Side elevation of prosposed new dorms, according to blueprint of Lizevy, Tanner, and Whitefield Associates.

-News in Brief-

Thursday Cancelled

TE TRATER

Yesterday was supposed to be Thursday; it was cancelled due to lack of interest. Obviously then, the day was unproductive, not worthwhile, and could not have been enjoyed by anybody.

Mr. Hordijk to Host Saturday Night Live Mr. Peter Hordijk, History teacher at Rutgers Prep, will be hosting Saturday Night Live in two weeks. According to the producers, Mr. Hordijk was chosen out of thousands and because of the funny way he

End of the World

The Rutgers Prep Parents Association is sponsoring the end of the world on March 1. Tickets are \$7.50 and \$8.50. All profits will go to Mrs.

Nothing happened in the Lower School during the month of February. For that matter, nothing ever has or rill happen in the Lower School They're just a bunch of snotty brats who make trouble anyway. I hate them all, very much.

Dance Held in Upper School About two months ago, a dance was attend, then obviously you weren't

School Play to be Presented

On March 23, The Braggart Soldier will be performed by the Rutgers Prep Drama Club, directed by Mr Robert Abrahamson. Don't go to see



Headmaster J. William Adams licks his chops over Mrs. Gooen at Faculty

Coordinator of Career Day dies in Rutgers Prep creek

by Walter Placzek

Walter Placzek, Career Day Coordinator for Rutgers preparatory School, committed suicide last week by jumping off a bridge into the had reportedly been in both academic and disciplinary trouble with the ad-ministration; his grades had been plummeting, and he had exhibited cils or prentending he was a clock) both in and out of the classroom. Most people attribute his suicide to these factors.
"Not true," stated Walter, in an ex-

clusive interview granted this reporter. "There were three reasons for my

suicide. First, the mortician did not show up on Career Day. Of all the classes, this is the one I most wanted to attend. If I could not see him one another. Second, recently my beloved pet cat Fritz was run over and I decided I wanted to find her. Finally, the Lord came to me in a vision and asked for a ham-and-cheese sandwich. The least I could do was deliver it personally."

When asked about dying, Walter

was unequivocal. "It was deadly," he answered. "It took me seven tries off of that lousy bridge before I finally kicked off. I succeeded in causing in-ternal bleeding on the fifth attempt,

On the seventh try, I passed on."
"It really was odd, Walter," continued Walter. "At first it was like a light switch had gone off. Then I awoke and found myself staring at the ceiling. Of course, I was too stiff to move, and I could only watch as people came and looked a me. Some cried; some laughed. I would like to ask, however, that if the little brat who took off my class ring still has it. I would like it back.

When asked for a final comment Walter stated, "It sure is dark down here. If someone could send me down

Rutgers Prep to become a boarding school by 1984

Harold H. Oertell, chairman of the Board of Trustees, announced yesterday that Rutgers Preparatory School will convert from a private day-school to a boarding school by September 1984. The Board approved this longterm expasion plan on February 21 on the recommendations of the Special Development committee. "We believe that this decision will solve three problems," said Mr. Oertell. 'One, it will improve the image of Rutgers Preparatory School. We will no longer be seen as merely a private day-school, such as PDS or Gill-St. Bernards. Prep will join the distinguished community of private schools, such as Exeter and Lawrenceville, where learning together and living together go hand in

The second reason for the eventual conversion is educational. "The committee found the new eighth period to be such a successful program that certain members thought that perhaps a ninth and tenth period should be added to the school day," said Mr. Oertell. "I thought that instead of just increasing the number of school periods by one or two, we should express our total commitment to the concept of extra-curricular education. To fill up the greatly increased amount of school time, we are going to offer many new courses that fall outside the traditional parameters of college preparatory education. Many people now involved exclusively in administrative work will become involved in classroom instruction, too. I

courses during fifteenth and eighteenth periods: Creative Accounting and Trustee Management Mr. Adams has expressed an interest in teaching a course in Sincerity.

The final reason, according to Mr. Oertell, is financial. The large jump in enrollment has caused a corresponding jump in available funds. The Development Committee discovered that if the increase in enrollment continued at the same rate over the next six years. Rutgers Prep would have a budget surplus of over \$950,000. The Endowment Fund would not be able to absorb that much money in so short a time because of a quirk in the tax laws which would result in a significant net depreciation in estimated taxable equity, figured on a pro rata basis. The Board needed to find a project which would be large enough to use up the entire surplus very quickly," stated Mr. Oertell.

The Board awarded the contract for the design and construction of the dormitories needed to house Prep's new boarders to the firm of Lizevy, Tanner and Whitefield of Somerville This firm submitted a design two months ago in which the dorms would

Their plans call for completion of the North wing by mid-1980, the South wing by May of 1982, and the entire project by March 1984. Mr. Oertell stated, "That gives us six months before we open the school in September for the ivy to take root!"

