

VOL. XXXVI, No. 2

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL  
JUNE, 1965

# **THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PRINCETON**

**WITH 3 CONVENIENT OFFICES  
TO SERVICE YOUR BANKING NEEDS.**

**MAIN OFFICE  
90 Nassau St.  
921-6100**

**BRANCH OFFICE  
(With Drive-In Facilities)  
370 NASSAU STREET  
(East of Harrison St.)**

**BRANCH OFFICE  
(With Drive-In Facilities)  
40 WASHINGTON ROAD  
Princeton Junction**

# **BUDNY'S**

**1920 BRUNSWICK AVENUE**

**TRENTON, NEW JERSEY**

**EX 4-3143 and 4-3144**

**We can RECAP Your Tires**

**AND GUARANTEE NEW TIRE MILEAGE!**

Town and Country Tread

Suburbanite Tread

---

**FIRESTONE—GOODYEAR**  
**TIRES**

---

**Ask Your Service Man for Our Recap Service**

*Cut Down the Cost of Growing Up*

**THE OUTGROWN  
SHOP**

**221 WITHERSPOON STREET**

Hours: Monday to Friday 10-4

Saturday 10-12

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

JUNE 1965

## Contents

	PAGE
EDITORIAL .....	5
STUDENT COUNCIL .....	6
A TREATISE ON SNAKES <i>by Peter Howland</i> .....	8
SPRING <i>by Roger Sherman</i> .....	9
THE STORM <i>by John Battle</i> .....	10
THE RETURN OF A SOLDIER <i>by Philip Winder</i> .....	10-11
STARS <i>by James Sacks-Wilner</i> .....	11
ALONE <i>by Henry Harbison</i> .....	12-13
MISTER BASKETBALL <i>by Samuel Lamar</i> .....	13
ROUGHING IT <i>by Samuel Walker</i> .....	14
HUNTING IN THE WOODS <i>by John Weber</i> .....	15
THE TERRIBLE CHOICE <i>by Samuel Lamar</i> .....	16
DEATH IN A VALLEY <i>by John Weber</i> .....	17
TALLY-HO <i>by Howell Jackson</i> .....	17-18
MORNING <i>by Nathaniel Hutner</i> .....	18
THE CATCH <i>by Richard Ross</i> .....	19-20
THE FLOWER AND THE CONQUEROR <i>by Brent Vine</i> .....	21
STRAY SHOTS .....	24-25
SCHOOL PICTURE .....	26
HONOR ROLL .....	27
"WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION", <i>reviewed by Mr. Robert C. Miller, Jr.</i> .....	29
WINTER SPORTS:	
BASKETBALL <i>by Michael Desmond and Jerome Pitt</i> .....	32
HOCKEY <i>by Mark O'Donoghue and John Claghorn</i> .....	36
PDS FALL ATHLETIC PROGRAM 1965 .....	39
WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES <i>by Mark O'Donoghue</i> .....	41
SENIOR SKETCHES .....	43-53
CROSSWORD PUZZLE <i>by Nathaniel Hutner</i> .....	54
WITH THE ALUMNI .....	57

## Junior Journal

Published by the Students of the Princeton Country Day School  
Member — *Columbia Scholastic Press Association*

Subscription . . . . .	\$1.50 per Copy
	\$3.00 per Year

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

VOL. XXXVI

JUNE, 1965

No. 2

### Board of Editors

Nathaniel C. Hutner ..... *Editor-in-Chief*

Robert R. Spears \_\_\_\_\_ *Business Manager*John Mueller ..... *Art Editor*

### Assistant Editors

Sandy Wandelt

John Claghorn

Michael Desmond

Thomas Ford

Thomas Gaman

Mark O'Donoghue

Jerome Pitt

Richard Ross

Whit Raymond

### Business Assistants

John Andresen

John Claghorn

George H. Sayen

Mr. Walter L. Titus, III \_\_\_\_\_ Faculty Adviser

Mr. Herbert McAneny \_\_\_\_\_ Alumni Editor

## Photography

Thomas Gaman

Nathaniel Hutner

John Mueller

## EDITORIAL

P.C.D. is now on the verge of one of the most important events in its history—the consolidation of Miss Fine's School and itself into one institution, which will be housed in the buildings on the Great Road now nearing completion. The successful execution of such a move is a difficult feat, for there are a myriad of different customs and traditions, some of them quite old, which must now be combined into a foundation upon which the New School can be built. Furthermore, a successful union of two student bodies and two faculties must also be effected.

The problems of transition which culminated in the resignation of Mr. Hartmann have made this a difficult year for all. It is essential in the interim when a new headmaster is being sought, that those who guide the merger are well acquainted with both Miss Fine's and P.C.D. Thus, the decision of the Board of Trustees to establish a coordinating committee, with Mr. McAneny, Mrs. Williams, Mr. Merle-Smith, and Mrs. Vogt, serving as heads of the Upper and Lower Schools, all of whom are very experienced and equipped with a thorough knowledge of the schools to be joined, proves to be a very wise decision.

The *Junior Journal* wishes to express its firm support of the actions taken thus far. It further wishes to express its belief that under the guidance of the very experienced educators at both Miss Fine's School and the Princeton Country Day School, Princeton Day Schools will attain recognition as one of the foremost educational institutions of its kind in the country and will continue the excellence of education for which Princeton has become known.

NATHANIEL HUTNER



**MR. HARTMANN**

The JUNIOR JOURNAL wishes to express its regrets over the resignation of Mr. Thomas B. Hartmann as Principal of Princeton Day Schools. It also wishes Mr. Hartmann full success in the future as an educator.

---

**STUDENT COUNCIL**

In planning for the new school, the Student Council has experienced a year of transition. It has coupled traditional functions of the past with the formation of a new student council for Princeton Day Schools.

Undoubtedly, the most important achievement of this year was the institution of the Honor System. This honor system only encompassed Sixth Form tests at first, but is at this time being expanded to include study halls. A policy of indoctrinating the Fifth Form with this honor system is also being introduced, so as to prepare them for the Upper School at P.D.S. Various other subjects also have been discussed by the Student Council this year, among them are the merits of having no grades and other topics relating to school life.

It is fitting to explain at this point the student government arrangement for next year as decided in a meeting of the P.C.D. Student Council and Miss Fine's Student Council. The student government will consist primarily of an Upper School Student Council and a Middle School Student Council. The role of the Upper School Student Council will be two-fold, in that it will operate as an honor committee and a body to discuss topics and problems that arise. The officers will be a President from the Senior class and a Secretary from the Junior class selected by the entire Upper School. It also will include two girls as representatives from the Senior and Junior classes, and two boys and two girls as representatives from the Sophomore and Freshman classes. Also, in the future, all elections will take place in May of the previous school year so as to provide an easier transition from one year to the next.

As of yet, the Middle School Student Council has not been decided upon, but it will include grades five through eight, and, although less influential than its Upper School counterpart, it will probably be organized along the same lines.

Hopefully, this arrangement will be conducive to more participation by the individual student and more fruitful results from the Student Council at Princeton Day Schools.

MARK O'DONOGHUE





### THE JUNIOR JOURNAL STAFF

*Front Row (l. to r.)* — O'Donoghue, Desmond, Hutner, Spears, Mueller.

*2nd Row* — Sayen, Andresen, Pitt, Gaman, Ross, Bush, Raymond, W., Wandelt, Claghorn, Young.



### THE STUDENT COUNCIL

*Front Row (l. to r.)* — Laughlin, O'Donoghue, Jaeger, Walker. *2nd Row* —

Raymond, W., Stephen Vine, McCarthy, Samson, Duncan, Donaldson, Wandelt. *3rd Row* — Berger, Brent Vine, Mr. McCaughan, Raymond, K., Young, Lane.

## A TREATISE ON SNAKES

By PETER HOWLAND (IV)

I have always hated snakes, for I have had many unfortunate experiences with the nasty creatures. My first encounter was with a baby copperhead. A friend and I were quite a distance from home, near a quarry, poking amongst the underbrush. Suddenly I notice something slithering in the grass. My first reaction was to kill it, but being rather cowardly, I ran in the opposite direction. I then remembered my friend. Turning around, I saw him trying to catch it, so I decided to go back and try to hide my cowardly action. I returned and finally convinced him that where there are little snakes, there are big snakes. Then we both ran home. Of course, after returning home and telling of the snake, no one would believe us and said that it had probably been a little harmless garter snake. However, about a week later, the entire area where we had been was enclosed and fumigated by the police.

My next encounter with a snake occurred when I was on a bike ride. I was barreling down a hill when I suddenly noticed a snake slithering across the road in front of me. I could not stop, so I pulled up my feet, shut my eyes and hoped for the

best. I felt a bump and heard a squish but decided not to stop to see what had happened. Having come to a halt, I came to the conclusion that it would be better to turn off the road and to take another route home.

Once I was at a riding club when a groom called to a group of friends and me. At his call, we decided to investigate. Upon our arrival, the groom said, "All right, bring me that stick there, but don't get too close." I couldn't see why, so I ran up to him. He shouted a warning so I stopped as fast as I could. I looked down at my feet and there was a large snake. This time my first reaction was to faint. Then I began to feel sick and the thought of death crept into my mind. Then I remembered my female audience, so I pulled myself together and walked nonchalantly away, trying to control the screams of terror which were about to come from my quivering lips.

Later some of the girls inquired as to whether I would like to view the snake which the groom had conveniently caught and placed by a paddock. Faintheartedly, I declined.

## SPRING

By ROGER SHERMAN (I)

Spring is here and Winter's gone,  
Snow has melted off the lawn;  
And now the flowers are in bloom;  
Summer's coming very soon.

