

VOL. XIV. No. 2

JUNIOR JOURNAL

MARCH, 1940

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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JUNIOR JOURNAL

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PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Vol. XIV

MARCH, 1940

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All Communications Should Be Addressed to: The Business Manager, Junior Journal, Princeton Country Day School, Princeton, N. J.

Editorial

During the past term something new to P. C. D. boys was tried with great success. It was the organizing of a drive to help a country whose endeavor to throw off an oppressor and continue its own peaceful life as a democracy had won our sympathy. This country is, of course, Finland.

The P. C. D. Finnish Relief Committee was organized after a lecture by Mr. John R. Munn, who pointed out the needs of the Finnish people and the necessity for outside help. Within a week the sum of \$85.00 was raised. This amount was contributed by the boys of the School, and while it will no doubt be appreciated by the Finns, the contributors have also benefited in the satisfaction they have received from their efforts. Needless to say, the boys of P. C. D. wish the Finnish people the utmost success for the welfare of their country.

A patient has recently recovered from what has seemed for a long time something like a fatal illness. We hope the patient will now have a long and healthy life. The invalid referred to is, of course, the Camera Club.

Any boy who has ever joined the Camera Club will tell you what a lot of fun it can provide. Through its contests the Club serves to create an interest in good photography. It is not required that a boy be an expert photographer to become a member. Anyone with a camera and a liking for this hobby is welcome to join the Club and is sure to have worlds of fun in so doing. We are glad to have the Camera Club back in action again. It is to be hoped that the School will get behind the Club and give it every support.

Department Editors

March, 1940

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Sea Dreams

As I was sitting by the shore,
 I thought of all the days of yore—
 Of ships that sailed the seven seas
 And rode the wave in many a breeze.

I dreamt of pirates brave and bold,
 Whose fingers craved for Spanish gold—
 Of all the battles they did fight
 With all their cruel main and might.

I saw Columbus, Cabot, Drake
 Leave their homes for adventure's sake—
 Sailing the seas with their little bands,
 To explore their new-discovered lands.

I dreamt of clippers—stout old ships
 That spanned the world on far-famed trips—
 Sailed by Yankees before the mast
 As long as hull and spar would last.

I dreamt of these and many more,
 Of all those ships and men of yore.
 I'm sure you will agree with me
 'Tis fun to dream beside the sea.

BERNARD PEYTON (III)

The Calendar

JANUARY

Now that Christmas is over, and the last pine needle has been swept off the living room rug, we turn our attention to the fact that—

- January 3* School opens today, and most of the boys appear with sundry new gadgets in the way of pencil sharpeners, slide rulers, and pen knives, all of which we predict will eventually find their way into some master's desk.
- January 4* Alec Gallup, and by the way, there never was a more manly little fellow born this day than he, raises his hand and asks us what finally happened to the school mystery that spun its fragile length throughout these pages last fall.
- January 5* Sh . . . ! We're hoping to keep that mystery as well under cover as possible this term, for its effect was bad on the boys. It kept them awake nights!
- January 8* For instance, Steve Flemer is so afraid something will get him, that he doesn't want us to mention that this is his birthday. Not so Michael Hall, who has been bothering us for the past week as to what we're going to say about him. Well, now let's see. What shall we say about him?
- January 9* Who's the man under the hat? Why, it's Don Mathey. It's his birthday and he's out to make another goal, or we'll eat that hat! Let's eat it anyway.
- January 11* With the Community Chest and Christmas shopping in the land of yesterday, we thought we could begin to save money, but along comes Pat Elderkin selling chances on a rooster. He keeps it under his bed, and has it trained to crow at 7 o'clock every morning.
- January 13* We merely mention that today is Jimmy Dougherty's birthday, for he's coming in for some more notice later on. This is a wonderful calendar, for see how we can predict coming events with no more trouble than saying, "Scat!"
- January 15* The boys of the First Form become orators. Listen to all the little Patrick Henrys begging for Liberty or Death. Would that we could give it to them!
- January 17* A birdie with a yellow bill,
Hopped upon a window sill,
Cocked his shining eye, and said:
"Get up, Sammy Howell, this is your birthday!"

- January 19* And here's Dave McAlpin, as big as life, celebrating *his* birthday with a bad case of sneezles. By the way, Dave thought he had something the other night when he found two Ethiopians hiding in his wood pile, but they proved to be only—
- January 20* Mel Dickenson and Billy Schluter of the cast of *The Octoroon*. This latest offering of the Community Players is proving to be a great vehicle for several members of the school, besides Mel and Billy, to ride to fame and stardom. There is Mr. Ross, as evil a looking slave-driver as you would want to meet. There is the "nimble" Mr. Loney. There is Mr. Murch, who is not exactly hiding his light under a bushel either.
- January 21* Caxton Foster (it's his birthday) went to Gos'ter,
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle up to his middle,
And never went there again.
- January 28* And now it can be told. The school play, this year, is to be *Oliver Twist*. They have been having the try-outs this week. We suppose it won't be safe to walk through the halls 'ere long, what with Fagin and Bill Sykes lurking about.

FEBRUARY

This being the month of valentines, cherry trees, and compositions on Abraham Lincoln, we turn our editorial eye on—

- February 2* The groundhog. Paul Broneer met him this morning out towards Pennington. Paul says he was very unsociable. When Paul remarked that we were having a sunny day for a change, Mr. Groundhog gave him a frightened look, and ran off to his hole.
- February 13* It's a poor day in the school calendar when some one is not celebrating a birthday. Here's Detlev Frederick Vagts blowing out candles to beat the band and wishing for any number of things.
- February 14* Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields, hides hills and woods. Boys are late. Masters are late. Cars are stalled, and a couple of St. Bernard dogs are sent out in the direction of the Laughlins. In spite of the blizzard, however, Dan Cupid is busy with his arrows, and those stalwart Fifth Formers are being mowed down in windrows.
- February 16* Remember when we said that Jimmy Dougherty, like every dog, would have his day? Well, this is it! Here's Jimmy attending the annual banquet of the Trenton Soccer Referees' Association, and being awarded the Junior cup for sportsmanship and ability. His picture is in the papers, too, just like—
- February 17* The Sloane twins, Class of '36, who as front page "Copy" have even Brenda Frazier knocked for a loop. What's the matter, Jack Cooper? Can't you get them on the cover of *Time*?

- February* 19 Boo! Who are you? I'm William Harrop, born this cold February morning.
- February* 22 And here's Roy Dickenson Welch, sharing birthday honors with George Washington. Roy prays and prays, but Mr. Smyth keeps right on living.
- February* 24 George Piper says that every time he writes a French exam, he's surrounded by spies. George must have something on those papers that somebody wants. Can he be a British agent?
- February* 27 Today is Freddy Schluter's birthday. We thought you'd like to know, so's you can send him a present or something.
- February* 28 The Fourth and Fifth Forms become poetry conscious and attend a literary feast at Miss Fine's School. The girls make eyes at the boys, and the boys make mental notes of the girls, and practically no one listens to *John Brown's Body*.
- February* 29 This is the first day we have had like this for four years.

