

# THE OGRA

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL

October, 1990

Vol. 2, No. 2

## IT MADE ME HAPPY

Garvin Jesdanun

Life depressed me. My grades were on the decline. I had not shaved in at least three days. I was unkempt and cranky. Clearly, my life was deteriorating. There was nothing left for me to live for. I pondered my alternatives. Cheap alcohol would not do the trick this time. There was only one place where I could turn. Brian Whaley brought me there.

I ordered a happy meal from the guy at the counter. For under three dollars, I could satisfy my appetite with a cheeseburger, fries, and a soda. Compared to the price and quality of the food in the cafeteria, the happy meal was a bargain; it was more so because my purchase would also include a colorful box full of puzzles and games and a bendable french fry toy.

I gobbled up my lunch quickly, while savoring each bite as if it were my last. I pocketed the toy and saved the box with all the puzzles and games to make seventh period Physics pass more

quickly. I left the restaurant. Brian Whaley brought me back.

We arrived on campus fifteen minutes later after cruising for some college babes. We entered the building through the science wing, laughing giddily like two schoolchildren. It was obvious that the effects of the happy meal had not yet worn off. Suddenly, a teacher (with a keen sense of food detection) loomed behind us and screamed, "No food in the building!"

I explained rationally that there was no food in the box and that I was only saving the box for later enjoyment. She repeated her comment and warned me to "throw it out!" I was dismayed by her tyranny, as well as her obvious disregard for recycling paper. Unwillingly, I complied with her wishes. "You're lucky I let you keep the toy," she added to wound me even further. I would not be able to enjoy that happy meal longer. Life depressed me again.

There is a difference between having food in the building and eating it. I committed no

infraction of any rule; I was only carrying a box that previously contained food. Even so, I would not have been at fault if I had had food in the box. I mean, don't a lot of people bring their lunches to school in brown bags? What's the difference if I had my lunch in a colorful box?

Why can't we eat food in the building anyway? I agree that this might cause hard-to-clean messes for the cleaning crew on the carpet, but couldn't we designate a non-carpeted (and, thus, easier to clean) area in the building where we could eat? I am sure we would all agree to clean up after ourselves if we did get an eating lounge.

Just because I brought a food box into school, I was yelled at by a faculty member (who, of course, can eat food in the building safe within her faculty lounge). This incident will probably cause me permanent psychological damage. You know, this incident could even have led me to a life of crime or drugs or something.

## Food For Thought

Vijay Maktal

The one source of edible food which Prep has ever had (the snack machine, not the cafeteria) has now been replaced by a guy in a truck. Actually, it doesn't look much like a truck. It looks more like a van with food in it.

Whenever you see the truck, you will also see a huge mob of people surrounding it. Everybody just cuts in, pushing away the smaller children who are in their path. They are so paranoid about missing their buses or rides that they do not care about anything else. There should be some sort of line so that things can run more smoothly.

Once you are able to push yourself through the crowd, you may notice that the variety of snack food is equally wide to that of the candy machine. However, the candy machine did not have Malta India (an alcoholic beverage) or cigarettes in it, so perhaps the variety in the food truck is greater. Nevertheless, I don't think these harmful, addictive substances should be sold in the presence of children; in fact, I don't think they should be offered at all. Besides that, the quality of the food is much better than that of the cafeteria, so at least it has one good purpose. Who knows? Maybe it will even have more!

Although the food is good, the prices are very high. One dollar for a Gatorade is not reasonable. A package of Combos, which costs eighty cents, and a soda, which costs seventy-five cents, have more realistic prices. I feel that the prices should be in proportion to the prices of the late, great candy machine.

Another complaint I have

about the food truck is its availability. The guy comes at three o'clock and five o'clock and is supposed to leave at three-thirty and five-thirty, respectively. However, he only stays for twenty minutes at the most, leaving after the crowd dies down. It is unfortunate that he doesn't stay for the full thirty minutes, as he could rake in more money from athletes who finish practice late and, at the same time, prevent them from cursing his premature departure.

Student athletes face another problem, because coaches will not allow them to eat before practices and games. Also, students participating in games sometimes do not get back to school until after six o'clock. The food truck is no longer there, so they must starve until their rides come. The food truck should stay from three o'clock to six-thirty. That way, people can walk to the food truck rather than running after it.

Don't think I only have negative feelings about this truck. The food is a big improvement over the cafeteria. The sandwiches don't have any hair follicles, teeth, and worms in it. Make that three more good purposes of the food truck! Maybe this truck should replace the cafeteria staff.

None of us are especially happy about the removal of the snack machine, but as long as we have to live with the food truck, we should try to make it as pleasant as possible. We must give the Administration our complaints and suggestions, so that the food truck may become a satisfactory replacement for the snack machines.

