

# ARCADGET

*D. Langhoff, Editor-in-chief*

Vol. XXVII

The "Neat-o" Edition

No. 18

## *Congress solves debt problems*

(WWP) Although not **officially** announced, it has been learned that Congress has a radical new solution to the problem of national indebtedness. Sources close to Senator Smedley "Smokin'" Smuckerski report that the distinguished statesman, 97 next Tuesday, will introduce a

bill into the House allowing the Treasurer's office to write official IOU's to any country whose debt (or war) we are in.

The prospects sound good for the bill; one source close to the author, when queried as to same's confidence in the legislation, replied "Woof! Woof!"

## **President signs monumental bill**

(WWP) The President has signed into law a bill which will limit the height of monuments to ten feet above ground level.

The President's wife, wearing a kicky new orange chiffon with darling violet pumps and better-dyed blonde hair-do, was present at the event and told our reporter it had taken the First Man a long while to reach a

decision regarding this bill.

"He wasn't at all sure whether a bit higher monument wouldn't lend itself better to the more altitude-oriented pigeons around (his great land, but, on the advice of his Secretary of Gettin' Things Signed or Paid, he finally after **much** mental anguish, mind you-gave in to the will of the people," revealed the First Person, rather long of wind.

## **Governor goes bananas**

(WWP) The recent Capital Costume Ball was high lighted by the appearance of our distinguished Governor, who loosend

his stiff collar for the occasion and appeared as a large bunch of bananas.

His wife was there, also,

This paper is a member and originator of Worthless Wire-Press, a source of news (and amazement) to our readers. Through this wunnerful service, you are always kept up-to-date on the news of the month. Wherever you see the WWP prefix, you can be assured of an enlightening bit of, uh, news.

## **New car owner buffaloed**

(WWP) Andy Augustin, the new proud owner of a 1961 Chevy Impala, saw and felt his precious vehicle disastrously dented right before his very steering wheel the other day.

Andy was driving along one of your back roads, when suddenly he says a buffalo charged at him from out of nowhere. Well, Andy and his "deer" car were knocked for a loop by the bison, who trotted off into the darkness soon after.

Andy, who's had similar bad luck before with his auto purchases, says he'll seriously consider investing in a Sherman tank.

wearing a Gallo wine barrel. Not detracting at all were the seven men marching about her with picket signs.

An enjoyable evening was had by all, except the pages who had to help support the weight of the Governor's costume.

# Tax rebate reactions

With the recent passage of the bill authorizing a multi-million dollar kickback to the taxpaying American, in hopes of lessening his recession woes, comes many

**Bill Williams, freshman**--"What's rebate mean?"

**Pete Peters, Bill's freshman friend**--"That's where ya put another worm on the hook, stupid!"

**Michelle Michaels, junior**--"Ooh, you're the cutest roving reporter I've ever seen!"

**Dave Davis, senior**--"It doesn't do much for me; I don't think anyone in Oakdale makes enough to get any taxes refunded."

interesting and contrasting opinions. Our roving reporter gathered a few from your peers, which appear below.

**Sam Samuels, junior**--"After my two-month stint at the Country Club (picking up golf balls at \$1.25 an hour), I plan to buy Big Macs all around on my next date with my rebate."

**John "Junior" Jarvis, Jr., sophomore**--"My father's giving me ten percent of his rebate, with which I shall buy ten packs of baseball cards! Drool, you jealous-peons, drool!"

**Marcie Marzcowitz, sophomore**--"Aw, shuddup, 'Junior!'"

## High school boy gets taste of own medicine

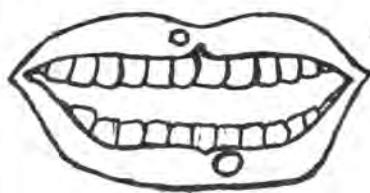
(WWP) High school classmate Cy N. Tistt had a wild night on the town evening last, in the process devouring three large pizzas, seven gallons of Pepsi, two fish fillet sandwiches, a quart of dill pickles, five Marathon candy bars, and a dollar bill.

The occasion provided a golden opportunity for Cy to test the

laxative/digestive stimulant he recently cooked up in Chemistry.

