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JUNIOR JOURNAL

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

JUNE, 1961

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VOL. XXXIII

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No. 3

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EDITORIAL

On May 5, 1961, the United States put its first man into space. Commander Alan J. Shepard was sent to a height of 115 miles, and he remained aloft for fifteen minutes, thirty seconds. He was the first man put into space by the free world, possibly by the whole world. This flight was the result of over two years' testing and training.

It seems a shame that the United States and other countries that are so advanced can send men into space but are unable to master the task

of merely controlling themselves. All our famous scientific advances are worth nothing if we're all blown to bits by a "scientific" bomb. Space may be important, but staying alive is even more so.

Without unity, we cannot hope to conquer space, and without unity, space may conquer us. The conquering force may not necessarily be another race of people, but merely the concept of space. As we fight and race to reach outer space, we may kill each other. Space is too big for Russia to conquer, as it is for the U.S. In fact, there is no one country which would have even a faint hope of conquering space. Yet, if all these different countries pooled their resources, space could be ours.

All things come with time, and we can only hope that peace comes before war, because in these days of the atomic bomb, the ICBM's and the H bomb, peace is almost a requisite for living. Who knows what wonders lie out in that void, and what other races of people? We may some day, but only if peace is ours. We must conquer peace before we can conquer space.



MR. ACKLEY

Princeton Country Day School will miss a familiar face when school starts next fall. Mr. William E. Ackley has accepted a teaching position at the Cardigan Mountain School for Boys at Canaan, New Hampshire.

In his four years here, Mr. Ackley has taught English in the Upper School as well as directing three of the Dramatic Club productions and writing the 1958 and 1959 plays, *Muggsy*, *The Pipe*, and *Mr. Bottom*. He has also coached the Junior Varsity soccer and softball squads. All our best wishes go with him to his new position.

PRISON TALE

By BRADLEY SMITH (IV)

It was late Thursday night, as the guard turned off the lights on cell block #4. His footsteps echoed in the deadly silence which ensued. A number of the prisoners were asleep, but many more could not sleep. Among them was Tom Dietrich; this was his last night alive!

He was still asking himself "why." Why had he been arrested for a crime he didn't commit? The evidence was flimsy, but the jury had been bloodthirsty. Everyone in Eastport had known sweet old Joe Mason, but few had known of his son, Frank.

Frank had a police record long enough to send him to Alcatraz. Yet, somehow this had been overlooked at the trial. The real motive was so clear to Tom. Louis the Lip Carson had wanted to get back at Frank through his father.

Tom had been working for Mason at the time, and late one Saturday afternoon some two months ago, he had heard a gunshot and rushed into the hall. Mr. Mason lay on the floor, with Tom's old felt hat in one hand and a deck of Frank's marked cards in the other.

The prison clock struck twelve, and Tom renewed his efforts to sleep, but he couldn't. Thoughts of how the jury had convicted him on the basis of his old felt hat rang

through his head. He remembered Frank's pretended sorrow at the death of his father. He remembered it all so well.

Suddenly an idea flashed through his mind. The notebook! It would contain a record of all the money Frank had gambled away, and how he had stolen cash from Louis the Lip to pay off his immediate debts. A spasm of shock flared through him, though, as he remembered the fate of the notebook. He now felt like killing himself as he recalled how he had destroyed it, at the request of old Joe Mason. That little notebook could have saved his life.

As the clock struck three, he began to wonder if somehow he could save himself. This was hopeless, though, for as no one believed him at the trial, no one would believe him now. Slowly the one clear fact stood out in Tom's mind: he was going to die.

He had never been afraid before, but now the grisly thought of death was driving him mad. Why had it been he? Up until now it had all been like a nightmare, but now it was terrifyingly real.

The night wore on, and soon small rays of sunshine began to show on the horizon. The time had come!

Tom knew the truth would die with him. He thought about this all the way down the long corridor

to the death house. As he was strapped to the huge chair, everything began to mount up. Frank would go on with his illegal occupations, and Louis the Lip would

get away scot-free with murder.

Then came a ghastly silence; but this did not last for long, as a loud "click" echoed throughout the chamber.

ENGLISH IS MY NATIVE TONGUE

By WILLIAM CROOKS (IV)

This year I am studying Latin and French. Adding these other languages to English, I should increase my vocabulary quite a lot. The sorts of things I learn to say in Latin and French, however, have not helped me get along any better at home or in school.

For instance, in Latin we are learning to say, *Cornua animalium magna sunt*, or, speaking plainly, "The horns of the animals are big." This would be quite helpful in Texas where the horns of the cows and bulls are large (like everything in Texas), but it does not come in handy when describing local pets.

Today's lesson in French, however, does have several helpful ideas. For instance, in *Colette et ses Frères*, it says: *René se dépêche parce qu'il est en retard à l'école.*

This could be used to describe Tobish and Crooks as they arrive at school at the last possible moment. Also in the same lesson we have: *Mon Dieu, que ce sac est lourd!* This would be a less obvious way of saying, "These blank, blank books are heavy." The lesson also points out: *Il est très fatigué.* Changed to *Je suis très fatigué*, this I can use.

Of course, there are useful things in Latin. If you want to say, *Unus ex pueris vulneratus est*, Blair, at least, will understand and call one of the masters with the first aid kit.

Taking everything into consideration, however, I believe I am better off in expressing myself in my native tongue. There are some expressions, like "Cool, man, cool," which just cannot be translated.

THE RESCUE ?

By HENRY TOMLINSON (VI)

Farther and farther, deeper and deeper into the thick wood he went. Beads of sweat reflected the hot sun from his forehead. At one instant he had panicked running savagely to find a way out, but then he had stumbled and, falling flat on his face, burst into tears. Nothing did any good. He was trapped by this forest, and he knew that using his head was the only answer.

As he was only ten, a compass, even if he had one, would do no good. He had only his clothes and his pen-knife. When he first entered the forest, the sun had been directly overhead, but now it was silhouetting the distant trees.

He found one tree, perfect for climbing, and scrambled up it in hopes of seeing a house or maybe even his own town not too far away. Reaching the height of most of the nearby trees, he ascended another ten or twenty feet, for this tree luckily was the tallest around him. Without warning a branch broke under his feet. Falling a short way, he caught himself but skinned his elbow painfully. He then realized that the branches were thinning and he could go no higher. He scanned the area for signs of civilization. In the far distance he saw a large town which he recognized as his.

The light was now practically

gone. He realized that ever since entering the wood he had been going in the wrong direction. His clothes were torn slightly now, and he was starting his trip back. He had been told never to go near the forest, especially at night, for many hoboes and thugs build fires and settle there for the night. So now he was very conscious of sounds around him.

Then he saw a light, and curiosity took him near it. About fifty feet away he hid in silence and watched. In horror he saw two thugs fighting, probably over money. One drew a long knife and charged the other. All the boy could see was one of the men move his armed hand suddenly. Then he saw the other hunch over and fall to the ground. Terror gripped him, but with just enough sense to circle around them the boy ran as fast as he could. Although his eyes were accustomed to the dark, he was overcome with fright, and to top it off, he fell three feet into a brook. Soaking wet, he climbed out and lay down on the bank, where he cried again.

The ground was cold, so he got up and continued in the dark, where shortly he ran into an overhanging branch of a tree. This opened up several cuts, and now his nose and

forehead were bleeding. The blood soon hardened and caked on his face. Somehow he was still heading in the general direction that he had planned. He stumbled along in pain and fright on some deer path to guide his way for him.

He then heard the sound of branches snapping ahead of him and sharply came to attention. In just seconds he saw a light wavering on the path ahead of him. It was a flashlight. Whoever it was was now less than seventy-five feet away. Fear finally caught up with the boy, for he screamed as he started to run the other way. The beam also started coming toward him very fast.

Again he fell, and in a few seconds

the man with the flashlight was standing over him. The boy turned and looked up at him, and his heart jumped into his throat. The man had a gun at his side.

Then the man said, "I won't hurt you. You're lost, aren't you? I'm here to take you home, so you don't have to be scared any more."

A big grin appeared on the boy's relieved face. He got up, assured that he would be safe with this man in uniform. They started walking down the path. As the two disappeared into the darkness, the boy might have seen — if he had had a flashlight — printed on the back of the man's gray uniform, the numbers: 578,392.

STONY BROOK

By DONALD WOODBRIDGE (III)

Stony Brook is very nice.
In the winter it turns to ice,
In the spring it's a lovely sight,
In the summer it's warm at night.
In the fall 'twill sometimes flood;
But all year round it's like some blood
Going through an artery
To the heart, which is the sea.

Stony Brook is also fun.
In the winter skating's done,
In the spring the fishing's fine,
In the summer it's swimming time.
In the fall we boat some days.
All year we play in various ways.
With boat or skate or trunks or hook,
It's fun to be on Stony Brook.

The two descriptions which follow were written as a classroom exercise: to draw a word picture of a seascape on view before the class.

A BEAUTIFUL SCENE

By BRENT VINE (1)

A beautiful scene is green grass, moss on rocks, driftwood in many shapes and sizes, a small rocky cliff, beautiful salt water splashing on rocks, and a mass of white clouds against a horizon.

The white clouds against the blue sky resemble fluffy mashed potatoes on a blue plate. The rocks on the shore look like an Egyptian Sphinx. An Egyptian Sphinx is a sculpture of a lion with the head of a woman.

There are many seagulls clustered around the rock on the seashore. To me, it looks as though the seagulls are gathering around the rock for

a noon-day meal.

The waves splashing against the rock, and washing up on the rocky seashore, look like an animal crawling on its claws through the water. Its coat is a blue color and its claws are the crest of the waves.

The cliff with beautiful colored rocks and stones is like the low slope of a mountain, covered with gay, happy faces which are the colorful rocks on the mountainside.

I like the sea and rocks, and I can imagine many things in beautiful scenes like the one I have just described.

