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JUNIOR JOURNAL

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JUNE, 1962

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Junior Journal

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

VOL. XXXIV

JUNE, 1962

No. 3

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EDITORIAL

This year, because of a proposition passed last year in the Student Council, the program of Sixth Form prefect duties was resumed. Each Sixth Former usually had a job every week, and two responsible Fifth Formers were also given duties to help break them in for their responsibilities next year. Most boys seemed to take on their duties willingly, and in the long run everything has worked out well.

Of course, there are some problems that need to be solved in the future. There is never much agreement on what jobs there should be. Someone ought to set up some more specific and worth-while jobs. Another problem is what to do about the party who complains and doesn't do his job, which is really a privilege. Another is, what about the boys who won't obey the prefects? These problems have a solution and need to be solved for better results.

The majority who do help get help themselves while helping the school. They learn to take on the responsibility of leadership. They take pride in the school. Also they help the school and relieve a little of the work of the Faculty.

STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT

By A. BRUNER DIELHENN, President, and PAUL S. VOGEL, Secretary.

In this its third year of meetings, we feel that the Council continues to be a great asset to P. C. D. Never before have we had an organized unit of boys, who, knowing the problems of the student body, could discuss them from the student's point of view and take them to the Headmaster to be solved with a cooperative effort. During these three years, we think, the boys who have participated in it fully realize the advantages of the Council, not only to the students but also to the teachers and the school itself.

This school year was a very good one. Our first meeting was held on October 23. We discussed things in general, such as assembly procedure and treatment of desks, also improvement of the bike rack. During the rest of the term we made some very notable changes. First, the Council took over the operation of the school store, in order that we might have a Council treasury.

The Sixth Form asked the Council if they might be able to take charge of the early morning study hall. The proposal was taken under advisement and it was agreed that it was a good idea. Mr. Rothermel liked the plan because it gave the older boys some of the responsibility of running the school.

It was brought to our attention by the lower school members that some of their contemporaries wanted basketball four days a week during the winter term. We had a debate about it, and finally those opposed to the plan gave in and the proposal was granted.

The most controversial point that was brought up this year was whether the Sixth Form Council officers should be elected by the whole school. We had a difficult time deciding this and it was not until February that the motion was vetoed by a majority vote.

This year was unique in that not only the Sixth Form boys had responsibilities, but capable Fifth Formers were also given specific duties. The Council and the Sixth Form agreed that it would be a good idea to "break in" certain Fifth Formers. This would facilitate matters at the start of their Sixth Form year.

Before the end of the school year, the Council had two more very important decisions to make, first, whether the track meet which was held last year should be continued, and second, what the money in the treasury should be used for. It was decided unanimously that the track meet should be continued. David Tibbals and Bob Otis offered to run it. What to do with the money in the treasury? There were many things suggested, such as using the money for the new school, purchasing reference books, and saving it for the next council. None of these suggestions pleased everyone, and finally at one of the last meetings someone suggested that we buy

an athletic and scholastic bowl to be awarded to the winning color at Commencement. For future reference as to the scoring for the athletic cup awards, it was recommended that a varsity sport get 5 points, a junior varsity sport 3 points, and the accumulated Lower School sports for a term 2 points. The track meet and skating races are each worth ten points. As for money, we decided to leave a balance of 20 dollars in the Council fund and give the rest to the new school.

We think that we can safely say that the P. C. D. Student Council is well established; and we who are leaving this year wish the Council a long and prosperous life.



STUDENT COUNCIL, 1961-1962

(Standing)—J. YOUNG (II), BAYER (II), BENSON (IV), MEREDITH (IV), GOHEEN (V),
EDWARDS (V), HUSTON (IV), BRINKERHOFF (III), HUTNER (III).
(Seated)—VOGEL (VI), DIELEHNN (VI), ELMER (VI), OTIS (VI).

"NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW"

By DAVID JOHNSON (VI)

Today was the big day. He knew it. If he refused — well — he couldn't refuse; if he did, he would have to go anyway, so why shouldn't he take it in his stride? Today was big for a handful of people only. About twenty scientists, five technicians, himself, two or three government officials, and finally the Premier. You see, today was the secret Russian attempt at Mars. Of course he should be happy, but his country's scientists had developed a mode of transportation in a very short period of time which wasn't really meant for safety and comfort. It was just meant for being a first, and bringing honor to Russia and the Communists.

The smoke from the rocket blew in his face as he walked to the elevator in his heavy protective suit. He stepped into the elevator which whisked him up to the capsule-landing gear-take-off equipment which would land him on Mars. He had been fairly calm up until this moment. But now he felt a little sick at his stomach. When the attendants guided him through the hatchway into the molded seat, he felt, with his equipment on and in a small place, as one would in the winter all bundled up and hands almost tied to one's side, under a huge pile of snow, helpless. As the countdown reached plus 3, he felt completely serene, and at ease with the world, for no apparent reason.

Plus 1 . . . 0 . . . -1 . . . -2 . . .
. . . -3 . . . Check 1 . . . check 2
. . . fire! He felt his body being pulled back, back toward his chair with invisible hands which pulled without losing grip once, with equal pressure all over his body. Within 30 seconds, he found himself entering an orbit around the earth. Now, he had to wait 10 minutes, according to the meter which told him when to pull out of the orbit, by taking into consideration the velocity of the capsule and instruments, and the particular orbit fallen into.

Ten minutes passed quickly, almost too quickly, for he would have enjoyed gazing at the fantastic view of the world. When he had pushed the buttons which controlled the breakaway phase, "Brother," he thought to himself, "this feels as jolting as when the first, second, and third stages released their hold on this gizmo."

The "Gizmo" was now heading at about 50 miles per second and gaining speed rapidly in the one gigantic vacuum tube called interstellar space.

Since there can be no days and nights in space, it seemed an interminable time until he saw the first really close-up view of Mars. Between the take-off and the close-up sighting of Mars, he had eaten quite a few concentrated meals from tubes. Because it was manufactured

for nutritional value only, it tasted very close to a flour and water paste mixture

An hour later found him in Mars' orbital pull. He jockeyed the "Gizmo" into a position which prepared it for landing, by the retro rockets on the sides. The "Gizmo" was, all of the time, sending messages on the temperature, pressure, cosmic rays, etc., back to the station on Earth.

Meanwhile, back in the tracking stations which were located on various volcanic islands in the Pacific, on the Ural Mountains, on ships in the Atlantic, and at both poles, the tracking instruments were "watching" every move made by the "cosmonaut." They had followed him all of the way to the Martian orbit. Everything was going nicely. The Premier was kept posted, sent comments to the effect that the Russians were going to earn a great victory

over the dunderhead capitalists. The "dunderhead capitalists" were still working on their Mars project.

All at once the instruments began showing temperature rises, a faltering in the Martian orbit, and after a few seconds, total loss of communication. Wait . . . there . . . whew, communications restored! But what's this? The instruments must be wrong, they show that the "Gizmo" is headed out of the Milky Way Galaxy and is not going to land on Mars. Everyone was stunned. To verify this, messages to the other stations were requesting information as to the position of the capsule. The reply was unanimous—the "Gizmo" really was lost!

Back at the center control, the head technician went to a log book and said to himself, "Well, there goes no 6!"

JUNGLE NIGHT

By ALASTAIR GORDON (1)

(The writer's house is near the Princeton University social clubs)

It was an extremely hot night. I was finding it difficult to get to sleep. Just as I was about to fall asleep I heard the chant of natives in the distance, I could hear the beat of drums getting louder and louder. The natives were very restless tonight. Trouble must be brewing. I could hear them screaming louder and louder, and the noise of the

drums grew more intense. I felt for my gun to see that it was loaded. I was sure there would be a riot before morning, and I wanted to be prepared. I knew that my house was surrounded.

