

VOL. XXXV, No. 1

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

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JANUARY 1963

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# Junior Journal

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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VOL. XXXV

JANUARY, 1963

No. 1

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## MISSISSIPPI-A TRAGEDY

Early the night of Sunday, September 30, 1962, a black day in the history of the United States, the Battle of Oxford started. It involved people from all over the state of Mississippi and U.S. Federal Marshals, fighting over the rights of a Negro. During the two days of rioting two innocent bystanders were killed, one of them not even an American citizen. At the end of those two days, the marshals overcame the rebels. The issue was solved by force; and James Meredith, the Negro, was allowed to attend classes on the University of Mississippi campus.

This regrettable incident was the fault of many people. It was the fault of Ross Barnett, Mississippi governor; of the University faculty; and of former General Edwin Walker. But we must go deeper than that. It was the fault of us in the North, who refuse Negroes houses in suburbs and discriminate against them in many other ways. We must first awaken to the facts. It is our job to set the example for our poor cousins and show them that everyone, regardless of race, color, or creed, must have equal rights. Not just Negroes but minority groups everywhere deserve and do not have them. Our leaders recognize this, but they have not yet been able to convince the people.

As a great nation, we will be able to remedy this situation. But it must be done soon to insure our progress, for while men all over the world are gaining equality quickly, our minority groups only creep forward. In order to maintain our position of leadership and respect the world over, we must present a united front as a showcase for the land of opportunity.



### MR. ROTHERMEL

The JUNIOR JOURNAL expresses its wishes to Mr. Rothermel for the best of luck in his new job next year. His gain is our loss, for without Mr. Rothermel our school will be a very different place. He has worked hard and well, constantly pulling up P.C.D.'s scholastic standing, and he has gained the friendship and respect of all his contacts. Mr. Rothermel will leave behind him many friends in Princeton, an excellent record at P.C.D., and huge footsteps for his successor to follow in.

## THE NEW TEACHERS

### MR. BURROWS SLOAN

Mr. Sloan was born in Ardmore, Pa., and attended Phillips Exeter Academy, graduating in 1929. He then attended Princeton from 1929 to 1932, University of Pennsylvania from 1933 to 1934, and Columbia in 1937. Mr. Sloan served in the Army from 1942 to 1946. He received a B.A. in Mathematics from William and Mary College in 1960. Before coming here he taught at Norfolk Academy, Norfolk, Virginia.

Mr. Sloan enjoys reading and model-boat building. He has a daughter, Virginia, 16, and a son, Ned, 14. Mr. Sloan teaches math to IIIB, IVA and IVB and VIB. He resides at 27 Armour Road.

### MR. DONALD SAWYER

Mr. Sawyer was born in Westfield, N. J., in 1922. He attended Snyder High School in Jersey City, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and the University of Denver. At Denver he received his B.S.B.A. (Bachelor of Science in Business Administration). Mr. Sawyer then taught for a year at the University of Delaware. Before coming here, he worked for two years for the Civil Aeronautics Board.

Tennis, gardening, flying, and the Boy Scouts are among his hobbies. He has four children: Karen, 13; Deborah, 11; Mildred, 9; and Lunn, 5. Mr. Sawyer teaches science to the First and Third Forms and math to the First Form. With his family he lives at 60 Hodge Road.

### MR. THEODORE TURNER

Mr. Turner was born in Omaha, Nebraska, and graduated from Corning High School in Corning, Iowa. He then attended Princeton, where he was a member of the Band and won letters in football and wrestling. After receiving his B.A. he went to the U. of Pennsylvania Graduate School. He taught at the St. Mark's School, Dallas, Texas, before coming here.

Mr. Turner recently had a young son, Theodore IV, and he also has a daughter a year and a half old. He teaches Fourth Form science and math to IIA. He was head coach of the football team and is now coaching basketball. He lives at Colross, the site of the future Princeton Day Schools.

---

The JUNIOR JOURNAL also welcomes back Mr. Robert Miller from the Army. He is an alumnus of the School and a valuable addition to our teaching staff.

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## WHO'S WHO - 1962 - 1963

### Color Officers

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V Form—Hale Andrews, Charles Katzenbach

IV Form—Joseph Chandler, Matthew Young

## THE RINK - AN IMPRESSION

By ROBERT EARNEST (VI)

The orange and black colors of the Zamboni stand out like a huge bug on a white sheet of paper. It climbs up and down the rink eating the ice like an orange and black monster that has an endless appetite. The ice scraper makes the noise of a piece of chalk squeaking on a blackboard.

I hear the steady throb of powerful and tireless machinery sending chemicals through the pipes beneath the ice at tens of degrees below freezing. I can see the reflection of the lights on the wet ice as the water freezes.

The penalty box is empty except

for the candy and hot dog wrappers strewn on the floor.

A little black shiny puck in a far corner of the net looks like a lost fly in a spider's web.

