

G-1972-Bullet-Intro

Bosse Bulletin - final edition (#13) - Bosse High, Evansville Indiana

This is badly faded – the first page is missing entirely – will flatbed-scan a better copy, and do a few color pages – the most-faded pages were re-typed a few years ago, that file should be around.

This was done in the days before cheap photo-copies, and long before scanning, computers, etc – it was a crude process mastered on a typewriter and copied on a special machine – often hand-cranked, but we got a used one that was electric.

The originals were done in what was called “Ditto” process – a carbon-copy-like master that you typed on the reverse, so the carbon-ink adhered to the master-sheet – you could also use multiple colors by changing your carbon sheet – and you could draw directly onto the master, in colors. The carbon-master was then placed in the machine, and the sheets were coated with a thin alcohol-based fluid that allowed a tiny amount of the carbon-ink to adhere to the final version – very mechanical process. The default color was blue, which produced more copies than black masters -- Ditto produced a reasonably clean copy – but the maximum number of copies, even from high-yield masters, was under 200 (another process, Mimeograph, allowed unlimited copies, but far less graphic flexibility – we used that process for Network in college)

This was our “yearbook” edition – the usual editions were 4-8 pages, we sold them for a dime and later a nickel, to recover the \$100 Fritz’s parents loaned us to buy the ditto-machine – an electric one, which ran off about 150 copies/stencil – the preceding class, a couple of the seniors (including the drum-major) – stole a case or two of paper from the school and donated it to us at the end of our junior year, as we started it (two issues in Spring 71, I think).

This last one was called our Yearbook, and sold for 25 cents – never a problem selling them, we did it in the cafeteria, halls, etc – it was “illegal” to do so, but only a few teachers bothered us – a few also outright supported us – Mr Staggs, Ms Downing/Downey

My contributions to this issue include “Commie” – the rock opera based on Tommy, which we LOVED at that time – Larry Seits (signed LSD) helped, but Commie is 90% my work – re-reading it really makes me laugh – the Pinball Wizard rework is spot-on – also establishes my longtime practice of taking old tunes and writing new words – the source of most of my best songs

The front page was a dual-editorial – Friedrich Fritz Elmendorf on the left side, me on the right column – the retypes got most of this – my “summa” for high school – all the sententiousness of my pre-weed days...

However, the satire “Blistering Bullet Beans Buck” was also mine, perhaps with some goading, but it’s clearly my style – funny to see this forerunner of the Pagan Workers Vanguard design – ie, a “front page” design.

I think the Awards Presentation was Fritz's – he and I wrote most of the main pieces

Embarrassing to see the sexist jokes and drawings – I disclaim responsibility, but I don't recall having any major problem with it at the time....

We did 11 issues our senior year, plus one or two of a city-wide edition called The City Bloc – it flopped quickly, as other schools weren't very organized.

I think at least one other edition survives, but I'm afraid most are lost – no huge loss to literary history...

Scanned May 08 – George Franklin

which shoves upon Susan O'Grady or Robert Adams when they question his Abolitionist decisions.

Pardon my language but Hell all I have to say in ending is that after spending two semesters with righteous comrades only pity those poor juniors who witness the plight of the poor underpaid studies teacher direct from the Hon Robert "ugly Wessel.

Dear Maria,

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

Signed Your Main Enemy

To the Sheet:

Being an outgoing senior this year would like to register a few of my about Room High and company.

First, I would like to present a star of merit to a few of the faculty.

The "Most Courtistent Right of the award goes to Bob Wessel, better known as "The Wessel". For such uniform and bias and giving two students a

(Don't appear in)

about the award which

about a select few have always

about the inherent evil in all

about to be our primary concern?

about a resounding "no". There

Letters Letters Letters Let

expressed in letters are strictly

about:

working my ass off for 6 weeks

right now, damn man, and I be

the fucking bastard (Angie)

personal dislike to anyone dis

after all these things I must admit

(Notes: 12/1)

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 Aurie, 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 Gen. Downey for steadfast devotion to outdated and irrelevant material and teaching methods. The "Most Useless Teacher" award goes to Moderately Rotund Cat. For having been present seniors through two years of Gerson, yet having taught them nothing.

The "Most Uniformly Boring Teacher" award goes without contention to Mrs. Elaine Plimmon. 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.

