3, VARSITY RESERVES 2 P.C.D. 5, VALLEY ROAD 3

P.C.D. 11, VARSITY RESERVES 0 P.C.D. 3, WARDLAW 2

WITHERSPOON 8, P.C.D. 1 P.C.D. 7, VALLEY ROAD 3



Back Row: THOMAS PETITO LEVENTHAL DONALDSON Mr. McCaUGHAN
KIRKPATRICK REYNOLDS RIKER SHEEHAN
Front Row: JACKSON HART SMOYER PETTIT AUL BRINKERHOFF KANE

TENNIS

By WALTER EDWARDS

This year's tennis squad was a very "even" team. That is, three boys were always competing for the Number One spot: Kuser, Morse, and Griggs. Those who received letters were the following: Captain Larry Kuser, Peter Morse, Bob Griggs, Randy Hobler, and Bob French.

LAWRENCEVILLE 7, P.C.D. 1

In this contest our squad was overmatched; consequently our opponents beat us rather badly. We dropped all our singles matches. In the doubles, Hobler and Kuser won their match, while Morse and Griggs were unable to complete theirs.

PEDDIE 4, P.C.D. 1

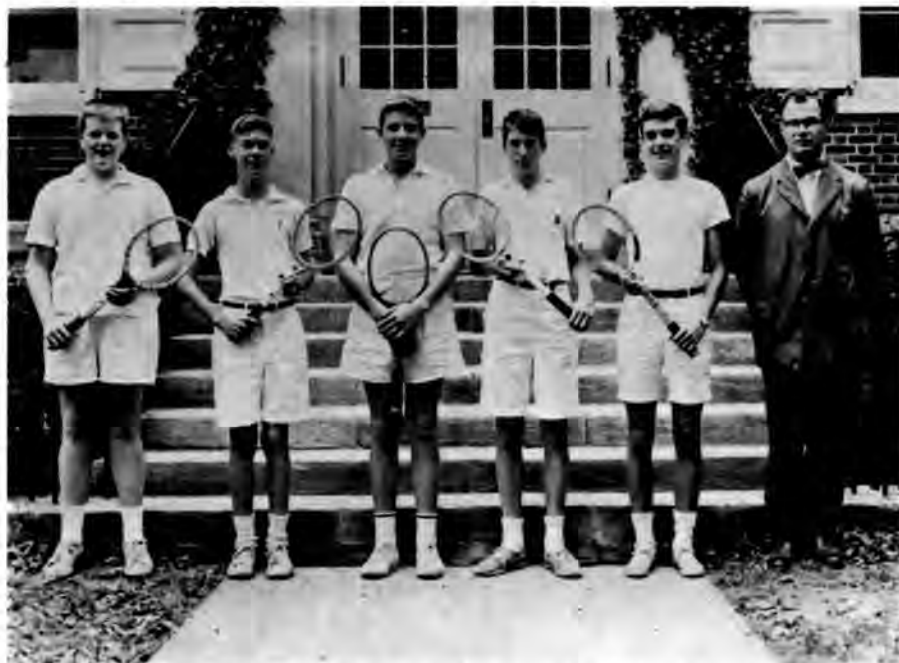
Again our squad was overmatched, and again we lost all the singles. Hobler and French won their doubles match with scores of 4-6, 6-4, and 7-5.

