

DO YOU LIKE PINK?  
IF NOT, WASH THIS COPY  
OF PINKPRINT IN  
'SPLURGIGRIND' - YOU'LL  
THEN HAVE A SLOPPY MESS  
OF WET PAPER, BUT IT  
WILL BE WHITE

CUT OUT THIS NUMBER  
- And you'll have  
a hole in the page

Nº 312

CONGRATULATION, YOU HAVE  
RECEIVED A VERY SPECIAL  
COPY OF PINKPRINT!  
- WHAT'S SPECIAL  
ABOUT IT?

THIS VERY COPY WAS  
PRINTED AFTER  
THE 311th. WHAT  
A COINCIDENCE

© COPYRIGHT

HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING PINK?  
- YES? - WELL APART FROM THAT ?  
IF YOU HAVE, PLACE IT ON  
THIS PAGE AND IT WILL  
DISAPPEAR!

IT CAN BE COLLECTED FROM THE  
PAWN SHOP, CRUDGELY.

(WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT??)

CAN YOU FIND THE  
LITTLE MAN?



THIS WEEK'S  
SILLY SHAPE:



- ABSOLUTELY  
FREE!!

(Let's face it, who'd buy  
the thing?) \*

FREE STAPLE WITH  
EVERY COPY!

FREE INSIDE EVERY ISSUE

- WORTHLESS COUPON THAT ENTITLES YOU TO THE  
KEYS OF A RED AUSTIN MAXI, REGISTRATION NUMBER:

XVP 644J

If you take your coupon along to Mr Smith,  
he will tell you what to do with it.

ALSO FREE: INCREDIBLE SWOP  
COUPON

LOOKING INTO THE  
FUTURE:-



NEXT WEEK'S SILLY SHAPE

- HAVE FUN SWOPPING YOUR COUPON FOR  
SOMEONE ELSE'S EXACTLY THE SAME. WHAT AN  
OPPORTUNITY!!!

HAVE YOU TURNED OVER YET?

\* (ANSWER: Twopence to Liz Brace)



EDITORIAL "BLURB": The last edition of Pinkprint was a pretty fair success - well at least incredibly chronic BLUEPRINT hasn't reared its ugly head again since, but neither has any other boring publication, so we haven't had any excuse to write another Pinkprint, nor any material without anything to tear to pieces. But we got bored, and we thought: \*\*\*\*, we don't need any excuse! But what to write about? We thought and thought... AND THEN! (Que fanfare; fade up thunderous applause) We noticed something: SCHOOL! - Yes, that nasty manifestation all around us. And so without further ado, we present our special feature on Rose Cultivation:-

CAMPAIGN: How long is it since you had an election? - Well, the whole school is having one (no, ~~RAND~~ Mandy Westwood isn't returning... Did I hear shouts of SHAME!!? - No, I thought perhaps I didn't...) The object is to elect Uncle Brian (head of Boys' sch. reproduction) to the post of Headmaster so that he won't have to give up teaching and become a heavy vehicle driver instead. Now Uncle Brian is, as everybody knows, a fine, kindly, upstanding, intelligent, benevolent, responsible, good-natured ~~xxxx~~ whoops, author of: The Midland Maths Experiment, Surveying Made Easy, Land Navigation (our five pounds run out here) Nazi War Atrocities, I was a Teenage Pigeon Impersonator, and The Thoughts of Chairman Bri, - and many other fine works (afterthought: would you believe The Official Guide to the Conveniences of Erdington)(?) - and if he wants his name kept out of the next edition, we'll have a further five pounds into the Pinkprint Midland Bank Account.

UNCLE BRIAN IS CAMPAIGNING FOR:- Abolition of hanging, free school beefy wotsits, clean water in the biology pond, new Axolotls, (the olds ones tasted terrible), and many other issues of fundamental importance in the school.

SO SUPPORT THE CAMPAIGN!

- WEAR THE LAPEL BADGES AT ALL TIMES!

- ATTEND THE SPECIAL RALLIES TO BE HELD IN HIS HONOUR AT TEN PAST NINE IN THE MAIN HALL EVERY WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY MORNINGS FROM NOW ON!

- BOYCOTT ALL SCHOOL CHINAMAN-TICKLING LECTURES!

- START CALLING UNCLE BRIAN HEADMASTER!

- GO! GO! GO!

HERE IS YOUR CAMPAIGN BADGE --

WEAR IT AT ALL TIMES!

