

An Honorable Peace & Society

This issue contains comments on the latest in Vietnam, morality, and a return of our Super-Heroes (remember them from last year?), Fritz and Frizz. The feature editorial on the National Honor Society follows.

Various elite groups will appear in any large body of people. Such an occurrence is inevitable and necessary. However, there is a difference between an elite group and an elitist group. Elitism involves the notion of inherent superiority, a principle that is fundamentally undemocratic. Because the National Honor Society has become essentially an elitist organization and a means of preserving the faults of the established social order, the editors of the Bull-Sheet believe that its abolition is warranted.

Unfortunately in the past, induction into NHS was revered as an unmitigated good, something unquestionably desirous, at least by students who had a chance to be inducted. If they realized that the standards of NHS had been established by school administrators and faculty members to be a reflection of the standards of American society, they had never before questioned those standards, or the standards by which that society judges "honor". Most still don't.

It seems that the average high school student still looks to his teachers and elders for signs of approval--as a guiding light for their values and goals. It has been these remnants of traditionalism that have led to leadership stagnation--and thus eventually to revolution in so many contemporary societies. It is too much to expect the average high school student to grow up independently of the values that surround him; however, some have become conscious of these influences, and a higher consciousness of causality leads to greater development of the individual.

NHS membership is awarded to the student largely on the basis of leadership and ach-

ievement, but these standards have been narrowly defined to fit into the established scheme of behavior. Out of 64 active and pledging members, not a single black was chosen to receive "honor". Does this fault lie in society, or does it also lie in NHS for preserving the inequities in society? There are hopefully now the beginnings of an "alternative leadership" and an alternative set of values that reject the fundamentals of NHS.

This year, National Honor Society induction has been to a degree reformed--for instance, induction ceremonies were held Tuesday night instead of during a school assembly. And supposedly, induction was made more objective with a detailed report of activities filled out by the student and judged on a point basis. The fundamentals remain the same, nevertheless. It is only when the student realizes that in filling out the NHS induction form he is disavowing allegiance to his own generation and its ideals for the established faults of an older one that the only necessary reform will take place--abolition of the Society.

And only then should this abolition take place--only when there are enough students who don't apply for membership as to make induction undesirable. Abolition before this point would be premature.

Students become leaders, independently of school recognition. Honor comes naturally, and the student who relies on a small gold pin and an NHS membership card for his "honor" has misunderstood its true meaning. Any system using established and outdated standards to selectively recognize the students who best conform to the white middle-class code of behavior will inevitably die a death that is hopefully not lingering.

LETTERS

To the Bull-Sheet:

I agree with you. The recent writings across from the Social Studies office were in the lowest degenerate taste.

What do these "children" think they are trying to accomplish? As for a person's salvation, I seriously doubt if these dumb little sayings are going to save them. By these useless displays of immature Christianity, they have accomplished a great deal of nothing.

Love in Our Lord
Jesus Christ
Sunshine

To the Bull-Sheet:

Latelý, as I've been reading the Bull-Sheet, I have noticed a series of letters coming in from this "Unknown Conservatist" who names himself "Steve Bullock". He's right, in every aspect of his thinking, the radicals are tearing down this country, the Commies are for the radicals, and he is definitely unknown to a majority of Bull-Sheet readers. Will this mysterious person ever show himself up? I think he should. For it can be him who would be a perfect candidate for Student Council President, to show what a choke-great thing it is. Wherever, whoever, you are, you loyal patriotic person, you are what makes our country great today. In other words, he's the Archie Bunker who always being torn down and being made fun of. He's the Wallace, who's for the good old days to be back again. He's Steve Bullock The Unknown Conservative. Please, for the sake of my America, tis of thee, show yourself, and show what a great country this is.

The Friendly Frosh

To the Bull-Sheet:

About a month or so ago there were tryouts for Pom Pon girls. At the practices we were told that there would be about five or six judges, of which we might know one. On the day of tryouts we walked into the gym and guess who the judges were: Brenda Waters, Nancee Simms, former Bosse students, and one other girl no one knew. Many girls who tried out

(some who made it and some who didn't) did not think that this was fair. The judges knew some of the students very well, so they might have judged their friends easier. Which is not unusual for friends to stay together. This was very unfair.

Sherman

Eds. Note: "Sherman" is a female.

