

VOL. XXXV, No. 2

JUNIOR JOURNAL

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APRIL, 1963

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— EDITORIAL —

On December 8, 1962, seven daily newspapers in New York ceased publication. The printers of the local union of International Printers went on strike. After several weeks of useless negotiating, it looked as though the strike might go on indefinitely. Also it looked as though, when the strike finally did end, some of the newspapers might be unable to continue because of financial problems. However, Mayor Robert Wagner of New York stepped into the dispute, striving continuously to bring an end to it. On March 7, 1963, a break was made, and the two sides agreed to a partial contract. There were still many matters and unions to deal with, and still are, but at least an end was in sight, and we would sometime again have New York newspapers.

The real importance of this event is the fact that the printers had a hard time during the strike because of their lack of finances. Their treasury was exhausted before the strike ended, and thus they were forced to appeal to other unions and the public in general for financial support. This aided them considerably. But when they did negotiate with the publishers, they were not in the position to ask for or demand outright unreasonable improvements in the conditions of work and unreasonable increases of wages. No one was really in the driver's seat, and the printers could only accept or reject offers made by the publishers and vice-versa. And the terms that were finally reached were not really what the printers had struck for, nor what the publishers wanted. This all goes to prove that labor unions, at least printers' unions, are not as strong as they seem. As *Time* magazine asks, "Is the monkey wrench the only means that labor has of defense against corporations?" We think maybe it is, because this strike seemed to prove nothing.

WELCOME

Robert R. Coombs III was born on March 6, 1963, weighing seven pounds, twelve ounces. To his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coombs, of 25 George Street, Lawrenceville, the JUNIOR JOURNAL extends its congratulations. We hope to welcome him later as a member of the P.C.D. Class of 1978.

A TOUR OF THE PRINCETON DAY SCHOOLS

By WILLIAM EDWARDS

If you go out to the site of the Princeton Day Schools now, you will see only a sign. In 1965, however, a huge new school will take the place of this sign. The architects, Perkins and Will, recently submitted the plans, and they will begin work on the actual school buildings next September.

The best way to fully cover the school is naturally to take a tour. Therefore, I have taken one and this is the report of it.

As you drive in off the Great Road, you can see Colross, the executive building of the new school. Here meetings will be held, and the head of the school will have his office. Behind Colross will be four tennis courts where boys and girls will be able to play in the spring.

Continuing on the tour, you arrive at a turn-around where, on the right, is the lower school, and at the end of the circle are the upper and middle schools. The lower school will consist of grades one through four, kindergarten and pre-kindergarten. The latter two will be in a different building from the rest of the lower school. The lower school will have its own dining room, playground and gymnasium.

In the upper school, the first building you will come to is the U-shaped upper and middle school for girls. At the left will be the science building where boys and girls will work together in advanced classes. Next to the science building will be the boys' school, which will also be U-shaped. The boys' school will be in a sort of court, as well as the auditorium and the fine arts building, where art will be taught on the top floor and shop on the bottom floor.

On the far right will be the kitchen and cafeteria, divided into two parts. These sections may be used for either upper and middle schools or for boys and girls. Behind the cafeteria will be the gymnasium and the locker rooms. (The boys' will be on the top floor and the girls' on the gym level.) The gymnasium will be divided into three parts; however, the partitions will be easily moved for real games.

Next you arrive at the boys' playing fields behind the school. There will be a baseball diamond, a football field, and a soccer field as well as plenty of room for other games. The girls' fields will be on the right side of the school and will consist of two large fields.

All these things will be ready in 1965, but two additions will be built after that. There will be an outside theater and, an outside hockey rink, which will be next to the girls' fields.

Since the school will be composed of many different buildings, enclosed walkways will connect all of them. Paths will go to the fields and also from the upper and middle schools to the lower. Another path will lead from the school to Pretty Brook Road.

The boys' and girls' schools will be in different buildings; thus the boys and girls will not see each other very often. The only places they will meet will be the science and fine arts buildings, the cafeteria, the gym, and some advanced classes which a few will take.

The school will altogether have 14 different grades. Starting at the age of 3 in pre-kindergarten it will continue through twelfth grade.

OUR FARM

By ROBERT CROOKS (I)

On a Saturday afternoon, my father sometimes takes me and some of my friends to our farm. We hike over the fields and through the woods, and we have some exciting adventures.

We found a cabin in the woods. We thought someone had lived in it. In one corner was an old bed with a dirty mattress. There were some comic books dated the year I was born, 1953. We wondered who had built the cabin. It looked as though no one had been in it for a long time.

We often cross streams in our hikes around the farm. When it has been raining a lot or the snow is melting, the streams get wider. We

still try to jump across, or cross on stones or logs. Sometimes we get wet because we jump in on purpose. This is fun, but mothers don't like it.

We often find deer tracks and other animal signs. Hunters are not supposed to shoot on our land, but we have found deer bones to show that some deer have been killed. Other animals we have seen are rabbits and squirrels.

No one lives on the farm now. Around the old farmhouse the flowers grow wild, and grapes, apples, pears, and cherries grow in the old orchard. Sometimes I wish we could live on the farm ourselves, but I think it would be lonely without my friends.

