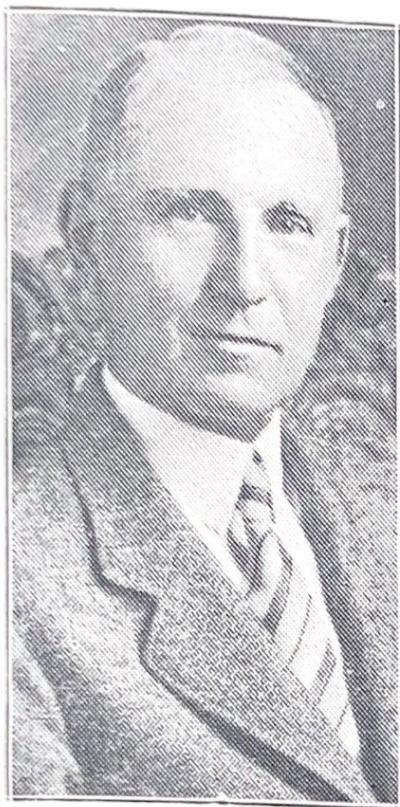


THE ARGO



JUNE 1933.



WILLIAM POWERS KELLY, M.A.

Headmaster

Dartmouth College, 1886; Glee Club Quartette; Art Editor of *The Aegis*; Yale Graduate School; Phi Beta Kappa; "Honoris Causa;" Member National Education Association, New York Schoolmasters' Club, Schoolmasters' Association of New York and vicinity; Headmasters' Association of Philadelphia, and other educational societies; formerly Vice-President American Institute of Instruction; President Connecticut State Teachers' Association; President Connecticut Association of School Superintendents; President Connecticut Schoolmasters' Club; taught at Coes, Rugby, and Worcester Academies; Superintendent of Schools at St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Hudson and Attleboro, Mass.; Meriden, Conn.; Headmaster Rutgers Prep since 1911.



THE FACULTY, 1932-33

FACULTY SKETCHES

Mr. Cook

Mr. Cook, the school's math teacher, was born at High Falls, N. Y. In 1902 he entered New Paltz Normal School, where he took a classical course for four years. After this he became principal of a school in Barryville, N. Y., and later taught at Lake Mohegan for a year. It was now that he entered Rutgers College, and also began to teach at the school. At that time Mr. Scudder, who had been principle of the normal school where Mr. Cook had studied, was headmaster here. At college Mr. Cook got his letter in his freshman year, and became captain of the gym team at the end of his sophomore year. After leaving here in 1910 he went to Columbia, where he studied mathematics under David E. Smith, one of the best mathematicians of that time. After one year at Columbia, he married Mrs. Cook and returned here to teach. He has remained at Rutgers Prep ever since, except for 1922 which he spent on a farm at home.

Mr. Thatcher

Our Civics and History teacher, Mr. Thatcher was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 10, 1897. When seventeen years old, he entered Columbia University, where he studied for five years, graduating in 1919. In 1918 he entered the Student Army Training Camp at Columbia. He was in that part of the S. A. T. C. devoted to camouflaging.

After the war he went into business for a time, and in 1923 began teaching at the Adirondack-Florida School. Later he taught for a time at Hill School in Pottstown, Pa. In 1925 Mr. Thatcher entered Columbia again for graduate work, and in 1926 attained his M.A. degree. He then taught at Asheville School in North Carolina, after which in 1927 he went abroad. While in Rome, he first met Mrs. Thatcher. After returning to the United States, he worked for Henry Holt and

Co., Publishers, for three years. It was at the end of this period, in 1930-31, that he entered upon his career of teaching in Rutgers Prep. In 1929 he had married Mrs. Thatcher in St. Louis. He went abroad again in 1931, and since then has been teaching here.

Mr. Brown

Our Physics and Chemistry teacher, Mr. Brown, was born in Whiting, Vt., at the turn of the century. After attending high school at Brandon, Vt., he entered New Hampshire University, where he spent four full years preparing for medicine. Later he proceeded to the University of Michigan where he performed graduate work. In 1926 he entered Leavenworth Institute in New York State, where he worked till the fall of 1928. Then it was that Mr. Brown began his teaching at Prep, which has continued till now.

Mr. Stroud

Mr. Durant Stroud, our French and Spanish teacher, was born October 16, 1904. Mr. Stroud graduated from Wilmington High School in 1923, and entered the University of Delaware, from which he graduated in 1927 with a B.A. degree. In the summer of the same year Mr. Stroud attended the Spanish class at Middlebury College, and in the summer of 1925 attended the University de Nancy and the University of Paris.

When Mr. Stroud returned to the United States, he taught at the Perkiomen and Hill Schools before coming to Rutgers Prep.

On February third of this year, Mr. Stroud married Natalie Chadwick at Wilmington, Delaware, and thus the "Trap family" is augmented by still another member who has proved a most congenial and welcome addition.

Mr. Laramore

Our Latin teacher, Mr. Julius Bennett Laramore, comes from Washington,

Georgia. He received his early education at the Robert E. Lee Institute and at Staunton Military Academy. After graduating from the latter, Mr. Laramore proceeded to the University of Georgia, and two years later entered the University of Chicago, where he received his B.A. degree in 1925. This, however, did not complete Mr. Laramore's studies, for in the summer of 1928 he went to the University of Southern California for graduate work. In 1927 he came to Rutgers Prep.

All the boys at the Trap, and those of the day students who study Latin know of Mr. Laramore's trip to Europe and the Near East last year. Accompanied by his mother, he visited eleven countries, the Island of Rhodes, and the Riviera. The countries which interested him most were Austria, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, and Greece. In the course of his trip Mr. Laramore obtained with a vest pocket Kodak many unusual photographs, which have made splendid enlargements.

Thus ends our attempt to give a brief sketch of Mr. Laramore, arch-rival of grouchiness and gloom.

Mr. Hartman

Mr. Robert Nelson Hartman was born at Golden, Colorado, in 1902. In 1925 he received his B.A. degree at Susquehanna University, and in 1927 attended the Rockne-Maxwell Coaching School. While at Susquehanna University Mr. Hartman received three letters in varsity football and two letters in varsity basketball.

