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# THE ARGO

NOVEMBER  
1921

Vol. XXX.

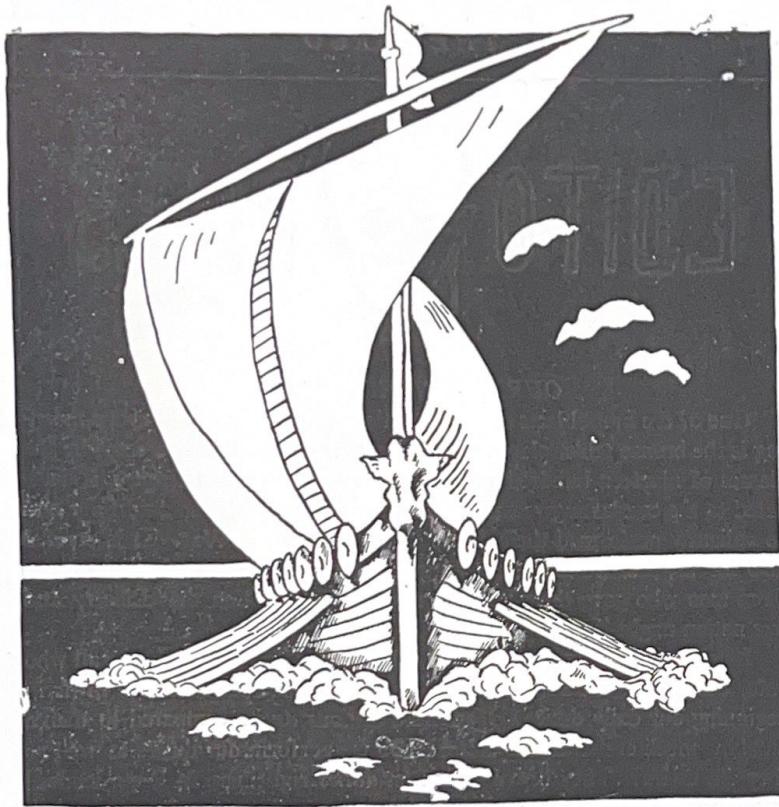
No. 2

THE RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief, R. P. S., New Brunswick, and must be accompanied with the name of the author.

All business communications to Business Manager.

Correspondents will confer a great favor by writing on one side of the paper only. Officers of the school, students, and alumni are most cordially invited to contribute.

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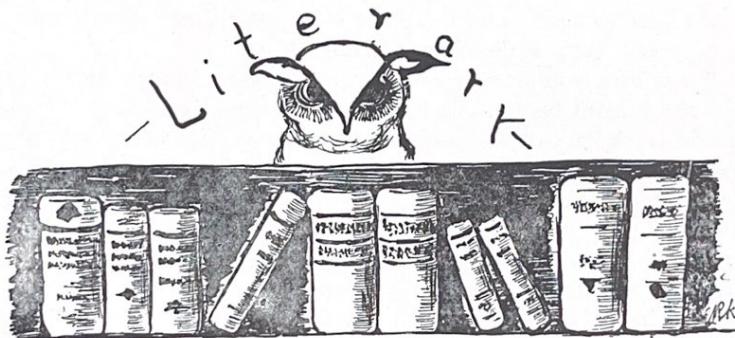


## OUR "BRONZE TABLET"

One of the first objects of our attention on entering school every morning is the bronze tablet placed in the front hall. This tablet, erected by the classes of nineteen hundred and eighteen and nineteen and twenty, is dedicated to the everlasting memory of those Prep men who so faithfully and so valiantly performed their duties in the late World War. It is erected also for us, that we might not forget, but rather honor and revere these Prep men who gave their last full measure of devotion that Liberty and our nation might live.

Its place is most appropriate, not only because it is perceptible to all who enter the school, but also because it forms a wonderful incentive to us in beginning our daily duties. How little are our *duties* compared to theirs, and how much easier accomplished? Do we perform our *duties* as well as they did theirs? They began their first *duties* right here in Prep, worked at the very tasks which we are now doing, sat in the same seats, passed to the same classes, engaged in the same activities, and enjoyed all the privileges and advantages of Prep just as we do. They lived in Prep and were a part of the school as well as we are now. These Prep. walls once echoed with the sound of their voices. We can imagine them getting up from their desks and discussing school matters, working up pep for a coming football game and rejoicing over some victory. Their identical school interests are now ours. They were Prep men; they are Prep men. Their spirit is the spirit that never dies. It is the spirit that brought about the American Revolution, that carried our country through the Civil War and through all great national crises. It is the spirit that we want felt herein Prep and that will be felt if we consider the works and records of these heroes. Let us not think of these great Alumni as men who have faithfully performed their duty and close the subject there; but rather let us regard them as an example of our Alumni to the generation now in school and to all future generations of Prep. In this way they will live among us still, keeping alive the cause for which they died. To Rutgers Prep School they will forever stand for the highest type of manhood, the highest type of patriotism, and highest type of true Americans.

