

Issue 15, the last

Bosse's High

June, 1972

All Petered Out

We've tried to make this last issue Something Special, so that on one of those melancholy days in the future when your life seems to have no purpose, you can bring out this copy and smile about the good old high school days. We hope you enjoy our specials featuring the BS rock opera "Commie" (from the Who's "Tommy") and the Bull-Sheet Awards Night Presentation. What follows are the Last Bull and Testaments of our two editors, written in parallel columns.

by ft

This, our last issue, brings to a close a year of publication which marks at least my own most worthwhile adventure to date. For whatever reasons we had in starting this paper, we bring it to a close with largely different insights into the nature of high school education.

Walt Whitman once wrote to the effect that the young man who is not radical has no heart, and the old man who is radical has no head. Such a thought goes a long way in explaining the original phenomenon of the Bull-Sheet, and while there's nothing the least bit new about students not liking school, this analysis falls far short of explaining the dissatisfaction we have with The Way Things Are. The Bull-Sheet's major effect has probably been to hilite this dissatisfaction-- in fact, to slap a lot of people in the face with it. But a slap in the face is a good way of awakening some people from a dead slumber.

As the final days of my public education slip from my grasp, it seems that my experience has been one of a thirst for knowledge constantly frustrated by the misdirected means of its administration. Such is not a personal vendetta-- it is a plea for more imagination and flexibility on the part of teachers and formulators of American education. The proof of success of failure of the Bull-Sheet lies in its communication of this situation.

by lg

High school today is a conglomerate of various organizations, honors, an occasional class, all culminating in a final diploma.

The awards bestowed on the student are meant, of course, as an indication of progress and achievement. Even the certificate of graduation is intended as a notice of having met certain requirements, written by God only knows who, and for reasons even He might not know.

Let us take a look at several of these organizations and awards:

NHS claims to be the highest scholastic honor possible in high school. It is, according to its supporters, so lofty because it is the teachers who bestow it. The teachers need not worry about making enemies, so they vote for the best students.

The Kiwanis award is similar, except that it is awarded to a student by his peers. It, too, claims an exalted position, since it shows that the recipient's fellow students hold him in high regard.

Quill & Scroll and Thespians are, however, another story. For in these organizations, the recipient is honored for his own hard work. Upon serving a certain amount of time, a student is automatically eligible. Anyone can join, provided he is willing to commit himself.

Society has traditionally placed a higher value on the former type, the selective honors. (Cont. on back)

(lg. cont.)

For an unknown reason the award which is restricted to a select few has always been more highly esteemed.

But there is an inherent evil in all of these; all require that external standards be met. All place emphasis on living up to society's criteria.

But is this to be our primary concern? Are we to live a life constantly striving to meet or surpass artificial goals, or plastic standards?

The answer is a resounding "no". There are higher standards to be met than those of a decadent society--we have ourselves to satisfy. For it is within ourselves that our efforts must find their origin.

Letters Letters Letters Letters Let

(Views expressed in letters are strictly off the record, and we refuse to be a party to any libel suits.)

To the Sheet:

After working my ass off for 6 weeks on a stupid term paper I just found out the grade--C--typical of Robert A. Wessel.

I'm mad right now, damn mad, and I believe I have a right to be. Augie, as he's affectionately known is not only a Commie but a bastard. Without going into his parentage I intend to document this article with evidence attesting to the fact of Augie's bitchy disposition.

First off the fucking bastard (Augie) has taken a personal dislike to anyone disagreeing with his mixed up political philosophy. Among these are myself, Cliff Rafferty, Steve Hagestrom, and Pat Conner to name a few. On more than one occasion he has refused to honor valid admits from these select few, has, in my judgement consciously and purposely graded down on these people, and attempted, more than once to disgrace these people before their fellow classmates.

Yet after all these things I must admit that Augie isn't all bad. He seldom seems to notice if Nickie Olpe or Mike Owen are 10 minutes late to class. Nor does he

wreck havoc upon Susan O'Grady or Debbie Adams when they question his Almighty decisions.

Pardon my language but Hell all I have to say in ending is that after spending two semesters with righteous commie I can only pity those poor juniors who will love the plight of the poor underpaid social studies teacher direct from the mouth of Robert "Augie" Wessel.

Augie.

Dear Mafia,

You are the most heart-breaking thing I have ever heard of in my life! You are an organization that supports any type of crime to make money. You make a person feel like they don't want to live or be involved with society. You are like a country by yourself with your own form of "government": president, congress, cabinet, etc. You have your own laws and punishments such as: slayings, murders, beatings, and many other gashly actions for those persons not agreeing with your policies. I have read in many books, magazines, and newspapers about how you give out orders and do away with those who don't obey. You're worse than Hitler and his Fascists followers and harder to stop than the spread of cancer and harder to find than an needle in hot water. But one day you will fall apart like everything else in the United States and around the world and I hope very soon. I have never written a letter to someone I hated until today, to you. But I hope you go to HELL, all of you and burn until the ashes make a range of mountains.

Signed Your Main Enemy

To the Sheet:

Being an outgoing senior this year, I would like to register a few of my gripes about Bosse High and company.

First, I would like to present certificates of merit to a few of the teachers here.

The "Most Consistent Bigot of the Year" award goes to Bob Wessel, better known as "The Weasel", for such uniform cases of bias as: Giving two students different

(Cont. opposite sheet)

(Letters, cont.)

amounts of detention when caught together without a hallpass because he didn't like one of them, or grading papers on a scale of how much they agree with him, or simply the presenting of conduct marks to certain people while his supreme ass-kissers get away. You can feel proud Ausie, you've finally been recognized for your fine work. No doubt you're the best in the field.

The "Most Resistant to Change" Award goes to Mrs. Downey for steadfast devotion to outdated and irrelevant material and teaching methods. The "Most Useless Teacher" award goes to Moderately Rotund Gat, for having seen present seniors through two years of German, yet having taught them nothing.

The "Most Uniformly Boring Teacher" award goes without contention to Mrs. Elaine Pittman. Her ruthless tactics of having pupils read the chapter and do exercises every single day really clinched this award for her. Good going, Pit.

Honorable Mention goes to Mrs. Ruth Dunning. While conducting a very interesting, and probably the most informative class I've had in 4 years, we haven't learned a shit about economics. Included in this award is Mr. Hunter for his occasional hilarious comments in TV Econ.

Funny, after having done all the awards, I've completely forgotten what my complaints were.

L.S.D.

1 Robert Wessell sucks.

A Tribute to our Fearful Leaders

This being the last issue of the Bull-Sheet (this year), I feel that I should say something about our friends at school-- PJ, and Uncle Al).

As we all know by now, Uncle Al is a real bitch. Of course, can you really blame him? After all, maybe his mother slapped him when he was young. But this is not the reason. Certainly we can blame him. It's because he loves us and wants us to grow up hating everyone as he does.

Last week he got Marcie busted just because she was selling a little weed. I mean she had only a couple of nickle bags. 'Course (oink, oink) Helms had to haul her ass down to the local pig station.

And certainly we can't forget dear old PJ. He's not half the bastard that Buck is, it's just that he's so wishy-washy. I've oft-time convinced him that Kell is a son-of-a-dog and then Kell tells him that I was lighting up joints and using profane language and I get it.

I realize that according to our society that it is wrong to say that is really on your minds but I believe in freedom of press. Because I've always said, "Life without its basic liberties and freedoms is no life at all".

tqbfjotld

To the Sheet,

This in itself is a minor complaint but I believe it could be considered somewhat inconsiderate of a school principal and others involved. One would think a man holding this position could be more considerate for a somewhat up-tight person on Awards Night.

