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JUNIOR JOURNAL

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APRIL, 1962

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APRIL, 1962

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EDITORIAL

On February 20, 1962, American technology and know-how got together and placed John Glenn into orbit. On March 1, 1962, the Peace Corps celebrated its first anniversary. Here are two excellent examples of people who "asked not what their country could do for them but asked what they could do for their country." The people who helped John Glenn into orbit, the members of the Peace Corps, and many others have served their country as best they could, sometimes at the expense of their lives.

However, if we are obligated to serve our country as best we can, we are equally obligated to serve the world in the same way. We must

follow in the footsteps of such great humanitarians as Thomas Dooley, Albert Schweitzer and Dag Hammarskjöld. These and other such men have given of themselves to create a better world.

Our technological advances may be so great that we are able to put men into space ships and send them into orbit, but we have not used all our knowledge until we care for the starving millions in Asia and other such under-developed nations.

We should give them as much consideration as we give to our man-into-space program.

THE FLIGHT

By GERARD CAMERON (VI)

Pushing through the morning mist,
A monster belching fire —
Three, two, one — a mighty twist —
The cord dropped from the spire.
The earth convulsed, the rocket roared,
Into orbit spaceman soared.
Three times round he circled Earth;
The first time round, he spotted Perth
Whose lights shone forth with radiant glow
To tell him of the faith below.
Orbits complete, descent began,
And thus commenced an era of Man.

THE ISLAND

By BRADLEY SMITH (V)

The heavy cloud bank was now moving in over the bay. With it came small drops of rain, and I could see flashes of lightning in the distance. The wind had become stronger, and here and there white-caps were beginning to appear. It was just an ordinary summer storm, but with night now falling, I felt I should land on the small island I saw ahead, rather than try to navigate out around the point and on toward home. Tramp, my collie, seemed to feel the same way, for he was up in the bow of the skiff, wagging his tail, while we approached the island.

I ran the boat right up on the beach, and, as Tramp raced towards the woods after a rabbit, I began to unload the craft. I was awfully thankful for the things my father had persuaded me to bring along, just in case something like this should happen. I knew that it was going to be fun spending the night here.

It was high tide, so that I didn't have to pull the skiff far up on the beach. After I had dug the anchor deeply into the sand, I gathered my supplies. A moment later, Tramp was back with a good-sized rabbit. That was going to be our dinner. I found a good place to make a camp, and, despite the rain, I finally made

a campfire. Our campsite was near the side of a large hill, so that Tramp and I were protected from most of the force of the storm. I made a stew with the rabbit and some canned vegetables, and that, along with some condensed milk, made a fairly good supper. I was glad to be on the island. The campfire kept me warm, and Tramp was an amiable companion on a stormy night.

I could feel the storm gradually dying away. Finally, the rain stopped, but I could still hear the wind blowing through the treetops. It was a soothing sound. I could now hear all sorts of sounds. The gentle lapping of waves upon the shore was easy to hear. All sorts of animals could be heard, calling for their mates. The bushes were continually rustling, as small animals raced through the brush. Tramp soon returned from his short midnight sortie, but neither of us could sleep, for the ground was very damp from the storm.

Every now and then, I could see small sets of eyes staring at me. It made me realize how much of a stranger I was to this lovely world. Its beauty could not be matched.

Soon the moon reappeared from behind the storm clouds. Its light was welcome, for the fire had long

since become no more than a pile of glowing ashes. I marveled at the splendor as the moonlight shimmered across the surface of the bay. The light was also reflected by the dripping wet trees and bushes. It was a lovely scene.

I could tell that daybreak was not far off. Shortly the reddish streaks of dawn appeared above the horizon.

Tramp had once again gone off into the woods. Gradually, the moon disappeared, and it was day once again. Somehow, though, the beauty of the island had vanished in this transition.

I knew that I would have to leave soon if I was to be home by lunchtime. I was sad to leave, but I knew that I must.



A CAREER?

By PAUL VOGEL (VI)

Throughout my childhood I have wanted to be many things. First there was my urge to be a cowboy, then a doctor; but in every instance there was a drawback.

At the age of four I wanted to be a cowboy. My parents tried to explain to me that it was really no life, but they didn't make the slightest impression. Finally my father said, "Son, if you want to be a cowboy, you will have to marry a cowgirl." This quickly dulled my view of western life.

Three years later I had the greatest desire to be a doctor. This time my

folks said that it would be a wonderful thing to have a doctor in the house. Four days later our dog was hit by a car. Then and there I acquired an acute distaste for blood and medicine!

There were other careers that my mind latched on to. Some of them are too ridiculous or too embarrassing to talk about. Now, however, I have found the job that is best suited to me: testing Crest toothpaste. I plan to be in the group that has 22% more cavities by using Brand X.

MORNING OATMEAL

By CHRISTOPHER GOBLE (II)

Mother had just waked up and was going from door to door yelling, "Rise and shine." It was foggy that day. I felt in my bones that oatmeal for breakfast lay ahead of me. As I walked down the stairs I said over and over to myself, "Oatmeal, oatmeal, oatmeal." I knew that I would have plenty of time to put up a fuss about my breakfast since Dad had gotten up late.

I arrived at the table. Groaned, Ugh . . . There was the oatmeal. I took the first bite. It was as bad as I had thought it would be.

Then Mother said, "Hurry up, Christopher, get on with your breakfast."

At that moment on the stairs I heard a mighty Thump, Thump, Thump. I knew Father was coming. I straightened up. I plunged my spoon into the souplike oatmeal, lifted a spoonful into my mouth when Dad, walking into the room,

roared, "Still gargling your oatmeal. You'll never get that doctor's kit I promised you could have if you didn't put up a fuss about that oatmeal for a month."

"Now, now, gently, John, you know it is awfully hard not to put up a fuss about oatmeal," Mother said.

"Dad, if we have oatmeal for tomorrow's breakfast I'll eat it in a jiffy. You know I do like those candy pills. But the minute I get my hands on the pills I gobble them all up as if somebody else was the doctor and I was the lucky patient," I said.

"Sometimes, young man, your jiffy takes an hour," Dad mumbled.

"Hey, Mom, tomorrow let's try that oatmeal with brown sugar. Everybody at school is talking about it. They say it's just like eating butter-scotch," said I.

After eating oatmeal in clear or cloudy weather — boxes of it — the wonderful doctor's kit was mine.



