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April, 1922

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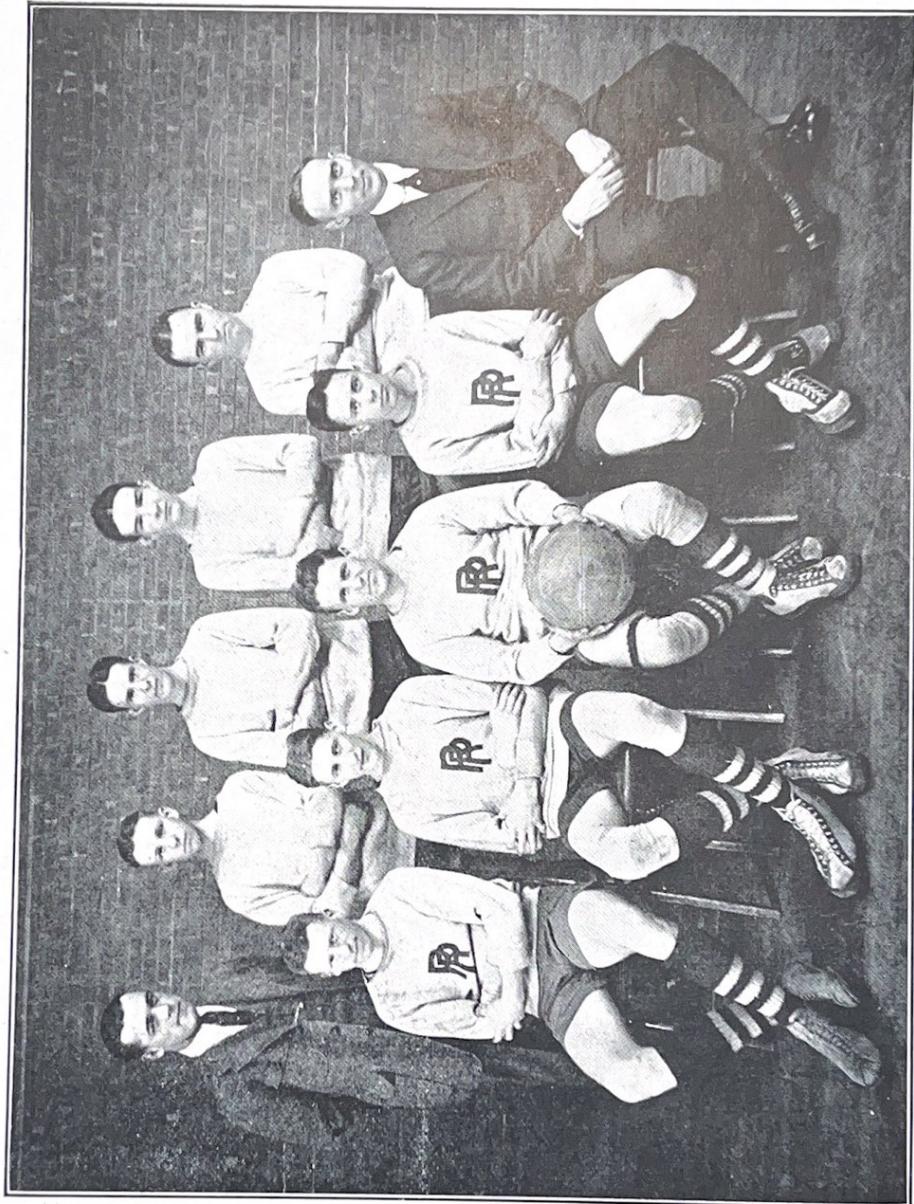
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The Argo

April - 1922

Vol. XXXIII No. 7

The Rutgers Preparatory School
New Brunswick, N. J.



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EDITORIALS

SERVEN

A Few "Thinks"



ONE of our greatest disadvantages in school is our lack of thinking. We do not think enough; we accept too readily; we form opinions not by weighing and balancing but rather through the influence of some reading or lesson. In other words, we absorb, but do not deduct.

To think, in the best sense of the word, is to reason, to analyze, to exercise the faculties of judgment by drawing inferences and reaching conclusions from a basis or premise. How many of us really reach a conclusion of our own? The geometry student works a problem, reaches a conclusion—but he reaches it only through the laws and rules discovered or reasoned out by someone else; he accepts that conclusion because other problems of that nature result similarly. It is thus that we accept most of our lessons. Only those who have produced something distinctly original, either in ideas, inventions, problems, or art are creative thinkers, but we can all belong to the class of analytical thinkers.

In school life, however, we have really little time for thinking, for reasoning a thing out. Were we to stop at every important statement in our chemistry, geometry, or Latin which seemed questionable, and then analyze that statement, it would be impossible to finish our lessons. We simply must accept them. Therefore, to some extent, we acquire the habit of not thinking deeply upon any of our subjects. In fact since we must finish a required assignment in a certain time, we make no effort to think. Thinking is extremely difficult to some persons. Why? Because civilization in its ever-increasing progress has created a world in which a person must not necessarily contrive ways and means to live. These are already provided, he must only accept them. Quick adaptation is essential to civilization, but we must remember that there are two kinds of adaptation; the thoughtful and the unthoughtful. All the conveniences, the luxuries, the benefits which have come to us through civilization have resulted from thinking, but we merely accept them.