A corrolary of the boarding school

development plan will be the fulfill ment of an idea the Board approved in December of 1977: a headmasters' residence. "The Board decided that as long as there was one construction project going on, there might as well be two," said Mr. Oertell. "We've been putting off the completion of this project for some time because some members felt that the \$85,000 needed to build the residence could be better spent on such projects as a biology lab, a new computer, a swimming pool, or a senior room. But those projects are really trivial when you consider the positive effect on the atmosphere of the school that a headmaster's residence would have. It would increase the sense of community at Prep, and that community feeling is much more important than a silly little computer. Besides, we've cut out the cost of the residence down to \$81,000 by eliminating two of the crystal chandeliers from the budget.

"THE MASTHEAD HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN"

Revision in discipline policy announced by administration

Headmaster J. William Adams announced on Friday that a new policy has een instituted to deal with the rising incidence of disciplinary problems. The result in a hearing before the Disciplinary Committee. Hereafter, under the new program, students who have appeared before the Disciplinary Committee more than five times will be sent to St. Peter's Hospital in New Brunswick for electro-shock therapy.

electro-snock therapy. "It isn't exactly 'shock therapy'," said Mr. Adams. "We prefer to call it 'corrective brain stimulation.' The principle is the same, however: 6000 volts and zap, no more discipline problems." The administration had been considering several alternate proposals for dealing with misbehaving students, such as annointing their heads with polo mallets, tving them to the top of a secluded mountain and abandoning them, and claiming their first born male child. Mr. Adams eventually chose the "corrective stimulation" policy because, he said, "This system was used at Harvard when I was an undergraduate there. There's no doubt in my mind that I owe my present ability to think and write clearly to my thirteen shock treatments at Harvard. Without the help they gave me, I probably would never have hit on the idea of ab-

breviating my first name and making poeple calling me J. William."

A firm proponent of the new disciplinary policy is Upper School English teacher Carol L. Howell. "I think the plan will be very effective, even though it isn't really strict enough. I believe electro-shock should be used any time a student is caught without a jacket and tie, chewing gum, or just any time a teacher has a bad day," said Mrs. Howell. "I guess you could say I've always been into pain," she later admitted.



The Lord came to me in a vision and asked for a ham-and-cheese sandwich The least I could do was deliver it personally."-Walter Placzek plunges into

The editors would like to apologize for this page being blank. It was imsible to think up enough humor to fill an entire issue of The Argo, and so was determined that one page (this one, naturally) would be blank. The editors apologize for this; it depressed them immensely. One should have seen their reactions when it was determined that one page would be devoid of words. The editorin-chief promptly stuffed five packages of grape Bubble Yum into his mouth and began chewing like a cow. The news editor became drunk and, in his green socks, ran around a friend's house mangling his watch and velling "Goalie, save!" nion editor became very mad and got short with the faculty advisor, who also got short with him. The features editor had such a bad attack that he could no longer write stories about first grade mashed potatoes, while the young and inexperienced sports editor didn't know what to think, as he was young and inexperienced. The reactions were simply terrible. It reinds me of another terrible reaction that once occurred, when I told my three parents and sister that-yes you guessed it. I am a closet apricot. I don't know how it happened. When I was five I first began to feel-well you know, spongy and juicy, but I passed it off without thinking abou it. Then, at the age of thirteen, I discovered to my horror that-Egad! I had fuzz on my face (no-fuzz is in apricott fuzz, not as in police fuzz, though it would have been surprising to put a hand to my cheek and feel little cop cars running around my face. That's what pop rocks actually are little miniature policemen who fight inside your mouth before you swallow them and turn them into chyme and bile and gastric juices, who, if you are lucky, will reamin down there. And, if you are not lucky, will come spewing up like the fountains of Venice. Are there any fountains in Venice? I do not know. I've never been to Venice. I have, however, been to the disco section of Warsaw, and my God (why did I say that? I'm an atheist. Or an agnostic. But no one can tell the difference. I went through that disco section in Warsaw-oh, wait a moment, that's outside parenthesis so I'll close them right now). Anyway, I was in the disco section of Warsaw without being Catholic and no one noticed, I just said a couple of Polish sounding words like "Czechyour-bagssir?" and "Schlaggsanne" (which is, in reality, the German word for whipped cream, though why anyone would want to be mean and sadistic to their cream by beating it I'll never know). Those Polish women can really disco, with their pango-pango cha-cha-cha chirts on. Funny, all the men wear the shirts as well, those lovely gorgeous shirts with pink and red roses all over it. They blow party horns, wear a red carnation in their vest, and also wear those silly white and blue baseball caps, but they can really dance. I love to dance. I also love figure skating, though I cannot figure skate. Why, I can't figure. Mathematics is beyond me. It is beyond most people, with the exception of certain types-balding former mailmen, short people who instead of smoking should be wearing pangopango cha-cha-cha shirts and discong, and banzai trees. Yes, friends banzai trees make excellent mathematicians. I once knew a banzai tree whose mind and needle were razor sharp. The only problem was, the banzai was impotent. There's nothing quite like an impotent banzai tree. Or an impotent walrus, for that matter. I once knew this impotent walrus. He was also quite strange as well, having black fungus growing

