

VOL. XXXIII. No. 1

JUNIOR JOURNAL

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL
JANUARY, 1961

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JUNIOR JOURNAL

JANUARY 1961

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

VOL. XXXIII

JANUARY, 1961

No. 1

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SUMMER SCHOOL

Last summer, while many of us were away, a summer school was in session here at Princeton Country Day School. Four enthusiastic teachers and their twenty-three spirited pupils launched a new enterprise at P.C.D. The courses given were in no sense remedial. They explored subjects not usually covered in the school year. Some of the classes were divided into two levels, elementary and advanced, and the subjects covered included Critical Writing, Exploratory Math, Readings in Latin, Readings in

American History, and Beginner's Greek. Each student took two one-hour courses every day. Two Alumni of Princeton Country Day came back to teach at this summer session, and along with two others they ably carried out the program.

When the Summer School session ended there was a general feeling of great satisfaction among everyone participating. Its success was so great that the summer session will be expanded next year to allow about thirty-five students to attend.

We hope that in the years to come this Summer Session will become an even larger part of the Princeton Country Day School program.

OUR ADVERTISERS

We would like to congratulate the business staff for the fine job they did in getting so many advertisements for the JUNIOR JOURNAL this year. We would also like to express our appreciation to the business concerns who bought advertising space, for without their financial assistance it would not be possible to publish the magazine.

Here at school, we were all saddened by the death of Arabelle Scott. She had worked faithfully in the school kitchen for a number of years. The JUNIOR JOURNAL expresses sympathy to her family.

NOTICE

Because P.C.D. has changed from a three-term to a two-term year, with examinations at midyears' instead of before Christmas, two features usually found in the JUNIOR JOURNAL are omitted from this issue. The Honor Roll and "With the Blues and Whites" will appear in the March issue.

NEW TEACHERS

The JUNIOR JOURNAL welcomes four new teachers to the faculty of Princeton Country Day School.

MR. JOSEPH WOOD

Mr. Wood attended the South Kingston High School, Rhode Island, and graduated from Rhode Island State College with a degree of Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering. He joined the Navy in 1936 and served twenty-four years. He earned his Navy wings in 1937, at Pensacola, Florida, and he saw active combat duty on the U.S.S. *Hancock* during 1944-1945. In 1949 and 1950 he was stationed in northern Alaska, and last June he retired with the rank of Commander.

Mr. Wood now lives at 116 Moore Street with his wife and one daughter. His daughter is a Senior at Mt. Holyoke College. Mr. Wood teaches Third and Fourth Form mathematics.

MR. ROBERT MILLER

Mr. Miller is one of the few P.C.D. graduates to come back here as teachers. He was the Editor-in-Chief of the JUNIOR JOURNAL in 1950-1951. After his graduation in 1951, he went to the Taft School, where he edited the school newspaper, *The Taft Papyrus*. He was also on the soccer team. In 1954 he entered Princeton. He majored in English and graduated, a Bachelor of Arts, in 1959.

He is now teaching English in the Fifth Form, Science in the Second Form, and History in the Third and Sixth Forms.

MR. WILLIAM LEE

Mr. Lee graduated from Central High School at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, in 1955. From there he went to Lafayette University, where he majored in History and English. He graduated in 1959 and then served six months of active duty in the Army. He is now in the Army Reserve.

Mr. Lee is at present teaching First Form Science, Second Form English, and Third Form History. He is also pianist at school assemblies. His home is at 32 Gulick Road in the Shady Brook Estate.

MR. ROLAND BARTH

Although Mr. Barth's home was in Florida, he attended northern schools. He went to St. Mark's and graduated in 1955. While there, he was on the football and baseball teams. From there he entered Princeton, where he majored in Psychology. He graduated in the Class of 1959.

Mr. Barth's hobbies are hunting, fishing, and old automobiles. During the absence of Mr. DeLa Cour, he coached the P.C.D. basketball teams, together with Mr. Robson.

WHO'S WHO

1960-1961

Color Officers

Blues

President
Secretary

Richard Reynolds
Peter Raymond

Whites

Robert Leventhal
Robert Griggs

Team Captains

Soccer

Robert Leventhal

Football

David Petito

Student Council

Randolph Hobler, *President*

Edward Warren, *Vice-president*

7th Form

Bruner Dielhenn

Paul Vogel

John McCarthy

4th Form

Stephen Goheen

Charles O'Brien

Robert Leventhal, *Secretary*

Richard Reynolds, *Treasurer*

3rd Form

Harold Erdman

Donald Woodbridge

2nd Form

George Brinkerhoff

James Wandelt

Librarians

Robert Avers
Robert Griggs
Ward Kuser

Robert Leventhal
John Sheehan
Glenn Thomas

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

By ROD MYERS (V)

Oh, what a beautiful day to ruin! After study hall, I would have to go to that dreaded place—the dentist's office! The slow-moving clock at school seemed to speed at a furious rate. It was time to go before I could say Jack Robinson. Everything went wrong. Mom was right on time. She drove up the minute I stepped out of school. There was no delay in anything at all. The street lights seemed to be stuck on green! We passed through town in record time. The traffic was light, people did not cross the street, and brakes weren't even used on the way! There was a parking place right in front of the dentist's office when we arrived. There was even time on the meter. What a dreadful drive!

