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# THE ARGO.

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Published Monthly  
By the Students of Rutgers Preparatory School  
New Brunswick, N. J.

VOLUME XIX

FEBRUARY

NUMBER FIVE

# Rutgers College and Rutgers Scientific School

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VOL. XIX.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., FEBRUARY, 1908.

No. 5

## JUST FIVE MINUTES

Study hour in Holden Academy was over and as the hundred restless boys ran about preparing for some fun on the lake in front of the house, the members of the basket-ball team, with two substitutes, gathered in the cosey room of "Peach" Linn the captain.

"Did the mail come, Ted?" asked Peach as the last boy hurried into the room.

"Yes, but no answer! Did you ever hear of such lemons? You wrote that letter yesterday morning, first thing—in geometry class, wasn't it?—so they'd get it and send us an answer before now. Are you sure you mailed the letter, 'Scrap'?" he asked turning to a short, light fellow, who played guard on the team—and certainly deserved his nickname.

"Sure," answered Scrap Reed. "Since I have carried the mail, I haven't forgotten a thing. But I have heard of people who do forget once in a while."

"Shut up!" interrupted Ted, who was known for his bad memory.

"Here, here, don't fight," laughed Peach. "You may get a chance to play, Ted, if that game comes off. To be or not to be—that is the question. I wish Brown—ahem, Mr. Brown"—as he saw the coach appear at the door—"would get a hustle on and settle the matter. Oh, Mr. Brown, come in," he said feigning surprise.

"Well, fellows, from what I hear, I guess the game's off." Mr. Brown tried to look disappointed but this was to be the decisive game with the school's greatest rival, Murray

Preparatory, of the next town and his team—the Academy team—has never been in better condition. "You may as well go to that dance you asked me about, Linn, but don't be too gay. And we won't have any practice this afternoon, boys, so do what you like."

The boys dispersed quickly and left Peach Linn to make hurried preparations for the festivity. The dance was to be held about four miles out of town at a country place, where a house-party was in progress. Linn telephoned to a friend, Finn by name, who was going out in an automobile, and arranged to accompany him. So, promptly at seven, the machine came to the house and carried him off. As they sped along, Linn forgot his disappointment about the game and discussed the prospects of the evening's pleasure. "By the bye," said Finn to Peach, "I have a letter that must be meant for you—the postmaster didn't seem to think so, but I do. You don't want it now, do you? It's hard to get at, under my coat. Just remind me of it when we get to the house."

Soon after Linn had left the school, the coach went to Reed's room. "I wish you and Ted would go over to the gym and if anyone comes to see the game, explain how matters stand."

Scrap and Ted were sauntering along, when, as they neared the building, they heard voices and some one trying the door. The two boys started on a run and, breathless, came upon the Murray Preparatory team with their followers.

"Well, I never," groaned Ted. "Here they are and Peach's gone. What shall we do?"

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"Go back to the house, tell the fellows and get the key. I'll explain."

Ted hurried back and burst into Mr. Brown's room without knocking. "They're here!"

"What? Here! And Linn gone. There's no chance of a brilliant score for us, we can't win without him," cried the coach as he jumped to his feet.

"But we've got to win. I-I-I'll go and get him."

"Good idea, old fellow," and Mr. Brown slapped him on the back." Get the best horse at the stable and hustle. But hold on—you won't have a chance to play then and you could get your H. A. with half a game—and this is our last game."

"But we need Peach—he plays ten times better than Douglass, I'm going."

"Well, we do need Linn, so hurry," he said as he saw Ted's look of determination. "We'll get an audience and delay the game as long as possible, so you'll have more time. Here, Jones, go round up the boys and Perkins, get the faculty."

While these preparations for the game were going on, Ted was urging the swift black horse, mile after mile, along the lonely road. "They'll be playing soon—maybe now," he thought. "Twenty minute halves, a quarter for rest and the delay before they begin—well, at this rate, Linn will be there for the last half."

In the distance, Ted could see the shining lights of the house and he drew a sigh of relief. A small boy held the horse while he inquired for Linn. As Peach, who happened to be near the door, heard the familiar voice, he turned from the pretty girl standing beside him, to Ted. "The team came," explained Ted, "and Brown wants you."