MARCH

The month that can't quite make up its mind whether to be winter or spring makes its appearance, and—

- March* 3 Those two sprightly twins, Bernard Peyton, disguised as Mr. Lion, and Johnny Schluter, hiding in Mr. Lamb's clothing, celebrate their birthdays.
- March* 4 To Germantown, in a big blue bus, to play a game of hockey, and—
- March* 5 To school this morning with no end of incomplete assignments. Do you hear something going "peep, peep"? It's the two downy little Easter chicks, Mel Dickenson and Sammy Pettit, giving the world the once over for the first time this blustery March morning. Aren't they cunning?
- March* 7 Will it ever end? Another pair today! There's something for you, Johnny Hemphill, under Daddy's chair in the study, and your present, Charley Stokes, is right behind the radio. By the way, Charley, Uncle Don doesn't like little boys who bite their nails. This is station When you hear the time gong it will be exactly
- March* 9 Charles McCutchen, possible dark horse in the 1940 Presidential election, born.
- March* 14 Have you seen that sack of salt that Alfred Gardner has been carrying around all week? This morning the worst possible thing happened. The robin sneaked up on Alfred and sprinkled salt on *him!*
- March* 17 St. Patrick's Day. "Shure, and what could be a better day to be born on?" asks Pat Elderkin.
- March* 21 The last day of the term. "Sure, and what could be a better day to end this Calendar on?" asks—

Thank You, Mr. Hoover!

Resolved to do their share in the nation-wide campaign to raise funds for Finnish Relief, the boys of P. C. D. were among the first in Princeton to respond to former President Herbert Hoover's appeal. A school Finnish Relief Committee was formed, with William Guthrie as Chairman and the following representatives from the various classes: James Dougherty (Vth Form), Richard Morgan (IVth Form), Melville Dickenson (IIIrd. Form), George Piper (IIInd Form), and Don Mathey 1st and Jr. Forms).

With the Fifth Form setting the pace in the size of contributions from classes, there was keen but friendly competition among the Forms as each day's amount was recorded on a campaign thermometer set up in the Study Hall. At the close of a week's collecting, nearly every boy in the school had made a contribution to the fund, and there was general satisfaction as the campaign mercury rose to the \$85.00 mark.

The P. C. D. contribution was sent to Mrs. Bernard Peyton, Chairman of the Princeton Finnish Relief Committee. It was then forwarded to Mr. Herbert Hoover, the National Chairman, and within a few days the following letter was received:

FINNISH RELIEF FUND, INC.

Graybar Building
420 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.

HERBERT HOOVER, *Chairman*

Telephone MOhawk { 4-8141
4-8300

The Boys of the Princeton Country Day School,
Princeton, New Jersey.

Dear Boys:

The fine contributions to the Finnish Relief Fund that the boys of the Princeton Country Day School have given have already been acknowledged elsewhere.

The great service you are doing is to help Finland, and you are helping them over most difficult emergencies.

I wish, however, to express to all of you my appreciation for the encouragement to the whole Fund that these gifts imply. It is fine that boys in Princeton are helping people in far-away Finland.

With good wishes to you all,

Yours faithfully,

HERBERT HOOVER

Under the White Rose

About twenty miles east of Kettley there stood a large, formidable-looking castle upon a thickly wooded hill. The outline of the battlements and towers of the building were faintly visible against the early morning sky. It was not yet dawn. There was a stiff wind, and light clouds were blown across the sky in thin, gray wisps.

A solitary light glowed in the narrow window slit to the extreme left of the drawbridge. In the room from which the light was coming, a young man was seated by the fire. He was fair-haired and rather pale of countenance. He was slightly deformed, for one shoulder was a bit higher than the other. His name was Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the prince who later was to become King Richard III of England. Already, as a young man, he was brave, but cruel, and a very dashing warrior.

There was a fire going and the rays danced and flickered over the brightly colored arras which was hung upon the wall.

Soon a lad entered. He was tall and broad-shouldered while his dark, sunburned face was not much younger than his master's.

"Ye have sent for me?" he questioned.

"Ay" returned the other. "Take me this packet to Lord Foxham. It is very important, for it is a plan to take Sir Daniel Brackley by surprise in Kettley. Take ye the road for Kettley, until ye come to a fork. Turn on the left and do likewise at each bend until ye cross the bridge. Then head for the forest and keep ever on the main path.

John Greensheve," he continued, "I picked ye for this errand because ye are staunch. The rise or fall of York dependeth upon you this day, and if it be not the rise, ye shall swing for it! Go now, and God speed you!" Whereupon the youth, taking the packet from Richard's hand, departed from the room.

A few minutes later the portcullis was raised, and Greensheve galloped forth. Gusts of wind moaned through the valley.

After nearly an hour's riding, the sky in the messenger's wake was growing lighter and the stars were gradually disappearing one by one.

Greensheve now came to the first fork, and in nearly three quarters of an hour he had crossed the bridge, and was following the main path up a hill, into the forest as he had been directed. Even as he drew near the top, the ground grew rougher. Once there, he paused for rest and to look about him. In the east a dull, ruddy glow had now appeared and the beginning of the day was close at hand. Greensheve knew he had little time to tarry. For a moment the lad thought he saw something move in the valley below, but that must have been his imagination thought he to himself for it was still too dark to enable anyone to see that far.

He started on again, wondering about this movement, for said he to himself, "Nay, by the rood, I like it not".

The dawn wind was dying now, and the birds began pouring forth their songs, which were answered by others

farther down the glade, until the whole forest was alive with twitterings. Some five hundred yards ahead a deer paused in the middle of the path, sniffing the air and quite hesitant as to which way to go. Then it plunged into the thicket, as Greensheve came galloping.

The sun now peeped up over the rolling hills in the distance. There were few clouds in the sky which was blue, and the wind was now just a fitful breeze. Here and there could be seen a windmill with its great sails turning slowly.

The youth took no heed of all this, but rode ever onward. Suddenly, when he came to the top of a knoll, an arrow flew through the trees and sang across his back. Greensheve bent low and, urging his steed forward faster, he dug his knees into the steaming flanks. Another arrow flew and struck him in the side. His body seemed like one whole mass of pain. With great effort he pulled forth the arrow, but not noticing its color, he threw it on the ground. His head swam and he was now swaying in the saddle. Somehow the lad was able to work his feet in between the saddle strap and the horse's belly. This was the only thing that held him in his seat. He was very weak from loss of blood, and everything was whirling about him.

"The rise or fall of York dependeth on it. . . ." Was that a vision or a real castle? It suddenly became very dark.

Greensheve was awakened by a tucket sounding and resounding against the stone walls of a courtyard. He had forgotten everything for a second, but in feeling his wound it all came to him. His wound had been cared for and he realized he must be in Lord Foxham's moat house. He was upon a crude bed in a chamber, which by all the noise so near it, must be adjoining the courtyard.

Orders were now being shouted outside his quarters, and there was a great clatter of men-at-arms as Lord Foxham's men rode forth to battle.

Late that afternoon, as the sun was lowering in the western sky, Lord Foxham's men returned, and with such a clatter and eagerness that the wounded lad thought he could hear the sound of victory in the note of the men's voices. Steps were running to and fro and there was great bustling, as the servants were caring for the wounded or welcoming the hungry warriors.

The lad heard heavy footsteps coming toward the chamber and soon Lord Foxham himself entered. He was tall like the lad, only older and had a handsome dignified countenance. He sat down and told Greensheve how Sir Daniel was not caught unawares but how he was outnumbered and finally how he had escaped with a few men. Then Lord Foxham arose, and, taking the lad's hand in his, said, "Sir, if it had not been for you and your courage, Kettley would never have been under the White Rose this day!"

THOMAS MATTHEWS (IV)



His Watch was Fast!

The envelope came late in the afternoon. His secretary opened it, and, after considerable thought, brought its contents to the President. Abraham Lincoln's face was, as always, calm and thoughtful. He took the note the secretary gave him in a hand that shook so much that the man had to steady it before he could hold the note. Lincoln read it and one look at his contorted countenance was enough to send any one with Lincoln's sense of humor into fits of laughter. After he had calmed himself a little, he said to his disapproving secretary,

"Heavens, John, somebody is just playing a joke on us. I realize that there are men who very much wish to kill me, but would a man in his senses assassinate the President at the theatre in front of everyone and hope to get away? Listen to what the note says.

