

Forum: Junior demands the right to communicate, *see page 3*

Feature: Mr. Missey, my dog Missey: A coincidence?, *see page 5*

Sports: 600 show up at Cross Country meet, *see page 4*

St. Louis University High School

Prep News

"Call the cops! We're out of control!"

Volume LXV

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April Fool's

SLUH purchases South St. Louis City

Administration plans to build a dome over newly purchased campus

The Big Mixx Most Sporty Fellow

St. Louis and the entire United States witnessed a milestone this Tuesday as SLUH purchased the entirety of the South Side of St. Louis, making it the first high school to own outright an entire half-city. The region east of Forest Park, west of Jefferson, and south of interstate 64 to the city limits is now the St. Louis U. High campus. This area was purchased from the city itself for an undisclosed sum.

"Let's just say we did pretty well," said Mayor Clarence Harmon. "And besides, it's not like anyone really lived there anyway. It's not like we sold West County."

SLUH has plans in the works to enclose its newly expanded campus with

a high-tech "Dome of Education." This aluminum, steel, and glass geodesic dome would protect SLUH students from the more unsavory elements of South City, such as Dirt Cheap and Del Taco.

In further architectural developments, the official plan was released yesterday for the integration of Carondelet Park into a "student activity center." Plant Manager Paul Owens expressed excitement at having "such a lovely place for STUCO and other clubs to meet."

Reaction to the deal has not been so positive from neighborhood residents. Forest Park Southeast resident Sertrell Whitbury expressed confusion, asking, "SLUH? Is that the place where all those white boys with spiky hair park their Jeeps?" Whitbury added, "How come y'all don't got no girls in there?"

As for reaching as far as the southern city limits, new residents of SLUH aren't sure what the changes will bring. Rumors **see SOUTH SIDE, 6**

H. Eric Clark outlaws pants

Any form of lower body clothing is now illegal

Mit Knirfle Mixed Bizness Supervisor

In a move that shocked many faculty and students, last Friday Dean of Students H. Eric Clark released the revised dress code for the rest of the school year, which included the new restriction that "no outer garments worn beneath the waist will be tolerated in any form." The move eliminates such contemporary student favorites as pants and shorts from the dress code.

"I just do not feel that this type of clothing is appropriate for the kind of institution we are trying to run here at SLUH," said Clark. "I'm sure there will be some student resistance at first, as there always is, but within a month or so they'll probably forget they were ever allowed to wear pants to school."

The change continues the trend of an increasingly restrictive dress code, as last year underclassmen sideburns and open-backed sandals were banned. Still, many were taken aback by such a change as drastic as the outlawing of all pants.

see NO KNICKERS, 6



A view of SLUH's most recent acquisition, South City, shaded with diagonal lines.



"I'm not wearing pants right now," said Clark.

Mission Statement returned with grade of C+ / B-

Administration dismayed at low grade, unintelligible margin comments

Timel Frink Prize Fighter

In a move that left school administrators visibly upset and undermined in self-confidence, last Friday the English department returned the school's mission statement with a grade of C+/B-. The three paragraph essay was scrawled rudely with red ink, and illegible paragraphs of comments from nearly every English teacher filled the margins of the work.

"I...I still can't believe this," said President Paul Sheridan, S.J. "We worked so hard, for so long on this, and I thought we had a really good grasp of the material. I just don't understand."

The English department, meanwhile, was eager to explain their grading system

and why they thought the piece warranted such a low grade.

"They certainly can turn a flowery phrase, but where are their concrete examples?," asked teacher Rich Moran. "For example, look at the phrase 'their personal competence.' They've got the form, but they simply missed the substance."

Tim Curdt continued, with the aid of excited hand gestures, "You guys, we've got some serious work to do. I mean, the AP test is in, like, a month, and you're still turning out stuff like this? I saw hanging participles, split infinitives, and vague antecedents."

School administrators were as baffled by the comments which accompanied the statement as they were by the low grade.