Today the birds are coming back  
Along their migratory track.  
And this is the way it comes and goes;  
Because Winter left and Spring arose.



## THE STORM

By JOHN BATTLE (III)

The sun shone brilliantly upon the beach and I decided to go beach-combing. Nevertheless, the wind blew harshly in the cold outside. I donned my parka and left the house.

After I had walked for half an hour, dark black clouds began to roll in and hide the light of the sun; however, I did not pay much attention to this omen of bad weather and continued on my way. The wind picked up speed and began to howl, blowing sand and mist from the ocean in a whip of stinging, salty air. I came to an old cement foundation which offered some protection from the wind and stopped for a rest. I noticed that the clouds had now filled the sky and had spread a dark shadow over the sea-scape. Still disregarding the clouds, I walked on, picking up interesting objects from the sand. The carcass of a shark lay

with its mouth pointed to the clashing waves as if he was cursing the sea for what had probably been a cause of his death.

An hour and a half had now passed, and I decided that I must return home. Suddenly, a downpour started. Rain fell in huge drops. The wind blew as though in a gale. The sand was packed down by the rain and did not blow about, but the wind was enough to sweep one off his feet. Now the rain began to freeze and I quivered in the cold. I soon arrived at the old foundation which, although it did not protect me from the rain, served as a barrier against the wind. The wind finally died down and I was able to return home. The sight of home was a welcome one—a source of warmth for my cold hands and feet.

---

## THE RETURN OF A SOLDIER

By PHILIP WINDER (V)

The young soldier had returned from the front. As the scenery whizzed by the train window, the thought of home seemed to enlighten the dull monotony of the countryside. Knowing that in only a few more hours he would be home, where he could relax, made the soldier ecstatic.

At the moment, he only had happy remembrances of home. He did not recall the acrid odor of the pig sty and the endless chores he had performed on the farm only three years ago. Later as the train ground to a halt, he was jolted back to reality. He realized that his family was not quite as well off as they once had

been. He quickly jumped off the train to greet his parents, who were already waiting at the station to meet him. After many affectionate greetings, they all got into their car. He noticed that his family no longer owned a sleek Packard, but a shabby old Ford. As they drove home, he realized that his family was in a worse financial position than he had thought. Even his father, who had always been robust and carefree, looked gaunt and worried.

For the first few days after his

return, the young soldier waited for the hordes of admiring children whom he thought would flock to him to hear tales of his battle feats. As time passed, he became increasingly aware that his family was being socially ignored. The knowledge that not many of his friends had visited him since he returned confirmed this inference. Resting in his bed one sultry afternoon, the young soldier stared at the ceiling, wondering how this new environment in which he had been placed would affect his unknown future.



## STARS

By JAMES SACKS-WILNER (V)

Stars, little jewels placed by some wonderful hands  
In the Universe. But things of beauty do not last long  
In the hands of nature. Always burning until, in  
One last moment of glory, they sink into  
The misty depth of time.

## ALONE

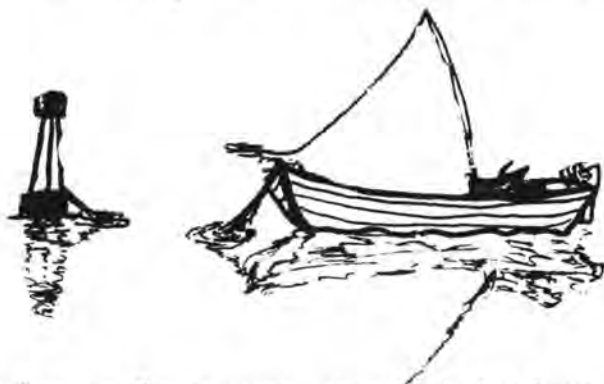
By HENRY HARBISON (V)

As I untied our boat from the dock, I yelled to my father I would be back for supper. He acknowledged my call and waved me off. I pressed the starter button and the powerful outboard responded with a sputter and then a pleasant purr. I was looking forward to a quiet, peaceful day of fishing.

I gently eased the direction lever into the forward position and the boat rose easily into a smooth plane. I planned to head for Potter's reef, four miles distant. I had heard from the natives of Lake Champlain that perch were abundant in this area. As I continued along at half-speed, the outline of the landscape slowly

moved toward them. Being near to the reef now, I reduced my speed and the boat settled gracefully into the water. I decided to tie up to a channel buoy even if it was against the law. I had not seen a Coast Guard vessel the entire summer and it would be odd if one patrolled in this area of the lake anyway.

I baited my hook carefully and cast out onto the perfectly still water. Settling down in the bottom of the boat, I awaited a bite. With the outboard off, I could hear nothing except the occasional ripple of water hitting the sleek hull of the boat, set off by a jumping fish. Even the gulls were quiet, which made it even



slipped away from me. Our new outboard had not been totally broken in, so I constantly kept changing speeds in order not to give the engine too much strain. I was in no rush, after all, I did have a full day ahead of me. The ducks, sunning themselves, flew off hastily as I

stranger. As I cast my eyes out onto the expanse of water across the lake to Burlington, Vermont, I could just make out the Four Brothers' islands. The majestic trees did not even quiver, for it was a perfectly calm day. The islands looked as if they were in motion because of the de-

ceiving clouds moving across the horizon. As I looked in the other direction, I spotted Lignite Point and its jagged cliffs jutting down into the deepest part of the lake. And as I looked to the east, the great Green Mountains stretched the length of the lake as far as the eye could see. Sitting in the bottom of the boat, I suddenly realized I was completely alone. For me, it was a unique experience. I had never had this feeling before. Perhaps it was getting away from the rush of life; perhaps the feeling of being where no one else had ever been, of being alone in the solitude of vast expanse of still water.

---

## MR. BASKETBALL

By SAMUEL LAMAR (III)

Have you seen the Tiger team?  
Have you heard the people scream?  
They are hollering for Bill Bradley,  
While the other team looks on sadly,  
The crowd shouts for more,  
So Bradley lays up a score.  
Bill dribbles down the alley,  
And makes another tally.  
Each new game  
Adds to this hero's fame.  
His game is so complete,  
That no one against him can compete,  
And for them it's sure defeat,  
A champion with brains and skill,  
Just to see him is a thrill.  
Offense, defense, corkscrew or hook,  
Sometimes it seems he doesn't look.  
His hands are so quick,  
He throws the ball with just a flick.  
BRADLEY here, BRADLEY there,  
Sometimes I think he's everywhere.  
Bradley looks so fine,  
Every time he tickles the twine.  
How sad will his team-mates be,  
When he leaves to cross the sea.



## "ROUGHING IT"

By SAMUEL WALKER (VI)

Although our family is by no means an outdoors type, by some unfortunate mischance we have been placed on several receiving lists from such companies as L. L. Bean and Field & Stream. Their magazines of items are of little more use to us than for swatting flies, but recently I happened to come upon what must be their fundamental use. They are a delightful substitute for the Sunday "funnies" when the newspaper has not yet come. Often I have pictured a camper with all his campfire "musts" on a carefree weekend. It might go somewhat as follows.

Friday night, tired from work and half asleep, our camper, Ralph Zuckermann, prepares for the next two days with nature. After putting everything from his portable toilet to his battery-powered fish freezer into his all gopher-skin duffel bag, he makes sure he has everything in the latest issue of "Roughing It". Finally, after packing his camouflaged car, he goes to bed for a good seven hour rest.

By 5:30 the next morning, our man is up and nearly ready to go. By 6:00 he is on the road for he needs no breakfast (actually he has packed it by mistake). At 8:00 he reaches his camp site and starts to dig in. By 9:00 he has pitched the ideal camp setting, 10' x 12', complete with recreation tent, kitchenette tent and main tent. He now heads for the stream with his four

rods and box of hooks in hand.

Down at the stream, the fun begins. After ripping a new pair of fishing pants and losing ten of his thirty handmade flies on dead logs, etc., he finally reels in a beautiful six-inch "Sunny". He immediately starts his portable gas stove, for he is hungry. Lunch consists of one fillet of "Sunny" including all gourmet trimmings.

The rest of the afternoon is not as successful as the beginning. Finally, after losing one of his "fresh, shallow water fishing" boots in a mud hole, he trudges back to camp. There he finds that his high-powered bear scarer has proved unreliable and that everything has been ransacked. He vows to catch the criminal bear the next day with his North American bear caller and then goes to bed, after eating a cold supper.

The next day Ralph is unable to catch his culprit bear either by bear caller or by his rechargeable electric bear radar. Yet all is not lost, for he gets a rabbit with his .45 automatic. Mr. Zuckermann heads home with his prize rabbit. Reaching the car, he throws himself into it and starts for the main road. But again his luck turns bad for he gets a flat. And what's more, he has no jack. He had always thought it to be the most worthless objects anyone could buy.





## HUNTING IN THE WOODS

By JOHN WEBER (II)

One bright, crisp winter morning, I was trudging through the woods with my shotgun. My father had taught me how to load and shoot the gun. I was planning to shoot a deer or pheasant and bring it home for supper. If I was good enough to hit tin cans, I could shoot a deer.

Hunting in the woods is a pleasurable experience, because it is such a beautiful and peaceful place. Gazing about I could see the trees swaying in the chilling wind and clouds

racing across the sky. The sun glittered on the cold, white snow.

Suddenly, I heard a rustling noise. I cautiously aimed my gun in that direction. A deer appeared from behind a thicket. He stood stately and fearless. As I stared into his sad, brown eyes my finger froze to the trigger. I could not shoot such a graceful creature.

I do not think that I will make a good hunter, so I will go back to shooting tin cans.

