

Vol. XXXIV, No. 1

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

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JANUARY, 1962

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

## JANUARY 1962

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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## EDITORIALS

During the last few months, people of the United States have pushed the panic button. Afraid of a nuclear war, citizens of our country have begun building fallout shelters in order to protect themselves from what they term inevitable.

Because of their fear of the Russians, some people have turned to what they are doing in order to prepare for their end. Many are building these shelters to hide from the real truth.

If the Russians are going to carry out their threats, that means that they feel we are easy to walk over and can be conquered. Instead of being defensive by building fallout shelters, we should continue to build up our armed forces and our missile power and show the Russians the might that America can produce. When we show Russia our strength, then — and not before — will we be able to confer and negotiate on world problems. The



recent mobilization of our country's reserve was a step in the right direction. If we continue at this pace, we will be able to stop building fallout shelters and think about a happy life ahead.

° ° ° ° °

Because of the recent mobilization of our reserve, Mr. Robert Miller, teacher of Third and Fifth Form English, has been called up and is now at Fort Polk, Louisiana. He is a Specialist Fourth Class in the Headquarters Division of the 112th Field Artillery. We are all proud of Mr. Miller and hope he returns soon.

° ° ° ° °

We were all very sorry when we learned of Mr. Wood's sickness. The whole school wishes him a speedy recovery. On a good note, though, we are very glad for Mr. Wood for his election to the Borough Council.

---

## WHO'S WHO 1961-1962

### Color Officers

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Kevin Kennedy

## THE INVENTION

By PETER SKILLMAN

He walked down the stairs, flipped on the light and walked thoughtfully over to his workbench. "There it is," he thought, "there is the greatest invention in the world." It might be the greatest invention in the world, but it was a mess right now; a mess of tubes and wires and many other components. "Sure, it's a mess now, but that's because it's a third completed," Ambrose thought. "I can hardly wait to see it when it's finished."

Ambrose's idea for the world's greatest invention had come to him one rainy night as he sat in his armchair, reading a newspaper. While reading over the worsening world situation he thought that it was too bad that there wasn't a device that would make all these bombs useless. He then said to himself that he was an inventor so why couldn't he come up with something?

After that night, trips to the public library were a daily part of his life, gathering information. Finally, after much deliberation, he decided that there were three ways of disrupting the flight and purpose of an approaching enemy missile. First was the hastening of the slow process of charging radioactive substances to non-radioactive substances or lead. Second was the jamming of the guidance system of the missile, but this did not take into account the warhead. Third was the disruption of the activator on a nuclear warhead. It

was this third choice that Ambrose decided upon.

After finding a suitable operation pattern, he began to work on his invention. The air around his cluttered work-bench smelled constantly of hot solder. He worked in a frenzy. Day and night had no meaning to him; he worked and worked and rested only when he felt exhausted. Once, taking time out from his work, he read of the steadily worsening world conditions. He figured then that he did not have much time left. He had to work faster; there was no time to waste.

He thought of the people who called him a crackpot and his other inventions a lot of junk. Well, this invention would certainly silence them. He saw his name alongside that of Bell, the Wright brothers, the Curies and other great inventors. He thought of the debt the people of the world would owe him for his invention that would save them from total destruction, from annihilation. No longer would he be termed a crackpot.

Things were getting bad, very bad. His invention was taking more time to be completed, and every time he listened to the radio or looked at a newspaper he told himself that he simply had to work faster. He knew he didn't have much time left.

He now worked almost endlessly. He had to finish. Finally, late one

night, he did. The unit was complete. He began to test his device. So far as he could see everything was working perfectly. (He couldn't see far; he was dead tired.) He fell back onto a sofa and fell asleep.

He awoke the next day around sunset. He got up, stretched and walked to his workbench. He stood there staring at it. Just looking at it, he decided it was worth the long months of labor.

Suddenly he heard the blasts of sirens. "Must be a fire," he muttered. Still he flipped on the radio. Immediately he heard something about Conelrad frequencies. He spun the dial to a small triangle. "Missiles have been detected coming towards the United States. Everyone is to enter a shelter as soon as possible!" blared the radio.

He knew then there was only one thing to do. He didn't know whether or not his invention would work, but there was no time to find out. He

grabbed the device in his arms. It was heavy. He carried it up the stairs, out of the house and out onto the street. Everything was a bedlam. People were running in a panic, shouting, screaming. He set the unit down on the pavement and began to get it ready. Immediately an air raid warden ordered him to move on. Ambrose said he couldn't, he had to get the machine ready, it was going to save everyone. "Sure, sure," said the warden. Then he shouted, "Will you get the heck outta here!"

Ambrose had little choice. The running mob was growing. He picked up his invention and started moving with it. He had to get clear of the people to operate it. The machine was very heavy. Someone jostled him and made him drop it. He stared in horror as people trampled over the pieces or kicked them aside. He was alone in the street, crying to himself, picking up the battered remnants of his work — when the missile fell.

---

## ASSIGNMENT: WRITE A POEM

By THOMAS BUDNY (IV)

I gaze and gaze  
Through a black maze  
To find a phrase  
To lift the haze.

To write for praise  
Would take me days,  
And, to my sad dismay,  
My mind will not obey.

## POORCAW

By HAROLD HENRY (V)

The young crow shifted his weight uncomfortably in the nest. His mother was due back soon and he was hungry. Because he was the runt of the family, he always was the last to be fed, and besides, his brothers and sisters were getting far too big. The nest could not hold them all comfortably any more. His brother to one side of him suddenly squawked a welcome cry. His mother's wings could be detected above the tree-tops. The rest of the nest took up the squawk which quickly turned to one of hunger. Suddenly the runt found himself violently shoved by one of his sisters. He clawed at the nest desperately. He began to slide. The twig which he was holding gave way and he found himself hurtling towards the earth. His wildly flapping wings broke his fall slightly, but what saved him was the thick cluster of vines upon which he landed.

He lay stunned upon them as the sun went down and the sky darkened. That night he mustered the strength to hop over to a nearby log where he passed the night. The prowling wild cat never noticed the crow as he went down to the nearby beach to seek the crabs which often ventured up on land during the early hours of the morning. The passing owl never saw the small black body huddled on the log.

A rain drop hitting him squarely on the head woke the runt from a

fitful sleep the next morning. Rain was drizzling on a dreary gray world. Hunger prodded the young crow to seek food. He hopped off the log and made his way to another one about fifty feet away. It was rotten and had several grubs on its side. He quickly ate these and hopped on to another log. But luck was not with him. He found nothing on either that log or the next. Finally he gave up and sat, cold, wet, and miserable on the last log he came to.