"Look at this here. What does this

say?," asked Principal Robert Bannister angrily, indicating a sentence scrawled along the margin. "Tako salad... telephone in the mumbo brike...brikev.. brikey...what the..?!"

Dean of Students H. Eric Clark was disappointed to see one phrase completely scratched out. The Statement's phrase "critical mind and compassionate heart" was covered through and through with red ink, with a note in the margin apparently reading "marf coarser extrude." "I really liked that part," moaned Clark, who apparently had written that particular phrase himself. "I don't see why they took it out."

Clark stripped of right to "LKNGD" license plate

Rehgallag Ztrab Battery Noises

This Sunday, SLUH lost a piece of what makes it special. Sadly, Dean of Students H. Eric Clark was forced to surrender his famous "LKNGD" license plate after the loss of many of his most cool articles of clothing.

Upon returning with his wife from a spring break vacation in Costa Rica, Clark was greatly dismayed to learn that his luggage had been accidentally destroyed by an automatic bag-handling machine. Although refunded by United Airlines, his traditional choice for flights to Central and South America, Clark was visibly upset at the loss of his clothing, shoes, jewelry and other personal items.

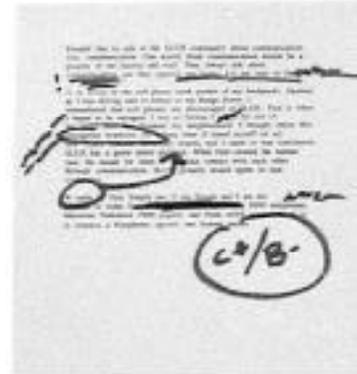
However, that was not the end of Clark's troubles on this trip. As he returned to long-term parking at Lambert International Airport, he found his black

Chevrolet Blazer no longer sporting the license plate "LKNGD," instead bearing the boring designation "966 FRV."

"LKNGD," although jokingly claimed by Clark himself to stand for "liking God" is clearly a shortened form of "looking good," which Clark definitely was, until the loss of his wardrobe. Missouri State Highway Patrolman Wendell Holmes was eager to comment on the LKNGD situation.

"We had to revoke Eric's privileges to 'LKNGD' because he was no longer meeting the requirements for the plate. This is a highly desired license plate, and we can't have someone using it who isn't 'looking good.'"

Longtime Department of Motor Vehicles employee Emily Vempers was sad to see Clark lose his claim. "He was the best-looking of all the 'LKNGD' owners," Vempers reminisced, "what with his



The graded Statement. impeccably tailored suits, stylish jewelry, and fancy shoes. And I guess the dream is over." Vempers then wiped a single tear from her eye.

Clark, although looking out of character in a poorly fitting borrowed pair of yellowish khakis and a stained button-up shirt that he hasn't worn since 1988, is determined to regain the right to "LKNGD." "I hope to first graduate from the standard government-issue plate to "ULUVME" (you love me) or maybe even "HTSTUFF" (hot stuff), after which I will obtain "2COOL4U" (too cool for you) and then finally "LKNGD."

The SLUH community has come together in a typical show of solidarity and started a scholarship fund for the purchase of Ralph Lauren three-piece suits with suspenders, gold and platinum necklaces and rings, and alligator-skin buckle shoes.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Junior demands the right to communicate

To the *Prep News*:

I would like to talk to the SLUH community about communication. Yes, communication. One would think communication would be a priority of the faculty and staff. They always talk about communicating, yet they oppress our rights. Let me start at the beginning. I went to my local digital communications store yesterday and purchased a brand new cellular telephone. This Ericsson R380 was the top-of-the-line model. It has e-mail, Smartphone technology, and a personal digital assistant program. As the salesman said, it is the ultimate tool of communication. I couldn't wait to bring it to school to show my friends (it fits so nicely in the cell phone mesh pocket of my backpack).

