

## Ralph Stuart Sets Mood For "Paris In The Spring"

by R. A. PITTS

"Paris in the Spring" was the by-word this weekend as over two hundred females invaded the campus to witness P.A.'s first two day Prom. This multitude of fair creatures converged on the Hill Friday afternoon, but they will, unfortunately leave the campus again desolate within a few short hours.

The Borden Gym, transformed into a cultural, bizarre, romantic Paris, was the scene of the greatest festivities during the forty hour period. The Prom committee, headed by Mike Whitehouse and including Ray Clevenger, Boxley Cooke, Gerry Jones, Wallace Tobin, Bill Whittlesey, and "Dixie" Morgan, was the group which made it possible for the couples to be escorted into the gay, light atmosphere of Springtime Paris created by numerous and varied decorations.

The jist of the sets adorning the walls of the gymnasium: a scene of a Frenchman and two young women seated at a little street-side cafe - covered the wall behind the refreshment tables. At the east wall was a great arch and several stately Parisian buildings. On one side of the band stand was a scene of *La Tour Eiffel*; on the other, a bridge over a cool, still river, peaks of old Paris architecture looming above the greenery in the background. The West wall was adorned with a light green flat, festooned with three large crepe paper bows, near which the patronesses—the Mmes. Kemper, Hayes, Wilkie, Clarke, Bennett, Leavitt, Harrison, and Hulburd were situated. Two more sets, one representing a typical French street scene, the other a view down the vista of a wide avenue, completed the picture.

However, probably the most colorful of the decorations was the band stand. Pastel pinks and green crepe-paper strips were strung, forming an awning over Ralph Stuart and his combo, with bunches of pink

white, and green balloons hung above. Diagonally across the ceiling were cast pink and green strips which criss-crossed every two feet. Immediately after the last dance, a surprise of some four hundred balloons filtered through this "ceiling" to the couples below.

The music was supplied by Ralph

(Continued on Page Four)

### Dana Hall Fling Is Big Success

The Phillips Society (Social Functions Committee), under the leadership of Pete Denker, played host to a drove of *mesdemoiselles* from Dana Hall last Saturday night at Peabody House. The eager bucks didn't, for the most part, know who or what they were getting in the way of a date, but in general the visiting group of females was quite satisfactory to the discriminating P.A. men who risked their lives and reputations for a blind date.

Sprinkled among the Dana girls were a few young fawns who were spending the weekend at Wellesley and who are going to replenish the graduating seniors next year. The incoming stock looks good . . . so good that none of the dismal atmosphere of the outside seeped into the gay room.

The varied musical selections were provided by the Aces in their usual smooth, rhythmic style. Refreshments were served at an opportune intermission, giving the sixty odd dancers a rest before they went back for their final fling, which to most, seemed much too short.

## Latin Play Greeted Heartily By P. A. Students; Algase, Dickerson, Borre, Barker, And Johnston In Lead Roles

by E. S. JACOBS

The Latin Players of 1954 presented the Latin Department's 15th annual play on Friday evening, May 7th. This year's performance, *Mercurator* by Plautus, was performed before an audience composed of faculty, parents, and three categories of students: those who were genuinely interested in the classics, few in number; students who wanted to miss part of the evening's study hours; and "captives", who were undergraduates taking Latin and who were "requested" to attend by their instructors in Latin.

The major fault with this year's play was the audience's lack of comprehension. Although an attempt was made to provide the onlookers with the play's story through the prologue antics of Jim Curry and Eleanor Easton, the net result was a failure to understand the actions going on at any given moment. Despite this, the play seemed to be warmly received by the audience as was witnessed by the laughter and applause (but the question arose as to whether the applause at certain times was genuine or inspired by subtle hints on the part of a certain member of the Latin Department to his students).

The lust of P. A. men for seeing members of the opposite sex was satisfied when the female contingent of Janie Barker and Marcia Langney of Punchard, and Mary Minard and Eleanor Easton of Abbot appeared on the stage. These four, together with P. A.'s Roger Algase, Greg Dickerson, Bob Johnston, Pete Borre, Jim Harpel, Dick Sigal, and Karen Leet constituted the cast. Although the production was well acted, the sincerity of some of the Latin Players was questionable, as was attested on several occasions by uncalled for and uncontrolled laughter and giggles.

Roger Algase did an excellent job as Demipho, a lustful, senile old man who tried to get hold of a slave-girl that his son had purchased for

(Continued on Page Ten)

## Marshall McDuffie, P.A. '27 Talks In Assembly; Tells Of Russian Trip

by BILL HOULEY

Last Wednesday, Andover enjoyed one of the most interesting assemblies so far this year in hearing Marshall McDuffie, class of '27, speak on his trip to Russia.

Mr. McDuffie's speech was the first lecture on the Hosch foundation, set up during this past year in memory of John Hosch who was killed in an auto accident last summer. The foundation was organized by Hosch's parents, uncle, grandfather, and classmates for the purpose of reminding us that being an American is a privilege.

While he was here, Mr. McDuffie visited classes and spoke with the students in an attempt to answer any questions that the students had regarding the things he saw while in Russia.

Last fall, Mr. McDuffie was given an opportunity to go to Russia for two months through the permission of a high Russian official, Khrushchev, whom McDuffie had met on a previous trip through Russia. While he was there, Mr. McDuffie travelled 10,000 miles and had a free run of the entire country. After returning from this trip, Mr. McDuffie wrote a series of articles for Collier's magazine on the things he saw during his stay.

He repeated some of the more interesting events

of this trip to an absorbed Andover audience. The first thing he mentioned was the debate he had been in while a student at Andover. The subject: "Should the USSR Be Recognized."

Before speaking about his recent trip to Russia, Mr. McDuffie spoke of his trip in 1946, when he was with UNRA. At that time, he said, the mental attitude of the Russians was depressing.

While he was there he met Mr. Khrushchev, who was then the Prime Minister of the Ukraine. Khrushchev was also one of the nine members of the Politbureau, lead organization of the Kremlin.

Mr. McDuffie considers this man

(Continued on Page Six)

## Wolff, Lorenz, Sutherland Winners In Leonard Essay

by JAN HARTMAN

On Thursday evening, May 6th, after deliberating for almost twenty minutes, the judges of the Leonard Essay Contest, awarded first place to Tony Wolff. Second and third places went to Jim Lorenz and Al Sutherland respectively.

I was rather surprised at the first place choice since I had placed Wolff third. But, in a revaluation of the essay and its reading, I uncovered the basis for the Judges decision; namely that, though Mr. Wolff's essay ranked with the other six in content—the content of most of the essays was virtually even—his reading was head-and-shoulders above any of the others; and, it might be said, he read with a professional air. The essay, itself, *On City Living*, was a discussion of the age-old, bull-session fight on city living vs. country living. The winner's essay treated the "country swain" rather unfairly and the "city slicker" all too fairly. Wolff is definitely a confirmed lover of the hustle and bustle of metropolitan life. The best part of his essay, a description of Times Square at night, was written with sentimentality but read without being overly sentimental. I find it amusing to note that one of the first-prize books was Thoreau's *Walden*.

The second place essay, *A Dog*, was a sentimental essay about a dead dog left unburied at the side of a road at the end of winter. Lorenz rendered a very sincere reading. The dog lay in a ditch off the road and every time the author passed it, it was "still motionless, still dead". The weather in the area remained monotonously the same—the grass brown, the sun not shining—but when the dog was finally buried, the grass was greener and the sun broke through. The power in the essay—and it was indeed powerful—lay in the simple, oft-used trick of repetition, the repiti-

tion of "still motionless, still dead." For all its morbidity, the paper seemed to have a message: The world is a bit dark because in all their business people pass up that which does not affect them.

Mr. Sutherland's *The Rock* was the most unusual essay of the evening.

(Continued on Page Two)

### Summer Work

## Twenty Five Posts Set

Most of the openings in the year's Summer Work Program have been filled, according to Director Frank F. DiClemente. At the moment, about twenty-five boys have been placed in jobs for the vacations; two or three more are expected to receive positions in the near future.

The Summer Work Program has been in operation here for three years, and has always assisted job-seeking students in finding employment on ranches, oil-fields, summer camps, and factories.

Mr. DiClemente serves only as an intermediary between employer and student. When a boy expresses a desire to obtain a summer job, "Deke" contacts alumni and personal friends engaged in the field in which the student seeks employment. A correspondence is then established between the boy and the employer, and it is up to the boy to "sell" himself to the boss in order to win the job.

This summer, there will be ten boys at the Marys River Ranch in Deeth, Nevada, and another ten will be scattered about the country as junior counselors in summer camps. In the past Mr. DiClemente has been able to secure positions for forty to fifty boys, but due to the rising unemployment, some of the old jobs are gone. There is less work to go around, and companies prefer older and more experienced men.

(Continued on Page Two)

### FRENCH PLAY

The date of the forthcoming French Play has been changed from May 18th to May 21st. The time of the performance will be announced later.

### PRIZE DEBATE

The Robinson Prize Debate will take place on Wednesday, May 21 during Assembly. The teams are: Bruce, Oettinger, and Bousé vs. Hannon, Semple, and Goodman.

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## Leonard Essay

(Continued from Page One)

ning and, considering its make-up, extremely well read although the reader stumbled somewhat towards the end. The author projected himself out of the realm of time and remembered the birth and death of the earth. He remembered the beginning of the earth and as the "eons marched", the glaciers and the jungles and life. Life, after it's formation, ultimately destroyed itself by hate and atoms, being used by man against man. On the whole his essay was an excellent piece of science fiction.

The first essay of the evening was Jim Breasted's *Fall Fire*, a poetic work on remembrances. The essay was about a boy thinking back on his youth and some of the pettiness and foolishness of growing up. For instance, "When I was sixteen, I remembered a girl whom I thought I loved." He also had some philosophical, poetic phrases such as: "I felt small, terribly small, looking at forever." On first hearing the essay, one has the distinct feeling that Mr. Breasted has an expressive message; but on hearing the essay a second time, one senses the lack of force and impact of the first reading, and it does not seem to have an especial meaning after all. However, Mr. Breasted is a poet and can, therefore, describe his emotions with crystal clarity. I would say that his poetic ability along with his keen introspective sense combined to make *Fall Fire* the best written essay of the group.

Don Carlos Dunaway's *On Flying Model Airplanes* was such a personal essay, that it had practically no audience appeal. He picked his words well and conveyed the joys, thrills, and excitements that he feels in flying models well. It was not well read, but this is understandable since the subject is such a hard one to write anything really thrilling about. He simply depicted his feelings in flying various crafts and he did an excellent job in paralleling a type model to a feeling, be it carefree, reckless, or morose.