Without a word of apology to his partner or a good-night to his hostess, Linn dashed upstairs for his hat and coat, leaving behind him, a girl shocked and dumb with amazement. The two boys were already on their way toward the school, when she had re-

covered enough of her senses to gasp, "I always thought Mr. Linn a gentleman, but now —"

"Do tell me all about it. Did they say anything about writing?" asked Peach as they drove away.

"Some one said that the answer had been sent last night, but I don't see why we didn't get it."

"Gracious," exclaimed Peach Linn, "that must have been the letter Finn meant to give me, but I forgot all about it. That postman has mixed us up once too often. He ought to be thrashed," he fumed. "We've gone about a mile, haven't we? We'll be there for the second half all right. Get up there Dohbin, what's the matter?" The horse was moving slowly and limping.

"Thunder, Ted, there's a stone in his shoe. I bet. Got any matches? I haven't. No? Worse luck!" and Peach jumped out and gingerly picked up the horse's hoof. "Hang it, I can't get the thing out." One minute passed, two, three, but as the tenth of those precious minutes slipped away, there came a triumphal shout of "There" and the buggy was soon rattling away at a dangerous rate.

As the horse galloped up to the gymnasium the Murray yell sounded again and again. Coach Brown threw open the door as he heard the rumble of wheels.

"Hurry, Linn, five more minutes to play; it's a tie. The fellows rose to the occasion, but we need you." Peach never knew afterward, how he got into his suit, but within two minutes Jack Douglas, who had been playing center in his place, and who had just wrenched his knee, was out of the game and Linn was in.

The referee's whistle sounded in his ears, up shot the ball, up jumped the two centers. "Spat," and away went the ball toward the Academy's basket. Back it flew toward Peach, but his opponent had it. No he had fumbled and it bounced to Linn. Now it was in his hands. "Shoot," cried his team. And "shoot" Peach did—a long, difficult shot from

the side. The ball landed on the rim, hesitated and dropped in.

"Time's up," called the timekeeper and the whistle blew. Holden Academy had won the greatest game of the season—30 to 28." "Three cheers for Peach," cried some one. "And three for Ted," added Mr. Brown as the cheering ceased. And the hall resounded once more.

'08.

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#### LEADERS OF SCIENCE.

##### *Sir Isaac Newton.*

On Christmas in 1642, Isaac Newton, a man destined to clear up many mysteries about scientific facts, was born in Woolsthorpe, England. As a child he was left in the care of his grandmother who was very kind to him, taking care of him and giving him his schooling. In studies he did not distinguish himself, but was remarkable for his ingenuity in mechanical occupations. He had a set of tools made by himself with which he made many little articles of curious design. His friends were surprised at his skill and said that some day he would be a very rich man. When about twelve years old he made a clock but of a kind never seen before. It was not run by springs nor weights but by the dropping of water. This clever piece of machinery caused no end of astonishment to his friends who looked upon the clock as a wonderful invention.

Besides a water clock Isaac also made a sun dial which worked perfectly. Thus his grandmother had a water clock to tell time in the shade and a sun dial for the open. It is said that the sun dial is still standing at his early home in Woolsthorpe.

One of young Newton's best traits was his ability to find things out by the simplest means. For instance when he wished to find the strength of the wind he would jump against it and the length of his jump would show him the wind's force. Not far from his grandmother's house there was a windmill operated on an entirely new plan. Isaac

often went there and spent hours examining all its parts and the manner in which the grain was ground. After getting a complete idea of the mill's construction he went home and set out to make a working model of it. It was less than two feet in height, yet the details were perfect. The sails were neatly made of linen and when the little machine was put in a draught of air they would revolve rapidly. What was most curious, if a handful of grain was put into the little hopper it would soon be ground into fine white flour. One of his playmates suggested that there should be a miller and Newton never at a loss what to do, caught a mouse and made him do duty as the miller.

When Newton was fourteen years old his mother's second husband having died, she wanted her son to leave school and help her run the farm. This he reluctantly did and worked for two years there. But being determined to be a scholar his mother sent him back to school and later to Cambridge. After graduating he began the study of stars and their relation to the earth. It was he who discovered the nature of light and founded Newton's Laws of Gravitation which are found in every text book on Physics. He became so interested in Astronomy that he used to spend night after night in a high tower looking at the stars through a telescope.

