

Dialogue

He was on the phone:

"...So the old harpie looked at me, yelled something about a loose elephant, and slammed the door in my face! ...Yeah, he said she looked through the wrong focal or something — I don't know. The whole place is a little — Oh! Hello, son!"

"Good morning, sir! I'm a cub reporter and pencil sharpener third class for our school newspaper. I'd rather not give my name. Would you mind if I ask you a few questions about the evaluation?"

"Why sure, sure! — Hold the line, willya, Joe? Here's another one, — No need to salute, son, just relax and ask your questions."

"Yessir. Now, what I wanted to ask — Oh, no thank you, sir. Dr. Heinlein says we should never..."

"Oh, go on, son! It's good for you! Of course, if..."

"I will, I will...Thank you, sir...Well, chugalug! What I wanted to ask you though, was if..."

"Excuse me, son, but I just want to make sure of something. Have you ever seen a pink rabbit five feet long hopping through the halls?"

"Why, yessir — Mr. Daviet is very proud of that, sir. But I wanted to ask you, sir, if..."

"Excuse me, but..."

"Oh! Hello, Pete — I mean, Mr. Editor, sir, what are you doing in this article?"

"I just wanted to tell you that you've used up your word count — you'll have to end your interview here."

Office Rumble Fumbles

In the planning for this year's office rumble, such vulgar implements as zip-guns, switch-blade knives, and broken Coke bottles were eschewed. The Rumble Committee declared these devices to be "in poor taste," calling them "uncouth, unsportsmanlike, and dangerous, as well as contrary to school regulations."

Prep Routed

This year's contest, scored on the "10-point-must" system, was lost to New Brunswick High School by a score of 150 to 3. A protest citing corrupt referees was withdrawn when it was discovered that there were no referees. The doughy Prep forces fought heroically in defeat, meeting their opponents' cry of "Kill, kill, kill!" with an equally rousing "Dear old Rutgers! Dear old Prep School!" Dress was semi-formal.

Team Undermanned

Gory details, statistics, and maps of the field may be obtained from Frank Spurduto, who seriously impaired his potentially great value to the Prep forces by devoting all his energies to taking notes.

Editorially Speaking

Editor Risks Toe, Comes Away With Money

It has been three long years since Argo mentors launched the paper's first "stone edition" in Spring, 1957. Since then, no student has sought to dip a hand into the school's fabulous monetary excesses (which are stored in a little envelope under the left-rear caster of the office safe) in order to pay our illustrious printer for the publication of the extra page. In order to perpetuate this unforgettable practice, however, your present editor braved the freezing weather of the office and bore the unmeasured weight of the budg-

et book on his right big toe (upon which Dr. Heinlein dropped it on Feb. 2) and finally came up with a meagre expense account.

It must be understood that the staff intend all the remarks and stories contained on this expensive insert as no more than harmless fun, and certainly hope that they are not taken otherwise by either faculty or students. We also hope, and expect, that these well-meant jabs will not be incorrectly construed as

being indicative of a lack of respect for the faculty, but rather, as being an assertion of the unusually friendly student-faculty relations which prevail here at Prep.

Of course, there are limitations. We cannot tell about Mr. Dumaræ's days as a marine sergeant, for security reasons. Mr. Daviet's mid-night experiments in torturing the Biology Club's 26 white rats must remain forever a dark secret. May-be, in another three years...

All The News
They'll
Let Us Print
Late, Late City
Edition

The Argo

Weather Report:
Murky, Soupy,
Thinning Out
Around Fifth
Period In
Maggie's English
Class.

FLASH!

The Student Council has voted to penalize all faculty members who come into class late for first period. The sentence: \$10 fine or one week of 10th period study hall.

City Dump Ravaged In Rat Hunt

Beat poet Mike Lasser was flabbergasted last Monday, as he perceived Grace Wilkerson, noted mathematics student, garbed in a safari hat and bermuda shorts, as she stealthily crept toward him through the reeds of the Manville garbage dump. "She aimed a shotgun at me," he quavered later. "I think she was hunting rats or something. I dug out quick."

Mike declined to explain what he was doing in the garbage dump. Gus Daviet, when the cringing Lasser was faulked before him on charges of chemistry evasion, theorized that he was feverishly studying for a rugged English grammar test on nouns and pronouns, being notorious for his failure to master the fundamentals of that language.

Meanwhile, Prep scouts have unearthed (literally) some of Guy Blake's report cards, dating back to the 4th grade. The final transcript of the odd collection was found flying from the flagpole atop the capitol building in Hartford Conn.

The omni-present Daviet was recently cited for his record time in cutting and rolling Blake's front lawn. He did it in 1:23:56.2. It is a very large yard.

Mad Monster Amuck

Mr. Thomas G. Dumaræ (III), in a voice quaking with pride, released news today the entire world has awaited with bated breath, the identity of the Raritan muck-man, local counterpart of the Himalayan abominable snow man.