*On Curing Woodchucks* was a humorous essay by Bill Ellington. It documented the green-thumb's troubles in ridding his garden of the pesty little animals. After using electric fences, poison, and radios, he finally exterminates the little pests by putting snuff between rocks and having the 'chucks sneeze thus batting their heads against the rocks and killing themselves. What little humour the essay had was lost in the reading.

*The Stream*, by John Ross, depicted a day of fishing with Mr. Ross strolling along the stream from its youth to its maturity where he finds contentment and satisfaction. Ross drew a marvelous parallel between himself and the stream, and he, too, chose his words well. His essay ranked among the best in the contest.

In closing, not only do I tip my hat to the winners, but to the runners-up who all made the Leonard Essay Contest one of the most interesting and closely contested in years.

## Summer Work

(Continued from Page One)

Despite this lack of positions, Mr. DiClemente feels that the program is working effectively. Among its many fine points is the stronger relationship that it builds between alumni, faculty, and students. Most of the alumni are happy to answer "Deke's" letters and help out the interested boy. If an alumnus cannot give a student the work that he desires, he will often find a suitable position for the boy.

Aside from the pay, the student gains various things from his summertime job. He gains valuable experience in a field of work which he may someday follow, and it serves as a maturing influence, showing him what life is really like.

## THIS ANDOVER

by T. C. COSTELLO

Well, now that the prom is over, and everyone feels like a long, long nap, P.A. can resume its habitual, sane, righteous self.

This Spring's prom was undoubtedly a success. Success is a very general term, but after seeing everyone seemingly enjoying themselves, I shall use it. I do not know whether the actual prom had anything to do with this success. I suppose if you just dumped two hundred females in the middle of the football field and told them they could do anything they wanted for a weekend (with two hundred P.A. males) — that weekend would also be a success. But that is way beside the point; and so to make everyone who worked on the prom, especially the prom committee, feel happy — I offer my congratulations for a job well done. However, before I leave this particular subject on such a sweet note, I wish to make the comment that I've always wondered what Paris looked like in the spring, even though it has been demonstrated to me many times at countless other proms.

To all of you unfortunates who were so disappointed last week when my column failed to appear in the four page (with an imaginary fifth page) issue of the PHILLIPIAN, I have this explanation — the evil editor-in-chief cut it out because there was not enough room. I am afraid that everyone missed some good, wholesome laughs; but if you wish to go to the PHILLIPIAN Room and clean the place out, you might be able to find the column.

Last Sunday it rained, and Abbot had a bazaar. I went down and found many fine things to do, such as spend money, look at Abbot girls, and eat hot dogs. The bazaar had everything to offer. One could fish from a wishing well, or buy potted plants, or purchase doilies. It seemed that the price of things was rather steep, but Abbot is building a gym so that accounts for it. I hear that the new gym will have a sundeck (of course it will take a lot of sun to warm up some of the Abbot girls, but . . .). Mr. Whitney did his part by auctioning off sides of beef and chocolate cakes.

The Latin Play somewhat flopped last week. If I may ask what is the point of the Latin Play? If it is to provide good entertainment from the point of view of the play and its acting; the attempt is foolish. If it is to provide a funny hour for two hundred students to watch the antics of their fellow Latin students; the try last week was very poor. Any play in a foreign language given by students should rely more on slapstick than anything else to "get the point across." And there is nothing cheap or crude about slapstick. It is merely a device, and without devices the human race would soon fall.

Just to make everyone feel good, the amount of rain that we have been having in the past few weeks did not break last year's record. Last year there was something like 30.4 inches at this time, and this year — only about half as much.

Last week an odd group of boys came to the campus to take entrance exams. It is amusing to notice the difference between a boy who is trying to get into this school and one that is already here. The one who is trying looks neat, to an extreme; with white, white bucks and combed hair, and the one who is already in apparently tries to look as messy as he can, with a costume which is well known to all.

The uppers took an avid interest in the new charges who came last week. For it is we who will be performing the privilege of prepping many of them next Fall.

This past week was National Family, Mental Health, and Be Kind to Animals Week. So, if you are a dog, have a family, and are crazy — it was your week!

## McDuffie

(Continued on Page Two)

completely wiped out have been rebuilt.

The second thing Mr. McDuffie mentioned was the tremendous propaganda for peace going on inside Russia. He says that the average citizen wants peace. Mr. McDuffie mentioned that the Russians were also right up to date on their anti-American propaganda which consists of everything from movies to leaflets. Despite this propaganda, the Russian people showed extreme courtesy and good will toward McDuffie during his stay in the country.

The third and main point which Mr. McDuffie mentioned was the importance of education in Russia today. He said that this point is being stressed to the limit. Teachers, for instance, are paid more than most executives, and students receive their tuitions free if they have passing grades. The importance of education in Russia today cannot be overstressed and is very significant of the "new" Russian outlook.

On Wednesday evening, quite a crowd gathered about Mr. McDuffie to ask him questions, most of which had little or nothing to do with his trip. He answered all the questions thoroughly, regardless of the importance of what was asked.

He also jokingly mentioned that the PHILLIPIAN might finally give

credit where credit was due. After all, he did beat the Captain of the Yale Freshman swimming team by one foot in the 1927 meet.

Mr. McDuffie has also written a new book, to be published soon, called, *To Samarkana and Back*, (My 10,000 Mile Tour Through Malenkov's Russia).

to be one of the top men in the country today; perhaps second man, and certainly not less than fourth. During the past few years, his importance has been steadily increasing. One of the main outward signs of this is the fact that he was chosen to head the committee which ran Stalin's funeral.

After telling how he got into Russia, Mr. McDuffie proceeded to explain where he went and some of the things he did. One of the main points of his trip was the four hour conference he had with Khrushchev soon after he arrived in Russia. Among some of the other highlights of his trip were his arrest by the police, his trips through factories and farms, and some of the feeling he observed toward America and the Americans.

From his observations, McDuffie considered three to be particularly outstanding. The first of these is the tremendous construction which is going on inside Russia today. Buildings and factories which were 85% or more destroyed during the war are completely restored and in full production. Even cities almost

## Editorial. . . . .

Two things we feel should be mentioned to the student body:

The first is partly a reprimand, partly a warning. The Senior Class Play was originally scheduled to be presented to the student body on Saturday, May 22. However, upon inquiring at the Information Desk it was discovered that *His Majesty O'Keefe* is to be the featured attraction on said Saturday, and that the Senior Play will not be shown to the student body, being presented only once, to the parents. This is due in no part to the animosity of the Senior Class towards the lower classmen, but is due, rather, to distinct monkey-wrenches which have been thrown into the play's machinery. There has been much bickering among various factions involved in writing and selecting; there have been delays in rehearsal (if memory serves correctly the Senior Play of a year ago began rehearsing in the Winter Term); and recently there has been a large group of Seniors disapproved and tabled for various reasons such as marks, attitude, and general behavior. We feel that this is a definite blot against the record of a class which for the most part has accomplished much in its four years on the Hill. Time is running low, rehearsal space is small; the Senior Class had better be efficient and harmonious for the next month, or perhaps their play will never become a reality.

The second item to be mentioned is the Prom which is at the moment coming to a conclusion. We do not know whether or not the Prom was a success in the minds of those who were present at it. The fact remains, however, that the continuance of the two-day holiday idea depends entirely on what has occurred within the past thirty-odd hours. We hope that all concerned will look back over their activities and see if they conducted themselves in a suitable manner. If they did, then the Prom was a success; if not, then the removal of the two-day affair should not come as a shock or injustice to them. The success of any such venture always depends on the quality and actions of the principles involved; we hope that the quality was high and the actions were sound.

# THAT ANDOVER

by TOM LAWRENCE

Well, it seems there will be a lot less cutting up down at Will Hall from now on.

How many times a week do you drop your ring in chapel?

Summer is finally here. The trees are green, and the milk is turning sour in the iron cows.

Now that the rain has stopped, the problem is what to do with all the uncompleted arks.

We're still waiting for Mr. Harding to go out and change all the Very Slow signs from 28 to 29.

If the P.A. telescope has been lying around for this long, has anyone bothered to see if perhaps Galileo scratched his initials on the bottom?

The seniors are beginning to wish that getting into their first-choice colleges was as simple as palming a little piece of paper with a number "one" on it.

If the Pot Pourri adds "Worst Life Insurance Risk" to the senior class poll, Al Krass should win hands down.

Last week, the P.A. campus was overrun by young, aspiring P.A. students-to-be, taking entrance exams. This is the one time during the year that Andover, Mass., can boast of more big rocks than Easter Island.

The Athletic Department has bought water wings for varsity and club lacrosse. (The school will economize by not putting A's on the club wings.)

The trout are biting particularly well in Mr. Malone's back yard.

Mr. Hawes has cracked another case, but all the interviewer, (the one who sits in Row S,) could get from under the slouch hat and trench coat-collar was, "Elementary, my dear Hammond, elementary."

tary.'  
When you can't find Jonah in the Chapel Bible, that's a whale of a problem.

The Bishop Investigation ceases — Mr Buehner has a point of order.

We wonder if perhaps Mr. Leete is serving the new Commons employee little by little.

## Telescope Lore Is Uncovered; Henry Frick Is Donator

Mr. Douglas Byers of the Robert S. Peabody Foundation for Archaeology disclosed last Monday that the telescope belonging to the Astronomy Club, which is assessed at \$35,000, was donated to the school by the Peabody Museum at Salem, Mass. The text of his release follows:

"The telescope recently installed was originally given to the Peabody Museum of Salem about 1915 by Henry Clay Frick. It was given because Edward S. Morse, who was the director, was interested in astronomy and he felt that Salem should have a telescope.

Since there was no place for setting up a telescope there, it stayed in the basement of the Peabody Museum until about 1939, when it was given to Andover because someone had expressed an interest in it. It was, therefore, a gift from the Trustees of the Peabody Museum, Salem, to the Trustees of Phillips Academy."

A telephone call to Mr. Byers revealed that the "someone who had expressed an interest in it" was Dr. Claude Feuss, P.A.'s previous headmaster. Dr. Feuss had, apparently, made a speech in Salem when the museum offered him the telescope, and realizing that it could be used advantageously here, he accepted the offer.