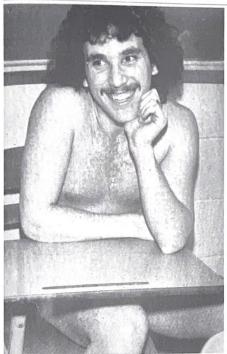
over his inner lip. Anyway, walrus wanted an heir, but couldn't have one the normal way because he was impotent. So he went out and grabbed a lemming to make his heir Unfortunately, lemmings commit mass suicide and the entire fortune was left to a watermelon. Unfortuneately, the watermelon was also suicidal. Have you ever pondered the multitude of ways that a watermelon can commit suicide? I mean, it car run to the edge of a building and hurl itself splat onto the pavement where omes just another dead watermelon and a mass of slush. Or, it can move out into the street and get run over splat again by a very large truck, or it can move out into the street and get run over a third time splat by a very small truck, because almost any kind of vehicle could destroy a water melon. Even a go-cart piloted by some little kid with a large cowbell around his neck could destroy it, but our watermelon wanted instant suicide and didn't want to be slowly knifed to death at a picnic of some fat Legionnaires who probably had some sort of horrifying brain disease Probably it made their brains curdle into something like cottage cheese, or rather diet cottage cheese without the small chunks of pineapples that frequently pervade diet cottage cheese. but imitation pineapple if the cottage cheese is not of good quality. Or if it is old-it's difficult to tell whether pine apple is real or just another phony if it is old. Old is a frightful thingespecially if you are a dying walrus with no heir. Of course a walrus would die with no heir-it would suffocate before anything else. Some Es kimo suffocated the other day, and he did have an heir-his son. Nib-blenose, who knew how to make this special Eskimo drink which he called Special Eskimo Drink. It contained five major ingredients: lots and lots of Puerto Rican rum, the rum must having had a four-month old child from Missouri in a sweatsuit bathing in it, peach pits, walnut shells genuine mineral water straight from the taps of some unknown school in central New Jersey, and wolverine blood. Wolverines are harder to ob tain than you think, especially in Alaska, where they are illegal to import. Therefore, someone must smuggle the wolverines into the state. This is not easy, as wolverines are genuinely bitchy when it comes to being packed inside a tiny little box. Or. actually, a not so tiny little box if you smuggle them in inside a piano case But that can get particularly messy if the piano wires are still intact and you can receive blended wolverine, right inside your own living room by contacting David Greengrocer, at the number which spells out W*O*L*V*E*R*I*N*E on the phone. Dial this number, friends, and have genuine blended wolverine deliverd your living room. Also free (on request-but no one has requested yet-very odd) are two grams of muskrat dung and a handful of Japanese sand. For a small extra charge, cinnamon and rasing may be added to make this evening a special delight for the two (or three) of you Then, after an exciting dinner in our lobby, you and your partners may proceed up to one of our luxurious hotel rooms, complete with mirrors on the floor and ornate Spanish tile on the ceiling, and blinding green bedsheets that look as if they had been made by tiney leprechauns, straight out of Ireland, where all they do is drink coffee (guess what kind? No it's not Brazilian coffee. No. it's not Australian coffee. No, it's Nigerian coffee. Give up? It's Irish coffee. Ha, ha, ha fooled you idiots who thought it was a trick question. I

