

The Yellow Press

Official Publication of the St. Paul Open School

OM Results:
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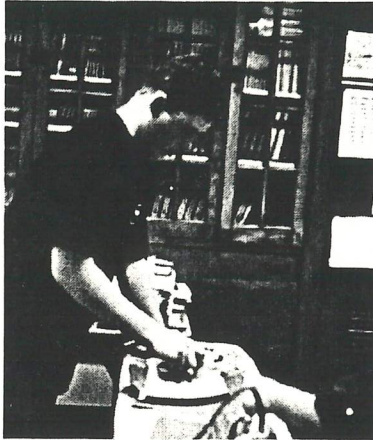
New Curriculum Added to Open

Anna Karl
Staff Reporter

A new home economics curriculum has become a requirement for all 7th and 8th grade boys.

Principal Ruth Pechmann, who helped develop the program, said, "I feel that our society would be a better place if boys knew how to manage a house. It can't be just the girls." She also cited several studies saying that "Girls are more likely to learn home skills from their mothers. Someone needs to teach the boys."

In this case that someone is Leo Bickelhaupt. Twice a week during 3/4 hour he teaches all 7th and 8th grade boys, as well as any girls or older students who may be interested, how to cook, clean, wash, iron,



Jason Meland ironing in the first Home Ec class taught by Leo Bickelhaupt.

and sew. Leo, at least, thinks this program is wonderful. "This is great," he says. "They learn so much, and besides, it's a lot of fun." Right now, he is providing laundry tips and explaining his favorite recipe for lime chicken.

Students, however, are less than enthusiastic. Many students feel that it is unfair. "The girls should have to take this, too," said 7th grader Mark Dyson. "This is discrimination!"

Some object because they don't like the class. "I don't want to learn how to cook!" said one student, "It's girl stuff! I'll

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Principal in Attic Still Hoping

Ben Peterson
Staff Reporter

Has it ever occurred to you that there are very few people that actually know what's on the fourth floor? Yes, there is a fourth floor. I like to refer to it as the loft, because that's what it was called in our old school building. In the old building, leftover OM props from years gone by were up there. Here, there is something completely different.

I did some exploring up there, mostly psychically, and discovered some interesting things. No, there weren't any skeletons, sorry. There was, however, a hoard of stuffed animals, non-perishable food items, some sacks that looked like they contained money, in coin form, lots of spider webs, lint, dust, and most importantly . . . our real principal.

Let me tell you a bit about our real principal. His name is Dusty Anderson. He is 58 years of age, and he stands about 6'5" tall. After finding him sitting there, in the

loft, existing on the aforementioned non-perishable food items, I decided he would be a very interesting person to interview.

Dusty was originally chosen by Open School as the man to lead the school into the next millennium. However, his fierce competitor, who shall remain nameless, wanted the job so badly she decided desperate measures were necessary. So one night, as Dusty and a few members of the committee in charge of hiring the principal were sitting in the drama room discussing final details, they were raided by a strike team, whose affiliation has never been discovered.

They filled the room with sleeping gas, incapacitating all of the committee members. Dusty, however, had built up a resistance to the toxin while fighting in Vietnam. The strike team then surrounded him while drawing tazers, and military grade stun

PRINCIPAL Continued on Page 10

INSIDE:

"Then, normally atheist Open Schoolers murmur silent prayers as clammy hands are clenched together." (Lubke on OM, page 5)

"I think the only reason I am really doing it is for the money." (Hollo on growing up, page 7)

"Wow! Now I really admire Bill Gates. I feel like hitting myself over the head just for saying that." (Moxy Man on Gates, page 9)
... and more

Friday, April 10th has been designated as a student release day. *The Purple Press* would like to remind students not to come to school that day.

The Purple Press Staff

Head Honchos

Ehren Stemme

Layout Wizard

Jonathan Lubke

Doc Space Finder

Maura Shramko

Editing Sorceress

Ben Peterson

Headline Hedgehog

Kate Dyson

Grammar Goddess

Writing Monkeys

Mark Dyson

Tara Wilken

Tom Greenley

Lucy Stark

Aimee Gervais

Lisa Grotenhuis

Cheryl Mishler

Terry Schanno

Big Foot

Artsy Folk

Anna Karl

Notah Gyorgak

Adult to Blame

Leo Bickelhaupt

News Briefs

(The Continuing OM Saga) OMers Ride Again!