The object of Awards Night is to give recognition to those who have worked diligently in order to acquire a certain goal.

Since the program was somewhat "scrubbed up" and many people that were not in attendance had their names called to receive S.B. certificates, while others standing in front of the high and mighty principal weren't even mentioned. It seems to me that the ones who are there to be recognized should be rightly done so.

XXX

Harken--I raised my lowered eyes to the Man! He come to me, and I was enlightened. Before the tongues spoke, yet did not reach my unconscious ears. I was child-like in my understanding, with sundry roads of which I might have traveled. I chose to absorb the sounds of the deaf-mute, I chose understanding over concession. With my psyche filled with muffled sounds, I felt for the bonds that stretched out to me. Acknowledged that I had been lost, I troubled alone on the cumbersome by way. When I became thirsty the Man provided me with drink, and I became greedy. I wanted no other man to know my pleasure, yet in this world nothing is really one's it is of all.

by 6/1/72 10:49

LETTERS

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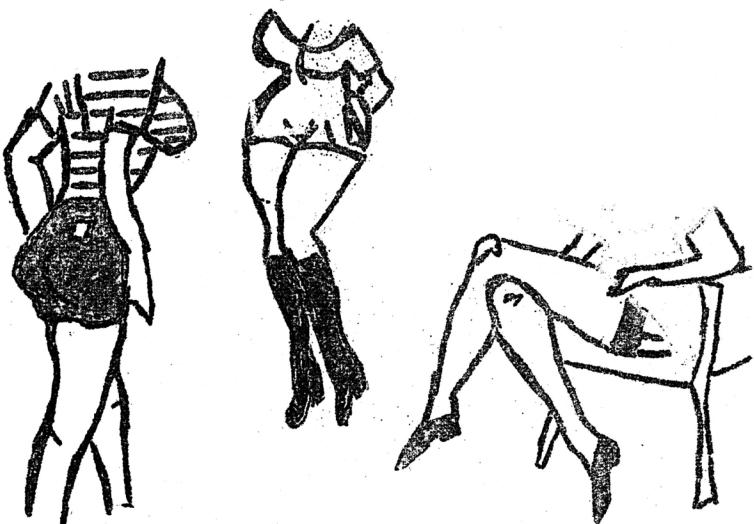
To the Editors:

You Stink! Since this is the final issue of the Sheet, I feel that I must write. You guys have written a bunch of bull(if you'll pardon the pun) about how this school has mistreated you. Hog wash! I have had so much fun at Bosse I can't put it into words. For example, what could be more fun than attending Student Council meetings. It gives me a thrill to hear Jim, our beloved leader, tell us how much we have accomplished:amended our constitution 15 times, changed rules for homecoming queens(now you no longer have to be smart to be beautiful) and sell paper ribbons for \$.10.

During the crisis when the janitors went on strike, I helped clean up the halls so we students could continue our education. It is wonderful to think that I helped our school!

Although I was not qualified for National Honor Society, I want to make myself perfectly clear in saying "If nominated, I would have run, if elected, I would've accepted". I feel that NHS is a most elite group, and I would have been honored to become a member.

I always went to most of the foot-



WE WILL LONG REMEMBER THE BEAUTIFUL SIGHTS WE SAW HERE AT BUSTFUL BOSSE.

ball and basketball games; I never yelled, though. "When in Rome, do as the Romans do", I always say.

Some of my other activities have been pep club, driver for homecoming, and 2nd man on the polo team(you guys are so disinterested that I'll bet you didn't even know we had a team).

So why don't you guys look on the bright side of things? Your paper is supposed to state the facts. Well, the only facts you guys state are when somebody writes a letter.

Horrny Normal
(Yes, Hot Mary, there is a Horrny Normal.)

COMMUNISM: Pro or Con?

On an American's first thought, he would probably say "con". But what is wrong with communism. Most people would then use Russia as an example. Bah! Russia has lousy leaders! But...take China. They have an excellent communistic government. People would again say "Then why are they so overcrowded and poor?" What does overcrowding have to do with it? A lot! They don't have enough communism. For if they did, they could make their people move to some almost equally good land areas. People seeing me prove myself right would mostly say "Well, love it or leave it". I did not say, I repeat, did not say that I don't love my homeland. I agree that this is the greatest nation on earth! Or at least productively wise. But many other people all over the earth are happy where they are too. Also, I could go on about the hundreds of things that are wrong with this nation, and things that make us slightly communistic. But what the use, you'll just say "Commie!" and try to forget about this. But yet you're against the Vietnam war, which USA's goal is to stop the spread of communism. So, for heaven's sake, make up your mind.

The friendly Frosh

PS: Help the Olympic Band.

Some kind of innocence is measured out in miles, What makes you think you're something special when you smile?

"Hey Bulldog"; Lennon/McCartney

Blistering Bullet Beangs Buck

On the eve of the 1972 graduation Exercises, Al Buck, Assistant Principal of Bosse High School, has been placed on the critical list at St. Mary's Hospital as the result of a vicious assassination attempt yesterday.

As the opening speaker at the Class Day assembly Mr. Buck had just begun his remarks when a small, deadly pellet of magnesium ribbon hurtled through the air and struck him on the forehead, knocking him unconscious.

His staff, after running around in circles for a few moments, finally collected itself and called an ambulance, and Mr. Buck was at the Hospital in short time.

"This tragic incident only serves to strengthen my belief that such prominent figures should not make public appearances", commented Merlin Meatloaf. Apparently he was referring to the precedent established by Paul Jennings this year. Mr. Meatloaf, when asked about the origin of the piece of metal, suggested that it probably came from the Chemistry Lab. (Mr. McClary's remarks are recorded elsewhere.)

Mr. Jennings was rumored to have said "Thank heavens it was him-he's expendable." However, no one was able to positively identify the man as Jennings.

A suspect has been apprehended in the shooting. (See separate story.) Severe action is planned against the student if he cannot prove himself innocent. According to a spokesman for the office, he may lose his Scarlet and Gray rating for the past semester.

McCLARY DENIES RUMORS

"I'm certain that no student of mine would do a thing like that", was Chemistry Coach Charles "Go, go, H₂O" McClary's reaction to the attempt on Al Buck's life yesterday.

The remark was the result of repeated rumors that the magnesium ribbon that struck Buck on the forehead had come from his lab.

"No, magnesium, element 58, or is it 68? formula weight 75.9g, would have combined with the oxygen in the air, oxygen being number 41, weight of 13.6g, as follows: 17Mg+50g=22MgO, the formula for fire."

He continued: "My students respect personal property, and would never steal anything from me. Now, where was my wallet. I had it here just a moment ago. And my watch. I just laid it down..."

WESSEL, TRADER DIFFER

Robert Wessel, special assistant to the assistant principal, today expressed his support for a Student Council Act requiring licensing of all rubber bands. "We have for too long allowed anyone to have these weapons. It is high time we got them out of the hands of psychopaths."



HITCH DETAINS SUSPECT

A crazed, wild-eyed young man has been arrested in connection with the shooting of Al Buck.

Brandishing a large rubber band, more magnesium pellets, and screaming "No more Mr. Nice Guy!", Randolph J. Snide was stopped outside the auditorium by Ted "DT Wizard" Hitch.