THE TRINITY CHURCH FIRE

By ROBERT SPEARS (IV)

The day was Wednesday, February 13, 1963; the time, 6:18 a.m. My mother ran frantically into my room. "Bob, get up," she screamed. "The church is on fire!" I was up, dressed, and at the church by six-thirty. Smoke was pouring out of all the windows about as fast as the firemen were putting water in. Hurriedly some of our parishioners and I rushed into the burning building via the parish house. We proceeded to carry out all salvageable materials: books, kneelers, cushions and any other movable objects we could

get our hands on. At eight-fifteen I thought about going to school, but the idea was quickly snuffed by a pile of books handed to me by one of the firemen. Also at this time I was joined by Mr. Gorman, who helped me with my task, until he had to go to school. At about eleven o'clock I was so hungry that I went into the Commons Room, where I was fed by the members of the Altar Guild, who were also making coffee for the firemen. Soon I was out pouring coffee for the weary fire fighters.



THIS IS A VIEW OF A LARGE STAINED GLASS WINDOW
THAT WAS COMPLETELY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

At about twelve o'clock, the fire, which had been contained mostly within the nave, spread to the bell tower and continued burning. The firemen quickly cleared the people out of the area and began to pour water into the belfry, because they were afraid it might burn the supports for the twelve bells the tower housed. Soon they thought they had it out, only to find the ugly, thick black smoke pouring out of the belfry again.

One hour later five tired compa-

nies got into their trucks and headed for home.

After supper I went into our den and had started to watch TV, when suddenly there was a sharp rap on our front door. I answered it and was greeted by the cry, "The church is on fire!" My father went to investigate, and, sure enough, smoke and flame were pouring out of the belfry. At this point I asked my mother to drive me to a friend's house, where I spent the rest of that unlucky thirteenth playing Russian Bank.

MY SUMMER SIGHT

By JEFF DELANO (V)

If I were free
To look and see
What was behind the dunes,
I'd climb up high
And touch the sky
And gaze at all the loons.

Upon the dune and to the west,
There is the hilly land.
And to the east there is the shore,
With all its endless sand.

It's time to go,
And soon the snow
Will cover this lovely sight;
But when I return,
I'll peer again
At all the loons in flight.

THE HARDEST THING I'VE DONE

By JAMES YOUNG (III)

In the year 72 B.C. our small Teuton army was defeated by the powerful Romans in a fierce battle just north of the mouth of the Po River. I was captured along with about fifteen others, and we were all taken back to Rome. There more than half of us were picked out to be gladiators, to entertain the Roman people; I was one.

I soon became used to the strange, heavy sword that I was given, and I fought my first few fights and managed to survive them all, luckily. Then came a fierce challenge. A large vicious lion had been caught on a hunting journey and a gladiator was to be picked out to fight him. I didn't think that I was very popular, so naturally I doubted that I would be picked. Imagine my surprise when I was told that I was to fight the lion the following afternoon!

The next afternoon I found myself behind the huge wooden door under an arena that was completely jammed. I was given the signal and I pushed open the door and walked out into the arena. A great roar arose from the crowd as I walked around the ring. Naturally I was tense but I tried not to show it. I had one heavy awkward sword and that was all. No shield or armor.

Then the door on the opposite side of the coliseum opened and the huge lion walked out. He was a monstrous thing, with a long shaggy mane, and he came out with an ear-splitting roar.

Suddenly he saw me and charged at me with unbelievable speed. About five feet away from me he made a sudden spring, with claws out and jaws wide open. For a minute I was shocked, and all that I could do was just duck aside, but his claws still caught my arm as I fell back. The warm blood stung as it trickled down the gash made by the lion's sharp claws. The crowd's deafening roar was still in my ears as the lion turned around and rushed again. This time I was prepared. As the lion made his spring, I quickly jumped over to the side, sweeping my sword in a downward motion as I did so. This time I scored a point. The sword had struck the lion's hind leg as he flew past me. The lion was now furious. He built up as much speed as he could with his wounded leg and once again made his tremendous spring. But this time as he flew through the air he swung his paws at me. I felt a sharp pain as his claws ripped across my chest and down my side. But I wasn't idle

either. I made a desperate jab at the blur before my eyes and heard a roar of pain. I saw the lion stagger away from me and turn around. He made one last spring and then fell in the dust. I stood staring at

the lion before me, blood dripping from his chest.

Yes, that's the hardest thing I've done, trying to survive the sharp claws and greedy teeth of a huge lion.

THE BEACH IN ITALY

By PETER SMOLUCHOWSKI (II)

The beaches in Italy are different from the beaches in the United States. Instead of bringing your own umbrella to the beach, the lifeguards put up things that look like square orange sails. If you come in the morning, you can look down the beach and, as far as you can see, you'll see orange sails. If you come at night, you won't see sails, but just sand and water. Right at the sand's edge there are rows of houses. They are places where you can clean your feet or take a shower. The shower houses are lots of colors.

At the beach men come around selling baskets of doughnuts, blueberries, pizzas, grapes, and many other things.

The lifeguards are very good. In Italy there is a small local fish that bites into your leg and stays there. The only way to get it out is to bite it out.

If you get bitten by one of these fish, the lifeguard comes and bites it out.

When there is bad weather and

the surf is too rough, or there are dangerous currents, the lifeguards put out red flags.

One day I decided to go swimming. When I got to the beach, I didn't see anyone. Then I saw that the red flags were up, so I decided to walk down the beach. While I was walking, I saw a man jump into the water. I decided that he was crazy or showing off. He went out, out, way out in the water. I stood there watching him for about fifteen minutes. Then I didn't see him or his head any more. I stood there about twenty minutes without seeing him again. I thought that he had drowned, so I ran and told my mother what had happened. She said that if he had drowned it was too late to do anything.

I went back to the beach to see if he had gotten out of the water. When I got there, I saw a crowd, a police car, and an ambulance. I found out later that day that the man I had seen had drowned.

CRIME IN SOUTH AFRICA

By CHRISTOPHER REEVE (II)

Today was the day we were to leave. I was busy packing, when a fellow hunter on the trip came into the room.