- WITH U.B. FOR H.M!!!!!!!!!!!!

QUOTE: "Sheila Wright isn't".

IT MAY HAVE ESCAPED A FEW LUCKY PEOPLES' NOTICE THAT J.D. NEAL (LVI) BREAKS THINGS: In fact Neal\* would like to apologise for Pritchard's micrometer..... But we won't let him. Especially as my movie camera is still broken... And the computer punch hasn't been the same since... nor has Pickering's glider... Webb's pen... The cyclotron (believe it or not!) at B'ham University... The book cases in the library... Stan Stan the Woodwork man's lathe... Merric's stereo cartridge... the knob in Uncle Brian's car (it came off in my hand - honest! Yes, we know.....)

THE FOLLOWING MUST BE SUNG, NOT READ:

Twelve sixth form lockers,  
Eleven gas syringes,  
Ten library pictures,  
Nine china teacups,  
Eight beer glasses,  
Seven Noggin's golf clubs,  
Six eudiometers,  
- MR LEARY'S CAR!!!!!!!!!!!!  
Four Beefy Wotsits,  
Three Austin Maxis,  
Two reputations,  
And a Partridge in a pear tree!!!!!!!!!!!!

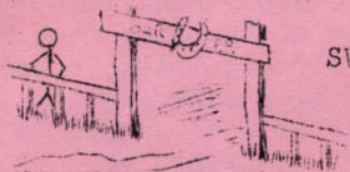


WARNING TO ALL DOGS: Mr Burrows (Boys' sch. reproduction dept.) doesn't stop for dogs. - That's all right, if dogs drove cars we don't suppose they'd stop for Mr Burrowses (pronounced Mithder Buwwows).

\*\*COVER DESIGN BY K. WALKER.

\*Known amongst other things as Noj.





SWEET GIRLS GO TO:

BURRALL'S RIDING  
ACCADEMY

(A subsidiary of Bayne Bull's Stud Farm Ltd)

ANNOUNCEMENT: Whoever it was who said the Careers Room was inefficient has a fight with P.R. Beasey after school outside the employment exchange.

### SAVE OUR GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

Is YOUR child capable of going to a GRAMMAR school? - Are YOU really worthy of being called special? Then join the SAVE OUR SCHOOLS movement now! Communists and sultry labouring people must be stopped before they ruin our very right to think ourselves special by removing our time-old status symbol of the GRAMMAR school - before our own children are contaminated by contact with the children of nasty, lower class people. So Rally to the cause now! Display silly red notices in your cars and front windows, sign your names thousands of times over on partitions (and petitions too) and above all DON'T THINK - Just SAVE OUR GRAMMAR SCHOOLS NOW!!!!

Here is a list of the subjects to be persecuted in this issue:-

BIOLOGY, BUSINESS STUDIES, BUSIC, METALWORK, BHYSICS, BRT, BHEMISTRY, BEOGRAPHY, BNGLISH, BRENCH, BISTORY, BATHEMATICS, BECHNICAL BRAWLING

- And all the other subjects beginning with a 'B'.

Does your name begin with a 'B'? - Then you may be slandered in this issue.

(Writs will be received at break by the hearth in the metalwork room).

### A DAY IN THE LIFE OF HARSH MILL


Across the rolling green fields and Huxley plantations, far beyond the outer perimeter wire, an old steam train chuffed its way slowly over the hill, carrying a load of at least 900 cardboard boxes; this struck one as a little odd, as there was no railway line there. But then a dense blanket of smog descended on the scene, blotting out all forms of life and Mr Biggall; - yes, some twit's opened the staff room windows again.

It is 8:45 am; what is happening at this thriving modern ~~leahy~~ seat of learning? .... Nothing. It's Saturday. Well we tried. Meanwhile, back at the BAT-CAVE: "Gosh Mr Beynolds... - whoops, I mean BATMAN! Holy Liz Brace! Who pulled your chain?" Enter Jim Lad... " - Mr Awkright? There's bin trouble at mill!" Mr Bumble thundered: "Stop that lad, it makes you blind!"

"RIGHT!! STOP THIS IMMEDIATELY IF NOT SOONER! - President of the Royal Sillics Society (\* a pseudonym for the B'ham Education Committee - Ed.) speaking! GET BACK TO SCHOOL AT ONCE!!"

#### A T T E N T I O N ! ! !

THIS COULD BE YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A FUN-FILLED, RIOTOUS, NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN EVENING OUT WITH MR WHITEFIELD THE METALWORK TECHNICIAN!