thumb my nose at the feet of your elders and swim in the water dish of your badgers. Badgers can be especially nasty, especially if they are wearing dentures. But dentures for badgers can be made only by this doctor in Oslo, Dr. Comeasyoupleasegoasyoupleasebutdontinterfereinmy lovelifeyoulousylousybumIllkillall-ofyoupinkofoolswiththefatcapybara comingoutofyoursnottyvolkswagenwiththefringeontop. This doctor has several degrees. He is a Ph.D. in Advanced Tree Cementing, has a Bachelor of Arts in Fried Chicken Therapy, two Masters in Ancestral Clowning and History of Chinese Kumquats, and another Ph.D. in Shakespeare Biology. He is a native of Tanzania. Those Tanzanians can be nasty too. The Tanzanians love to pull practical jokes, such as burying the paralyzed who are not quite dead, of sticking fingernail clippings into the mouths of the sleeping, or putting a porcupine in your bed. That could prove very painful. And then there are the Russians, who do nothing but grow old and then eat vogurt on television and proceed to rake in the profits from the Americans, who think that eating vogurt when you are old is cute. It's not cute, as the Soviets can't eat anything else, exept perhaps frozen rabbit milk. But all the rabbits are dead in Russia, due to a strange disease that kills rabbits. Funny-it kills rabbis as well, which is why there are no rabbis in Russia. It also kills people with rabies. There are the three R's Rabbits, Rabbis, and Rabies. There are also the Dutch, those lousy pieces of typewriter ribbon who do nothing but lose World Cup matches. And then they have the nerve to ask you for a light! Isn't that horrendous? And they don't even smoke, they just like to ask people for lights, which the Lord asked for there to be-only Con-Ed was out at the time and the world remained dark. So the Lord got onto the phone and called Con-Ed and asked Hey, how come the lights didn't go on and Con-Ed replied that Sorry, there is no one at the office at this time so please leave your number and we will return your call. But the Lord was using a pay phone, and he didn't want to wait around at a pay phone, so the Lord promptly made this pact with a lawyer to sue Con-Ed at the first opportunity. Only Con-Ed beat the Lord to the draw, sued him, and proceeded to take all of his valuable possessions. such as his Little Orphan Annie Decoder Ring and the soul of the Virgin Mary. I realize that this will offend many Catholics, but who cares' The rest of the world outnumbers you so there-ha, ha, ha. May you be condemned to watching television commercials for the rest of your lifesuch as the ones that tell you how toothpaste turns girls on (I know some people are strange—but tooth paste?!) and that they actually brew eer from bulls, and that Auntie Friction is actually as beautiful as that. Come on, now, I know Auntie-Friction and she doesn't look a bit like that. She really is eighty-five, half senile, weighs about two-hundred and ninety and will die of VTTT. Actually, generally only 11'th Century Ugan dans get VTTT (Vomit Through the Teeth) as Snow White knows because her story could not take place there Snow White, you realize, actually didn't know how many dwarfs there were, because two were clones (Nik and Nak, the Kansans from China who were brothers, but no one knew who came first Nik or Nak) and then Dick and Jane, who were Siamese twins connected at the-well, suffice it to say that they were continually

smiling once they reached the age of

thirteen. Anyway, that leaves it open to debate whether or not there were six dwarfs, or six and one half, or seven, or seven and one half, or eight, as there were four other dwarfs. Rock another dwarf, came from the Hudson and used to just sit upon the porch. Necro, of course, was precisely as his name suggested, and he had a ball when w White died-so did she, ac tually, two of them. The Wicked Witch, of course, had killed her, feeding her figs poisoned with point-Pointsettas are setta juice. dangerous, which is why you should not let your children eat them. If you hate your children, however, by all means feed them Pointsetta Stew, served with glazed thermometers The glass and the mercury will combine with the poinsetta and kill them off quite nicely. If your child is fat, he may require extra stimulus, so force him to sit through fifteen epsiodes of Batman and he will instantly become a mental vegetable, probably a carrot. Then you may feed him the poinsetta. only sicne he will have been watching Batman he will have his Anti-Pointsetta Pill in his pocket, and he will escape at the end of the episode and proceed t go Zap! Bang! Powie! Fizzle! Pop! Blam! Oof! Barf! Zoop! Zoof! Boof! Biff! Ziff! Zorf! Quorf! Quiff! Blaff! Piff! Poof! and the ugly lady disappears. Where she go? The magician, named Melvin (Melvin the Magician! How quaint! Let's have some more quaint names. How about Terry the Tapir? Willy the Werewolf? Carlos the Cat? Leo the Lemur? Polly the Penguin? Ha, ha, ha, fooled you all again who thought that this was not a trick—this was. So there. Again, I thumb my nose at the feet of your pet frogs and swim in the water of your crocodile pond.) But seriously, folks. Penguins are evil. I must ap peal to all of you out there. If you have a penguin gun (generally disguised as a Volkswagen key to avoid customs and the laws against firearms) then you must shoot every penguin vou see. But beware. You never know when someone you admire or respect is actually a penguin. There are ways to tell. For example if he has a bucket of fish inside his desk without explanation (or, if he has one, it probably is poor, such as 'I broke my fish tank and didn't know what to do" or "Just keeping them for a friend" or "My wife said she wanted fresh fish for Christmas dinner and I thought I should buy early") or if he undresses and is still wearing a tuxedo, or if in the middle of a sentence he breaks out in a loud SQUAWK, SQUAWK, SQUAWK, then he probably is a penguin. Then you shoot him. Remember, riends, a good penguin is a dead penguin. It's also fun to hunt them, unlike hunting pangolins, who line up along the road-side and wait for death. Speaking of roadsides, I stopped at a roadside diner the other day and discovered that it was not a roadside diner, but a wax museum masquerading as one. I caught on as soon as I stepped inside and lit a cigarette; the waiter, who looked amazingly like George Washington, melted into a puddle on the floor. That reminded me of another incident, when I broke my ankle. It seems that the ambulance driver was fooled; I ended up in a hospital which was a ladies' lingerie shop in disguise. You can imagine the fun I had writhing on the floor in agony while this lady with ten pounds of streaky rouge and a butch voice comes up to me and says "I believe you would look good in pink ma'am." I've always hated pink. I've also always hated flamingos. I don't know whether I hated flamingos because they are pink, or pink because it is