TRENTON JUNIOR #3 6, P.C.D. 1

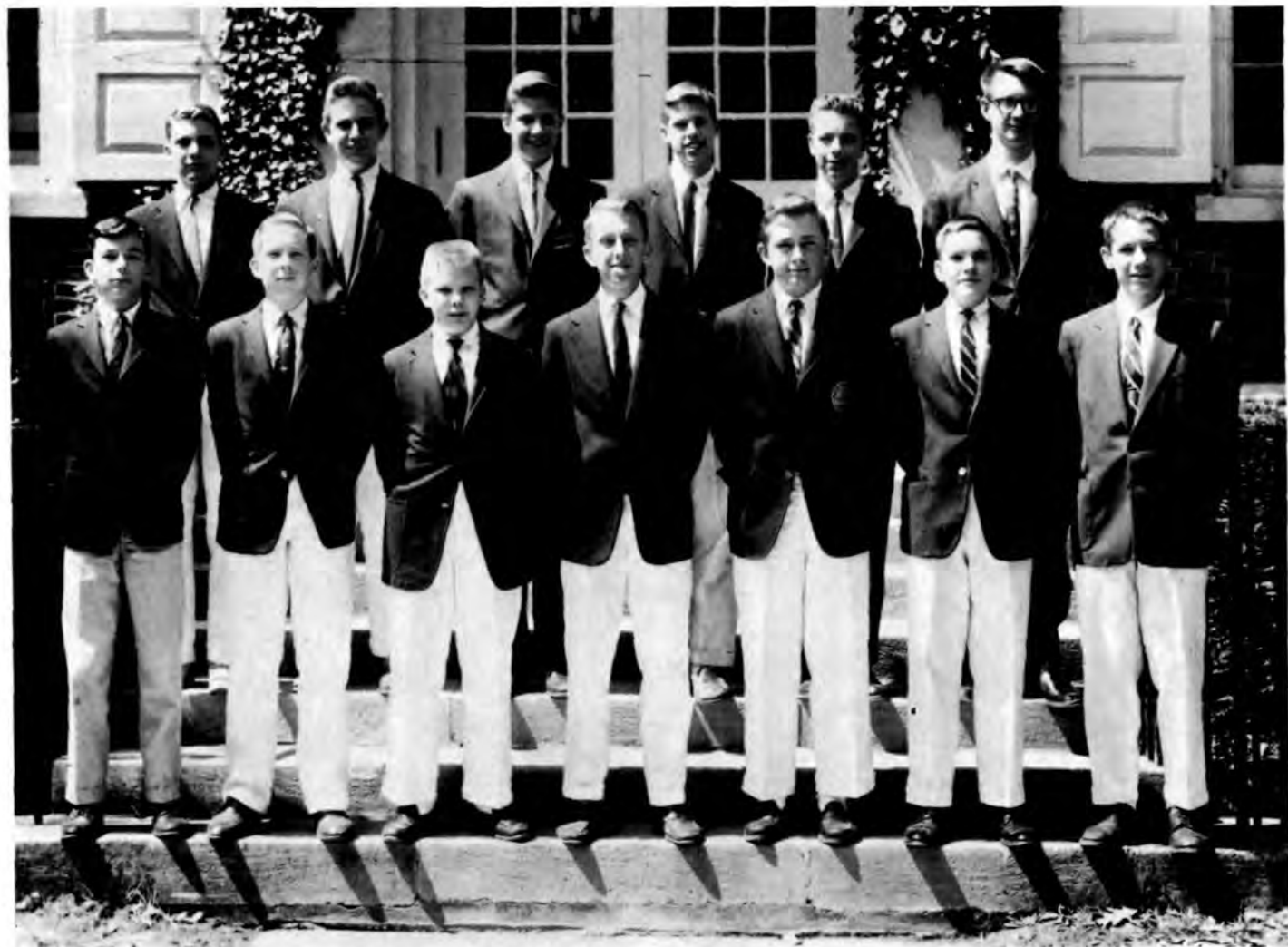
Because of Captain Kuser's absence, Ward Kuser played in this match. He should be congratulated on playing so well at such short notice. Our only point was gained by Morse when he won his match at 6-2, 7-5.

TRENTON JUNIOR #3 5, P.C.D. 4

Fine playing on the part of all gave us our best showing of the season.