Oh well, thank goodness, Princeton "House-parties" only come once a year!

TALE OF WOE

By BRENT VINE (II)

Many a time when I look at my pop,
I know that I'm just a miserable flop.
What type of punishment waits for me now?
No TV, no baseball, but crabgrass to plow?
"My son, come here. Now sit right down
And hear my tale of great renown."
And as I sit down, a thought's in my head:
"He's gonna be sending me straight to my bed."
The lecture begins. It is long and grim.
At that very moment my future is dim.
When the lecture is over, my fate is learned.
There will be a punishment. Court is adjourned!
The next morning I was to be up at five.
If I wasn't, I probably would not survive
The blow that would follow. I'd be skinned alive!
And numerous consequences would arrive.
My other job was to clean up my room
With a mop and a rag and a pail and a broom.
In the morning I thought I completed my task.
Then my father came in, and he started to ask:
"Did you get up at five? Have you cleaned up your room
With a mop, and a rag, and a pail and a broom?"
There was no reply needed. My father had seen
My disorderly room. Je vais à la guillotine!
But my father shot out through the door at a run.
He was late for his work and my job wasn't done.
When my father came home. I was sure he'd forget.
But he didn't! OUCH! I was tended to yet.
At last I have learned not to take any chances,
Or his belt will come off and connect with my pants-es!



THE ISLAND WARRIORS

By PETER SKILLMAN (VI)

They watched the boat sailing away, and then turned back to the camp. This was the first time most of them had done anything quite like this, and, understandably, they were somewhat depressed. Itazaki realized this and put them to work building the camp. "Tomorrow," he told them, "I will tell you what our orders are." What the orders were he didn't know himself.

A little secrecy, he figured, was all right. But Itazaki did not like this much secrecy. Sealed orders, secret crates, and the men — even the men were strange. On board ship Itazaki had had a chance to meet the twenty-five men under his command and he knew that they were not ordinary soldiers. True, most of them had had combat training, but they were not fighting men.

In his tent, most of the questions in his mind about the mission were removed.

The next day he explained the reason for their coming to the island. He, Itazaki Katsundo, had been placed in command of a force of twenty-five engineers of the Imperial Japanese Army for the purpose of building a submarine pen on the island of Tokara. (Itazaki wondered who had named it; when he checked, the island wasn't on the map.) They were also to protect the island from the enemy at all costs. Absolute security was to be maintained so that the island would not be attacked by the temporary advance of the Amer-

ican "Pigs." Radio transmission and signaling of any sort were strictly forbidden.

After reading the orders Itazaki glanced up and noticed an enlightened look on the faces of the men. He figured this was an excellent time to have the men open all the crates.

After opening over a hundred crates of various sizes, the men weren't quite as happy, but Itazaki had the second part of his riddle solved. The crates contained parts for the submarine pen and extra equipment for maintaining a force of twenty-six men. Upon further examination of the contents of the crates, two unusual things were noted. First, although radio transmission had been prohibited, no radio receiver had been included. At this the men moaned. They were completely cut off from the outside. The second item that caused some consternation was the fact that, in addition to the regular supply of food, a number of packets of seeds had been provided. The men moaned again. Not only were they cut off, but they were also expected to remain on Tokara for a long time. The day was saved, however, by Itazaki's second-in-command, Kishida Saburo. He had formerly worked for the army in Kyoto and had become rather familiar with the bungling of the Army Supply. He explained that the reason that no radio was given them was that even a ra-

dio receiver could be made to transmit, and thus a radio might emit signals that could be tracked by the enemy. The reason for the seeds was simple, he said. Japan was notoriously short on food for its troops and if a supply ship had to come every few months to renew their food supply, it would become known and the secrecy of Tokara, if not Tokara itself, would be lost to the enemy. These explanations seemed to satisfy the men and they were much relieved, especially Itazaki. He had been wondering about an excuse when Kishida offered his.

Itazaki then divided the men into two groups. The larger, under Kishida, was to begin immediate construction of the submarine pen, while Itazaki led the smaller one on an expedition to map the island and to find a suitable place for their base.

Tokara, Itazaki discovered, was a little over half a mile in diameter and densely covered with palm trees. Good for building and for cooking-fires, Itazaki thought. Except for the sandy beaches, the ground was somewhat fertile. Good for the seeds, Itazaki thought. On the highest part of the island there was a large tree. Good for an observation platform, Itazaki thought. The place chosen for the site of their camp was an ideally pleasant spot, shaded by large palm trees, looking out over the reefs and the sea, visited by cool breezes, and containing a small plot of ground that could be used for a garden. Good for a com-

mander's house, Itazaki thought.

• • •

After a few months had passed, Itazaki sat in a comfortable chair, looking out over the ocean. He was pleased with himself. The submarine pen was finished and was ready for use. An observation platform had been built and was in operation. His own house was completed, and he liked it very much. The camp was almost ready for the men. Ah, if only his friends and relatives back in Nagasaki could see him now! He saw Kishida and called out, "Captain Saburo, what is today's date?"

"August ninth, sir."

He had temporarily forgotten the year and was just about to ask him that when he remembered that it was 1945.

The problem of a radio popped up again. One of the men, Corporal Shimada Hiko, kept asking why they couldn't build a radio receiver or why one hadn't been given them in the first place. Itazaki had to give Kishida's explanation again, but Shimada still wasn't satisfied. After discovering that there were not parts for a regular radio, he built a simple razor-blade radio. He was very pleased with himself for being so clever, until he found that the only station he got was "Tokyo Rose." To make matters worse, Itazaki, spotting the antenna, walked into his cabin while the radio was playing. After severely reprimanding Shimada, Itazaki tore up the set. He was about to break the razor-blade.

(Continued on Page 47)

LOST IN THE RAIN

By BROOKE ROBERTS (1)

It all started when my family and I were coming back from Washington, D. C. We had stopped to watch the horse races.

After a while it began to rain. My mother came to me and asked me if I had seen little sister. I hadn't seen her so we started a search.

By now it was raining very hard and my mother was in a frenzy.

The wind was blowing very hard and my mother screamed at me, "Brooke, go to the man at the loud speaker. Tell him to announce that a little girl has been lost."

I didn't hear her very well, so I shrugged my shoulders and went down to the truck where the man with the loud speaker was. I went up to the man and said, "Sir, my sister is lost and my mother wants you

to announce that a girl six years old with blonde hair has been lost."

The man announced it and I continued the search. I was soaked to the skin and was going back to the car when a lady in a red raincoat called to me, "Hey, Red, I have your sister in my car."

I went with the lady and got my sister from the car. Everyone looked at me because my sister was bawling, "I want Mommy! I want Mommy!"

In what seemed like hours, though it was only minutes, we got back to the car where my mother was waiting.

When she saw my sister she said, "Thank God you found her!" And that was all the searching I wanted to do that day.

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.

WHAT OUR DOGS THINK OF US

By JOHN WINANT (IV)

"Damn!" said Tonti, "I've been outside for over a half an hour in this rain and nobody has opened the door for me. Johnny is probably ignoring me or fighting with the maid who should open the door for me. I guess I'll go over to the next door and scratch there."

(The door is finally opened)

"Well, it's about time. I guess I'll steal a bone from my son and chew on it while I wait for dinner. On second thought, I'd better start begging so that they don't forget about our dinner."

(Dinner is served)

"Let's see, one can of dog food, vitamins, eggs, and two cups of crackers. Yep, all there."

(Short intermission)

"Hummm! that was good, but as usual not enough. I guess I'd better go to the door and wait to be put out instead of being kicked out. My poor husband will be chased out sooner or later."

(Outside again)

"Now it's raining harder. I'd better get used to it for I will not be let in for another half hour. Ah! There's that son of mine who is trying to be big. I'd better wise him up."

