

Coroner's 5¢ inquest

Christmas
Issue

VOL. 1, NO. 4

THE WORLD'S
GREATEST NEWSPAPER

THE BIBLE REVISED

The emperor Johnson proclaimed one day that all in his kingdom, should amass to the great city of Chicaga, to choose a token leader. Two of the multitude were Joseph and Mary, his betrothed. An angel appeared to Mary, one night and said, "you shall give birth to a great congregation, a new covenant dedicated to peace and brotherhood. Mary told Joseph of her vision and Joseph said, "what kind of acid hast thou been dropping?" Then the angel appeared to Joseph and told him, "Mary has spoken the truth, go now and collect all of the people, and speak to them of the great assembly! When this was done, the multitude went to Chicaga, and then to the a-bode of Daley, the innkeeper, and asked his permission to stay at the inn, and he said, "sorry, no freaks allowed." The masses then went to Grant Park, the forbidden garden,



"We do have an unusual city."-Mayor Daley

Super-duper Elements Puzzle-page 7

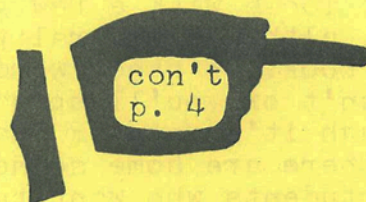


Every-man's Pollution Hints-page 6

Any article in this paper that you disagree with, please feel free to write a rebuttal. If you agree with an article and wish to know more about the subject, contact the writers through your CI distributor.

Food

Last month a horrible cyclone whipped across the shores of East Pakistan killing over 100,000 persons at storm time. Thousands of villages were blown away leaving up to a million homeless, without food or water, let alone medical supplies. The U.S. immediately came to the aid of the hungry victims. Giant jets brought in helicopters to drop food and supplies in remote places. East Pakistan is not a rich country. Even before the storm, most of the population was hungry. U.S. foreign aid supplies such countries with loads of food each year. Yes, every year, many countries are supplied with free food. Yes, America, the land of the free, can afford to give food away. Or can we? Last time I checked there were millions of Americans going hungry, unable to get enough food for their families because they had been born in poverty and an American law states that once in poverty almost always stay in poverty. So what are we doing sending food across the oceans for if our own people don't have enough food?!!! I'm sure we all



John, you can come home now. Your tickets to Bozo's Circus arrived.

This is the fourth issue of "Coroner's Inquest." So far we have had mostly favorable results from all of our great readers. Last issue, we began selling this paper because our funds were running out. A couple of people complained, but we had no other alternative. Prior to the last issue, CI cost the editors and staff over \$25. Last issue, we lost \$1.50 even though we sold it. We are not making any profit. This issue will put us in the hole about \$7.00, but the contributions from all you wonderful people will make up for it. Our hope is that we won't have to go to 10¢. To all you loyal readers-THANKS!

STUDENT COUNCIL

There's no doubt in my mind that in the past student council has been nothing more than a front set up by the administration to cover up the fact that the students have no power in school decisions. From the beginning student council was nothing and it remained nothing up until it died at the end of last year. I think that even the students who have participated in the council down the years knew they had virtually no power, but needed something that they could at least make believe with. I feel that even though student council made no real impact in the history of York, it might have kept the necessary changes needed from happening sooner. Last year when the administration finally abolished the dress code it wasn't the student council that made it, it was the mass of students that forced the administration into their decision.

Although the student council that existed at York was a flop and served no real purpose the basic idea behind the council is good. I think the students should start a new student council. This time however I think a few adjustments should be made. The first thing, I think the students should do is to make the council completely of students without faculty guidance of any kind. Student council meetings should include only students unless someone is given a formal invitation. Polls should be taken every once in a while to see what the students wants and needs are. If enough students want a certain thing it should be up to the council to try and meet the needs and/or wants of the students. The council should confront the administration with the wants of the student body, and if the council is denied, they should try again and again until they get what they want. I hope a new student council will be attempted and that it will turn out better than the last try.

Editor

A LIB LOOK AT CHRISTMAS

Consider the cold night long ago in Bethlehem. There was Joseph, the shepherds and their sons, three wise men, and the angels are considered to be male. All gathered around to praise the glory of a tiny baby boy. There was only one women present, smiling knowingly.

If the Christmas scene is another example of male dominations, just consider that only one women was needed, but without her there would have been no Christmas.