On the twenty-third of this month we go home for our Thanksgiving vacation. Among the many things that we can be thankful for, let us be *thankful* that we can attend a school which has such a body of Alumni. Let us be thankful that Prep has not forgotten and slighted them, but that they have been properly commemorated in the sight of men. And most of all, let us be thankful that there is a God who can do far more for them than we are able to do. It is in this spirit that the tablet is erected. J. S. C.



*GYPSY REVENGE*

By J. S. CHRISTENSEN

Captain Ramon flicked the ashes from his cigarette and considered the case before him. To sentence a man to a year's hard labor for a trivial military offence was an unpleasant task, but yet the Austrian laws demanded it.

He glanced quickly at the offender, a rough-looking private who had engaged in a drunken brawl with an officer, and heated by liquor, drawn a knife on him. His face, once seen, could never be forgotten. It was villainous in the extreme. High cheek bones, a broad leering mouth with thick lips and ugly teeth, glaring eyes that peered out with a nasty snakey expression, and a long livid red scar across the forehead, all combined to give him a terrifying and repulsive appearance. Apparently he did not regret his deed but feared the consequences. His attitude was one of mingled fear and defiance.

Captain Ramon hesitated no longer, and fixing his signature to the papers, turned them over to the guard and ordered the prisoner to be taken away. With a deep glance of hatred the Gypsy turned to go, but not before he had muttered, "You will pay."

Captain Ramon, although a thorough disciplinarian, was a kind-hearted man. For Captain Ramon was in love. Yes, in love with his young wife

and little girl Theda. They lived in a stately old mansion, the residence of the Ramon family for many generations. It was a quaint old Austrian building of the seventeenth century type and lay in the midst of a beautiful garden of shrubbery and trailing vines. Large beds of brilliant colored flowers in various shapes and designs peeped through the shrubbery and filled the air with their fragrance. Farther away a little brook like a streak of silver through a huge emerald gurgled happily on its course through the estate. In fact it was a typical Austrian garden, similar to the one in which Kaiser Wilhelm and the late Emperor Franz Joseph had planned the great World War. On all sides the green hills rose in majestic splendor and sloped gently away again in a continuous chain.

It was here with his wife and child that Captain Ramon spent the happiest moments of his life, when on leave from military duties. Theda, a little blooming lass of six years, filled the house with her merry, ringing laughter. Her time was divided between playing with her doll and playing in the garden. She would spend hours at a time, pointing out the various kinds of flowers to her doll and chasing the little birds and butterflies. To her parents she was a little fawn, filling their lives with happiness and sunshine. Being the only child, she was their most valued possession, the center of all their love and hopes; and it was she who completed their little love triangle. They had spent many happy and delightful days together, these three, but now Captain Ramon was to leave this all behind him for a long time.

The Austrian Government had decided to send him on a secret mission into Russia, which might take him four or five years to complete. It was a mission that meant a great deal to the government and one which required a discreet and reliable man. Captain Ramon was pleased that he should be the one selected to carry it out, for he knew that the mission was one of great importance. It showed that his superior appreciated him and trusted in him. He would get a good glimpse of government diplomacy and without a doubt learn a great deal.

With these thoughts in mind, he hastened to turn his command over to his aide and return for a few days to his family.

## II.

Madame Ramon and Theda were seated comfortably in the garden sipping their usual afternoon tea. It was one of those wonderful days in early June, when the flowers seem to vie with each other in giving out a balmy fragrance and the wind, understanding their plans, helps to waft them along. A gentle breeze blew calmly from the green hills beyond and made the meeker flowers and shrubs bow their heads in token of submission. The sun, viewing all this from above, seemed well pleased and made his golden rays dance in and out amongst the flowers.

Theda was listening with interest to a war story which her mother was telling when suddenly she burst out, "But, mother, isn't it wicked to kill?"

"Yes, Theda dear, it is. To kill anyone in civil life is very wicked and sinful, but in war it is different. Sometimes war is necessary to punish a nation for its plans of conquest or base breach of civilization. Such has been the case all through history. As far as we look back, from Biblical times to the present, we see the same thing recurring continually. Today we consider ourselves highly civilized, but after all the foundation of our civilization is brute strength. It is the military and police forces who maintain our civilization and make it secure, but they employ brute strength."

