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JUNIOR JOURNAL

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

APRIL, 1961

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EDITORIAL

This year our Student Council wrote and perfected *The Amplification of the Princeton Country Day School Motto*. The Council felt that the spirit of the school could be improved, and therefore clarified the P.C.D. Motto, on which the school is founded. This motto is: "Manhood, Learning, and Gentleness." The Council wrote this with great care, and with a firm purpose in the back of their minds: to make P.C.D. live up to the standards set by the motto.

The Council took the motto apart and defined each word of it with care and simplicity. For example: "Every boy should try his best in the classroom and on the athletic field. . . . The student is not expected . . . to do better than his ability . . . but he is expected to live up to his ability". These two quotations have a great deal of meaning in them, and should be thought about seriously by each student in the school. The Amplification examines deeply the proper conduct, suggested by the motto, in, around, and away from school. This is very important, for it is a major factor in the reputation of the school.

Spirit cannot be forced on the students, but it can be encouraged by such material as the Amplification. No one can come into a school and immediately arouse among the students a flawless spirit and loyalty to the school. But if he himself shows a great deal of this quality, others will follow in his tracks. We feel that the Student Council is trying to do that very thing: to lead the boys into a better and stronger feeling for the school.

STUDENT COUNCIL



Standing — BRINKERHOFF (II), WOODBRIDGE (III), O'BRIEN (IV), VOGEL (V),
DIELHENN B. (V), MCCARTHY (V), GOHEEN (IV), WANDELT J. (II), ERDMAN (III).
Seated — LEVENTHAL (VI), WARREN (VI), HOBLER (VI) (President),
REYNOLDS (VI).

The Amplification

of the

Princeton Country Day School Motto

Preamble

We, the student body of Princeton Country Day School, would like to apply ourselves more readily to the school motto — Manhood, Learning, Gentleness — and to the basic principles on which the school was founded.

Owing to the increasing difficulty in getting into the preparatory school and college of your choice, we realize the importance of receiving a good secondary school education. We feel it is necessary to continually raise the fine academic standards and the high moral ideals on which the school was based, to maintain the now high reputation of P.C.D.

Every student at P.C.D. should try to live up to certain standards, as best he can, which will be best for the student, the school, and the community. These standards are derived from the school motto: Manhood, Learning, Gentleness.

Manhood

Manhood is an important part of every student's school life. On the athletic field a student should try his best for his color and school, no matter how well or badly he plays. In losing or winning, a player should be expected to follow the code of a good sportsman and consider the team's interests above his own.

Maturity is an important part of the meaning of the word manhood. Every boy is expected to act his age in all facets of school life and community life.

To enable the school to continue having a fine school spirit, every boy should try his best in the classroom and on the athletic field. If this is continued, as it is in the present, the school will have high morale and spirit, thus making for a united student body.

Learning

Every student, regardless of the mark he attains, should be expected to try his best in all phases of school life. He has a responsibility not only to his parents but also to his school, his masters, and above all **himself**. The student is not expected by anyone in the school to do better than his ability says he can, but he is expected to live up to his ability.

Gentleness

Gentleness, we believe, in the sense of the school motto, refers to the word **gentlemanliness**. Every boy enrolled at P.C.D. is a representative of the school. His actions away from school as well as in school will be noticed by the community, and, therefore, people's observations of the individual boy will reflect their opinions of Princeton Country Day School. A student's courtesy for others, respect for other people and their property, and general behavior affect Princeton as a community. Therefore, a P.C.D. boy has a responsibility to uphold the reputation of Princeton Country Day School and the community of Princeton.

In conclusion, we hope that we, the student body, have expressed the real meaning of the Princeton Country Day School motto: **Manhood, Learning, Gentleness**. We hope that every student, in the future, will refer to **The Amplification of The Princeton Country Day School Motto**.

- 1) The Amplification is subject to revision by future student councils if new situations arise.
- 2) The Amplification of the Princeton Country Day School Motto was unanimously passed by the 1960-1961 Student Council on January 6, 1961.



THE WARNING

By BRUNER DELHENN (V)

It was April 11, 1961. The milkman was on his rounds, and Dr. Fleming was just getting home after delivering twins. Apin, a small town some distance from Charleston, was functioning the same as always.

I was on my way to the office when I saw a man running down the street. His clothes were ragged and damp. He kept shouting something, but I paid no attention. I figured he had been "on the bottle." Entering my office, I glanced at the new printing press and then sat down to type my weekly editorial. In a small town such as this there is not much to write about, and even if there were, the town gossipers would have it all over the place before I would have time to get the type set. This morning I felt energetic. I wanted something new and exciting to write about. I laid my editorial aside and began setting type for the "Wanted" section.

At noon I went over to Sally's Diner for some lunch. While there, I heard a rumor that a madman was loose in town. What I got from the conversation was that he was running up and down the street yelling that tomorrow we would break away. Sensing a scoop, I paid for lunch and hurried out the door.

The man was propping himself against the phone pole, yelling, "Tomorrow we break away! Tomorrow we break away!"

I approached and asked the exhausted man, "Is there anything I can do to help?" There was no response.

"What's your name?" I said in a louder voice than before.

Gasping for breath, he said, "My name is . . . John Hartly."

I took him to my office and tried to calm him down. I asked, "What's wrong?"

He snapped back, "We're all in this together. Why does everyone act as though nothing is going to happen?" After this outburst he ran out the door. I grabbed for him but missed and pursued him out to the street. He screamed as a car struck him. He lay lifeless. Glancing at my watch I noticed it was three o'clock.

I looked in the city records under "John Hartly." The card read: "John Hartly. First seen in Apin on April 11, 1861; killed in Apin at three o'clock April 11, 1861, by a horse-drawn buggy. His last words were, 'Tomorrow we break away.'"

Tomorrow, I reminded myself, is April 12, 1961 — the hundredth anniversary, if my memory is correct, of the outbreak of the Civil War. Coincidence? I'm not so sure. At any rate, my headline the next morning read: "John Hartly Returns to Apin After Hundred Years on Anniversary of Civil War He Warned Was Coming."

