

Editorial Corner

Two Years Doing What?

Well, kiddies, we are about to the end of the road for a while and as this will probably be my last editorial and last paper, I want to take this opportunity to say thanks to a lot of people who have made my stay here an enjoyable one.

I cannot tell you what it all has meant to me, but that is not what I want to attempt anyhow. Since this is the last, I want only to climb on your backs just one more time.

All the while I have been here, I have seen a lot of changes take place — some good, some bad. One thing which never changes and that, dear children, is your lackadaisical attitude about this school.

I know there are a lot of reasons for your lack of interest in the school, but the fact remains, you are spending two years of your life here and someday after you have retired to the old rocking chair, you will begin to look back and take stock of what actually did

you do with your life and you are going to remember this institution. Either fondly or ? Here is the rub: When you are here the activities you participate in and the action you take in getting involved are going to determine your remembrance of Wilkes Community College.

So don't sit here on your tail and bitch about things. Get up and get involved in something, anything.

I know I might be sounding paternal but I know a little of what life's about, and you cannot recall time. You are young, and life is to be enjoyed to the fullest. Once you pass this stage, it's not as much fun any more.

Well, I suppose I've had my say, so I'll put it to bed now and hope you will think seriously about what I've said, for whatever it's worth. Two years is a good chunk out of anyone's life.

I thank all of you.

Richard Harrold

The Rat Who Knew Kung Fu

By Richard Harrold

It all started out innocently enough. My wife and I had just rented a wonderful apartment in south Philly, and at the time thought we had the better of the bargain, for it is no easy task to find an apartment in Philly, especially one so cheap. Only \$150 a month and the neighborhood was no worse than any other. It had your usual street gangs, of course, and its corner bookie shop, but all in all, we thought we had done well.

But little did we know we were interlopers into the private domain of the Rat who knew Kung Fu. A form of defense so overpowering that anyone who knows its secret can walk unmolested thru the Greyhound Bus terminal in D. C.

The first indication I had that all was not well was when I happened to glance out the window and see one of the neighborhood cats (four-footed kind) brave the traffic to cross the street as it approached our building. Now as you all know a full grown alley cat is no slouch. He is tough, big, and



Illustrated by Brad Davis

BIKE CROW TRADE

By Richard Harrold

As you will recall in the last episode, I had wheedled Pap into a chicken-bike trade.

Now that I had it, learning to ride it was more than I had bargained for. As I said before, the thing weighed fifty pounds and was bigger than I. But I could not let it get the best of me, so every day I would sit down, stare at it, and dream of the day when I would become its master.

Finally, I came up with an ingenious solution to the problem. I pushed, pulled, and eventually made it to a small hill behind our house. Then I stuck one foot through under the brace and shoved off. By gosh, it worked! Tho' I could not reach the pedals from the seat, I could ride it in this precarious manner. Downhill was easy, flat ground not too bad, but up hill it was for naught. To the unintelligent eye, I must surely have looked like an idiot, or at the best a UFO, for the position forced me to lean the bike 90° from my upright body.

Well, this state of affairs dragged on for some time, and I was really getting the hang of how to handle a small Sherman tank.

But in 1948-49, television was just making its debut in Wilkes and finding its way into people's homes. The closest one to us was at my friend's house about one-half mile away. All the neighbors for miles around would gather there to see this marvel, and I was no exception.

I guess I got more beatings for slipping off after supper and going to watch television than any kid in the whole world, but it was worth it, for really this was an astounding thing then.

The trick to really have fun watching television then for me was to save my pennies, buy a two pound box of confectioners sugar, wet it, and then let it harden into a solid block, so when I went to watch television I had my own personal sugar block to eat.

I recall one particular night when "Danger" was on that the people there assembled were terrified by the happenings going on inside that box. All

sorts of mayhem was taking place, and my sugar block was rapidly disappearing.

Finally, when it was over around midnight, I started home on my old friend when suddenly a noise to my right started my six-year-old mind racing. What was it? Was it the devil coming to get me like mamma always said he would? Was it one of those outer space creatures people had been seeing lately?

The more I thought the worse it got. My legs pumped furiously. That stupid bike just would not respond!

Then absolute terror struck as I started down a long steep hill. I remembered I had to pass an old deserted house that people said was haunted. I just knew the jig was up.

As I gained momentum going down hill, I figured I would fly by and that way whatever it was following me could not catch me.

Just as I reached the old house and doing what I surely thought was five hundred miles an hour, a stupid huge boulder jumped out in front of me. I screamed to the top of my lungs for it to move, and it simply ignored my plaintive cries.

By then it was too late. Disaster stared me in the face. There was no way for me to miss this huge rock, so I just said, "God, I'm only six years old, please be good to me." As the bike struck, it immediately took to the air. I thought I was already dead for as it took off, it kept climbing and I thought God was going to let me keep my bike and ride it into heaven. My luck failed, though, for then it started down, and down, and down. I thought, "God has changed his mind, and I'm riding this thing into hell like mamma always said." When it touched down, it was on an old rusty #2 washing tub left carelessly there just to get me, down through a broomstraw field into a briar patch. Then I knew it had me. I felt it tugging at my body, clawing me to pieces.