When he came to Rutgers Prep in 1930, Mr. Hartman took an immense load upon his shoulders, for besides teaching English, Algebra, and Biology and assisting in the coaching of varsity football, he was given the task of coaching midget basketball and baseball. However, he has obtained good results, and good athletes as well as good students have been trained under his supervision.

At present Mr. Hartman is completing the work for his Master of Arts degree at Bucknell University, where he studied during the past few summers. We all certainly hope that he gets it in high standing. We may even call him "Prof." Hartman in a few years. He is one of the most popular and best-liked teachers ever at Prep.

Dr. McGinn

Doctor Donald J. McGinn, our English teacher, spent the early years of his life at Indian Lake, New York. Entering Cornell University in 1922, he began a pre-medical course from which he later transferred to liberal arts and majored in economics and English. In 1926, after leaving Cornell with his A.B. degree, he worked in the commercial department of the New York Telephone Co. until February, 1928. Then he returned to Cornell for graduate work, and studied Elizabethan English under Doctor J. Q. Adams, now director of research at the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, and Professor Lane Cooper, a prominent alumnus of the school. In 1929, after securing his Master's degree, he continued his work with the two scholars mentioned, and also studied philosophy under Professor G. W. Cunningham. Dr. McGinn was awarded his Doctor's degree in 1930. Since he was an outstanding miler in college, while doing his graduate work he was assistant coach of track, specializing in distance running. After attaining his Doctor's degree he came here.

Mr. Roehler

We now wish to acquaint the boys with Mr. Herbert Roehler, who was born near Breslau, Germany, in 1909. From 1918 to 1924 he studied in the Cologne Gymnasium. During the war his father was killed, and in 1924 Mr. Roehler left Germany to come to America. Here, in New Brunswick, he went through both junior

(Continued on page 25)

THE JOYCE KILMER PRIZE
ESSAY OF 1932

Kilmer's Message to the New School

To the students of Rutgers Preparatory School, Joyce Kilmer always will be remembered with admiration and affection. In the field of literature he is the most renowned graduate of the old school. In token of his esteem for his school he has dedicated to it *Alma Mater*, which ranks among his best verses. Although many years have passed since Kilmer sat in the old schoolhouse, his spirit still lingers in its halls.

Kilmer was born in 1886 in New Brunswick, received his early education at Rutgers Preparatory School, and afterward entered Rutgers College, from which he graduated with honors. He then attended Columbia for four years and not long after his graduation was given a position on the *New York Times*. During his years on the newspaper he found time to publish three volumes of poetry—*Summer and Love*, *Trees and Other Poems*, and *Main Street and Other Poems*. From the outbreak of the war he took an active interest in the cause of the Allies; and when America entered the war in 1917, he was among the first to volunteer. In August, 1918, while reconnoitering for the American advance which drove the Germans from the Marne, Sergeant Joyce Kilmer was killed in action. His death was mourned by millions of admirers all over the world.

And after the golden day has come and
the war is at an end,
A slab of bronze on the chapel wall will
tell of the noble dead.
And every name on that radiant list will
be the name of a friend,
A name that shall through the centuries in
grateful prayers be said.

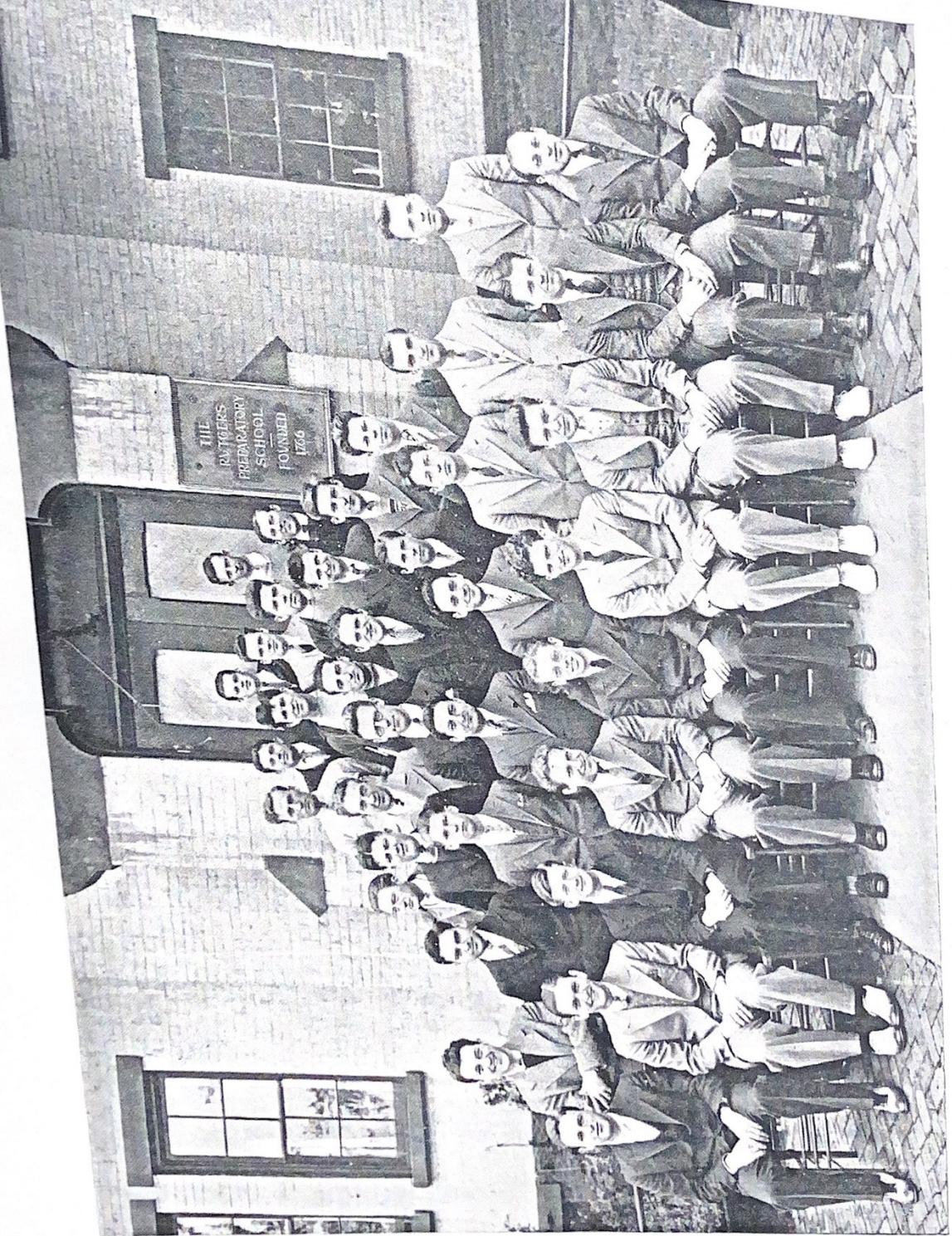
And there will be ghosts in the old school,
brave ghosts with laughing eyes,