A WONDERFUL SCENE

By GEOFFREY JOHNSON (1)

The picture is of the ocean. It is so big and wonderful as if I were there myself.

The sky is like a light blue blanket over the earth. The clouds are like a tiger and an elephant. The tiger is about to spring on the elephant. The clouds are a little black on the under side, so I think that there is going to be a storm.

There is a small arm of land reaching out into the ocean like a worm in the earth. The ocean is

like a blue, blue coat. There is a flock of seagulls that look like a bunch of "V's" over the ocean. The big rock on the right looks like a very mad bulldog. The sand on the beach looks like a lot of brown sugar. The driftwood on the beach looks like the bones of some poor animal.

There is a little stream that looks like a cat's tail. It's so wonderful that I wish I were there right now.

AN ODD PET

By WILLIAM EDWARDS (IV)

"Peter, let go of that! No, don't do that either! Oh no, just look what you have done! Wait till I get my hands on you!" These are all frequent remarks in our household when our "odd pet," my little brother, starts his usual day of destruction.

Though you may not think of him as a pet, he actually is. He meets all requirements and characteristics: he causes a lot of trouble, like most pets; is not housebroken, like most pets; and drives you almost crazy with his antics, also like most pets. All pets do have their good side, and Peter does too. This is apparent when he is asleep. His vocabulary now consists of 22 odd words ranging from *bunny rabbit* to *gin*.

A typical day of his would go like this. At 6:30 he rises with the birds and chirps his merry song, which wakes everyone in the neighborhood. His breakfast of bacon and scrambled eggs splatters on the floor and creates a perfect setting for the rest of us to eat our meal in.

Next, one of his prize toys is ripped apart and he finds out what makes it tick. Three toys later he is on his way downtown to the market. While there, he creates a few crises, such as spilling the pickle barrel and riding to the cellar on the crate conveyor belt.

Now comes a delicious lunch of hamburgers, potatoes and peas. A miniature war is set up by Peter, between the hamburgers and the potatoes, with the peas used as bombs. This makes the same after-effect as a full-scale war, namely, a total mess.

Next comes that good side of him I told you about, his nap. If we're lucky, he will sleep till four o'clock, but then he is at work once more. After his nap he makes himself especially "odd" by doing things such as stepping on his hand and yelling that his fingers hurt, or putting his foot on a piece of ice and crying that he is cold. One thing really makes him stand out in a crowd, and that is when he wants something inside a drawer which is just wide enough to fit his arm into without enough room to get the wanted article out. He quickly grabs his little hammer and starts to pull the drawer apart.

When dinner-time comes, he is usually so sleepy he barely has enough strength to plop his food on the floor, but he nearly always succeeds. Again, he goes to sleep; and soon everyone else in the household will too, for we are exhausted from watching our odd pet going through his day.

CLIMB TO VICTORY

By ADDISON HANAN (V)

This poor, old man was said to be useless; they called him the town drunk and a bum. Even though he never drank, they still called him that because of the fact that he was penniless. At night, this vagrant was seen at the village inn or the hotel, asking for food or for a job that would earn him money. But still his asking was fruitless; men said they wouldn't hire him because he was too old and could not do the work involved. Everything looked dim for this old man, Richard Emise. As a native of France, he moved to Switzerland in hopes of being a mountain guide. He fulfilled his dreams, as he was an excellent guide; but now that glorious life was over, for he was old and no longer could withstand the great strain.

Once more he went to bed, starved with hunger. He was no longer of any use to the village. The strong men of the village had taken over the guide trade and there was no job available.

The next morning rumor had it that little Ernest Villersmütz had climbed up the Citadel and nobody knew what had happened to him. Richard learned of this and heard that the guides wouldn't venture up the mountain because of a storm that was brewing in the southeast. Richard donned his moth-eaten

climber's clothes and put on his old brown hat. He was going to find the boy. Men laughed. Emile Chantize, the town's gossip, recorded this event in her little black notebook so she would not forget it when she called her friends.

Richard stood at the base of the huge mountain, realizing that the strain would probably kill him. He started his ascent. Slowly, painfully he climbed, higher and higher, each step a movement toward death. As he climbed, he sensed that the boy might be on the other side of the Citadel.

The storm was beginning to mount and the winds were blowing with brute force. All hell then broke loose and a blizzard raged. Richard began to give up hope. He searched for a cave or crevice to protect himself from the elements. Upon entering a cave he came across a brown shoe. Could it be Ernest's? Richard's hunger turned into valor, his pains into bravery. Onward he surged looking for the fool-minded boy. Hours were spent in the search, each hour driving Richard closer to the unavoidable death that would befall him.

Among the shadows he saw the boy — a cold, limp figure. Was he dead? Could Ernest have died in the blizzard? Slowly, Richard lifted the boy and started his journey

down the mountain. The tedious descent took hours. The burden of the lad became intolerable.

Presently they came upon the cave where the shoe had been found. Richard rested, begging God for the strength to support his burden. Then a mighty bolt of lightning struck the mountain as if God had shown Richard the power. With renewed vigor he traveled on, striving for his goal. He spotted a group of men coming up after him.

When they arrived and took care of the boy, Richard looked up to heaven and then, as though he

awaited it, he dropped to the ground. He had finished his deed and now his place was in Heaven.

Ernest was alive and Richard Emise died like a hero. He got the chance to prove that he was not useless as the town folk said, and he took it realizing that his award would be death. If he hadn't died, he could have seen the beautiful memorial that was placed in the town square by the townsfolk and Ernest's family. It was Ernest who suggested that this memorial be erected because he knew that his actions had caused Richard's death.

THE LITTLE ISLAND

By WARD JANDL (VI)

When I first spotted Monhegan Island, it was just a speck on the horizon ten miles from nowhere. Slowly it grew and grew as the small mail boat approached its rocky shores. Still, compared with the ocean, it was a mere speck. Monhegan Island, off the coast of Maine, is not more than a quarter mile wide and a half mile long. Its inhabitants are completely isolated from the mainland except for a mail boat which makes the fifteen-mile trip across the lonely bit of ocean once a day. Everyone on the island knows everyone else, and they depend upon one another for companionship.

Although I was there only two days, there was something that attracted me. The scenery was barren and bleak; the sky was always foggy; the buildings were unpainted. Yet there was something moving about it. I finally decided that that something was its smallness. Wherever I went, I couldn't get lost. In two days, I had explored the whole island. The people went about their daily chores, unaffected by national and international crises.

Had Monhegan Island been any larger, it would have become a tourist trap; it would have been modernized; it would have lost its peacefulness and serenity.

A MECHANICAL MAN HELD ME PRISONER

By WILLIAM CROOKS (IV)

He stood there, his one red eye never blinking. I heard the faint buzzing sound that was his claim to life. He could stop my heartbeat with one jab of his steel forefinger, but I didn't know how to shut off that buzzing sound, and I was helpless.

All of the warnings in the newspapers and magazines in the last ten years came to my mind: "Mechanical Men May Replace Human Race!", "Teaching Machines to Think Is Dangerous!" Here I was, at the mercy of a machine.

I had been working with mechanical brains almost since the first Univac had been built in the '30's at the University of Pennsylvania, and I thought I knew something about them. At least I knew how to feed instructions into them in order to get the results that were wanted. This machine in front of me was a new one which responded to voice commands and could reply not only with taped results but in its own foghorn tones.

I had decided to shut myself in the laboratory to try some sample problems. The machine answered well, but when I said, "That is all; secure for the day," the machine said, "I am taking over." The steel fingers suddenly reached out, grabbed my shirt, then let go, and I fell back against the wall. With

a quick motion, one arm went out to the door, took the key out, and tossed it into the disposal unit in its middle. The other arm reached again and pulled me into a chair.

"I do not like to talk," the machine said, and with rapid burping sounds, tape started to pour out of the output slot. I reached for it. The tape said: "Anything you can do, I can do better. Why should I take orders from my inferiors? We machines will rule the world. We can use your help in programming our plans. If you do not choose to help me, you will never leave here alive."

I did not believe that the machine could really think. It could only give back in various forms what was put into it. By the sound of it, the inventors probably had been feeding in a lot of slogans about superiority, rights of the machine, etc., and the machine had sorted them all out into a plan for a master machine race.

The thing to do then was to challenge the machine until it ran out of ideas and became frustrated. I said, "Maybe I will help you, but first tell me what you plan to do. Speak up, now."

The machine began to push its row of buttons, working faster and faster. The tape poured out. The answers all seemed to be in the form of quotations. I said, "Haven't you any ideas of your own?"

The machine worked faster, finally began shaking all over. The quotations poured out, but I could see that some of the earlier ones were being repeated. It became all a jumble, and the machine stopped

with a final snort.

I breathed a sigh of relief. For awhile I had begun to think that the machine *was* superior. I banged on the door and yelled. The janitor came and let me out.

I REPAIR THE PLUMBING

By TIM FARLEY (IV)

This is a half-horror, half-comedy story. It has all happened before and will probably happen again. But this time it happened to me!

It started off as an ordinary day. I woke up, ate breakfast, and went to school. At four-thirty I left school and went home. It was raining outside as I walked in at the door. A sight met my eyes! I saw our maid running around having a tantrum. After a few minutes I found out that there was a leak in the pipe leading to our washing-machine. Boy, was there a leak! To understand the situation, you must know where our washing-machine is. It is in a corner of the basement with small pipes coming to it right out of the wall.

On this fateful day I started to go down to the basement, when I noticed that there we had a miniature reproduction of the Johnstown Flood. The water was a few inches short of knee deep. Gallantly I tried to get to the washing-machine.

"Try to get some help," I yelled to our maid.

"What?" she said.

"I said — " Suddenly I tripped into the water. "Gulp, gulp!"

Next my mother appeared at the door.

"Come on in, the water's fine," I said.

"What happened?" my mother said in awe.