## THE TERRIBLE CHOICE

By SAMUEL LAMAR (III)

The black-masked raccoon walked stealthily across the scattered hay in the old barn. His stomach churned for food. He slowly crawled up the creaky stairs and the rhythmic patting of his fingerlike feet could be heard in the stillness. Carefully he stepped into a large dark corridor leading into the main room of the barn, his mind filled with anxiety. He bolted into the large room, taking cover behind a small pile of straw. He paused for a second, then continued through cautiously. He tramped across a plank of wood into a pile of hay.

His cold black nose caught the scent of food. He lurched forward in desperate attempt to grab the nourishment. He was too hungry to think; he pounced on the meat viciously and started ripping it to shreds, steel claws clamped tightly on his foot producing terrible pain. Blood gushed out in all directions leaving the straw a dark red. The terror-stricken raccoon pulled persistently but to no avail. The clamped jaws were too stubborn for the tugging of the raccoon. Then the animal turned to his last chance of escape.

He started to gnaw and nibble at his foot. Blood poured from his leg in a flood. He slowly pulled the re-



maining pieces out of the trap. He hobbled out of the barn, leaving a red trail behind him. The raccoon dragged himself into his hollow log.

## DEATH IN A VALLEY

By JOHN WEBER (II)

There was a shattering sound as something hit a rock beside my head. Jumping to my feet, I cautiously looked around. There was no one in sight. I glanced down at the ground and noticed bits of rock which had fallen from the cliff above. I knew then, that the pursuers were nearby. I could hear the yelping of hounds and the cries of my searchers. I quickly headed towards a flimsy clump of bushes in which I had hidden the money I had stolen. Hastily I grabbed the bag of money

and dashed toward the stream. The angry waters tore at my legs and swept me off my feet. I started swimming toward the other side when the crack of a gun broke the stillness of the morning. A burning bullet plunged into my side. The world seemed to go around and around. I clung to the side of the bank as everything became darker and darker. Though my thoughts were once of a rich future, they now turned to death.

---

## TALLY-HO

By HOWELL JACKSON (III)

It was a cool fall morning with a bit of dew on the ground, perfect for the hounds to trail a fox. There was a murmur of voices from a crowd of men and women, dressed in black and red coats and tall black hats. They were quite impressive on their towering mounts. The warm Virginia sunshine poured its beams of warmth over the colorful countryside. The oaks were dressed in gold, the maples in red and the pines in their normal green.

The trailers in which most of the horses had come were now being backed away. The negro grooms were giving their last pats, and wishing their horses good luck before the hunt. The whips, young boys in charge of the hounds, were now taking the hounds from the kennels to the starting line. The whips tried to quiet the dogs, but they still bayed noisily. The horses jumped and shied a little, but soon quieted down.

(Continued on the following page)

At a sign from the Master, the hounds were quickly unleashed and bounded down the wide field to a wooden jump. When the hounds reached the jump they crawled through it and squirmed under it. After the hounds came the hunters who cleared the jump with much grace and skill. It was a beautiful

sight to see the riders leaning forward and the horses rearing up and jumping over the fence with their coats glistening in the sunshine. Soon after the jump, the hounds began to bay and the Master yelled, "Tally-Hol"

The hounds had the scent.

---

## MORNING

By NAT HUTNER (VI)

What is Morning?  
The fiery disk of the rising sun  
Peeping above the slumbering town,  
The just-awakened birds that sing  
Of the dew-coated morning of Spring.

The sleepy-eyed mistresses stumble, night-gowned,  
Through dark halls and down darkened stairs  
To fling open wide the shutters and windows  
And purge the house of night's shadowy air.

The flowers of gardens and fields awake,  
And open hued petals as though in great yawns,  
To imbibe the procreant rays of the sun,  
Which flow to the earth from the heavens above.

For this is Morning:  
The rousing of Life,  
The Birth of the Day  
And the Death of the Night.

## THE CATCH

By RICHARD ROSS (VI)

The lines were cast off and the fishing cruiser glided gently away from its moorings. As it made its turn and came to face the open sea, it passed by the commercial center of Nassau on its right and Paradise Island on its left. The sea was clear—so clear that the shadow of the craft itself could be seen on the bottom of the bay. But now the vessel gained speed and the deep water rushed past it, leaving the shadow in the bay. Soon all that could be seen from the craft were the white stucco houses, glistening in the high December sun.

The craft was new—a beautiful sight to behold indeed. She was fifty-two feet of Brazilian mahogany and glistening white enamel aluminum. Twin Chrysler diesels powered her and she was outfitted from top to bottom with the finest equipment available. The crew was composed of a native captain and his wife who had saved all their lives for such a ship and now exhibited her with pride glistening in their eyes. There was only one passenger aboard, a businessman from Philadelphia who had come to Nassau for a short vacation and some fishing. He was an experienced angler, and the den of his home was encompassed by many fishing trophies pridefully hung upon its walls.

They were now in the fishing waters off Great Abaco Island in the Gulf-

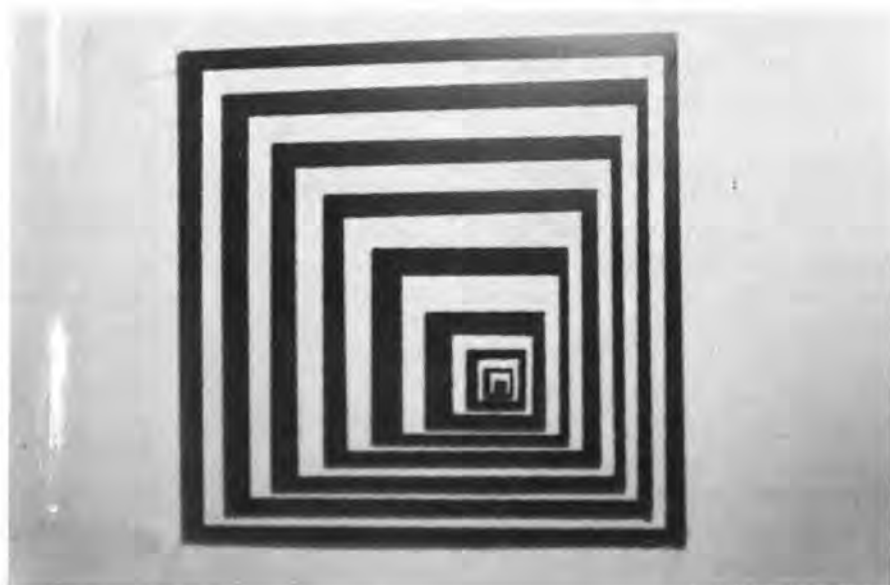
stream. The businessman baited his hook with a fresh piece of dolphin meat and prepared to cast his line into the water. As he cast, the heavy-test line swished onto the water slightly coiled, for it had been wound on the reel for a long time without any use. When he was ready, the businessman gave the signal and the motors slowly started up again. They then began to troll the area along the coast of the island.

Four hours had passed, but nothing had struck the line. However, late in the afternoon, the businessman felt a tug on his line, which suddenly became taut. The force of the strike pulled the man from his deck chair to the railing of the boat. He managed to regain his balance and sat down again in the chair. Suddenly, a tremendous Blue Marlin leaped from the pale green sea, the late afternoon sun catching the flank of the fish with a sparkle like that of a sapphire. Then back into the water it went, with a furious splash of frothy white foam rising above its disappearing form.

The battle between man and beast raged for many hours and continued long into the night. All the while the fish was thrashing on the surface of the water, or diving below the waves into watery darkness—anything to get free. On the boat, the captain and his wife were shouting instructions to the weary, weatherbeaten

fisherman, who was doing his best to hang onto the line, without letting it snap. Every time the fish would give just enough to keep him on the line. The battle continued as though neither contestant would yield, but both man and fish were tiring. The fisherman, his hands losing their grip on the rod, decided to make one last effort and began to reel in the marlin. He struggled and faltered twice, but his effort finally brought the fish along side the boat. The

captain and his wife quickly sank gaffs into the fish's mouth and tail. When they lifted it out of the sea and placed it on the deck, it shook wildly in a death struggle. Then it fell limp. The transition of a beauty of the sea to a blue-green carcass that would eventually permeate the air with an unbearable odor had taken place. The businessman stood triumphantly over his catch, as though he had just landed a big deal.



## THE FLOWER AND THE CONQUEROR

By BRENT VINE (V)

The people huddled quickly out of the churches as the great oaken doors swung softly open. Confessions had been heard. Mass had been said. The heat of the noonday sun began to wane after the listlessness of the siesta hours. And as soon as the doors were opened, the stands began to fill with the rising murmurs of expectation; the band played the traditional music of the bullfight as the people crowded into the stands.

The white-capped vendors roamed amid the crowds, selling and shouting their wares.

"Papás fritas!"

The stadium was soon filled, brimming, as a glass of water filled above the top. The tourists whispered among each other, their expensive cameras poised in their arms. The band ceased to play for a moment; a hanging pause rested above the crowd. And then the music began once more, full and strong with the spirit of the bullfight, as the people became silent. The opening parade had begun in a spectacle of stately glory.

As the *peons* and the *matadors*, the *picadors* and the *banderilleros* proceeded across the open ring, the crowd began to cheer. The regal procession of men and horses formed a scape of pageantry unsurpassed in any sporting event. As the shining cavalcade struts across the

ring, one is struck with an awesome feeling of the splendor of bygone generations of Spanish and Mexican heraldry. One sees beyond the tourists and the dirty mob of spectators toward the gleaming capes and swords of Cortés and El Cid.

The parade soon dispersed outside the ring. Silence prevailed once more.

It struck his eyes; the glaring shaft of light stunned him brilliantly. And then he heard the noises.

The bull lingered for a moment inside the brightening corridor as the gate swung open with a deadening crash. He listened to the noises, the rising throbs of distaste. They were whistling. The elders had told him that the whistling meant distaste, and he had come to hate it. He charged into the open ring, inflamed with anger at the noises.

