

THE PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER

Volume I, Number 3

November 14, 1969

A DAY IN THE CORRIDOR

On Wednesday, November 12th, a sit-in was held in front of President Meier's office. This was sponsored by the USI (the Union for Student Involvement). There were between 50 and 60 students participating in this demonstration. This action was covered by the SALEM EVENING NEWS and the BEVERLY TIMES. Step by step, I would like to describe the different methods these papers used to cover the story.

SALEM EVENING NEWS

The news reporter arrived on the scene at exactly 2 o'clock. There were approximately 20 people gathered at that time. He made the comment that it was a nice little demonstration and that we didn't want a mob scene. He then snapped a couple of pictures and left.

BEVERLY TIMES

The coverage by the BEVERLY TIMES was a little more comprehensive. Their reporter arrived at 2:15, he questioned both Dr. Meier and the president of USI until 3 o'clock when his photographer arrived and took some pictures. The TIMES also submitted the story to United Press International (UPI).

Dr. Meier did have a few things to say to us, such as: "put out your cigarettes, I don't break any rules, why should you?"

Students, examine the facts. It's time for you to make a decision on where you stand: in the commons, or in the snack bar?

Raynter James

BOGEI continued from last week

Bogei, like his father, was happy too, for as well as inheriting his father's dimwittedness, he also inherited some of the ability that, when displayed to Bogei's mother by the Baron, resulted in Bogei's birth. Bogei exercised his

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SOLUTIONS

In our last issue Dr. Meier was attacked for his past policies, so this issue will offer our solutions to these problems.

First, consider the pass-fail marking system that some departments have set-up. All elective subjects should be graded on the pass-fail system. Only major courses, those necessary for graduate admissions should be graded on the conventional system. Also interesting is the requirement of foreign languages. Why? Discipline is the best answer. Basically every student in Liberal Arts does not want to waste his or her time taking a useless course in French or Spanish. Students do not attend these classes for enjoyment - they attend them in order to acquire a degree. Why doesn't the Administration see this? Are they as stupid as we really believe?

Dr. Meier's closing down of the LOG was very foolish. He acted very unprofessionally. Of course in his letter to the faculty on November 5 he stated that he really didn't care about the LOG issue. Well Dr. Meier's solution here would have been to let the LOG have been printed that day. It is generally regarded by students that the story was out of line with stated LOG editorial policies, or rather out of good taste, but it did represent a shocking reality of the blackman in white society. Well the students would have given a strong opinion against the LOG issue, if Dr. Meier hadn't created an issue out of it himself.

Well Doc remember "Don't be impetuous, or hot-headed; patience always triumphs."

Doctor Meier's worst problem at SSC is his own Administration. He should fire every last one of them from Sullivan to the janitors.

The General

STATEMENT OF FACTS

It has come to our attention that the Administration has been making life uneasy for certain members of the LOG staff.

The Administration feels that these people are involved in the printing of the PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER. Well, they are not, never have, and probably never will write for us.

So to clear the air, the people here signed write for the PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER:

The 7 Dwarfs, Smokey the Bear, Moo-tze-Lung, Dr. Sullivan, Mike Agganis and the Bored of Trustees.

Thank you for your courtesy PS: Better yet, catch us and find out for yourself.

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ALL WE NEED IS LOVE

It is very difficult for those of us at the PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER office complex to find out how public opinion is running concerning our publication. We are sure that some individuals in the community are strictly opposed to us.

If we have said anything to alienate a certain (old guard) group on campus, then bully for the boys in the back room, we're on the way to accomplishing part of our goal. The time has past when words like freedom of speech, freedom of the press, truth, justice and yes my fellow SSC fans even freedom of thought were a reality here. We don't want to unite students under a crimson banner to fight in bloody anarchy around the Bell Tower. We want to do a bit of shaking at the trunks of the stately old elms which harbour the dead wood. We desire to prune the vine in order that it might bear fruit bursting with the succulent juices of unity. We'd like to stir the embers of the tiny fire, a very few once hit here. The rumor is true that flame is now visible to those who care to look for it. Some seek to smother it, but others are drawing toward it for warmth. This delicate fire is not an eternal flame, it is hardly self-sufficient. Those who continued page 4

FLOW ONWARD TORRENTS

The dam is splitting under the force of the rushing waters and the little Dutch boy, who resides within and without our hamlet, cannot withstand much longer, for his fickle finger (that gave his hand aid in the construction of this seawall and many other of the townships walls of distinction) is being smitted by his own thumb. How can this same being reside within and without at once? He owns a small hut within the city limits where he resides with his trade. It seems that during the work week from his hut with his tools (of which one is great knowledge), he is a wonderful builder of monuments. Yet, with the arrival of the weeks' end, as the spring brings with it rain, this two shoed man of labor retires to his elaborate country cottage where he tirelessly plans new, more marvelous structures, so that the king and his council will still patronize his erections.

