

Vol. XXXV, No. 3

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

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JUNE, 1963

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JUNE 1963

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## HAIL TO THE CHIEF

Princeton Country Day School has always had a tradition of winning and it has usually done just that. But in the past few years the faculty and the fathers have begun to overcome that tradition and to win for themselves. These sports victories have not been luck; they are mainly the result of a short, athletic-looking person who is always seen guarding a goal or some plate when the Fathers-Sons Hockey and Baseball games come around each year.

This man, Peter F. Rothermel, is more than just the headmaster of Princeton Country Day. He is a man whose main interest is in boys and their education, in both the classrooms and on the playing fields. In the five years he has been in Princeton, he has made P.C.D. a better school. He has

done much for the new Princeton Day Schools, as he frequently has to sit for endless hours with the architects of the new school mulling over the plans and making sure everything is perfect.

Mr. Rothermel has made many advances in school life at Princeton Country Day, of which the most meaningful is the close association with the student body itself. It was through his efforts that the Student Council was created for he felt that it was important for the boys themselves to participate in the running of the school.

All the boys at Princeton Country Day School are sorry to see Mr. Rothermel leave but we also wish him the best of luck and congratulate Marin Country Day School on its good fortune to have Mr. Rothermel as its headmaster.

---

### THE STUDENT COUNCIL

This year's Student Council has been relatively quiet. This was due to a few reasons, but luckily the main one was that the school ran so smoothly. Another reason was that when a problem arose, the boys connected with it would take action themselves. This positive thinking is tremendous and shows that many boys are conscious of the surrounding problems and then they try to straighten them out.

The main project of the Student Council this year was the collection of the money for a gift to Mr. Rothermel. By our total participation we hope that we showed Mr. Rothermel how grateful we are for the work that he has done both here at P.C.D. and for the new school, P.D.S.

The Fifth and Sixth Form dance was held this year on June 8 after being discontinued a few years ago. We hope that the Forms to come will continue with it.

Stephen Goheen, *President*

---

## MEETING THE KING OF NORWAY

by RICHARD HENRY (III)

My father, mother, brother, and I went to Europe last year. Dad said that he wanted to show Harold (my brother) and me what Europe looks like and to teach us the ways and manners of other people.

We visited Italy, Greece, Lichtenstein, Germany, Denmark, Norway, England, and Ireland.

By some chance, Dad knew the king of Norway. When Dad was going to Oxford University in the earlier days of his life, the king was in his class. When the king found out that we were passing through Norway last year, he invited all of us to dinner. When Dad told Harold and me, we shivered in our boots at the thought of meeting a person of high rank and importance, with our measly manners.

Finally the dreaded night came. We dressed up in our best suits. The instructions for meeting the king politely were for Mom to curtsy and for Harold and me to bow and say:

"How do you do, Your Majesty?"

Dad, of course, had the privilege of saying anything as long as it had the general idea of, "Hello, how are you after all these years?"

A private taxi came to pick us up at our hotel. Mom and Dad talked a little in the taxi, but Harold and I sat nearly silent, thinking how terri-

ble it would be if we said the wrong thing. Occasionally, though, we would say something about how beautiful Norway was or check up again on what to say and what not to say.

Then we arrived. The taxi driver drove us through some guarded gates and high walls to the front door of the king's house. I was so nervous then that I have now forgotten completely what the outside of the house looked like.

We all got out of the car. A man whose shirt was covered with medals met us at the door. I was just about to shake hands and say: "How do you do?", when I realized that he was the butler. The real king came out of the house and met Dad. After that, I goofed everything up. It was my turn to shake hands. I thought that he was another butler, because of his rather informal suit. I mumbled, "Hello."

Harold did almost as badly. Mom wasn't sure whether this was the king or not, but she did her part anyway. I lost my confidence completely. When we met the two princesses, I barely had the energy to say hello.

Supper came at last. I was pretty hungry, so I didn't mind. The first course was lobster. I am allergic to

lobster, so I didn't eat it. Next came roast beef and, as I remember it, potatoes. I tried to use my table manners as much as possible. I forget what the dessert was. Dinner ended, I began to get pretty tired. The king and princesses got some chairs for us. They were very nice to us and offered to bring us some chocolates. I got one which had li-

quor in it, and I didn't like it. When nobody was looking, I jammed it into my pocket. The pocket is stuck together to this day with the liquor.

I can't remember much after that. We said our goodbyes better than we said hellos. I can remember climbing into bed with a terrible feeling that we would be driven from Norway in disgrace.

---

## THINKING

By MARK O'DONOGHUE (IV)

It's that undesirable being that  
Confronts us throughout life.  
It's that necessary pastime which  
Keeps us free of strife.

It's that humiliating, aggravating  
Task we all despise.  
It's that wholesome, golden playtime—  
Enjoyable, no matter what our size.

It's that frightful experience when  
We see us as we are.  
It's that dreamland where we conquer lands  
And wish upon a star.

It's that lifelong companion that  
Opens all that's gold.  
It's that precious gift whose value  
Is most difficult—most difficult—  
Most difficult to behold.

---

## SENT BY THE DEVIL

By MATTHEW YOUNG (IV)

Joshua Fitzsimmons was a very superstitious Negro. He was fifty-two or maybe three and had very dark skin, almost black. Like most of his friends and relations, he was very powerful and could lick most men in a good fight. He and his fellow slaves were happy on the plantation because they were treated fairly and were given two hours completely off on Sundays so that they could go to a small outdoor chapel built especially for them. The owner and his family went into town, the foremen staying on the plantation.

Joshua was a good worker and a conscientious man and, although he did not know it, he was to be made an assistant to the three foremen. He was to more or less govern the small village which housed the slaves. The village had a dirt path running to the mansion and another to the fields in which the slaves worked. The foremen lived in a bunkhouse situated between the two roads about fifty yards away from where they connected before entering the Negroes' village. The slaves worked from seven A.M. to eight P.M. and were given three quarters of an hour at noon to eat and take a rest or work in the little vegetable garden behind each house. Once every two weeks the owner would hold a meeting in the mansion garden to discuss the progress of work

in the fields, and to discuss outstanding workers for recommendation to certain positions of authority — the highest being assistant to the foremen.

Joshua was sitting outside his house on a summer evening smoking his corncob pipe, which he made himself, and talking to a few of the other older men. He could hear Joe Riley's wife singing while she fed her two children, and down the path John Brooks was whittling a piece of wood. Across the path and a few huts down, a group of young people were enjoying the fresh air and talking in low tones.

Suddenly a clatter of hooves was heard on the path from the fields and John Brooks jumped up and whirled around. He was nearest to the intersection and saw one of the foremen come out of the bunkhouse; he had heard the horses too, and now a gunshot rang out. The foreman gave a yelp of pain and tumbled onto the grass. Around the bend toward the village, at full speed rode fourteen hooded men with guns at their sides.

John Brooks made a dive for his house and fell at the doorway. He picked himself up and dashed into the house, as a spattering of bullets followed him.

Two of the younger men yelled "Ghosts" and ran for the safety of the huts. Joshua and the older men

were nearer, and one of them dropped into the dust as a bullet hit him. Another was hit in the arm, but he and the rest made it into Joshua's hut.

