

Well, we're holding up the presses on the latest issue to print the mini-course guidelines which we have just received from the administration.

In submitting the guidelines, which were prepared by a Student Council committee, administrative intern Dale Schneiderhan asked us to consider not the wording but the spirit of the guidelines. We object to both.

guidelines- no, no, no

"Must," "no," "not," and "all" each appear several times in the guidelines. This is consistent with the spirit of the guidelines which are rigid, negative, and at the same time incredibly vague.

One point states that a speaker "must conduct his presentation in a manner that reflects the moral values of the community."

We shall not attempt to consider what the moral values of the community are--or if we knew--how a speaker might reflect them. The whole idea is absurd. To throw out a bunch of negative rules and assume you will have a good product is quite a serious error. To encourage, rather than discourage, is education's highest calling.

The administration has said repeatedly that it is attempting to make the mini-course program "educationally sound." We wonder what it will take.

Does it take numerous committees set up to protect the students of Ramsey from "dangerous" ideas or language? Does it take a mass of "no's" and "must's" and "completely's." Or can we eliminate negative guidelines, and simply say that students should be able to hear all points of view in high school, even those that may disagree with those of the community?

This is what we think education is all about.

Holman's Heroes

THE PINK PASS GAME



"VERY INTERESTING...your papers, please!!"

personal commentary

TV high school fantasy

by Craig Eckert

Considering what is thrown on the television concerning high schools, is it really any wonder people in the surrounding communities become upset when something of greater controversy than the annual "Bobby Soxer's ball" enters the school scene?

The only reference to high schools that a vast majority of parents and interested tax payers have is the television.

They see shows like "Room 22," and "Bill Cosby," and to them that is the high school U.S.A.

Nothing could be further from the

truth.

I don't mean to imply that the people intentionally sit down in front of the school today, but if the only types of shows they see are depicting the school as some kind of overblown elementary school, what else do they have to refer to.

For example we can look at Room 222. Ah, what a euphoric sight.

Room 222 has never had David Pence or anyone like him visit the school, and they have never seen student, faculty, and administrations, opinions split like they were last Friday the 13th.

I'd bet money that WWHS has never witnessed teachers rallying and picketing for higher wages, and benefits.

Moreover I wonder how many kids have taken drugs in the halls and lavatories of Whitman, or how much vandalism has taken place or how many teachers were fired because philosophy.

I'd wager not too much of those types of incidents have happened at Walt Whitman Senior High School, the school with heart and nothing on which to use it.

by Jeff Holman



"I'll bet he's on drugs," said Spiderhand.

"Maybe I should check," said Goldfish. "No -- I looked at his neck. No needle marks."

"Aren't you thinking of vampires?" St. Bernard interrupted.

"There's a chance he's deaf," Spiderhand suggested.

"No dice," said Goldfish, "I already asked him."

St. Bernard figured out that he could not ask a student about a pass, unless he had a pass to see him. "I don't make the rules," said St. Bernard.

"Take him to Mr. Jackpots."

Mr. Jackpots was spinning around in his desk chair.

"This is your school," said Jackpots, "Now let me see your pass."

"Some of us are trying to give you a fair shake. . .but if you'd rather take your chances with the police. . ."

The boy persisted in his silence.

"Well, if that's the way you want to play it, we'll let the chips fall where they may," Jackpots said finally.

Mr. Jackpots wasn't bluffing. To jail the boy went, refusing food, water, and visits from his counselor.

In the silence of his cell, the boy

waited his turn. The case was soon to create a national sensation. A major network even preempted the Dating Game to televise it.

Who to get for a judge was a problem. Student protest groups would not accept Julius Hoffman. Finally they got Judge Milton Bradley to preside over the hearing.

"Somehow," said Judge Bradley, "you young anarchists have got to be made to realize that rules are necessary. Those who would break those rules will be penalized."

"We will allow the defendant one final turn to present his case."

The showdown was at hand. Reaching into his pockets, the boy laid four crumpled pieces of paper on the table. They were pink paper dolls bearing the names of school administrators.

The administration blew its cool and attempted to have the boy expelled from the hearings. The judge fined everyone two hundred dollars. . .in play money.

The comic performances so pleased the network that it bought the rights to it for a new game show. Naturally, it didn't score in the ratings.

That's the thing about the Pink Pass Game -- everybody loses.

"May I see your pass?" barked the teacher, stopping the boy in the middle of the hallway.

The offending youth gave no answer.

"Well, young man--I see I'm going to have to take you to the high school office."

To the office he advanced, passing dozens of classrooms, but collecting nothing but bruises to his neck.

"So you don't have a pass," mused Mr. Spiderhand, rummaging through the pages of "How to be a Bureaucrat Without Really Trying."

"Let's see here. . .what to do when. . ." "Student Passes Out? . . ." "Student Makes a Pass? . . .Bingo, here it is!"

Spiderhand proceeded to ask the boy why he didn't have a pass. The boy grit his teeth. Spiderhand dashed out of his office to get Mr. Goldfish.

"You don't have a pass?" aswailed Goldfish. "That's ridiculous. Everybody must have a pass. It's one of the rules of the game."

The young man hesitated before clearing his throat.

Goldfish and Spiderhand conferred with Mr. St. Bernard.

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