



# The Argo

Founded in 1889



RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

VOLUME III

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NUMBER 5

## Headmaster Gives Honor Roll For First Semester

Cyril Nelson and David Beardslee Still Lead School As Before

At the end of the first semester there were eleven boys on the honor roll, and twelve with honorable mention.

Cyril Nelson, '41, still leads the school with an average of 93. David Beardslee, leader of the Junior Class, has an average of 92. The Seniors are headed by Robert Lambertson with an 87.5 average. The Sophomores are led by Edward Burroughs with an average of 82.25.

Commenting upon the honor roll Mr. Shepard remarked: "I recently attended a conference of public school heads, at which we discussed methods of education. I disagreed with them because I believe that boys with a high I.Q. should have special training as well as those whose ratings are low. In most schools the pupils are grouped according to the mentality of the average pupil, and, of course, they get along fine. The pupils with the high mentality are held back by the rest of the class. This is what we take care of in our school. Our school has a much higher I.Q. than that of a High School, but out of the forty-nine superior boys in the Senior Class only four certified in all four subjects. There is no way I can make you work. You boys will be the American leaders of tomorrow; as it stands I wouldn't like to have some of you holding office."

### HONOR ROLL (Listed in order of rank)

Ninety to Ninety-five

Cyril Nelson, '44

David Beardslee, '42

Eighty-five to Ninety

Philip Ruegger, '44

Robert Lambertson, '41

George DeVoe, '41

Mark McChesney, '42

Eighty to eighty-five

Donald Dorne, '41

James Potter, '41

Stanley Geipel, '41

Edward Burroughs, '43

Fred Lambert, '42

Honorable Mention

David French Robert Suman  
William Evans Henry Weidman  
Richard Farkas William Okerson  
Gordon Smith Rex Miller  
George Pamis Joseph Cramer  
Denton Robinson

## Tense Moment in Carteret Game



Byrne reaches for tap in opening play.

## Ye Dial Aspirants Start Writing Of New 1941 Issue

## Prep Team Wins Over Pingry In Easy Fight, 30-27

One of the most important publications of Rutgers Preparatory School, *Ye Dial*, will appear in print this June. This year book, when complete, will contain a write-up of each of the boys in school. Mr. Simpson, faculty advisor to the Editorial Board, states that plans for writing up the articles are already under way. Although definite assignments have not as yet been made, it is expected that they will be taken care of shortly. The Business Board of *Ye Dial* has Mr. Matthews as its faculty advisor. Preparations for publication of *Ye Dial* are being made with the I. N. Blue Printing Company as has been done in the past.

Those students who have signed up for work on the Editorial Board are as follows: Messing, Binn, French, Beaudette, Sexton, Byrne, Vandiver, Mather, Keller, Joe Cramer, Korshin, (Continued on Page 4)

In a fast moving meet with the Pingry School, the Rutgers Prep swimming team vanquished easily their opponents. Prep led from the very start and held the lead throughout the entire contest.

Prep forged out in front in the first event, the fifty yard freestyle, when powerful Johnny Miller showed his churning heels to Holms of Pingry. The time for this event was 26 seconds flat. In the 100-yard breast stroke, Ralph Ruocco moved out fast, and breezed in ahead of the rest of the field. He was followed by Peets of Pingry, and Ries of Prep. The second hand stopped at 1:16. In the next event, the grueling 220, Len Waterman easily outclassed Pingry's two entries. He finished nearly a lap in the lead at a time of 2:37 seconds. The score at this point was, Prep-16

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## LOTTE LEHMAN AND LAURITZ MELCHIOR AT HOME TO "ARGO" REPORTER AT FIFTH RUTGERS CONCERT

Mme. Lotte Lehman, soprano, and Mr. Lauritz Melchior, tenor, were sitting in the dressing room. Mme. Lehman was before her dressing table, which was covered with pictures of her husband, and various throat medications, while Mr. Melchior was sitting on the sofa.

The Duchess of Rosenkavalier and Elizabeth of Tannhäuser are Mme. Lehman's favorite roles, Mr. Melchior's is Tannhäuser. He is the most famous living Tannhäuser. The above operas are the most familiar to American audiences.

According to Mme. Lehman this country has the largest collection of great concert and operatic artists ever assembled in one place at one time. In spare time and on holidays Mme.

Lehman chooses the material for her concerts. She said that it was not hard because there is such a large field to choose from, and so many different shades of music that she can always find something to please even the most critical audience.

When asked how long they practiced, Mme. Lehman and Mr. Melchior shuddered in horror, saying that practice would be exhausting and all practice was done during the actual performances.

Mr. Melchior said that the reason that he and Mme. Lehman were put together in this particular concert was ironical. "One usually hitches a wagon to a horse, not a flea" said Melchior. That is, their voices blend together. (Continued on Page 4)

## 1941 Baseball Schedule

April 29 Wardlaw-away  
May 10 Montclair-home  
May 14 Lawrenceville-away  
May 20 Newark-away  
May 23 Morristown-away  
May 27 Pingry-home  
May 31 Newman-home

## Golf Schedule

April 25 Hun-away  
April 30 Newman-away  
May 6 Linden-home  
May 12 Metuchen-away  
May 20 Scotch Plains-away  
May 26 Scotch Plains-home

## Prep Plans First Social Event of 1941

"Princetonians" Will Again Furnish Entertainment In School Gym

COMMITTEE PLANS FETE Boarders, Dates Will Eat At Traps and Spend Night In Alpha House

On Friday, March 14, Rutgers Prep will hold its first school dance of 1941. The affair is to be held in the school gymnasium, which will be decorated with the new maroon and white canopy which was purchased by the school last fall.

The Preps will once again be entertained by the soft music of Perce Arusten and his Princetonians. The Princetonians were selected because of their satisfactory performance at the Prep dance last fall. The dance is to commence at nine P. M. and will last until one. The tentative members of the dance committee are as follows: Pittath, Weidman, Leon, Bob and Joe Cramer, DeVoe, Potter, and Hale, with Meyers as chairman.

On the afternoon of the dance, the Alpha House will be turned over to the girls who will accompany boarding boys to the dance. These girls will be invited to supper at the Traps before attending the dance.

Those who have been invited to attend the dance as chaperones are as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. McClintock, Mr. and Mrs. Rudy, Mr. Matthews and Miss Lantz, Mrs. Andrews, and Mr. Holley.

Because of the small percentage of Prep boys that attended the first school dance last fall, the dress for this dance will not be formal as it was before.

The price of two dollars per bid will surely guarantee all comers a very enjoyable evening.

## OLD BOOK SALE

During the past month Mr. Stearns has collected a great many old textbooks which have been gathering dust around the school for a long time. These books have been sold to second-hand bookstores, and over twenty-five dollars has been received for them. This sum will be devoted to the purchase of new and useful books for the school reference library and for the English Department library.

Since over half of these books were old text books which had been left behind by boys in their desks and rooms, all boys are requested to bring the textbooks which they no longer want at the end of the year to Mr. Stearns, so that more money may be raised for the school library.

Although the Prep School has the use of the University Library, in order for the School to maintain its standing with the Secondary Education Board, it must keep a certain number of volumes on its own shelves.

## THE ARGO

Founded 1889

The official school paper of Rutgers Preparatory School, New Brunswick, N. J.  
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### NEWS DEPARTMENT

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<i>Managing Editor</i>	David P. French, 1942
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<i>Sports Editor</i>	Rex T. Miller, Henry C. Sexton, 1942
<i>Art Editor</i>	Richard P. Farkas, 1942
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#### Associates

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Leonard A. Waterman, 1942	

## WANTED, SCHOOL SPIRIT

We are nearing the last lap of our school year, both in studies and athletics. The time between now and June will pass very quickly, and before we know it, another term will be over. Have you shown yourself to be a true-blooded Rutgers Prep student by participating in school activities and supporting the various teams and the school paper? Is service to your school one of your ideals? Many of us do not realize that we come to Prep, not only to get an education, but also to become public-spirited men, who can do things and do them well, and to mold characters in such a way that we shall not look back upon our school life with regret. Only after school hours, do we really get acquainted with our teachers and classmates, and it is then and only then that we get the most good out of the school day.

