

VOL. XXXVI, No. 1

JUNIOR JOURNAL

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

FEBRUARY, 1965

INCLUDING 1963-64 SUPPLEMENT

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JUNIOR JOURNAL

FEBRUARY 1965

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Junior Journal

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

VOL. XXXVI	FEBRUARY, 1965*	No. 1
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* **Editor's Note:** This issue includes a supplement composed of the highlights of last year's issue which did not appear.

EDITORIAL

The Student Council has recently suggested that an honor system similar to that of Miss Fine's be instituted in the Sixth Form. It has now been fully approved and the *Junior Journal* expresses its support of such a system.

An honor system is a written affirmation of one's integrity. One must not only sign a pledge saying that he has not cheated, but also that he will if necessary report any person who does. It is difficult to turn oneself in for a violation of an honor system, but it is even more difficult to report a classmate who has violated the rules set down by this system. The suggestion of an honor system by the Student Council indicates the honesty which they believe to be inherent in every member of the Sixth Form and the responsibility the Sixth Form is willing to accept.

If the honor system operates successfully it will be a verification of the level of manhood attained by the students of P.C.D. Furthermore, it will show that two of the basic principles on which P.C.D. was founded—manhood and gentleness—have been instilled in every student.

The *Junior Journal* wishes to reaffirm its expression of support for the honor system and hopes that it will become part of the school program.

MARK O'DONOGHUE
NAT HUTNER



Peter Brinkerhoff

SUPPLEMENT

1963 - 64

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

The football team had a winning season with a five-and-three record. Jeff Delano was the captain, and Mr. Turner and Mr. Tibbals were the coaches.

Delbarton	13	P.C.D.	6
P.C.D.	21	Hun	0
P.C.D.	7	Princeton High Freshmen	6
P.C.D.	14	Short Hills	7
P.C.D.	6	Hun	0
Lawrenceville	19	P.C.D.	0
P.C.D.	21	Short Hills	0
George School	27	P.C.D.	13



THE FOOTBALL TEAM

Front row (l. to r.) — Macleod, Strong, Ayers, Kehoe, Delano, Budny, Simko, Shew, Lane. *Second row* — Winant, Woodbridge, Colcord, Hill, Andrews, Raymond, Samson, Laughlin, L. *Third row* — Battle, Donaldson, Wandelt, Lau, Laughlin, C., Ford, E., Mr. Turner. *Back row* — Dielhenn, Reid, Bielawski, Sayen, Brinkerhoff, Kelleher, O'Donoghue.

SOCCER

A young team, coached for the first time by Mr. Rulon-Miller, and with Jeff Griggs and Chuck Katzenbach serving as co-captains, compiled a record of three wins, four losses, and one tie.

P.C.D.	2	Witherspoon	0
P.C.D.	0	Lawrence Junior High	0
Valley Road	3	P.C.D.	0
Lawrence Junior High	3	P.C.D.	0
Valley Road	2	P.C.D.	0
Peddie	1	P.C.D.	0
P.C.D.	2	Witherspoon	0
P.C.D.	10	Short Hills	0



THE SOCCER TEAM

Front row (l. to r.)—Erdman, Huston, Sayen, Griggs, Katzenbach, Johnson, Roberts, Myers. *Second row* — Strassenburgh, Conte, Andresen, French, Hammer, Jaeger, Mueller, Markham, Bales. *Back row* — Huttner, Ford, T., Talbot, Rathausen, Bush, Desmond, Macleod, Mr. Rulon-Miller.

BASKETBALL

The team never lost its spirit in spite of going through the season without winning a single game. Johnson was the captain, while Mr. Turner coached the team.

Lawrence Junior High	41	P.C.D.	30
Valley Road	51	P.C.D.	30
Pennington	43	P.C.D.	30
Valley Road	63	P.C.D.	48
Witherspoon	46	P.C.D.	42
Pennington	52	P.C.D.	45
Short Hills	50	P.C.D.	42
Witherspoon	44	P.C.D.	37
Peddie	76	P.C.D.	35



THE BASKETBALL TEAM

Front row (l. to r.) — Jaeger, Bielawski, Bales, Simko, Katzenbach, Hammer, Macleod, Dielhenn. *Back row* — Mr. Turner, Desmond, Harbison, Colcord, Andrews.

HOCKEY

The Hockey team remained undefeated for the fourth year in a row. Coached by Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Tibbals, and captained by Aubrey Huston, the well-balanced team won nine games and scored 49 goals against 8 for their opponents.

P.C.D.	3	Lawrenceville	2
P.C.D.	8	Taft	0
P.C.D.	7	Kent	1
P.C.D.	7	Lawrenceville	0
P.C.D.	4	Princeton High	0
P.C.D.	5	Hill	0
P.C.D.	6	Lawrenceville	1
P.C.D.	4	Lawrenceville	2
P.C.D.	5	Wissahickon	2



THE HOCKEY TEAM

Front row (l. to r.) — Meredith, Griggs, Kehoe, Huston, Delano, Sayen, Samson, P. Back row — Erdman, Donaldson, Samson, H., Reid, Raymond, Mr. Tibbals.

BASEBALL

The team made one of the best records in P.C.D. history, losing only one game and climaxing the season with a revenge victory that toppled Valley Road from its unbeaten record. Tom Budny was the captain, and Mr. McCaughan and Mr. Lott the coaches.

P.C.D.	7	Pennington	6
P.C.D.	12	Witherspoon	2
Valley Road	3	P.C.D.	1
P.C.D.	12	Fathers	7
P.C.D.	16	Short Hills	1
P.C.D.	2	Witherspoon	0
P.C.D.	6	Pennington	0
P.C.D.	4	Valley Road	3



THE BASEBALL TEAM

Front row (l. to r.) — Macleod, Shew, Kehoe, Budny, Simko, Delano, Huston. *Second row* — Desmond, Claghorn, Bielawski, Strong, Griggs, Hammer, Reid, Strassenburgh. *Back row* — Gaman, Sowers, Chalverus, Reynolds, Mr. McCaughan.

LACROSSE

An enthusiastic squad of 31 players won two games out of three in the first year of official lacrosse play. The main strength of the team was in its Fifth Formers, including Captain Mitch Dielhenn. Mr. Rulon-Miller was the head coach.

P.C.D. 3

Hun 1

P.C.D. 4

Hun 1

Peddie 3

P.C.D. 1



THE LACROSSE TEAM

Front row (l. to r.) — Walker, Brinkerhoff, Donaldson, Wandelt, Dielhenn, Raymond, W., Bush, Andresen, Ford, E. *Back row* — Mr. Hendler, Samson, Meredith, Katzenbach, Lau, Laughlin, L., Raymond, C., Mr. Rulon-Miller.

TENNIS

A spirited team, captained by Guy Erdman and coached by Mr. Tibbals, broke even for the season with two wins, two losses against powerful Lawrenceville, and a tie.