'I shall rid this world of a tyrant between the time you receive this note and ten o'clock tonight. Prepare to die, Abraham Lincoln, prepare to die, for the shadow of death is hovering over you. I shall strike between now and ten. Signed—For the Cause of the South.'

"Mmmmm!" murmured Lincoln, as he drummed on the top of his desk with his long, powerful fingers. He read the note again in silence.

"The man is either a literary man or an actor. He has written a very strange letter. Well, I can't be waiting any longer, I must go to my room and dress for the theatre."

So saying, Lincoln left his office for the last time. His secretary looked after him with mingled devotion and horror gleaming in his eyes.

"If I could get my hands on the man who wrote that note I'd tear him to pieces!" He blushed slightly after voicing his rage, for he knew that he was incapable of carrying out even the beginning of such a threat.

When Lincoln got to his room, his manner changed considerably. The amused and skeptical smile had vanished the moment he had closed the door, and his face had a serious and somewhat frightened aspect as he read and re-read the note. Lincoln was a superstitious man at times. Often in the last few weeks he had told his wife that he had not long to live. He had dreamt the night before that he had been shot, but knowing what his wife would think if he told her about it, he had kept it to himself. Now he had received this note and he did not like the sound of it. Not that Lincoln was afraid to die. It was just the realization that death was to come without his knowing when. The note said:

"Between the time you receive this note and ten." He did not like it. Even in his own room, Lincoln looked behind him quickly and then shuddered. No, he did not like it at all.

On the way to the theatre, Mrs. Lincoln noticed her husband's nervous, frightened attitude, but no amount of hen-pecking could force the truth out of him.

When they arrived at the theatre, Lincoln, feeling his wife's eyes were upon him, tried his best to smile and pay attention to the play. He did not hear the actors because he was nervously straining his ears to hear something else. He did not *see* the actors

because, although looking at them, his attention and senses were elsewhere. He laughed when the audience laughed, so that Mrs. Lincoln would not annoy him with questions at home afterward—if he ever got home again.

His wife was deceived by his demeanor until the middle of the play. Then his agitation and fear began to wear down his iron nerves and his hands began to drum restlessly on the edge of the box railing. He would lean back and look at the audience, or at the boxes next to his. As the hands of his watch dragged themselves slowly around toward half-past nine, he grew terribly restless. The silence in the theatre was tense. The voices of the actors were drowned in the confusion and fear that were whirling in his brain.

At a quarter to ten his face had become white. His hands trembled, and he felt that something—something had to break this terrible suspense.

At five minutes to ten Lincoln's eyes were riveted to his watch. Although he wished to look at something else, the play—anything else—he was hypnotized. He had to watch those two hands, the little pointed arrows on a dial that seemed to be laughing at him, and crawling slowly to that dreaded hour. There was one minute, then

half a minute and then—the hour had come! Lincoln felt that he had been through an agony of torture. His brow was wet and he was perspiring from the mental suffering which was now relieved.

Calmly he turned his eyes to the stage, and for the first time he heard what the actors were saying and began to enjoy the play. He felt as if he had been holding his breath for a long, long time—as if he had been under water and could not exhale. Then, at last, as he was about either to drown or burst his lungs, he had come to the surface and had been able to breathe freely. Calmly he enjoyed the play, but his ears were pounding so loudly that he did not hear the click of a latch behind him. Nor did he see the man who had been waiting outside the door for an hour or more, for his chance to open it and assassinate the President.

The door opened noiselessly. A hand with a gun appeared in the doorway.

The report of a gun sounded through the theatre. Lincoln slumped in his chair.

The bell in the little church across the street tolled ten. His watch was fast!

SPENCER WELCH (IV)



The Curse of Abdul Singh

One day, about twenty years ago, while I was travelling in Egypt, I stopped in front of a little old shop in a Cairo market. It was obviously a souvenir shop, crowded with antiques, curiosities, and odds and ends of all kinds. The dingy interior was lined with shelves, on which were placed small bits of ancient glass, earthenware, terra cotta, and pieces of carved ebony and mahogany, while remnants of once beautiful ivory fans were spread on boards round the room.

One of these curios, a small, green, jade idol, caught my attention. I picked it up, and inside the idol I found a mechanism which, after it had been turned upside down, set the head nodding. I looked around for the shop-keeper. He was a short, wizened-up old man with squinting eyes and a shrewd visage. I asked him the price of the idol. He understood English and answered that the idol was not for sale.

I wondered at this and then, assuming that the man was just superstitious, I asked him what the matter was.

"Well," he replied, "a long time ago that idol was in the house of one Abdul Singh, a rich trader. He prayed to it every morning and valued it highly. But one night a thief entered his house and stole, among other treasures, his precious idol. Abdul never saw it again. He was so angered that he set a curse on all into whose hands the idol should fall. So far that curse has come true!"

"Why," I asked, "what has happened?"

"The thief," went on the dealer, "put his booty in a wooden box and journeyed to Palestine. There he chanced to fall among other thieves, who beat him and took his goods. They sold the plunder to a Spanish tourist named Fernando.

"On Fernando's way back to Spain, a fire broke out on board his ship. The captain was just able to reach Sicily, before the ship was destroyed. Although most of the passengers were killed or badly burned, Fernando escaped with his life. He lost all his belongings in the fire—all except the idol of Abdul Singh.

"Out of gratitude for his escape from death, Fernando gave the idol to a friend. The friend, in turn, gave it to a servant, who later took it to a pawn-shop. The pawnbroker sold it to a sailor. He it was who sold it to me, and I have had it ever since."

"Has it ever brought you any misfortune?" I asked.

He thought for a moment before answering. "Yes," he said finally. "Perhaps it was coincidence, but three years ago when I had my shop on the outskirts of the city the river overflowed and ruined most of my belongings. But the idol remained unharmed."

As the old shop-keeper finished his story I looked at the little jade figure. Its head was still nodding, as though it approved all that had been said about it. I longed to own it, and finally I persuaded the dealer to sell it to me.

I have had the idol ever since. In

fact, it is beside me as I write. Perhaps it is because I am not a superstitious man—or perhaps old Abdul Singh has died and his curse along

with him. In any case, my little jade idol has never brought me any ill luck. I keep it as a charm.

RICHARD MORGAN (IV)



Grecian Journey

It was early one morning in October when we left Athens on a trip which was sponsored by the American School of Archaeology. There were seventeen people in our party, and we travelled in three large automobiles.

Our first stop was at the island of Eubia, where there were some ancient temples, built about 450 B.C. We stayed here for a few hours and then went to the city of Kalkis, about thirty miles away.

The next morning we were up at sunrise, and after breakfast we set out for the ruins of a Frankish castle which had been erected about 1100 A.D. On top of the hill rose the walls and towers which had once sheltered the armies of the Crusaders. Here, while roaming among the ruins, I found an ancient bronze coin and an iron spear-head.

The next morning we drove to Basie, which had been a temple site dedicated to the worship of Zeus. Then we hired donkeys and travelled for two hours until we came to our objective. There we heard a lecture by Mr. Cram, a member of our party, known to most of us as "the heavy fella", because of his enormous weight and appetite. Later that afternoon we drove to a neighboring town whose name

bore the native equivalent of "Black-eye". Here there was only one small hotel, which was famous for the insects which infected its beds. After a night of restlessness, during which we were kept busy brushing off the bugs which were constantly biting us, we arose and set out once more.