FRENCH GRIGGS KUSER MORSE HOBLER Mr. TIBBALS



THE CLASS OF 1960

WRIGHT	SMOYER	PUTNAM	KUSER	PETTIT	AUL	HOWLAND	
	SAYEN	JACKSON	ODDEN	BRINKERHOFF	EDWARDS	HART	

COMMENCEMENT

The School Auditorium

Monday, June 6, 1960 — 8:15 P. M.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

INVOCATION

The Rev. Robert N. Smyth
Trinity Church, Rocky Hill

INTRODUCTION

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

THE BAND

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

Mr. Edward T. Hall
Headmaster, The Hill School

AWARDING OF PRIZES AND DIPLOMAS

Peter F. Rothermel, Headmaster

SCHOOL AWARDS

The Headmaster's Cup	_____	KARL DRAVO PETTIT, III
(Leadership)		
The Faculty Cup	_____	{ JOHN WESTAWAY BRINKERHOFF
(General Character)		{ JOHN HANSEN ODDEN
The Athletics Cup	_____	WILLIAM STANLEY SMOYER
(Best All-Around Athlete)		
Upper School Scholarship Cup	_____	JOHN F. MCCARTHY, III
(Forms IV, V, VI)		
The Alumni Cup	_____	HENRY WARD JANDL
(Proficiency and Service — Form V)		
Lower School Scholarship Cup	_____	DAVID HUNT BLAIR, III
(Forms I, II, III)		
The Lance Raymond Shield	_____	JOSEPH SANDS WANDELT
(General Character in Form I)		
Awards for Endeavor and Improvement:		
Sixth Form	_____	BROCK PUTNAM, II
Fifth Form	_____	RICHARD LEE REYNOLDS

AWARDING OF SENIOR PRIZES

Mathematics (Murch Cup given by Class of 1946) _____	{ JOHN WESTAWAY BRINKERHOFF WILLIAM STANLEY SMOYER
English (Ross Bowl given by Class of 1958) _____	WALTER ROY EDWARDS, JR.
Book Prize _____	JOHN WESTAWAY BRINKERHOFF
Ancient History _____	{ JOHN HANSEN ODDEN PETER RICHARD HART WILLIAM STANLEY SMOYER
Latin _____	{ JOHN HANSEN ODDEN WILLIAM STANLEY SMOYER
French _____	JOHN HANSEN ODDEN
Science _____	JOHN WESTAWAY BRINKERHOFF
Art _____	{ FREDERICK RICHARDSON SAYEN, II RICHARD WASHINGTON LONGSTRETH (Form V) WILSON HAZELITT KEHOE (Form II) THOMAS NALLE LEA (Form III)

CLASS SCHOLARSHIP RECORDS

High Commendation for General Excellence

Sixth Form _____	{ JOHN WESTAWAY BRINKERHOFF JOHN HANSEN ODDEN WILLIAM STANLEY SMOYER
Fifth Form _____	{ JOHN OSGOOD WILLIS HENRY TOWNSEND BLODGET RANDOLPH WINDSOR HOBLER HENRY WARD JANDL
Fourth Form _____	{ JOHN F. MCCARTHY, III RICHARD GREENWALD MARCUS JOHN BOWMAN POOLE
Third Form _____	{ DAVID HUNT BLAIR, III BRADLEY YOULE SMITH CHARLES CALLAN O'BRIEN
Second Form _____	{ DONALD ELIOT WOODBRIDGE FRANKLIN MILAN BERGER ULYSSES KWANG LI
First Form _____	{ THOMAS HUMPHREY GAMAN JOSEPH SANDS WANDELT MICHAEL BURNS DESMOND

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS — THE CLASS OF 1960

JAMES STANLEY AUL	LAWRENCE DE QUESADA KUSER
JOHN WESTAWAY BRINKERHOFF	JOHN HANSEN ODDEN
WALTER ROY EDWARDS, JR.	KARL DRAVO PETTIT, III
PETER RICHARD HART	BROCK PUTNAM, II
JONATHAN HOWLAND, JR.	FREDERICK RICHARDSON SAYEN, II
BURTON HART JACKSON, JR.	WILLIAM STANLEY SMOYER
PETER JOHNSTON WRIGHT	

THE SCHOOL SONG

Introduction of the Class of 1961

CLASS POEM

By PETER HART and JONATHAN HOWLAND

A class that ends its school career
With only thirteen people in it
Could never count on luck, I fear;
To get success, we've had to win it!