Joe Riley's wife screamed and bolted the door. Then the other two foremen appeared along with the owner. The hooded men were penned in, because on the other side of the village there was a maze of pine trees into which the horses refused to go. One of the foremen fired his pistol, and one of the men dropped off his horse. As he fell, his hood came off and Joshua saw that he was not a ghost or anything of that sort, but a regular man.

Fear gave way to anger and Joshua leapt into the street, his huge form shaking in the moonlight. He realized now that these men in hoods were out to get his people, the Negroes, and he hated them intensely for this.

Joshua picked up a rock and threw it with all his force at the lead man. The hooded figure gave a cry of pain as the rock struck his forehead. He slowly loosened his grip on the

horse's bridle and slipped onto the road, knocked unconscious.

While the men's attention was turned to Joshua, Joe Riley, whose house was closest to the pine forest, slipped out of the back of his house and made his way into the pines. From there he heaved stones into the middle of the group of hooded figures. The two foremen and the owner kept firing into the group, and they fired back. Then one of the hooded figures yelled something and the men thundered down the path toward the intersection. The foremen and the owner dashed to safety on the side of the road, but Joshua stood his ground. With an agile leap he jumped onto the lead man and pounded his huge fist against his enemy's skull. A shot was fired, and two men fell to the ground, one with the mark of a huge fist in his temple, the other with a bullet through his chest.

Eleven hooded figures rode off in the darkness, and the moonlight once again shone peacefully on the earth, but this time lighting six prone figures, lying still on the damp ground.

---

## WINTER DELIGHT

By GEORGE KELLEHER (IV)

A thousand snowflakes in the air,  
The street lights make them dance.  
Reflected lights from everywhere,  
Confuse my dazzled glance.

I love to wander in the night,  
Where sidewalks seem to glisten.  
Inside the world is gay and bright,  
But stars alone can listen.

---



## DEATH AT THE LAKE PARTY

By KEVIN KENNEDY (VI)

It was a warm spring night in the small college town. The air was thick with excitement, an excitement bred of spring in a men's school, a big weekend, girls, and just being alive. It was something catching, something spontaneous.

I was walking through the campus with a friend. We, too, could sense the spirit. Along we walked, talking and laughing, joining in the mood, and easily passing for students. We could see the crowd heading toward the freshman lake party, which seemed to be drawing more than just freshmen. However, we veered off toward the art gallery.

Suddenly the air was cold. Still we could hear the shouts, but they seemed far away. There was a thick, silent, uncomfortable atmosphere. A cloud drifted over the moon, making the street lights the only things visible. It was pitch black and the skeleton of the new architecture building had a spooky effect on us.

The darkness of the night began to worry both my friend and me. Our conversation had stopped and we hurried along the sidewalk. I thought of all the horrible stories I had heard and movies I had seen. However, as we neared the last street light, I was relieved. The house was only a hundred feet away. It was completely dark, and it looked very imposing. We started to run up the driveway, but all of a sudden, we

were frozen in our tracks. There was a terrible scream right in front of us. By the dim light of the street light, I could see a tall dark man, dressed completely in black. He had a dashing smile, and a short black mustache. On the ground beside him was a very beautiful young girl, who appeared to be dead.

I turned to flee. I heard my friend scream, too. Then I heard footsteps behind me. I ran by the chapel, and the footsteps followed. Then, down to the library. I had seen no one. I turned toward the lake. Down toward the lake I ran, with those pattering footsteps following. Still, there was no one in sight.

Panting, I arrived at the site of the lake party. It was deserted. The blankets and beer trucks were there and so was the band-stand complete with electric guitars, but no people. I called and screamed. Silence. It was deserted. The arc lights blared light over the whole area, but no one was in sight. I decided to meet my adversary.

Warily, he advanced. He had a razor-sharp blade. His teeth sparkled and he had a sinister grin. Then he cackled with laughter. Panicking, I began to turn and run. But a swarthy hand caught my shoulder and I could feel the cold steel dig at my throat. I fought back fiercely, but . . .

I turned around. There were people all over. A crazy band called the



Rockin' Amadons was screaming and shouting. Huge lines had formed at the beer trucks. Couples were all over, making up for the long winter hibernation of the students.

It was unbelievable. I was sweating and still scared, but there was

no man in black in sight. No swarthy Latins. Just students yelling, screaming and blowing off steam. It was something spontaneous. I have no will power. I forget about everything and ran after a lone girl to join the line for the beer trucks.

---

## THE FIRST DAY OF TROUT SEASON

*from a Trout's Point of View*

By CHARLES KATZENBACH (V)

Our hero, a rainbow trout named Herman, swam in a small, calm pool surrounded by large arching trees. As he glided through the clear water of his pool early one morning, he saw the usual early morning shadows, but there were many shadows which he had never seen before. The shadows moved along the edge of his pool like deer, but they didn't stoop to drink. Herman shrugged this off, for they seemed of little importance to him compared with his search for food.

Before Herman knew what happened, bombs dropped all around him; the glass-like surface was shattered, and waves broke on the shore. It seemed as if a flash thunderstorm had struck, and the rain was hitting the surface. If this wasn't enough, worms were falling around him. He headed for the nearest rock to get away from the bombardment. Fishing season had begun!

After a while Herman got enough courage to come out from under his

rock to see what had happened. There were worms, which were wrapped around sharply pointed spears, and were fighting to get loose from their tormentors. Worms nearly covered the floor of the pool. Huge silver flashing objects glided through the water. From the distance a red beer can floated down. A large gaudy fly of a type Herman had never seen before came bouncing along the bottom in front of him, stirring up large clouds of mud as it sped by. Herman noticed that on the end of these objects sharp spears glistened, relating dangerous intentions.

A large splash behind him brought him from fascination at the "battle scene." A heavy boot came speeding down toward him. Some fisherman was trying to trample poor Herman. He darted out just in time to get away from the rubber pile driver. He speeded back to his rock, not to come out until night and peace came back to his pool.

## THE MONSTER-BOUND WORLD

By BROOKE ROBERTS (II)

It all started when a man named Thomas P. Haggle-shnitz of Tod, New Mexico, was looking through a new microscope. It was a funny looking microscope, because it had four square lenses of high power.

He looked at a drop of water with it. To his amazement the bacteria grew larger and larger! Then Mr. Haggle-shnitz went to get some of his friends to see the microscope. But when he got back, the microscope, through some unknown force, had melted into nothingness. His friends left him bewildered in his laboratory.

Soon he was making another microscope, which, when it was completed, was twice as powerful as the first one. Quickly he hurried away to get Mr. Emits, who he knew would be home. When Mr. Haggle-shnitz left him peering through the new microscope, Mr. Emits had an amazed look on his face.

As Mr. Haggle-shnitz was leaving, he heard a terrible scream from the lab. He came back in time to see a slimy tentacle pulling Mr. Emits through the microscope.

Mr. Haggle-shnitz was alone in the lab now with questions in his mind. "How had it happened? What had done it? How had the first microscope melted? What was the unknown force that was doing this?

Or was it black magic? Maybe it was a dream. No! It couldn't be!" were some of his thoughts.

When he gained his senses, he called the sheriff, who came immediately. Soon there was a big crowd around Mr. Haggle-Shnitz's house. Mr. Haggle-shnitz warned the sheriff not to look through the microscope. But he did. I guess he had to. But as he did so, a giant eye peered out and shot a beam at the sheriff, which disintegrated him completely!