P.C.D.	2	Valley Road	2
Lawrenceville	8	P.C.D.	0
Lawrenceville	8	P.C.D.	0
P.C.D.	5	Wardlaw	0
P.C.D.	6	Princeton High Freshmen	2



THE TENNIS TEAM

Front row (l. to r.) — O'Donoghue, Myers, Erdman, Sayen, Lane. Back row — Battle, Hutner, French, Mr. Tibbals.

WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES—WINTER TERM

By AUBREY HUSTON

During the Winter Term the Blues almost made a clear sweep of the scholastics and the athletics.

In the Scholastics the Whites won the first marking period while the Blues won the last two. This enabled them to win by a point margin. The averages are as follows:

Blues	75.98%	(76%)
Whites	75.77%	(76%)

Rounded off they equal a tie at 76%.

In Hockey the Blues and Whites tied for the term, the Blues winning the Lower School and the Whites winning the J.V. and tying with the Blues in the Varsity.

The Lower School this year had one All Star game with boys chosen from all the lower forms. After an exciting regular game, the teams played an overtime with the Blues winning in the last few minutes, 1-0.

This year there were so many boys out for hockey in the Upper School that there were two levels of J.V. Blue-White hockey. The Whites won the first or "A" level by a score of 3-1. The Whites won another close game in the "B" level by 1-0.

In the varsity three games were played, with the Whites winning the first game 4-0. The next game was won by the Blues 3-2 in a very close contest. In the third game the Whites scored in the first half, and the Blues scored in the second half. The score remained 1-1 through the end of the regulation game. After two ten-minute overtime periods no other goals were scored and the Varsity hockey for the year was tied.

The Lower School game was worth 3 points towards the total for the year, and the J.V. "A" counted 2 points and the J.V. "B" counted 1 point. The Varsity hockey split 5 points, and the hockey point totals were tied for the winter.

In Basketball there was a question as to whether there were enough boys in the basketball program to have a J.V. Blue-White game. All was quickly settled and there was a J.V. game. This game was won by the Blues by the score of 32 to 11. This counted three points. In the varsity, which counted 5 points, two out of three games were played. The Blues won the first two to take the series. Both games were close and at one of the two games many members of the Upper School watched and cheered

score of the second game was Blues 30, Whites 24.

The skating races this year were won by the Blues by a score of 38 to 25. This counted 6 points in the total. Also this year an old event was enlarged. The Select Relay was made longer by the addition of one boy from each form racing. This made two boys from each form racing in a continuous relay.

1st Form 1. Raymond, J. (B), 2. Murphy, T. (W)
2nd Form 1. Mills (B), 2. Hereford (W)
3rd Form 1. King (B), 2. Erdman, F. (W)
4th Form 1. Raymond, C. (B), 2. Sowers (B)
5th Form 1. Samson, H. (B), 2. Donaldson, E. (W)
6th Form 1. Delano (W), 2. Shew (W)
Lower School Relay — Whites
Upper School Relay — Whites
Select Relay — Blues

WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES. SPRING TERM

By GUY ERDMAN

After much disagreement, the four color officers finally decided on having the Second and Third Form baseball count four points each and the First Form count two points. With the Whites winning the second and Third Form baseball and the Blues winning the First Form, things started looking good for the Whites, for they led the spring term by a score of 8-2. In a last minute decision the color officers voted for a Blue-White Lacrosse game that counted two points. With the Whites winning this by a score of 3-2 in the last thirty seconds, it gave them a lead of 10-2. To win the athletics for the year the Whites had to win both the Varsity Tennis and Varsity Baseball.

When the Whites won the Varsity Tennis, they led the spring athletics by a score of 15-2. The Varsity Baseball game took two days to finish and here the Whites finally met defeat in a 5-0 game. This was all that the Blues needed to win the Athletics for the year.

Because there was so much happening in the Spring Term, the color officers could not get together in time to decide on a Track Meet. By the time they did, it was too late to have one.

"PROLOGUE TO GLORY"

By E. P. CONKLE

Reviewed by Helen Griggs

On the evenings of April 17 and 18 the Princeton Country Day School stage was transformed into New Salem, Illinois as it appeared around 1831. From the moment the curtain opened until its final closing, the audience felt the presence of Abraham Lincoln during those early days of his career.

With a cast of more than 30 characters, it is impossible to mention each individual role. This observer was particularly impressed by Bill Kehoe's portrayal of Abraham Lincoln. Bill's stance, make-up, costume, and ambling speech gave the role credibility. The frail, but lovely Ann Rutledge was ably portrayed by David Macleod. Abe's loyal sidekick, Denny, acted by Christopher Laughlin brought both laughter and tears to the audience. Hale Andrews as Squire Denton Offut, the poli-

tician of the day, was well cast.

Under the very able direction of Mr. Herbert McAneny, assisted by Mr. Robert Coombs; and before the realistic, rustic set by Mr. Gary Lott, the events of the times rapidly moved through eight scenes. Much credit should be given to the stage crew for their fine handling of the many changes of scenery.

The excellent make-up, the fine, authentic costumes, and the lighting effects all added up to a very pleasurable evening at the theater.

Before each performance the audience was treated to a few selections by the school band, under the direction of Mr. Sidd Kramer.

On behalf of both evening's audiences, I extend my heartiest congratulations to all those in front of and behind the footlights for giving us a night to remember.



CAST OF CHARACTERS

(IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE)

Abe Lincoln	Wilson Kehoe
Denny	Christopher Laughlin
Tom Lincoln	Peter Roberts
Denton Offut	Hale Andrews
Sarah Lincoln	Matthew Young
Emory Potter	Harold Jaeger
Mentor Graham	Joseph Chandler
Dave Vance	Richard Hill
Bert Gum	James Young
Doctor Allen	Stowe Tattersall
Summers	Thomas Gaman
Ann Rutledge	David Macleod
Jee Baldwin	Stephen Lane
Squire Bowlin' Green	Fraser Macleod
Jack Kelso	George Brinkerhoff
Clary	James Stover
Tibbs	Clifford Ayers
Mattling	Edward Ford
Bones	Donald Woodbridge
Jack Armstrong	David French
Hoheimer	David Battle
A Woodsman	Charles Katzenbach
Mary Cameron	Charles Cruice
Lou Cameron	Peter Eno
Mrs. Hankins	Mark Lane
Aunt Polly Green	Guy Erdman
Colonel David Rutledge	Henderson Talbot
Henry Onstott	Ray Colcord
Jim Onstott	George Sayen
Matty Sparrow	Peter Samson
Granny Rutledge	Donald Pickering
Sattler	Harold Jaeger
Conover	George Sayen
Strader	Stephen Lane
Riggins	David Battle
Smoot	Thomas Gaman
Sandy	Edward Ford
George Voorhees	Clifford Ayers
Silas, the blacksmith	Donald Woodbridge
Sonsam	Peter Samson
Judge Higgins	Joseph Chandler
A Stranger	Charles Katzenbach