(After long fight)

"There, that ought to show you! Will you stop biting my leg? I'm too tired to start that all over again."

(Door is opened)

"Well, they're being nice to us. They let us in a minute earlier. I guess they realized it's raining. I'd

better go to the den quickly so that they will give me their evening affection. If I don't hurry my son will be the first to get the usual evening attention."

(The affection)

"Oh! they're going to scratch us instead of kiss us. Ah! a little more to the center of my chest. Oh! Ah! Eeh! That felt good. I guess I'll go to Johnny now and get his affection. Damn! He's doing homework. Well, I guess I'd better go chew on my stolen bone and wait for our midnight cracker."

(The midnight cracker)

"Munch! Munch! Munch! Hey! quit stealing my crumbs. It's bad enough without not getting enough dinner. Oh! Oh! I must say something!"

(The door is opened after some barking)

"Lucky me! I got out with no trouble. This is the only way I know of to go to the bathroom."

(Inside again)

"I guess it's time for bed. I'd better get to our bed before it's too crowded, for my husband is pretty big."

(On the crowded bed)

"Well! I guess today wasn't too bad — besides my ignorant humans and the rain. My humans still love me, though, and I still love them for I still get my usual bone from them. Tomorrow I guess will be the same routine. Oh well! I guess I'd better get some sleep."

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

By WALLY SHEW (IV)

The title of this story does not refer to the sinking of the *Titanic* but to the adventure of David Carter and his family during the spring vacation of 1961, when they went to Boca Raton, Florida, and then to Bimini and Cat Cay, islands in the Grand Bahamas.

The Carters left early the day vacation started and made good time in the car. They knew it would be a long drive, but the scenery was beautiful. The days progressed rapidly, and they didn't realize the adventure that lay ahead as they drew closer to their destination.

After three days at Boca Raton, they were to be picked up by a yacht named *Flagship*, which belonged to a neighbor and good friend. The water-way was right at the hotel, and they boarded the boat that evening and left for Bahia Mar, where they were to dock for the night. The same night they inspected Pier 66, a delightful place with boats of all sizes and from everywhere in the United States.

The next morning they woke about six and had a quick breakfast. Then they and the Captain went to a small store where they stocked up on food. The *Flagship* pulled away from the docks at seven o'clock and set out to sea.

The ride across the Gulf Stream was beautiful; the water was as smooth and clear as glass, and when the Carters arrived they were greeted by a school of porpoises who insisted on racing them to the harbor. On landing, they were inspected by Customs, as Bimini is a British island. The night was beautiful with a full moon, and David sat on the dock and fished for needle fish. They are an interesting fish with a long, pointed nose, and they look almost transparent in the water.

The next day the family went over to Cat Cay, about nine miles away. Going over was rough, because a storm was in the making. At the Captain's suggestion they stayed overnight. Cat Cay has a very large

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harbor, and at that time there were many large yachts, some of which were 100 feet and over. They made the Carters' 50-footer look like almost nothing.

The following morning was some kind of a yachtman's holiday, because all the boats were dressed up with flags of all colors flying in the breeze. The family would have loved to stay longer, but it was time to get back to Bimini. Going back was rough, and David decided to take a nap. He was awakened by shouts on deck, and found that the family were fishing and his mother had caught a large mackerel. At the Captain's suggestion they decided to use it for bait, hoping to catch something larger like a dolphin or sailfish. David decided to get into the act too and grabbed a pole, but, as luck would have it, he caught nothing. His sister's barracuda, his father's grouper and his mother's mackerel made the day successful. His mother never did get a dolphin, and the barracuda in the water ended up with her prize mackerel!

After a good night's sleep, they woke to a delightful Easter morning. The Captain had a blue flag on board with a white bunny painted on it, and he put it on the rope attached to the dock, making their day more festive. The native children were running around in their

Easter dresses and suits playing tag, waiting for church services to start.

That night Captain Hock and the Carters had a big dinner. A little later the Captain told them they might be held over possibly for four days because of bad weather, unless they took a chance and left that night. It was agreed, and at 10:30 the *Flagship* left Bimini for Fort Lauderdale. All took chairs and placed them on the deck. It was a long ride and a rough one, and after a full meal they all got drowsy. When they were about half way across the Gulf Stream, David got sick and ran over to the side of the boat. His mother and sister nearly froze in their seats in terror, thinking he was walking in his sleep and would fall overboard. Captain Hock, also alarmed, ran to grab him but tripped over the bait box and almost fell overboard with the roll of the boat. David was all right, but the Captain put a rope around his waist and gave the other end to his mother, who held it with all her might. As David sat in his chair with the rope around his waist, he thought, "Boy, will I have a story to tell my friends when I get back!"

The lights of Fort Lauderdale glimmered as they entered Pier 66 and they were all grateful to be back, for it had been a night they would long remember.





THE UPPER SCHOOL

THE LOWER SCHOOL



HONOR ROLL

SECOND TERM, 1961-1962

(These grades do not include the final examinations.)

First Honor Roll (90-100%)

ROBERT BAYER
DAVID BLAIR
WILLIAM EDWARDS
WARREN ELMER
NATHANIEL HUTNER
WILLIAM LAU
MICHAEL LEVENSON
BRADLEY SMITH
BRENT VINE
STEPHEN VINE

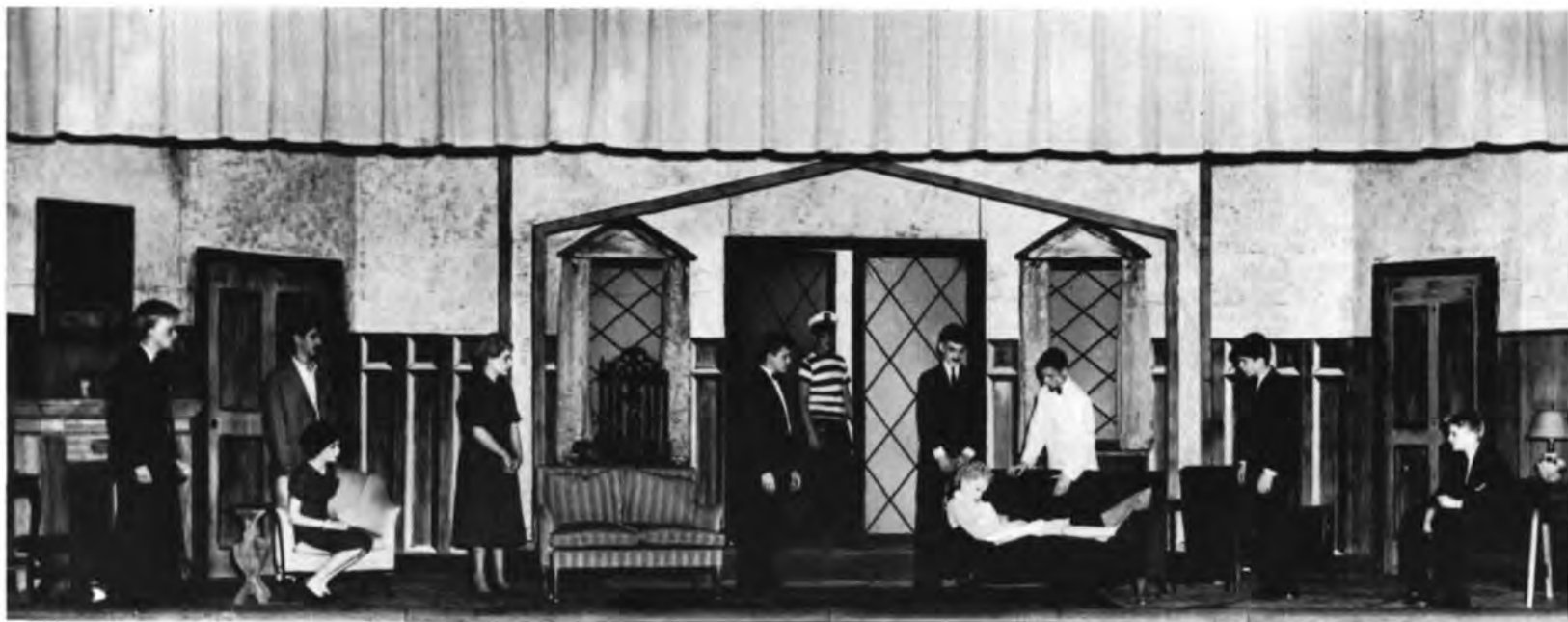
Second Honor Roll (85-89%)