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

L.S.D.

Robert Jessell sucks.

A Tribute to our Fearful Leaders

This being the last issue of the Bullshit (this year), I feel that I should say something about our friends at school-- Mr. and Mrs. Al.

As we all know by now, Uncle Al is a just a bit. Of course, can you really blame him? After all, maybe his mother spanked him when he was young. But this is no excuse. Certainly we can blame him. He's a man, he takes us and treats us to a good spanking whenever he does.

Uncle Al is a man, a father, a leader just like you are. He's selling a little weed, a little pot, a little bit of advice, a little love, and I think he's doing a pretty good job of it. He's a man, a father, a leader just like you are.

And certainly we can't forget dear old He's not half the bastard that back it's just that he's so wispy-wispy. He's oft-time convinced him that he's a off-a-dog and then he'll tell me he was lighting up joints and using profane language and I get it.

I realize that according to our minds that it is wrong to say what is in your minds but I believe in freedom. Because I've always said, "Life with basic liberties and freedoms is not all".

To the Sheet.

This in itself is a minor complaint. I believe it would be considered an inconsiderate of a school principal involved. One would think a man in this position could be more considerate of 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

Since the program was somewhat "boring" and many people that were not in the program had their names called to Receive Recognition, while others standing in line of the high and mighty principal were even mentioned. It seems to me that ones who are there to be recognized should be rightly done so.

Harken--I raised my lowered eyes to him. He came 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 held me out to me.

Acknowledged that I had been lost, I stood alone on the cindersome by way.

When I became thirsty and fat from with drink, and I became greedy.

I wished no other man to know my plight. In this world nothing is really clear. It's all a mess of all.

not 6/7/77

Dear Editors:

Wow Stunk! Since this is the final issue of the Sheet, I feel that I should write. You guys have written a lot of bull (if you'll pardon the pun) about how this school has mistreated me. Hog wash! I have had so much fun. I guess 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 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 - 50¢.

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 state myself perfectly clear in saying "If nominated, I would have accepted. 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-

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 forest 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 communist 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, wake up your mind.

The friendly Fresh

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 Bubbles"; I know, Bubbles

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

Blistering Bullet Beans 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: $17\text{Mg} + 50\text{g} - 22\text{MgO}$, 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 OVER BAND REGISTRATION

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."

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."



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 "Dr Wizard" Hitch.

A reporter spoke with ~~Snide~~ 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."

Mr. McGarry'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 than
 than degenerates.
 PJ: Well, get Mr. Britton to give you
 an hour of detention.
 AB: Can't sir, he was the first
 calling. He was nite with an earache.
 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 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 COMEIE 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.

AB: 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.

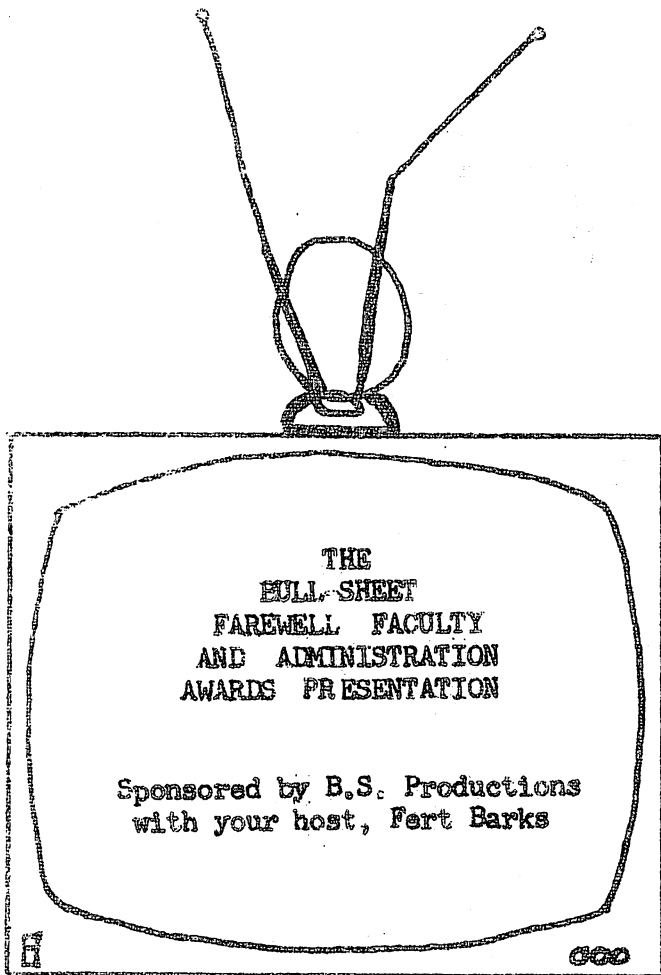
do
 you
 think
 one small
 shot from a
 gun could start
 a war or revolution
 causing bombs to be dropped
 on all of the people and animals
 so nobody would be alive on this one
 planet of ours, earth
 it would be
 dead