## Another Broken System

Erik Wasson

If there is a single problem in the heart of Rutgers Prep, it is that its pacemaker is set three beats per minute too slow. Everything here just takes too long. Waiting on line at the food truck takes long. Waiting on line in the cafeteria takes even longer. Waiting for an appointment with a member of the Administration takes very long. But most of all, solving seemingly simple situations takes much too long.

Look, for example, at the red tape involved in getting a salad bar in the cafeteria. From the time it was proposed in the town meeting to the time it actually appeared was at least months. And what is this time spent on? It is spent on the kind of bureaucratic bog-down common in most federal departments. Committees, special meetings, elections, appointments, address, redress, conferences, discussions, coordination, division, and revision. If it was up to me, I would compel one person (Ad-

ministration or Council member) to walk up to the cafeteria ladies and say "Salad or no salad... job or no job." In contrast, our school democratic system (which exhibits all the vices of a democracy while lacking the power to accomplish any important task), requires a month to install a salad bar which disappears after another month. This is similar to the situation concerning the "Newspaper Act of 1990," which created a newspaper that is missing from the lounge this term.

Affecting the slow pace is an ineffective Council. No matter how able the members are, it is limited to the arranging of various lunching activities (i.e. Burger Blasts) and to the appropriation of funds to clubs. The first duty is mere "busy work," while the second affords the Council no say in the running of the club. Because Council now has a reputation for being inef-

fectual, students no longer look to it to solve their problems.

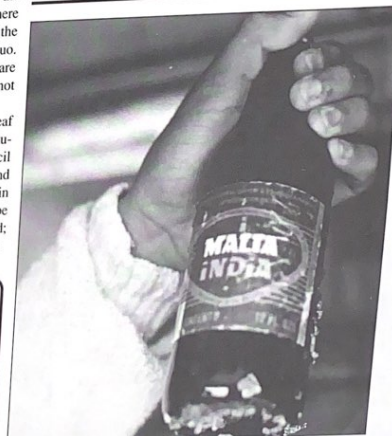
Without student representation, concerns other than those of the Faculty matter little. This axiom is demonstrated in the handling of the Gym Study Hall situation. Whereas a powerful Council could have facilitated a speedy solution to the debacle, it was not until the Student Body mustered enough power at the grass-roots level that any change occurred. In the affairs of the cafeteria and the food truck, there is no doubt that a majority of the population rejects the status quo. However, even if the protests are heard, things probably will not be changed until next year.

The Administration is deaf to the many little voices of students, while the Student Council is mute; please keep this in mind when you elect your officers in February. Until then, we must be the Administration's hearing aid; we must all talk a little louder.

## Selected Poetry

There once was a problem with the freshman spot:  
Where they should stand and where they should not.  
The Juniors and Sophomores started to pout,  
Then made the Administration kick them out.  
So why the hell are there Juniors in our parking lot?!

—Garvin Jesdanun '91



One of the many items sold at the food truck.



# The Back Page

## Ask the Argonaut...

## CHANGES

Anthony Accardi



Garvin Jesdanun

sources within the Administration have revealed a plan to aid Kuwaiti freedom fighters in their struggle against Iraqi aggression. Sources deeper within the Administration say that Mr. Lingenheld's dog, the famed Abigail, has ingested the Uranium and has not been seen since. Non-deep sources in the Administration say that students have crumbled up the Uranium and deposited all around the campus. If you have noticed any changes in your friends or teachers, please contact the office immediately.

### THE ARGONAUT

DEAR SIR:

Why wasn't the "No Health Form, No Classes" rule enforced during the first two weeks of school? What if a real emergency came up? Doesn't the school care about us at all?

FEELING NEGLECTED

DEAR NEGLECTED:

Of course the school cares about you! Without you, the school bank account would be less by nine thousand dollars!

Actually, the health forms are a mere formality called state law. That means that for the first two weeks of school, we were operating illegally, praying that no medical emergency came up. However, our sources have revealed a cover-up involving half of the adults employed by the School. You see, on or about August 31, 1990, a one-kilogram block of Uranium-238 was stolen from the Chemistry Lab. An anonymous faculty member denies this, claiming that "no one steals at Rutgers Prep." Some

DEAR SIR:

After the delightful AP Government Assembly, I was worried about many of the things I heard. I can't believe that padding is legal in 41 states. What is Rutgers Prep's policy on padding?

SCARED FRESHMAN

DEAR FRESHMAN:

We really don't know what the school policy on padding is, but we have heard rumors that certain teachers engage in it regularly. New teachers who have not been informed of school policy may not heed state law, so be careful.

THE ARGONAUT

DEAR SIR:

Why did everyone break their legs at the same time?