The story is told that when about fifty years of age, Newton left a pile of manuscript on the table in his room. The papers contained all of his discoveries of the last twenty years. His pet dog who had been sleeping by the fire awoke, and jumping on the table upset a lighted candle on the pile of papers and in a few minutes the researches of twenty long years were reduced to ashes. When Newton returned and saw the wreck he patted his dog although he was almost heartbroken.

Sir Isaac Newton lived to be a very old man and acquired great fame and knowledge. He was made a member of Parliament and

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

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.

Not long before this number of the Argo went to press, there appeared in the newspapers the announcement that Dr. Payson has resigned his position as Headmaster of Rutgers Preparatory School, and has accepted a professorship of German in Rutgers College. His resignation takes effect in June, 1908. While we congratulate Dr. Payson on his professorship, yet we will miss him very much in school. He has been here for seventeen years, and the school and the Trap will seem very strange without him. There are a great many who are indebted to him for his able instruction and firm friendship while they were students in the school. Al-

though after this year Dr. Payson will be our Headmaster no longer, we will always remember all that he has done for us and for our Alma Mater, and we feel sure that he will always keep up his interest in the old school over which he has so ably presided.

Dr. Payson's place will be filled next year by Prof. Myron T. Scudder, A. M. Mr. Scudder graduated from Rutgers in 1882, and after taking post graduate work at Yale, began to teach. In 1889 he became Headmaster of the New Pultz Normal School. He has remained there ever since. Mr. Scudder is an excellent teacher, and we feel glad that Dr. Payson is to have such an able successor.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

'92, "Professor Lane Cooper, in the Saturday Evening Post for January 10, 1908, has a note concerning Dante's humor."—The Targum.

'98, Lieutenant A. E. Brown was in New Brunswick for a short time in the Christmas holidays. He had returned from the Philippine Islands and is now stationed at Fort Cook, Nebraska.

'99, R. H. Neilson, a graduate of the Harvard Law School is in New York, in the celebrated law firm of which Mr. Paul Cravath is the head.

Percy Kroehl visited the Trap on Saturday, January the eleventh.

'04, Douglass J. Fisher has been appointed Major of the Rutgers Cadet Battalion. This is esteemed a great honor.

'04, The engagement of Joyce Kilmer to Miss Murray, ex-'06, has been announced.

Ex-'05, Miss Alta Schanck was married

on Wednesday, the twenty-second of January.

Ex-'05, Miss Mildred Weigel, was the maid of honor. '04, '05, ex-'06, Miss Stelle, Miss Elmendorf and Miss Schwenger, were the bridesmaids.

Ex-'08. The following is part of a clipping from a newspaper. The paper gives an account of the burning of Bett's Academy. "But Howard Lyall, and one other boy, who escaped in safety, were tardy in realizing that the affair was not a prank."

Slow as usual, Lyall!

Ex-'09, Theodore Strong and one other boy at Mercersburg Academy, were the two who stand the chance of receiving honors there.

#### SCHOOL NOTES.

One of the seniors is thought to be contemplating matrimony, judging by the following poem which some young lady sent him. (Can you guess the name?)

"Jimmy" dear, I love you. Is that wrong to say?

And because you're timid, must we throw the chance away?

Now dear, it is leap year, and girlies aren't considered bold

If they ask a boy to marry—that's the story old.

So I ask you now the question; you must answer "aye" or "nay."

Answer not dear by the latter, let it be the former, pray.

So I ask you now the question; seal our friendship with a kiss;

"Jimmy," though its very common, won't you change my name to —?

Heard in U. S. History Class—Mr. Bau-  
man (speaking of Lewis and Clark's Expe-  
dition.) "They went up the Mississippi River  
through the Colorado Canyon."

Mr. Joyce informed the History class that John Paul once commanded the Constitution.

Miss Biles: "What other peculiarities had he?"

Mr. McGovern, "Why he had a wooden leg."

Mr. Smith (speaking of Henry Hudson)  
— "And then he died."

Instructor—"Well?"

Mr. Smith, "Well—that was the end of him."

Prof. Lewis—"We don't meet till next time, do we?"

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knighted by the king, but to him honor was nothing. As he once said: "I seem to myself like a child playing on the seashore, and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the boundless ocean of Truth lies undiscovered before me."