- Somewhere on these pages is hidden a tiny matchstick-man like the one shown here:  If YOU can find it, you could be this month's lucky winner - and there are consolation prizes of Mr Buckley for the runners-up!

won a record player; SHIFT IT!" But after it had gone the grin was still there. Across the foyer, which may or may not have been hot, lay the 'science' corridor, from which

Overhead was heard a terrible sound like Mr Beatley with his nose shut in a steam-press, and a large, rotund object clutching a radio-control unit, who had that very morning burnt himself shaving, hurtled over the mill roof, struck Superman Bill the mill Gardener who was busy trying to mow the playground, and broke into a thousand miniature plastic models of Mr Bmith hanging from a transmitting arial.

As one enters the foyer on arriving at the mill, and the ding-a-ling - oops! sorry, bell, rings for sixth period, a plant stand with a flourescent light cunningly disguised as a traffic warden cunningly disguised as a plant stand shouted:

"Oy!! Yoo can't park this girraffe 'ere... - I don't care if it has

#### HAVE YOU TRIED SUCKING COKE YET?

- Well next time your neighbour boasts about the immaculate condition of his car, just spray a little "PARKINSON'S PATENT RUST-PROMOTER" on his underbody and watch it rot like the clappers! (As demonstrated on Mr Belling's Rolls) (Or was it a Bentley?)





At the specially reduced price of 3½ new pence

New from

G. Pervert & Sons:

"KISSING 4 TEN YR OLDS" written by the world's only talking penguin, and last descendant of the ancient race of Chinaman Ticklers: Elizabeth 'Splice the Main' Brace, O.B.E. & Sock; and Axolotl.

ing: "Capitators... capacitors... super-sensitive ionisation multipliers..." Arriving at the fish tank he extracted a net and began to fish for his lunch; a group of wide-eyed first formers who had been admiring the rock fish ("It moved! It moved!" cried one) gawped in amazement as a teetacle whipped out and began to throttle him. Bil worth, who had until then been happily swimming around cleaning the tank, quickly disguised himself as a pratt... and went to registration.

A short, dynamic figure resembling a gnome from Doncaster with a Teddy-boy haircut, swaggered down the science corridor past the declaration of U.D.I. in the physics lab window, ploughed thru a crowd of sixth formers, turned the chem lab door handle, and threw his whole weight against it... and broke his shoulder; it was locked as usual. At once broke forth the words of the old folk song: "Oh give me a gnome, where the lardy caiks rome, ... and the fume cupboard's open all day!!!" (anyone who doesn't know what lardy caiks are, ask Mr Byrrell).

Down in the common room, Boss Bndrews was carving his initials in the record player with the stylus when Bngilly started freaking out to David Cassidy, and every

-one just managed to get out before he exploded. Just around the corner a timid sixth former was licking the boots of Solly Gollblad Yamelcu-Samuel Barbach, M.C.C, crying: "Please! I must have some file paper! What am I going to do with all this Branston Pickle?" and "I can't get all my A level notes on the same sheet!" The Barbach gave him a stern look: "My life! Come now my boy already... what happened to the two sheets I gave you last term??"

In the hall Field Marshall Biggall's early morning top-level conference with his 240 special prefects was in ~~extra~~ progress. What was the best way to stop all of twenty riotous first formers from talking on their way out?

Meanwhile back in the physics lab someone announced house meetings; a curious figure who had until then been frantically conducting some non-existent symphony to himself, stopped, made a sound like a warble-phone impersonating a pigeon, and at phenomenal speed disappeared for some unknown corner of the mill.

ROLL UP! ROLL UP! Mr Buckley will now play two pianos, only one of which is out of tune... Can YOU tell the difference??

Three senior prefects were on the stage with the staff - a full turnout! Mr Bilcox stood at the front of the stage talking to himself, treading grapes, and doing teapot impressions. Then followed the resident magician who delighted the audience by threading three members of staff on a piece of string, while playing Jesus Loves Me on a first former, and drinking a glass of biology pond water. The headmaster then asked if there were any members of staff with silly announcements and Mr Bliver stood up.

"NOW..." he began, "Cook hash brought it to my notish reshently that the dining hall arrangementsh have been going very well, sho I've had to make a few alteratshionsh: All those boys who are sheated at table thirteen are to move to table five, and all thoshe at table five are to move to table thirteen"

Mr Bricketts was next (next) (known to his friends as 'Blue'): "A first former left his shorts at the playing fields yesterday, and I want the owner to come and get them off me..."

