



Volume III, Issue 1

the
Bull-Sheet

September, 1971

The Sheet Rolls on!

Hey Kiddies!! We're hanging in there! We're back again, bringing you another issue of pure Bull-Sheet. But don't let the name get you down, because we pride ourselves on putting out a high-class underground. From our small and humble beginnings of last year, we hope to develop this sheet into a regulation, bi-weekly, illegitimate newspaper. With a little help from our friends, we can violate every canon of good journalism, and give the students an organ through which to voice their views.

As you all know, the Bull-Sheet was created as an outlet for new-consciousness opinions. We are continuing for the same reasons this year, and hope our publication stirs as much controversy as it did last year. If you don't like our politics, remember, America is the freest country in the world, where we can say what we want. You can send the FBI a copy of this sheet for their file, though.

We had a very good last-edition put together last year, but we were not able to get to a mimeograph to put it out in time. Many of the articles, some written by outgoing seniors, are reprinted in this issue. We have had the summer to straighten out the mimeograph problem, but in grand bull-sheet style, we are still faced with the same problem. If anybody could give us access to a mimeograph, we would be forever indebted.

Well, Jennings, Buck, and Maidlow, we're back again, printing more subversive garbage. It wasn't just a passing fad, but a coming revolution. You should be grateful for your sheltered positions in the Midwest,

U.S.A.. Most students here are several years behind the coastal regions, but the movement is here, and you are witnessing only the beginning of a higher level of consciousness.

As I sit here, listening to good vibes on the stereo, I can't help thinking that this generation, with all previous civilizations as a background, can use our technology and education to build a humanistic and superior society. We can incorporate the teachings of Jesus and Marx--those of equality, non-oppression, and the best standard of living for all--into a viable, working society. Those who think that today's America is the best man can come up with are thinking of an older generation of man, not today's generation. WE have the power to form a society of our own choosing. Our generation can choose if we want war, if we want poverty, if we want equality, if we want an oppressive government, if we want corporate entities running our lives. We have the power to choose our futures, and we

have more going for us than any previous generation in the history of mankind. Many of us realize this and are already planning for that future.



Law Enforcement: Gestapo Style

Part of Hitler's popularity stemmed from the fact that he was able to reduce crime and disorder in Germany to a minimum and establish Law & Order. I truly believe that our esteemed Police Chief James Lane is modeling himself after Der Führer.

An important part of Hitler's master plan was establishment of a strictly enforced curfew. Lane has the curfew, and he is now engaged in having it strictly enforced. Like Hitler, he has the support of most of the citizenry, indeed, Lane was prompted by the requests of many citizens to do something about teenage gatherings. It appears that Evansville is anti-youth.

Lane took action, engaging his tactical squad to make untactful sweeps on the major teen hangouts and haul all of the law-breakers in. The raids were models of efficiency. Hardly had five minutes passed the curfew hour when a paddy wagon followed by 4 or 5 squad cars shut off Sandy's and before I knew what had happened I was under arrest. The police also hit many other spots, arresting 29 in two nights. I, and several others, were hauled to the police station in the paddy wagon, where I nearly had to spend the night. We all had to appear in juvenile court the next day.

On my Official Police Record, it notes that I and the others took the arrest as a joke. The truth is, we made a party out of the bust. The incident was so bizarre, so estranged from what I had heard was a free country, that if I had taken the situation seriously, I would have freaked out in the paddy wagon.

When the police were given this unfair, stupid, and unconstitutional Magna Carta for teenage harassment, they promised to enforce it "fairly and with common sense". Chief Lane has stated this himself. In these arrests, everyone who could not prove they were 18 or over were taken to the station. Common sense, reason, and intelligence were so utterly lacking in the planning and execution of these raids that I wonder if the police have any of the above at all.

To expect all under 18 to be at home and tucked into bed by 11pm is asinine. The curfew has never had any social value, and is totally impotent concerning establishment of Law & Order. If the curfew must be maintained, and it shouldn't, it would be less unfair to establish the time at

12pm instead of 11, and lower the age from 18 to 16. It would then become less unfair to teenagers.