THE AGONY AND THE EXODUS

By RODMAN MYERS (VI)

(This story won first prize among the Sixth Form Ancient History term papers submitted in January.)

Cyrieus was a loyal soldier in the Persian army. He loved the Persian Empire, but most of all he loved the city of Persepolis. Cyrieus was born and raised in this wonderful city. He remembered fishing and swimming in the Pulwar River. He remembered all of the great buildings that towered over him. Now even larger ones were being built to glorify the city.

Under a tree, Cyrieus relaxed and thought of all the wonderful things about Persepolis. The great Apadana, the audience hall, came to his mind first. The picturesque building stood upon an elevated platform which was led up to by two monumental stairways on both sides. Elaborate statues and carvings decorated these stairways. But the greatest of all was the building itself. The beautiful wooden roof was supported by seventy-two graceful columns, but inside it was even more impressive. The great audience hall was at least 200 feet square, and was surrounded by vestibules on three sides. A sea of seats encircled the platform where meetings and speeches took place. What a fabulous building!

Cyrieus' thoughts wandered from far and near. He glanced at the sun and saw that it was getting low in

the sky. He should have been home a long time ago for his evening meal. He forced himself up from his comfortable place under the tree and started home. Since he was late, he took a short-cut through the west side of town. Unfortunately Persepolis was not all beautiful. In fact, only the buildings built by the government and the vast land owners were beautiful. The section he was going through was the worst in all Persepolis. The small houses were placed very close to one another. Most of them were in poor condition and needed repair. They wound around the cluttered dirt roads. There was trash lying all over the streets. Sometimes it was so bad that a horse had a hard time going through all of the rubbish. Flies swarmed around everywhere spreading disease. The children seemed to be the only ones who didn't mind. They played in the trash in the streets, but everything seemed fine to them.

Cyrieus felt sorry for them, but he could do nothing about it. He wandered through a small dark alley where conditions were worse. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw some quick movement, and before he knew it, he was sprawled out on the ground. He knew what had hap-

pened, so he just stayed sprawled out on the ground motionless. He felt the sharp edge of a knife touch his neck. It did not cut him, but it just stayed there as though to warn him not to move. Somebody was robbing him, and he couldn't do anything about it—if he wanted to save his life. He felt a hand go into his pocket and pull out his money holder. The pressure of the knife was released from his neck and he heard the sound of someone running away. He opened one eye and saw a man fleeing down the alley. He opened the other eye and made sure he was still in one piece. His pride struck him. A soldier of the Persian army being robbed by a common brigand!

Cyrieus jumped up and pursued the small figure in the distance. The man had slowed down to a rapid walk, and Cyrieus quickly gained on him. The surprised man heard Cyrieus coming up behind him, but before he could do anything about it, Cyrieus had sent *him* sprawling to the ground. The small man was more than Cyrieus had counted on. From the struggle that followed, he could tell that the robber had quick reflexes and that he was quite muscular. Cyrieus felt a streak of pain go down his arm. Warm blood gushed down in spurts out of his arm and onto the ground. He thought quickly and grabbed the hand with the knife and twisted it with all his power. The knife dropped to the ground and Cyrieus picked it up. The robber saw that he had no

chance left, so he threw the money pouch to Cyrieus and darted down the street. A dizzy spell hit Cyrieus and he could do nothing but drop to his knees. Luckily, the thief was in such a hurry that he didn't turn around to see if he was being pursued.

A few minutes passed and Cyrieus' head finally cleared. His heart jumped when he saw the long cut, from his elbow to the palm of his hand. Blood had now drenched his sleeve and had spotted the rest of his uniform. He staggered to his feet and walked back home in a daze. His younger brother ran out of the house saying: "Cyrieus, guess what happened to me-e-e-e! Ahura Mazda! What happened to you?" Dizziness overcame Cyrieus again, and he dropped to the ground, unconscious.

When he woke up, Cyrieus jumped up and said: "Where is that dirty little -----?" A sharp pain struck him in his arm and he put his head back down on the blanket. He realized now that it was the next day and that he was in his own house. His arm was bandaged with a blood-stained cloth. Pancreas, his father, came in with a kind face, saying, "You will recover soon, my son, but you should rest now and be comfortable."

"Father", said Cyrieus, "I thought that exercise was the best thing for a wound."

"I have talked with a very experienced doctor and he said that

it has recently been proved that rest is better for a wound or illness."

"What will they think of next?" sighed Cyrieus.

Pancreas walked over and sat down on his son's blanket.

"I am sorry that you have missed your brother."

"What do you mean, father?"

"I'm sorry to say that Deliphon has been called away by the Persian army on a secret mission. All I know is that he will not be back for a long time because he is going on a long journey. Now you are the only one I have left."

Cyrieus smiled at his father and took his hand reassuringly.

Many months had passed since Cyrieus had been injured, and Deliphon was well on his way. For months Deliphon had been marching and he was tired of it now. What's more, only slaves and the lower-classed soldiers were on this so-called "secret mission". Deliphon didn't know what the mission was going to be, but something told him that it wasn't going to be too exciting. Even when he passed through cities, he was only allowed to eat there and move on. He had lost count of them now. He had passed through Susa, Bagistana, Nineveh, Edessa, Sardis—so many that it just didn't matter any more.

The next day the group moved on, led by several higher officers. Things seemed really bad for Deliphon until he spotted a seagull overhead.

"There must be a large body of water around", thought Deliphon,

"and that means we might sail the rest of the way in a new Persian warship!"

Sure enough, by that afternoon, they had reached the shoreline of a vast sea. The officers led them not onto large Persian warships, but on several old merchant ships. They were ancient and battered. There was only one cabin near the back of the boat where the food and supplies were kept. There also was the captain's desk. For the crew, there were poles that jutted up on each side of the boat. A covering was tied to the poles in case of bad weather, but that was all. There was only one level with about fifteen rowers on each side. When there was a wind, the small sails could be used. At night a fire was built near the bow which drew many insects. This was a poor boat to be on, but Deliphon enjoyed it better than marching!