This was too much for Theda. She could not understand why it was right to kill in some cases and not in others. She listened attentively to the rest of the story but remained unusually quiet. The story was suddenly interrupted by the hum of a motor, growing louder and louder. Finally the car itself shot into sight.

"Oh! Mother, there's daddie," shouted little Theda, thrilling with joy. Yes, it was Captain Ramon, coming back to spend a few days at home before leaving for Russia.

Theda and her mother immediately hurried up to the house. Captain Ramon soon entered, and it is needless to say with what feeling of joy and delight he was received.

Theda was up on his knee in a minute, toying with the big buttons of his uniform and telling him of all the new birds that had made their homes in the garden since his last visit. She chattered on with huge joy and Captain Ramon listening to her, wished he could stay home forever. Finally when she had exhausted her stock of little stories and anecdotes Captain Ramon said:

"Now, dearest, run along and play as mother and I wish to speak together for a little while."

She jumped down, and taking her doll which was as big as herself, and could walk, as she told everyone, skipped outside.

When she was gone Captain Ramon, after a long silence, said, "It is not long, Catherine, until I start on that mission which I have spoken to you about. It will mean for me, advancement and favor with my superiors, but it will also mean a long weary absence from you and Theda. Because of the import of the mission I will not be able to write or communicate with you in any way and will be practically cut off from all but high government officials. Russia is at the present time in a very turbulent state. Bands of robbers and brigands are roaming all through the more unsettled districts and in fact the borders of our own country are not much better. Take good care of Theda, dear. She will be quite a young lady when I return." After a pause he continued, "And now, Catherine, let us forget that I am going away and make the most of the time that I am here with you."

Arm in arm they strolled down through the garden, talking of old days and forgot the future in the happiness of the present. The days that followed were days of sunshine, but they passed all too soon for the little family. At the end of his leave of absence, Captain Ramon with an aching heart bid a tender adieu to his wife and child, and started for headquarters where he was to receive his instructions for the long uncertain journey ahead of him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER—MENACE OR BENEFIT?  
A BENEFIT!*

Newspapers are one of the most practical and dependable mediums through which the public is informed of the events of the world. They have always been a potent factor in determining the ideals, morals, and political principles of a nation. In order that the people of America, especially the less educated classes, be advised of the constant changes in the views and ideas of the world, it is essential that some means be provided by which the people can cheaply and conveniently procure this information. Newspapers serve this purpose. They are cheap and plenteous and thus are accessible to nearly everyone.

It is conceded that a news item, irrespective of its subject, often proves morally injurious to the more ignorant classes of people because of the sensational and exaggerated style employed by the writer for the purpose of lending color and effectiveness to the story.

The supposedly great injury done to the public's morals by means of suggestive stories which make an appeal to the baser passions of a person, is somewhat exaggerated. It is a recognized fact that many people have a moral standard which they adhere to in spite of such writings.

It may be said in behalf of the newspapers that much of the injury done to the people in this way, is neutralized by the effect that convincing articles which advocate higher morals are produced. Many persons are influenced by stories which verge on the immoral only because they wish to be.

Newspapers cannot deny every individual charge of this nature made against them; consequently it is convenient for persons who wish to evade the truth, to accuse the newspaper of being at least indirectly responsible for most any immoral act committed by an individual. Because of the far-reaching influence of the newspaper, the public is apt to impute much of the immorality to it, because the discussion of this question comprises the harmful effects to the exclusion of the other.

Let us consider another important topic which is vitally necessary to the existence of any nation; namely, politics. People who do not possess a broad education and who are not well versed in governmental affairs, de-

pend to a large degree on the newspaper for information on the subject. In spite of the fact that the papers are often biased in the political opinions, the fact remains that they impart to the more ignorant classes of people the significance of political offices. Political propaganda is introduced to the public by means of the daily papers. It is well to remember that although some people's political views may be prejudiced because of this propaganda they ought to be esteemed because of the fact that they awaken in many persons the realization of the individual duty that is theirs, in the voicing of their opinion, by means of the vote.

Therefore, from the arguments advanced against and in behalf of the newspaper, one can perceive that they are far more beneficial than detrimental to the American people.

SPENCER CARY.

#### A MENACE!

The American newspaper taken strictly from a moral viewpoint is decidedly a detriment upon modern American life. The modern news item is worked up in a clever, catchy way in order to be attractive and hold the attention of the reader. This causes it, however, to be lacking in the best English. But the greatest fault of the newspaper is the excessive use of yellow journalism. Yellow journalism is based upon all the worst scandal, the worst crime, and the worst politics of the country. Being very exciting and quite thrilling, it appeals to the greater and more common class of the populace, thus securing a wide circulation for the newspaper printing that type of news.