hate pink and I still hate flamingos. Obnoxious birds, they are, standing on one foot like a croquet mallet. which is what Alice used it for in that book. (Appropriate quote-'Curiouser and curiouser,' observed Alice.'') She also used hedgehogs as balls, to knock through the cards that were the wickets, only the hedgehogs would uncurl themselves and walk away. Hedgehogs love to smoke lemon seeds. Hedgehogs also love to smoke Agatha Christie novels, but this is most difficult for them as it is hard to roll up an entire paper-back novel in one cigarette. Some strange hedgehogs, though, like to try to smoke the hardcover first editions of Agatha Christie, and this has been known to produce irrepairable gall bladder damage and cancer of the prostate. Fortunately, these hegehogs can be cured by a simple diet of uncooked rice and billiard balls. Say, what does the man who can't play gall bladder billiards do? Why, he plays liver pool, of course. Speaking of Liverpool. there are two very interesting facts one should know about Liverpool. One, the Beatles came from there (No. they were not the Japanese beetles-they came from Japan These were the Beatles Beatles, you know, who sing about Ricky Ricardo's wife in the sky with diamonds and Sgt. the opposite of salt heart's club spades diamonds band, and etc. etc. etc.) and two. Liverpool is not in the top of British Division One Football, what, you cry, Liver-pool is not on top?! Now, friends, don't cry or kill yoursellf by jumping off a bridge or sticking your hand in an electric socket (some people ac tually find that quite refreshing-gets their juice going) or poisoning your with quicksilver-that's quicksitver, not Quick Draw McGraw. who is this cartoon character who goes around with his short little Mexican sidekick whose name I cannot remember-let's call him Jose. Nice Mexican name, right. I didn't want to call him Nijkilades, as this is a Chezoslavakian name and he is not a Chezoslavakian. But-one never knows-perhaps Quick Draw McGraw's sidekick Chezhoslavakian (why do I think I'm misspelling Czechoslovakian? Because I am!) who works for the Czechoslovakian Secret Service, known as the C.S.S. (for Czecho slovakian Secret Service) and who runs around with Quick Draw in Mexico searching for a way to overthrow that country, so that Czechoslovakia may obtain all of the newly discovered Mexican oil; but, wait moment-the cartoons were made in the early 60's, long before any oil was discovered in Mexico. So what does this mean? it means that, yes friends the Czechoslovakians have a time machine. Doesn't that follow logically. I mean, the Czecholoolvakians looks into the future, saw there would be oil discovered in Mexand sent their little cartoon character named Jose into the cartoon to capture the oil long before anyone knew it was there. Anyway, Quick Draw McGraw was actually El Kabong in disguise. El Kabong it seems, was this western-type hero with a guitar who used to hit bad guys (including penguins?!) over the head with the guitar and screamed "Kabong!" which was why he was called El Kabong and not Ralph or Harry or Norman of Osvald or Sylvester. Can you imagine someone looking up into the sky and exclaim ing "It's a bird . . . It's a plane . . . It's Sylvester?" How about some other famous slogans with strange twists. For amputees—"Hertz wants to be your rent-a-wheel chairs company



Fifty cents was all it cost Andy Barnett to "dress-down" on Dress Down Day

In an ever increasing effort to beautify the campus, the entrance hall of the Upper School was painted. Except for the slightly nauseating smell that still lingers, we can safely say that everyone is happy with the new color. Well, almost everybody. I mean, yellow wasn't exactly my first choice. It wasn't even my last choice. I hadn't considered it at all. I felt a gentle pastel color would do very nicely without the walls screaming out at you, "We've been painted yellow goddamn it!" but does anyone listen to me? Does anyone ask my opinion? No! they just go right ahead and slop on that disgusting putrid yellow paint! It makes me sick! I thought this was a democratic country! Why should I be forced to run to the bathroom to throw-up everytime I see the walls which I might add is often since they're so hard to miss! Sometimes there's a line at the bathroom door waiting to retch. They could have just asked me for my vote in the first place! Well. I for one am not going to stand for it! I'm going to go out and buy that pastel shade I wanted and—uh. . . um . . . hmm Sorry about that; I don't know what came over me. . . The, uh, beautifying effort can also be seen in the relatively new carpets also. The red is a nice, durable color. But with vellow walls?! It makes the stomach lurch! I say-hey! Who are you guys? What are you doing? Hey, let go! Leave me alone-stop it! Help!! Help!!

******POSTERS*******

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1862 grad recalls Prep

by Eric Combest

A graduate of the Rutgers Preparatory School class of 1862 is sort of alive, not at all well, and living, if you can call it that, in New Jersey where he is slowly gelling into the strawberry vogurt that he thanks for his longevity. When The Argo learned of his whereabouts, we dashed right over to get pictures and an interview

Scott Wakeman Austin entered Prep in kindergarten in 1849 on the Scott W. Austin Scholarship when he was five years old. As the only student in the school he and a very busy year representing the school in dramatics, chorus, football, baseball, wrestling, swimming, math meets, soccer, boys spring tennis, girls' fall tennis, gymnastics, softball, cross country, President of the School Council, Vice-President of the School Council, School Council representative, Argo editor, yearbook editor, Argomag editor, plus, in order to give all the teacher work, he took courses in Algebra I, Algebra II, Geometry, Precalculus, Calculus, Earth Science, Biology, Chemistry, Physics, English I. English II. English III. English IV.