Cy blamed his gastronomic discomforts later on the half pizza made with anchovies, bell peppers, horseradish, and lye.

Incidentally, the dollar bill was consumed as the result of a bet.



## Senior Personality

This month's outstanding personality in the Senior class is Lee Richards, a five-foot, eight inch girl with hazel eyes and brown hair.

Lee was born in Modesto, California, on April 3, 1957. She now resides in beautiful downtown Roberts Ferry with her parents and two brothers and one sister.

Her favorite song is "Philadelphia Freedom" by Elton John, and her favorite gourmet dish is home-made ice cream. Among her hobbies are sailing, tennis, walking, and swimming.

She is active in high school presently serving as an Asilomar Girl for 1974 (one of those monkey hunters), and Vice President of the Oakdale chapter of California Junior Statesmen.

Lee is the type of person you always see smiling letting nothing get her down. She is very interested in the wonders of nature and plans to attend Columbia Junior College next year, majoring in Natural Sciences.



the counselor offices, and the other is outside the lobby of the new Gym.

The gym phone was inside, but because the gym is almost always locked up, it was moved outside in mid-March. That is still a bad location because it is a long way away (and many people don't even know it's there.)

So, a pay phone was finally installed in the hall. This was the result of Business Office phones being tied up by student callers.

Now, the only problem is the Business Office is always tied up by people trying to get change!

## SEMI-SERIOUS STUFF

### Where the phones came from

For the convenience of students, OHS now has two pay

phones on campus. One is located in the hall right outside

ments.

Take the time (please) in first grade, when Ned poured the melted crayon down Betty Sue's back. Then there was the time where good ol' Needy tied Miss Crabapple's shoelaces around her desk—she was sleeping during his "Show and Tell presentation, remember? Gosh, wasn't it just a scream when she awoke and tried to straighten up? Fell right into that eustard pie Ned just happened to have on his desk, she did!

Who can forget seventh grade, when Ned let his snails continue their race across Miss Dingle's desk at the end of the period? (Who can remember seventh grade, period?)

And it was only last year when N.N. called our principal a "hypocritical oaf" over the phone. As an indication of the level to which his

intelligence sometimes sank, he identified himself during the call.

Ned was considered an excellent prospect by those in the know here for a great position in mattress-testing.

Few of us really knew or understood Ned—some gave the excuse that he was a paranoid schizophrenic and hard to talk to. Actually, when and if you gave him a chance, he was a pretty neat

guy. He was

Ned was never popular until you needed his talents—from how to get 99 percent on a test, to the ins and outs of practical joking, to the inner art of how to peel the hide off a baseball in the fewest hits.

In summing up the life of Ned Neophyte, one may safely, and warmly, say—"At least his mother liked him."

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# LETTERS

## TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

To the Editor:

I have always had a strange fascination for the riddle "Why did the chicken cross the road?". As a result, I have made a comprehensive study, which I here submit, detailing possible logical responses, psychological reasons behind same, and effects of each on the average psyche. Would appreciate your printing it

...(lil' editing)...  
Thank you for printing my humble two volumes.

"Getting to the other side,"  
Rue S. Ter

*You're more than welcome.*

--Editor

I just wanted to say that writing letters to the editor is the most disgusting thing a person can do. Obviously your average student body feels the same way I do, as evidenced by the lack of said letters in your newspaper. Even though it gives you an opportunity to express your views to several hundred people, allows you the benefit of different opinions, and indicates the writing quality in your community, writing letters to the editor is one of the most disgusting facets of an otherwise terrible newspaper. If I wasn't so terribly open-minded, I'd have said this long before.

Sincerely yours,  
Me

Award winner

## Letter of the week



To the Editor:

I feel it's about time someone stood up for this school's method of operation. What's the matter with sitting through six hours or so of inactive classes in primitively-designed, uncomfortable metal "desks?" So what if it is one of the only schools around still using the ancient system of many periods, one right

after the other? How can there be any correlation between the type of system we're using and the general lack of academic prowess (or interest) we've shown? I, for one, find it very convenient. Under this format, I have plenty of opportunities to catch up on my sleep. The defense rests.