Our next stop was at Delphi, where we saw many famous temples, shrines, and other ancient buildings. On our second day at Delphi we hired donkeys and rode to the Kerician cave, which is a vast underground cavern. From a nearby hill we obtained a magnificent view. We could see the country for many miles around, especially the huge mountains that loomed in the surrounding region.

After a few days of visiting small ruins of minor importance, we came to the site of Eretria, which was a Minoan settlement of about 3000 B.C. This site was almost completely intact, and it looked just as it must have appeared over five thousand years ago. Here we found many relics, including loom-weights, axe-heads, and arrow-heads. Late that night we returned to Athens, after a long and interesting trip.

GEORGE ELDERKIN (IV)

Storm Signal

'Twas the twelfth of June when they set out,
On the good ship "Gull", both tough and stout.
They sailed along for many days,
Amidst the sun's most kindly rays.

The captain was both hard and cruel,
He wouldn't stand for a broken rule.
But a better seaman never sailed,
They said in Boston, from where he hailed.

One night across the sky there came
A comet like a burst of flame—
An omen of bad luck to be—
A sign of trouble on the sea.

The crew were terrified with fear
And thought that judgment day was near,
And, true enough, the calm and peace
From that time on began to cease.

The waves grew high and the wind grew strong,
She pitched and creaked as she rolled along.
The hatches were all battened fast,
The sails furled tightly to the mast.

Suddenly as the crack of a whip
There sprang a leak in the hold of the ship,
They manned the pumps, but all in vain—
For not one of the crew was seen again.

RICHARD ROSSMASSLER (V)



Little David, Play on Your Harp

David Divine Jefferson Washington Gabriel sat out in the hot summer sun on the bank of the Mississippi. His yellow straw hat was tied with a red ribbon in a large bow under his chin. A shirt of red calico and a pair of bright blue overalls made him appear like countless other darkies who lived on the Burns plantation.

But there was something about little David, if not his looks, that made him quite different. His large eyes, like two moons on a dark night, danced merrily when he spied a large cake of Mississippi mud. He leaned over and picked it up with his black hands which were the exact color of mud. Then he made a flat, round mud pie with it.

Just as he squashed it under his bare feet his twin sister, Cleopatra Magnolia Daisy Gabriel, came running up with two fried chicken wings. She wore an identical straw hat and a red calico dress. She took a large bite from one wing and, with a proud grunt, for her mouth was quite full, presented the other to her brother. David ate his in a wink and threw the white bones down on the shore.

"Ain't y'all hot?", asked Cleopatra.

"Yowsa", was David's languid answer. "But ah doan know how ah's gwine get cooled off. Dey's flies up yonder at da house sumpin awful. Dey's powful bad and anyways it's cooler down here. Da white folks is all lyin' round drinkin' juleps, but dat doan help me none." As David finished this tale he dug his toes down into the cool, black mud.

"Ah's so hot ah's most dead," complained his sister as she followed suit. The oozing mud felt cooling to the four black feet.

"Whar's Lucifer?" asked David.

"I doan neber know whar that houn' of yourn gits hisself to. He'll mos' likely be down here soon," answered Cleopatra.

"Heah he is now!" cried David with a lazy effort to stay awake in the hot July sun.

With an off-key yelp, the orange-spotted hound, living under the name of "Lucifer", dragged his mongrel form up to his master. He then wagged himself, until he fell down with exhaustion.

"Sho is hot, Lawzee!" drawled David, and then he added as an afterthought, "What's one dem juleps tas' like?"

"Neber tas' one", answered Cleopatra, "but if dey makes a body cool, ah's gwine have one."

"Das' jus' whut ah was a-thinking," explained David, "but how we goin' ter git one?"

"Follow me," commanded Cleopatra as she got up, "ah knows jus' how!"

The two walked languidly across the blue grass, closely followed by Lucifer. It seemed that no matter how many steps they took, the Burns' manor was just the same distance away. However, they finally arrived and when the coast was clear of white folks, they stole up to the white brick columned house, around the box bushes, and over to the wisteria-covered veranda.

There, on a glass-top table, was heaven itself—a large silver tray with twelve silver mint julep glasses, just steaming they were so cold. They were jammed with ice, and mint overflowed from each tempting glass. David and Cleopatra simultaneously rushed forward, as if they expected the juleps to disappear if they waited any longer. But as they reached out, the chatter and laughing of white folks was heard. Mechanically Lucifer rushed under the table with the twins in hot pursuit. In doing this, they forfeited their chance of escape and were obliged to remain out of sight, hidden by the spotless tablecloth that reached to the floor.

The white folks gathered like bees to a bed of roses and were soon clustered about the table.

If only the twins and Lucifer could escape unnoticed! But fate had other plans. Just as the twins thought they were safe, Lucifer was bitten by a flea and he made up his mind to bite that flea back. In the cramped quarters, and confused in the dark, Lucifer bit David. In pain, David stood up, forgetting where he was. This completely knocked the glass top off balance and it crashed to the stone floor, juleps and all.

David and Cleopatra never ran so fast before, and the table-cloth-covered Lucifer was close at their heels.

"Lawzee!" shrieked David as he ran, completely forgetting the heat, the blue grass fairly flying under his bare feet.

When the bank of the river was finally gained, Lucifer, having parted with the table-cloth some time in the

retreat, lay down with the twins to rest.

"Thet sho didn' help matters none. In fact ah's jus' thet much moah hotter. Y'all sho nuff has the wust ideas!" scolded David.

"I didn' think of it any sooner than y'all did" was her answer. "Look, Lucifer's gwine wadin'. Ah's gwine wadin' too!" With that Cleopatra got up and followed the orange-spotted hound.

"Ah's gwine ter sail my hat!" chirped David. "Maybe this'll cool us off! Sho feels good!"

Just as the twins were at the height of their pleasure, the large black figure of their mother appeared at the bank.

"Y'all chilluns come right here! Ah's gwine ter spank y'all good and hard!" As the twins' mother asserted this fact, she did so with such vigor that Lucifer shook from nose to toes. Before David or Cleopatra could protest, they found themselves in their mother's firm grip as she lifted them by the ears, their bright calico rags dripping Mississippi water.

"Y'all is gwine ter help me shell the peas and shuck some corn. Y'all should be out a-pickin' cotton and maybe den y'all wouldn't always be a-gittin' y'all into one scrape after another. My gracious, y'all sho did ruin y'all's clothes, Lawzee! Whose fault was it dat y'all upset the table up to the house?"

"David's," said Cleopatra quickly.

"Cleopatra's!" contradicted David.

This argument lasted until they reached the house. A little later in the large, hot kitchen, perched on a

stool sat Cleopatra Magnolia Daisy corn, while under the table grinned
 Gabriel, busily shelling peas. Next Lucifer, the hound of the bright
 to her glumly sat David Divine Jeffer- orange spots.
 son Washington Gabriel shucking

WILLIAM GUTHRIE (V)



Shadows in the Dark

When e'er I lie in bed at night,
 I often see a man in flight,
 Sometimes he has a friend or two—
 It may be me or even you!

The figures creep along the wall—
 Sometimes they're short, sometimes they're tall.
 The thing that really scares me most
 Is my curtain—white as a ghost.

When I awake from such a night
 I gladly greet the warm sun-light.
 When I tell people what I saw,
 They all just laugh and say, "Haw, Haw!"

Sometimes the scornful even say,
 "That boy will go to jail some day."
 But when they say such silly talk,
 I get up and away I walk.

Some nights I never see these men;
 I think they have some secret den.
 That they're alive I'm sure is true—
 Now is not that the same with you?