Scenery Crew — Thomas Budny, Brian Considine, James Delano, Jeffrey Griggs, Aubrey Huston, Leighton Laughlin, John Mueller, John Myers, David Sayen, Warren Shew, Michael Simko, John Taylor, John Winant

Properties — George Brinkerhoff, Edward Ford



SCENES FROM "PROLOGUE TO GLORY"

Young, Roberts, Andrews, Kehoe, Laughlin



Bill Kehoe and David Macleod



THE CLASS OF 1964

*Front row (l. to r.) — Hill, Griggs, Andrews, Colcord, Sayen, Erdman, Con-
sidine, Laughlin, Huston, Shew, Winant, Woodbridge. Second row —
Katzenbach, Simko, Delano, Myers, Meredith, Roberts, Ayers. Back
row — Budny, Macleod, Strong, Kehoe, Lau, Johnson, Lane.*



Owen Clay

COMMENCEMENT

Monday June 8, 1964

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THE P.C.D. BAND

ADDRESS TO GRADUATING CLASS

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Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense

AWARDING OF PRIZES AND DIPLOMAS

MR. HERBERT McANENY, Headmaster

SCHOOL AWARDS

The Headmaster's Cup ----- Michael Devlin Simko
(Leadership)

The Faculty Cup ----- { Roy Dickinson Meredith
(General Character) { John Gilbert Winant, III

The Athletics Cup ----- { Bruce Alexander Johnson
(Best All-Around Athlete) { Michael Devlin Simko

Upper School Scholarship Cup ----- Nathaniel Cornwall Hutner
(Forms IV, V, VI)

The Alumni Cup ----- George Everett Brinkerhoff
(Proficiency and Service - Form V)

Lower School Scholarship Cup ----- Stephen Michael Vine
(Forms I, II, III)

The Lance Raymond Shield ----- Henry Platt Bristol, II
(General Character in Form I)

Awards for Endeavor and Improvement { Wilson Hazelitt Kehoe
 Sixth Form ----- { Arthur Stephen Lane, Jr.
 Fifth Form ----- George Christopher Bush

The Nicholas Bowl ----- Peter Smoluchowski

Scholarship Bowl ----- Won by the Blues

Athletic Bowl ----- Won by the Blues

AWARDING OF SENIOR PRIZES

Mathematics	{ William Lau
(Murch Cup given by Class of 1946)	{ Roy Dickinson Meredith
Book Prize -----	John Gilbert Winant, III
English	{ Richard Hale Andrews, Jr.
(Ross Bowl given by Class of 1958)	{ Robert Livingston Strong
Book Prize -----	William Lau
Ancient History -----	{ Richard Hale Andrews, Jr.
	{ Donald Eliot Woodbridge
	{ Charles Buckman Katzenbach
Latin -----	{ William Lau
	{ Roy Dickinson Meredith
French -----	{ William Lau
	{ John Peter Roberts
	{ Roy Dickinson Meredith
	{ John Gilbert Winant, III
Science -----	{ Roy Dickinson Meredith
	{ William Lau
	{ John Gilbert Winant, III

CLASS SCHOLARSHIP RECORDS

(High Commendation for General Excellence)

Sixth Form -----	{ William Lau
	{ Roy Dickinson Meredith
	{ John Gilbert Winant, III
	{ Richard Hale Andrews, Jr.
Fifth Form -----	{ Nathaniel Cornwall Hutner
	{ Mark Hammond O'Donoghue
	{ Harold Hector Jaeger, Jr.
	{ Archibald Scott Reid

Fourth Form -----	{ Geoffrey McClure Johnson Brent Harman Vine H. Michael Levenson Howard Lawrence Frey
Third Form -----	{ Stephen Michael Vine Richard Becker Kendall David Gage Andrews Bruce Alan Plapinger Christopher Reeve
Second Form -----	{ Benjamin Reeve Robert Stephen Holt Kevin Edward McCarthy William Clinton Remsen
First Form -----	{ James Alfred Figg, III Stuart Duncan, III Benjamin Dickenson Harvey Richard Albert Shaffer

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS — THE CLASS OF 1964

Richard Hale Andrews, Jr.
Clifford Keith Ayers
Thomas Anthony Budny
Ray Colcord, III
Brian Burlee Considine
James Field Delano
Harold Bulkley Erdman, Jr.
John Jeffrey Griggs
Richard Burger Hill
Aubrey Huston, III
Bruce Alexander Johnson
Charles Buckman Katzenbach, Jr.
Wilson Hazelitt Kehoe

Arthur Stephen Lane, Jr.
William Lau
Leighton Howe Laughlin, Jr.
John Fraser Macleod
Roy Dickinson Meredith
John Anderson Myers, III
John Peter Roberts
David Churchill Sayen
Warren Wallace Shew, III
Michael Devlin Simko
Robert Livingston Strong
John Gilbert Winant, III
Donald Eliot Woodbridge

STRONG AT HEART

By BILL MARKHAM (V)

The sun made the earth a perpetual oven, melting the landscape into smooth, rolling hills. The daily morning deluge tried to cool the dusty region of South Viet Nam, but was continually frustrated by the mid-afternoon sun. The city of Saigon was in a state of turmoil and chaos. The American base on Sepul Street was helpless, for they could not send armed men to the border of South and North Viet Nam. Yet, still there were Americans at the front of the battle lines; ordering, directing and dying. Disease swept over the soft men of civilization and the base received reports of missing Americans often.

Jeff Randal led Patrol #33, a group of one American and fifteen Vietnamese men, stationed near the border. Jeff had been trained for the Peace Corps, but when the Vietnamese crisis was publicized, he enlisted and left his home in New Haven to help the ignorant people of South Viet Nam.

Jeff and his patrol reached a small river and pitched camp with the intent of staying for two days. The camp consisted of a group of four small tents; in one tent, Jeff had set up a table upon which he could draw tactical ideas on maps. Jeff always kept a pistol at his side, even though he was not allowed to shoot it. He was only twenty-four, and he would probably not want to shoot some one, no matter what the cir-

cumstances.

In the morning Jeff explained to one of his soldiers (in fractured Vietnamese) that he would need some help in his plans. Jeff felt like a freak in the midst of olympic stars, for his native ability in languages was almost null. While in college, Jeff had felt superior to his younger brother. But now, even among the most ignorant people, to Jeff's knowledge, he felt grossly inferior and old. In about ten minutes the same man came in to help him. He claimed he knew the area quite well. Jeff knew he had to attack, since the enemy would not expect him to attack in front of them.

So, that night, as soon as it was dark, Jeff broke camp and led his men north to the border. They marched in disorder but in silence. Every once in a while, Jeff had to speak to himself to keep from going mad, for he didn't understand what his men were saying in whispers.

