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A LEGEND OF BART

The other day I toured about 56 miles--I took a ride on BART. I started at the 19th St., Oakland station. I had to descend the stairway from Capwell's into the outer area. Then I went to the change machine, which only accepts one-dollar bills (a thought: "a loser is someone who puts a \$20 bill into the change machine and gets back only change for a dollar"). I took my change and put it all in the ticket machine and got a one-dollar ticket.

Now, down to the trains, past the MacArthur-Richmond level down to the Fremont level. Here it was 40-50 degrees, the blue tiles reflecting the cold. The overhead signs were flashing Allstate ads as about 25 people waited. "Do you have your keys?" "Did you leave your keys in your car? If you did, you are inviting car theft." Soon enough, though, the signs started flashing "FREMONT--SHORT TRAIN--WAIT NEAR CENTER." The short-train, a four-car job, made a Greyhound Scenic-cruiser look like a Vega as it pulled into the station.

I stepped into the train and looked around. The doors closed and the train started to pull out--into the giant sewer pipe.

Over the tracks we sped--past station after station. Somehow I got the feeling the train attendant was a bit apprehensive--we hardly ever got above 50 m.p.h.

As we approached Fremont (daffynition; BART sandbox play), I looked at my watch and discovered I was supposed to be back in Oakland in 10 minutes. I rode back to Union City where I got off and played around trying to call ahead on one of those touch-tone phones.

I took another train back to MacArthur and crossed over to another train back to 19th St. Altogether I was only an hour late.

My general first impression of BART: It's a nice place to visit, but You get the idea!

DON'T YOU LOVE IT WHEN. . .

You see the girl in the seat next to you being embarrassed?

The teacher forgets about that big final test that you hadn't studied for?

All the girls are passing notes, and everyone gets caught but you?

Three guys come up and ask you to dance at the same time?

You cut up an onion, and it doesn't make you cry?

A weekend, a holiday, or a special day off from school comes around?

All you have to do to get a boyfriend is polish with Glean, and gargle with Listerine?

Your birthday falls on Christmas, and you get two glasses of champagne instead of one.

Your bus comes first, and it's raining cats and dogs?

Slave-Day rolls around?

Your hardest teacher is in a good mood and assigns you three pages of homework instead of the usual five?

The school's food isn't stale?

Summer is almost here, and you're getting tan?

Doug Wallace walks around the corner?

Your bus driver isn't wearing a wig?

You miss most of your English class because your bus was late?

Your boyfriend just lives right up the street?

IS IT TRUE??

That the truth has messed up Ken Honeychurch's love life? That he has visions of Carla Frank every night?

Traci Gee and Doug Knapp? Well, this is another one of Doug's 6001.

Tom Woodard can't concentrate on his history with Bonnie Preston in the seat next to his?

TIME FOR REFLECTION

"Pluresy"

We'll begin with a box and the plural is boxes.
 But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
 Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
 Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.
 You may find a lone mouse or a whole set of mice,
 Yet the plural of house is houses not hices.
 If the plural of man is always called men,
 Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
 If I speak of a foot, and you show me your feet,
 And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
 If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
 Why should not the plural of booth be called beeth?
 Then one would be that, and three would be those,
 Yet hat in the plural wouldn't be hose,
 And the plural of cat is cats and not cose.
 We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
 But though we say Mother, we never say Methren.
 Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, and him,
 But imagine the feminine she, shis, and shim.
 So English, I fancy you all will agree,
 Is the funniest language you ever did see.

CRAZY PUNS

AMAZON "You can pay for the eggs, but the amazon me."
AVOID "Stop me if you avoid this one before."
DENIAL "Cleopatra lived on denial."
EXPLAIN "Don't scramble 'em; I like my explain."
JUSTIFY "Ma promised me a buck justify brush my teeth."
LILAC "He's a nice kid, but he can lilac anything."
LITERATURE "Throwing rubbish out of the window will literature backyard."
MINIATURE "Take a pill, and you'll fall asleep the miniature in bed."
MUTILATE "I could get more sleep if our cat didn't mutilate every night."

THE NEW FLEX-DAY OFFERINGS

MIDDLE AGES-in this course Mr. Jackson will tell of his childhood, his teens, and the middle ages of life. Concentration will be on preventing baldness, loss of hearing, forgetfulness, approaching senility, and the aches and pains of life over 40.