Now, let us suppose that we were suddenly thrust into a bleak, frozen land, and isolated from one another with no civilization, none of the luxuries and necessities that through civilization (our artificial mode of life) we require to live. To survive, we would have to think, to adapt ourselves to our surroundings, to contrive ways of conquering obstacles and live. This could only be done through thinking, thoughtful adaptation, and those who could not do this, could not survive. The thinker, the real thinker, would then be the *survivor of the fittest*.

Human civilization depends on the intellect. Would it not then be worth while to develop our intellect a little more in the schools? It is in no way disrespectful to the modern school system to say that it contains subjects and methods of teaching of little practical value. If each schoolboy was given a better chance to discover his own talent and developed more in that respect, civilization in the future would approach more to the ideal.

J. S. C.

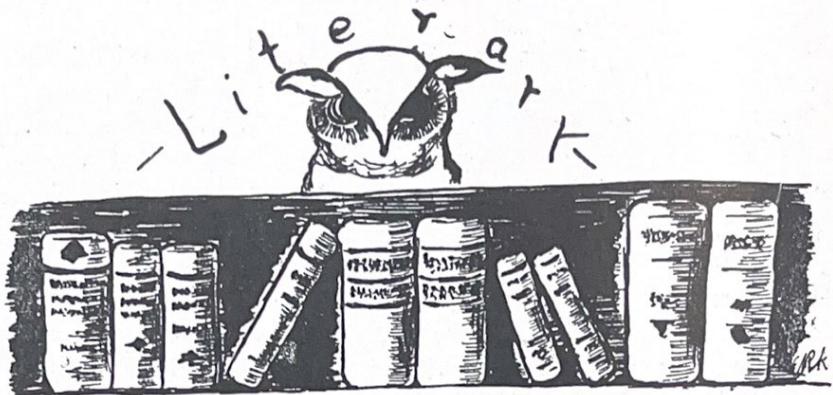
Excelsior!

REP has at last won the object of its dreams. With one of the best basketball teams in the state, we were forced to admit that we had no gymnasium which we might call our own. It is true that we were allowed the use of Ballantine Gymnasium by the college, but because of their heavy athletic schedule our practice was limited to only a short time. Despite this handicap, however, the Prep basketball team was a good one and made an excellent record.

Now we can say that we have a gymnasium of our own. But it came only through work and perseverance. Ever since Mr. Kelly became headmaster of Prep School, he saw the need of a gymnasium for Prep. Through his work with the alumni and friends of the school, such pressure was brought to bear upon the trustees that they could not help seeing the necessity of a gym for Prep. Therefore, at their last meeting they voted to support its construction. The alumni have aided splendidly in financing the project, and have displayed to a wonderful degree that fine spirit which is instilled into the students of "dear old Prep School."

But Prep will never stop with a new gymnasium. No! That is not the Prep spirit. What is our school motto? "The hard task gives the most pleasure." Yes, it was no easy task to secure a new gymnasium. It will be no easy task to persuade the trustees that we want and need a new school building. But "the hard task gives the most pleasure," and a great fount of pleasure lies before us. Excelsior! Alumni! Faculty! Students! Friends! Excelsior! And trustees, we thank you for the past, the present and *Excelsior* for the future!

AMICUS.



A Day in the Forest of Arden



We arrived at our destination in the late afternoon. The spell of the great forest's silence was unbroken by our coming. Every now and then a branch of a gigantic pine would crash to the moss-covered ground, breaking the deep silence for only a tense moment. The gurgling brook only added to the spell of our surroundings.

After a brief rest, which we enjoyed immensely, we decided to stroll about the vast park-like expanse in which we found ourselves. As we looked into the rushing brook, we could see the trout splashing about in their water palaces. Many more strange and beautiful scenes were admired before we turned back to our camp site.

Our next occupation was the preparation and eating of the noon-day meal. We decided to vote for the place of chef. I was the unlucky one. After I had finished the job, I called the party to take in their meal. We had a pleasant time, eating, drinking, joking and praising nature's grand work.

We planned to have a little pleasure hunt now. And so, after a short rest, we started out, single file, to hunt. Shortly after our start we met with a herd of deer; eight does and a buck made up the family. I raised my rifle, took aim, and shot. The report made the mountainsides ring with echoes. I had brought down one of the does, while the rest of the herd was in flight. My companions cheered and congratulated me, although I felt no pride myself.

When we got back to our camp, it was almost dark, making it necessary to light our lanterns. One after another the members of the party bid the rest a good night. At length I dozed off myself. Then came a resting, dreamless night for all of us, after such a wonderful day.

B. GROTHE.

The Cry of the Dog

PROLOGUE

HERE is, in the little village of Hickory Tree, a curious belief and an ancient superstition, a belief that when the cry of a dog is heard for weeks unbroken, that Fate has overtaken someone whose home was at one time in that village. And so it happened that the learned Dr. Gannet, after hearing the watch dog of his neighbor stop crying as it had been doing for three weeks, said: "Somewhere in this great world of ours, Fate has overtaken a person whose birthplace was Hickory Tree."

I

Katherine Allen had an ambition to become an artist, so after finishing her High School education she left Hickory Tree for San Francisco. Her rise in the artist world was stopped temporarily after a year and a half of struggling, or perhaps we should say, when she met and married George Cruford. George had money, but he turned out to be a very jealous old husband. Night after night he would sit in his big armchair with Katherine at his side and, fixing his eyes suspiciously on her ask, "Now tell me again the names of the men who admired you. Did they love you, did you love them?"

