



Issue 10

Bosse's Own

March 1972

ONCE MORE WITH FEELING

Writing is a beautiful art. Just as any other art, it serves a purpose, or was meant to serve a purpose. It is a means by which the individual can expound his thoughts and ideas, achieve an inner-peace, and at the same time benefit others. For example, consider the first stanza of John Lennon's famous poem, "Imagine".

"Imagine there's no heaven, it's easy if you try;
No hell below us, above us only sky."

Lennon saw an idea, converted it into words so that others could share this idea with him, and thus satisfied his reasons for writing it. The staff of the Sheet hopes that you keep this idea in mind as you read our issues. The general goal of the Sheet is to expound our ideas, achieve our inner peace, and at the same time benefit a majority.

--staff

We're back again. We had thought that by possibly working with some other schools we would be in effect stronger, and more unified. The product of these hopes was the City Bloc, but unfortunately it was neither stronger nor more unified, and indeed became a second-rate piece of journalism. There seemed to be a lack of both talent and inspiration.

So we're back with our home-grown Bull-Sheet, more resolved than ever to expose the principles upon which Bosse was founded as inherently wrong and non-democratic.

In generating support for an alternative consciousness, we will continue as we have before: satire, commentaries, and news coverage. We're more experienced than ever, and more resolved to continue our efforts despite the pressures directed against us in the past and the pressures that will continue to be directed against us.

The society we envision is a democratic one, both in theory and practice. Our present society has a long way to go to realize this goal. While there are definite trends toward a democratic society, the progress seems to be slow. We still have large numbers of people being made destitute by the system, children

starving, corporate power expanding, and the military machine hovers above us all, and we're still fighting in Vietnam.

And the educational machine is dedicated to preserving all of the principles which have created this American rut. We must re-dedicate ourselves to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" as a national ideal, not limited only to upper-classes. So it is that we dedicate ourselves to the eventual replacement of our present educational system.

While our principal speaks of updating the curriculum as the only needed reform, we see the very fundamentals of our educational system as being wrong in that it only prepares the students for life in this society, and stifles any discontent or support for a better one.

This issue of the B.S. may be counter-revolutionary (cont. next page)

We've come back once again,
this time stronger than ever;
But you don't really need a Bull-Sheet
to forecast the weather.

It's not so much just Bosse,
but with future life we're dealing;
And since nothing's happened in a long, long time,
we've come back, once more, with feeling.

revolutionary in that it hopes that radical changes can be effected without a second revolution (remember the first one in 1776?) But to avoid a revolution, great efforts will have to be made to change our system through established channels (the system). This will be much harder to accomplish than revolution, because revolution will be inevitable if no efforts are made to correct the system.

While our efforts would be ineffectual against the military-industrial machine, we can hope to have at least a noticeable effect on the secondary education machine. If students remain complacent nothing will happen. If students make their disgust known, at worst, the lives of the administrators will be made uncomfortable, and at best, the administrators will get off their seats and become responsive to a changing America.

We hope to be the match that lights the fire under the stagnated minds of the school administration and county school board. True, people and things are bound to be burned, and some lives made unpleasant. But before the new building can be constructed, the old one must be razed.

Earth news--2210

Be to a dove,
a man, or an island,
to change it is to destroy it.

Like a wounded eagle,
it struggles. . .then dies.

At the beginning,
it was as it should have been.
With its change came its destruction.
Like a wounded eagle,
it struggled. . .then died.

--Skungua

Boe, Boe, Mr. American Pie

Boe was warmly received Senator Birch Bayh, although principal Jennings feared that the students might embarrass him if given the liberty to freely ask questions from the audience. He had all questions written on slips of paper to be given to senator before he spoke. Bayh, fearing this approach lacked spontaneity, had

the slips distributed to students to ask, so it at least would look impromptu.

Of course this didn't work out, and he had to answer some embarrassing questions, such as one about his stand on bussing. Being a politician, however, and a good one at that, he was able to completely skirt the issue.

Letters to the Editor

I got shafted this semester and this is just a warning to some of the under-classmen.

I signed up for Physics 3H but I was told that there wasn't enough that signed up. I thought this wasn't right, with all the other schools that came to Boe to take Physics 3H, but nothing was done.