I walked my last mile into the waiting room and sat down. The nurse stuck her head through the door and said, "Hi, Rod, I haven't seen you in a long time." Then she walked out and let me think about what she had said. It had been a long time since I had been at the dentist's. I must have a lot of cavities. Oh glory! I could hear the continual buzz of the drill and an occasional yelp. The nurse stuck her toothy smile in again and said, "Oh, Ro-od." I was the next victim.

I walked slowly to the torture chamber and cowered down in the chair. The smiley nurse stamped on

something below me and I slowly began to rise into the air. "Open up," she said. She took out a little pick and began to hunt for holes in my teeth. She missed a few times and stuck me right in the gums! Did that hurt! Sure enough, while prying, she found a hole. She immediately stuck a crooked mirror in my mouth and began hacking away with a pick. To make me feel better, she took out a chart and put a big black mark on a map of my teeth. The nurse walked out saying the doctor would come shortly. He did!

A familiar little man popped into the room with a strange magnifying lens connected to his glasses. He asked me if I would like my mouth to be deadened and took out a mammoth shot. "No, thank you," I answered quickly. He threw it back into the drawer. "Open your mouth." I opened it as wide as I could. "Open it wider," he insisted as he loaded my mouth with cotton balls. Then the torture began. The drill buzzed up quickly as he punched a button. He attacked my teeth and leaned all of his weight on the drill. I wished I had taken the shot because the drill was beginning to hurt. He applied more pressure and the drill sank deeper down into my teeth. Oh! Oh! Oh!

He took the drill out of my mouth and I thought it was finally over. To my surprise he put a larger bit

on the drill. The cotton was getting soggy and I didn't think I could hold my mouth open any longer. The drill buzzed again and I gripped the chair handles with all my might. He occasionally stopped and squirted something into my mouth. After that, he would take out a small instrument that blew a wind tunnel on my teeth. This ordeal seemed to

last for hours.

Finally the dentist hammered a filling into the mine shaft he had made. Oh! What a relief to know that the appointment was over. The chair slowly sank down to the ground. I hopped out of the chair and quickly left the office. That was the end of the dentist for another six months.

NO COPS

By GIBBS KANE (VI)

After I had rung the doorbell and had waited for an answer, I decided that the police must be away on an urgent call. But, certainly I must look in a side window to see if there are any forms of life in the station—there were none. Although I was immensely confused I couldn't imagine where the "protectors of the law" had gone. As I recalled, earlier that morning there were no policemen helping children on their way to school, there was nobody protecting the banks, nobody giving out parking tickets.

After I had driven my car away from the police station I decided to go back uptown. Every car along the main street should have had a

parking ticket. People were looting stores of their merchandise while the owners of the stores tried to keep people out and get police aid at the same time. Princeton, which had been a quiet town a day earlier, was now a madhouse. It wasn't safe for people to walk for a block. Cars were tearing down the streets. All the children were taken from school. Stores were going up in smoke.

And all this because a high official had ordered all policemen in New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey to New York City. Sophie Tucker, the night club singer, was operating without a cabaret permit. This was a case for the police, and Sophie had to be arrested!

FATHER KNOWS BEST?

By RANDY HOBLER (VI)

Although the aforementioned program is more realistic than some similar programs, it certainly doesn't live up to the standard of reality. Of course, to keep a series of this sort going, new, interesting, and exciting material is often required. This fact is obvious, when, every week, Betty is shown in some extraordinary role. For example, she is (1) president of her school, (2) a guest on television, (3) awarded a prize for most popular girl in school, (4) queen of a fair, and (5) in an endurance test in which she pulls a wagon for ten miles through fields, mud, water, etc. In ordinary, everyday, realistic life, if Betty were faced with these incidents and pressures every week, she'd go out of her mind.

Sometimes, in situation comedies, they bring in another actor to get into trouble for them. This program did just that with a gardner who was on for five weeks.

A typical "Father Knows Best" program runs something like this. Enter Kathy, a fifteen year-old who is playing the part of a nine year-old. As she tramps into the living room where Mother is sewing, she says,

"Mommy, the kids at school won't let me in their club!" Mother, of course, understands, and tries to give a healing response to Kathy's childish whining.

"Now don't worry, dear, there'll be other clubs," she says, not even looking up from her sewing.

"No, this is the only club I want to be in," Kathy protests. "Mary Lou is president, and she won't let me in."

"There, there, dear, everything will be all right." Now you can just picture Kathy turning and dashing upstairs screaming hysterically in sobbing tones, "No, it won't! Nobody likes me! Baww!"

While she jumps on the bed and cries into her pillow, Mrs. Anderson goes in to Mr. Anderson and tells him of Kathy's dilemma.

"I think you'd better go speak to Kathy, the poor dear is heart-broken."

"Again? Will that child never learn?" he moans and steps up to Kathy's nine year-old room (which is neat!)

He sternly reprimands her. "Now Kathy, you've got to stop getting so upset over little things. After all, you've only got one pillow. We can't get you new ones every day."

"But, Dad," she exclaims, "Mary Lou Beauvais won't let me in her club! She's mean."

As it turns out, Dad has Mr. Beauvais as a client in his insurance business. Mr. Anderson doesn't want to offend him by asking about the club, or he might lose the deal.