All the people ran away screaming at the sight of this, all except the man who created it—Mr. Haggle-shnitz. Again questions were in his mind. "What if I could get control of these monsters? If there was a machine that could help me, I could control the world."

At once he set to work to build a machine that could help him. Finally he had finished it. "But what if it doesn't work?" he thought. "I must experiment with smaller things! But that will be easy. I will just build a smaller microscope."

When the smaller microscope was completed, he twisted the dial on the control device. Soon a very small monster came out of the microscope. Mr. Haggle-shnitz, through his control box, told the little monster to destroy a small steel block on the

floor. The monster obeyed immediately, and destroyed the steel block by means of a beam which he shot out of his eye. Then Mr. Haggleshnitz ordered the creature to make a hole in a piece of wood. The monster ran over to the piece of wood, "Now that I am able to control the monsters I can control the world!" thought Mr. Haggleshnitz.

The next morning the whole town

came to Mr. Haggleshnitz's house. But none of them lived a minute longer; Mr. Haggleshnitz sent the monsters after them.

• • •

Now, I can remember five years ago when the world was free, but the world will never be free again, because Mr. Haggleshnitz is still alive, and he is still controlling his monsters.

---

## THE PILGRIM

By CHRISTOPHER LAUGHLIN (IV)

It rolls along in the breeze,  
Fairy seedling, roll along with great ease!  
It tumbles and tosses,  
No fear if it hits;  
The soft white quills  
Will  
Fend off silently.  
Without a slight stir, they will.

It is seeking a homeland;  
A place to root.  
Hoping that someday it  
Will let fling many a soft little fairy.  
Roll along in the breeze;  
Roll along with great ease.

---

## THE FARMER

By CHIP CRUICE

The farmer does not like to talk—  
He works and works from dawn to dark  
To milk the cows down in the barn  
And feed the horses on the farm.

All day he's as busy as can be  
And never stops to play with me.  
He sows the crops and feeds his friends  
And for all of this on God depends.

---

## LATIN

By LINCOLN KERNEY (IV)

Latin is a hard subject,  
And to take it, I object.  
All the rules and regulations,  
Make me wonder with mystification  
What could be its applications?

All the cases and declensions  
Really keep me in suspensions.  
What would happen should I meet  
A neuter gender on the street?  
And so I wonder, was I right  
To take Latin without a fight?

---

## DEATH CELL

By AUBREY HUSTON (V)

It was a normal Saturday night at the Jones home. Jimmy and Mr. and Mrs. Jones were watching television. Sarah Jones, the five year old daughter, was upstairs asleep. Mr. Jones was feeling very happy, for the family's fallout shelter had just been completed. Even though it had cost him a good deal of money, Mr. Jones felt the fallout shelter was worth it.

After the last T.V. show the family had planned to go to bed, but the program was interrupted by an announcer. He told quickly of a nuclear attack that had just been launched towards the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Jones put the children in the shelter. Then they started to gather extra food and water. They also grabbed all the clothes they could. In fifteen minutes they were ready.

Mr. Jones thought of how the the neighbors had laughed at him for building the shelter, but he knew how much they would want to share the shelter if there was ever an attack. That was the reason for putting an iron gate ten feet from the lead shelter door. Mr. Jones thought

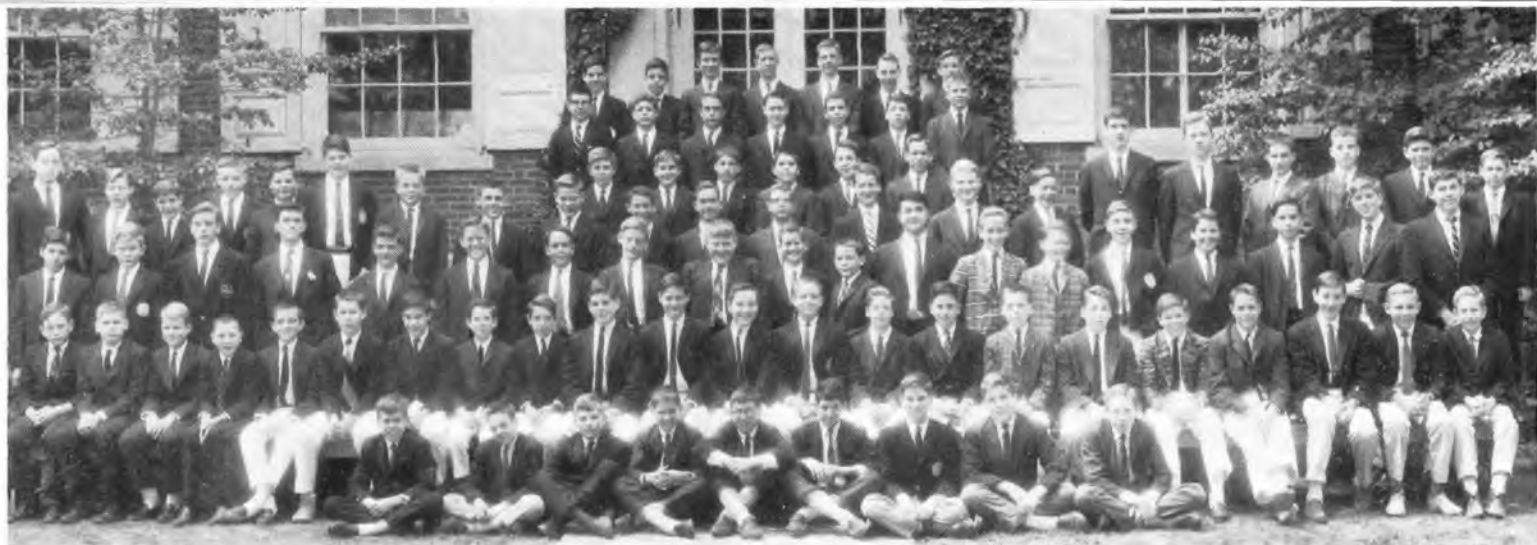
of how the children played jail between the two doors. One of Jimmy's friends had called it the death cell. He thought of how lucky he was to have stocked the shelter before it was finished. He thought of how lucky he was to have gotten the best equipment.

Just then he was interrupted by his wife, "Dear! I forgot the big jug of water!"

"I'll get it," he said.