ZOWIE

By RICHARD MILLER (IV)

He was thirty feet high and twenty-two and a half feet long; my pet dinosaur, that is. I had named him Zowie because that is what I said when I first saw him. I had been the lone survivor of an airplane crash and had floated on a tiny raft until I came to a small island. I had stumbled upon Zowie while looking for food. I found out that his father and mother and all his friends had been killed by Dinosauritis, a particularly deadly disease where dinosaurs are concerned. After many weeks on the island we flagged a boat which took us to San Francisco. When we got there Zowie was bug-eyed at all the people. We squeezed into a cab and drove to the nearest zoo. I had to give the driver an extra large tip when we got there for he was a little bug-eyed at Zowie. The zoo keeper had an extra large cage waiting for Zowie. After a lot of arguing I persuaded him to build a building next to the cage for me to live in.

But this had all happened ten years ago. Zowie and I were getting old and life was no fun any more. Zowie was not gay any more and I had to cheer him up, for his birthday was the next day. Then a thought struck me. I went to the harbor of San Francisco where I purchased two boat tickets. I then bought enough food and blankets to last a lifetime. I loaded it all on the boat. Next, I got Zowie to come down to the harbor. I loaded him on the boat and inside of two hours the boat was steaming from the harbor. I gave the Captain fifty dollars to drop Zowie and me and the food off at the same island we had been rescued from. Zowie was so happy to see the island that he cried. It took half an hour to get all the food and blankets off the boat.

Then the boat steamed away. We lived on that island for the rest of our lives and we never had a dull moment. Not even once.



THE OTHER SIDE

By JOHN STRONG (IV)

Everyone said he was no good, but I didn't think so. As far back as I can remember, my mother kept telling me that my father was nothing but a job-seeking bum. Bartenders knew him well. Townspeople cursed his name. The bullies in my class teased me about him and the girls sneered at me. I didn't care what they said. I still loved him as a father.

I guess my mother never really knew the other side of him. The side when my father was sober. The kind and happy side, not at all like the drunken one.

I can still remember that fateful day. I was playing outside on the sidewalk when a couple of thugs came up to me. At first they started

teasing me about my father as so many bullies before had done. Then they got rough and started "pushing me around." I yelled at the top of my lungs for my father. Neither I nor the thugs expected to see him come. We were especially surprised to see him come sober. He knocked both of them down. Then he turned around to see if I was all right, when suddenly one of the thugs drew a knife and thrust it into my father's back. Everyone said that it served him right. But even so there was a feeling of sadness in the town after the funeral. They knew, my mother knew, and I knew that he had died doing something that no one else would have done in his place.

MY DUMB HOUND

By HY YOUNG (VI)

As I was walking with my dumb hound,
I picked a rock up off the ground.
I threw it far, I threw it wide,
But the dumb hound fetched it back to my side.
I tried to get rid of it as best I could,
But always he retrieved it, as a dumb hound would.
Finally I threw it way out of sight,
But the dumb dog brought it back that night.
I then gave up and madly went to bed,
While the dumb dog ate the rock and thought that
he'd been fed.

BOBBY AND HIS DREAMS

By WILLIAM CROOKS (IV)

"Bobby, now you get dressed right this minute. Your brother has already gone to school and if you don't hurry up you'll be late. I hope that you will pass that test on the Civil War."

"Yes, Mother, don't worry." ("General Crooks, what is your plan for the capture of Vicksburg?" "I plan to move my artillery up on Nob Hill and soften up the city first; then I shall move my infantry in from the other side of the city, therefore encircling the rebs." "Magnificent plan, sir. I will put your plan into action immediately." "General, your plan worked. We took the city. The rebs lost thousands, and we only lost 500.")

"Bobby, why aren't you eating your cereal? Well, it's too late now—you'd better get started for school. Don't forget you have swim practice tonight. Mr. Sine will pick you up if I am not here." ("Swimmers, take your marks . . . Bang! And they're off; it's Cowsnofsky of Russia in the lead in this most exciting 880 yard freestyle for the world title and record . . . It's the last lap, and Cowsnofsky is still in the lead . . . With

twenty yards to go — the Russian is still in the lead. Ladies and gentlemen, it looks as though . . . wait — here comes Crooks up from behind, this will be close, 10 yards to go and they're neck and neck, Crooks seems to be pulling away — they are both spurting, 2 yards to go and Crooks wins by a touch. Listen to that crowd roar!")

"Watch out, sonny, you were almost run over by that trailer truck. You'd better be more careful riding along on your bike."

"All right, children, turn to Page 31 in your *Music In Our Town* books." ("Here, opera lovers, is Roberto Andersonovitch Crooks singing the Toreador song from Carmen." "Toreador, da, de da de da —" "Bravo! bravo! encore, encore.")

"Bobby Crooks, this is the third time I have asked you. How many lines are there in the staff?"

"Er-aw-huh-a."

"Come on, be quick about it."

"Aw-27?"

"Well, I've never been so humiliated — with the principal visiting our class — how could you do this to me?"

LAST THREE DAYS OF A DEMOCRACY

BY WILLIAM HEREFORD (V)

The time had come. We had to flee the country. Our country had grown "fat", and modern machines did all manual labor. We could offer no resistance to the forces of "Big Brother." They were at the peak of their civilization. They had modern weapons. All we had were some out-of-date World War II tanks and several Hiroshima-type atom bombs. This was not entirely our scientists' fault, because since the war we had devoted all our energies toward a better and a more disease-free world. I guess we took it for granted that the enemy had been annihilated.

But somehow, from the ruins of what once was Russia, "Big Brother" had built itself up. Somehow a new race of people had been developed, a race immune to radiation. We thought of many theories, but only one stands to reason. The main mass of people had been in protected underground shelters. The radioactive fallout had taken several years to seep into the underground chambers and poison the people. It seems impossible, but somehow these people had developed an immunity to the poisonous radioactivity. This new race came out of the ruins of Russia.

They built up their power until they excelled in every field. They were driven by a ruthless dictator who had complete control over the people. The police force watched every move they made. There was no time to do the things they wanted to do. They had but one purpose in life, and that was to serve the Dictator.

"Big Brother" was organized and expanded at a terrific rate. There was no problem in Europe. They lost only one hundred million men. This was an insignificant number, according to the Dictator. China was a different story, however. Man for man, China was more powerful, but the Chinese were a backward people and had no powerful weapons. The whole population of China was wiped out. Almost a billion and a half were executed.