Contributor

MOVIE REVIEW: CATCH-22

Anyone who's been wanting to see a good movie, and hear some of the other viewers let loose with a few good screams, should see Catch-22. It's a good movie, although several parts of the movie are not as clear as they are in the book. In other words, if you've read the book, don't take anyone who hasn't or you'll spend the next hour explaining the symbolism to him. Although it's rated R that doesn't mean that there's a giant orgy in it but there are some scenes that will appeal to different people. For instance, students who want to become a doctor there is one scene that gives a pretty good internal anatomy lesson, people who dig watching guys getting chopped in half by airplanes, and sex maniacs also get their chances. Music fans get to see Art Garfunkle in a major role, and music haters get to see the last half of the movie without him, after he gets hit by a bomb. Alan Arkin puts in a good performance as Yossarian, and all in all it's a good movie to see unless you're too young, or can't stand the sight of intestines.

John, please come home, You left the water running in the bathtub.

WANTED-One jet turbine umbrella. Old prop giving out. Mary Poppins

"Coroner's Inquest" editors or staff not responsible for misspelled words. It is the fault of the typewriter!!!!!! (and ze tipests fingers)

Fox

Yes, folks, the Fox is the newest form of pollution protests: action. His actions may be slightly against the law but they draw public attention. The results of the Fox's night prowls is quite funny but embarrassing for the polluter. Later the Fox has been using less violent means of protest. We hope the Fox continues his action.

SANTA CLAUS

In the last few years many people have been complaining that Christmas just isn't what it used to be. Anyonw with eyes (and most without them) can see how commercialized Christmas has become. I've seen some stores that have Christmas decorations up before Halloween and almost all the stores have them up ahead of Thanksgiving. I feel that one of the biggest reasons for Christmas becoming so commercialized is the changed image of Santa Claus. Santa use to represent a fat jolly generous man who gave to all. Thus believing in Santa Claus was suppose to teach the children that it is better to give than recieve. Now I think Santa only leads kids to be greedy and want to recieve more than give. After kids find out their is no Santa Claus they feel tricked and taken advantage of.

In the last few years St, Nick and shopping and decorations have become more important at Christmas time than Christ. For instance I was out at Yorktown the day after Thanksgiving and there were thousands of kids just waiting to see Santa Claus, how many of those people do you think will show up at church on Christmas Day*? The way things are going now, in a few years they might change the name from Christmas to Clausmas.

How about the poor people in this country, what are they supposed to tell their children about Santa Claus? Maybe they can tell them Santa likes rich kids (who get gifts all the time anyway) better than poor kids (who hardly have enough to eat). They could say that Santa visits all the rich kids first and because of the growing population when he gets to them he doesn't have enough to go around. What would you tell your kids?

Santa Claus and the Christmas spirit are almost dead, and if things continue the way they have in the past December 25 will be nothing more than a date on a calender. I think Christmas needs a lot of work. If you don't think so, please send in your view to your CI distributor, I'd love to hear your excuse.

*This is not to get anyone to go to church it is merely an example of the commercialized Christmas as opposed to the true meaning of Christmas.

Contrary to popular opinion, Santa Claus was not thought up by an advertising agent for a toy company, although if given enough time they probably would have thought of something like him. Actually the name Santa Claus is just a figment of some ancient American's imagination. He really did exist, his real name was Saint Nicholas, and was the patron saint of children. He was born in the city of Patras, in Asia Minor, nearly three hundred years after the birth of Christ. Many stories were told of his miraculous powers even as an infant. When still a young boy he devoted much of his time to the study of the scriptures.

It was Vladmir I of Russia who brought the tales of St. Nicholas north where he became the patron saint of Russia, and his fame spread among the Lapps and Samoyeds. The Lapland image of St. Nicholas was a heavy man dressed in red and riding in a sleigh pulled by reindeer. This idea was brought to the U.S. by the early Dutch settlers. In Europe, gifts are exchanged on December 6, which is the traditional date of the saint's death. Although some fat jerk in a sled flying through the air has nothing to do with the birth of Christ, the guy who made the calender decid to incorporate them both into one giant shopping spree.

THE GREENING OF AMERICA

So much is happening these days that reflect conflict between generations and styles of life that it is helpful to find a book that summarizes these differences. Such a book is The Greening of America, by Charles A. Reich, a law professor from Yale who is convinced that the younger generation has the answer to the ills that plague this country.