This cool, stale air, which is hard to breathe, especially after wind sprints, is what I yearn for during the summer months. This place brings back old memories, good and bad, and brings new visions of glory and triumph.

The Zamboni leaves the ice now and it's time to close for the night, but I'll be back tomorrow and scar this beautiful ice that I have just seen made.

## THE END OF A WORLD

By DAVID BLAIR (VI)

The service was almost over and the minister had stepped out of the main room into a smaller one beside it. The congregation was hushed, but a casual observer could detect an undertone of fear and excitement in the worshippers.

The preacher stepped back into the pulpit and said in a solemn voice, "One week from now, on October 28, at 9:00 P.M., the world will end. I urge all of you to publicize this fact. We will hold our final meeting here at 8:30 on that day. Let us pray." At the end of the prayer, the people filed slowly and silently out of the church, only a few speaking in quiet tones to the minister at the door.

The announcement of their impending doom came as no surprise to them, for it had been long expected. It had been three years since such an announcement had last been made. This time, several of the church members were skeptical of the idea, but most of the congregation were sure of the prediction's correctness, for it had been so carefully worked on by the church's elders and pastor.

Even those who had long expected and now accepted the announcement were shocked and scared by the harsh finality of the thought—the world coming to an end because of the sin in it—and wished it didn't

have to happen. "After all," they said to themselves, "we are good people. What have we done wrong? Just because of the faults of others we too are punished." One could see all these thoughts in their faces as they walked out.

However, in the next week, they worked to inform the public of the fate of the earth with unabated effort. No wills were made out, for what good would they be? Little time was wasted making last visits to friends and relatives. There was a job to do, and personal feelings could not be allowed to interfere.

One group put an ad in the newspaper saying in big, bold-face type, "The world will end next Sunday! Repent your sins now!" Few paid any attention to it. Another band of the faithful went around the streets with signs to the same effect. They were scoffed at. The more devout paid no attention to this. They thought, "We are doing God's work. What they say now they will be sorry for on Judgment Day. We must continue our job." And they went about their business.

In such ways, the week passed. Next Sunday, all were scared, and most seemed resigned to their doom. Only a small number hoped the minister would be wrong. As the hour approached, they tried to seem calm and unruffled, yet inside everyone, even the minister, was a tur-

bulent flow of thoughts. Some wondered what the afterlife, if there was one, was like. Others, for the first time in their lives, began to regret their sins. Still others puttered about, trying to keep busy, and, unsuccessfully, keep from thinking about the world's end. However, for all, the idea of death had a morbid fascination, and certain individuals, now that they were so near their end, awaited it with a sort of glee and an "I told you this would happen" attitude.

Around 8:15, the faithful began

to leave their houses and move toward the church in the middle of the big city. The minister, who lived nearby, was walking toward it. As he stepped off a curve very near to the meeting-place, he didn't see the car swerving erratically around the corner. There was a dull thud, and the drunk, realizing what had happened, drove hurriedly off into the night.

The body lay in the dark, in the gutter, alone. For him, it was the end of the world.

---

## I AM AN ASTRONAUT

By FRANKLIN YANG (III)

Five-four-three-two-one—blast off; I could feel the pressure on my body. I could hardly breathe. After a while I was in dark space. I was to circle earth eighteen times!

Then a voice came over the microphone, "Are you all right, Captain Yang? Are you all right?"

I put my mouth to the speaker and answered, "I am fine."

I looked out the window, and I was just in time to see the sunset. I saw hundreds of lights lit in Paris, France, and in Berlin, Germany.

I wondered whether I would ever

see my home again. I was thinking how beautiful earth was from up here, and I wished everybody could see it. Later, the capsule was to land in the Atlantic Ocean about twenty-five miles east of the Bahamas.

The capsule was getting ready to land now, so I got myself ready. I saw streaks of fire go past my window, and I was getting hot. After I had waited about three minutes I was rescued.

Boy, was I glad to get home safely!



## A DAY IN BAJA DE LOS ANGELES

By CHARLES KATZENBACH (V)

This summer my mother, brother, and I went to visit my uncle in California. One weekend our family went on a side trip to Baja de Los Angeles, which is located on the eastern side of the Baja California peninsula in Mexico. In the upper half there is a large island. On the peninsula to the western side of this island, there is a bay called Baja de Los Angeles.

It was a beautiful day when we arrived there by plane. The area is almost inaccessible by car and the natives are a seagoing people. We had flown down the coast of the peninsula and as we rounded a mountain, my uncle pointed to the small town. He landed the plane on a dirt strip and we all left the plane. It must have been 100° out, because it was July, but you could hardly tell, because of the lack of humidity. Anterro Díaz, the owner of most of the town, came over and said hello to us. You could see the beautiful blue-green color of the crystal-clear water. It was occasionally broken by the splash of a fish. The air was clear enough to see a hundred miles. I know this for a fact, because when we came to the mouth of the Colorado River on our trip down, you could see the island opposite the bay.