MELVILLE DICKENSON (III)

King Swims Home!

In the year 1814 my brother Robert and I lived with our family in Tuckerstown on the island of Bermuda. As boys we used to love to take our small boat and sail out into the beautiful light blue waters of the harbor. Sometimes we ventured further out to where the waters abruptly changed to a darker blue.

One day we had planned to go to Castle Island for a picnic. This island lay at the end of the mainland and controlled the entrance to Castle Harbor. Ten years before, the island had been occupied by a band of pirates, but they had long since deserted it.

Robert and I set out with our lunch baskets. We also brought along the family guardian—"King", a large muscular Newfoundland dog, who, of course, was our favorite pet.

When we reached our destination, I stood on the dock the pirates had built and gazed down into the gloomy depths at the sharp, slimy coral rocks below, while Robert busied himself mooring the boat and unloading the lunch baskets.

Just then I heard a noise behind me. I whirled around, to find myself face to face with a large, red-headed pirate holding a blunderbuss. He called to Robert to join me. Then he ordered us to march towards the old castle, after which the island had been named. On our way we were joined by more rough-looking men who urged us on with much pushing and shouting. Soon they had thrust us into one of the castle dungeons.

Now Robert and I had often played in this old castle, and we knew every

nook and corner of it. On former trips to the island we had discovered and explored a secret passage which led down to the sea.

That night, when the pirates had relaxed their watch, I crept down the tunnel to the water's edge. I whistled softly, for I knew that *King* would be waiting outside in the darkness. Soon he came pattering up to me. I stuck a note in his collar and whispered softly, "Swim home, boy!"

He seemed to know just what I meant, for he plunged into the water and began swimming furiously. Stealthily I sneaked back to the dungeon.

All that night Robert and I wondered if *King* would get our message home. As we were being locked up earlier that evening, we had heard the pirates talking among themselves. From their conversation we had learned that they planned to attack the town the next day. Hastily we had scribbled the note, which read: "Don't worry about us. We have learned that pirates are going to attack Bermuda by surprise tomorrow. Dick and Robert."

Early the next morning there was much bustle in the old castle as the pirates made ready for the attack. We discovered that they were under the command of Jean Lafitte, who planned to capture the island of Bermuda for the United States.

In the confusion and excitement the pirates completely forgot about their two prisoners, and they had no sooner sailed out into Castle Harbor than Robert and I escaped through our se-

cret tunnel. Quickly we secured our boat and sailed to the nearest beach a quarter of a mile away.

Just as we reached home we heard the pirates' opening shot. To our joy it was answered by the guns of the Bermudian fleet. *King* had come through! He had delivered the message which was to save Bermuda from Lafitte and the pirates.

Some time later Robert, *King* and I were called before the Governor of Bermuda. He gave a medal to each of us, including our faithful *King*. To this day the story of how a Newfoundland dog swam from Castle Island to the mainland with a boy's message that saved the island from the pirates is still told by the people of Bermuda.

DEAN MATHEY (II)



Ghost Ship

The "Bonnie Lark" one wintry day
 In Salem town at anchor lay.
 The captain said to put to sea,
 In spite of storm clouds o'er the bay.

Despite the waves and clouds so dark,
 That seemed to threaten the fragile bark,
 On they sailed toward Chesapeake Bay,
 Over the sea so grim and stark.

Losing their course in that wild night,
 They sought in vain the beacon light.
 Madly plunging, they struck a reef,
 And the ship went down, lost from sight.

Free as a ghost she now doth sail,
 Swift and wild in the wand'ring gale—
 But the crew of the "Bonnie Lark"
 Will ne'er again their home-port hail.

JAMES DOUGHERTY (V)

Fateful Meeting

I have just had what I believe to be the most remarkable day in my life, and, while the facts are still clear in my mind, I wish to put them down on paper.

My name is Richard Fitzgerald Whitmore. I am forty-five years old and in reasonably good health.

By profession I am an artist—not a Rembrant or Rubens, you understand, but I am good enough at my sketches of black and white to provide for my scanty needs. I am a bachelor. I have had only one love affair, and that one so unsuccessful that I have decided never to have anything to do with the opposite sex again. But enough about me. I must hasten to my story.

It was very hot this morning. The heat rose in waves from the steaming pavements. I sat in my study directly in the center of the breeze stirred up by the electric fan on my desk. I cursed the heat again and again, but my temper only made me hotter. At last, as I was about to go and sit in the ice box, an idea for a sketch struck me. Sitting down, I began to draw. I was so taken up in what I was drawing that I forgot the heat. I left my lunch untouched and continued working until about four in the afternoon. When I had finished the picture, I sat back and looked at what I had done. It showed a middle-aged man working in a garden. He was whistling and seemed perfectly happy in his work. He was watering a bed of roses. A spade, stuck point downward in the earth, was leaning against a small tree, which, from the way the ground look-

ed around its roots, had been newly planted.

I rolled up the sketch and, without quite knowing why, put it in my pocket. Then I left the house, and although I don't remember it distinctly, I think I intended to go and show it to a friend of mine who lived on a neighboring street. At least, I started in that direction. From then on I don't remember where I went.

The heat was overwhelming, and I must have been half asleep as I walked. When I woke up, however, I found myself standing before a large sign saying—"Charles Mackinsy Leavenworth—Worker in English and Italian Marbles. Monumental Mason."

From the yard behind the house in front of which this sign stood, came a cheery whistle, and I heard the sound of hammer meeting stone. A sudden impulse made me go around to the back of the house, where to my amazement, I saw the very same garden that I had drawn on the paper in my pocket!

Hearing my steps, the only occupant of the garden turned. The man I saw in front of me was the exact same that I had drawn! He greeted me, smiling, and shook my hand as if we were old friends.

I apologized for my intrusion.

"It's terribly hot and glary outside on the pavement," I said, "This seems like an oasis in the desert."

"It *is* hot," he replied. "But take a seat sir," and he pointed to a stone beside him. He then sat down, and I saw for the first time that he was inscribing a gravestone. I asked him

who had died and he, laughing, replied that it was only for an exhibition.

I said little, for I felt uneasy. There was something uncanny in the whole incident. I tried to tell myself that I had seen the man somewhere before. But I knew that I was practicing self-deception, for if I had seen him, I had merely seen him on the street as a passer-by. I knew that I had never seen that garden or that house. Why, to think of it, I had never even been down in this part of London in my life!

When I was about to start pinching myself to make sure that that small glass of brandy and bit of cheese before noon hadn't put me to sleep and that I was dreaming all this, Mr. Leavenworth stood up, heaved a sigh of contentment, and asked, "What do you think of that?" I looked at the face of the gravestone. The inscription which I read ran thus—

"Sacred to the memory of
Richard Fitzgerald Whitmore
Born Dec. 20th, 1860.
Passed away suddenly
June 26th, 19—"

For a while I sat in silence. Then I felt a cold shudder run down my spine. I asked the stone-cutter where he had seen the name. "Why, I didn't see it," replied Mr. Leavenworth, "I needed some name, so I put down the first that came into my head. Why do you ask?"

"It's a strange coincidence, but it's mine!" I said quickly.

He gasped, "And the dates?"

"I recognize only one of them," I said, "and that's correct. The other one, I hope, is wrong, for today is the 26th of June.

Leavenworth was astounded, but he was even more amazed when I showed him my sketch. Immediately he grew serious.

"Let's not try to deceive ourselves," he said. "I'll begin by saying that I never saw, or heard your name before today."

"And I," I said. "have never seen you before today."