At first, Deliphon was very seasick and he made several rounds to the bow every day. But after a week or so he became a real sailor. When there was no wind, the slaves had to row, and Deliphon could enjoy himself. Other days weren't so restful, for Deliphon had to mend sails and wash down the deck. The boats sailed for several months, only stopping for supplies. Deliphon was beginning to get tired of this miserable old merchant ship! There was hardly enough room to move around, and, what's more, the boat was ugly! Deliphon couldn't escape all the ugliness around. Where was some

(Continued on Page 45)

WELFARE STATE

By RICHARD ECKELS (VI)

In ten or twenty years this country will be a welfare state. And it's going to be the labor unions who make it that. Every time another company has a strike, we take another step toward it.

Workers want their company to take care of them, pay their bills when they're sick, support them after they've retired. On top of this they want more money and shorter hours. This means the company will raise prices and people won't be able to keep up with the cost of living. This means more strikes, or the company goes bankrupt. Either way the government will wind up paying the tab.

Pretty soon the government will be supporting every family in America for doing less work.

This will kill ambition, and ambition is what makes a country go. Also, the government will need money, the rich will have to pay. Since the people the government is going to support won't have the money, the rich will have to pay more—another reason for killing ambition.

We're licked any way we turn. Although these things won't happen all at once, they will happen. And when they do, America as we know it will cease to exist.

THE HUNTER

By PETER ROBERTS (IV)

One bright spring day somewhere in the Rocky Mountains, a lone man stood on the top of a high peak looking down into a wide valley. He was hunting a wolverine which had killed more than half of the chickens on his farm. From his farm he had tracked it for more than two days.

As he looked down into the valley, he saw the wolverine walking

slowly. He raised his rifle to his shoulder, aimed, and fired. The bullet missed the wolverine by a few feet and ricocheted off a rock. Frightened, the wolverine broke into a run. The man fired again; this shot also missed. Within a few minutes the wolverine was out of sight.

The hunter now descended from the high peak and began running

after the animal. He stopped running. The wolverine was too far away, but he could follow its trail.

The next day he sighted it and approached it quietly. He saw the wolverine eating a freshly killed rabbit. This time he aimed carefully and fired. The bullet struck it in one of its front legs. The wolverine, feeling the sharp pain of the bullet, began to run and limp at the same time. The man was angry and again began running after it. He fired again several times but missed. After chasing it for a few miles he climbed

a high lookout to see if he could find the wolverine again.

He spotted it in a small valley, licking its wounds. This time he aimed carefully at his target. He fired, and the wolverine shook from the impact of the bullet. The man clambered down the peak to investigate. When he got to the bottom he found a bloody trail. He followed it for about a hundred feet. Then he saw the wolverine. It walked a few more feet and collapsed. The kill had been made, and the menace of the killer was over.

PARROTA

By BRUCE JOHNSON (IV)

Parrota was a very beautiful girl. She was always fond of birds and colors. She also could sing almost like the Muses, but she often talked a lot.

One day Zeus looked down from heaven and saw her. Instantly he fell in love with her. She was walking on the high cliffs near the shore. Looking at the gulls and other birds in the sky, she did not see where she was going and fell off the cliff. Quickly Zeus changed to a giant albatross and flew down to get her. When he got her he told her that he was Zeus, King of the Gods, and that he would take her to a secret island called Naxos to protect her from Hera. Zeus, after having Parrota there, had some wood nymphs to serve her and he quickly flew back to Olympus to avoid suspicion from

Hera.

On Naxos Parrota had whatever she wanted. Zeus had a temple made for her.

All was going well until one of the nymphs who was jealous of Parrota told Hera all about it. Zeus heard the nymph give away his secret, but it was too late. Hera had flown to Naxos to punish poor Parrota. She said, "So you like birds. You shall become one."

Suddenly Parrota started to grow feathers and also started to shrink. Finally when Zeus arrived he knew he could not change the spell, but he turned it a little bit. Instead of an ugly bird he made her have beautiful colored feathers and another gift. She was able to talk like a human, and so we get the parrot.

THE FLIGHT OF THE WEREWOLF

By FRASER MAC LEOD (IV)

On a foggy night in an old Swiss town at the foot of a large mountain, a police whistle's shrill screech broke the still air. Down a dark back street ran a man—if you can call *it* that—tripping over trash cans and spilling garbage over the alley. Running after him was a lone policeman, nightstick in his hand. He was following a suspect of a vicious killing two nights before.

The victim was an old man. He had been walking down the main street, when out of the darkness pounced a creature. The man was not killed instantly. He was bitten in the neck, and he died seven hours later of an acute case of rabies.

This creature now running down the alley ducked into a dark corner. A single beam of light shone on his face. It was wrinkled and hairy, with teeth protruding from his jaw, and with a wolfish nose.

As the policeman passed, there was a hairy streak, a cry of pain, a snarl, and a dull thud on the pavement. There lay the policeman, blood gushing from his neck, his nightstick still in his hand. Another whistle was soon heard.

Down the alley with a loud clatter ran the werewolf, as a crowd drew around the bloody scene.

All through the night he roamed through the town and up the mountain side. Near daybreak he came to a small cabin for climbers. He

pushed open the door and walked in. It was a small cabin with three bunk beds, a cot, two oil lamps, a stove and a table and chairs. He flopped down on the bed and began to rest.

Soon the morning came and the sun rose over the snowcapped Alps. The werewolf woke and found he was human again. He began to cook a meal from the supplies in the cabin, but found he wasn't very hungry, because of his meal in the alley the previous night.

About an hour later there was a loud rapping at the door. There stood about five policemen and about ten other men.

"We would like a few words with you," said one of the policemen. "We were tracking a terrible killer up the mountainside, and his paw marks led to this cabin."

"What's that have to do with me?" replied the occupant of the cabin.

"We'd just like to look around."

"Do so."

In walked seven or eight men carrying clubs. They searched the cabin from wall to wall, without turning up a thing. Suddenly—

"Hello, what's this?" cried one of the men.

"What's what?"

"This," he cried, "look at his coat."

There on the inside of the werewolf's coat were a few tufts of long hair.

"Why, he's the killer!" yelled a policeman, pointing to the occupant of the cabin.

Suddenly there was a fierce snarling, and a werewolf went tearing across the room toward the window. Crash! the hairy figure jumped through the window, out into the newly fallen snow.

Up the mountainside he ran, with the villagers not far behind. Up, up he went till he came to a steep slope. From then on the werewolf had to climb paw over paw up the steep mountainside.

Two thousand feet later, the slope evened off, and it was a gentle climb from then on. But the creature tripped and rolled down the slope about a hundred feet; and the villagers caught up with him.