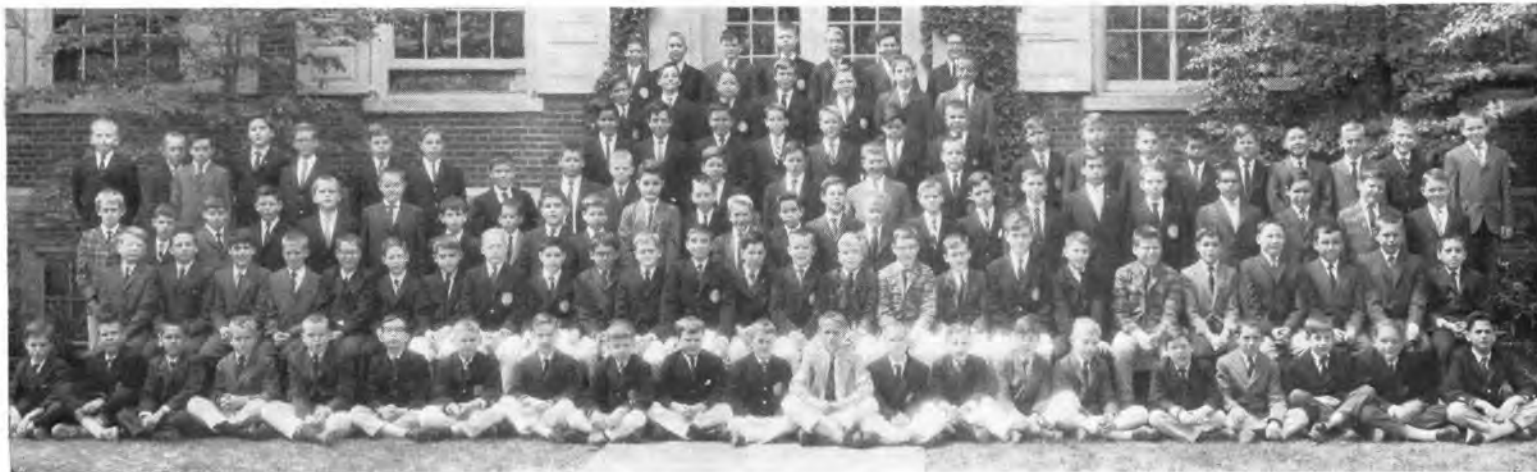
He unlocked the lead door, went out, locked it, and unlocked the gate, but he left it open. He went to the kitchen counter where the water was. He put the keys down and then he picked up the jug. He carried the water to the cell and put the jug down. He turned and shut the gate. He put the catch on lock position. Now it could only be opened by the keys in his pocket. Then he remembered. The keys were in the kitchen.

He grabbed the gate and pushed and pulled. He tried to open the lead door, and he screamed and yelled to no avail, for he was in his death cell.



THE UPPER SCHOOL

THE LOWER SCHOOL



---

## HONOR ROLL

SECOND TERM, 1962-1963

### FIRST HONOR ROLL

90-100%

David Blair  
Nathaniel Hutner  
Geoffrey Johnson  
William Lau  
Roy Meredith  
Mark O'Donoghue  
Brent Vine  
Stephen Vine

### SECOND HONOR ROLL

85-89%

David Andrews  
Hale Andrews  
Robert Bayer  
Thomas Berger  
George Brinkerhoff  
William Edwards  
Richard Henry  
Robert Holt  
Alexander Johnson  
Richard Kendall  
Michael Levenson  
Jonathan Linker  
Kevin McCarthy  
Benjamin Reeve  
Christopher Reeve  
John Ritchie  
Donald Woodbridge  
James Young

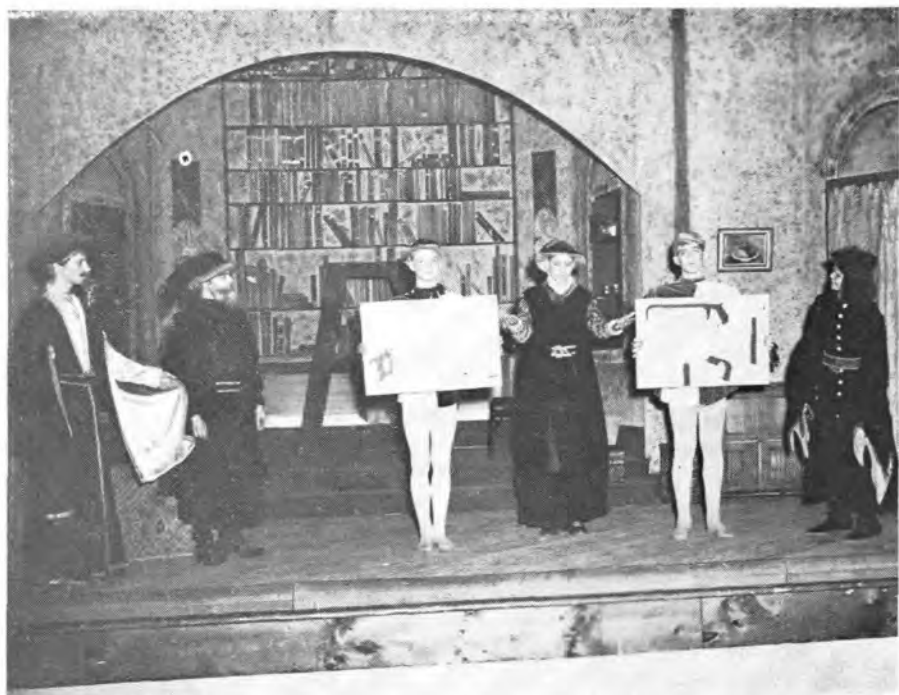
### THIRD HONOR ROLL

80-84%

John Andresen  
Franklin Berger  
Benjamin Britt  
Owen Clay  
Robert Crooks  
Alexander Donaldson  
Kevin Drake  
David Flagg  
Thomas Ford  
Howard Frey  
Thomas Gaman  
Adam Hammer  
Carl Jacobelli  
Harold Jaeger  
Richard Kane  
Fraser Macleod  
Edward McCluskey  
Timothy Miller  
Timothy Murphy  
Thomas Murray  
William Remsen  
Brooke Roberts  
James Rodgers  
Samuel Rodgers  
Charles Samson  
Henry Sayen  
John Scheide  
James Simmons  
Lawrence Tan  
John Winant  
Franklin Yang

---





Scenes from "THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE"



## "THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE"

Reviewed by MR. ROBERT C. MILLER, JR.

From the opening curtain to the riotously funny final scene the audience was captivated by the Dramatic Club presentation of Anatole France's play, *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*.

The director, Mr. Herbert McAneny and stage designer, Mr. Gary Lott have again combined to guide the Dramatic Club to an excellent performance.

The setting of France's comedy was the Fifteenth Century, and as the curtain drew aside, there was a long, deserved applause for the scenery. On the stage were the fine apartments of a rich Renaissance judge, Master Leonard Botal. Mr. Lott, stage manager, Aubrey Huston, and their crew of Fifth Formers worked hard to make the imaginative and realistic set.

The great charm and humor of the P.C.D. play was achieved by the excellence of the acting and directing. All the performers were lively and appeared real, even when they were impossibly ridiculous.

Clad in a long, rich, red robe and appearing grave behind a pointed beard, Kevin Kennedy played the part of the judge. To his old friend, Adam Fumée, a lawyer, played by John Scheide, he confessed his love for his wife, but feared she was harmful to him socially, because she could not speak. The two debate the

advantages and disadvantages of a dumb wife, with Scheide, a convincing lawyer, speaking in favor of female dumbness.

Botal, the type of judge who enjoys sentencing and collecting fines, was not convinced. To perform the operation to give Madame Botal speech a delightful troupe, consisting of a doctor (Hale Andrews), surgeon (Rusty Mathews), apothecary (Richard Hill) and their assistants, were called in.

The operation was a surgical success, but a social failure. Once started, Catherine Botal spoke endlessly. Apparently she felt she must make up for her years of silence. William G. Sayen played this long, difficult role very well.

After she has driven everyone to exasperated distraction, Botal sent for the medical team again. Andrews, the head-pumping, creaky doctor, and Mathews, the boisterous surgeon, explained that they could not make Catherine dumb again, but they could make the judge deaf. It was argued that this would help him both at home and in court.