Recently, however, the king; the council; the aldermen and all the village dwellers abandoned this squire because the design of this very dam, which he is now trying to maintain, proved faulty and it posed a hazard to the townspeople. The printer, whose office is located in the closest of any of the village buildings to the dam, was the first to notice a steady leak along the base of the dam. He was also the first to leave town because the constructor's monstrous boner had spouted on his freshly printed news, which ruined many hours of work and made the news sheet illegable. Though the trickle was yet small, the king and his council were next directly affected by it. The king was aroused by the Dutch boy's leaky dike and chased off the only means of communication between him and the hamlet. Such stupid mistakes would not be tolerated. The king, after an emergency meeting of his council, informed the little fellow (much to his dismay) that there would be no more royal patronage.

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DR. MEIER & MR. AGGANIS:

Both of you have been given the opportunity to state your views on any campus issue, but so far we have not received any response. Even personal letters offering you our services went to no avail. We wish to hear from you as soon as possible, so we are printing our new (and permanent) address below. Students; we would also like your opinions on how you thing the Adminsitration is handling the situation and the coverage of the PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER. Wrtie to:

THE PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER
POST OFFICE BOX 57
SWAMPSCOTT, MASS. 01907

Dooky

STUDENTS:

The PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER has been coming to you through the funds of the papers' staff. We can not continue to support the paper ourselves, WE NEED YOUR SUPPORT! Please send your contributions to the above address - without your support this paper will become extinct!

We would like to welcome the Union for Student Involvement to our campus.

EDITORIAL CODE

Give full play to our style
of fighting
Courage in battle, no fear
of sacrifice,
No fear of fatigue and
continuous fighting

The Staff

There's a four letter word to describe people who are always speaking out....
....FREE!

BOGEI continued from page 1
unusual proficiency in this art with much the same ardor that his father had, but here was the Barons' problem. According to the custom of Mesaly, a royal bastard was not supposed to display this talent until his father had died, and the Baron had no desire to depart while he could still enjoy life so much. The other problem was that, rather than finding some willing workers to bestow his favors upon, as the Baron did, Bogei liked to frequent the Home for Vestal Virgins. This is not to say that the Vestals weren't willing, quite to the contrary, some were even more willing than the workers, but the Baron had made many efforts to assure that the Vestals were virgins, and here his favorite son was out to prove that it wasn't so. To solve the problem, the Baron made a royal proclamation, decreeing that all Vestals were virgins, even those who had lost their virginity prior to this proclamation. This ended the problem of the virgins, but despite the proclamation, Bogei's progeny kept popping up. This problem the Baron referred to the Court Wizard.

The Wizard was able to, with a wave of his wand, assure the inability of the Vestals to conceive. As a result of this ability, the Wizard was much in demand, even by Vestals whom Bogei had shown no interest in. This led the Baron to believe that someone was also entertaining the Vestals.

To keep the Vestals from being contaminated by any commoner the Baron made rules that no Vestal would be allowed out of the Home after sunset, and even then, the only place during the day the Vestals could go had to be within calling distance of the Royal Guard in case they were attacked. To put a final touch on his protection of the Vestals, the Baron appointed overseers to live with the girls.

To be continued next week

ALL WE NEED IS LOVE continued from page 2
 come to it must bring some dead wood of their own to feed the flame.
 It is inextinguishable, until those who can't stand the heat are driven
 so far away that they become cursed to wander in darkness forever,
 while we bask in the gloriously radiating waves. Support us and defend
 us - spread the word that a flame is desperately wavering. It feels
 good to heal.

Snake

FLOW ONWARD TORRETS continued from page 2
 The commoners, who our dam builder had always been superior to
 because of his monetary kinship with the king, were enraged that their
 homes were going to be ruined by the stupidity of his flaw. He had
 always been proclaimed "The Master" when one, anywhere in the kingdom,
 spoke of monument builders. Masters were perfect, they never made
 mistakes.

So here stands our faithful little man not aware that many of the
 townspeople are so angry that right at this very moment many of them
 are piling logs against the dam side, opposite to him, so as to quickly
 relieve their pains and, at the same time, bury him deep under the
 rubble of his farce, for ever.

Byron Cohen

BITS, BITS, AND MORE BITS....

Position Wanted:

Ex-college President desires construction job
 qualifications: source of all divine wisdom, 15 years experience
 with bell-towers, and can make decisions (for all)
 write or call "The Shadow of God on Earth" Salem, Mass.

Help Wanted:

Urgently need director for male dorm - must have minimum IQ of 45
 must be aware, and must be prepared to work 9:30 to 4 (2 hr. lunch
 four day week, females visitors allowed in room every other
 Sunday). Postition totally vacant (applicant should be same).

Wanted:

Staff for underground newspaper, must have 4th grade level English
 background, but will train, must be able to vanish into the
 woodwork at a moments notice, paranoia helps. Contact THE PLAIN
 BROWN WRAPPER, P.O. BOX 57, SWAMPSCOTT, MASS. 01907.

For Sale:

One slightly used bell-tower, can double as phallus symbol.
 Needs a new 104 years-old Swiss bellringer.

Wanted:

One 104 year-old Swiss bellringer. Contact Fred

NEEDED:

Team of lawyers who are not afraid of intimidation, must be
 willing to work long hours for low pay defending All-American,
 apple-eating, student newspaper publishers. Contact The 7 Dwarfs,
 Smokey the Bear, Moo-tze-Lung, Dr. Sullivan, Mike Agganis, and
 the Bored of Trustees.