JOHN ANDRESEN
HALE ANDREWS
FRANKLIN BERGER
ANTHONY BLAIR
GEORGE BRINKERHOFF
GERARD CAMERON
ROY COPPEDGE
KEVIN DRAKE
THOMAS GAMAN
STEPHEN GOHEEN
HAROLD JAEGER
RICHARD KENDALL
JONATHAN LINKER
FRASER MAC LEOD
DIRAN MAJARIAN
ROY MEREDITH
CHRISTOPHER REEVE
JOHN RITCHIE
BROOKE ROBERTS
STOWE TATTERSALL
PAUL VOGEL
DONALD WOODBRIDGE
JAMES YOUNG

Third Honor Roll (80-84%)

WARREN BAKER
DAVID BATTLE

THOMAS BERGER
LANGDON CLAY
BRUNER DIEHENN
EVAN DONALDSON
ALEXANDER DONNER
GILBERT FARR
DAVID FLAGG
PAUL FORD
DAVID FROTHINGHAM
ADAM HAMMER
GEOFFREY HOGUET
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JOHN STRONG
LAWRENCE TAN
DAVID VAN HOUTEN
JAMES WANDELT
JOHN WINANT
PETER WORTHINGTON
FRANKLIN YANG
MATTHEW YOUNG



"TEN LITTLE INDIANS"

"TEN LITTLE INDIANS"

Reviewed by MR. ROBERT COOMBS

Hundreds of years ago William Shakespeare spoke through a character who would offer his kingdom for a horse. At Princeton Country Day School on April 27 and 28 there were several characters who might have offered their eye teeth for a boat ride.

Agatha Christie, one of the finest mystery writers of modern England, was the author of this year's Dramatic Club presentation, *Ten Little Indians*. While the theme for the play may have come from a little-known nursery rhyme, the members of the P.C.D. cast who gave it life are to be commended for their portrayals of ten frightened characters. In the absence of a butler to blame the frequent murders on, the audience was held in a shroud of mystery about the assassin of seven of the "Indians."

Wizard playboy Anthony Marston, ably played by Bill Hereford, left the rest of the cast by a dubious route: the bottle. Poor Mrs. Rogers (Ray Colcord) loaded up on too many sleeping pills, while Mr. Rogers (Tom Farley) failed to escape the murderer's axe. The prudish Emily Brent (Bradley Smith); General Mackenzie (Philip Sherwood), who lost not only his wife but apparently some of his mental devices; and flamboyant William Blore (Paul Vogel) all left the scene at regular intervals. Dr. Armstrong (Kevin Kennedy) was under suspicion until he prostrated himself at the bottom of a cliff. He was not alone responsible for his prostration, for as we soon learned, Sir Lawrence Wargrave (Bruner Dielhenn) was not such an honorable judge and was guilty of the malicious mischief in the form of seven murders.

Befitting his evil character, Sir Lawrence found his way from life with a bullet in the back. Philip Lombard, the hero, as portrayed by Gerard Cameron, fired the bullet that sent the judge to join his victims. The way was then clear for Lombard to escape with Vera Claythorne, ably brought to life by William G. Sayen. As skipper Fred Narracott (Fraser MacLeod) returned, the happy twosome were now free to involve themselves in a new ending to the nursery rhyme, one involving marriage.

The able direction of Mr. Herbert McAneny and the handsome set by Mr. Gary Lott all made a splendid performance possible.

The audience was pleasantly entertained before the play by the School Band directed by Mr. Sylvan Friedman, and by the Glee Club directed by Mrs. Sheila Marks.

To quote any old Englishman: "Everyone had a *bloody* good time."

THE BAND

Clarinets

BRUCE ARMSTRONG
STEPHEN GOHEEN
PAUL HAGENBUCH
DONALD WOODBRIDGE
JOSEPH CHANDLER
MICHAEL DESMOND
ADAM HAMMER
GEORGE KELLEHER
JOHN TAYLOR
ANTHONY BLAIR
LEROY HUTSON

Flute

BRENT VINE

Saxophones

FREDERICK HUTSON
RICHARD MILLER
ROBERT BAYER
STEPHEN VINE

Trumpets

JEFFREY GRIGGS
BRUCE JOHNSON
AUBREY HUSTON
DAVID FRENCH
CHRISTOPHER LAUGHLIN
JOHN ANDRESEN
KEVIN DRAKE

Trombones

HALE ANDREWS
DAVID BATTLE
CHRISTOPHER BUSH

Baritone

DAVID FROTHINGHAM

Tuba

JAMES KILCORE

Percussion

WILLIAM RING
WARREN SHEW

GLEE CLUB

CHRISTOPHER BUSH
ALEXANDER DONNER
KEVIN DRAKE
GILBERT FARR
DAVID FLAGG
WILLIAM FROTHINGHAM
ALASTAIR GORDON
BERESFORD HOFFMAN

GEOFFREY HOGUET
BRUCE JACKSON
RICHARD KANE
MARK MAJARIAN
DANA PAYNE
BASIL STETSON
JONATHAN TOBISH
STEPHEN VINE

WILLIAM WHITE

PRODUCTION STAFF

Stage Manager—Warren Elmer

Assistant—Terry Marzoni

Lights—Mr. Robert V. C. Whitehead, William Ring

Properties—Paul Ford, Charles O'Brien

Sound Effects—Peter Skillman

Scenery—Mr. Gary Lott, Warren Elmer, Terry Marzoni, Frederick Hutson,
Bruner Dielhenn

Costumes—Mrs. Peter F. Rothermel, Mrs. John Winant

Make-up—Mr. Robert N. Smyth, Miss Susan Mathews, Mrs. Erling Dorf,
Mrs. Richard Woodbridge, Sandy Pittendrigh



SCENES FROM "TEN LITTLE INDIANS"

WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

By GERARD CAMERON

SCHOLARSHIP

In scholastics this spring the Blues beat the Whites with an average of 78- $\frac{7}{10}$, the Whites coming close but not close enough with 77- $\frac{7}{10}$. The final standings for the year were: Blues, 78- $\frac{7}{10}$; Whites, 77- $\frac{7}{10}$. As a result, the Blues are the first winners of the Scholarship Bowl presented by this year's Student Council.

SPRING SPORTS

Now that the new awards are given for Blue-White competition in sports and scholarship, athletic points are given out this way:

For the overall winner of a sport in the Lower School two points are given. For each varsity sport in the Upper School, the winner receives five points.

In Lower School baseball this spring, the Whites were the victors, giving their Color two points. In varsity baseball the Whites won 3 to 1, for another five points. The Blues swept the Upper School tennis, giving them five points.

So the Whites are baseball champions, the Blues are tennis champions, and the Whites are overall winners for the spring sports by a 7 to 5 count.

For the year 1961-1962 the Whites win the Athletics Bowl, having triumphed in soccer, football, hockey, basketball, skating races and baseball. The Blues' only victories were in tennis and track.