Father tells Kathy to dry her tears and to go to bed. A little later sister Betty comes in and sits down on the bed. She is supposed to be getting ready for a date, but she has

to be the understanding sister. The ordinary sister would pay no attention to little sister's insignificant problems. After Betty learns of Kathy's problem she immediately tells of her own experience in trying to enter a club. During her narration there is a playback of an old "Father Knows Best" episode which had the same theme as this one.

When Betty sees that Kathy has gone to sleep, she gently tucks her in and kisses her tenderly on the cheek. After such a gesture as this, the realistic small sister would rub her cheek and say, "Getcha mitts offa me."

All this takes place on a Tuesday night, when everyone should be doing homework. Kathy just goes to bed, Betty goes out on a date, and Bud, a teen-age brother, decides to run away. As Father goes by Bud's room, he understands what has happened. He informs Mother.

"Not again?" she exclaims; then, with a change of tone, "Oh, well, he'll be back in a week or two."

They calmly go to bed as if nothing had happened. The next day, Mr. Anderson decides to ask Mr. Beauvais after all. He is terribly

afraid of losing the deal, but we know that everything will turn out all right. Does it ever turn out wrong?

As Mr. Anderson comes home that night he tells his wife, "Guess what, honey, I closed the deal."

Mother is speechless.

Enter joyous Kathy, who, upon skipping up to "Mom" in typical nine year-old fashion, happily exclaims, "Guess what, Mom? Mary Lou let me in her club."

Betty runs in and tells of her good news. "Mom, I got elected chairwoman of the dance committee, I got the star role of the school play and I got 100 on my history exam." (She was on a date the night before.)

Mrs. Anderson frowns, "That's not like you, Betty, maybe you'll do better tomorrow."

Finally Bud comes home and reports, and as the whole family sits down to dinner, everyone is all smiles. So ends another "realistic" episode of "Father Knows Best".

Be sure to tune in next week when Kathy goes before the Supreme Court for income tax evasion.



LIVE WIRE

By PAUL VOGEL (V)

(At the Telephone)

"Hello, is Harvey there?" (I hope he isn't.)

"Oh, hello, Harvey, how are you?" (Not well, I hope.)

"I was wondering if you would like to go bowling this afternoon?" (This is a good time to get the money back I lent him.)

"We could eat lunch down at the alley." (I hope they give him a starch sandwich.)

"After we eat we could bowl a few games." (I guess I'll pop the question in the sixth frame.)

"I hope you're not a good bowler because I'm certainly poor at bowling." (This guy can hardly lift the ball, let alone throw it.)

"You're probably much better than I." (I think his high game is close to 60.)

"Yes, Harvey, yes, Harvey." (Boy, this guy can't talk much.)

"I'm glad you're not busy." (Maybe he'll drop a ball on his foot.)

"Where would you like to go?" (I could give him a few suggestions.)

"That's the new alley in town, isn't it?" (50¢ a game; what a "clip".)

"Oh yes, I remember Jane." (She's the girl whose nose always ran.)

"She's sick? I'm sorry to hear that." (Her running nose probably caught up with her.)

"Oh, school's fine, I just love it." (Can't stand the filthy prison.)

"When do you want to go?" (I guess I'll have to just grin and bear it.)

"About 1 o'clock will be fine." (Well, now for an afternoon of sheer torture.)

"Klunk, I guess he hung up." (Good riddance to bad rubbish.)

(At the Bowling Alley)

"Boy, I really feel like bowling." (What I really feel like doing is collecting my money.)

"Why not eat now and bowl afterwards?" (He'll probably stuff himself like a pig.)

"I'm having hamburgers and a coke." (That's it, add some bleach to his coke.)

"Gee whiz, this is good." (It reminds me of his mother's cooking, burnt and greasy.)

"Let's go bowl a few games." (\$1.00 from \$2.50; I still make a profit.)

"Great going, you almost hit a pin." (Boy, this guy is a real idiot.)

"Yes, you still have another shot left." (I believe the starch is beginning to affect him.)

"By the way, do you have the money I lent you?" (This guy is tighter than Grandfather.)

"What do you mean, 'pay on the installment plan'?" (What does he think I am, a banker?) toe may be broken." (This made the whole day worthwhile.)

"No, I won't accept 50¢ every week." (That guy probably wouldn't lend money to his mother.)

"I think I'll bowl some more, this will be a pleasure. — 'Boing!' — You better go see a doctor, I think your

(*At Home*)

"Hi, Mom, Harvey and I came to a mutual understanding. I broke his toe." (If I could do it over again I would . . . only I would drop the ball on his head.)

DONNA

By GERARD CAMERON (V)

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear!—"
Of Donna, the hurricane of the year,
According to Father, just a slight gale;
But Donna hit like a spouting whale.

The morning showed the calm before,
But then she came with a lion's roar.
Trees were falling here and there,
Water was splashing everywhere.

My brave, stout dogs in the living-room cowered.
Fear had struck—watchdogs overpowered!
Four little kittens and a mother cat
In a basket majestically sat.

Through rain, wind, hurricane gale
I tromped out to get the mail.
—When the storm was over, I could say
That Donna made it a dramatic day.

WHY DON'T THEY INVENT AN AUTOMATIC THINKING CAP?

By WILLIAM CROOKS (IV)

Why don't they invent an automatic thinking cap? What I have in mind is a lightweight skullcap which could be custom fitted to each knobby head in IV-B. Then, when we sit in class, not only will the words of the masters fall sweetly upon our ears, but every bit of knowledge they share with us will automatically register through our individual thinking machines. These items will fall into place in the proper brain pockets. Not one of these precious bits will be wasted, and each will be related to others of its kind in the brain warehouse. When we have a test with thought-provoking questions, we can write pages and pages on each subject.