It was there that Larry found him. Larry, my older brother, was out on an early morning walk. He was exploring the woods in hope of finding a small fish pond which had been seen there. It was almost by accident that he found the young crow on the log. Larry tucked him under his raincoat without much preliminaries and continued the search. Along about eight-thirty he gave up and headed for home.

The crow was unceremoniously dumped in a box and handed over to us kids of the family. We accepted it with joy. But raising a crow is not an easy job. How were we to feed it? Robby Strauss, our next door neighbor (he lived within twenty yards of us although the next nearest house was four miles away), answered that question. He pried the bird's beak open, deposited a chunk of raw liver inside, closed the beak, and stroked the bird's throat until it swallowed.

The next problem was the name. Robby Strauss proposed the name Gullible but we finally decided that Poorcaw was much better. In later years the crow also favored the name and would say, "Poorca-a-a-w," more than any of his other words and phrases. The third problem was water. The morning after we captured Poorcaw, or Caw as we often called him, he became very sick. He couldn't even raise his head. Robby again came to the rescue. We thought that we were going to lose Caw until Robby suggested water. Then we woke up! We hadn't given him a drop to drink since we found him! He drank more at that time than I would have thought a crow could drink, and by the end of the morning he was hopping around in

the laundry room where we kept him. The crisis was past.

The following week was full of adventure. We built a new cage for Caw, which collapsed; had a near crisis when Colette, our dog, almost caught him; and other minor matters. But the week passed and Caw began to grow stronger. At the end of the week, Dad decided that we'd have to let Caw go. We were disappointed but Dad was firm. We opened the door of the laundry room and Caw flew out. We followed to watch our pet disappear in the distance. But Caw didn't disappear. He flew lazily over to a small bush and sat there sunning himself.

"He'll go soon," Mom remarked. But he didn't, for Caw had found a home. He's been with us ever since.

---

## TOMORROW

By RICHARD DELANO (VI)

Mirror, mirror  
On the wall,  
Who will be  
The first to fall?

What will our  
Own children be?  
Fully oppressed, or  
Fully free?

Could there be,  
As in the past,  
A compromise  
That, just, might last?

Or will there be  
A sudden blast,  
The power of which  
Is unsurpassed?

The answer to these  
I cannot say.  
But we shall know,  
Another day!

## PROOF?

By ROBERT OTIS (VI)

As I stepped from my snazzy red M.G., I thought to myself what a cold, still night it was.

The party that I had just been to was truly a joy to attend, for I had all the champagne I could hold — for free! I fear the effect of the champagne was beginning to show, for I just barely stumbled into the observatory. This massive structure on Mount Palomar seemed to exude an atmosphere of solemn scientific knowledge. I walked over to the large board of buttons, dials, and levers and proceeded to open the great hatch in the roof of the building. I then checked the position of the telescope and went through the operation and checking of all instruments needed for the photographing I was to do this night. The cool night air along with the importance of the job I was just about to do cleared my head.

Picking up several highly sensitive photographic plates, I seated myself in the small cage-like elevator that ran up the side of the roof. My ascent was slow but it gave me time to think. I was to photograph an unseen part of our universe tonight. However, this fact did not impress me, for I had done it so many times before. I wearily climbed from my "cage" and into the large chair in

front of the photographic eyepiece. Adjusting the plates and telescope was a short but delicate process, after which I was ready to sit down for the long two-hour wait. (This wait was necessary for the little star's light to make an impression on the slide). The chair was comfortable and I was warm in my thick fur jacket. My entire environment was very inviting for the thing I could not afford to do — sleep.

I woke up with a sudden shock and was instantly aware of my awful mistake. I clawed at my watch, for I was sure I had overexposed my film. I was unable to see the dial. However, with a handy flashlight that was stored with other miscellaneous tools in a box, I found I had slept for an hour and three quarters. I heaved a sigh of relief, but still I burned with anger at my blundering carelessness.

Soon I was developing my picture. As I lifted it from the developing pan I stood speechless, unable to move. For there on the film was the clear, precise picture of what most people call a flying saucer! I gasped at its lines and the round portals encircling it. Those numerous glasses of champagne, that's what it must be! Yet that image stood firmly. I blinked. I kicked myself. There it was staring up at me.

Then the terrible truth came to me. I had photographed the first flying saucer! This couldn't be anything but real! Nobody could have gotten to the film except myself and — and I was asleep! A sense of bewilderment swept me. This photograph was real! It hit me like a bomb! Who was to tell me from any other fake? I could have easily forged that saucer on the film, but I hadn't! Sinking slowly to

an easy chair near me with my photograph in my hand, I thought it out very carefully. There was no logical explanation for this picture except the truth, and that was unbelievable, even to me.

Taking my lighter, I slowly burned the photograph. For nobody could believe me, and, in fact, I couldn't either.

---

## RESPONSIBILITY

By BRUNER DELHENN (VI)

Taking your responsibilities and coping with them sufficiently is, in my opinion, a sign of maturity. The ability to take on responsibilities is a part of maturity. Maturity is growth, and without growth life is void. It is not easy to face your own responsibilities, but if they are looked at with a positive attitude they can greatly enrich life. Also you can realize more fully what is expected of you.

Almost from the day you are born you are faced with them. As you grow older, naturally your responsibilities increase because you are becoming more mature and are able to more readily handle the things set before you. As you enter your teens, you tend to shrug off responsibility. I have found this true of myself, on many occasions. But as soon as you discover that it is easier to face responsibility than to dodge it, the

happier you will be. I have also found this to be true.

If boys and girls of my age could possibly realize the responsibilities which most adults must face, we would indeed find ours trivial. On the other hand, the responsibilities which we face should not be thought of as trivial, because they are all that we can cope with. We should assume the total amount of responsibility of which we are capable in order to prepare ourselves for the years to come.

Note, I am not trying to say that responsibility is the only thing which makes life full. Love, humor, work, hardships and many others are just as important. What I am trying to say is that life is a scale upon which many weights are put, and when these weights balance out, life is much more rewarding. Responsibility is one of these weights.



## ALONE

By KEVIN KENNEDY (V)

The old male bear heard the whine of a bullet, and then a sharp stab of pain penetrated to the depths of his massive shoulder. He fiercely knocked one of the hunter's dogs away with a swipe of a huge paw, then turned and fled, with the terrifying sounds of man and dog still pursuing him.

He ran into a swamp, hurrying through the black waters. After running for a while, the bear stopped by a flowing creek. There he drank slowly, and afterward lay on the bank of the creek. A placid calm reigned, with no shouts of men or barks of dogs. He wished to lie in the coolness of the forest forever, but his instinct told him to move on.