CONCERNED

DEAR CONCERNED:

It is a little-known fact that

there exists an exclusive club in this school open only to people with leg difficulties. Former president Sam Finkelstein stated that "at first, [the Crutch Club] was a secret, but someone leaked that we existed and now people are breaking their legs left and right just to join the club." Says recent alumnus Mike Kakuk, "I really hate it when people jump on the bandwagon. It's kind of like staging accidents to film for America's Funniest Home Videos."

Close to press time, we heard reports that their numbers were decreasing, as members are required to leave the club on recovery. Remarkable current member Jeremy Stoler, "Gee, this is just like Menu!" The Crutch Club is advised by Ron Sansone.

THE ARGONAUT

DEAR SIR:

Last issue, you said that you were going to answer real questions in this column, but for this issue, you obviously made up your own questions. You are a liar. You make me sick.

DISAPPOINTED

DEAR DISAPPOINTED:

We'll be answering real questions as soon as people start sending them in. We urge you to do this quickly because we are starting to run out of ideas. So, if you've got a burning question for us to answer, rush over to Garvin Jesdanun and give it to him. We will withhold your name on request.

THE ARGONAUT

We exist in a universe where changes are constantly made. Some people are capable of adapting to these changes, while others find trouble coping with them. Thus, when the place for freshmen to stand/sit was changed, there were naturally those who rejected the idea. To express their thoughts openly, some of the upperclassmen have protested and visualized their concerns through plays and other demonstrations.

The familiar refrain shortly became, "We had to stand when we were freshmen, so you should, too." After a few minutes of analyzing, one realizes that this statement closely resembles that of a four year old, more specifically: "Mommy! Mommy! Johnny got a trans-

what'sit robot, so I want one, too!" With a little application of basic logic, we have an analogy: statement one is to statement two, as group one is to group two. In short, the upperclassmen very closely resemble the four year old. How interesting.

For a moment, let us consider what all this whining is accomplishing. The upperclassmen make a habit of appealing to the Faculty for help. However, the Faculty remains fixed in its position. With the direct method defeated, what do they resort to? For starters, they present a little

skit during morning assembly that had the effect of obtaining minor giggles from some students and a waste of five minutes from first period. I am grateful to them for both of these diversions.

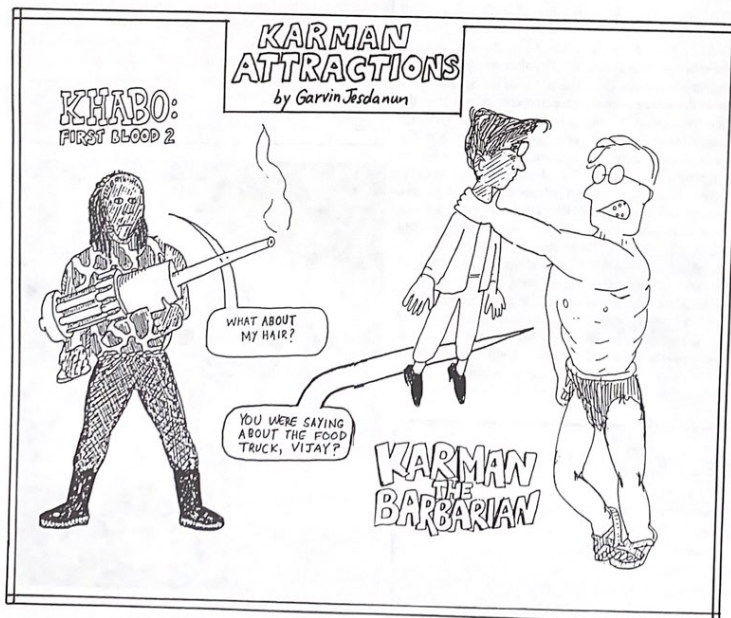
One day, the sophomores and the juniors decided to boycott the lounge. This must have taken some superior brain power. The entire purpose of a boycott is to hinder the one who peddles a product by not supporting that product. And who has been hindered by this boycott? None other than the upperclassmen themselves! All they have proven is that they do not need their lounges during morning assembly, which is a complete contradiction to what they intended to substantiate.

From where I sit (which was, on the days of the boycott, on a very comfortable couch with no upperclassmen around to tell me to get up), the upperclassmen are going nowhere fast. So what am I to worry about? I'm one of the first to get to school in the morning and I have my pick of any couch, every day.

[Editor's Note: At press time, we received reports that the freshmen were evicted from the lounges and are now being forced to stand next to the Freshman Railing during morning assemblies. Sorry, Anthony!]

### THE OGRA...

a radical but conservative, stubborn but charming group of individuals who live on the edge.



### THE OGRA

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