Many critics have suggested that Reich is too sanguine about the younger generation, expecting too much too soon from a new consciousness that is emerging from youth. But Reich cannot be faulted on his reading of the differences between what he calls Consciousness I, II, III, the three different perspectives he finds prevailing in this country.



FOOD

would agree that the sending of extra food to East Pakistan last month was well justified. Many other countries did what we did. Aiding a country after such a catastrophe is not a mark of American imperialism. But the plain sending of food each year should be reconsidered. If it continues year after year, it will give the impression we can be relied on forever to supply food, and then the country will not try to help itself get out of the problem. More useful things would be to send the materials, training, etc. for the people to learn how to make for themselves. We should send farm machinery, people to train the people, and most of all, people to train the government how to care for itself, properly employ the people, where to farm, how to distribute the food, organize their people, and most of all how to limit the growth of their population. Basically to send directives on how to produce and run a successful, self-sustaining economy. In this way money could be spent on the poverty programs including ones like the Black Panther and Operation Breadbasket breakfast and lunch programs here in Chicago. Thousands of youngsters are being fed an extra meal every day, but these programs are run only by gifts from private citizens. These programs must be sponsored by the government so they can continue and serve more people.

There is another horrible aspect to this situation. The U.S. government as you well know pays farmers not to grow food because of a surplus if they did. Surplus my foot!!! If there was a U.S. government dictionary, under surplus could be read: state where over half of the world population and millions of Americans are starving from lack of food. I am no great economist, but it does seem that the \$3.8 billion that was dished out this year could be better used in helping people who can't afford it to buy food. Parting Shots in Life Magazine is a great little sarcastic article at the end of every issue. The November 6, 1970 issue dealt with farm subsidy. One farmer receives \$4.4 million a year in farm subsidy, \$4.4 million to do nothing!! Do you think this is the way our government should spend our tax money? Especially when people are starving throughout the world? Each session, congressmen try to get a bill passed to eliminate subsidy or at least minimize the total amount given out but each time the bill is defeated by the same rotten senators. A Sen-

obituarie

An unidentified body was found today in the chimney of Mrs. Sandy Nicholas, of 404 Bundy Drive. The body was found when the chimney was cleaned, because Mrs. Nicholas lit a fire, and the room filled with smoke and a strange odor. The chimney was reported stopped up since about December, 1969. Police say the body was unidentified, but was dressed rather oddly, a red suit, with fur around the edges, and black boots and belt. Anyone knowing of a person answering this description, contact Shady Lanes Rest Stop.

* * *

Mill House, 45, died this morning after he was apparently assaulted and relieved of all of his valuables. He was found by a man who was walking his dog in an alley. Mr. House was wearing nothing but a Spiro Agnew watch.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Mr. President, you say that our stockpiles of nuclear weapons could destroy the world several times. Could you be more specific? Three times?....Four times?"

Nudist colonies are out of sight!

The cage isn't for liberation papers.

ator Ellender refused to allow the bill to enter the Senate chamber to be voted on. Senator Eastland receives \$146,000 yearly for his cotton farm, Agriculture Administrator Kenneth Frick receives \$77,000 each year. This shows the corruption of government. Many powerful conservatives (I should say old hags) senators have money invested in farms of their own, or I should say the government has money invested in these men's farms. Each year they receive thousands of dollars in subsidy, so do you think they would vote for a bill to cut their yearly income? Heck no!! This type of politics has happened before. Any time personal interests are involved the good of the people comes second. A congressman on a committee to make plans of some sort will demand they hire a company which he has major holdings in, thus receiving loads of money. Think about it: if the people wanted a bill to lower the pay of congressmen, it would never pass. Not many would vote for it.

THE BIBLE REVISED

and set up camp. There Mary gave birth to the congregation, as the angel had foreseen. The mass grew larger, and as it grew larger their message of peace grew louder, until Daley, the innkeeper (who was also the local ruler of Chicaga) sent out his police to capture the masses and silence them. The police went to the place where Judas generation gap, the traitor had told Daley where they could be found. Daley's men surrounded the congregation, and, seeing that he was victorious, Daley stood up before the great Silent Majority, and said "These people are blood-thirsty communist conspirators! What do you want, peace or blood?" The great Silent Majority all rose and shouted, "Give us blood, give us blood!" Daley then scowled and grunt signifying that he was washing his hands of the whole mess. The congregation was crucified but, through the four gospels of Rubin, Hoffman, Davis, and Seale, the spirit lives on.