# Fritz Cooper on "Cool" Scribe Sees "Cat" Invasion

by T. H. LAWRENCE and F. A. COOPER

Late last September, an insignificant prep shuffled into the "office on your right" to start his long career at Phillips Academy. To the casual observer, this boy appeared to be just one of 250 P.A. preps, but as he turned to take leave, seven eyes focused upon his cranium. What was it about this boy's cranium that distinguished him from the other 249? His D.A! At this point, the innocent P.A. student was exposed to High Style. Since then, P.A. students and faculty have been observing with interest the gradual germination of this mode of appearance on the campus. In September it was haircuts, in November suede shoes began to make their appearance, and by January the shirts had reached from Mr. A. to R Sharp. Although High Style has come a long way since September, it is still in an embryonic stage. However, a bright future is seen for this new vogue.

The administration fears that the average P.A. student is oblivious of the infinite advantages of being a cool cat, (a High Styler). In becoming a High Styler, an individual will acquire social prestige, and pride in his personal appearance, ergo, clean fingernails.

Many youths will wonder how they too may bring about this phenomenal transformation. One may easily become unus ex felinis by following these simple rules:

1) Shun all barbers for 6 months. At the termination of said period, approach your barber, (who is by now completely alienated) and croon, "Snip me a frantic D.A." After the barber has rendered his art, meticulous care must be shown to each individual hair. Diverse types of grease, (e.g., axle, bear, bacon, etc.) are recommended. Cod liver oil is suggested for the more discriminating. After the grease is carefully kneaded into the scalp, each separate hair must be raked into position.

2) Eliminate under Clothing  
3) The conversion of the shirt is slightly complicated. First, dye the whole crazy thing an irredesant boiled-shrimp pink, or a cool bile-green. Then the shirt must be pleated. This may easily be accomplished by sleeping on it. Shoulder pads may be obtained at any dime store in Junior, Regular or Super.

4) The Mr. A through E and X through Z shirts have collars wav-

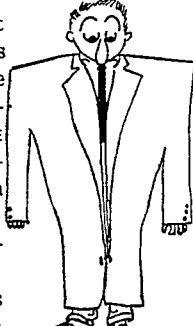
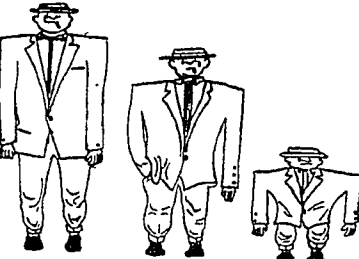
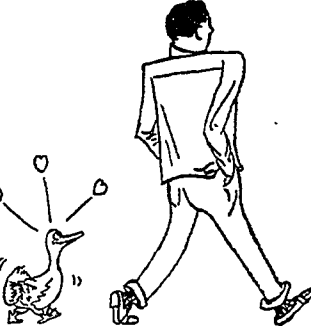
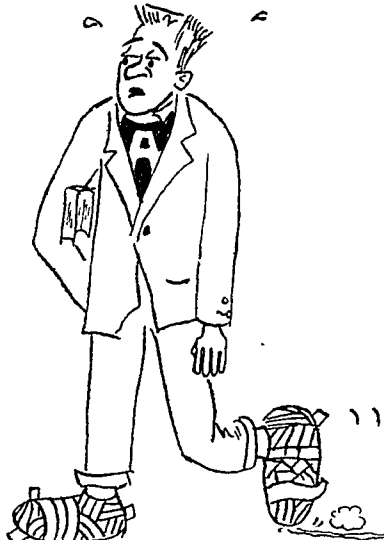
ing out to the extremities of the telescoped shoulders, which limits the alternation of the spread button-down shirt. However, the Mr. F Sharp through W flat leaves one with a rather liberal selection. This segment of the alphabet includes such collars as the: square, corrigated, ¼ inch neckband, perforated, lace embroidered, and no collar at all. It now becomes a 4-way shirt with the collar worn either up or down, right side up with the left side down, or left side up with the right side down. The buttons and cuff links determine the madness of the garment. In choosing these items, it would be keen to remember that the larger and heavier they are, the better the shirt.

5) The tie problem is easily solved. Slim ties may be bought, or an equivalent can be fashioned either by cutting little strips out of one's present regimental ties, or by using lengths of shoestring, clothesline, extension cord, limp spaghetti, etc. The conventional tie knots, including the Windsor, are outmoded in High Style. New ties require new knots. Probably the most common, (in High Style) is the Granny K. tied over a Bow-knot. A Cat's Paw or a Surgeon's Hawser is also popular with an added Sheepshank to be fancy. Most appropriate if clothesline is being used, are probably the Slipknot or the Hangman's Noose.

6) An old bathrobe can quite easily be converted into a sports jacket which will top any Brook's Brothers "original creation." However, the bathrobe has to meet certain special requirements: (a) It must be 6 to 9 sizes too large for the individual; (b) It must be woven in a slippery silk or a smooth rayon; (c) it must be well worn, but not haggled.

Once a qualifying bathrobe has been located, the shoulder structure may begin. The shoulder pads must be carefully installed, in order that an imaginary equilateral triangle will be formed with the extremities of the pads and the navel. Once the meticulous ordeal is over, the self-styled High-Styler may conquer the problem of length. Every year the length of the cat jacket changes. Last year the jacket style was knee-length; this year the vogue is two inches above the knee. Next year, the coat may drape roughly down the tibia.

A zipper on the coat about thigh high would facilitate the addition or subtraction of the required length of jacket, simply by zipping on an extra strip of material. Though the color of the jacket is left entirely up to the individual's indiscretion, it is recommended that the color chosen be diametrically



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## J. V. BASEBALL

The J.V. Baseball game played with the Brooks varsity last Wednesday was rained out and called off in the top of the fourth inning. Deke's team was ahead by a score of 2-0 when the game was stopped by the umpire.

Andover got one run in each of the two first innings when Gerry Jones and Dick Sigal scored. The opposing team got no runs off Tony Pratt, who pitched for the Blue team.

## Semple, McDowell, And Dove Receive Study Fellowships

Headmaster John M. Kemper announced on April 23rd that William F. Dove, Jr.; Robert B. Semple, Jr.; and Jay H. McDowell have all won English Schoolboy Fellowships for study in England next year.

Sixty students from prep schools all over the country applied for the twenty-odd vacancies available. The competition was stiff, but Andover students captured three of the places. To quote Mr. Kemper, "I am proud indeed that Andover boys won three of the spots".

The Schoolboy Fellowships are under the sponsorship of the English-Speaking Union, an organization that tries to further understanding between the English Speaking peoples of the world.

Fred Pearson, Dave Norris, and Dave Craton were recent recipients of these scholarships. Pearson is here at Andover from a school in England, Norris is at a school in England, and Craton studied here at Andover last year.

These scholarships are nationwide in scope and send boys from all all over the country to various schools in Great Britain. The English do the same, sending boys to such places as the Hill School, Gorton, Lawrenceville, Choate, and Andover. American students are likely to be sent to schools in England as Haileybury, Harrow, Marlborough, and Christ's Hospital.

The schoolboy Fellowships pay for the student's tuition and school expenses, but they do not pay traveling costs.

School record, personality, and an interview are factors that decide whether or not an applicant gets a scholarship.

The idea of exchanging students between England and America started back in 1928 at the Kent School. Father Sill, then headmaster of Kent, sent a few of his boys to the Henley Regattas, and, at the same time, Father Sill brought an English boy to Kent. Soon, other schools in England and the United States picked up the idea and started an exchange system. During the war years the exchange was stopped but now is in full swing.

Fred Pearson, here at Andover on exchange, in referring to the merits of the Schoolboy Fellowships, says, "The experience of traveling and living in a foreign country does more to mature you than three years of study in your own land."

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**Andover Art Studio**  
123 MAIN STREET  
— Portraits —

# Shine And Stevens P. A. Grads; Anecdotes Exposed By Editor

by F. W. BYRON, JR.

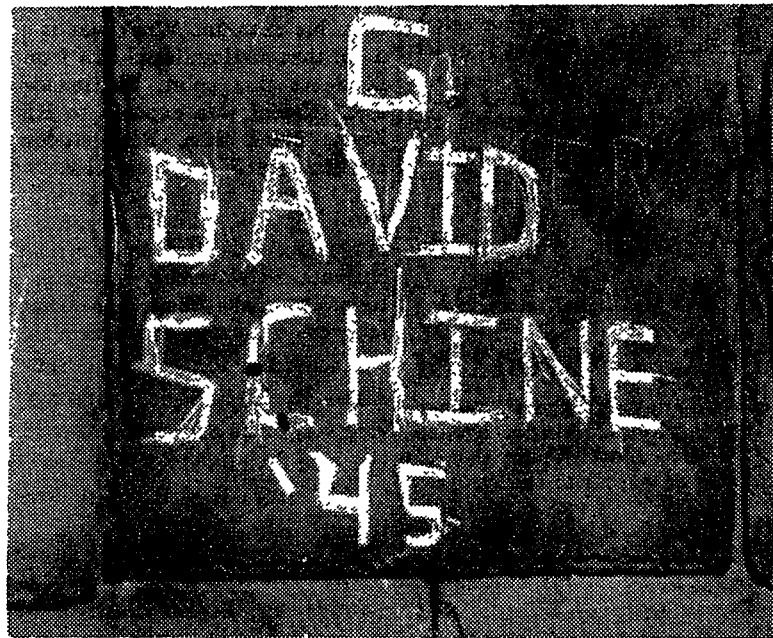
By this date, it has probably become known to most P. A. students that two of the foremost figures in the McCarthy-Army controversy, G. David Shine and Robert T. Stevens, are Andover graduates, claiming fame along with Humphrey Bogart and various

and sundry other alumni. This writer feels that the histories of these two men (I must unfortunately exclude Humphrey for lack of space; probably a grievous error but nevertheless...) should be illuminated to show just what it is that gives Andover the ability to turn out such famous (or infamous as the case may be) personages.

Mr. G. David Shine is the gentleman, who as a Private in the U.S. Army, is accused of being given "preferential treatment" because of his peculiar position as an aide in a Senate Sub-Committee investigation run by Sen. Joseph McCarthy, R., Wis. McCarthy and Co. counter-charged that the Army was using Shine as a "hostage" to prevent a Senate investigation of military affairs. The right and wrong of the matter have, at this writing, not yet been determined, the hearing still being in progress, and expected to last the month.

David Shine came to Andover in 1941 and remained here through his senior year, graduating with the class of 1945. He was not what one might call one of the brighter students in the class. He ranked 113th out of 190, which put him well in the bottom half of his class, bottom two-fifths to be exact, while his marks ranged from 61 to 83, his best being Public Speaking, a subject which he was to utilize a few years later in his life.