On the field with a ghostly cricket-bat, by
the stream with a ghostly rod;
They will touch the hearts of the living
with a flame that sanctifies,
A flame that they took with strong young
hands from the altar-fires of God.
—from *The New School*.

When Joyce Kilmer wrote *The New School*, the last two stanzas of which are quoted above, he did not dream that in a few short years he would be one of these "noble dead" whose names were to be inscribed in bronze upon the chapel wall. He did not know that his name should "through the centuries in grateful prayer be said." But Kilmer did die on the field of battle red with the blood of millions of other young men who were fighting in the war to make the world safe for democracy—the war to end war. This poem which he has left behind him should serve the purpose for which he intended it—to convince the youth of the "new school," not only here at Rutgers but all over the world, of the utter futility of war. Indeed, it is to the youth of the entire world that the poem is directed. They are the New School; they are the future citizens and rulers of nations; and unless they heed the poet's message, they are the future cannon fodder of wars yet to come.

These wars that may come will be more terrible if the young people of the world do not demand that international peace be maintained regardless of what material sacrifices may be involved. War is a futile and horribly destructive way to settle disputes. When a war is ended and millions of lives have been sacrificed, to say nothing of the more millions maimed and disabled, the belligerent nations find that the conflict was in vain—nothing has been settled; on the contrary, the feeling of rancor and hatred has been increased. Kilmer saw the cruelty of war—this mul-

(Continued on page 13)



SENIOR CLASS, 1933

SENIORS

Paul Armstrong, Parlin, N. J.	
Football	4
Baseball	4
Preparing for Western Maryland.	
"Don't do today what can be left to tomorrow."	
 José Maria Beguiristain, Jr.,	
Matanzas, Cuba	
Football, Manager	4
Basketball, Manager	4
Baseball, Manager	4
President of Beta House	4
History Club	1
Member Athletic Board	4
Preparing for University of Havana.	
"A kindly smile to all he gave."	
 Robert Bohlke, Metuchen, N. J.	
Basketball	4
Track	4
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"A man's good name is his best monu- ment."	
Franklin Brost, Buffalo, N. Y.	
Football	3, 4
Track	3, 4
Glee Club	3
Argo	3, 4
President Student Association	4
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"Upon their own merits, modest men are mute."	
Louis P. Baido, Highland Park, N. J.	
Football	3, 4
Basketball	3
Baseball	3
Preparing for Alabama.	
"Happy am I—from care I'm free."	
William M. Carlisle, New Brunswick	
Football	4
Preparing for Georgia Tech.	
"Delight, foresight, and skill."	
John Henry Cook, Hancock, Mass.	
Midget Football	4

Midget Basketball	4
Track	4
Cum Laude	
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"Why aren't they all contented like me?"	
 Robert Dyer Cook, Hancock, Mass.	
Football	4
Track	4
Cum Laude	
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"Enflamed by the study of learning."	
 Cleon C. Dodge, Hasbrouck Heights, N.J.	
Swimming	3, 4
Football	3
Track	4
Argo	3
Glee Club	3
Cum Laude	
Preparing for M.I.T.	
"Miracles are within us."	
 Robert Dickson, Perth Amboy, N.J.	
Tennis	4
Track	4
Preparing for Columbia.	
"So very kind, yet silent."	
 Frederick Farrar, White Plains, N.Y.	
Football	4
Preparing for Yale.	
"The man who blushes is not quite a brute."	
 Ralph Faulkingham, New Brunswick	
Swimming	1, 2, 4
Golf	1, 2, 4
Glee Club	1, 2, 4
Argo	4
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"What I cannot see through, I see around."	
 Herbert Fertig, New Brunswick, N.J.	
Basketball	3, 4
Baseball	3, 4

June, 1933

Glee Club
Preparing
"Faint he

Richard L
Cross Coun
Track

Glee Club .
Preparing
"Be silen
betrays."

Harry L.
Football ...
Basketball
Track
Golf
Preparing
sota.
"In short

John Nye
Football ...
Swimming
Glee Club
Preparing
"Hail fel

Jack A. He
Glee Club
Preparing
"Why st

Hans H
Track
Preparing
"Young :

Robert G.
Football ...
Track
Golf, Mana
Argo
Associate l
Secretary S
Cum Laude
Preparin
"A mira