Tara Wilken

Staff Reporter

On March 7th, Open School competed in the Odyssey of the Mind tournament for the East Metro Region. Open had a wonderful showing. All the teams placed 6th or higher. Three teams will represent Open at the state competition on April 25th, at Armstrong High School in Plymouth. Full results from the regional tournament are as follows:

Division 3

Camouflaged Creation	1st place
Morph Magic	2nd place
Pageant Wagon	3rd place

Division 2

Camouflaged Creation	1st place
Marvelous Mentor	2nd place
(but still going to State)	
Pageant Wagon	4th place
(fighting for 3rd, scoring error)	
Create and Animate	6th place

Division 1

Marvelous Mentor	4th place
Pageant Wagon	5th place
Create and Animate	6th place

***The Purple Press* would like to congratulate
all of the Open School teams on their
excellent showings!!!**

Open's on the Green

Notah Gyorgak
Staff Reporter

At a recent conference, the new compensatory financial program for Minnesota schools was discussed. A sum of 76,000 dollars was allocated to Open School to compensate for students who receive free and reduced lunches. This covers the school's 75,300 dollar debt. Many other

St. Paul schools, however, were left in debt. The district has a five million dollar deficit to cover, and some other districts have as much as a half million-dollar deficit to cover. However, only 2 million dollars is required to fix this problem.

This is not just a St. Paul School District problem. The entire state is seeing similar financial dilemmas. The House and

Senate have addressed their own bills to solve this problem. The Senate sees the problem, and wants to allocate 2 million dollars this year and 800,000 next year. This bill would only cover the St. Paul school district's problem. The House has come up with a more substantial bill allocating 6 million dollars this year and 2 million dollars every year following.

Teacher Goes on Killing Spree in Alaska

Tara Wilken
Staff Reporter

In an exclusive interview with Chris Wintheiser, he admitted to being arrested before he was hired as an Open School teacher. Chris was arrested for shooting at numerous geese, a moose and Big Foot from his back yard hot tub. While Chris claimed the so called invaders could have endangered his beagle, Jazz, the DNR (Department of Natural Resources) ruled he shot at things because he couldn't wait for hunting season to begin.

According to some sources, Chris's wife, Kristen, became fed up and wanted all firearms out of their house forever. Chris, who knew he could never give up hunting, decided to make a compromise with Kris. The compromise was he would store all firearms at his parents house and do his best to hunt only in season.

The DNR is also investigating Chris for a strange violation that might have taken place in Alaska during the Wintheiser's honeymoon. Chris allegedly decided to take his shotgun on the vacation since Kristen had never said anything about taking firearms on trips.

On the last day of their honeymoon, sources say, Chris spotted a woolly mammoth and thought it would look wonderful in their living room. He killed it in one shot. Understandably, Kristen was extremely upset. However, she calmed down after Chris told her that if they ever had children, the woolly mammoth would make a wonderfully warm crib for their offspring. Kristen decided that, maybe just this once, Chris knew what he was talking about.

Today Chris and Kris have two wonderful children, who both have used the woolly mammoth as their crib. Even though both children are too big for the crib now, Kristen has become so attached to it she can't bear to have Chris put it out in the cold backyard, where another crazy goose might be waiting to attack. The DNR continues to watch Chris closely.

Janitor Found in Closet

Mark Dyson
Staff Reporter

closet."

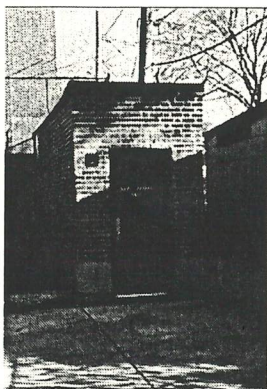
The question is, who did this? Looking at his diet might tell us something. Grubs can be found in Open School's basement in abundance, but popcorn and soda have to come from somewhere. But where?

Assuming the popcorn and soda came from the same source, investigators are leaning towards Greg's room, where OMers consume vast amounst of soda and popcorn. This would also explain the disappearance of much of Greg's supply from his cabinets.

Investigators concluded that someone who wanted Doug out of

the way but still alive locked him in the basement, fed him on Greg's pop and popcorn, and intended to not let him out for a long time.

The world may never know who did it.



Wrath of the Teachers

Lucy Stark
Staff Reporter

On the outside they're happy, friendly, talkative and kind. The SLC staff eats together in the staff lounge and chats in the hallways. All in all it seems they gets along great. But beneath this happy exterior lies a growing conspiracy: a war of the teachers.

Many people say teachers are turning on each other, doing dreadful things to one another.

According to unconfirmed reports, Leo has been seen stealing countless paper clips from Chris. He denies it. Rumor also



has it that he sneaks around taking many precious items, such as pencils, printer paper and even chalk from various rooms.

There have also been unconfirmed reports that teachers have been making snide remarks about one another. Details are unavailable, but someone accused Julie of being over protective of sponges, and another staff member accused Tim of impersonating Leo. Tensions are running high.

Many people believe there is a war growing. A subtle war that will ultimately end in the destruction of the school.

The war has been brewing for quite awhile, sources indicate. You may remember last year when there was a mad fight for the printer paper. We also believe that there are brutal battles to to get first in line for the microwave in the staff lounge every day.