The basketball season is over and now we must look ahead to baseball, golf, and crew. If you have not been supporting the various school activities in the past as you should, there is no reason why you should neglect them during the rest of the season; now is the time for you to buck up. More than ever before, we need your help. If you know a little about baseball, or have ever rowed in your life, or swung a golf club, get out when the time comes and try for the teams. You may not be able to make the first team but it will show your spirit, and if you are unable to participate in a sport, go out anyway and give the team the moral support which has been sadly lacking so far this year. Give them all the support you possibly can and show them that the school is behind the team.

Then *Ye Dial* needs your support. You must know that the work cannot be left to a few. The student body must meet us half way for a school yearbook; if run by a few, it cannot possibly be called a school yearbook. It needs material. The business, editorial, and sports departments are all open for many more candidates. Your efforts, no matter how small, will be appreciated, and you will increase your school spirit.

## ADVANTAGES OF ATTENDING A PRIVATE SCHOOL

We consider attending a private school as something to be taken for granted, and it is very infrequently that we stop to realize our advantages in so doing.

Perhaps the most important of these is that while the classes in public high school have anywhere from forty to seventy pupils apiece, our groups are never larger than twenty-five, and sometimes have a few as three or four. This gives the teacher a better chance to know each boy personally, and to give more careful consideration to the problems of each.

The masters in private schools, too, are for the most part of a higher and superior type to those found in public schools. They are generally better educated, and intend to go further yet in the way of getting degrees. For this reason they are both enthusiastic and interested in their work. Many of the teachers are leaders in extracurricular activities, and each has charge of a group of boys at the boarding school.

Exclusive of the masters, the boys themselves are usually of a higher class than those found in a regular high school, where a great many students attend only because the law compels them to until they have reached a certain age. There are many other reasons, but these are among the most important advantages of attending a private school.

## NEWS and VIEWS

by Sheldon Binn

When the Greek General Metaxas died, these embattled people lost an able leader. One of the amusing stories that is told about him goes like this: The General was piloting a sea-plane one day before the war and was absent-mindedly talking to the officer who was with him. He became so engrossed in the conversation that he started to bring the plane down at an airfield. The officer politely cautioned him, saying: "General, this is a sea-plane."

"Of course, what could I have been thinking of?"

He then, after setting the plane down in the water, turned to the officer and remarked:

"I shall not forget the tact with which you drew my attention to the blunder I was about to make."

Metaxas then turned, opened the door, and stepped into the bay.

The Aid-to-Britain Bill that was recently passed by the House of Representatives could be found on the agenda as H.R.1776. Perhaps this significant number again aligns itself with liberty. Our first one, as we all know, was our Declaration of Liberty against the British tyrants. This new one is a precautionary measure, issued as a powerful warning to the tyrant in Germany.

Snapping into action at an officer's command may have been a mistake on the part of Corporal Buster, the dog mascot of the 97th Observation Squadron at Fort Benning, Georgia.

The command "Squads right" was given by Major Reuben Kyle quite snappily. In fact, much too snappily to suit Corporal Buster. He snapped back. Now he may be demoted to a mere private. He tore the major's trousers.

Eddie McMahon still says he is not related to Douglas (Wrong Way) Corrigan, but the facts seem to prove he is. Eddie goes swimming off the coast of New Jersey to help his crippled leg heal. He went one day this year, became exhausted, and was picked up by a launch. He had no idea who the men were, but they left him off at Atlantic City, with clothes and a little money. He hailed a New York plated truck hoping to get home from there. He went to sleep, and when he awoke he was in Florida.

He still insists he's no relation. We have our doubts.

## THE BOOKWORM

### FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

by Ernest Hemingway

Scribner, New York, 1940

In this book Ernest Hemingway has shown clearly the horrors and savage brutality of a civil war—one in any country, although the action of his novel takes place in Spain. It shows how simple, kindly people can be changed into monsters of hate and brutality by fighting, and how their sensibilities became so dulled that killing another human being no longer gives them any compunctions. It makes the reader feel jubilant that he lives in a country that is as yet un-ravaged and unspoiled by war.

The hero is a young American named Robert Jordan who is in his early twenties. He was formerly a teacher in a small western college, but went to Spain and joined the rebel army as an engineer. He is instructed to go behind the enemy lines and, with the aid of a handful of Spanish men and women, to blow up a bridge which is vital to the great attack.

It is from among this group that the characters in the book are drawn. There is Pilar, the queen of the gypsies, a kind and sympathetic woman who practices palmistry. There is Pablo, her husband, who was brave, fearless, and intrepid at the start of the war.

## Dear Diary

Friday, Feb. 7:

Meyers, Bishop and Mederer on bounds for playing pinochle. Can't take gentle hint when told to stop by having 4 decks of cards taken away.

The basketball team beats Morris-town by 40 to 34. Hope for same against Newman.

Saturday, Feb. 8:

Meyers loses front tooth after the basketball game. Ask Bishop, he'll tell you how.

Monday, Feb. 10:

Once again the Delta House lights are out. Suman still worries about the pool table. Only slate where the table used to be.

Wednesday, Feb. 12:

Basketball team loses to Hun School while the swimmers beat Peddie.

Tuesday, Feb. 18:

Basketballers again lose but this time to Newark Academy. Swimmers lose to Plainfield.

False alarm! It was only Johnny Miller throwing the dinner bell at Dick Meyers in a fit of madness.

Wednesday, Feb. 19:

Tex Carroll has a bird that flies backwards to keep the sun out of its eyes. It also whistles and talks.

Thursday, Feb. 20:

J.V.'s lose to the Rams by 37 to 17.

Saturday, Feb. 22:

Just call him "Boomp-a-daisy" De Voe. He sort of liked her too.

Monday, Feb. 24:

Bob Knox sends his laundry and forgets the slip. Among the article were 1½ pajamas. Do the top and bottom take turns, Bob?

Tuesday, Feb. 25:

Mr. Simpson gets real playful and throws a glass at Bill Pfaff. Only three feet away and he missed him too.

Monday, March 3:

Jim Potter goes around in a daze and mumbling to himself. He didn't certify everything this month.

"Gabe" Haussner comes back to the "traps" after the weekend, only to find that he has the measles.

Tuesday, March 4:

Mr. Stearns comes into the house to preside over study hall and finds Jack Mather and Ed Kehl indulging in a strenuous game of cowboys and Indians.

Wednesday, March 5:

The Jayvees beat the Rams, 32-20, thus giving them their first defeat in nineteen straight games. Roly Leon turned.

He had been able to do and had done anything asked of him, but by the time we enter the tale he has degenerated into a drunken sot who can no longer be trusted or depended upon. The heroine is a beautiful young Spanish girl named Maria, who had been captured and cruelly mistreated by the *noy*. She had to watch soldiers shoot down her parents in cold blood. She finds her healing in her passionate love for Robert Jordan. There are a few others—Ramon, the gypsy, whose heart is in the right place but who is too much of a child to be given much responsibility, and Anselmo, an old man with a conscience.

Their living quarters are crude, they have insufficient horses, and it is bitter cold. Enemy planes roar overhead daily and make life generally uncomfortable. But they keep on steadily toward their purpose, that of blowing the bridge. While there is surprisingly little major action, there are innumerable minor incidents all through the course of the story. At one time they discover a group of their comrades who have been surrounded by the enemy and who are being wiped out, and they are powerless to be of any assistance. Their helpless fury is wonderfully described. Once Pablo runs off with the dynamite, but a fit

(Continued on Page 4)

## Swimmers Victorious As Jayvee Courtmen Win And Varsity Lose

### Prep's Natators Win Five Firsts To Defeat Hun

Waterman, Cramer, Ries, Rolfe,  
And Relayers Earn  
 $44\frac{1}{2}$ - $21\frac{1}{2}$  Victory

After being held throughout the first three events, Rutgers Prep's swimming team broke away to sweep the back stroke, 100-yard free style and fancy diving and crush an undermanned Hun School aggregation,  $44\frac{1}{2}$  to  $21\frac{1}{2}$ . A large crowd of partisans watched the Preppers annex their first win in three starts at the Rutgers University pool on February 7.

Hun got off to an early lead as Smith won the 50-yard dash, beating Manning and Miller of Prep, who finished in a dead heat for second place. The visitors increased their lead to a 10-8 count in the breast stroke.