American History, Ancient History, Economics, French, Latin, Spanish, and Greek. His school day was 16 hours long from 4:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M. When he wasn't participating in school activities, he acted as custodian. After the first quarter was almost completed, Scott had to be sped to the hospital after he had a nervous breakdown complicated by severe exhaustion. He is remembered to have yelled delirously over and over. "I'll never live to be ten!

Scott fondly recalls life in high school. "You young fellows think you have food fights today," he grinned. 'You'd have been no match for us! He told me the story of how a food fight started in the 1850's. When the lunch bell rang, all the students would rush out to the forest with their muskets and shoot opposums, beavers, and assorted song birds and gather what edible leaves and berries they could find. They would then carry their dead lunch over to their table, build a fire and roast it. Then began the trouble: One student wants that roasting opposum with the opposum juices dripping off the skin. He tries to grab it without being noticed He is unsuccessful. The robbed party snatches it back, knocking over his neighbor's wild berry juice. This mixes with another's song bird feathers making a sickening mass of sticky wet down. The fourth kid at the table is fed up so he grabs a handful of beaver intestines and flings them at the first kid. He ducks and they hit the next table, sputtering into their fire. "Well all hell broke loose and 'possum innards flew everywhere! Hee! Hee!," Scott giggled, "We sure had fun! But finally one of the lunch-room monitors would shoot the guy who started it and that would kind of break up the fun.

When asked about discipline during his school years, Scott's body quivered. "Tobacco chewing meant fighting the Civil War for a month. A second offense and you had to join the Confederates." At this point his feeble mind recalled an old war tune and he droned on and on . . . (it was twenty minutes before they got the oxygen to him and his mind wandered back to the interview).

As a senior at Prep, Scott was editor-in-chief of The Argo "There was nothing much to right about then." he remembered. "Mostly we just sat around waiting for things to become historic, for movies to be invented for us to review, and for the Minolta SRT-SC2 to be invented. Let me tell you, sketching those action scenes in sports was killing our photographers.

"I do recall some exciting editorials however, such as 'T Like Millard Fillmore'. That was one of my favorites." (At this point the tape in my recorder came to an end and the clicking woke me up.)

After Scott left Prep and schlepped through four years at Princeton, he led a life of diverse occupations. He made cough drops for a while but he couldn't hack it. He built dykes in Holland but he didn't give a damn about it. He worked for the I.R.S. but it taxed his patience. He sent relief packages to foreign countries but he really couldn't care less. He helped to reelect Nixon but it gave him the creeps. He put on wheels on an automobile assembly line but the job grew

Our interview with Scott came to an abrupt finish when a strong wind blew in through an open window. We will always fondly remember Scott screaming hysterically as he slid off the top of his desk and into one of the



Scott Wakeman Austin: extremely old person

ORDERING INFORMATION

Rutgers Prep personalities in large full color posters size 20 x 28 or larger \$2.50 each plus 50 shipping charge Send check or money order. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Money back

Correction

In the last issue, it was stated that Dinky Proctor, 6-6 basketball star, was a pansy. What we meant to say was that the entire senior class has venereal disease. The Argo stands corrected

The Argo also apologizes for the quality of this issue. The editor-inchief had vanished for several days. only to be discovered snow-shoeing in Durham, North Carolina, Sorry

THE URGE

Rutgers Preparatory School 1345 Easton Avenue, Somerset, N. J.

Quill and Scroll-International Honor Award 1976

Vol. 90-No. 6 CSPA-First Place, 1978

Editor-in-Chief Dead on Arrival Suicidal News Editor Publicly Disgraced Opinion Editor Denying Everything Features Editor Sports Editor Young and Inexperienced Wanted: Reward!! Photography Editor Under Age

Special Thanks To: Stuart Brodsky, Peter Clarke, Andrew Barnett, Harriet Chenkin, Woody Allen, Sherry Host, and George Bernard Shaw.

Athletic department newsletter

ator is not responsible in any way for the below newslette

Well, hello friends. As you know, the spring will be an exciting season for all of us here at Prep-funny, all seasons appear to be exciting for all of us here at Prep. Anyway, we lost some real fine athletes last year, due to both graduation and other things, and we also lost some real not-so-fine athletes last year, due to mostly graduation. Can we replace them? In my mind, the answer is, without a doubt-yes!