This little poem we did compose
To give you something to remember
Of each Sixth Former, before we close
The year that started last September.

"Strike" is Jim Au!'s favorite word;
He throws a lot of them past each batter.
And when fish strike, we've often heard,
They appear that night on Jimmy's platter.

When Johnny Brink goes out to hunt,
The animals all start to pray.
It's just the same in football: no
Defense man dares get in his way.

Walter Edwards' tennis serves
Have never sliced an enemy's gizzard.
No, only as Merlin he deserves
To be considered as a wizard.

Peter Hart's our writing man:
A weekly news sheet he did edit.
This year each Junior Journal fan
Gives Pete a lot of well-earned credit.

They call Johnny Howland a beatnik.
A slinger of words? — Yes.
A wholesale distributor of ideas? — Yes.
Makes sense? — Perhaps.
But a Beat? — Nix!
The trouble is, his poems are so good they can't be beat!

In class, when Burtie doesn't peep,
He's just pretending he's asleep.
In basketball, one thing is certain:
Once started, there's no stopping Burton!

On tennis court or fishing stream
Or gun in hand you'll find our Kuser.
He is, in fact, a sportsman's dream,
A pure-bred, A-1 lollapalooza.

To be a great actor is John Odden's passion.
The critics, both here and abroad, will go wild;
We'll say he is "super"; in England he's "smashin'";
But his great parts he played here, when he was a child.

When Pepper Pettit sits up late,
You may be sure he has a date.
An athlete, too, by all reports,
He's been our captain in three sports.

Brock Putnam is our camera fan.
All corny are the jokes he tells.
The reason that he's such a man? —
He likes to buy what Renwick's sells.

Freddy Sayen's idea of fun
Is chasing rabbits with a gun.
Some teachers wish that they, instead,
Had guns so they could stir up Fred.

In Greece, great athletes were rewarded;
Great thinkers, too, were well regarded.
Bill Smoyer's deeds are so unique
He really should have been a Greek.

Peter Wright may not be tall,
But in class he's on the ball.
From a distance he looks like a Florida man,
But the drugstore can sell you the same kind of tan.

The Class of '60's been and gone.
The Class of '60 will go on
To other schools, to college maybe,
But never again will this same day be,
When we say, to Students and Faculty,
"Good-bye and good luck to P.C.D."

CLASS PROPHECY

By JOHN BRINKERHOFF and WALTER EDWARDS

Scene: Small cloud inhabited by an angel. Another angel approaches, sits down next to other, says hello, and then gives a double take.

Brink (1st Angel)

Haven't I seen you somewhere before?

Ed: I'm not sure. I'm new in town — er — heaven.

Brink: I'm sure I've seen you somewhere before. Could it have been in school?

Ed: Say, did you go to P.C.D.?

Brink: Do you mean Princeton Country Day? Yeah, I went there. Were you, by any remote chance, in the class of '60?

Ed: Yeah, I think I was. Say, is your name Brinkerhoff? John Brinkerhoff?

Brink: Yeah! And you're Edwards, aren't you?

Ed: Gee, it's good to see you, Brink. How did you get up here?