And Katherine, who would turn tremendously white with fear, would repeat the men, some famous and some unknown, who had admired her, had kissed her and asked her to marry them.

Now, as time passed, Katherine grew pale and lost her appetite, and her husband, becoming alarmed, suggested a trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

"What do you say, my darling? When we reach the islands, I'll buy a car and we will travel up the mountains and through the valleys. We will travel amongst the hills, walk through the tropical wilderness and go bathing in the waters that surround the islands."

And Katherine wound her slender arms about his neck and cried, cried aloud and said, "Yes, it will be an inspiration. Perhaps I will find time for some painting."

"But where shall we go?" inquired George.

"To the island of Oahu!" exclaimed Katherine.

"You have no friends, no male friends in Oahu?" he inquired.

And Katherine replied, "Do you think I am going to the island to meet some stupid man?"

And that is how it happened that George Cruford and his artist wife left for the Hawaiian Islands.

II

Arriving on the island of Oahu, George and Katherine went immediately to the Noana Hotel. There George met a certain Bud Thomas, who was familiar with the make of car that George had purchased, and as he was going to take a three-day trip to the top of Tantalus, two thousand feet above the level of the sea, with his sick sister, he suggested that George and his wife travel along in their own car with them.

"To Tantalus?" inquired George, hesitating, his eyes noting that Bud Thomas was young and handsome. What if Katherine?—but no.

And so it was arranged that Thomas was to teach Cruford how to run his car; then they would start on their journey to Tantalus, far above the sea level, far from where the mosquitoes pester one.

After a week's time George was confident that he could handle his car, thanks to the careful instructions of Bud Thomas. During this time Katherine began to take on color for there was dancing, polo, and bridge at Moanahua. At the Oahu Country Club was golf and tennis, with an occasional swim in the multi-colored ocean at Waikiki Beach, Honolulu. Of course there was a trip to Diamond Head and Kahala.

So grateful was George to Bud Thomas for teaching him how to run his car that he introduced his pretty wife to him. Bud immediately began to tell about the swelling hills and tiny valleys, the tropical wilderness, and the palms which one encounters upon the journey to Tantalus, for he had been there before.

When Katherine seemed bored, she asked Bud how his sick sister was.

The following day the two cars stocked with provisions left for Tantalus. Bud's sister, who was heavily veiled and sat in the back of his car, had not been seen or introduced as yet, to either George or Katherine. "She is very ill," he said, "and does not care to meet anyone."

And so the journey to Tantalus began. Faint color had crept into the sky, which soon deepened into a bright gold. The hills seemed to be painted a deep green color while in the distance a blue gray mist seemed to be lingering in places. The mist drifted on and as the day brightened, vanished altogether. As the day drew to a close, the sun disappeared into a misty twilight and the moon in all its glory cast its magic light across the country. The green hills and valleys seemed mysterious. The solitary palms, casting their long slim shadows in the moonlight, were like huge apparitions. Far, far below, were the shallow waters, licking the rocks and white sand in a hungry manner.

Near a precipice the two cars stopped for the night. George and Katherine slept on the ground some distance from their car, while Bud stayed with his sister in his car.

After three or four hours of rest George suddenly awoke. He looked around. Where was Katherine? The warm breeze rustling through the palm trees seemed to put a touch of mystery in the air. George's first inclination was to call for Katherine, but he hesitated a moment and then with gleaming eyes and smiling lips, he made his way noisily to Bud Thomas' car.

Good heavens! What was that? Katherine and Bud sleeping in the back of Bud's car! And they had known each other before. The whole trip to Tantalus was prearranged by Bud and Katherine! Yes. He saw through it now.

Cruford stood still. He waited until his mind became clearer. Then he drew close to the car. The two were fast asleep. Neither moved. Noiselessly he crept upon the front seat of the car, applied the power, gave the steering wheel a jerk and then jumped off the car—just before it plunged over the precipice two thousand feet to the rocks below. And then Cruford walked to the edge of the precipice and the only sound that broke the stillness, as he looked down at the wreckage, was the cry of a dog far below in the valley.

Epilogue

There is, in the little village of Hickory Tree, a curious belief and an ancient superstition, a belief that when the cry of a dog is heard for weeks unbroken, that Fate has overtaken someone whose home was at one time in that village. And so it was that the learned Dr. Gannet exclaimed after hearing the watch dog of his neighbor stop crying, as it had been doing for three weeks, "Somewhere in this great world of ours Fate has overtaken a person whose birthplace was Hickory Tree."

* * * * * And not far distant speeding in Cruford's car was Bud Thomas and Katherine. "I wonder what he will say when he sees our stuffed dummies!" exclaimed Katherine.

"I don't know," replied Bud, "but anyone that can model our features as well as you did for the dummies deserves to be called an artist."

And as Bud pressed his lips to Katherine's, George Cruford who was looking far down below at the wreckage slipped and went plunging down after it. And once more the ancient superstition about the cry of a dog meaning death came true, for George Cruford was born in Hickory Tree the day before his family moved to San Francisco.

HAMILTON CHAMBERS.