He crept stealthily along his own trackless path, not stopping until dark. The bear was in country he knew, for it was his birthplace. Here were myriads of roots, branches, and small plants, perfect for hiding. This tangled underbrush was a secret haven that the bear often retreated to to mend his wounds, hunt, rest. Then — another daring raid on civilization. He would steal a pig or kill a cow, and then the hunt again. The bear had done this for years, and although he had several wounds to show for it, he led an easy life. The people in the town were wealthy, so fat calves and pigs were abundant.

But after years of raiding, the hunts became more in earnest. They

struck closer to his home domain. The wounds, like the one in his shoulder, became more frequent. The rests were longer.

One day the bear left his den early in the morning. The brilliant pink streaks of morning light were just beginning to show. Knowing that he had a long trip ahead of him, he started slowly. The animals of the forest were waking from their sleep. The sight of the large bear disturbed the squirrels and blue-jays.

As he approached the humans' home, he was more cautious. It was still not quite light, but the dogs were outside. The bear sensed that he must strike and retreat quickly.

He did strike quickly, but not quickly enough. A dog caught him in the yard and snarled. More dogs gathered, hungry for revenge against an old adversary. Their barks aroused the humans.

The dogs cornered the bear against a wall of the barn. They hemmed him in and attacked from both sides. Knocking dogs from side to side, he fought valiantly. The humans could not shoot for fear of wounding one of their dogs.

Finally, the bear made his break for freedom. He plowed straight toward one man, claws flailing madly at the dogs.

In desperation, the man fired. The shot was perfect. But the bear summoned a last bit of strength to stag-



ger over and throw a huge paw crashing into the man's head, fracturing his skull, and killing him instantly. He then staggered off toward his home grounds, not pursued, for the humans were too deeply shocked. He was later found in the forest, the great heart no longer beating, no life left in the majestic body.

But in the years following his death, several hunters were killed

near the site of the bear's death. You know how wild ideas and rumors can spread, and soon the bear was a great legend. Almost everyone believed it, and I'm no exception, so if you should be hunting in the forest on a dark night, and the tremendous figure of a bleeding brown bear suddenly appears out of nowhere and staggers toward you . . . .

---

## HALLOWE'EN SCARE

By STEPHEN VINE (I)

On Hallowe'en, last October, my brother and I had lots of fun "trick or treating." The Navins, our neighbors, had been preparing for Hallowe'en, it seemed, for a long time.

We were going around the neighborhood, house by house, until we reached the last house, the Navins'. We were greeted by a human skeleton hanging on the door. We rang the doorbell several times with no response and started to walk away. Then we heard a moan. We ran back to the slightly opened door. Where was their nine year old son, Woody, we asked. The reply from the house was, "Woody is on the door!" The door was then completely opened so that we saw overturned desks and chairs. There were creaking sounds.

We then insisted, "What's going on and where's Woody?" Again, a frightening voice told us that Woody was on the door. We hid in the bushes

for a few moments to see if someone might come to the door. Seeing a figure in the doorway, we ran back toward the house but the figure disappeared. Frightened, we ran back to the car, but the closer we came to our car the louder the moans sounded. This was the same voice that came from the house. We searched the lawn and bushes. Nothing was found. I almost screamed. We came to the door and once more rang the doorbell. This time Mr. Navin opened the door and gave us some trick or treat candy. When he saw the frightened look on our faces he just laughed.

To this day I have never figured out what had happened. The disappearing figure and the moans are sometimes my main thought during the night. No matter how long or hard I think, I have never figured out this Hallowe'en mystery.

## MAN WITH A PROBLEM

By WILLIAM HEREFORD (VI)

"Now, look, fella, why do you want to do a thing like this? It's not right that you should end your life by jumping off a twenty-story window-ledge. It just doesn't make sense."

The police officer pulled his head back from the window and said, "I really can't understand it. He's doing all right in his business and his home life seems to have no serious problems. Well, that's life for you!"

An older man leaned through the window of the office building, to try his luck at persuading the man not to jump.

While he was talking to the man on the ledge there was a hurried conference going on inside.

"We've got the nets all ready, but I'm afraid that if he sees us bring them out he'll jump before we have a chance to get them set up."

"I hope we don't have to use the nets at all. I hope we can talk him out of it. In any case, if he jumped twenty stories he'd be dead by the time he hit the pavement. His doctor says that his heart just couldn't take the strain."

The older man returned from the window and explained, "His mind is completely unsettled. It seems that he thinks he is being persecuted by everyone. All his life he was different from other people. After he grew up, these differences became more apparent. He sure is a strange case."

"He's one of our best men," exclaimed a rather fat and unlikable chap. "Sure is too bad he's got to go this way. But we've all got to go sometime, ha, ha, eh, officer?" With that, the man left the room with a smile on his face.

"That guy could think of something funny to say if his grandmother died!" remarked an officer.

A handsome, young man, in his late twenties or early thirties, entered the room in a hurry and went over to the window.

"He claims to be that guy's best friend," said the same officer. "I hope he can talk him out of jumping; he isn't such a bad sort. He's just had a couple of bad breaks, that's all."

Out on the ledge the man spoke for the first time during the entire ordeal. "Hi, Dave, how have you been? As you can see, I'm in a bit of a mess out here."

"Why don't you come in and let's sit down and talk about it?"

"Well, Dave, I'm sorry, but really I think that I'll stay out here for a while and then I'll jump. I'm really dissatisfied with life."

"If you are dissatisfied, then come on in and talk it over. How about it?"

"Well, all right — Dave, I'm afraid I'm going to fall!"

"Here, quick, grab my arm!"

"I can't quite reach it."

"Don't move and I'll come out on the ledge and get you."

"Now then, I've got your arm and you can't get back to the window. You're coming with me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that now when I jump, you're coming with me!"

"But why do you want to do a thing like that?"

"Because you're the reason I'm going to jump."

"What have I done to deserve that?"

"When we were kids you were the one whom everyone liked. And I was

the one they all laughed at. That's the way it's been all through my life, and here I am about to jump off a twenty-story building. Do you want to know anything else about my life? Very well, then I think it's about time we left, as it were."

"No, no, don't take me with you, I don't want to die. You're absolutely insane! No, no — !"

A viselike hand grasped his wrist, and the two men went plummeting into empty space.

---

## A STORM AT SEA

By ROBERT WOLFF (V)

As I stood on the deck,  
I heard a loud rumbling,  
Then the clamor of feet  
And the sound of men stumbling.  
The ship was swaying,  
The waves were rough,  
The sea looked angry;  
One had to be tough  
To stand the strain,  
The fright, the anguish,  
The howling wind,  
The beating rain,  
The frightening thought of never again  
Seeing the moon and the stars above.