The United States is next. We will offer no serious resistance. I am recording this tape in the hope that future generations will not make the same mistake. I hope someone will realize the importance of keeping this sort of dictatorship from beginning. Beware, or your world of the future will be in jeopardy!

• • •

"It's over, sir."

"Do you think this tape is some kind of joke or something?"

"No, I believe it's true. This type of thing has been happening all over the universe."

"Should we investigate?"

"Yes, immediately."

"This planet, Earth, seems to have a higher rate of intelligence than most."

"Yes."

"Zorel, have the assault craft readied."

The ship plunged out of its atmosphere. Its destination, Earth. Its mission, to stop the dictator-monarchy created there.

The planet was in another dimension, but the space ship came through the time barrier to save the insignificant little planet, Earth.

BRITISH SUFFICIENCY

By DICK REYNOLDS (VI)

In our London house, my older brother and I indulged in a practice which involved newspaper, matches, and a suitably built chimney. When we were alone, we would light sheets of newspaper and let them rise up the chimney, enabling us to see the inside of it. However, there was a place in the chimney which formed a shelf about a quarter of the way up. Here the unlit papers would accumulate. The family continually had a fire for the purpose of heat, and one night this accumulation of papers started to burn. They rose into the sky, making, I must say, quite a spectacle.

We then phoned the fire depart-

ment, and soon a huge red monster was ascending the road to our house. Five or six firemen calmly stepped down; walked to our front door; and very politely said that their feet might be wet, and if we put down newspapers in their path, they wouldn't track mud in. When this was done, they entered and looked up the chimney. The fire was already out, but they took time to completely scrub and clean the walls of the chimney. They even buffed the fire utensils and grate. After being thanked, they left, with their mission — of not only putting out a fire but preventing another — accomplished.

"AND THINGS THAT GO 'BUMP' IN THE NIGHT"

By JOHN SHEEHAN (VI)

That title is taken from an old prayer that goes something like this: "From ghosties and ghoulies and long-legged goblins and things that go bump in the night, Deliver us O Lord!" My story is on the "things."

Many times I have been alone in a house, and I have heard noises. I knew that I was the only one in the house, but that didn't stop me from being slightly apprehensive. I have investigated these noises, but nothing has ever shown itself to me yet. However, all good things must end, and I am constantly afraid that my good luck will run out here, as it has in other places.

Of course, the night is the time for hearing noises. I think that the animal in us is still strong enough to give us a little bit of help in our hearing, when our eyes aren't able to penetrate the darkness. Especially if you are sitting in a quiet sort of place, or are just in a place where you can listen carefully, you can hear many things that will astound you.

I have found, since I have just

moved into town, that if I sit by my window and listen, I can hear the neighbors on three sides of us. They are eating dinner or watching T.V. or engaged in doing something else, and I can hear it just as plainly as if they were in the room with me. The sound of dogs barking is also an eerie sound, but in many respects it is lonesome, too. The cars going along Bayard Lane, some speeding along, others taking it at a snail's pace, are an interesting sound. In fact, the whole world is full of interesting sounds, but the trouble is, people don't take the time nor the effort to stop and listen. The same holds true of things to see, and things to do. People are too busy to stop and take a good look around them, to see what God has made rather than what man has made, for enjoyment.

I think I hear something downstairs. I'm all alone in the house, and I'm a wee bit nervous. There it goes again. It sounded just like a "bump," and I'm going to go take a look. "Bump . . . bump . . . bump . . ."



RHINOS

By PETER KLINE (IV)

"Hey, Mom, I brought you a present from the pet shop."

"Oh, thank you, dear. Bring it into my room."

"I can't, Mom. He won't fit through the door."

"Won't fit through the door! Johnny, what kind of pet did you bring home?"

"His name is Willy, Mom, and he's real cute. Mr. Jenkins gave it to me — for free."

"Now, Johnny, what kind of a pet is it?"

"Come out and see."

"All right. Well, where is it?"

"Over there, Mom."

"A rhinos . . ."

"Mom, get up, get up! Hey, Dad, Mom's fainted."

"She's what?"

"Fainted."

"I'll come right down."

Johnny's father put his wife on the

couch and then walked over to Johnny. "Now, son, why did your mother faint?"

"Come on and I'll show you."

"O.K."

"Hey, Dad, get up, get up! Mr. Bronson, please help me. Dad's fainted."

"O.K. Here, let's carry him into the den. Why, what's happened to your mother?"

"Oh, she's fainted too."

Mr. Bronson put Johnny's father on a couch and then turned to Johnny. He asked him the fatal question.

"What made your father and mother faint, Johnny?"

"Come out and see."

"Well?"

"Right over there, Mr. Bronson. — Mr. Bronson? Mr. Bronson, get up, get up! Oh well, come on, Willy. Back to the pet shop."

SEAGULLS

By WARD JANDL (VI)

Seagulls swooping down for food,
Always graceful, not subdued;
Splendor in the pale blue sky,
White wings spreading out on high;
Soaring up when they have fed,
Flying o'er the old boat shed;
Resting on the driftwood post;
Reigning over all the coast.

THE VOICE OF THE CROWD

By BRADLEY SMITH (IV)

I watched in horror as the lion prepared to leap. There I was, while the crowd went wild in the old colosseum. With only a sword, I was faced by one of the demons which had annihilated my comrades. All at once he leaped, and the fury of his ripping claws was met by the cold steel of my blade. For a moment I was both amazed and overjoyed. Suddenly there came an ominous roar from behind me. A sharp claw reached my leg, and I was sent reeling against the wall of the stands. Again came the roar, and I barely dived out of the way of my adversary's lunge. Quickly I gathered my senses and drew my sword for action. Again I was attacked, but this time the lion was sent reeling. He stood up, staggered a few feet, and then fell to the ground. There he lay, never to move again.

But the fight was still not finished. There was a third lion in the arena, and only now was he let loose. He was twice the size of any beast I had ever seen. He was an older cat, and well acquainted with swords

and the common methods used by gladiators. The crowd bellowed its approval as the monstrous beast was freed. They seemed to know that they were now going to see a real contest. The cat's first move was to charge me, testing my courage. This was an interesting action as far as results were concerned, because the cat and I both discovered that I had a small, but still important, amount of courage and strength left. Again he charged. Then he stopped short about a yard in front of me for a split second before he lunged at my chest. When I finally struggled free, there were deep gashes across my body. The gigantic cat charged; and in a second of decision I dived out of the way and at the same time thrust the sword at my attacker. It seemed to many to be an impractical thing to do, but I could not agree with them as the metal point shot through the air for the beast's eye. The crowd had been robbed — robbed of the bloody, anticipated spectacle of the lion's final victory.