But it is in dealing with politics that we find the deplorable and common fault of every newspaper; namely, its tendency to support some political party, adhere to that political party's policies, and spread its propaganda. Not only the editorials, but also the news items are tainted with the political prejudices of the owner or editor. Throughout the item runs the dominant thought of persuading the reader to the editors' way of thinking. Instead of remaining neutral and permitting the reader to form his own opinion, the paper obligingly forms an opinion for him. In this respect the modern newspaper is gradually reverting back to Civil War times, when each paper published only the political views and opinions of the owner.

Let us now consider the most important branch of the newspaper; that is, the news story. The chief news topics of the present day are: scandal, crime, and politics. Politics we have already discussed. Let us now consider the other two topics. In these, there is a perpetual excitement, a constant hinting of the base and low, and a continued thrill that is very ruinous to our morals. Picture in your mind the havoc wrought by constant reading of such a kind. A person *is* what he *thinks*. If his thoughts revert daily to the vulgarity of life, he becomes accustomed to it and finally yields

to it. It is quite evident then that the modern newspaper tends to corrupt the mind.

There must be a reformation of the newspaper, a Renaissance so to speak, in the world of journalism. Without this the future of the newspaper looks black indeed. Let us hope therefore for a change, a change caused by the enlightening of the newspaper world in its mistakes. The sooner this reformation is brought about the sooner we will have a bigger and better newspaper.

C. S. J.

#### AUTUMN'S LESSON

"Tis God who created the leaf,  
In springtime upon the tree.  
Then during summer's burning heat,  
To its daily need did see;  
Giving the maple hues of yellow,  
Which fallen, has turned brownish red.  
While the oak leaves scarlet hallow,  
Turn brown within death's bed.

Man, too, was by him created,  
On higher plane than the leaves,  
By a great unknown power fed.  
While in life's course he weaves,  
With colors fresh and bright  
God's own plan and ways.  
Being paid for doing right  
In the glory of endless days.

B. V. E.

"Red" to Rylee: "Here's a snapshot of my girl at the beach."  
Rylee: "Snapshot! Boy, I'd call that an exposure."

"Bill" Enders, speaking to Tom Lowery, asked Tom if he could solve a problem in arithmetic:

Bill: "When you take Myrtle home, if after every kiss you gave her, you had to wait ten minutes before you kissed her again, how long would it take you to get home?"

Tom, after figuring it out: "It would take me nine years, eight months, and three days."

The reason a lot of men are bald-headed is because you can't raise hair on ivory.



# SCHOOL NEWS

HONOR PUPILS WITH GENERAL AVERAGE OF 80 OR OVER FOR OCTOBER  
THIRD FORM—Nicholas 89, Moritz 87, Grothe 85, Pearse, G. 85,  
Douglass 82, Scally 81, Stryker 81.

FOURTH FORM—Hobson 87, Burr 84, Ross 84, Edgar 83, Kuhlthau 82.

FIFTH FORM—Griffith 87, Bates 84, Hiering 82, Rittersbacher 80.

SIXTH FORM—Bliss 86, Cary 83, McCusker 83, DeNike 83, Manning 82, Clark 80, Lockwood 80.

A "pep" meeting was held on October 7 for the Trenton game. After the team had been cheered, Captain Parker made a speech urging the team to get up its fighting spirit.

On October 10 Jelliffe made a final appeal for advertisements for the ARGO. The amount up to that date was \$640 out of a needed \$700. Such was the enthusiasm aroused that within a few days the total mounted up to \$740. This speaks extremely well for the Advertising Club as a result of whose efforts we are able to publish a thirty-six page paper. Jelliffe and Hobson did especially meritorious work in getting advertisements. Moritz, whose father is in the lithographing business, presented the school with several plates of cuts for the ARGO. He was given a cheer in appreciation of this gift. The interest that is being shown in the ARGO this year demonstrates the real Prep spirit and is very gratifying to all the members of the editorial staff.

Spirit was aroused for the Somerville game at a "pep" meeting on October 14. Several members of the team spoke and the team in turn was cheered by the student body. Arrangements were made for transporting any fellows who wanted to accompany the team.

During the succeeding week several meetings were held at which new cheer leaders were tried out. After several tests the school decided that Griffith and Doremus were the most talented in the cheering. They were given letters for their services. These fellows in their white flannels and

red sweaters are certainly a credit to the school, as they put us through our paces at a game.

Donald Edgar was cheered and wished the best of luck since he was leaving the school for several months.

On the Friday preceding the Montclair game, we took a period out of school in which the entire student body went to Neilson field to practice cheers and songs. This meeting was very successful since it made the team feel that it had the backing of the whole school.