Saved by the Ether Waves



HE day was fine, and the three-masted schooner *Royal Banner* was making good time northward. She had left a port in the Bahamas one night with a load of cotton, and she was bound for some New England milling port.

The vessel boasted four passengers that voyage: Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, Tommy and Scotty. Scotty was a fine, full-grown Scotch collie, and Tommy was his master. Tommy was fond of all science, but most of all, radio. At the Bahamas he had known the chief operator of a big transatlantic relay station; became familiar with the main theory of radio, and the parts of the station. Also, he had learned the code and built a small set. In receiving, he was not yet out of the crystal detector stage and, as his knowledge of the code had given him a second-class amateur license, he was the cause of the disappearance of a spark coil from his father's flivver.

As has been previously stated, the ship was making good time, but on the third day out from port, when they were off Cape Hatteras, the sky grew cloudy. The next morning the storm overtook the vessel. The waves and the wind combined made a hot dance for the *Royal Banner*. The sails were torn from the masts until there was not a strip of canvas left big enough to keep her nose to the wind.

Things were getting desperate. The vessel was slowly drifting onto the rocks and a leak had sprung in the bottom. The pumps were worked to their utmost and even then the water came in almost as fast as it was pumped out.

Pretty soon the captain asked if anyone knew of any way of signalling for help. Tommy told the captain he knew of a way if a sailor would get up the masts in the storm and run a wire from one to the other. A couple of sailors tried it, but after getting nearly up the main mast, it snapped, and the only way the sailors were saved was that they were caught in the tangle of cordage.

On seeing all the mass of rope, Tommy, after he knew the masts could not be climbed, conceived the idea of attaching the wire to the halyards of the fore and mizzen masts and hoisting it up. This would be a better aerial because it would be longer than between two other masts. After he had finally connected up the coil, gap, key, condenser and dynamo to run the coil, there had to be some way to run the dynamo. This he accomplished by the consent of the captain to break up his chronometer and change the gearing so as to use the spring for high speed. When the shaft was car-

ried from the clock to the dynamo, and the spring wound up, the dynamo was then set in motion. When Tommy pressed the key a crashing blue spark jumped the eight-inch gap and embarked in the ether. Tommy opened the gap and adjusted the vibrator until the blue-red streak was increased to three-fourths of an inch.

Then began the S. O. S. Every sixty seconds it would go out for ten seconds and the clock was rewound. The captain gave the bearings of the vessel as near as he could by reckoning and this was transmitted every five minutes. When this had been continued for an hour, Tommy laid off and told a sailor how to manipulate the key. In the meantime Tommy put up a receiving outfit, and found he had been heard by Arlington. Owing to the small power of the auto coil no ships had picked him up. By means of a radio compass, N. A. O. learned where the *Royal Banner* was, and then searched the ocean for a nearby ship. Presently he was received by a Danish tramp, who towed the disabled ship into Charleston.

* * * * *

Now Tommy Williamson has a fine amateur station at his home in New England, thanks to the ship's crew, and a motor launch equipped with the finest radio apparatus from the company owning the *Royal Banner*. He has a promise from them that, when he is old enough, he will get a good position as chief electrician and radio operator on one of their steamers.

Q. S. T.

Dumb: Ever take a Hoboken girl out to dinner?

Bell: No; why?

Dumb: Gee, they eat like canaries.

Bell: Yeh?

Dumb: Yeh; a peck at a time.

Herman (to Shier): "Changed your clothes yet?"

Shier: "Nope. Changed my mind."

Mr. Merrit (to a young girl): "Miss, may I accompany you across the street?"

Young Girl: "Certainly. How long have you been waiting here for some one to take you across?"

Tell Me Not In Mournful Numbers

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
That my marks are way below,
For my soul enjoys its slumbers,
The truth, I do disclaim to know.

Life is short! Time is flying!
Studies are least of my woes;
Enjoyment till a time when dying,
Thus my sweet life doth come to close.

Pleasure is a great essential,
Wisdom an expedient;
Those whose lives are pen and pencil,
For great men were never meant.

Have no thought about tomorrow,
Yesterday is past and gone;
You've no time for grief or sorrow,
Or to bewail the things you've done.

Don't let worry make you give in;
Four score years and ten is all
That the Lord gave man to live in,
After all, it's very small.

CARTER NICHOLS.

The Big Track Meet



HERE was a great deal of excitement in Raritan College for two reasons: First, because on the morrow the big track meet of the season with Belmont was to come off, and secondly, because Bill West, the best miler in the state, was out at present on account of low marks in Latin. The track team had gone through the season well, winning six meets out of eight, and now to-morrow they were to face the best team in Pennsylvania, with Bill West apparently out. The prospects looked bad, for with Bill out, they couldn't possibly win the mile, and the chances were small for winning the one hundred-yard dash since there were rumors around that Norton of Belmont had done it in ten-five, and the best that Morris of Raritan had done was ten-nine. The quarter mile would probably be easy for Raritan, but the two-twenty would probably go against them, as well as the hurdles. The half mile was left, and there was an uncertainty as to the winner, so the meet would be very close.

Up in his room sat Bill West going over his Latin for the last time; he would take his exam. at eight o'clock, and if he should pass, he could run tomorrow.

At eight o'clock a big mass meeting was held, and speeches were made by the coach of the team, the president of the college, followed by cheers for the team, and the individual men. Arriving home from the mass meeting, Jack Morris, the room mate of West, burst into the room to inquire about Bill's exam., but Bill hadn't returned yet. For about fifteen minutes Jack sat in a chair waiting anxiously for his room mate's return. Presently the door opened and in walked Bill.