Well 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 princi-
 pal'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 hon-
ors.)

FB: Good evening, good evening. As
you all probably don't know, this is the
first and last honors presentation spon-
sored 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 con-
sideration, 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 hall-
ways clear and unobstructed. Leonella,
please accept this framed "Deputy Assistant
Principal Badge" with accessory cowhide
bullwhip from the Bull-Sheet panel of jud-
ges. 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 gen-
tlemen, 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

(Cont. on back)

Presented here instead of Audubon Park as a memorial award. Don't forget, inauguration is from 9:30 to 3:30. We'll see you there.

TT: 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. . . Mr. Maidlow? Mr. Maidlow has been active in administration efforts to protect Bosse from the hovering menace of the Red Spies 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 "Ponzy Man" trophy goes to. . . Mr. Hitch? otherwise known as "Tricky Ted Carlish".

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)

TTB: 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. . . ourselves but Joe Unfried? What else can we say? Quite frankly, we're afraid to say anything else.

Joe Unfried lumbered up to the microphone.

and while relating the benefits to be received from keeping clean and straight, absent-mindedly grabs Ferd 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 Barks' skull, until clusters of hair replace the dandruff falling to the stage. Barks brings Joe's speech to an abrupt close by screaming 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. . .

RG: 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 glare-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!

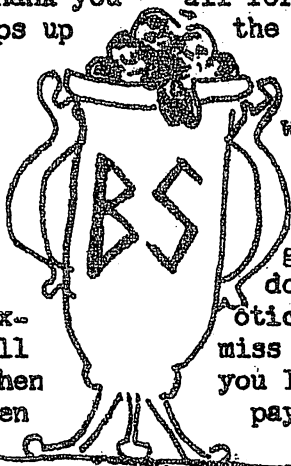
RW: Thank you. I'd like to say that I'm very proud to live in a great country where a paper like the Bull-Sheet can thrive. On the other hand, it's really all a bunch of commie tripe. But then again, it's all right. However, the United States is a great land of equality, except for the President of General 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. We have punch and brownies at the reception which immediately follows. No smoking near the punch bowl, please, and if the brownies look greenish and taste funny, don't worry--it's an exotic recipe. Take just an extra care, we'll miss you, and don't forget, when you least expect it, we may even pay you a visit.



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 tyrannical 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 crocodile (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 crocodile 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

(Cont. on back)

...initiative that he
...This reporter
...can only come
...and regret that it
...through the
...we believe Jennings
...principal, in light of
...If students are
...where they need direction,
...must be effective and it must
...The few leader-
...possesses and only
...are so out of line with
...high school student as to be
...For the same reason,
...respect. And without
...nothing more than ano-
...with a job little
...being the head of a li-
...The seat of school power
...shifts from his office to the
...as vulgar a guide
...is imaginable. Is Jennings
...as we have rumored? No, the
...It is his position of lead-
...we mourn.
...not to say that we ever did need
...leadership; indeed, we appear much
...without it. It's just that
...to be this strange paradox
...hip at Bosse which reduces the
...the principal to an empty shell.

A FEW WORDS OF PRAISE,
FOR THE RECORD

...has been little, it seems, about
...the Bull-Sheet has not at one
...other been critical of. Regret-
...has been even less that we have
...It is regrettable not because
...nothing at Bosse to praise, but
...have been so busy criticizing
...that we have not had time to
...in any thought. What more fitting
...to review some of the praise-
...aspects of high school life than now,
...issue?
...our satire has been aimed at
...after all, what do you expect
...named the Bull-Sheet? But the
...ity (and it is a majority) of
...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 experi-
ences, and I'm not just talking about in-
dependent 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 inter-
com system more by himself.