We contemplated this strange coincidence for a long time. Then the stone-cutter took up my painting, looked at it for a while, gazed around his garden, and with a slight shudder put it down. Then he and I both regarded the gravestone. At last he spoke.

"I will not try to make you comfortable for I feel that this is something more than mere chance. If you return to your home through crowded streets there is always the danger of some accident. The best possible thing you can do is stay here until twelve to-night. When it is June 27th, you can go home."

To my surprise I agreed to stay.

The stone-cutter and I are sitting at a table in his studio. He is reading a magazine, and I am writing this story. It is a little after eleven o'clock. In less than an hour I shall be going home.

The heat is terrible.

It's enough to drive a man mad.

SPENCER WELCH (IV)



The Rodeo

Madison Square Garden is famous for its ice carnivals, hockey games, six-day bicycle races, horse shows, and, of course, rodeos. As we entered the building, its great size impressed me. Everywhere, men were selling souvenirs, food and other things. Then, when we entered the immense arena, I was absolutely overwhelmed. There were seats everywhere. Two or three balconies jutted out over the other seats. These balconies were decorated with red, white, and blue bunting, and a large clock hung on a high balcony on the other side. At one end of the arena stood a great many stalls and a small pen into which had been let ordinary steers, Mexican long-horn steers, wild cows, and wild bucking broncos, all brought from the plains of Texas, New Mexico, and eastern Mexico.

The seats filled up rapidly and soon the music started, played by a well-known cowboy band, and the grand entry began. There was a great exhibition of horsemanship. One horse slipped on the saw-dust, but the rider, a girl, was a good horsewoman.

Then began the exciting part of the rodeo. The cowboys began the bare-back bronco-riding contest. A strap had been tied around the rear part of the belly of these animals to make them want to buck more, but the riders stayed on very well.

The next event was the cowboy's trick and fancy roping exhibition. The contestants for the world's championship title, roped six horses running abreast. Another man stood on the

top of his horse, jumped into the air, and spun his lariat under him, and landed back on the horse. There were other spectacular feats in fancy roping and riding. Then the cowgirls tried their hand at bronco-riding.

The next event was a mounted basketball game. The teams were chosen from Texas and Oklahoma. Two players were carried out on stretchers.

There were calf-roping and hog-tying contests; the former I thought quite cruel.

The best event was provided by Jeff Reavis' horse "Danger," a beautiful blue-black animal who responded to his master's every wish. The best of his tricks was when the horse used his master for a prop, and when he depicted the "End of the Trail" in a flood of blue lights.

Soon the cowboys started a thrilling contest of steer wrestling. The cowboy rode alongside of the steer and tried to jump on its neck to twist it, thereby rendering the steer helpless. Of course, many did not even get so far as to jump on the steer, so it went racing around the arena, charging a man with a red flag, who promptly disappeared in a barrel. The steer was mad now, and he charged a dummy with great ferocity. Then the man would spin his hat out to the steer, to attract its attention, and the hat would sail back to the man.

The wild cow-milking contest was quite hilarious. A cowboy was supposed to milk the wild cow in a "pop" bottle while another cowboy tried to hold the raging creature. It usually

ended in having the cowboys chased out of the arena by the wild cow.

There were other events, but the last one was a wild horse race (the horses were never before touched by humans) in which a cowboy tried to

saddle a wild horse and ride him to the finish line at the other end of the arena.

I would like to see this rodeo over and over again.

RICHARD CONGER (IV)



Four Lazy Pirates

Four lazy pirates,
 Were floating on the blue—
 One was the captain,
 The others were the crew.

While they lay a-drifting
 Out upon the deep,
 "Help!" cried the captain.
 And then went back to sleep.

This woke the other three,
 Who looked all about;
 But were interrupted,
 By a big whale's spout.

"Mercy!" cried the captain.
 "Don't hurt us!" screamed the crew.
 "Ha! Ha!" laughed the big whale,
 "I'm going to eat you!"

Four lazy pirates,
 When the whale did yawn,
 Floated 'twixt his mammoth jaws,
 And on, and on, and on

WILLIAM GUTHRIE (V)

The Unexpected Always Happens

Not long ago the placid waters of a small harbor in Florida were disturbed by a strange sight. Two men were seen by amazed spectators in what seemed to be an out-rigger. One was sprawled out face down, and the other, propped up, was paddling. Both were lashed on by wire.

I was paddling. My passenger, Richard Matthews, was overcome by the sun and lack of food. Those on shore sent out a skiff and towed us in. One kind-hearted fellow took us to a doctor, and soon we were comfortably cared for in his office. After our wounds were treated, for the sun had burnt our skin terribly, the doctor brought in some food.

"Son," he said after I had finished eating, "How did you get on that raft and in this condition?"

"Well", I answered, "it all started at the Miami Air Base. I flew down there nearly two weeks ago from New Jersey. About a week ago, when I was going over my engine, I noticed a well-dressed gentleman slowly walking toward me. He would stop now and then to look at a plane, and, thinking that he was a tourist, I went on with my work. A little later he came up to where my monocoque was moored.

"Do you own that plane?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"The Clipper for Cuba left half an hour ago," he explained. "I missed it. Now, I have to get there on urgent business. I'll give you the price of the ticket and a bonus of \$10 if you'll fly me there as soon as possible. How about it?"

"This seemed like a fair proposition to me, for I had always wanted to fly there myself. I agreed without hesitation, for surely the weather would be clear if the Clipper had left just a little while before.

"I fastened down the cowlings, washed up and bought some sandwiches and water for supper.

"My passenger climbed in and, casting off, I paddled over to the gasoline pump. When the tanks were full, I spun the propeller and the engine started instantaneously. I again untied her moorings, climbed in, and taxied across the water. Then, easing back the throttle, I pushed the stick forward to take the weight off the tail. As we gained speed, I pulled it slowly back, and soon we were in the air.

"Climbing steadily, we levelled off at 1,000 feet. All the instruments read normally, so we settled down for a long trip.

"We were about an hour out of Miami when I noticed a dark bank of clouds gathering all along the horizon. This alarmed me, for the air was growing bumpy.

"How much farther?" my passenger asked.

"About two hours. Say look at those clouds."

"Yes, I noticed them."

"You had better fasten your safety belt. We're probably in for bad weather. We will try to climb over them."

"The storm was coming faster than I had judged, and soon we were enveloped in the ominous bank. The visibility was very poor, and it was had to

control the ship. As we proceeded further the weather became worse and worse. The little plane was tossed about like a feather in the wind.

"It began to rain now, and its incessant pounding made visibility even worse. Frantically, I fought the controls, but I could feel that we were being slowly driven toward the raging sea. The rain suddenly let up for a minute and I could see an island below us. With a faint spark of hope, I circled around into the wind and prepared to make a forced landing. But as we were coming in, the right wing struck a tree, which ripped it off. We spun around. The other wing lifted us up and over, and with a deafening crash we landed upside down. I felt a pain in my stomach, and the blood ran to my head. I was dangling from my safety belt from the ceiling. Unfastening it, I helped my frightened companion down.

"'Thanks' he exclaimed gratefully. 'Phew! that was a close one!'

"It would be senseless to go out, for the rain had commenced again. We sat down, lit a cigarette and prepared to sit up all night. I was worn out and soon dozed off. We both slept soundly all night.

"I slept well into the next day and woke to see the sun shining down in all its glory. My passenger, who was already awake, had started a fire. Together we explored the island, which was the largest of three. They were barren, as well as uninhabited; we

should surely perish here if we remained on it long. We dug some clams and brought them back to the fire. While we were eating them with some of the sandwiches, I looked at the wreck, and suddenly thought of a possibility of our escape. 'Look, the pontoons were undamaged in the crash! Why can't we use them as a raft? The least we can do is to try.'