They ceased, mysteriously. He stood bewildered in a maze of color and startling brightness, and then—he saw "them".

He had heard strange tales about "them", those creatures who killed for pleasure and the sight of his blood. Yes, he had heard—fearsome beings who loved to see him and his friends pitifully heaving with swords in their necks, blood spilling out of their throats and bodies. He was angry with a fear of inevitable death.

The yellow capes of the *peons*, the *matador's* assistants, nearly sent



him reeling around the colossal bull-ring, stinging his eyes with their blaze. He dashed blindly at the capes with madness, and even curiosity at first, but he lowered his head and pounded the sand with feelings of hatred, fear, death.

"He is a big one, this bull. They call him 'El Odioso,' 'the hateful one.' Yes, he is an angry one; I must be careful." The matador stood with a prince-like attitude, and bowed graciously toward the judges. He then nodded his head, signifying that he chose to do battle with this bull now in the ring. He could have waited for another, but he would have been thought a coward. The judges made their decisions by watching the spectators, and the crowd would not have liked him to choose another. They would whistle; they would be angry. And so he nodded, and lightly doffed his cap toward the crowd. He walked slowly out of the ring, his *muleta*, his bright red cape, folded over his arm. "He is big, too. He must be very strong."

The bull felt hate and fear; the matador—fear.

The animal stood motionless near the center of the ring. He had been told by the elders what would happen next. "Horses will come at me, and 'they' will be atop them. 'They' will try to strike my neck with lances, and they will want to see the blood roll down my side." Another gate thrashed open. He reeled toward it with a start. Two horses

walked steadily around the edge of the ring. "It is true."

The *picadors*, the riders, were dressed valiantly in black velvet and silver; wheeling toward the bull, they aimed their picas, their seven-foot lances, at the bull. They poised themselves high in their hand-tooled gilt and silver saddles, challenging his ferocity.

He followed the horses as they moved, and now he stopped as they stopped. He snorted and bellowed.

"No. They are going to kill me."

The horses inched forward.

"'They' are so brutal."

He lowered his head and charged. He dug his horns into the side of the horse, yet as he struck, he screamed with pain. And now he bolted toward the closed gates, he rammed the wooden walls surrounding the ring, he tried to lift his forelegs over the wall in a plea of anguish and despair, but he could not invoke "their" aid. "You do not understand, for you are also like him, the matador. You want to see me killed." He concluded his plea to the crowd with a ravaging kick at the wall, a kick not of anger and hatred, but of despair, and almost-resignation.

"It is good; they have pierced him well. Yet he may be more angry than before. I must not fail. There are but a few matadors who have retired of their own accord. He is still a mean bull."

As the great matador Estera



Apuerta pondered over his coming encounter, the *peons* gracefully maneuvered the animal away from the gates, while the *picadors* walked out, their horses limping tragically.

The great Apuerta called away his *peons*, to make ready for the *banderilleros*.

And now, the *banderilleros* prepared for their appearance. One could see them huddled nervously around the wooden boards of the ring, shuffling tremulously, fitget-

*banderillas*, his sharp, bright-colored picks with which he pierced the bull's neck. He lifted his one and one half foot javelins and jumped, while at the same time, puncturing the bull in back of his head, he scurried, gazelle-like, toward safety.

The next *banderillero*, clad in the brightest green, with gleaming jeweled studs covering his traditional tight-fitting costume, likewise nodded his head. He performed the same operation as the first, yet



ing, and repeatedly wiping their faces.

A *banderillero*, clad in bright red, curtly nodded his head. He waited until the bull had turned his head, and then quietly eased over the fence. He began a semi-circular trot toward the bull; he tried to catch his attention. He ran now, and just as soon as the bull was about to place its horns in his sides, he lifted his

he placed his *banderillas* slightly closer to the head as he heaved himself over and around the animal.

A trot, a run, a leap, and in several seconds a yellow-clad *banderillero* was scampering toward the security of the bright red surrounding boards. And the *banderillas* which he had placed in the bull were still closer to his head. The bull snorted in the

(Continued on Page 42)

## *Stray Shots*







UPPER SCHOOL



LOWER SCHOOL

## HONOR ROLL

FIRST TERM, 1964-1965

(THESE GRADES INCLUDE THE TERM EXAMINATIONS)

### First Honor Roll (90-100%)

Nathaniel Hutner  
Harold Jaeger  
Mark O'Donoghue  
Roger Sherman  
Brent Vine  
Stephen Vine

### Second Honor Roll (85-89%)

Paul Archibald  
Robert Bayer  
Thomas Berger  
James Figg  
Robert Holt  
Richard Kendall  
Richard Olcott  
Bruce Plapinger  
Russell Pyne  
Benjamin Reeve  
Christopher Reeve  
Robert Rosenthal  
Jeffrey Schuss  
Richard Shaffer  
Austin Starkey

### Third Honor Roll (80-84%)

David Andrews  
John Coffee  
Christopher Collins  
Alexander Donaldson  
Andrew Fishmann  
Thomas Gaman

Stephen Gorman  
John Gordon  
Benjamin Harvey  
Eric Heggen  
Robert Heiserman  
Richard Henry  
Howell Jackson  
Clifford Lamar  
Mark Lane  
Lawrence Levenson  
Eric Lindenblad  
J. William Markham, Jr.  
Peter McCandless  
Kevin McCarthy  
Edward McCluskey  
Timothy Miller  
Donald Millner  
Bradford Alan Mills  
Christopher Mislow  
William Mittnacht  
Postell Nicholes  
John Paine  
Jerome Pitt  
Robert Rathouser  
William Remsen  
Scott Richardson  
William Rigot  
Brooke Roberts  
Hugh Samson  
Henry Sayen  
Samuel Starkey  
Carl Sturken  
Stowe Tattersall  
Samuel Walker  
Ethan Warren  
James Young



## WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION

Reviewed by ROBERT C. MILLER, JR.

The Dramatic Club's thirty-fourth annual production was an impressive success. As the audience arrived to view an unusual Agatha Christie murder mystery, the mood of the evening was set by the P.C.D. Band's overture, Alfred Hitchcock's "Television Theme."

The rise of the curtain displayed the excellent scenery of Mr. Gary Lott and his crew—a realistic setting in the form of Sir Wilfred Robarts' chambers as convincing as the surprisingly complete set of the Old Bailey.

Successfully maintaining the mystery of the murderer's identity to the end, the members of the cast turned in a number of good and quite believable performances. Nat Hutner in the role of Sir Wilfred Robarts appeared as a competent and slightly pompous defense lawyer. Always in control of his part, Hutner was excellent in the court, especially when he showed sharp anger in cross-examination. In a long and difficult role he convinced the jury and the audience of his client's innocence.

As the defendant, Leonard Vole, Buzzy Laughlin maintained a character that was unvaryingly sincere, seemingly honest and somewhat naive. It was quite hard to believe that he should turn out to be such

a heel at the end of the play.

Bob Wilmot played the main female part as Romaine, Leonard Vole's wife. Speaking with a well controlled voice and looking very much like a young lady, he was very good in an early scene in Sir Wilfred's law chambers.

Boys in the supporting roles displayed some very fine acting. As a young cockney woman, Tony Blair displayed raven hair and a fine accent, while John Houston became Greta, a startling blond secretary (thanks to the fine make-up department). Don Pickering acted the part of a solicitous associate of Sir Wilfred, while Heck Jaeger was Sir Wilfred's frustrated rival, the prosecutor.

Several competent witnesses appeared in the court, but Chris Reeve, as an old female companion to the murder victim, was the most convincing. While in the witness stand, Reeve was led into a heated argument with Hutner that brought applause from the audience.

The interpretation of the roles and the fine acting of the characters can be attributed to Mr. Herbert McAneny's excellent direction. Under his guidance, the Dramatic Club produced an outstanding play with which to end dramatics at P.C.D.



# CAST OF CHARACTERS

(IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE)

Carter	Thomas Gaman
Greta	John Houston
Mr. Mayhew	Donald Pickering
Leonard Vole	Christopher Laughlin
Sir Wilfred Robarts, Q.C.	Nathaniel Hutner
Inspector Stuart	James Young
Romaine	Robert Wilmot
Foreman of the Jury	Christopher Bush
Court Usher	Hallett Johnson
Clerk of the Court	Christopher Mislow
Court Stenographer	George Sayen
Mr. Justice Wainwright	David French
Mr. Myers, Q.C.	Harold Jaeger
Warder	Jerome Pitt
Inspector Hearne	Keith Hereford
Dr. Wyatt	Stowe Tattersall
Janet MacKenzie	Christopher Reeve
Mr. Clegg	Richard Raines
Policemen	{ Frederic Schluter
	{ Alastair Gordon
	{ Joseph Chandler
Barristers	{ Peter Samson
	{ James Stover
Cokney Woman	Anthony Blair
Leonard's Girl	Richard Kane





**PRODUCTION STAFF**

*Directed by* Mr. Herbert McAneny

*Assisted by* Mr. Mitchell Bronk

*Scenery by* Mr. Gary Lott

*Lighting by* Mr. Mitchell Bronk

*Stage Manager*—John Taylor

*Assisted by* Tom Ford, Thomas Garland

*Properties by* Tom Ford, Joseph Chandler

*Costumes*—Mrs. John Winant, Mrs. Donald Pickering,  
Mrs. Leighton Laughlin.

*Make-up*—Mr. Robert Smyth, Mrs. Richard Woodbridge, Joseph  
Chandler, Nathaniel Hutner, David Macleod, Stowe  
Tattersall.

*Crew*—Sandy Wandelt, Whit Raymond, John Claghorn, Castle  
Browne, Andrew Fishmann, William Hartley, John An-  
dresen, Robert Reynolds, Kit Raymond.