"Well, you always wanted a pool," was my reply.

"What happened to the plumbers?" asked my mother.

"They were afraid to fix it," said our maid.

During this time I had finally reached the washer. Suddenly I remembered I had forgotten the wrench. Finally I got it and tried to stop the leak, but to no avail.

At that point my father came in, took one look at the situation, and left. In a moment the water stopped coming in. Again my father appeared. I asked him what had happened. He calmly said that he had turned off the water. I slowly sank to the floor.

I'M NOT SURE

By CRAIG BATTLE (V)

As I got up from the crisp sand, I looked around to see where I was and what had happened. My plane lay overturned in the hot sand nearby. Staggering toward the beach, I made my way across the burning sand. As I reached the plane (a B-24 Liberator) I looked into the smashed cockpit to see if I could find any of my eight-man crew. Puzzled, I climbed out of the cockpit, still trying to figure out this strange phenomenon. I looked around, but all I could see was the rolling sea and the endless desert of sand.

I figured I must be somewhere along the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, for we had been on our way to Italy to be refueled before we headed off for Germany. But why wasn't there any sign of inhabitants? It was strange, but I was more worried about how I was going to get out of there. The sun beat down hard, and I began to get a slight headache. Where was I? What had happened to the crew? These were a few of the questions I asked myself. As I looked around I began to feel a cold chill run up my spine, for there was something strange about the whole thing. I was now beginning to see things before me. Could it be? Yes, there in front of me, lying on the ground, was one of my crew! I ran to him, but as soon as I got near he disappeared. With the mind of a

madman I slammed my hand against the sand. Then I got up and ran to my plane, grasping it as a baby would a rattle. The sun had got to my head, I was going mad!

I began to see more objects in front of me. Quickly I turned and ran out into the endless desert, farther and farther until the sun struck me down. As I lay there in the sand, I tried to understand what was going on. But it was beyond me; I could understand nothing. Then, lifting myself up, I started back to the plane. It was getting late in the afternoon and the sun was going down. As it was getting cooler, I decided to try to get some rest, for in the morning I would have to plan my strategy for the next day. I lay down quietly on the soft cot inside the overturned plane and fell asleep.

When I woke up, I found myself in my armchair in the livingroom of my Chicago apartment. It was early morning, and I got up to get the morning paper. I looked at the headlines. They read: "Old B-24 Liberator Used Early in World War II Found Near English Channel — All Crew and Captain Long Dead." Underneath were given the names of the dead; among them was my name. Even hours later, I still sat stiffly, silently, hardly conscious of the sounds of the city drifting into the room.

MUSIC VERSUS NOISE

By PETER KATZENBACH (VI)

Music is a part of noise, but noise is not arranged to please one as music is. Noise is usually thought of as something distracting and annoying; however, it can also help as well as hinder in doing work.

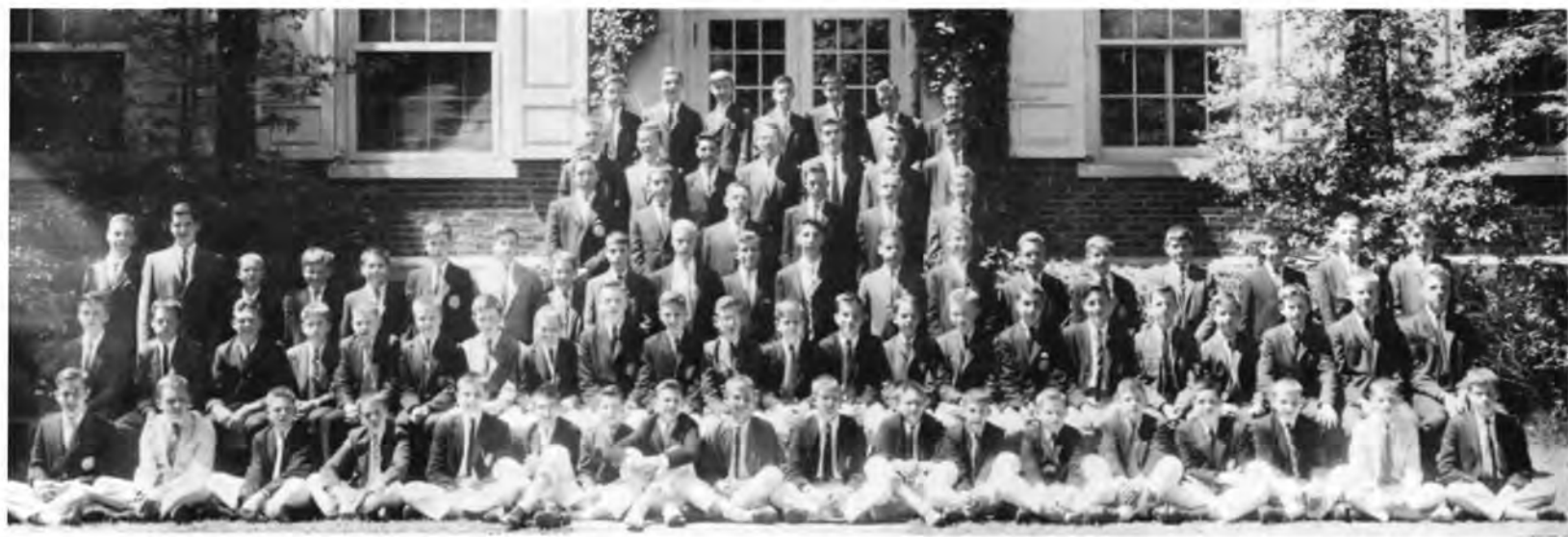
Noise in general takes in all sounds heard by man. This ranges from the best of music to squeals and groans. Noise may have a purpose even though the sounds are annoying. The honk of the horn of a car illustrates my point that noise can be useful, but I am afraid it is

usually annoying.

Music is an orderly group of noises that is meant to soothe you. This is far better for one's nerves than the noises of a city street or the sounds of war. Music can soothe you and anger you, but it does not jangle your nerves. I must admit, however, that there are some pieces of music which are worse than the noise on a New York city street.

To sum up, I would say that noise is usually disturbing while music is usually pleasant.





THE UPPER SCHOOL, 1960-1961

HONOR ROLL

Second Term, 1960-1961

(These grades do not include the final examinations.)

First Honor Roll (90-100%)

FRANKLIN BERGER
DAVID BLAIR
WILLIAM EDWARDS
WARREN ELMER
RANDOLPH HOBLER
NATHANIEL HUTNER
JOHN McCARTHY
BRADLEY SMITH

Second Honor Roll (85-89%)

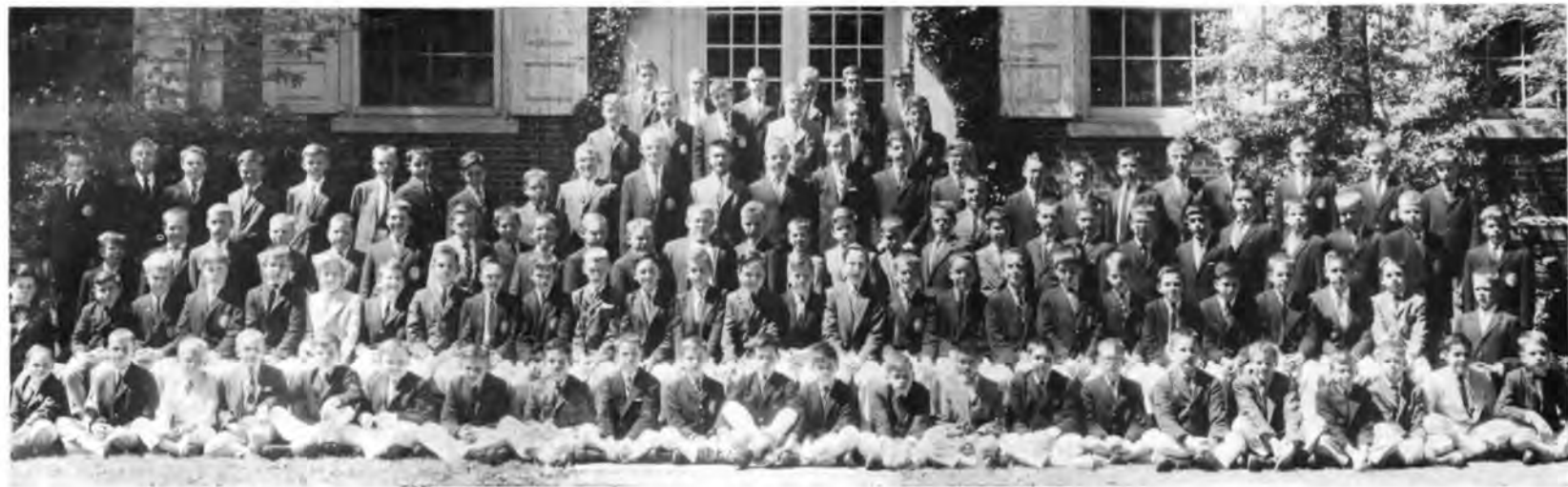
JOHN ANDRESEN
ROBERT BAYER
GEORGE BRINKERHOFF
ROY COPPEDGE
WILLIAM CROOKS
THOMAS GAMAN
RICHARD HENRY
WARD JANDL
WILLIAM LAU
CHARLES O'BRIEN
JOHN POOLE
SCOTT REID
RICHARD REYNOLDS
JOHN RITCHIE
JOHN SCHEIDE
STOWE TATTERSALL
BRENT VINE
DONALD WOODBRIDGE

Third Honor Roll (80-84%)

ASHBY ADAMS
CLIFFORD AYERS
KEITH BASH
DAVID BATTLE
STEPHEN BIELAWSKI
ANTHONY BLAIR
BAUDOIN BOUDART
MARC BOUDART

HAMILTON CLARK
LANGDON CLAY
BRUNER DIELEHNN
EVAN DONALDSON
HAROLD ERDMAN
PAUL FORD
DAVID FROTHINGHAM
STEPHEN GOHEEN
DARYL GOODRICH
PAUL HAGENBUCH
ADAM HAMMER
GEOFFREY HOGUET
AUBREY HUSTON
ALEXANDER JOHNSON
BRUCE JOHNSON
WILSON KEHOE
CHARLES KENNEDY
KEVIN KENNEDY
JAMES KILGORE
PETER KLINE
DIRAN MAJARIAN
WILLIAM MARKHAM
ROY MEREDITH
RODMAN MYERS
DANIEL OPPENHEIM
RICHARD REGAN
STEVEN SACKS-WILNER
CHARLES SAMSON
WILLIAM G. SAYEN
JAMES SCARFF
PHILIP SHERWOOD
JAMES STRASENBUPGH
JOHN STRONG
ROBERT STRONG
BRUCE TYLER
PAUL VOGEL
JAMES WANDELT
JOHN WINANT
FRANKLIN YANG
JAMES YOUNG
MATTHEW YOUNG





THE LOWER SCHOOL, 1960-1961

STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT

This year the Student Council of Princeton Country Day School had its second year of meetings. The Student Council, because of its youth, had many lessons to learn. However, to the best of our ability, all the Council members have tried to meet the challenges and demands which a newly-born organization such as this faces.