Rested-and-refreshedly yours,

"Yawn" Petrovichi

To the Editor:

High! Say, eye just wundured why thee tiepo-graficle err ors inn yer papur. R youse guys un co ordinatted or some?thing? What kind of oparasion is this!?! Ewe think? this is a kid's papur er somepin ? Please respondd.

Signed,  
Signed,  
Bobb Roburtss

*Wee aim too please, but there are only a couple fo trained hands interested in hepin' us out. Also, our equipment ain't quite what yer average newspaper thrives on. If you'd like details, see me.*

--Editor

To the Editor:

I was wunderin' if I could get some response to an idear of mine; what say we have an "Ignorance Is Bliss" week here at OHS, where all the people with low IQs and stuff celebrate the fact that they's the silent majority in this country. Remember, we may be "stupid," but they's whole bunches of us!

Signed,  
X

Advice on a situation  
we all face sometime

Dear Slab Anders:

Yesterday my mother sent me to the store and when I came back she had moved away. Not only that, but she had burnt all my clothes, killed my dog, drowned my cat and eaten all my gold fish not to mention the six Donny Osmond and David Cassidy posters that were missing. Do you think perhaps she dislikes me?

Afraid

I've Offended

Dear Offensive:

I think you're being a little emotional, my dear. Think back, did she happen to leave a forwarding address? Perhaps it was your cat that ate your gold fish and it may have drowned while trying to capture them. And perhaps your dog tried so hard to save your cat that it gave itself a coronary and fell over dead, and in doing so, knocked over a jack 'n lantern which fell on top of your clothes and burnt them up. I also think your are being

Who is the

Funniest

person you know?

*Ted Firch*--Eric Riise, because of the way he did his part in "The Sound of Music."

*Ulla Urhonen*--Me, because I have a funny back.

a bit too possessive over your posters. Perhaps your mother just likes D.O. and D.C. I think you both need counseling on how to share. This theory would not work, though, unless your dog knew lifesaving, it was Halloween (unless you're Jewish and its Hannukah), and your clothes were all lying in a pile under your Jack 'n lantern (or candleabra, which ever the case may be). If not, then yes, I think she might be a little perturbed at you.

Slab Anders

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*Banz Herrmann*--Not Ralph Filippini; some of his tricks aren't funny.

*Jeff Ingles*--Not Mr. Stinehart!

*Bruce "Boom-Boom" Brewer*--Mr. Osman, because of his views on sex.

*Donna Horan*--Mr. Stone, because he's always singing.

*Julie Hofmann*--Mr. Scherer; he's funny, all right.

*Paula Bloodgood*--Mr. Thrasher, because he reminds me of Bob Hope.

*Tanya Goedhart*--Mike "Chinese" Orvis.  
(Ed.'s Note: must be an "in" joke.)

*Melodie Combs*--Not Mr. Kidd!

*Tony Albertoni*--Likewise, I'm sure, Melodie!

*Arnie Silva*--Dangerous Dan.

*Cindy (?)*--John Kearns, because he's so cute.

*Judy Lukens*--Zane, because he's always talking to get attention.

# From the pondering pen of DAN LANGHOFF



## TOP TEN

Let's face it — this year's paper has not **exactly** been a Pulitzer Prize candidate. I can frankly admit that now, and yet, you only knew some of the little — and big — things that have happened to us, you'd be amazed that we get anything into print. This really smears my ink, as I got into this newspaper this year to try and help get out a really complete newspaper with a direct reference to the past two volumes).

That's debatable  
-Adv.

Quickly, let me give you some examples of our misfortunes. The biggest problem is the apparent lack of student interest in being involved with this operation. Let me qualify that by mentioning the need for interested parties who **exhibit a bit of linguistic expertise**. Maybe no one realizes that newspaper work is not **all writing someone's** got to do such jobs as typing (a big headache here, for lack of numbers), layout, handling of financial matters, advertisement-selling and promotion, etc., etc. There's definitely something for everyone. Wait a minute— I said "Quickly", didn't I? Well the other multitudes of complications result from lack of money (from little advertising) and lack of equipment—that's not mentioning the fool who does about all the work on this rag only operates on a 24-hour day, and has to put in an appearance in class a couple days a week. Oh, and by the way—very few news-worthy events take place around this school.