"How'd you come out?" shouted Jack.

"I don't know yet," said Bill; "the Prof. said he will mark my paper to-night, and let me know in the morning."

They sat up and talked for some time, and then retired for the night. Jack lay awake for a long time, and was surprised to hear Bill snoring in about five minutes after he had hit the hay.

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear, the sky was cloudless and there was hardly any wind; just the day for a track meet. Jack awoke first, and lay in bed for some time. At length Bill awoke, and they got up. When Bill and Jack got down stairs, most of the fellows were already there. Nobody said much about the meet, but there was a nervousness of the fellows that was noticeable. As they were eating their breakfast, the telephone rang, and Bill was wanted on the phone. Everybody knew that

the tidings which came over that telephone would probably mean defeat or victory. A silence fell on the crowd as Bill went to the phone.

"Hello! Hello! Is this you, Mr. Green? How did I come out? I did? Thank you for letting me know. Good bye."

"What did he say?" asked Jack, when Bill returned.

"He said I passed."

The boys began to cheer, and in their excitement a plate of oatmeal went on the floor; someone was hit by a biscuit, and numerous other incidents happened in those few minutes.

After breakfast the team took a long walk, returning about eleven, and about half-past eleven they had a light lunch. While they were eating, the Belmont team filed into the dining room, and took their places at a table at the other end of the room. Many comments about their team were made by the boys of Raritan, and the time flew rapidly. After lunch, the boys went to their rooms, and waited until it was time to report at the gym.

The meet was to begin at three o'clock sharp, and the men went over to the gym about two. After they were dressed, the coach talked to them, trying to take their minds off the meet until it should begin. At last it was time, and the team trotted leisurely out from the field house amidst a great cheer from the Raritan rooters. On one side of the field the sections were a mass of red flags of Raritan, and on the opposite side the defiant blue of Belmont.

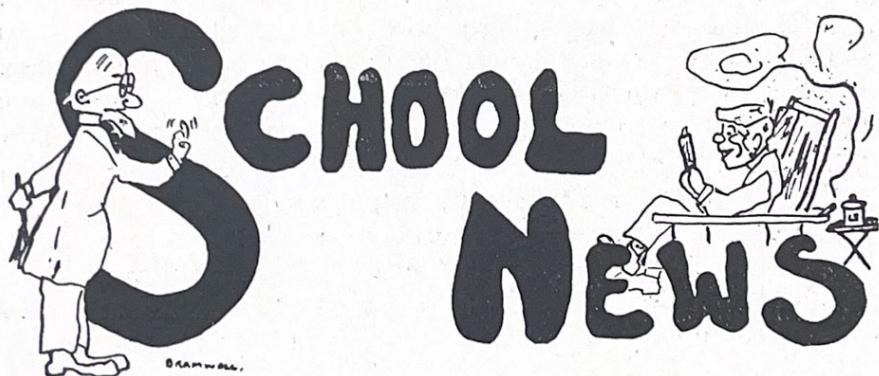
Presently the whistle blew, summoning the entries for the first event, which was to be the two-twenty. Two entries lined up for Raritan, and two for Belmont. At the crack of the pistol they were off; it was a close race, but Orton of Belmont crossed the tape first, Jackson of Raritan coming in second.

The hundred-yard dash was scheduled to come off next, but it was announced that on account of some delay it would be run last. So the quarter-mile was run next, Raritan winning first place and Belmont second; this tied the score. Next were the hurdles which Belmont won first and second. The mile was run off next, West easily winning, but a Belmont man came in second, putting Belmont in the lead. Now the one hundred-yard dash came which had to be won by Raritan to win the meet. Jack Morris took his place in the line of four men, two for Raritan and two for Belmont. Beside Jack crouched Norton, the speedy dasher for Belmont. As they stood crouching waiting for the signal, Jack wondered if he could possibly beat Norton, if Norton was in his best condition today.

"Are you ready?" said the reff; "get on your mark; get set," and with the crack of the pistol they were off. Down the track they sped, but a moment after they had started, the pistol again sounded. Jack had started

too soon, and was set back a yard. Again the pistol cracked, and off they went. Norton was leading up to the fifty yard mark. When the pistol cracked, Jack started off like a shot and kept his one yard from Norton. At the fifty yard mark he began to gain a little. He was running faster than he had ever run before. At the eighty-five yard mark he was but a foot behind Norton, and could hear him breathing; at ninety they were even. Down the last ten yards they came. Then suddenly with a desperate leap Jack hit the tape first, and won the race. Down onto the field swarmed the college rooters, and carried the team off the field. Jack was lifted high on the shoulders of the men. He was very happy, for he had really won the race! In the gym he was chosen captain for the next year and would lead his team again to victory.

CLEMENT BURR.



WE were all very sorry to hear that Beverly Anderson had been taken sick. A collection was taken to purchase flowers, which were sent to Beverly at Middlesex Hospital. We are hoping for his speedy recovery.