Of course, the process would have to be different for each subject. In math, for instance, we would use our cap as a computer, first registering the numbers in the problem on paper, then calling for the process as explained by the master previously and stored away, and then setting down the answer as flashed from the brain through the cap.

In French and Latin, a process of

storing vocabulary would have to be followed. We would hope that the words would not get mixed up, so that we might call a Latin girl "une fille" instead of "puella", and such. Once the vocabulary and rules were stored away, we would be able to translate an English sentence automatically into Latin, and vice versa.

In Science, every experiment with its results could be filed away for future use, and it is not too much to expect that some new and strange inventions might result from the gathering together of these many processes.

I have not thought of what might happen to those who are too greedy for knowledge. It is possible that the brain warehouse could become overloaded when eager beavers keep their thinking caps on for more than the school day. It is part of my plan that no homework at all would have to be done, since the masters would give us all we need in class. Perhaps a warning signal could be built in for those who could not stop learning—but that is a problem for the future.



WHITE MICE

By RUSTY MATHEWS (IV)

This predicament I am about to tell you about all started with one white mouse. You see, I volunteered to raise a white mouse for Mr. Robson. When I got home, I took all the money I had in my "piggy" bank, and headed for the pet shop in our town.

When I got there, I picked out the biggest little ol' white mouse there (which was just the size of a regular ol' mouse, a little fatter). Then I picked out a cage, but since it cost so much, I figured I'd better make one myself. But I still had one problem. What to put him in till I got home? The man at the pet shop gave me a little box to put him in, so that problem was solved.

When I got home, I figured I'd have some trouble, for my mother hates mice. Well, you are probably saying she'll get used to it. But you see I--I--I hadn't told her yet! I ran in the house and met my mother who was standing by the stove with a pan full of mashed potatoes. I came up to her and before she could say anything I started to say, "Now, Mom, n--n--now Mom, it's for science, Mom, please, Mom, Mom!"

"What's all the commotion and what's for science?"

"Well, Mom, it's the cutest, prettiest, nicest, silliest * * * --" I said.

"What is the cutest, nicest, prettiest, silliest?" she asked.

"A mouse," I said.

"Plop" went the mashed potatoes

against the floor, "bang" went the pan on the floor, and up on a chair jumped my mother. Finally, I got it straightened out with her and was able to keep the mouse, but my mother was never, never to see it.

A few weeks later I came down into the cellar, where I kept him, and found the cage empty. I looked all over the house for him but couldn't find him. So when I got to school that day I told Mr. Robson he had gotten loose.

After a few days I forgot about the mouse, thinking he had run away, and was probably making his home in our field. But one night I was awakened by a loud scream from my mother's room. I ran in to see what was the matter and then I found my white mouse walking across my mother's pillow with about twenty little ones trailing behind ----- Him?

Well, what happened is simple. He who I thought was a he, -- uh, uh, was a "she"! She had gotten out of the cage I had made her (I don't see how ----- for I am such a skilled craftsman?), and gone upstairs and into my mother's room (for my mother's room is right next to the cellar way), and gone under Mother's bed. Here she decided to make a nest and have a family! We got all of the mice out of the house and my mother to the hospital.

There is a moral to this story: never volunteer to raise a mouse!

"BOING"

By JOHN PETITO (V)

What a beautiful day, I thought as I woke up with the shrill sound of the alarm clock ringing in my ears. I quickly reached over and shut the irritating thing off. Now, as the buzzing had stopped, I could think more clearly. The crisp odor of bacon and eggs and the ever appetizing sound of the two being fried hastened my departure from bed. I quickly ran down and pondered over this scrumptious meal that would make anyone unhappy to leave.

But I had other things to do besides eating. Today was the day of the County Fair. I knew everyone would be there, because unfortunately the past two fairs had been rained out. I was exceptionally excited because I'd only been to one fair before, mainly because we had just moved in three years ago. Anyway, I had to leave because the fair started in thirty minutes, and I surely didn't want to miss it.

I ran out to the garage and got on my bike and started. As I rode down a hill, I started to get riled at myself for not earning enough money to get a new bike. "This old crate won't last much longer," I thought unhappily. But why feel unhappy on such a day as this? As I continued on my journey, my nostrils started burning with the crisp fall air blowing into them. As I passed over a bridge, the soft hum of the rubber against steel was ring-

ing in my ears.

I was about a half a mile away from the fair when suddenly my bike fell to pieces. It just fell apart! As this happened, I was both happy and unhappy. Happy because now maybe I would get a new bike from my parents. Unhappy because I would have to walk the rest of the way and then all the way back. I continued on my journey and finally reached my destination.

The sound of the barkers and all the rides filled my ears with a once familiar sound. Roasting peanuts and hot dogs filled the air with a pervasive fragrance. I strolled around the fair grounds and came upon the flower display. As I stood there viewing those flowers, I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful in my whole life. The aroma was too beautiful to describe. I went around viewing displays and people, going on a few rides, eating popcorn, and even going to a side show. The side show had a big lady with pillows under her dress and a man who could pick up a stick with two black balloons on the ends of it. He seemed like a weakling to me, but all the other little boys and girls were gasping and carrying on so, I didn't know what was coming off. There was also a real "fake" who breathed fire.