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TRACK MEET

PALMER STADIUM — MAY 23, 1962

BLUES 49, WHITES 47

The events, point winners, and some winning records follow:

Junior 50-yard dash: 1. Andresen (W), 2. Hutson (W)

Junior 100-yard dash: 1. Andresen (W), 2. Gordon (B)

Junior baseball throw: 1. Bayer (W), 2. tie between Frothingham (B) and Harbison (B). Distance 170 feet.

Junior broad jump: 1. Young J. (W), 2. Frothingham (B). Distance 11 feet 9 inches.

Intermediate 100-yard dash: 1. Lau (B), 2. Strassenburgh (B)

Intermediate 220-yard dash: 1. Lau (B), 2. Strassenburgh (B)

Intermediate baseball throw: 1. Claghorn (W), 2. Hammer (B). Distance 203 feet.

Intermediate broad jump: 1. Lau (B), 2. Linder (W). Distance 13 feet, 10¹/₄ inches.

Senior 100-yard dash: 1. Wandelt (W), 2. Vogel (B)

Senior 440-yard dash: 1. Eckels (W), 2. Strong J. (B)

Senior shot-put: 1. Vogel (B), 2. Dielhenn (W)

Senior broad jump: 1. Vogel (B), 2. Wandelt (W). Distance 16 feet, 1¹/₂ inches.

Series record: Blues won 12, Whites won 4.

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ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

By PETER KLINE (V)

Though this year's record (2-4-1) is not as impressive as in some past years, we had a generally good-fielding and high-spirited team. And no matter what the score, the team was always in there fighting. Mr. McCaughan and his assistant, Mr. Rulon-Miller, both did a fine job of coaching. The team would like to thank these men for what they did. The coaching staff would also like to thank Peter Samson, Sandy Wandelt, and Charles Kennedy for the help given as equipment carriers and bat boys.

WITHERSPOON 7, P.C.D. 0

This was our first game and the team evidently lacked experience. The thing that held us down was our hitting; Wandelt made our only hit in the final inning.

P.C.D. 1, VALLEY ROAD 1

In this game our hitting improved greatly. With Vogel having a sore arm, Wandelt did the pitching and allowed only two hits. Kehoe, taking over for Wandelt at third base, excelled.

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 11, P.C.D. 3

This was a close game until the next-to-last inning when Lawrence pulled ahead. Our hitting again was strong, but not strong enough. Wandelt made two hits, Eckels and Ritchie one apiece.

FATHERS 11, P.C.D. 1

Though the team fought hard, we were nothing against the powerful bats of the fathers. Fine playing by Bob Otis in left field accounted for several outs and cut off a sure home run. Delano, Wandelt and Coppedge led the hitting.

P.C.D. 5, WITHERSPOON 2

After losing to this team in our first game, we were really fighting. We took the lead in the third inning and kept it to the end. Coppedge hit two singles, Wandelt one, and Eckels hit a triple. On the mound, Wandelt allowed only two hits.

VALLEY ROAD 6, P.C.D. 1

This was probably one of our worst-played games. Most of their runs were scored on throwing errors. Delano, Wandelt, and Strong made our only hits.

P.C.D. 5, MILLTOWN 2

This was our best-played game. Our hitting was strong, and so was Vogel's pitching. Only one hit was recorded against us.

PENNINGTON 7, P.C.D. 1

Though it is not shown by the score, we should have won this game. The teams were equal, but we lost it on sloppy playing. Wandelt and Otis made our only hits.

The usual starting line-up was as follows:

Pitcher	Vogel (Wandelt)	3rd Base	Wandelt (Kehoe)
Catcher	Eckels	Shortstop	Delano
1st Base	Coppedge	Left Field	Otis
2nd Base	Ritchie	Center Field	Strong
	(McKeithen)	Right Field	Earnest (Vogel)



Seated—RITCHIE, DELANO, ECKELS, VOGEL, WANDELT, OTIS, EARNEST.
Standing—BUDNY, MR McCAUGHAN, SCHEIDE, COPPEDGE, KEHOE, STRONG,
McKEITHEN, KLINE, HUTSON.

TENNIS

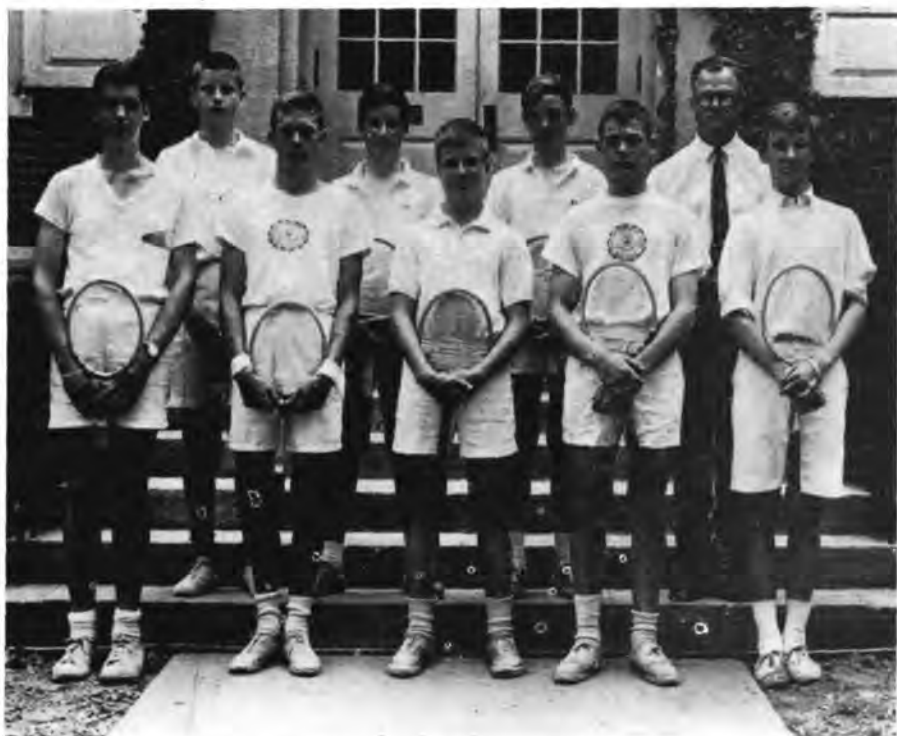
By GERARD CAMERON

This year's tennis team was a totally new one, with only one man returning from last year. Our season wasn't one that will go down as P.C.D.'s best, but still we all had fun. Although we mostly played teams much better than we were, we still tried hard to win. The team owes thanks to Mr. Tibbals for his patience and help during the season.

The members of the team were Sixth Formers Cameron and Tibbals and Fifth Formers Goheen, Warden, Kennedy, Kilgore, Armstrong, and Sherwood.

VALLEY ROAD 8, P.C.D. 1

In our first match we faced a great team. Our only win was the Number 2 doubles, Armstrong and Sherwood.



KILGORE, SHERWOOD, TIBBALS, GOHEEN, CAMERON, ARMSTRONG, WARDEN,
MR. TIBBALS, KENNEDY.

LAWRENCEVILLE 9, P.C.D. 0

We played a highly rated team on their home courts at Lawrenceville. We were unable to do much against their players.

LAWRENCEVILLE 9, P.C.D. 0

Again we faced the same strong team, and again we were unable to win a match.

P.C.D. 3, PEDDIE 2

Victory at last! Playing at Hightstown, we eked out a close decision. Our victors were Warden at number 3 singles, and the first two doubles teams: Goheen-Kennedy and Kilgore-Armstrong.

WARDLAW 8, P.C.D. 2

To finish out our season we traveled to Plainfield. Sadly enough, Wardlaw turned out to be better than expected. Our only victories were number 1 and 2 doubles: Tibbals-Cameron and Goheen-Kilgore.

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COMMENCEMENT

Monday, June 4, 1962 — 8:15 P.M.