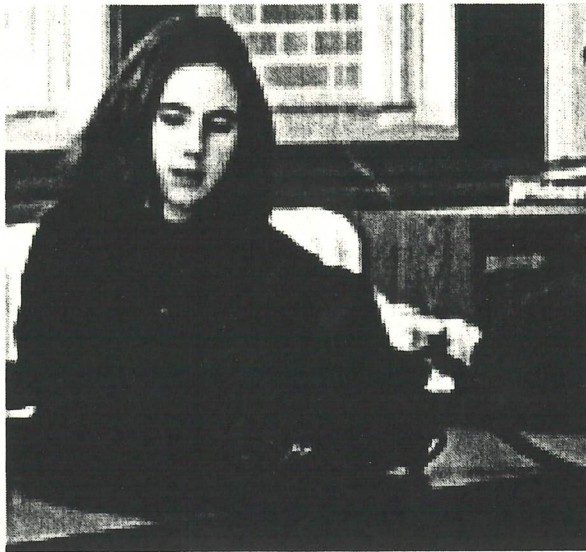
If you have been a witness to any of these horrendous acts of injustice, please notify us. Any information we get counts.

Tea Cups and Eye Shadow

Big Foot
Guest Etiquette Expert

According to Open School administrators, a class for girls called "The Demure Young Lady" will be offered next year to compliment the home economics class for boys. The class, to be co-taught by Greg Adams and Jennifer Diederich, will cover topics such as personal appearance, proper speech, deportment and the importance of smelling good.

Greg will be teaching the sections on personal appearance and smell. "They chose me 'cause I'm so good lookin,'" he



said. He feels that it is important to teach students the basics of personal hygiene. "You can be as smart as you want," he said, "but if you smell bad or you can't control your farting, you aren't going anywhere."

Jennifer will be teaching the sections on proper speech and deportment. "I'll have to watch my language," she said. "But I've planned some great lessons where the girls will get to balance books on their heads while practicing enunciation. It'll be a blast."

In addition to Greg and Jennifer, female juniors, seniors and recent graduates will be teaching lesson blocks. Speakers that have already signed up are Shannon Scott, who will talk about appropriate responses to unwanted come-on lines; Kate Dyson, who will speak on the relationship between adolescent angst and deodorant; and Ange Xiong, who plans to lecture on angels, spirituality and proper demeanor.

HOME EC From Page 1

just eat Burger King."

Maura Shramko, 8th grader, is a little upset about the program. "The class should be for everyone," she said. "By making it required only for boys, they are only enforcing gender roles more. I know lots of girls who can't cook or sew."

At a recent meeting, tension surrounding the issue was high. Some parents were supportive of the class, saying it was a relief to know that someone was teaching these skills. Others were against it for many reasons. Some said basically the same thing their children had said. Others complained that requiring kids to take this class was against the Open School philosophy. One parent even said that this class intruded on their parental duties to teach these skills to their children. Another meeting is scheduled for April 3.

Despite the protests, the class is continuing as scheduled. many activities are planned, such as a field trip to the laundromat, as well as practices in basic house-cleaning, to be tested around the school. There will also be a variety of special units in sewing and cooking.

By the end of the class, students will be expected to know how to cook at least one full breakfast, lunch and dinner, as well as a few healthy snacks. They are also expected to be able to sew one wearable garment. A showcase is scheduled for early May.

Taxing, or Taxes?

Cheryl Mishler
Staff Reporter

English teacher Leo Bickelhaupt is currently being investigated for major tax fraud! The clever disguise of driving around in that old beat up car could only keep the IRS off his trail for so long.

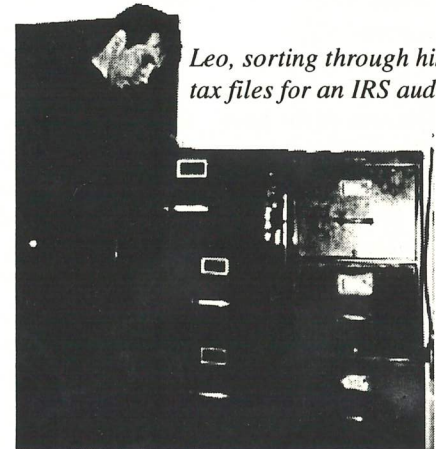
While most teachers don't make enough money to owe any to the IRS, Leo allegedly has more than just his teacher's salary under his previous name, Freddy Fredrickson. Freddy evidently inherited billions from a rich uncle! The authorities think Leo helped his uncle fake his death to collect insurance money, then took his uncle's money and ran to the Bahamas, where he changed his name from Freddy to Wolfgang Schpielguten. He then bought a small island, 3 mansions, a private jet, a yacht, and

dozens of sports cars.

Leo was enjoying the good life when the IRS caught up with him, all because Elvis reported seeing him on Jeopardy. It seems he owes several million dollars for back taxes he was too greedy to pay.