Glee Club	3	Arthur S. Jones, Metuchen, N. J.
Preparing for Rutgers.		Football 3, 4
"Faint heart ne'er won fair maid."		Swimming 3, 4
Richard D. Fine, Merchantville, N. J.		Track 4
Cross Country	3, 4	Glee Club 3
Track	3, 4	Preparing for Rutgers.
Glee Club	3, 4	"To worry little, to study less, my idea of happiness."
Prepared for Rutgers.		George Lander, Metuchen, N. J.
"Be silent and safe, for silence never betrays."		Football 3, 4
Harry L. Fiske, St. Croix Falls, Wis.		Preparing for Rutgers.
Football	4	"Strength of heart, and might of limb."
Basketball	4	Edgar Linnett, Newark, N. J.
Track	4	Track 4
Golf	4	Preparing for Maryville College.
Preparing for the University of Minne- sota.		"When joy and duty clash, let duty go to smash."
"In short, he is a perfect cavalier."		Jerome Levy, Bayonne, N. J.
John Nye Gulick, East Orange, N. J.		Tennis 4
Football	4	Preparing for Rutgers.
Swimming	4	"Wise men argue causes; fools decide them."
Glee Club	4	LeRoy J. Lins, New Brunswick, N. J.
Preparing for Rutgers.		Basketball 3, 4
"Hail fellow, well met!"		Baseball 3, 4
Jack A. Henderson, Highland Park, N. J.		Preparing for Rutgers.
Glee Club	4	"He bows to the shrine of athletics."
Preparing for Rutgers.		Granville Magee, Parlin, N. J.
"Why study history,—I make it."		Football 4
Hans Howald, Narrowsboig, N. Y.		Preparing for Rutgers.
Track	3, 4	"A merry heart lives all the day."
Preparing for Rutgers.		Richard F. Niederstein Oceanside, L. I.
"Young fellows will be young fellows."		Swimming 2, 3, 4
Robert G. Howard, Washington, D. C.		Track 2
Football	1	President Beta House 2
Track	3, 4	Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4
Golf, Manager	3, 4	Athletic Board 3, 4
Argo	3	Preparing for Rutgers.
Associate Editor	4	"No one but God and I know what is in my heart."
Secretary Students Association	4	
Cum Laude		
Preparing for Princeton.		
"A miracle of noble manhood."		

Contents: Vol. 18

No. 1 thru 7

8+9

Complete

Matthew Completed

Francis Parsons, Princeton, N. J.	
Football	4
Basketball	4
Baseball	4
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"Smile to the world and the world smiles back at you."	
Francis R. Pattberg, Rutherford, N. J.	
Tennis, Manager	3, 4
Editor-in-chief Argo '33	
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"Envy is a kind of praise."	
Frank E. Pennington, Jr.	
New Brunswick, N. J.	
Football	3, 4
Basketball	3, 4
Baseball	3, 4
Track	3
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"To climb the stair, might I not find the place?"	
Wallace C. Pringle, South River, N. J.	
Football	4
Basketball	4
Baseball	4
Cum Laude	
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"To do my best and play my part."	
Samuel Quaranta, New Brunswick, N. J.	
Track	4
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"Thou driftest gently toward the tides of sleep."	
Emerson Raab, Jersey City, N. J.	
Football	3, 4
Baseball	1, 2, 3, 4
Glee Club	2
Argo	3, 4
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"Begone dull care, begone from me."	
Willard W. Roberts, Bloomfield, N. J.	
Football	4

Track	4
Baseball	4
Preparing for Amherst.	
"Much study is the weariness of flesh."	
Walter Runyon, Dunellen, N. J.	
Football	4
Swimming	3
Golf	3
Argo	3, 4
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"He has begun weaving wonderful things."	
Henry Rostkowski, Perth Amboy, N. J.	
Preparing for Syracuse.	
"The mind is the man."	
Vincent Shay, Woodbridge, N. J.	
Basketball	4
Tennis	4
Glee Club	4
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"The best kind of a pal."	
Scott L. Shive, New Brunswick, N. J.	
Swimming	2, 3, 4
Track	4
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"Wisdom he has, and to his wisdom courage."	
Daniel H. Smith, Patterson, N. J.	
Track, Manager	4
Argo	4
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"I am ever happy . . ."	
Thomas Spinanger, Elizabeth, N. J.	
Football	4
Swimming	4
Track	4
Preparing for Rutgers.	
"He sits high in people's hearts."	
Joel Tucker, Metuchen, N. J.	
Football	4
Basketball	4

June, 1933

Preparing fo
"To sow his :Allan Vo
FootballBoxingPreparing fo
"Good thingsJack Wat
FootballTrackBaseballPreparing for
"There will
again."Louis Wolfsor
TennisPreparing for
"And sudden
part of me and**PARTING W
FROM TH**I had a call :
graduates who t
in Rutgers Pre
of his life. It
four years in a
school and four
great university
bread that give
but the filler ir
is concerned, ai
and bright enou
on a Rutgers P:I am still try
was about our
such a place in IIn the first j
No one here ha
propaganda or
came about his c
and we did just
After all the s:

Preparing for Washington and Lee.
 "To sow his seed and reap his harvest."

Allan Volk, Metuchen, N. J.

Football 4

Boxing 4

Preparing for Rutgers.

"Good things come in small packages."

Jack Watson, Trenton, N. J.

Football 4

Track 4

Baseball 4

Preparing for Rutgers.

"There will not be heard that sound again."

Louis Wolfson, New Brunswick, N. J.
 Tennis 4

Preparing for Rutgers.

"And suddenly the world becomes a part of me and I of it."

*—Compiled by Niederstein,
 Howard, and Miller.*

PARTING WORDS: A MESSAGE FROM THE HEADMASTER

I had a call recently from one of our graduates who told me that his year spent in Rutgers Prep was the happiest year of his life. It was sandwiched between four years in a splendid New Jersey high school and four years in Princeton, that great university. You know it's not the bread that gives the sandwich its name, but the filler in between. So far as he is concerned, and he was a Cum Laude and bright enough to judge, was educated on a Rutgers Prep sandwich so to speak.

I am still trying to think what there was about our little school that gives it such a place in his affections.

In the first place, it was unexpected. No one here had deliberately set out by propaganda or wiles to charm him. He came about his daily work just as you do, and we did just as you see us doing now. After all the strongest influence is that

of which no one is conscious of wielding. It could not have been the building. He did not even have the novelty of living at the Trap, but lived with his family in town. There was nothing impressive about the school house compared with the elegant city buildings of the high school or the great university. There was no superiority in our courses of instruction nor the scholarship of our teachers. It would be nonsense to set ourselves above such institutions in those respects.

I can attribute it only to the spirit of human friendliness and the willingness of each and all to give the best that is in him to our common life. If I am right, and that is true, we ought to carry away from this school a lesson that can be applied wherever we are and as long as we live. If every Rutgers Prep man can be distinguished by this spirit as he walks among his fellowmen, what greater fame could any school desire!

No doubt every school puts some sort of an impress on its boys. During school days the whole group take on certain characteristics — and — conversely they drop off certain others. Their language in and out of school generally shows what changes are going on in their minds; so does their behavior toward parents, toward social friends, on the playing fields and in the schoolrooms. If the spirit here helps boys upward, they will feel the same glow of pleasure that an athletic victory or a high examination or any other success produces. They will always associate Rutgers Prep with happy days.