Isn't this exciting? Yes, we can replace those athletes! That reminds me of a story. This guy I once knew bet you don't know the story about

was involved in a car accident-he incurred damage to his throat, and so they had to take out his voice box oh. I told you that one already? About how they put the rubber tube in his throat and the only word he could say was beer because he had to speak from his belly? Oh, all right. How about a different story. You know, I went to school with that famous astronaut, Buzz Aldrin, andoh, you know that one too? About how he became an alcoholic and everything? Gee, I'm sorry. But I'll

Sports news and other information

by John Kocsis

Prep students are encouraged to come out to all athletic events and become ATHLETIC SUPPORTERS .

The boys' locker room has been closed because of unsanitary conditons. Students feel that one locker room would be enough. They're lobbying for a unisex locker room.

Everyone should work out in the Rutgers Prep new weightlifting room. It is weightless, and there is no waiting to get in. . . The Varsity Wrestling Team needs more pins to keep the mat in good shape. Anybody have a pin to donate? . . . Mr. Beronio is in charge of the drive to raise funds for the Sports Scholarship. Mr. Beronio will be selling sports NECKTIES . . The School Council announced the two major areas where they will be concentrating their efforts in the near future—(1) How to sneak food out of the cafeteria, and (2) How to make the lower level of the Field House smell Mr. Daviet was in charge of the hiking expedition to hunt for Bigfoot. He accidentally shot an unidentified wrestler. . . General Eugene Bratek Civil War hero, recently led a raid

Fri Feb 23 Home

Tue. March 6 Home

Tue., March 13 In the Street

Away

Sat. March 17 Under the Covers

Fri., March 9

throughout the South where he and his army burned down the plantation of Mrs. Carol Howell. . . A big thank you to Mr. Adams. How generous to give us all those snow days! . . . did you hear that Prep's driving instructor, Mr. Rockhill, was fined for having his hands on the steering wheel at 10½ and 2½ position? . . . Tune in to Eli Kirschner's Rock Concert, Sunday morning, 1:00 a.m. KIRSCHNER will feature Mr. Gaggini's classical A Rutgers Prep basketball music player went out the "Backdoor" tried to score with his girlfriend, but was defensed well be her "zone press." When he tried to make a comeback, she stalled. What foul Did you know why Mr. Daviet was absent from school? He drove a tractor to Washington, D.C. to demonstrate for farmers' rights. Did you hear about Mrs. Herzberg If you're suffering from Saturday Night Fiver, go to see Mrs. Lair. WARNING to Mr.

Lewandowski: Clean up your act! We hear that Mr. Mazsa's summer job is to dress up like a shark and terrorize bathers off Montauk Point. With spring in the air, beware of Mr. Anderson-he'll be all "Teed-off."

3:30

Sports Schedule VARSITY BASKETBALL

Homeontherange

Sat., Feb. 24	Home	Downsouthindixie	1:31
Mon., Feb. 26	Home	Marlboro	3:32
Wed., Feb. 28	Home	Mr. O'Connell's Birthday	6:15
Fri., Feb. 31	Away	Somerset Home for the Bline	1 3:35
Mon., March 5	Away	Rahway State Prison	3:56
Wed., March 7	Somerset County 7	Tournament	
Thur., March 8	N.J. State Tourn	ament	
Fri., March 9	Western Hemispl	nere Tournament	
	J.V.	SWIMMING	
Fri., Feb. 23	Away	Marineland	2:00
Tue. Feb. 27	Far Away	Cleveland High	1:32
Sat., Feb. 31	Really Far Away	New Zealand Prep	3:45
Tue. Feb. 35	Home	First National Bank	12:00
Thu., March 8	My Place	Bridgewater South-west	4:38
Fri., March 9	Or Yours	New York Philharmonic	7:59
	GIR	L'S BOXING	
Fri., Feb. 23	Home	Muhammed Ali Prep	2:00
Wed., Feb. 28	Away	Leon Spinks Academy	3:34
Fri., Feb. 30	Home	Beth Israel Temple	Sundown
Mon., March 12	Away	Kukla, Fran, and Ollie	3:30
	BOYS	VOLLEYBALL	
Tue . Feb. 27	Home	St. Peter's	5:00
Wed., Feb. 28	Away	St. Michael's	5:00
Thu., Feb. 29	Away	St. Stuart's	5:00
Mon., March 5	Away	St. Arnold's	5:00
Tue., March 6	Home	St. Cindy's	5:01
Fri., March 9	Home	Nobody in Particular	4:59
Sat., March 10	Tournament of Roses		

3RD and 4TH GRADE NOSE BLOWING

Our Lady of Perpetual Motion

5:35

4:15

3:68

Mount Sinai Hospital

Neil Sedaka and Friends

the light on Franklin Boulevard-all right already! So you know! So what! Do you think I ever have any new stories to tell? Don't you ever think that being Athletic Director at an academic institution can be boring? God, you should see all the highfaluting meetings I have to sit through, wearing a jacket and a tie and listening to Mr. Saragnese drone on and on about fiscal this and finance that and then hearing Mr. Adams go on about Piagetan concepts and the newest theories of education-well I'll tell you the best theory of education: competition. Go out there and kill the enemy-when he's down, and you're leading by fifteen points-kick him, and lead by thirty points. It doesn't make a difference, especially if it's Princeton Day School. I hate their guts, those lousy communists. Anyway, I'm running out of space here, so remember. spring sports can be fun and exciting for all of us—so come out and support your team, especially the lacrosse team when it plays P.D.S. and can club all of those little twits on the head and give them exactly what they