So, once again Leo (or Wolfgang at the time) changed his name to the name he goes by now. Why he chose such a suspicious name we'll never know, but we do know he fled the Bahamas and came to Minnesota. Trying to be inconspicuous, he took up his job as a teacher, and drives around in an old Honda with a coat hanger antennae.

The IRS caught up with him again in 96, this time because he was bragging to a few students who reported him. The IRS teamed up with the local authorities to discover that Leo is even more of a fraud than previously thought, "he wasn't even related to his uncle...he was just a burnt-out bum off the streets posing as the beloved nephew



Leo, sorting through his tax files for an IRS audit

of the rich old man! People thought they saw the family resemblance when the uncle was hauled off to prison for 12 years for insurance fraud!" exclaimed a man found planting bugs around the school.

But that still doesn't explain the snipers spotted on the roofs of neighboring buildings outside Leo's windows...

OM. It Ain't no Spellin' Bee

Wolfman
Staff Reporter

The room is a mess as set pieces, props, and uniformed-Open Schoolers fill the classrooms. Two team members practice their violin pieces in the corner of the converted math room in preparation for their performance.

This is an event many Open Schoolers are familiar with. It's the OM regional, the problem-solving competition that Open uses to shine in front of the other schools. Stress is at an all-time high, and the turnout is naturally good.

As another performance approaches, the Open School population migrates to meet it. They cram into tiny rooms and a new sense of camaraderie forms as past aggression and jealousy are thrown to the wind. They pack in like sardines and await their schoolmates. Their mass is only surpassed by the deafening cry they exude when the judge utters the words, "St. Paul Open School."

This is the moment Open School lives for. School integrity, reputation and bragging rights are on the line. Months of hard work and conflict have built up to this point. As one would expect, dozens of variables are left unresolved. Teams take the stage with sets held together with last-minute duct tape. Another team receives a call from a team member who's at home, sick, forcing another member to quickly fill their part.



After the morning hours have passed, Open School takes a section of the Harding auditorium as its claim. In the awards ceremony, the location where victory and defeat are finally revealed, tension boils over. Beforehand, booming chants are passed between schools. They try to unleash one final competition before judgment is given.

Then, normally atheist Open Schoolers murmur silent prayers as clammy hands are clenched together. When the winner is announced, emotions are uninhibitedly unleashed.

After victory, OMers will walk around in a euphoric daze. All the time working diligently towards this moment is reviewed in fast-forward memory.

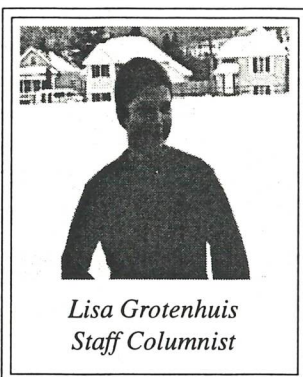
Following defeat, many OMers choose to be dignified and hide their disappointment. They mask their emotions behind a thin veil of humor and subtle laughter. However, buried beneath the facade lie obvious signs of pain that are present in the competitor's eyes.

Snow Boarder Pokin' Smot

How do you tell the snow boarders from the rest of the Canadian Olympic team?

"The maple leaf on their team jacket has five leaves."

Ross Redagliati, a Canadian snow boarder was caught with traces of marijuana in his system after winning a gold medal in this year's Winter Olympics. Not many people are surprised by this discovery. They say "Of course he smokes pot, he's a snow



boarder." Looks like another stereotype to me. I read an article on this subject and it said "Trying to keep marijuana out of the sport (snow boarding) would be like banning sequins from figure skating." So, sequins are to figure skaters as marijuana is to snow boarders?

I can't help feeling sorry for the snow boarders that don't smoke marijuana. I mean, at this point people are assuming that you are using this illegal substance that can get you in a lot of trouble. In the future are they going to be keeping a closer eye on snow boarders? Did this Ross kid get caught only because he's a snow boarder and people assumed he was acting funny because he was high?

In my advisory a couple weeks ago, we had a discussion about preppies. I started the conversation by complaining about various alternative people making fun of every single prep that they know. They seem to instantly hate anyone they see that is dressed nicely...yet they preach about being open minded. Now, is it okay to stereotype preps because they all hate them? Or is it unfair just like stereotyping anyone?

... sequins are to figure skaters as marijuana is to snow boarders?

Question of the Month

If you were a bean, what type of bean would you be?

Bonus Question

Where does all the loose change that goes through the wash go?

The Adventures of Latrell "Go To Hell" Sprewell in: Morals and Ethics in the NBA

The Latrell Sprewell case has spun wildly out of control. It has set an example for two-bit thugs and authority-hating athletes everywhere. It has caused even the most die-hard hoop fans to become disgusted with the state of the league. It has angered the NBA owners beyond belief. But, on the other hand, it is the first major victory for the NBA arbitration committee.