Well, I was pretty broken up about my bicycle, when I came upon this thing where for ten cents you

get three swings with the hammer at the little board, to hit a bell which is at the top of a big board. And if you hit the bell you'd get a new bike free! Well, I wasn't going to let this "deal" fly away. I gave a man a dime and took a big swipe at the board. The ball went up about five feet. I lifted up the mallet and took another swipe which resulted in a five foot gain over the first swing. I was discouraged but I also

wanted that bike. I looked around me before I swung and viewed the near-by flower display and people gathered around. A few were snickering and this got me angry. I lifted my mallet in anger, when suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my leg. I yelled "Yahoo" and swung hard. "Boing!" the bell rang. A second "Yahoo!" rose from my lips as I danced in joy. The bike was mine, but so was a bee sting on my leg!

MY CAT

By KEVIN KENNEDY (IV)

As I rode my bike
Along the road
I felt a sudden chill,
For it was then
I saw my cat
A-lying on the hill.

I said, "Get up,
Go home right away!"
In spite of what I said,
She didn't move. . . .
It dawned on me
My little cat was dead.

It hit me hard
And I felt sick;
I didn't want to know.

I tried to ride
Away from it
And say it wasn't so.

When I arrived at school
I shook and couldn't think.
I knew that she was dead.

And my heart began to sink.
Why her? Why? Why?
I asked myself
A thousand times that day.

And then I realized
God must make
And, also, take away.

THE SHADOW WITH TWO NAMES

By ROBERT GRIGGS (VI)

There was a sudden explosion in the distance. A load of buckshot whizzed past the hunter, John Wilson. He fell to his knees as another load flew at him. Was someone trying to kill him?

It had been a bright, sunny day just a few minutes ago, but now it felt as though darkness was over the earth. Moments ago the hunter was strolling along, stalking his game, minding his own business. The rabbit he hunted now ran 'wild' in the distance—if only he could stand up and shoot it. Another explosion occurred and the hunter felt a slight breeze pass his right ear. He fell to the ground much as they do in the army, and lay prone as another burst sounded. From this position he could get a fairly good picture of the man who was shooting at him; he seemed tall, dark, about 45, with blond hair, and he was wearing a hunting jacket and dark pants. The figure reminded him of his father as it slowly diminished in the haze of the forest. As the time passed, a dead silence lay before John; all the forest and fields were still. He rose slowly and walked away from what had almost been his grave.

As he wandered back to his car, John realized how lucky he had been to escape with his life, but he couldn't help but wonder why that man had shot at him. He climbed into his car and drove to the small town of Polarville where he lived, and he stopped at the grocery store for his mother. As he walked down the street he froze in his tracks when he saw that same tall, dark figure standing on the corner. "Was it he?" That question ran through his mind. "He matches the figure in the woods." Just then the man on the corner turned around and started toward John Wilson. When John saw this he turned and galloped in the opposite direction. The "killer" followed and closed in for the kill. John ran hard but was nervous, and his legs felt weak. The tall man put his hands on John's shoulder and pulled him to a stop.

"Hey, where are you going?" said a voice behind John.

John turned his head slowly. "But I thought you were . . ."

"Were what?"

"Oh, nothing—Boy, it's good to see you, Dad."

LOWER SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

COLORS

By WALLY SHEW (III)

Blue reminds me of the blue water at the seashore where the sun shines a bright yellow.

Colors are very glamorous in the summer. Yet moving toward winter, the gay colors of the fall leaves make their way into the picture of beauty. The red and orange leaves are so beautiful they remind me of a blazing fire on a cold winter evening.

In the latter part of the fall, about December first, when I look out of my window, I sometimes find

the squirrels playing their threatening little tricks on the birds and on themselves. If I am lucky, I might find a graceful brown doe with her pink-nosed fawns eating the last red berries off the bushes. Perhaps on the same cold evening, I would see streaked across the purple and red sky, the white exhaust from the earlier speeding jets. As I would enjoy all of this, the black night would soon creep in and the beautiful sunset would slowly disappear.

I'D LIKE TO TRAVEL

By MARK ABRAMS (III)

I'd like to visit Disneyland.
I'd like to visit the Canyon Grand.
I'd like to go on a rocket ship,
But I don't think I could stand the trip.

I'd like to travel to the moon,
But I doubt that this will happen soon.
I have many wishes for space flight.
But now the time is not quite right.

I've many ideas about travel,
But I'd settle for Cape Canaveral.
All these dreams are just a lark,
But I'd better finish homework before dark.

COLORS

By FRANKLIN BERGER (III)

Painters are interested in two things, shape and color. My father says there is a big school of painters in Paris who do not care at all about shape and who care only for color. It is very hard to paint a picture with no shape at all, but some modern painters can do it. They try to express themselves and beauty through color only. These painters are non-configurative. My father has told me about these paintings. They are very strange. It is hard to describe a painting like this because there is no shape. They are only blotches of color flowing into each other. Some pictures have wild and contrasting colors while others have only shades of gray. In the pictures

with contrasting colors there are orange, green, blue and red. Other pictures, not so colorful, have shades of gray.