In his later life he had suffered from bladder troubles and worn out with his long life work he died in 1727 at the age of eighty-five, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

*Scientific, '08.*

#### KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR

*vs. RUTGERS PREP.*

On Wednesday evening, January 22nd, in Ballantine Gymnasium, the crack basket ball five of the K. O. K. A. defeated the Rutgers Prep. team by a score of 30-20.

This was the first scheduled game played by the Rutgers Prep. team this season, but the K. O. K. A. team had had more or less practice and experience from former years. The Preps. kept up as strong a resistance as possible but they could not equal the certainty of K. O. K. A.'s team work.

Williams and Ziegler did the best shooting for Prep., making six and three baskets respectively; while Conway and Monaghan

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led the list for K. O. K. A. with equal numbers.

The line-up:

R. P.	K. O. K. A.
	Forwards.
Ziegler .....	Conway
Smith, (Capt.) .....	Monaghan
	Centre.
Williams .....	Taylor, (Capt.)
	Guards.
Todd .....	Waker
Helm, (Watson) .....	McCullum
Field goals, Williams 6, Ziegler 3, Smith 1, for Rutgers Prep.; and Conway 6, Monaghan 4, Taylor 2, and McCullum 1, for K. O. K. A. Goals from fouls, Taylor 4. Referee, Ewing. Halves, 20 minutes.	

*RUTGERS PREP. vs. RED BANK.*

On January twenty-second our basketball team played preliminaries with Rutgers, who played N. Y. U. Our opponents were the Red Bank Y. M. C. A. Williams did the star shooting, making six baskets in the first half and two in the second. Duncan made a number of their points by shooting fouls. The first half ended with a score of 20-13 in our favor. They held us down better in the second half, the total score being 36-24 in our favor.

The line-up was as follows:

Rutgers Prep.	Red Bank.
	Forwards.
Smith .....	Davis
Ziegler .....	Higgins
	Centre.
Williams .....	Kennedy
	Guards.
Todd .....	Duncan
Watson, (Helm) .....	Rensrelle (Gickel)
Field goals, Williams 8, Smith, (capt.), 3, Ziegler 4, Todd 3. Davis 4, Higgins 5.	

Points from fouls, Smith 2, Davis 5, Duncan 1. Referee, Ewing. Time of halves, 20 minutes each.

*RUTGERS PREP. vs. PERTH AMBOY HIGH*

On Friday, January 31, our team had no trouble in defeating the five from Perth Amboy by a score of 83-13. Considering that was only the third game that Amboy has ever palyed, they put up a good game. The playing of Williams for Prep. and the foul shooting of Anderson for Amboy were the features of the game. Our team showed that success does not turn their heads and we are glad to see it.

The line up:

Rutgers Prep.	Perth Amboy High.
	Right Forward
Ziegler .....	Crowell
	Left Forward.
Smith .....	Belcher
	Centre.
Williams .....	Anderson
	Left Guard.
Todd, Gross .....	Juhl
	Right Guard.
Helm, Watson .....	Marcan
Goals, Williams 20, Smith 9, Ziegler 7, Gross 2, Todd 2, Helm. Anderson 2, Belcher, Crowell. Goals from fouls, Anderson 5, Smith. Time of halves, 20 minutes. Referee, Mr. Ewing, New Brunswick.	

*RAHWAY HIGH vs. RUTGERS PREP.*

On the Y. M. C. A. court at Rahway, on Tuesday afternoon, February fourth, Rutgers Prep. basketball five won from Rahway High school by a score of 49-14.

For the most part the play was fast and interesting, and there was strong team work on both sides. A clean basket, shot by Stephens of Rahway from beyond the center of the field, and the large number of field goals

shot by Williams, were prominent features of the game.

Williams and Ziegler did the best shooting for Prep., while Silvers and Ayres did the most for Rahway.

At the end of the first half the score stood 30-12 in Prep's favor; in the second half the Preps added 19 to their score, but Rahway was held down to one field goal, making the final score 49-14.

The line-up:

Rutgers Prep.	Rahway
	Forward.
Ziegler .....	Ayres

## QUOTATIONS FROM JULIUS CAESAR

"I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly."—John Conger.

"Mischief thou are afoot."—Ziegler.

"He is a tried and valiant soldier."—Williams.