Then, all of a sudden, I opened my eyes,  
And the morning sun was high in the skies.

## NOT LIKE HOME

By THOMAS GAMAN (III)

*Last summer Tom Gaman was "on location," making a movie in Puerto Rico. THE JUNIOR JOURNAL asked him to write about his experiences. This is the article he wrote.*

"Boy, are we going to have fun in Puerto Rico!" said a boy to me last May 25.

"Huh?" I said questioningly, in a sort of crazy voice. I didn't know that all these boys I was talking to had been picked to act in a movie and thought that I was going along. I didn't even know what it was about.

I had come up to New York to be interviewed about being in this movie. I hadn't been picked or told I was going to be, but five minutes after my conversation with the other boys I was asked if I wanted to go. My reactions were as yours would be. Of course I said yes.

I was to leave on June 5 on a jet for San Juan, Puerto Rico's capital. From there we would go to Vieques (Vee-eck-us), a fair-sized island off Puerto Rico. The film was going to be "Lord of the Flies," after the book. It is about thirty schoolboys (English boys—I am part English, so this was a help) who get marooned on a desert island with no grownups. They live on this island for three months, and three boys are killed. They are civilized at the beginning

but turn wild. Some boys try to be civilized, and two groups begin to form. Then they try to kill one of the civilized boys and set the whole island on fire while chasing him.

I had never acted before, so this was a big thrill. The night came when I was to fly down with the other boys. I went happily, as I had been away from my family for long periods of time before.

We went to Vieques where a camp was waiting for us. There we lived for two months before going to another place for the filming. Here we were "on set" six to eight hours a day, six or seven days a week. We got up at six and went to bed at eight-thirty. We worked from 7:30 to 12:00, had a three-hour break at the heat of the day, and worked from 3:00 to 7:00 in the evening. Also some of us had a few camp-outs. We made parachutes out of small pieces of cloth; we sent a lizard shooting a hundred feet up in the air in a play rocket; we printed our own newspaper; we made bows and arrows out of wild bamboo; we painted coconuts; and we had art contests.

After two months the boys started thinning out. We moved to a place called Aguadilla (Ag-wa-dee-ya). We filmed there for three weeks and did my death—for I was one of the boys who got killed. But my part wasn't over yet because they don't do a film in sequence. At Aguadilla we lived in a hotel. It was fun.

When there were still twelve boys left, we went to the highest mountain

in Puerto Rico, El Yunque (El Yunquee), and filmed there for a week.

After El Yunque we went to Vieques again (now only four of us). There we stayed in a grand hotel. We swam after work every day and had a lot of fun.

After two weeks there we went home. Altogether I had been "movie-making" for almost four months. It was not like home.

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## WHEN EVERYTHING WAS QUIET

By RICHARD HENRY (II)

It was the calm before the storm, a beautiful day, or rather an almost beautiful day. There was a huge, imaginary cloud hanging over John Fargo's head. There was something wrong, something terrible, something of the supernatural about that day. There was a thin haze in the air, a very still day. John knew something must be wrong somewhere. He ran around the house. Still no one! Everything was still, still as night. It *was* night! He screamed with fear. His voice echoed, as if he was trapped in a dark, gloomy jail. He

ran and ran and ran. Still trapped! Then, out of the darkness, came a voice:

"You have been trapped, trapped in darkness by your own mind. You have imagined that everything is terrible, and you have trapped yourself in your own silly mind."

Then a terrible storm raged, louder and more terrible. His father was getting angrier and angrier.

"John! Wake up! You little brat! Wake up! It's ten o'clock and you'll be late for school!"

## RABBITODGE

By HAROLD HENRY (V)

"Richa-a-ard! Oh, dear, where is he? Every day he runs to the fields. Harold, would you please go get him? He's down with Colette hunting mice." Mom, as usual, was quite irritated with Richard for running off to "mousehunt."

"Okay, Mom, I'll be right back." I leapt out the door and ran leisurely down the lawn to the field. I topped the hill and met Ritch running. His hands were clasped over something.

"Harold! Harold!" he shouted.

"Got another mouse?" I asked. He was an expert at catching mice.

"No, I got a rabbit. Just think of it! A rabbit." To him a rabbit was a prize which was hard to win. After all, all he had to catch animals were his hands and legs and our dog, Colette, whom he had trained so that both he and she worked in perfect unison no matter what they hunted. But a rabbit stumped them both. It was faster than Colette and smarter than Richard. So it was quite an accomplishment to catch a rabbit.

"Come on. Quick! We'll put it in my bathtub where it can't get out." Thus my bathtub started its career as a temporary rabbit cage. As we jogged up the fields, questions came to mind and then to my tongue by the million.

"How'd you catch it? Where'd you see it? How old is it? Are you carrying it carefully?" My fire of ques-

tions was answered just as quickly.

"It's a half grown one that I caught by the pine trees 'cause it couldn't run fast. And I'm carrying it very carefully." Supper was forgotten as well as my message to come for it. We "installed" the rabbit in my bathtub and ate a hurried, excited supper. After supper we spent an hour making sure that it was comfortable. Three times Ritch tore himself away from a T.V. program to check up on the rabbit. When he went to bed he was worried that it wouldn't eat and would die. The next morning he patched an old chicken run for the rabbit. That night we put the rabbit in the cage and went to bed.

At the crack of dawn we were up to see how the rabbit had fared. We found him bloody from hurling himself at the wire. Colette watched hungrily as the rabbit cowered in his cage. Ritch eased the door open a bit to see better. The rabbit, seeing this open way to freedom, leaped suddenly. Ritch slammed the door but too late. The rabbit slid into Colette's hungry jaws. She swallowed it as one might swallow a pill — in a gulp. Ritch just stood there in a daze and then burst into frenzied tears. We all comforted him. "It always happens, Ritch," we assured him. But it did no good. He just sulked.

One day he went out to the fields. He returned soon. I had an idea.

"Come here, Ritch," I said.

"No."

"Come on. I want to show you something."

"Oh, all right."

I had meant to tell Ritch about a rabbit nest I'd seen near the road. But now I knew that rabbits which are only half grown couldn't run fast. Maybe if Ritch and I closed in, we might catch a rabbit. We sauntered down to the road where I outlined my plans. He agreed wholeheartedly. We started to close in. Suddenly a gray shape darted out towards Ritch and swerved. He leapt, arms out-

stretched, and landed on the ground. I knew he had missed it.

"Got it," he said.

"And now he's going to want to put it in my bathtub," I thought.

"And now let's put it in your bathtub," he said.

"He'll want to feed it," I thought.