Just a week ago I was told by the teacher that taught the subject that there was enough but it was to late. It seemed that Dr. Long made a mistake and forgot the North student that wanted to take the subject.

Well there's a mistake that caused me to lose out on something I wanted to do in school. So watch out and if there's a subject you want to take and they say you can't because of numbers, double and triple check!

Believe in the Bible? A lot of people do. Even students in our own local high-schools. Any of you know what? These people have meetings before school, together, to study and talk about God's word--the Bible!

Some of the groups use this as their motto: "For where 2 or 3 gather together because they are mine, I will be right there among them." Matt 18:20. Sure, they could be using their time doing more useful things like walking through the halls, or gathering in the auditorium, or even studying; but they don't. Why?

Ever heard of a morning lift? That's what happens to them. They're lifted spiritually, a lift that keeps them going for the rest of the day.

What are they doing in there? Studying, but not homework. They're studying something more important to them than any homework: they are studying what God has said and commanded them to do!

Don't believe that God could command them? Come to one of their meetings. Meetings are held at Boe from 7:40 to 8:00 am, Monday thru Friday, room 51. This meeting is called T.A.G., which stands for Teens in Action for God.

Paul Wilson

On the Road Again

Driving your mother around and putting up with her harping is something terrible. Here is a conversation I had with my intel-

Mother: Seymour, I worry about you driving around with all your rabbinical friends.

Son: Er. That's RADICAL friends, Mama!

Mother: And all the time, quoting

Marx and Mao!

Son: That's Karl Marx and Mao, Mama!

Mother: Seymour, what do you need a fancy car like this Barracuda for anyway?

Son: The Barracuda's got power, Mama! It delivers the speed we need to get away fast after we bomb things-- like schools and trees.

Mother: Hah! See! You're becoming another Jerry Herman!

Son: That's Jerry Rubin, Mama!

Mother: Rubin, shmeulin! All I know is I have a son who makes bombs in the basement, writes for an underground and believes in evolution!

Son: That's REVOLUTION, Mama!

Mother: So what are all these fancy things?

Son: A special, Mama-- for tuning in, acting and Havana!

Mother: And this thing?

Son: A tape deck-- so we can listen to George Hoffman's plans for world destruction while we drive!

Mother: Well one thing I'm sure of. Seymour! You have got a pretty stupid Raft Board!

Son: No-- you mean a pretty stupid Dashboard.

Mother: No, I mean a pretty stupid Raft Board! Dere is your Induction Notice. Any anyone would want to take a meshuginah nut like you into the Army is beyond me!

The Underground Conspiracy

A large black car pulls up outside a red brick house at 1038. Three figures emerge: JL, the driver, black hair over his ears; RS, shorter than JL, but also with long black hair; and TD, orange headband around his brow. Bittering through the little door, the trio makes its way up the

stairs to the secret office.

Already present are four others: FT, long legs sprawled over the desk; TR, lecturing to no one in particular; LS, scribbling on the poster of Marx; and HS, intent on the revolutionary overtones of the Jefferson Airplane on the stereo.

JL closes the door behind him, and the meeting begins:

FT: Well, we were finally successful at the North Annex, and the bank building.

TC: Yeah, it's about time.

PS: What'saya mean? We hit the Man with TP the week before.

LD: But that was just a little annoyance-- these were our first big successes.

HS: So much for old business. We have a paper to bring out-- who should we slander this time?

JL: Let's get the Freshman counselor.

HS: Pass me a pill.

TC: Yeah-- I never did like him.

FT: OK. Let's think of some good names to call him.

CENSORED

PS: You know, I think the staff ought to take up a project in the community.

JL: Good idea. We do a lot of talking, but we never do much about anything.

FT: Wait a minute. It's a proven fact that more is accomplished by writing than by actions.

LD: Says who?

FT: Me, for right now.

TC: Grab hold of HS: he's freaking out.

HS: Burn Burn Burn! Bring down the walls and liberate the students!

PS: What are we going to do with that janitor's key we stole?

FT: It's part of the Grand Conspiracy. It's our bargaining power to get the administration to meet our new list of demands: no more detention, amnesty for all expelled students, and open visitation.

