

THE ARGO

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RUTGERS PREPATORY SCHOOL

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PLA PLOT EXPOSED

by Vic Snortz

Astute Argo investigative reporting has uncovered a conspiracy to kidnap former Student Council president, Janet Borrus. According to confidential sources, the crime is to be perpetrated during this year's annual commencement exercises, in which she will take part.

Luckily for Janet, ex-president, ex-secretary, forum leader, Environmental Committee member, Argo reporter, Academic Advisory Committee member, pom-pom girl, thesbian, ballerina, girl scout, and saint, she will be able to thank The Argo and its perspicacious staff for uncovering the conspiracy.

Many details of the plot were revealed by an as yet unnamed conspirator. According to him and/or her, the group, calling themselves the PLA (Prep Liberation Army), has spent months preparing for the evil deed. They planned on

using Janet, code named Nausya, as a tool for receiving specific demands. (See demands listed below).

Their first obstacle was the brainwashing of Janet, unawares to the victim. The PLA, which has obviously infiltrated both the student body as well as the faculty, used everything from diet yogurt to the forced memorization of a PLA propagandist play (i.e. Bertolt Brecht, *The Good Woman of*

Sezuan, March 12-13, Prep Non-use Room.)

But all this was not really the most terrifying part of the proposed alleged conspiracy plot. The Argo believes the group operated out of the athletic storage closet in the gym, where an arsenal of whips, chains, moldy egg-salad sandwiches, and cushy pillows were found. Here, Janet would have met a death worse than fate.

Super-student turned terrorist, Janet and her rifle go on trial

Today, the Disciplinary Committee astounded the Prep community by handing down a verdict of Nolo Contendo Pluribus Lunura Latus Reform.

This affected the immediate release of Janet Borrus from the faculty room refrigerator, where she was detained between Mr. Anderson's lunches for the period of her trial. Janet was on trial for armed pilferage of the Council's receipts and the incredible crime of Grand Transcript Fixing, first degree.

The verdict was the final episode in the drama which started with her kidnapping by crazed privates of the PLA. During her extended period of alleged abduction, Janet, known as Nausya to her cohorts, underwent a dramatic change from "Ms. Prep, Janey Poskins," to a downright revolutionary. In fact, Janet was quoted at her arrest, "I'm glad I did it. There's no way Princeton can't accept me now. I'll show those smarties."

The cards of drama continued to fall on the table as Janet underwent the drueling experience of DC. Janet's lawyer, F. (Fogrove) Lee Kosnut, played his cards well. Fozzie used a psychological defense, claiming his client was put under mental duress by the Army's Tactical Persuasion division, better known as ATP. These merciless people used many devices that the defense covered thoroughly.

One of these devices used by Janet's captors as described by Kosnut, was the Sadistic Arrangement Torture, the "SAT'S," one of the cruellest mind warping tortures ever devised by a human mind. . . or is it human? (Editor's Note: Argo reporters are attempting to track down the creator of these tortures. Last seen, the creature was lurking around Princeton . . . and Berkeley; this only proves the evil power of its genius.)

The committee gasped as they heard Janet breaking down on the witness stand, describing the endless analogies, the insidious synonyms, and the incomprehensible paragraph comprehension.

The Disciplinary Committee, sympathetic to Janet's obvious period of mental duress, handed down its acquittal in a unanimous decision. Janet's plan for her new freedom is a recovery in the athletic storage room in the gym.



Is this sinister-looking terrorist the same sweet Janet Borrus we elected president last year? She's standing in front of the flag of the Prep Liberation Army.



SCENE OF THE CRIME — Janet was abducted from Baldwin Hall, shown here.

What's Janet really like?

by Dandy Golden

Janet Borrus: is she simply a forlorn ex-president caught in the clutches of a radical organization swayed by brain dry cleaning; or is she a creeping form of some sort of disgusting arthropoda? Is she a forty year old midget, or is she simply a very dull legislator? Does she really subscribe to the radical philosophies she preached during the period of her abduction? Does she subscribe to Life magazine? And most importantly, does she? The Argo sought the answer to these and other questions and presents this in depth profile of the woman behind the girl-like exterior.

Janet was born at the age of 14 in a log cabin behind the art studio. Her parents, who bear no resemblance to the O'Mearas of Oxford, were the heirs of a large chain of newspapers including the Argo, the Blair Breeze, the Peddie News, the Rose Bud and other assorted papers pinned up on Mr. Bratek's wall.

Janet lived a life of luxury until her 15th year, when she first came into contact with a band of raving maniacs known as the Class of '76. This was Janet's first contact with lunacy, and she overreacted by seizing total control and power. Little did Janet know of the fate that awaited her.

What led Janet down the path of ill doings? We asked people who knew her what she was really like. Her successor Jules "Julian" Croquette spoke highly of her. Her math teacher, Mr. Chamberlainebrain, said "Geel!" Sense Willard, a person whom Janet doesn't know, was quoted as saying, "I don't know. I never impressed her with my motorcycle."

Steven Weevil, the dog she has been living with for the past ten years and the organism she is closest to said that lately Janet seemed to be a different person. He admitted that recently things have been "ruff" between him and Janet.

