

BLUEPRINT OPINIONS

Student Council: a study in ineptitude

It's about time for the Student Council or rather it's "leaders" to stop blaming everyone else for their ineffectiveness, and begin taking a cold hard look at what they are or at least were trying to accomplish.

They have the unmitigated gall to excuse their pointless conduct, if not existence, by saying students are apathetic and don't care to get involved in Council affairs and "We just can't do every thing alone."

Let's agree to that premise for a minute. Certainly the students are apathetic and don't care to get involved, but students have always been apathetic. If we are to believe some people, we're the most aware generation to walk the earth.

So what is the Council's excuse, after all in the past Council Chairmen have worked with people at least as apathetic, and we might add gotten much more accomplished.

It's become all too apparent that the Student Council cannot handle matters in abstract. Committees have been formed with fancy names and their chairmen given impressive titles. The trouble is nobody seems to know what to do with them and they end up with just fancy names and impressive titles.

What the Council needs is a special committee with a special purpose... and a very ordinary name. Maybe something "THE WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH THIS THURSDAY MORNING MEET, SPEAK, AND GO BACK TO CLASS CLUB COMMITTEE".

We submit this committee should be headed by a person dedicated to the committee and not to his title.

Letters to the Editor

smoking

I must say that I am pleased to see an article covering smoking by students in school in the Blueprint, however, I feel that the article did not fully include those persons who could help solve this problem. I think it is

common knowledge that many students, teachers, and administrators view smoking in school by students and the conditions it creates as undesirable. The December 1 article indicated that the conditions created by this smoking are not being acted upon by those considered responsible in such matters—namely the school

administrators. I contend that the responsibility for an issue such as this does not lie solely with the administration but with the teachers and students as well.

T.A. Johnson

ramsey commies

Blueprint staff and other communists everywhere in Ramsey High: Your time is up! You went too far this time. First you had the audacity to undermine the morals of Ramsey High School students by urging students to walk out of school at the beginning of the year.

Secondly, you pushed as obviously communist-inspired resolution through our student council. Now I'm not against anybody of a different race, creed, or color, but when you attempt to force your way into

the sacrosanct locker rooms with your filthy hippies and drug addicts, well I hope the coaches would quit first!

Thirdly, and this is where you reds and pinkos slipped up, you brought in two homosexuals to recruit more of their kind. Can you imagine? Queer! You commies really went too far. In fact just the other day, one of your red boys asked me, "what's wrong with being a homosexual?" I was shocked I couldn't think of anything!

Robert Maier
sophomore

scope

Obviously something is amiss. Anytime Scope is mentioned to the artist or author in Alex, immediately there is a horror-stricken cry and the work is clutched in his hands, never to be released again.

You people need help. You don't have the plague. Printing of a poem, picture or story will not condemn the author to an eternity in burning flames. Room 135 has at least three good sized windows, and incense has been outlawed. Nobody can get a record player fifth hour anyway.

It all spells one thing: DISCRIMINATION AGAINST SCOPE.

Lorna Clymer
sophomore



BLESSED ARE THE OLD, FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE SMUT.

Holman's Heroes

POOR ERNIE



by Jeff Holman
Blueprint Editor

Mrs. Crabbottom was furious. "Ernie!" she yelled, her beady eyes glaring over her heavy black glasses. "I would like a word with you now, young man."

Ernie, a sensitive boy of 17, approached his English teacher's desk.

"It's about this paper of yours." She paused to catch her breath. "Now I personally don't care whether you find the Greeks stimulating or not, but to say that Homer is not relevant! And I might add that your writing style is a far cry from his!"

Ernie looked at her apologetically.

"And do you know what this is?" she exclaimed, having caught him in some immoral act, "This is a run-on sentence!" She screamed as she stabbed her pen through his paper into her knee.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" she asked finally.

"I think your knee is bleeding, Mrs. Crabbottom," Ernie said timidly.

Mrs. Crabbottom continued to hack away at Ernie's writing style and love of outdoor sports. She commented that his mind was as simple as his sentences... and his sentences... why, anybody could read them!

She showed him an article she had published thirty-seven years ago in the "Modern English Teachers' Semi-Yearly Digest." The article, in 13 pages, extolled the virtues of the compound complex, and compound-complex sentence.

"It has always been my philosophy, Ernie, that nobody can teach you to write. But, with

my insight and years of experience, we can eliminate what is natural in you, and substitute a mature appreciation of the joys of the English language."

She snatched up from her desk drawer a paper written by her "best" student. And she took a deep breath and read: "The green-vested hills had intercourse with the darkly-veiled sky in a rebirth of wonder."

"Now," said Mrs. Crabbottom, smiling for the first time today, "Doesn't that leave you with a feeling in your gut?"

"It certainly does, Mrs. Crabbottom," Ernie admitted.

"Good. You're beginning to catch on. You know, Ernie, I have hopes for you. Oh, you'll never be a William Shakespeare, but if you settled down..."

Then abruptly there was a hum over the p.a. system. It was followed by the belief request: "Would you please send Ernest Hemingway to the office..."

"All right Ernie, you may go."

BLUEPRINT

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