## WINTER SPORTS

### BASKETBALL

By MIKE DESMOND AND JERRY PITT

This year's record was a strong improvement over the previous two years', thanks to the excellent coaching of Mr. Barren, in his first year here. With Rigot leading the team in the statistics department (he averaged 24.7 per game) and with the leadership of Captain Mike Desmond, we were able to win three games, while losing nine, some of them quite closely. Despite this year's record, the future looks brighter than before with three of the varsity letter-winners coming back to P.D.S. next year, including Rigot. There was no set starting line-up; however, it was usually drawn up from the following six letter-winners: Bales, Desmond, Jaeger, Pitt, Rigot, and Ross.



THE BASKETBALL TEAM

*Front Row (l. to r.)* — Walker, Pitt, Raines, Desmond, Harbison, Bales, Rathausen. *2nd Row* — Mr. Barren, Rigot, Ross, Spears, Jaeger, Simmons.

P.C.D. 50

Lawrence Junior High School 33

In this, our first game, a tight 3-2 zone with an effective fast break swamped the Lawrence team. The P.C.D. defense forced them into reckless long shots which proved fatal as Rick Ross and Heck Jaeger controlled the boards. Rigot was high man with 20 points as Desmond and Bales combined for 22 more.

Valley Road 45

P.C.D. 44

This was the most exciting game of the season. We were again in the 3-2 zone, but our fast break was not as effective as in the previous game. With one minute and twenty seconds left, we finally tied the score at 40 all. Jerry Pitt tied the score for a 42 point tie on a jumper from the foul line, but immediately afterward a Valley Roder came up with a three point play on a driving layup and a foul. We made it 45-44 on one more basket and had the last shot to try to tie the score, but the ball rolled around the rim and off with a second left. This game was typical of the even competition between the two schools and unfortunately it went the wrong way. Bill Rigot was high again with 26 points and Desmond was second with 12.

Bonnie Brae 62

P.C.D. 49

This game was quite one-sided. The Bonnie Brae team led all the way through the game with a great height advantage as well as an unfair difference in age. Only with an exceptional team spirit did we come as close as we did. We pressed them during the entire second half, and it worked as we whittled the lead down to eight points at one time. However, the Bonnie Brae team was able to break the press and the game was theirs.

Valley Road 59

P.C.D. 47

This was just a bad day. We had one of our worst shooting percentages and they had one of their best. Despite what any of our big men could do, we were out-rebounded by a ridiculous margin. Perhaps a little over-anxious and slow, we lost our third straight.

Witherspoon 61

P.C.D. 50

Witherspoon was fast and they broke through our ineffective zone by sending a man down the middle. When we were finally cut off by the man down the middle, they murdered us with good outside shooting. Again we were out-rebounded badly and we never got those all-important second and third shots. Rigot was our high scorer with 28 points.

P.C.D. 58

Lawrence Junior High School 52

Lawrence Junior High was a much improved team as we played them on our home court, and the game was very tight going into the last quarter. At that point, we finally broke away with a nine point spurt. The opposition cut our lead to six with little time left but to no avail. Rigot was high man again with 33 points.

Pennington 47

P.C.D. 43

This was a close game to the last second, Pennington, who had beaten us consistently in previous years held the edge once again with a slim three point victory because of good outside shooting and a 30 point performance by one of their guards. In this low scoring game, defense prevailed and in the clutch, their's came through. We led by various small margins all the way through the contest, but in the last quarter, we seemed to fall apart and dropped about 6 straight points. Rigot was again the high scorer for P.C.D.

Delbarton 84

P.C.D. 48

There really is not much one can say about this game. The Delbarton team was just bigger and better. The best part of the game for P.C.D. was the first half when we stuck with them to a certain extent, but later they broke away completely, handing us a loss with a most embarrassing score.

Peddie 62

P.C.D. 50

This twelve-point loss was not as bad as the score would suggest. The Peddie team merely out-hustled us. Rebounding was poor on our team, and limited us to one or two shots whenever we had our hands on the ball. This proved fatal. A second-half press did not help at all as they ripped right through it, gaining even more momentum. Rigot scored 27 points in this game, a great boost, but there were just not enough other scores to pull off a victory.

P.C.D. 48

Milltown 45

It felt good to be winning again, but this game was far too close for comfort. We were bigger, faster and had an age advantage, but the shooting percentages were far too close. Rebounds won the game for us as Rick Ross and Heck Jaeger excelled on the boards. Rigot was again the high scorer for P.C.D.

## Witherspoon 65

## P.C.D. 62

This was our highest scoring game as we nearly beat the team that had shellacked us before. It seemed that up to this time, losing had been a habit that was hard to kick, but during our last two games, we were practically a new team. Everyone put in his best, but it was not quite enough as we had a great psychological barrier to overcome. We lost to Witherspoon, probably the best team we played all season, by the slight margin of three points. Rigot racked up the most points for P.C.D., while Desmond was second; however, this game was an example of a 100% effort on the part of every member of the team.

## Peddie 63

## P.C.D. 57

In our season finale, we looked better than in any other game of the season. Peddie, expecting an easy win, was quite shaken when we led by as many as eight points. Nevertheless, we ended up losing by 6 points to a team that had beaten us before by 12. The scoring was surprisingly even as Desmond led the team with 20, while Rigot piled up a total of 18.

## S T A T I S T I C S

Team average per game—55

Errors per game—20

Rebounds per game—39.3

Most points scored in one game—62 (2nd Witherspoon game)

Most rebounds in one game—61 (1st Lawrence Jr. High game)

Best FG %—46% (25-54) (2nd Peddie game)

Best FT%—60% (8-15) (Delbarton game)

FG %—34.6%

FT %—40.3%

## INDIVIDUAL STATISTICS (LETTER WINNERS)

PLAYER	GAMES	FIELD GOALS	FREE THROWS	REBOUNDS	PTS.
Rigot	12	120	57	138	297
Desmond	12	47	9	42	103
Pitt	12	25	8	71	58
Ross	12	17	7	80	41
Bales	10	17	4	25	38
Jaeger	12	14	3	82	31

## HOCKEY

By MARK O'DONOGHUE AND JOHN CLAGHORN

For the fifth consecutive year P.C.D. experienced an undefeated season. Coached by Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Tibbals with Hugh Samson and Whit Raymond as co-captains, P.C.D. scored 64 goals against our opponents 9. We had a very strong first line with three fine defensemen: Samson, Claghorn, and Hereford. Co-captain Whit Raymond also provided 19 goals which led the team in scoring. In the goal we also had two very evenly matched goalies—David French and Peter Samson. The starting line-up was as follows:

CENTER: Whit Raymond  
 LEFT WING: Joe Wandelt  
 RIGHT WING: Kit Raymond  
 LEFT DEFENSE: Hugh Samson  
 RIGHT DEFENSE: John Claghorn  
 GOALIE: David French



THE HOCKEY TEAM

*Front Row (l. to r.)* — Taylor, Claghorn, Samson, H., Raymond, W., Hereford, Samson, P. *2nd Row* — Stetson, King, Bayer, Andresen, Raymond, K., Wandelt, O'Donoghue, Stover, Rodgers, Schluter, Mr. Tibbals, Young.

## JUST TOYS

## STUFF 'N NONSENSE

10 Moore St.

Princeton, N. J.

Walnut 4-3730

P.C.D. 9

Lawrenceville 0

P.C.D. exhibited excellent teamwork and passing ability in our opening game. Peter Samson started in the goal while French played the remaining 2 periods to share in the shutout. Goals were scored by Raymond (5), Samson (1), O'Donoghue (2), and Claghorn (1).

P.C.D. 5

Taft 2

We played some of our best hockey of the year against a Taft team that included P.C.D. alumni Jeff Griggs and Guy Erdman. Whit Raymond scored two goals in the first period and Kit Raymond scored one, but after Taft came back with two goals of its own in the second period, Wandelt scored the big goal of the game early in the third period. Kit Raymond then added another to put the game on ice. The game was also highlighted by goalie French's fine performance against a very strong team.

P.C.D. 11

Kent 0

On the second day of our trip, we played somewhat careless hockey against a weak Kent team. Goals were scored by Whit Raymond (4), Kit Raymond (1), Claghorn (1), King (1), Hugh Samson (1), O'Donoghue (2) and Andresen (1).

P.C.D. 9

Lawrenceville 1

In our first home game, we played below par. In the contest, Whit Raymond, Hereford, Bayer, King, and Andresen all scored single goals while Kit Raymond scored 4.

P.C.D. 9

Lawrenceville 0

This game was highlighted by good passing and teamwork, especially on the third line. Goals were scored by Whit Raymond (2), Wandelt (3), and Andresen, Schluter, Hereford and Samson all scored 1 goal apiece.

P.C.D. 7

Lawrenceville 2

In our final contest against Lawrenceville we played adequately with short lapses which cost us goals. Hugh Samson, Schluter, Stetson, Wandelt, and Kit Raymond all scored one goal while Whit Raymond made a hat trick.

P.C.D. 8

Hill 2

This game was easy sailing from the start and thus provided an opportunity for the whole team to play roughly the same length of time. Kit Raymond and O'Donoghue scored a goal apiece, while King, Samson, and Raymond each scored 2 goals.

P.C.D. 6

Wissahickon 2

Our final game was a letdown against a scrappy team. After being behind by 2 goals for the first time of the year, we came back with goals scored by Samson (1), Kit Raymond (1), Whit Raymond (3) and Stetson (1).

## NASSAU INTERIORS

162 Nassau Street

*Fine Furniture*

*Bedding*

*Lamps*

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL'S

*Favorite Barber Shop — Original Princeton Cuts*

## PRINCETON BARBER SHOP

11 Chambers St.

Princeton, N. J.