Snarling with fear, the wolf ran up the slope. Bang! a loud shot echoed through the mountains. The hairy one began to limp. Suddenly

he came to a ninety degree cliff in front of him. It was practically impassable. Backing away from it he found other steep cliffs, leading to the valley below, all around him. Turning to run down the trail he saw an angry mob of villagers almost at the top.

With nowhere to go, snarling like a cornered lion, he cowered close to the cliff edge. The villagers approached, and the werewolf backed away. Just as the mob was upon him, a portion of cliff broke away, carrying the werewolf and the mob with it. Down they fell, thousands of feet to the rocky crag below. But the werewolf caught a rock jutting out of the cliff's edge; and only the villagers fell.

He climbed to the top and began licking his wounds. Down the trail he walked, returning to terrorize the village once more.

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.

TO SAVE LIFE

An Interview with George DeWitt Boice '49

By PETER SKILLMAN

In 1939 several Princetonians decided to form a first aid and rescue squad for the town. Sixteen people took the necessary course and bought an ambulance. This was the beginning of the Princeton First Aid and Rescue Squad.

Today there are 28 members. Among these is Princeton Country Day alumnus DeWitt Boice, who is at present the captain of the squad. Mr. Boice became interested in the work eight years ago. "I joined," he said, "because I like medicine and I like to be able to help people."

Each member of the squad must first take a standard and advanced course in first aid. Some, like Mr. Boice, take further training which allows them to be instructors. All the members of the squad are unpaid. The ambulances, truck, boat, and other equipment are bought with public contributions.

The First Aid Squad is able to care for victims of automobile accidents, heart attacks, fires, drownings, and severe sicknesses. The men also take care of births and make transfers to and from hospitals.

Outlining the day-to-day tasks of the squad, Mr. Boice said, "There is an average of three calls a day, one third of which are emergencies and two thirds transfers to hospitals. Transfers which are not emergencies are handled late in the afternoon. More emergencies occur in the daytime than at night. Emergency calls are received by the dispatcher, who then notifies the men. At night four men are on duty; in the day one or two are on duty but more can be reached at their jobs.

"In case of an ordinary emergency," Mr. Boice continued, "one of the ambulances is called out. This is usually enough. But if the emergency is bad, both ambulances and the emergency truck can be called, being in close contact with each other and with the police by means of a two-way radio set on police bands. In case of a fire, the truck is sent. When there is an automobile accident, both the ambulance and the truck are sent."

The truck, Mr. Boice explained, is primarily designed for rescue work. In it are stored stretchers, electric power saws (which can cut steel), hydraulic jacks (for opening car doors in auto accidents), asbestos suits and

air tanks (for going into fires), ropes, ladders, electric generators, electric lights, respirators, acetylene cutting torches, a line-thrower which can throw a rope three quarters of the distance across the lake, and other first aid equipment. The truck also carries two-way radio, a public-address system, and a portable electric megaphone and has space for carrying two casualties on stretchers.

The ambulances contain just about all the first aid and medical equipment needed. They have respirators, first aid road kit, midwife kits and blankets. They also have two-way radios and a public-address system for directing traffic and for use at the scene of an accident.

In a serious emergency where the Princeton First Aid Squad may not be able to supply all needed help, Mr. Boice explained how help may be obtained from the outside. "New Jersey is divided into thirteen districts, of which Princeton is the ninth. If help is needed from outside, a central dispatcher is notified, who, in turn, notifies the dispatchers of certain nearby districts."

The big project for the Princeton First Aid and Rescue Squad right now is the building of their own garage-headquarters. At present the two ambulances, truck, and boats are kept in the Chestnut Street fire house. The new garage will be at Harrison Street and Clearview Avenue, next to the Princeton Shopping Center.

Mr. Boice is a strong believer in personal preparedness. "Everyone who is able to take a first aid course," he said, "ought to do so. This is a necessary skill that one always has a use for. Not only might one be able to help one's own family, but in a real emergency, where there might not be enough help, a good knowledge of first aid will be extremely valuable."

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90-100%

Robert Bayer
David Blair
William Edwards
Nathaniel Hutner
Michael Levenson
Bradley Smith
Brent Vine
Stephen Vine

SECOND HONOR ROLL

85-89%

Franklin Berger
Anthony Blair
George Brinkerhoff
Alexander Donner
Warren Elmer
Thomas Gaman
Harold Jaeger
Richard Kendall
William Lau
Christopher Reeve
John Ritchie
Donald Woodbridge
James Young

THIRD HONOR ROLL

80-84%

John Andresen
Warren Baker
David Battle

Thomas Berger
Gerard Cameron
Langdon Clay
Roy Coppedge
Bruner Dielhenn
Evan Donaldson
David Flagg
Stephen Goheen
Adam Hammer
Geoffrey Hoguet
Hallett Johnson
Richard Kane
Charles Kennedy
Peter Kline
Jonathan Linker
Fraser Macleod
Diran Majarian
Roy Meredith
Rodman Myers
Charles O'Brien
Scott Reid
Brooke Roberts
Steven Sacks-Wilner
Charles Samson
William G. Sayen
James Scarff
Frederic Schluter
Timothy Smith
Austin Starkey
Stowe Tattersall
David Van Houten
Paul Vogel
Franklin Yang
Matthew Young

WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

By RICHARD ECKELS

SCHOLARSHIP

The scholastic competition in the first term between the Blues and Whites was close as always. Although the Whites failed to win in any marking period, the averages of the two Colors were never more than one percentage point apart. The final averages were 77+ per cent for the Blues and 77— per cent for the Whites.

HOCKEY

The Whites came up victorious in varsity hockey, winning two games and tying one. The first game was a scoreless tie. In the second game the Whites won 3-0. Wandelt, Coppedge, and Baker each scored a goal. The third game was taken by the Whites 2-0, with Donaldson and Shew each scoring a goal.

The Whites won the J.V. series, but the Blues won in the Lower School.

BASKETBALL

The squads were divided fairly evenly, with two members of the starting team for the Whites and three starters for the Blues. The Whites won the opening game, 31-24. Dielhenn was high scorer for the Whites with 15 points. Vogel was high man for the Blues, also with 15 points. In the second game the Whites won, 32-21. The high scorers for the Blues were Strong and Scheide, while Eckels was high for the Whites.