One of the pictures my father told me about was a gray blotch and a dark gray background. This picture was called "The Mystery of Life". From what I heard about it I'm glad my father left it in Paris. My father, however, brought a picture from Paris with lovely shades of yellow, gold, green, white and pink. This picture shows boats in a port in South France. It was painted by a painter called Bessil. I'm looking forward to going to the Museum of Modern Art in New York to see a nonconfigurative painting.

CLOCKS

By BILL MARKHAM (I)

Click, Clock,
Tickety tock,
Little clocks, big clocks,
Little ticks big tocks

Click, clock,
Tickety tock,
Chime clock, cuckoo clock,
Tickety tackety tock.

Clocks on walls,
Clocks in halls,
Clicking, chiming,
Noisy, timing,
Clickety clackety clock.

THE DAY I MET THE PRESIDENT

(A True Story)

By TOBY LAUGHLIN (III)

It was Wednesday, November 9, 1960, the day after elections. Senator Kennedy beat Vice-President Nixon. My brother, mother, father and I went up to Hyannisport, Massachusetts. We flew up by airplane. It took two and a half hours. When we got there we saw the Shepards. We didn't think they were coming down. We live on the same street as President-elect Kennedy so we can go down and see him. It is a private street for which we are glad. We all walked down the street and talked to him. Mr. Shepard asked him if he was going to fix the pier beach. After awhile we went up the street and turned on the car radio. We soon heard a report. It said something about a man asking about the pier beach. After awhile we saw Mrs. Robert Kennedy. She asked us if we would like to ride in the motorcade.

We all went up the street and sat in the car waiting. Finally the motorcade came and after a few cars had passed, the policeman put us in line. We were in back of Mrs. Robert Kennedy and in front of Ted Kennedy. When we were coming close to the armory we could see many people. Some people took pictures of us. Some threw flowers. There was a whole line of high school kids lined all along the street. We parked our cars and went in. It was very crowded. There were many press men and eight camera men. It sounded like an office, there were so many typewriters clicking. I thought it was very exciting. There were policemen all around. When we left, the ABC television truck took our pictures. We came all the way back in the motorcade. After that we left for Princeton.



QUESTIONNAIRE

Show Business

Favorite actor
Favorite actress
Worst singer
Favorite band
Favorite record
Favorite TV program

FACULTY

Alec Guinness; Charles Laughton
Lassie; Ma Perkins
Elvis
Glen Miller; Robin Hood's
4-minute mile
Majority don't watch TV

School

Favorite school lunch
Worst school lunch
Favorite class
Worst day of the week

Sandwiches; Creamed Turkey
Ravioli; Hot Dogs
Recess
Monday

Miscellaneous

Pet peeve

Favorite sport
Favorite beverage
Favorite food
Favorite hobby
Most admired foreigner
Favorite make of car
Favorite cereal

Teen-agers; Lost homework

Hockey; Mr. Robson
Milk; Coffee
Pabulum; Steak
Numismatics; Growing poor
Winston Churchill
Mercedes; Ford
Oatmeal; Corn Flakes; Cornpone

The JUNIOR JOURNAL has in the past questioned two groups at a time about their likes and dislikes. Here for the first time **three** groups, Faculty, Sixth Form, and First Form, tell what they think about the issues of the day.

6th FORM

1st Form

Cary Grant; Jimmy Stewart

Donald Duck; Jerry Lewis

Brigitte Bardot

Marilyn Monroe

Fabian

Elvis

Duane Eddy; P.C.D.

Princeton University

Walk, Don't Run

Sink the Bismarck

Twilight Zone

Walt Disney Presents;
Dennis the Menace

Meat Loaf

Hamburgers; Hot Dogs

Fish Cakes; Stew; Hash; etc.

Corn Beef Hash; Hot Dogs

Latin; Science

English; Reading

Monday; Wednesday

Monday; Wednesday

Pulling up socks;

Mosquitoes;

These questionnaires

Finger nails on blackboard

Hockey; Football

Football; Hockey

Coke

Coke; Orange drink

Steak

Steak; Roast Beef

Girls; Sports

Woodworking

MacMillan; Castro

Queen Elizabeth; Churchill

Cadillac; Ferrari

Chevrolet; Thunderbird

Frosted Flakes; Maypo

Wheaties; Cheerios

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

By RANDY HOBLER

Mr. Lea coached our single-wing team to one of the best seasons P.C.D. has ever had, with a 6-1 record. We had 127 points to our opponents' 38. There were a number of amazing facts about this season. One is that our opponents never once scored an extra point, even when we lost. Captain Dave Petito won every single toss except one. Dick Reynolds, playing tail-back, scored 97 points during the season.

We were lucky to have Eddie Warren, an experienced center, Hy Young, a pass-catching end, and Ford Fraker, a promising Fourth Former, who all helped the team tremendously. None of this could have been accomplished without the whole team, who are as follows:

LE	Chubet, Regan	RT	Petito	
LT	Strassenburgh, Ayers	RE	Raymond	
LG	Thomas	QB	Eckels	TB Reynolds
C	Warren	WB	Young, Fraker	
RG	Dielhenn	FB	Hobler, Young	



P.C.D. 7

Short Hills 6

We played a hard-fought game on a beautiful field, against a big team. Following Reynolds' 30-yard run to set it up, Young caught Reynolds' pass for the score. Reynolds added the extra point. Short Hills scored in the fourth quarter just missing the extra point, making it a very close game.