We are all human, just trying to get the most out of life as we go along. But just as it is in trade and commerce, so it is with us here. There must be give and take, there must be exchange or there can be no profit. The teachers you most admire are those who are giving you something, and the best boys are those who are giving most in return. Let that

(Continued on page 31)

The Argo

of Rutgers Prep

CONTINUOUS
PUBLICATION

SINCE 1865

Vol. 45, No. 5

June, 1933



EDITORIAL STAFF

FRANCIS PATTBERG *Editor-in-Chief*
 ROBERT HOWARD *Associate Editor*

REPORTERS

FRANK BEARDSLEE	MEEKER NEVILLE
FRANKLIN BROST	RICHARD NIEDERSTEIN
RALPH FAULKINGHAM	FRANCIS PARSONS
RUSSELL GINDIN	HARRY SAMPSON
EDWARD KACZKA	PHILIPS UHRIG
PETER KRAUSZER	BRYON WAKSMAN
JOHN MILLER	EDWARD WOODRUFF

BUSINESS STAFF

JAMES REILLY	FRANK BEARDSLEE
HARRY SAMPSON	JOHN ROYALE

TYPISTS

JESSE ARANGO	EDWARD KACZKA
JOHN MILLER	

RUTGERS—AN APPRECIATION

To the fellows who have had the good fortune to be here this past year our school has offered innumerable opportunities. These if used to the best advantage will be of great benefit to them in their future careers, whatever these may be. Just how have we used these opportunities? Have we taken advantage of them as they presented themselves, or have we let them slip through our fingers, to vanish forever? The school has offered the fellows excellent opportunities in studies,

in athletics, and in extra-curricular activities. In studies the school offers the chance to certify for almost any college outside of the three requiring College Board Exams, namely, Harvard, Yale and Princeton. Yet for even these three colleges Rutgers Prep is a stepping stone, for the College Board requirements are fully covered in the course of a school year. At the present time the school has graduates in such leading colleges of the East as Princeton, Cornell, Penn, Dartmouth and Rutgers. Even as far west as the University of California is its influence felt. In athletics the school has offered chances for the boys to display their abilities on the gridiron, the diamond, the cinders, the tennis court, the basketball court, the swimming pool and the golf course. Here they not only enjoy that satisfaction that comes through competition supplied by neighboring schools but develop a sense of sportsmanship and fair play that is an asset to any man. To assist the athletic coaches in their training the school has the privilege of using Rutgers University equipment which is an opportunity that is not overlooked.

Our teams this past year have been of the highest caliber both in competition and in sportsmanship; as proof of this, consider our championship teams in basketball, football and swimming and our individual champions in swimming and track. As a result Rutgers Prep is more than a name, it is a symbol. In extra-curricular activities the Glee Club and quartette offer an outlet for those musically inclined; indeed several, of the students have availed themselves of the privilege. Then through the medium of THE ARGO, always open to student contributions, every boy has a chance to try his hand at journalism. In addition to the above activities there is always the need of willing hands to work on various committees appointed throughout the school year, for Rutgers Prep in addition to its

scholastic and athletic training is also the scene of many social activities.

Most of the fellows here have grasped these opportunities as they came along. As a result the school has had one of the most successful years that have been recorded in its history. For these reasons it can be readily seen that the preparation received here for college and later life covers every imaginable field, mental and physical endeavor. If anyone of you have overlooked the chance to make use of these opportunities as they presented themselves, he has indeed missed some of the spirit of Rutgers Prep.

—Francis R. Pattberg.

THE CHOICE OF A COLLEGE

In the spring of each year, when the time of graduation approaches, many thousands of students all over the country are wondering what they will do when they are through with their secondary education. In preparatory institutions, nine-tenths of the graduating class will enter college at the beginning of the next school year.

Assuming that the student has definitely decided to go to college, he must find an institution suited to his personality, and also fitted to train him thoroughly for his life work. This choice of a college is not easy, for there are so many excellent schools in the country, but by the time of graduation, the boy usually knows what he intends to become when he finishes college, and therefore he must select one which will equip him with the necessary factors for his life.

If the student is preparing for a profession he should investigate thoroughly the outstanding schools concerned with the profession he has chosen. There are many fine private colleges to be investigated; the large state universities offer excellent training in almost any field. Prospective engineers would do well to inquire about the various technical col-

leges. Those students who intend to specialize in liberal arts departments will find their choice more difficult because all the colleges, large and small, have courses in the liberal arts. In the same manner the men who are preparing for other walks of life will proceed in finding a suitable institution.

Also to be taken into consideration by the prospective college student is the choice of a university with a small select student body, or with a large composite and, incidentally, a democratic group of students. The problem of choosing a co-educational school is also to be decided. The boy will find that he will be more important in a small college, but it is questionable whether this is an advantage. In a large college he will learn to look out for himself and to depend on his own efforts to succeed, whereas in a small college he will be more or less of an individual.

Taking all these as well as many other factors into consideration the student can pick a college with a reasonable amount of assurance that when he becomes a member of the institution he will find it adequate for him in all respects.

—Robert Howard.