.LATEST DETENTION PURGE ALARMS STAFF

"You are expected to be in a room before the home room period. Teachers are encouraged to give detention to students standing outside the rooms."

With this solemn pronouncement, Bosse's administration kicked off the latest detention spree.

Consider the following:

Outside room 6 in the morning, Mr. Hitch stands guard duty. Anyone without a definite purpose is chased from the halls with a warning. Failure to comply generally results in only a second, less humorous threat. However, the office has decided that threats are not enough; hence, the above announcement. Last Tuesday, Miss Steiner paraded the area with Skritch, and one student observed that she already had her DT slip filled out, lacking only the name of the violator. The faculty is done playing games.

Further evidence was obtained last week. A senior wore a wool cap to school, similar to that of his hero, Paul Simon, and not unlike that worn by many other Bosseites. Mr. Wessel, however, was in a grouchy mood, and ordered the young man to remove the hat, which he did, but later put it on again. Weasel passed him later in the day, and, in a fit of purple rage, yanked the cap off and dashed it to the ground. Monday, the student received two hours of detention for disrespect. Not mentioned is the fact that there was no reason why the hat should be removed.

The staff warns all students to beware this latest purge. Walk in pairs, and keep your eyes open.

Are we gonna take it?

LLEVRONNAMRON

MOVIE REVIEW

"The Viet Nam War Today"

Based on the novel by John Fitzgerald Kennedy

Original Idea: Dwight David Eisenhower

Screen Adaptation: Richard Nixon

A Lyndon Baines Johnson Production

This newly-released feature-length film merits much praise, despite its uncanny resemblance to Harry Truman's "War In Korea"; however, the ending is somewhat different, and the cast is smaller.

Henry Kissinger is cast in the leading role of the United States, and turns in a brilliant performance despite poor directing from LBJ. A high-point in the show occurs when Kissinger, decked out in dazzling red, white, and blue, sings "If I Only Had A Brain" from the Wizard of Oz. The U. S. is the butt of most of the abuse in the film, particularly at the hands of the Communists (also known as the Great Red Spector), played by Leonard Breznev.

Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago turns in one of his finest roles of his career as the South Vietnamese Government, swindling the U.S. out of millions of dollars. His theme song, sung in honor of the retiring General Westmoreland, was the sparkling "There's No Dupe Like an Old Dupe".

Minor roles in the production are: Spiro Agnew as the Silent Majority; Abbie Hoffman as the Vocal Minority; Mao Tse-Tung as the Viet Cong (NLF); Pat Paulsen as the American representative in Paris; The DAR and the VFW as the Pentagon (theme song "Old Folks At Home"); Charles De Gaulle as the rest of the world.

The plot unfolds as President Eisenhower orders tactical advisors to Indochina, and traces the life of the average South Vietnamese peasant woman (John Wayne) through 1968.

Special tribute for this portion is due to Lyndon Johnson for his memorable rendition of John Birch's "Stop the Red Tide".

The climax of the film comes in late 1968 when Ricky Nixon is elected President and attempts to break all of his campaign promises about ending the war. However, he concentrates so hard on stifling the economy that the war almost ends in late 1971.

North Vietnam (portrayed by Char-lee Matchou) saves the day by invading the

South and allowing Assistant Director Abrams to display his unique talent for audio visual effects by staging a bombing of the North. So realistic was his effort that many of the rice workers actually thought they had been killed by the American bombs.

An amusing sidelight featured a protest on the campus of Kent State University. The students (played by the Major League Baseball Player's Association) seemed bent on the destruction of the ROTC Building until the Ohio National Guard (the Baseball Owners) appeared and shot several of them.

The film fades out with a small child (Ralph Nader) carrying an anti-war placard across the White House Lawn to the tune of "You're a Grand Old Flag".

Original film score was composed by John Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey, and included such favorites as "Blood Makes the Rice Grow", "I Left My Heart (and most of my blood) On Hill Eleven", and "So Long, Uncle Sam."

The one gripe with the film is that while most of the stray pieces were tied together in the end, the matter of the Prisoners-of-War was left unanswered, almost as if the authors didn't care.

Despite the fact that many people will find the film a little far-fetched and hard to believe, it is still sure to win the praise and adulation of many.