The latest arrivals in Prep are: Herbert Hye, Chester and John Paulus, and Joseph De Clara. The three former fellows were students at the local high school last year, and the latter comes to us from New York. We all extend a hearty welcome and wish them the best of success. The attendance at school this year is larger than ever before. There are about ninety students altogether in the Prep.

Starting October 31, a series of "pep" meetings were held to instill the right spirit into everyone for the New Brunswick High School game. A period of about fifteen minutes was devoted each morning to this interest. These meetings were in charge of "Phil" Rittersbacher, the president of the Students' Association. Members of both the team and the student body gave their views on the coming game. Some of the old fellows didn't seem to feel that they had the new fellows behind them, but this feeling was obliterated after several of them spoke and in this way showed their loyalty to Prep. Mr. Gerome and Mr. Tallmadge were called upon and assured the team that the faculty was backing them up strongly. "Herb" Hye and the two Paulus brothers spoke, telling of the high school spirit and impressing us with the really bitter feeling of rivalry between the two schools. By Friday our feelings were roused to fever heat and the air was tense with excitement, as Phil remarked, "You have sort of a funny feeling in your stomach."

Monday, November 7, was tinted with the gloom of the New Brunswick High School game. Mr. Kelly spoke a few words concerning the game, followed by "Red" Parker and a few other fellows. As usual, the old Prep spirit prevailed and was demonstrated in the hearty singing of our school song, "Dear Old Prep School."

Tuesday began the Red Cross drive. Mr. Kelly told us that the school had always been 100 per cent. in membership and advised us to continue the good work. Mr. Gerome has taken charge of the drive.

A number of fellows were excused to attend the Notre Dame-Rutgers game at the Polo Grounds, New York, where they enjoyed seeing in action one of the fastest, best-trained, and most scientific football machines in America.

Thursday the fellows worked up a real "pep" meeting for the coming Princeton Prep game.

# DORM-NOTES

SERVEN

OCTOBER 16—A meeting was held in the basement of the Alpha House for the purpose of electing the Track Association officers. "Phil" Rittersbacher was elected president, with "Bill" Enders assisting him as vice-president. The officers of the different houses are as follows: Alpha House, president, Griffith; delegate to the council, Skinner. Delta House, president, McCusker; delegate to the council, Shaw, W. Gamma House, president, Enders; delegate to the council, Ide.

OCTOBER 30—A meeting was called in the basement of the Alpha House and at the invitation of Mr. Kelly to hold a Hallowe'en party decided that each house should put on a stunt for the entertainment of the company.

OCTOBER 31—A Hallowe'en supper was enjoyed by everyone at the Trap. This was prepared under the able direction of Mrs. Mathers and Mrs. Reed. After the meal everyone went into Mrs. Kelly's parlor where stunts were given by different members of the houses. Songs by Mr. Kelly and Mr. Uhrig and wails by the Delta House quartet were the main attractions of the evening.

NOVEMBER 4—Some of the old members of last year's graduating class and other alumni stopped to visit the old Trap again. "Chuck" Vaughn, "Bridgie" Weber, and Tom Laurie are all well remembered. "Chuck" and "Bridgie" were on their way to Philadelphia to see their college team, Lafayette, play University of Pennsylvania.

NOVEMBER 6—Mr. Kelly gave us a talk on Rutgers Prep, its history and alumni, a very interesting subject as the school is so old and has so many graduates.

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Berkowitz (to girl with whom he is going picnicing): Shall I bring honey sandwiches, honey?

Fair Damsel: No, bring ham sandwiches, you ham.

---

Mr. Merritt: "Provost, I do wish you would pay a little attention!"

Provost: "I am paying as little attention as possible, sir."

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Teacher: "What does the story of Jonah and the Whale teach us?"

Johnnie: "That you can't keep a good man down."

## THE PREP HIGH SCHOOL GAME

Some 1,000 persons were the wind-beaten spectators for the Prep High game on the sixth of this month. Each team, with fighting blood in its eyes, came on the field to do or die. But the Gods were against our team and sent a strong army clad in blue and white to beat them.

To what should Prep's defeat be attributed? Principally, it was the speedy high school backfield which did the trick. Our backfield played in a mediocre manner, sometimes displaying dashes of form and the next minute slumping into an easy-going style of attack. The Blue and White backs, however, showed fair work and pounded at Prep's line steadily. Although the high school team managed to get two touchdowns across the line, they had to fight for every inch and at times our line was well nigh unpenetrable. While the Prep line was good on the defensive, it was impossible for them to withstand the battering attack of the winners and the backfield men punctured it several times for substantial gains.