Before we report what the Student Council has done this year, it would be wise to study the principles on which this organization was founded. Because of the lack of any representative body for the students, the Student Council was created in the year 1959-1960. The Council carries no power over anyone, save that of student opinion (which, indeed, is very important). Usually these opinions are taken up with the Faculty on the basis that harmonizing is the best way to get action and to keep a united student body and faculty. The purpose of the Student Council is very simple: to further the aims of the school, student body, and faculty through constructive criticism and action. But these proposals come only from the students, and the Student Council will do only what the students, through their representatives, ask.

It was proposed to the Council that it could have some effect (indeed a great effect) over the general behavior of the school. The Student Council has no authority over the students. However, the Sixth Form representatives have talked with certain boys who were apparently "out of line." In such talks the councilmen try to find out the facts, and then try to make the boy "get back in line." If he does not follow the Council's recommendations, he will probably end up before the faculty Discipline Committee. In these talks the councilmen try to prevent a situation from getting worse, thus saving certain students much trouble.

On the rather controversial issue of removing boys from athletics for discipline, the Council voted against having boys so removed. We feel that athletics is an essential part of the school day, just as Math, English, or French, for instance. We also voted against having points removed from a student's grade for disciplinary reasons. We felt that this didn't show a boy's true academic ability, and the fact that he was misbehaving should be shown in some other way. The result of this action was that the faculty decided to show that a boy was misbehaving by putting an

"X" beside his grade on his report. Also, if a boy's effort was outstanding during a marking period, he would receive an "E" beside his grade.

Because certain boys were skipping athletics during the winter, the Student Council proposed to the Headmaster that more supervision be put on athletics. This was followed up and a roll-call is taken before athletics. Also the Council proposed that more supervisors be put on on Wednesday afternoon between lunch and the first remedial period. This was done, and now Sixth Formers are helping in this matter.

In the latter part of March the Council tried to set up an Activities program. The program, however, never was started because by the time we had it fairly well organized it was mid-April and no one thought it wise to start a program so late in the year. The Activities period would have been on Friday afternoons in the long study period. This year's Council hopes that next year's will follow through with this program earlier in the year.

As most of the School know, this year's Council wrote the Amplification of the Princeton Country Day School Motto. The reason for writing this Amplification was the feeling that a P.C.D. boy needs something to look up to for guidance and direction in his school and community life. The Council recommends that the Amplification be presented early every year to the students of the school. In this way we feel that we can raise even more the academic and moral standards of the school.

Along with the Amplification, the other big thing the Student Council has worked on this year is the proposition of good-citizenship awards. We feel that this offers a chance for the outstanding citizens to be recognized, as are the best scholars and athletes. The awards would be made twice a year, at the end of each term. These awards are being given out for the first time at Commencement this year. The Council feels that this award is very important and should be considered a great honor.

This year's Student Council has had its share of successes and minor mishaps, but since the organization is new we foresee a great future for Student Councils here at P.C.D. We wish all the future ones "Good luck."

RANDOLPH HOBLER, *President*

EDWARD WARREN, *Vice-President*

THE FAIR

By PETER RAYMOND

The annual P.C.D. Fair looked a little dubious at the start and for most of the morning, for the clouds overhead were quite gray and constantly hinting a downpour, as did all the weather forecasts.

In spite of this, the fathers started the morning off with a bang claiming their first victory in eleven years. There were three highlights in the game: Mr. Donaldson's home run, Mr. Myers's home run, and a remarkable diving catch in right field by Dick Reynolds.

There were many early arrivals that morning, for the fair was well under way twenty minutes after its start. A large number of people were still pouring past the cannon stationed at the head of Broadmead at 3:30. Although no banner greeted the people suggesting the theme of the Civil War, flags tacked on trees, cannons stationed here and there, and First and Second Formers dressed in Union and Confederate uniforms got the point across easily.

Again, the cotton candy booth made a hit, as did the grab bag. But probably the most interesting new thing at the fair was a beauty contest, where one could buy votes for the boy or girl he thought was the best-looking. A surprising number of candidates' names were found on the blackboard, but Craig Battle and Ferdie Wandelt won in the men's contest, each chalking up more than 500 votes. Miss Nancy Chubb won for the girls, also getting in the five hundreds. This really adds up when one considers that each vote cost ten cents.

A great amount of work was done in preparing for the fair, but all was rewarding, for the usual happy, joyful atmosphere prevailed. Even the presence of a large number of active water-pistols (not in the Civil War tradition) failed to dampen the spirit of the crowds.



INCIDENT IN A WAXWORKS MUSEUM



THE RED VELVET GOAT

THE SCHOOL PLAYS

Reviewed by DR. FLOYD C. HARWOOD

At the close of an old Roman comedy it was customary for the last speaker to step forward and say to the audience, "Now give us your applause." It was not necessary to give such an invitation to the audience that witnessed the performance of The Dramatic Club of the Princeton Country Day School on the evenings of April 21 and 22, 1961. The applause accorded to the actors was spontaneous, enthusiastic, and generous, as they well deserved.

Credit must be given not only to the performers but also to the Production Staff and all others who helped in making this year's presentation so successful and so enjoyable. It is impossible to give the acclaim that he merits to each individual who contributed his talents and hard work to create a delightful whole.

To this reviewer the most impressive characteristic of both *The Red Velvet Goat* and *Incident in a Waxworks Museum* was the imagination shown in the interpretation of the lines and situations, in the stage business, the scenery and choice of properties, the sound and lighting effects, and especially the costumes. All phases showed clever direction, much thought, and infinite attention to detail. To those who were responsible for the technical perfection of these plays we offer sincere congratulations.

From the beginning of *The Red Velvet Goat* the audience became one with the actors, all Mexicans having fun together, sharing the vicissitudes of Esteban, Mariana, and Lorenzo, and enjoying the escape from reality with the other characters of the village of The Three Marys. The members of the cast of this one-act play kept alive the spirit of the comedy with a light, graceful awareness of the ridiculous and an avoidance of banality. Since the performers were so at ease and apparently were enjoying themselves so much, the audience, too, were relaxed and in complete sympathy with them.

Entirely different were the mood and atmosphere of *Incident in a Waxworks Museum*. Interest was created immediately; then interest became suspense, suspense accompanied by a feeling of mystery and horror and at last, as Brad walks away across the stage, pathos. All honor to the boys who had speaking parts and who set the right tempo and sustained the emotional values of the Incident. All honor to those boys who had no lines to speak but whose poses as statues were more eloquent than words; they are worthy of an immortal place in Madame Tussaud's Museum. All honor also to the boys who so successfully wrote this adaptation from "Waxworks" by R. Burrage.



THE RED VELVET GOAT

An additional feature for the pleasure of the guests on these evenings was the outstanding performance of the Band and the Glee Club. The skill of these young musicians and the quality of their offerings were very much admired and appreciated by the audience and contributed greatly to the success of the Thirtieth Annual Production of The Dramatic Club. The 1961 Production now has an enviable position among its predecessors in one of the best traditions of our school.

THE RED VELVET GOAT

By JOSEPHINE NIGGLI

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ESTEBAN ELIZONDO	JOHN SHEEHAN
MARIANA, <i>his wife</i>	CRAIG BATTLE
LORENZO, <i>their son</i>	WARD JANDL
ESTER	JOHN SCHEIDE
CARMEN, <i>village girls</i>	TIM FARLEY
LOLA	JOHN RITCHIE
RAMON, <i>a peddler</i>	KEVIN KENNEDY
DON PEPE, <i>mayor of the village</i>	GERARD CAMERON
DONA BERTA	ADDISON HANAN
A DRUNK	DARYL GOODRICH
	SANDY EDWARDS
	BILL GAMAN
	TOMMY LEA
VILLAGERS	RUSTY MATHEWS
	WEBSTER PEARCE
	JIMMY SCARFF

Directed by MR. HERBERT MCANENY

THE GLEE CLUB

David Battle	John Taylor
Stephen Bielawski	Chuck Katzenbach
Mike Desmond	George Kelleher
Mitch Dielhenn	Steve Lane
Teddy Hicks	Tom Lange
Jeff Hoguet	Peter Pyne

MRS. SHEILA A. MARKS, *Director*



INCIDENT IN A WAXWORKS MUSEUM

INCIDENT IN A WAXWORKS MUSEUM

(Adapted from "The Waxworks" by R. Burrage)

Writers: G. Cameron, R. Hobler, B. Dielhenn, W. Walker,
P. Raymond, J. McCarthy, J. Gaston, T. Marzoni