The Blues won in the J.V., but the Whites won in the Lower School.

SKATING RACES

FORM I—1, Erdman F. (W); 2, King (B)

FORM II—1, Young J. (W); 2, Bayer (W)

FORM III—1, Raymond W. (B); 2, Donaldson E. (W)

FORM IV—1, Shew (W); 2, Delano J. (W)

FORM V—1, Samson C. (B); 2, Wandelt F. (W)

FORM VI—1, Tibbals (B); 2, Donaldson C. (W)

Individual Relay—1, Whites (Erdman F., Young J., Donaldson E., Shew, Wandelt F., Donaldson C.); 2, Blues (King, Raymond C., Raymond W., Hagenbuch, Samson C., Tibbals).

Lower School Relay—Whites

Upper School Relay—Whites

Final Score: Whites 45, Blues 18.

ATHLETICS

HOCKEY

By GERARD CAMERON

This year's hockey team compiled one of the best records the school has ever had. Captain Donaldson led his team through a nine-game season undefeated. Though there were only four returning letter-men, including a goalie, this fairly inexperienced team performed like veterans. Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Tibbals were aided in the coaching by Mr. Rulon-Miller, a hockey captain at P.C.D. in 1951 and at Princeton in 1958.

P.C.D. 5

LAWRENCEVILLE 0

This was our first game of the season and so we were slow in starting, but once Wandelt tapped in a goal on a pass from Fraker, things got rolling. Wandelt quickly followed up with another goal, and then Tibbals skated unassisted up the ice and got our third. Coppedge scored on a pass from Donaldson, and Tibbals finished the day's scoring with another unassisted goal.



Seated (l. to r.): COPPEDGE, TIBBALS, WANDELT F., DONALDSON C., DELANO R.,
BAKER, SAMSON C.
Standing (l. to r.): MATHEWS, MR. TIBBALS, DELANO J., BUDNY, GOHEEN, OTIS,
EARNEST, RITCHIE, SAYEN W., CAMERON, KENNEDY K.

P.C.D. 5

CHOATE 0

This was the first of two games on the New England trip. We were nervous as Choate had produced good teams before, and against a good team we were still untried. Unexpectedly, P.C.D. controlled the puck from the start. The scoring was as follows: Tibbals; Fraker; Tibbals; Wandelt; Fraker.

P.C.D. 2

TAFT 1

Taft was heavier and older, but P.C.D. was out for blood. Early in the game Fraker scored unassisted on a beautiful shot from right wing. From then until the middle of the third period play was rough and even, with neither team scoring. Then Wandelt scored after beautiful passes from Fraker and Donaldson. Soon after that goalie Delano was screened and Taft scored on a shot from just over the blue line. With 59 seconds to go, a Taft player pulled Delano out of his cage and over to the corner. As Delano tried to scramble to his feet, a Taft defenseman took a shot. In desperation Delano dove across the ice and hit the puck with the end of his stick. Spurred on by this magnificent save, P.C.D. held the Taft tide back till the game ended.

P.C.D. 5

LAWRENCEVILLE 0

Confident after the successful New England trip, we easily defeated the same team we had beaten before. The scorers were Tibbals, 2; Wandelt, 2; Earnest, 1.

P.C.D. 2

HILL 0

Starting with this game we were minus the services of Fraker, who had thrown his back out the weekend before. Baker took his place on the first line and did a fine job for the rest of the season. Against Hill we were sloppy at first, but finally Donaldson scored on a pass from Wandelt. The final tally came when Tibbals scored on passes from Coppedge and Baker.

P.C.D. 4

LAWRENCEVILLE 1

Overconfident and facing a revenge-minded Lawrenceville team, we started moving only after several near-goals against us. We scored on two sorties by Tibbals and one each by Wandelt and Donaldson. After these goals we lagged in our defenses, but a lone Lawrenceville goal soon straightened us out.

P.C.D. 3

FLORHAM PARK 1

This was a new team but not a weak one. Tibbals scored first on one of his usual unassisted jaunts up the ice, but then they suddenly scored. Donaldson put us ahead with an unassisted goal, and finally Tibbals scored again on a pass from Donaldson.

P.C.D. 3

LAWRENCEVILLE 0

This time we were missing the services of Donaldson, so Tibbals teamed with Wandelt and Baker on the first line. It was a hard-fought game, but we were seeking an undefeated season. Two goals by Baker and one by Tibbals sewed the game up for us.

P.C.D. 3

WISSAHICKON 1

This final game of the season ranks with the Taft game as one of the most hard-fought. After Wandelt opened the scoring, Wissahickon put great pressure on our goal and tied the score. Aroused, we put on pressure with the result that Wandelt scored again on a pass from Samson. A beautiful save by Delano took the air out of Wissahickon's attempted comeback. In the final seconds, Wissahickon took out their goalie and put on a sixth man, but the plan backfired as Baker scored easily on a pass from Donaldson.

This game completed a perfect season in which the P.C.D. hockey team won nine games and lost none, while scoring 32 goals against 4 for the opponents.

BASKETBALL

By BRUNER DIELHENN

If you look at the P.C.D. basketball records for the past ten years, you will undoubtedly agree that this year's team, with five wins and five losses, had a very successful year. We had a new coach from the University named Dave Schaefer. He taught us many things about basketball which we had never known before. This was perhaps the main reason that the whole basketball team felt it was a very enjoyable season.

P.C.D. 28 LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH J. V. 22

This being our first game, we expected to play poorly. We were pleasantly surprised. We led our opponents for the whole game. Paul Vogel was high scorer with 21 points.

PENNINGTON 44

P.C.D. 26

This was our first home game. Pennington was just too strong for us. At the end of the first half the score was tied, but in the second half they held us almost scoreless and pulled far ahead. Vogel again was our high scorer.

VALLEY ROAD 44

P.C.D. 20

Valley Road was one of the toughest games of the year. They were a fast, hard-fighting team. They held us to 2 points in the first half. In the second half, as in most of our games, we came to life. Ricky Eckels was our high scorer.



Seated (l. to r.): STRONG J., ECKELS, DIEHENN B., MYERS R., VOGEL, SCHEIDE, EDWARDS.

Standing (l. to r.): MR. SCHAEFER, SIMKO, FARLEY, KILGORE J. B., SHERWOOD, ARMSTRONG, McKEITHEN.