"Everything O.K.?" he asked.

"Sure," I replied. "Why?"

"Well," he returned, "I'm not very confident in that new guy we let in on the expedition. He's kinda nervous and jumpy. We'd better keep an eye on him 'cause to me he don't look like a nice fella."

And with a grunt he left the room.

At 11:30 we got down to the dock where the boat for South Africa was preparing for its voyage.

"There she is," I murmured. "What a beaut."

"Come on, you dope," called the taxi driver. "I don't have all day, you know. Take your luggage and get outta here."

I ran up the gangplank, where I was met by an elegantly dressed porter, who showed me, amidst smiles and bows, the way to my stateroom.

I sat there for a while, but then I decided to go out and explore the ship. As I walked about the ship I thought about what Dr. Alberts had said. "We'd better keep an eye on him, 'cause to me he don't look like a nice fella." That was true, even though I didn't like to think about it. There was some fishy air about him that made him seem like a crook.

Suddenly I realized the ship had pulled away from the dock and was puffing up the harbor. I continued about the ship and then returned to my room.

As I lay there, staring at the ceiling, I thought about our adventure to come in the jungle. I remembered how I got here. As I remembered it, leaving out a few unnecessary details, it ran as follows:

I was sitting one evening reading the *New York Times* which I had forgotten in the morning, when the phone rang. My son David answered it and said, "It's for you, Daddy." I laid down the paper with a sigh and went to answer it.

A voice from the other end said, "Paul, I would like you to come to New York immediately for an interview. I can't tell you what about just yet." And he hung up. I went to tell my wife about it, and she wasn't very pleased.

"Oh Paul!" she exclaimed. "I really don't think you should go. That man didn't even give his name."

We had a long argument, but finally I persuaded her to let me go. (Arguments between us generally ended in my favor.)

So, next day, I left for New York. When I got to the office described by the "voice on the telephone," I was greeted by a pretty secretary and let into the room where a big

husky man sat. Even for all his size he stood up and shook hands with me warmly. We sat down and talked.

"I'm head forest ranger of the New York State Forest," he finally replied. "Make yourself at home."

"Why did you want me, sir?" I asked. (I added that "sir" because the New York State Forest was the biggest forest in the East, and to be head ranger was some honor.)

"Well," he replied, "as you may know already, our zoos don't have as many animals as we would like. Therefore," (and he paused), "I would like you to lead a party to South Africa to hunt for more animals. Knowing how good you are with animals as well as with other people, I'm sure you will do a good job."

"Y-y-y-e-e-es, sir." I gulped. "I -- sure."

Then the pretty secretary came in and opened the door for me, but I didn't stop to admire her as I walked out into the daylight.

Suddenly the boat lurched, and I woke up out of my daydream and realized I was hungry. I opened my door, and slowly walked into the dining room. I sat down at a two-seated table, and stared at a menu which a steward hurriedly furnished. As I waited for my food to come, I became aware that someone had sat down beside me. I looked up, and could hardly believe what I saw! It was that new guy who was going with us! Yes, the guy Dr.

Alberts wasn't sure of. The guy no one was sure of! Yes, it was he all right.

"Hello," I offered. "Anything new today? I hear you're coming with us. We're glad to have you."

"Thanks," he replied.

I was shocked, because I thought he wouldn't talk. But as the meal went on, we had a very pleasant chat, and he acted like a very secure man, and I had no fear of him. Even though I didn't get any information as to his employment, I managed to find out his name. He said I could call him Phil. (His first name was so long it would take me three glasses of water to continue it. It began with something like "Philemon Edgar Bandes" and so forth.)

Finally, he finished his meal, and said he was going to his room to take a nap, so I decided to also. And without another word we departed.

As I walked to my room I thought about him. Could he be trusted? I thought so. With a yawn, I fell asleep.

When I woke up it was morning. I must have slept a pretty long time, I thought. I went up on deck and saw we were near our destination. I asked a porter how far off we were and he said we had only about an hour before coming to dock. I hurried off to tell Phil to start packing, and then packed my own luggage. Finally we pulled in.

Phil and I got off the boat, and went ashore. Then we got in a

jeep, which took us to the jungle. Next, we fixed ourselves some lunch, and then went off for the animals.

When we got home at about dusk, I found one of the men missing. Then I noticed another thing; Phil was nowhere around!

All night I lay in my sleeping bag wondering what had become of Phil and the other man. Phil hadn't been around for mess duty or dinner, as well as lights out. I couldn't figure it out. Just as I thought I would go crazy, I heard a weird, horrible shriek coming from somewhere in the jungle. I jumped out of bed and grabbed my gun, and ran in the direction from where the shriek came. After about a half hour of racing through the jungle, I came

upon a sight I never want to see again. There in the moonlight lay a dead body with blood gushing out of its heart like a fountain. Then I saw another man standing over the body with a knife in his clenched hand. It was Phil.

I lay flat in the bushes and aimed my gun at Phil. It was hard to do—but I squeezed the trigger. The bullet found its mark, and Phil fell over without a sound. When I looked down at him he was dead.

As I stood over him I thought of something my father used to say: "Never overestimate the sincerity of a man."

In spite of all this, many people have said of me at hearing the tale.

"Could he be the crazy one?"

BOOKS

By ROBERT HOLT (I)

Books are fun to read,
With pictures, jokes, and all.
They tell about adventures,
And some tell of St. Paul.

Some are of Daniel Boone,
Or some of flowers and thistles;
And some of ants and bees,
Or of our Nation's missiles.

My favorite kind of book
Is a book with a mystery;
But I also like the kind
That tells about the sea.