Hun's domination ended, however, at this point and the tide turned in favor of the Preppers. Len Waterman tied the count at  $13\frac{1}{2}$ - $13\frac{1}{2}$ , as he outdistanced Halsey of Hun in the 220-yard free style. The teams split the third-place point because there were only two entrants. Prep moved into the lead as Cramer and Geipel took first and second in the back stroke. Ries and Waterman followed suit in the 100-yard dash, and Rolfe and Piffath assured victory by sweeping the diving and lifting the count to  $37\frac{1}{2}$  to  $16\frac{1}{2}$ .

Prep ended Prep's rule for a moment when their medley team of Halsey, Leip, and Smith defeated the Prep medley combine composed of Cramer, Ruocco and Piffath. The winners took the last event, the 200-yard relay, to make the final count  $44\frac{1}{2}$  to  $21\frac{1}{2}$ .

The highlights of the meet were of the performances of Smith and Leip of Hun; the times turned in by Waterman in the 220 and 100-yard free styles; and Rolfe's high score in the diving.

**Summary.**  
50-yard free style: First, Smith, (H.); second, Manning and Miller, (R.P.); dead heat: Time 25.5.  
100-yard breast stroke: First, Leip, (H.); second, Ries, (R.P.); third, Ruocco, (R.P.). Time: 1:07.

(Continued on Page 4)

### Hun School Five Downs Preppers

Prep's Varsity quintet went down to Princeton to play Hun School, and was defeated 50-27.

The boys were appalled by the size of the floor and the fast passing combination of Hun. The first quarter was slow, as both teams were feeling out the other. Score 10 to 5.

The next quarter, Prep, rallied by acting Capt Bill Howell and Moynihan's scoring, showed its fighting spirit by bringing up the score 22-16.

The second half was disastrous for Prep. Hun, led by Thornall with 29 points to his credit, ran up the score point after point. Prep could not keep up with Hun's ball playing and despite Moynihan's 15 points and the spirit of the boys, Hun won the game 50 to 27.

The lineups:

Rutgers Prep (27)	Hun (50)
G. F. Pts.	G. F. Pts.
Howell, f 1 1 3	Raphael, 0 0 0
Meyers, f 1 0 2	Powell, 1 0 2
Byrne, f 2 0 4	Coe, 1 0 2
Moynihan, c 6 3 15	Torres, 3 0 6
Hahn, g 0 1 3	Williams, 0 0 0
Potter, g 0 0 0	Sista, 0 0 0
Hackett, g 0 0 0	Thornall, 12 0 24
	Norton, 1 0 0
	Sutphin, 2 0 4
	Ecker, 4 0 8
	Dilks, 1 0 2
	Sawyer, 0 0 0
	Hudson, 1 0 2
Totals 11 5 27	Totals 25 0 50
Score by periods:	
Rutgers Prep 5 11 7 4-27	
Hun 10 12 12 16-50	

(Continued on Page 4)

### JAYVEES UNDERGO HEAVY SCHEDULE AS HACKETT, BISHOP, LEON PAGE ATTACKS

The Rutgers Prep Junior Varsity has been more successful than its bigger brothers this season, having won three out of four starts in their class, and winning one and losing four outside of their class.

The first game was played with the Colts at our Gym in which our Juniors defeated the New Brunswick boys 20-19 in a closely contested game. George Mederer scored the winning basket on a pass from Roland Leon.

Newark Academy was Prep's next victim. The score was close again, 24-22, and our boys had a hard time keeping ahead of the heavily favored Newarkers. John Hackett led the scoring in this game with five field goals to his credit.

Lawrenceville was the Jay-Vee's first nemesis. Playing against a bigger and more experienced team, Prep was defeated, 35-18. Bishop and Hackett starred in this game with seven and four points respectively.

Next came Newman, whom the Jay-Vees duly proceeded to trounce, 39-24. This game was remarkable for its excellent teamwork, and the fast breaking and passing offense which the ball put up. Newman was completely dazzled by these fast moving Preppers, and they were easily overcome.

The last game was with Newark Academy, who won the closely contested game, 19-17. Frank Liotta did the high scoring with seven points, followed by Sutphin with six.

Bob Nafey's passing and defensive playing proved a great help to the team.

### Asbury Park High Submerges Prep's Swimmers, 38-28

Able to capture only three firsts in eight events, Rutgers Prep's swimming team went down to its third defeat in five starts at the hands of the powerful Asbury Park High School natators, at the visitors' pool on February 24.

The Preppers gained an early one-point lead as Jack Miller captured the 50-yard dash. The shore team moved into the van for good in the breast stroke when Manger defeated Ralph Ruocco in the good time of 1:13. The victors had their lead shaved to a 14-13 margin by Len Waterman, who won the 220-yard free style by leading R. Brown and Irons across the finish line; however, Asbury Park regained their lost point in the following event, the back stroke, when Sutphin defeated Joe Cramer and Geipel of Prep.

The meet turned in favor of Asbury Park at this point, Wills winning the 100-yard free style. The home team increased their margin in the fancy diving; Joe Piffath of Prep finished third behind Norton and Eggerman of Asbury Park. The visitors clinched the meet in the medley as Prep's combine of Cramer, Ries, and Piffath lost to the tall Newark team. Nevertheless, near the end of this period, Newark had built up a seven point lead.

The second period was opened fast by Gleeson and Walker of the Newark quintet. With the aid of these two men the Academy team picked up the first six points of the second period and established the Newarkers in a lead of 23 to 10. The rest of the half was closely fought with the half time score being 28 to 13. Byrne paced the Preppers during this period with a final whistle had blown, the score was 40 to 34.

The lineups:

**Morristown S. (34) Rutgers Prep (40)**

G. F. Pts. G. F. Pts.

Howell, f 1 0 8

Meyers, f 1 3 0

Byrne, f 1 0 6

Leonard, c 6 1 13

Andrus, g 0 2 2

McMan, g 0 1 1

Whalen, g 2 0 4

Mederer, g 0 0 0

Totals 15 4 34 Totals 14 12 40

Score by Periods:

Morristown 11 8 8 7-34

Rutgers Prep 8 8 15 9-40

### Prep Cagers Win First Of Season Over Morristown

Rally in Second Half to Win, 40-34. Moynihan and Hahn Lead Prep

After a slow start the Rutgers Prep court forces rallied in the second half to win their first basketball game of the 1941 season against the Morristown School quintet. The Preppers were paced by Harv Moynihan and Matty Hahn and won a hard fight 40 to 34 on the George Street court.

The thing that really won for the Maroon and White was their versatility from the foul line which created their margin of victory. The Prep team netted twelve foul shots in all, seven of them by Moynihan who paced the Prep attack with 15 points and was ably assisted by Hahn who registered 11 counters. Leonard paced the losers with 13 points.

The Prep aggregation made a very slow start, dropping behind the fast Morristown team by the count of 9 to 2. After that with the combined forces of Moynihan and Hahn, the Maroon and White pulled up to within three points of the visitors, and at the end of the period, the score stood 11 to 8 in favor of Morristown.

Bill Howell opened the second quarter with a foul shot which tied the count, but then Morristown jumped back into the lead with a pair of baskets. The two teams then continued to match each other's tallies and the half ended with Morristown holding a slight edge in the score, 19 to 16.

Soon after the third quarter had opened, Moynihan netted two baskets, thus pushing the Maroon and White into a one point lead. Jim Potter and Dick Meyers then followed it up with another pair of baskets, and the Preppers were well on the way to victory. The rest of the third quarter was evenly fought and the count read 31 to 27, in favor of the Prep five at the end. During the last period Prep outplayed the visitors and increased their lead to six points, and when the final whistle had blown, the score was 40 to 34.