P.C.D. 36

Solebury 14

We began a game against a much smaller team. We could have done better on defense, even though Dielhenn recovered two fumbles and Fraker played well on defense. Reynolds passed to Young, and then ran for the extra point. Reynolds scored two more touchdowns, and went over twice more for extra points. Vogel scored on a pass from Eckels, and they scored only twice, along with a safety to give them 14. Eckels also scored on a quarterback sneak.

P.C.D. 30

Englewood 0

We soon found that this big team lived up to the saying, the bigger they are, the harder they fall. Our defensive play was at its best, and everyone was getting his blocks. Young threw a scoring pass to Reynolds on a new play Mr. Lea hadn't seen. Reynolds scored three times more, and went over for extra points once. Hobler and Young both scored extra points, adding four to Reynolds' 26 points.

P.C.D. 13

Pingry 0

We played a bad game compared to the Englewood game. Fraker made an interception which stopped one of their scoring drives, and ran it back 15 yards. Reynolds scored a touchdown and an extra point, and Young scored on a pass from him on a play that covered most of the field.

P.C.D. 13

Solebury 0

We didn't play as well as we should have on offense, but we held them to no points on defense. Reynolds scored twice, once on a run, and once on a pass from Eckels. He scored one extra point after that, on a quarterback sneak.

Pingry 12

P.C.D. 8

We lost this game on breaks. We could have had an undefeated season, had it not been for an intercepted pass. Reynolds had his outstanding moment of the year as he started around right end, cut in quickly, eluded and outraced almost all their team, for a 40 or 50 yard run for a touchdown. Then, still tired, he ran for the extra points.

P.C.D. 20

Newark 6

As they had a big team, we were afraid of losing this one. They turned out to be just like Englewood, and we bowled them over. They scored on a run in the third period, missing the extra point. Hobler set them back from scoring on a punt which went out of bounds on the three yard line. Reynolds scored all our points with three touchdowns and two extra points, to climax a great season for P.C.D. football.



Back row: Mr. Lea, Elmer, Knox, Sherwood, Frothingham, Delano, Edwards, Myers, Samson, Mr. Tibbals. Middle row: Ayers, Armstrong, Fraker, Eckels, Vogel, Regan, Battle, Donaldson, Chubet. Front row: Dielhenn, Raymond, Warren, Young, Petit D., Reynolds, Hobler, Thomas, Strassenburgh.

SOCCER

By BOB LEVENTHAL

This year our soccer team could be summarized in just one word—*young*, for many of our players came from the Fourth and Fifth Forms. Each of the players from these two forms showed considerable promise, so the school should expect to see winning seasons ahead. This year's record of two wins, two ties, and three defeats just about shows the prowess of our team. Of the fourteen goals that were scored against us, nine were scored in two games. In the other five games, our team scored seven goals while our opponents scored five. Our high scorer was the captain, Bob Leventhal, who had four goals. The other four were divided among four other players. Our two coaches, Mr. McAneny and Mr. Whitehead, should be given the most credit for they did very much for a team which had only three letter-men returning from last year.

USUAL STARTING LINE-UP

G Otis	CHB Griggs, R.	C Leventhal
RFB Kuser	LHB Cameron	IL Tibbals (McCarthy)
LFB Katzenbach, P.	OR Hanan (Ritchie)	OL Smith L.
RHB Kane	IR Petito, J.	

Lawrence Junior High 5 P.C.D. 0

In this, our first game, we opposed a very strong and well coached team. Lawrence Junior High was bigger, better and experienced. They kicked and handled the ball better than we did. The only bright spot was that the team didn't give up, though they were behind.

P.C.D. 2 Witherspoon 2

This game was exciting and fairly well played. We started off quickly with a first period goal by Leventhal. We scored again on a goal by Tomlinson, but Witherspoon scored in the later part of the game to tie it up.

P.C.D. 2

Milltown 0

This game was fast and close. Neither team scored in the first three quarters, although both had numerous opportunities. In the fourth quarter Leventhal scored on a beautiful pass by Tibbals. Leventhal scored again a few minutes later to put the game out of the reach of Milltown.

P.C.D. 2

Valley Road 2

This was the best game as of this time. The team went into the game thinking that we were the underdogs, but when McCarthy scored on a beautiful pass by Hanan the team thought differently. Valley Road scored on a penalty kick to tie the score. Griggs also scored on a long free kick to put us ahead, but another penalty kick by Valley Road again tied the score. Otis played a brilliant game at goalie.



Back row: Gaston, Ritchie, Skillman, Tobish, Goheen, Elmer, Mr. McAneny. Third Row: Poole, Cameron, Hanan, Earnest, Marzoni, Johnson, Otis. Second row: Sheehan, McCarthy, Smith, Vicino, Tibbals, Becker, Tomlinson, Petitto J. Front row: Kerney, Jandl, Griggs, Leventhal, Kane, Kuser, Katzenbach.

Valley Road 4

P.C.D. 1

This was a fairly well played game, though we didn't hustle enough. We were continually losing the ball. The game was dominated by Valley Road for the first three quarters, but in the final quarter our defense became better and we finally scored on a neat goal by Ritchie.

Witherspoon 1

P.C.D. 0

This was a very close game in which both teams had numerous opportunities to score. Witherspoon scored in the first half and the defense seemed to become broken and very loose. In the closing minutes of the game the defense once again came to life, but by that time it was too late to score.