Anyway, as I was driving east to school in my Range Rover, I remembered reading in the Parent-Student Handbook that cell phones are discouraged at SLUH. That is when I began to be outraged. I was so furious I nearly hit one of the many deer that frequent my neighborhood. I thought about this outrageous hypocrisy for a long time (I timed myself on my new Timex Internet Messenger watch) and I came to one conclusion: SLUH



The Ericsson R380, a discouraged tool of communication.

has a grave moral problem. When God created the human race, He meant for them to maintain contact with each other through communication. SLUH proudly would agree with that statement.

Yet, they will not encourage the use of cellular telephones? Even my telephone, the highest advancement of communication technology that we have created, is discouraged. It is almost as though SLUH is making a statement against evolution! These tools are the most highly evolved forms of human communication, and yet they are discouraged. What is next? Will we no longer be taught that we descend from monkeys? Will creationism develop in communications as well? The human being is morally deserving of the chance to communicate with others of its kind.

This issue does not apply solely to telephones. Pagers and other devices are just as essential to expressing our humanity as it was made by God. Simply put, if my friends and I are not allowed to make free and open use of our Nokia 8890 telephones, Motorola Talkabout T900 pagers, and Palm m505 organizers, it is in essence a blasphemy against our human nature.

Anonymous '02

Sophomore humbly proposes solution to drug problem

Dear *Prep News* Editors,

It has come to my attention recently that some of our very own students have been accused and even proven to be supposed "drug dealers" and "drug users." Now, this shocks and dismays me, as I previously thought that SLUH was a place where this type of thing did not happen. I had heard unsubstantiated rumors of drug use at other schools, even other private schools, but SLUH? Certainly not. However, I dabble in merely stating the already too-well-known problem, when what I truly intend to do is present an ever-simple, yet brilliantly clever, solution to this vile and disreputable practice.

My proposal is that anyone who is known to be or suspected of using drugs, selling drugs, or even having heard of drugs should be turned in to the proper authorities, which, in this case, is our administration. Then following a "seeding" process similar to the NCAA basketball tournament, the 64 top-rated drug offenders at SLUH would be subjected to a multi-round medieval joust. Yes, a joust. Each participant will be given a steed of equal measure, and their lances will be crafted of the same materials, but they must joust. Since the nature of this tournament allows for only one winner (and survivor for that matter), the winner will not

only be allowed to continue on as a SLUH student, but he will be rewarded with a starting position on both our football and basketball teams.

I have floated this idea around to several of my colleagues, and to be honest, I have been met with some skepticism. Frequent questions include: "How does this actually help the drug problem?" and "Why a joust?" I will answer these foolish queries now.

From a purely statistical standpoint, there will be 63 fewer druggies at SLUH following the tournament. This dramatically decreases the chance of other members of our community falling into the dark and hopeless tunnel of drug use. Also, everyone loves a good joust. We could sell tickets to the joust, and use the profits to fund anti-drug programs such as D.A.R.E.

To answer the other question, jousts are plain, honest, safe fun. In short, every red-blooded American loves a joust. Plus, jousts appeal to our sense of tradition, something we hold very dear here at SLUH.

So give the druggies a joust, and cleanse our sacred hallways of this wretched problem forever.

Anonymous, '03

Cross Country stuns with attendance

Over 600 flood course, shock team with deafening support

Snivlius Maximus Manatee Rodeo Star

Last fall, the cross country team finished another fine season, but something set this year apart from all the others. Even though this year was marred by injuries resulting from dingo attacks and other strange incidents, it was spectacular if only for its crowd support. Yes you read that correctly; the fans really showed up for this season.

Sports commissioner Paddy Kelleher said of the meet, "We would have liked to have a few more fans show up, but what can you say? It was 9 A.M on a Saturday, and honestly, who wants to miss Voltron?"

The fan support really seemed to lift the Harrierbills, as they ran away with a spectacular third place finish. The team was paced by Tipper "Tipper" O'Brien, Dave "B.A." Godar, and Ryan "NightTrain" Hatch.

O'Brien commented, "I looked to my left, and all I saw was a lot of people wearing blue. I thought there must have been some kind of parade, but then I realized that they were there for us."