The lucky breaks of the game almost all went to the high school boys and it took some of the heart out of our hard-fighting men. A little bad luck with a pass gave high school their first two points by making a safety.

In the second quarter Prep was trying hard to get the ball up the field from the twenty-yard line. A bad pass to Loury and a tackle by Dodd made a safety.

A fumble in the third quarter and a spectacular eighty-yard run by "Red" Yorston gave high school her first touchdown. Prep had the ball on the twenty-yard line. Rowland fumbled and Yorston, out of a human mass, turned and ran for the goal. Then Vielhauer kicked the goal, making the score 9—0.

In the final frame the Blue and White pushed over another touchdown. This was done after three downs of hard battle on the five-yard line. At last Deinzer went over and Vielhauer again kicked the goal.

Both sides showed good punting throughout all the game, but the kicks from Enders were far better than those of the high school.

All our players showed the true fight and much credit was due to Enders and Rowland.

Rutgers Prep	The Lineup	N. B. H. S.
Hye	Left End	McGovern
Hindle	Left Tackle	Dodd
J. Paulus	Left Guard	Schatzman
Shaw	Center	Van Sleurson
Heiring	Right Guard	Veilhauer
Rittersbacher	Right Tackle	Heffernan
Parker, Capt.	Right End	Franz
Manning	Quarterback	Scheidig
Loury	Left Halfback	Sleinzer, Capt.
Rowland	Right Halfback	McCabe
Enders	Fullback	Yorston

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OUR SPIRIT AT THE HIGH SCHOOL-PREP GAME

Huddled together in a small compact group to protect each other from the icy wind that blew across Neilson Field with a true vehemence on Saturday, November 5, the Prep School cheering section dutifully supported their team. In that section was every student in Prep, resolved to do his very best in backing up and cheering the team. Many of the fellows brought their relatives and friends along, while a large number of loyal alumni were back to see Prep battle against their old rival, High School. That cheering section was resolved to make themselves heard, to put some real pep into their yells, and they succeeded. Megaphones were as numerous as people.

Immediately across the field was the High School cheering section. This viewed from the Prep side was a pretty color spectacle, made especially beautiful by the high school girls. In number they were far superior to the Prep section, but in noise and in spirit they were not.

We were small in number but strong in heart, and we answered High School, yell for yell. There was no slumping of spirit or fight, but a constant loyalty up to the very last minute of play. We backed up the team as true Prep men and displayed to the audience a true example of real Prep Spirit.

As a reward to our noble efforts the High School very obligingly gave us a treat by parading their girls before us. This was very kind of them, and we were really grateful. One of our freshman in a voice filled with awe and rapture asked an upperclassman if they were the High School Follies.

In conclusion we are glad to say that no Prep fellow failed in his duty, but that everyone was faithful to the team throughout the entire game.

---

Skinner came to school the other day with a sore hand. He said he went into a restaurant to get a cigar, and while he was getting it somebody stepped on his fingers.

Love is bliss; therefore Herman is a blister.

---

Mr. Tallmadge in Sophomore English Class: "You boys won't be able to enjoy *Hamlet* until you are about fifteen years older—when you get into college." (We know you are most likely telling the truth, Mr. Tallmadge; but why rub it in?)

---

Math. Teacher:  $\pi \times R^2$  equals the area of a circle. What is the value of  $\pi$ ?

Dizzy: Fifteen cents.



The first meeting of the Arts Club was held on Thursday afternoon, November 3. There were 62 members present. The following officers were elected for the coming season: President, Dorothy Hindle; vice-president, Charles McCormick; secretary, Monroe O'Flynn. Felix Cary, Virginia McCormick, and Russell Van Winkle were appointed members of the program committee. After the business meeting, the boys and girls danced and played games until it was time to adjourn. We were glad to have so many elementary graduates present at the meeting and hope they will come as often as they can.

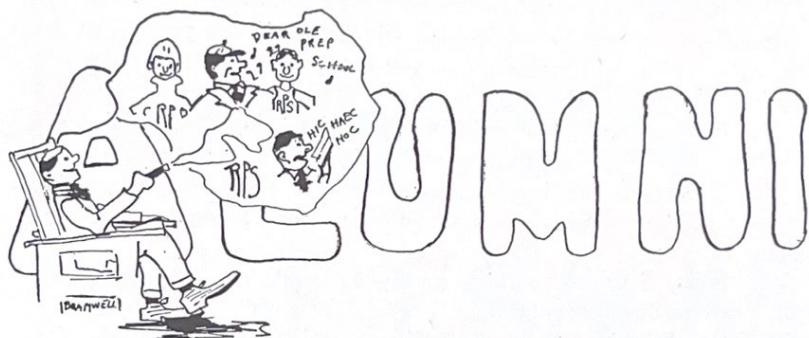
The thermometer is steadily rising in spite of the cold weather. It registers \$55 toward our annual Christmas gift to the Children's Home. At this rate we will surely go "over the top" to the high goal which we have set.

