

OHHH My Orinda By Jim Benney

An unpolished story

Miramonte Class of 1967 or 1969

Depending on who you talk to

I was expelled as a Senior but my picture made it into the Yearbook and I got an official diploma in 1969 after taking a few classes at DVC.

I dropped out of college for good the day after the Kent State fiasco.

## **Kindergarten**

I transferred from Park Merced kindergarten in San Francisco to Sleepy Hollow School in Orinda when I was 4.

The thing I most remember was the teacher telling me to arrange the books on the reading table the way they were before. I guess I didn't like the way she spoke to me. I knocked all the books to the floor and refused to pick them up.

I had to go to the Principal's office. She called my Mom who came to pick me up and drive me home. I remember thinking on the way "This isn't so bad".

I don't remember ever really getting in trouble with my parents. It was always just a question of what were we going to do now. It was my life to live, along with the consequences for my actions.

## **Dr. Prlain**

Dr. Prlain was our Doctor. When one of us kids was sick he would come to our house and sit on our bed. When we would go to his office he would look us over and then we'd go into his office where he and my Mom would smoke cigarettes and go over any other details.

Once I had a really bad case of poison oak. We went to his office and he gave me a sugar cube infused with who-knows-what. I have never gotten poison oak again except in cuts or scratches and I routinely wade right through it hiking around in the hills.

## **Dad's work**

My Dad loved his attorney job at Orrick Herrington. He could hardly wait to get out of bed in the morning and get to work. He liked to beat the traffic into the city early and said he got more work done before the secretaries came in than the whole rest of the day.

His work involved millions of dollars of various large business's cash flow and the lives of tens of thousands of employees in different companies.

The three martini lunch was not a joke in his group. It was lunch. They would have a couple more drinks in the office after the secretaries left, and more when they got home. We kids knew if we wanted something from Dad we had about 10 minutes after he got home to make our case. After that he didn't like to be bothered.

He started bringing in pretty good money after becoming a partner and we never really wanted for anything. But we were not "rich".

Food, clothing, and vacation time was taken care of. It was a secure notch above middle class living. Being well educated was all that really mattered.