FRIENDLY FLIRTING-in this course you will learn how to raise your eyebrows, give the casual wink, and the art of the simple head nod. Note-passing and "How to Make the Gossip" column will be specialities.

CREATIVE NAIL POLISH-This course will be taught by Carla Frank, our nail polish expert. It is open to both boys and girls. You will learn what colors are appropriate for what occasions. Stress is put on careful application requiring hours so you won't be able to do your homework.

LUNCH-LINE CRASHING-Teachers John Rotticci and Pat Snook ("Fuzz") will teach the art of getting a quick lunch with no wait. You will learn how to let the same lines (with your friends in them) in everyday without making it obvious.

KEEPING A PROMISE

by Dave Fitzgerald

Last summer, I went to Camp Beaverbrook. So did Lynn Martin. She splashed me with a bucket of water. I promised I would write it up in the newspaper. Since I never got it in the "Beaver's Log," here it is now.
 It was one fine Sunday under the Lake county sun. On Sunday we did 'Activities' that we didn't do during the rest of the week. I went to Newspaper, Lynn plodded over to Animal Wash (she knew she needed a bath). I was taking some survey, and she was getting cleaner while contentedly munching on some greens. I walked over to ask some of the people questions for my survey. Lynn looked up, snorted, and kicked a bucket of water in my face. The promise was then made and is now fulfilled.

I know you can take this, Lynn. Back! Down! Ole!

CAN YOU IMAGINE. . .

"A DAY IN THE BUS"

- Jim Johnston with black hair?
- Linden Holt being 6' 2"?
- Fred Gates with long eyelashes?
- Mr. Jackson wearing long, dangling earrings?
- Michael Foreman with a "butch?"
- Wendy Brody wearing jeans?
- Mary van de Griendt being fat?
- Vicky Garrison not wearing platform high heels?
- Having a band play at our school at lunch time that sounds good?
- Anyone reading a stupid article like this?
- John Rotticci with elevator shoes or Tommy Kosturos without them?
- The 8th graders not chasing the 7th graders off the field?
- Lynn Hausrath missing a day of school?
- Carla Frank not wearing a cape?
- Lynn Nelson not beating up boys, most of all Scott Dinkelspiel?

Monday, and what a day! There's the usual rush to make the bus, tripping down the hill and just catching it on time. This particular blankety-blankety-blank Monday I was a little bit surprised when I discovered (as I learned later) another bus had broken down, and we had the pleasure of taking half a busload of elementary school kids to their place of torture. Oh, the little darlings!

I heard a few odd comments from 7th and 8th graders climbing aboard the boisterous banana.

"What the _____?"

"Oh my _____, what is this?"

A generally mystified air occurred aboard our troubled transportation. At least I can say this was a different experience. At one point a kid in the first or second grade bounced across the aisle and promptly put a half-nelson on another kid, then "schnook" (as Mr. Comer would say) back to his seat. The troubled plea went out from the victim, "Bus driver. . .?"

"The victims of the system we are.

The system of the school-bus-car.

Let us be trapped there nevermore,

But stay behind our own house door."

by I.M. Disturbed

"WHO OR WHAT CAUSED THE FIRE?"

Sam Uhland: "It was intentional."

Bill Ayer: "It was a smoldering rocket."

Rich Hitchcock: "Some pyro."

Steve Carter: "Heck, I don't know."

Miles Englehart: "Gee, I don't know."

Kathi Paddock: "Ask my intelligent boyfriend, Brad."

Brian Smith: "Promise you won't tell. It was _____."

Pine Grove's Rocket Rat: "Eek, eek, squeekity squeek."

Mrs. Reed: "It wasn't Bun-Bun."

Miss Tighe: "Were any English books burned?"

YOU KNOW IT'S TIME TO RUN WHEN...

- Carla Frank walks by.
- Mrs. Dickow asks you to stay after school.
- Barbara Vrettos decides to chase you.
- Lance Green holds your hand.
- Anne Deubner cuts her hair.