Because there aren't commercials
In the books that I enjoy,
I read without disturbance,
So I'm a happy boy.

EDDIE RICKETYBACK OVER GERMANY

By MATTHEW YOUNG (IV)

"Mein Fuhrer!"

"Vot iss it dat you vant now, Hans?"

"Iss urgent message, mein Fuhrer! Dat Prasadant Rossenbelt of Hamerica iss sandink Eddie Ricketyback and a group of flyers over here!"

"Ach! Mein Gott! Vat von't dey tink of next! Da whole country iss baffled by Moose-vat-effer-hiss-name-iss in Italy and Rossenbelt has to sand dat domb Eddie Ricketyback over to us!"

"Vell, mein Fuhrer, vat are you going to do abot dis?"

"I'm going to bad; I don't feel so goot."

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HANGAR:

"Come on, Ricketyback; we don't got all day for you. The plane is ready and your copilot is in the cockpit. What is hampering you?"

"My dog is afraid of the clamor the plane makes when it takes off and I can't get him to stop cowering in a corner every time we leave."

"I'm sorry about the dog, Ricketyback, but you are due in Germany exactly five and one-half minutes ago."

Eddie Ricketyback stalked over to the plane, mumbling in garbled speech.

Later on, in Germany, Eddie Ricketyback had the terrible misfortune to find that the chewing gum which was holding the wings on was coming loose.

"So I die like a hero," were what he thought were his last words, and he plummeted to earth where his plane crashed into the Black Cross Hospital for Prisoners of War.

Later on, in the dictator's living room Hans talks to the Fuhrer.

"Guess vot, mein Fuhrer! Dat Eddie Ricketyback crashed, and now he iss in da Black Cross Hospital for Prisoners off War swathed in band-aches! Aren't you glat?"

"Yas, I'm jumpink mit joy, you domb not! Eddie Ricketyback crashed all right, but he is not in da Black Cross Hospital because dere iss no Black Cross Hospital any more. Dot's where Ricketyback crashed and he iss now in da boat to Hammerica! You expect me to be glat. When my Empire should be rising to power it iss dvindlink away, and you want me to be glat. Mein Got! Da Empire iss in smoldering ruins, Hans. Go away and leaf me in peace, I don't feel so goot, Hans."

"GUNG-HO-OH NO"

By SCOTT REID (IV)

"Oh no!" An ear-racking yell resounded across the small island. It was the colonel. He stood in the doorway with an army telegram in his hand.

It was a small camp on a tiny atoll. On it was an airport, a stopping-off place for fighter planes on their way to Australia. The men here led quiet, peaceful lives. There were no loud sounds except for an occasional plane. The colonel's yell aroused the men's suspicions. Private Williams looked at Private Bonus and said in a baffled voice:

"What was that, Bonus?"

Bonus answered, "Probably your stomach, you lug."

"No, I'm not kidding. It sounded like the Old Man. Must be something awfully important to get a clamor like that."

"Yeah."

What Colonel Rice held in his hand was orders to move to the front lines. The colonel knew that his men would not like this, so he decided to have it spread through the camp gently and slowly. He beckoned to Greasy, the telegraph operator, and to Lieutenant Jones.

"Spread this news to the men whom we can trust not to tell the others."

They answered in unison, "Yes, sir."

Both men hurried out. Greasy went to the airfield while Jones went to officers' mess. At that time the runway was being lengthened. Greasy called to Kilkaid, the master sergeant, who was leading a work detail:

"How about a cigarette, sarge?"

"Sure thing, Grease."

"You know those new orders the colonel received? Well, they were to move to the front."

The smile on the sergeant's face dwindled to a small frown. He said:

"No. How could they do this to us, Grease?"

"Well, they did! Will you tell these men about it?"

"Sure."

Jones met O'Malley in the doorway. O'Malley remarked: "Well, Jones, looks like I'll be leaving this --- island for good. Here are my transfer papers."

"I'm sorry, old man, but we're moving to the front," replied Jones.

"No! How could they do this to me, Jones?"

"Well, they did, and that's that."

By the next morning the news had gotten around the camp. Many of the men were occupying themselves with the thought of leaving their happy island, while others started to accrue shells and coconuts to send back home. Private Manning said to Private Duke:

"I can't bear the thought of leaving this place. Our sojourn here has been so nice."

Private Duke answered, "Are you crazy? This place is awful."

The last men on the island to find out were Privates Williams and Bonus. Both had been on a late work detail and had slept through the day. Sergeant Smith came in and woke Williams.

"Hey, Cholly, we're moving out."

"No, how can they do this to me?"

"Well, they did, and that's that."

Williams went over to Bonus's bed and woke him.

"Sam, we're moving out."

Just then the colonel passed by the bunkhouse. Bonus looked at Williams and yelled, "Oh no!" The ear-racking yell resounded across the small island.

The sun smoldered in the west, but nothing hampered the silence on that little atoll.

LOOKING AT THE SEA

By PETER ENO (III)

The waves pound upon the rocks,
Spitting out spray.
Our boat dips in the mountainous
swells,
On the rocking waves.

The Blackback Gull and Arctic Tern
Settle on the tide.
Through the many ocean depths
The fish do glide.

At night the bright ocean
Reflects with colors many;
It blends with the sunset
Shining with all its beauty.

The ocean is so beautiful,
A world full of wonders,
The place where I often go,
Where mighty waves thunder.

This world of joy and beauty,
Especially for me,
Stands out above all other things,
The great, wonderful sea.