"Where can we feed it?" he said.

"And he'll want to keep it as a pet and something will happen to it," I thought.

"But," he hesitated, "I don't want to keep it. From now on all the rabbits I catch will go free as they belong."

## TOWN TOPICS

*extends every good wish for journalistic success to the staff of the JUNIOR JOURNAL, which in years gone by provided initial appreciation for the pleasures of journalism to TOWN TOPICS' Editor and Publisher, Donald C. Stuart PCD '28.*



## THE INTRUDER

By BRADLEY SMITH (V)

The crack of a gunshot in the distance warned us of his approach. It was our choice to flee, or perish. How senseless, it seemed to us, for him to kill one of us, and then let the unfortunate one's carcass rot with the passing of time. What a cruel sport to partake of. Men are curious creatures, but they are as savage as any on earth. They come to kill us, and they will never relent until we are driven into extinction.

But there is no time for debate now, for I must run with the others. We could tell that he was near by the constant rumbling of his footsteps, as he plodded after us. His rifle cracked, and one of us dropped in his tracks, never to move again. There was no time for sentiment, though, or I would join my friend.

I could see the river in the distance. I judged that it would take me at least eight minutes to reach it. Could I outrun the whistling projectiles from his weapon for that long?

My answer came all too soon, as a bullet shattered my entire leg. Any one could see that I would not survive. The hunter did not even glance at me, as he went on after more so-called game.

The pain was great, but it could not overcome the burning hatred I had for my attacker. He would some day pay for these crimes. No one

could say he was a coward, though, for mankind was prepared to destroy everything on earth, including itself. But I, a tiny squirrel, was but another casualty in the continuous battle between man and the world.

I was being too general. My thoughts were dominated by my hatred for the hunter. But what I had said was partially true. There are men on earth who have no concern for the rights of others, animal or human.

I could feel life itself slipping from my grasp. It would not be long before I was no longer an inhabitant of this world. My death would be noted no more than the flowing of the streams or the setting of the sun.

I would die a senseless death. Man, in his blundering way, had taken my life, just as he had taken the lives of many others. What a cruel thing to do. This trait would not die with me, either, for as small as the minority of such people may be, it will never be extinct.

I gazed for the last time at the world which I had loved. The trees still stood majestically in their places. The river still flowed swiftly on its way to the sea. The birds still flew and chirped overhead.

This was the way things had been when I entered this world, and this was how they stood as I left it.



## NEW TEACHERS

By WARREN ELMER and PETER SKILLMAN

THE JUNIOR JOURNAL welcomes four new teachers to the Faculty of Princeton Country Day School.

### MR. HARRY RULON-MILLER

Mr. Rulon-Miller graduated from P.C.D. in 1951, attended St. Paul's School, and then went to Princeton University. There he was captain of the varsity hockey team. He majored in psychology and graduated in 1958. He then spent two years in the Navy. Here at P.C.D. Mr. Rulon-Miller teaches *First Form English and Reading* and *Second Form mathematics*, and he helps coach hockey. He likes to travel, to exercise, to play hockey and to read. The most notable change from the P.C.D. of 1951 to the P.C.D. of 1961, according to Mr. Rulon-Miller, is its size. Then the school was much closer than now, with everyone knowing each other.

### MR. WALTER TITUS

Mr. Titus, who grew up in Babylon, Long Island, attended Lawrenceville and then went to Princeton University, where he majored in English. Before coming here he taught at the Gunnery School in Washington, Connecticut. At P.C.D. he teaches English to the V and IV Forms and math to the III Form. When Mr. Titus is not busy, he likes trout fishing and sailing.

### MR. ROBERT COOMBS

Mr. Coombs went to Muskingum College in Ohio, majored in history, and graduated in 1958. He then attended the graduate school of the University of Cincinnati. Before coming to P.C.D. he taught at the Country School in Easton, Maryland. Here he teaches IV and III Form history, one section of Latin IV and one of Math I. He coaches junior varsity soccer and hockey. Mr. Coombs is married and has one daughter, a year and a half old. His hobby is mountain climbing.

### MR. GARY LOTT

Mr. Lott, who replaced Mr. Miller when he was called into active military service, is a graduate of Canajoharie High School in New York and Middlebury College, where he majored in fine arts and drama. Later he got his Master's degree in history at the Columbia University Graduate School. He teaches English V (one section), English III, and Science II. He is married, and his hobby is drawing.

## ATHLETICS

### SOCCER

By PAUL FORD and TERRY MARZONI

This season was not one of our best. The team had lost eight of last year's starters. Of the 27 boys on the varsity squad, only 8 were Sixth Formers. We didn't pull ourselves together until the last few games. Before that, our defense was doing well, but our attack failed; it was the sixth game of the season before we even scored a goal! We had five "high scorers," each with a goal to his credit. They were Myers, Captain Bob Otis, Earnest, Ritchie, and Lau. The final season's record was: Won 2, Lost 4, Tied 3.

P.C.D. 0

WITHERSPOON 0

This being our first game, we were quite nervous. Our nervousness showed up in the line, for we were unable to score. The weather was almost too hot for soccer.

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 4

P.C.D. 0

We were handicapped by being considerably smaller than our opponents. They outweighed, outkicked, and outran us.

P.C.D. 0

COLUMBUS BOYCHOIR 0

This was one game we should have won. They were a new team which had been formed just two weeks before the game. Our goalie never handled the ball once, and our fullbacks took no goal-kicks during the whole game. Yet we didn't score.

VALLEY ROAD 2

P.C.D. 0

We played fairly well to hold a strong Valley Road team to two goals. Otis at center half and Mathews in the goal distinguished themselves.

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 1

P.C.D. 0

Except for a goal in the first period, we held this team, which had swamped us earlier, to an even match.

VALLEY ROAD 7

P.C.D. 1

We were unable to stop this team, which had one of its best days at our expense. However, there was one consolation: we scored! With the score 6-0, Rod Myers, who had been moved from his fullback position to play inside right, kicked the goal. It proved to be a morale-booster for the team in the remaining three games.

## P.C.D. 0

## PEDDIE 0

We fought hard on a windy field to gain a well-earned tie, although we had several chances to score. There was more real teamwork than in the earlier games.

## P.C.D. 2

## WITHERSPOON 0

The whole team played well, as the defense was strong and the line was fast. Bob Otis scored for us in the first period, and Bob Earnest made a goal in the second quarter.

## P.C.D. 2

## MILLTOWN 0

Against smaller opponents we played well but not as well as we could have. Our two goals were scored by Bill Lau in the first period and John Ritchie in the fourth quarter. Everybody on the squad got into this game.