"Feverishly we set to work, and before long they were off. We built a sort of shelter from the sun on the raft and ripped part of the airplane's covering off for a sail. We decided to start at once, so we loaded our pockets with some more clams and the water bottle. We lashed ourselves on with control cable, lest the sea should wash us overboard. With high hopes, we left the island and the wreck to bake in the sun.

"We navigated as best we could with the ship's compass, which I had pried out and set our course for northwest.

"The second day out, we ate our last morsel of food, and by the next day a strong wind blew our shelter off. The sun beat down unmercifully during the rest of the voyage. If a favorable wind hadn't blown steadily, we surely would have died.

"On the fifth morning we sighted land, and a little later, thanks to you, doctor, and the people who brought us here, we have been saved. It's generally the unexpected that happens!"

STEVEN FLEMER (IV).



With the Blues and Whites

SCHOLARSHIP

The scholastic competition between the Blues and Whites for the second term was, as usual, very close. The Whites started off with a narrow lead which they held throughout the term. They had a final group average of 2.26, while the Blues achieved an average of 2.44.

The boys who had no failures in their bi-weekly reports for the term were:

WHITES (25)—Conger, Elderkin, Erdman, Foster, Guthrie, Hall, Harrop, G., Harrop, W., Hudson, McCutchen, Mathey, D., Mathey, M., Matthews, J., Mathews, T., Meritt, Peyton, Phinney, A., Roberts, F., Roberts, W., Schluter, F., Schluter, J., Schluter, W., Stewart, Tattersall, Wetzel.

BLUES (22) Benham, Broneer, Dickenson, Dignan, Dougherty, J., Dougherty, R., Ellis, Flemer, J., Flemer, S., Gallup, A., Gallup, G., Hart, Hemphill, Howell, McAlpin, Morgan, Piper, Quick, Shenstone, Stokes, Vagts, Welch, S.

ATHLETICS

Both the Blues and the Whites fought fiercely to win the ice hockey championship. The first game was won by the Whites with a score of 3—1. Goals for the Whites were made by Matthews, T., Schluter, F., and Rossmassler, while Dougherty, J. scored for the Blues.

In the second game the Whites were again victorious, with a score of 2—0. Winning goals were scored by Erdman and Rossmassler.

The third and final game was also won by the Whites, who could not be stopped by the fighting Blue team. Rossmassler, Matthews, T., and Mathey, M. scored for the victors, with Driscoll making the single goal for the Blues.

With three successive victories to their credit, the Whites won the hockey championship for 1940.

The hockey season in Baker Rink came to a close with the annual ice meet, in which relay races and other events were held.

In the Junior division the elimination race was won by Mathey, M., with Matthews, J. in second place. The Intermediate race was won by Erdman, followed by Dickenson. In the Senior race Dougherty, J. led the field, with Matthews, T. as a close second. The final event was the Color Relay Race, which was won by the Blues.

At the end of the meet the final score was in favor of the Whites. The winning Color had managed to collect 18 points, to 14 points for the Blues.

They were Blues and Whites, too!

P. C. D. alumni continue to make news in athletics at Princeton. George Young has been elected captain of next year's varsity hockey team. James and William Sloane have been named captains of the freshman hockey team.

Among the Princeton University undergraduates who achieved honor standing during the first academic term, several P. C. D. alumni found their names:

Seniors—Robert F. Goheen (1st Group), Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr. (2nd), David D. Wicks (2nd); **Juniors**—James I. Armstrong (1st), William T. Thom (2nd), Douglas Webster (2nd); **Sophomores**—Andrew W. Imbrie (1st), John L. Bender (2nd), John N. Brooks (2nd); **Freshmen**—Christian G. Chapman (2nd), John C. Cooper (2nd), Richard B. Harvey (2nd).

HOCKEY

P.C.D. has completed one of its most successful hockey seasons, capped by a victory over Germantown Friends' School in the Philadelphia Arena, following the usual series of games in Baker Rink, Princeton.

According to the records, P. C. D. has had four outstanding hockey teams in the last decade: '31—'35—'36 and '40. Winning six games, tying one, and losing one, the present team played a brand of hockey that met with the satisfaction of the whole school. In the opinion of Mr. Dealey, who again acted as coach, the team maintained a high standard as a unit, without producing any outstanding stars. Dignan took care of the goal, while Rossmassler and Schluter, F. made up the first line of defense. Our varsity line was backed up to the limit by good second and third teams.

A feature of the 1940 season was a series of games between inter-club teams "representing" several well-known colleges: Williams, M. I. T., Cornell, Yale, Navy, Columbai, Princeton, and Dartmouth. Columbia proved to be the winning team. Rossmassler acted as Captain, while the other Columbia players were: Dickenson, McCutchen, Parsons, Quian, Roberts, T., Shenstone, and Vagts. Williams and Cornell were tied for second place in the inter-collegiate league.

P. C. D. 1. LAWRENCEVILLE 1.

P. C. D. opened the season by meeting a heavy Lawrenceville team, and, after a hard-fought game, succeeded in playing their opponents to a tie. Jimmy Dougherty made the only goal for Country Day.

P. C. D. 0. CRANFORD HIGH 1.

Cranford High proved more than a match for our team by holding us scoreless in this second game of the season. Although defeated by one goal, P. C. D. players were generally thought to have out-played their opponents.

P. C. D. 14. PEDDIE 0.

P. C. D. downed a visiting Peddie team with a comfortable lead. The home players showed great improvement over their previous performances. Rossmassler, Dougherty, J., and Driscoll led the P. C. D. scorers.

P. C. D. 2. CRANFORD HIGH 1.

Again P. C. D. and Cranford High met on Baker Rink ice, and, as before, both teams put up a stiff fight. Goals were scored by Rossmassler and Driscoll.

P. C. D. 2. PEDDIE 1.

Apparently anxious to wipe out the memory of a previous defeat, Peddie sent a detachment of first-team players down the ice in a return game with P. C. D. A hard-fought contest resulted in a victory for the home team. Scores were made by Rossmassler and Driscoll.

P. C. D. 2. HUN 1.

With the Rossmassler-Driscoll combination again providing goals for P. C. D., we met our Princeton neighbors for the first and only time this season.

Carried away by the enthusiastic appreciation of the onlookers, Dignan made a series of brilliant stops in the cage.

P. C. D. 3. CRANFORD HIGH 1.

In a thrilling, well-fought game, our team overcame their speedy Cranford opponents. Rossmassler and Driscoll again did the scoring for P. C. D.

P. C. D. 3. GERMANTOWN 1.

To top off the season, the team journeyed down to the Philadelphia Arena, to renew the annual struggle between P. C. D. and Germantown Friends' School. Rossmassler and Driscoll, ably assisted by Dougherty, J. and Meritt, shot home the winning goals, while Freddy Schluter was outstanding in the best performance of his career.

The line-up for the season was as follows:

Rossmassler (Capt.)	- - - - -	R. D.
Schluter, F.	- - - - -	L. D.
Dignan	- - - - -	G.
Dougherty, J.	- - - - -	C.
Driscoll	- - - - -	R. W.
Matthews, T.	- - - - -	L. W.