Enough — in fact, too **much** apologizing. I'm sorry. The

main point of this article is to explain the format of our few remaining issues. Because of all of the above, plus a general feeling of exasperation by this Editor, the Acadet will now solely concentrate on entertaining; in the process we'll give our most, uh, **original** staff member a chance to really go to work. Hopefully we can get everything properly typed, laid out, and printed in time to try it more than once. That's assuming our writer doesn't drain himself completely on one issue.

So, for those of you who like to be entertained and can get into satire and subtle humor, you ought to get a kick or four out of this Acadet. For the rest of you serious, cynical, or low-humor-loving types, well, it can't be any worse, can it?



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5. Rock and roll, I Gave You- Pat Corrigan
6. Lovin' You- The Seniors
7. Sad, Sweet Dreamer- Freshman Class
8. Long Tall Glasses- Jeff's Place
9. Just A Boy- Mr. Quaccia's newborn son
10. Bad Company- Perry's Place

## Requiem

By Tony Albertoni

I feel it is only fitting to write a few words in fond memory of our dearly departed classmate, comrade, and all-around palsie-walsie, Ned Neophyte.

His sudden passing last month has left a certain hollowness in all of us.

During the years we knew this fine fellow, he provided us with many happy mo-

# Reviews



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one out!

*"The Mouse That  
Snored"*

*"It's a doozy!"*  
—The Editor

"THE BORAX KID" has come to Oakdale! A some-what "underground" sort of flick, you'll have to listen to the grapevine to hear where it's playing next. At the sneak preview, those present were delighted, awed, and just plain entertained. And it **wasn't** from the event of the popcorn popping all over the projector, either!

The storyline is fairly simple, but with a few unusual twists. In a nutshell, it is and I quote—"the story of an All-American guy, and an All-American girl;" a "simple story, filled with romance, adventure, and intrigue." I can safely say it is all that and much more.

This production brings together for the first time two giants in the fields of production and comedic genius. Their first collaborative effort, the trained observer can readily tell it. It is clearly **not** a partnership "made in heaven"—or even Paramount—but one certainly gets his money's worth.

"The Borax Kid" is definitely not for everyone, but this humor addict tinks it's kinky.

—N.D.N. "Pop" Corne

—a new adventure flick all about espionage and stuff. Sam Snoop, working for the "good guys," takes a perilous journey to a perilous country to rescue a kidnapped diplomat. His intricate plan goes well until, as he's sneaking through the baddies' house to find the diplo, a mouse rustles in his sleep, awakening the house muscleman, and Sam Snoop gets beaten into micro-film.

Plot stinks, but the mouse is great.

— Myron Moonwatcher

"MOLEHILL" —Gopher-type hole appears in a small town's park and people get in a panic over it's possible consequences. One man mentions how the grass is goin' to go, another reasons this'll put the Band outta business on Sundays, an unemployment scare runs rampant, etc., etc.. While old ladies talk of the whole town's crumbling, a county maintenance man comes, drowns out the gopher, and fills the hole.

Too true to be funny. Sequels planned: "Flat Tire Finishes Detroit," "Termite Destroys Yosemite."

— Itch N. Toogo

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Worthless advice from

# Dear Slabby

Under the general direction of Tony Albertoni

Dear Slabby:

I have this perrible troblem. I always wix up my merds. Dut should I woo?

Signed,  
Kixed-up Mid

Dear Kixed:

Pots of leeple prave your hoblem.

Slabby

Dear Slabby:

All my boyfriend wants to do is pet. What should I do?

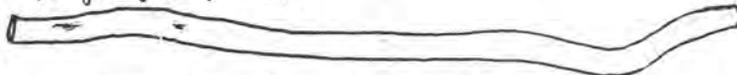
Yours with hugs and licks  
Lassie

Dear Las:

Buy a flea collar. That ought to do the trick.

Slabby

For Sale: New Jersey spaghetti farm. Guaranteed to get you places.



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## Provocative!

To the Editor:  
An open letter to the  
OHS student body:

My dog has fleas.  
What should I do?

Signed,  
"Scratch" N.

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