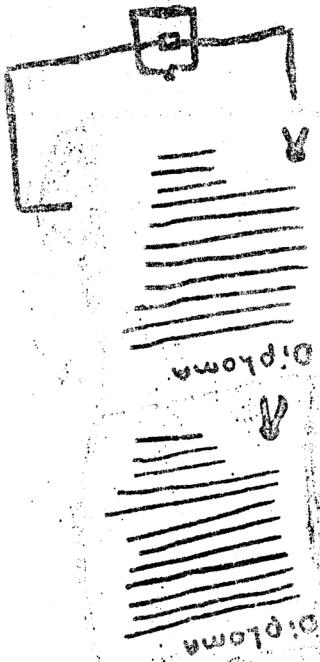
A reporter spoke with DT/EGM Hitch moments after the arrest:

"Mr. Hitch, that certainly must have taken a lot of nerve to capture an armed assassin."

"Actually, I wasn't even aware that he was the man. I got him for loitering in the halls."

OVER BAND REGISTRATION

Student Council advisor James Trader disagreed, however: "If we require licensing, any dictator or principal could too easily confiscate the bands. And besides, the Council is too busy amending its constitution to bother with any business."



Do you have the feeling that the writing on the piece of paper you are going to receive on Thursday is really worth the four years you have wasted here at Bosse?

Or is it like any other piece of paper you use in your life that is needed for something?

ANOTHER COMMIE SCARE

About two weeks ago a smoke bomb was lit upstairs near Mr. Britton's room near the end of fifth period.

It didn't cause that much trouble to the students in the hall, but in the office of Paul Jennings; this is what occurred:

Al Buck: Sir, sir, It is happening! It's happening, they're making the move that they write about, what will we do, PJ, the lord help us!

Paul Jennings: Mr. Buck, calm down.

Now what is happening. Who's going to make their move.

PJ: The radicals, they're making the movement that we read about in the Bull*Sheet!

PJ: Oh my Goodness!

AB: Sir, come out from under your desk and help us!

PJ: That's OK, Mr. Buck, I would rather be under here, Now tell me how they are carrying out their threats.

AB: Well, they have just bombed Mrs.

Badger's room and I hear tell that Mr. McClary's room is next.

PJ: Mr. Buck, gather up your courage and smile and tell them to stop.

AB: That doesn't work any more with them degenerates.

PJ: Well get Mr. Hitch to give them an hour of detention.

AB: Can't sir, he was the first casualty. He was hit with an esarer.

PJ: Well there is only one thing to do at a time like this.

And as Uncle Al and PJ shake under the table the school goes on alone, peacefully.

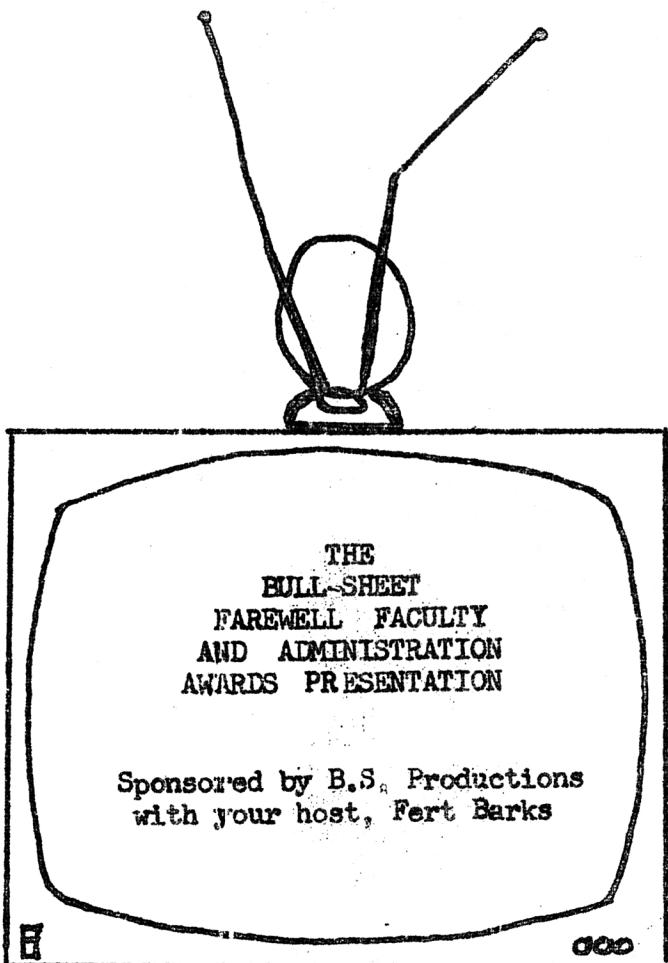
do
you
think
one small
shot from a
gun could start
a war or revolution
causing bombs to be dropped
on all of the people and animals
so nobody would be alive on this one
planet of ours, earth
it would be
dead

WW I
maybe
soon
dai

During last weeks smoke-bombing near Mr. Britton's room (see story on this page), while PJ and Uncle Al earned their strips by sitting under the desk with fear in their hearts, quite by accident a Bull*Sheet staffer walked into the office looking for something to write about.

PJ and Uncle Al quickly jumped up with a smile on their face and shouted "We're Mr. Nice Guys", The radical was stunned but got himself together in time to put the snatch on the principal's flag-a treasure to a radical.

bad typers are good peckers



To bring special recognition into the fields of teaching and administrating at Bosse High School

(Bull-Sheet Pictorials brings you the live, complete, and only coverage of the B.S. Awards Night Presentation. We take you now to the stage, where Master of Ceremonies Fert Barks will award the honors.)

FB: Good evening, good evening. As you all probably don't know, this is the first and last honors presentation sponsored by the Bull-Sheet, due first of all to our distrust for such presentations, and second, our hopeful graduation next week. Maybe I should acquaint you with the procedure our panel of judges used to arrive at their decisions. Maybe I should, but I won't. Without that in mind, let's move right into the presentation of our first award.

Our "Excellence in Counseling" award brings special recognition into the little-applauded field of high school counseling.

This award spotlights personal dedication to the task of preparing students for their future roles in society. If I can have the envelope please. . .our award goes to. . . Morton J. Frembalm of Woonsocket High School in South Dakota? Hey, judges-- I thought these awards were supposed to go just to those at Bosse. What? It's the best you could do? Alright. Is Mr. Frembalm in the audience? No? Oh well, let's move on to our next award.

Our next trophy, entitled "Monkey on your Back", is awarded on the basis of personal appearance and mannerisms, and above all, reputation. The winner is. . .Al Buck?

(Al Buck comes forward to accept the trophy)

AB: Well I thank you boys for your consideration, and I'm honored that you should consider me acceptable for your trophy. (40 minutes later). . .and although it seems like a funny name for an award, I'm proud to think that it was my reputation that won this for me.

FB: Thank you, Mr. Buck, for those words of guidance.

At this time, we'd like to make a special presentation to Mrs. Leonella Badger, in recognition of her efforts to keep the hallways clear and unobstructed. Leonella, please accept this framed "Deputy Assistant Principal Badge" with accessory cowhide bullwhip from the Bull-Sheet panel of judges. Oh-- and we thank you too, Mrs. Badger.

It's been pointed out to me that we have a celebrity in the audience. Mr. Jennings, would you like to stand up? Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Paul Jennings-- Mother-of-the-Year and otherwise principal of Bosse High School. Let's give him a hand. Would you like to come to the microphone and say a few words, Paul? Come on, don't be shy. What? You're not Mr. Jennings? I'm terribly sorry, ma'am-- it was an honest mistake.

We'll be back in a minute after this message from our sponsor.