## P.D.S. FALL ATHLETIC PROGRAM 1965

Football and soccer will be played on two levels. However, the Upper School will contain only ninth and tenth grade boys. A Junior Varsity program will be pursued until the first graduating class appears in the fall of 1967.

The Junior School will field teams consisting of seventh and eighth grade boys.

DANIEL J. BARREN

## SOCCER SCHEDULES – 1965

### UPPER SCHOOL

October 8	Peddie School	Home
October 15	Lawrenceville	Home
October 18	Princeton High School	Away
October 27	Hun School	Away
October 29	Lawrenceville	Away
November 1	The Hill School	Away
November 5	Hun School	Home
November 8	Princeton High School	Home
November 10	Peddie School	Away
November 17	Pennington School	Home

### JUNIOR SCHOOL

October 8	Peddie School	Home
October 13	Witherspoon School	Away
October 20	Milltown School	Away
October 22	Valley Road School	Home
October 28	Columbus Boychoir	Home
November 2	Lawrence Jr. High School	Away
November 5	Valley Road School	Away
November 10	Peddie School	Away
November 12	Witherspoon School	Home

## FOOTBALL SCHEDULES - 1965

### UPPER SCHOOL

October 5	Saint Bernards	Home
October 13	Blair Academy	Away
October 20	Princeton High School	Home
October 27	Pingry School	Home
November 5	Hun School	Home
November 10	Peddie School	Home
November 17	Morristown Prep	Away

### JUNIOR SCHOOL

October 13	Wardlaw Country Day	Away
October 21	Columbus Boychoir	Home
October 29	Rumson Country Day	Home
November 5	Lawrenceville	Away
November 10	Saint Bernard's	Away
November 16	Bonnie Brae School	Home

NOTE: All home games are scheduled for 3:30 P.M.  
unless otherwise agreed upon.

## HULIT'S SHOES, INC.

BASS                      WEEJUN

LOAFERS

140 NASSAU ST.

Princeton, N. J.

WAlnut 4-1952

## WITH THE BLUES AND WHITES.

By MARK O'DONOGHUE

In the second term, with three out of the four marking periods completed, the Whites have not yet lost a marking period. Thus, up to this point, the Whites are leading the Blues by an average of 77.4% to 76.1%, subsequently, it is likely that the Scholastic Cup will be won by the Whites.

However, in Winter Athletics, it is a completely different story. The Blues won Hockey thanks to their Junior Varsity Squad; they won all of the games in their series, while a very strong Varsity tied by splitting the first two games and then tying the third. The Hockey competition was also a deadlock in the Lower School with a 2-2 tie in the sole game. In Basketball the Whites won by defeating the Blues in the all-important Varsity game by a score of 67-26, while on the Junior Varsity level the Blues won by a score of 28-14.

The Athletic Competition is still undecided thanks to the slim victory of the Blues in the skating races by a score of 33-32. In this event, the Whites won the Selective relay and the Upper School relay but lost the Lower School relay to the Blues. The individual winners in the various form races were:

- |                      |                        |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| VI Hugh Samson (B.)  | III Tim Murphy (W.)    |
| Whit Raymond (B.)    | Sammy Rogers (B.)      |
| V John Andresen (W.) | II Howe Constable (B.) |
| Chris Sowers (B)     | Peter McCandless (W.)  |
| IV Freddy King (B.)  | I Peter Browne (W.)    |
| Freddy Erdman (W.)   | Andy Davies (B)        |

### CARNEGIE REALTY, INC.

DELWIN L. GREGORY, REALTOR

221 Nassau St.

Princeton, N. J.

WA 1-6177

## THE FLOWER AND THE CONQUEROR

(Continued from Page 23)

center of the ring and raised his head to the sky. Six spears stood up from his neck; they shook horribly to and fro as he moved.

"It is but a matter of time now. They have told me what will happen. The matador will wave his *muleta* at me, and it will make me dizzy; the elders have told me. After he has done this, he will kill me. It will do no good to put off death when one knows it is near. I cannot ask 'them' for help; 'they' do not listen, for they are like the matador. They want to kill, and I shall die." He stood there, tossing his head like a waving flower in the midst of an

autumn breeze, and yet he stood as a conqueror, engulfed in the majesty of courage within himself.

"He must be angry. But I must not look frightened." The matador walked stealthily toward the animal, his cape draped over his arm like a waiter's cloth. He stopped, and felt under his *muleta*. A straight shaft of steel protruded from under the cape.

"The sword is good; it is sharp enough to kill quickly. The judges and the crowds, they like the quick kills."

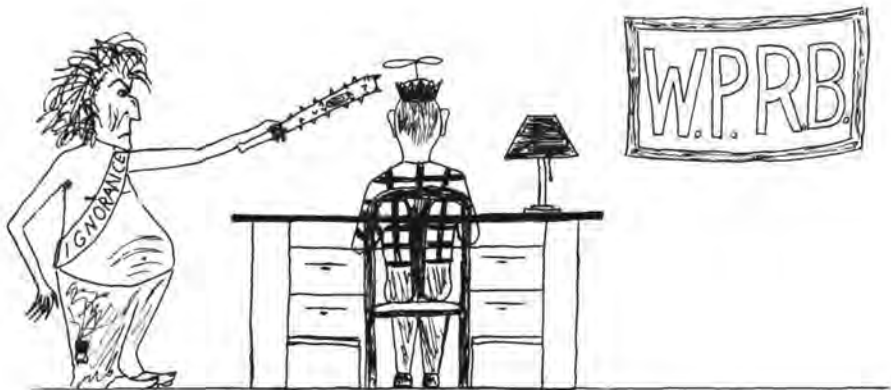
He stood and faced the bull, clad in white and gold, erect, as a conqueror of nations; yet he cringed inwardly, tossing in the breeze of the late afternoon which silently swept across the ring.

## 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.*

## *Senior Sketches*

Assembled by: JERRY PITT, MARK O'DONOGHUE, MIKE  
DESMOND, NAT HUTNER, SANDY WANDELT, BOB SPEARS.



“BOOB”



"After M.I.T., who knows?"

Richard Findley Bales  
"Rick"

Years at P.C.D.: 6

Letters: 2 Soccer, 2 Basketball

Activities: ———

Going to: South Kent

Ambition: Medicine

"Smile, your on Candid Camera!"

William Hardeastle Browne  
"Castle"

Years at P.C.D.: 6

Letters: 1 Soccer

Activities: Stage Crew, Junior  
Journal

Going to: P.D.S.

Ambition: ———



"Chef Boy-ar-dee"

George Christopher Bush, III  
"Chris"

Years at P.C.D.: 6

Letters: 1 Lacrosse

Activities: Band, Coin Club, Play

Going to: South Kent

Ambition: Archaeologist

"Out, out, damn spot"

Joseph Peter Chandler  
 "Joe"  
 Years at P.C.D.: 6  
 Letters: ——  
 Activities: Play, Chess Club  
 Going to: P.D.S.  
 Ambition: Doctor



"Thought you were sneaking up on me,  
 huh?"

John Winthrop Claghorn, III  
 "John", "Clag"  
 Years at P.C.D.: 6  
 Letters: 1 Football, 1 Hockey,  
 2 Baseball  
 Captain: Baseball Team  
 Activities: Junior Journal, Stage  
 Crew, Printing  
 Going to: P.D.S.  
 Ambition: ——

"Cute, aren't I?"

Michael Burns Desmond  
 "Mike", "Des"  
 Years at P.C.D.: 6  
 Letters: 3 Soccer, 3 Basketball,  
 1 Baseball  
 Captain: Soccer Team, Basketball  
 Team  
 Activities: Band, Junior Journal,  
 Newspaper Copy Club  
 Going to: Hill School  
 Ambition: ——





"What, no final exams?"

Andrew Jay Fishmann  
"Andy"

Years at P.C.D.: 1

Letters: ———

Activities: Chess Club

Going to: P.D.S.

Ambition: Doctor

"... and after that he just died."

Thomas Mott Ford  
"Tom"

Years at P.C.D.: 3

Letters: 1 Soccer

Activities: Band, Junior Journal,  
Stage Crew

Going to: Undecided

Ambition: Business Executive



"Profile in courage"

David Adrain French  
"David"

Years at P.C.D.: 6

Letters: 2 Soccer, 1 Hockey,  
1 Tennis

Activities: President of Band,  
Dramatic Club

Going to: St. George's

Ambition: To be happy



"I wish my aunt was Zsa Zsa."

Thomas Humphrey Gaman  
"Tom"

Years at P.C.D.: 6  
Letters: 1 Baseball  
Activities: Chess Club,  
Junior Journal, Printing  
Going to: P.H.S.  
Ambition: Brain Surgeon



"You expect ME to speak to common people?"

Keith Fordyce Hereford  
"Keith"

Years at P.C.D.: 5  
Letters: 1 Football, 1 Hockey  
Activities: ——  
Going to: South Kent  
Ambition: Doctor

"My group had 34% fewer cavities."

Nathaniel Cornwall Hutner  
"Nat"

Years at P.C.D.: 5  
Letters: 1 Soccer, 1 Tennis  
Activities: Editor-in-Chief of Junior  
Journal, Orion Society, Dramatics  
Club, Printing  
Going to: Exeter  
Ambition: ——





"... even my best friends won't tell me what?"

Harold Hector Jaeger, Jr.  
"Heck"

Years at P.C.D.: 4

Letters: 1 Soccer, 1 Basketball

Activities: Vice-President of Student Council, Orion Society

Going to: Exeter

Ambition: Lawyer

"Georgeous George"

George Kelleher  
"George", "Gino"

Years at P.C.D.: 5

Letters: 1 Football

Activities: Band

Going to: Millbrook

Ambition: Scientist



"I am not a hood!"