As evening approached, and the shadow of the mountain behind us

came up to the village, the colors of the mountains across the bay changed from reddish yellow to red and as time went on, darkened and darkened until they turned black.

That night, like every night, everyone slept on the porches because the buildings were too hot. On these porches there were cots set so that you could watch the water and mountains across the bay. You went to bed and got up with the sun for there was no electricity.

That night I saw more shooting stars than I had seen in my life. You could watch them streaking across the sky. The sky was just alive with stars and we were amazed to see them reflecting on the mirror-like water of the bay. A local native walked down the beach singing a Mexican song, which added greatly to the beauty of the night.

We were awakened the next morning by the first rays of the sun. You could see the pelicans flying in the distance. It was breathtaking to see the sun come up over the desert islands in all its glory. I got up in a hurry to see Anterro about the fishing trip planned for my brother and me. I found Anterro behind the main house with some other men slaughtering a cow. They were very efficient and when they skinned it they didn't even break the thin coating of skin that covered the



insides of the cow. After a while Anterro came and told me that the trip was all set.

From about 8:00 to 12:00 my brother, the guide and I fished. I caught three Yellowtail and my brother didn't catch any, unfortunately.

That evening when the shadow of the mountain behind us covered the trail, I went for a walk and met a

cowboy dressed completely in leather. I walked over a hill and off in the distance saw the local people having a fiesta with the meat from the cow killed that morning.

In Baja, you have a wonderful feeling of being close to nature. The natives are friendly and simple. When you leave, you feel sad about leaving this quiet place for the hustle of a city.

---

## THE MURDER

By GEOFFREY JOHNSON (III)

I was in my room when the doorbell rang loudly. My butler opened the door and told me that it was my aunt. Sighing, I told him to let her in. Three seconds later Aunt Alice walked into the room, followed by a loud bang of the door.

"Dick," said she, "you're a bum."

"But Aunty," I said, "what did I do?"

"Dol!" she screamed. "Why you burnt my house to the ground."

I knew I had, but for her to accuse me was outrageous. In fact, I grew so mad I swore I would kill her.

"Dick," she said, "why did you do it?"

"Because," was my simple answer. At that she screamed and raged

out of the house, calling me names all the way.

The next night I found myself walking to her apartment where she was now living. With a knife in my pocket I climbed the fire escape and looked in the 9th floor window. She was asleep. In I crept and stabbed her two, or was it three, times. Anyway, I slipped away down the stairs. Unfortunately, a man heard me and went to Alice's room. Finding her dead, he called the police. They caught me on arrival at her apartment building.

It took about one minute to go back over this while standing in front of the gallows.

"Oh, God, why did I do it?"

---

## THE LAST MAN ON EARTH

By STEVE LANE (V)

It was January 14, 1972, in the house of Pete Franklin, a young millionaire of Bloomington, U. S. A. He turned the radio on to hear the news. The announcer came on and said, "Things look grave, the Reds are testing more bombs, the next may hit the United States." Pete jumped up and turned the radio off. He looked pale, and kept murmuring to himself, "I am too rich to die with all these stupid, poor people. I must save myself, but what can I do?"

He sat up most of the night trying to think of a way, but it was useless. The next morning he read in the newspaper about companies that built bomb shelters. When he saw this he thought to himself, "Why, of course! Why hadn't I thought of that?" Later that day he arranged for a company to build him a luxurious shelter. He then bought very expensive instruments such as a geiger counter, a bomb detector and an instrument to tell him when all the radioactivity was gone. When the shelter was completed he put in everything he thought would be required. Then he decided to live there for a day to see what else he might need. He sat down and turned on the radio. The announcer said, "It is growing more tense all the time; a war could start any time now, so be prepared." At the end

of the next day things sounded so discouraging that he decided to stay there another day, even though he thought his shelter was well prepared. His shelter was so strong that it could withstand a bomb hit about two miles away.

Pete was really a very greedy person. He had even bought a gun to keep anyone out who tried to get in. This was, of course, stupid because his door was very sturdy. He sat down and began to laugh at all the poor people out there that would probably be killed. Suddenly the earth began to tremble; his bomb detector and geiger counter began reacting. He now realized that the time of war had come.

His detectors continued for two days; then on the third day everything was silent and his instrument signaled that it was safe to emerge from the shelter. After a bit of trouble he opened the door and climbed out. When he became accustomed to the glare he received a shock; everything was exactly the way he had seen it last. Nothing had been damaged at all. Then, he spied a note on his door that read:

"Dear Pete,

Scientists from many nations under the United Nations Program, yesterday, found a distant planet on which our life span will be greater. The leaders of these nations decided

that we should live in peace and put together our rockets and fly to this planet. We tried to call to tell you, but you didn't hear us. How does it feel to be the only man on earth?

From,  
*Your Friends*"

---

Pete then realized that his bomb detector had traced the space ships being blasted off, and his geiger counter must have had a malfunction. It was a horrible thought, but it was true—he was the last man on earth.