There it was, ahead of him, a campfire surrounded by about twenty men. Jeff halted his men until they all realized the situation. Then they crept up to the clearing. Then it all broke loose. The men charged savagely, mauling the opposition. Jeff fought only with words. He could not kill—only get killed. Then it happened. He felt a stinging pain in his neck. His back became stiff and he fell to the ground. The men fought on.

IT WAS A COLD TWO DAYS

By TIM MILLER (III)

Although I was only five when the storm hit, I can still remember the scene on that cold March night. The living room was lit completely by a fire and two kerosene lanterns. All the doors were shut in order to keep the heat in. Half the room was filled with dog crates. The dogs in them were barking and howling.

It had all started that morning when it began to snow lightly. I did not think much of it at first, but by eleven o'clock, the grass had disappeared and it was snowing very heavily. I spent the next two hours jumping around in excitement. The snow was very, very wet and heavy. "This would be perfect for building snowmen," I thought. However, my excitement was brought to a rather abrupt end when our power went off. I found out from my father that wet snow, which I had thought was so good, had formed around the wires and caused the power to go off.

By now the temperature was down to minus eleven degrees, and the wind was howling at thirty-five miles

an hour. Soon it became necessary to light a fire for warmth. After cleaning and fueling the lanterns, we lit them.

Outside everything was covered with snow. The tree limbs hung far down with the weight of the snow. That night we slept in sleeping bags next to the fire.

The next morning we tried out our telephone. Fortunately, it worked, and we called a man to plow us out. He was so busy with other people that he did not come until four o'clock in the afternoon.

The next morning, after being awakened by the tractors, I went to watch. At the front of the procession was a large bulldozer and a huge tractor with a very big plow on the front of it. These did a good job but left four or five inches of snow behind. This was picked up by a much smaller tractor that was behind the others. The red paint and taillights shone brilliantly against the snow. The men's faces were a red hue also. At about sunrise, the power came on again and ended a cold two days.

MYRTLE THE TURTLE

By JAMES FIGG (II)

There once was a turtle named Myrtle,
Whose sound was a deep-throated gurgle.
She gurgled with glee,
In a debonair key,
But to listen was absolute agony.

THE STORM

By WILLIAM REMSEN (III)

It was a bright sunny day, as we paddled back to our camp-site in a war canoe. The occupants of the canoe included about eight boys and one counselor; there were two other counselors, but they had gotten a ride in a motor boat.

We had been paddling for a long time, but we were a good three miles from our camp-site. We paddled slowly and steadily. A small wind blew up from the South. Someone looked behind us. A low, gray cloud bank was quickly approaching. Soon the sun was blocked out. Suddenly it became cold. We could see a curtain of water falling from the clouds. Panic struck! We all paddled furiously. Now we could hear the hiss as millions of droplets of rain hit the

water. The surface of the water boiled as the rain hit it. As the storm hit us we felt the fury of the elements.

The brutal force of it rocked the boat. There was a solid curtain of water all around us — so thick that we could hardly see three feet ahead of us. The cold rain hit so hard that it stung. We paddled, as if we were mad. We also tried to stay dry, but in a few seconds we were soaked to the bone.

Cold and drenched, we paddled for all we were worth in the beating rain, which had begun to stop. The dark sky began to get lighter.

In a little while, the storm ended; and a beautiful rainbow appeared in its place.



David Samson

AN ADMIRING BROTHER

By DAVID MACLEOD (V)

Although Bob liked his brother Adrian, he never admitted it. He also liked the way Adrian did most things, but he didn't really show it. One day during the last week of summer vacation, both boys decided to go for a swim in their favorite area of the lake. They took the shortcut through the woods and passed the cliff instead of taking the chance of spraining an ankle on the bumpy road.

Their favorite swimming area was a little nook which could not be found on any map of the shoreline; however, the cliff was a big one and would show up very clearly.

On the way Bob made a suggestion, "How about stopping at the cliff on the way, Adrian?"

"Okay, and I bet I beat you!" came the hearty reply. Adrian proved he was the faster runner and picked up a small handful of rocks to throw. When Bob reached the spot, he too picked up a handful of rocks and they fired a volley at the old cans and liquor bottles one hundred and fifty feet below.

After about ten minutes of continuous throwing, the two boys left for the swimming area. When they reached the nook, Bob shuddered, "There are those caves. Boy, I'd sure hate to get caught in them." At this

his brother shuddered too. There was a gruesome tale connected with these cliffs which was a constant reminder to them not to go into the caves. But then they saw the snow-white sand and their fears subsided. It was as fine as sugar and soft as a mattress, so a little wrestling was a barrel of fun. One look at the clear blue-green water sent them sprawling and splashing into it. Soon even the idea of swimming any longer seemed revolting so they raced for the shore.

On the way back to the cottage, Adrian got an idea. "How about getting some more big rocks to toss over the cliff on the way? The first one to hit a can or bottle gets a prize when we get home."

Adrian reached the cliff first and picked up an oversized rock. Bob heard a crash and the tinkling of glass. "He gets the prize, whatever it is," thought Bob, but when he reached the edge of the cliff he found he was wrong. The torn body draped over the jagged boulder below could only be his brother Adrian.

Bob never admitted that he liked his brother because he never got the chance. But it was too late, for now the old fisherman had another story to tell to the new owners of the cottage.

THE PEA POD

By CASTLE BROWNE (VI)

It was dawn and the sun was just beginning to rise over the hills, but he was up early and down on the dock with all the gear he would need on the trip. He packed the gear into the boat and cast off. It was a quiet morning and the water was calm. He rowed the boat gently down the shoreline. The boat, eight feet long, was made of marine plywood, varnished on the inside and painted a brilliant green on the outside. The "Pea Pod" was its name.

Having rowed about a mile down the shoreline, he pulled in his oars and began to drift. His rod having been assembled, he attached a "Red Devil" spinner to it. The line sang as it whipped over the water and sank into the depths. He reeled in a mound of seaweed. The next couple of casts were of similar luck.

For half an hour he had been casting and had caught nothing but seaweed. "I must have thrown at least three tons of it over the side by now," he grumbled. Again he cast, and again he started to reel in as before. Then he felt a tug. Thinking it was seaweed, he tugged the line hard in disgust. Suddenly the seaweed started to fight back! It took him a few minutes of careful pondering to figure out what was going on. Then he began to reel in slowly, but surely. He pulled his rod up, let it down and

reeled in. Each time he did this, the fish came closer and tugged harder. Once, the fish flew out of the water and slapped furiously at the air. Finally the fish was pulled in and he supposed that it was about forty inches long, weighing almost three pounds. After taking it off the hook, he threw it overboard — he hated to eat fish.

The fisherman had good luck for the next few hours, catching fish in all shapes and sizes. He had caught far over the limit in pike and bass, and he thought he had caught enough perch to sink a ship.