When it finally stopped, I leaped from this thing bent on my destruction and started running for home, screaming "Mamma, Mamma" all the way. I could see the lights far in

the distance, and I almost gave up because I knew I would never make it. But doggedly I churned my short legs like pistons, and just as I reached the porch, Mamma opened the door, and I was saved.

Torn and bleeding, my mind a complete shambles, I vowed right then to

1. Never slip off again to watch television,
2. be baptised in case I forgot the first vow and something like this happened again, and
3. to get rid of that stupid bicycle.

The next day, when I finally got up the courage, I went to retrieve the bike. It was not damaged too badly — just some scratches and a flat tire. I managed to push it to a store two miles away to get the tire fixed when a friend of mine approached carrying a box.

When I saw the contents of that box I just had to have it, and I started right there on what must go down in history as the dumbest trade ever made.

It was a crow. Not a full grown crow but a baby crow, and Smiley said it could learn to talk.

Immediately I sounded him out about a trade. But for what? Then I remembered my oaths the night before and offered my almost new, flat tired, slightly scratched, balloon-tired battery-operated horn, Schwinn bike.

I should have realized something was up when he thrust that box on me, grabbed the bike, and pushed it away.

I carried the crow home and, people, let me say right here and now, I have had beatings but they were nothing compared to what Pap gave me that time. I thought he was going to kill me.

I kept that stupid crow two years, and it never did learn to fly, much less talk. The moral of this story, "Beware Greeks bearing boxes."

NEW TAX DEDUCTION

Our congratulations to John and Ann Berry on their new edition, a boy, Jonathan Morris. Now Melissa has a playmate, but really, John, that's going to be an awfully expensive tax deduction!

mean. But this cat was in a nervous state. His legs shook, and he was struck with terror. But I did not know the cause.

The next indication I had that all was not well was when I saw a Catholic priest cross himself and also cross the street in abject terror. He too moved to the other side of the street as he approached our building.

The first night passed quietly. Nothing disturbed our tired sleep. But when I walked into the kitchen the next morning, we had had a visitor. A loaf of bread, left on the counter, had been opened and half of it had been eaten. Well, being the intelligent person that I am, I deduced immediately that we had mice. Right then I decided to buy traps to catch the boogers. The next morning, however, traps were missing. They were of the regular spring type, and so I thought if it had carried off the traps it was no regular run-of-the-mill mouse, but a RAT.

I am no rich man, and the thought of a rat stealing my food enraged me, for along with the traps he had taken one dozen eggs, half a watermelon, and three bottles of beer. When something steals my food it's one thing, but don't touch my beer.

Again, I went to the hardware store and bought the biggest trap available. I bought weapons to fit the culprit. If it was war he wanted then war he would have. I would blitzkrieg him with a dose of his own medicine.

But they too accomplished nothing. He just moved them and continued to rip off my food.

Then I had an inspiration. I bought a bear trap and baited it with the best cheese money could buy and chained it to the drain pipe. But the rat moved the trap next to the door and then made a big racket, turning over a chair and letting some terrible sounding squeals. When I heard this, I just knew I had him. So jumping out of bed, I ran into the kitchen and stepped into my own bear trap. At first I thought the rat had me by the leg. By its bite, I knew it had to be as big as a Great Dane. I fought so hard and screamed in such desperation that the entire neighborhood was awakened, and prowl

cars came from all directions. I was unable to walk for a week. That's when I decided to shoot the rat. I was going to shoot him in cold blood. I was going to blow that dirty rat's brains out.

I bought a 12-gauge double-barrel shotgun. Then all night long I would prowl the house waiting for him. I would lay an ambush for him, but he was too smart for that and never appeared. He would wait until I had dozed off and then raid the larder.

About this time, my wife became a nervous wreck because she was afraid that I was going to kill myself some night. Finally, we made a compromise. I would not load the gun until I actually saw the rat. But she still went home to mother. Now I was alone, just me and the rat.

One night as I was waiting in ambush for him, I fell asleep and when I awoke he had stolen the shells. I had laid them on the table and the gun across my lap. So when I found the shells gone, I sold the gun. No use letting him have that to go with the shells.

I was fast running out of ideas when one day I spied a long, sharp, vicious-looking knife. That was it. I decided I would cut his heart out. I would lay an ambush for him and meet him face to face, man against rat. A fight to the finish, winner take all. I would show him who was the best man.

That night as I came home, I moved as quietly as an Indian, hoping to surprise him at work. I slipped into the kitchen, knife at the ready, flipping on the light.

Right there in the middle of the floor lay another egg. Whirling quickly, thinking, he might be behind me I saw another egg at the head of the stairs leading to the basement. I walked over to the stairs and flipped on the basement lights, then started down, knife ready. A trail of eggs led all the way down the steps. At the bottom I looked around and in one corner, I saw a huge box. It looked like an old piano box. It had something resembling a door cut out of the side. Right in front lay a pile of empty beer bottles. Walking over very carefully looking for signs
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