INTRODUCTION

Mr. C. William Edwards, *Chairman*, Board of Trustees

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Reverend Ernest Gordon, *Dean of the Chapel*, Princeton University

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

Dr. Lee H. Bristol, Jr. *President*, Westminster Choir College

AWARDING OF PRIZES AND DIPLOMAS

Mr. Peter F. Rothermel IV, *Headmaster*

SCHOOL AWARDS

The Headmaster's Cup	ARTHUR BRUNER DIELHENN
(<i>Leadership</i>)	
The Faculty Cup	WARREN PHILO ELMER, III
(<i>General Character</i>)	
The Athletics Cup	RICHARD HARRISON ECKELS
(<i>Best All-Round Athlete</i>)	
Upper School Scholarship Cup	DAVID HUNT BLAIR, III
(<i>Forms IV, V, VI</i>)	
The Alumni Cup	STEPHEN SKELLEY GOHEEN
(<i>Proficiency and Service—Form V</i>)	
Lower School Scholarship Cup	NATHANIEL CORNWALL HUTNER
(<i>Forms I, II, III</i>)	
The Lance Raymond Shield	STEPHEN MICHAEL VINE
(<i>General Character in Form I</i>)	
Awards for Endeavor and Improvement:	
Sixth Form	JOHN RODMAN MYERS
Fifth Form	JAMES BERNARD KILGORE
The Nicholas Bowl (given by Class of	
1960) for Improvement in Reading	
and English in the Lower School	HENDERSON TALBOT, JR.

SENIOR SUBJECT PRIZES

Mathematics (Murch Cup given by Class of 1946)	WARREN PHILO ELMER, III
Book Prizes	<div> </div>
	<div> </div>
English (Ross Bowl given by Class of 1958)	WARREN PHILO ELMER, III
Book Prizes	<div> </div>
	<div> </div>
	<div> </div>
Ancient History	<div> </div>
	<div> </div>
	<div> </div>

Latin	}	PAUL STEPHEN VOGEL
		GERARD GUYOT CAMERON
French	}	WARREN PHILO ELMER, III
		GERARD GUYOT CAMERON
Science	}	WARREN PHILO ELMER, III
		JOHN RODMAN MYERS
Art	}	ROY FLEMISTER COPPEDGE, III (V)
		MATTHEW MCLENNAN YOUNG (III)
		JOHN ARTHUR ANDRESEN, JR. (II)
		JAMES LINEAWEAVER YOUNG (II)

CLASS SCHOLARSHIP RECORDS

HIGH COMMENDATION FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE

Sixth Form	}	WARREN PHILO ELMER, III
		PAUL STEPHEN VOGEL
		GERARD GUYOT CAMERON
		JOHN RODMAN MYERS
Fifth Form	}	DAVID HUNT BLAIR, III
		BRADLEY YOULE SMITH
		CHARLES WILLIAM EDWARDS, JR.
		JOHN ALBERT RITCHIE
Fourth Form	}	WILLIAM LAU
		RICHARD HALE ANDREWS, JR.
		FRANKLIN MILAN BERGER
		DONALD ELIOT WOODBRIDGE
Third Form	}	NATHANIEL CORNWALL HUTNER
		HAROLD HECTOR JAEGER, JR.
		THOMAS HUMPHREY GAMAN
		GEORGE EVERETT BRINKERHOFF
Second Form	}	BRENT HARMAN VINE
		H. MICHAEL LEVENSON
		ROBERT STEEL BAYER
		ANTHONY CHARLES BLAIR
First Form	}	STEPHEN MICHAEL VINE
		CHRISTOPHER REEVE
		RICHARD BECKER KENDALL
		RICHARD BROOKE ROBERTS

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS — THE CLASS OF 1962

GERARD GUYOT CAMERON, II	WILLIAM GOLDSMITH HEREFORD
RICHARD KELSEY DELANO	DAVID SHAFFER JOHNSON
ARTHUR BRUNER DELHENN	PETTERSON BARTO MARZONI, III
COLEMAN DU PONT DONALDSON, JR.	JOHN RODMAN MYERS
RICHARD HARRISON ECKELS	ROBERT NORTON OTIS
WARREN PHILO ELMER, III	PETER DIX SKILLMAN
PAUL FLORIAN FORD	DAVID LESTER TIBBALS
	PAUL STEPHEN VOGEL

INTRODUCTION OF THE CLASS OF 1963

THE SCHOOL SONG



THE CLASS OF 1962

Front row: OTIS, TIBBALS, DONALDSON, CAMERON, MYERS, DELHENN.
Middle row: JOHNSON, FORD, MARZONI, DELANO, HEREFORD.
Back row: VOGEL, SKILLMAN, ELMER, ECKELS.

CLASS POEM

By GERARD CAMERON,

RICHARD DELANO, and COLEMAN DONALDSON

When Gerry steps upon the stage
As maiden, Mexican, or lover,
The girls all rush for his autograph —
The boys all run for cover.

Ricky Delano loves to dissect
Dead frogs and other corpses sticky.
To find what makes him act that way,
We'd sometimes like to dissect Ricky.

Diell'enn is our leader,
In school he really rates.
But the technique he leads us in
Is Big Brune on a date!

Coley is our skating star;
He makes that small puck go.
His fondest dream, as you might think,
Is to be a hockey pro.

A rhyme for Rick we tried to make;
Impossible as it may seem,
The only words that fit this kid
Would make your mothers scream.

Elmer is a soccer star;
In honor grades he's great;
He's also a J. J. Editor;
But you should see him skate!

Though Paul Ford is a little guy
He's the nicest of us all,
And even though he's small in size
He's the tallest of the small.

Warner Brothers, I am sure,
Will pay a rich king's ransom,
Not that Hereford can act
But that he's so handsome!

Dave Johnson is our softball king,
At everything he's lazy;
But the worst fault is his crummy jokes
Which always drive us crazy.

Marzoni is a quiet guy;
He deserves a higher rating,
I for one would never make
A speech on figure skating.

Rod Myers is our sleepy man,
He's never on the ball.
I figure Rod will end up as
An ad for Geritol.

Otis is our soccer man,
He really knows that game.
But when it comes to honor grades,
Well, — ain't it just a shame?

Since Skillman is our editor
(And this might not get in)
We cannot tell the real truth
Of Peter's many sins.

Dave Tibbals is our hockey man;
Up the ice he goes,
And when he falls and breaks his arm
His mouthguard breaks his nose.

In football Vogel's really great;
At Latin he's a scholar;
But when he comes to school each day
You'll hear the masters holler.

* * * * *

The Class of 1962
Again will view these walls.
Our life's work done, with faltering steps,
We'll stagger down these halls.

CLASS PROPHECY

By BRUNER DIE LHENN, WILLIAM HEREFORD, and PAUL VOGEL

Scene: Bruny's island home off the coast of Devon, at the 50th Reunion of the P.C.D. Class of '62. (Enter Bruny and Bill.)

Bill: Wizard place you've got here, Bruny.

Bruny: Why, thanks, Bill. It sure is nice to see all you guys again.

Bill: Nice of you to say that, Bruny. Say, who brought that secretary?

Bruny: I think she came with Rod Myers.

Bill: What else is he doing these days?

Bruny: Why, I thought you knew. He's president of the "No Doze" Company. (Enter Paul.)

Paul: Bruny, Miss Pricklethorn is dead.

Bruny: Oh, no!

Bill: How did it happen?

Paul: She took one sip of her drink and then keeled over.

Bruny: Was there something in her drink?

Paul: Impossible to say. I'll go out and bury her. (Exit Paul.)

Bill: Suicide—that's a rum go.

Bruny: But I'm not so sure it was suicide.

Bill: What else could it be? None of us could possibly have committed a crime like that.

Bruny: I'm not so sure. I think you and I ought to go over the records of these classmates of ours.