* * * * *

JL

I'm 18

by Alice Cooper

Lines form on my face and hands
Lines form on the ups and downs
I'm in the middle without any plans
I'm a boy and I'm a man
I'm 18 and I don't know what I want
I'm 18 I just don't know what I want
I'm 18 and I got to get away
I've got to get out of this place
I've been running and out of space

I've got a baby's brain and an old man's heart
Took 18 years to get this far
Don't always know what I'm talking about
Just like I'm living in the middle of doubt
Cause I'm 18 I get confused every day
I'm 18 I just don't know what to say

SOLVING THE MYTH

I

He stands silently around the corner of the hallway; his pupils glued to the entrance of his office. Thru the mind of the student runs the words of what he read in the Bull's Feet about Paul Jennings being missing or even, maybe dead. He feels that he must find the solution to the myth. So he heads toward the door, but his nerves are weak and does not enter.

II

His confident is high today and he quickly enters the passage into the warmth of the room. He speaks out loud and strong, "Can I see the principal?" The secretary looks up confusingly and asks him to repeat the question. This time he is slow and is studdering, "Can I please... see the prince-a-pal?" "I am sorry to inform you, your principal passed away thru the gateway into a higher region." The secretary told him, and he left, wondering if what he saw in the Bull's Feet could be true.

III

Today he sits in the office, waiting, determined to solve the myth, to find if it is true or not. All of the sud-

den the door bursts open and in comes a man wearing a paper sack over his head with eyeholes cut in it, and a smile drawn across the face of the sack. He moves quickly across the room and into Paul Jennings' room, and the door slams.

EPILOGUE

The student goes to the door and knocks "Come in" and he enters looking straight at the smiling paper sack face man. He finally asks, "Are you my principal Paul Jennings?" The man answers, "Whether I am your principal is not important; whether Paul Jennings is missing or dead does not matter; it is whether you believe in Paul Jennings; for if you believe in PJ, you will have no need to worry, for you will be delivered onto the hands of idiocy."

and he was pleased.

T.C.

From the moment I could talk I was ordered to listen. . .

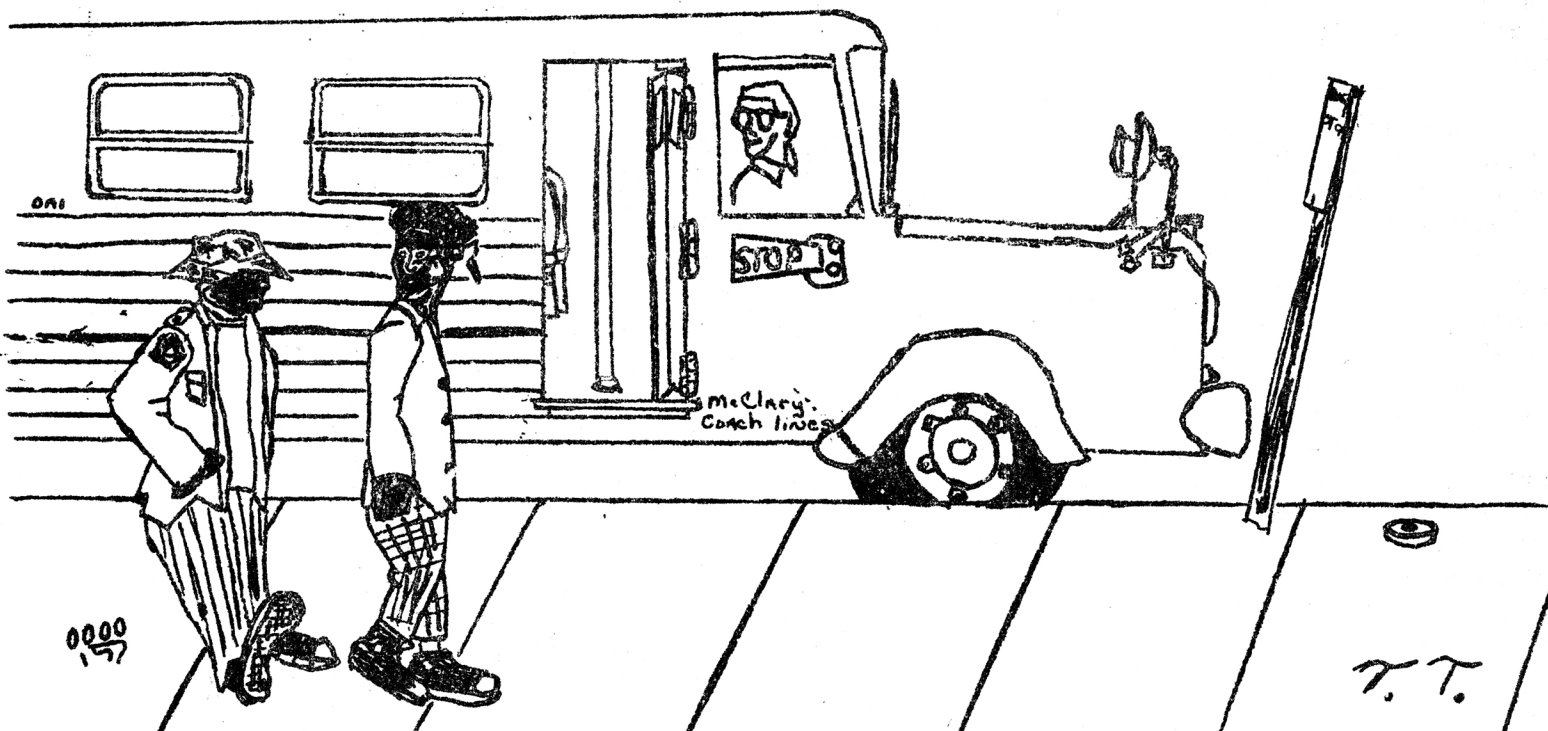
All the times that I've cried keeping all the things I knew inside it's hard, but it's harder to ignore it.