The roughly fifty person crowd was nothing new to the XC team this season, as most of the fans present have been supporting the team all year long. They call themselves "Linhares' Legions," and rouse themselves at the crack of dawn each weekend so they can stake out the

best cheering sections along the 3.1 mile course.

Legionaire Matt Snively said, "I've been to every meet this season, just like I told the guys I would, and it's been a blast. There's nothing like waking up with the sun after going to an ACES mixer the night before. It's almost a religious experience."

The Sectional meet, held at Sioux Passage, promised to be one of the rowdiest escapades in years, and it delivered on this promise. When over 600 SLUH students showed up in the pouring rain to watch the team run, bleachers had to be brought in to accommodate everyone.

Head coach Jim Linhares said, "It's just fantastic to see all this support. The guys really deserve it, as they work hard all season. It's great to have all these people see the fruits of their labor." In a later pep talk, he added, "We gonna have a barn burnin', boys! It's time to break through the wall!"

After the bleachers were moved into place, the race began, and much of the SLUH crowd attempted to follow the en-

tire race, running with the competitors.

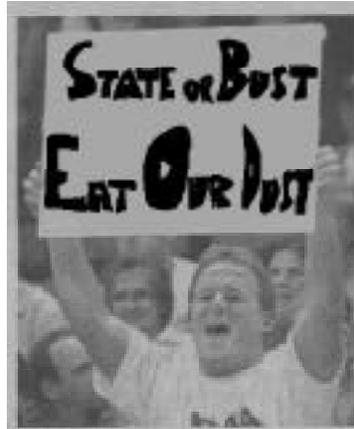
English teacher Steve Missey was one of these running hopefuls, and he commented on the extravaganza, saying, "I guess those guys train for a reason. They're really fast. I thought I would be able to keep up for at least a mile, but after somebody spiked me at the beginning, I was out of it."

Fueled by the huge crowd, the team ran away with the title. They were led by the Leinauer brothers, Dan "I'm Older," and Pat "I'm Better."

Dan Leinauer said of the race, "We ran really well, but if Pat didn't trip me at the line I would've beat him so bad."

On a side note, attendance at Friday night football games has been dismal this season. Even after a rousing 49-42 effort fell short to CBC, leaving the SLUH football record at 1-7, students expressed apathy towards the team.

Junior Paul Embree commented, "I mean, why would I waste a Friday night watching our football team get beat like an unwanted mule? (read: get beat again) I need to get to bed early on Friday so I can wake up early and make it to the JV Cross Country meet."



An exceptionally ravenous fans.

Polobills make nicknames fun again

Romeo Rosario Impromptu Harbinger

Long in the history of mankind, humans have found themselves in awe of the prowess the human body. One sport stands out as a shining example of the lengths that the human body can achieve. All men stand as testimony to the greatness of this sport, and as it towers over all others, we stand in its shadow or greatness. This sport, as everyone knows, is

billiards. But running a close second is water polo.

This year the water polo team struggled to maintain its excellency as the swimming season loomed in the horizon. Lead by the power and finesse of Nick "Doritos and Cherry Pepsi" Crow, Jason "I am the best" Jacobi, and Dan "Checking line" Klein, this year's team managed to carry itself into the finals of the state championship. As much as they tried, the efforts fell short in the state finals as

Kevin "I'm Always Right" Rose was ejected from the game for flagrant and repeated cursing. One saving point was that Zach "I play the guitar" Hartwig and Charlie "Matzo" Maitz managed to throw the little yellow ball past the guy in front of that big net, which we at *Prep News* think counts for a field goal.

During the season however, the team managed much more success on the field, er pool. Don "East Side" Despain was out
see NICKNAMES, page 6

Mr. Missey and my dog, Missey

They share the same name. Just a coincidence? I think not.

Jeff Dueker

Duek University Hard Core Staff

A hot morsel of gossip has been circling around the halls of SLUH, a possible shred of evidence that may finally link the family trees of English teacher Steve Missey and my adorable, fluffy puppy dog Missey. Each lineage has been traced back four generations, with each ending very obscurely with a branch in 19th century England.

