

TV reviews

# 'Cosby' fine, but 'Room 222'

by Mark Johnson  
Blueprint Editorial Editor

... 'zzz'

Sidney Poiter is in his suit of armor and rides once again in the form of "The Bill Cosby Show" and "Room 222". Both are about the problems of a modern high school teacher. Both of these teachers are loved and respected by their students. Both of these shows are uproariously funny. Unfortunately, only one of these programs is supposed to be a comedy.

"The Bill Cosby Show" is a warm, human, unpretentious comedy about Chet Kincaid, a high school gym teacher. It is a simple, sincere program that grows on you. Laced with a generous portion of Cosby humor, it has a casual adlibbed warmth about it.

On the other hand, "Room 222" is a 30 minute sticky, gooey, saccharine luted, cyclamate polluted chunk of video sentimentality which perhaps would have been more appropriately retitled, "To Sir, With Love -- American Style".

Lloyd Haynes, as Pete Dixon, is the typical "good guy teacher" who is part-time "Mary Worth" to the senior class. His stereo-type character speaks in typical nice guy cliches. Inevitably he winds up getting emotionally involved with each of his students and plays "Dear Abby" to each of them. It is impossible to imagine him ever giving a test.

The students, too, are insipid, sweeter than pop-sicles stereo-types of the young hope for a better world. It is sickening to see 28 year-old UCLA drop-outs masquerading as high schoolers of sweet sixteen. It is also impossible to picture those sweet kids smoking in the cans or letting anything worse than, "Oh, fudge" come from their all American lips.

While "The Bill Cosby Show" is pure Cosby, "Room 222" is pure hokey. Transfer out if you get the chance.

private opinion

## Office fiddles as school smokes

by Ann Flanagan  
Blueprint Staff Writer

Students choke as they stumble from the lavatories. Through the thick black smoke one spies a flicker of red. Someone's lighting up.

It would seem that non-smokers are unfairly victimized by the smoking population at Ramsey. Lavatories stink, are cluttered with cigarette butts and smoke, and "look outs" provide a challenging obstacle course. Clothes on those people leaving the lavatories, whether or not they were smoking, smell as though the owner worked in a cigarette factory.

Of course, all of this is greatly exaggerated. Smoking in the school is not so bad that, as some say, the Public Health Department is considering closing the school as a major cause of air pollution.

Smoking is spreading from the lavatories to large study halls in the cafeteria. And even the left over signs of smoking in the lavs are becoming more apparent.

The major problem as far as smoking goes is enforcement of non-smoking rules. There is a law prohibiting students from smoking in the school buildings. It should be enforced.

There are some students who brag of being caught smoking by teachers and receiving no punishments. Whether or not these bragging students are honest may raise questions. But the feeling is around that enforcement of smoking rules is loosening up.

The Administration should begin enforcing non-smoking rules. Such enforcement would be to the benefit of the majority of the students.

The fact that it is difficult to catch students in the act of having a smoke or prove a student was smoking is

recognized fact. But an apparent effort in this area is needed. And the stress here is on "apparent effort." The fact that they are being watched will keep many students from lighting up that cigarette.

True, there may be more pressing issues facing the ad-

ministration at this time. But the need for the administration to stand by all rules they have made and to enforce these rules is clear. A strong administration can only be undetermined every time a student breaks the rules and gets away with it.

# mcj

by Mark Johnson  
Blueprint Editorial Editor

## elroy's magic chicken

Once upon a time, about two and one half T.V. seasons ago, lived a boy named Elroy. Elroy was always a bit unusual, being that he was the only Druid in the second grade. At any rate, Elroy was a little out of it.

He told little fibs all the time. One time he said that he had a pair of contact lenses that were once worn by Ray Charles. Another time he said that he had seen Spiro Agnew smile and say hello to Eldridge Cleaver. Still another time, he said that he had been in a Christmas rush at Dayton and lived.

Well, Elroy's poor mother didn't know how to take all this. Generally, she ignored Elroy's fibs with a casual "Oh, is that so?"

One day Elroy came home from school and announced that he had a magic chicken, only that it really wasn't a chicken, but a 5000 pound rhinoceros who merely thought he was a chicken.

This was too much for Elroy's poor mother. She scolded him and sent him to bed without any supper. Needless to say, Elroy was quite indignant about the whole matter.

"I'll get even," he snarled as sinisterly as he could through braces.

The next day, Elroy came home from school and announced once more that he had a magic chicken only it wasn't really a chicken, but a 5,000 lb. rhinoceros who merely thought he was a chicken.

Well, this was too much for Elroy's mother and already having had a hard day, she decided to relieve her frustrations on the nearest possible object--namely Elroy's seat. Just as she was about to tan Elroy's gluteal epidermis, she heard a rumbling down the street. It started slowly and gradually grew in intensity. At long last, the rumbling reached a peak and the door burst open and there stood a 5000 pound pink rhinoceros. Elroy's mother was flabbergasted.

"Okay, Rudolph. Do your stuff!" grinned Elroy.

Quicker than you can say "Richard Nixon eats Quaker Oats," Rudolph squatted and laid an immense golden egg in the middle of the kitchen floor.

"That's astounding," gasped Elroy's mother. "What other tricks have you taught him to do?"

"Just one," smirked Elroy as he turned to Rudolph, "HATCH MOMMY!!!"

It was such a funny trick that Elroy laughed all the way to death row.

I seem to be the living proof that the generation gap can be bridged. I now have the dubious distinction of being hated equally by the establishment and the turned-on alike.

One thing for sure is that this column doesn't help my situation any.

My latest rend in my rapidly deteriorating garment of family harmony was placed there last evening by this, my wretched little vignette of cliches.

I had just finished what I considered my finest column. A piece which came as close to true satire as I could ever hope to come. It was Ramsey's school epic.

"Are you going to publish this crap?" was my father's curt reaction.

"Why not?"

"It's in bad taste. Look, make fun of the goofies. Pick on the moratorium or some woman who writes you, but don't pick on the institutions!"

The skirmish lasted a painful ten minutes, ending in the inevitable "DON'T YOU DARE PRINT THAT THING!"

Well, I had exhausted all of my guaranteed rhetorical maneuvers and my parents inevitably emerged victorious relying on Tactict #42 ("Over-whelming child with verbal affront").

Oh, well, anyone wishing to pay last respects to my unpublished epic, "The Ramsiad," may do so at the "Johnson Memorial Mortuary for Censored Journalism." Visitation is between three and ten this weekend only. The deceased will then be cremated.

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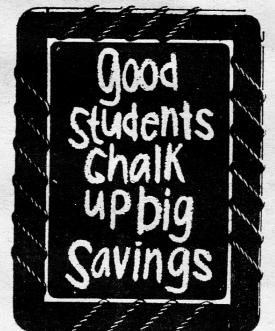
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