WITHERSPOON 51

P.C.D. 19

Our only game with Witherspoon was played on the P.C.D. court. We suffered an overwhelming defeat to a fast team. Eckels again led our scoring.

PENNINGTON 42

P.C.D. 26

In our second meeting with Pennington we played a much better game, but because of the absence of high-scoring Paul Vogel, who was out with a back injury, we were not able to capitalize on it. Dielhenn was high scorer for P.C.D.

PEDDIE 49

P.C.D. 33

Peddies "freshman" team was made up of the biggest set of 9th Graders our boys had ever seen. This was the least enjoyable game of the season. The Peddie players took the game more as a joke than anything else. We probably fought harder because of this. Vogel was our high scorer.

P.C.D. 45

MILLTOWN 39

This was one of the year's easiest games. We held the lead throughout. For P.C.D., John Strong was high scorer.

P.C.D. 44

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH J.V. 36

Our second game with Lawrence, at home, was as good as the first. In the first half it was touch and go; then we pulled ahead in the second, with Eckels leading the scorers.

P.C.D. 39

SHORT HILLS 20

The first Short Hills game was played at home. We held the lead for the whole game. One reason for the overwhelming victory was that their two tallest and best players fouled out. Captain Rod Myers was high scorer.

P.C.D. 40

SHORT HILLS 20

In the first half the score stayed even, but after the intermission we caught fire and ended the 1962 season going away. Vogel again was top scorer.

The line-up of the first two teams with the points scored by each player, follows:

F. Ricky Eckels	104	F. Bruce Armstrong	13
F. Rod Myers (Capt.)	32	F. Phil Sherwood	11
C. Bruny Dielhenn	54	C. John Strong	33
G. Paul Vogel	80	G. Tim Farley	5
G. John Scheide	12	G. Bill Edwards	1

WITH THE ALUMNI

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

Sons

Frederick Erdman (I)
 Harold Erdman (IV)
 Stephen Coheen (V)
 Frederick Hutson (V)
 Roy Hutson (II)
 Christopher Laughlin (III)
 Leighton Laughlin, Jr. (IV)
 Roy Meredith (IV)
 Jonathan Paynter (I)
 Christopher Reeve (I)
 Brooke Roberts (I)
 David Sayen (IV)
 George Sayen (II)
 William Sayen (V)
 Fred Schluter (II)
 Bill Schluter (I)
 Stowe Tattersall (II)
 Donald Young (I)
 James Young (II)
 Matthew Young (III)

Nephews

Robert Bayer (II)
 Robert Earnest (V)
 David Flagg (I)

 John Taylor (III)

 Alexander Yokana (I)

Alumnus father

Harold Erdman '39
 "
 Robert Coheen '34
 Holmes Hutson '37
 "
 Leighton Laughlin '41
 "
 William Meredith '36
 Richard Paynter '44
 Tristram Johnson '34
 Frederick Roberts '42
 Harry Sayen '36
 "
 "
 Frederic Schluter '40
 William Schluter '42
 Samuel Tattersall '40
 Donald Young '35
 George Young '34
 "

Alumnus uncle

Bevis Longstreth '49
 Burke McHugh '54
 Samuel Tattersall '40
 { Peter Cook '53
 { John Cook '56
 { Steve Cook '59
 William Guthrie '40

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ex-1962

Craig Battle will play a leading part in the Rectory School production of *Oklahoma* in May.

1961

John Sheehan, a sophomore at Notre Dame High School in Trenton, played the comic lead of Popoff in the school's production of *The Merry Widow* given in February.

1960

The Goodridge twins, Ted and Tom, are attending the Judson School in Scottsdale, Arizona. Their home address is Box 526, Rancho Santa Fe, California.

1959

Joseph Coffee won a varsity football letter at Darrow School, New Lebanon, N. Y.

Harold van Doren will graduate this year from Unity-Freedom High School in Thorndike, Maine. He expects to go to either Colby College or the University of Maine next year.

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1958

Mike Madeira and **George Peterson** played on the Princeton freshman hockey team.

Rodman Patton is a member of the Williams College freshman ski team.

1957

Pony Fraker and **Hugh Wise** were on the second and third line respectively of the Princeton hockey team.

Douglas Rampona was on the Princeton fencing team, specializing in the foil.

The following Princeton University sophomores were recently elected to the Prospect Street clubs named in parentheses: **Pony Fraker** and **Webb Harrison** (Ivy), **Robert Kuser** and **Douglas Rampona** (Campus), **William Smith** (Key and Seal), **Hugh Wise** (Cap and Gown), **Joseph Wright** (Cottage).

1956

John Cook again starred on the Princeton hockey team as a high-scoring forward. For the second year he was unanimously chosen for the All-Ivy League team.

1955

George Akerlof, who is a Senior at Yale, and **Michael McKenzie**, '54, in his last year at Harvard, have been awarded Woodrow Wilson Fellowships

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for next year. These fellowships are given only to high-ranking students for graduate study to prepare them for college teaching. **William Hillier**, a Harvard Senior, received an honorable mention.

Walter Menand, airman, U.S. Navy, is serving with Heavy Attack Squadron Seven at the Naval Air Station in Sanford, Florida.

Craig Stafford is a Senior at Hope Law School, Haverford College, Pennsylvania. Last summer he worked at the Daimler-Benz works in Stuttgart, Germany, translating economic journals from French, Spanish, and Italian into German. His new home address is 676 Hollow Tree Ridge Road, Darien, Connecticut.

1954

James O'Brien, a Senior at Dartmouth, plans to attend the Columbia University Graduate School next year, studying Russian.

Austin Sullivan was captain and leading defenseman on the Princeton hockey team.

1953

Charles Savage, who re-entered Princeton University after service in the Marine Corps, was recently elected to Quadrangle Club.

1952

Lieutenant (j.g.) **Peter H. Bauer** is stationed at the New London (Conn.)

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Submarine School, where he is teaching basic math and thermodynamics. He earned the degree of M.S. in mechanical engineering at Stanford University in 1960.

Philip Kopper is on the staff of the Washington (D.C.) Post.

1951

Conway Hiden, Jr., is working in the Business Office of the Princeton Hospital.

1949

Paul Roebeling received very favorable reviews from the New York drama critics for his performance in the leading part of "This Side of Para-

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dise," a play made from the book by F. Scott Fitzgerald, which opened at the Sheridan Square Playhouse in February.