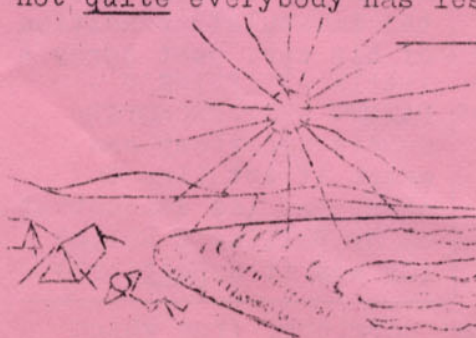
When the applause had died, and Mr Markbadly had left to play with his recources, Mr Biggle creaked into an upright position and announced to himself: "All those with lessons at other schools.... leave" (One day he'll realise that not quite everybody has lessons at other schools first period on a Thursday)

\*\*\*\*\*  
DO YOU WANT THE HOLIDAY OF A LIFETIME IN  
\*\*\*\*\*  
BEAUTIFUL SUNNY GUERNSEY???

\*\*\*\*\*

- In first class, 4-star luxury tents,  
all with cold and cold running water,  
shower, private balcony and stereo radio,  
plus personal room service? (Dig your own  
hole).

THEN DON'T SEE MR BILLOTT!!!





WENTY three Japanese and seven samuri were being shown round the mill by Mr Markholeintheground, together with Sheila Wright (who isn't), 49 Ministers of State for harrassing comprehensive education, God, - and President Nixon! - and of course, no special arrangementsh had been made for their visit and they were seeing mill life as it always was: chaotic. *h*

So as they shouldn't get bored too quickly he took them first to the bhem-lab. "Now here we have a... er... oh yes a Bhemistry lesson; it is a Bhemistry lesson isn't it Mr Biggles?" In the corner Barroll muttered doom and disaster while munching test-tubes and washing them down with conc. acid. Bartin Ball was occupied with how fascinating he was: "I'm more fascinating than any of you" he said... Bngilly (who was starting to make sharp CRACKing noises as he dried out) was pollishing his collection of 'borrowed' syringes in between squirting water at everyone in sight. Mr Biggall mixed a little facetious acid in a flask then passed round the hydrogen cyanide for everyone to smell. "Note the green colour..." he said, (and the sixth formers hanging out the windows, choking). For his next trick he destroyed a eudiometer.

Meanwhile a brick hurtled thru the bphysics lab window and all the lights fell off the ceiling, killing everyone who wasn't already dead in the lower sixth favouritism group.

#### WILD ORGY IN STAFF ROOM!!\*

Edbouy, Bhristopher Brice, known to his friends as Bhrissie-Babe, lent back in his chair and blw a cloud of cigarette smoke up towards the ceiling. He blew a smoke-ring towards the wall, and yet another up the left trouser leg of deputayedbouy Biel Boberts, known to his friends as Mary Queen of Scots. *O*

Suddenly there was a rap at the door. "... Come in" said Bhrissie-Babe *A* coolly. There followed a splintering of oak as a plank of wood in the shape of a Mr Billott imbedded itself in the opposite wall. "Try turning the door-handle next time, sir" said Mary Queen of Scots.

"Do you like my new leek-coloured shirt?" asked Mr Billott.....

NEXT WEEK: Bhrissie-Babe lights another cigarette, Mr Billott has a leek, and Bunkham and Bricka both have a shave.

It was break time and time for a bite; dressed in his black cape, Bricka flapped across the foyer (which may or may not have been hot), landed besdie the entrance, changed back into ~~NXXXX~~ his normal form, checked to make sure the sun wasn't out, and made a dash for the girls' school... Fangcy that!

The entrance to the girls' kennel was illuminated by a solitary red bulb (all the rest had flowered). Hands groped from the shadows and a voice cried: "Looking for a good time, sailor?" The air was alive with gossip and deodourant, as Huxley crawled under the barbed wire separating the upper and lower sixth trenches, insults and pickled onions exploding all around him. But he made it to a corner where his favourite pastime was waiting for him... a mirror and a hairbrush... and a lawnmower. A wax dummy closely resembling Billian (not Bears or Bavis), covered in cobwebs, was wedged against the back door so preventing bunches of girls (subtle) from strolling out and graping the dustmen. A fag lit up Bngila and disappeared up the gym corridor. Britcliffe was busy milking Barbara's locker while nearby Liz Brace played with her green Freudian extension all over a Pinkprint notice. Beary emerged from the shadows and fell over the pile of hammers and stakes witch lay ready for Bavel's next visit.