It's now becoming clear why we never de-
voted much space before to praise-- it's
no fun. It is so much more satisfying to
write a biting satire of a heroic condem-
nation 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. And
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 we say that
we haven't enjoyed every minute of it. And
obscure the truth.

MOTHER TUCKER

Story Books

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

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

Jennings had a quiet school,
The students were real straight,
But when Bull-theet got Jennings down,
He hid his face.

King Al Duck
(Old King Cole)

King Al Duck was a crafty old fool,
A crafty old dupe was he,
He called for the hoods,
He called for the straights,
He hid from the radicals' pleas.

Fritz and Prizz
(Jack and Jill)

Fritz and Prizz went into school,
Because a bit of trouble,
He saw them and waved a hand,
They went out with a smile.

Little Ted Skritch
(Little Jack Horner)

Little Ted Skritch,
He sat in the hall
He got in detention,
He came a freak,
He jumped to his feet,
He said that will be two periods.

Jennings, Jennings
(Mary, Mary, quite contrary)

Jennings, Jennings, quite perturbed,
He moved to your school,
He was straight and quiet too,
He was a bunch of fools.

Old Mother Tucker
(Old Mother Goose)

Old Mother Tucker
called the Mole hole
for how he acted all day,
but when he left home
the lunch room was full,
so started Human Nature.

Mervin Heatloaf
(Humpty Dumpty)

Mervin Heatloaf walked
Mervin Heatloaf saved his
all the radicals and all
couldn't take one of them.

There was a Paul
(There was an old)

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

Al be Crafty
(Jack be Nimble)

Al be crafty, Al be smart,
Keep on Tracking,
you're making me sick.

William, Bill
(Little Boy Blue)

William, Bill, the boy who
the sheep were in the
the sheep were in the

CONNIE

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:

Connie 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)

Connie 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.

Liberal:

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"

Radicals: 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"

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

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

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

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 ships
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

14
MERLIN MEATLOAF
To the tune of "Uncle Ernie"

Merlin
Meatloaf: I'm the Senile 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, 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.

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"

Medical: 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 unresponsive,
Our thoughts they cast aside with haughty sneer,
Their minds react to naught but bling 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.

Chorus: 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 got opinions,
No education was received.

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

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

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' marijuana, this ain't a bust,
Hey put down old Mr. Loudmouth, yeh, 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 worn 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.

A Bull*Sheet reporter cornered Mr. Eifler (affectionately known as the Pled 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 spitwad 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"

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).

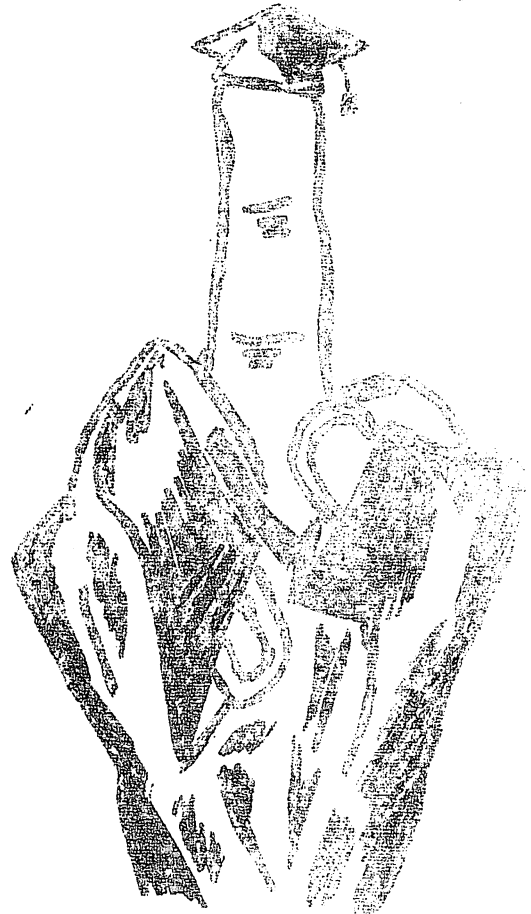
They broadcast hard rock from 6:30 until 10:30pm at 103.1 FM and on weekends they stay on the air until 12:30 or 1:00 am. Please don't let this station fall from our grips as the last one did. Send your post cards asking for a continuation of rock broadcasting to:

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!