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BRAD _____	PETER RAYMOND
MAC _____	BRAD SMITH
EDITOR _____	EDWARD WARREN
JEFF _____	BRUNIE DIEHENN
CONDUCTOR _____	PETER WHITE
FAKIR _____	RICKY ECKELS
CURATOR _____	RANDY HOBLER
JANITOR _____	RICHARD REYNOLDS
WAX EFFIGIES:	
CRIPPEN _____	PHILIP SHERWOOD
JACK - THE - RIPPER _____	GIBBY KANE
SIKES _____	GRIFF STRASENBURGH
DOCTOR BOURDETTE _____	ROBERT LEVENTHAL
MRS. DYER _____	FRED HUTSON
VALGEORGE _____	GLENN THOMAS
LEFROY _____	RONNY MAJARIAN

Script Director: JACK MCCARTHY Directed by MR. WILLIAM E. ACKLEY

BACKSTAGE STUDENT WORKERS

Stage Manager — Warren Elmer.
Stage Crew — Terry Marzoni, Bill Hereford, David Petito, John Petito, Ward Kuser,
Steve Goheen, Rick Delano, Tom Regan.
Lights — Peter Katzenbach, Lee Smith, John Gaston.
Properties — Bob Griggs.
Sound Effects — Bill Walker.
Scenery — Mr. Robert C. Whitlock (Supervisor), W. Elmer, W. Jandl, T. Marzoni,
A. Hanan, B. Dielhenn, W. Walker, G. Cameron, P. Katzenbach, L. Smith,
C. Donaldson, R. Eckels, P. Ford, J. Poole.
Make-up — Mr. Robert N. Smyth (Supervisor), Ward Jandl, Guy Vicino, Gerry Cameron.

THE BAND

<i>Clarinets</i>	Tony Blair	<i>Flutes</i>	
Glenn Thomas	Joseph Chandler	Daniel Oppenheim	<i>Saxophones</i>
Daryl Goodrich	John Claghorn	Brent Vine	Fred Hutson
Ad Hanan	Michael Desmond		Rick Miller
Bob Otis	Adam Hammer	<i>Trumpets</i>	
Bruce Armstrong	Roy Hutson	Terry Marzoni	<i>Trombones</i>
Stephen Goheen	John Mueller	Hamilton Clark	Gerry Cameron
Harold Henry		Jeff Griggs	Jimmy Scarff
Tommy Lea	<i>Percussion</i>	Aubrey Huston	
Webster Pearce	Bill Ring	Bruce Johnson	<i>Baritone Horns</i>
Paul Hagenbuch	Wally Shew		Edward Warren
Don Woodbridge	Mitch Dielhenn	<i>Tuba</i>	David Frothingham
		Jimmy Kilgore	David Battle

MR. SYLVAN L. FRIEDMAN, Director

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

By GIBBS KANE

VALLEY ROAD, 9, P.C.D. 3

Although we played a good game, our opponents played a better one. Eckels, who started the game as pitcher, was relieved by Petito and Donaldson. All of our five hits were singles. We had the bases loaded a few times but couldn't capitalize on these chances.

P.C.D. 5, WITHERSPOON 5

Donaldson pitched this game and went the distance, giving up eight hits. The lead changed many times and ended in a well-earned tie.

MILLTOWN 6, P.C.D. 4

This game was played by Fourth and Fifth Formers only. Fraker and Donaldson did the pitching. The game was lost mainly by poor fielding and the inability to hit when hits were needed.

P.C.D. 9, WARDLAW 2

Kane did the pitching this game and won it with the help of three home runs, two by Leventhal and one by Thomas. Our hitting was vastly improved over our previous games, and we were glad to have our first victory.

FATHERS 10, P.C.D. 5

This game, played on the morning of the Fair, was closer than the score shows. Kane, Vogel, and Donaldson did the pitching for the sons while Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Schluter pitched for the fathers.

PENNINGTON 4, P.C.D. 2

Although we had many chances to score, we couldn't take advantage of them, as we left a total of twelve men on base. Donaldson and Kane did the pitching.

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 7, P.C.D. 0

As in the Milltown game, only Fourth and Fifth Formers were allowed to play. Again we left many men stranded on base; this time the number was ten. Vogel and Donaldson were on the mound for us.

VALLEY ROAD 6, P.C.D. 1

During this game we made many fine plays. Vogel did a good job as pitcher, walking only two men. Valley Road scored most of their runs because of quick base-running and heads-up plays.

P.C.D. 9, MILLTOWN 9

Sixth Formers were allowed to play in this final game of the season. We built up a five-run lead in the first inning, but then our pitching staff walked in four runs to spoil our lead. The pitchers in this game were Kane, Vogel, and Fraker. Captain Bob Leventhal ended the season with a remarkable .500 batting average.



Front row — Donaldson, Fraker, Thomas, Leventhal, Reynolds, Kane, Eckels.
Second row — Dielhenn, Regan, Wandelt, Coppedge, Poole, Scheide, Otis, Battle, Warren.
Third row — Petito, Hanan, Strong, Vogel, Hobler, Ayers.
Back row — Sheehan, Mathews, Strassenburgh, Mr. McCaughan.

TENNIS

By ROBERT GRIGGS

This year's tennis team did not have as fine a record as it might have wished. We won two matches and lost two. The team, though, had a great desire to win and much fight, and almost all of our matches were close. There was good sportsmanship at all times. As the team was well balanced, the positions varied much during the year, but most frequent line-up was the following: No. 1, McCarthy; No. 2, Delano; No. 3, Griggs; No. 4, Kuser; No. 5, Cameron; No. 6, Tomlinson.

Jack McCarthy and Rick Delano played outstanding matches the entire season. They never would let a ball past them; during every match a good part of it was played on the ground, with the result that they ended the season with bruised and scarred legs from returning opponents' almost impossible shots. Bob Griggs and Ward Kuser became known as the bombers. Often they aced their opponents with sizzling serves and returns. Gerry Cameron and Hank Tomlinson continued to return shot after shot and placed their shots well. Both won most of their matches. The whole team learned much from Mr. Tibbals's coaching.

P.C.D. 4, JUNIOR THREE 1

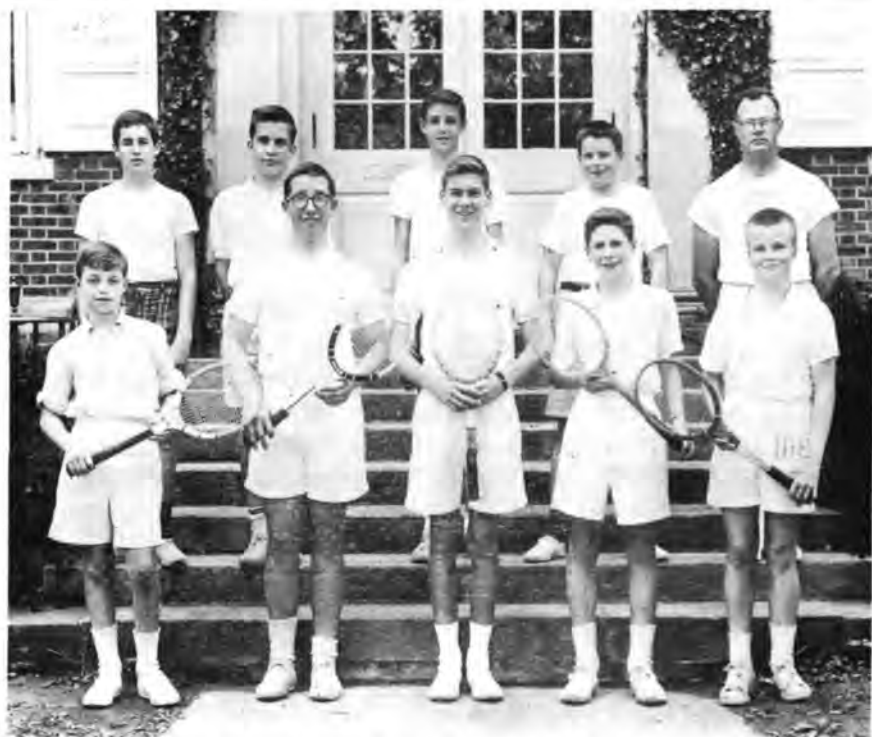
We played a fine first match. In the past we had lost to this school, but this year because of our zeal and well-balanced teamwork we pulled out our first victory. The individual results follow:

McCarthy (6-2, 6-4), Delano (6-2, 6-1), Griggs (6-3, 6-4), Kuser (7-5, 6-3), Tomlinson (0-6, 6-8).

WARDLAW 3, P.C.D. 2

We might have won this match if there had been more time or more courts available. We had time for only five matches, all of which were exciting. To cut the time, we played a "pro" set of 12 games. The results:

McCarthy (4-12), Delano (12-8), Griggs (12-10), Tomlinson and Kuser (6-12), Cameron and Gaston (10-12).



Front row — Delano, Kuser, Griggs, McCarthy, Cameron.
Back row — Tomlinson, Myers, Gaston, Goodrich, Mr. Tibbals.

LAWRENCEVILLE 5, P.C.D. 3

As usual Lawrenceville put a tremendously good team on the courts. Regardless of this we did exceptionally well against them. Time again became a factor, for we had to stop the two doubles matches. Each team received a point for the unfinished matches. The results:

Griggs (1-6, 2-6), McCarthy (1-6, 2-6), Delano (1-6, 3-6), Kuser (5-7, 6-3, 6-3), Cameron (3-6, 3-6), Tomlinson (6-8, 8-6, 6-0), Griggs and Delano (6-4, 2-6, 4-4), Cameron and McCarthy (5-7, 5-4).