The annual Red Cross drive for membership will begin on November 11. We are confident that the children of the Elementary School will join 100 per cent. strong as they have always done.

There is a poster in the hall which attracts a great deal of attention, for upon it appears the name of the boy or girl who stands highest in each class for the week. Of course, every child wishes to see his name on the list as this is a step toward the scholarship pins which are awarded at the end of the year. It is a great incentive for good work.

That we do not believe in "all work and no play" was demonstrated by the Hallowe'en parties held in the first and second grade rooms. All sorts of Hallowe'en games were played, such as pinning the flame on a candle, potato races, going to Jerusalem. The winners were awarded unique prizes. Everyone had a wonderful time and wished Hallowe'en came every day.

If you want to see a delightfully homelike class room, just visit the first grade room. There is a new rug on the floor which, beside being very good looking, is quite practical because it enables the children to play their games without getting dusty on the floor. A smaller rug is on the table, which is always decorated with a large bunch of bright flowers. It is no wonder that the children are happy in such a pleasant room.



'11. Edward S. Hoe represents the brokerage firm of Salomon Bros. & Hutzler, dealers in investment securities at 27 Pine Street, New York City. He lives at 2568 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn.

'16. Thomas Pereira has taken his doctor's degree in medicine and is now an interne in the Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C.

'17. Clarence E. Glass is in business for himself selling automobile tires and accessories at 1347 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. "Skizzles" drops in to see Louis and other local friends occasionally.

'15. Munroe J. Horre has been traveling over Europe and having a wonderful time, according to his postcard from London.

'20. Ed. J. Danforth is attending the University of Porto Rico this year, taking a course in agriculture. His father is employed as a professor there, and the whole family has moved to Mayaguez, P. R.

'58. Charles T. Cowenhoven died at his home on College Avenue, this city, March 3, 1921. He practiced law almost up to the day of his death and was a prominent member of the local bar.

'56. John W. Beardslee, D.D., died at the home of his son, in this city, March 31, 1921. His last public appearance was at the Prep School Alumni Banquet, where he made a short and interesting speech.

'10. Ralph S. Willard is assistant manager of the Hartford Lunch Company, of New York, whose sixteen lunch rooms keep "Sunny" busy.

'23. Arthur Tietenberg now lives at Mt. Tabor, N. J., and attends the Morristown High School. He expects to return to Prep later.

'22. Bill Dorman spent some time last year at the San Marcos Ranch,

'21. Bill Baker is now attending the University of Michigan. Last summer he worked his way over to France on one of the U. S. Marine Steamship Company's boats.

'21. Jack Raiff went back to the New Mexico Military Institute. He is engaged to a girl in Baltimore and will be married a year from this June. His father is placing him as assistant manager of the American Smelting and Refining Company.

'23. Horace Smith is in the trucking business in White Plains and Scarsdale. He is making out very well and is building up quite a trade.

'21. Monmouth Buckbee has recently bought the County Seat Tire Company, in White Plains. It is an old concern and he ought to do very well.

'22. Bailey Sayres is working for the Honolulu Gas Company. He expects to visit the States shortly.

'20. Ray Scudder has transferred from Wesleyan to Princeton.

'21. Henry Hemingway is going to the Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland.

'20. David Culpeper is working for the Imboie Company, stock brokers. He served a year in the navy after leaving Staunton Military Academy.

'21. Leonard Hollander is working for his father in Newark in the fur business.

'20. Charlie Shoemaker is working for his father with the American Letter Company as secretary.

'11. Worthington Farley and his brother, Walter '12, are both civil engineers in White Plains.

'19. Tom Loomis is studying law at the University of Detroit, from where he expects to graduate very soon.

'21. Charles E. Thompson is attending Colby College, Waterville, Me.

#### AUTUMN

It seems when Autumn casts her spell before the eyes of men,

She has a foresight of the coming winter, cold and drear,

And in her love gives colors warm in every nook and glen,

Painting pictures the most beautiful in all the year.

The bright blue gentians are as bits of azure sky above,

Come down to play and frolic with the sunny golden rod,

Whose yellow wands, waved gayly by the fairy breeze in love,

Benigned glances, to the cardinalate asters nod.