Bill: That's an excellent idea.

Bruny: Let me see. As I remember it, Paul Ford is an engineer. He's trying to build a life-size map of the world.

Bill: Then there's Rick Eckels. I hear he's a dance instructor at the Arthur Murder Studios. He created a new dance. It's called the "Twitch."

Bruny: Our prime suspect is in Sing Sing.

Bill: Who is it and what did he do? I can't believe that anyone in our class could wind up in prison.

Bruny: It's Bob Otis. He got sent up for dissecting his hamster. Nasty mess.

Bill: I should think so! How about Colie Donaldson? The last I heard he was playing pro hockey in Madison Square Garden.

Bruny: That's right.

Bill: What team's he on?

Bruny: Well, you can't exactly call it a team.

Bill: What do you mean?

Bruny: Well, he sweeps the ice at intermission.

Bill: Here comes Paul back from burying Miss Pricklethorn. (Enter Paul.)

Paul: What are you two doing?

Bill: We're trying to figure out who murdered Miss Pricklethorn.

Paul: I bet Elmer did it.

Bruny: It isn't Elmer; he's a famous historian. He's gotten so *wrapped up* in his work that he's been a mummy ever since.

Paul: I guess you're right; it isn't Elmer.

Bill: Well, who could it be?

Bruny: Let's see. There's Dave Johnson. He became so entranced by trains that he became an H.O. engineer.

Bill: Then there's Dave Tibbals. He was worried about the physical fitness of this country, so he built a series of gyms known as "Vic Tibbals' Roman Baths."

Bruny: Pete Skillman, after many years of diligent work, has finally completed his "Do-it-yourself Atom-smasher."

Bill: I hear Terry Marzoni is now coaching his first college varsity lacrosse team — out at Slippery Rock.

Paul: You know about Gerry Cameron? Well, after struggling for years with his unruly hair, he tried the greasy kid stuff. He's now Manager of Personnel in the Wild Droop Hair Company.

Bruny: Did you hear that Ricky Delano is a clothes designer?

Bill: He's a what?

Bruny: Yes, he's designing clothes for John's Bargain Stores.

Paul: How about you, Bill?

Bill: I got tired of working, so I became a millionaire.

Paul: How did you swing that one?

Bill: I went into oil. Pretty gushing experience!

Bruny: What are you doing, Paul?

Paul: I decided to become a surgeon.

Bill: How did you do it?

Paul: I took a correspondence course in neuro-surgery.

Bruny: Do you have any patients?

Paul: Well, there used to be a few, before they — (Boat horn is heard off-stage.) A boat! A boat! (Exit Paul.) (Loud scream and crash.)

Bill: Oh my God, he's dead!

Bruny: We've got to warn the others to be on their guard.

Bill: Somehow I have the feeling that this has all happened before, somewhere, a long time ago!

Bruny: You know there is only us left on this island. (He adjusts hang-man's noose.)

Bill: What are you doing?

Bruny: This time I *will* have my hanging, and if they shoot me in the back I'll get really ticked off.

CLASS WILL

By RICHARD ECKELS and PAUL FORD

WE, THE MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL, SITUATED IN PRINCETON, IN THE COUNTY OF MERCER, IN THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY, BEING OF UNUSUALLY SOUND MIND AND MEMORY, DO MAKE, PUBLISH AND DECLARE THIS, OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

To Tom Farley, Bill Sayen, and John Scheide, Gerry Cameron leaves his sex appeal.

To Copey Coppedge, Ricky Delano leaves his ability to lose an argument and think he's winning it.

To David Blair, John Linker, and Brad Smith, Colie Donaldson leaves his ability to shrug off a bad grade.

To Dave Frothingham and Webster Pearce, Bruny Dielhenn leaves his second dab of Brylcreem.

To Bill Gaman and Sandy Pittendrigh, Ricky Eckels leaves his beautiful singing voice.

To Warren Baker and Ronny Majarian, Warren Elmer leaves his only jacket, which he has worn every day of the year.

To Peter Kline and Ferdie Wandelt, Paul Ford leaves a pair of front teeth that fit.

To Fred Hutson and John Ritchie, Bill Hereford bequeaths his elastics.

To Jim Scarff and Phil Sherwood, David Johnson leaves his famous sense of humor.

To Bob Earnest and Kevin Kennedy, Terry Marzoni bequeaths the right to date his sisters.

To Herb Warden and Robert Wolff, Rod Myers leaves his drive and enthusiasm.

To Ford Fraker and John Strong, Bob Otis leaves his stringbean build.

To Bill Edwards, John McLaughlin, and Chip O'Brien, Peter Skillman leaves his broken razor which he hasn't used all year, in the hope they won't use it either.

To Steve Coheen and Jim Kilgore, Dave Tibbals leaves his tennis sweatbands. "To keep your hands dry," says Dave.

To Rusty Mathews and Charley Samson, Paul Vogel leaves his ability to say the most wrong things at the right time, all the time.

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To the masters of P.C.D., we leave the following: the rubber bands we shot in study hall; the permission slips we never turned in; the missing washers from the water fountain; the horrible puns you forced upon us; our "pearls of wisdom" which cost us 6,001 numbers (5,001 of which belong to Rod); the blood samples we gave in science class; the snowballs we threw on the wrong side of the road; and the prefect duties we, sometimes, never got around to.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF WE HAVE SET OUR HAND AND SEAL,
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED
AND SIXTY-TWO, AT PRINCETON, IN THE COUNTY OF MERCER,
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SENIOR SKETCHES

Photographs by PETER SKILLMAN**"Oops, missed again"**

GERRY CAMERON

Going to: Andover
 Ambition: Lawyer, Banker
 At P.C.D.: Entered 1st Form;
 five-letter man; Co-Editor
 JUNIOR JOURNAL; Dramatic Club
 three years

"Cutting up in science class"

RICKY DELANO

Going to: Millbrook
 Ambition: Undecided
 At P.C.D.: Entered 1st Form; six
 varsity letters; Drama-
 tic Club (backstage)

**"Our class president"**

BRUNY DIELHENN

Going to: Pomfret
 Ambition: Actor
 At P.C.D.: Entered 3rd Form;
 three varsity letters;
 Co-Captain of football;
 Dramatic Club two
 years; President of
 Student Council, Pres-
 ident of Whites



"Et tu, Brute?"

COLIE DONALDSON

Going to: Taft
Ambition: Professional athlete
At P.C.D.: Entered 1st Form; six-letter man; hockey captain; Secretary of Whites



"Same to you, fellow"

RICKY ECKELS

Going to: Hun
Ambition: Undecided
At P.C.D.: Entered 1st Form; five-letter man; co-captain of football; Dramatic Club one year

"Five hours of homework left"

WARREN ELMER

Going to: Exeter
Ambition: Undecided
At P.C.D.: Entered 1st Form; two varsity letters; Vice-President of Student Council; Co - Editor JUNIOR JOURNAL; Dramatic Club (back-stage)





"The mighty Casey"

PAUL FORD

Going to: Lawrenceville
Ambition: Engineer
At P.C.D.: Entered 5th Form;
soccer manager; Dramatic Club (back-stage)

"Thank goodness it's Friday"

BILL HEREFORD

Going to: St. George's
Ambition: Real estate, Insurance
At P.C.D.: Entered 1st Form;
football letter; Dramatic Club one year



"Mr. America"

DAVE JOHNSON

Going to: South Kent
Ambition: Producer
At P.C.D.: Entered 5th Form

"Wednesday afternoon"

TERRY MARZONI

Going to: Hun
Ambition: Pathologist
At P.C.D.: Entered 2nd Form;
two varsity letters;
Dramatic Club (back-
stage)



"Do not disturb"

ROD MYERS

Going to: Taft
Ambition: Undecided
At P.C.D.: Entered 5th Form;
two-letter man; basket-
ball captain

"Genius at work"

BOB OTIS

Going to: Darrow
Ambition: Archaeologist
At P.C.D.: Entered 1st Form;
four-letter man; soccer
captain; Treasurer of
Student Council





"Our photographer—camera shy?"