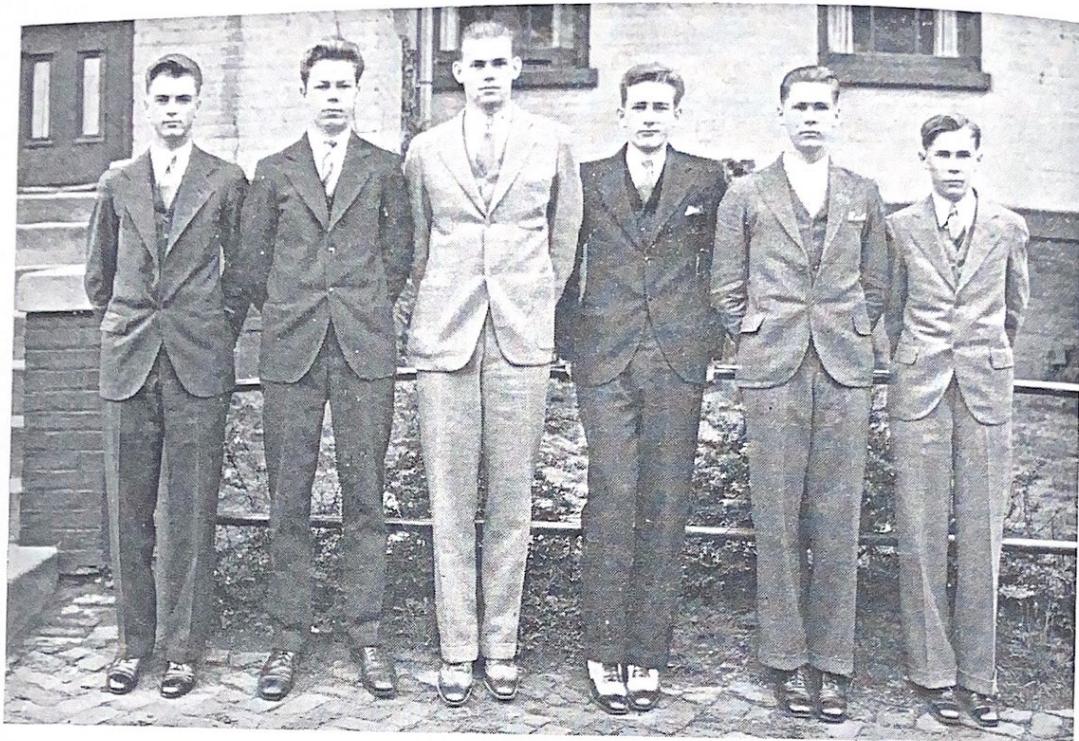
THE ARGO STAFF

THE ARGO was very fortunate this year in having such an efficient editor-in-chief as Francis Pattberg who has given a great amount of his time in order that the ARGO might go to press, and who has written many good editorials.

Another very able member of the staff is Bob Howard, associate editor, who has contributed especially good articles.

Frank Beardslee has written several interesting articles on events of school life, as has also Franklin Brost. Ralph Faulkingham has kept the student body in touch with the achievements of the swimming team, and Russel Gindin with the schol-

(Continued on page 30)



CUM LAUDE, 1933

SEA, SOUND AND SKY

Two open shells meet before me in an undulating line of green and gray, extending far as the eye can see. I, a spot in the vastness of the sea and sky, sit stunned on the mind's diameter of the majestic half-circle. Grimly, angrily, the endless waves toss themselves to my sandy haven. Here, there, over the whole expanse, they grow, race in fury toward the shore, and break there in a white rage of useless endeavor. The crisp breeze lashes, goads, and derides the water in its helpless surging.

Rousing themselves from their eye dominated stupor, the ears receive their toll of the terrifying scene. Dull and steady as ever. The splash of falling water on moving sands clings to the waves that never cease to break. A voice defies the growling green. Not a human is that raucous challenge. My eye turns up to watch the single flight of grey, hardy birds who are born, live, fight, and die conquered by the rushing waters.

Caught by the startling blue of a patch of sky that softens the hard green sea, I look on to watch the clouds. Hurry, hurry, the whole world moves while I recline. The damp, grey clouds bustle half-heartedly before the nipping wind, their slavish taskmaster. Like the schoolboy running home, they soar across the sky. They separate and mark themselves off by rivulets and lakes of infinite, deep blue. From place to place the sun beams radiate like searchlights through interstices of moving mist. The brilliant spots of light dance in sliding lines on the rough, green, billowing carpet.

Lonely, bare of man-made signs, gigantic as nature itself, the huge spaces chill the heart of one lone man unhelped by others that make up the pack.

A slash of green-blue light slips sinuously from one cloud to the bounding ocean. The mighty Thor signals to Neptune with dreadful bolts. Blinding lines, innumerable as the many clouds they con-

(Continued on page 20)

THE JOYCE KILMER PRIZE
ESSAY OF 1932

(Continued from page 4)

titude of slaughtered and wrecked, together with the untold needless expenditure of wealth—and he tried to use his poetic genius to persuade the coming generation to keep peace with their foreign neighbors. He knew young people; he knew their impetuosity. He remembered from his school days "the halls that were loud with merry tread of young and careless feet." Most of all, he realized that unless these young people force their governments to keep peace, peace never will be kept.

The people of America today, fifteen years after Kilmer's death, are beginning to see the importance of world peace. After twelve years of slothful inactivity, or at best, half-hearted attempts at international cooperation, the nation has entered forcefully into the plans for disarmament. Practical suggestions are being presented by the American government to the foreign nations for the purpose of definitely and securely outlawing war. Whether or not the influence of Kilmer and the other poets is felt by all nations today, it is difficult to conjecture; but it certainly is felt by the capable, far-seeing man at the head of our government. Although Kilmer's dream of peace has not yet been realized, let the youth of today listen to the ghosts of the Old School who will touch their hearts with a "flame that sanctifies, a flame that they took with strong, young hands from the altar-fires of God."

—Robert Howard.

THE ART OF DOING WITHOUT
THINGS

Considered from the point of view of finance there are three groups of individuals in this world; namely, rich, middle class, and poor. The rich are usually in a position to have any material thing that they desire. The middle class are able

to live comfortably, but must do without some things which are above their incomes. The poor are really the ones who must excel in the art of doing without things. A person's income therefore is the damper which controls his possession of luxuries.

Usually people who are chronically poor have adapted themselves to a life devoid of luxuries. By constant subjection to poverty, the average person will generally minimize his expense to an unbelievable degree, merely enough to keep life within his body. Knowing that his money is limited, and knowing that his very existence is dependent on his abstention from certain luxuries, he learns to live with a minimum of expense.

An example of how environment can affect a person's ability to get along without things is shown in the fraternities of our colleges. A boy may join a fraternity and be surrounded by living conditions often much better than he has at home. He lives here for three or four years in comparative luxury; he is then thrown out into the world, and in probability has to start working at fifteen or twenty dollars a week. After having been used to high living conditions, this sudden drop forces him to reduce his budget greatly and to accustom himself to lower living conditions. Does his fraternity life help him when he enters the world? Assuredly not. The boy who scrapes along on very little money in college and learns to go without many things will be much better prepared to launch forth into the business world.