1948

Harold Elsasser is a designer-estimator in the American Bridge Division of the U.S. Steel Corporation. He is at present working on the Narrows Bridge which will connect Brooklyn with Staten Island. To be nearer his work, he and his family have moved to 160 Central Avenue, Madison, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. **John D. Wallace**, of Braeburn Drive, Princeton, are the parents of Christian Downing Wallace, born on December 19, 1961.

1946

Thomas Godolphin has been appointed Instructor in English at Cornell University as of next fall.

1944

Garrison Ellis was recently elected President of the Princeton Community Players.

1943

Harris Gates, who works for the General Electric Co. in Paterson, N.J., has two daughters, aged 3 and 1. His home is at 102 Lake Drive East, Wayne, N.J.

THE PRINCETON HOSPITAL FETE

June 2nd is the day and Fitzpatrick Field next to the Palmer Stadium is the place for this year's Princeton Hospital Fete. The sun will be shining (we hope) and the flags flying, and a day of real fun and interest will be in store for everyone of any age.

For the children, a special Puppet Show will be given by Paul and Mary Ritts, the Television stars of NBC, at eleven and at two o'clock. Pony and tractor rides will be featured as well as the exciting games of China Break, Fish Pond and many others. The children will have a special Hot Dog stand and a Milk Bar. Toys that come within allowance budgets will be sold at a Country Store.

A committee of active teenagers has been formed and is busily engaged in plans for Teen Town which will feature a record grab bag, dancing, caricatures, special games and other activities including special foods planned for teen tastes and preferences. Juniors under thirteen and adults (except for committee aides) will not be permitted in Teen Town Tents.

Parents will have a most interesting time at the Auction, Lane of Shops, and all the other activities planned for them. It is suggested that the whole family now mark June 2nd on their calendar, and plan to spend it having fun at the Princeton Hospital Fete.

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Peter Erdman reports that his family was "rounded out" with the birth of his fourth child and second son, Andrew English Erdman, in May. The Erdmans live at 219 Russell Road, Princeton.

Rev. **David H. McAlpin, Jr.**, Associate Pastor of the Witherspoon Street Presbyterian Church, is very active in Princeton community civic groups such as the Council of Community Services, the Mental Health Association, etc. His three children are Davy (6), Ann (2), and Loring (1).

Jean Casadesus, whose reputation as a concert pianist is well established in Europe and both North and South America, was guest soloist with the Princeton Symphony Orchestra in McCarter Theatre on March 12.

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1941

David Hart is in Morocco doing ethnographic studies of various Berber tribes in the central Atlas Mountains for the New York Museum of Natural History. He has published several monographs and is writing a book. His address is L-16, Cité Mabella, Rabat-Aviation, Morocco.

Thomas S. Dignan, Jr., has been in Phoenix, Arizona, since 1958. He has two girls and a boy, aged 12, 9, and 7. His address: 6094 East Cholla Drive, Scottsdale, Arizona. His comments: "Magnificent scenery, booming economy, superb weather."

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Robert W. Locke II has moved to Far Hills, N.J., where his address is Larger Cross Roads.

1937

Lacey Baldwin Smith, professor of history at Northwestern University, is the author of **A Tudor Tragedy**, a biography of Catherine Howard, the fifth wife of King Henry VIII, which was published this fall.

1935

Dr. Stephen B. Dewing, Director of Radiology at the Hunterdon Medical Center in Flemington, N.J., has written a book on the history of radiology, which will be published this winter.

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Princeton, N. J.

(Continued from Page 13)

real beauty to soothe his heart? He went to sleep with this on his mind.

The next morning Deliphon was up at the crack of dawn. Behold! There was beautiful Mount Athos! It towered above all the hills and valleys around it. He cast his gaze upon the glorious mountain. For a fleeting moment it made him forget all his anxieties and worries. The dark blue sea meeting the pale blue sky added to the serenity of that view!

"Hey you! Get to work!" yelled one of the officers.

The spell was broken. All of his anxieties returned, and then sadness. His sadness was replaced by hate. He began to hate the boat and its officers even more! Things really looked bad for Deliphon that day until evening came. The boats had stopped scouting the shore, and they were dragged up on the beach. Deliphon took his sleeping blankets from the boat and placed them in a good spot. He got away from the rest of the group and just gazed upon the magnificent Athos. As dusk came near, it slowly changed shades. Deliphon watched as it became darker and darker. He blinked his eyes trying to distinguish the strange color which was being cast on Athos. All of Athos seemed to be turning a deep red. Deliphon forced his eyes away from Athos and looked to the west. He gasped at the sight. The brilliant orange-red sun seemed to be sinking into the water. The fur-

ther the sun set, the deeper the color became. Not only was Athos turning red but everything—the sky, the water, the trees, his hands—everything. Deliphon watched the red get deeper and deeper until he could not tell it from the darkness. Soon it was completely dark. What beauty could do for Deliphon! Beauty was his! It was his own private little world away from the cruel realities of the world. Deliphon slowly dozed off to sleep so he could keep that memory of beauty in his mind, and in his dreams.

The next morning, the commanding officer told them what the secret mission was: they were to dig a canal about a mile and half long behind Mount Athos. This would prevent the Persian navy from having to risk another great catastrophe like that of twelve years before, when they rounded the peninsula of Mount Athos. Xerxes was planning a titanic attack on Greece by land and by sea.

The work began that day. Each man worked nine hours a day before he could rest. They cleared the trees and shrubs away. Then the task of digging began. After several days, Deliphon found this no joke—it was back-breaking work. When the sun was out, the flies crawled on his face and around his ears, making the job almost unbearable. When it rained, the mud would get into his hair, face, eyes and ears, and it would be just as bad as the flies. At night, when

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the work stopped, the mosquitoes would eat him alive. Deliphon wondered why the fleet couldn't take a chance and sail around Mount Athos. He thought it would even be safer, and easier, to drag the boats across the small peninsula. Each day his faith in the Persian Empire faded.

Years had passed, Pancreas and Cyrieus didn't know whether they would ever see Deliphon again. Cyrieus was now one of the high officers in the army. They had heard of the great attack that Xerxes planned on Greece, so they were getting ready for the long march. Cyrieus was worried about his father. Now that he was going away, Pancreas would be alone. Pancreas had had such bad luck through his life. His wife had died when Deliphon was born, and Petra, Cyrieus' twin sister, had run away on a merchant ship to Greece when she was eighteen. The last they had heard from her she had married a Greek. This was treason, so she was never discussed again. Cyrieus had no choice but to bid his father goodbye and start on his march.