A word to the wise: Police now will stop any teenagers in a car after 11pm. Besides busting you for curfew violation, they will now thoroughly search the car.

The Marine Corps Image: "Let's build a Man"

satire by fritz

Over the summer Rock Hudson and Jim Nabors--Gomer Pyle, USMC--exchanged wedding vows. The fact that these two stars are queer no doubt shocks a lot of fans. Since a TV series was built around Nabors' antics in the Marine Corps,--that great builder of Men--Marine Corps brass might have reason for concern. The following is a conversation between two MC officers:

Hey Paul, have you heard that Gomer Pyle is a fairy?

Oh, yeah? You never know who'll turn up gay nowadays.

Yeah. But most Americans associate him with the Marine Corps. How do you think it'll affect our Image of the Marine Corps MAN?

Well, with his "Goileee" and "Shebang", he's always been a problem to our Image.

Yeah, well right now he's probably she-banging Rock Hudson. I don't think our Image needs this.

Well, Al, you may be right. Leastways, it won't hurt to suppress the news. Uncle Sam has a way of dealing with these things.

That's just it, Paul. The news has already been released to the wire services, and it's too late to suppress it.

Well, shit. What's going to come to us if these matters of National Security are continually leaked to the press? We can just pray that out Image of the Marine Corps MAN isn't scarred by this incident.

Maybe it won't be much of a problem, Paul. By the way, are you doing anything tonight?

Not a thing, Al.

My place or yours?

Later that same night:

Maybe we should change our Image, Paul.

Reflections of Years Past

by Ken Carlson, outgoing Senior

As graduation draws nearer and nearer, I, as an outgoing senior, would like to reflect upon my days in class at BHS.

The general impression I recall of my classes is one of a virtual dictatorship. The teachers seemed to feel they know how to teach, and the students had better learn it their way or fail. Students are asked very infrequently how a class could be made better--a teacher does whatever he or she desires with little regard to student feelings. Many of this particular group of teachers also appear to worry more about making sure a student doesn't get away with anything illegal than actually helping a student learn.

In this group of teachers fall Downey, Badger, Benjamin, Feldcamp, etc. You all know them. Just try to go to the bathroom or your locker when the need arises. Badger will grill you mercilessly--one finds it impossible to go see a counselor during homeroom. She won't let anyone out of her all-important homeroom unless they're dying. Benji (Benjamin) simply says "no" to such a request. A recent example was the NHS induction assembly--the daily bulletin asked members to report to the stage at 12:45. The members in his class who didn't have their sport coat on weren't allowed to leave a few minutes early to get them. "You should have worn them," declared Benji and that was that. The members had assumed that they could leave a few minutes early, but this couldn't be arranged. (Incidentally, the class had finished reviewing the day's work in five minutes, and had 45 minutes to twiddle their thumbs, but they couldn't leave two minutes before the magic time of 12:45.)

Benji finally gave in, though, and let the members get their coats to report on time. To the casual observer, it appeared to almost kill Benji to give the students that extra two minutes.

These type of teachers are the hard core conservatives who have been teaching the same way for the past 40 years and seem opposed to change. They like the way they have always taught, so why change? Well, the times are a changing, and the sooner the teachers learn that, the better for everyone. If these old-timers can't bend out of their rigid teaching methods, I say

we need new blood in the teaching staff.

However, this new blood will not benefit me. I simply cannot imagine the deleterious effects the old teachers will have on the classes of students coming up. These reactionary, fundamentalist (Benji doesn't believe in the evolution of man) attitudes of the older teachers have no place in today's classroom for most students.

Getting The Shaft

I recently became enraged after having read the article / last edition/ about persecution of black athletes. This is not a problem of racial discrimination, since I can review a number of cases of ill-treatment for white students. I being one of them.

The main underlying problem is that of personality. It seems that certain coaches in NHS lack the quality of really being able to get to know their athletes. The only time anyone succeeds in this school is when he is a super-jock.