*Ehren Stemme
Staff Columnist*

In case you have had your focus on the highly entertaining Clinton/Lewinsky case for the past few months (yeah, right), here's the lowdown: Golden State Warriors power forward Latrell Sprewell came in off the hardwood to sit out a few minutes. Warriors coach PJ Carlesimo yelled at him to hustle, allegedly (according to Sprewell) throwing out a racial slur. Then, Sprewell made some threatening comments and, without further warning, jumped up and started to choke Carlesimo. The Warriors front office acted immediately, suspending Sprewell indefinitely. A week later, NBA commissioner David Stern suspended Sprewell for a full year and Golden State officials terminated his \$27 million contract.

The story could have ended here. That is, if it was you or me. We probably would have just taken our lumps and moved on. But since it involves a pro athlete, there has to be legal action to defend his bruised and pampered ego. So, with that, we pick up the story in early January where, alongside attorney Johnnie Cochrane and several Warriors, Sprewell announces his intent to appeal his suspension, citing racial injustice. On January 21st the hearings started, with Stern and Carlesimo testifying against Sprewell. The hearings, which dragged on for more than a month, finally came to an end March 4th, when the arbitration committee came out of hiding with their ruling: Sprewell's suspension would be reduced to seven months, making him eligible to come back July 1st, and the Warriors would have to take him back for the 1998-99 season.

Now for the editorial part . . . I have a major beef with the people on the arbitration committee. They have basically given a license to kill to every NBA player. Most of the owners and officials of the NBA feel the same way. In fact, a dejected-looking Stern was heard to say after the verdict: "When you commit a crime, you must suffer the consequences - unless you play in the NBA." And after six years as an NBA fan, I am inclined to agree. A player list that includes notorious bad boys Dennis Rodman, John Starks, Allen Iverson, Isaiah Rider, Christian Laettner and Derrick Coleman could not possibly contradict this statement from the league's top official. With Iverson's marijuana problems, Rider's cell phone cloning, Starks' generous gift of "the finger" to Knicks fans, Coleman's continual drunkenness and Rodman's "if you don't like me I'll kill you" attitude,

it's easy to see why the NBA has grown into such disrepair.

There is some consolation though. While Sprewell gets to come back and play in a league that doesn't want him, he has to stick with his original contract, even when the Warriors trade him away to a team that is stupid enough to take him. This means he won't have the opportunity to rob a poor defenseless NBA team blind with the runaway salaries that have become epidemic in all professional sports. He is also getting hit in the wallet for \$6 million. It's a very small consolation, but in this cynical world you have to take what you can get.



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Down With Stereotypes!

In my first hour class today, we were discussing Microsoft and how some people think it's a monopoly. There were several people who

were basically yelling back and forth at each other. These were the people who:

- a) knew what they were talking about.
- b) weren't interested in raising their hands
- c) were all male
- d) all of the above

The answer is d. To my great annoyance the only people who were participating in this conversation were the 'computer geeks,' who happened to all be male. What annoyed me even further is that I wasn't saying anything. If I had known enough about the topic at hand to contribute, I would've, but I found myself without a say because of lack of information. My excuse for not participating probably would have been, "Someone else voiced my opinion, so there was no point in my doing so." That, of course, is a stupid and false excuse. Had I possessed an opinion, I would have voiced it regardless of how many other people agreed.

What that situation seems to illustrate to me is that the females in the room, including myself, don't know very much about computers, which is not true. After giving it more careful thought, I think that this could indicate that women are brought up so that they think that girls aren't supposed to know that much about computers, because computers are 'boy' things.

I ran into another gender stereotype the other day. I went to the hardware store yesterday with my friend, and we went up to the desk and asked for some foam in a can. The guy who helped us was looking at us like we were really weird, like we both had three eyes or something. Now, I could be wrong about this, but I think that the reason he was looking at us was because we



*Maura Shramko
Staff Feminist*

were female in a store full of 'boy' things, not to mention that fact that we were both under fifteen.

Need another example? Yesterday I listened to this IDIOT tell us that girls couldn't play 'manly' computer games where all you can see is the end of your weapon, and the point is to kill anyone or anything you see. He then amended that someone more mature could play those games- - which still left me out because I'm a giggly girl. This makes me mad, not so much because I actually want to play the game but because I can't believe that someone could be so stupid as to generalize like that.

Those are my examples of gender stereotypes. They all make me MAD because I can't believe anyone could actually believe or do any of that stuff.

I think that it is really wrong that we still have gender stereotypes, which leaves little or no room for individuality. And it's not like these are once in a lifetime things; stuff like this happens every day. When people actually do bring these occurrences to light, other people can twist the truth around and say, "Oh, women are oppressing men," when in fact all women are doing is striving for equality. When people say stuff like that, they end up oppressing women even further because they start to doubt themselves, and we all know how doubt works.