After another successful operation Botal was in peace from his wife's incessant chatter. However, the others were maddened by hearing her and ran around biting each other in a pandemonium of madness, as the curtain closed.

Much of the evening's entertainment was musical. Throughout the play, musicians and peddlars singing about their wares passed in the street before Botal's home, and The School Band, directed by Mr. Sidd Kramer, played for the audience.

This year's performance appealed to everyone. Parents chuckled throughout at the clever lines and satiric situations, and even the youngest children were continually laughing at broad, slapstick humor of the action and characters.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Master Leonard Botal, <i>Judge</i> .....	KEVIN KENNEDY
Master Adam Fumee, <i>Lawyer</i> .....	JOHN SCHEIDE
Master Simon Collins, <i>Doctor</i> .....	HALE ANDREWS
Master Jean Maugier, <i>Surgeon</i> .....	GRAHAM MATHEWS
Master Serafin Dulaurier, <i>Apothecary</i> .....	RICHARD HILL
Catherine, <i>Botal's wife</i> .....	WILLIAM G. SAYEN
Giles Boiscountier, <i>Botal's Secretary</i> .....	DAVID BATTLE
Alison, <i>Botal's servant</i> .....	THOMAS GAMAN
Mademoiselle de la Garandiere .....	RAY COLCORD
The Chickweed Man .....	JONATHAN MARK
The Watercress Man .....	GEOFFREY HOGUET
The Candle Man .....	JOHN STRONG
The Chimneysweep .....	CHRISTOPHER LAUGHLIN
A Blind Singer .....	CHRISTOPHER REEVE
A Flute-Player .....	BRENT VINE
Madame de la Bruine .....	DONALD WOODBRIDGE
Footman to Madame de la Bruine .....	HOLLIS McLOUGHLIN
Page to Mademoiselle de la Garandiere .....	GUY ERDMAN
Doctor's Attendants .....	{ CHARLES KATZENBACH
	{ WILLIAM RING
	{ MICHAEL DESMOND
Musicians .....	{ DAVID FRENCH
	{ STEPHEN VINE

### PRODUCTION STAFF

Stage Manager .....	Aubrey Huston
Assistant Stage Manager .....	Mike Simko
Prompter and Rehearsal Assistant .....	Steve Goheen
Scenery .....	Mr. Gary Lott, Toby Laughlin, Tom Budny,
	Frank Berger, Jeff Griggs, Steve Lane, Jeff Delano, Paul Hagenbuch, Don Woodbridge
Properties .....	Bill Edwards, Chip O'Brien
Costumes .....	Mrs. Peter Rothermel, Mrs. John G. Winant
Lighting .....	Mr. Robert V. C. Whitehead, Frank Berger
Make-up .....	Mr. Robert Smyth, Mrs. Hyman Battle, Mrs. E. J. White, and
	Miss Susan Mathews

## WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

By FREDERICK H. WANDELT, III

### SCHOLARSHIP

All year long the Blue-White competition was rugged and unpredictable. In the last term there was no sudden change. The White held a slight edge scholastically, but the Blues were able to come up and achieve a tie. The final scholastic average for each was  $76 + \frac{1}{2}\%$ , and they had to share the scholarship bowl.

### SPORTS

The Blues held a lead for the Athletic Bowl until the Track Meet. The Blues had gained their advantage in the winter term and saw it dwindle in the spring. In tennis the Whites came forth with a decisive victory, winning all but one match.

In varsity baseball the confident Whites lost a close game, as the Blues managed to dominate the playing. However, the Whites won the junior varsity and Lower School baseball, and this set the stage for the final and decisive event, the Track Meet. The Whites won this by a wide margin, adding ten points to their total. The Whites have now won the Track Meet 5 times and the Blues 12 times.

In the 1962-1963 Blue-White competition each color was always very spirited and fought hard. The excellent competition made this a fine year for both colors.

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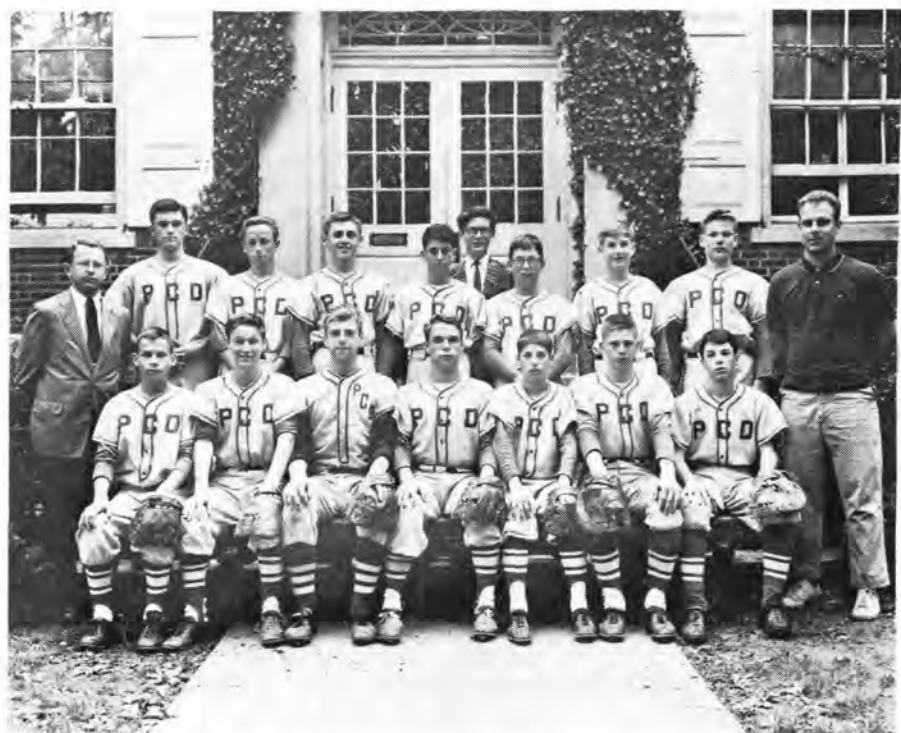
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## ATHLETICS

### BASEBALL

By JOHN RITCHIE

This year's team was one of the most successful in the history of P.C.D. Despite a bad day at Pennington and a disputed final out in the exhibition game with the fathers, we compiled a 6-2-1 record. Although most of the team members were seniors, several Fourth and Fifth Formers helped a lot. They gained the experience they needed to make future teams as successful as this year's.



Seated—EDWARDS, EARNEST, STRONG, WANDELT, RITCHIE, MATHEWS, SCHEIDE

Standing—MR. COOMBS, KEHOE, SHEW, SIMKO, HAMMER, MORGENSTERN,  
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P.C.D. 10

VALLEY ROAD 7

In the first few innings we looked good, getting four runs in the first and six in the third. Wandelt pitched well, but had trouble in the last inning, when they scored four runs. Fraker came in to put out the fire. Our leading hitters were Kehoe with a triple, Strong and Scheide each with two safeties.

P.C.D. 4

MILLTOWN 4

This game should never have ended in a tie, but because of some sloppy play on our part, Milltown started a rally in the third and fourth innings to take the lead. In the bottom of the last inning we were lucky to even tie the game. Strong had a triple and a run batted in, and Kehoe had two runs batted in and pitched the entire game. He started the game pitching with his right hand and had trouble with control. Switching to his left hand, he got three straight outs and then finished the game, as he started it, with his right.