Seniors, let's send them a message. We're fed up with the over-restricted, over-organized, and over-priced senior picnic at Camp Carson. This year, we're gonna have our own picnic--no chaperones sticking their noses into your lunch and you can drive your own car, instead of riding aboard a school bus-- we absolutely don't believe in busing to achieve recreation but believe in quality fun for everybody. Things will happen at

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Kramer's Lake instead of Audubon Park as we earlier announced. Don't forget, that's Tuesday, June 6, from 9:30 to 3:30. We'll see you there. --

FB: Our "J. Edgar Hoover" award, named in honor of the great late director of the FBI, recognizes patriotism and vigilance of the highest order. May I have the envelope, please. Our award goes to. . . Marlan Maidlow! Mr. Maidlow has been active in administration efforts to protect Bosse from the hovering menace of the Red Spector while spear-heading efforts to raise money to put new American flags in each classroom. It seems that the old flags are mysteriously disappearing. Would you like to say a few words, Mr. Maidlow?

MM: Thank you, Fert. Actually, I feel a little guilty in accepting too much credit by myself, because there were so many others, both here at Bosse, and also down at the Federal building, who deserve recognition. It was, after all, a team effort. And I am proud to say that our heritage of freedom both in America and here at Bosse is safe. To make sure of that, we've got confidential information on half the students here--and enough on the panel of judges alone to keep them at our mercy for the rest of their lives. And they thought the joke was on us.

FB: Thank you, thank you Mr. Maidlow. Our next trophy goes to the faculty member who has demonstrated keen wit, high sense of humor, and sly treachery. Our "Funny Man" trophy goes to. . . Ted Hitch!, otherwise known as "Tricky Ted Skritch".

(At this point, Tricky Ted bounces out of his seat, skips down the aisle, leaps onto the stage by-passing the stairs, and grabs the microphone)

TTS: King of the hill! Thank you for the trophy. I only hope it's been as much fun for you as it has been for me.

FB: You made it all worthwhile, sir. Our next award, for "Outstanding Coach", was specially created by the B.S. panel of judges in order to recognize. . . who else but Joe Unfried! What else can we say? Quite frankly, we're afraid to say anything else.

(Papa Joe lumbers up to the microphone,

and while relating the benefits to be received from keeping clean and straight, absent-mindedly grabs Fert Barks around the neck and begins to rub Fert's scalp with his knuckles.)

JU: . . . and half the senior class has gone to pot! (Joe continues to rub Bark's skull, until clusters of hair replace the dandruff falling to the stage. Barks brings Joe's speech to an abrupt close by screaming a out in pain.)

FB: You're certainly entitled to your award, coach.

Our next award, named in honor of Casper the ghost, has been awarded by our judges to. . . Mr. Larry Eifler, for his never-ending efforts to spook cafeteria munchers. Accepting the trophy for Mr. Eifler, who is out drilling his troops in preparation for the long march on Germany, will be Timothy Tucker, who was Mr. Eifler's comrade in the great cafeteria purge of Spring '71.

TT: I'm pleased to accept this award on behalf of Mr. Eifler, in spite of the fact that the panel of judges may have certain subversive interests. Thank you.

FB: Our next award is designed to recognize the important part physical fitness plays in our educational process. With this in mind, we award our "Weight Watchers" trophy to. . . Robert Gatterer, more affectionately known by his students as Herr Gatterer, for having lost 200 pounds over the past few years, and in spite of the fact that he remains as far as ever. Herr Gatterer. . .

HG: Well thank you for the trophy, but I can't really appreciate that last remark. I can't help recall the time in Germany that. . .

FB: Thank you, Herr Gatterer, for that interesting story. If we can now get back to our regular presentations, our next award recognizes self-motivation on the part of our faculty here at Bosse. Our "Self-Propelled Teacher" award goes to. . . Charles McClary, known as Charlie-Mac by his favorite students.

(At this point, Mr. McClary comes forward to accept his trophy, and upon reaching the rostrum, stares glaze-eyed into open space, in a manner reminiscent of Paddy Duke's drug-crazed acceptance of her Academy Award a year or two ago)

CM: I am a chemist boom boom! I am a chemist boom boom!! (Cont. next page)

(B.S. Awards, cont.)

(Alas, the finest doctors have long despaired. It is a case of terminal fumosis, a result of Mr. McClary's extended years of inhaling chem lab fumes.)

FB: We're glad we could give the award to you before it was too late, Mr. McClary.

The next award recognizes the importance that clear, concise thinking on the part of our faculty has in shaping students' thoughts and preparing them for their respective places in society. Our "Yes I Am... No I'm Not" award goes to. . .

Robert Wessel!

RW: Thank you. I'd like to say that I'm very proud to live in a great country where a paper like the Bull-Sheet can thrive. On the other hand, it's really all a bunch of commie tripe. But then again, it's alright. However, the United States is a great land of equality, except for the President of General Motors.

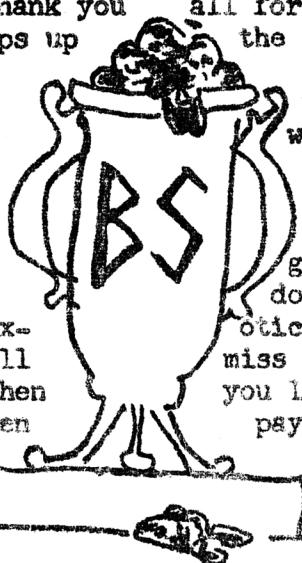
FB: Thank you, Mr. Wessel, for your clear assessment of our situation.

As we all know, school could become monotonous if all the teachers smiled all of the time and were enthusiastic and devoted to their task of educating young people. Our last award of the night lauds such diversity and individualism on the part of our faculty. Our "Mr. Personality-Minus" award has been earned by. . . Alan Staggs. Recently in running the School Spirit, Mr. Staggs has stifled student imagination and initiative second only to Paul Jennings himself. Let's give him a big hand, folks.

(Staggs accepts the trophy, nodding only a curt thank you before returning to his seat)

FB: Thank you all for coming--that about wraps up the awards for tonight. and brown-ception follows. the p'lease, nies look funny, just an ex- care, we'll forget, when we may even

We have punch nies at the re- which immediately No smoking near punch bowl, and if the brown greenish and taste don't worry--its otic recipe. Take miss you, and don't you least expect it, pay you a visit.



freed [redacted] rick

Paul Jennings:
Failure Defined

This sheet has a proud history of character defamation of our principal, Paul Jennings. We've pictured him at various times as a babbling idiot, a tyranical despot, the non-happening at Bosse high school, the unliberated version of motherhood, a gutter rat who has gnawed his way through the back door into his office, and the Richard Nixon of Bosse High School.

If you have strong feelings of sympathy for the persecuted of all descriptions, and have never met Mr. Jennings personally, you might even have felt sorry for him sometimes after an especially vicious attack. What is it that drives us to such total disrespect for our man in the office? Certainly, he's relatively harmless. Why not let a sleeping dog lie?

But Jennings is not asleep, and his character resembles not so much a dog as it does a crockobile (a member of the reptile family crocodylidae that none of the others will admit to having.) Only a handful of dedicated reptile-watchers even know what the crockobile looks like. This animal makes its home in hollow logs and never comes out during the daytime, due to its extreme sensitivity to light. His teeth are sharp, having the capability of biting off a teenager's arm. Before going on to a justification for the preceding comparisons, I would like to note that this space contains only the opinions of members of the BS staff.