## MY WAR WITH THE U.N.

By HALE ANDREWS (V)

The United Nations was founded in the noble hope that instead of war, men would gather around the conference table and settle their differences in peace. However, one thing this worthy organization doesn't have, and never has had, is me. Twice I have, after gaining admittance to the U.N. building, been cruelly frustrated in my attempts to see the United Nations at work.

My first encounter with the U.N. came in May, 1960. I was accompanied by Isabel (who is some kind of a second cousin of my grandfather's). The first thing I spied as I walked through the door, was a sign which stated bluntly: "NO CHILDREN UNDER 12 ALLOWED". I only had one month and seven days until my birthday and could easily pass for twelve. But Isabel said no, so home I went.

My second assault on the U.N. occurred in August, 1962. Flanking

me were my mother and a friend from Watkins Glen. I was above the age limit, well dressed in a sports shirt and shorts, and looked quiet and studious. The only disconcerting thing about my appearance was a newspaper entitled *The Hobo News* suspiciously projecting out of my back pocket. After taking a tour around the building with one of the pretty girl guides, I applied for a ticket to the Social and Economic Council Meeting then in progress. To my great astonishment, I was refused on the grounds that I had committed the appalling crime of wearing shorts into this august and world-renowned body of men.

However, I will try again. I will send for a U.N. rulebook so I will know what not to do. I will dress quietly and conservatively (in long pants). I will be immaculate and well mannered, and will help little old ladies up and down stairs. And eventually I shall succeed—I hope.

## THE REPORT

By JAMES SCARFF (VI)

The great dining room is crowded and the waiters are hustling around gathering dishes. A rather large man taps a glass with his spoon as he stands up. A hush creeps over the room as all attention turns toward him.

"Gentlemen, the International Archaeologist Club is proud to present John Wilson, our noted archaeologist who has been the leader of our expedition to the 'USA'."

A round of applause shakes the room as Mr. Wilson arises.

"I am very honored to be able to present this report for the year of 3062 A.D.

"This year has led to many great discoveries. A whole city called 'NY' was uncovered in 'USA'. 'USA' apparently sank during the dynasty of 'JFK' who followed 'IKE'. In one building we found a large amount of television film.

"The Usans, as I will call them, had a great interest in biology although they were quite ignorant of the truth. They thought that the brain consisted of a hammer going up and down inside a person's skull. The throat was thought to be a curved glass tube which led to a stomach of gears and pipes with little B's floating around,

"We also found some information on their religion. They had many gods, like the Romans, *Harry* and

*Bert Piel* were their equivalents to *Bacchus*, the Roman god of wine. There also was a god who followed them. He was called *Speedy*; he was very small and he went around easing people and singing. For a goddess of beauty, the Usans had three candidates. *Jackie* seems to be the most prominent, for she is called the first lady. However, a certain *B.B.* and *M.M.* are worshipped too. They have only one demon. He walks around in a black suit and is called *Mr. Tooth Decay*.

"A few films were found which are excellent character sketches. The list includes *The Red Skeleton*, *Laurel and Hardy*, and *Pip the Piper*. The Usans apparently had many wars for every week for four months a year. Twenty-two warriors, eleven from each side, would go out on a field and fight each other for one hour while thousands of people came from miles around to cheer.

"There were two types of theatre in NY. The first was only performed at the UN. Here actors made long monologues while others read papers or stomped their shoes on the tables. The other type was called the Met. Here the actors sang in a foreign language and everyone pretended they understood it and enjoyed it.

"The Usans had very good science

fiction programs. *Buck Rogers* and *Flash Gordon* were the most liked and they were very realistic. There was one film of a certain John Glenn. He didn't do anything but push buttons and he was not very well liked, for he was on only once.

"Just before USA sank beneath the sea, a certain group called the Teen-Agers invaded NY. They let

most of the buildings fall into rubbish, except for the building labeled ABC 770. That is why we have been able to find so little.

"Next year we hope to excavate a building called the *Peppermint Lounge*. This looks as if it will be one of our greatest finds.

"Thank you, and good afternoon."

---

## A "JAILBIRD"

By KEVIN McCARTHY (I)

I used to live in a large prison with many of my friends. Two months ago I was transferred to a solitary cell. Almost everyone calls me "Stu," which makes me feel unhappy because it is really a nickname for "Stupid." I have never done anything to put me behind bars. In my opinion, I do not deserve this life of a prisoner.

Since I am alone in a cell with just my keeper watching over me, I try to make the best of it. None of my real friends come to visit me. The keeper sometimes has some of his friends visit me. They often tease me! My cell is about thirteen by nine. It is cleaned once a week.

One day is very much like another. My food is slid through the bars in my cell. My meals consist

of just dry food and water. I get exercise once a day outside my cell for about ten minutes. I wander around a little bit but still am closely guarded. After the exercise I go, of course, back to my cell. There I see my mirror, food container and a bar on which I continue my exercises. Sometimes, at the end of the day, if I am bored, I talk to myself.