The Bull*Sheet tells how the
fall of evil people, and people
haired people - changed to
right.
The fact is, that there are
people are wrong.
Some radicals are okay, but
degenerates.
Off-hand, I can name several
of the Bull*Sheet that are
I have one last thing to tell
the Bull*Sheet.
it stinks.
The big man in charge of the
of the Bull*Sheet is crazy.
He thinks he can fly.
Even more crazy is the fact
thinks he can write.
If it is ever recorded in the
of worth-while events or things
occured in Basse, the Bull*Sheet
make it at the bottom of the
Just a while back, I was talking
a friend of mine who goes for
He told me Harrison snickered.
I agreed, then told him how
underground paper we had.
I was, to say the least, amazed
when he told me that Harrison
underground paper.
Which is better, a good school
good underground paper that
like it is?
I think a school is better.
underground paper serves to bring
morale of the students up.
A good underground paper should be
interesting, entertaining, worth
time reading it, and should
the students as a whole, not
who have weird ideas on going
everyday life.
Perhaps one day, the average
student will be able to buy
ing underground paper they like
and want, but until that time
student will have to use the
as a substitute, and it is a
stitute indeed.

by Steve

The Bull*Sheet tells how the
fall of evil people, and people
haired people - changed to
right.
The fact is, that there are
people are wrong.
Some radicals are okay, but
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who have weird ideas on going
everyday life.
Perhaps one day, the average
student will be able to buy
ing underground paper they like
and want, but until that time
student will have to use the
as a substitute, and it is a
stitute indeed.

ART TREASURES MISSING FROM BOSSE

In a daring daylight raid, thieves last night 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 BLUE 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.

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

8. RITCH WILSON

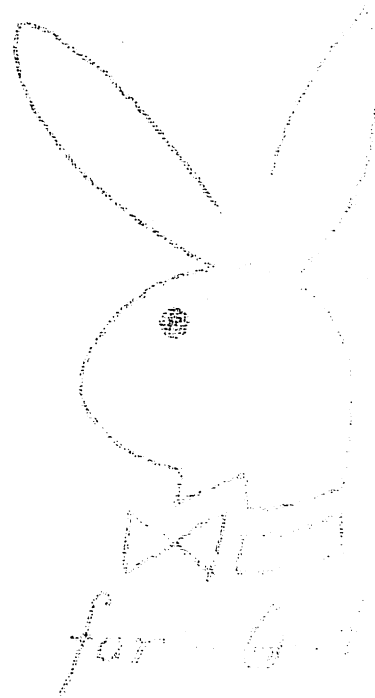
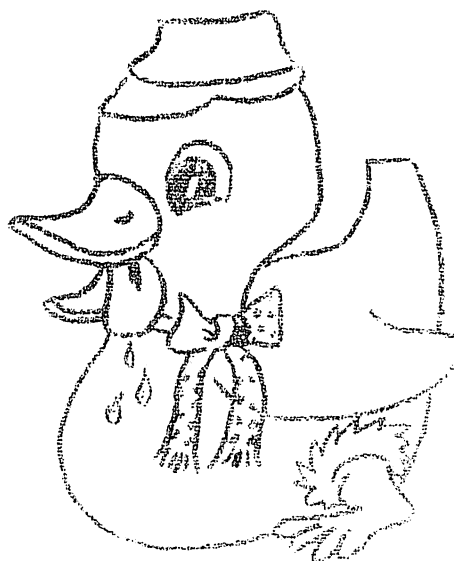
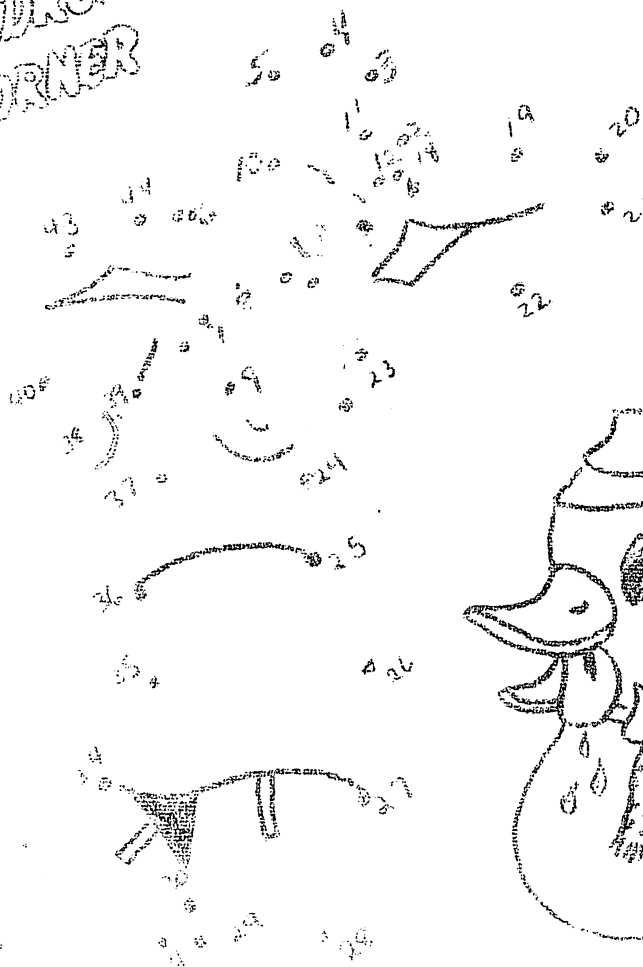
8. OTON BIRCH