So we can now get into the meat of our subject, without fear of getting a libel suit slapped on us. Mr. Jennings can be labelled a "non-person" because of the clear lack of presence his personality has among the students of Bosse. Or he could also be labelled a "negative-person", because the only time he ever really makes his presence felt is when he stifles student government initiative or tries to quash student protest, Bull-Sheet-baiting being only one means of such. His underlying philosophy in all of these actions, it seems, is that the average high school student is not responsible enough to make his own decisions and still requires the direction of the office.

But how should this direction be afforded? By the demonstration of leadership by the principal, or by the simple refusal on his part

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to consider any student initiative that he is not in full agreement with? This reporter believes that direction can only come through the first means, and regret that it appears at Bosse to be coming through the second.

Let's examine why we believe Jennings to be a failure as principal, in light of the above philosophy. If students are still at the age where they need direction, leadership must be effective and it must command student respect. The few leadership traits Jennings possesses and only rarely displays are so out of line with the modern high school student as to be totally ineffective. For the same reason, he has no general respect. And without respect, he becomes nothing more than another civil servant, with a job little different from being the head of a license branch. The seat of school power effectively shifts from his office to the student book of rules, as vulgar a guide to conduct as is imaginable. Is Jennings really dead, as we have rumored? No, the man is alive. It is his position of leadership that we mourn.

This is not to say that we ever did need office leadership; indeed, we appear much better off without it. It's just that there seems to be this strange paradox of leadership at Bosse which reduces the office of the principal to an empty shell.

* * * * *

A FEW WORDS OF PRAISE, FOR THE RECORD

There has been little, it seems, about Bosse that the Bull-Sheet has not at one time or another been critical of. Regrettably, there has been even less that we have praised. It is regrettable not because there is nothing at Bosse to praise, but because we have been so busy criticizing everything that we have not had time to ever give it any thought. What more fitting time is there to review some of the praiseworthy aspects of high school life than now, in this last issue?

A lot of our satire has been aimed at teachers--after all, what do you expect from a paper named the Bull-Sheet? But the great majority (and it is a majority) of teachers should be commended for a job well

done. If a few teachers seem ill-suited for their job, one need only think of the ones who come into the classroom with imagination and a smile to be reassured that high school is worthwhile. Many teachers go beyond the traditional teacher-student relationship to become close friends with their students--such a relationship can be very valuable to both the student and the teacher. These teachers do not need to be told this--they know by the smiles that greet them in the halls.

It is outside the classroom that many students find their most valuable experiences, and I'm not just talking about independent projects such as this one. The speech and debate teams are invaluable to anyone who would like to develop his or her self-confidence and speaking ability. Working on the School Spirit can be a great experience, assuming of course that you're not too radical. There is no end to the organizations and activities that one has a chance to get involved in. And if students don't care for any of the regular activities, they can always start their own.

High school is a place where a student can get a good vocational education, and this is probably the most valuable function of secondary schools.

We've poked a lot of good-natured fun at Mr. Buck in the past, but he's always kept his head. In all fairness, we must say that we couldn't find a man more devoted to the high school student than Mr. Buck. And in all fairness to Mr. Jennings, we must note that he appears to be trying to lose his nickname of "The Phantom" by being seen more in the halls and by using the intercom system more by himself.

It's now becoming clear why we never devoted much space before to praise--it's no fun. It is so much more satisfying to write a biting satire of a harsh condemnation of something of somebody. There is no greater joy than planting the seeds of paranoia in the offices of administrators. In short, there's nothing more enjoyable than a good fight, a battle of wits. Simply because we claim to an adherence of non-violent principles doesn't mean we aren't aggressive or even hostile.

It's been a long fight, but to say that we haven't enjoyed every minute of it would obscure the truth.

-ft

MOTHER TUCKER'S Story Book Time

Here again kiddies is your old Mother Tucker giving you her latest translations of the ever famous Mother Goose nursery rhymums.

Jennings had a quiet school
(Mary had a little lamp)

Jennings had a quiet school,
his students were real straight,
but then Bull*Sheet got Jennings down,
and now he hids his face.

Wise Al Buck
(Old King Cole)

Wise Al Buck was a crafty old fool,
and a whacky old dupe was he,
he called for the hoods,
he called for the straights,
but he shunned from the radicals' pleas.

Fritz and Frizz
(Jack and Jill)

Fritz and Frizz went into school,
to cause a bit of trouble,
Buck saw them and waved a hand,
and they went out with a smile.

Little Ted Skritch
(Little Jack Horner)

Little Ted Skritch,
stood in the hall
with his detention,
along came a freak,
Skrritch jumped to his feet,
and said that will be two periods.

Jennings, Jennings
(Mary, Mary, quite contrary)

Jennings, Jennings, quite perturbed,
what happened to your school.
It was so straight and quiet too,
now you're a bunch of fools.

Old Mother Tucker
(Old Mother Hubbard)

Old Mother Tucker
called the Mole later
for how he acted at lunch,
but when he left there
the lunch room was fair,
so started Human Relations.

Mervin Meatloaf
(Humpty Dumpty)

Mervin Meatloaf walked in the halls,
Mervin Meatloaf waved his flag tall,
all the radicals and all the heads,
couldn't take one of Mervin's flags.

There was a Paul Jennings
(There was an old woman)

There was a Paul Jennings,
who worked at a school,
he had so many problems,
he didn't know how to rule.
He gave it some thought,
about ending it,
and left from the office,
and flushed the toilet.

Al be Crafty
(Jack be Nimble)

Al be crafty, Al be slick,
Keep on Trucking,
you're making me sick.

Radical Sue
(Little Boy Blue)

Radical Sue come blow some grass,
the weed's in the corner,
the flauche's in the glass.

COINAGE

A ROCK OPERA

The following is a parody of the Who's famous rock opera, TOMMY.
No injustice is intended toward that group.

Principle parts are as follows:

Commie Dupe
Al Buck
Paul Jennings
Skritch
Merlin Meatloaf
The Badge
Weasel
Radicals
Students

Mr. Cato
Paul Jennings
Al Buck
Ted Hitch
Marlon Maidlow
Leonila Badger
Robert Wessel
The Staff
You

A few definitions:

DT
The Hall
White Pad
Twang

Detention
Detention Room (Study Hall)
Detention Pad
Instrumental number

OVERTURE To the tune of "Overture"

twang twang

IT'S A RADICAL To the tune of "It's a Boy"

Al Buck: Abbie Hoffman never came back,
The New Youth Movement never knew him
We hear he's 'round, but we don't know where,
Don't expect to see him again.

Chorus: It's a radical, Mr. Cato, it's a radical (twice)

Commie Dupe: The scum! The scum! The scum!

THEY OVERHEARD IT To the tune of "You Didn't Hear It"

Buck: Got a feelin' '72, is gonna be a bad year,
Especially if we and they can't get together

Dupe: So you think '72 is gonna be a bad year
Could be bad for radicals, but faculty, no never.

cont.

Buck: I've got no reason to be pessimistic,
But somehow when they smile, I fear bad weather

What about the Bull*Sheet? (three times)
They know it all.

They've overheard us,
I know they've seen us.

Dupe: They'll not say nothin' to no one never in their life.
They'll never write it, they'll never print it.
How absurd our faults seem without any proof.
They'll never say it. They'll never write it.
They'll never print it, not a word of it.
They'll not say nothin' to no one, never tell a soul
What they think is the truth.

DETENTION TOURNEY
To the tune of "Amazing Journey"

Dupe: Restricted radicals, we've got them under our hand
Strange as it seems, my Communist schemes,
Ain't quite so bad.