The starting line-up changed frequently, but it included the following:

Goal—Mathews

Fullbacks—Marzoni T., Myers R., Kilgore J.

Halfbacks—Otis, Elmer, Tibbals, Cameron

Center—Lau, Ritchie

Insides—Earnest, Hagenbuch, Otis, Myers

Outsides—Warden, Cameron, Ritchie

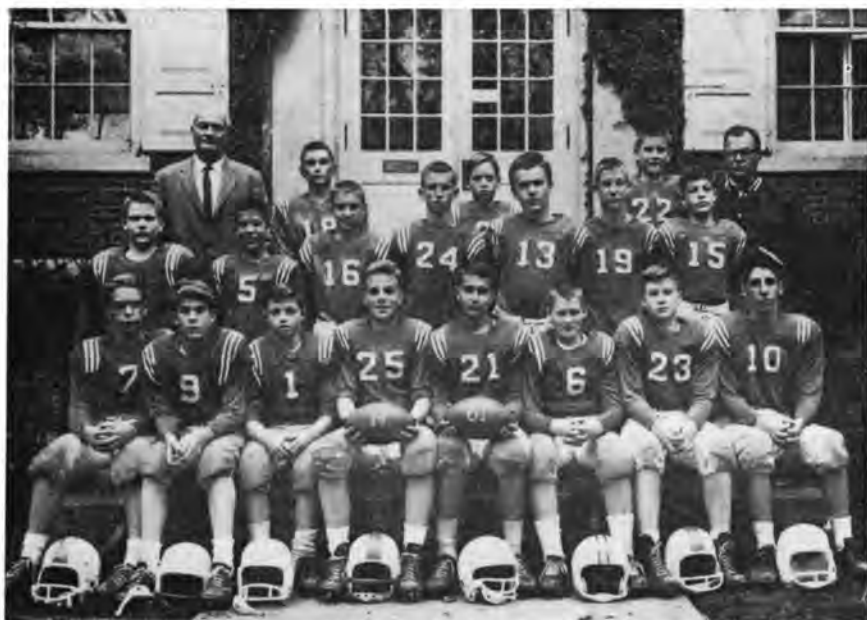


Front row—TIBBALS, ELMER, CAMERON, OTIS, MYERS, SKILLMAN, MARZONI,  
Second row—HAGENBUCH, WOLFF, RITCHIE, SAYEN, EARNEST, GOHEEN, LINKER,  
O'BRIEN, FORD.  
Back row—PEARCE, LAU, PITTENDRIGH, WARDEN, STRONG J., KILGORE, KEN-  
NEDY, STRONG R., FARLEY, MR. McANENY.

## FOOTBALL

By PAUL VOGEL

This year's football team did not quite equal last year's. Our coach, Mr. Lea, tried diligently to make us into a good ball club. We had many good young players from the Fourth and Fifth Forms, who got experience by playing a few games with teams their size. Next year's team should do better than this year's record of three wins and three losses.



Front row—WANDELT, HEREFORD, DELANO R., DIELEHNN, ECKELS, DONALDSON, JOHNSON, VOGEL.

Second row—BUDNY, BAKER, ARMSTRONG, COPPEDGE, FROTHINGHAM, FRAKER, SAMSON.

Back row—MR. LEA, KEHOE, DELANO J., SHERWOOD, MR. TIBBALS.

SOLEBURY 22

P.C.D. 8

In this first game of the season many mistakes were made, but the team played well on the whole. In the second quarter Vogel scored a touchdown and Eckels threw to Coppedge for the extra points. Solebury scored all their points in the second half.

## P.C.D. 20

## PINGRY 0

This was one of the better games of the season. P.C.D. took a quick lead in the first quarter as Eckels plunged over from the 3. The pass for the extra point failed. Our defense was excellent throughout the game. Wandelt, Hereford, Delano and Dielhenn did standout jobs. Eckels and Vogel scored later in the game, with the latter getting two points after the touchdown.

## NEWARK ACADEMY 38

## P.C.D. 6

Our opponents outweighed our team by 25 pounds per man. Early in the first period they blocked a punt by Eckels and scored. Toward the end of the game Eckels threw a touchdown pass to Coppedge. Ford Fraker was hurt in this game and was lost for the rest of the season.

## P.C.D. 14

## SHORT HILLS 6

Short Hills scored early in the game on an end sweep; that was their scoring for the day. Vogel took a sweep around the end for 20 yards for a touchdown. Eckels then scored from the 7 on a plunge. Coppedge and Eckels played an excellent game. A 70-yard touchdown run by Vogel was nullified by a penalty.

## SOLEBURY 42

## P.C.D. 6

This was the same squad we had faced earlier in the season, but this time three key members of our team were absent. Late in the game, Eckels made our only touchdown. Our coach, Mr. Lea, was happy even though we lost, because our team never slackened its efforts and finished up strong.

## P.C.D. 14

## PINGRY 0

This was the last game of our season, and perhaps our finest effort. P.C.D. jumped to an 8-point lead as Donaldson ran the ball over from the 1-yard line. Toward the end of the game Vogel swept around end for a touchdown. Our defense was excellent throughout the entire game.

The usual starting line-up:

Left end—Coppedge

Right tackle—Armstrong

Left tackle—Frothingham D.

Right end—Samson C.

Left guard—Wandelt F.

Quarterback—Donaldson C.

Center—Delano R.

Wingback—Fraker (Hereford W.)

Right guard—Dielhenn B.

Tailback—Vogel

Fullback—Eckels

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## WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

By RICKY ECKELS

### SOCCER

The Whites came up victorious in soccer this year.

In First Form competition, the teams were tied, each contributing 1 point to the Color. In the Second and Third Forms, the White "C" team won a round-robin tournament, earning 3 points. The White "B" team finished second, also giving 3 points to the Whites. The White "A" and the Blue "C" teams tied for third, each getting 1½ points.

In the Upper School J.V., the Whites won the series by the margin of a single goal, thus giving 4 points to the Color. The varsity played two scoreless ties, so that each Color collected 2 points. The final varsity game was played on the last morning before Thanksgiving recess, with the whole school released from classes to watch.

The final score was Whites 14½, Blues 4½.

### FOOTBALL

WHITES 33

BLUES 0

The Whites had 8 of the 11 starting members of the varsity team, so the reason for the difference in scores is understandable. The first half, however, was surprisingly close, with the Whites making just one touchdown: an Eckels run, with Wandelt scoring the conversion.

After the intermission the Whites caught fire. Eckels passed to Donaldson for a touchdown, and Donaldson made the extra points on a quarterback sneak. Eckels scored twice more on runs. The final touchdown was carried over by Wandelt on an end sweep, and Eckels passed to Coppedge for the conversion.