Ted Ritch, alias Ted Ritch, has been seen in the past week and when he was in the cosine of the angle between the bottom of the swimming pool and the side of the pool.

Rumors have been circulating that Skritch has been having problems, as he has been seen dancing on the of his desk recently during his period. Investigation failed to confirm this, however.

Skritch has been a stalwart of since he was awarded the "Pussy of the Year" by the Bath Department in 1934. During the past few years, he has suffered a loss of hearing in his right ear (or so it is said), and subsequently has not been able to see birds in the back row of his classes.

CHILDRENS' CORNER



for 6-1

1000

1000

What's the Duck talking to this week?

[illegible]

...will be over when
...on Thurs-
...what we went thru?
...for what we will face in
...

...purposes of high school seems to
...prepare ourselves for what we
...afterwards. Did the
...and administrators at Bosse
...their duty? Are we equipped
...now?

...all of us have been neatly packed
...ready for shipping to college
...but that isn't a sign of our
...but a delay.

...the lucky group at Bosse appears
...the students in Vocational
...because they have a
...or something that will enable
...to get a job after graduation
...there are the work opportu-

...all ready we all lack the insight
...and we need to know to be able
...correspond with our society.
...is noticeable that if you
...to work in and with the
...system that controls the
...of the individual, you will be
...to adapt or even change the
...

...seemed to fail to show this
...to really any others. They
...reflected to bring us to a point
...can develop enough to sur-
...how can we learn to change our
...where they cannot take time
...of it.

HAPPY DAYS

...news that Uncle Al has decided
...the president. He has stated,
...I wouldn't get Paul to do it, I
...that I would entrust my office
...now. I mean I couldn't trust
...as I can throw the building.
...that the students of Bosse
...as much as I miss them. But
...keep these records straight-
...leave."

...making a poll, I discovered that
...body is behind him all the
...as he doesn't come back or
...along the way.

...leaved

Dear ...
I want ...
stead ...
freak like every ...
I ...

Dear Squared,
Come to ...
1451 ...
staff ...
this.

Dear Arty,
I'm a ...
Get off of it.

Dear Signed,
Are you ...
you advised ...
to take ...
with your ...
man ...

Dear Arty,
I am ...
at a ...
I have ...
the ...
me and ...
hurt and ...
Dear Barry,

You say you ...
sipa/leap/ ...
lem. You have ...
the kids. Take ...
out detention, ...
ling at students ...
expulsion or ...
not fit for the job.

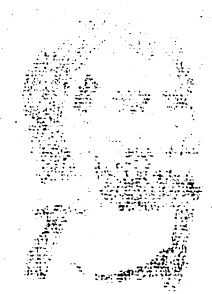
anyone wishing to ...
care of the ...
burn it, we are ...