Christopher Moore Laughlin  
"Buz", "Buzzy"

Years at P.C.D.: 6

Letters: ———

Activities: Dramatics Club,  
Treasurer of Student Council

Going to: Pomfret

Ambition: Child Psychology,  
Teaching

"Skiing anyone?"

John Freeman Mueller, Jr.

"John"

Years at P.C.D.: 6

Letters: 1 Soccer

Activities: Junior Journal

Going to: Kent

Ambition: Surgeon



"I passed!"

Mark Hammond O'Donoghue

"Mark"

Years at P.C.D.: 3

Letters: 2 Football, 1 Hockey,  
1 Tennis

Activities: President of Student  
Council, Junior Journal, Secretary  
of Whites, Orion Society

Captain: Tennis Team

Going to: Lawrenceville

Ambition: ———

"So I'm a hacker, what of it?"

Donald Albert Pickering, Jr.

"Don"

Years at P.C.D.: 6

Letters: ———

Activities: Dramatics Club, Librarian

Going to: Lawrenceville

Ambition: Business Executive





"Ape Man"

Jerome Orville Pitt

"Jerry"

Years at P.C.D.: 1

Letters: 1 Soccer, 1 Basketball

Activities: Orion Society, Junior  
Journal, Dramatics Club

Going to: P.D.S.

Ambition: ——

"The thinker"

Richard Wesley Raines

"Rich"

Years at P.C.D.: 1

Letters: ——

Activities: Chess Club, Dramatics  
Club

Going to: P.D.S.

Ambition: Lawyer



"History test next period, Whit?"

Whitaker Hall Raymond

"Whit"

Years at P.C.D.: 6

Letters: 3 Hockey, 2 Football,  
1 Lacrosse

Co-captain: Hockey Team,  
Lacrosse Team

Activities: President of Blues,  
Stage Crew, Orion Society,  
Junior Journal

Going to: South Kent

Ambition: ——

"Young American faces life."

William Eugene Rigot

"Bill"

Years at P.C.D.: 1

Letters: 1 Football, 1 Basketball

Activities: ———

Going to: P.D.S.

Ambition: Doctor



"Mr. Gorman, what are you doing over there on the ground?"

Alan Richard Ross

"Rick"

Years at P.C.D.: 1

Letters: 1 Basketball

Activities: Junior Journal

Going to: P.D.S.

Ambition: Medicine or Law

"What did you say about me?"

Hugh Willett Samson

"Huff", "Hughie"

Years at P.C.D.: 6

Letters: 2 Football, 1 Lacrosse,  
2 Hockey

Co-captain: Hockey Team

Activities: Secretary of Blues

Going to: Andover

Ambition: ———





"No, it's this way, Mr. Whitehead."

Frank Charles Simmons

"Charlie"

Years at P.C.D.: 3

Letters: ——

Activities: Chess Club

Going to: P.D.S.

Ambition: Scientist

"... while your up, get me a Grants"

Robert Rae Spears, III

"Bob"

Years at P.C.D.: 4

Letters: 1 Soccer

Activities: Junior Journal Business

Manager, Orion Society

Going to: P.D.S.

Ambition: Electrophysicist or

Electrical Engineer



"... I thought *this* piggy went to market"

Stowe Holding Tattersall

"Stowe"

Years at P.C.D.: 6

Letters: ——

Activities: Dramatics Club,

Librarian

Going to: Hotchkiss

Ambition: ——

"Bye, Adam"

John Bigelow Taylor  
 "John"  
 Years at P.C.D.: 6  
 Letters: ——  
 Activities: Stage Manager  
 Going to: P.D.S.  
 Ambition: Foreign Correspondent



"Whose mother did you say that was?"

Samuel Miles Walker  
 "Sam"  
 Years at P.C.D.: 5  
 Letters: 1 Football, 1 Lacrosse  
 Activities: Orion Society, Secretary  
 of Student Council  
 Co-captain: Lacrosse  
 Going to: Loomis  
 Ambition: ——

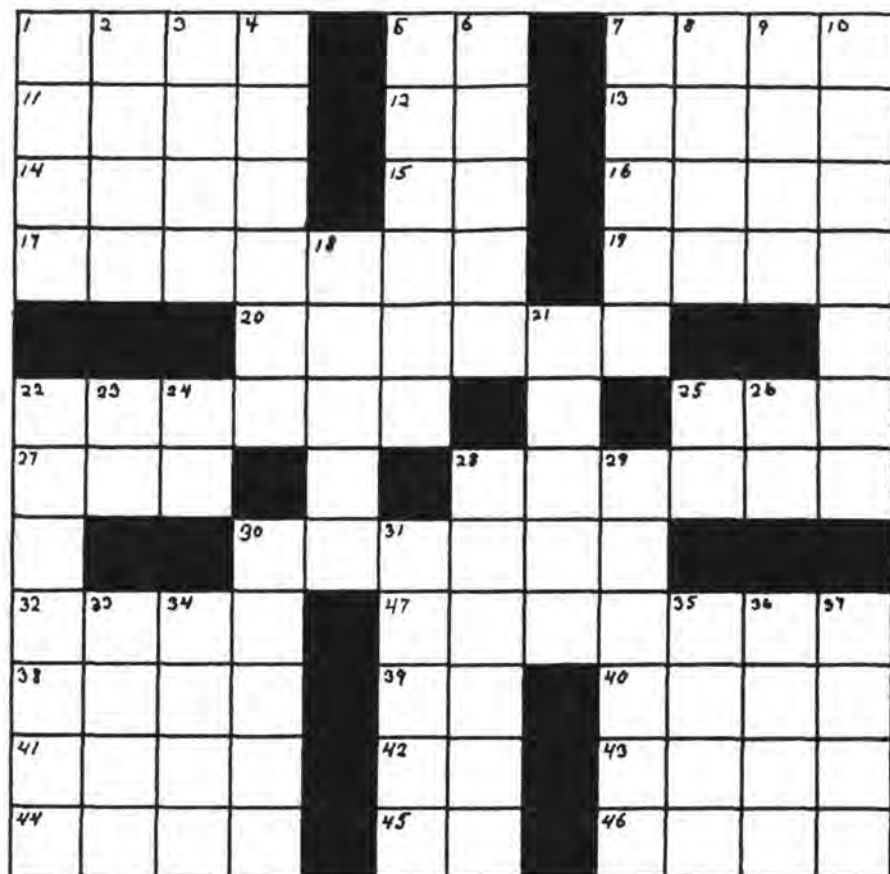
"Wonder Bread builds bodies 12 ways"

Joseph Sands Wandelt  
 "Sandy", "Josie", "Baby Face"  
 Years at P.C.D.: 6  
 Letters: 2 Football, 1 Lacrosse,  
 1 Hockey  
 Captain: Football  
 Activities: President of Whites,  
 Stage Crew, Junior Journal  
 Going to: P.D.S.  
 Ambition: ——



# CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By NAT HUTNER



## ACROSS

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 A very small amount                          | 22 A pot  |
| 5 Promissory note (abbreviation)               | 25 He did it (abbreviation of Latin form)   |
| 7 A manufacturing town in Middlesex Co., Mass. | 27 Finis  |
| 11 A religious illustration or portrait        | 28 In general, any dark, heavy, igneous rock  |
| 12 Royal Exchange (abbreviation)               | 30 A tense expressing a past occurrence without any other limitation (Often used in the study of Greek) |
| 13 To say or utter wildly                      | 32 A rugged, rocky projection, as a cliff   |
| 14 Not warm                                    | 38 Place where one lives  |
| 15 That is (abbreviation)                      | 39 South America (abbreviation)   |
| 16 At or to the lee side (naut.)               |   |
| 17 Attracted by allurements                    |   |
| 19 Capital of Switzerland                      |   |
| 20 The general faculties of perception         |   |



- |  |                                       |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 40 The wife of one's uncle   | 44 A nuisance                         |
| 41 On  | 45 New York (abbreviation)            |
| 42 Erbium (abbreviation)   | 46 A drop of the liquid from the eyes |
| 43 One of the lost civilizations of South America situated in Peru | 47 The state of being inert           |

## DOWN

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 Rodents   | 23 Prefix meaning in or into                                      |
| 2 Same as 11 <i>across</i>  | 24 Touchdown (abbreviation)                                       |
| 3 To produce a noise with a horn  | 25 The fourth musical note in the scale: Do, Re, Mi, . . .        |
| 4 Join the army   | 26 Abbreviated name given to the elevated trains in New York City |
| 5 A small city in Asia Minor which, when excavated, proved to be a second Pompeii | 28 The number system with its base as two                         |
| 6 Necessities   | 29 The ——— of Gibraltar (Singular form)                           |
| 7 Those who inhabit Arabia  | 30 Consignee  |
| 8 An Ivy League college   | 31 "Christ is ——— from his grave"                                 |
| 9 At any time, especially in the future   | 33 Cable or line  |
| 10 To enact again   | 34 ——— 'N Andy  |
| 18 A stringed musical instrument  | 35 Melody or Refrain  |
| 21 To wipe off the blackboard   | 36 Same as 43 <i>across</i>                                       |
| 22 A tomato sauce used on hamburgers  | 37 Biblical name (very rare)                                      |

## THE THORNE PHARMACY

E. E. CAMPBELL, R.P.

P. A. ASHTON, R.P.

168 Nassau St.

WA 4-0077

Princeton, N. J.

## CLEAROSE STUDIO

148 Nassau Street

Phone WA 4-1620

Princeton, N. J.