His housemaster in his Upper year considered G. David Shine an "average individual, quiet, cooperative, and a good citizen." Mr. Forbush recalled that being conspicuous was one of David's more obvious characteristics (whether this be good or bad is indeterminate).



G. David Shine: Slated for posterity behind Andover Cottage.

Mr. Banta pointed out that Shine was "not the type to stand head and shoulders above the rest" (of his class). "Inconsequential" is the adjective used by Dr. Darling of the History Department in identifying him. Other adjectives and phrases, unattachable at best, number among their ranks, "loud-mouth," "interested in monetary affairs," and "obnoxious." In the 1945 Pot Pourri, of which he was advertising Manager, Shine was voted "second most unappreciated" in his class. This yearbook also attributed the nickname of "Colonel" to the celebrity. John Bronk defines Shine as an "operator," and tells the following story about him. While sitting in the Gym, Bronk received a phone call from G. David, then at Harvard, asking him to look outside to see if his brother, C. Richard Shine, was around. Upon looking out of the Gym door, Bronk found David sitting at his radiophone in a long black convertible chuckling to himself over his little prank.

At P.A. his foremost activity was the Band. He was a tremendous force in starting this post-war organization to the position it now holds. He was the band-leader, but even this post is tainted by various stories centering around an unappreciated course in body-building and new band uniforms which appeared during his stay on the Hill. The Band is what most of the faculty members interviewed remembered him by.

At Harvard in 1945, Shine's activities took a somewhat strange and reclusive turn. At first he was more or less unnoticed, but after leaving in 1946 because of scholastic difficulties, joining the Army for a brief spell and then returning to Harvard in 1947, he began to become quite prominent. He was the son of J. Meyer Shine, owner of the Shine Hotel chain and one of the richest men in the U. S.; and the money seemed to go to his head as well as his pockets. He had a valet, a secretary to take notes in class and to aid him in running part of his father's business (he was apparently vice-president while at Harvard), and also a black convertible with a two-way phone-radio. He had a custom made electronic piano especially moved into his almost inaccessible dormitory, and hired a technician to fly from Tren-

ton, New Jersey, to Harvard on a moments notice to install the instrument. While at Harvard, Shine did not especially interest himself with Radcliffe girls, preferring the uniqueness and extravaganza of celebrities, showgirls, models, and starlets. He would fly to New York for an occasional weekend to dabble with beautiful women, and purportedly went to the beauty capital of the world, Hollywood, to chase the opposite sex. Shine seldom dined on campus, as he found the hotel meals of the Statler much more to his liking, and he seemed in general quite reckless in the manner in which he spent his cash. Shine was also quite interested in band work at Harvard, helping the Crimson outfit get started after the war and conducting it in the 1945 Yale game, but he was never elected manager in spite of the financial aid which he proffered in his campaign. Thus it can be seen that Mr. Gerald David Shine (was quite a fellow) and perhaps his alleged attempts for special treatment in the Army are only a plea for what he has always been accustomed to. (He became the president and general manager of the Shine Hotels upon graduating from Harvard.) At Harvard he constantly demanded preferential treatment regarding his musical activities, and other phases of school life. He constantly used wealth to put a disguise over his apparent inferiority complex by being seen with beautiful women, dressing in expensive clothes, and having a secretary, dictaphone and other luxuries while at Harvard. One feature of the Shine case now under dispute at the hearings, as pointed out by Dr. Darling, is that Shine was an unpaid advisor to the sub-committee, although his trip to Europe with Mr. Cohn was expense-free. His brother, C. Richard Shine, P.A. '52 (note the abbreviated first name and full middle; just like his big brother) remarked that the Army made his brother's request for a commission "a political football." He argued that "my brother just got caught in the middle of a fight between the Army and the investigation committees." As a complete contrast to David Shine, Secretary of the Army Stevens is "one of the school's most eminent graduates," according to Dr. Darling. There is little to be said about Robert T. Stevens; his position speaks for itself. He holds one of the highest posts in the government, and he has gotten there on his own initiative. While at Andover, Stevens was Hockey Manager in his Senior year, a Means Prize speaker, and a member of the PHILLIPIAN Board. He was an above average student, standing high in his graduating class. Upon leaving P.A. in 1917, he matriculated to Yale where his studies were temporarily interrupted by service in World War I. After Yale, Mr. Stevens went to work as a mill hand for J. P. Stevens and Co., a family firm. Through the efforts of Stevens, who rose through the ranks to become Chairman of the Board, this textile company became one of the largest of its kind in the world. He is, at present, a Trustee of Yale, and Jack Stevens, a trustee of Andover, is his brother. In 1952, an appointment by President Eisenhower brought him to Washington to become Secretary of the Army, a post which held these past two years. Thus we have quite a contrast to be found between these two Andover Alumni; one being a pampered individual affected by his wealth, while the other, although he has money, rose through the ranks to his present prominence and is now trying to uphold the integrity of the Army only through his honesty. The point of this tale should be obvious to one and all: P.A. men come to the fore in many different ways, but they do get there. "The great end and real business of living" can be interpreted in several different ways.

## Perkins Institute Visits P. A.; Phillips Society Acts As Hosts

by OLIN BARRETT

A week ago Saturday a group of nine boys from Perkins Institute arrived at Andover to spend a weekend. They were here for what they call a retreat — a short period away from

school designed to afford an opportunity for religious discussions. They were met by a group of P.A. boys organized by the Community Service Committee of the Phillips Society, and were entertained and guided by that group during the weekend. Although they attended the athletic events on Saturday afternoon, went to pre-movie entertainment on Saturday night, and were present the next day at church and at the commons, the attracted very little attention from the P.A. student body as a whole. More pertinent, few of those who noticed them bothered to consider how dramatically their lives differ from ours, how severely their independence and their activities are limited.

Those of us who entertained them during their visit here were lucky to have had the opportunity to do so, the opportunity to gain some knowledge of the personalities and the problems of the blind. It really hit us, perhaps for the first time, how great their handicap must be, particularly for those who are totally blind. Most of the games and activities we enjoy, the beauty we see in nature, the faces of our family and friends, they must do without. College will place formidable obstacles before them and earning a living even more discouraging ones. Wherever they go they will always be dependent on someone to guide them. All of these facts, perhaps vague impressions before, are now entrenched firmly in the minds

of those of us who come to know the Perkins boys during their visit here. And yet, even more impressive than the difficulties against which they labor is the manner in which some of them have been able to rise above their blindness and crush their handicap beneath the strength of their personalities.

One boy with whom I talked for several hours left a particularly vivid impression in my mind. He had an exceptionally keen interest in the lives of those around him and an unusual sensitivity to their problems. He seemed to be an outgoing, broadminded, self-assured sort of person. I realized with considerable misgivings that he had more of what might be called brotherly love and less self-pity than I. Another boy plans definitely to be a lawyer, regardless of the obstacles which will block him in law school and in his practice.

The stated purpose for which the delegation from Perkins visited Andover was to engage in religious discussions. Perhaps in this case, however, religion did not play the dominant role. Perhaps more important was the opportunity the Perkins boys had to talk with boys their own age who did not have their handicap, and to be treated and enjoyed by them as personalities rather than as curiosities. More important, too, was the chance afforded the Andover boys to talk with boys who were dealing with problems a hundred times greater than their own.

## Prom

(Continued from Page One)

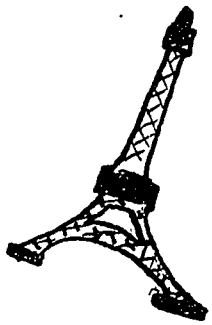
Stuart and his nine-piece orchestra, a popular combination for the Boston area. Stuart's fox-trots and waltzes were not only lively and very danceable, but offered occasionally that little spark of Paris which the general atmosphere called for.

Sixteen dances and less than four short hours after the couples arrived in Paris, the hour of midnight struck, and all the little Cinderellas fled with their Princes for that long, long walk back to their dorms.

## J. H. Playdon

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# GAY PAREE...



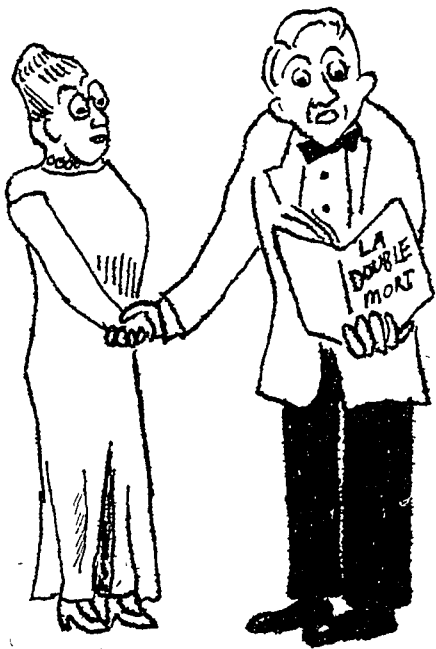
Paris! The name is full of connotations, full of life and meaning. Champs Elysees. Montmartre, Moulin Rouge, Lidos, . . . City of beauty, beautiful art, beautiful buildings, and beautiful woman. The city opens up at night, dim lights and soft music, dancing, theatre, a walk through the park, everything, La Seine and l'Île de la Cité with buildings of a bygone era bring to mind the greatest of all times. Napoleon, Louis XIV, Louis XVI, Voltaire, Rousseau, men whose names will live forever on histories endless pages. Sidewalk Cafes with their bright chairs in front holding young lovers there in the city of love. Also coming to mind are visions of the bizarre Revolution. The shadow of the guillotine in the Place de la Concorde, the faces of Robespierre and Danton, people crowded in the square watching the seemingly endless stream of victims. This is the city where over 200 couples were suddenly flown by the magic carpet of fantasy. Flats drawn by Whitehouse, Morgan, and Costello created the atmosphere, and the dancers added the finishing touch.

## ... "Paris In The Spring" ...

Before last night, I had never set foot out of the United States. But last night, I went to Paris. It was a pleasant visit, but it was not altogether what I had expected Paris to be like.

About 8 o'clock I donned my white dinner jacket, adjusted my *boutonniere* in my lapel, slipped a French-English dictionary in my pocket, and started out for *le gymnase de Borden*, which I heard was the quickest way to Paris.

The minute I reached the door, someone wanted a passport which I didn't have. I was directed to a place where I might exchange my money. Expecting to receive francs, I was rather surprised to find them handing me American dollars. I still think I came out seven dollars short. "I'll have to watch myself in a foreign country," I thought to myself as



Digne

I continued on my short walk to Paris.