PETER SKILLMAN

Going to: Suffield
 Ambition: Electronic engineer
 At P.C.D.: Entered 2nd Form;
 soccer letter; head li-
 brarian; Co-Editor
JUNIOR JOURNAL;
 Dramatic Club (back-
 stage)

"Gee whiz, Pop"

DAVE TIBBALS

Going to: South Kent
 Ambition: Archaeologist
 At P.C.D.: Entered 1st Form; six-
 letter man; Secretary
 of Blues



"Gee, Mr. Lea, I didn't mean it"

PAUL VOGEL

Going to: Andover
 Ambition: Doctor
 At P.C.D.: Entered 4th Form;
 seven varsity letters;
 baseball captain; Dra-
 matic Club one year;
 President of Blues;
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(Continued from Page 13)

but, remembering that his own supply of blades was running low, he took it for himself.

Life on Tokara went on as usual. The first crop was a good one. Everyone was pleased with it because their own supply of food was running low and they were getting tired of rice. They finished harvesting their crop on September 2, 1945.

Itazaki and his twenty-five men wondered if a sub would ever come to their pen, especially since they had now been on the island for two years. But they began to forget that and, instead, had to deal with boredom. Now Itazaki Katsundo was an intelligent officer, and he realized that this was indeed a problem. He

put the men to work so they might forget their problems. Thus they camouflaged the base and submarine pen (Itazaki thought that these might be noticed from the air; he had also read a book on camouflaging and wanted to try his skill). They built better defenses (the camouflaging took up less time than he had figured). But the men weren't quite as happy as Itazaki thought. They still wondered about how the war was going, about the outside world, about their families. Some thought about the pay they would be receiving. Little did they know that their mission was so secret that only a handful of men — twenty-six, to be exact — knew of their existence. The rest of the world knew nothing of them. The army

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had forgotten to file their mission, and their families had long since mourned them, wished there were some bodies to bury, and forgotten them.

Life on tiny Tokara passed. Time did not pass, however, in the same way as we know it. Among other things, the Imperial Japanese Army had forgotten to supply the men with calendars.

* * *

The plane took off again; it was big — half boat, half plane. Its pilot, Dave Webb, was proud of it. This plane earned him his bread money.

J. Carter Bortwell was, at present, paying Dave Webb's bread money. He and his assistant, Donald Calvin, were on a buying spree. They figured on buying up small bits of

land in the Pacific for small bits of money, waiting a while, and then selling them — with the expectation of a great difference (upward) between the first price and the second. J. Carter was a big man with a bigger bankroll, who wanted a still bigger one. Donald Calvin was just the opposite. He was the kind of man one could lose in a crowd and not know he was missing. Nevertheless, he had one thing that J. Carter did not have. That was brains, and the ability to use them. They made a great couple, J. Carter with the loot and Donald with the head.

Back on Tokara, which, for the second time in its history, was being approached by an airplane (the first time was when it was discovered, by accident, by a Japanese pilot), life went on as usual, for a while.

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Shimazu Otsula had observation duty. Therefore one could find him (if one looked hard) on the observation platform, half-asleep. He didn't dare to be fully asleep on duty. Ever since a man had been caught sleeping on duty by Commander Katsundo the rules had been made stricter, and Itazaki was less friendly toward his reduced twenty-four man force. Anyway, Otsula was on duty in his half-awake, half-asleep way when he heard a buzzing. Lazily he waved his hand in the air around an ear. Still the buzzing persisted. He waved again. It still persisted, and he grew angry. He opened his eyes and looked for a little black dot flying around him. He saw nothing but still heard the buzzing.

Suddenly Otsula saw something in the distance. He remembered seeing something like that before. "A — a plane!" The words spilled from his lips.

He climbed down from the platform by the rope ladder, nearly breaking his neck, and ran toward the camp. He raced to a warning gong, provided for such an emergency, while yelling incoherently at the top of his lungs. Reaching for the hammer, he tripped and plunged into the gong, producing a rather oddly-shaped note.

Itazaki, aroused from his sleep, rushed out of his house. He was about to say something about Otsula's mental abilities when he too heard the airplane, and he sounded the alarm. He was undecided as to

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what to do, whether it was a friend or foe, so he chose to play it safe and prepare for an attack. How, he didn't quite know.

The men were silent, waiting for the plane to land. Instead it flew on. Itazaki asked Kishida what the plane's markings were. "Can't say for sure," Kishida answered. "Definitely not Japanese. Looked like American."

"Good thing he didn't see us," said Itazaki, proud of his camouflage.

Well, not quite, Itazaki. You weren't noticed, but the island was.

"Did you see that island, J.C.?" asked Donald.

"Yeah. Pilot, what's the name of that fly speck?"

"Dunno! Never seen it before. Not on the map," said Dave Webb.

"What do you think, Donald?" asked J. Carter.

"I've been thinking. Perhaps we could sell it to the U. S. Government. It would make a swell missile base."

"Splendid!" roared J. Carter. "Mite small, but still — Pilot, let's have a look-see. Wonder who owns it?"

"Nice anchorage," said Dave, after the three had gotten on the beach.

"Sure is peaceful!" said J. Carter.

At this, twenty-four men under the command of Colonel Itazaki Kat-sundo came down to the beach and captured their first prisoners of war.

At first the three Americans were stunned. J. Carter managed to say something like, "What the hell is going on?"

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"Look at their uniforms — and rifles. They're — they're just like the ones used in the war — by Japan," Dave Webb said weakly.

"I demand to see the American Consul!" thundered J. Carter. He promptly shut up when several soldiers, worried by his threatening gestures, pointed their guns at him.

Donald soon figured out that the soldiers didn't speak English. As the trio didn't speak Japanese, and successfully failed to convince Itazaki by means of hand signals, they were herded off.

Now, J. Carter was not the sort of man who could go unnoticed for a long time, and sure enough someone, seeing that he was missing, started a search.

The flight plan of the plane wasn't too hard to follow, and so the trio shouldn't have been too surprised to find that a plane of the search party, and its crew, had also been taken prisoner.

When the searchers were led into the hut that was being used for a jail, the silence was broken when J. Carter asked if one of them was the American Consul. Assured that they were not, he went back to staring silently at the wall. Donald asked if they spoke Japanese. They did not. The hut was silent again.

Itazaki had captured six of the enemy and two seaplanes, and he was waiting both for an all-out attack and for reinforcements. The search party, discovering that now another of their planes was lost,

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searched again. This time another seaplane, a boat, and their crews turned up missing.

The rest is history. Tokara was found by the searchers, who landed in force. Itazaki thought everything was lost until a Japanese interpreter arrived and explained that the war had been over for some years. J. Carter tried to sell the island to the United States for a missile base, but couldn't because he did not own it. Japan said that since Japanese soldiers had inhabited the island before the war was over, Japan owned the island. The U. S. said that when Japan lost the war all territory held by her went under the control of the U. S.

The dispute went up before the World Court, where several other countries promptly laid claim to the island. Russia claimed it because she was responsible for defeating Japan in the last war; Britain wanted it for the same reason; Red China wanted the island for food-growing; Nationalist China desired it for some of the many people crowding Formosa; Cuba wanted it but walked out of the conference before anyone could learn why.

Finally Tokara was made a U.N. trust territory under Brazil and Sweden, and the world turned from Tokara toward more pressing matters.

The natives of Tokara — twenty-five in number — are former soldiers of the Imperial Japanese Army.

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