P.C.D. 5

MILLTOWN 4

After building up a three run lead in the first inning on a triple by Kehoe, we almost threw away the game in the second, when they took the lead, four to three. However, in the fourth, with Wandelt on with a single, Strong came through in the clutch by blasting a four-bagger over the center fielder's head. Wandelt had a big day, going three for three and scoring two runs.

P.C.D. 6

WITHERSPOON 0

A great no-hitter by Rusty Mathews highlighted this, our strongest game so far. He struck out twelve men while walking only five. However, he also got some help on the offense by Kehoe with a single and a triple and Scheide with a home run in deep center. Mathews himself added a double and scored.

P.C.D. 8

PENNINGTON 1

Another good pitching performance was turned in by Kehoe, who struck out fourteen men and allowed but three hits. He also got great support from our bats, winning by a bigger margin than any game this year.

---

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## FATHERS 8

P.C.D. 7

We don't like to talk about this one, because we feel we won it. After trailing 7-0, we started a big rally scoring 6 runs. However, a run by the fathers made it 8-6. Then in the last inning we got a rally going, scoring one run and another one we think. John Strong attempted to steal home, but was called out.

In this our highest scoring game, Bill Kehoe won his third game, becoming our big winner of the season. Although he had help from our batters, led by John Strong and Ferdie Wandelt, he kept their hits and runs scattered.

## PENNINGTON 6

P.C.D. 0

This was, as the score shows, our worst game. It was bad in another respect also, and that was that we were not up for the game. We got only a few hits that were never grouped together.

## P.C.D. 3

## VALLEY ROAD 2

In this game we won on an odd play in the last inning. After Fraker, our pitcher, had reached second, Mathews lined a double to right and reached third on the play for Fraker at home. However, Fraker scored. Then with two strikes on Ritchie, Mathews started to steal home. The pitch was the third strike but the ball got away from the catcher. Ritchie went down to first safely.

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**TENNIS**

By KEVIN KENNEDY

This year's tennis team had a very poor record of one tie and two losses. Unfortunately we had no really strong players and very little depth. This year baseball and lacrosse took too many of the good tennis players. It would help the team in the future if Fourth Formers would be allowed to play, and if we could have more matches with schools our size.

LAWRENCEVILLE 9

P.C.D.

With their usual depth they overwhelmed us. We didn't win a set.

LARENCEVILLE 9

P.C.D. 0

This was simply a repeat of the first match. However, we played better tennis.

P.C.D. 3

VALLEY ROAD 3

Our first three men lost badly, but our number four man, Captain, Peter Kline, and our doubles team saved a tie for the match.

Our usual ladder was:

- |                    |                |
|--------------------|----------------|
| 1. Kennedy, K.     | 8. Johnson, B. |
| 2. Armstrong       | 6. Erdman, H.  |
| 3. Lane, S.        | 7. Myers       |
| 4. Kline (Captain) | 5. Blair, D.   |



BLAIR, ERDMAN, KENNEDY, KLINE, MR. TIBBALS, ARMSTRONG, JOHNSON, MYERS

## COMMENCEMENT

MONDAY, JUNE 10, 1963 — 8:15 P. M.

### INTRODUCTION

MR. WARREN P. ELMER, *Chairman*, Board of Trustees

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*Curate*, Grace Episcopal Church, Merchantville, N. J

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### SCHOOL AWARDS

THE HEADMASTER'S CUP ..... Stephen Skelly Goheen  
(*Leadership*)  
THE FACULTY CUP ..... Charles William Edwards, Jr.  
(*General Character*)  
THE ATHLETICS CUP ..... Ford McKinstry Fraker  
(*Best All Around Athlete*)  
UPPER SCHOOL SCHOLARSHIP CUP ..... David Hunt Blair, III  
(*Forms IV, V, VI*)  
THE ALUMNI CUP ..... Roy Dickinson Meredith  
(*Proficiency and Service — Form V*)  
LOWER SCHOOL SCHOLARSHIP CUP ..... Stephen Michael Vine  
(*Forms I, II, III*)  
THE LANCE RAYMOND SHIELD ..... Joshua Raymond  
(*General Character in Form I*)

### AWARDS FOR ENDEAVOR AND IMPROVEMENT:

SIXTH FORM ..... John Riggs Scheide  
FIFTH FORM ..... Alexander Buchanan Vance Johnson  
THE NICHOLAS BOWL ..... Jeremy David Dunning  
(Given by Class of 1960  
Improvement in Reading and English in Lower School)