T O P S Y

By WILLIAM RING (V)

The car rolled up slowly in front of Joe's speakeasy. I was hidden between two garbage cans directly across the street. The driver of the car got out and walked in. Then the car sped off into an alley and stopped. I ran into the bar. Soon after me, some gangsters followed.

I checked my coat and hat and slouched up to the bar. Eventually I ordered a drink. Suddenly there came a loud bellow from a corner! I glanced in that direction and found that one of the gangsters was angry at the way his drink was served. Immediately he kicked the table and it fell over. He shouted, "What kinda stuff is this? I want somethin' good!" Subsequently he stormed out, and I heard his car screech away. I hopped off the stool and left, with my coat over my shoulder and my hat in my mouth, running.

"Topsy," as I called him, was on his way to a hotel room at the Villa Bellevue. Yes sir, Chicago was a big town, but not big enough for Topsy. The Villa Bellevue, on the South Side, was a ramshackle joint, not good enough for Topsy. His gang gave the Bellevue a going-away present. He wrecked the place . . . machine guns, pistols, knives and fire! The whole works!

With charred bodies lying strewn all over, Topsy and his gang left to terrorize the East Side. This was

going to be tough, for like Topsy, there were others who were big wheels and who wanted to know Chicago "like the back of their hands." Topsy, however, was different. He was quiet and small and very rich. Not a snob, Topsy! He used his money for the gang: guns, boys, cars, connections, dope payments and finally, his wife. "Mrs. Topsy" didn't mind this, though. She was all for the gang. Even more so, she hated cops.

One evening, on the East Side, I stopped in an attractive building. Closing the door, I smelled liquor. It was a night club. I heard the soft, faint tones of the trumpet coming from the room at the end of the hall. As I pushed the door open, I noticed a small, quiet man in a corner. It was Topsy. What was he doing here? I looked around some more. He was the only one there from his gang. It looked as though Topsy liked this place. Yep! This was the spot for Topsy; nice atmosphere, bar, music and on the East Side. That's what mattered. Topsy was planning a raid on a Federal Reserve Bank on the West Side. This was the hardest job he'd ever pulled. Cops were all over the place.

In two hours, a fantastic crime would be attempted. Just two hours for ten men to take \$1,000,000.00! Topsy could do it.

At eleven p.m., Saturday, the twenty-fourth of September, 1923, Topsy's gang fled from the scene with cops on their tails. The Surplus Bin had been robbed. Topsy wasn't going to get caught. NO! He wanted to be well known. He tried.

The next morning, I went down

to headquarters to see about a call that had been received during the night. Suddenly, I was called by the chief into a room. I had a short discussion with him about the calls. Then he called me into another room. I opened the door, I saw a small, quiet man sitting on a chair . . . in the gas chamber!

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE

By GILBERT FARR (11)

One summer day, the 18th of August to be exact, the Millstone River overflowed its banks.

Our summer house is about 600 feet from shore. All of a sudden during a bad thunderstorm the bridge over which a car was going collapsed! Splash!! We heard the car falling into the river. All the people in it were drowned! My whole family was alarmed. With that the river overflowed. Water came up over the roads and started seeping into our house. I ran down to the basement and grabbed my eight-year-old brother by the ear and dragged him upstairs. Meanwhile my mother, father and sister

were all bringing food, fresh water, and blankets. I grabbed my diving mask.

By now upstairs was filling up, so we climbed up onto the roof. Quickly thinking of our safety after seeing a police car go under with a policeman in it, I dove down to get the air mattress we bought just one day ago.

After surfacing, I paddled three miles to get to a ferryboat. I got in it, started it up at a speed of twenty miles per hour. Ten minutes later I reached my family and took them back to the dock.

Oh, what good are dreams any way?

A MAN OF UNUSUAL APPEARANCE

By GRAHAM MATHEWS (VI)

The time was late February, 1942, and the setting a small restaurant on the main street of Princeton, New Jersey. I had gone in for an ice cream cone, and sat eating it at the marble top counter. It was a Friday, and as usual the place was filled with young and old alike. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed a man of unusual appearance enter and take a seat at one of the few tables available. His arms were full of books, and as he shed his coat he dropped them gently on the table. His hair was white and thickly covered his head. He was a man of age, for his face was pierced by tiny lines. His eyes were set deeply into their sockets, and were covered by a pair of glasses that sat almost on the tip of his nose. A thick wiry and grayish mustache covered his upper lip, and grew so close to his nose it seemed that he would sneeze at any moment.

It was obvious he cared little for money, for his appearance was far from extravagant. He wore a white shirt closed at the neck and a sweater that buttoned up the front. It was left open, and had undoubtedly seen its best years. He wore a green patch over each elbow, a color that was three shades lighter than the sweater itself. From one of the pockets he pulled a pipe, and handling

it gingerly, he filled it, lit it, and took a puff.

The waitress arrived soon after, but he didn't seem to know she was there. He was bent over his books and papers, his head cocked to adjust to the light.

It was easy to see this man would not fit into a party or social gathering, for he seemed very shy. His mind was always on his books and papers; nothing could distract him—the noise of the people, the clanging of dishes, the music from the “juke-box”. He was also a gentle man, and his voice was soft and foreign. You could see that he could never carry a grudge against anyone. Yet he must be a giant in another way: not socially, nor did his personality make him seem so big, but rather his books and papers. He was obviously an intellectual, and he seemed bigger and greater than any school teacher or professor I had ever met. He was a giant among intellects.

A short while later, he rose from the table, cleared his pipe in the ash tray and started out the door. As he left, I glanced back at the table where a book lay among the coffee cups and empty plates. I walked over, picked it up, opened it, and saw:

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WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

By KEVIN KENNEDY

In the winter term the scholarship was very close, with each color winning a marking period, and the final marking period ending in a tie. This means that the Whites retain a slight lead over the Blues because of their lead last term.