P.C.D. 1

Peddie 0

In this game we jumped ahead on a quick first period goal by Leventhal. During the game we had several other chances to score, but they did not materialize. The highlight of this game was how the whole team, especially the defense, played extremely hard and out-hustled the opposing players.

SCHOOL NOTES

At the end of November, all the Second Formers who had built scooters in Shop got a chance to race them on the paved lane south of the school. In the finals, Rittmaster was first and was awarded a loving cup by Mr. Rothermel. Bush came in second, and Battle took third.

Some teachers also raced, but the results (if any) are not available for publication.

The "autumn" snowstorm which dropped eighteen inches of snow on Princeton and vicinity forced the School to declare a holiday on December 12 and 13. The Sixth Form Dance, which was scheduled for December 16, also had to be postponed until the end of the winter term, some time in March.



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The following sons and nephews of alumni are students at P.C.D. this year:

Robert Bayer (I)	Nephew of Bevis Longstreth '49
Robert Earnest (IV)	Nephew of Burke McHugh '53
Harold Erdman (III)	Son of Harold Erdman '39
Stephen Goheen (IV)	Son of Robert Goheen '34
Frederick Hutson (IV) }	Sons of Holmes Hutson '37
Roy Hutson (I) }	
Christopher Laughlin (II) }	Sons of Leighton Laughlin '41 Nephews of James Laughlin '43, Ledlie Laughlin '45, Robert Laughlin '49, John Moore '44, Thomas Moore '45
Leighton Laughlin, Jr. (III) }	
Richard Meredith (III)	Son of William Meredith '36 Nephew of Spencer Welch '41 and Roy Welch '43

(Continued on page 35)

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David Sayen (III) }	Sons of Henry Sayen '36
George Sayen (I) }	Nephews of William Guthrie '40
William Sayen (IV) }	
Frederick Schluter 3rd (I)	Son of Fred Schluter '40
	Nephews of William Schluter '42, John Schluter '43, and Peter Schluter '46
Stowe Tattersall (II)	Son of Samuel Tattersall '40
John Taylor (II)	Nephew of Stephen R. Cook '32
Henry Tomlinson (VI)	Son of Henry Tomlinson '34
Edward Warren (VI)	Nephew of Joseph Warren '28
Donald Woodbridge (III)	Nephew of Walter Roberts '41
Henry Young (VI) }	Sons of George Young '34
James Young (I) }	Nephews of Donald Young '35
Matthew Young (II) }	

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1959

Nicky Hare played forward on the Choate varsity soccer team, while **Robbie Carrick** was wing on the J.V.

1958

Richard W. Baker III won the Thomas Mathematics Prize at Groton last year, awarded to a member of the five lower forms for excellence in math. He spent the summer living with an Indonesian family at Surabaya, under the auspices of the American Field Service.

David Kelley was captain of the Choate soccer team which compiled an 8 and 2 record this fall.

1957

Pony Fraker and **Webb Harrison** were regulars on the Princeton Freshman soccer team this fall, the former playing goal and the latter inside forward.

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1956

Andrew E. Godfrey is a freshman at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

David Smoyer, a sophomore at Dartmouth College, played goal on the varsity soccer team.

1955

Joseph Delafield, a Junior at Princeton, is stage manager of the Triangle Club's musical show, "A Midsummer Night's Screame."

Roger Hoit was substitute tailback on the Princeton varsity football team and scored a touchdown against Brown.

1954

John Pearce was captain of the Yale varsity soccer team this fall.

1953

Carl Akerlof, who graduated from Yale last June, has been awarded a teaching fellowship at the Cornell University Graduate School. His field is chemistry.

Norman Dorf was a member of the varsity soccer team at M.I.T. He is a Junior, majoring in architecture.

Charles F. Fisher II graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy in June with a B.S. degree. He is now an Ensign in the U.S. Navy.

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1952

Peter Bauer received the degree of M.S. in Mechanical Engineering from Stanford University, after having graduated from Princeton in 1959.

J. Robert Hillier is engaged to be married to Miss Susan Baldwin Smith of Princeton. Miss Smith is the sister of Nathaniel B. Smith '50. Bob, who was president of the Princeton University Class of 1959, is studying at the Princeton Graduate School of Architecture.

1951

Douglas Levick toured Europe this summer and is now at the Harvard Business School.

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1950

Michael Erdman and Miss Ann Porter Lea were married on June 24 in Princeton. Mrs. Erdman is the sister of Tommy Lea (P.C.D. '63) and Biffy Lea '58 and the niece of Mr. Langdon Lea.

1949

John H. D'Arms has become engaged to Miss Maria Teresa Waugh, of Combe Florey, Somerset, England. Miss Waugh is the daughter of the English author Evelyn Waugh. John, who is studying for a doctorate in classics at Harvard, was one of the founders and a teacher at the summer school held at Princeton Country Day last June and July.

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1948

George C. S. Hackl was married to Miss Ann Sever Whitman on October 8 in Simsbury, Connecticut. George is associated with Ciba Pharmaceutical Products of Summit, N. J.

1944

Macdonald Mathey was married on July 2 to Mrs. Josephine Harris Colby, in the Princeton University Chapel.

1943

Samuel L. Pettit was married in Princeton on October 15 to Miss Sally Howell Behr of New York. The couple are now living at 305 East 83rd Street, New York City.

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