Buck: Still my fears are icy cold, as fear can be
I love life, but I fear upsetting them
Birchers have slowly warped their minds,
Like minds I've often known.

Dupe: Let's stage a detention tourney,
And our power will be shown.

Liberals: A dark plot of immense proportions seems upon us,
All at once I feel that surrender we must
If not, they'll have our necks, don't wait to see
Let's desist while we have half a decent chance.

Radicals: We will not stop, we will not quit, we won't retreat
Each detention pulls a card in their slanted deck.

Repeat Buck and Dupe Above

Buck: The Bull*Sheet is their means to transmit all they know
Underground, smacking of stories that show
We are not leaders, we are just dupes for
The Communist Party, they slander our group.

NARCS
To the tune of "Sparks"

twang twang

THE MOVEMENT
To the tune of "Christmas"

Students: Did you ever see the faces of the teachers they seemed so incited
Pacing 'round the office while Buck smiles and tells them not to get excited
They believe the tourney will completely cure the problems in the Bosse halls
Only if we thwart them will Buck, Jennings, Meatloaf, or Jim Trader ever fall

(Refrain) And Commie doesn't know what the movement is
He doesn't know what progress or improvement is
Why must we be slaves?
Ever eternal knaves?

Surrounded by his staff he sits so silently so unaware of everything
Playing with his notepad, picks his nose and grins and points his hand at everything
I believe in Brezhnev, but can men who've never seen him be enlightened
Only if he reads Marx, will his present intellect peak ever heighten

(Repeat refrain)

Radicals: Commie do you fear me? (five times)
Do you fear me?
Why must we be slaves?

See me...Hear me...Hate me...fear me...

Commie do you fear me? (five times)
Do you, do you, do you fear me?
Why must we be slaves?

(Repeat first verse above)

ALFRED BUCK
To the tune of "Cousin Kevin"

Buck: We're on our own, Commie, all alone, Commie
Let's think of some DT to give
For you know it's the reason we live
You know all's not fine, when your job's on the line
But it seems that's the spot that we're in

It's a special type fool that we seek,
The type to whom students won't speak
Don't sit in that chair, we must search everywhere,
We must find him within the next week

Weasel: How would you feel if I took my white bad
And handed detention, and started to laugh

The Badge: What would you think if I stop every clown,
And point to the office and send them on down

continued

All teachers: We're the Bosse High School teachers,
Administration freaks
The nastiest bitches
You ever could meet
We can hand out detention 'cause
We've yet to reach our peak

McClary: What if I made them clean up the whole school
Don't you think that would be groovy and cool

Trader: Maybe a day in the Council would do,
I'd make them all sit their while we change our rules

(repeat All Teachers above)

THE HATCHET GROUP
To the tune of "The Acid Queen"

School Board: If your school ain't all it could be now
This clan will form a coup
We'll show you how to rule it now,
Just give us one dupe

(Chorus) We're the school board-the Hatchet Group
Hide behind the door
We're the school board and we're all set
To stop this school's discord

Send them a dupe, and wait a while
They'll think he's just a fool,
Your school will soon be quiet now
Passive, but just as cool

He's the Commie, the students' fool
Laugh before he starts
He's the Commie, the office dupe
He'll rip them all apart

Writing with pen, he takes names fast
He hands two hour slips
Just as the school board says to do
He's out to stop the noise

Our job is done look at them now
They've never been so tranquil
Their mind it stops to wander now
They all become so still

Repeat Chorus above

DO YOU DEEM IT UNWISE
To the tune of "Do you Think It's All Right"

Buck: Do you deem it unwise
To send the boy to Merlin Meatloaf
Do you think it's all right,
You know he's such a clumsy oaf
Do you deem it unwise, or do you think it's all right?
Yes, I think it's all right

MERLIN MEATLOAF
To the tune of "Uncle Ernie"

Merlin

Meatloaf: I'm the Semile Merlin Meatloaf, I'm sure you won't even miss me as I meddle about, meddle about, meddle about Al Buck sent you for chastising so I'm forced to do my duty, as I meddle about, meddle about, meddle about.

Out with the record, down with the black mark,
Meddle about, meddle, about, meddle about
You won't shout as I meddle about,
Meddle about, meddle about, meddle about
Meddle about, meddle about, meddle about, (repeat)
Meddle, meddle, meddle, meddle, meddle, meddle.

DT WIZARD
To the tune of "Pinball Wizard"

Students:

Ever since I was a freshman,
I walked the Bosse halls,
From office to gymnasium,
I must have walked them all
But I ain't seen nothin' like it,
In all the years I've had,
That slick sneering Skritchie,
Sure swings a mean white pad.

Ain't got no distractions,
Can't hear the 8:10 bell,
Never seems to let up,
On giving students hell,
To date he hasn't missed us,
His record ain't too bad,
That slick sneering Skritchie,
Sure swings a mean white pad.

He's a DT Wizard, there has to be a trick
A DT Wizard, got such a flashin' wrist

Stands like a statue, becomes
Part of the brick beam,
Smiles at all the teachers,
Never lookin' mean,
But when he senses students,
He whirls 'round raging mad,
That slick sneering Skritchie,
Sure swings a mean white pad.

continued

I thought that Buck was the worst of them all,
But he just handed his DT crown to Skritch.

He's been in my favorite hallway,
He knows all the tricks,
Can't get to my locker,
Except at my own risk,
Got a crazy sense of presence,
No teacher ever had,
That slick, sneering Skritchie,
Sure swings a mean white pad.

THERE'S A LAWYER
To the tune of "There's a Doctor"

Radical: There's a lawyer I've found who'll take us in
There's a lawyer I've found can save our skins (twice)

There's a man in town can spare our sorrow,
His number's here, Let's call him tomorrow
.....Let's call him tomorrow!

GO TO THE HALL, BOY
To the tune of "Go to the Mirror"

Jennings: They seem to be completely unreceptive,
Our thoughts they cast aside with haughty sneer,
Their minds react to naught but blind corruption,
They know we talk but never do they hear.

Students: See me, reach me, tell me, teach me. (twice)

Jennings: Our school it stands on such a weak foundation,
We can't afford to tolerate their acts
We must expel them now, our jobs demand it,
They must be gone before they twist more facts

Students: See me, reach me, tell me, teach me. (twice)

Jennings: I've often wondered what it is they're thinking,
What evil thoughts are running through their minds,
What has caused the fall of trust we witness,
What has caused their faith to turn so blind.

Dupe: Go to the hall, boy
Go to the hall boy!

Students: Listening to you, leaves the impression,
That we, have been misled,
Following you, I was believing,
The misdirection I was fed.

Right behind you, I see the millions,
Of fools, you have deceived,
From you, we get opinions,
No education was received.

COMMIESS DETENTION HALL
To the tune of "Tommy's Holiday Camp"

Dupe: I'm the local commie, and I welcome you to Bosse's Detention Hall!
You know we won't listen, So never mind your wheezin'
When we give you DT, we never need a reason!
(Repeat last two lines)
WELCOME!

WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE IT

Radicals: Welcome to the hall, I guess you all know why we're here.
We are the radicals, and we became aware last year,
If you want to follow us, you've got to get DT,
So smash all your dishes, Steal all your glasses,
You know where to hide the forks.

Hey you gettin' drunk, ol' buddy, you've got our trust.
Hey you smokin' marajuana, this ain't a bust,
Hey put down old Mr. Loudmouth, yell, try to cause a fuss,
'Cause they ain't gonna stop you from any of your tricks,
Although they think they must.