Gender stereotypes are really no one's fault; they're something we're all brought up with. Even I probably abide by these stereotypes, despite the fact that I try extremely hard not to. And it's not like stereotypes affect only women. They affect men, too. The stereotypical man is supposed to be manly and macho and all of that crap. Then, when men act sensitive, or sometimes even just different, they are ridiculed.

I think that there really is no such thing as 'feminine' or 'masculine' because they are both based on stereotypes. When a man crosses his legs, he is being feminine. When a woman is competitive when play-

FEMINISM Continued on Page 10

Guess I'm an Adult Now, huH?

Ever tried to hold down a job, school, and a decent social life? Pain in the tookass, isn't it? Seems there is never enough time to get everything done. Never enough time to get decent hours of sleep.



*Hollo
Staff Columnist*

One day I decided I needed a job. Hey I was running low on cash. So I started looking. I found one. It's telemarketing. Well, actually it's professional fund raising at MPI (Midwest Publishing Inc.). It could be worse.

I got the job about four months ago. Ever since then I've been noticing just how much I value my free time. Free time is fun. Free time is good. Good free time. It used to be get up go to school and go hang out with some friends. Now it's get up go to school, go to work, go home and sleep. I don't particularly like that.

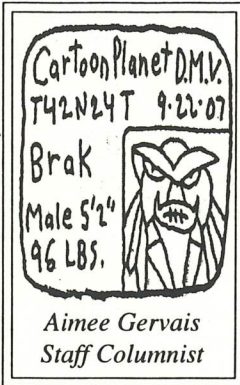
I also don't get a lot of sleep. Sleep is something I value. Sleep is something I like a lot. Sleep is good. Good sleep. But it seems I am not getting to go to sleep. I get home between 11:30pm and 12:00am, and I have to get up at 6:30am. Hmm... that's not enough. Sure, every once and a while you can live off that for a day or two, but not for 4 months. I fondly remember back when I was able to go to sleep at a decent hour, and then get up at 4:00 in the afternoon. Oh the days.

I think the only reason I am really doing it is for the money. Money is fun. Money is good. Good money. It's what we live for. Well, that and the eternal search for happiness. It's always so great to go out with friends and be able to get what you want. You can finally pay back your debts. You can decide you want something, and you can actually go get it. Oh, money is so fun.

But is \$6.50 to \$7.00 an hour worth this loss of sleep and social time. Oh well. Looks like I'm an adult now, huH?

Spring Cleaning and Twitterpation The Trouble With Umlauts

Here's an interesting picture: You're walking down the street and there's a bunch of people sitting on a couch next to the sidewalk wearing shorts, t-shirts, and sunglasses with gloves and hats, singing "99 Bottles



of Beer." Hmm. It must be spring. Sure, the kids in that example were college students, but the interesting part was that they were sober. Well, sort of. Nobody really passes for sober in spring. Even those who refuse to even go near any "mind altering substances" are a little intoxicated.

People do some really stupid things in spring. But not the same kind of stupid stuff they do in winter. Stupid things people do in spring are silly and fun, instead of obnoxious and annoying. In spring people know they're being stupid and are usually way too hyper to care.

I guess the best example of spring-time silliness is Minicon. (That's a huge weekend-long science fiction convention. Use your imagination.) I don't believe I've ever seen more silliness in one place in such a short period of time. But to better illustrate this amusing scene, I'll give an example...

It was about 2:30 in the morning and some of my friends and I were listening to some guy with just his guitar and amp play some loud offensive music. In the middle of one song he picked up a nearby bowl of M&Ms and dumped them over his head. Immediately, Jeremy got up and ran out of the room. The rest of us followed and spent the next five minutes or so running around, stopping to salute everyone we passed. Well, not running, but walking very quickly. This sort of behavior is very common at Minicon, possibly because of the lack of sleep, but I bet a lot of it has to do with the fact that it's in spring. Maybe they scheduled it then on purpose...

I never play in the snow in winter,

only in spring. All winter it's too cold and the snow just serves to remind me that winter may never end. But in spring it's all melting, so it seems a lot more fun. This year I played in the snow a little in the winter and now I guess it's spring, but the snow's already gone. So now I'm playing in the puddles instead. Last year I'd come home every day covered in melting snow, now just my shoes are sopping wet and covered in mud. Actually, I sort of think that's more fun.

New Year's is supposed to be when people feel they're starting over and getting another chance at everything, when in reality spring is the season that sparks these feelings. And it's not just me either, everyone seems to agree with me. I guess it's because of the odd timing of it. I'm a little rusty on the history of our calendar, but why did they (i.e. whoever it was who came up with the goofy thing) decide to start the year in the middle of winter?? And January of all months. December and February are identical to it, which makes January not only depressing because of all the cold and clouds, but also extremely monotonous. So what is by far the most depressing month of the year is also when we're all supposed to be really optimistic. No wonder there are so many suicides right around New Year's.