Modern living, of course, with its cars, radios, and labor saving gadgets, encourages people to spend money in order to live a bit more comfortably. If, on the other hand they were to exercise a little restraint and go without such trifles, they probably would be much better off in

(Continued on page 28)

GLIMPSES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

NOTE.—*The excerpts which follow are taken from my record of impressions written during the course of a cruise to the Near East last Summer. For lack of space they can make no attempt to describe fully any one locality, but are merely a partial delineation of our experiences on certain days outstanding in my memories of the glamorous Mediterranean.*

Cairo, Egypt, July 18.

We were passing into the harbor of Alexandria when I awakened and came on deck at five o'clock this morning. In the actual approach there was nothing save the flatness of the landscape and a fleeting pang of *mal du pays* to remind us that we were about to see the land of the Pharoahs. But on entering the docks there was no longer any illusion as to Oriental atmosphere. Forming a seemingly endless line leading to the gangplank were so-called porters, wrangling unintelligibly among themselves, sometimes fighting for position, and controlled with whips by Egyptian police in imposing uniforms, while in the streets beyond we could see the colorful if unhurried movement of native life beginning another day.

There was a long delay as we progressed through the tedious formalities of customs and passport examination, and the sun was hot as we disembarked and rode through the handsome European quarter of Alexandria to the railway station. Discouraging with some difficulty the inevitable peddlers who besieged us with queer articles of merchandise, each the bargain of a lifetime according to the extravagant praise bestowed upon it by the owner, we eventually entered the train and were agreeably surprised to find the compartments, though screenless, no less comfortable than those on the railways of Italy.

Almost immediately on leaving Alexandria we were in a country green with luxuriant vegetation—the extensive fields of cotton and wheat evidencing effective use of the Nile for irrigation. The average annual rainfall in Northern Egypt, we were told, is but one and one-half inches. Native life, contrasting strangely with that of European countries we had visited, engaged our attention, especially in the fields, where primitive methods of plowing and threshing are still employed, and at the crowded railway stations, where the cries of many vendors of water and breads contributed to the prevailing bedlam. Occasionally along the route we saw an automobile, but traffic consisted for the most part of heavily burdened donkeys. A majority of the natives walked, but camels provided a statelier mode of transportation for the more prosperous farmers and merchants, who directed from very advantageous points of observation the progress of their obedient wives trudging ahead and leading the patient if dilatory vehicles. Both men and women wear long robes with gaily colored jackets, and the latter are further encumbered with veils partially or completely covering their faces; and many of them carry huge earthen jars of water or baskets filled with food or clothing balanced perilously on their heads. In addition to Damanhour, the largest town on our route, we passed a number of peculiar mud villages, and occasionally in isolated places a solitary hut which comprised but one room, but which accommodated a family of eight or ten.

So absorbed were we in the unfamiliar scenes passing before us that quite suddenly, it seemed, we entered the city of Cairo, which on first sight gives no evidence of its enormous size. At the station we encountered another melee of porters, who literally swarmed about us clamoring for the privilege of carrying our bags. I am not sure just how we should have

managed save for our courier, who by shouting something in Arabic dispersed all except the chosen few who were to assist us. Shortly we were in motors and at the Bristol—a hotel characterized by spacious rooms with stone floors, by native servants moving in ominous silence, and, unfortunately, as we were to learn during the night, by swarms of mosquitoes as well.

Following our own inclination and the custom of the country, we indulged in a nap after lunch, awakening to experience much the same sensation as one feels after a Turkish bath, for the heat in mid-afternoon was now intense. But our time was limited in Cairo, so after imbibing abominable lemonade at the bar of the hotel and thereby convincing ourselves, insofar as conviction was psychologically possible, that our fatigue was dispelled, we set forth in automobiles for the edge of the desert and the Pyramids. Passing the imposing modern quarter of Cairo, with its many estates and lawns which might well belong to San Remo or to Pasadena, we crossed the Nile to Rhoda Island, and five miles outside the city came into view of the Pyramids of Gizeh. Of them, the subject of innumerable volumes, I can but re-iterate that even in the blistering heat which sweeps from the Sahara as from an oven, one experiences a never-to-be-forgotten sensation of piercing the veil into bygone centuries. The road through the two miles of desert leading directly to the Pyramids is too rough for motor cars, and presently we were mounted on camels led by Arabs chattering expectantly of gratuities, and after a half-hour of further discomfort—our camels, unfortunately, possessed but one hump—but of a new experience, we reached the base of Cheops, and shortly thereafter the changeless Sphinx. Further excavations at its base were in progress, and we could see one of the enormous feet, which appeared to be the claw of a giant lion.

Turning back at last to Cairo and our hotel, we sought the comparative cool of the terrace. But our anticipated contemplation in retrospect of the day's events was shortlived. Numerous peddlers, perceiving the arrival of our party, took us quite by storm, and so tempting were the wares thrust upon us, and so engaging the novelty of spirited bargaining, that our baggage was augmented, when we sailed from Port Said two days later, by two extra bags!

One cannot escape the fascination of Cairo. We felt it overwhelmingly when in the evening we hired a landau and rode through the streets, forbidding and even more mysterious by night than they had seemed by day, to the Nile. There was a full moon, and the effect approached the ethereal: a little sailboat drifting lazily down a stream of purest silver; the weird music of an Egyptian harp from somewhere along the palm-fringed shore . . . It is midnight as I write these notes, but still I hear the shouting and quarrelling of the natives, and from my window look down to see hundreds of them asleep on the hard pavement.

* * *

Jerusalem, Palestine, July 22.