The lineups:

**Morristown S. (34) Rutgers Prep (40)**

G. F. Pts.	G. F. Pts.
Howell, f 1 0 8	Howell, f 1 1 3
Meyers, f 1 3 0	Meyers, f 1 3 5
Byrne, f 1 0 6	Moynihan, c 4 7 15
Leonard, c 6 1 13	Hackett, c 0 0 0
Andrus, g 0 2 2	Hahn, g 5 1 11
McMan, g 0 1 1	Potter, g 0 6 6
Whalen, g 2 0 4	Mederer, g 0 0 0

Totals 15 4 34 Totals 14 12 40

Score by Periods:

Morristown 11 8 8 7-34

Rutgers Prep 8 8 15 9-40

### Lawrenceville Team Downs Prep, 61-24

Lawrenceville defeated the Rutgers Prep basketball team by a score of 61 to 24. Despite the score, the game was full of spirit and fight on Prep's side. Harvey Moynihan led the Preppers with 12 points, closely followed by Matty Hahn with eight. Emry Larsen and Phil Miles starred for Lawrenceville, playing a beautiful defensive and offensive game. In the first quarter, the Preppers held the boys from Lawrenceville to a 15 to 7 score.

The lineups:

**Rutgers Prep (24) Lawrenceville (61)**

G. F. Pts.	G. F. Pts.
Meyers, f 1 0 2	Haaren, f 5 1 11
Hackett, f 0 0 0	Sutherland, f 0 1 1
Byrne, f 1 0 2	Wiley, f 4 4 11
Leonard, c 6 1 13	Davis, o 0 0 0
Andrus, g 4 4 12	Irvin, e 6 2 14
McMan, c 0 0 0	Shurtz, g 4 3 11
Whalen, g 0 0 0	McWilliams, 1 1 3
Hahn, g 4 0 8	Baker, g 2 3 7
	Hustard, g 1 1 3

Total 10 4 24 Total 23 15 61

Score by Periods:

Prep 7 8 6 3-24

Lawrenceville 15 16 16 14-61

(Continued on Page 4)

## Prepsters Lose To Carteret Academy

**Vanquished After Holding Deadlock With Foe In First Period**

Carteret Academy's fast moving basketball team registered a 40 to 26 victory over the Rutgers Prep courtiers in the George Street gymnasium on February 11.

The Prepsters held the Carteret boys to a 7 to 7 deadlock in the first period and at the end of the first half Carteret had pulled a slight lead of 11 to 10. From then on the visitors ran away with the Maroon and White rolling up 29 points in the second half as compared with 16 points for the home team.

Harvey Moynihan led the Prep team as he registered 16 points while Jimmy Dowd scored 20 points for the victorious Carteret quintet.

Carteret worked through the Prep defenses in the first period and ran up an early lead. After Moynihan had netted the first basket, Carteret ran up seven quick points which firmly established them in a lead of 7 to 2. After this, the play slowed up and the Prepsters slowly crept up with Moynihan netting two more baskets and one foul shot. Thus at the end of the first period, the two teams were deadlocked at 7 all.

The second quarter was very slow-moving with the combined score of the two teams amounting to only seven points. Dowd opened the period with a set up shot for Carteret and then Prep jumped to a one point lead with the aid of a foul shot by Harvey Moynihan and a long shot by Matty Hahn. The Maroon and White managed to hold onto this lead until a minute before the end of the half when Dowd put in another basket. This established Carteret in an 11 to 10 lead.

The third quarter was strictly Carteret's, when they scored seventeen points as compared with a meager two points for Prep. The fourth quarter was a closely fought affair with the Prepsters fighting the Carteret boys tooth and nail. Carteret picked up 12 points during this period while the Prepsters were registering 14 counters. Had it not been for the great difference in the score of the third quarter, the game would have been a good deal closer.

The lineups:

Carteret (40)		Rutgers Prep (26)			
G.	F.	G.	F.		
Burke, f	4	0	8 Howell, f	0	2
Dowd, f	7	6	Meyers, f	0	0
Wishner, c	5	0	10 Moynihan, c	7	2 16
Lewis, g	0	0	Hahn, g	2	0 4
Hill, g	0	0	Potter, g	1	0 2
Sarge, g	0	0	Opposite, f	0	0 2
McMinn, g	1	0	Byrne, f	0	2 2
Heyward, g	0	0	Hackett, f	0	0 0
Totals	17	6	40 Totals	11	4 26

Score by periods:

Rutgers Prep	7	3	2	14-26
Carteret	7	4	17	12-40

### HUN SWIMMING MEET

(Continued from Page 3)

220-yard free style: First, Waterman, (R.P.); second, Halsey, (H.). Time: 2:31.2.

100-yard back stroke: First, Cramer, (R.P.); second, Geipel, (R.P.); third, Albaugh, (H.). Time: 1:16.4.

100-yard free style: First, Ries, (R.P.); second, Waterman, (R.P.); third, Miller, (H.). Time: 1:09.

Fancy Diving: First, Rolfe, (R.P.); second, Piffath, (R.P.); third, O'Neill, (H.). Winner's points, 62.5.

150-yard Medley: Won by Halsey, Leip, Smith, (H.). Time: 1:24.8.

200-yard Relay: Won by Miller, Piffath, Geipel, Pfaff, (R.P.).

### YE DIAL PLANS

(Continued from Page 1)

Suman, Hale, Hackett, Gross, and Leon. The Business Board will consist of the following: Manning, Howell, Kaufman, Bretzfield, Miller, Moreng, Kellar, Joe and Bob Cramer, Everett, Hale, Meyers, Potter, Lamberston, and De Voe.

All necessary pictures have been taken for *Ye Dial* with the exception of those to do with activities taking place this spring. No additional charge will be made for *Ye Dial*, since the cost will be taken from the publication fees paid by the students last fall.

### THE BOOKWORM

(Continued from Page 2)

of remorse brings him back before the big offensive.

The climax of the book is the blowing of the bridge. When the battle begins, Jordan has Pilar take the girl away, and he, with the aid of the other men dynamite the bridge. He is mortally wounded during the fray, but, just before dying, sees the enemy troops marching up over the brow of the hill and just as the book ends we find that he is about to shoot at them with a machine gun.

Robert Jordan knew he was fighting for a lost cause. The discipline was inefficient, the army mismanaged, and the leaders lazy and inefficient. And this fact shows up the book's major defect. Jordan's nobleness and heroism in fighting for an ideal rather than for something more material is little stressed, and leaves the reader asking himself why Jordan didn't go back to America instead of staying to be shot.

### NEWARK ACADEMY GAME

(Continued from Page 3)

points. The game was played on the George Street court.

The lineups:

#### Newark Acad. (50) Rutgers Prep (21)

	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Gleeson, f	8	1	17	Farkas, f	0	1	1
Morgan, f	0	0	0	Meyers, f	0	1	1
Haskins, f	1	0	2	Howell, f	0	1	1
Carmill, f	4	0	8	Bishop, f	1	1	3
Pfaff, f	3	0	4	Opposite, f	2	7	9
Walker, c	1	1	7	Mederer, f	0	0	0
Allen, c	1	0	2	Byrne, g	3	0	6
Gilla, g	4	1	9	Hahn, g	0	3	3
Castriello, f	0	1	1	Jackett, g	0	0	0
				Potter, g	0	0	0
Totals	23	4	50	Totals	6	9	21
Score by periods:							
Newark Acad.	17	11	16	6-50			
Rutgers Prep	10	3	4	4-21			

John Bishop, '40, has passed his mid-year exams with honors, finishing thirteenth in the Freshman Class at Cornell. Johnny was exempted from taking exams in Calculus, since he had an average of ninety for the first term.

Follow the Crowd to . . .

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### PINGRY SWIMMING MEET

(Continued from Page 1)

and Pingry-HI.

The 100-yard back stroke was the next scheduled event and Joe Cramer took it going away in 1.16 seconds. Harry Rolfe swimming the back stroke, for the first time this season in competition, made a very fine showing of himself. In the 100-yard freestyle, Heuston of Pingry took first in 1.01. Clark Manning, who was right behind him, came in second, followed by his fellow teammate, Stan Geipel.

A tabulation at this point showed the score to be in the Prepmen's favor, 25-20. As the Pingry team does not have a diving squad, our two divers, Joe Piffath and Harry Rolfe, were left inactive.

In the next event, Coach Holley saw a chance to mathematically clinch the meet, and so he put Jack Miller in the medley race. With the three swimmers all previously having taken firsts, the Prep men continued their fine form and won going away.

Joe Cramer and Ralph Ruocco swam the back and breast stroke legs respectively. Jack Miller swam anchor and when he touched the clock showed 1:31, a fast time. These five additional points gave the meet to Prep although there still remained another event, the 200-yard freestyle.