- Brink: Well, I had a little accident. There was this truck, and it sort of ran into my sports car. Last thing I heard was some big guy talking about how he was going to sue me for denting his fender.
- Ed: Gee, what a tough break! The way it happened to me was quite unusual. After a tough day's work, I was pooped. I went to the elevator in a hurry, pushed the button, the doors opened, I stepped into the elevator and found, to my dismay, that it wasn't there.
- Brink: Did it hurt?
- Ed: I'm not sure. I don't remember.
- Brink: Say, I wonder how the rest of our class made out?
- Ed: (passing a telescope) Here, let's take a look down on Earth.
- Brink: Hey, there's Pepper Pettit. He's just divorced his sixth wife. Before, he was a successful businessman. Now he's going broke paying alimony.
- Ed: Look over there, in that padded cell of the Happy Hills Sanitarium. Isn't that someone we know? Yes, it is! It's Peter Hart! Last time I heard of him, he was teaching history at P.C.D.
- Brink: Look down there at that large mattress factory. Why, isn't that Burt Jackson? I've heard he's their No. 1 mattress tester.
- Ed: Hey, I see Freddie Sayen. I've heard he was lost in the wilds of Africa. Look at that, he just killed that elephant and all those little children are dancing around him. No, I think they're pygmies. Freddie's the hero of a whole tribe of pygmies.
- Brink: Look! There in that stadium. Why, that's Peter Wright playing pro football. He's a three hundred pound tackle. Something happened to poor little Peter.
- Ed: My gosh! Look over there, in Buckingham Palace! Isn't that Jon Howland? In a royal palace? I can't believe it! Oh yes, now I remember — a few months ago, Jon married Princess Anne. Since then, he has converted the entire Royal family into Beatniks. Why, they even read poetry in Westminster Abbey these days.
- Brink: Boy, and they used to talk about Tony and Philip! By the way, there's Bill Smoyer. What's he doing? Why, he's waiting for his unemployment insurance payment! Bill's one of the most outstanding members of our class. He's an unemployed flag-pole sitter.
- Ed: Look, there's the Davis Cup team. Isn't that Larry Kuser? He finally achieved his goal through years of practice — he's their best ball-boy!
- Brink: You'll never believe this! Brock Putnam won the award for the World's Most Perfectly Proportioned Man, and now he's started a body-building school. Man, how people change!
- Ed: Oh, my, that's too bad! Another member of our class just passed away!
- Brink: Who was it?
- Ed: It was Jim Aul. He'll go down in history as the only man ever, single-handedly, to try to rob Fort Knox. Jimmy always was one to press his luck. Well, I guess we'll see him soon.
- Brink: Walt, I hate to mention this, but it looks as though Jimmy didn't quite make it — he went the other way.
- Ed: Poor Jimmy!
- Brink: Look, there's John Odden. He just opened on Broadway. Isn't he playing his part excellently?
- Ed: Yes, but it is unfortunate he doesn't have more lines.
- Brink: Well, at least he is in the *front* part of the horse!
- Ed: That's very good.
- Brink: I've got to go now. I'll meet you here again tomorrow.
- Ed: O.K. Bye, Brink.
- Brink: Bye, Walt.

THE CLASS WILL

By KARL PETTIT and BROCK PUTNAM

Lawyer and kin of deceased enter.

Lawyer: You are the deceased's next of kin?

Kin: Yes. I was told that you were their lawyers.

Lawyer: And you have everything right here?

Kin: Yes. Here it is. (Hands him a paper.)

Lawyer: The deceased died suddenly of overwork, you say?

Well, let's see now. (He lets bottom of roll drop, and it is suddenly apparent that the roll is a good thirty feet long. He starts to read, with kin kibitzing by looking over shoulder.)

WE THE MEMBERS OF THE SIXTH FORM OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE SENIOR CLASS, OF THE PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL, SITUATED IN PRINCETON, COUNTY OF MERCER, IN NEW JERSEY, IN A SOUND STATE (?) OF MIND, DO HEREBY WILL AND BEQUEATH TO THE FIFTH FORM OF SAID SCHOOL, IN SAID COUNTY, IN SAID STATE, THE FOLLOWING ITEMS AS STATED.

To John Becker and Richard Longstreth, Jim Aul wills his reserved place in the center of every brawl.

To Dick Reynolds and Ed Warren, John Brinkerhoff leaves his construction manual No. 317b, *How To Build A Board*.

To Randy Hobler, Pete Morse, and Bob Griggs, Walter Edwards leaves his powerful tennis backhand, renowned throughout the Sixth Form as the style that will change tennis.

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To Joe Riker and Ward Jandl, Peter Hart wills and bequeaths his (or her) feminine smile and figure which added so to the play and has changed PCD.