In my spare time I often plan an escape which I hope will come true very soon. I observe all windows and doors carefully. Some day, if my keeper is careless, he may leave the door unlatched; then I can go out the open door and fly through the main gate to my freedom. I am certain my keeper will then say, "Never underestimate the power of a parakeet!"

---

## TIGER HUNT

By JOHN RITCHIE (VI)

As that ball of fire rose through dewy, green trees and above white mountain peaks capped with snow, three human beings, insignificant against the background of the August sunrise, marched through a golden meadow in northern India.

The first man was the leader of the trio. He was tall, dark, and well-built. Dressed in a khaki uniform and high black boots, he bore a large brown pack attached to his back. From it an elephant rifle projected above the pith helmet which protected his face from the glare of the sun.

The second was the leader's brother. He was wearing the same garb as the first, except that he did not carry a rifle. And his main task was to interpret the native guide's speech.

The native was a dark-skinned man, the guide for the other two. He wore short, tan pants and a cotton shirt, and atop his head was a straw hat. He carried two large valises as he marched behind the hunters.

"Erforo dab icsebl!" the Indian yelled.

"What did he say?" the leader demanded of his brother.

"He says tigers are near."

The pace quickened as the tension could be felt by the three. They

soon approached the edge of a dense forest.

"O punabi, buanas," the guide whispered.

"He says to be quiet from here on."

The leader announced, "Let's stop here to load the rifle and take a rest for a while."

The trio unloaded their gear in the unearthly silence of the jungle.

"Oh, boy!" the leader declared as he sat down, "I'm sure I'll get one for a great trophy."

His brother repeated meekly that the guide had said to be quiet and not to disturb the silence of the forest. "Oh, shut up!" the leader growled.

Shortly, as the trio reloaded the baggage, the guide whispered joyously, "Icsebl!"

"Tiger!"

It was true; a large cat stealthily crept through the undergrowth. The tiger could now be seen by the three men with its shoulders protruding above its back as the beast stalked.

Since the guide was now carrying the gun, the leader demanded it from him. But he refused.

"Give it to me!" the leader shouted as he grabbed for the gun. The guide, not wishing to alarm the game, yielded it. However, the shout was heard by the tiger. The cat turned. It gazed at the men.



The leader raised the rifle but he could not hold it steady because he trembled so.

"I can't shoot!" he shouted to his brother.

The beast drew nearer.

The brother grasped for the rifle.

"Let me have it! Give it to me!" he shouted.

The horrified leader dropped the rifle and started running into the forest. But the tiger, which had prepared to strike, caught him as he ran. From its large feet, the tiger dug tremendous claws into the leader's back. The hunter emitted a

scream. The cat's mouth opened and its teeth dug into the man's neck. Blood spurted from it, as the tiger withdrew from the ragged lump of human flesh. But out of the corner of its eye, the beast viewed two shocked humans. It sprang at them. The brother fired one shot which felled the savage beast.

The jungle suddenly became completely silent as the large, red sun set. The meadows continued to glow and the glorious mountain peaks now had a pink tinge. But there was one less human.

---

## SATURDAY

By DICK KANE (II)

The crowds at football games are tremendous. Above their heads one can see colorful flags flying. People clothed in reds and greens stand out from dark greys and browns. People form long snakelike lines waiting to get into the ticket offices. Cars, buses, trucks and bicycles make heavy traffic jams.

Newsboys' yells are heard above the blare of the band.

"Program, program, get your program," and "Corsage for the ladies," are all heard above the roar of excursion buses.

Almost inside the stadium one can

begin to smell the hot dogs and cigarette smoke mingling with the buttery odor of popcorn to create a fascinating smell.

The band comes into the stadium playing "Going Back". There is a wave of noise and excitement. When they play "The National Anthem" everyone stands up and the color bearers march down the field carrying the flags of the United States and New Jersey. A color guard always marches on each side.

At last the game itself begins, with thousands on their feet for the kick-off.

## THE WEATHER VANE

By CHRISTOPHER GOBLE (III)

Sturdy and strong he stands  
Looking out across the lands,  
Whirling and twirling all around  
Perched high above the ground.

With scarlet comb and beady eye  
The way he points will never die.  
With big black body and ruffled tail,  
The right direction cannot fail.

North, east, south or west,  
The wind he points is always best.  
Like a monarch in the sky  
He is up so very high.

## ROCK AND ROLL SUPERMAN

By PETER KLINE (First Form)

*Although the author of this story is now a Sixth Former, he has given permission for the publication of work he submitted five years ago as a First Former. We take pleasure in publishing the story just as it was received.*

The Rock and Roll Superman was about 10 feet tall and wore a motorcycle boots, black denhem trowsersers a black velvet belt and a motorcycle jacket.

The only thing wrong was he had a head the size of a two year old baby. So he made a mask which he always wore.