OUR KITTEN

By TOM CHUBET (VI)

Among the things I like to touch, best of all, is our "kitty-cat." Her silky soft winter coat is smooth and warm. Sometimes her rough paws are limp and relaxed. If I tease her slightly, she puts out her sharp, knife-like claws. When she is happy I can feel the vibration of her motor

against my stomach. Her nose is always wet and cold.

When kitty has been lying on the ledge above the radiator — her favorite place — she becomes half hot and half cold. Her left side feels as if Jack Frost has touched her, and the rest feels as warm as toast.

A KITTEN

By HY YOUNG (VI)

As I was studying one night, our playful kitten captured my attention for a quick moment. He came tearing into the room with his mother right on his heels. At first, as the mother cat jumped on her son and pawed him in the face, I thought she was punishing him, but I soon realized that it was all in fun. The

kitten then jumped away from his mother, making himself the bait for a nicely set trap; for as the mother ran toward the kitten to catch him, he leaped straight up in the air, with back arched and paws open. He then landed squarely on his mother's back and then scampered out of the room, a catly snicker on his face.

WEEKEND

By GUY VICINO (VI)

Friday's here,
I'm out at last.
It's pleasure first
And homework last.
T.V. now till late at night,
Sleeping late is quite all right;
Then hacking uptown with a friend —
Why does all this have to end?

LOWER SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

LOST IN THE SWAMP

By SCOTT REID (II)

Living near the Florida swamps can be fun. There is only one problem, and that is keeping my children out of the swamp. They keep asking me to take them there, but I tell them it is impossible because there are mineral deposits under the swamp. This makes it impossible to use a compass.

One day I was invited by some friends to go golfing. Forty minutes after I reached the golf course, I got an urgent call from the clubhouse. As I reached the phone, I had a terrible thought. What if this was my wife saying the children were in the swamp?

As I answered the phone my thought came true. The boys had been playing in the swimming pool and then disappeared. My old army

pup tent was missing, and so was a can of beans. I quietly broke up the game and my friends and I speedily got into my car.

As we drove, I thought of the 500 square miles of swamp and how long it would take to find the missing boys.

Then one of my friends said it would be a good idea to cover a lot of ground by helicopter. We did this, and two and a half days later we found the boys on a small island. We landed on the island and found they were too weak to walk. They also were swollen by bites from all kinds of bugs.

We rushed them to the hospital and soon they recovered. Now the boys have something to tell their grandchildren.



THAT'S IT

By BUZZY LAUGHLIN (II)

"I think that's it," cried Tom as he ran in the door at his house in Deerfield, Massachusetts.

"Mom, is that yours?" asked Tom, pointing out a giant box near their oak tree.

"What?" asked Tom's mother.

"That, out there, just behind the oak tree," answered Tom, still pointing to the box.

"Oh, I see it now — the large box out near the oak tree, right?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I said!"

"Oh no, you didn't, you said something like, Mom, is that yours out near the big oak tree?"

"Oh well, what's in it?"

"I suppose there's a little bit of this and a little bit of that, and some air," Tom's mother said jokingly.

"Come on, Mom, what's in it?" Tom demanded.

Tom's mother pretended she didn't hear so Tom would not know what it was.

"Oh jeeppers," he said to himself when he walked into his room. "I hope it's nothing like a dress!"

The next morning when Tom was in school he couldn't work. He kept thinking, "What's in that box? What's in that box?" After lunch he went up to his room and thought about it. Tom thought about a dress, a bureau, a go-cart, a chair — but a chair

wouldn't come in a box. An air conditioner? A mattress? He just thought of about everything. He left a part out — something he knew he would like but he couldn't think of it.

That night he started dreaming of what it might be. He dreamt of mice, cats, maybe a rat, a gun set, a bird, a fishing set, a baseball, football or soccer uniform, maybe some skis. He still didn't know which it was. Suddenly he heard a loud yowl that made him jump sky high.

"Eek, Mom, Dad, what was that?" asked Tom.

"I think it's that box!" said Tom's father.

"A dog," Tom yelled. "What's his name?" asked Tom.

"We haven't named him," his parents said together.

"Shall I name him Eliot?" asked Tom.

"It sounds sort of weird," said his Dad.

"How about — no, that's too weird, too. Shall I name him Julius, Jimmy, Rags, Spot, Egbert, Rover, Caesar? That's it. That's it, I am going to call him 'That's It'."

Tom ran down the stairs, or almost fell down and yelled, "That's It." He heard a thumping in the box. The dog was wagging his tail!

THE WHIRLPOOL

By MATTHEW YOUNG (II)

The thing that came toward us
Was whirling around
And coming so near,
We could not bear the sound.

It was now coming nearer,
I, making suggestions,
And my young brother Bob
Asking thousands of questions.

I then realizing
That death was so near,
Destruction took over,
Destruction, not fear.

THE GHASTLY EARS

By JOHN TAYLOR (II)

I was lying in my bed one night
When something made me stare in fright.
I saw a goblin with just one ear,
So then I knew there was nothing to fear.
But next a witch came running by;
Above her mouth was one black eye.
I dived in bed and screamed with fears,
Because this witch had lost both her ears!

AN EXCITING BLOW

By LAWRENCE BENSON (III)

(A true story)

I woke up one morning at our sea-shore house. It was howling and raining very badly. I got up and went downstairs. Dad was already up and was mopping up water. The rain was streaming through the locked windows on one side of our house. The windows were also bulging out an inch or two. Dad boarded them up so they wouldn't break.

At noon we decided to go to our neighbor's, who lived a couple of blocks away. A group of people had gathered on the street watching the huge, mountainous waves roll in. On one block the waves were rolling under the ocean-front houses and they formed a lake in the middle of the block. Suddenly it became strangely quiet and very warm. We were told that the eye of the hurricane was passing through. The waves were still getting higher and higher, and high tide was not due for another hour.