We all have noticed our new steaming tourist attraction in the courtyard. Yes, it's been talked about a lot, really hot stuff. Yellowstone of the Midwest. Pretty soon they'll put up turnstiles out front for the tourists. Post election blues. There are a few explanations for this. They've hit Mayor Daley's hot line. They've hit an ancient sorcerer's palace. Or at last they are repairing the ceiling of the faculty lounge. (puff-puff)

Please, we need articles badly! Each issue the editors and staff write almost all the articles. If "Coroner's Inquest" is to continue we must have the support of all you great writers .

If you can't write maybe you can draw. "Coroner's Inquest" is still a young paper and is lacking in many areas. If you can draw, please send in your work, we would appreciate it!!!

rightwriterightwriterightwriteright

THE GREENING OF AMERICA

Consciousness I is the 19th century, simple point of view that focused on the individual facing the frontier. This consciousness failed to recognize the damage done to the individual by the coming of modern technology. Consciousness I believe that any man can get a job and earn a living. This may have been true in a simple, rural economy, but in a technological society it is no longer true.

Consciousness II recognizes this, and accepts the need to regulate modern society so that the individual can benefit from the efforts of many. Reich feels that the New Deal, and later the New Frontier, represent Consciousness II in its fullest expression. Because the individual cannot stand alone in modern society, Consciousness II feels his salvation lies in regulation by the State. Consciousness II has delivered us into a culture where the Corporate State determines how we shall live, work, and play. As an example, television entertains us and at the same time tells us how to spend our time. This guidance is not based on what we might enjoy as individuals, but what is good for the economy. Little children discover early that joy is to be found in opening boxes that contain certain toys that break so that they must soon be replaced. What is good for General Motors and Mattel is good for the country in the opinion of Consciousness II.

Against this economic consumer-orientation of Consciousness II, a third Consciousness has come into being. Reich maintains that III was born out of a deep sense of betrayal, the discovery that the promise of Consciousness II was a shame. Instead of providing the full life, with happiness for all, it has only given fullness to a limited few. Worst of all, it has produced the Vietnam War, a messy foreign entanglement that makes sense to no one, especially to those Vietnamese who are told that their villages have to be destroyed so that they may be made safe.

Consciousness III is finding itself in a return to the self, and particularly to a belief that each person is of value and not to be manipulated and used by either the Corporate State or others. It may be too soon to determine where Consciousness III will lead us, but certainly it represents a new form of humanism, a recognition that Consciousness has betrayed itself by repressing individuals in the name of progress.

These three consciousness do not exist in isolation. Some people have elements of all three; and a single family might be made up of a father who is Consciousness I, a mother who is Consciousness II, and children who are Consciousness III. Reich doesn't tell us how such a family can successfully co-exist, but he is helpful in describing us to ourselves.

Contributor

pollution control

Every living person suffers from pollution. Every living person contributes pollution to the environment. It works two ways. Companies sell you products which force you to waste; pollute. By buying their products you encourage them to keep producing them and emit harmful materials from their plants. Not until everyone realizes that they are polluting will anything be accomplished.

Many people feel they do not have the time, money, will or power to get involved in fighting pollution. Yet these people are the ones who are polluting without knowing it. Is that You? Below are listed some easy everyday ways to fight pollution on an individual or family level. Some will save you money, all will save the environment.

Air pollution

1. Avoid the use of all internal combustion engines, including automobiles, trucks, power mowers, snowmobiles, motorcycles, etc. If you must travel, try to (in this order) A. walk; B. ride a bike; C. use buses or trains; D. use car pools whenever possible; E. use your car reluctantly.
2. Encourage more rapid transit, work for less pollution per passenger mile.
3. Use less electricity, turn off lights when leaving a room. Many electrical appliances are not needed and just add to the consumption of electricity. Set thermostats at lowest level, avoid unnecessary use of fire places, reduce summer air conditioning.