To Towny Blodget and Hank Tomlinson, Jon Howland has decided to leave the entire collection of poetry he created in Mr. Whitehead's math classes.

To Bob Ayers, Gene Armstrong, and Richard Aaron, Burt Jackson leaves his old trumpet and hopes that one of them may be more successful with it than he was.

To Regan Kerney and John Willis, Larry Kuser leaves his easy-going style and the jokes he got from Mr. Lea.

To Tom Chubet, Peter Kirkpatrick and Dave Petito, John Odden leaves his divot collection and the four lost golf balls in the Springdale water trap.

To Guy Vicino, Bob Leventhal and Ted Hollmann, Pepper Pettit has offered all his chewed-up combs.

To John Sheehan and Robert French, Brock Putnam leaves his famed muscle-building kit.

To Pete Raymond and Lee Smith, Fred Sayen leaves all the dead squirrels he shot in 1954 and hopes their mothers will show a little more appreciation for them than his did.

To Gibby Kane and Ward Kuser, Billy Smoyer carefully stated he would leave half of Pepper Pettit's well-used locker for needed towel space.

To Peter Katzenbach, Glenn Thomas, and Robin Kerney, Peter Wright is giving all his unfinished science projects; and to Mr. McAneny he has generously offered the famous curtain pin which got this year's play off to such a flying start.

To the entire faculty the Sixth Form bequeaths the Fifth Form, in hopes that they have better luck with them than they did with us.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, WE HAVE SET OUR HAND AND SEAL
THIS THIRD DAY OF JUNE, ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED
AND SIXTY, ANNO DOMINI, IN THE PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY
SCHOOL, SITUATED IN THE TOWN OF PRINCETON, IN THE
COUNTY OF MERCER, IN THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

Lawyer: Well, fine. We'll take care of the details later. The deceased died of mental strain, you say? I can well believe it. Excellent.

Exeunt

For News of Princeton Country Day School

Between issues of

THE JUNIOR JOURNAL

read

THE PRINCETON HERALD

Published Wednesday and Friday



"The Star Picture"

JAMES AUL

Going to: Lawrenceville

Ambition: Geologist

At P.C.D.: Four varsity letters

"The Absorption Method"

BURTON JACKSON

Going to: Pomfret

Ambition: Aeronautical engineer

At P.C.D.: Five-letter man
Dramatic Club



"Aced 'im!"

LAWRENCE KUSER

Going to: Canterbury

Ambition: Archaeologist

At P.C.D.: Tennis captain



"Pl-e-a-s-e don't blow that whistle!"

JOHN ODDEN

Going to: Andover

Ambition: Acting

At P.C.D.: Secretary, Blues
Secretary, Student Council
Dramatic Club, three years

"The attentive type"

FREDERICK SAYEN

Going to: Berkshire

Ambition: Mechanical engineer

At P.C.D.: Dramatic Club



"Good morning, fans!"

BROCK PUTNAM

Going to: Milton

Ambition: Magician

At P.C.D.: Dramatic Club
Soccer Manager



**"Chairman of the Board"**

WILLIAM SMOYER

Going to: Andover
 Ambition: Foreign service
 At P.C.D.: President, Blues
 Captain: Soccer, Hockey

"What, girls? I love books"

PETER HART

Going to: St. George's
 Ambition: History teacher
 At P.C.D.: Co-editor, *Junior Journal*
 Secretary, Whites
 Dramatic Club

**"Drop that comb"**

KARL PETTIT

Going to: Salisbury
 Ambition: Engineer
 At P.C.D.: President, Whites
 Captain: Football, Basketball,
 Baseball



"Which one is bigger?"