But the image she presented to others is not the real Janet, as we found out. She is neither the quiet girl her image made her out to be for so long, nor is she the leftist, iconoclastic gorilla she has appeared to be throughout her ordeal. The real Janet is caught somewhere between the bearded beatnik shout of "Death est verum gaudium" and the Little Bo Peep many believe to be a false facade.

Where can the real Janet, lost among the images, the hype, the drivel of this article, be found? Some say take a left at the end of the hallway. Others feel Dr. Spudsditto, her twin brother who was separated at birth from her, says it best: "The thing about Janet is she really enjoys being tired."

Art to Heart

by Yeh (va) Murray

Well, clothes horseys, the courtroom drama of the fashion season has finally come to an end. But, dear readers, how can that fickle lady, Justice, rest until the attire of the participants is done justice also? I say just no way! So this tasteful reporter made the scene to get the lowdown at that last episode of the sordid miscarriage of the civil rights of poor, innocent, Janet.

Not surprisingly, former debutante Janet had the legal pageantry in a mauve pastel synthetic pants suit. The right lapel was covered by a pistachio silk scarf with the Pucci logo in plain sight. Her shoes, peach suede pumps, tapped delicately as she made her way to the stand to unveil a tale of horror and sadism. Fortunately, the stains of her tears should come out with a quick pre-soak.

Her jewelry was subtly tasteful. A gold bracelet on her left wrist

hid the rope burns from her captivity; they were extremely obvious on the right wrist. A small diamond set in white gold on her right hand was the only other piece of jewelry that she wore. No make-up was detectable, with the possible exception of some pancake to cover scars left on her neck from several attempts to strangle her during her captivity.

The judge, not to be upstaged by the poor girl, came out with all the garish pomp that he could muster. Under the traditional black robe, he had on a loud print in a stylized American flag design. Poor way to make us remember whose side you're on, Judge.

Both noble attorneys showed well in Pierre Cardin suits. Each, according to his image as liberal or conservative, had selected color and cut appropriately. But in these times, the prosecutor's white, button-down collar shirt was bad taste from any point of view.

PLA's Demands

Here are the demands the Prep Liberation Army made in exchange for the release of Janet:

1. Frank V. Sperduto must be made Assistant Associate assistant to the associate headmaster.
2. A million dollars worth of real food must be placed in lunch-room machines for all needy Preppers.
3. School council president Jules Croquette must be given direct control over all of Prep's nuclear warheads.
4. All athletic uniforms must bear a PLA patch.
5. No tests will be given during months with the letter "R".
6. All deficiency notices will be made into vinylized plaques, provided the notice comes from a "super" class.
7. All faculty be given the privilege of off campus lunches. They should be encouraged to take a lunch period lasting from 8:45 to 2:00.
8. Cheerleaders must be allowed to wear normal clothes on game days.
9. Thou shall not commit adultery.

FLASH!!

An unknown Argo reporter has given information about Janet's kidnapping to the Harvard/Radcliffe Admission Espionage.

Encouraged to find something unusual happen at Rutgers Preparatory School, the Harvard admission staff has already sent Janet a personal letter, offering her a full scholarship to their "institution," provided that she endure several months of solitary confinement in the Prep athletic storage room. Tough decision, Jan.

Winter sports season finishes with a bang

by Russel Worst

This past winter, our athletic program had a very successful season.

In wrestling, young Dave Yurcin excelled as far as the State Championship. Joe Yurcin Dave's brother, got a little excited after Dave took first in the States and said, "Dave is not going to be stopped. After this, he is going to the Nationals, then, then, uh, then the WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS! Then, uh, then the Universe, then, uh, then the everything, then . . ." Joe is expected to be released from the Montclair Insane Asylum on Saturday.

In basketball, our Varsity team had another 20 plus win season. Seniors Nate Mulligan and Todd Millans had fine seasons. A surprise this season was Peter Wepinski. Peter kept the bench amused by tying himself up in knots while trying to play defense. Coach O'Connell exclaimed, "Yea, I'll be home for dinner." Is he playing with a full deck?

J. V. basketball also had a fine year as they cruised to a 3 and 16 record. Leading the team was Art Wilmot and Rob "Boobish" Sch-

neir. Coach Dipaulo set several personal records this year as he knifed four officials, severely beat up a girl scorekeeper, and gave six J.V. players lip burns as they had to kiss the floor while running.

In swimming, Coach Fenstermaker's Mermen had a disappointing season, but no lives were lost. One problem the team is trying to cure before next season is for his swimmers to be able to race without the aid of an inner tube which they need to stay afloat, as many of the team members haven't mastered the art of keeping their head above the water.

The Girls' volleyball team enjoyed a fine season as Ieva Miesnieks led the way. The team broke a record by sustaining a volley three times. I asked Coachess Leone if she would expose her athletes to a more rigorous and dedicated training schedule next year. Leone stated, "What exactly do you mean?"

News in brief

Sports Dinner

On March 24, the annual Sports Dinner was held. If you did not attend, then obviously you weren't there.