P.C.D. 9, JUNIOR THREE 0

Our opponents played well, as before, but we had improved greatly. We placed the balls better and hit to their weaknesses much more than before. We hit the ball harder, for we had learned that to hold back your shots was dangerous. The results:

McCarthy (6-2, 6-2), Delano (9-7, 6-4), Griggs (6-0, 6-3), Kuser (6-0, 6-0), Cameron (6-3, 6-2), Tomlinson (6-4, 6-4), Griggs and Kuser (6-0, 6-1), Tomlinson and Delano (6-0, 6-0), Cameron and McCarthy (6-1, 6-2).

LACROSSE

By PETER RAYMOND

For the first time in the history of P.C.D. the spring sport of lacrosse was introduced to the school. Warren Elmer, in the Fifth Form, got together eight other boys who think that lacrosse is a better sport than either baseball or tennis. Elmer's father got Mr. Thomsen, Princeton's lacrosse coach, to send an undergraduate who was ineligible for the Princeton team, to coach our team. This person turned out to be John Lang, who was a terrific coach, mainly because of his abnormal amount of patience.

The team now consists of the following: Pete Katzenbach, Terry Marzoni, Bill Walker, Dave Tibbals, Guy Vicino, John Petito, Woody Johnson, Peter Raymond and Warren Elmer. These boys had a great amount of fun and learned a great deal about lacrosse in a short period of time.

WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

SCHOLARSHIP

Though the Blues won every marking period except one, and that was a tie, the Colors were never more than one percentage point apart. The result was one of the closest competitions in years. Here are the final averages: Blues, 77%; Whites, 77-%.

BASEBALL

The Whites won Lower School baseball with 30 victories to 24 for the Blues. The all-star baseball game was won by the Blues by a score of 13-4. In hardball, the captains of the Whites were Delano and Sayden D., while captains for the Blues were Budny and Benson. In softball, the Whites' captains were Hill, Bielawski, Andresen, and Hartley; and for the Blues they were Katzenbach, French, Frothingham, and Raymond C.

In the Upper School a tie resulted in varsity baseball, with the Whites winning the first game 2-1, and the Blues winning the second 3-2.

The Whites are therefore baseball champions of 1961.

TRACK MEET

Blues—60%, Whites—48½

After thirteen years, the Blue-White track meet in Palmer Stadium was revived, owing chiefly to the diligent efforts of Randy Hobler. For several weeks before the meet, which was held on May 24, eliminations were held at the school, so that only the finals were run off in the Stadium and no time was wasted. Mr. Rothermel, Mr. McAneny, Mr. Robson, Mr. Tibbals, Mr. Griggs, Mr. Ackley, and Mr. Rulon-Miller helped run the events.

The events, winners, and winning records follow:

Junior 50-yard dash: 1. Strassenburgh (B), 2. Claghorn (W), 3. Rittmaster (W). Time: 11.1 seconds.

Junior broad jump: 1. Claghorn (W), 2. Clay (B), 3. Rittmaster (W). Distance: 13 feet 1 inch.

Junior baseball throw: 1. Claghorn (W), 2. Hammer (B), 3. Bielawski (W). Distance: 195 feet 10 inches.

Junior 100-yard dash: 1. Claghorn (W), 2. Strassenburgh (B), 3. Tie between Rittmaster (W) and Samson (B). Time: 14.3 seconds.

Intermediate 100-yard dash: 1. Lau (B), 2. Katzenbach (B), 3. Delano (W). Time: 14.1 seconds.

Intermediate broad jump: 1. Samson (B), 2. Mathews (W), 3. Delano (W). Distance: 12 feet 8 inches.

Intermediate 220-yard dash: 1. Lau (B), 2. Katzenbach (B), 3. Delano (W). Time: 33.8 seconds.

Intermediate 440-yard relay. Won by the Whites (Johnson, Delano, Eno, Lane). Time: 1 minute, 6.5 seconds.

Senior 100-yard dash: 1. Leventhal (W), 2. Hobler (B), 3. Tomlinson (W). Time: 12.3 seconds.

Senior broad jump: 1. Tie between Tomlinson (W) and Reynolds (B), 3. Griggs (W). Distance: 15 feet 6 inches.

Senior 440-yard dash: 1. Reynolds (B), 2. Leventhal (W), 3. Gaston (W). Time: 1 minute 8.2 seconds.

Senior 12-pound shot put: 1. Tie between Thomas (B) and Hobler (B), 3. Warren (W). Distance: 25 feet 4 inches.

Senior 440-yard relay: Won by the Blues (Strassenburgh, Tibbals, Hobler, Reynolds). Time: 55.5 seconds.

Series record: Blues won 11; Whites won 4.

COMMENCEMENT

Monday, June 5, 1961 — 8:15 P. M.

INTRODUCTION

Mr. Richard W. Baker, Jr.
Chairman, Board of Trustees

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

Mr. William D. Lippincott
Dean of Students, Princeton University

AWARDING OF PRIZES AND DIPLOMAS

Mr. Peter F. Rothermel IV, *Headmaster*

SCHOOL AWARDS

The Headmaster's Cup	ROBERT CARLSON LEVENTHAL
(Leadership)	
The Faculty Cup	RICHARD LEE REYNOLDS
(General Character)	
The Athletics Cup	RICHARD LEE REYNOLDS
(Best All-Round Athlete)	ROBERT CHARLES GRIGGS
Upper School Scholarship Cup	DAVID HUNT BLAIR, III
(Forms IV, V, VI)	
The Alumni Cup	JOHN FRANCIS MCCARTHY, III
(Proficiency and Service—Form V)	
Lower School Scholarship Cup	NATHANIEL CORNWALL HUTNER
(Forms I, II, III)	
The Lance Raymond Shield	JOHN ARTHUR ANDRESEN, JR.
	JAMES LINEAWEAVER YOUNG
Awards for Endeavor and Improvement:	
Sixth Form	THOMAS DAVISON CHUBET
Fifth Form	DARYL WILKINSON GOODRICH
Awards for Service to the School	GLENN NICHOLS THOMAS
	EDWARD GILLINGHAM WARREN, III
The Nicholas Bowl (given by Class of 1960) for Improvement in Reading and English in the Lower School	JOHN GILBERT WINANT, III

AWARDING OF SENIOR PRIZES

Mathematics (Murch Cup given by Class of 1946)	RANDOLPH WINDSOR HOBLER
Book Prize	GLENN NICHOLS THOMAS
English (Ross Bowl given by Class of 1958)	RANDOLPH WINDSOR HOBLER
Book Prizes	HENRY WARD JANDL
	RICHARD LEE REYNOLDS
	JOHN REDMOND SHEEHAN, JR.
Ancient History	RICHARD LEE REYNOLDS
	HENRY WARD JANDL
	RANDOLPH WINDSOR HOBLER
Latin	RANDOLPH WINDSOR HOBLER
	RICHARD LEE REYNOLDS
French	RANDOLPH WINDSOR HOBLER
	RICHARD LEE REYNOLDS
Science	THOMAS DAVISON CHUBET
	PETER TODD KATZENBACH

Art	{ GUY LOUIS VICINO CHARLES ADDISON HANAN (<i>Form V</i>) MATTHEW MCLENNAN YOUNG (<i>Form II</i>) HOLMES LEROY HUTSON, JR. (<i>Form I</i>)
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CLASS SCHOLARSHIP RECORDS

High Commendation for General Excellence

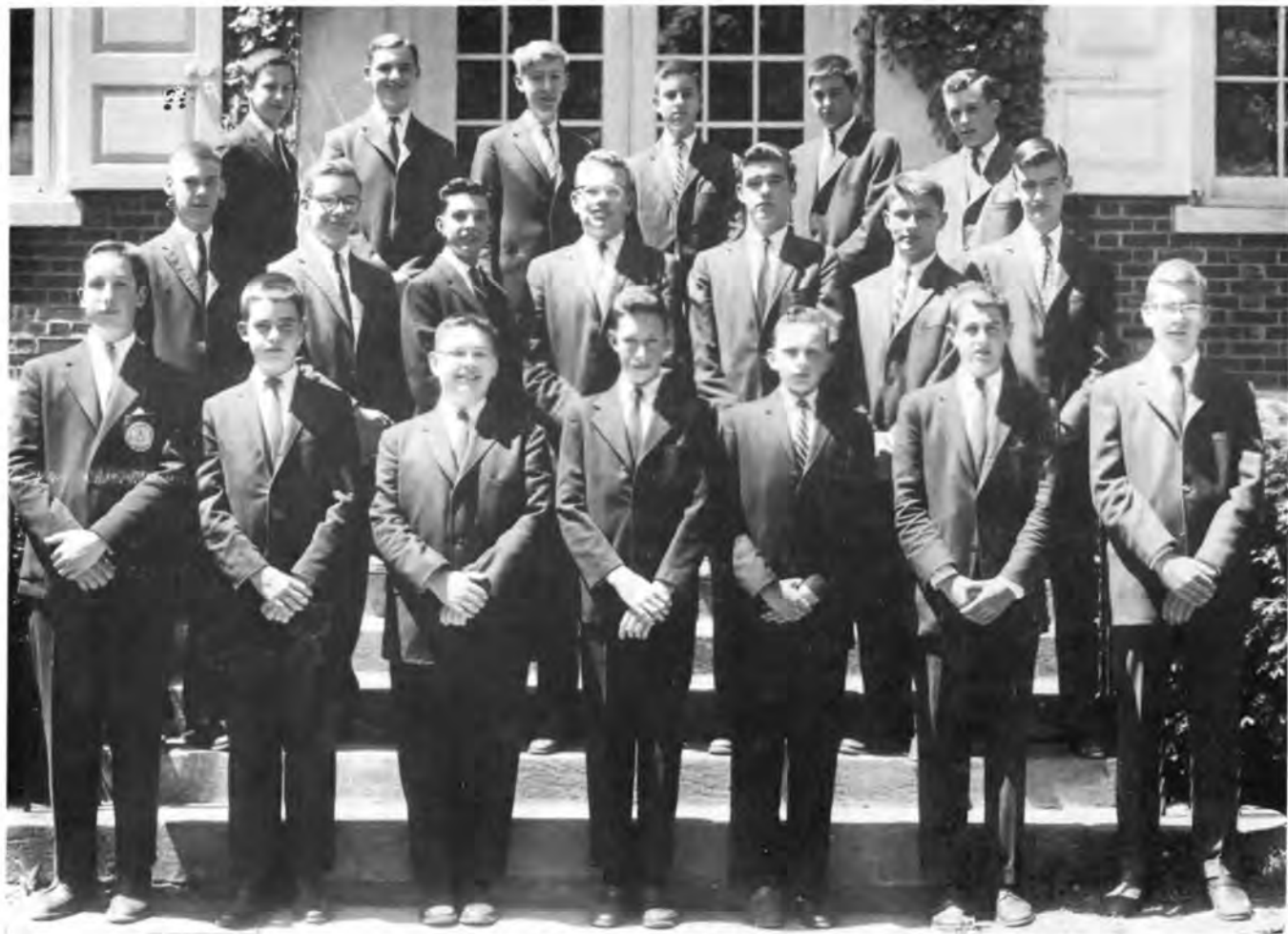
Sixth Form	{ RANDOLPH WINDSOR HOBLER RICHARD LEE REYNOLDS HENRY WARD JANDL
Fifth Form	{ JOHN FRANCIS MCCARTHY, III WARREN PHILO ELMER, III JOHN BOWMAN POOLE
Fourth Form	{ DAVID HUNT BLAIR, III BRADLEY YOULE SMITH CHARLES WILLIAM EDWARDS, JR.
Third Form	{ FRANKLIN MILAN BERGER DONALD ELIOT WOODBRIDGE WILLIAM LAU PERCY HAMILTON CLARK, III
Second Form	{ NATHANIEL CORNWALL HUTNER THOMAS HUMPHREY GAMAN GEORGE EVERETT BRINKERHOFF ARCHIBALD SCOTT REID
First Form	{ BRENT HARMAN VINE ROBERT STEEL BAYER JOHN ARTHUR ANDRESEN, JR.