We're not gonna take it. (four times)
We're not gonna take it, never did and never will,
We're not gonna take it, gonna break it, gonna shake it,
Let's forget it, better still.

Now they can't stop us, their power has worm away
They can't fight either, they're held at bay.
They can't do nothin', can't make us go to class,
So tell Uncle Alfred and Mr. J. to stick it up their nose.

We're not gonna take it (four times)
We're not gonna take it, never did and never will,
Don't want no detention, and as far as we can tell,
We ain't gonna take it, never did and never will,
We're not gonna take it, gonna shake it, gonna break it,
Let's forget it better still!

See me, teach me, tell me, reach me. (twice)

Listening to you, leaves the impression,
That we have been misled,
Following you, I was believing,
The misdirection I was fed.

Right behind you, I see the millions,
Of fools you have deceived,
From you, we get opinions,
No education was received.

AND THE BAND MARCHES ON

A Bull*Sheet reporter cornered Mr. Eifler (affectionately known as the Pied Peifler) outside his office for this exclusive interview concerning the Bosse Band's future.

BS: Mr. Eifler, we understand that the Band has received an invitation to march in another major event. Could you fill us in?

LE: Surely, my good man. The Bosse Orange Bowl and 1972 Olympic Marching Band has been asked to march on Mars next summer.

BS: No sheet? How will the Band finance such a venture?

LE: Actually, the trip is relatively inexpensive at only \$5,007,643,732.96 for the two week visit. We feel that if each student puts up \$1 million, the community will fund the rest. We also have planned an extensive paper drive and may sell candy bars as well.

BS: As the Band prepares for Germany, there have been repeated charges that only the rich could go. Don't you fear the same claims will be leveled here?

LE: Well, you always get a few cranks who would rather gripe than try to earn the money. However, I think that there are plenty of jobs available if a child really wants to go.

BS: Sir, this is quite an undertaking. How will the students manage to play through their space helmets?

LE: We'll cross that bridge when we come to it.

BS: One last question. After Miami and Munich, do you feel that Evansville will get behind you 100%?

LE: Of course. The entire city loves the band, as we all know. They will be proud to see our kids marching on another planet. I have no doubt but that everyone is completely behind...SPLAT!

As the spitwed rolled slowly down the back of Eifler's head, the reporter strolled nonchalantly into the sunrise.

Liberty is just equality in school.

Bob Dylan
"My Back Pages"

WUAZ TO FALL?

A local rock station is about to fall from our dials if they do not get a little support from listeners. They need our help now or we will be blessed (?) with another Country and Western station, (which WUAZ is during the daytime).

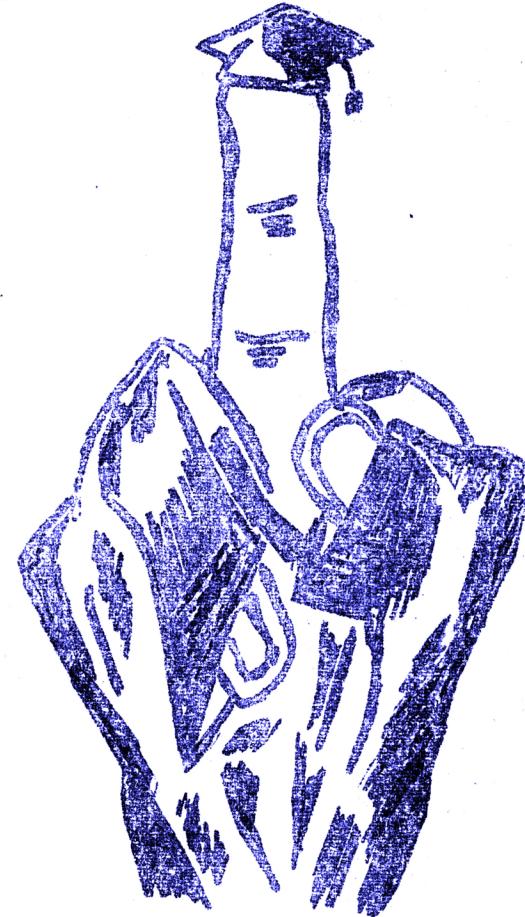
They broadcast hard rock from 6:30 until 10:30pm at 103.1 FM and on weekends they stay on the air until 12:30 or 1:00 am. Please don't let this station fall from our grips as the last one did. Send your post cards asking for a continuation of rock broadcasting to:

WUAZ "The Rock"
P.O. Box 275
Henderson, Ky.

(Thanks to CPA for this info)

FINGERS...

by T. C.



Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
Bosse High, all Hail!

STEVE BULLOCK

I have read many of the Bull*Sheet during my time at Bosse.

I do not read them for pleasure, but just to see how much communism there is in Bosse.

There are many reasons why the Bull*Sheet is lousy, degrading, and filthy.

I cannot tell you all the reasons why it is lousy, but I will do my best to inform you of what makes the Bull*Sheet the way it is.

To begin with, it is boring. The articles cannot capture the readers' interest.

One issue was so bad, that sells on it dropped by 90%. (That is pretty bad, since they don't sell very many.)

The articles reek with dust and mould, because of the old subjects they are about.

Now, truthfully, who wants to read about how they rationed food in World War I, or how Nixon was elected President in 1968, and how would you like to read about how Fred Splefski fell down a flight of stairs in 1853?

Another thing about Bull*Sheet is the cheapness about it.

Did you know that none of the writers are paid, and most are forced to write stupid articles. (An example is the one you are reading.)

The Bull*Sheet printing press is held together by mashing tape, and most of the time the words our not printed correctly.

And all the drawings are done by a second rate "artists" who can't write, let alone draw a picture.

Another thing is the fact that almost all of the writers are radicals who are inspired by communism.

All of the articles tell about how a teacher is running around with detention slips, or lecturing about conduct.

That is full of BULL!

Off-hand, I have known only two teachers who lecture on conduct, and, as of yet, I have never seen a teacher running around with detention slips.

The Bull*Sheet tells how America is full of evil people, not giving long-haired people changes to prove they are right.

The fact is, that these long-haired people are wrong.

Some radicals are okay, but most are degenerates.

Off-hand, I can name several writers of the Bull*Sheet that are degenerates.

I have one last thing to say about the Bull*Sheet.

It stinks.

The big man in charge of the operation of the Bull*Sheet is crazy.

He thinks he can fly.

Even more crazy is the fact that he thinks he can write.

If it is ever recorded in the future of worth-while events or things which occurred in Bosse, the Bull*Sheet might make it at the bottom of the list.

Just a while back, I was talking to a friend of mine who goes to Harrison.

He told me Harrison stinked.

I agreed, then told him how lousy a underground paper we had.

I was, to say the least, mortified when he told me that Harrison had a good underground paper.

Which is better, a good school, or a good underground paper that tells it like it is?

I think a school is better, but a good underground paper serves to bring the morale of the students up.

A good underground paper should be interesting, entertaining, worth your time reading it, and should represent the students as a whole, not just a few who have weird ideas on government and everyday life.

Perhaps one day, the average Bosse student will be able to buy an interesting underground paper they like, enjoy, and want, but until that time, the Bosse student will have to use the Bull*Sheet as a substitute, and it is a poor substitute indeed.

by Steve Bullock

I would like to say that while typing this out it took all I had in me to try to remember I was a nice guy.

T.C.

FAILURE

Four long years will be over when the diploma are handed out on Thursday. Was it worth what we went thru? Are we ready for what we will face in the future?