J. Ross and Wills have returned to school, after having been out for several weeks on account of scarlet fever.

An advertising campaign has been started for the *Dial*. So far, we have experienced some difficulty in getting "ads" for the book, because the territory has been covered by Rutgers College and New Brunswick H. S. Jeliffe and Hobson have been very active in this work. Last year Hobson alone secured more than half the number of "ads" for the *Dial*. More fellows are needed to put this advertising campaign across. It is up to the school to show some spirit and give their support. Without backing it will be impossible to have the *Dial* a book which every one wants. Fel-

lows, by getting your fathers to take a half-page or full-page advertisement, you can prove your loyalty to Prep.

On Saturday, April 15th, several of the old alumni came along with the 1911 ball team. Though we were defeated 6-4, a good time was had by all.

Stirling Thompson became rather restless last month, so he decided to leave us for a few weeks. Stirling lives in Chicago. We hope he will be back in the near future.

On April 13th, Mr. Kelly announced the following faculty changes: Mr. William B. Cook will return to the school after a year's absence. "Doc" Cook will take charge of the mathematics department. He is going to live at the Trap. Mr. Merritt, we were very sorry to hear, will leave the school. Mr. Gerome, after seven years of teaching here, has decided to take up the study of law. We wish "Mike" the best of success.

It was also learned that Mr. Midkiff will not be with us next year. Mr. Midkiff is going to teach and coach at Trenton High School. He has been at Prep for the last five years, during which he has turned out some fine teams. His loss will be a severe blow to the school, both on the athletic field and in the class room. We wish him the best of success.

After a tireless struggle, Mr. Kelly has succeeded in having a gymnasium built for the school. The building will be just north of the Trap and will add much to the efficiency and equipment of the school.

The senior class held an important meeting today at which various men were selected for prominent and illuminating positions. Norman Shaw and Bruggeman were the best choices.

"I call that dress a crime," said Russ to Beth.

Replied his girl: "Stop jabbering now, and hook me up. So he fastened the crime upon his girl."

Girl (to Yah) : "Yah, dear, I had a wonderful dream last night."

Yah: "What did you dream?"

Girl: "I dreamt that you gave me a beautiful string of pearls."

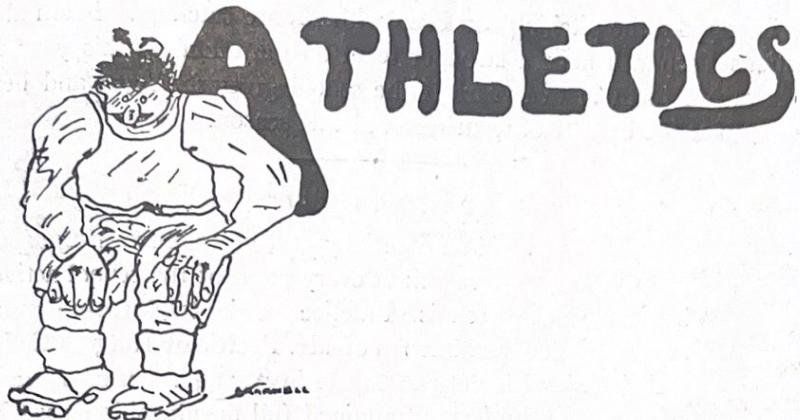
Yah: "Well, dear, dream tonight that you lost them."

Patron: "Oh, I say, waiter, you have your thumb in my soup."

"'S'all right, mister, 'tain't hot."

Does this boy show any evidence of breeding.

Yes, he scratches his head continually.



Baseball Prospects

The outlook for a successful baseball team is the best this year that it has been in any of the five years since I have been coaching Prep. We have a larger proportion of letter men back, many new men of considerable native ability are out, and it seems that we should have a very good season.

For veterans, we have Captain Manning, Parker, Moore, Bliss, Enders, Rittersbacher and Ide, all letter men, as well as several who participated in several games last year, but not enough to win the letter. It is somewhat difficult at present to decide just what position is the best for several of these men, for they have the ability to play several different positions well, and the final choice will be determined by what seems to be the best placement to make a strong team.

While our early development has been retarded by illness of some of the players, and the inclement weather has also delayed our practice, I feel sure that we will get into condition soon and have a season that will compare favorably with our basketball and football seasons.

MIDDLE.

Rutgers Prep 4; Alumni 5.

Our baseball schedule started April 15, with a practice game with the class of 1911, on Neilson field. With only three days of practice our team exhibited fine form and material, but the alumni proved to all that they could still play baseball with extraordinary skill. As last year, they were strong on the offense, with Jimmy Ziegler pitching and all heavy hitters. The old class accounted for five points in the third inning with four errors, two bases on balls, and several strikes. Prep scored one run in the third inning, one in the fifth and two in the eighth and last inning. Several substitutions had to be made in the team as the result of absences. Griffith

and Lowry did the pitching for Prep with Moore catching. From all indications Prep will have a stronger team on the diamond this year than we have put forth in five years if the school gives the loyal and hearty support that the basketball team received this season.

The Track Team

 HIS year Prep will be especially well represented in the sports, and we hope to have almost every pupil of the school active in baseball, track or tennis. Practice for the track team began on April 5, under the direction of Mr. Beattie of Rutgers College, and the school is very fortunate in having the use of Neilson field for practice. The team has not attained full membership as yet, and many more will probably be added after the first and second baseball teams have been chosen by Mr. Midkiff. Among those competing for events are: DeNike, Jackson and Chambers, sprints; Convery, Strong, Christiansen, Clark and Gwynne, quarter; and Roxlan and Chambers, half-mile. Kiernan and Chet Paulus will try for the shot put, and Jackson, Christensen and Gwynne in the jumps. Berkowitz shows well in the hurdles. Riley hopes to manage the team this year and a definite schedule will be announced later.