"He is a dreamer."—Campbell.

"Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed that he is grown so great."—Koehler.

"Here's the book I sought for."—Geometry (?) .

"How hard it is for woman to keep counsel."—Girls in general.

"I am fresh of spirit."—Romeike.

"Some that smile."—Bauman, Gross, Watson.

"Here comes the general,"—Mr. Nuttman.

"You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things."—The Freshmen.

"Bid every noise be still."—3rd form English.

"To wind, to stop."—The clock.

"Fly, fly, my lord, there is no tarrying here."—When the bell rings at recess.

"Stir not until the signal."—Coach Hall to football team.

"Set in a note book."—English.

"Is it come to this?"—A mark of 74.

Forward.

Smith .....	Borden
	Centre.

Williams .....	Stephens
	Guard.

Todd (Gross) .....	Gehring
	Guard.

Helm, Watson .....	Silvers, Davis
Goals from field, Williams 13, Ziegler 5,	
Smith 4, Todd 1, for Rutgers Prep., and	
Ayers 4. Silvers 3, Stephens 1, for Rahway.	
Goals from fouls, Smith 3, Ayers 2. Referee,	
Smith, of Rahway, first half; Hall, of Rut-	
gers Prep., second half. Scorekeepers, Joyce	
and Bissett. Halves, 20 and 15 minutes.	

"Give me a bowl of wine."—To those whom it applies.

"Ha, who comes here?" Corbin with mail.

"Look, with a naught I damn him."—Teachers marking papers.

"Now sit we close."—3rd English.

"I shall be glad to learn."—Us all.

"And where I did begin there shall I end"—Those who flunked out.

"If he be at hand I shall be satisfied."—Heard on the girls' side.

"There is some grudge between them"—Prentiss and Olcott in chemistry.

"If you dare fight to-day, come to the field."—Those who didn't try for football.

"My greater part—the horse."—In Greek.

"The things that we have heard and seen."—In chemistry class.

"The end of this day's business,"—After the 6th period.

"Where is thy leather apron."—Chemistry Class.

"You have done what you should be sorry for."—Those sent from classes.

"Friends lend me your ears."—In cold weather.

"Oh, that man might know the end of this day's business ere it come."—Exam. Days.

"I have an hour's talk in store for you."—Headmaster to those who "flunked."

"You all do know me as a plain blunt man."—Prof. Averill.

"Hold up your head."—Prentiss in drill.

"Away slight man."—Mosher.

"He came not back."—Pitcher.

"Your ear is good."—Stier.

"Do not talk."—Prof. Wilbur.

"I do fear to stand on slippery ground."—Koehler.

"I am arm'd."—Joyce in drill.

"Look on her brow an angry spot doth glow."—Miss Biles if you did not bring in homework.

"Now mark him, he begins again to speak."—Tim Smith's famous speech.

"The noblest Roman of them all."—Doctor Payson.

"The Heavens speed thee in thy enterprise."—The Basketball team.

"Taught and trained and bid go forth."—Our Olumni.

"Everything is well."—Our school.

"What, know you not?"—Teacher to pupil who has been out night before.

"Here my lord."—Reporting at drill.

"The games are done."—End of football season.

"It was mere foolery."—Football team's defeat at Bordentown.

"Oh grief!"—Campbell's pet expression.

"He sits high in all the people's hearts."—Prof. Hall.

"Let us have him for his silvery hairs."—Prof. Wilbur.

"He is given to sports."—R. A. Smith.

"Thy heart is big."—Helm.

"He did receive his letters and is coming."—Corbin.

"Methinks there is much reason in his sayings."—Prof. Lewis in 4th English.

"You must note."—4th form chemistry.

"We are ready to decline."—At speaking.

"It was well done."—The football season.

"Then the end is known." At the end of the term.

"The evil that men do lives after them."—Class of '07.

"Yond Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."—Knox.

"Most noble!"—The cadets.

"I have not since put up my sword."—Ross.

"Saw you anything more wonderful?"—Than the basketball team.

"Our deeds are done."—The end of the year.

#### TOBOGGANING.

As for me tobogganing is the best of winter sports although you have to work hard for your fun.

In Metuchen we toboggan on Daniel's Hill, which is the highest point between New York and Philadelphia. There is a series of little hills coming down from the west; there are also two roads to be crossed and at the last crossing the toboggans jump into the air three feet.