The sun was almost at its zenith; he began to look for a place to have his lunch. Spying a huge cliff jutting out over the water, he decided to have lunch there. The cliff loomed above him as he pulled the Pea Pod, stern end first, up onto the beach. Then he began to climb the cliff, his lunch box clenched between his teeth. The top of the cliff was almost within his reach. He simply had to grab hold of a tree root, step on a huge rock and pull himself to the top. He took a firm grip upon the root, but when he stepped on the rock, it fell from beneath his dangling foot. All his weight was placed upon the root; it held firm. He was saved. He glanced behind him in time to see the boulder, crashing down the cliff,

smash through the stern end of the Pea Pod. The entire stern was demolished. He climbed down as quickly as possible to examine the boat. Having unloaded his gear, he overturned the boat up on the hill. He then placed his gear underneath it, climbed the cliff, and began to walk home by land.

When he arrived home, he hopped into his motorboat and sped to the cliff. After a while, he had

loaded all his gear into the big motorboat and then placed the Pea Pod in it. On the way home, he wondered what he would do with his broken boat.

He spent three weeks rebuilding the Pea Pod. First, he cut it in half and then put a new transom on the back. It was now four feet long. Having completed his work, he christened the new boat the "Split Pea."



The Lower School Crossing

THE NIGHT OF ASH WEDNESDAY

By HENRY BRISTOL (II)

"Twas the night of Ash Wednesday,
And all through the house,
There were screams loud enough
To awaken a dead mouse.

My mother and sister had started
To fight,
And everyone knew that my mother
Was right — except my sister.

The fight, it was over a large
Piece of liver,
One nice rarely-cooked
Sliver of liver.

My sister was told she could not
Leave the table
Until she had eaten
All she was able.

So my bad old sister ran
Up the stair,
Leaving *that* liver
So cold and so rare.

Now that meat lay in the icebox
All during that night —
After causing such
A terrific fight.

When my sister heard she could have
Nothing to eat,
She finally recooked and
Finished that meat.

THE PHEASANT

By AYRES BROWNE (II)

One brisk cold day in the late fall,
I was walking in a small woods when
I discovered a tranquil meadow. Its
tall amber grass swayed gracefully
in the breeze and many colored
leaves showered down. Birds chirped
endlessly to each other across the
field.

Suddenly I heard a rustling. There,
perched in a lean fir tree was a

pheasant. I walked on. Then I heard
a shot. The pheasant flew desperately
toward the woods. Another shot
rang out. The pheasant dropped to
earth fluttering and panting. As it
breathed its last breath, the radiant
colors it once had turned pale. The
blood stained the once vital wings.
Now the colors and the magnificence
of this gallant bird were of no use to
anyone.

A BRAVE PHEASANT

By STEPHEN GORMAN (II)

See that pheasant, a beautiful bird!
But at that moment a shot is heard,
A shot that would mean death,
For in getting away he spent his very last breath.

He falls and now is dead
With a bullet hole right through his head.

Now he lies on his favorite lot;
The top of the hill marks the spot.
Once the pheasant was very brave,
But the top of the hill now marks the grave.

THE HUNT

By BRENT VINE (V)

Winter was upon the land. A chilling wind lightly circled the branches of the swaying trees. A winter sky darkened the countryside, and the forest was peaceful save for the faint and dying echoes of distant gunshots; the hunting season had commenced.

The crisp air of the afternoon swirled through the corridors of the forest; there was a soft murmur among the trees, which rose and fell continuously, a whisper of the bleak winter, a secret among the trees.

The hunter entered the forest and began to walk forward with great strides. The murmuring of the trees and of the bushes became roars of fury; birds squawked as a sheet of shining bodies flitted upward through the trees. The hunter stopped. There was peace once more. The hunter continued on his way, beating a path over the underbrush, trampling the crying bushes in his way. They were a hindrance to his cause; he must continue on his quest,

and disregard the pleas of the forest.

The hunter's weathered face was cause; he must continue on his quest, and disregard the anguished pleas of wrinkled with the biting cold. His tan, leathery complexion winced, and formed strange shapes on his face, as he hunched the strong features of his body into an arch, sheltering himself from the cold ways of the forest.

The air grew colder, and the hunter thought that snow would soon arrive. He flung his zipper upward with an awkward motion of his hand. He felt a searing contempt for the cold, for all its awesome powers of hindrance. But he must continue with his hunt; he must not heed the wind, nor the rain, nor the snow. He must find his prey. Such were the thoughts of the hunter.

The darkness of the forest gave way to bright, rolling reaches of tundra; hill after hill dotted the

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frozen plains.

"Ahah! Now I shall be able to find him easily. Yes! Here he will fall in this open place, dead, shot dead, from my gun."

The sky began to darken. Black clouds smothered the waning sun; they hung above the hunter's head, ominous and foreboding. The sun shown for a fleeting moment, and descended slowly behind the grey hills in the distance, a gleaming ball of fiery glare.

"I must find him before the night. I must!" The hunter condemned the sun for following the natural course of its actions. But a blanket of darkness descended upon the earth, and the snow gently sifted through the threads of night, settling softly upon the land.

The blanket of the hunter descended likewise over his head.

He could not sleep. He rolled over fitfully, pondering, fearing, and finally settled to repose; but he dreamt. He saw a horrible spectacle of reprimand and rebuke, and execution. The fulfillment of his singular duty struck him all the more forcefully, and he knew that he must kill his prey, lurking somewhere in the awesome vastness of the land, scampering in terror.

His waking eyes beheld a magnificent spectacle of white beauty. Although clouds covered the morning sun, there was no darkness. The

gleaming hills in the distance shone with a luster of brilliance. The hunter, lying on a small mound, surveyed his surroundings with the air of a king. "It will be difficult in the snow, but I shall prevail on this guest."

He was barely awake. He opened his heavy parka, and brought to his mouth a morsel of breakfast; the cold beef tasted good to him. It was all that he had and he welcomed it graciously.

The hunter donned his snowshoes. He began his exhaustive search, striding toward the snowy peaks, and searching all of his surroundings with an eagle eye that one develops only from experience. He propped his gun against his shoulder. The snow fell steadily, the day wore on, and no sign had appeared. The mountains were no longer in the distance, and the hunter rested, and began to take some more of his food. What was that? The hunter heard a faint noise.

"Who is that?" A fleeting form scurried into the tall grass, and disappeared. The hunter grabbed his gun, and ran to meet his adversary. "Come out! You cannot escape me!" The form rose, and was silent. The hunter shot.

The hunted winced in horrible agony, and fell to the earth senseless to everything of life; he did not hear the crying exultation of the hunter.

AN ASTHMA ATTACK FIFTY FEET UP

By DAVID SAMSON (III)

It happened when I was nine, and the place was Martha's Vineyard Island, while I was climbing the Gay Head Cliffs. The cliffs are very colorful and in some places very steep. In most of the places climbing is not hard, because natural footholds cover the clay ledges. Below the cliffs is a rocky beach.