As we were talking, a wave crashed down before us. It quickly rolled on to the street, taking every-

one by surprise. Before we knew it we were running madly. It was too late and we were drenched. It didn't get my brother or me wet because we ran faster than anyone else.

A few minutes later the wind began to come up again. We went back to our house. We went up to the dune in front of it. The fences were ripped away like match-sticks. Half the dune was washed away. It was now high tide. The storm was even worse. The waves were breaking over the dune in front of the house.

After the hurricane had passed, we left for home. The telephone wires were down all over the island. My father wondered if we could make it home. Once we got to the mainland, everything was cleared.

When we arrived home, our tenant opened the window and shouted to my father, "I think you're in the lumber business." We discovered that we had twenty trees down. We had no power in the house for three days.

Dad and I are still splitting logs and cutting down trees. I think the lumber business is a pretty good idea.

FISHING SEASON AT STONY BROOK

By TOBY LAUGHLIN (III)

When fishing season starts, there are always three types of people. First, people who do nothing but fish. By this I mean they only fish and if you come where they are fishing they blow their tops.

The second type are people who are cruel. These people, if their fish is too small, don't pull him in but they yank the hook out, or even sometimes they will cut out their eyes or fins and let them go.

The third is nice, gentle people who are courteous to the fish and fishermen. I seem to like type three the best.

The way I handle type one is to

float logs down the stream. This will tangle their line. I also will throw huge mud bombs into the water and make it muddy.

I handle type two in a completely different way. I get lots of nice juicy worms and throw them downstream and upstream from the fisherman. This fills all the fish so they won't take his feeble worms. I also scare their fish away by throwing big rocks in the water.

I handle type three very differently. I share my bait with him and give him a nice time. So remember, be type three around our house.



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WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

By RANDY HOBLER and DICK REYNOLDS

SCHOLARSHIP

Although the Whites were ahead in the first marking period, the Blues caught up and passed them, with the result that the first term averages were as follows:

BLUES 77-%

WHITES 76+ %

FOOTBALL

Blues 44

Whites 6

Making up for the win they expected last year, the Blues won this with heavy deficits of 55 yards in penalties, while the Whites were penalized only 5 yards. Eddie Warren, playing fullback instead of his usual center position, scored for the Whites' only touchdown. For the Blues, Reynolds scored five touchdowns, passed to Chubet for another, and scored once for extra points. Hobler scored three sets of extra points for the Blues, not getting a chance to punt once. The Whites themselves only punted once. In passing the Whites outdid the Blues with 8 out of 14 passes completed, compared to the Blues' 2 out of 4 attempts.

SOCCER

The Lower School series resulted in victory for the Blues. In the Upper School, both varsity and J.V. squads turned in victories for the Whites. The Whites, therefore, are soccer champions for 1960.

HOCKEY

The Whites won the varsity hockey series, three games to one. Two games were made unofficial, because of technicalities. Petito was high scorer for the Blues, Fraker for the Whites.

In the J.V., the Whites won, three games to none, with one tie.

A Lower School Blue-White All-Star game ended in a 1-1 tie.

BASKETBALL

The Blues, although having only one out of five of the varsity starters, put up a good fight until the final quarter, when the Whites pulled away to a 28-15 victory. The Whites' high scorers were Eckels with 9 and Leventhal with 8. High scorers for the Blues were Reynolds with 10 and Thomas with 3.

The Whites also won on the J.V. level.

SKATING RACES

The Blue-White skating races were won by the Whites, 18-16, in a very even contest. In the Junior division, Evan Donaldson (W) and Keith Hereford (W) came in first and second, over the Blues' Raymond C. and Clay. In the Intermediate division Ford Fraker (W) was first and Ricky Miller (B) second, beating out Tobish (B) and Coppedge (W). In the Senior division Griff Strassenburgh (B) and Tom Chubet (B) defeated Tomlinson and Griggs R. of the Whites.

In the picked relay race, the Blue team of Raymond C. (I), Strassenburgh J. (II), Hagenbuch (III), Samson C. (IV), Strassenburgh G. (V), and Hobler (VI) beat the White team of Stetson (I), Donaldson E. (II), Shew (III), Fraker (IV), Donaldson C. (V), and Tomlinson (VI). The last event, the All-School Relay, the Whites won by a lap and a half.



"THE SPIRIT OF '61"

The winter's last great snowstorm in mid-February inspired Sixth Form sculptors to erect this haunting monument on the front steps of the school. Blues and Whites took advantage of the snow to wage an official Upper School snowball fight on the football field. The Blues won by a score of 28 hits to 27.

ATHLETICS

HOCKEY

By WARD JANDL

This year the hockey team did it again — an undefeated year. The season started slowly with the first two games — with Englewood and Lawrenceville — canceled. Our first real competition came when we played Taft on the February New England trip. This was the hardest game of the season.

It is not often that a team has both a strong defense and able forwards, but this year's team had. With Dave Petito and Captain Bob Griggs at defense, our opponents had a hard time getting to shoot. As a result the goalies, Rick Delano and Kevin Kennedy, let in only 9 pucks. We scored 42 goals throughout the season, an average of better than five per game.

This undefeated season wouldn't have been possible without our coaches, Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Tibbals. Ford Fraker was the high scorer of the team. Although he is just a Fourth Former, he played admirably against players two and three years older than he.

Here is the starting line-up:

Tibbals (wing)	Petito (defense)
Tomlinson (center)	Griggs (defense)
Chubet (wing)	Delano (goal)

Second line: Donaldson, Fraker, Kane

P.C.D. 6, LAWRENCEVILLE 2

This was the first game of the season, and everyone was anxious. Kane scored first on a beautiful pass from Fraker. In the second period four goals were scored: two by Tibbals, one by Griggs, and one by Petito. In the last period we slowed down; Petito made the only goal with an assist by Kane.

P.C.D. 3, TAFT 3

Normally we play Taft after three or four games beforehand, but the snow this year made it impossible. All of Taft's first-string were Tenth Graders, but we were able to hold them. The scoring was "neck and neck" all through the game. Fraker started off on a fine pass by Donaldson. Our other two goals were scored by Griggs, one on a pass from Kane and one unassisted. Although an extra period was played, the score remained 3-3.