Many weeks of marching followed until the army met the troops at

Sardis. From here the fleet and army would keep in close contact with each other. What a magnificent army it was! First came the great horsemen and then the men with the baggage. The infantry followed and next came Xerxes himself. In front of him were a thousand horsemen and a thousand spearmen. After that came the sacred horses and a chariot of a god in which no one could ride. The king came next followed by more spearmen and a troop called the Immortals. This troop was made up of ten thousand men. When one died another took his place. What made it even more impressive was the fact that it was made up of many different kinds of people with different uniforms. They were all new members of the Persian Empire.

When the army reached the Hellespont, Xerxes ordered a great bridge to be built by lashing all the boats in the fleet together. Cyrieus could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the length of the bridge and the amount of work which had been put into it. A storm broke and completely ruined the remarkable bridge. Xerxes punished the water of the Hellespont, made a reverence to the

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god Mazda, and then killed several friends of Cyrieus who had built the bridge. A new and better bridge was built and the army started to go over it. It took the army seven days and seven nights to cross it.

Cyrieus departed with the army under Xerxes. The ships sailed away to Therma, where they were to meet the army. As the army passed through towns and villages, they stripped the local people of all their food and wealth. Cyrieus thought that this was cruel and unfair. Even though he knew it was wrong, Cyrieus would never oppose Xerxes and the Persian Empire.

As they were nearing Therma, they passed through the town of Acanthus. There, after all those years, he met his brother Deliphon. Deliphon's eyes showed wrinkles of strain, and his dark sunburned face had a look of trouble on it. Aside from that he was in fine condition. Cyrieus had never seen his brother in such physical condition. Cyrieus showed his brother the scar down his arm. Deliphon removed his shirt to show Cyrieus some scars that he had got-

ten. The muscles rippled all over Deliphon's back. His arms were tremendous, and he had a mighty chest. The old inferior Deliphon was gone; a real he-man had taken his place.

"Deliphon", cried Cyrieus, "what have you been doing all these years? I've never seen such a body on a man."

Deliphon's expression stayed in its same somber state, and he said, "That secret mission was to dig a canal behind Mt. Athos! I've been there for three years—working my heart out. It wasn't worth it! Xerxes could have had those ships dragged across the peninsula in no time, but he had to make us dig that canal."

"Brother!" shouted Cyrieus, "Xerxes is always right! He has a good reason for everything he does. Don't oppose him, brother, for I fear for your life."

"There is not much left of my life now", he sneered. "I'm beginning to hate the Persian Empire!"

"Deliphon! You need a long rest to ease your tensions. You must not talk that way or you surely will be

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killed! Come, I will make you an officer in the Persian Army and you can forget your past misgivings."

Deliphon became an officer and continued the march to Therma. Passing Mount Olympus, they marched to the edge of Greece. The Persians were going to crush the foolish Greeks once and for all! The army stopped that night before the pass of Thermopylae.

After three days of stormy weather, Xerxes gave the order to attack the Spartans defending the pass. First the Medes tried to attack the narrow pass, but, after several hours of fighting, Persian after Persian fell, and hardly a Spartan was killed. Then all the Persian army tried to attack the pass at one time, but even more of their soldiers were killed. After a day of fighting the Persians were forced to withdraw.

That night something unbelievable happened. Several soldiers came into Cyrieus' tent where he and Deliphon were having a conversation. They had a girl with them. Could it be? It was like looking into a mirror! Her long golden hair and her bright blue eyes seemed so familiar.

"Petra!" gasped Cyrieus. "I thought you were dead. Where have you been all of these years?"

"Petra!" boomed Deliphon. "She is a traitor! She is married to a Greek. Look at those strange flowing robes she is wearing. She must die!"

"Deliphon! Get out of here! All of you get out of here except Petra."

"I am staying here", persisted Deliphon.

"I am your superior officer. Go, or I will have you punished", shouted Cyrieus.

"I have had enough of you, brother," yelled Deliphon. "Enough of you and enough of the whole rotten Persian Army! I hate the Persian army, the Persian Empire, and you, too, Cyrieus! Some day I will get even with you!"

Cyrieus could do nothing. Several guards had witnessed Deliphon's rank treason, and Cyrieus had no choice but to order him to be sentenced to death. Three guards tried to seize him, but Deliphon's mighty body hurled them to the ground like toys. Deliphon disappeared into the darkness.

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The guards finally recovered and started an all-out search for Deliphon, but he couldn't be found.

Petra was grieved when Cyrieus told her of her father's death. Pancreas had died of some strange digestive ailment. She regretted that she had been so cruel to him. In her remorse, she promised to help the Persians. Cyrieus shrugged his shoulders and said that they didn't need help—but they did!

The next morning both Petra and Deliphon were gone, and the battle raged on. By the end of the day, the ground was covered with dead Persians, but hardly any Spartans had been killed. That night a strange man appeared dressed in Greek clothing. He said his name was Epialtes, and that he could help the Persians. Cyrieus didn't know it, but he was Petra's husband.

The following day Epialtes led the Persians up a little-known road. It brought them behind the Spartans. When the Spartans saw the Persians surrounding them, they realized the end was near. The Spartans fought to the last man, but only succeeded

in killing Epialtes. The Persians had finally won the battle of Thermopylae.

Meanwhile, Deliphon had found Petra. He told her that he had heard Cyrieus say that he hated her and that he couldn't take her back. She was in a frenzy because she had sacrificed her beloved husband for the Persians, and Cyrieus would not take her back. Not realizing that Deliphon was lying, she went back up to the pass in a rage. Deliphon followed her, but he hid so he couldn't be seen. Petra went up to her brother. He was collecting the swords and valuables from the dead soldiers. Deliphon jumped from his hiding place, and hid again behind some dead soldiers. Petra pulled out a dagger and stabbed Cyrieus in the stomach, and then killed herself. Deliphon had gotten his revenge! He couldn't help getting up and yelling, "That's for you, brother and sister!"

A half-dead Spartan raised himself up, took his sword, and dug it into Deliphon's back, saying, "And that's for you—Persian!"

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