The Pingry team of Stoub, Mayhem,

Holms, and Heuston won this in a comparatively slow 1:52.

The Prepmen in this event were: Manning, Pfaff, Ries, and Piffath.

The final score was Prep 30-Pingry 27.

Summary:

50-yard freestyle: Miller, (R.P.), first; Holms, (P.), second; Stoub, (P.), third. Time: .26.

100-yard breast stroke: Ruocco, (R.P.), first; Peets, (P.), second; Ries, (R.P.), third. Time: 1:46.

220-yard freestyle: Waterman, (R.P.), first; Heilner, (P.), second; Reed, (P.), third. Time: 2:37.

100-yard backstroke: Cramer, (R.P.), first; Mayhem, (P.), second; Woodruff, (P.), third. Time: 1:16.

100-yard freestyle: Heuston, (P.), first; Manning, (R.P.), second; Geipel, (R.P.), third. Time: 1:01.

150-yard medley: Won by Cramer, Ruocco, and Miller, (R.P.). Time, 1:31.

200-yard freestyle relay: Won by Stoub, Mayhem, Holms, and Heuston, (P.). Time: 1:52.

### LEHMAN AND MELCHIOR

(Continued from Page 1)

and they both sing in the same style.

Both artists sing in several languages. Mr. Melchior sang in Danish, German and English very fluently; and Mme. Lehman sang in German and English.

Exciting does not accurately describe Mme. Lehman's life as it has been one whole "high-light." She was forced to leave her native land, Austria, after the Nazis took over. They murdered her husband and seized all their property. She wears medals from many European rulers.

This night Mme. Lehman had a strikingly large zircon around her neck on a silver chain. Mr. Melchior wore a huge bronze disc close to his collar on which was the impression of the king of Denmark's bust.

Mr. Melchior began the concert on the night of February 14 with the selection "Med en Vandlade" by Edward Grieg. He sang several other pieces after which there was much applause. Mme. Lehman was next on the program; her first piece was "Stancheen, or Serrade," by Franz Schubert.

Next was a duet by both artists, which was from the pen of Robert Schumann. The first score, "Familienmaden," portrays the picture of old age, grandparents in their winter years.

In the last part of the concert Mme. Lehman and Mr. Melchior again sang a duet. It was Richard Wagner's "Spring Song," and "Love Duet" from the first act of *Die Walkure*.

Mr. Lauritz Melchior was somewhat weak on the first few pieces. It seemed as if he were testing the acoustics of the auditorium. Mme. Lehman's voice was up to par, and her German was very intelligible.

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## Literary Supplement

VOL. I, No. 1.

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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### The U. S. S. Rex Goes South

FRED LAMBERT

**T**HE U.S.S. *Rex* rose and fell with the waves in Boston Harbor. It was almost sundown, and the water about the ship reflected the bright orange of the setting sun. The sun shone through the sails, and every seam and patch was visible. The *Rex* had three masts and carried thirty-six guns. She was light and fast, used as an interceptor and messenger. Now she was being cleaned and repaired for further duty.

The captain of the *Rex* was a man of about two score years and five, who had worked himself up from an ordinary deck-hand to his present position. He was of forceful character and very popular with his men.

Early one Saturday morning in mid-August, Captain Brooke received orders to sail at once for Talcahuano, Chile. Chile was in the throes of a revolution, and the American government was fearful of its citizens' safety. The crew was rounded up from shore leave and told to prepare to sail.

At daybreak the next Monday morning, as the mist was just lifting from the water, Captain Brooke was rowed to his ship. The water was calm, and the only sound to be heard was the creaking of the oars in the oarlocks as the boat moved forward and the lonely crowing of a cock somewhere in the maze of streets that is Boston. The crew were waiting on the deck to receive orders as the captain climbed aboard. After the captain had read the orders, the crew gave three cheers and hastened to their duties. The ship was a beehive of activity as the men scrambled about the deck and up the rigging, preparing for departure.

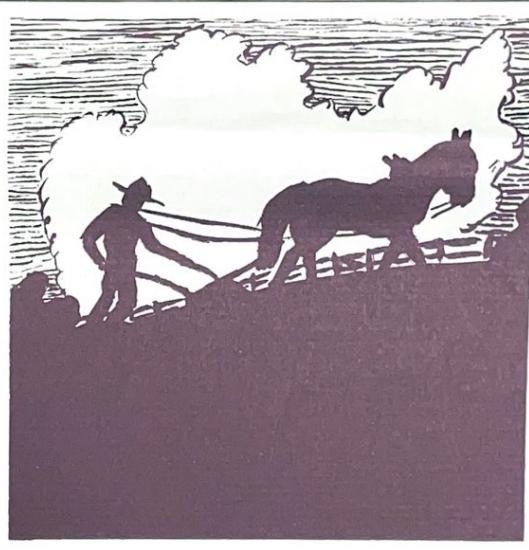
After they left the home port, they sailed out towards Cuba, set like a green gem in a vast, deep-blue mounting. Passing Cuba, they cruised down the South

American coast, stopping at various ports for food and water. Then suddenly the temperature dropped. It became crisp and cold; the wind became stronger, and the waves proportionately higher. The ship cut through the waves, spreading them asunder, cutting a mighty furrow in the sea. The water foamed and splashed about the bow as the boat reared and plunged into the waves. Behind the boat this furrow closed, and the water was a boiling mass of whirlpools, hissing its anger in a ceaseless murmur. The cold was ever increasing and the compass showed the ship to be well below the equator.

The waves became crested with foam and the cold became worse. The *Rex* had almost reached the end of her southward journey, the Straits of Magellan. In a few days they entered the straits. The water was so rough that the waves broke over the ship's deck, and the foam flew through the air as it was blown off the tops of the waves by the strong wind. The deck was drenched with water and so slippery that the men could hardly walk on it. Rearing high on one wave, the boat suddenly dropped into a seemingly bottomless chasm, only to meet the water with a mighty slap and splash that sent spray high into the air. The water was cold and stung the face and hands into numbness as it flew across the deck with terrible force. The cliffs on either side raised their heads high above the waves and even the tops of the masts. The cliffs and the darkness of the storm cast a blanket of obscurity over the ship. Pelted with rain and hidden by the darkness, blindly the ship rocked and rolled, reared and plunged, like a frightened horse. But the captain and his crew kept the ship under control, and finally the storm abated and they passed into the Pacific Ocean in the full but misty light of day.

Their journey to Talcahuano was quiet, and the men were relieved after the grueling storm in the straits. They entered the harbor at Talcahuano and found an unusual number of navy vessels there. Evidently the revolution had found its way

(Continued on Page 4)



### Pickett's Charge

JOSEPH CRAMER

**O**N that memorable July day, as I viewed the battle from a near-by hill, I fully realized the horribleness of war. Under the broiling sun, the North and South were battling like wild animals only because they had been instructed to, not because they hated each other. These soldiers, like murderers, were killing their own countrymen just because they did not agree on the subject of slavery.

The soldiers looked very colorful in their blue and grey uniforms, carrying the flags of the Union and the Confederacy. I could see on their faces the grim determination to kill, and although they were practically exhausted and suffocating from the heat, they continued to fight. It was almost unbearable to see a soldier gleefully drive a bayonet into the guts of his enemy, and then twist it around inside of him, while the poor wretch on the ground was screaming at the top of his lungs with the excruciating pain. But there seemed to be another contest on that field, the blood-curdling screams of the wounded soldiers and the explosions of cannon, sending missiles off to make the field a sea of blood. Each seemed to be trying to make the louder noise.