Also this term, the Blues won the athletics. It was close and spirited and was not decided until the skating races.

In hockey, the Whites won. They took the Lower School game 3 to 1. The Varsity was very close, but after two tie games, the weaker Blues fell in overtime, 2 to 1. In the J.V., an undermanned White squad held the Blues to a 0-0 tie.

Basketball, however, was a different story. The Blues captured both Varsity and J.V. The Varsity scores were 27-18 and 34-26, both lopsided victories for the Blues. The J.V. was closer, only decided by a playoff game.

Finally, in a tremendous finish to the term, the Blues won the Skating Races for the first time in many years. It was not decided until the last race, which saw the two color presidents racing to the finish. Samson came home first about 6 inches ahead of Wandelt.

A complete rundown of the races:

- 1st Form Raymond, J. (B), Constable, (B)
- 2nd Form Erdman, F. (W), Rodgers, J. (B)
- 3rd Form Raymond C. (B), Young, J. (W)
- 4th Form Samson, H. (B), Donaldson, E. (W)
- 5th Form Griggs (W), Shew (W)
- 6th Form Samson, C. (B), Wandelt, F. (W)

The selected relay teams were made up of:

- 1, Blues (Raymond, J., Rodgers, J., Raymond, C., Raymond, W., Hagenbuch, Samson, C.); 2, Whites (Keyser, Erdman, F., Young, J., Donaldson, E., Griggs, Wandelt, F.)

The Whites were disqualified on a faulty turn.

The Whites kept their hopes alive by winning the Lower School relay. They were four points behind and had a chance to win. But in the Upper School relay, with a real climax, the Blues ended the Whites' long winning streak in the Skating Races. And so ends another fine, but none too short, winter term.

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ATHLETICS

HOCKEY

By CHARLES SAMSON

Again this year the team finished with an unbeaten, untied season, scoring seventy goals, while holding our opponents to five. Highlights of the campaign were Fraker's twenty-nine goals, Erdman's first P.C.D. penalty, and Raymond's first goal in his first game.

P.C.D. 12

LAWRENCEVILLE 0

This was our first game, and we were not as smooth as we could have been, but they were no match for us. We scored five goals in the first period and seven in the second and third. Fraker put in seven, Wandelt two, Sayen two, and Raymond scored one.

P.C.D. 4

TAFT 2

The first game of the New England trip proved to be the hardest. However, Fraker scored in the first seconds of the game to put us ahead for the rest of the game. Samson scored, giving P.C.D. a 2-0 lead before Taft countered with a goal. Then Wandelt and Fraker both scored to end the scoring for P.C.D. Donaldson, last year's P.C.D. captain, played for Taft.



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P.C.D. 4

KENT 1

Kent had a big team, but they weren't very skilled, and Fraker scored immediately. The rest of the scoring was exactly like the scoring at Taft with one by Samson, one by Wandelt, and the last one by Fraker.

P.C.D. 9

LAWRENCEVILLE 0

In an easy game after the New England trip, we took the lead immediately and finished with two goals by Sayen, two by Shew, two by Kehoe, and one each by Fraker, Wandelt and Hagenbuch.

P.C.D. 12

LAWRENCEVILLE 2

This was a very poorly played game on our part. Lawrenceville took advantage of two mistakes and scored on both. However, our score was still high. Wandelt, Sayen, Kehoe and Erdman scored two goals each, and Raymond, Meredith, Fraker and Hagenbuch scored one goal each.

P.C.D. 12

LAWRENCEVILLE 0

In the last Lawrenceville game of the year, our team was fast and efficient, and we were glad to get another shut-out.

High scorer was Fraker with five goals. Samson, Sayen and Kehoe followed with two goals each, and Meredith scored one.

P.C.D. 10

HILL 0

Hill had a team like Lawrenceville's, except they were faster and gave us more fight.

Fraker scored six, Wandelt two, Raymond one, and Shew scored one.

P.C.D. 7

WISSAHICKON 0

This was our last game and finished our unbeaten season. They had nice ice, and play was fast. The only disappointment was that the game was unnecessarily rough.

Wandelt, Fraker and Kehoe scored two goals each, and Sayen scored one.

The usual starting line-up was as follows:

L.W. —Wandelt
C. —Fraker
R.W. —Kehoe
L.D. —Samson (Capt.)
R.D. —Goheen
G. —Kennedy

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BASKETBALL

By JOHN STRONG

They say you can't be a winner until you've been a loser, and this applies to this year's basketball team. We've learned the bitter taste of defeat, while at the same time, we've developed into better basketball players.

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 28

P.C.D. 26

This was a close game all the way, and we led at haltime, 10 to 6. In the fourth quarter, Bruce Johnson gave us almost the extra effort we needed. John Scheide was top scorer with 7 points.

PEDDIE 35

P.C.D. 25

We played very poorly in the first half of this game. Behind by twenty points when the second half began, we finally decided to play good ball, but it was too late. We scored 22 points while limiting the opposition to only 12. Our leading scorers were Strong with 10 points, and Johnson with 9.



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VALLEY ROAD 38

P.C.D. 28

This game was just the opposite of our previous one. We had a very good first half and trailed 16 to 15. But in the second half we fell completely apart and weren't even in the ball game. Our high scorer was Strong with a meager 8 points.

WARDLAW 46

P.C.D. 38

Again, as before, we showed that we were truly just a one half club. For the first time at the end of the first half we led, 21 to 17. But what looked like a sure win turned out to be a ridiculous defeat. Strong and Scheide were top scorers with 14 and 8 points respectively.