PETER WRIGHT

Going to: Portsmouth Priory

Ambition: Scientist

At P.C.D.: Dramatic Club, Stage Manager

"Encore, Monsieur Edwards"

WALTER EDWARDS

Going to: Lawrenceville

Ambition: Foreign service

At P.C.D.: Treas., Student Council
Hockey manager
Dramatic Club, 3 years

JOHN BRINKERHOFF

Going to: Hill

Ambition: Stock broker

At P.C.D.: Pres., Student Council
Four varsity letters



"Gather round, little children"

JONATHAN HOWLAND

Going to: Hun

Ambition: Minister

At P.C.D.: Vice-president, Student Council

Co-editor, *Junior Journal*

Dramatic Club



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WITH THE ALUMNI



Two alumni of the School were killed while serving in the Air Forces of their countries this winter.

Lieutenant (j.g.) **Noel J. Stace**, who graduated in the Class of 1947, died when the jet plane which he was piloting crashed in the Pacific as he was attempting a landing on the deck of the Carrier U.S.S. **Midway**, on January 28. Apparently a mechanical failure in the landing gear was responsible for the accident. A helicopter was over the scene of the crash almost at once, but Noel failed to reappear. To his parents, Professor and Mrs. Walter F. Stace, the **Junior Journal** extends its deepest sympathy.

Lieutenant **Giampaolo Marincola di San Floro** of the Italian Air Force was killed on March 25 when his jet plane collided with another aircraft during exercises in Italy. John Marincola attended P.C.D. as a First Former during the spring of 1945, as a member of the Class of 1950.



1957

This class still holds the record as the largest class ever to graduate from P.C.D., with 25 graduates. The **Junior Journal** has compiled information about their college plans. Twenty-two graduated this year from prep schools and are enrolled at eight different colleges, as follows: Princeton (7), Yale (4), Cornell (3), Dartmouth (2), University of Pennsylvania (2), Rutgers (2), Georgia Tech (1), Haverford (1). Three will be Seniors at their prep schools.

Bev Aaron graduated from Princeton High School and is going to Yale.

Fred Andrew graduated from Hun, where he played varsity football for two years and baseball for three years, in addition to being on the school newspaper for three years. He is going to Georgia Tech.

Ned Barclay graduated from Lawrenceville and is headed for Cornell.

Howard Bushnell, a Choate graduate, won a prize for excellence in piano. He will enter the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania in the fall.

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Tim Carey will be a Senior at Pomfret, where he is president of the Athletic Association and captain of the hockey team.

Steve Crawford graduated from Choate and will enter Cornell.

Pony Fraker, an Exeter graduate, is going to Princeton.

Darien Gardner will enter Haverford College. He graduated with honor from Princeton High School, and was one of six in his school who were finalists in the National Merit Scholarship competition.

Louis Hano graduated from Peddie and is going to the University of Pennsylvania, where he will study in the Wharton School.

Andy Harris graduated from Lawrenceville and is going to Yale.

Webb Harrison graduated from Andover with distinction in English and also won the Yale Bowl for proficiency in scholarship and athletics. He will enter Princeton.

Staffy Keegin graduated from Darrow, where he was captain of lacrosse, co-captain of hockey, and editor of the Year Book. He is going to Dartmouth.

Rob Kuser graduated from Canterbury and is entering Princeton. At school he was the only student to take honors courses in all subjects, besides being proctor and sacristan. He was captain of the tennis team, assistant editor of the school paper, and winner of the prize for general excellence in religion.

Fritz Mock graduated from Andover and is going to Dartmouth.

Bill Morse graduated from Portsmouth Priory with distinction in history. He is entering Yale.

John Postley graduated from Exeter with honor, besides being business manager of the Year Book. He too is going to Yale.

Doug Rampona graduated from Lawrenceville, where he was captain of the fencing team. He is going to Princeton.

Stu Robson graduated from Princeton High School and is entered at Rutgers.

Dick Rotnem graduated from Lawrenceville, where he played football and hockey and was captain of lacrosse. He was also head of the Chapel Ushers and on the Open Door Committee. He is going to Cornell.

Jim Shea will complete his Senior year at Lawrenceville.

Morgan Shipway will complete his Senior year at Westminster.