Dead men were lying all over the battle-field, their eyes open but seeing nothing, and blood was flowing freely from their wounds. Another horrible sight was to see twenty-five soldiers making a charge dropped in their tracks, when three cannons were discharged right into their faces. Some of their heads were blown completely off, bloody human limbs flew all over the place, and brains dripped out of the skulls of creatures which were once human beings. The sight of many once beautiful horses, now kicking helplessly on the ground and trying to get on their feet, was pitiful. I could see and actually

(Continued on Page 2)

### A Room of One's Own

HARRY HALE

**A**SANCTUARY, dim in the afternoon, the sun like the pencilled beam of a distant beacon streaming faintly through the west window—that is a room. A spot of peace and solitude in a world of hurry and disorder. Walls of knowledge, the bookshelves, lend an air of learning and travel to the castle where thoughts prevail. The fireplace in the east end throws its rays after the sun has settled into sleep. A curious carved chest from the Orient rests upon an imposing chest of drawers, the handiwork of a pioneer cabinet maker, long in slumber. A Chippendale table faces a four-poster bed of tooled and turned mahogany. The evenly spaced narrow oaken floor boards are covered by a thick wine-colored carpet. On the walls, pictures of ships, frigates, barks and sloops fill the narrow spaces between the panelled wainscoting and the ceiling. Heavy green hangings muffle the din from the streets.

In this room, a congress of workmanship should be gathered to express one's own personality and opinions. After long days of other person's influence and control, it is a relief to return to this irregular square, filled with objects of wood, metal and stone which through generations of life have become things of beauty and use: to return to one's normal self, at ease in this immediate world which has been created about its occupant. In this retreat, there is a chance to meditate, sulk, or brood; shout, sing, or celebrate. Moods are retained in the chamber, as heat is in a stove, even when one has left it.

A room is what you choose to make of it. It reflects your character, life and opinions. It can be a heaven or a hell, depending upon you. To many people it is but a place in which to sleep and study, with no voice of its own. To me, it is a haven which welcomes me home.

## Edmund Spenser's *Prothalamion*

DAVID BEARDSLEE

**P**ROTHALAMION, the marriage hymn which Spenser wrote for the wedding of Katherine and Elizabeth Somerset, is remarkable not only for its beauty, but also because it shows in its short compass of ten stanzas, so many of the poet's characteristics. Here one of the greatest poets of England seems to have lavished all his art in honor of the two young ladies.

The first quality of Spenser which is shown in *Prothalamion* in his great love of beauty. So great in this that he first opens the poem with four lines describing the beauty of the day and the beauty of the soft winds which cool the earth. Then he goes on with a few lines describing his disconsolate condition as a contrast. This contrast makes each part stand out. The next part describes the banks of the Thames all covered with flowers. Then in the next stanza he tells of some lovely water nymphs, and always he writes so that the reader cannot help realizing that he loves beauty. But then he really lets himself go in describing the flowers which the nymphs are picking. Each kind of flower is separately, beautifully and tenderly described. If anyone should doubt this, let him observe the words that Spenser uses:

"... the violet pallid blew,  
The little dazie that at evening closes."

Who can fail to appreciate the beauty of the violet or to feel Spenser's tenderness in describing the "little dazie."

In the following stanza he tells of two white swans. He devotes this entire stanza and the next almost entirely to the description of the beauty of these swans. The way in which they are pictured reveals that he almost loves them; indeed, he loves all beautiful things and tries to convey to us that appreciation. So it is through the whole poem. Everything he mentions is spoken of as beautiful, lovely, and fine. Spenser sincerely feels with Keats, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and to Spenser everything is beautiful.

The second characteristic which is shown is his great subjectivity. He loves idealistic descriptions and imaginary imagery. Contrast him, for example, with Chaucer, who says of his Clerk of Oxenford, "as lene was his hors as is a rake." This is definite, concrete imagery. Everyone has seen a rake and knows what it looks like. But Spenser says of the swans that are so lovely:

"... To be that same payre  
Which through the sky draw Venus silver teeme."

No one ever saw "Venus silver teeme" being drawn through the sky; hence the imagery is quite a different sort from the concrete imagery of Chaucer. But Spenser's imaginary imagery is no less vivid. It conveys just as clear an image of the swans' extreme white color as Chaucer does of the thinness of the horse, but it is an image of a different type. The words about "Venus", "Silver Teeme", "draw through the sky", suggest the images rather than, as do Chaucer's, give pictures.

Since the images are not exact, they stimulate the imagination, and all people like to believe that the real world is like their ideal world. Therefore there are in the poem realizations of beauty which otherwise would not have been known to exist. If we should walk along the bank of the Thames river and see flowers, or, perhaps a pair of swans, they would not seem, perhaps, so perfect as Spenser's swans, but we would realize their beauty more than otherwise for having read of the perfect ones.

When the swans reach London, Lord Essex comes along to meet them, leading out all his huge household in a wedding procession like the evening star leading out all the other stars, and Essex seems brightest because, like the evening star, he is first. Then Spenser continues this heavenly image by speaking of the two bridegrooms who are going to marry the swans (who represent the two ladies) as the twin stars, Castor and Pollux.

A third notable characteristic of Spenser's *Prothalamion* is its melody. The whole of *Prothalamion* runs smoothly and evenly, and there are no sudden breaks, no jumps, no bumpiness. One feels the smooth flowing quality of the verse. The words seem to fit right into place, and every syllable fits smoothly into the final production.

Then, too, this meter fits the action flawlessly. For example the expressions "gliding swans" or "flowing river," as well as being in perfect meter, harmonize with the scenes which they describe. The smoothness of the expressions helps to give the atmosphere of the scene which Spenser is picturing. Or take another example, namely, "Sweete breathing Zephyrus." This smooth but slow expression is in exactly the same tempo as the soft wind slowly moving the air.

Another aspect of the melodiousness of the poem is that Spenser chooses his words for their sounds. By way of example, in "silver streaming Themmes" the repetition of the "s" and the particular tones of the vowels involved give the impression of the river sliding along. Or, when he speaks of the swans and says, "silken" feathers. There is something of the smoothness and the dazzling white surface of the plumage suggested in the sound of the words. Especially he chooses his words with deep resonant vowels. For instance, "Whose dreadful name late through all Spaine did thunder." The sonorous quality of the vowels in "dreadful" and "thunder", the deep rumbling intonations give an excellent impression of Essex's name, feared by the conquered Spaniards, as if it were up in the sky, muttering, ready to strike.

In spite of its high and lofty tone, *Prothalamion* is a very human poem, for Spenser does not hesitate to include his personal feelings. In the first verse he speaks of his failure to get along at court. Then later on he tells of his kindly feeling in London, his "most kindly nurse." He says that he was born in London but that he came from a famous family, a gentle rebuke to the courtiers who scorned him. Finally later in the same stanza, he speaks of his want since his kind patron died, and this again is a gentle hint to the nobility.

## The Fate Machine

ROBERT LAMBERTON

**J**OHN LEYDEN was a very rich and fat business man. He had a large, square jaw and large steely gray eyes. His hair was a shiny silvery-grey, from which lamplight seemed to be continually leaping. His wits were sharp, or else he would not have been in the good position he now was, and he never missed an opportunity for gain. His ways for conducting business were not very scrupulous, but he did not bother himself with trifles such as that. He appeared almost to radiate evil; he even stooped to black-mailing, which to him was just another way to acquire wealth. At the present he was very industriously black-mailing Bertrand O'Moore.

O'Moore was a hard-working Irish electro-scientist. He was blond with very bright eyes, but his sober face seemed to belie the lightness of the depths in his eyes. He would work in his laboratory for months, but then he would go out on a bender. It was on one of those benders that Leyden had put his hooks into O'Moore, and now every new invention that he made he had to hand over to Leyden, who would take the credit for the invention and, incidentally, the money that went with it.

O'Moore had recently finished a new invention with which he claimed that he could see how a person would live the rest of his life, and when he would die. He had called Leyden into his laboratory to tell him about it, and when Leyden arrived, he had offered a free demonstration. Leyden agreed and soon O'Moore had the rest of Leyden's life on a thin wire tape. He seemed very jubilant and this irritated Leyden and caused him to become slightly apprehensive. This tape said that John Leyden would go home from his office in a taxi, buy the evening paper, go up to his richly furnished apartment, look at the paper, and fall over dead.

Leyden tried to bluster down his fear, but it finally broke through, and he begged O'Moore to save his life. He offered to pay O'Moore the money acquired from his previous inventions and give him the evidence against himself. The offer excited the interest of O'Moore, both as a man and as a scientist, as a man, to be free from the clutches of the black-mailer and as the scientist, to see whether he could forestall fate, a thing which no one had ever done before. It was finally agreed that Leyden should mail a check and the evidence from his office and then go home, where O'Moore would meet him with some of his equipment.