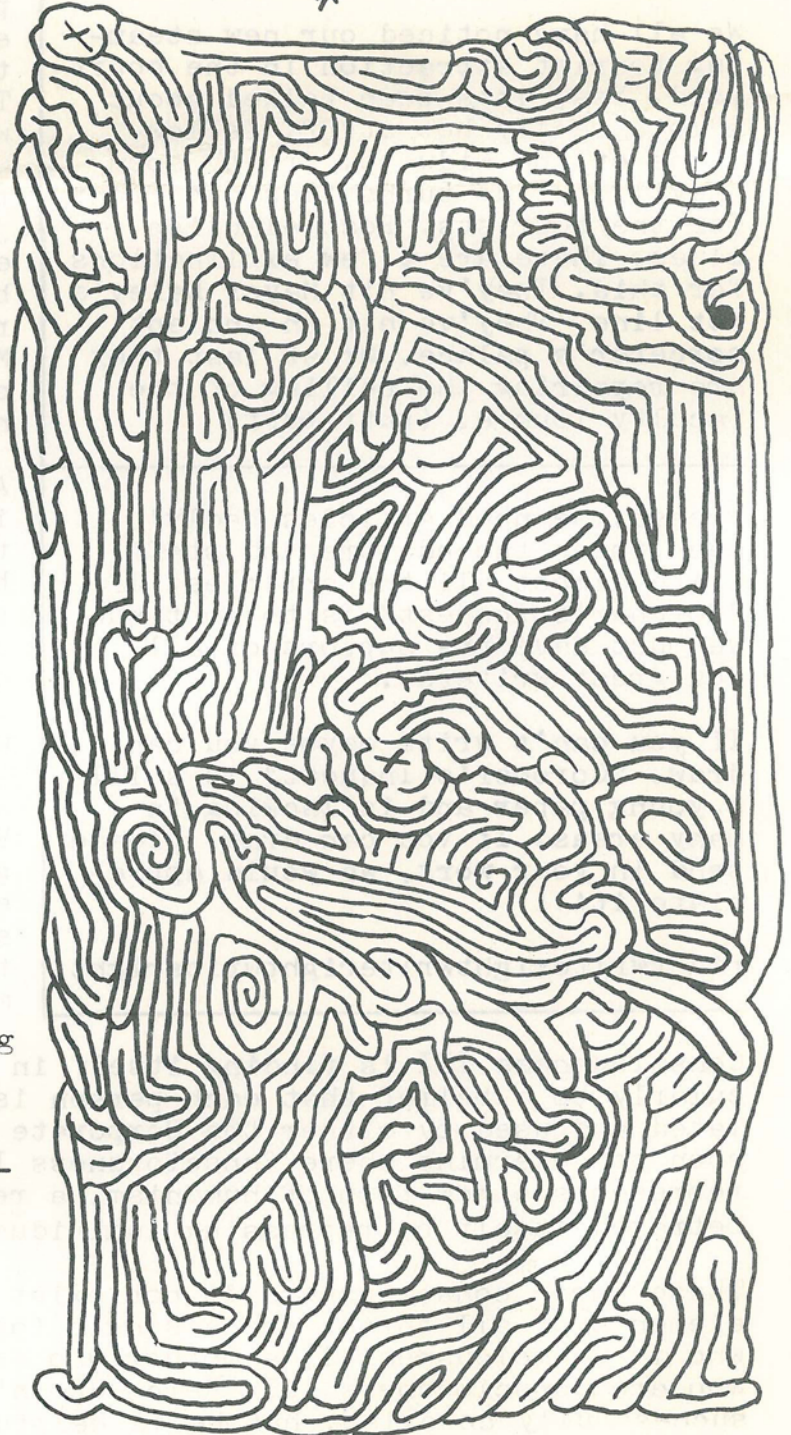
Waste

1. Don't use paper cups, plates, napkins, towels, tablecloths, diapers. Use a handkerchief instead of Kleenex. Handi-wipes instead of paper towels. Replace these "throw aways" with reusable materials.
2. Refuse to buy non-returnables in glass, aluminum, paper. If you must, save for recycling.
3. Save all newspapers for recycling
4. Don't use disposable plastics of polyvinyl types (e.g. Saran Wraps, bags, leaf-trash bags)
5. Buy in large sizes for less packaging per amount of product. Never buy: colored toilet tissue (dyes are harmful); styrofoam, cellophane, or wax paper products, these are not biodegradable.

Water

1. Stop wasting water: check for and stop leaks, dripping faucets; adjust the float in your toilet tank to reduce amount of water which is flushed; take shower baths, which require less water than tub baths; operate dish and clothes washers with full loads, where fixed amounts of soap and water are required for each cycle.
2. Replace detergents with soap in your laundry. Many detergents contain phosphates which can over-fertilize streams, producing too many plants which absorb the oxygen. Use detergents low in phosphates such as: Biz, Salvo, Bold, Oxydol, Tide, Ajax, Punch and Sears Laundry detergent.