The time of the year I feel the most optimistic is spring, possibly because of the relief of winter finally being over and summer being just around the corner. Or maybe it's got nothing to do with the other seasons, maybe it's just because it's spring.

Maybe it's all the TV networks. What if every spring there's some weird disease that affects all TV show writers and makes everything they write suck. The TV networks don't want anyone to see the stupid shows, so they put subliminal messages in everything just before this disease kicks in. The messages make all the viewers feel this strange need to go outside and play, instead of watching TV.

Maybe it's something in the water. Maybe the government is putting drugs in the water to make us all silly because every year around this time they have to test their alien spacecraft and they want to distract us. Or at least be able to blame any sightings on the fact that it's spring and people are stupid.

Maybe... ah, I'll shut up now.

Wolfman
Staff Deutschlehrer

Ich habe eine kleine Katze. Meine Katze ist mehr häßlich von die Katze Maura hat gemacht. Meine Katze hat kein rechte Ohr. Ihre Name ist Kristiana. Kristiana ist zwei und zwanzig Jahre alt. Kristiana hat einer Bruder, Markus. Markus auch kein rechte Ohr hat. Markus kann ein Nilpferd gegeBen, weil er ist ein dick Katse. Markus und Kristiana immer möchten tanzen, aber sie können tanzen nicht weil sie kein Musik haben.

Johann der Flugel kann Musik spielen. Mehrüber, Johann hat ein Musikgruppe. Die Gruppe oft im Flughafen spielen. Sie spielen dreizehn meter von die Toiletten. Aber alles ist nicht so gut. Johann ist sehr, sehr, krank. Johann muB sterben. Das ist nicht gut weil Johann muB auch Fußball gespielen. Johann spielt Fußball phantastisch. Er spielt Fußball für Spanien im neunzehn hundert acht und siebzig. Kristiana und Markus im neunzehn hundert acht und siebzig nicht leben, aber die mutter von Kristiana und Markus lebt. Sie heiBt Gomer. Gomer ist tot. Sie hat zu viele Eier gegessen. Für ihr wer nicht weiss, Eier sind für eine Katse nicht gut. Das ist pathetisch. Ich brauche ein Mädchenfreund.

Titanic Sank

Recently, I was cajoled into seeing the movie, Titanic.

Now, to tell the truth, I really didn't want to. I had a bad feeling about the film ever since I saw the first previews last summer. However, I was asked at one of those uncomfortable times where refusal would be followed by an unavoidable line of questioning. I knew I should avoid that route, because my only reason for not seeing the movie was principle.

In any case, the movie started off well enough. I had no trouble with the fact that the first twenty minutes of footage took place in the 90's. However, once the flashback started, the film really got thrilling. It wasn't the plot that was thrilling, however, it was how many times I correctly guessed what was going to happen. I'm not just talking about how the boat sinks. I can sum up the whole film in one sentence. It was a well-executed, bad movie.

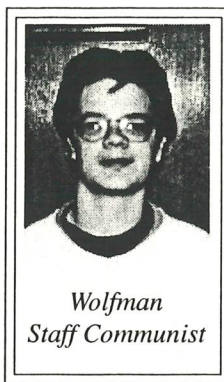
I must admit, the special effects were wonderful, and well worth the ungodly amounts of money that went into making them, but there's no getting past the fact that the script was incredibly dull. So little acting talent was required for this film, llamas with proper make-up could have acted in it.

One would think that, in a three-hour film, one could put depth into any character. Nope, not this film. These folks are shallower than an empty glass. You've got your classic charismatic, street-wise hero, his moderately appealing buddies who a: are given too little screen time and b: surprise, surprise, get killed. You've also got the aristocratic black sheep heroine, the stuck up, and the list goes on. A comatose monkey could create more three-dimensional characters than this. To tell the truth, my complete and utter lack of sympathy was prevalent in the fact that this was the only movie during which I checked my watch, an activity I did upwards of ten times. There's something in the way body after nondescript body dies that does absolutely nothing for me.

Does this mean I think all the hype is unfounded? Yes. I think this film's success

is insane. I'm also tempted to begin ranting endlessly about how uncultured the American public is and what poor taste they have in film, but I don't believe in taking up that much space with something that shouldn't have to be said, anyway.

Is this one of the greatest movies I've ever seen? Not even close. Sorry folks, I've seen Philadelphia, I've seen Good Will Hunting, and I've seen Crimson Tide. All of these movies surpass the overrated Titanic in humanity, suspense, and overall storyline. ♦



Wolfman
Staff Communist

Computer Geeks Unite!

Mark Dyson
Staff Reporter

Bill Gates is the classic computer nerd. He wears glasses, is smart, and started a fledgling computer corporation in his garage. That is a guy you have to at least feel some kinship to if you spend at least an hour a day on the Internet.