Finally I arrived. Paris in the Spring! Gay Paris, (pronounced Paree) the Arch de Triomphe, the Eiffel Tower, sidewalk cafes, another Eiffel Tower, cathedrals, bridges, and still another Eiffel Tower!

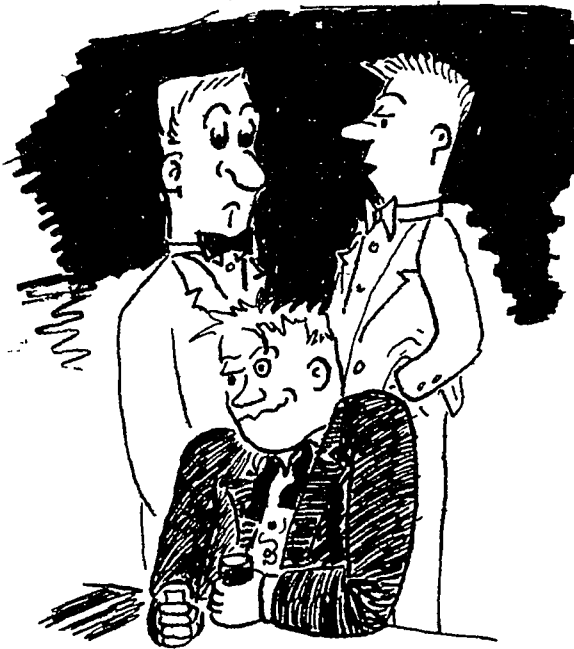
The first thing I noticed was a row of charming *madames* who were shaking hands with everyone. I reached into my pocket for my dictionary in order to find just the right phrase with which to greet these lovely hostesses, only to find that I had borrowed *La Double Mort* by mistake. Luckily, however, I found the phrase I was looking for. I walked up, shook hands and crooned, "Bone sour." All I received was a horrified look, and I got the impression that I hadn't made myself understood. I realized the reason for this when I overheard one of the hostesses say to another "God but my feet hurt!"



"More tourists!" I thought, and proceeded to cram the illustrious French novel behind a convenient Eiffel Tower, (the medium-sized one, I believe).

Finally, I set myself to the task of looking under the bridges for Eartha Kitt, but I encountered only a few unfriendly trolls, who explained somewhat hysterically that they had just escaped from the future editor of the Mirror. I gave up my search in despair.

Everyone in Paris was dancing, and there was some great music coming out from under a mound of pea green crepe paper. The



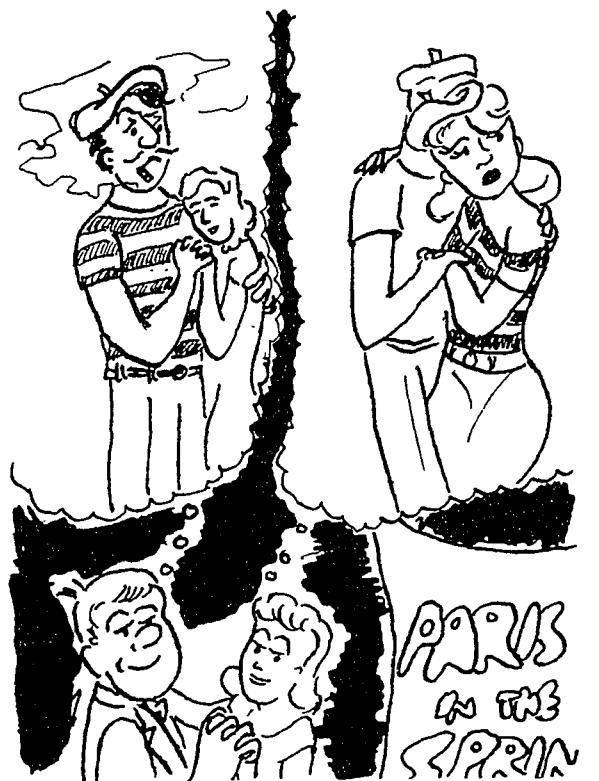
"HE'S STAYING LIT."

Digne

band played all the tunes that were popular back in the States, and I felt very much at home. Everyone danced just about all evening, and it seemed to me that they were killing themselves. Later I learned that they were living it up because a rumor was going around that Paris wouldn't be here tomorrow morning. Very disconcerting!

I spotted a crowded cafe and walked over. I found out why it was so popular. Everything was on the house. The burgundy they were serving tasted a little funny, but I didn't mind that.

It was beginning to get a little stuffy in Paris, so I left the city and soon found myself in a large lighted area filled with people smoking like chimneys. Everyone was "staying lit," but when they would look out at the darkness, they would get a wistful look in



their eyes, or some kind of look.

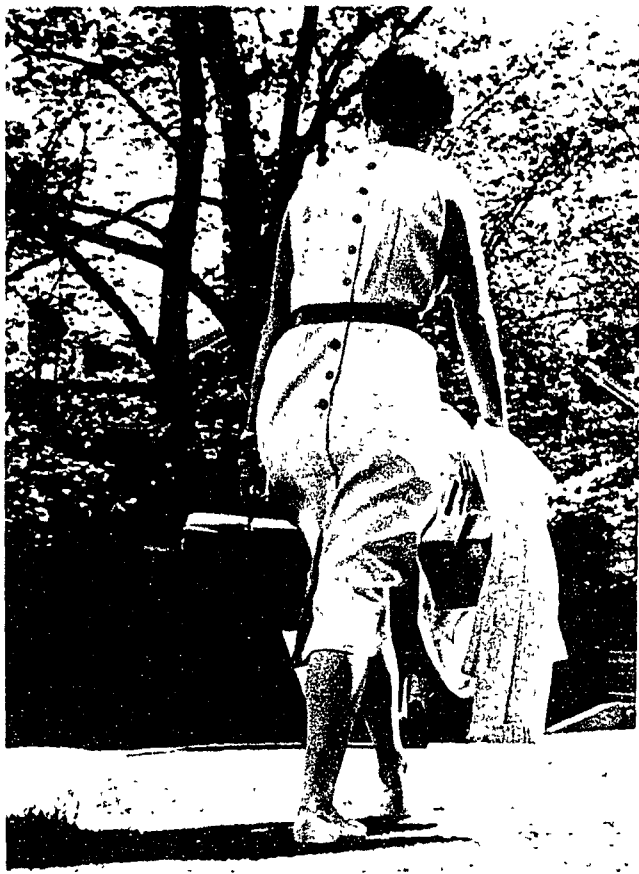
When I started back for the city, I noticed that I was being followed by a young lady. Being in a foreign country, and France in particular, this disturbed me a little. Finally, I stopped and waited for her to catch up with me. When she did, I asked her why she was following me. The Parisian belle answered in remarkable English, (remarkable because I didn't know that Parisian belles knew that kind of English,) that somehow, in passing her, I had snagged the hem of her dress, and she was pursuing me to keep me from losing the whole thing.

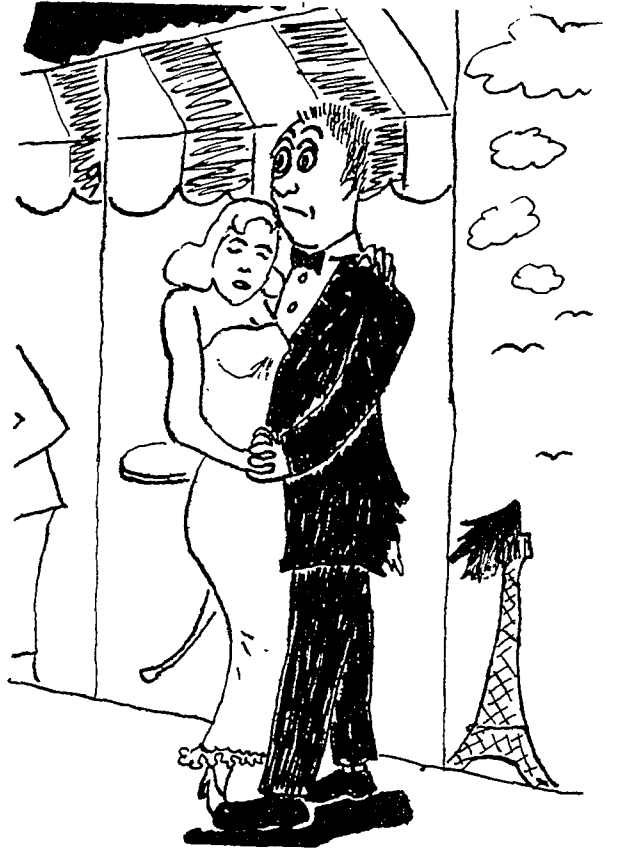
At midnight, the music stopped and Paris kind of fell apart for a few minutes. I stood just outside of town watching the couples crossing the circle of light, and one by one becoming unlit—and very happy.

Cambridge

Andover

Larry Westfall, a Blue thin clad, came in second in the broad jump with a 19' ¾", but was nosed out for first by the Green's Kerr, who soared 19' 2¼".







# Aces Concert Highlights First Day Of Spring Pro



It was supposed to be "Paris" but it wasn't. Switch - England, Harlem, "Mother Liked the Trees,"—"Dutch," "Sid" and....novelty. The music was unbeatable; the Aces reached their high point of the year, perhaps of their history. "Dutch" was behind it all, his sax, his tapping foot, and his his know-how.

Dick Carlson—"Tabby the Cat"—brought down the house. "Sweet Marajuna Brown" and "Pretty Eyed Baby" were great too—was that your outfit, Dick, or did you rent it for the night?

Talent from the land of "pea-soup" fog. "Limey" Fred Pearson filled up on razor blades, fire and string—no indigestion either. Fred looked and acted like a professional, with an assistant from Texas yet! He even changed burning paper into a rabbit, (some furry creature anyway), made a glass vanish, and combined four strings into one—a good trick if you can do it. Give lessons, Fred?

Sid Unobsky, that is his real name, is always funny, but Friday night he outdid himself. Sid was on hand to enlighten the 200 females on his hapless adventures as he ran the gauntlet of P.A. life. He made it through however, as evidenced by Friday night's performance. Congratulations, Sid, there are only three more weeks left.

Bill Kaufman was also back that night, and combined with Dan Hannon to revive "Two Little Girls," a song which they wrote for "Mother Liked Trees." Abbot girls were on hand; we hope there was no offense taken.

Another novelty act is one which can be given no distinct name—"One Finger, One Thumb" is the best we can do. Goodman, Feldman, Gonella, Downey, and Co., all led by Frampton of the black tux and top hat. Slapstick relief was good for laughs.