EASY!



SUPER-DUPER ELEMENTS PUZZLE contributed by Dave Young

m q m j z l o y r p a j x b m n w g m p o m m v c p h d n u n q b e t o r t r h b s g
 q o l t z z k m i d u z m l r c l a u l m u f d a l l a p o m m u n a h t n a l s f t
 r m b a s u d e u b p d l m a a c c i a i m u i r u l l e t z y e r y i t l y e w v
 t l o k y r h m r i g g y d z n e h c t b i s m u t h l p b o p r g y z u d g n c h l
 w d k b d j m u a c n m m j o m g r n i k i u a n h m p i h w o y o m i m x w g j i p
 m z g n c h e i n l i i m n u n l o a n q y c c v u v o c d o n o r i j q o o r p o s
 a i b e n i d o i c u h e i b w r m r u g r v t a n t u l a m s m d k y z o k i l a t
 l a j o j j l o u m t x m t c t a i f m b e j i n a u c l t u k p y n k t u h o u d n
 a m h d z z l s m k u y b b s q o u e u c x b m n a s s i m u i l e h j t m h n v t q e
 o w f y n a u b a d b m a i n z m q w f d f i d e a n j i l j z b o i s f u u o k l
 p g e m n o g r a o b m m y u i n a t d t l u i o b o i d l a y m l r u w o l n n x
 n o a i x i i j e p a a u q m u n e d b y l o m u e r e a r a m b l e m u r b r i s p
 b i z u s n i s u f r g k i m u b a w y n l u e m u e n f a h e e g f o g s q m u u t
 c y w m o t e c y e e d v u m t o b v j o z r a y m n y i z t k l n p a m v h u m e n
 d e y q w a t b u i u d i t c l t b m y m y i a e u e f a m r t z i d n l c y i u s a
 a v f g r r h m y j m r b b d l o g d z i d n c n i g r m e u q n o o e t e h n e i
 m u i p o r u e i y t m u i t e n h c e t l e n i m o r b e p i l l s r l j k o b n k
 f i m m v b n t p t o p u y y n n z h d n a k d t r r c h j h i s q h m a e f c o a e
 x i m u i r e c y l i t h i u m d t l z a f c p a e t t i g n e m s i u b b v r i g a
 p b f i r r s u y h w h m g s x b n o b r a c n t f i q q i l d e s a i o r z i n n s
 h x o s u e f r h o d i u m n i e i r m c d n t s v n a u e s a k o h t c l g z u a k
 i p p e q v q y t t e r b i u m r l i h r x s i a l r m n p n m j m u i s e n g a m t
 l v y c a l i f o r n i a n s u u i n d u i m p t s r i r d y c u r i u m p w h m v u
 m f w z a i b s a a n o c i l i s c e b i m u b e u e i d i i m i r z q k d o u h n
 a a c h t s m a l z d s w s n d e m d o j i c n r m s u h l t n p u c l j b e l i p q
 s x c v y i z e m u n i m u l a s u l f g r i u b l m t p e t r m u i n u t p e n s r
 p w l m u v o p q m u i n e h r l i b b r c r q i l i t h i u m a c o d a o n x e r t
 i y s m h m u i h t e m o r r t n n h q u e f u v v t e w d s y d q c i r y b h z a
 u b e m j h w l c r h l d b k k d a r n i o m y m m u i n i t c a t o r p b f g t i a
 m t n e t s g n u t h o r i u m a m t t b u a y h l g i j l i s p a u n i q u f u o o
 o p o o m r w e s y c r m u i s o r p s y d w e g z f i u m f j h c s v d b j r r g k
 q e a l d t w x y q q b v m s p w e i s r n u p d b h p f l o w y l q k h c r i v i x
 r x r v p q y c l u a s v p r o t g m n b c e w l m f d f p s g w e j j n p a u r j p

Directions

In the mess of letters at left are hidden the 103 elements for you to extract. They are written forwards, backwards, up, down, or at an angle. A few of the elements are: Bismuth, Iodine, Californium, Promethium, Tantalum, Manganese, Iron, and of course your old favorite Arsenic plus 95 others for you to find during English tests, math quizzes and final exams (not for after school, before classes, lunch, or free period.)

