

The conflict of last Friday proved to be a learning experience for everyone involved. The confrontation of the thirteenth involved at least four factions relating to the school; the students and faculty, David Pence himself, the administration, and the school board.

The first two factions obviously were acting on their own behalf and behaving exactly as they felt. The trouble is that the final decision was not in their hands.

Principal Curtis Johnson was put in a very precarious position on this issue. He not only had to gauge the feelings

of students and faculty members, but also had to deal with the wishes of the school board and the district administration. A job, we might add, that would try anyone's patience.

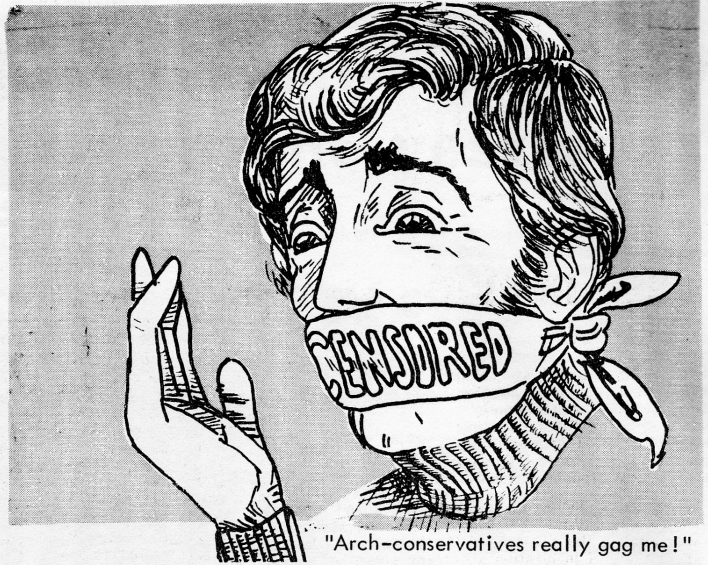
This was complicated even more by the fact that the student-faculty positions were not monolithic, but rather fragmented. There were indeed people just as adamant about keeping Pence out as there were people fighting to hear him speak.

Keeping this in mind, we wonder if it was even necessary for the board to involve itself, even though it does make a good campaign topic. The controversy among the inhabitants of this school is a rather healthy situation, and can conceivably be one of the most important lessons the mini-courses can teach.

Another benefit is that students, teachers, and administrators are finally sitting down together to evaluate the mini-course program. We hope they will come up with a reasonable set of guidelines that will leave mini-courses open for all points of view.

We commend Johnson on his actions this past week. We hope he will not surrender his responsibility for students to outside pressures.

Precarious position



BLUEPRINT STUDENT FORUM

council doomed?

After three years of listening to the whippers of a drowning student council plagued by incompetence, inefficiency and total irrelevance to the student Student Council is on the way out.

The question of incompetence has been dragged through the mud so many times that it doesn't bear repeating. Student Council's inefficiency was admirably proved by Blueprint with the exposure of senior Bruce Johnson, alias the representative from room 248.

But how about its total irrelevance to the student populous? Well, this question can quite easily be answered by proposing another question that I would like to throw at the advocates of Student Council to choke on. What is the purpose of Student Council and has our Student Council met this purpose with any degree of success?

Generally, I think not. With lack of both interest and efficiency, the Student Council

is left with just an over abundance of dreams.

The present Student Council, as I see it, is like a man running in place - he tries hard, but he just doesn't get anywhere.

Scott Nelson, senior

intramural sports

Sitting quietly in its slot, amidst the roar of the highly efficient and prestigious winter sports, operation, is the intramural basketball program. This program was set up by Coach Bob Erdman in an effort to let some of us non-varsity players get together and play basketball on the days Varsity has games. Oddly enough, most of these boys like to play basketball just for fun.

Many coaches feel that these "fine boys" should quit wasting their time every Friday and get into the decent sports program, mainly theirs. There is ridiculous pressure applied to get these fine athletes back into the "groove."

It seems to me that a school that has developed some of the top athletic teams in the state, could make room for a program such as this.

The intramural program has been fouled and deserves a free-throw. "What s'a matter ref, swallow your whistle?"

Dave Paulus,

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Holman's Heroes

THE REAL DRUG PROBLEM

by Jeff Holman



"We are gathered here to discuss the problem of Drugs and Young People," said the chairman of the concerned citizens group. "But first, we will break for some coffee and apple pie."

The concerned citizens of the community flocked to the tables in the basement of the church for their beverage and polite conversation.

"Nothing like a good cup of coffee, eh, Martha?" said Wilfred Bumper, a middle-aged accountant.

"If you don't like mine, you can just head for the hills," she complained.

Business executive Stumbly Turnblock, smoking an extra-long cigarette, wandered over with his wife.

"I've heard this drug problem is really getting serious in the high schools," remarked Stumbly Turnblock. "I just don't know where the kids get those ideas..."

"Well," said Wilfred Bumper, "They certainly don't get them in our homes. Bet that the communists have something to do with it."

"The only thing worse than an addict is a pusher," remarked Stumbly confidently. "Would you like a cigarette?"

Mrs. Turnblock sobbed. "I think it's just terrible. Our babies -- taking

drugs off the black market. It just gets me so upset."

"You poor dear," remarked Mrs. Bumper, her hands fighting through her small black purse. "Take one of these. They're faster, more effective than aspirin."

"Oh really, I'll have to try some."

"Thank you," Mrs. Turnblock replied. "But I've got my own. My sister got them for me from a friend. They give you such a lift..."

"Be my guest," said Mrs. Turnblock. "I can always get some more."

A small bottle of little yellow pills discreetly exchanged hands.

"Have you heard what's getting into the high schools lately?" queried Mr. Turnblock, lighting his third cigarette. "Marijuana"

"No!"

"Yes. The weed."

"I've heard that marijuana does strange things to you. It takes hold of your consciousness. It makes you see wierd shapes and sounds," said Mr. Turnblock.

"Can't we go home and watch television?" pleaded Mrs. Bumper, trying to change the subject.

"And not only that -- it leads to

anti-social behavior," Turnblock continued, lighting his fifth cigarette.

"Why, I could kill those commies," Mr. Bumper said, his collar wet with rage.

Mrs. Turnblock became more and more upset. "I've just been so worried about Andy lately," she confessed. "He decided to grow his hair long. They said at school that's the way it starts--the next think you know your boy is on heroin."

"You got to nip the problem in the bud," growled Mr. Bumper. "Bring him back into reality before the commies and the hippies get him."

The sudden sound of a gavel pounded through the meeting room.

"Now that we've had our refreshments, let's get back to our discussion of Drugs and Youth," declared the chairman.

The Bumper and Turnblocks walked back to their seats.

"You want to go out for a couple of beers when this is over?" whispered Mr. Bumper.

"Sounds good to me," Mr. Turnblock answered.

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