One day when he was walking on the moon he met a buiteful cat woman. They fell in love and the catwoman invited him to stay for the night. He excepted.

When he was brushing his his teeth he took off his mask and the catwoman saw him accedently on purpus and tought he was realey ugly. In the dead of night she took a dobbel barrled shotgun and shot him.

THE END



## WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

By FORD FRAKER

### SCHOLARSHIP

Scholastically, the competition has been very close so far this term. In the first marking period the two Colors were tied at 76—%. In the next two periods the Whites were slightly ahead. Two marking periods remain before the end of the first term in January. At the end of three periods the averages were: Whites, 76+%, Blues, 76—%.

### SOCCER

The Whites are 1962 soccer champions. In the Lower School, the Whites won for a total of 4 points. The 1st Form Blues won for a total of 2 points, and the Blues picked up another point by winning the Blue-White all-star game.

In the two games played by the varsity soccer squad, the Whites won decisively, though the Blues played well. In J.V. soccer two games were played, with the Blues winning the first and the Whites winning the second.

### FOOTBALL

In the annual football game the Blues won, 7-2. The only touchdown was made by Charley Samson on a pass from Bill Kehoe. Although the Blues had 7 of the 11 starting players, the Whites put up a good fight and played hard.

---

## QUESTIONNAIRE

Youth, age, and old age were polled by the JUNIOR JOURNAL on questions of the day. Herewith are the results voted by the First Form, the Sixth Form, and the Faculty.

### First Form

Favorite Actor	John Wayne; Superman
Favorite Actress	Sally Starr
Favorite Radio Station	WABC
Favorite TV Station	WPIX
Favorite TV Show	The Jetsons
Worst TV Show	Bozo the Clown
Favorite Commercial	Toys
Worst TV Commercial	Johnson and Johnson
Favorite Subject	Reading
Worst Subject	Science
Favorite School Food	Steak; Ice Cream
Worst School Food	Hot Dogs; Dog Food
Favorite Day of the Week	Saturday
Worst Day of the Week	Monday
Favorite Sport	Football
Favorite Baseball Team	Yankees
Favorite Hobby	Making models
Favorite Pet	Dogs
Favorite Pastime	Sleeping
Favorite Magazine	Playboy
Favorite Car	Ford
Favorite Beverage	Coke
Favorite Expression	"Gee"
Pet Peeve	Kissing girls

**Sixth Form**

Burt Lancaster  
Kim Novak; Dudley Sayen  
WABC  
WNBC  
The Defenders  
Romper Room  
Bert and Harry Piel's  
Yoo-hoo; Bufferin  
Latin  
Math  
Meat loaf  
Hash  
Saturday  
Monday  
Hockey  
Dodgers  
Girls  
Dogs; Brian Considine  
Doing Nothing  
Rogue  
Corvette  
Coke  
(- - censored - -)  
School; O'Brien

**Faculty**

Cary Grant  
Audrey Hepburn  
WOR  
WCBS  
Perry Mason  
Three Stooges  
Bert and Harry Piel's  
Doublemint Twins  
History  
Chinese Literature  
Hamburgers  
Fish  
Saturday (night)  
Monday  
Swimming  
Yankees  
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# ATHLETICS

## SOCCER

By WILLIAM SAYEN



Left to right, front row—SAYEN W. G., RITCHIE, MATHEWS, GOHEEN, FRAKER, EDWARDS, KLINE.  
 Second row—SAYEN D., HUSTON, BLAIR D., LINKER, EARNEST, McLOUGHLIN J., SCARFF, O'BRIEN, HAGENBUCH.  
 Third row—DESMOND, HAMMER, GRIGGS, JOHNSON B., KATZENBACH, LAU, SHEW.  
 Back row—HUTNER, RING, MR. McANENY, JOHNSON A.

A well-balanced team compiled a 7-1-1 record, our best in many years. Mr. McAneny, the coach, praised the team's spirit, and said: "We had a rugged defense. Rusty Mathews and his understudy, Bruce Johnson, gave us tremendous goal-keeping, while Bobby Earnest, converted from a forward to fullback, played a solid game all season. Steve Goheen was a great leader and anchored a fine halfback line. We had a real break when Ford Fraker, football co-captain but medically unable to play football, joined our squad as center forward, as he then scored 12 of our 20 goals."

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## P.C.D. 1

## LAWRENCE JR. HIGH J.V. 0

Lawrence controlled the game during the first quarter, but we came back and dominated the second period with Captain Steve Goheen scoring on an assist from Hammar. The rest of the game was even and extremely hard-fought, but P.C.D. held on with excellent defensive work.

## P.C.D. 3

## WITHERSPOON 2

Witherspoon had a smaller team than ours, but it was fast. They scored in the first period on a breakaway. We tied it up on a goal by right wing David Sayen. In the second half Witherspoon again scored, and Goheen tied it up with his second goal of the season. Then Chuck Katzenbach drove a long shot at the goal and Wally Shew's head helped it in. They made a vain attempt to tie the score, but our defense extinguished any and all threats.