Yes, I am a computer geek. I am not the stereotypical nerd with glasses that could fuse copper wires with just the moonlight, a big butt from sitting on an office chair made for a first grader, and a button-up shirt that is more tacky than fabric glue, but I come close. I use the terms "SCSI" and "baud" in regular conversation, "surf the Net" every day, have six different e-mail accounts . . . Oh, boy, I am quite the nerd.

And I feel a kinship to Bill Gates. Yeah, I know that's scary, but why not? We're both geeks, we both love computers, and I like the way he thinks: completely shut out the competitors using legal means and acquire everything in site, including the U.S. government. There, I can't believe I said that! I actually feel a relationship to the person who makes it so hard to get good games, programs, and Internet applications for my archaic Macintosh computer.

Also, even though Microsoft is a huge conglomerate corporation that can crush puny companies such as Netscape, Apple, IBM, and others on a whim, and I openly boycott their products on one of my many web-pages, I find myself using Microsoft Word, Microsoft Internet Explorer, Microsoft Office, and countless other Microsoft products, even on my Mac. They dominate the market so much that they can make programs for their chief rival in the operating system business, Apple. Wow, now I really admire Bill Gates. I feel like hitting myself over the head for just saying that.

So, although I use an inferior Mac, I do NOT use Windows 95, and I try to hate Microsoft for being a monopoly, I still find myself using too many Microsoft products for my own good. That's bad. I feel a need to speak out against this huge corporation and finally get it out of my system. So here: BOYCOTT MICROSOFT! If you have a different opinion, you can see me in my favorite chat room: Geeks Unite. I'll be the one with a non-Microsoft browser. ♦

Word Jumble

KHAES



PYPUP



AREY



SPERS



LIBDU



OFOD



LOBD



DLOS



PYHP



ing a sport, she is masculine. What feminine and masculine should mean is anything that either of the two genders do, say or believe, not how they should be acting.

One of the more annoying things about stereotypes is that if I fit into one, then I feel the need to deny it and pretend that I don't actually feel that way, which is another thing that I don't support. Stereotypes force me to deny myself so that I don't fit into one, when in actuality we all fit stereotypes at times.

What gender stereotypes do is push women into small, confining margins where only women are supposed to be, and another one where only men are supposed to be, which leads us right to my favorite topic: conformity. And in case you thought I was trying to blame all of this on men, (which I very well could) women are just as much to blame. We all participate in these stereotypes, like it or not. ♦

Extra! Extra! N.C. Wants Twins Less!

*Notah Gyorgak
Staff Editorialist*

Carl Pohlad is still attempting to sell the Twins franchise to North Carolina businessman Don Beaver. This sale will go through if approved by major league baseball and if Don Beaver gets a bigger stadium than he has.

The only problem is that he is coming upon the same problem that Carl Pohlad has. No one wants to build a stadium for the team. A new stadium is needed, or the Twins and Carolina will have the same attendance as the St. Paul Saints. To be competitive, the team will need to draw approximately 50,000 people, and the stadium they have now holds 5,000.

Unfortunately, even if North Carolina does find a way to build the stadium, the appeal of baseball there is barely enough to sustain a minor league team, not to mention the masses required to support a major league team. I think it would be funny if the Twins left and no one went to see them play. ♦

guns. Dusty tried to fight back, but 10 to 1 odds are a bit hard to overcome. They finally hit him with a stun gun, knocking him into the wall and relieving him of all consciousness.

When he awoke, he found himself in the loft, where he has remained until this day. There was a note pinned to his shirt, informing him of his current situation. He showed me this note, written ransom-style on St. Paul School District letterhead. It read as follows: "Dusty, due to your 'mysterious' disappearance, the principal job at St. Paul Open School has been given to me. It was a good fight, but I have come out the victor. The canned goods you will find around the loft should be enough to sustain

**"It's really not bad
once you get used to
the spiders."**

you for the next four years or so, at which time my associate, we'll call him 'Jeff,' will resupply your food stores. If you behave well, he might even give you some new clothes. That is all for now. Updates will follow as needed."

Dusty told me how he found it interesting that since then they had given him his own wardrobe, a lamp, an old twin bed, and a bath that worked on Sundays. He says pretty soon he thinks they might give him a razor so he can shave. As of now, he has a six foot long beard, and hair down to his knees.

"It's really not bad once you get used to the spiders," he said. Overall, he has a very positive attitude. He says he thinks maybe they'll let him out when he hits 60, so he can go back to his wife, Betty Sue, and his family. I think it's interesting to note that he still thinks he might have a shot at the principal spot here someday, but first he's focusing on seeing his wife again.

I'm off again, now, to explore other little known areas of the school. Who knows what interesting things I'll uncover next? ♦

Family Service Worker

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