I had climbed every cliff except the white one, the conquest of which looked impossible to me. When we were about to leave, I told my mother that I would meet her at the car, which was at the top of the cliffs. I started to climb the white cliff, the cliff that is the hardest to climb. The first thirty feet were easy, but I was

getting tired. I looked out toward the ocean and saw No Man's Land (an island that used to be a military target).

Just below the hardest ledge, I couldn't breathe as easily and my chest was beating — I was having an asthma attack! I reached a foothold that I could barely get, and I pulled myself up under another overhanging ledge. I couldn't go around the ledge so I had to jump to grab a natural shelf. Then, I pulled myself up. My asthma was getting worse. I quickly made the rest of the way to the car where I took my medicator and I was almost breathing normally again.



John Battle

HOW TO GET STUDENTS TO DO THEIR BEST

By DAVID ANDREWS (IV)

(The following was submitted in the contest of Mr. McAneny and was chosen number one.)

I believe that the way to get students to do their best is to get them interested. If a boy does poorly in a subject, I would say to search for a point he understands well or likes best and give him some extra tips there. These tips would help bring up his mark on these points and probably would also result in having the boy use this point in other work too. When the person sees what effort does, for his grade as well as anything else, he will make an effort to work harder on the points which he does not understand or does not like. Through this he will understand them better and may even learn to like them.

I do not believe in offering rewards for good work or punishment for bad work or conduct, although these methods sometimes work. If you reward a boy, he may feel he does not have to work any more. Likewise if you punish him, it may deepen his probable resentment of you or the subject, both of which are reasons why he may not do his best. When a boy makes a single outstanding contribution toward class work or makes a good discussion for a course of weeks on one point, he should be praised and encouraged to do so more often. If a person steadily interrupts class or makes jokes which disturb others' behavior, he has a probable resentment of you or the subject, which you, as the teacher, might clarify. If a person does poorly on one major point, don't punish him, because it is probably because of lack of interest. A possible remedy might be to ask, not make, the boy do extra research on the subject so it might be clearer to him and the boy might become interested in some minor details and take an interest in the subject.

Don't drone on and on in class. Bring in some outside topics concerning the course, crack a few jokes now and then, and make your topic seem interesting by telling of personal experiences. Make yourself a big brother. The boy who is having problems will see that you want to help and will come to you with his troubles. Don't make the boy afraid of you.

The major way to help is to let the boy know he is not alone with his problems. Let the boy know you want to help him and that you have a personal interest in his problems and welfare.

QUESTIONNAIRE

The following questionnaire was distributed among members of Faculty, Sixth Form and First Form recently.

Favorite Actor
 Favorite Actress
 Favorite Movie (recent)
 Favorite Singer
 Favorite TV Program

Worst TV Program

Favorite Commercial
 Favorite Radio Station
 Favorite Magazine
 Favorite Comic Strip
 Favorite Author
 Favorite Book

Favorite Sport
 Favorite Car
 Favorite Subject
 Favorite Day of the Week
 Worst Day of the Week
 Favorite School Lunch
 Worst School Lunch
 Favorite Food
 Favorite Beverage
 Most Admired Foreigner
 Most Admired Political
 Personage
 Country You'd Most Like To Visit
 Favorite Expression
 Favorite Pastime
 Pet Peeve

Faculty

Paul Newman, Cary Grant
 Doris Day
 Becket
 Harry Belafonte, Ringo
 Huntley-Brinkley, Perry Mason

Lawrence Welk

Bert & Harry Piel
 WHWH, WQXR
 Time, New Yorker
 Peanuts, Prince Valiant
 Steinbeck
 Dictionary

Tennis, Sailing
 Ford, Chevrolet
 History
 Saturday
 Monday
 Sandwiches
 Pork Roll
 Roast Beef
 Milk
 Churchill

Churchill
 Norway
 "How About That?"
 Reading
 Incomplete Homework

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Sixth Form

Richard Burton
Elke Sommer
Tom Jones (Topkapi)
Hugh Samson, Whit Raymond
Gomer Pyle, U.S.M.C., Soupy
Sales
Gomer Pyle, U.S.M.C., Lawrence
Welk
Schlitz
WABC
Playboy, Junior Journal
Peanuts, Fearless Fosdick
Steinbeck, Dr. Seuss
*Catcher In The Rye, Modern
Algebra*
Football
Mustang, Edsel
Biology
Friday
Monday
Meat Loaf (There is None)
CENSORED, All The Rest
Steak
Beer
Christine Keeler

Mr. Robson
France (Transylvania)
CENSORED
Girls (CENSORED)
QUESTIONNAIRES

First Form

Jonathan Winters
Liz Taylor
It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World
Ringo
Addam's Family, Gomer Pyle,
U.S.M.C.
Romper Room

G.I. Joe
WABC
Mad Magazine
Superman
H. G. Wells
Hardy Boys

Soccer
Mustang
Math
Friday
Monday
Hamburger
Macaroni
Steak
Soda
Khrushchev

Lyndon B. Johnson
Germany
"Forget It"
Reading
Brothers and Sisters

NEW TEACHERS

MR. FOWLER MERLE-SMITH

Mr. Merle-Smith was born in New York City in 1926. After graduating from Brooks Preparatory School, he attended Princeton University, where he earned a B.A. degree. He then served in the Marine Corps. Before coming to P.C.D., he taught at the Punahou School in Honolulu and then at the Buckley School in New York. At P.C.D., Mr. Merle-Smith teaches Second Form English, and First and Second Form Reading. He is married and has no children. In his spare time, Mr. Merle-Smith likes to sail and also pursues the pastimes of photography and reading.

MR. DANIEL J. BARREN

Mr. Barren was born in Bradford, Pennsylvania, in 1931. He graduated from Port Allegany High School in 1948 and attended the Hill School as a post-graduate in the school year 1948-1949. From there he went to Gannon College and received a B.S. degree in 1955. Mr. Barren attained the rank of lieutenant while serving three years in the Army in Korea. He is married and has three boys: Michael, 6, Mark, 4, and John, who is almost a year old. In the past year, he co-edited two workbooks on modern mathematics for the seventh and eighth grades. At P.C.D. Mr. Barren coaches football and basketball and teaches Math to the Fourth Form and to one section of the Third Form.

MR. TATNALL HILLMAN

Although Mr. Hillman was born in Memphis, Tenn., he has attended northern schools. He went to Hill and then graduated from Andover. After this he attended Princeton University and graduated in the Class of 1959 with a B.A. in Biology. Mr. Hillman then served three and one-third years in the U.S. Navy.

Mr. Hillman has recently married and has no children. His hobbies are

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skiing, skin diving, and general outdoor sports.

Here at P.C.D. he is teaching First Form Science, Third Form Mathematics, and Sixth Form Biology.