"Spike" Bragg came on, and led in by "Dutch," crooned "Moonlight in Vermont," and "Because of Rain" to a very receptive female audience. Johnny Foote and Baron Kidd joined him on "Undecided," a great effort.

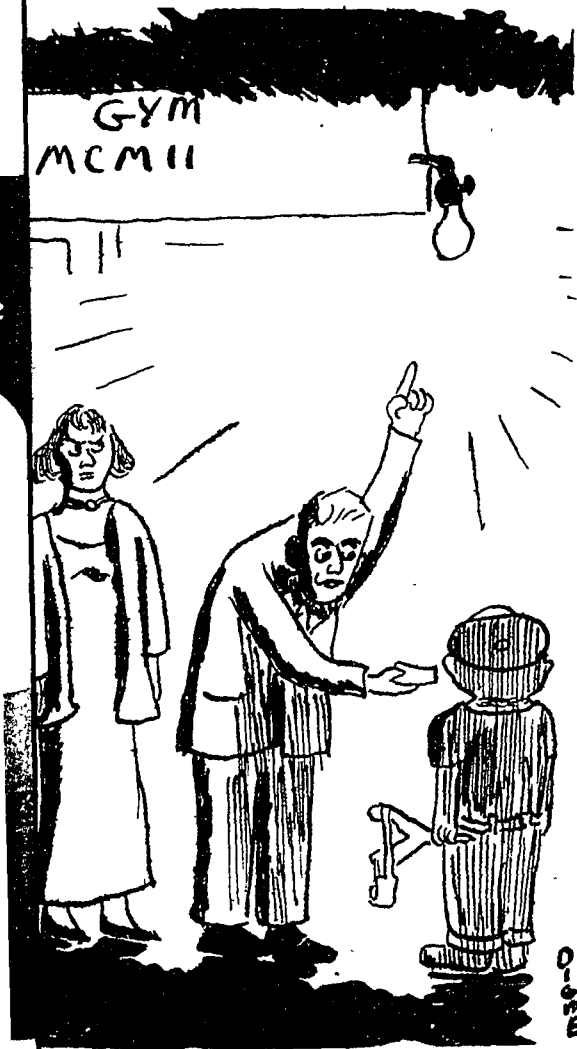
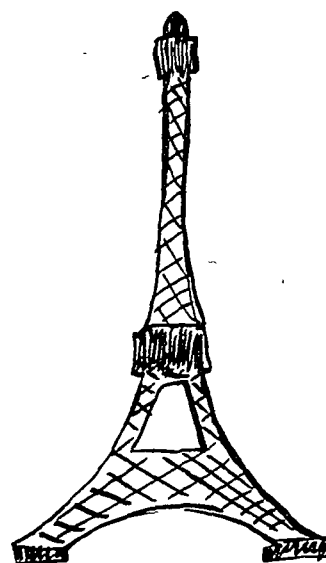
The Aces are difficult to describe with mere words. Dan Woodhead did a fabulous job on the trumpet end of "Man with a Horn," Dick Carlson was a real "Drummin' Man," and Pete Wells and "Daddio" did great jobs on their solo bits. In the background, the rhythm section was as solid as could be, and the whole outfit was at the heights of their performing powers. Tony Pratt and John Burr did great jobs in the trombone section, while the sax section with Feldman, Gerschefski, and Hardy was unbeatable.

"Two O'Clock Jump" ended the affair with Carlson, Wells, and Feldman all getting in their final licks. The crowd dispersed while a few unfortunates stayed behind to see some unfortunate movies. Class parties at Will Hall, Peabody House, and Graham House closed out the festivities.

A wonderful job, "Dutch," you were at the peak of of showmanship on Friday, your sax, your arrangements and most of all, your encouragement. In your two years at Andover you have done wonders for the Aces and the band. This concert-variety show was the culmination of your work here, and you can well be proud of it. So long, "Dutch," and the best of luck. We'll all miss you.









# Golf Cops Three; Baseball Tops U. N. H.; Track Bows

## Golfers Take Nine Point Edge Over Exeter And Governors In Three Match Round-Robin

The P.A. varsity golf team smashed its way to nine point lead over Exeter last Wednesday in the second of three round robin matches between Exeter, Andover, and Governor Dummer. Playing on its home course at Red Hill Country Club, the Blue picked up nineteen to completely wipe out the ten point loss to Exeter in the first match. The Governors have lagged quite a way behind.

Captain Sam Smith had some trouble with his putting in the rainy weather as he pulled in with an 80. Although this was a rather poor round for Sam, he lost only one point to the number one Exeter man. Bill Martin made up for an erratic front nine as he went three over par coming in to post a 78. His opponents, Bauer, and Higgins, had a 79 and an 86 respectively.

In the number three slot Pete Kuntz fired a very creditable 76 to gain eight points from his Exeter opponent and four points from the Governor Dummer player. Pete was three over par on each nine. Ken Pyle was another who had trouble at first, but he pulled out of it on the second nine with a three over par 37 to end up with an 80. One of his opponents, Guberman of Exeter, scored a 75.

Bill Seeley carded a brilliant four over par 74 to be the day's medalist. After going out in 39 Bill really got hot on the last nine. He was two under par as he stepped up on the last tee, but a two stroke out of bounds penalty gave him a six on that hole and a one over par 35 for the nine. Andover picked up eight points on this match. Tom Rose had some trouble with a hook on a few holes and finished with an 83. He was still far ahead of his opponents, however, as they both had 91's. This put the Blue into a nine point lead with one match to go in the series. That will be held at Governor Dummer on May 19.



Sam Smith hits a long one greenward.  
(Photo by Gould)

### DARTMOUTH BOWS

In a match well dampened by rains which poured down profusely for the entire Saturday afternoon, the Andover golf team squeaked past the Dartmouth Freshmen, 5-4. The match was one of the best played all year according to Mr. Brown, and it was not decided until Pete Kuntz and his opponent played a sudden death hole which Kuntz won to give P.A. the victory. Kuntz had previously halved his match only because he had accidentally hit his opponents ball, resulting in a two stroke penalty. In Kuntz' foursome, Ken Pyle lost his match 3 and 2, partly because he injured his knee in the seventh hole; and Pyle and Kuntz lost their best ball 3 and 2 also.

Captain Sam Smith won his match easily, 6 and 4, while Bill Martin won 1 up. Martin and Smith took their best ball, 3 and 2.

Bill Seely, playing excellent golf, shot a 76, six over par, but still lost his match 3 and 2 to a very tough opponent. Tom Rose won easily, 4 and 3, but Rose and Seely combined to lose their best ball, 3 and 2.

## Dartmouth Freshmen In 79-47 Rout Over Blue Trackmen As Snyder, Pruett, Morgan Shine

Andover's varsity track team bowed — and bowed low — to a strong Dartmouth Freshman track squad, last Wednesday. The Big Green sprinted away with 79 points as opposed to Andover's 47.

Ken Pruett, one of the three Andover men to get a first in this meet, managed to take the 440, running a 53.9. Andover's Hugh Brady scored third in that event.

In the discus, George Bixby, an Andover grad, heaved the plate 124' 2", the best effort of the afternoon. He was followed for second and third by Landgraf and Eichler of Dartmouth. P.A.'s Judd Sage followed closely to get fourth place.

A throw of 155' 11" assured Bancroft of Dartmouth first in the javelin. He was followed for second by "Stretch" Clement of the Blue.

Spring, a spikeman from Han-

over, vaulted 11' 4" to cop first in the pole vault. Andover's Jack McMichael and Steve Pendleton filled in the second and third place slots.

Sage took second in the hammer, but his effort was not good enough to beat out Bixby's 157' 7", who garnered three firsts for the Green.

P.A.'s Gardner Patrick and Stan McDonald took second and third respectively in the high hurdles, but were edged out by Dartmouth's Sterling, who ran a 15.5.

In the 100 yard dash, Lower Steve Snyder managed to squeeze into third place, but Phillips of the Big Green captured first with a time of 10.4.

In the mile, Brew from Hanover ran a 4:40.6 for first place and was followed by Tim Hogen and Pete Jaquith of Andover, who picked up second and third respectively.

Upper Dixie Morgan, with a time of 26.6, edged out Sterling for first in the low hurdles. Russ Shaver managed to slip into the third place slot.

The 220 was won by Snyder, who chalked up a time of 23.3. Two Hanover Indians, Hardenstein and Ryan, grabbed second and third in this event.

A time of 2:04.9, racked up by the Green's Jeanneny in the 880, assured Dartmouth of another first. Andover Co-captain Hogen, hard pressed by a Dartmouth man, came home with a second.

Dartmouth captured first slots in both the broad jump and high jump. The high jump saw Dartmouth's Beattie jump 5' 4" for first. Perry Lewis and Bernie Ackerman of P.A. tied for second with jumps of 5' 2". Larry Westfall, a Blue thin clad, came in second in the broad jump with a 19' 3/4", but was nosed out for first by the Green's Kerr, who soared 19' 2 1/4".

## Baseball Takes U.N.H., 7-0, As Smith Excels

by MIKE BELL

Andover's Dick Smith, every inch a captain, pitched, batted, and fielded Valteau Willkie's nine to a 7-0 victory over New Hampshire's frosh at Durham Wednesday. Smith scattered four singles, fanned five, and contributed two hits, two runs, and six assists to his own cause. Only three New Hampshire batters reached second base in the game. Behind Smith was some steady socking of U. N. H. pitching by shortstop Dick Starratt and center gardener Mill Ryan, each of whom garnered two safeties in a ten-hit attack. This combination defeated a team which had lost to Exeter by only 6-5 and defeated such stellar clubs as the Concord State Prison nine.

The Wilkiemen wrapped up the game in the third inning, taking a 2-0 lead which seemed slim at the time. Rightfielder Bill Agee lined a single to center, Andover's second hit. Smith then bunted, and N.H. pitcher Joe Costa, chasing the bunt, slipped and fell. While attention was turned to Smith at first base, Agee scampered all the way to third. Third-sacker Frank Palumbo belted a single to center, chasing Agee across. A moment later, Costa nicked Starratt, loading the bases. Ryan drew a pass to force in Smith. Then, however, a double play in which Palumbo and Starratt were tagged out at the plate squelched the rally.

The Blue came up with a single run in the fifth when keystoneer Bobby Karle blasted a double into left center. With one out, Starratt laced another two-bagger to the same spot, sending Karle over. At this point, the New Hampshire coach inserted ambidextrous Walt Kennedy for Costa.