The purpose of high school seems to be to prepare ourselves for what we will experience afterwards. Did the faculty and administrators at Bosse fullfill their duty? Are we equipped for tomorrow?

Half of us have been neatly packed and ready for shipping to college life, but that isn't a sign of our readiness but a delay.

The lucky group at Bosse appears to be the students in Vocational Occupations because they have a trade or something that will enable them to get a job after graduation but where are the work opportunities?

It seems we all lack the insight of what we need to know to be able to correspond with our society.

But it is noticeable that if you are able to work in and with the political system that controls the destiny of the individual, you will be more able to adapt or even change the surroundings.

Bosse seemed to fail to show this insight or really any others. They have neglected to bring us to a point where we can develope enough to survive. How can we learn to change our enviorment where they cannot take time to think of it.

HAPPY DAYS

It seems that Uncle Al has decided to run for president. He has stated, "Since I couldn't get Paul to do it, I decided that I would entrust my office to Mr. Maidlow. I mean I couldn't trust Paul as far as I can throw the building. And I know that the students of Bosse will miss me as much as I miss them. But I want them to keep their record straight after I leave."

After taking a poll, I discovered that the student body is behind him all the way as long as he doesn't come back or get assassinated along the way.

tqbfjotld

Arfy's Adive Column

Dear Arfy,

I want to be hep but I just can't seem to turn on to weed or be a ball-freak like everyone else. What should I do?

Samuel Square

Dear Square,

Come to our "Get Groovy" class at 1401 Henning Avenue. I feel that our staff can help you in everyway possible.

Dear Arfy,

I'm a dope addict and I'd like to Get off of it. Can you help me?

Stoned

Dear Stoned,

Are you crazy? I'm only here to give you advice. And I certainly don't want to take away your pleasure. So stay with your dope, you'll be a better man for it!

Dear Arfy,

I am an assisstant-principal/dean at a local high school and I think I have a persecution complex. I think the students hate me. I wish they liked me and respected me. Please help me! Hurt and feeling Sorry for Myself.

Dear Sorry,

You say you are an assisstant-principal/dean? That's most of your problem. You have been much too rough on the kids. Take it easy. Quit handing out detention, parent conferences, yelling at students, and suspension or espulsion or quit your job since you're not fit for the job, anyway!

Arfy Van Anders
(tqbfjotld)

(anyone wishing to write to Arfy in care of the Bull-Sheet might as well burn it, we are thru!)

Aword to the wise,

This summer while your outside moving your lawn or someone else is. Please turn off the lawn mover before you put your hand in to clean it out.

Experienced Sherman

Red Hot Sale on Art Reproductions!

One Mona Lisa, in good condition, with frame.

One Rembrandt, with frame, equal quality

UNCLE

all's fun & games #2



Fun Times Games Corner



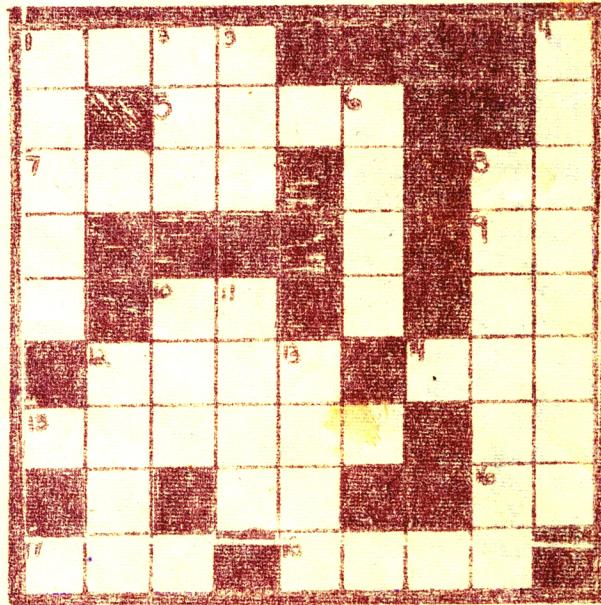
Everyone likes cross word puzzles, so the writers of the Bull Sheet have constructed one which is relevant to today's world. If you are sharp enough you should find several bits of humor as you answer the questions. So on to it and be the first in the school to finish this mind-bender.

ACB0150

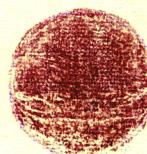
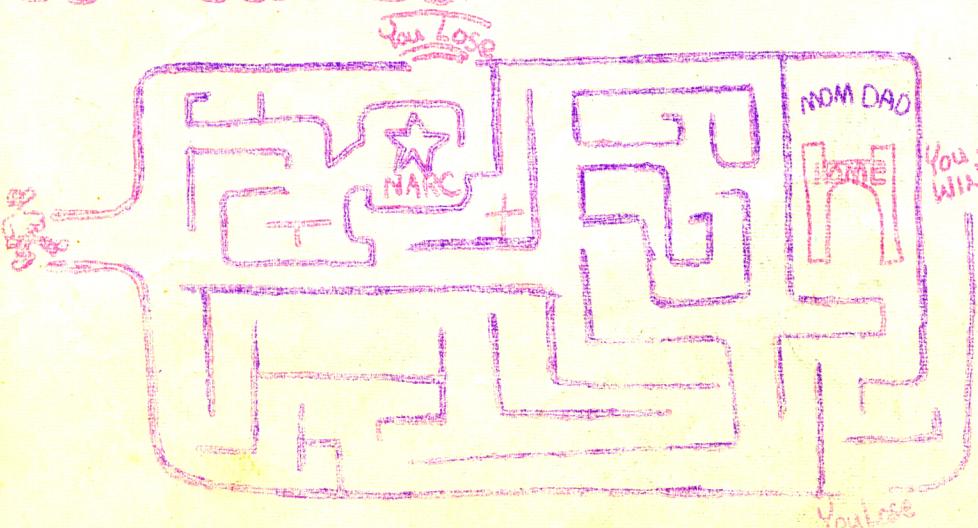
1. The main reason the detention hall was filled this morning.
5. The noise an officer of the law makes.
7. Opposite of up, himann bumma?
8. Opposite of Cut.
9. A sit ____.
10. The type of noises Skritchie detests.
12. What ee all live in.
13. A new rock opera or the _____ dupe.
14. A pronoun
15. The number of hits 16. What a narc does it takes to see stars.

卷之三

1. A spanish teacher 2. Bessie the _____.
3. What a cousin is. 4. The PHANTOM
5. What marijuanna makes you want to do.
6. Advanced Comp. is _____.
7. A few. 10. What a golfer yells
8. Posson in German; an offering in English



GET JAMES HOME



If you can correctly
guess the number of
dots above, you win
free admittance to
the Bull Sheet party.

Kramers' Lake

$$9:30 = 3:30$$

Free food, drink, and transportation to and from the party.

ART TREASURES MISSING FROM BOSSE

In a daring daylight raid, thieves two days ago snatched two priceless art pieces from the Bosse halls, including the Mona Lisa. The theft appears to have taken place during second period Wednesday.

Clues as to the offenders have it that they were wearing black jump suits and had "CT" emblazoned across their chests.

Also missing are a Picasso, five monitor's chairs, three fire extinguishers, the SMILE sign from in front of the office, the Senior Picnic poster, and two welcome signs.

All further clues should be reported to the office, where they will be ignored.

*****n*****; *****; *****; *****; *****

Stolen from the "Thick as a Brick"
LP by Jethro Tull.

CHILDRENS' CORNER