MR. MITCHELL BRONK

Mr. Bronk was born in Philadelphia in March of 1940. He attended the Gilman School in Baltimore, Maryland and went on to Harvard University where he received his A.B. Before coming to P.C.D. he taught at Trinity in New York City and he also took a course in physical oceanography at N.Y.U. Mr. Bronk is married and has no children. At P.C.D. he teaches Science to the Second Form and at M.F.S. he teaches ninth grade Science and eleventh and twelfth grade Physics. Outside of school life, Mr. Bronk enjoys sailing and woodworking.

MR. NICHOLAS CAMPBELL

Mr. Campbell was born in Newark, New Jersey in 1935. After attending East Orange High School, he studied at Bloomfield College, where he earned a B.A. degree in English. Thence, he came to Princeton and the Westminster Choir College where he is now a senior working toward his B.M.F. in organ recital. Mr. Campbell was in the Air Force for four years before coming here. He has not taught in any other school before coming to P.C.D. Mr. Campbell is married and has one child. In his spare time, he pursues the activities of weight-lifting, bowling, and he also likes to compose music. At P.C.D., Mr. Campbell teaches Third and Fourth Form Music.

MRS. GEORGE WARREN

Mrs. Warren was born in New York City. After attending Brearley School, she continued her studies at Vassar. There, she received a B.A. degree. Before coming to P.C.D., Mrs. Warren taught at the Chaffee School. She is married and has four children, three sons and one daughter. Two of her sons are at Andover, while another—Ethan—is at P.C.D. in the Third

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Form; and a daughter, Kitty, is at Miss Fine's. In her spare time, Mrs. Warren pursues the activities of figure skating, tennis, and sailing. At P.C.D., she teaches Fifth Form Math, while at Miss Fine's, she teaches ninth and tenth grade Math.

MRS. VIRGINIA TEIPEL

Mrs. Teipel was born in Newark, New Jersey and went to Glenridge High School. She attended Sweetbriar College in Virginia, Columbia University Graduate School, and Bowling Green College in Ohio. She has earned her B.A. in music, her Certification of Occupational Therapy, and her Certification of Music. In the past, Mrs. Teipel has taught music at various summer camps, churches, and schools. She has also done radio and T.V. work. She also has four children. A daughter, 15, is at P.H.S., a son, 13, is at the Witherspoon School, another son, 9, and another daughter are both at Nassau Street School. In her spare time, Mrs. Teipel likes to cook. At P.C.D. she teaches First and Second Form Music, and at M.F.S., she teaches music to the Middle School.

MRS. JEROME STEIN, JR.

Mrs. Stein was born in Massachusetts. She attended Friends' School in New York City. From there, she went to Hunter College, where she earned her B.A. degree. Then she attended Tufts University, where she earned her B.S.O.T. degree. She then proceeded to San Francisco State College, and there she earned an M.A. degree. Mrs. Stein is married and has two children: Chris, 9, who is in the first form at P.C.D., and John, who is seven years old. She is interested in such diverse subjects as stamp collecting, sports cars, the opera (and music in general), and the theater. Mrs. Stein has long worked at the Bonnie Brae Farm for Boys as consulting psychologist. She is the school psychologist at both P.C.D. and Miss Fine's School.



Ethan Warren

ATHLETICS

SOCCER

By JERRY PITT AND NAT HUTNER

This season was certainly not one of our best. We got off to a slow start, losing five out of our first six games; however, toward the end of the season, we finally made headway and beat Witherspoon and the Choir School, while tying Peddie, one of the strongest teams we played all season. Thanks to the coaching of Mr. Gorman, this year's team was well-organized and promises much excellent material for the future soccer teams at the New School. The starting line-up was as follows:

Right Wing: Young, Browne
 Right Inside: Andresen
 Right Halfback: Raymond, C.
 Right Fullback: Hutner
 Center Halfback: French

Left Wing: Bales
 Left Inside: Ford, Schluter
 Left Halfback: Jaeger, Garland
 Left Fullback: Pitt
 Center: Desmond

Goalie: Chalverus, Markham



THE SOCCER TEAM

Front row (l. to r.)—Jaeger, Browne, Pitt, Bales, Desmond (captain), Hutner, French, Ford.
 2nd row—Young, J., Whipple, Andresen, Chandler, Raymond, C., Gaman, Tattersall,
 Pickering, Mueller. 3rd row—Spears (Manager), Schluter, Kennedy, Starkey, Garland,
 Markham, Macleod, King, Mr. Gorman. 4th row—Roberts, Simmons, Chalverus, Taylor.

Valley Road 3

P.C.D. 0

P.C.D., playing an uninspired game, was overcome by the constant pressure applied by the Valley Road attackers. It was quite evident that Valley Road "out-hustled" us. Despite a somewhat disorganized Valley Road team, we were unable to score.

Lawrence Junior High 2

P.C.D. 0

After holding the opposition scoreless for the first half, Lawrence Jr. High broke the ice by scoring twice in the remaining half. We missed many opportunities to score, and were again held scoreless.

Peddie 2

P.C.D. 0

Coach Gorman and Captain Desmond instilled a strong spirit which the team had been lacking. The home team admitted that Peddie deserved credit for their excellent performance in a game which was ruggedly fought by both sides. Peddie scored quickly in the opening minutes and again in the second half. Center halfback David French narrowly missed two tallies for us. Coach was impressed with the showing his players gave, as yet, the best showing of the season.

P.C.D. 2

Valley Road 1

Despite the absence of several starters, and a somewhat shuffled lineup, we managed to out-play and out-score Valley Road for our first victory. The visitors played their usual rough game, but they defeated themselves with their own penalties. David French, scoring in the second period, and playmaker Mike Desmond, who tallied in the final quarter, both scored on penalty kicks. French's goal was the first P.C.D. score of the season and also the first goal given up by Valley Road this year. Goalie Chalverus made the outstanding play of the game when he caught a direct free kick.

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This brilliant victory would not have been possible without the shining defensive play of our fullbacks and halfbacks, who both deserve some recognition.

Lawrence Junior High 2

P.C.D. 1

After a score by Tom Ford in the first 15 seconds of play, we were held back by the Lawrence defense for the remainder of the game. As a whole, our defense was rather weak, and we had not enough team spirit and coordination, present in the previous game against Valley Road.

Pennington 2

P.C.D. 1

All the scoring took place in the first half as Pennington scored twice, while we scored only once on a penalty kick by Mike Desmond. Our defense played an outstanding game despite giving up two tallies. The line also played a good game, despite the fact that they could not always take advantage of several opportunities to score.

P.C.D. 3

Witherspoon 2

Despite several defensive lapses, we were able to garner a victory against a rather weak Witherspoon team. John Andresen paced our booters by scoring the first two goals and was credited with an assist on the winning goal, which was banged through by Tom Ford. Goalie Markham did a commendable job replacing injured Bill Chalverus. After we scored the initial goal, the score was never tied although we seemed to let up a great deal when we gained the lead.