As you doubtlessly recall, the news of the muck-man was just reported by Johnny Williams, who, on New Year's Eve, claimed seeing a strange spectre or two between 3 and 9 feet tall entering room one. After a diligent investigation, Tom revealed that the Egyptian mummy he bought in a forty-two piece kit in Iceland from an Irish merchant, and was assembling nocturnally, was being courted by an unknown creature who, from the traces it left, seemed to be living in a sort of swamp.

Tom Worked Feverishly

Tom, in desperation, finished assembling his prefabricated mummy and, one fateful night, upon hearing the mummy shout "Masher," apprehended the muck-man.

Today Tom, concluding the muck-man is harmless, released this announcement to the Argo: "Found — Large, gawky male muck-man. Color of hair: Black. Babbles unintelligibly in languages resembling English, Spanish, French, and Russian. Answers to the name Alf."

Grace Wins In School Wagon

Grace Wilkerson overcame almost insurmountable odds yesterday as she staged a come-from-behind victory in the annual Student-Council-sponsored faculty drag race. She won in near-record time of 10:46.5 on a snaky course punctuated by treacherous ruts (the Roodas' driveway). Flyin' Jim Dickinson finished second in a hot Volkswagen with milled rubber bands.

Wagon Most Powerful

Grace drove the school wagon. Since her mice were larger than those of the others' vehicles, she was burdened with the added handicap of driving from the back seat. Muscular Mike Lasser, the pre-race favorite, finished a poor fifth because he had to carry his beast up The Mountain. He was trailed only by Spark-plug Dumaræ, perennial tail-end. Titanic Tom commented afterwards, "I only do this to build up my leg muscles."

Outside Aid

Margie (the Mauler) Wilson, who recently had her amateur license reinstated, would have beaten out Roaring Richard (Acorn) O'Connell for third place if she hadn't stopped to autograph a tricycle wheel for O'Connell's kid.

Lead-foot Blake won the limosine race a month ago. Let it be pointed out that Frank Spurduto compiled the statistics on both races.

Cop Grabs Posy-Pilcher

Competition is keen and tempers hot at the annual faculty Garden Show at Piccadilly Park. The trouble started when Alfie Gaggini took a first place with his Himalayan Tulips. Immediately thereafter, AZ Holley, enraged at the defeat of his black gardenias, sicced his second entry, a Sumatran Cannibal Plant, upon Gaggini's display, destroying it. Then he proceeded to grind the other flowers into an unrecognizable pulp with a pink mortar and pestle.

Cop Richard O'Connell nabbed AZ for stealing the gardenias.

Faculty Discusses Important Matters Of School Policy

David: Today I have summoned you into conference for an extremely important discussion. The evaluating committee intends to rend the ivy from the face of our edifice. No one believes that it will stand alone in a stiff breeze.

Alfie: (thoughtfully) Gee, that is serious. Maybe we'd better take a vote on it.

Maggie: On What?

Alfie: On what direction it should fall in.

David (patiently) Now, let's be quiet. I want some serious suggestions.

Antoinette: (hopefully) Maybe we can get the committee soused on AZ's 198 proof "Oh! Grandma!" You know, with the Phoenix-bird on the label.

Maggie: That's a great idea! Here give me some!

AZ: (Snatching the bottle) NO! NO! The rack! Anything but that!

Tom: (disinterestedly) Frank, where's your pointer today?

David: Quiet please. We have important business.

Frank: (eagerly) Yes! Let's push on and hammer this out for ourselves, like good boys and girls!

Mike: (Resignedly) Perdition take it!

David: Michael Leonard!

Grace: Here, here! Give me a swig, too. Maggie, you're already turn-

Sports Briefs

Slammin' AZ Holley puttied his way to victory in the recent Headmaster's Tournament (golf), recently held in Shelley's Annex. His score was 1022. Upon being congratulated, he smiled modestly: "That 56 on the last hole helped a lot. But next time we should play more than nine holes." As a token of victory, he received the insides of a liquid-center golf ball, which he drank.

Birdlike Mike Lasser soared to a ski-jump victory at Bear Mountain yesterday. He leapt 659 feet. Most of it was vertical distance. "That was no ordinary jump!" he exclaimed later. "The Hudson sure was cold, though!"

ing red around the ears. David: (more impatiently) The building! The building!

Mike: Maybe we can save some bricks.

Gus: Let's get the school wagon out of the lot, fast.

Guy: I'll do that. (gets up and leaves)

Dave: Now please! Now please!

Grace: (surprised) Why Dave, you're stepping out of character!

Frank: The significance of that plaster about to fall on your head is monumental, Dave. (Jumps out of the window)

AZ: Wait, Frank, I'm coming too. (Follows him)

Dave: You're all very inattentive. (ceiling falls in)



FACULTY MEETING

Rock's Rumblings

Athletic Mentor Keel Over

Jim Dickinson, coach of our basketball and baseball teams, has been criticised for his aggregations' showings, but like the true-blue all-American he really is, Jim assumed all the blame himself. "After all," he sobbed to our reporter, "it isn't often that one sees such a wonderful group of boys. Working with them, a fine bunch averaging 3'2", has been an inspiring example of our dear school motto 'Severum rest verum gaudium.' I consider myself to blame — mea culpa!"