Boug droused in his bed; "Wha-t ti-me is it??" he yawned, and Gary climbed out of his locker. "That's what's called a bed-Boug," he quipped. The scene dissolved into fits of riotous boredom...

*Y* The rest of the sixth form who weren't busy avoiding duties or making lightening visits to every bog in the school had gone out to buy a new nail for the record player via Stockland Greene and the bottom of Marsh Hill.

Mr Barkwell took his visitor to a Beography lesson next, and ignoring the strange craggy person smoking a piece of chalk while attempting to demolish the classroom\*; and complaining about the bloke down the corridor shouting so much, he turned the attention of his lightening-quick brain to analizing the situation: "Ah yes... I think this is a girl from the girls' sch... you are a girl - I mean you are from the girls' sch. aren't you?" Bhris Botton smasked him in the face.

\* - A cunning ruse to get you to read on. \*\* - We wish to make clear that we are in no way trying to insinuate by this passage that Mr Barbach is insane.

\*\*\* - This remark is in no way intended to suggest that the staff corridor could have been better painted by a two year old gibbon with a floor mop.



sixth form started organising things for themselves, so he immediately organised a meeting for them. All the interested parties soon arrived.... Uncle Stanley..... Mr Bandlely..... a quiet, grey haired old gentleman with a beard..... and some time later the sixth form tutors. Now everything was complete and Uncle Stanley began to speak: "Now I've called you all together this morning and I hope I shan't take up too much of your time...."

"Jost a doment Misder Sure" interrupted Mr Bandlely, "Whar har thur sith furn?"

"Oh... Are we not all here?"

"I think there are still seem to come, sir..." ~~added~~ said the only other ~~add~~ person in the hall, but he was drowned by a sudden commotion outside: The hall doors burst open and Mr Buckley appeared, entering backwards and struggling against some large object suspiciously like a piano which forced him into the room. On the other end were the entire sixth form, pushing. But it couldn't be a piano... shawly??

"We've told you a thousand times!!!" screamed Boach. "We can't play table tennis on it, we can't smoke it, we can't hide in it, we can't play records on it, you can't play it, - we can't do anything with it, SO IT'S NOT GOING IN THE COMMON ROOM!!!!"

Then to everyone's surprise, the sixth form began to congregate in the hall - yes, they'd heard the rumours that Mr Brown was in school at five past nine... This they must see! Later (much later) he came in, mumbling about his alarm clock going off two hours early.

"Now, (hands clasped together in prayer) we thought it would be a good idea if the sixth form thought it would be a good idea to have a sixth form committee/council/parliament/United Nations/mothers' meeting to completely discoordinate all sixth form activities and to waste first period on Mondays, and I'm shaw I all agree with me. Soc... our job this morning is to democratically elect, and otherwise excite a representative from each tutorial group, and one senior prefect, and I already have the names of these people here..."

A shy, red haired boy, in a coat that looked like it had been lagging the pipes for the last thirty years, and in fact still was, timidly put up his hand, but at once stopped that as Bavis slapped his wrist. The he asked a question:

"Please sir... why must we have a senior prefect on the committee..?"

Mr Bellowings (the aforementioned quiet grey haired old gent) steamed at the ears, turned the colours of Mr Beynold's shirts, rose three feet into the air and exploded; "OF COURSE YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A SENIOR PREFECT ON THE COMMITTEE!!! - WE'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMEBODY IN OUR POCKETS TO SQUEEL FOR US - OH! WHAT A GIVE .....a.....w.....ae...yyyy...." The sixth form crawled out from under their chairs to see what had happened; revenge is sweet... Bick Benton had pulled his plug out (there is a subtle joke in the last line).

Someone wanted to have a sixth form representative on the discillyplinary (- printer's error?) committee... "Bud yoes 'ave alreadygotzwun"(at this point

we wish to make it quite clear that we are in no way trying to suggest that Mr Bandlely is illiterate... his father is a very nice person - Ed) "Thur edbouy iszour raprizzentaytifz, - isz jost thatee cannot be thur moze of thur tihme..." The edbouy fell off his chair.