P.C.D. 3, KENT 1

After spending a day at Kent before the game, we were too confident, and they scored on us early in the game. We remained behind until the last few minutes of the third period, when Chubet scored on a breakaway. Two more goals came in rapid succession, scored by Fraker and Tibbals.

P.C.D. 7, LAWRENCEVILLE 2

This was our first home game. Coming less than a week after the northern trip, it showed our lack of practice. We rotated three goalies, with Lawrenceville scoring both their goals in the second period.



Standing—TIBBALS, EDWARDS, A., SAYEN W., BATILE C., KUSER, SAMSON C., COPPEDGE, WANDELT F., FRAKER, LEA, MR. TIBBALS, STRASENBURGH, G., AYERS R., EARNEST, JANDL (manager).

Seated—DELANO R., DONALDSON C., GRIGGS R., CHUBET, KANE, KENNEDY K.

P.C.D. 9, LAWRENCEVILLE 0

With most of the school watching, Fraker scored three times in the first period with assists from Hobler, Kane, and Donaldson. Our passing was much better than usual. Early in the second period Kane and Tomlinson put us way in the lead; Hobler and Chubet also scored in this period. With Lawrenceville desperately trying to score in the last period, we were slowed a bit, but Petito and Coppedge added the eighth and ninth goals.

P.C.D. 2, HILL 0

This was one of the hardest games that we had to play. The Hill team was undefeated and fought to stay that way. In the first minutes, Tibbals was slammed against the boards, putting him out for the rest of the season. During our warm-up, Delano was hit by a puck and couldn't play this game. Kennedy, the substitute goalie, played an excellent game. Our first goal was by Strassenburgh, unassisted. Shortly after, Chubet made a goal, with an assist from Hobler, to strengthen our lead.

P.C.D. 6, LAWRENCEVILLE 1

This was the worst game, weather-wise, because of sleet and heavy rain. Griggs scored first, assisted by Petito. Kane also scored unassisted in the first period. The ice was poor and quite bumpy. After Fraker made a shot assisted by Griggs, Lawrenceville scored their only point. Chubet and Kane added points in the second period. In the last period Kane made a beautiful shot to make the score 6-1.

P.C.D. 6, WISSAHICKON S. C. 1

After playing no competitive sports for three weeks, we took a while to get warmed up. Strassenburgh started the scoring after receiving a pass from Hobler. In rapid succession Strassenburgh scored two more. In the second period Wissahickon, realizing that their undefeated season was about to be ruined, tightened up their defense. Nevertheless Fraker scored on a pass from Kane. Then Wissahickon scored a goal. In the last period Tomlinson scored on a pass from Griggs, and Donaldson made a beautiful goal, assisted by Kane.

BASKETBALL

By JOHN SHEEHAN

This year the basketball squad fought its way through one of its most successful seasons. The varsity record was ten wins and three losses; the J.V. had a two and one season. This year's team was very well-balanced and had excellent teamwork. The main offense of the team was the "give-and-go." Although we were up against excellent opponents, as usual, the driving spirit of the team was one of the main factors that enabled us to have such a fine season. High man of the season was Hy Young, netting 182 points. Dick Reynolds was second with 134 points, and Ed Warren took third with 92 points.

Our usual starting line-up was:

Forward — Reynolds

Forward — Young

Center — Warren

Guard — Leventhal (Thomas)

Guard — McCarthy (Vogel)



Standing—SHEEHAN (manager), POOLE, McCARTHY, VOGEL, DELHENN B., ECKELS, MYERS R., SCHEIDE, MR. DE LA COUR.

Seated—THOMAS, LEVENTHAL, WARREN, YOUNG H., REYNOLDS, REGAN T.

P.C.D. 23, LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH J.V. 19

This was our first game of the season, and we were all slightly nervous, but that didn't stop us from winning the game. Since this was our first game, our ball handling wasn't perfect, but the absence of cheering fans helped to make up for that. Young was the high scorer with eight points, and Reynolds was next with six.

P.C.D. 35, PENNINGTON JR. SCHOOL 29

We went into this game hoping for a victory. We got it, but it was hard work. They have a small court, which bothered us a little at first, but we eventually got used to that and a whole stand of cheering students, and went on to take the game. Reynolds was the high point man of this game, racking up twelve points, with Young a close second, scoring eleven.

WITHERSPOON 41, P.C.D. 38

This game was a lot closer than the score shows. We lost because of a faulty timer. The time accidentally ran over, and our boys couldn't hold on long enough to defend their lead. High scorer in this game was Warren, with 17 points.

P.C.D. 47, ENGLEWOOD 26

We made a good impression on their team, because we drove up in a bus, and it was only about half full. That impression lasted, because we ran all over them. They took the lead in the first quarter, but we soon regained those lost points. Hy Young sank several beautiful shots from behind the half-court line. Top man on scoring was Young, with McCarthy a second, scoring 20 and 12 points, respectively.

VALLEY ROAD 38, P.C.D. 34

This was a very exciting game, and a very close one too. The score see-sawed back and forth, but Valley Road sawed harder, and ended up an undefeated season. We were playing very well, but it wasn't quite good enough. Young was high scorer, 12 points going to Reynolds, to come in second behind Young's 14.

PEDDIE 50, P.C.D. 34

This team was way out of our class. Their smallest man was 5'9" tall. Our team played very well, but we were no match for this team. The first quarter score was fourteen to nothing. Young was high man this game with 12 points. Eight points brought Reynolds into second.

P.C.D. 39, PENNINGTON JR. SCHOOL 21

The return bout was played on our home court, and we did even better against them here than we did in Pennington. The game was ours from the first quarter. High scorers here were Young, with 15 points, and Thomas, racking up 8.

P.C.D. 25, LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH J. V. 21

This was a close game, and very exciting. The lead swung back and forth between the two teams, until it swung to us, and we held it. These two teams were very evenly matched, and both games were exciting to watch. High point men were Reynolds, with 10, and Young, with 9.

P.C.D. 31, WITHERSPOON 30

This was the best game of the season to watch. We took an early lead, and held it until the third quarter; then we fell apart. The other team was waiting for us to tire, and when we did, they moved in. They made a strong bid for the lead and got it. Then Young sank several free throws to move us ahead, and that seemed to bring the team to life. With fifteen seconds left to play, Witherspoon sank a basket, but we were able to hold on until the clock ran out. Reynolds and Young were tied for high scorer with nine points apiece.