Honors

First Honor Roll
(90-100)

Garrison McClintock
Noel Ellis
McDonald Mathey
George Wallace Piper
Michael Shenstone

Second Honor Roll
(85-90)

Paul Broneer
Richard Stockton Conger, II
James Gregg Dougherty, Jr.
William Alexander Guthrie
Dean Winans Mathey
Thomas Stanley Matthews, Jr.
David Hunter McAlpin, Jr.
Charles Walter McCutchen
James Kirkland Meritt
Richard Sherley Morgan
Frederic Edward Schluter, Jr.
William Schluter
John Westcott Stewart

FIRST TERM

Third Honor Roll
(80-85)

Martin Noble Benham
Thomas Sherman Dignan
John W. Flemer
George Horace Gallup, Jr.
Michael Garibaldi Hall
George A. Harrop, III
David Montgomery Hart
Randolph Hoyt Hudson
John Potter Cuyler Matthews
Bernard Peyton, Jr.
Elwyn Belmont Quick
Frederick Norton Goddard Roberts
Walter van Braam Roberts, Jr.
John Adolph Schluter
Charles Edgar Stokes, III
Detlev Friedrich Vagts
William Enos Wetzel, Jr.

With the Alumni

James I. Armstrong, who is at Princeton, has attained a first group average. He is playing inter club hockey.

Richard W. Baker is teaching at St. Paul's School.

Wolcott N. Baker has been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Yale.

Norman W. Barret is on the varsity hockey team at Andover. He is also an editor of the *Phillipian*.

George E. Beggs, Jr. is with John A. Roebling's Sons Co., research laboratory and is working in experimental radio as a hobby.

John L. Bender received a second group average for the first term at Princeton. He is a member of the Coast Guard Reserve.

Robert B. Benham had a mid-year average of 84% at Lawrenceville. He played house soccer and is writing for the "Lit."

A. Caryl Bigelow, Jr. has been receiving a third group average at Princeton and is also playing Jayvee hockey.

William A. Blackwell is in the insurance business in Trenton.

John W. Bodine is going out for basketball and swimming at Lawrenceville.

William Bryan has been receiving a 70% average at Deerfield and is on the second Jayvee hockey team.

John B. Chadwick is majoring in zoology at Harvard.

Brad Chambers is going out for track and debating at Amherst.

Christian Chapman is receiving a 2-plus average at Princeton.

Edward Chynoweth is planning to go out for baseball at Hotchkiss.

Jeremy R. Colpitts is on the track team at Yale.

Paul T. Condit is an all-round man on the Princeton gym team.

John C. Cooper has been elected to the editorial board of the *Daily Princetonian* at Princeton.

Lyndon Crawford is employed by the Newport News Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co. For recreation he cruises on Chesapeake Bay.

John Crocker, Jr. was on the hockey and gym teams at Groton School. Last month he was on the school merit list.

G. Ernest Dale, Jr. is on the crew squad at Princeton.

Mark Healy Dall is in the advertising dept. of John Wanamaker, New York City.

Stephen Bronson Dewing is holding a scholarship at Princeton and is also a member of the German Club.

Francis Dinsmore, Jr. is working with the Procter & Gamble Mfg. Co. in Baltimore.

Harold Donnelly, Jr. is acting as stockroom manager at Deerfield. He is also a member of the Dramatic Club.

Churchill Eisenhart is an instructor in mathematics at the University of Wisconsin.

Charles R. Erdman won his letter in hockey at Exeter. He also belongs to the Marine Society and the Christian Fraternity.

Harold B. Erdman played varsity hockey at Lawrenceville and is a sports editor for the *Recorder*.

Thomas Burnet Fisher made the first hockey squad at St. Peter's School. He was appointed a Senior Prefect and is also a member of the Dramatic and Glee clubs.

William Flemer was elected president of the Bibliophiles Club for the winter term. He is also publishing a collection of essays and poetry with a Lawrenceville class-mate.

Ernest F. Fullam is a microscopist at Princeton. He was recently married to Miss Barbara Jewell, of Summit, N. J.

Moore Gates, Jr. is on the badminton team at Hill School. In scholastic work he has been receiving a third group average.

Albert C. Gerould, librarian at Pacific College, is a member of the Sierra Club and the National Ski Patrol.

Robert F. Goheen is a senior at Princeton. He recently received the Pyne Prize, the highest award made to an undergraduate by the Princeton Alumni Association.

Madison Gorman is a member of the Perwig Club at Lawrenceville and was on the hockey squad.

Alden B. Hall has attained a mid-year average of 85% at Blair Academy and is on the wrestling squad. He is in the school play and plays in the band.

Charles T. Hall is tied for the top of the honor roll with an average of 91% at Blair. He is on the scrub wrestling team, in the school play, and plays in the school band and orchestra.

Walter Phelps Hall, Jr. is captain of the varsity hockey team at Millbrook, and is receiving a high seventy average. He is doing some skiing and has a part in the school play.

Benjamin F. Howell, Jr. is a graduate student at the California Institute of Technology and is working for a Ph.D in geophysics. He plays tennis and hikes for exercise.

Robert Hunter is on the track team and the staff of the *Papyrus* at Taft.

William P. Hunter is attending Lawrenceville where he enjoys swimming and playing basketball. He has an average of 68%

Tristram Johnson is at Yale, where he is playing baseball and spring soccer. He is on the Dean's List and is an electrician in the Yale Dramat.

Sinclair Kerr is on the varsity swimming squad at Lawrenceville.

George Kuser, Jr. is at Lawrenceville, where he has gone out for basketball, wrestling, and boxing.

Archibald R. Lewis is in his last year of graduate study at Princeton.

B. Gibson Lewis, Jr. is a minister in Itasca, Illinois.

Bradford B. Locke, Jr. is attending Kent, where he plays hockey. He also sings in the Glee Club.

John F. Locke is on his form crew and is playing hockey at Kent.

Robert W. Locke is attending Kent, where he is playing form hockey.

Arthur Morgan is at Deerfield, where he is on the second basketball team and is in the Dramatics and Press clubs. He is doing some debating and is working on the Year Book.

George E. Morse is a salesman with the Chase Brass and Copper Co. in Providence, R. I. He has become a badminton addict.

John Northrop is attending Millbrook, where he is on the varsity hockey team and is singing in the Glee Club.

Mark S. Munn has been playing house basketball and has received an average of 72.6% at Lawrenceville.

William Oncken is head of the Science Department at Stony Brook School for Boys. He is also the Coach of the soccer team.

Eric H. Phinney is attending Lawrenceville, where he is playing varsity hockey.

Stephen Phinney is a member of the Perwig Club and an acting member of the Blue Circle Club at Lawrenceville.

Lloyd Ritter is attending George School.

William R. Rossmassler, at Lawrenceville, is baseball manager and is working in the Periwig Club.

Henry N. Russell, Jr.—now Dr. Russell—is an Assistant Resident in Pediatrics at the Babies' and Children's Hospital in Cleveland, Ohio.

James W. Samuels is back in Princeton working at the Graphic Arts Press after spending five years in Baltimore.

David E. Saunders has received a position with Weyerhauser Sales Co. in Newark.

John C. Saunders is attending Hun, where he is on the crew and badminton teams. He is accepted for admittance in Denison University in Ohio.

John G. H. Scoon is working in the Princeton University Press.

George G. Shelton is working for Ward's Natural Science Establishment in Rochester, N. Y.

MacKay Sturges, Jr. is attending Exeter, where he is playing Jayvee hockey.

Robert Lee Terry is at Princeton, where he is on the squash team and has an average of 80%.

William T. Thom 3rd is singing in the chapel choir at Princeton. He had a 2.22 group average for the first term.

Douglas Webster is attending Princeton, where he is in the Hacker's Club. He is also a member of the *Theatre Intime*.

David D. Wicks is majoring in Music at Princeton. He is captain of the Cottage Club hockey team.

Robert S. Wicks is playing varsity hockey and has an average of 82% at Lawrenceville.

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