The Tennis Team

As a result of the organizing of a Prep tennis team this spring, a large number of players are out for the team.

Although the inclement weather has prevented consistent practicing, nevertheless the squad has had some good work outs and are reasonably sure of making a creditable showing in their first match with McBirney School on April 26th.

In view of the fact that this is the first year that Prep has been represented in sports by a tennis team and also considering that the team is of an unknown quality, it was thought best to restrict all the meets to three singles and two doubles matches. This arrangement insures the team of a more successful season than if the meets called for a greater number of matches.

Owing to the limited number of courts it may be necessary later to make a cut in the team, but at present the following fellows comprise the squad: Lippman, Bruggeman, Hansl, Olarte, N. Shaw, Ekings, Neuman, Marvin, Caloway, Taber, and Cary. As there is no real coach of the team Mr. Midkiff has put Cary in charge of the squad.

Thus far the players who have made the best showing are: N. Shaw, Bruggeman, Olarte, Lippman, Hansl and Cary.

Shaw, a well developed player, is sure to give a good account of himself, especially in the singles matches. Lippman, the midget player, offsets the handicap by playing a fast and steady game. Bruggeman and Olarte are dependable and consistent players, both of whom have improved their game this spring. Hansl, although somewhat erratic, is a good player and will steadily improve as the season progresses.

The following is the schedule for the season: April 26th, McBirney School, at home. April 29th, Peddie, there. May 6th, B. M. I., there. May 11th, Batten, at home. May 19th, N. Y. U. Freshmen, at home. May 24th, N. B. H. S., at home. May 26th, Battin H. S., there. May 27th, Montclair Academy, there.

Elementary Notes



HAT would happen:

If George recited in an audible tone?

If Janet could find her gloves?

If Monroe didn't excuse himself when he becomes bored so frequently and yawns?

If Jim, Janet and Dorothy were separated?

If Joseph Yates could explain history clearly?

If Felix wrote legibly?

If Julian didn't get 100% in spelling?

If Henri were apathetic in history class?

If Jimmy Carpenter were caught coming in late?

If Bob didn't ask so many questions?

If Richard Keen talked in anything but a baritone?

If Frederick failed to have an item of interest each morning?

If Arthur carried less than eight books home from school and used more than three or four of them?

If Bob Board failed to pay one of his devotional visits to Elementary each day?

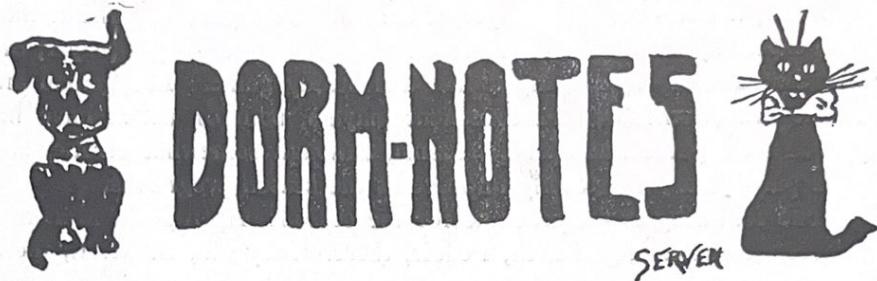
Scientists claim that by closing the eyes and reclining the hearing is made more acute. This is the doctrine of the eighth grade.

Felix, (picking papers from under his desk for the hundredth time): "Guess I'll have to have this floor removed."

Faith Bumstead's Lord's Prayer: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists."

Jimmy's explanation of Grant's Indian Peace Policy: "Indians had been placed in reservoirs by the government."

Jonet in writing class (deciding to reform?): "I'm going to turn over, Miss Connell."



MARCH 24. The Easter vacation began Friday and everybody went home for the week. The vacation begins early this year and allows time for baseball practice to get under way when the new term begins.

April 4. All the Trap fellows reported back from a good time during vacation. Norman Shaw reported back on time, but as he was late in getting away the promptness is accounted for.

April 8. All baseball men received their uniforms and are preparing for baseball practice. There are many activities at the Trap now. A tennis team has been started and is getting under way under the guidance of Captain Cary. This is something new in the school and much interest is being shown towards it. A coach for a track team has been secured from the college squad and many are putting their efforts in this sport.

April 9. The school welcomed a new man from Paterson, N. J. Eckings has come to finish out the school year here.

April 10. The Parker brothers are now taking meals at the Trap during an interval of sickness in their family.

April 14. Most of the Trap boys went home to spend Good Friday and Easter. The spring house-cleaning was attempted and was carried on very well in spite of the fact that the only implements in the house were one sweeper and two ragged mops. During this short vacation no general permission to go home was given but nearly all secured permission from parents and as a result there were only a dozen or so fellows staying here for that week-end.

April 18. Wills, who has been away since February, returned to school and looks none the worse after a bad case of scarlet fever. He has had a good time to recover, but it has left him with some ill effects.

April 24. We were very much pleased to hear Mr. Kelly announce that at last he had been able to secure money enough to begin plans on a new gymnasium for next year. It was the liberal support and co-operation of the alumni of the school which has made this possible. This is a big step in the progress of the school.