P.C.D. 0

Peddie 0

This was by far the best game we played this season. Earlier in the season, we had been defeated by a far superior Peddie team; but the clutch playing by the fullbacks and halfbacks, along with the offensive pressure provided by our line, enabled us to end the game in a stalemate.

P.C.D. 6

Choir School 0

Being our last game, all the players were in high spirits. Rick Bales scored his first goal of the season in the first quarter. In the second quarter, Kit Raymond, oddly enough scored by a high kick from *mid-field*! Several minutes later, halfback Harold Jaeger scored in a similar manner. Mike Desmond added another goal to his credit before the half was over. In the second half, both Castle Browne and John Mueller contributed a goal to our score.

Won 3, Lost 5, Tied 1

FOOTBALL

By MARK O'DONOGHUE AND JOHN CLAGHORN

Led by our new coach Mr. Barren, Mr. Tibbals, and Captain Sandv Wandelt, P.C.D. fought to a record of three wins and three losses. This year's team was well organized, and had exceptional spirit. After a dismal start of three losses, P.C.D. finished the last football season at Princeton Country Day School with three consecutive victories. The starting line-up was as follows:

Right End: Rigot
 Right Tackle: Kelleher
 Right Guard: Walker
 Quarterback: Raymond
 Right Halfback: Reynolds,
 Hereford
 Fullback: Wandelt

Left End: Claghorn
 Left Tackle: Stover
 Left Guard: Sampson P.,
 Purcell
 Center: O'Donoghue
 Left Halfback: Samson, H.



THE FOOTBALL TEAM

Front row (l. to r.)—Reynolds, Fishmann, Laughlin, Wandelt, Sowers, Raines, Irish.
 2nd row—Walker Kelleher, Raymond Samson, H. Claghorn, Samson, P. 3rd row—
 Hereford, Rigot, O'Donoghue, Ross, Hartley. Back Row—Purcell, Bash, Rieck, Stover,
 Paine, Mr. Barren.

Delbarton 33

P.C.D. 0

This fiasco was undoubtedly our poorest showing of the year. We fumbled six times and gained a meager total of 33 yards. Delbarton was bigger than we were, yet we were not prepared sufficiently in any case.

Pingry 12

P.C.D. 7

On a fluke play, we suffered our second defeat. However we showed marked improvement over our first game. Raymond scored from one yard out and also converted a Quarterback Sneak.

P.H.S. 14

P.C.D. 12

Our inability to gain the extra points cost us this game. We scored on a pass from Raymond to Rigot and on a short run by Reynolds. Our pass defense was the major factor in our loss here.

P.C.D. 7

Lawrenceville 0

In our first victory, we were hampered by penalties against a relatively weak team. Our lone score occurred on a pass from Raymond to Rigot and Samson converted on a run.

P.C.D. 19

Peddie 14

Against a large, tough team which had lost to Delbarton by only 1 touchdown, we played perhaps our finest game of the year. Raymond scored on a short run and on passes to Rigot and Claghorn. (Rigot's was a 70 yard bomb.) Raymond added the sole extra point on a run.

P.C.D. 27

Hun 0

In this game our offense exploded. Touchdowns were scored by Raymond, Reynolds, and Wandelt on runs and on a pass from Raymond to Rigot. Hereford and Samson added extra points on runs. This game marked our improvement throughout the season from the Delbarton debacle to this well-earned victory.



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WHO'S WHO

COLOR OFFICERS

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Whit Raymond
Hugh Samson

President
Secretary

WHITES

Sandy Wandelt
Mark O'Donoghue

STUDENT COUNCIL

Mark O'Donoghue, *President*
Samuel Walker, *Secretary*

Harold Jaeger, *Vice-President*
Christopher Laughlin, *Treasurer*

5th Form

Raymond, C.
Vine, B.
Young, J.

4th Form

Lane, M.
Vine, S.
Andrews, D., Berger, T.

3rd Form

Samson, D.
McCarthy, K.
Donaldson, A.

2nd Form

Duncan, S.
Yokana, L.

TEAM CAPTAINS

Soccer

Mike Desmond

Football

Sandy Wandelt

LIBRARIANS

Donald Pickering

Stowe Tattersall

WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES

By MARK O'DONOGHUE

Football

The Whites swept the fall athletics by winning soccer and football. They won in the Lower School by taking the first three places in the 2nd and 3rd Form Round Robin and by winning in the First Form. They also won the J.V. soccer, although Varsity soccer was tied. The final tally of points is:

Whites 13

Blues 2

In football the Blues won the J.V. football game by a decisive margin but the Whites won the all-important Varsity game that won the sport for them. The final score in football was:

Whites 4

Blues 3

Scholastics

In the classroom, the Whites also defeated the Blues. They won all three marking periods of the fall term with an overall White average of 76.1% to a Blue average of 75.1%.

TOWN TOPICS

extends every good wish for journalistic success to the staff of the JUNIOR JOURNAL, which in years gone by provided initial appreciation for the pleasures of journalism to TOWN TOPICS' Editor and Publisher, Donald C. Stuart PCD '28.

STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS AT P.C.D.

BAND

The band is again headed this year by Mr. Sidd Kramer, with David French serving as the new President. Rehearsals are held once a week with one day for private lessons. All the boys are looking forward to future programs to be presented before the school.

ORION SOCIETY

Formed last year, the Orion Society discusses events concerning the American way of life. Mr. Robert Coombs is the faculty advisor and Mark O'Donoghue is serving as President. Thus far this year they have discussed the Presidential Campaign, giving a debate concerning it before the entire school body. They have also begun to discuss education—its philosophy, history in the United States, and role today.

THE CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club is one of the oldest clubs here at P.C.D. It is supervised by Mr. McCaughan, but it is run under a very relaxed system where cooperation is important. The boys compete purely for the fun of playing.

THE SKI CLUB

The Ski Club's main interest this year lies in taking as many trips as possible—either to ski resorts near the school or in New England. This club was formed last year; however, because of rain, their trip was cancelled. This year they are hoping for a cold winter and good luck.

THE ELECTRONICS CLUB

The electronics Club consists of 15 boys interested in a special branch of electronics. They choose their own area of special interest, and pursue this field in some type of project. Many worthwhile and interesting things are accomplished, and at the end of the year their work is displayed in front of the school.

THE COIN CLUB

Mr. Robert Miller is the head of the Coin Club. Each week ten to fifteen boys meet to display, discuss and trade samples from their coin collections. Most of the boys are concerned primarily in United States coins; however, some boys also collect both foreign coins and ancient coins. They have also begun to discuss paper currency. Thus, the members are quite active within this club.

CHRISTOPHER BUSH

(*Editor's Note:* The above was written during the fall semester, at which time club periods met each week.)

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