Environmental dispute

The Environmental Committee had a debate on offshore drilling. There was much screaming and yelling, but luckily, no violence broke out. Several teachers broke it up and no conclusion was reached. Mr. Masza, the committee's advisor stated, "Damn, I have a headache!"

No Open House

There will not be an Open House tomorrow because one was not scheduled. One was not scheduled for the day after tomorrow so there won't be one on that day either.

Social trip

Rutgers Prep is planning a very special trip. The teachers will escort all the bad students in the Upper School to a secluded mountain, tie them up and leave them there. Dr. Sperduto and Dr. Heinlein agreed "We won't have any more bad kids."

School play

The "Good Woman of Setzvan," produced and directed by Allan Pierce was seen a couple of weeks ago. If you did not see it and you want to, you can't.

Millie's show

Millie Petrillo, the lunchroom lady, has decided to put on a puppet show in the lunchroom every Wednesday. This week, the show is entitled, "The Submarine Sandwich and the Cup of Coffee." Millie then stated, "Anyone caught with a can outside will get a detention. Dr. Heinlein said I could give them if I wanted to!"



Killer fruit flies must have mistaken this tree for a banana. Its mangled carcass can be found near the senior circle.

Science wing overrun by Masza and fruit fly forces

by Rug Stall

Today the last two classrooms in the lower wing of the Upper School were evacuated in the teeth of a morning assault. Millions of organized fruit flies from Mr. Masza's biology class invaded parts of the school earlier this morning. Five students have not yet been recovered. Frank V. Sperduto, acting Field Marshal, considers removing his headquarters from its isolated position to the more secure Middle School.

Immediately after the attack, the victorious fruit fly general, David Masza, presented his demands. Mr. Masza appeared fully confident of a quick and easy victory. By midnight of this day next week, the five buildings, the entire campus, and 50,000 bananas for fruit fly meal must be turned over to him.

But the outlook is not entirely bleak. The students manning the shuttered defense line near the science wing have at least twenty days' grace to fall back and regroup. Before Masza can advance further, he must breed a strain of flies immune to the cigarette smoke in the girls' bathroom.

General Landwestmore of the National Guard has ordered a now experimental weapon to be brought from Fort Dix with all haste. This RAID Mk. IV will be transported in four 5,000-gallon trucks. It will either completely wipe out the fruit fly menace, or defoliate thirty-four square miles of forest. There can be no fear of it making the Raritan Canal polluted.

BIOS

New Jersey's honor revenged

Welcome back to BIOS! This is Dandy "Skip" Golden and Robert "To My Lou" Murray, the Tweedledum and Tweedledee of the Environmental Committee, here to give you the latest dirt on the clean-up scene.

In our last column, my partner,

Mr. Murray, compared New Jersey to Montana, and New Jersey didn't even come off as a nice place to visit. We realize now that this was not quite fair. The Garden State has lots of advantages over any primitive prairie state in the Midwest. I would now like to set the record straight.

First of all, I'd like to refute some of my colleague's points. As for there being many cows but few people in Montana—of course! Who would be stupid enough to walk where all the cows are grazing? This is why many Montanans have brown feet. Besides, New Jersey is not that densely populated. Even in Newark, our most populous city, there is almost no one on the streets after dark.

As for the children in New Jersey growing up looking like something out of an Italian science fiction movie—don't knock it! How do you think Sophia Loren got started?

Now for New Jersey's advantages. Politically, ever since we elected "Honest Brendan" Byrne, organized crime and corruption have virtually disappeared.

And fear not, gentle readers, our state legislature is doing its best to protect our environment. Mr. Murray insinuated that the air here is so polluted you can see what you're breathing. Poppycock! Pollution has nothing to do with it. Actually, seeing what you're breathing is a requirement of the state's new, aptly-titled Sunshine Law.

Financially, we're in great shape. We won't need an income tax when the money starts pouring in from our future oil refineries in Beach Haven.

Hopefully this has not come off as an advertisement for reasonably priced townhouses in Perth Amboy. It was intended merely in the spirit of open debate and comparison shopping.

Yearbook messed up by wrestlers

Prep's best wrestlers bit the dust last Wednesday, but then, they were fighting each other. It was a no-holds-barred struggle; first Dave, then Joe, was pinned to the locker room floor. ("Mats are for sissies," Joe claims.)

Coach O'Connell finally had to separate the combatants. Okie was pretty annoyed. "We don't have that much killer instinct that we can afford to waste any," he told them.

The cause of the unauthorized fracas is unknown, but rumor has it that Dave spilled a long-guarded family secret: it was he who first taught Joe how to spell "Yurcin."

Rising costs for printing, photography, and the late fees owed to the publisher by the class of '76, have made it impossible to afford a hard-cover yearbook.

The paperback Ye Dial will not, Mrs. Howell assured us, "Look like one of those cheap Dell books;" it will be as tasteful as possible "under the circumstances." Students will still pay ten dollars for their Ye Dials, and early ordering is recommended.



This scene, taken on our own campus, typifies the natural beauty found in the Garden State.

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