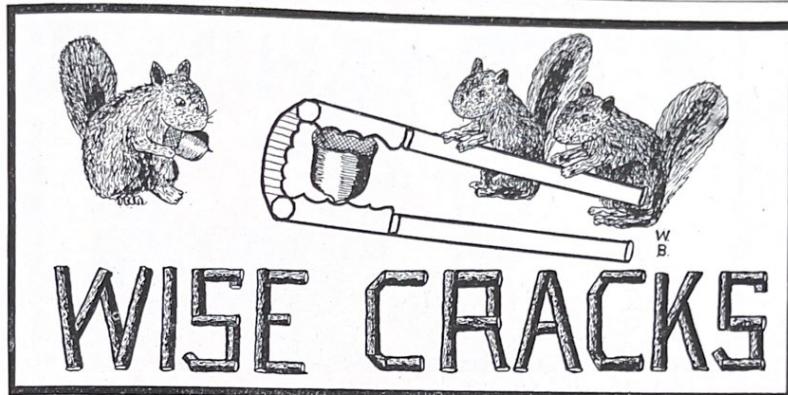
Leaves of gold and crimson fall nimblly from above

To caress dear mother earth in a cloud of wond'rous love:

All is God's own handwork, wrought by His tender love,

Who mindful of His creatures here, presents these scenes to view.

WILLIAM S. BAILEY.



## IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Larker's red hair.  
Clark's philosophy.  
Will Shaw's waves.  
Hansel's hair comb.  
N. Shaw's bored looks.  
Christensen's blushes.  
Hindle's socks.  
Carry's arrows.  
Strong's quietness.  
Weissman's business ability.  
Skinner's "vampy" looks.  
Jelliffe's smile.  
Vic's wise cracks.  
Herman's graceful movements.

## DON CARLOS OLARTE

Filled with youth's fire,  
Came to our Prep school grand,  
Seeking much knowledge there,  
Carlos Olarte.  
Sought it and found it,  
Worked like a beaver there,  
Studying faithfully,  
Marvelous scholar.

Carlos Olarte,  
Last of the Spanish Dons,  
Proud of his lineage  
Traced back to mastodons;

Don Juan revivified—  
Caesar, Apollo,  
Bacchus and Jupiter  
Rolled into one.  
Carlos Olarte  
Y pobre matador,  
Pride of his native land,  
Came to our city grand,  
Met in the Prep School there,  
Mr. Gerome.

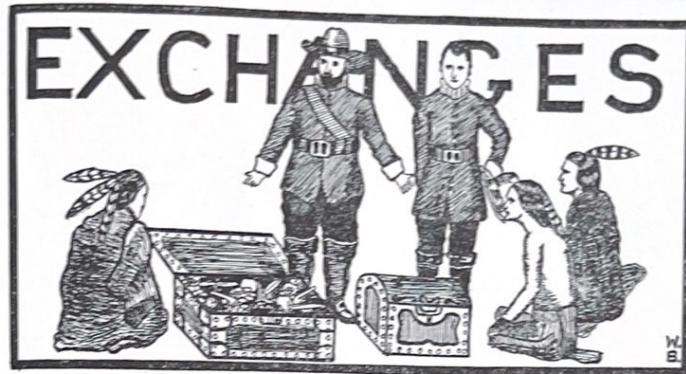
Mr. Gerome, a teacher and scholar,  
Versed in the Spanish tongue,  
Resolved to welcome  
Don Carlos Olarte;  
Gathering some Spanish verbs,  
Adverbs and pronouns,  
He ventured to address  
Don Carlos Olarte;  
But shocked by the words he heard,  
Carlos was quickly stirred,  
Stirred by the words he heard  
Into prompt action—  
“Write out one thousand times,  
I must report on time,  
And never be late again,  
Alright, vamuse!”

Raising his hands on high,  
Loudly Don Carlos cried,  
“Carramba! con usted!  
Y come se llama! !  
Por Dios del monte  
Asparagus tips! !  
Rage in his beating heart  
Rose like a tempest;  
For lessons in writing  
Had wounded his heart.

---

Weissman: “Mr. Kelly, I received a very low mark last month, but I think I deserve a better one. You see I was absent most of the time.”

Mr. Kelly: “Yes, those were the times you received your best marks.”



THE ARGO gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges:—

- The Daisy*, Eastern District High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- The M. P. S.*, Moravian Prep., Bethlehem, Pa.
- The Record*, Hallock School, Great Barrington, Mass.
- The Triad*, St. Peter's High, New Brunswick, N. J.
- The Index*, Haverford School, Haverford, Pa.
- The Morristonian*, Morristown School, Morristown, N. J.
- The Peddie News*, Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J.
- The Rensselaer Polytechnic*, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.
- The Targum*, Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.



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