An early start this morning from the Casa Nova Hospice, where, since there are no modern distractions in Jerusalem, we passed a restful night, brought us to the summit of the Mount of Olives in time to see a radiant sun rise over the city of Christ; and we understood, as had not been possible amid the squalor within the walls, the significance of "Jerusalem the Golden." Descending through the olive groves covering the slopes of the mountain, we were admitted by an aged priest to the Garden of Gethsemane, and were shown the Tree of Agony, said to have been known fifty years before Christ, and the traditional spot where He was betrayed by Judas. The Garden was sweet

with the perfume of many flowers in full and brilliant color. Continuing over the little winding road traversed by the Three Wise Men on that epochal night nineteen centuries ago, past Rachel's Well and the House of Martha and Mary, we came to Bethlehem and entered the Church of the Nativity. Here beneath a golden canopy and many everburning lamps is a star, which according to tradition marks the birthplace of Christ. The original stalls are many feet below the present church, but the pilgrim may descend a narrow stairway to an ancient cave, which might well have served as a stable. So solemn is the atmosphere of the church, so peaceful is the "little town of Bethlehem" that one can here forget disputes as to authenticity and feel grateful for the privilege of worshiping at the approximate spot important beyond all others in the Christian world.

Under the blazing heat of the afternoon sun, which grew ever more intense as the route descended, we continued our journey through the Wilderness of Judea to Jericho, now but a few wretched huts, and on to the River Jordan. Occasionally we saw a bedouin camp, or a caravan of camels, or donkeys carrying water to Jerusalem; but there was nothing more to relieve the desolation of rocky wastes. The Jordan is narrow and its waters are yellow, but along its banks are reeds and thick underbrush, and nearby are a few hardy wild flowers and groves of banana trees, which afforded us a welcome respite from the barren country of Judea. From the Jordan we traveled downward, until presently we reached the shores of the Dead Sea. We were now at the lowest spot on the earth's surface, fourteen hundred feet below sea level, and a sense of suffocation pervaded us. I could not but long to be again in the Austrian Tyrol, where a few weeks before we had enjoyed at a height of ten thousand feet the exhilaration that belongs to the "Land of the Sky." But

the Dead Sea is unbelievably blue and undeniably beautiful, and is a resort for the people of Jerusalem, who camp along its shores. One of the ministers in our party joined me in a swim in its waters; but the experience proved to be more a matter of floating for the heavy percentage of salt makes anything more an effort, which, after a tortuously hot day, we were unwilling to expend. On emerging we found that we were covered with a thick crust of salt, combined apparently with other minerals; and it was a relief to indulge in a fresh-water shower, which was a luxury indeed, we were told, since the water for baths must be brought by donkey from the hills. It was sunset when we entered our cars for the ride back to Jerusalem, and I shall ever remember the gorgeous coloring of the sky, and our last glimpse of the mountain beyond the sea, from which Moses beheld the Promised Land.

* * *

Istanbul, Turkey, July 30.

Istanbul, or Constantinople, as we know it best, affords from the sea a spectacle magnificent and engrossing. To gaze from the Sea of Marmora upon the jeweled expanse of the Golden Horn, its shimmering beauty enhanced by the marble palaces of Galata and the distant hills of Pera, and across to the round gilded domes of Suleiman and Ahmed, their bizarre minarets rising clear and brilliant against the blue of an Eastern sky, and dominating the exotic glamour of the pageant of Stamboul below, while *caiques* in the foreground lend an Oriental charm to the waters of the storied Bosphorus, is to marvel at the perfection of riotous color in a panorama matchless in the "harmony of diversity," and to dream magic dreams of this enchanted city of the Moslems.

Among the major sights of Constantinople the Mosque of Santa Sophia is predominant. The exterior is not so impos-

ing perhaps as the Mosque of Ahmed nearby, but within it is a symphony in color; and we could well appreciate Justinian's boast at the time of dedication: "Solomon, I have surpassed thee." There are windows of stained glass to dazzle the eye, mosaics in marble, gilded balconies, luxurious carpets of Persian fabrication, all combining with the subdued glow of myriad lamps to constitute this "multiple in unity," this inspiration for Mohammedan "seekers after God."

The afternoon we passed in wandering about the Grand Bazaar, where one brushes shoulders with every nationality on earth bargaining for rugs, for brassware, for Oriental embroideries, for semi-precious stones,—for all the wealth of the East, it seemed, spread in bewildering array through fourteen miles of narrow covered streets redolent with the conglomerate odors of food, leather, donkeys, and humans.

More kaleidoscopic than Cairo, more cosmopolitan than Paris, Constantinople is indeed a *rendezvous* of the East and the West. Over Galata Bridge, connecting the old quarter with the new, passes an ever-changing, heterogeneous procession of humanity and of vehicular contrivances of divers description: veiled Turkish women, Mohammedan priests, ragged children, Arab sheiks, fashionably-dressed cosmopolites, hawkers, muleteers, beggars; camels, donkeys, imported cars, horse-drawn carriages, bicycles . . .

An evening drive took us through narrow streets where dirty little children were playing and great numbers of hungry dogs and cats were searching garbage pails for scraps of food, and in contrast through the European quarter, in which the ultra-modern apartment houses were reminiscent of Kartnerstrasse in Vienna and of Rotten Row in London. Continuing to a vantage point on the outskirts of the city, we were rewarded with a prospect of all Constantinople, and far below the

dark, almost black waters of the Bosphorus. Barely discernible in the distance a lone signal light flashed intermittently from the shores of the Black Sea.

* * *

*Aboard the Théophile Gautier,
south of Naples, August 3.*

Late this afternoon we sighted several miles distant the volcano Stromboli which rises immense and sheer from the sea. Its spirals of smoke became increasingly distinct as we approached, and passing close to the side, we saw descending perpendicularly to the sea a great black depression down which Stromboli has poured its lava at intervals for centuries. There were no signs of life save a steamer making its way from a lonely lighthouse nearby to the little white village drowsing lazily at the foot of the mountain, and heedless of the caprices of the monster frowning threateningly above it, reveling in the *dolce far niente* of today.

—Julius B. Laramore.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Have you ever thought of the dangers of living just for "things?" Has it ever occurred to you that "things are only the little joys in life? Or haven't you ever thought of it?

There are some "things" in life that are necessary, such as food and raiment and shelter. They are means to an end. They help to sustain life. They are to life what fuel is to a fire. The body is an intricate engine, and it needs protection to enable it to do its work. But when we put "things" before thoughts, and make more of the machine than of the man behind it, we pave the way to disaster. It was because we were more interested in money and material things than in manhood and womanhood that the financial depression came on. Life loses its meaning when we live it merely to get possession of

(Continued on page 20)