At the office some of Leyden's usual courage and craftiness returned to him. He decided that instead of mailing the letter that contained the evidence he would put it in his safe; if he lived, he would still have the evidence, but if he died, the letter would be sent to O'Moore. He decided not to do anything that his "life line" said that he would do, but without thinking, and from habit, he walked out of the building, bought his evening paper, and hailed a cab.

At his home he decided not to look at the paper which he had carelessly thrown on the table; that would fool the "fate machine." O'Moore should have been at his apartment, waiting for him with his instruments with which to ward off death, but since O'Moore was not there, Leyden paced the floor. Perhaps he should have sent that money to the poor O'Moore, he thought. It was growing close to the hour set for his death—seven-thirty—and O'Moore still was not there. Where was he? What was keeping him?

As he paced, determined not to look at the paper, it kept catching his eye and seemed to be trying to tell him something that was printed there. Unconsciously and against his will, he read the lines, but their meaning did not immediately sink in. Suddenly he knew what was in the paper. He tore across the room and grabbed the paper. What he read seemed to cause him to choke and have kind of an apoplectic fit. He staggered a minute, then fell to the floor stone dead.

In his outstretched hand was found the paper, in which an innocent, little article stated that one Bertrand O'Moore had been arrested because of his failure to pay for some of his equipment. It also stated that when O'Moore was picked up, he apparently had been yelling something incoherent about his equipment meaning life or death to someone.

## THE BELLS

HAROLD KORSHIN

*Bells for this, and bells for that  
Is all we boarders hear,  
And masters telling us what to do  
With a very vituperative sneer.*

*A bell to wake us, a bell to eat,  
There's even a bell to put us to sleep;  
How every boy in the halls who dwells  
Just loves them all, those gosh darn bells!*

## PICKETT'S CHARGE

(Continued from Page 1)

feel the agony and suffering on the faces of the wounded soldiers and smell the sickening odor of blood.

That battlefield was a scene of destruction. Men and horses were lying dead over the entire field, and the once beautiful countryside was blasted with shellfire. In the background more men could be seen, coming to battle, and to their deaths. But disregarding the battle, the day was one of rare beauty. The sky was a pale blue, with clouds floating around like white lilies in a blue pond. The hilly country was as green as a shamrock. If the dispute between the North and the South could have been settled peacefully, the site of Gettysburg would have never been disturbed.

## On the Road to Port au Prince

ROLAND LEON

**W**HEN the moon came up that night, it made visible two lonely figures walking along the road to Port au Prince. The night was warm, and had an air of foreboding. The trees and boulders cast weird shadows as the moon climbed. As they moved into an opening, the figures became more distinct. One was tall and well built, the other was a man of small stature.

"Drums, drums, that is all I have been hearing for the last hour. It is making me nervous. What do they signify anyway?" asked the tall man.

"Oh, that is a common occurrence here, mon ami," replied the shorter. He apparently was a Frenchman, because of the *mon ami* in his speech.

"But what do they signify, Francois?" asked the tall man again.

"Why, it is the drums calling the natives to join in a secret meeting, the Voodoo meeting."

"What does Voodoo mean, Francois?"

"Well, mon ami, I do not know, but it has something to do with black magic. It has very great powers, and it is very spectacular to see the natives go through its rituals."

"Black magic, ha, do not make me laugh, Francois. There is no such thing," replied Tom in a sarcastic voice.

"I have seen its powers of destruction, Tom, and I believe in Voodoo's power."

"Oh well, you Frenchmen are all superstitious, believing what these half savages tell you. Why, if you told a story like that in America, you would be laughed at."

"I would not be so boastful, mon ami," replied Francois. "Several persons whom I knew were killed by Voodoo."

"Very interesting, very interesting Francois. Tell me about this killing power of Voodoo."

"What for? You would not believe it anyway, so why waste my energy just to hear you laugh. Let us walk faster and reach Port au Prince before dawn."

They kept on walking silently, with the sound of the drums ringing in their ears, while the moon climbed higher and the shadows grew shorter. Now and then faint cries would reach their ears, cries of the dancing natives going through

## Riding in a Subway

SHELDON BINN

**I**f you should ever be forced, by circumstances, to have to ride on a subway, you should be acquainted with its idiosyncrasies, and so be able to cope with them properly. I shall create an average novice subway rider, put him on a subway, and show you what he does right and wrong.

The first step that he must take is to insert his nickel in the coin receptacle on the turnstile. This enables him to pass through to the trains. Elmer, our average novice, did this, but took with him an armful of packages, and so was halfway through the turnstile when he found out that he didn't fit. People behind him, anxious to get home after a hard day's work, yell to him to move ahead. However, the natural impulse being to retreat, he does, and so loses a nickel and does a good job of holding up traffic. He reaches down into his pocket to find another nickel and fidgets annoyingly until he gets it, whereupon he clumsily drops it. He bends down to pick it up and drops his packages. If it had not been for a friendly Boy Scout, Elmer would have been killed in the subsequent stampede for the turnstile.

Elmer now gets several words of encouragement from the Boy Scout, and ventures forth again. This time he makes it, minus the packages which he has lost in the stampede, and finally emerges on the station platform.

It is five o'clock and the rush hour, and Elmer ought to be careful, but no, he is day-dreaming of that stew that his mother is going to have for supper. Twice he is almost pushed on the tracks, but an observant policeman saves him. These two close calls do not shake Elmer, and he continues to dream. Absentmindedly he steps on the wrong train and does not realize his blunder until he is in Canarsie. Elmer gets off the train and retraces his steps to his starting point. This time Mr. E. is awake, and he starts to get on his train.

Now, the beginning and the end of a train are always the more crowded sections, because people save a block of walking if they are at the end or the beginning, as the case may be. At the large terminals only station guards who weigh over two hundred pounds are posted at the beginning and end. Well, Elmer gets in at the end, but only halfway. He is half in and half out, the doors can't close, and the whole subway system is being held up by Elmer. The guard must act quickly, so he steps back, gets into a crouch like that of a football linesman, and plows into Elmer, hitting him in the small of the back. As Elmer is hit, he goes halfway across the car, the car bulges at the

their weird customs.

Tom resumed the conversation again.

"If I promise not to laugh at your story, will you tell it to me?"

"Yes I will. It would be quite a story to tell when you are back in New York, mon ami."

"It is like this; There was once a German living in Port au Prince, who cheated the natives and made a pile for himself, Von Breucken was his name."

"Oh, yes I have heard of him, Francois. His house is the big white one on the hill in Port au Prince, is it not?"

"Yes, mon ami, you are quite right. Well this Von Breucken was suspected of having killed a policeman, but it could not be proved. The brother of this policeman went to his home village, back in the mountains. There he had the whole village come to a Voodoo meeting to avenge his brother. A mud figure was made to represent Von Breucken, and in the night the rituals of Voodooism began. The whole village started dancing and wailing, and at the crucial moment, the dead policeman's brother stabbed the mud figure."

"But why, what good would that do, Francois?"

"You see Tom, that is the power of Voodooism, because the next day, Von Breucken was found dead. There have been many such cases since I have been here. Voodooism has many other powers besides that of killing."

"I cannot believe it, Francois. How can a man be killed that way. It is impossible."

"Yet it is true, Tom. I myself on many occasions have witnessed these weird Voodoo meetings."

"I will not argue about the truth in your story, Francois, but it is hard to believe."

"Listen Tom, the drums, their volume is increasing. It is the climax of the dance. I wonder what they are up to, those black devils," said Francois.

"I cannot believe it, it is impossible," Tom was repeating to himself.

To Tom's thinking, the story which he had just heard seemed like a tale from the Dark Ages with its witchcraft and mysteries. His sophisticated mind, accustomed to the practical side of life, could not fathom the ancient African rites of these weird black men, so that in his mind belief and doubt were at odds.

The rest of the journey was made in silence. And as the moon was going down, and the shadows were getting longer, two figures reached Port au Prince. One was still muttering, "it is impossible; it cannot be done."

sides, and the doors slam shut, Elmer bouncing back at the door. He hits the door with such an impact that he breaks three ribs.