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## WITH THE ALUMNI

**ex-1964**

**Hamilton Clark** went abroad last summer and stayed at a French camp called Les Roches ("the rocks"). He says it was a wonderful experience and taught him a lot of French. This year he is at the Haverford School.

**ex-1963**

**Robert Console** is a senior at the North Country School, Lake Placid, N.Y. He hopes to go either to Westminster or to Millbrook next year.

**ex-1962**

**Jock Baker** is a Press Editor for *The Third Form Weekly* at Groton School.

**Griff Strassenburgh** is at Ridley College, St. Catherine's, Ontario. He played on the J.V. football team and is now enjoying Canadian hockey.

**Ad Hanan** is on the Freshman-Sophomore hockey team at Choate. He says he is doing "fairly well academically."

**Daryl Goodrich** is out for the wrestling team at the George School.

**1961**

**Dick Reynolds** played varsity and J.V. football at Andover. He is also in the Student Congress.

**Joseph Riker** is in Kennedy House at Lawrenceville School.

**John Sheehan** writes from Notre Dame High School in Trenton: "The school is wonderful, and, most important, the food is great."

**Glenn Thomas** played club football and expects to play Lower School basketball at Taft.

**Lee Smith** played on the J.V. soccer team at Darrow. He scored his "first goal ever made in competition with another school" during a 2-2 tie with Millbrook.

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**Peter Kirkpatrick** is at South Kent School, where he played varsity football and is now on the first line on the hockey team.

**Ward Kuser**, in his first year at Canterbury, made second-string center forward on the varsity soccer team. He is doing well in studies, ranking 26th in a large class. He reports: "**Robin Kerney, John Dunning, Jim Vollbrecht, and Larry Kuser** are also here and doing well."

**Bob Griggs** played J.V. soccer at Taft and is now playing defense on the J.V. hockey team, which is coached by **Lance Odden '54**.

**Randy Hobler** made both the J.V. football and hockey teams at Andover.

**Gibbs Kane** is on the varsity squash team at St. Andrew's School, Middletown, Delaware. Gibby reports that **Jay Kerr '60** is producing a music program at St. Andrew's "that is going over big with the students."

**Edward Warren** is a member of the Choate band and is out for the Current History Club. He played league football and is now playing Sophomore-Freshman basketball. Says Eddie: "Studies are really rough, but I like it up here."

**Peter Raymond** is doing well scholastically at South Kent. He played on the third football team and has a small part in the school play.

**Ward Jandl** was on the stage crew of the Hotchkiss Dramatic Club fall play.

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**Hank Tomlinson** ran on the J.V. cross-country team at Taft. He broke his foot playing hockey but is still managing the J.V. team.

**Hy Young** had a scholastic average of 81 in the first and second marking periods at Woodberry Forest School. He played for the school in J.V. football and basketball.

### 1960

**Bloxy Baker**, and **Alex Patton** are on the varsity hockey team at St. George's. Patton also played varsity soccer.

**Roger Fagan** is on the J.V. swimming team at Lawrenceville, and last year won J.V. numerals in basketball. He has maintained an honors average for the past four years.

**Brock Putnam** made Honors in the first quarter at Milton Academy. He is a member of the Dramatic Society, the Glee Club, and the Ski and Mountaineering Club, and he stands ninth on the School Chess Ladder. His other sports include football, wrestling and baseball.

**Bill Smoyer** has been elected captain of next year's soccer team at Andover. He also plays varsity hockey.

**"Davy" Davis** played tackle on the Exeter football team, and at the end of the season was elected captain of next year's eleven. He is the first P.C.D. alumnus to captain a big prep school football team.

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**Tom Reynolds** has been elected co-captain of next year's football team at Princeton High School. He starred this year in particular as defensive line-backer.

**Larry Kuser** played on the Canterbury School varsity soccer team.

**Rhea Goodrich** is number one man on the George School wrestling team. He also played varsity soccer.

**John Brinkerhoff** plays varsity hockey at the Hill School.

**Pepper Pettit** has been elected co-captain of the football team at Salisbury for next year.

**Peter Hart** acted in the fall play, **John Brown's Body**, at St. George's. He is on the varsity hockey squad.

### 1959

**Nick Hare** is captain of the 1962 soccer team at Choate. He also plays varsity hockey and lacrosse.

**Steve Cook** played fullback on the St. Mark's football team and scored two touchdowns in his school's conquest of traditional rival Groton. Steve is also captain of the St. Mark's hockey team.

**Anthony G. Lauck** received the advanced mathematics prize as he graduated with honors from Exeter. He is now at Harvard.

**Bob Mueller** is captain of the hockey team at St. Paul's School.

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**David Seder** is on the varsity wrestling, soccer, and tennis teams at the George School, Pennsylvania. He is also active in dramatics.

**Ross Fullam** played wing on the soccer team at Westminster School.

**Howard McMorris** was captain of the Deerfield soccer team. He is also on the varsity hockey team.

**Charlie Stuart** is captain and defense on the Andover hockey team, which won the Lawrenceville Invitation Tournament without having a goal scored against them in three games.

### 1958

**Frank Bushnell** graduated *cum laude* from Choate last June. He is a Freshman at Princeton enrolled in the N.R.O.T.C. program.

**Douglas Ewing**, a June graduate from Hotchkiss, is in the pre-medical program at the University of Pennsylvania.

**Biffy Lea** is in Grenoble, France, care of Boissenot, 9 Rue Aristides Berges. He expects to enter Princeton University next fall.

**John Tassie** is on the Lawrenceville hockey team.

**David P. Stewart** is attending Cheltenham College, Cheltenham, England, as an English Speaking Union Exchange Scholar. He will enter Princeton next fall.

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**Perry Rodgers** played varsity football at South Kent and was awarded the Lineman's Trophy. He is now playing varsity hockey.

**Jobe Stevens** was awarded the Sumner Smith award for outstanding play, endeavor and sportsmanship in hockey as he graduated from Andover in June. He is now at Middlebury College, Vermont, where he captained the Freshman soccer team.

**David Kelley**, former soccer captain at P.C.D. and later at Choate, was captain of the Freshman soccer team this fall at Colby College, Waterville, Maine.

**Toby Knox** is a Freshman at the University of Arizona, pledged to the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. His address is SUPO 9684, Tucson, Arizona.

**John White**, in his final year at Woodberry Forest School, writes: "I plan to head north next year, and I am enjoying the southern hospitality."

**Karl A. Johnson**, who graduated from the Gunnery School last June, is a student at the Case Institute of Technology, Cleveland, Ohio.

