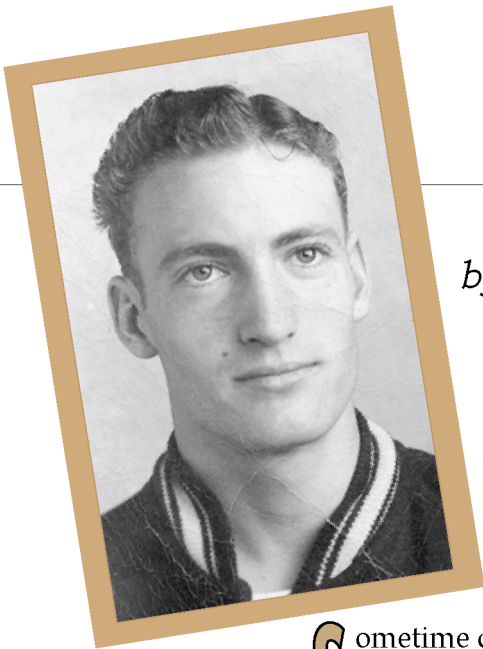


fun after school



“We were all yelling, ‘Stop! Stop!’
But the driver thought we were still yelling, ‘Cop! Cop!’
So he kept trying to get away. ”

by robert f. gaut

Sometime during my high school years kids were caught up in the water gun mania.

Many of the guys carried a water gun and frequently “called out” another boy to draw his gun. The slower draw always got drenched.

One afternoon after school three of us guys were cruising the streets of my small hometown in a 1941 Chevy pickup. The tailgate had been removed allowing someone to sit and let their legs dangle. It just so happened that three girls from school were sitting there as we drove slowly around town.

As we cruised slowly past the Candy Kitchen, the kids’ favorite after-school hangout, a lower classman named Rossie Utter came running out and sprayed us with his water gun. This happened two or three times and we upper classmen couldn’t let the little squirt get by with that. After all, our honor was at stake, especially in front of three cute girls. One of us finally got the bright idea that we would go to the service station and fill a big bucket with water and when Rossie came out again we would just drown him and teach him not to fool with an upper classman.

We got the bucket of water and came back by the Candy Kitchen. The only problem was we were on the wrong side of the street. But the driver decided to make it easier for us to wet Rossie down by swinging over to the wrong side of the street. That’s when things began to go south. None of us had seen the police car following us. Someone yelled, “Cops!” and the driver took off down the street as if he could outrun the police car in that old truck.

Two of us guys were standing up behind the cab of the truck and when the driver suddenly turned down an alley paved with gravel one guy fell partway over the side.

The girls grabbed one of his legs and the other leg was dragging on the gravel. The back truck wheel on that side was missing a hubcap and the prongs that should have held the hubcap were tearing the seat out of his pants, along with some skin. We were all yelling, “Stop! Stop!” But the driver thought we were still yelling, “Cop! Cop!” So he kept trying to get away.

We finally got him stopped and the police gave him a traffic ticket and he had to go to court. The guy that was driving got the ticket, but the truck belonged to the guy that was thrown over the side. So we all pooled our money and paid his fine.

As far as I know not one parent knew of this incident. It turned out to be costly fun, but we laughed for months at how Rossie Utter looked when he got that bucket of water on his head. And we could hold our heads high because we had upheld the honor of being “upper classmen.”

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