Smith's infield single to the second baseman in the seventh touched off a four-run frame which wound up Andover's scoring for the day. After beating out a grounder,

Smith advanced to second on an error on an attempted pickoff. Palumbo walked, and, when Smith had taken third on a passed ball, stole second. Starratt blooped a single into left, knocking in both runners. Starratt took second on the throw home and scored when Ryan laid a bingle in right. Ryan took third on a passed ball and scored on Pete Rayel's grounder.

The New Hampshire freshmen didn't get two men on base at the same time until the ninth, when Smith issued one of his two walks and Starratt made an error on a double-play ball. The captain then fanned one man, and, after Rayel made a nice running catch of a drive to left, threw out a pinch-hitter to end the game.

Agee came up with a fielding gem in the seventh—a diving, rolling catch of a sinker liner.

### GOLF WINS

Captain Sam Smith fired an 81 to pace Andover's golfers to a 22 1/2-4 1/2 smashing of M.I.T.'s freshmen

Ken Pyle and Pete Kuntz gave Smith a tough fight for low man, both carding 82s. Bill Martin finished with 88, while Bill Seeley went around in 86, and Tom Rose in 85.

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## Club Corner

## Spirit Runs High In New Clubs

by JIM LORENZ

The student who participates in club athletics may be termed the "forgotten man" of Andover sports. Every week day except Wednesday, he may work just as hard and just as long as the varsity athlete, yet no spectators come out to the field or the courts or the diamond to watch him play. No reporter writes about his feats, such as they are, in the school newspaper. He is indeed a "forgotten man."

And yet, the club athlete forms the very nucleus of the athletic program, for more boys are in some form of club sports now than in any other classification. Moreover, the club player of this year may be the varsity man of next year or the year after.

The PHILLIPIAN will therefore try to make up for its lack of club coverage and review the spring up to this point in the two major club sports, lacrosse and baseball. (ED. NOTE: We hope to get reserve a definite "Club Corner" of the sports page for club sports every week).

This year's club lacrosse system takes the place of a junior varsity, as in hockey, and thus assumes the role of polishing players for the varsity. This change was made largely because the clubs can prepare more players for the varsity than a smaller J.V. squad could. In the past there have been clubs, but they merely received Varsity and J.V. rejects. It is hoped that this program will be as successful as Exeter's, after which it is patterned. It may be noted that Exeter's system has been quite successful in the past, for the Red defeated a then-unbeaten Andover varsity 12-6 last year, and swamped the Blue two years ago by double that score.

Club lacrosse is composed of four teams, the Couch-ee-wahs, led by Mr. Couch; the Fig Leafs, representing Mr. Munro Leaf; Rawhydes, under the direction of Mr. Hyde; and the Red Dogs, led by Mr. Hulburd, the club lacrosse head.

Each club has approximately 20 players. This season, each team has been playing two games against another club each week, leaving the remaining two days for practice; from now on, however, this schedule will be scattered.

So far, club lacrosse has had limited success against outside competition. Against Deerfield, an all-star squad, picked from all clubs, lost 7-2. However, they had had almost no practice together as a team, while the Deerfield J.V.s had been playing together all year. A week ago, Mr. Hyde's Rawhydes dropped a 9-0 decision to Lawrence Academy's varsity.

This string of losses was broken, however, when the Red Dogs easily downed the Governor Dummer Jayvees, 8-3. Led by Tony Hilton's four goals, Dick Parks' two, and one apiece by Bill Miles and Tom Weisbuch, Andover was never behind in the game.

At this writing, the Red Dogs lead the club league by one-half game over the second-place Fig Leafs, with the Rawhydes in third and the Couch-ee-wahs occupying the cellar.

But the players that make up club lacrosse are the real story, the most outstanding of which are mentioned here. Starting with the Fig Leafs, John Doykos, an offensive man, is tied for the league scor-

ing lead with ten points. Manuel Capral, captain of last year's All-Club, along with Weisbuch, has been termed an outstanding prospect for varsity next year. Moving along to the Rawhydes, Miles co-holds the league lead with ten point — all goals — along with Doykos and Mark Gordon, with six goals and four assists.

On the Red Dogs, Mr. Hulburd has termed mid-fielder Parks as very promising, along with Pierce O'Hearn, Hilton, and junior Scotty Brooks. Lastly, the Couch-ee-wahs can boast senior Pete Mohr and Upper John Brubaker.

In June, all four clubs will square off against Exeter's corresponding clubs, the first and third-standing teams playing here, the second and fourth placers at Exeter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Club baseball has also been rejuvenated, and is now a feeder system for the varsity, something which it never has been before. Each squad — the Gauls with Mr. McClement, the Romans with Mr. Drake, the Greeks with Mr. Follansbee, and the Saxons with Mr. Buehner — has been cut down to fifteen men. The players cut from club baseball have the choice of playing softball or shifting to some other sport. Instead of being a catch-all for seniors who wish to hack away their last term at Andover, club baseball is now composed mainly of underclassmen. Twelve of the fifteen Gauls, in fact, are non-seniors.

To show the stage to which the club baseball has developed, records are kept in the gym office of each game, and on rainy days Mr. Harrison, club system head, holds a coaching clinic.

At the moment the Greeks hold the league lead with seven points (two for a win; one for a tie; none for a loss). The backbone of the Greeks is the hurling of hefty Neil (Moose) McKamy, who with a 3-0-1 record is the top pitcher in the league. He has to his credit all three of the Greek wins, and recently stopped the Romans, 2-0, on three hits, to pitch the Greeks into first. Mr. Follansbee's club has also been helped by the hitting of Seniors Dunc Smith and Hugh Mac-Millan, Uppers Ned Washburn and Herb Woodward, and Lower McKamy.

The second-place Gauls (six points) have a well-balanced club, but only two outstanding players: pitcher Nick Beilenson and Dan Murphy, who is hitting around .600. The Romans boast centerfielder Maxie Bloom; Fred Anderson, termed by Mr. McClement as one of the best pitchers in the league; and hard-socking second-sacker Jack Carr. The Saxons, in the cellar with five points, have as one of their bright spots hurler Fran Henrick, who recently tossed a 4-0 no-hitter at the Gauls.

Mr. McClement also commented that pitching and fielding have been far stronger than hitting this season: the Gauls only made twelve hits in their first five games.

Summing up, he felt that this year's club baseball system has made tremendous strides since last year, not only in the organization, coaching, playing ability, and equipment, but also in the spirit which has been shown throughout the spring. He stated that he had not given one athletic excuse for outdoor athletics, something remarkable indeed for Andover.

# "Shorty" Follansbee Tells Of His Impressions After Year As Shady Side's Headmaster

by SAM REA

At the close of school last year, George Little Follansbee found himself on the brink of a peculiar situation. Rooted deeply to Andover after seventeen years of teaching responsibility, which included stations as Head of the Biology Department, Coach of varsity Baseball, and master of Clement House, George Follansbee accepted the position of headmaster at Shady Side Academy. Shady Side, a small school (250 boys) on the outskirts of Pittsburgh, was for five years Mr. Follansbee's pre-college stamping grounds, and as a school it would offer him a complete contrast to the life he had known here. To a forty-year old biology teacher, the problems would be new and difficult, and even ironic. The past year has borne out all his expectations — plus some.

One of the situations in which "Flop" finds himself upon his return to Shady Side is that he is in the position, rare to most, of being responsible for some of his old teachers. In a recent letter Mr. Follansbee wrote, "It is most interesting to be head of the school where one's former teachers are. However, it is also one of the finest relationships I have had. Fortunately all the teachers were good friends of mine while I was a student here, and coming back has been much like renewing those friendships. To be sure I now see them and work with them from the same side of the fence. They are the 'old guard' now, and the school has been carried along for many years largely through their efforts. They have been grand to me and I shall always be grateful." — But who of us wouldn't give everything for his opportunities?

The added responsibility, the additional pressure — the very make-up of the school itself, makes Mr. Follansbee's position "hot"; far more so, at least, than the job he held here last year. He writes, "As for my job: it is a combination of

Messrs. Kemper, Benedict, Adriance, Shields, and Sherry's all tied into one. As such the pressure and tension are great. So great that I am firmly convinced that unless one can learn to relax, to forget the various problems while not in immediate touch with them, and to organize things so that various things can be taken to some extent by others, unless these can be accomplished the headmaster of a school such as this will either have a nervous breakdown or a heart attack. All kidding aside by this I mean that so much comes at once from all sides in a small school that there is danger in being swamped. The job is sure interesting, different, demanding, and at the same time gives one the feeling of being so worthwhile . . . so much so that Mrs. F. and I are giving it all we can."

Picture some of the basic, year-to-year situations that Andover's headmaster must face: boarding students, grounds repair, the excusing system, the Commons. Though he does not deal with the great numbers Mr. Kemper does, "Shorty" Follansbee finds these same problems at Shady Side plus many more. "The main differences between S.S.A. and Andover," he says, "are largely in size, location, what they mean." The location is split. Kindergarten through the seventh grade are in Pittsburgh proper, at the junior school. The senior school, grades eight through twelve, is in the suburb of Fox Chapel, where the Headmaster's home is situated. At the senior school besides a few seven-day boarders, there are many five-day boarders, who go home for weekends, and dayboys, who travel to and fro each day in special school buses.

(Continued on Page Nine)

## College Entrance Requirements

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## Sidelines

(Continued from Page Six)

entirely too wide of the pole, and when Shields attempted to pass, Connolly seemed to crowd even further out toward the center of the track. Although it was a breach of the rules, Shields determined to pass inside, but just as he swept past the Georgetown runner, Connolly closed in again, was tripped by Shields' flying feet, and fell.

Without a second's hesitation, Mr. Shields checked himself, turned, waited for Connolly to get up and resume running. Then when the latter was on even terms once more, Shields put on a burst of speed and crossed the tape ahead.

He was disqualified for an illegal pass and Penn State lost the race, but it meant more to the Nittany Lions that Shields had shown the right type of sportsmanship than any cups or medals could have.

The story goes on from there this way: the Andover headmaster saw the account of Shield's sportsmanlike performance, and said, in effect, "that's the kind of man we want up here." He subsequently came to P.A., coached track, and was elevated to his present position of Academy Secretary.

So, Mr. Shields, through an instinctive bit of sportsmanship, lost his chance to gain a niche among other State track greats such as Horace Ashfelder and Curt Stone, but the sportsmanship alone was worth a lot more, for less tangible reasons.