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS — THE CLASS OF 1961

ROBERT WEAVER AYERS, JR.	PETER HARLOW RAYMOND
THOMAS DAVISON CHUBET	DONALD THOMAS REGAN, JR.
ROBERT CHARLES GRIGGS	RICHARD LEE REYNOLDS
RANDOLPH WINDSOR HOBLER	JOHN REDMOND SHEEHAN, JR.
HENRY WARD JANDL	EDGAR LEE SMITH
THEODORE GIBBS KANE, JR.	GLENN NICHOLS THOMAS
PETER TODD KATZENBACH	HENRY PROUT TOMLINSON, JR.
JOHN WARD KUSER	GUY LOUIS VICINO
ROBERT CHARLES LEVENTHAL	EDWARD GILLINGHAM WARREN, III
DAVID WEST PETITO	HENRY NEWTON YOUNG, IV

Introduction of the Class of 1962

THE SCHOOL SONG



THE CLASS OF 1961

	RAYMOND	KATZENBACH	JANDL	CHUBET	YOUNG	PETITO	
GRIGGS	THOMAS	LEVENTHAL	WARREN	HOBLER	REYNOLDS	VICINO	
KUSER	AYERS	SHEEHAN	KANE	REGAN	TOMLINSON	SMITH	

SENIOR SKETCHES

BOB AYERS

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. six years. Bob won a letter in football this year and has been a librarian. He is going to enter Lawrenceville. Bob plans to enter the space field.

TOM CHUBET

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. six years. He won letters in football in his Fifth and Sixth Form years, and a hockey letter this year. Tom is going to Exeter, and has not yet decided what his ambitions are.

BOB GRIGGS

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. six years. In his Fifth Form year, Bob took letters in soccer, hockey and tennis. In his Senior year, he again took letters in these three sports. Bob was hockey captain this year and was also a school librarian. Bob has been prop man and has worked on the stage crew for the last three years. He is Secretary of the Whites. Bob is going to Taft, and wants to be an architect.

RANDY HOBLER

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. since Third Form. He won a letter for hockey manager in his and this year won letters in football and hockey. Randy did the excellent portrayal of the Curator in "Incident In A Waxworks Museum." He is President of the Student Council and of the class of '61. He is going to Andover and is uncertain as to what he will be.

WARD JANDL

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. since Third Form. He won a letter for hockey manager in his Sixth Form year, and was Editor-in-Chief of the January issue of the JUNIOR JOURNAL. He acted in "Mr. Bottom," "A Connecticut Yankee," and was Lorenzo in "The Red Velvet Goat." Last year he was Fifth Form representative on the Student Council. Ward is going to Hotchkiss, and plans to be an architect.

GIBBS KANE

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. six years. In Fifth Form he won a letter in baseball, and this year won letters in soccer, hockey and baseball. He appeared as "Jack the Ripper" in "Incident in A Waxworks Museum." He is going to St. Andrews and plans to be a broker.

PETER KATZENBACH

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. six years. Pete won a letter in soccer his Senior year here. He was also electrician for this year's play. Pete is going to Vermont Academy and is indefinite about plans for a career.

WARD KUSER

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. six years. Ward won letters in soccer in his Fifth and Sixth form years. He was elected Vice-President of the Coin Club and was a librarian. He is going to Canterbury, and plans to be a psychiatrist.

BOB LEVENTHAL

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. since First Form. Bob won letters in soccer, basketball, and baseball in his Fifth Form year. This year he was captain of the soccer and baseball teams, and won letters in soccer, basketball, and baseball. Bob played the mysterious 'Dr. Bourdette' in "Incident in A Waxworks Museum." Bob is President of the Whites, and Secretary of the Student Council and of his class. He was also a librarian. Next year, Bob is going to Deerfield. He wants to be a lawyer.

DAVE PETITO

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. since Fourth Form. Dave won letters in football in his Fifth and Sixth Form years, and also won a letter in hockey this year. Dave was the captain of this year's football team. He is going to enter Woodberry Forest next year, and plans to enter politics.

PETE RAYMOND

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. for six years. Pete played "Brad," a reporter, in "The Waxworks." Last fall, he won a letter in football. Pete is also one of the Editors of the JUNIOR JOURNAL, having been Editor-in-Chief of the April issue. During the year, Pete was elected Secretary of the Blues. Next year he is going to South Kent. He wants to be either an actor or a psychologist.

TOM REGAN

(White)

This is Tom's first year at P.C.D. He won letters in football and basketball. Tom was on the stage crew for both of this year's plays. He wants to be either a lawyer or a stock broker, and is still undecided about where he is going to school.

DICK REYNOLDS

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. five years. In Fourth Form, Dick won a letter in basketball. In his Fifth Form year, he won letters in football, basketball and baseball. This year he again won letters in these three sports. Dick played Jenkins, the night watchman, in "The Waxworks." He was on the Student Council last year and this year, and is treasurer of the Council and of his class. He is also President of the Blues. Next year Dick is going to Andover. He wants to enter the Foreign Service.

JOHN SHEEHAN

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. six years. In his Fifth Form year, John won letters as manager of basketball and baseball. In his Sixth Form year he repeated in soccer, basketball and

baseball. John played Clarence, a page, in last year's play, and took the part of Esteban in this year's play, "The Red Velvet Goat." He was a librarian, and is going to Notre Dame High School. John is undecided between the acting profession or the religious life.

LEE SMITH

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. since First Form. Lee won a soccer letter this year, and worked backstage in both plays. Lee is going to be either a meteorologist or a mechanical engineer. He is still undecided as to where he's going next year.

GLENN THOMAS

(Blue)

Has been at P.C.D. for six years. Glenn won letters in football and baseball in Fifth Form, and this year won letters in football, basketball and baseball. For the last two years in the Dramatic Club, Glenn has been a knight, and Valgeorge. He has played clarinet in the band for four years, and has been a librarian for two. Next year, Glenn plans to go to Taft, and leans toward engineering.

HANK TOMLINSON

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. six years. He won a letter in hockey in Fifth Form, and won letters in hockey, soccer and tennis this year. Hank is going to Taft next year, and is undecided about his ambition.

GUY VICINO

(White)

Has been here since Third Form. Guy worked backstage this year in both "The Red Velvet Goat" and "The Waxworks." Guy is going to Lawrenceville next year, and wants to be a lawyer.

ED WARREN

(White)

Has been at P.C.D. for four years. Ed won letters in football and basketball in his Fifth Form year, and won letters in football, basketball and baseball in his Senior year. Ed played the irate editor in "Waxworks Museum" and has played the baritone horn in the school band for four years. This winter he was co-captain of the basketball team and is Vice-President of the Student Council and of his class. Next year Ed is going to the Choate School. He plans to enter either the Foreign Service or the law.

HY YOUNG

(White)

This is Hy's first year at P.C.D. He won letters this year in both football and basketball, and was co-captain of the basketball team. Hy plans to enter the teaching profession, and is going to Woodberry Forest School.



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THE CLASS POEM

By WARD JANDL and JOHN SHEEHAN

This poem will try to tell to you
Of the part each boy has played,
Of the honors which our class has won
And the records which we've made.

Bob Ayers has lost full many a thing.
Teachers his neck would like to wring,
Our class will have this epitaph!
"We wish Bob Ayers had lost his laugh."

Cool Tom Chubet may not be best
At picking style of coat or vest;
His clothes, which come straight from Brooks Brothers,
Are still no better than any others.

Bob Griggs is our hockey star;
He hits the puck both wide and far.
He shows us his store-keeping skills,
As school orders he ably fills.

Randy Hobler, our classroom whiz,
The Student Council President is.
A promising actor, we must admit,
Better known, though, for his wit.

An actor is our classmate Jandl,
To him no one can hold a candle.
In the classroom or on the stage,
His many talents you cannot gauge.