P.C.D. 61, ST. PAUL'S 41

This was the highest scoring game in the season, setting a new record for the team for one game. Both teams were sinking long shots, but we controlled the backboards, and had possession most of the game. Dick Reynolds was high point man, sinking 21 points. Hy Young was a close second with 19 points. Ed Warren took third place with nine.

POST-SEASON PLAY

This year our team was invited to participate in the Rutgers Preparatory School Invitation Tournament. We were very excited and naturally agreed. Our first game was in the semi-finals. Our team was in high spirits throughout the whole series, and this spirit, plus excellent basketball playing, enabled us to capture the championship cup. After the tournament the cup was presented to co-captains Ed Warren and Hy Young.

P.C.D. 55, RUTGERS PREP 35

This was the first tournament game, and quite naturally we were very nervous. It was played at the Rutgers Prep gymnasium in New Brunswick, on Saturday, March 11. It was a very close first half; however, we were able to overtake their early lead, and by the end of the half the score was 23-21.

The third quarter was definitely ours, as we scored 18 points to attain such a lead as to make it impossible for them to catch up. As we pulled away to our 20 point finish, we had complete control of the game. High scorers were Hy Young with 22 points, and Ed Warren with 12.

P.C.D. 43, NEWARK ACADEMY 36

The final game was played Wednesday afternoon, March 15, at New Brunswick. Our opponents were bigger than we were, but our lack of size didn't faze us in the least, and we triumphed over Newark, breaking up an undefeated season for them the second time this year, as we had done in football. Again, as it had done many times before, our spirit helped us out-fight Newark for possession of the ball, giving us the game.

The half-time score was 24-21 in our favor. However, in the third period we pulled away to a 33-24 lead. During the last few minutes, we fought desperately to hold off the Newark rally, and we finally won by seven points.

STATISTICS

	<i>Points</i>	<i>Games Played..</i>
*Young	182	13
*Reynolds	134	13
*Warren	92	13
*Leventhal	25	13
*McCarthy	26	11
*Thomas	27	13
*Regan	2	8
*Vogel	18	8
*Scheide	0	7
Dielhenn	4	5
Eckels	0	6
TEAM	510	13

* Indicate letter winners.

The co-captains, Ed Warrern and Hy Young, and the two coaches, Mr. DeLaCour and Mr. Robson, are to be congratulated on having a very fine season.

WITH THE ALUMNI

1962

Alan Agle writes that he enjoys Choate and is doing well. Besides studying, he played soccer and hockey and is going out for tennis. He is in the Art Club and the Weather Club.

Howard Myers played on the Cromwell House football team at Lawrenceville. He was also goalie on the school junior hockey team.

Chip Norton is at the Brooks School, North Andover, Mass.

1961

Bill Hamill captained the hockey team at Rectory School, Pomfret, Conn.

Regan Kerney played the leading part of **Elwood Dowd** in the Portsmouth Priory school play, "Harvey."

Peter Kirkpatrick played first team hockey at South Kent.

Richard Longstreth writes enthusiastically from St. George's School: "Having a wonderful time."

Peter Morse was second line center on the varsity hockey team at Portsmouth Priory. He also played J.V. soccer.

John Willis won a J.V. letter in cross-country at Exeter and earned High Honors for the first term.

1960

John Brinkerhoff reports modestly from the Hill School: "My studies and athletics are O.K." He played hockey on the J.V. team.

Peter Hart played J.V. soccer and hockey at St. George's.

Concerning **Pepper Pettit**, news comes (but not from him) that he ranks third in his class scholastically at Salisbury and is doing a fine all-round job.

Brock Putnam, now at Milton Academy, claims to be "healthy and in most cases alive," and won Honors for the first quarter. As for athletics, he says, "I'm taking wrestling for my weight and aspirin for my wrestling."

Rhea Goodrich was number two man on the varsity wrestling team at George School, Pennsylvania. Last fall he played soccer.

Alex Patton is doing honors work at St. George's, and he was also on the varsity hockey team.

Bill Smoyer played on the undefeated Andover varsity soccer team. He was also on the varsity hockey team (see picture). Bill broke his leg in the last game of the season.

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1959

Joe Coffee was on the varsity football team at Darrow School and went out for skiing this winter. Last spring he was captain of the J.V. baseball team.

John Dunning played on the J.V. basketball team at Canterbury.

Nick Hare has played varsity hockey at Choate, together with **Dave Kelley '58**. **Rob Carrick** and **Huck Fairman** were both on the J.V. hockey team.

Prep schools are going in heavily for P.C.D. hockey captains this year. Elected to lead their teams for the coming season are **Charlie Stuart** at Andover, **Steve Cook** at St. Mark's, **Howard McMorris** at Deerfield, and **Bob Mueller** at St. Paul's.

Parky Shearer carried on the P.C.D. hockey tradition as a member of the Westminster School team.

Harold van Doren was one of only two members of the Junior class in the Thorndike (Maine) High School to be elected to membership in the National Honor Society.



JOBE STEVENS '58, Captain-elect CHARLIE STUART '59, BILL SMOYER '60, GEORGE PETERSON '58 were all regulars on the best Andover hockey team in history. Their record was 14-1-1, and they were unbeaten by any school team.

(Photo courtesy of Town Topics)

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1958

Bob Bales won a letter in cross-country at Taft this fall. In one meet he ran against **Frank Bushnell**, who was on the Choate cross-country team. **Bob**, a Senior, is also on the track team.

Phil Bonnet expects to graduate from Peddie in June and will go to Lehigh University in the fall.

Barry Custer is Chairman of the **Peon**, the Exeter yearbook; is taking advanced courses in math and French and a Senior English writing course; and is "hanging on near the bottom of the honors list." He also finds time to play on the varsity soccer and hockey teams.

Toby Knox captained the hockey team at Wooster School, Danbury, Conn.

Oliver Hamill was captain of the hockey team at St. George's School this winter.

Biffy Lea played on the varsity hockey team at St. Paul's. **Mike Madeira** was also on the team.

Perry Rodgers played varsity football and varsity hockey at South Kent School.

Dick Baker was wing on the Groton hockey team.

1957

Bev Aaron, majoring in English literature at Yale, is on the Dean's List in his Freshman year.