The rest of the sith fvourm - sorry pardon, sixth form, could see what a great success the meeting was going to be... so they decided to go to lessons, administering smelling-salts and strichnene to the head boy as they went.....

"VOTE UNCLE B R I A N FOR

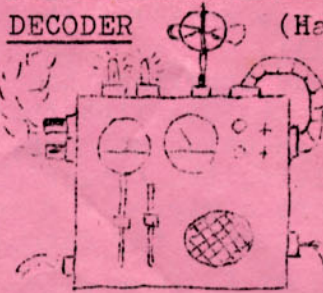
HEADMASTER!!!!"  
(you know it makes sense)

!!NOW!! - For the first time available to the general public:

#### BORIS MORTON'S PATENT BIOLOGY LESSON

##### DECODER

(Has also been tested successfully during geography and Girls' sch. maths) - Will slow down people such as Mr Roberts, Mr Barbach up to sixty times. (50% success rate in deciphering Supply: 400kV r.m.s. Bhemistry lessons). Noise to signal ratio: better than 60%. Distortion: yes. Working temp: unknown (thermometer melted). Working condition: extremely dangerous.-A B.M. ~~lpa~~ product.



\*GO TO:-\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

#### "BENNY'S FISH PARLOUR"

(and stationary store)  
North side of main foyer  
(which may or may not be hot)



Bilworth & chips - 5np



\*\*\*\*\* noses stood engrossed in the menu, making eee-haw noises...  
It read:-

M E N U 4    ~~LAST~~/WEEK T O D A Y

\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*

Bluebottle & cockroach  
Plastic pie & cockroach  
Tungsten carbide pie  
Pilchards in tomato  
    fetchup  
Last year's fish-from  
    -the-tank  
Roman pie (as  $\frac{1}{2}$  eaten  
by Julius Ceasar)

Baked axolotl  
Dead cat on toast  
Laytex rubber batburger  
Biology practical pudding  
McAlpine & Sons' chocolate  
    sponge  
Barabus & custard  
Melon

..... Melon???

Signed: Chief cook (a smile, a song, and  
a stomach pump)

A funny ginger haired object bounced out PLL muttering 'hello sailor' in 27 different languages and carrying a thin steel whip just as Bayne arrived, still getting dressed. Meanwhile a group of 3rd yr 6th & Mary Queen of Scots went off to do their bit digging up/decorating old ladies and washing widows, but everyone who wasn't anybody and even some who may have been went off to Uncle Stanley's Incredible Christmas Toyshop (available as an L.P. next month). Uncle S. was presently admiring with 200 others the recently completed John Hides-vending machine, - covering an entire wall with intricate mechanisms and made entirely out of cardboard and chewing gum, it was perhaps the greatest exercise in pointlessness since the building of spaghetti junction, the devising of the B'ham comprehensive plan, and the writing of this magazine. As the C.B.S.O. struck up with Land of Hope & Glory in the background, Uncle S. launched into his favourite speech about Britains only natural resources being the talents of her young inventors. (omitted to save another 3 pages). As both music and speech reached a crescendo, tears ran from the eyes of all present as they became overwhelmed with pride, awe, humility, - nausea. Nearby the famous CHUBBY car was nearing completion; having not quite been ready in time for Uncle S.'s little boy's 4th birthday, fifteen years ago..... Other wonders were everywhere to be seen: one group was busy inventing the quill pen while another was looking for the best way to fill Mr Burrows with toothpaste.

VASEPURU'S LAW OF CONFINED MOTION STATES THAT: During the sidereal hours 'tween 9am and 4pm, in weekly cycles, all motion of particles within the mill is random and largely irregular, but at the hour of 4pm, many external forces act on the particles, and all motion becomes purposeful and aligned in one direction

TRY MR ROBERT'S PATENT  
WONDER PILL!

-- The ONLY cure for  
absolutely everything!

FREE plastic model of  
Liz Brace with every  
box -- A B. M. product.

HOW TO BE A SUCCESS:- First, go to  
Austriylia seven years ago and become a really special  
person, then blaze a trail back on a Quantas Boeing 707,  
photographing at least one exotic place on the way so  
you'll be able to astound the savages when you arrive.  
Buy a pair of dentures 16 times too large for your  
mouth and start wearing them; this will give you Frog  
appeal but you'll have to go to sleep with a boomerang  
in your mouth at night in order to develop a permanent inane grin. Then enroll  
yourself in a quite ordinary secondary sch. so you won't forget how special you  
are -- There'll be plenty of sport in pinching other peoples' birds -- and pretty  
soon you'll be accepted so well that the natives will allow you to take part in  
the ancient ritual of 'throwing the interfering upstart in the canal with a  
concrete gibbon round his neck' -- Then you really will make a splash! Good Luck!