The Wizzie Wiff

EDITOR

A. Minute Late

IF THE MOON HAD A BABY, WOULD THE SKY—ROCKET

IN THIS ISSUE—MR. MERRITT'S

ETIQUETTE RULES

Richard Parker is a well read man.

Steve Strong hit George McKee with a toy fire engine, but he was only toy'in with him.

Drink vinegar and get pickled.

Ira Cowie thinks the telephone book is an autobiography of the telephone company.

If a girl begins to wet her lips while reading a love story, the heroine and hero are about to meet.

Sunday is the strongest day of the week—all the rest are weak days.

We would like to know how many flowers get wild trying to learn their botanical names.

The first swimming practice was very good, a lot of good men being uncovered.

We found this in the *Tattler*: "The newest bathing girl trick is to smoke a cigarette while floating. But it's not as useful as the oldest bathing girl trick—which is to almost drown."

Of all the guys that go to school I'd love to land a blow, Upon those that say: "Kello kid! Whadda yer know?"

Where are you going, my pretty maid?

Why do you pass me by?
"I'm on my way to gymnastic school"
She said as she heaved a thigh.

—*Jack O'Lantern*.

They sat alone in the moonlight,
And she soothed his troubled brow;
"Dearest, I know my life's been fast,
But I'm on my last lap now."

—*Whiz Bang*.

A certain young man named Mc-Girth,
Was born on the day of his birth,
He was married, they say,
On his wife's wedding day,
And he died on his last day on earth.

—*Whiz Bang*.

To flirt or dance is very wrong,
I don't.
Wild youths chase women, wine and song,
I don't.

I kiss no girls, not even one,
I don't know how it is done;
You wouldn't think I had much fun,
I don't.

—*Record*.

Any school will go to the dogs if it has too many social hounds.

—*Malteaser*.

How many bones in bonus?

Republication of any humor from this page is permitted only when properly credited to the "Wizzie Wiff," Rutgers Prep.

After many years of historical research work, Mr. Merritt is able to present these rules on manners and conduct to the outside world.

1—Don't eat peas off a knife unless there is a groove in it.

2—Don't bite a piece from the saucer when drinking from it. This injures both the teeth and the saucer.

3—Never use tooth picks in the presence of others. Forks are put on the table for this purpose.

4—Never take silverware from the table as it is very embarrassing if you get caught.

5—Never make cutting remarks about people who are absent. All cutting should be done with a knife.

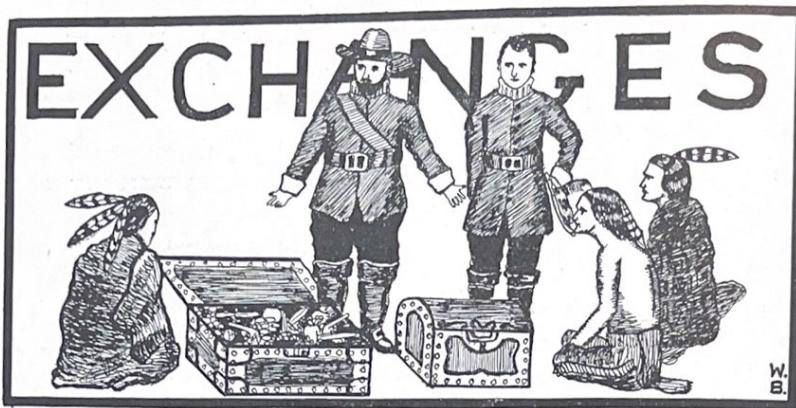
6—Gentlemen should always help the girls. Always hold the door open for a girl if she is carrying a piano from one room to another.

In the winds of March
His watch he wound,
And set it by the clocks
On her socks he found.

We think Mr. Merritt and all his jokes must be an answer to the Maiden's Prayer.

When a politician uses words of more than one syllable he becomes a statesman.

It would be interesting to get an interview with Hamlet and find out what he thinks about those who have impersonated him.



The ARGO gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following exchanges:

The Blair Breeze, Blair Academy, Blairstown, N. J.

The Carteret, Carteret Academy, Orange, N. J.

The Chatham Chatter, Chatham High, Chatham, N. J.

Hamilton Grin, Hamilton Institute, New York, N. Y.

The Litahni, Manasquan High, Manasquan, N. J.

The McBurneyian, McBurney School, New York, N. Y.

The M. P. S., Moravian Prep School, Bethlehem, Pa.

The Morristonian, Morristown School, Morristown, N. J.

The Mountaineer, Butte High, Butte, Montana.

The Pasquino, Potomac State School, Keyser, W. Va.

The Pattersonian, Mount Joy High, Mount Joy, Pa.

The Peddie News, Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J.

The Progress, Middlesex County Vocational Schools, New Brunswick, N. J.

The Record, Vocational School, Louisville, Ky.

The Rensselaer Polytechnic, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

The Roman, Rome High, Rome, Ga.

The Targum, Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.

The Triad, St. Peter's High, New Brunswick, N. J.

The Xavier, Xavier High, New York, N. Y.

COMMENT

Hamilton Grin, Hamilton Institute, New York, N. Y.—The only reason we can give for the fact that your paper has a great deal of interesting news in but two pages is, as you say, "The contributing editors consist of all the students."