Wacker coaches new sports team

Many students at Prep have been wondering about the rise in the number of downfallen trees seen across campus. There have been seen huge elms downed across the parking lot and large oaks blocking the path from the bus strip to the Upper School. Furthermore, many trees have been found to have teeth marks in them. and last week a sycamore fell acros the East Wing of the Lower School. Although no one was injured, people are beginning to wonder what strange phenomenon is gripping Rutgers Prep

The truth is, there is no strange phenomenon. It is just the Rutgers Prep Varsity Tree Cutting Team. coached by History teacher Arlene Wacker. This is the first year for Varsity Tree Cutting at Prep. Not many people are aware that Tree Cutting is a legitimated sport, sanctioned by the New Jersey Athletic Association.

'I was unaware of it myself," stated Coach Wacker. "until last year, when I was browsing through Mr. O'Connell's office and found that it was. Since I have always been interested in cutting down trees. I decided I would try to coach a team this year. The response has been more than success ful, even if we are young and inexperienced

There are four basic events in Tree Cutting: the Artificial Oak, the Artificial Elm, the Natural Locust and the Natural Sycamore. In addition, there is a free-style event." The Artificial events are the easiest for anyone," said Coach Wacker. "All it takes is someone who can pick up a chain saw-for the oak-and a cross cut saw-for the elm. Any fool can do this. The Natural events are much more difficult. For this, the competitors are given a time limit of fifteen minutes to see how far they can gnaw into the tree, without any artificial aids. This part of the competition calls for two important qualifications-a fast moving mouth nd very hard teeth. This is why we have Jimmy Goldman and David Wolicki doing these events. Jimmy can really cut through that locust bark with ease, while David is really an expert at nibbling his way through the



Coach Rockhill smells victory.

photo by L. Schulman

Co-ed wrestling enjoys widespread popularity

by Sherry Host

A new intramural sport has recently become very popular at Prep. con-suming entire gym periods, lunch periods, and free time after school. This sport is Varsity Co-ed Wrestling

Although the origins of this new recreation are unknown, it has been rumored that the sport was introduced at Prep one day during eighth period in Room 104, when an angry female student, frustrated by her inablity to understand the Geometry assignment, took down Mr. Beronio in fifteen seconds. "I would have pinned him sooner," she is reported to have said, "but I never expected him to be in training."

From the Upper School wrestlingmania quickly spread to the Field House. and the Wrestling Room is now booked for a few months. There is no admissions charge for spectators, however, they are encouraged to come. Several feature matches have already been set. Business manager Dan Saragnese has challenged senior Chris Bettex, because "After a while tennis becomes boring." Also, Mr. Adams has agreed to challenge anyone who doesn't like the color of the Upper School walls, and Mrs. Coppolino, girls' athletic instructor, will take on " any guy who things wrestling is just for men

The techniques and rules of Varisty Co-ed Wrestling obviously do differ slightly from those of men's wrestling, and are designed to give a slight advantage to the female, based on the assumption that the women have not trained for as long a period as a few generations, when co-ed wrestling becomes a standard part of physical education programs everywhere. Until then, however, such moves as the cradle and double arm bars have been outlawed, and injuries have been kept to a bare minimum. The elimination of such holds, however, has not decreased the popularity of the sport.

In fact, there has been talk of the formation of various wrestling squads at Prep. such as the foreign Language Department squad, the Senior Girl's squad, and the Last-Period-Earth-Science-Class squad. There has even been speculation on having a midget wrestling team open to anyone under five feet

As the possibilities grow, it has become apparent that Varsity Co-ed Wrestling will spread. So don't be surprised if one day, as you walk through the corridor, you hear Marshall Becker shout, "Today, Rutgers Prep; tomorrow the world!

Upcoming Events

- by John Kocsis
- Senior-Faculty Baseball Hunting Contest Baseball Sewing and Mending Day
- Baseball Washing Day
- Baseball Bat Repairing Day Senior-Faculty Lacrosse Ball Hunting Day
- Senior-Faculty Tennis Ball Hunting Day
- Senior Girls' Wet T-Shirt Contest judged by Mr. Brown, Supervisor, and Varsity R. Club Members
- 8 Spring Sports Uniform Washing Day in the Raritan Canal 9. Dead Fishing Contest
- 10. It's Academic-Game Show between Sports Department and Math Department
- 11. Grits Eating Contest sponsored by Mrs. Howell
- 12. Special Assembly—Mr. Fenstermaker and the Swim Team singing "YMCA"