If they were right I'd agree but it's them they know not me. . .

Cat Stevens

"Father and son"

WE GET TO BE BUSED NOW, BUT WE STILL GOT TO GO TO THE BACK.



CONFLICT IN VIETNAM
(Cont. & cont. & cont. & cont. & ...)

Hats off to the military establishment. In the recent North Vietnamese offensive, it is interesting to note that the U.S. air forces are not bombing the soldiers invading the South. Instead, they fly north and hit the civilians left behind, under the pretext of attacking "military targets", while the real military targets are advancing on Saigon. Yankee ingenuity?

And as if this isn't enough, U.S. forces have been ordered to a region which might possibly come under attack. Why? "To protect American installations there", says one source. The troops were among those to be sent home within the month. However, the Pentagon has deemed it more important to protect machines than to spare lives, so some of them might never make it back.

And as the final blow, the commanding officer in the area has announced that part of the Communist offensive has been halted, and that the Reds are retreating. Maj. General Hollingworth last week revealed his objective: "to kill them before they can escape into Cambodia". Humanity?

Protecting Saigon might be sold to the public as a necessity; but Hollingworth's murderous scheme is inexcusable. "Enemy" or not, the U.S. should not its morals higher than this.

I fear that I am now writing on a subject on which I will not receive the full support of the staff, but nonetheless, I feel an obligation to speak out.

Liberally as I generally appear, on the matter of morals I stand rather conservative.

Most of America, young and old, tends to regard sex as something sacred. I think that most would not condone such actions as the legalization of prostitution, or other such corruption of the one thing that one might expect capitalism would leave alone. On this stand I should not receive too much static.

What about other more subtle violations of the same code? "Why pay \$1 for one girl, when you can see 2 for one dollar at the Vixen Lounge?" someone asked. Is this any less per-

verse? Advertisements for the Studio Art Theatre proudly claim that their sex movies are rated, not X, but double-X. Should we be proud?

What is worst about the situation is the number of avowed anti-capitalists who favor such outright exploitation of human beings. For a self-proclaimed capitalist to use the body for material gain is understandable (not excusable-understandable); but for the socialist, it is pure hypocrisy.

The argument in favor of allowing such institutions to operate is that when a man is old enough to enter such an establishment, he is old enough to determine his own morals. But this is so much bull. If adults are capable of laying down and following personal guidelines, why is it that crime is on the rise? Why is it that the government has the power to decide who is opposed to violence and who is scared of dying, but cannot decide on less significant moral values?

One proponent of legalization remarked that "it is a fact" that when pornography is made less available, sex crimes rise. Thus, he argues, this form of diversion is actually beneficial to society. However, this same person also contends that a man's personality is determined by his environment; therefore, he should agree that if "sexploitation" was removed from American society, within a couple of generations, we would be free from this obsession.