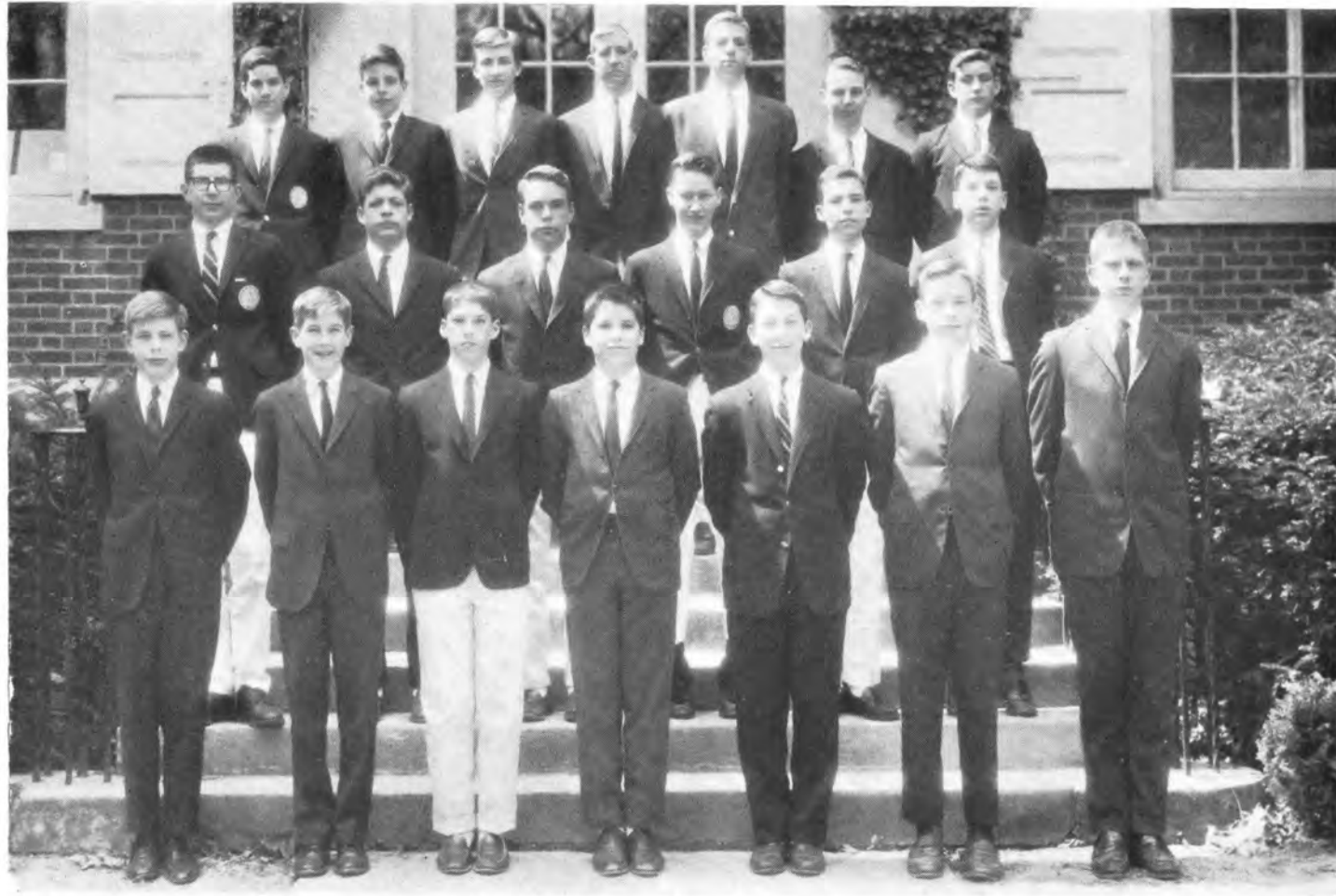
## SENIOR SUBJECT PRIZES

MATHEMATICS (Murch Cup given by Class of 1946) .....	David Hunt Blair, III
BOOK PRIZES .....	Charles William Edwards, Jr. John Riggs Scheide
ENGLISH (Ross Bowl given by Class of 1958) .....	David Hunt Blair, III John Albert Ritchie
BOOK PRIZES .....	Jonathan Steven Linker John Van Rensselaer Strong, Jr.
ANCIENT HISTORY .....	David Hunt Blair, III Jonathan Steven Linker
LATIN .....	David Hunt Blair, III Charles William Edwards, Jr.
FRENCH .....	David Hunt Blair, III John Albert Ritchie
SCIENCE .....	Jonathan Steven Linker

## CLASS SCHOLARSHIP RECORDS

## HIGH COMMENDATION FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE

SIXTH FORM .....	David Hunt Blair, III Charles William Edwards, Jr. John Albert Ritchie Jonathan Steven Linker
FIFTH FORM .....	William Lau Roy Dickinson Meredith Alexander Buchanan Vance Johnson Richard Hale Andrews
FOURTH FORM .....	Nathaniel Cornwall Hutner Mark Hammond O'Donoghue George Everett Brinkerhoff Harold Hector Jaeger
THIRD FORM .....	Brent Harman Vine Robert Steel Bayer Geoffrey McClure Johnson H. Michael Levenson
SECOND FORM .....	Stephen Michael Vine Richard Becker Kendall Christopher Reeve Thomas Jan Berger



THE CLASS OF 1963

Front Row: LINKER, SAYEN, RITCHIE, BLAIR, KLINE, EDWARDS, MATHEWS  
Middle Row: O'BRIEN, SAMSON, WANDELT, EARNEST, McLOUGHLIN, SCHEIDE  
Back Row: GOHEEN, SCARFF, KENNEDY, FRAKER, STRONG, BASH, ARMSTRONG

---

FIRST FORM .....	Benjamin Reeve Robert Stephen Holt Kevin Edward McCarthy Timothy Dexter Miller
ART PRIZES .....	Timothy Dexter Miller (I) William Clinton Story Remsen (I) Richard Sperry Kane (II) James Lineaweaver Young (III) Holmes Leroy Hutson, Jr. (III) Matthew McLennan Young (IV)

#### AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS – THE CLASS OF 1963

William Bruce Armstrong, III	Graham Mathews
Charles Malcolm Bash	John Thomas McLoughlin, Jr.
David Hunt Blair, III	Charles Callan O'Brien
Robert Allan Christian Earnest	John Albert Ritchie
Charles William Edwards, Jr.	Charles Felix Samson, II
Ford McKinstry Fraker	William Guthrie Sayen
Stephen Skelly Goheen	James Eberhardt Scarff
Kevin William Kennedy	John Riggs Scheide
Peter Alan Kline	John Van Rensselaer Strong, Jr.
Jonathan Steven Linker	Frederick H. Wandelt, III

#### INTRODUCTION OF THE CLASS OF 1964

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## WANDELT

Ferdie Wandelt of all of us has the greatest muscles.  
In every sport he's one of the best, partly because he hustles.  
He's sought by each one of the girls for causes such as these,  
But for some strange reason, fears a shot for any kind of disease

## GOHEEN

Steve Goheen in his school work—specially Math—pretty smart  
On all of the varsity teams of this year he has never failed  
to start.  
President of the Student Council, he helps to make school law.  
His father is the University's President, Steve's a son of  
Old Nassau.

## SCARFF

Jim Scarff has many hobbies; he has many a model car,  
And when he's on the golf course, he come pretty close to par.  
He loves his gory war games, and is expert on the Civil War.  
He loves a Leica camera and photography he does adore.

## BASH

Malcolm Bash is a great mechanic; he knows about any car.  
Also an electronics whiz, none in school are his par.  
Even a real radio expert, very good with Morse,  
He hopes to get a job soon, using these skills, of course.

## BLAIR

David Blair's got something in his head, beside bone.  
Seeing his big comps, all the teachers ~~surely~~ groan.  
He pursues Mr. Lea, driving that good many zany.  
Of all of his classmates, they say he is most brainy.

## ARMSTRONG

Bruce Armstrong is in the class most quiet,  
But when he's on the basketball court, he can start a minor riot.  
Though he usually sits in a corner, and seems so meek,  
On the field he lets himself go with many a 4-letter streak.

## EDWARDS

Bill Edwards is all the teachers' pet,  
He reads his French just beautifully.  
In front of his T.V. set,  
He does all of his homework dutifully.

## SAYEN

This kid is really a girl at heart,  
And female traits are Sayen's.  
Because Bill is talking all the time,  
The place for him is Miss Fine's.

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## LINKER

Jon Linker is very smart.  
He even takes six courses.  
Of all his many pastimes,  
He loves best to ride his horses.

## KENNEDY

Kevin Kennedy is this form's great actor,  
To those he calls "phony" he gives cynical looks.  
In his class's writing, he's a very great factor.  
Every year, he must read at least 100 books.

## O'BRIEN

Chip O'Brien is a crazy one, he's an expert on dog's barks.  
One can't help laughing at him and his quick remarks.  
He always loses papers, driving teachers to despair,  
He surely plans it all that way and doesn't really care.

## McLOUGHLIN

John McLoughlin is an avid and very good Boy Scout.  
When he misses a basketball shot, he lets out a tremendous shout  
Some of his jokes are funny, others are sarcastic,  
To some people a few may even sound drastic.

## FRAKER

Ford Fraker is an excellent athlete, but he's very accident prone.  
If he hasn't hurt his kidney, slipped a disk, he has surely broken a bone.  
His loss is a great one to the team; it may have bad effects.  
But one thing is certainly going for him—that is the opposite sex.

## MATHEWS

Rusty Mathews is a good athlete; in soccer and hockey he tends the goal,  
In soccer he's really fabulous; his defense has hardly a hole.  
His walk is a slouch and a shuffle combined; his manner is usually lazy.  
He is a class humorist and says O'Brien—his main rival—is crazy.

## KLINE

Peter Kline just loves to debate.  
His arguing makes teachers irate.  
And since to him arguing is like a game,  
One day as a lawyer he might gain great fame.

We've been called ambitious.  
Smart we're we're supposed to be.  
But we truly can be malicious  
That's the Class of '63.