This space for the letter to your Aunt Mable (don't tell me you don't have an Aunt Mable!!)

CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM NAM (1969)

The date was November 30th. A young man in his early twenties walked across the battlefield oblivious of the fighting occurring around him. Dressed in blood-stained army fatigues he strolled along as if he were back at home in the park, the park where he and Tiffany had once walked. He choked back a sob as he realized he'd never see Tiffany or the park again. He sighed as he walked along rows of trenches hastily dug for protection. They really don't have that much protection to offer, rang through the soldier's mind. They didn't protect me. I died. His eyes were sad as he gazed upon the young men, viciously and bitterly fighting for their lives. Fighting against young men, old men peasants and even some women. But they didn't think of that. They did not have enough time. They just kept firing and firing. Killing more people. More children. He wondered how long it would take them to realize the full truth of what they were really doing. He sighed once again and walked on. He had finished what he'd come to do. It was now time to go home.

It was Christmas Eve. Along a barren and snow-covered path slowly trudged a small procession of people; dressed in black, crying, moaning. Behind them, walking slowly, were six young soldiers carrying a flag-draped coffin. The soldier's name was David C. Flanagan, killed November 29th in Nam. The young soldier had come home at last...

Dragnut

This is the city: Los Angeles California. Three million people reside here and most of them work here too. Some of them don't make their livings honestly, and when they don't, that's where my job starts. I work here. I carry a badge. My partner's Bill Gunhappy, my name's Tuesday.

We were working the day watch out of Juvenile Division. The boss is Captain Wetzal.

10:03...We recieved an anonymous tip of a teenager harrassing a



John come home. You've been gone three months and your dog is waiting to be walked.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring not even a mouse;
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
 They'd been worn for months and needed the air;
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
 While uppers and downers messed up their heads;
 And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,
 Had just taken our sleeping pills for a long winters nap;
 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
 I fell from my bed to see what was the matter;
 Away to the window I crawled like a flash,
 Tore open the shutters and tripped on the sash.
 The moon on the breast of the newfallen snow,
 Gave a lustre of midday to the objects below;
 When what to my dilated eyes should appear,
 But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
 With a little old driver so doped-up and sick,
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!
 More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
 And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
 "Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
 On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Nixon!
 To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
 Now drop some more, shoot some more, get as high as we can!"
 As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
 When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
 So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
 With a sleigh full of drugs - and St. Nicholas too.
 And then with a twinkling I heard on the roof,
 The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
 As I drew in my head, and turning around,
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a thud.
 He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
 A bundle of drugs he had flung on his back,
 And he looked like a pusher just opening his pack.
 His eyes were dilated, his face was so shallow,
 His cheeks were like sheets, nose like a hollow.
 His drab little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
 The stump of a hash pipe he held tight in his teeth,
 And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
 He had a broad face and a little round belly,
 That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
 He was chubby and plump-a right jolly old elf;
 And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
 A twitch of his eye and a jerk of his head,
 Soon gave me to know he was swiping my bread.
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
 And filled all the stockings, and then tripped with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang in his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
 I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
 "Happy Tripping to all, Oh wow am I high."

peace on earth

200 million Americans



CHRISTMAS EVE

by P.B. Flob

(a combination of The Raven, The Night Before Christmas, and the imagination of the author)

Once upon a night so cheery
While I sacked out weak and weary
There came a belch from kitchen
Echoing through my marble hall
When I groggily got out of bed
I slipped on a roller-skate and fell
on my head
I went down the steps with such a
softness
I fell in the pumpkin pie - oh what
a mess
I opened the door - oh just a crack
Then a bucket of water fell on my
back
The bucket was green in the shape of
an oval
All of a sudden I heard the garbage
disposal
I look in the door and saw St. Nick
I said, "Hey man your not my son
Dick!"
And all of a sudden his finger did
flick
And he vanished in mid-air spikity-
spic
By the looks of the kitchen he had
been stuffing his snout
HOLY COW my fridge has been cleaned
out
So on Christmas Eve make sure all
doors are shut
Or you'll find the disappearance of
your best prime roast cut.

Got any old rocks, bottles, or
bricks lying around unused? Our
radical group is running short.
Call 111-1111 for a prompt pick-
up.