I will make no final defense of these words; they are written to be attacked or defended, and I think that my actions will bear out my thoughts.

Unfortunately, thanks to repression by Bugher, Jennings, Buck, Long, and the Company, I am not able to safely sign my name to this, so I should receive no feedback at all.

JL

Although Superintendent of Schools William Bugher has emphatically denied that the school corporation is facing bankruptcy, Mr. Dong has been observed bringing a sack lunch to school.

It's That Time of the Year Again. . .

Al Buck: "Well, Merlin, it's NHS time again."

Merlin Meatloaf: "Are the lists of candidates ready?"

AB: Of course. And here's the list of criteria for selection. You recall that this year we're going to a numerical rating system.

MM: Yes--it was changed, as I recall to make the system fairer.

AB: You mean to make the students think the system is fairer.

MM: You know what I meant. Where are the forms the students filled out?

AB: I took them home.

MM: Oh, to evaluate them...

AB: No, to light my fireplace.

MM: Now I see how you got where you are today. Are the teachers going to cast ballots again?

Oh, yes- the same old way. McClary vetoes anyone not in Chemistry; Benjamin zaps those who don't wear red, white, and blue; and Wessel gets anyone who wears them improperly.

MM: I don't quite understand.

AB: Neither do the students. If they did, they'd know how foolish the whole thing is.

MM: What about Joe Blow-will he be accepted?

AB: No, it seems that once, during his freshman year, he failed to stand during the school song. We were forced to disregard the fact that he had two broken legs at the time. Anyone who cares would find a way. Recall that one of the criteria is blind obedience to all rules.

MM: What are the others?

AB: Feet-kissing, lack of intellectual motivation, and Scarlet and Gray.

MM: What about grades?

AB: Well, around here, if you don't follow the above regulations, there's no way you can get good grades.

MM: That's right. Say, what are the activities for induction?

AB: Well, Friday, they're all going to wear colored ribbons. This shows pride in the organization. It is essential that all new members believe that NHS is really important. Monday, they all wear big 'Ns', and have all the actives sign them. This shows that the inductees are willing to be subservient. And Tuesday, we'll have them

bring candy for the actives.

MM: What's the point of that?

AB: There isn't one-it just proves that the new students will follow any rule, no matter how useless, without questions. This will be invaluable in later life.

MM: By gosh, I think this will be a fine group.

AB: Yes sir- true Americans.

JL

It happen'd around 4 o'clock

I saw who I was

Why I was here

I seen visions of reality

beauty in heaven

joy of living

peace within me

I seen visions of reality

poverty

illness

despire

war

but with hope

It happen'd around 4 o'clock

I seen visions of reality

and I felt good

it is now 4:15

vision

popped

hope

gone

life

dead

FINGERS...

by T.C.

Peace,

American

style



Thoughts on "Modern" Education

In an educational system as large and complex as ours is, an inherent conflict between the rights of the individual and the group arises. Since the system is designed to deal with the education of what I term the "aggregate student", the education of the individual often suffers tremendously.

This aggregate student is of the white, middle-class culture, and his social and political views are not radical, not even liberal. American education is well-suited for the aggregate needs, but unfortunately, what appears to be an inescapable problem with the structure of any school designed to educate two thousand students is that any student not conforming to the aggregate culture will be left by the wayside of the organized educational process.

As a result, the black inner-city student is taught white culture by white teachers using textbooks written by white educators. Black history is not even authorized for high school credit in Indiana. Where it is offered without credit, it is usually taught by white teachers.

It isn't just black students who are bypassed by aggregate education unless they sacrifice varying degrees of their unique identity. Across the nation, high school students who have voiced their thoughts through underground newspapers have faced expulsion from school. And check out who the students receiving formal recognition and honor from the school are. Read the membership rolls of the National Honor Society. See which students are selected to speak at commencement exercises.

Inherently, there is a tremendous social pressure during all twelve of a student's years in public school to conform to the aggregate student culture. The pressure isn't entirely social, however, but is a general rule policy among teachers and administrators. Subtle pressure is often unconsciously exerted by teachers who use their powers to recognize the views of only students who politely raise their hands, sit quietly at their desks and cooperate readily. It often gets to the point where the student is apathetic towards classes, because this form of "education" has no meaning to him. I've found myself in this situation more than once. What here are being questioned are the values of the aggregate culture.