The average to above average athlete gets the shaft from coach as well as faculty. When a student runs first place in cross-country for five consecutive meets and loses his letter for a missed meet, there seems to be something terribly wrong. "Tex" Graham and Jerry Carterbury, cross country and track respectively, were only interested in their own personal satisfaction from reaping the benefits of their long hours of sweat and pain. They were no more interested in the psychological or physical problems that accompany an athlete than I am interested in their personal sex life. I can state these as facts because I have run track for four years at BHS and am thoroughly sick and disgusted with the whole damn thing. When coaches and faculty drop their "prima-donna" attitudes and really try to work with their athletes, then they may expect to get the respect that they now demand.

Wise up, future athletes, don't let the coaches bullshit you any longer, and don't be fooled by their Holier than Thou attitudes. In my opinion, they can all be blown to hell, and I wouldn't really give a damn.

Shafted Senior
M.S.K.

WHAT WILL THE FUTURE LOOK LIKE?

by L.G.

The recent mass demonstrations in Washington and the subsequent police action have set a precedent we can expect to be followed. In the next few years we should hear of the dialogue below.

Attorney General--Mr. President, sir. We've stopped the anti-war protesters and placed them under arrest.

President--Charged with what?

A.G.--Disturbing the Peace.

Pres.--In New York City? What kind of peace did they disturb?

A.G.--We weren't sure, sir. But what else could we get them for?

Pres.--I guess you're right. How many are there?

A.G.--45,000.

Pres.--Is that all?

A.G.--Yes sir. I'm sorry, but that's all Yankee stadium holds.

Pres.--What about Shea stadium?

A.G.--Are you kidding? We're still keeping them there from last time.

Pres.--Last time! That was over six weeks ago.

A.G.--Justice is a slow procedure, sir.

Pres.--Who said anything about justice? Just fine them \$10 and let them go.

A.G.--Of course, sir. I should have thought of it myself. The good old American way. By the way, sir, what shall we tell the press the people we arrested today were doing?

Pres.--Let's say they were shouting obscenities at the Mayor, obstructing traffic, and maliciously destroying property. That always sounds good.

A.G.--But what about newsmen who were there? They'll notice the difference.

Pres.--What newsmen? Since the people we arrested weren't doing anything, no reporters showed up until the police came.

A.G.--But just in case one or two did see it . . .

Pres.--We'll just bring Spiro out of retirement to call them liars and accuse them of distorting the truth. He's good at it, and I'm sure he'd be flattered to be asked.

A.G.--Sounds okay to me. What should we do if any of the rioters tries to plead innocent?

Pres.--Lower their fine to \$5 and charge

them \$6 court costs. Never fails.

A.G.--Alright. Say, how is Mr. Hoover taking the whole thing? He didn't get in on the arrests, you know.

Pres.--Don't worry about him. He hasn't heard a thing since he lost his hearing aid.

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Man's Best Friend (humor, by L. D. Seits)

Whoever reads the title of this article probably has his own connotation of what "man's best friend" is. I know I always had mine. But lately I have been greatly disillusioned. I have come to doubt what I once held as true. Why, you ask? I shall tell you.

First, the three most common conceptions of "man's best friend" are dogs, women, and alcohol. I have changed my position towards them. I am for one and against the others. Two of them, dogs and women, have always gotten praise, so I feel constrained to put in a few equally kind and more deserved words for that demon rum.

I have spent sixteen years closely observing the beneficial influences of alcohol, and spreading the good word. What is a dog, anyway? Simply an antidote for an inferiority complex. I recall once seeing a dog bite a girl, which is not in itself a bad idea, but it does show a dog's intentions. A dog will run up to lick your hand. No bottle will do that. If the whiskey ever starts that, I would advise you to lay off it for awhile, say five or ten minutes. There is no question as to whether whiskey or the dog are man's best friend. When two good friends get together for a friendly session, do they sit there and pet dogs? Well, they don't in any of the circles with which I have graced my humble presence.

The third choice is women. I leave them for last because they have lowest priority. At least a dog is faithful. I'll admit a dog might run away from you, but women make it a practice. How many times have you heard of a woman driving a man to drink? It's the only thing you could ever be indebted to them for. Women are like elephants. I like to look at them, but I wouldn't want to own one.

P.S. (to Spurs) It's even affected my guitar playing. I can't even play Bm anymore.

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