PENNINGTON 50

P.C.D. 39

The team we played in this game was slightly smaller and somewhat faster than we were. Despite this, we trailed at the half, 18 to 15. We probably would have narrowed the deficit considerably, or maybe even have won, had three of our starting players not fouled out. The high scorers were Strong with 17, Scheide with 9, and Armstrong with 8 points.

PEDDIE 45

P.C.D. 31

This was our finest game of the season so far. Playing against a team much taller than we, we made amends for the first poor showing against them. In the first half we outplayed them and were only 6 points behind. But, in the second half their superior shooting was just too much. Strong had 10 points and Armstrong 8 to lead the team.

WITHERSPOON 62

P.C.D. 46

In the first few minutes it looked as though we would finally win, as we took command of the game. But as it progressed, it was entirely different, when Witherspoon took the lead. At the end of the first half we were behind 36 to 28. As the totals indicate, this was a fast-moving, high-scoring game. Strong had 17, Scheide 10, and Armstrong 9.

P.C.D. 52

LAWRENCE JUNIOR HIGH 41

This was our first win of the season, and it was our strongest all-round game up to now. At the end of the half we rested on a two-point lead, but fortunately not on our laurels. We came back with an even stronger second half. It was a good team effort, led by the hot hands of Armstrong with 18, Scheide with 14, Strong with 11, and Simko with 9.



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PENNINGTON 50

P.C.D. 37

It looked as though we had our second win in a row, being ahead at the half, 22 to 15. But suddenly, in the second half we took a nose-dive, which can be partly credited to the fouling out of Scheide and the absence of Simko and Desmond. Johnson with 11, Armstrong with 10, and Strong with 9 led the scorers.

WARDLAW 38

P.C.D. 33

As the score suggests, this was a close game all the way. In fact, with about 2½ minutes remaining, it looked as though we might pull it out. But it was then that Wardlaw put on a late rally to win. Scheide and Armstrong were top scorers with 12 and 10 points, respectively.

WITHERSPOON 62

P.C.D. 41

With the hot hands of Armstrong and Scheide, it looked as though we would end the season the right way, despite their 10 point halftime lead. But a little player for them, named Bullock, sent them ahead to stay in the second half. Armstrong closed out with 17, and Scheide and Strong with 15 apiece.

In a post-season game the basketball team eked out a 33-11 victory over the hockey team before cheering members of the upper School.—ED.

STATISTICS

PLAYER	GAMES PLAYED	POINTS	AVERAGE
Strong	11	125	11.4
Armstrong	11	86	7.8
Scheide	9	83	9.2
Johnson	11	39	3.6
Simko	9	36	4.0
McLoughlin	10	20	2.0
Desmond	9	9	1.0
Edwards	10	6	.6
O'Brien	6	3	.5

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WITH THE ALUMNI

ex-1964

Amos Eno was on the varsity football team at Harvey School, Katonah, N. Y. Although he broke his leg in November, he maintained an 85 average for the first term.

Richard Regan now lives at 830 Amies Lane, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

ex-1963

Copey Coppedge reports that the work is really hard at St. Paul's, Concord, N. H., but that he is "having a great time."

Jim Kilgore is enjoying Lawrenceville. He is in the school band and a member of the skeet club.

Ronny Majarian is attending the Palm Valley School, Palm Springs, Cal. His home address is 786 High Road, Palm Springs.

Phil Sherwood says that he is "doing well enough" at Milton Academy. that the work is hard, and that he likes the school.

Brad Smith and **Warren Baker** have both made the Honor Roll at Andover.

1962

Alan Agle is active at Choate. He played on the All-Star Soccer Team, and also played hockey. He is in the Astronomy Club, Russian Club, French Club, and Ski Club.

Jock Baker played varsity hockey at Groton.

John Gaston played varsity soccer and hockey at Darrow School.

Rhea Goodrich won letters in soccer and wrestling at George School.

Add Hanan is earning good grades at Choate. In addition he has played J.V. soccer and 3-4 hockey.

Dave Johnson is doing well at South Kent in spite of a "rigorous schedule."

Dave Tibbals played varsity hockey at South Kent.

Howard Myers is a member of Griswold House at Lawrenceville. He broke a leg playing house football.

Colie Donaldson made the J. V. hockey team at Taft.

Lewis Perry has come east from Colorado Springs and is enrolled in Dickinson House, Lawrenceville School.

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Peter Skillman made the Honor Roll at Suffield Academy in his first term. He is also on the riflery team.

Griff Strassenburgh played "under 16" football and "under 16" hockey at Ridley College, St. Catherine's, Ontario.

1961

Tom Chubet played J.V. football and varsity hockey at Exeter. Last spring he was also on the varsity golf team.

Randy Hobler played J.V. hockey at Andover.

Ward Jandl was on the Honor Roll at Hotchkiss last year and was manager of varsity baseball.

Gibb Kane played end on the undefeated St. Andrew's School football team. He is also on the squash team and entered the National Junior Squash Tournament at West Point, where he won two matches and lost one.

Regan Kerney played the Ragpicker in Giraudoux' "The Madwoman of Chaillot" at Portsmouth Priory School. He is also on the varsity hockey team.

Peter Kirkpatrick has been elected co-captain of next year's football team at South Kent. He is also playing varsity hockey.

Ward Kuser won a varsity soccer letter at Canterbury and also played basketball. He reports that **Robin Kerney** is doing well in both studies and athletics.

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Bob Leventhal played soccer at Deerfield this fall.

Peter Morse will be captain of next year's soccer team at Portsmouth Priory. He is also on the varsity hockey team.