LD: Don't forget free transportation to Cuba.

FT: For who?

LD: For our principal. He'd be more at home under a totalitarian regime.

PS: What's the munitions outlook? Are our checks from the Comintern still coming in?

TC: Not as regularly. Most of the money is being redirected to Miami for the Democrat Convention.

TR: I have a new bomb design, but I need 10 pounds of nafis. (Cont'd.)

Phase II:

Hennings At Castle: The Chilling Conclusion

AB: Well, Paul, how did it go?

PH: Great, great! Everything was great! We've agreed to a peaceful co-existence, and while we can't send teachers there officially, I do plan to send Locator Dong from time to time.

AB: Why him?

PH: It serves a double purpose. He's a skillful negotiator--remember, he arranged the conference in the first place. And second, his constant puttering around here gets on my nerves.

AB: Before you left, there was talk of breaking down trade barriers-- any results?

PH: Yes! As a matter of fact, the first Bosse-Castle trade has already been completed.

AB: Really?

PH: Yes. I traded two John Odon's, one Mickey Stanley, and an autographed picture of the 1967 Mets for a 1962 bubble-gum card of Marv Throneberry. I've been trying to get it for years.

AB: Wouldn't you say you got taken?

PH: Promise not to tell anyone? The Mets' picture is a copy!!!

AB: You mean you swindled them already?

PH: Shhhhh!

AB: Good work, sir.

The Underground Conspiracy (cont.)

an alarm clock, a blasting cap, a heavy steel box, and a Hershey's bar.

LD: A Hershey's bar?

TR: Even us experts get hungry.

FT: Greed! How many times must I tell you we must share all?

JL: Let's close the meeting with a quote from the Chairman--"Destroy the schools and the nation is ours."

FT: "No more Mr. Nice Guy!"

And we leave the scene while the wild-eyed revolutionaries march in a circle, waving banners featuring Mao and Marx and shouting, "No more Mr. Nice Guy!"

* * * * *

Midnight Arrest

someone's knocking at my door
my door with ironbound bars across
can't peek out my black curtained windows
lights out-- quieter than mouse

sitting in a blackened shell of a house
surrounded in the dark by darkened men
the starlight twinkles at their cold buttons
wrought brass on uniformly cut cloth
and blue steel, alone and waiting

even if they catch me-- I'll never give it away
mutilate or blind or rape or burn or kill--
I'll never tell-- They'll never find
out from me-- ever

WV

We have
touched down
again...

lets hope that
more than
rocks will
return...

Your Decision

In every person's life, there comes a time when he is faced with an inescapable decision-- yes or no, right or wrong, black or white-- no middle ground that the mind so longs for.

Such a choice will face every graduate from this school, both in this year and those to come. That decision is: are the principles which this institution has imparted to the students the values to be held later in life?

The answer, perhaps unfortunately, is painfully obvious-- no. The system so prevalent at this school is what the world has labeled "the American Way" and, sad but true, it is a resounding failure-- a disgrace to the American name.

Life in America is better than anywhere else in the world, say the experts. But by what judgement? Money-- the curse of mankind. Much as the golden treasure may buy, it has not eliminated suffering in the land that has the most of it. It has not eliminated crime; indeed, greed has increased it.

This country has an annual budget of \$250 billion, yet there are people starving for lack of \$1 for bread; people are homeless for want of \$10 rent. What is the justice in such a system?

It is just this situation that is duplicated at this school. Last semester, when students conducted a fund drive for a needy family, they were told not to collect in the building; when they adjourned to an empty classroom and quietly counted what little had been obtained, they were chased from the school. The reason: "There are students here at Bosse who need food, too, so it isn't fair to collect for a family on the West Side". Yet when the Pep Club sells items to raise money to promote School Spirit, no one bats an eye. Justice? The founding fathers would be appalled. It is bad enough when the administration of this school suppresses a group of students attempting to exercise their freedom and education. But when that body begins to trample on the right of people to a decent meal in the name of FAIRNESS, it is the epitome of evil, which has come to characterize our decadent society, both in America and at Bosse.

There is little that can be done to cor-

rect the situation at Bosse; through my four years at this institution, I discovered that. But looking back, it is obvious that something must be transformed. And that is the willingness of this year's students, and those in years to come, to accept what is being taught.