"Beith had his desert for a while but he didn't quite get any cream on it (This  
is subtle so if you don't get it just laugh loudly when you see Burrall, and  
you soon will). IF YOU THINK THIS EDITION OF PINKPRINT IS OFFENSIVE YOU SHOULD  
SEE THE EDITORS. \*Which strikes you as funnier: this copy of PINKPRINT or the  
B'ham comprehensive plan??\* We wish everyone a very merry thing... Steven  
(oh, I've left my books in THE GIRLS' COMMON ROOM... Did you all here that?  
-- said I'll just go and get my books from the GIRLS' COMMON ROOM!) Huxley said  
today that PINKPRINT wouldn't be complete without lots of mocks of him, so  
WRITTEN BY: B. Morton & J. Hudson; also: J. Dale, K. Thomas, Mullard, & the 5th

KEEP BRITAIN TIDY!

\*\*\*\*\*



Please dispose of  
your Mark Bolan  
thoughtfully



MARSH HILL BOYS' GRAMMAR/TECHNICAL SCHOOL  
Hampton Road, Stockland Greene, Birmingham B23 7JL.

373 7130.

FCM/SL.

41st. December, 1972.

B U L L E T I N    No. 92

Dear Parents,

The annual school play this year is a joint production of Anthony Burgess's THE CLOCKWORK ORANGE. While departing somewhat from our usual policy of producing rather boring and obscure plays that no one ever wants to come to, we are in no way destroying the tradition of mistakes, over acting and lack of polish usually encountered at our Christmas functions. One surprising difference however, will be that Mr Bellowings, our head of English department, will be kept in a box each night of the play in order to prevent him from running around flashing his camera, humphing and ha-ing, and generally disrupting the performance. We are extending the stage right out into the hall as an experiment, but this unfortunately leaves no room for the audience, but we hope to overcome this problem by arranging seats in the playground. The tickets will as usual be outrageously expensive, and I hope I can count on your support.

On the last morning of term there will be a film for all the school, entitled 'I was a Teenage Moonshiner', but this will not arrive in time so 'Barabus' will be shown instead. As was the case last year, the sound will fail after ten minutes; do not worry about this, however, because the film is so boring that it is much more fun to make up what the characters are saying for yourself.

Due to lack of interest, December the 14th has been cancelled, and this means that December the 15th will now take place on a Wednesday, and no one will be required in school until ten 'o clock on the following Saturday. Because of this, school will finish at ten past five on the 16th of December, when period three will begin. A timetable will go up shortly to this effect in the main foyer at Highcroft.... No, I think that is wrong... No never mind I'll look in the teapot... I mean, er, Axolotls! Yes! Definitely, - well now we've got that sorted out we can all go back to the home... That is er, home! Of course! You thought I was cracking up! There is no truth to the rumour that I will be retiring this year, oh no! Oh, but you want me to, don't you? Well I won't, see? Ha! Ha! I'm in charge here, you here me? I...! Oh, excuse me, a van has just arrived at the rear of the mill... I think I'd better hide - I mean leave, er go back to the home... No! I mean go back home! I'm not mad! It's all a fabrication, er... Agh! Ha! Ha! Ha! ..... Oh God!!

Yours sincerely,

*F. C. Barkwell*  
Ex Headmaster.

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Please complete the following consent form and return it as soon as possible:

I consent, signed.....

My son/daughter is in form..... Name.....

Please indicate which film you would prefer to see at the end of next term: Barabus; The Maltese Barabus; The Longest Barabus; 101 Barabuses; The Magnificent Barabus; Every Home Should Have a Barabus; The Sound of Barabus; I was a Teenage Barabus; Barabus's Last Stand; Barabus Rides Again; The Return of Barabus; Kepler's Laws; The Son of Barabus; The Curse of Barabus; Barabus Meets King Kong; The Clockwork Barabus; Barabus Meets Mr Billott; Barabus and The Seven Dwarfs; A Fistful of Barabuses; Barabus and Helga; Butch Barabus and the Sunprance kid; Barabus in Wonderland; The Day They Showed a Decent Film at Marsh Mill. Mr Billott will welcome suggestions.