## P.C.D. 2

## MILLTOWN 0

Milltown was weak on some of their fundamentals; this, added to Ford Fraker's first appearance in our forward line, helped us stay undefeated. Fraker scored in the first period on a breakaway, and he did an "encore" in the third period.



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## P.C.D. 2

## VALLEY ROAD 0

Fraker again accounted for all the scoring. Valley Road played us almost evenly, but P.C.D.'s stalwart defense gave them little chance to score. Our forward line put on its best showing so far.

## P.C.D. 2

## MILLTOWN 1

Playing away, Fraker repeated his past two performances by scoring twice, once in each of the first two periods. Milltown's goal came in the final quarter. Alex Johnson, fullback, broke his leg early in the game, and to our dismay was lost for the rest of the season.

## P.C.D. 1

## VALLEY ROAD 0

Fraker took advantage of a scoring opportunity in the second period to lead us to victory in a hard-fought game. Valley Road failed to capitalize on numerous chances to score, mostly due to the goal-tending of Rusty Mathews and the defensive headwork of Steve Goheen.



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LAWRENCE JR. HIGH J.V. 2

P.C.D. 0

We were outplayed during most of the game. Their first goal came just before the half-time whistle. They scored again in the third period. This game was demoralizing to the whole team, for it was our first defeat of the season.

P.C.D. 4

PEDDIE 4

This was a back-and-forth battle, with each team leading part of the time. Ford Fraker scored twice, Steve Goheen and David Sayen each once.

P.C.D. 5

WITHERSPOON 1

We dominated this final game except for a last-minute desperation drive in which Witherspoon escaped a shutout. Fraker made a "hat trick" to lead the scoring. Jeff Griggs and Bobby Earnest scored a goal apiece, the latter on a penalty kick.

The usual starting line-up:

Goal—Rusty Mathews

L.F.B.—Alex Johnson,

John McLoughlin

R.F.B.—Bobby Earnest

L.H.B.—Bill Lau

C.H.B.—Steve Goheen

R.H.B.—Chuck Katzenbach

O.L.—Jeff Griggs

I.L.—John Ritchie

C.F.—Ford Fraker

I.R.—Bill Sayen, Paul Hagenbuch

O.R.—Billy Edwards, David Sayen

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## FOOTBALL

By JOHN SCHEIDE

Coaches Mr. Turner and Mr. Tibbals and Captain Ferdy Wandelt led the football team through the 1962 season with 2 wins, 2 losses, and 1 tie. In most of our games, the opposition was bigger than we were, and the team showed excellent spirit and fight. The usual starting line-up was as follows:

Left End—Samson	Right Tackle—Armstrong
Left Tackle—Kennedy	Right End—Strong, J.
Left Guard—Budny	Quarterback—Simko
Center—Delano	Left Halfback—Scheide
Right Guard—Andrews, Laughlin	Fullback—Wandelt
Right Halfback—Kehoe, Ayers	



Left to right, front row—STRONG J., SCHEIDE, KENNEDY, WANDELT F., ARMSTRONG, SAMSON C., SIMKO.  
 Second row—DELANO, BUDNY, STRONG R., MEREDITH, LAUGHLIN L., MARK, AYERS, KEHOE W.  
 Third row—MR. TURNER, WOODBRIDGE, HILL, ROBERTS P., MACLEOD, MR. TIBBALS.  
 Back row—BENSON, COLCORD, WINANT.



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## P.C.D. 14

## WARDLAW 14

In our first game we were pretty nervous. However, we got rolling early in the second quarter, scoring on a fantastic catch by Strong on a pass from Simko. Wandelt also scored for P.C.D.

## SHORT HILLS 22

## P.C.D. 6

Our opponents were quite a bit bigger than we were this time. We held them scoreless for a quarter, but then they scored all their points in the second period when we played poorly on defense. One reason for this may have been that our fullback, Wandelt, was injured. Scoring for P.C.D. was Simko on a quarterback sneak.

## P.C.D. 8

## PRINCETON HIGH FRESHMEN 6

In one of the best-played games of the season, we outfought the bigger opposition. In the third quarter, Captain Wandelt scooped up a fumble and ran half the length of the field behind beautiful blocking for the touchdown, Simko adding the all-important extra points. The game was marked by excellent defensive play by both teams, and about half the team sat on their ball-carrier at the end of the game to give us our first victory.



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LAWRENCEVILLE 24

P.C.D. 6

This team was way out of our class, and the game wasn't even as close as the score shows. With about one minute left, Scheide scored the only touchdown for P.C.D.

P.C.D. 26

WARDLAW 12

We were really fired up for this game, and by the middle of the third quarter we had built a 20-0 lead. Wandelt scored two touchdowns, and Samson caught a pass from Kehoe for another score. After they had made two touchdowns to trail by only one, Simko threw to Strong with a few seconds left to complete our scoring.