Aword to the ...
This ...
your ...
turn off ...
your hand in ...

Red Hot ...
...
...
...

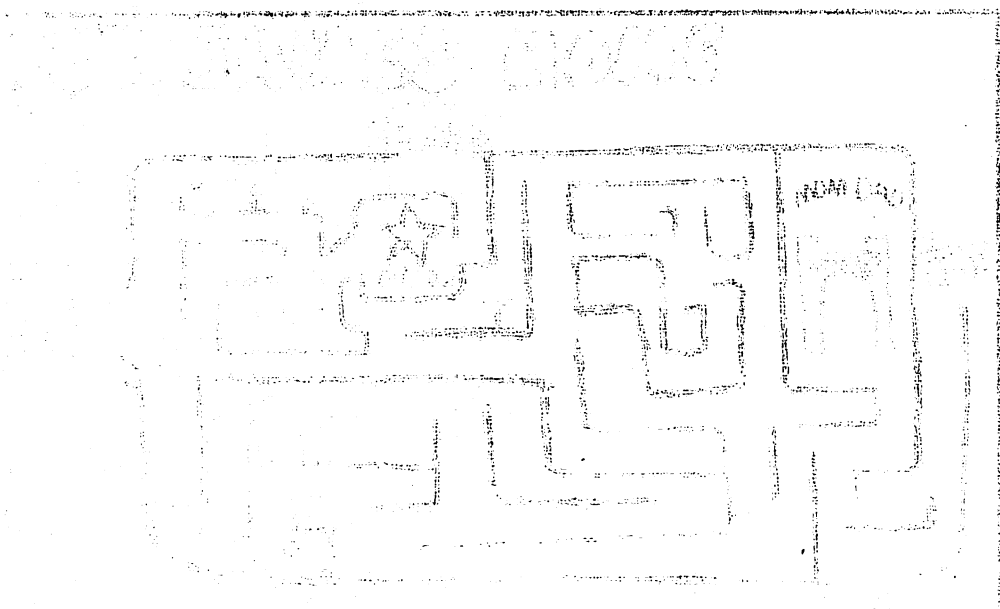
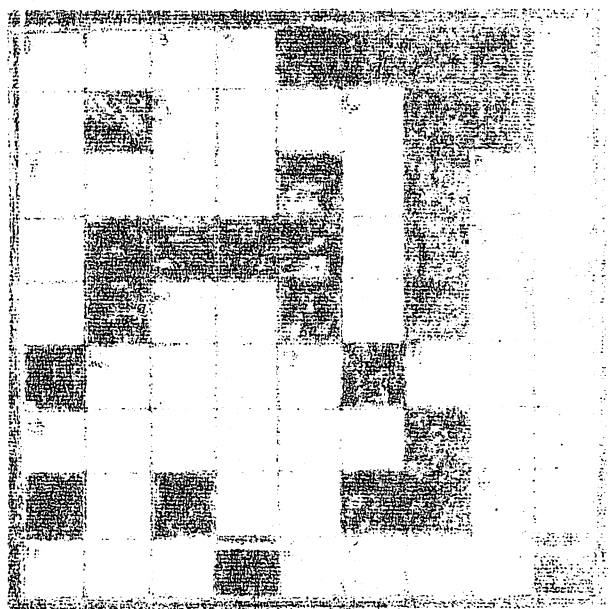
WALLACE WALLACE

Final 3/27/80



Everyone likes cross word puzzles, so the writers of the Wall Street Journal considered one which is relevant to today's world. If you are smart, you should find several bits of humor as you answer the questions. Try to be the first in the school to finish this puzzle.

The main reason the detention hall was closed this morning. _____
 He is an officer of the law named _____
 He is of up, he is a _____
 He is a _____
 He is a type of serious Charlotte detective.
 He is all live in. _____
 He is a _____ opera or the _____ dupe.
 He is a _____ his 16. But a name does
 He is a _____ teacher. 2. He is the _____
 He is a _____ 4. The _____
 He is a _____ rules you want to do.
 He is a _____ is _____
 He is a _____ that a golfer calls
 He is a _____ in German; an offering in English.



If you are smart, you should find several bits of humor as you answer the questions. Try to be the first in the school to finish this puzzle.