These mysterious endings have for many years been speculated over as the possible link between the two Misseys, but it wasn't until Mrs. Tinkwhipple phoned me directly about a month ago that turned this rumor into a full fledged investigation.

Tinkwhipple, aged 81 and a resident of Langchester, England, responded to an advertisement in her local paper

about a substantial cash award granted to anyone with any information regarding a Missey or documents relating to the Misseys. This ad was part of the extensive effort made by the Search for the Misseys Research Collaboration, an organization spanning four continents and funded privately with billions of dollars, totally dedicated to finding Misseys worldwide for the general advancement of knowledge and benefit of society. Described by most CEOs as "the most noble organization I have ever contributed to," the Collaboration has managed through testimonies much like this one to put down any speculation of their organization being "fake," "non-existent," or "a total tax write-off scam that any idiot with half a brain could easily expose even if he has spent three-quarters of his life in a large box."

Our gracious thanks to the Collaboration for turning up Mrs. Tinkwhipple, this straw that broke the camel's back in this Missey family fiasco.

And so I departed for Langchester, a town technically in Wales, but no one really knows where anything really is in England anyhow. Mrs. Tinkwhipple was a very kind, lovely woman, and in her quaint kitchen she proceeded to tell me the vital information I had traveled overseas for.

"I remember grandmother tittle-tattle about some chap she worked for named Sir Edmund Missey, Earl of Langchester, having some sort of tragic mishap that everyone tried to keep hush-hush you know," said Mrs. Tinkwhipple, adding, "Some discussion slipped into tea-time chit-chat at that time, but no one really saw or heard of the Earl after the, well, supposed incident."



My dog Missey.



English teacher Steve Missey.

She added that she did not know what this incident was and that her grandmother was terribly reluctant to speak about anything further in that matter.

When I inquired about anything that her grandmother could have given her or shown her about this Earl, she quickly produced an address and safe key, the address being the location of the late

Earl's Castle on top of Langchester Mount and the safe key for a safe in the Earl's office. Amazed and excited, I proceeded to thank Mrs. Tinkwhipple extensively, but when I asked about the circumstances in which she or her grandmother came across these coveted artifacts, she frankly told me to "shut the bloody hole on my face" and then demanded her 500 million pound reward

promised to her in the ad.

I quickly left bound for the castle, and strangely enough I was the last person to see Mrs. Tinkwhipple alive. The day after I reported her statements to the Collaboration, I read about Mrs. Tinkwhipple's death in the paper supposedly at the hands of Tony the Meathook. Mr. Meathook is a respected Sicilian member of the Collaboration, and thus cannot actually be responsible for the events surrounding Mrs. Tinkwhipple and testifying that he was only "delivering her payment on behalf of the Collaboration."

With excitement I moved on to Castle Langchester high upon the mount of the same name. I soon found the safe behind the old Earl's long forgotten desk and found a letter written by a Doctor Charles Shipston, with the following content scribbled upon it.

5/23/45 Patient: Sir Edmund Missey, Earl of Langchester.

"I was sent for by Sir Missey with terrible urgency and when I arrived I had found that the Earl had whacked his own jolly good foot off in what he called a "rather wicked match of cricket." He gave me what I thought were clear instructions, but being both hard of hearing and rather unintelligent I attached his severed foot to the head his Great Dane Miser. He was rather upset about the whole mix-up and such, and when I told him the procedure was irreversible, he got down right nippy with me. An honest mistake I explained and thought he understood, but I noticed that my tea that afternoon at his castle was a bit sour. Quite a disrespectful thing for him to do to me over such a trivial matter,

see **THE MISSEY PROJECT**, 6

NICKNAMES

(from 4)

for most of the season with a back injury, but stepping up for the juniors was John "Left Hand is Better" Pimmel, Brendon "Everyone On The Other Team Likes Me" Sanders, and Greg "Swekcipslekp-Smith" Szewcyk who pulled the team up from the brink of many losses. Sean "The Enforcer" Leahy added an element of strength and brute power to the team as Greg "The Nub" Auffenberg and Mike "Girls Score On Me" Peterson guarded the net thingy from the ball that was trying to hit it. Nick "Don't Mess With

SOUTH SIDE

(from 1)

are rampant, and the prevailing emotion is resignation. "We knew this day would come," said St Louis Hills resident Ethel Bahr. "All I can do is hope they won't tear down my house to build a multi-purpose conference/media center. Would you like a piece of strudel?"