Frankie Spurduto was criticized violently by the student body for his outrageous handling of the J.V. soccer team. Defying all established precedents and honored traditions,

his temerity and audacity manifested itself to ridiculous heights when his team took the field and broke a 48 game losing streak.

Our aqua-men this year were diligently led by coach Dwight "Flipper" Hutchinson, a washed out W.W. II frogman, who failed to make his college team. Rutgers Preparatory School pitied him in his distress. Poor soul, no sooner had he found his niche in life than he found it necessary to demonstrate the crawl stroke and drowned. He will be missed — deeply.

Last, but not least, ranks Dick O'Connell, athletic director. Needless to recount, his sins are known to all. When he looked at the soccer candidates, he broke 3 ribs due to mild hysteria, and was lost for the rest of the season. When basketball season dribbled around, Raucous Richard became so engrossed in watching the antics of an opposing coach, that he fell off his chair onto the court, incurring a broken hip and a technical foul.

Alumni News

Springtime

Dear Suze:

I do not doubt that this, like most "letters" addressed to your glorious editors etc., will be chock-full of vitality and heart-felt sentiment, since letters written to glorious and other kinds of editors et al. only because they are assigned by said venerable recipients (of aforementioned communiques, ergo i.e. non pas the underlings receiving assignments, which, to re-iterate, spring full-blown from out the celebrated cerebra of and pertaining to the parties of the first part whose power and/or glory is and forevermore shall continue to do so save only in the event of atomic attack or coming of (The) Messiah.

Esteemed facultatious advisor of that in which this is to appear and is, for that matter, as far, at least, as the plupart of "The People" are concerned, doing so at this very moment, has suggested that I might devoted my energies and this opportunafish to some sort of lampoon, which, as I see it, is an idea meriting ferreting (all the way home) consideration . . . though, in sooth, Lowenbrau dearest, of this substance know I nothing save that eighty-seven or something per-cent of rural American youth has recourse thereunto.

Your Stroolie,
M. Levowitz, Alumnus Emeritus

Odd Society Hurls Wrath At Cows

So, you want to have fun, adventure, and romance; you want to do the world service? Good — join the H.H.S.S.F.I.S.O.S.C., more frequently called the Highest Honorable Splendid Society for the Slaughter of Sacred Cows! Here are some beasts prime for sacrifice. Take B.B. Bummings, that minor American poet currently under the protection of our own Big Mike Lasser. The entire school must take up arms and bring b.b. (small letters, please) down to the level at which one may mention such mediocrities as Shakespeare, Donne, and T. S. Eliot within three sentences of his exalted nomenclature. Big (6'4" and still growing) Mike threatens to lacerate anyone who menaces this poet's slightest work with the defiling stroke of accurate evaluation.

Medievalists Also Protected

Perhaps, however, you may think John Milton is more worthy of assault; that it will be easy to strike him because he is blind! Aha! The dangers of approaching the dead and rotted three-wived Latinist are formidable. You evidently have not heard of Margaret "Mad Madge" Wilson, protectress of his long-winded honor, Uncle Miltie. It is rumoured that her weapons include a little black book and a pen which spouts red ink. Repeat: She is armed and considered dangerous.

Horror of Horrors!

Perhaps the reader is naive enough to suppose that music is free from faculty supervision! Dolt! Don't you realize that in the subterranean bowels of the school lurks a desperate man armed with sword and fragmentary bombs called "chalks" who guards the name of Mozart? "Littlebat" Tom Dumarae, mild mannered teacher for a great metropolitan prep school is capable of turning into a ranting beast at any desecration of the name of this phenomenal composer who invented rock and roll. Says Tom — "Moe was a great genius — did his best work before he was 2'2" — you can tell it when you hear his music!"

Last of the herd comes hallowed Connecticut, guarded by Guy F. Blake who was born and raised in Louisiana.

Happy Hunting!

Discipline Group Expels Heinlein

The discipline committee today expelled Dave Heinlein on charges of destruction of school property, scholastic offenses, and resisting disciplining.

Heinlein, warned often about his dangerous experimenting, violent temper, and unruly hair, responded by becoming only more obstinately dangerous, violent, and unruly.

Finally, in a burst of what his physics teacher deemed "abject stupidity," he hurled a sling psychrometer through the glass front of the equipment shelves in the lab, destroying equipment worth a fantastic amount at any antique shop.

The discipline committee summoned him, and decided that a week of detention would be sufficient punishment. Apparently enraged, Heinlein attacked a committee member, repeatedly phlailling him with a heavy keychain.

Doc, as he is fondly called, was forcibly restrained and removed from the school. He is now undergoing psychiatric care.