PORTRAITURE, FRAMING AND ART REPRODUCTIONS

# CAROL ALLEN

MILADY *of Princeton*

45 PALMER SQUARE WEST

PHONE: 924-7450

ELITE FURS

ESTATE JEWELRY

GEMS

HOURS: 10 - 6 . . . AND BY APPOINTMENT

CAROL ALLEN

PHONE: 924-7450

## WITH THE ALUMNI

### EX — '66

LINCOLN KERNEY is president of his class (8th grade) at South Kent.

### EX — '65

EVAN DONALDSON played varsity hockey and was elected to the Student Council at Millbrook.

GEOFF HOGUET played Lower School hockey at Taft.

HENDERSON TALBOT is doing well at South Kent. He was awarded a history prize for his term paper on the Chinese Republic.

MATTHEW YOUNG played J.V. hockey at St. George's and maintained a 76 average for the first term.

### '64

JEFF DELANO played varsity hockey at Millbrook while Toby Laughlin and John Myers were on the J.V. team.

GUY ERDMAN played Lower School hockey at Taft, where he had the pleasure of being beaten by the P.C.D. team this winter.

JEFF GRIGGS was elected to his class committee at Taft. He also played J.V. hockey.

AUBREY HUSTON won a varsity letter in soccer in his first year at St. George's.

CHUCK KATZENBACH won a varsity letter in soccer at Exeter in his first year at the Academy, although he is only a sophomore.

STEVE LANE writes enthusiastically from Exeter. He has regularly sent us his copy of the school newspaper, the *Exonian*, through the year.

TOM LANCE writes from George School, where he is continuing the hobby of printing which he began at P.C.D.

RICKY MEREDITH played J.V. hockey at Exeter.

PETER ROBERTS was on the varsity fencing team at Lawrenceville.

MIKE SIMKO received special commendation in sophomore French at Westminster School. He also played J.V. basketball.

**'63**

BRUCE ARMSTRONG AND HENRY P. TOMLINSON '61 were named to the first term honor roll at the Hun School.

COPEY COPPEDGE, according to information sent by David Sayen, "is a star on the varsity hockey team" at St. Paul's School. David himself is doing well in athletics and in school work.

KEVIN KENNEDY, first-string goalie on the Exeter hockey team, has been elected captain of the team for next year.

CHARLIE SAMSON was a regular defenseman on the Andover hockey team.

**'62**

JACK MCCARTHY, a senior at Lawrenceville, was a varsity soccer goalie standout as well as guard on the basketball team.

DAVID TIBBALS was high scorer on the South Kent hockey team. He is also on the varsity tennis team.

BILL WALKER is a very active senior at South Kent School. Besides being a prefect, he is on the debating team and in the glee club. He was co-captain of the J.V. football team, and rows in the second boat in the spring. He hopes to go either to Princeton or to Stanford next year.

**'61**

TOM CHUBET was a starting defense man on the Exeter hockey team. He is also co-captain of the Academy golf team.

RANDY HOBLER, a freshman at Princeton, has started a Rock 'n Roll band which plays at many of the Prospect Street clubs. He also played freshman hockey.

**TAVERNWOOD**

*Beauty Manor and Cosmetic Shop*

**69 Palmer Square West**

**Phone 924-3983**

**Princeton, N. J.**

WARD JANDL, a freshman at Yale and a member of Saybrook College, is working on the college newspaper as an editor. In his spare time he tutors elementary school children.

REGAN KERNEY was goalie on the very successful Princeton freshman hockey team this winter.

BOB LEVENTHAL, having graduated from Deerfield, is now a student at Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.

### '60

TED GOODRIDGE is a sophomore at the University of Arizona in Tucson. He is a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity.

TOM GOODRIDGE is attending California Western University in San Diego. He won a letter in cross-country and is on the track team.

BROCK PUTNAM, a sophomore at Amherst, is working for the college radio station, WAMF. He has played parts in seven plays either at Amherst or nearby Smith College, including *Sir Toby Belch* in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*.

TOM REYNOLDS has made the Dean's List as a sophomore at Wesleyan University. He is majoring in history.

## THE FARR HARDWARE COMPANY

*Hardware and House Furnishings*  
*Sporting Goods*

Telephone WALnut 4-0066

138 Nassau Street

## ARTISTIC HAIRDRESSERS

*Margaret Jeffries*

WALnut 4-4875 or 4-4876

42 Witherspoon St.

Princeton, N. J.

**'59**

ROGER BUDNY served six months in the U.S. Army, after which he returned to George Washington University, Washington, D.C., to begin his senior year in February.

CHARLES STUART, who played hockey both for P.C.D. and for Andover, has been elected captain of the Dartmouth College hockey team for next year. He plays defense.

**'57**

TIM CAREY was co-captain of the Middlebury College hockey team. Other P.C.D. alumni on the team were Jobe Stevens '58, Bob Dorf '56, and Huck Fairman '59.

**'55**

MICHAEL E. A. WARD was married to Miss Alexandra Cameron Van Schaick, of West Orange, N. J., on October 31 last. He is with *Time* Inc., in New York.

**'51**

RICHARD H. FURMAN was married to Miss Patricia C. Herron, of Cincinnati, on February 6. He is associated with the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company of New York.

**'42**

HOWARD W. STEPP, JR., has been named an officer of the National State Bank of Newark, with the title of assistant cashier. He is an alumnus of Deerfield and the University of North Carolina.

ONE STOP SHOPPING  
*for all the family*

PRINCETON  
SHOPPING  
CENTER

SMALL APPLIANCES

ESTIMATES GIVEN

**R. F. JOHNSON**  
ELECTRICAL FIXTURE SHOWROOM  
AND CONTRACTOR

20 Tulane Street

WA 4-0606

Princeton, N. J.

**CHRISTINE'S BEAUTY SALON**

*Princeton's Oldest Beauty Salon*

12 Spring Street

WA 4-0378

*Princeton's First and Finest Dry Cleaners — EST. 1899*

**VERBEYST**

DELIVERY SERVICE — STORAGE FACILITIES

French Dry Cleaning — Rugs and Carpet Cleaning

Tulane St.

WA 4-0899

Princeton, N. J.

*Compliments of*

**PRINCETON WATER CO.**

195 Nassau St.

Princeton, N. J.

*Compliments of*

**ANNEX RESTAURANT**

**128 Nassau St.**

**WA 1-9820**

**VIKING**

FURNITURE & ACCESSORIES FROM  
*Scandinavia*

**259 Nassau St.**

**Princeton • 924-9624**

**TIGER AUTO STORES, INC.**

SPORTING GOODS

Bicycles, Auto Accessories and Parts

**24-26 Witherspoon St.**

**WA 4-3715**

**Princeton, N. J.**

SCHOOL CLOTHES  
FOR TEEN AGE BOYS

**THE PREP SHOP**

**69 Palmer Square**

**WA 4-2450**



**CLARIDGE WINE & LIQUOR**

IN

The Princeton Shopping Center

WA 4-5700

WA 4-0657

**PRINCE CHEVROLET, INC.**

Route 206

Princeton

WA 4-3350

**LEWIS C. BOWERS & SONS, INC.**

BUILDERS TO INDUSTRY

341 Nassau St.

WA 1-6900

*You get the best in Flowers and Design  
plus Courteous Service  
at*

**THE FLOWER BASKET**

136 Nassau Street

WAlnut 4-2620

*We Specialize in  
Old Colonials and Farms*

**THOMPSON REALTY**

**195 Nassau Street**

**WA 1-7655**

**TRAVELEX**

STEAMSHIP AND AIRLINE

*Let us help you plan your itinerary.*

**195 Nassau St.**

**WA 1-2700**

**REDDING'S**

*Plumbing — Heating — Air Conditioning — Modernization*

**For Prompt Service Call 924-0166**

**234 Nassau Street**

**Princeton, N. J.**

*Finest Procurable*

**WINE & GAME SHOP**

**6 Nassau Street**

**Free Delivery**

**Tel. WA 4-2468**

**NASSAU SHOE TREE***Ladies' Quality Footwear***27 Palmer Square West****WA 1-7298****Princeton, N. J.****108 NASSAU STREET • PRINCETON, N. J., 08540****'SINGER SEWING CENTER'***Now featuring the finest fabric selection  
in town. . . . Come in and check our values.**—Sales and Service on All Machines — Open Charge Account Now—***Shopping Center****Phone 924-4908****Princeton, N. J.****ARTHUR J. TURNEY MOTOR CO.****CHRYSLER — DODGE — DODGE-DART****DODGE TRUCKS****255 Nassau St.****WA 4-5454****Princeton, N. J.**

*Compliments of*

**NASSAU LIQUORS**

94 Nassau Street

WA 4-0031

*H. P. Clayton*

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS

17 Palmer Square West

Princeton, N.J.

Fresh Cut Flowers

Choice Arrangements

Exotic Plants

Unique Containers

**GENE SEAL, FLOWERS**

200 Nassau Street

Telephone 924-1643

Princeton, N. J.

**HELEN VAN CLEVE**

REAL ESTATE BROKER

*Town and Country Properties*

9 Mercer Street

Phone 609 924-0284

Princeton, N. J.

*Compliments of*

**CHARLES J. SKILLMAN**

**38 Spring St.**

**Princeton, N. J.**

**38 Witherspoon St.**

**Princeton • 924-4225**

**C O N T I N E N T A L**

**BARBER SHOP**

**THE  
CLOTHES LINE**

**NASSAU SAVINGS & LOAN  
ASSOCIATION**

**(At Our New Location)**

**194 Nassau Street**

**Princeton**

COMPLIMENTS

**CLASS  
OF**

'65

***Our Research Has Discovered No Limits  
To The Future Of Electronic Development***

**RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA**



**RCA LABORATORIES**

David Sarnoff Research Center

Princeton, New Jersey