Dick Reynolds was elected co-captain of the Andover football team for next fall.

John Sheehan was the regional winner in a "Voice of Democracy" contest sponsored by the Department of New Jersey Veterans of Foreign Wars. He was awarded \$75 in bonds and a transistor radio. John also played the comic lead of Lutz in "The Student Prince," put on last month by Notre Dame High School of Trenton.

Lee Smith scored three goals for the J.V. soccer team at Darrow.

Bob Griggs played varsity hockey at Taft, while **Hank Tomlinson** was on the J.V. team, coached by **Lance Odden '54**.

1960

John Brinkerhoff played varsity hockey and is earning high grades at the Hill School.

Bloxy Baker played varsity hockey at St. George's.

Peter Hart has represented St. George's in varsity soccer, hockey, and tennis. He is secretary of the Rifle Club and the Civics Club.

Alex Patton captained the St. George's soccer team and also played varsity hockey. He is a school prefect.

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1959

Steve Cook and **Howard McMorris** played on the Princeton freshman hockey team.

Charley Stuart was first defense and captain of the Dartmouth freshman hockey team.

1958

The following Princeton sophomores have been elected to the following Prospect Street clubs: **Francis Bushnell** (Elm), **Michael Madeira** (Charter), **Mark Munger** and **George Peterson** (Cottage).

Biffy Lea played on the Princeton freshman hockey team.

1957

Pony Fraker won a varsity letter in hockey at Princeton.

Adam Hochschild expects to graduate from Harvard this June, having entered with advanced standing and gone through college in three years.

Dick Rotnem, a Junior at Cornell, was elected to Fessor's Majura and Majura Nolanda, sophomore and junior men's honorary societies. He has also played varsity hockey.

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1956

John Cook, finishing a three-year stint on the Princeton hockey team, broke the University's all-time scoring record with 132 points. He received the Blackwell Trophy, awarded to the member of the team who "in play, sportsmanship and influence has contributed most to the sport."

Roger Kirkpatrick is on the Dean's List and a member of the Senior Cabinet at the University of Colorado. He has played two years of varsity tennis and two years of varsity soccer.

Hugh ("Duke") Sloan won his varsity letter in hockey at Princeton, where he was second-string goalie.

David Smoyer, goalie on the Dartmouth soccer team, topped a great record by being named goalie on the 1962 All-American team. He is also captain of the Dartmouth squash and tennis teams.

1952

Peter Bauer finished two years of teaching at the Submarine School, Groton, Conn., in July. He is now working at Escher-Wyss, Zurich, Switzerland, as a trainee for one year.

Mr. and Mrs. **Lawrence Griggs** are the parents of a son, Barklie Kennan Griggs, who was born on December 3, 1962. Their other son, Brandon, is nearly three years old.

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Hugh Fairman was married to Ann Larter Marshall, of Summit, N. J., on February 9. They expect to live in the Chicago area beginning in April.

1949

John H. D'Arms is Director of the Tufts Classical Year Abroad at the Villa Vergiliana near Naples, Italy. He plans to return to the Harvard Graduate School in 1963-64.

1948

Charles Bray expects to return home from the Philippines in April. Thereupon (according to a note in the Princeton Alumni Weekly) he and his wife will be off to Bangui, Central African Republic, 1100 miles up the Congo River, where he will be Political Economic Consular Officer at the U. S. Embassy.

George H. Brown, Jr., is doing graduate work in electrical engineering at Ohio State University.

Reverend and Mrs. **Hugh K. Wright, Jr.**, who are at Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass., have a new daughter, Rebecca, born on September 12, 1962.

1947

Dr. Paul Roediger has completed a residency in internal medicine and is now practicing at Keith and Highland Avenues, Abington, Pa.

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1946

Brandon Hart is a second-year resident in ophthalmology at Temple University Hospital, Philadelphia.

Grenville H. Paynter and Mrs. Sally Gooch Tehan were married on December 8, 1962, in New York City. Gren is an officer of the Chemical Bank New York Trust Company.

1945

Reverend **Ledlie I. Laughlin, Jr.**, has been named dean of Trinity Cathedral, Newark. He has been serving as associate priest at Grace Episcopal Church, Jersey City.

1944

Charles E. Stokes, III, has been appointed chairman of Year Round Fund-raising for the Trenton Area Chapter of the American Red Cross. He is treasurer of the Home Rubber Company in Trenton.

1943

Dean W. Mathey is working for the Eastern Lawn Tennis Association, 30 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Roy Welch has been appointed Director of Development at Kendall College. He is also active in the United Fund Campaign in Evanston, Illinois, as head of the schools' division.

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1942

Mel Dickenson, Jr., of the Princeton firm of Sturhahn, Dickenson and Bernard, Inc., has four children: Mel, aged 11; Anne and Sally, aged 9 and 8, and Julia, who was born on February 19, 1962.

1941

Stevenson Flemer, of 2116 North Sedgwick Street, Chicago 14, Illinois, has a recent son—Stevenson Flemer, Jr., born in November, 1962.

David Hart is teaching social anthropology, rural ethnography, and French at the Institut de Sociologie in Rabat, Morocco. His latest address is Maison Affaqui, Temara (Route de Casablanca), Morocco.

1936

Philip Paris, an oil geologist who has worked in many foreign countries, is now with Tennessee Sierra Leone, Inc., in West Africa.

1935

Thomas J. Wertenbaker, Jr., English teacher and Student Council advisor at the Hun School, contributed an article on William Faulkner to the December issue of "College English."

1934

Professor **James I. Armstrong** of the Classics Department at Princeton University, was selected in March to be the next President of Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont. He will take office in September.

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