Elmer, at this moment did something that is the last thing he should have done. He breathed. Not inhaled mind you, as that is impossible, but exhaled. When he exhaled and tried to inhale, he found that it was impossible because of the strong pressure on his already weak chest. By the time the train reached the next station he had lapsed into unconsciousness from lack of air. If it had not been for a Sea Scout, well trained in the art of artificial respiration, he would have died.

Elmer now re-enters the train in the middle, having learned his lesson, and finds there are no seats, so he grabs a strap and takes out his newspaper. He shouldn't have done that. The man next to him asks politely:

"Please turn to the sports section, buddy, I'd like to find out what the Yanks did."

"Here, take it, I never read the sports section."

"Say there fellas', you mind if I peek at the financial page, I'd like to see what A. T. & T. did."

"Sure thing, I never bother with it, I haven't enough money to invest in that racket."

"Let me glance at the first page; I'm anxious to see the weather report."

To make a long story short, Elmer reads Advice to the Lovelorn and the Society page the rest of the way home. It's not the three cents, it's the principle of the thing.

Elmer finally spots a seat and beats a lady to it by a fraction of a second. Because of this supposed rudeness she twice accidentally on purpose kicks him in the shins when the train jolts. Now my little piece of advice after this episode is not to sit down when a lady dives at a seat. Let her have it; she will win in the long run. I know you will say that a lady can stand as well as you—after all they say that men are no longer the stronger sex—but they will win in the end. Let them have the seat.

Well, our pal Elmer finally arrives home, a ruined man. He has in this short time lost all his packages, broken three ribs, ruined his lungs for life, received shin injuries, lost contact with world events by losing his paper, and now has come home late and missed the stew.

Now that we have seen what Elmer has done wrong we can formulate a plan of do's and don'ts. Always carry nickels in an available place; get on at

(Continued on Page 4)

## THE FIRE AT THE SHELTER

A Modern Ballad

DAVID FRENCH

*There were beggars and burglars, con-men and crooks,  
All shivering in the park;  
Up came a Salvation Army man,  
Promising shelter from dark.*

*But when these poor derelicts entered the shelter,  
Planning to spend the night,  
The place burned hot as a coal-town smelter,  
O, 'twas a terrible sight!*

*As the flames grew fiercer the panic increased,  
It spread like chaff in the wind;  
It killed ten men ere the chaos had finished,  
And hurt many more of their kin.*

*Now they'll bury them all in one common grave,  
Forgotten by all the land,  
And all through him who would them save,  
And lend a helping hand!*

## For Sale

DONAL DORNE

**I**T was surely a good trade, but our country friend wasn't willing to take unfair advantage of any city slicker. Jode offered to throw in his '32 Ford in addition to his small farm—just to even up his side of the bargain. After all, since Jode was going to retire to New York and be a big business man, he would have no further use for either his farm or his auto.

The transaction was to take place this morning—and in secrecy. Yes, the city fellow insisted that Jode couldn't get the real benefits out of the deal if any information regarding it were to be let out. The arrangements were very simple. Jode, after turning over the deed and the auto to the city man would go over and take control of his new business. As soon as the deal was closed, the city man very unexpectedly was called out of town on some important business.

The day after Jode had bought his new business, he was, to his amazement, escorted to a nearby police station.

"What's the charge?" asked the captain.

The officer replied, "Damaging Government property, sir; we caught him painting the name 'Jode' over the entrance to the Holland Tunnel, sir."

## RIDING IN A SUBWAY

(Continued from Page 3)

the middle of the train, have a Boy Scout, Sea Scout, and policeman on hand, a pulmotor, and a first-aid kit. Among the don'ts we find: don't try to get through a turnstile with a lot of packages; don't bend down to pick up lost articles; don't day-dream; don't breathe, read a newspaper or sit down; and above all don't get on at the end of the train.

My best advice to you is to walk, take a taxi, hire a horse, bus, or bicycle, or just sit at home and live on your income. If you must ride the subway, try to obey the above axioms; make sure that you are in the best physical health; and be sure to carry sufficient identification. Your family might want your body. Families are that way you know.

## THE U.S.S. REX GOES SOUTH

(Continued from Page 1)

here. This was true: the Loyalists were making a last stand in this small town on the coast of Chile. The more or less tyrannical rule of the government which had oppressed the common people for some time had at last come to its fate.

Entering the harbor, the *Rex* was challenged by a vessel of the Loyalist fleet, the *San Salvador*.

"Ahoy, *Rex*, surrender immediately or we'll fire on you!" cried the mate of the *San Salvador*.

"This is an American ship. You can't fire on us."

"That makes no difference, you may be carrying contraband."

"The fool," cursed Captain Brooke, "we're Americans and we have our rights. We won't surrender."

"You were warned, *Rex*, suffer the consequences."

"Sound battle stations," was Captain Brooke's uncompromising answer.

The drums rolled and the decks were cleared for action. The bare feet of the crew pattered on the deck as they loaded the cannons and opened the cannon ports. One by one the gunners signaled that they were ready.

Slowly the two boats maneuvered for position. Now they were headed towards the sea about one and one quarter miles apart. Their courses ran parallel, but Captain Brooke changed his course so that he would cross the *San Salvador*'s path right behind it and take a broadside with his heaviest cannon.

The day was bright and clear when the cannonade began. The *San Salvador* was the first to fire; a solid ball ripped through the rail of the poop deck. Then, as the *Rex* swung down on a swell, Captain Brooke ordered his men to fire. Solid ball and grape shot tore through the cannon ports and left gaping holes in the side of the *San Salvador*.

The crews reloaded and fired again. The *Rex* raked the deck of the Loyalist ship with grape-shot, and the *San Salvador* returned it with a volley from her full broadside. For an hour the shot flew across the narrow gap between the two ships. The air was filled with gunsmoke and the cries of wounded men screaming above the noise of the cannons.

The sails of both ships were shreds of tattered canvas where the grape shot had slit them in a thousand places. The middle mast of the *San Salvador* was broken by a well placed shot, and the rigging hung about the deck. The South American sailors were covered with the sail which had fallen over them. The *Rex* had shot the right side of the *San Salvador* so badly that she listed far over and was taking in water fast.

The South American ship was beaten. Her decks were covered with blood and splintered wood. The bodies of dead and dying lay about in heaps. Men with gory holes in their bodies, their heads shot clean off, or minus an arm or leg, presented a gruesome sight for the boarders from the *Rex*.

The *Rex* took aboard survivors and let the *San Salvador* sink. Then as they turned to enter the harbor, which was now several miles away, they were greeted by a small boat load of men.

"Welcome to Taleahuano and free Chile," shouted the leader.

When they were brought aboard, the man who had first shouted, a captain in the Revolutionary army, explained that his party had finally wrested the power from the tyrannical Loyalists.

## The Tragedy of Lem Wilson

ROBERT BEAUMETTE

The story I'm about to tell  
Occurred in '49;  
Don't shudder when I speak of it,  
That was a bloody time.

Lem Wilson was an old, old man,  
Who had dug, and sweat, and swore,  
And worked his claim nigh twenty years  
Before he'd hit the ore.

One sunny day in mid-July,  
He struck the precious gold;  
He didn't curse, but shouted loud,  
For it had made him bold.

He took the nugget in his hand;  
His eyes shone with delight;  
He fondled and caressed the stone,  
The stone that took his might.

He cursed, and swore, and yelled, and laughed,  
And leaped upon his mule;  
He looked again at that little stone,  
The stone that could make men rule.

That night Lem Wilson rode to town,  
His ore clutched to his breast,  
But before the next night rolled around,  
Lem Wilson lay in rest.

He chanced upon the Silver Grill,  
And showed his gold to all;  
Little did Lem realize  
He'd soon be in a brawl.

After Lem had drunk his fill  
Of beer, and gin, and rum,  
He sat down to a game of cards,  
Which he should not have done.

Across the board a card shark sat—  
His name was Poker Jim;  
Little did Lem realize  
A sucker can never win.

The game was terrible and brief,  
Lem saw his money gone;  
He rose to his feet and drew his gun  
To right this awful wrong.

His desperate efforts were in vain,  
For in his drunken haze,  
His pistol clattered to the floor;  
Jim's gun was first to blaze.

That night upon the tavern floor  
Lay poor Lem Wilson, dead;  
His twenty years of work no good;  
A bullet through his head.