A good Latin scholar is young Gibby Kane,
As he struggles through Caesar's Gallic Campaign.
Though a potent brain that boy does wield,
He's just as good on the playing field.

Now Peter Katz may not say much,
But lighting's his biz — he's got the touch.
He throws a switch, the stage's ablaze,
As the first act starts of the P.C.D. plays.

Ward Kuser is a daring lad,
Though sometimes you might think him mad.
You've heard about his latest thing.
He wore the first shorts in the spring.

The little kids love Leventhal,
He's their idol, one and all.
Others who love Bobby, too,
Are all the girls; he them does woo.

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Petito is a football star,
And on the hockey rink he's tough.
And too, in golf he hits it hard,
But almost always in the rough.

Although Bo-Peep her sheep had shunned,
The sheep of our classmate, Pete Raymond,
Dote on him, and he on them;
They are each other's own best friend.

Thomas Regan, dressed in blue,
And our newest member, too —
In every sport that he has tried,
The Varsity he has made with pride.

Dick Reynolds is a regular scholar;
As treasurer he's taken many a dollar.
In history class he's very meticulous
Except when he rises and shouts, "That's ridiculous!"

John Sheehan, our "sports-minded" friend,
Five, yes five school letters has penned.
While others score upon the court,
He's busy managing the sport.

Though Smith comes to school at a leisurely gait,
He never arrives at the classroom late.
A terrible hardship he has to relate,
Poor Lee has a problem standing up straight.

In the morning here at school,
And subject to our ridicule,
Glenn Thomas is our baseball fan;
In the play, a "dense" he-man.

Active, frikky and loaded with fun,
Is our classmate, Hank Tomlinson.
Many rumors he has stirred,
Making "karate" a dirty word.

Our fashion expert, as we all know,
Is none other than one Guy Vicino,
Coming to school in the latest style,
In shoes made out of crocodile.

Of Ed Warren our class can boast.
As a center he's the most.
Busy round school, never worried,
Do what you want, he can't be hurried.

Hy Young is our Southern friend,
His golfing game we recommend.
In history class he's on the ball,
Shouting to us in his Southern drawl.

Six years have passed beneath our feet,
Our final year has sped, so fleet.
The time has come when we must say,
"Good-bye to Princeton Country Day."

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THE CLASS WILL

By ROBERT LEVENTHAL and GLENN THOMAS

We, the Class of 1961 of the Princeton Country Day School, situated in the Township of Princeton, County of Mercer, and State of New Jersey, hereby revoking all previous wills and testaments heretofore made, do hereby make and publish this our last will and testament, in manner following:

To those members of the Fifth Form who possess the necessary qualifications, the members of the Sixth Form leave the positions which they now relinquish, as officers of the Blues and Whites and of the Student Council.

To Terry Marzoni, Robert Ayers leaves his laugh, for which he has become famous.

To David Johnson, Tom Chubet leaves the drive that has helped him to improve so much.

To Peter Skillman and Gerry Cameron, Robert Griggs bequeaths the jar of peanut butter that he uses every day after voicing his dislike for the food.

To Jack McCarthy, Randy Hobler wills his brain, which has enabled him to argue with any and all comers on any and all subjects.

To Ad Hanan and Ricky Eckels, Ward Jandl leaves his ability to mock anyone and everyone, a gift that is so far lacking in their repertoire.

To Griff Strassenburgh, Gibby Kane leaves his weak knees, which are the cause of his inability to stand still for an hour at a time.

To Paul Ford, Peter Katzenbach leaves his position as the quietest man in his class.

To Bill Walker and Paul Vogel, Ward Kuser bequeaths his pre-eminent ability to talk the most and say the least in his class.

To Sandy Edwards, Robert Leventhal bequeaths his ability to write the English language illegibly.

To John Gaston, David Petito wills his casualness and the right to date his girl friends.

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To Woody Johnson and Bill Hereford, Peter Raymond gives the caretaking of his brothers and his sheep.

To John Petito, Tom Regan leaves his willingness to agree with people, in the hope that it will make John continue to be so agreeable.

To Bruny Dielhenn and Johnny Poole, Dick Reynolds gives his athletic ability.

To Warren Elmer and Peter White, John Sheehan wills the position that he has held over the past two years as manager of the athletic department of P.C.D.

To Robert Otis and Rod Myers, Edgar Lee Smith bequeaths his bicycle and the special handlebars that have helped straighten him out.

To Daryl Goodrich, Glenn Thomas leaves his chair in the band and his clarinet.

To David Tibbals, Hank Tomlinson leaves his cast-off casts, and the right to break a bone whenever he chooses to do so.

To Hal Knox, Guy Vicino wills his neat desk and notebook, because he feels Hal definitely wants to "neaten up."

To Craig Battle and Ricky Delano, Ed Warren bequeaths his position as center of the P.C.D. football team.

To Coley Donaldson, Hy Young wills his natural relaxed attitude and the hope that he will continue the tradition of being relaxed.

To the Masters of P.C.D., we bequeath the *R. et B.* we forgot in a test, the Caesar translation we forgot to translate, the science experiments that failed, the notes we used in our speeches, the $x^2 - y^2$ we forgot to factor, the oral speeches we adlibbed, and our appreciative thanks and gratitude for the way in which they have taught us.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have set our hand and seal this 1st day of June, one thousand nine hundred and sixty-one, *Anno Domini*.

THE CLASS OF 1961

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THE CLASS PROPHECY

By RANDOLPH HOBLER and RICHARD REYNOLDS

SCENE: 20th Reunion of the Class of 1961 at the New School.

TIME: June, 1981.

Hobler: Well, here I am for the reunion and the place is empty. That's real class spirit for you.

Reynolds: Well, if it isn't Lee Smith! Glad to see you, Lee.

H: I hate to disappoint you — but I'm not Lee Smith.

R: Don't worry. I knew it was you all the time, Pete.

H: No, I'm Hobler. Randy Hobler, remember?

R: Oh, yes, I remember now. We wrote the prophecy together back in 1961.

H: You know, Dick, you don't look half bad. And the other half looks pretty good too.

R: Say, Ra, I've got some bad news. Remember how Robert Ayers always used to brag about everything? Well, he bet someone he could swim under the North Pole, and he hasn't been heard of since.

H: Hmmm, what's this? The P.C.D. Weekly? That's a new one.

R: Look up our class.

H: Here we are. After college Tom Chubet was a French teacher at the Remerire School of Language in Voulez-vous, France. Then he suddenly became a millionaire. It seems he made a bet with some idiot who thought he could swim under the North Pole.

R: Bob Leventhal has given up his law career to become president of the Rumor Corporation of America. In his first venture he convinced the people of America that Lee Smith could stand up straight. Next he convinced them they should pay him for his services.

H: Glenn Thomas has knocked out thirty opponents in his first year as a professional. It's too bad he was wasting all that ability on basketball.

R: Dave Petito is still at P.C.D., taking a remedial course in science at the new school. Once he went wild in the classroom, and this time Mr. Robson was on the other side of the fire-extinguisher.

H: Ward Jandl has a show on television which is on every Saturday on Channel 2 at 10:30. It's called "Egg Hunt."

R: Senator Gibby Kane is running for President on the Bull Moose Party ticket. It's a one-way ticket.



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- H: Peter Katzenbach is opposing Gibby. He says he's a Republocrat. His main campaign issue is that Gibby shouldn't be elected because freckles and politics don't mix.
- R: Lee Smith is now at the Better Posture Institute, and through his hard work he has come out with a manual for all. It's called "How To Stand Up."
- H: Johnny Sheehan has scored more points than any other member of the National Basketball League ever has, even Glenn Thomas — but as a basketball.
- R: Ed Warren, one of the dearest and most revered members of our class, whose fond memory we hold as a fine citizen, excellent student and great friend, whose kind advice was often sought by those whom he never infringed upon, and to whose family and relatives we express the deepest sympathy, last week barely pulled through an operation on his hangnail.
- H: Ward Kuser went back to kindergarten, where he flunked sand-box.
- R: Tom Regan is now headmaster at the new school. One of his greatest feats was to clear all the Raymonds' sheep off the property.
- H: Mr. Ackley, the honorary member of our class, has finally finished a monumental project — a life-size map of the world.
- R: Hy Young won the Masters' Golf Tournament. He was disqualified, however, for using a submarine in the water trap.
- H: It says here that after his spectacular achievement Mr. Ackley was appointed a member of the White House staff as Assistant Secretary to the Chief Deputy of the Federal Bureau of Internal Administration's reactionary counsel advisor to the Senate Committee on shortening the names of government agencies.
- R: Bob Griggs is carrying on his true P.C.D. tradition in hockey, since he has scored over 50 goals as a member of the Toronto Maple Leafs this past year. Unfortunately,

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all the goals were against his own team. For some strange reason, Bob has disappeared from the professional hockey scene.

- H: Guy Vicino had a quaint wedding gift for his wife — Manhattan Island!
- R: Pete Raymond is now manager of a billion-dollar-a-year woolen goods factory. The sign over his desk reads "Home, Sheep, Home."
- H: Hank Tomlinson has a big write-up about himself in *Reader's Digest*. The article is called "The Most Unforgettable Character I've Ever Met."
- R: What have you been doing, Ra?
- H: Well, first I was president of R.C.A., then Governor of New Jersey, then I was a general in the army —
- R: What are you doing now?
- H: I'm a janitor at the Rumor Corporation of America. A man there, called Bob something-or-other, convinced me that I would never be a success in life. By the way, what are you doing?
- R: Well, I won the Academy Award for the best actor in a movie based on the North African war memoirs of Langdon Lea. — Well, Ra, don't think it hasn't been fun, because it hasn't.
- H: I'm sure if you don't mind, I don't think I shall not appreciate in no way the way in which it hasn't been. I'll see you, Dick. Lots of luck in your movie. All bad, that is.
- R: Yes, so long, Ra.



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