Some of the boys while going over the steepest hill timed their toboggan with a stop watch. They found they were going at the rate of sixty miles an hour. They went down the whole slide, which is a quarter of a mile long, in eighteen seconds. This is the best time ever made on this hill and I dont believe it will ever be made again.

Once in a while a toboggan turns over and spills its merry crew, and some times in going over the bump the toboggan swings the wrong way and lands on the bank of the track. This gives you quite a shaking up which is not always very pleasant.

Sometimes the fellows standing near the slide take big cakes of snow and throw on you. This isn't pleasant either.

My only regret in tobogganing is the lack of a cog-railroad to cart yourself and the toboggans up the hill again. Daniel's Hill is the only real toboggan slide in New Jersey,

but there are hills that have no tracks that are used for the same purpose.

We have to dress very warm for this sport, wearing fur caps or ear caps and sweaters, for the wind whizzes around you.

On our way home from the slide we stop at a small shop and get some hot chocolate to warm our chilled bones.

*F. Melville Orton, Jr.*

A boy in the seventh class when comparing the adjective pretty said, "Positive pretty. Comparative beautiful. Superlative handsome, magnificent."

#### EXCHANGES.

The Argo acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges: The Academy Journal, the Advocate, the Acropolis, the Cardinal the Hasbrouck Sphinx, the High School Recorder, the Legenda, the Red and Blue, the Searchlight (2), the Spectator, the Sunnyside, the Targum, the Tone, the Polytechnic, the Vail-Deane Budget.

We call the attention of the student body to the criticisms of the Argo from our exchanges.

One of our exchanges which should be criticised severely is the Argo, hailing from Rutgers Preparatory School, New Brunswick, N. J. Many faults are evident, though the issue contains but twelve pages of reading matter. Without doubt the best supported and edited department is the literary. Your faults, Argo, may be summed up as follows: Poor arrangement of reading matter, lack of department cuts, running of advertisements in with reading matter, lack of good spicy jokes, the omission of an essential department, and the placing of advertisements on the cover.—The Acropolis.

The Argo would be greatly improved by a few editorials. The December issue has practically none.—The Sunnyside.

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## The Landsberg Store

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A new cover on the Argo would be a change for the better. The stories are fine, but jokes are scarce.—*The Spectator*.

Cardinal, "Brevity is the soul of wit," says the High School Recorder. Could you not be a little more brief on Fraternities—well, everything else but literature.

Surely the exchange editor of the High School Recorder knows how to criticise with literary beauty.

Teacher—"How dare you swear before me?"

Scholar—"How in thunder did I know you wanted to swear first?"

Be true to your time in the morning.—Dickens.

"Professor," said the weeping graduate, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.—Ex.

Prof.—"Can you define space?"

Innocent—"I have it in my head but I can't express it."—Ex.

## John P. Wall

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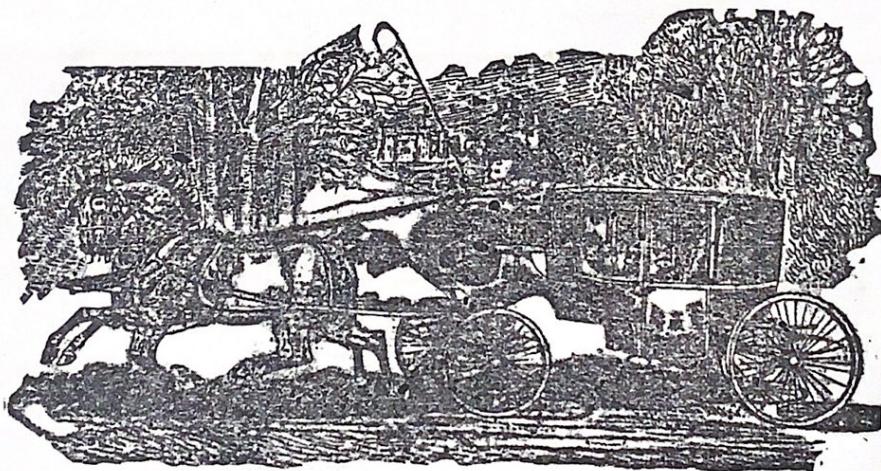
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