Class of '43

## Memorial Gift to O. W. H. Library

The Class of 1948 has recently given to the Oliver Wendell Holmes Library a sum of money in memory of their nine classmates who died in World War II. This gift is to be used for the purchase of books about the war and has made it possible to buy a number of interesting ones; a few of them are noted here:

*Aircraft Carrier*, by Joseph Bryan, the diary of an officer on the U.S.S. Yorktown, a lucky but active aircraft carrier in the Pacific. This is an impressionistic, day-by-day account, including light-hearted moments, horseplay, and of course moments of tension and excitement in the extreme. Bryan is a sensitive writer; it is interesting to read of his reactions at the end of each day.

*Away All Boats*, by Kenneth Dodson, a novel presenting in detail the career of the attack transport ship, Belinda, in the Pacific. The book is highly realistic, full of action, and although few memorable characters, there are many who come alive at the time and contribute much to the sweep of the story.

*They Have Their Exits*, by Airey Neave, the personal account of a British infantry officer's experiences. Captured in France in 1940, he was transferred to Colditz and became the first to escape from there.

He then worked with the French Resistance helping others out of enemy territory. Later an official at the Nuremberg trials, he served indictments on Goering, Hess, and other Nazi war criminals. He reports honestly and informally.

*The Tirpitz and the Battle for the North Atlantic*, by David Woodard, a straightforward account of the career of the huge German warship, Tirpitz, the constant Allied efforts to sink it, and the effect its mere existence had on Allied naval strategy throughout the world.

## UNH Lax

(Continued from Page Six)

while only two were convicted during the second half.

Frank Stella and Pete Bradley both scored within the first two minutes of the third period; Stella on an assist by Les Blank and Bradley unassisted. U.N.H. also netted two goals, but shortly before the period ended, Charlie Helliwell scored one more on an assist by Strat Jones to tie it up.

The final goal was registered during the fourth period, by U.N.H., breaking the tie and making the score 9-8. It was scored by Ferguson of U.N.H., who, together with Jones, scored eight of the nine Uni-

versity goals. Shortly before the end of the period, Frank Stella missed a breathtaking chance to tie up the game on a clear shot at the nets.

The first midfield of Merrill Carlsmith, John Pille, and Fritz Okie, put on one of the finest exhibitions of the year at midfield as they played, passed, and caught flawlessly. Dan Hannon put on an exhibition of his own at the goal as he made several brilliant saves.

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## Follansbee

(Continued from Page Eight)

The nearness of Shady Side to Pittsburgh, to "home", forces some tough problems that this school does not meet. These problems are accentuated by its being a five-day school. The headmaster explains, "Being a local school, it brings the parents into the life of the school all the time, with obvious advantages and disadvantages. We can work much more closely with the parents which is frequently awfully good for both of us; there are times when we are able to help the parents and the home situation which you can't do very well 500 miles away or even fifty as a rule. At the same time the problems increase in a ratio of the times a boy can leave school as a day student or on weekends. While at home, we have largely no responsibility, yet the connection with the school ever remains; and what the boys do reflects upon the school continually. This is one thing I have been stressing all the time. As you can realize, under this type of set-up it is very hard to be able to demand the discipline that a seven-day school has over its pupils. Here the boys' attitudes enter the picture, for they feel, and know, that we don't have complete control over them all the time as P.A. does... However, when two boys stepped out of line a bit during Christmas vacation, and were put on probation when they returned to school, then there was a violation that the school was interested in what they did and how they did it when out of school as well."

And we asked him other questions: "Are you coaching?", remembering the grand baseball coach he was here at P.A.

"At present, no, but I hope to get in some of it next year, probably at lower levels."

"Will you be back again this spring?" remembering the talk he gave the school in chapel, not long ago.

"Sorry I can't make it back this spring for the A. & E. baseball game. Don't know when I'll get back again; but I hope it won't be too long."

"And what, Mr. Follansbee, do you feel about your job after all, and, what made you go?"

"It is quite interesting, thrilling, indeed flattering to be headmaster of one's old school. For one who loved every minute of my five years here (they had six then), who thought all the faculty swell, even though some were a lot tougher than others, who even now wouldn't have traded my experiences here for any other school, the mere thought of one day coming back here as headmaster seemed impossible, if not a bit ridiculous. But here I am; and the main reason for coming back is the emotional pull which one always has concerning something one really believes in. And I believe so strongly in Shady Side and what it has to offer, I hope I will not be disappointed."

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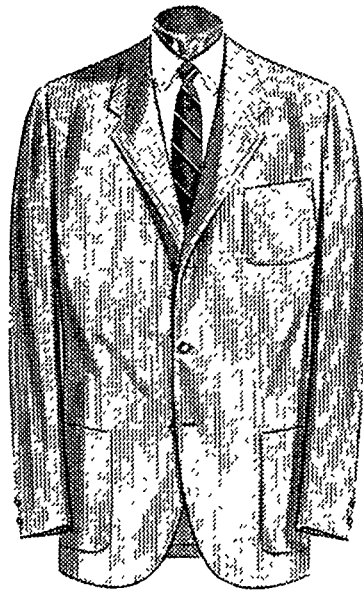


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## 'High Style'

(Continued from Page Three)

opposite that of the shirt (i.e., a tantalizing maroon and fecal brown, a ravishing incandescent red and violet, etc.). If the question of arm muscles arise (biceps in particular), merely attach one weak, mediocre, or husky bicep—according to virile conditions—to the lining of each sleeve. The chest also will enter into the problem of styling, if the wearer lacks one. Each chest pocket has ample room for one-half a chest, an extra shoulder pad, and one bicep, in case by chance one of these items is mislaid.

7) The conversion of the pants is the most difficult problem in the wardrobe. The pants must clinch the waist and ankles and have bolts of cloth between these two points. The seams down the outside of each legging must have either an indentation  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch deep, or a pleat protruding  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch. Luminous twine is substituted for thread in the stitching, and often strips of hair ribbon are sewed on to accentuate the legs. However, if the novice High Styler does not wish to convert immediately to High Style, he can easily peg his pants by employing safety pins, staples, used bubble gum, clothespins, or surgeon's forceps. The fullness in the pant legs can nearly be obtained by dropping the pants as far down over the hips as is permissible by law. Often revolutionary ideas are ushered into the cat world. Such features as horizontal stripes, grease, tic-tac-toe forms, laced holes, become popular overnight through the medium of pants.

8) The socks are usually chosen to match something—anything!!!

9) There are innumerable types and colors of stain on the market which will give a diversified selection of suede shoes. A pair of white bucks will give the converting cat a much more advantageous choice of style than if he just had a pair of

shoes. With the white bucks he can stain the front and crayon the back, haphazardly scatter polka dots over the surface, or sketch clever little doodles on the toes. The singular drawback to the black loafer is that spanking-clean adhesive tape must be applied nightly; nevertheless, they are chic.

The High Styler is now ready to boast his new wardrobe in front of the world and his girl (Ed. note: girls do exist outside of P.A.) Said girl requires a little consideration. One does give them his consideration if he happens to notice a female high styler. Censorship and sense of human decency prevents a full and vivid description of this type of High Styler and her mannerisms.

Now that P.A. students are aware of the methods involved in becoming a casual operator, we can look forward to a great future for High Style on the campus. Not only will all the students be twice as broad at the shoulders, and will taper clear to the ankles, but the faculty can be quite catty in their leopard skin jackets and rolled collars. The Classics Department can sport new pegged togas (this one hasn't been figured out yet). It shouldn't be too hard for most of the professors to grow terrific D.A.'s and those less fortunate ones, who lost what it takes many years ago, may purchase D.A. toupees if they feel left out. Faculty wives will combat the summer heat and inhibitions with the latest High Styles. Other members of P.A. life would soon succumb to the irresistible attractions of High Style. Wouldn't a D.A. do wonders for your janitor? What would Commons employees look like in High Style aprons of boiled-crab pink? When Mr. Lette himself walked in wearing a leopard-skin job, we'd know why the stew tasted funny the week before. Dr. Clark would become a far more colorful figure in a padded orange and purple jacket with a yellow string tie. High Style might even infiltrate to

Abbott, and break the austere conformity for which the school is noted.

This era of universal High Style may be for many years in the distant future, but when it arrives, one may expect the average class to run something like this: As the seven-minute bell rings, the students will begin to enter the room—sideways. The old doors will not accommodate the "new look" at shoulder height. The typical geometry instructor will enter the room in like manner. He will be in the general shape of an inverted equilateral triangle with a base of four feet, a bilge beige jacket reaching a point just below his knees, pegged camels' hair trousers, and black loafers swathed in white adhesive tape. The class will begin promptly, and the late-comer will not only receive a third of a cut, but the teacher will grab him by the picture-wire tie and throttle him soundly. The students will sit in every other seat so as to avoid bumping shoulders. The teacher will proceed to stumble and fall over his jacket three times during the class, but this will result in only minor cuts and bruises. The final bell will ring five minutes early so that all may stand and start walking. The pegged pants have stopped everyone's circulation.

Colleges seek originality in the personalities of their applicants. For this reason, High Style will undoubtedly become as much a part of P.A. life as the nourishing Sunday evening suppers, and we are sure that after reading this article everyone is looking forward to this innovation.

## Latin Play

(Continued from Page One)

himself. Diminutive Roger was made up to look the part that he performed so well. Greg Dickerson portrayed the part of Charinus, the frustrated son of Demipho whose love plans had been thwarted by

his father's jealousy.

Pretty Janie Barker was an obvious choice for the role of the coquettish damsel who caused so much trouble for Demipho. Bob Johnston acted the part of Lysimachus in a dignified manner. Marcia Tangney's appearance fitted the part of a jealous wife with exactness. Pete Borre in the role of Eutychus, Lysimachus' son, and a friend of Charnius settled all the problems that arose and in so doing brought the play to a happy conclusion.

The antics of Algase as Demipho and Jim Harpel as a caterer injected comic relief into the performance and kept the audience from becoming bored.

Harpel gives an excellent "slapstick" performance of the caterer, despite some overacting.

Further credit should be given to Mr. Buehner for the well-rehearsed presentation that he directed.

At the conclusion of the play, a tribute was paid to Mr. Peterkin, who is retiring this year as head of the Latin Department.

Mr. Peterkin has had a major role in bringing to the Andover stage many of the Latin plays in the past, and the announcement of his departure was greeted with sorrow by many who have known him in his twenty-four years on Andover Hill.

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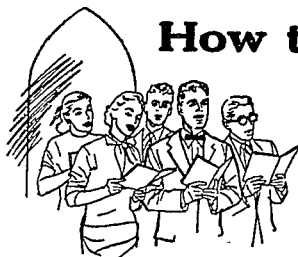


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