SCHOOL NEWS

The York Dooks held a decisive vic-
tory in Saturday's basketball game
over Hinsdale with a score of 115-
0. This score indicates the lousy
team from Hinsdale which we can ex-
pect to see this season. What made
the game exciting was the fact that
both teams wore the same uniforms.
The team is worried that the game
won't count because rumor has it
that the Dooks showed up on the
wrong night. (Maybe that explains
the horrible attendance!)

All those who would like to volun-
teer to clean up the johns after
9th period tomorrow, sign up out-
side 219A. Student Council.

Unofficial reports state that York
is one of the prisons recently
condemned unfit for human habita-
tion by state officials.

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police officer, and we rolled on it.

We got there at 10:15 and found a
boy shouting obscene phrases at the
officer. Bill went to get the story
from the usual group of innocent
bystanders, while I went to talk to
the officer and the boy.

"All right what seems to be the
trouble here?"

"Sergeant, this boy came up to me
and started swearing at me for no
apparent reason."

"That's a lie, I had a reason."

"Okay kid tell me about it."

"Well last week I was walking home
with a bag of catnip when this cop
stopped me, and stole my catnip. I
told him what it was and he said
'Well then I'll just take it home
for my cat.' The next day he found
me and beat the you know what out
of me, and said '(bleep) it, that
really was catnip, almost burned
out my lungs.'"

"What's your story officer?"

"He's lying."

"Okay kid your in a lot of trouble
now. It takes a lot of hard work
to become a police officer, and
you're trying to destroy this man's
chances for a permanent job. It's
not easy being a cop, first you
have to graduate from high school,
then there is a few more years at
the Police Institute, to become a
rookie. After a few years as a
rookie, you might get your own
squad car and a rookie to look af-
ter. If you make it through ten to
fifteen years of patrolmen duty,
you are eligible to take a test to
become a detective. If you pass,
you have several more years of
training where you learn all about
being a detective and have to for-
get everything you learned as a
rookie. After a few years if you
are good, you may take the giant
step up to Sergeant. After ten
more years, you might graduate to
captain. If you're lucky enough to
become a Captain, you rule over an
entire station and everybody under
you follows your orders. All the

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while, before you become a Captain, you must be on duty where you have to go the people. If someone sees a suspicious looking character on their back steps, you have to go and tell him, the milkman to wear his uniform next time. If someone reports a mad dog in their back yard, you have to go untangle their next door neighbor's poodle from the clothes line. If you do something for them like pull their son from the front of a steamroller, all they think of is money, 'How much do you want officer?' If you don't accept, which you can't they forget all about it, and if you give them a ticket the next day, they'll swear as loud as the next guy. You get called all sorts of different names like cop, fuzz, the Man, pig, oinker, and many others that I can't repeat in public. So, you see it's not a job for weak-willed saps like you, but for us strong people with great senses of duty, no job could be better. Think about that next time you start to cut down an officer, kid."

"Bill, you'd better call an ambulance, these two just fainted."

"They didn't faint, they're asleep, you did it again Joe. You've got to make those speeches shorter."

"I tried Bill. Well it's 12:45, let's go to eat lunch. I'll drive."

HELP!

"Coroner's Inquest" is in need of someone to draw a comic strip for us. All we need are the pictures, we have created the lines. Thanks!



WOMEN'S LIB

Quotes from "Notes From the Second Year: Women's Liberation, Major Writings of the Radical Feminists." Contributed to CI.

The self-consciousness and consciousness of others that is trained into women is necessary, but it also extreme and oppressive. There's a lot to be said for being conscious of other people's behavior and needs; and even the self-effacing emotional servicestation aspect of many women's behavior is preferable to the unconsciousness bred into men. But the price is high. Since our awareness of others is considered our duty, our job, the price we pay when things go wrong is guilt, self-hatred. And things always go wrong. We respond with apologies; we continue to apologize long after the event is forgotten. If the rain spoils someone's picnic we apologize. We apologize for taking up space in a room, for living. How willingly would we suffer to prevent someone else a moment's discomfort! This is one of the hardest habits to break. And it's a vicious circle-our self-hating desire to preserve men from the consciousness of the pain they are causing enables them to remain unaware that they are causing it, and thus to remain less human than they could be. Contributor



Ah yes...I'm glad too see so many of you wonderful people reading CI. But you do know you've been suckered into it. Yes real pity I say. After all, we all know the York Hi is a great paper (cough-cough) ah-hmm. Yes, well keep reading, lots of good articles you know.

"Coroner's Inquest"

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Next issue: up and over after X-mas vacation.