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## CLASS PROPHECY

CHARACTERS: *Peter Kline* (P.K.) an unshaven tramp with torn shoes, a torn sport coat and a scarf.

*Ferdie Wandelt* (F.W.) a well dressed college professor with a distinguished look on his face.

P.K. walks slowly up to F.W. and taps him on the shoulder. F.W. turns around and looks at P.K. dirtily. He then wipes off his shoulders and says in a distinguished voice, "Yes?"

P.K. Excuse me, kind sir, but would you have a dime for a poor starving victim of the cruelties of society?

F.W. Here's your dime and be off with you. Wait, first I would like to hear your tale of woe for a novel I plan to write in my retirement entitled: *The Bum's Rush*.

P.K. Well, you see, kind sir, I had once planned to be a successful business man. I had my own plant and everything. But for some reason things didn't work out.

F.W. Really? What kind of plant was it?

P.K. I manufactured bounceless tennis balls. They just wouldn't sell.

F.W. That's too bad. By the way, for my book, what is your name?

P.K. Peter Kline.

F.W. Peter . . . . . Kline. Were you, by any chance, in the class of '63 at P.C.D.?

P.K. Yes, I was. And are you, by any chance, Ferdie Van Delt? How do you pass the time these days?

F.W. The name is Wandelt, my good man, and I am a professor of Advanced Mathematics at Yale University, specializing in logarithmic trigonometric functions of the cotangent of a right triangle. It looks as if life hadn't dealt you too good a hand, sir (?). Although, as I remember, you were a very prominent member of the class of '63. You always seemed to have high aims and ideals. You have let down the honor of our esteemed class.

P.K. Well, I'm not the only one in our class who didn't make good. For instance, Stephen Goheen. He disappeared after not being accepted at Princeton University and no one has seen hide or hair of the *Once President* of our class since.

F.W. Well, that's one example and, to my knowledge, that's only 2 out of 20 who have not made their mark on this vast world of ours.

P.K. And, my esteemed professor, take Chip O'Brien. He was always a nice enough guy. He was banned from Africa after starting an uprising among the chimpanzees.

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- F.W. I concede to you, my good man, but not completely, for there are many of our former classmates who are now very famous and shall long be so.
- P.K. For instance.
- F.W. Well, Rusty Mathews married Caroline Kennedy and is running on the democratic ticket for president along with our beloved Headmaster, Peter F. Rothermel, as Vice President. Their campaign is based on a six month school year.
- P.K. And I concede to you. Now, let's between us trace the history of the rest of our class.
- F.W. As I recall a great number of our classmates are employed by Princeton Day Schools. Bob Earnest is teaching girls physical education for the 10th 11th and 12th grades there.
- P.K. And Billy Edwards is employed there, too. He is Vice President of the janitorial staff, working along with Ralph Steffanly.
- F.W. Charlie Samson is teaching at P.D.S. He holds classes in diction for those who are unfortunate enough to be able to speak clearly.
- P.K. Johnny Scheide is traveling around the country drumming up business for our alma mater, saying, "Look what the school has done for me."
- F.W. Now that I think of it, David Blair is there too, teaching pre-kindergarten.
- P.K. As I recall, a great number of our classmates were very fine athletes. I read the other day that John Strong, after spending three years in the sun at Florida, has finally met the requirements for the Harlem Globe Trotters.
- F.W. Yes, and Ford Fraker is a member of the Davis Cup Tennis Team. Last week he was awarded a plaque for being their best ball boy.
- P.K. Tonight Billy Sayen is going to be honored by receiving the Lady Vera Trophy for being the first girl to play professional Ice Hockey.
- F.W. Kevin Kennedy is also associated with Hockey. Because of his belief that it's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game that counts, has become referee for the Pee Wee Hockey Leagues of America.
- P.K. Jon Linker is associated indirectly with sports. He's the President's advisor for Physical Fitness.
- F.W. Over this Memorial Day week-end Malcolm Bash won the Indianapolis 500 in his 1930 Model A Ford.

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- P.K. Did you hear what happened to Jimmy Scarff? He became a photographer for Playboy but got carried away with his work.
- F.W. Yes, I read about that. I also read that John McLoughlin, because of his knowingness and sex-appeal has become Liz Taylor's special advisor for marital problems.
- P.K. John Ritchie is manufacturing Johnny-on-the-spot Outhouses.
- F.W. Well, there is still one member we haven't spoken of, Bruce Armstrong.
- P.K. Oh yes, as I remember he was always a down to earth guy.
- F.W. Yeah, now he provides entertainment at Madison Square Garden as a Flag Pole sitter. He is going on to break all records with a three week stay.
- P.K. That's everyone.
- F.W. Yes, it sure is. You know that wasn't too bad a class.
- P.K. Well, Ferdie, nice seeing you again and thanks for the drive. I've got to go catch my freight train. If you are down around Skid Row, look me up.
- F.W. I'll do that.

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## THE CLASS WILL

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

To Ray Colcord—Billy Sayen bequeathes his leading-lady role in next year's play

To Rickie Hill—Philadelphia lawyer Peter Kline refers all his future cases with such renowned prosecutors as Mr. (Math) Whitehead, Mr. (Latin) Lea, and Mr. (French) Smyth.

To Peter Roberts—Billy Edwards bequeathes his deeply moving and extremely fluent French dialect.

To Bob Strong and Johnny Myers—John Strong bequeathes his slightly worn-out excuses for being late to school.

To Benny Benson and Bill Kehoe—Malcolm Bash leaves his steel comb which kept every hair on his head meticulously in place.

To Brian Considine and John Mark—Jimmy Scarff leaves his great co-ordination and manly physique.

To Jeff Delano and Tom Budny—Bobby Earnest bequeathes his ability to be calm, cool, and collected on the ice at all times.

To Jeff Griggs and Alex Johnson—Bruce Armstrong leaves his shell which he crawls into in every English period.

To Bruce Johnson, John Winant, and Aubrey Huston—Steve Goheen bequeathes his ability to talk Mr. Robson out of Biology tests.

To Toby Laughlin, Paul Hagenbuch, and David Sayen—Chip O'Brien leaves his talent for confusing everyone, including himself.

To Billy Lau and Billy Ring, respectively—David Blair bequeathes his cerebrum, source of intelligence, and cerebellum, source of co-ordination, both preserved in alcohol.

To Donny Woodbridge, Frank Berger, and Ricky Meredith—John Linker leaves his sixth horse sense.

To Mike Simko—Johnny Scheide leaves the paper basketball which he dunked for the winning basket in the "Horton Cup Tourney" in the Library.

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To Fraser Macleod—John McLoughlin leaves a copy of the bestseller which he wrote: "How to Avoid Total Disaster on Canoe Trips."

To Chuck Katzenbach—Ford Fraker bequeathes all his good luck charms, in hopes that they will ultimately fulfill their purpose.

To Wally Shew—Ferdie Wandelt leaves the wad of chewing gum which caused Mr. Robson to say repeatedly, "You just can't learn, do you, Ferdie?"

To Guy Erdman—Charlie Samson leaves his big mouth.

To Hale Andrews—Rusty Mathews bequeathes his sick early-morning jokes.

To Carl Morgenstern—Kevin Kennedy leaves his sweet disposition on the tennis court.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF WE HAVE SET OUR HAND AND SEAL,  
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED  
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