**George Peterson** was elected co-captain of the Princeton Freshman soccer team this year. His regular position was inside right.

**Chris Wright** is editor of the St. George's School literary magazine, *Dragon*.

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## 1957

**Dick Rotnem** plays varsity hockey at Cornell University and is in the **Delta Upsilon** fraternity. His goal enabled Cornell to defeat the Yale hockey team for the first time in fifty years!

**Adam Hochschild** is a Junior at Harvard, majoring in history and literature. He spent his last summer vacation traveling in Africa and doing volunteer work in a mental hospital in this country.

**Webb Harrison** played inside right on the Princeton varsity soccer team this fall. At the end of the season he was named to the All-Ivy soccer team.

**Darien Gardner** is a Sophomore at Haverford College. In the spring of 1960 he was a National Merit Scholarship finalist.

## 1956

**Daniel Quick** is a Junior at Princeton, majoring in English.

**Jeb Stuart** will complete two years in the U.S. Army next summer. He is now in Korea with the 7th Infantry Division as a private first class.

**David Smoyer** played goalie on the Dartmouth varsity soccer team. Like **Webb Harrison**, he was named to the All-Ivy League team this fall, giving P.C.D. two out of the eleven honored players.

**Jeffrey Kay** is a Sophomore at Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He is majoring in philosophy and theology.

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**Roger Kirkpatrick**, a Junior at the University of Colorado, played varsity tennis last year and has a B- average, besides spending much time on the ski slopes. He reports that **Mokey Raymond**, who is a Sophomore, is "firing through in Engineering and is a mountain climbing fanatic."

**Peter Moock** is a History major in his Junior year at Williams College. In his spare time he teaches history at the Williamstown High School.

### 1955

**Michael Callahan** is in his third year at the University of Virginia as an English major. He has been playing soccer and is now on a newly organized hockey team.

**Roger Hoit** is the first P.C.D. alumnus to win a varsity football letter at Princeton. He was reserve tailback and did all the punting for the team this fall. He was named to the All-Ivy team at the close of the season.

**Fred Osborne** is a Junior in the Tyler Art School of Temple University, Philadelphia.

**William K. Starkey** was married on August 12 to Miss Barbara Ann Brown of Denver, Colorado. Among the ushers were **William R. Kales III**, **Andrew W. Godfrey**, and **Jackson Sloan**. Both Bill and his wife are students at Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

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## 1954

**James Ackerman** graduated from the Marine Corps training school at Parris Island, receiving the American Honor and Spirit Medal. This highest award that a Marine recruit can get has been given to only 22 out of 23,000 men. He also received the Leatherneck Award and was top man in his platoon and battalion. Jimmy is now in San Diego working in electronics.

**Lance Odden** is teaching history and helping coach soccer and hockey at the Taft School.

## 1953

**Peter B. Cook** was married on September 9 to Miss Sarah Chapman Scott at Vineyard Haven, Mass.

## 1952

**Lawrence T. Griggs** received an M.A. degree in October from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. He is now with the Chase-Manhattan bank of New York. Larry is married and lives in Hopewell, N.J.

On display at the national headquarters of the American Institute of Architects in Washington, D.C., is a design for an oceanographic center by **J. Robert Hillier**. The design was executed as a thesis entitled "Science and its Display," and was submitted for the Master of Fine Arts degree at

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Princeton University last spring. Bob is now with the Princeton architectural firm of Fulmer and Bowers.

**Thomas A. Kerr, Jr.**, is in his third and last year at the General Theological Seminary, New York, working toward an S.T.B. degree in May. He is President of the Seminary Missionary Society and Assistant Protestant Chaplain at the Lenox Hill Hospital and Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Related Diseases in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. **Arthur V. Shannon, Jr.**, are the parents of Arthur V. Shannon III, born in Princeton on September 23.

**Sherwood M. Smith** is doing practice teaching, chiefly in English, at P.C.D.

#### 1951

**Hugh Fairman** finished his tour of duty in the Air Force in August. He is now working for J. L. Armistage Co., Newark, N.J., selling industrial finishes in the Chicago-Detroit-Cleveland area.

#### 1950

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. **David Flanders**, of Franklin Park, N.J., on July 5.

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## 1949

**Bruce Dennen** is working with the U.S. Trust Company of New York, at 45 Wall Street, New York City.

**Robert Laughlin** is continuing his studies toward a Ph.D. degree in Anthropology at Harvard.

## 1948

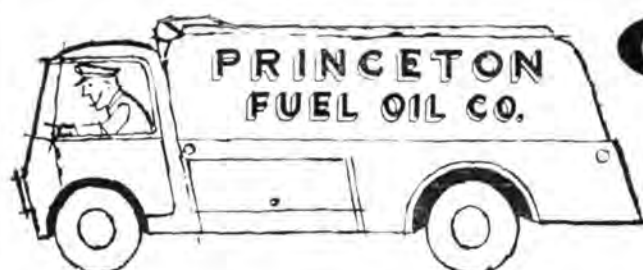
**George H. Brown, Jr.**, is studying electrical engineering at Ohio State University.

**David C. Harrop** is with the U.S. Information Service in Buenos Aires, Argentina. His second son, Andrew Loring Harrop, was born March 29, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. **James W. Donnelly** of Perrysburg, Ohio, are the parents of a son, John Whitney Donnelly, born on October 9. Jim is a member of the faculty of the Maumee Valley Country Day School in Maumee, Ohio.

Rev. **Hugh K. Wright, Jr.**, formerly chaplain at the Darrow School, is now Chaplain of Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass. He has one daughter, Deborah, who was born on August 26, 1960.

**John D. Wallace** left the Hanover Bank in June and is now with Morgan Stanley & Company, an investment banking firm, in New York.



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1947

**Donald M. Bergen** graduated from the Seton Hall College of Dentistry last June. He has an office at 116 West Broad Street, Hopewell, N.J.

1946

A daughter, Donna Jo, was born to Mr. and Mrs. **Dexter Ashley** on August 31. Dexter, who is stationed at Niagara Falls, N.Y., in the U.S. Air Force, has a four-year old son, Mike.

**Grenville H. Paynter** was promoted from assistant secretary to assistant vice-president of Chemical Bank New York Trust Company during the summer.

1945

**John W. Flemer** is the father of two girls, Janet (aged 3) and Kate (aged 2). He spent Christmas visiting his wife's family in Australia.

**Colin McAneny**, after a summer with the U.S. Geological Survey in Cody, Wyoming, is doing graduate work in geology at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. He has two daughters: Jean, aged two years, and Ruth, eight months.

1944

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. **Samuel Pettit** of Cherry Valley Road, Princeton, on October 30.



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