The purchase of the South Side was predicted by some real estate experts since early last year. Many credited the introduction of Manifest Destiny into the theology curriculum as a major factor in such predictions. The theology department maintained that it is indeed God's will

THE MISSEY PROJECT

(from 5)

and I would have dueled him right there if he had not been missing his right foot and all.

Before I departed, I checked back in with the Earl to see if his temper had subsided. He said he was fine physically but was a little embarrassed now by the whole thing.

He then explained to me that due to English nobility bloodline laws, he was forced to split his Earlship between himself and his Great Dane.

"Quite a sticky wicket I have fallen into," he said, and as I left I could not help but snicker about the poor Earl now related to his own dog. That will teach him

Me" Hellwig held the team in its position as a powerhouse with his high scoring percentage.

All in all, the team managed find success in the pool, except for those times when they lost. Lead by Charlie "Marine Sergeant" Busenhart and Paul "I Was Much Better When I Was Your Age" Baudendistel, the team was punctually on time for every game. All in all, the water polo season stands as a shining example of what the human body can endure and accomplish with little work or intelligence.

that the Jesuits claim as much area as possible, all for the greater glory of God.

Parents have expressed dismay since the news broke, wondering whether funding for academics will suffer because of the huge sum devoted to this purchase. "There is no need to worry," says Vice President Brian Sweeny. "The South Side Reappropriation Project has been allotted three of its own Cashbahs, which should adequately cover funding. Especially considering that on the auction block there is a Jamaican Paradise Elite Package cruise for two, including luxurious hotel accomomodations."

to abstain from cricket if anything will.

And so Dr. Shipston's snicker becomes the world's sigh of relief. The link is found, and the family trees are united between Mr. Steve Missey and Missey the dog, proving the skeptics wrong about this whole thing being a "stupid nonsense name game that seems mostly crafted to annoy Mr. Missey."

Their shaggy resemblance is a handed down trait of noble blood, but still a few wonder how Mr. Steve Missey did not inherit the "silly pretty fluffy cute" features so closely associated with the dog Missey. But as for the rest of us, we can sleep better knowing the Misseys have finally been reunited.

NO KNICKERS

(from 1)

"I simply felt there was far too much room for self-expression amongst the students when they can wear pants," said Clark. "I mean, I walk down the hall and see all these 'cargo pants' and 'khaki shorts.' It was getting to be kind of ridiculous, so I removed them from the dress code."

Student and faculty reaction was understandably mixed upon hearing of the dress code changes, and many students wondered how they would alter their wardrobe appropriately.

"I know I'm kind of a rebel, but I've always enjoyed wearing pants to school," said senior Jeff Dueker.

Many faculty echoed the students frustrations, especially because the change poses yet another rule which they are expected to enforce on a daily basis.

"I really wish I didn't have to deal with this," said English guru Rich Moran. "I'm already on the lookout all day for guys in tennis shoes and such, and now I have to constantly make sure there's no one running around with pants on. Honestly, I don't want to have to enforce it."

Clark is certainly not without his supporters, though, amongst both the faculty and the students.

"I never really want to wear pants anyway," said senior Paddy Kelleher. "I'll just end up being more comfortable all day, and I think most guys will feel the same once they give it a chance."

"I almost never wear pants anyway, like when I'm at home or when I'm sitting behind my desk, so this is just plain convenient for me," said Principal Robert Bannister. "Mr. Clark has the full backing of the administration on this one."

Quote Of the Week

"Dude, where's my car?"

-Dude, Where's My Car?