Every man is entitled to basic rights and freedoms, foremost among these being the right to live securely, not in fear of the future. The methods at Bosse teach the same floundering values as does the society which allows its children to starve while its leaders argue over how many millions to spend on the next campaign. These standards must be rejected; EQUALITY NOW is our only hope for survival.

* * * * *

JL

It has been said
That most of the injustice in the world
Is carried out because the victims
Do not know the law
Or do not or can not get a lawyer or advocate
To stand for them and speak for them

Every day individuals and masses
Take shame with no defense
In the face of their peers
At the hands of their inferiors

Among a man's friends and/or connections
Should be at least one advocate--
A person to stand for the frozen-tongued
victim
A connection to the knowledge and laws
That can free or keep from prison
That can keep the shame from being

Sad is the victim with no one to stand for him
Sad is the inferior, with authority or not
Happy is justice when common sense
And friendship keep injustice from being

WV 2/15/72

New opinions are always suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason, but because they are not already common.

John Locke
An Essay concerning Human
Understanding

The New Hennings

The assembled heads of departments wait eagerly for the history making announcement they have been promised. The principal walks into the room and begins at once in a somber, well-regulated voice:

"Fellow Americans. It has come to my attention that I have been slowly losing favor with a good deal of the student body. Although I have the unwavering support of the student council and the pep club, I've become unpopular in many circles. And with those spoiled brats raising a lot of rabble about nothing, I've decided to change my image. I will become a NEW Hennings, principal of ALL the people.

AB: A new Mr. Hennings? What do you mean, sir?

PH: Let me make that perfectly clear. I want to be the principal of all the students, even the radicals and the blacks-- that is what they want to be called now, isn't it? I'll be responsive to the desires of every group, and with the new unity and faith in Bosse High School, I predict we'll find a prosperity the likes of which Bosse has never seen.

AB: But what will this new image mean, sir?

PH: I'm glad you reminded me; my special advisor, Doctor Dong, has been having secret meetings with the assistant principal at Castle High while you thought he was in French Lick soaking up the mineral water. He's made special arrangements there for me to meet with the principal on a Mission of Peace. As you all know, we haven't had diplomatic relations with them in twenty-five years. We didn't even recognize their existence until last year.

Teacher: Why, this is wonderful! This could lead to a whole new era of interscholastic peace.

PH: Now, let us not get overly optimistic. We don't expect immediate results. But it is possible that we could obtain a workable co-existence.

AB: Won't this make us look bad in the eyes of the city? Castle has been demanding for years that Rex Mundi be closed and that the city schools begin to play them instead.

PH: I'm afraid that may be the cost of negotiations. We had to give a little to get anywhere.

Teacher: Are we going to offer them a gift on behalf of the Bosse student body?

PH: Yes, I thought I'd leave that to the student council and cabinet. They've been demanding more responsibility lately; this should shut them up for a while.

AB: Brilliant, sir. This should certainly stifle those effete intellectual snobs.

PH: I know it.

--Stay tuned for Phase II, in this issue--

A note to the volunteer serviceman:

If you have killed for God and country,
It is godlessness I see;
And I cannot love my country
If in return, it kills for me.

If you should happen to give your life,
I'd think it a terrible shame;
Because you died for a politician
And now Nixon's the One to blame. (FT)

News Release

Feb. 23, 1972

The 8th District Committee, McGovern for President, is mobilizing persons to be working throughout the district to secure signatures on petitions in order that McGovern may enter the Indiana primary, May 2. The committee is using many volunteers to help distribute the petitions. Students at the University of Evansville and I.S.U.E. are organizing to work throughout the district. Although Mr. McGovern has not yet made a final decision to enter, the state committee is gearing up to be ready for his entry when that decision is finally made. The decision to enter will be dependent on the outcome of four earlier primaries: New Hampshire, Florida, Wisconsin and Illinois, particularly the showings of Hartke and Lindsey. McGovern workers are optimistic since he has surprised the "front runner" in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Florida state caucuses, carrying from 64 to 85% and in Arizona where he carried three and four times more delegates than the poles indicated.

James E. Taylor Chairman
8th District Committee
McGovern for President
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