Bill Smith graduated from Lawrenceville and is going to Princeton. At school he was awarded the Latin Prize and was elected to the Cum Laude Society. He was captain of the debating team and on the fencing team.

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Bob Smyth graduated from Princeton High School and is going to Rutgers.

Hugh Wise graduated from Andover and is going to Princeton.

Joe Wright graduated at St. George's and received the St. George's Medal, the highest honor a Senior can receive. He is going to Princeton.

Two members of the class who left before their Sixth Form year were **Adam Hochschild** and **Sandy Matthews**. Adam is going to Harvard, having graduated from Pomfret. Sandy, who has been living in England, will go to Exeter for his final year of school.

1956

John Cook and **Austin Sullivan '54** were co-recipients of the Freshman Hockey Trophy at Princeton this year.

David Smoyer was captain of the Freshman Squash team at Dartmouth College.

1955

Edward Thurber, a sophomore on the Princeton track team, broke the University record for throwing the javelin and won this event in the Heptagonal track meet at Cambridge this spring.

1954

Frank B. Hubby is one of seven Trinity College Juniors to receive the college's highest undergraduate honor, election to Medusa, a student group responsible for maintaining discipline and tradition. Benny is also president of Sigma Nu fraternity and corresponding secretary of the student Senate.

Alan Payson Tredennick was married on April 30 to Miss Barbara Joan Hulick of Cranbury, N. J. Payson works for the Coffee Service of Mid Jersey at Plainsboro.

1952

A. Vernon Shannon, Jr., has become engaged to Miss Dorothy Louise Hochschwender of Lawrence, Long Island.

Second Lieutenant **Sherwood M. Smith** is completing six months' active Army training under the Reserve Forces Act program at Fort Eustis, Virginia. He graduated from Middlebury College in 1959.

1951

The National Academy of Sciences National Research Council has renewed the Leeds and Northrup Foundation Predoctoral Fellowship which it had awarded to **George B. Hess**. George will continue his work in low-temperature physics at Stanford University.

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1950

The engagement of **Frank H. Davis, Jr.**, and Miss Mary Helen Hesse of Englewood, N. J., has been announced. A fall wedding is planned.

1949

Ralph J. Belford, Jr., was married to Miss Ann Sexton Kennedy on April 30. They will live in San Francisco.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. **George DeWitt Boice** of Princeton on May 8.

1948

James W. Donnelly was married to Miss Sarah Ann Maccracken, of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, on August 15, 1959.

Harold Elsasser is with the American Bridge Division of the U. S. Steel Corporation in Trenton. His second daughter, Mary Ruth, was born on February 3. His home is at 111-B Stenton Court, Trenton 10.

Emery Fletcher has been awarded a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship for next year, to continue his work in Astrophysics.

Robert Laughlin was married on November 15, 1959, to Miriam Elizabeth Wolfe, at Oaxaca, Mexico.

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1947

David C. D. Rogers is an Assistant Professor at the Harvard Business School. He is writing a policy history on Burlington Industries, Inc., the world's largest textile company. Last summer David and his wife turned archaeologists and "poked around Greece, Egypt, and Turkey," leaving their 2½-year-old behind them.

1945

Malcolm Cleland has moved with his family to Lincoln, Nebraska, where he is in the chicken hatchery and feed business. He was formerly a banker in Chicago.

1943

James B. Laughlin is completing his first year as assistant to the Dean of Students at Princeton University.

John A. Schluter was married to Miss Judith Stuyvesant Hawthorne on August 22, 1959. John is with the International Business Machines Corporation in New York.

1940

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. **Fred Schluter** of Princeton on May 25.

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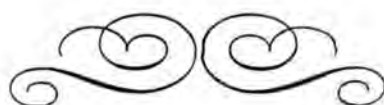
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1936

Christian Chapman was married on April 2 in Washington, D. C., to Miss Anita Ioas of San Francisco. Chris is a State Department officer in charge of Laotian affairs. He has been in the Foreign Service since 1950. His wife is working with the Voice of America.

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