Howard Bushnell and **Louis Hano** room in the same dormitory, same hallway, at the University of Pennsylvania Wharton School.

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Adam Hochschild entered Harvard as a Sophomore this fall. He is majoring in English. His only criticism of Harvard is the lack of P.C.D. graduates there.

Staffy Keegin and **Fritz Mock** played first-string on the Dartmouth Freshman hockey team.

Bill Morse played first-line center on the Freshman hockey team at Yale.

Pony Fraker, **Webb Harrison**, **Hugh Wise**, and **Joe Wright** all played on the Princeton Freshman hockey team this year. Wright was first-string goalie, the others forwards.

Tim Carey was captain of the hockey team at Pomfret this winter.

Robert Kuser was on the Princeton Freshman tennis team last fall.

1956

Roger Kirkpatrick played left wing on the University of Colorado soccer team, which missed a berth in the NCAA playoffs only because of a last-game loss to the Air Force Academy. Kirk is also on the tennis team and majoring in Political Science. He reports that **Moke Raymond** is doing well in the Engineering School and is becoming a fearless and competent rock-climber.

To which Moke only adds: "All going great guns."

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David Smoyer was goalie on the Dartmouth varsity soccer team. This winter he represented the Big Green in squash.

Sophomores at Princeton University who have recently been elected to Prospect Street clubs include **John Cook** (Ivy), **Daniel Quick** (Court), and **Austin Sullivan** '54 (Charter).

1955

George Akerlof is a ranking scholar in the Junior class at Yale. As an editor of the *Yale News* he accompanied both the Nixon and the Kennedy campaign parties before the election last fall.

Jeffrey Kay completed one year of college at St. Joseph's Seminary in Peterboro, New Hampshire, with the Carmelite Fathers. He is temporarily working as a mail clerk but hopes either to return to college or to do lay missionary work in the fall.

William Hillier was married on February 5 to Miss Jacquelyn West, of San Pedro, California. A graduate of Lawrenceville and Marlborough College, England, Bill is now studying at Harvard University.

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William Starkey and Miss **Barbara Anne Brown**, of Denver, Colorado, have become engaged. Both are students at Middlebury College. They plan to be married in September.

1954

James Ackerman, a private first class in the Marine Corps, received the American Spirit Honor Medal, highest award a recruit may earn for training proficiency, on February 14 at Parris Island camp.

Austin Sullivan, defenseman on the Princeton varsity hockey team, has joined the distinguished ranks of P.C.D. graduates to become Princeton hockey captain. He will lead the team next winter, having been elected recently while still a Sophomore.

1952

Edward F. D'Arms acted in all five Shakespearean productions put on at McCarter Theatre this winter by the Association of Producing Artists. His final role was **Horatio** in "Hamlet."

1951

Hugh Fairman is a First Lieutenant in the U. S. Air Force. He expects to complete his tour of duty next August.

Robert Kales is working at the Boeing Airplane Company in Seattle, Washington. His address is 1006 Spring Street, Seattle 4.

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1950

Michael Erdman is studying for a Bachelor of Architecture degree at the University of Pennsylvania Graduate School of Fine Arts. He will complete his course in the spring of 1962.

Henry S. Urbaniak, Jr., is in his fourth year at Pennsylvania Medical School and was recently elected to **Alpha Omega Alpha**, national honor fraternity. He was married on June 25, 1960, to Miss Claire L. Kasper, of South River, N. J.

Richard Stillwell is working toward a Ph.D. in chemistry at the Harvard Graduate School.

Bent Wallis is studying at the Yale Medical School.

1949

George Carey, together with his wife, is studying Folklore and American Civilization at the University of Indiana.

Robert M. Laughlin is studying for his Ph.D. in Anthropology at Harvard University.

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Paul Roebing, one of our few alumni who have become professional actors, is a member of Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival company, which has played in Central Park and at high schools throughout the city. Among Paul's parts this winter has been **Romeo** in "Romeo and Juliet."

1948

Harold B. Elsasser is working at the American Bridge Division of the U. S. Steel Corporation in Trenton. He has two daughters, Gretchen and Mary, aged two and one.

David C. Harrop is at the American Embassy, Montevideo, Uruguay.

1946

Keith Hight was married on December 3 to Miss Eliot Brady, of Peapack, N. J. A graduate of Harvard Law School and a former Fulbright Scholar at Balliol College, Oxford University, Keith is at present working in Accra, Ghana, under a 14-month Ford Foundation grant.

1943

William C. Harrop is in the Foreign Service of the Department of State, Washington, D. C. His home is at 4005 Thornapple Street, Chevy Chase, Maryland.

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1941

Richard S. Conger is studying for his Ph.D. at Columbia University, intending to teach world affairs and U. S. foreign policy. He has two children: Stephen, 2½, and Wendy, 1½.

1940

Michael G. Hall, Assistant Professor of History at the University of Texas, had a book published in November: *Edward Randolph and the American Colonies, 1676-1703*.

1937

Stephen Conger, who is in the U. S. Department of Commerce, is the United States representative at the G A T T Conference in Geneva, Switzerland. His wife and three daughters are with him.

Robert A. Hunter is Managing Editor of the Fleet Publishing Corporation, with offices at 230 Park Avenue, New York City.

Lacey B. Smith, professor of English history at Northwestern University, has become engaged to Miss Jean Elizabeth Reeder, of Wilmette, Illinois. A summer wedding is planned.

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1936

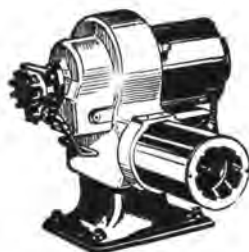
Nicholas de B. Katzenbach has been appointed by President Kennedy as Assistant Attorney-General in charge of the office of the legal counsel. His work will be to prepare legal opinions for the President's use. Nick has been on the faculty of the University of Chicago since 1956.

1933

Mr. and Mrs. **William Thom**, of 150 West River Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., are the parents of a daughter, **Margaret Albertson**, who was born October 27, 1960.

1932

David D. Wicks, Dean of Students at Lawrenceville, also teaches history, coaches varsity hockey, and handles college admissions for the school. He is a Trustee of P.C.D. and also of the newly formed Princeton Day Schools, Inc.



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