The right of the individual to hold his own values is implicit in the American heritage. Unfortunately, people today are all too willing to ritualistically sacrifice the individual's rights for what appears to them to be group security--whether it be under the guise of "Law and Order", "internal security" or amazingly enough, sometimes even "freedom".

There are indeed indications of a trend towards the allowance of greater individual liberties in the schools. But as long as it is generally agreed upon that all students must be given a standardized education in the cheapest and most efficient manner possible, there seems to me to be a great flaw in our society.

-ft

* * * *

When I was a child
I spoke as a child
I understood as a child
I thought as a child;
But when I became a man
I put away childish things.

The above verse, from Corinthians, has been chosen as the theme of the Senior Edition, with the obvious inference that by the time a high school student becomes a senior, he is an adult. Here comes the break with reality, or at least consistency, in the school structure. Anyone still in high school, senior or not, can't help feeling emasculated by the high school environment. The student's life is dictated by the ringing of bells, like Pavlov's conditioned dogs. Teachers patrol the halls with detention pads, to ensure a prison-like atmosphere, and students are expected to follow the rules with a robot-like subservience.

If teachers and administrators want students to behave in a mature manner, they aren't going to accomplish this with threats of detention, or by treating students as if they were all totally incapable of being trusted with any responsibility. Simply because when they went to school, the students docilely walked from class to class, being sure to be in their seats when the bell rang and to raise their hands before saying anything, like "good niggers" are supposed to, doesn't mean that this generation has an obligation to take it. It has been pointed out by many older people that this generation has matured earlier. Unfortunately, the high schools have remained basically the same over the past 50 years, granted a few "reforms", like a liberalized dress code. A change has got to come.

-ft

Catz-Jammer Kids

BY
THE
SKAGTAG-
ULAR GE-
SCRUET

Hey Friz, let's pay Bosse a visit.



Principal
Paul
Jennings

I hear he hasn't
been seen since
we left.



Girls Restroom



Girls Restroom

FLUSH
AIEEEEEEE...!!
SHRIEK!!

SAME OLD RESTROOMS



CAFETERIA
ENTER AT OWN RISK



SAME OLD
CAFETERIA

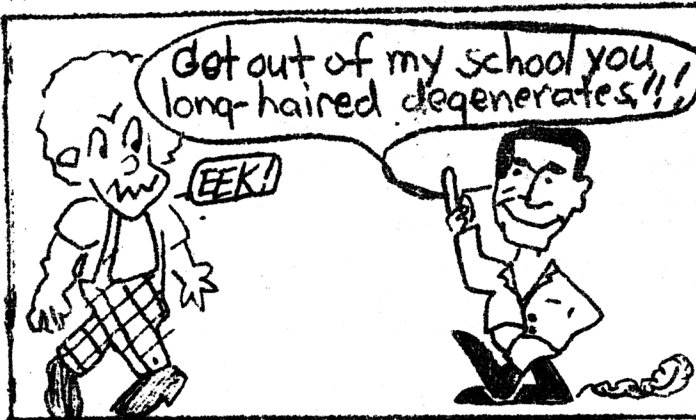


HEY LITTLE GIRL WANT
TO BUY A BULLSHEET?



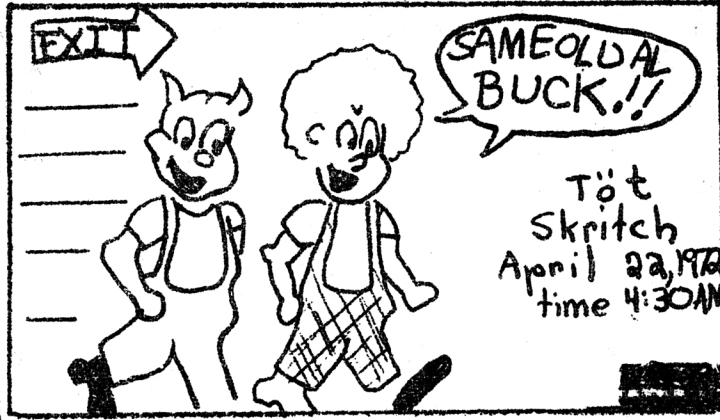
Get out of my school you
long-haired degenerates!!

EKK!!



EXIT

SAME OLD
BUCK!!



Tot
Skritch
April 22, 1972
time 4:30AM

Scratchie ???
ooo