RIDDLES

- Q. If a dog lost his tail, where could he get a new one?
- A. At a re-tail store.
- Q. How did the prisoner escape from the locked jail without keys?
- A. He broke out with the measles.
- Q. Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?
- A. 'Cause it's farthest from his bark.
- Q. When is a goat nearly?
- A. When it's all butt.
- Q. Why is a dirty child like flannel?
- A. 'Cause it shrinks from washing.

BOOKS AND THEIR STUDENT AUTHORS

- "How to Get Up and Stomp" by Dave Grah.
- "Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Sex, But Were Afraid to Ask" by Ben Klatsky.
- "Hole in the Wall" by Ron Williams.
- "Eating Out the Centers of Tomatoes" by Graham Reid.
- "49 Hairstyles" by Chris Waters.
- "How to Become the School's Sex Symbol" by Ron Doleman.
- "How to Become a Woman" by Tina Berard.

continued on next page.

Susie Buffington untucks her hair from behind her ears.
Tutu Rhea takes off her coat.
Graham Reid smiles at you.
You see a big orange "76" ball.
You read the new flex-day offerings.
Mrs. Dickow gets mad, and you don't understand Spanish.
You don't have a cover on your English book.
A unit test comes up.
You lose your voice, and it's your turn to give a speech.
It's the end of the period and your teacher had refused you a bathroom pass at the start of the period.
Blake Isaacsson says, "Hi!"
You shout into the school's microphone, and Mrs. Daulman catches you.
Your parents say you can't have your ears pierced, but you do it anyway.
Mr. Jackson starts singing, and everyone laughs.
You tell Mr. Hester you're going to a 49er game and have a 49er binder besides.
You call John Rotticci "Little Big Man."
You clean out your binder and accidentally throw away all the papers you need.
Loren Simpson looks at you with a smile on his face.

1. She has a locker in the upper hall.
2. She has blond hair.
3. She has Mr. Chinn for math.
4. She is a 7th grader.
5. She takes M.O.
6. She has P.E. 2nd Period.
7. She is about 5 ft. 3in.
8. Her nickname is Raquel.
9. She is part Welsh (get it, Welsh.)
10. Her locker combination is 38-24-36.
11. Her boyfriend has blond hair.
12. Her birthday is June 6th.
13. Roses are red.
Violets are blue.
If you know who this is
Send it to 'you know who.'

"BESIDES ME, I'D RATHER BE. . .

Richy Hagler--nobody.
Steve Carrico--a basketball.
Doreen Roosma--the wrath of Powell.
Kathy Keys--Felix the Cat.
Doug Knapp--Bam Bam.
Jeanne Newacheck--Pebbles.
Nancy Wayne--Kirk Grace.
Liz Harnett--a banana.
Donna Flinn--the centerfold in Playboy.
Mrs. May--the star of "Mi Casa Tu Casa."
Margie Stein--Mrs. Reed.
Paula Zerkle--someone who's last name starts with an "A."
Lisa Birder--a chair.

YOU KNOW IT'S TIME TO DIET WHEN...

You can't beat Mr. Sherman in the mile.
Your Mom buys you a new belt, and it's far too short.
Your pictures come back, and all you can see is a double chin.
On Picture Day the photographer has you stand 20 feet away from the camera 'cause you can't fit into the frame.
The man from N.A.S.A. uses you as an example of the rocket's width.
You have people think you walk to school for your health, but really you can't fit through the bus doors.
Mrs. Koepsell takes you out of Home Ec. because you can't fit into the kitchen unit.
The teachers shudder when you walk into their rooms.
Mrs. Daulman makes some excuse about not going on the trampoline just when it's your turn.

HEARD IN THE HALLS

Mary Guilliams: "Where's Richy?"
Paula Zerkle: "Are you kidding?"
Kirk Grace: "I don't know what girl I like now."
Jeanne Newacheck: "That's not true. . . is it?"
Mr. Comer: "Cool it!"
Billy Lavis: "Don't knock 'em."
Tina Berard: "Right on!"
Mr. Blouin: "Now it's time for your daily bull-it-ten."
Philip Lehman: "Kathy Henry, don't you ever stop talking?"
Mr. Jackson: "What's for lunch?"
Lisa Birder: "Isn't he cute?"
Ken Honeychurch: "I wonder how I get my name in the school paper so often?" (P.S. He writes most of it).
Dave Duca: "Just call me brain!"

UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE WEEK

"You're not through, Ben."--Mr. Hester