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## WITH THE ALUMNI

JEREMY COLPITTS

Class of 1934

Jerry Colpitts died on January 15, 1962, in Phoenix, Arizona. He had been in the investment business. Surviving are his wife and three children.

---

ROBERT A. HUNTER

Class of 1937

Bob Hunter died of tuberculosis on November 16, 1962, in New York City. He was an author, editor, and newspaperman, and a former Feature Editor of the JUNIOR JOURNAL. In World War II he was wounded while serving as a combat correspondent for the Marines in the Pacific area.

---

THOMAS S. GODOLPHIN

Class of 1946

Tom Godolphin was killed in an automobile accident near Ithaca, N.Y., on July 31, 1962. He had almost completed his thesis for his Ph.D. degree in English, and he had been appointed to the faculty of Cornell University to begin teaching this fall. He is survived by his wife and three young sons.

---

PETER BENT B. N. WALLIS

Class of 1950

Bent Wallis died on July 20, 1962, after a long illness. A student at the Yale Medical School, he had been forced to give up his studies through ill health. At P.C.D. Bent was Editor-in-Chief and a frequent contributor to the JUNIOR JOURNAL.

---

JOHN BURKE McHUGH

Class of 1954

Burke McHugh died on May 1, 1962, in Seattle, Washington, after being struck by an automobile. He had attended the University of Colorado before making his home in Seattle. To his nephew, Bob Earnest of the Sixth Form, the JUNIOR JOURNAL extends sincere sympathy.

---

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## WITH THE ALUMNI

1961

**John Willis** earned a varsity letter in track at Exeter last spring as a Sophomore.

1960

**Alfred ("Davy") Davis** captained the Exeter football team this fall. He is majoring in Chinese studies.

**Alexander Patton** is one of the five Prefects at St. George's School. He is also Editor-in-Chief of *The Red and White*.

**Brock Putnam**, a senior at Milton Academy, is on the football and wrestling teams.

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## 1959

**Stephen S. Cook** received the Tudor Hockey Award at St. Mark's School last June. He is now a Freshman at Princeton.

**Chips Moore** is a Monitor and co-captain of the wrestling team at St. Mark's School.

**Charles A. Smyth** is in the Freshman class at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.

Marine Privates **Oliver Hamill** and **Charles W. Caldwell, III**, have completed recruit training at the Marine Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S.C.

## 1958

**Rodman D. Patton**, a Sophomore at Williams College, has been pledged to Delta Psi fraternity.

**John White**, who graduated from Woodberry Forest School in June, is a Freshman at Hobart College, Geneva, New York.

UM, UM, GOOD!

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## 1953

**Norman Dorf** was married on September 30 to Lynn Gordon, of Wilton, Conn.

## 1952

**John A. Tidd** was married on November 3 to Janice Merle Loux, of Yardley, Pa. John is associated with the Home Furnishing Shop of Princeton.

**Sherwood Smith**, who taught at P.C.D. last year, is on the faculty of the Chapin School in Princeton.

## 1951

**Hugh S. Fairman** has become engaged to Ann Larter Marshall, of Summit, N. J. Hugh is a lieutenant in the Air Force Reserve.

**Robert Kales** is a second-year student at the Harvard Business School.

**Douglas Levick**, a June graduate of the Harvard Business School, is associated with IBM World Trade Corporation.

**Edwin H. Metcalf** and Nancy Eloise Baker were married in St. Louis on July 28.

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1947

**Peter R. Rossmassler** was married on October 20 to Frances Branch Scott, of Richmond, Virginia. He is with the New York investment banking firm of Hayden, Stone and Co.

1946

**Allan Forsyth** is assistant to the publisher of "Show" Magazine, a New York theatrical publication.

1943

**John A. Sly** has been selected as principal of the first comprehensive secondary school in the Western Region of Nigeria, at Aiyetoro. The school will give Nigerian students a general education and help prepare them for college. Dr. Sly was director of education for the Liberian Mining Corporation from 1953 to 1957.

**Lawrence Sturhahn** was assistant director in the filming of "The Miracle Worker," "Long Day's Journey Into Night," and "All the Way Home."

1941

**Mark S. Munn** was married to Mrs. William Graham McKelvy of Hopewell, N.J., on October 6. Mark is with the First National City Bank in New York City.

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1937

A son was born to Professor and Mrs. Lacey B. Smith, of Wilmette, Illinois, on November 12.

1936

Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, Deputy Attorney-General of the United States, was top man in charge of the Government's operations at Oxford, Mississippi, during the crisis following the enrollment of James H. Meredith at the University of Mississippi. The Trenton *Times* also credited Katzenbach with providing the legal research that formed the basis for President Kennedy's recent blockade of Cuba.

1935

Dr. Stephen Dewing, physician and Director of Radiology at the Hunterdon Medical Center, Flemington, N.J., has published a book called *Modern Radiology in Historical Perspective*.

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