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Car Victims Have Own Deity

By BILL FULLERTON

Have you ever wondered if there was some special deity watching over people who are killed in car wrecks?

Well, I had, but up to this morning I hadn't the slightest idea what he looked like.

It all started innocently enough. I climbed into my 1949 club coupe to go see my girl. She lived in a small town about 50 miles from the city in which I live.

I am usually pretty careful about the condition of my car, but I had allowed the windshield to get dirty. I was in too much of a hurry to clean it off this morning.

I had gone about 20 miles when a sudden cloudburst came up. My windshield wiper was worn and did a very poor job of cleaning the windshield. I decided that I could see well enough though, so I didn't stop and try to clean away the mud.

Passing a junk yard full of wrecked cars suddenly made me

wonder what happened to persons killed in automobile accidents. I forgot to pay attention to my driving and started to pass the car in front of me. I was just about even with the car when I suddenly realized that I had misjudged the speed of a car coming toward me.

I knew that I couldn't avoid a crash—there were deep ditches on both sides of the road and I didn't have time to pass or to drop back into line. Horrified, I stared at the car coming closer to me.

I was horrified for I didn't see a car! I saw a man! I guess it was a man, although I had never seen anyone quite like him before. But I can't forget what he looked like.

His feet were in ragged shoes that looked like the crumpled fenders of some of the cars I have

seen in junkyards. His legs were crushed and splintered like the telephone pole that a friend of mine had run into about a year ago.

His chest was battered in like the bodies of wrecked cars I had seen. His head was a leering skull, with eyes that shone like the blinding glare of an oncoming car at night that did not dim its lights.

There was something else about him. . . . Oh, yes. He was wearing eye glasses.

That left glass — I remember now. His eye glasses resembled the windshield of a car—the windshield of a 1949 club coupe.

That left glass . . . it was dirty and had a hole in it that looked like it had been made by . . . a . . . head . . . being . . . thrown . . . through . . . it. "Doctor, doctor. My head. Somebody find me a doctor."

Don't Prove It

One Little Mistake Could Kill You

By JERRY WIZIG

It only takes one—yes, it only takes one little mistake to kill you on the highway.

Take the case of the 10-year-old farm boy who was riding his bicycle down the highway one evening to a grocery store. He was going to get a bottle of milk for supper, and as he pedaled along he doubtless had visions of the meal of fried chicken waiting for him when he got back home.

He never got back—alive.

The poor kid was wearing blue jeans and a khaki shirt, and his bicycle was a dark color. The driver of the 16-wheel trailer truck coming up behind never saw him. It took 30 minutes for the ambulance drivers to pry him out from under it. His parents didn't even recognize him.

The truck driver hadn't had a serious accident in 12 years on the road. If only the kid had put on a light colored shirt before starting out. . . . It just takes one to kill.

Then there was the middle-aged man who boasted that he had never been in an accident in 25 years of driving. He kept boasting, and he kept getting away with it until one day. . . .

It had rained all night, the streets were slick and he was late for work. He was going 45 and listening intently to a news broadcast when he came to the intersection. He didn't see or hear the ambulance on an emergency run and they met in the middle.

The door of his car flew open, and the man went sailing into a telephone guy wire. Nearly sliced his head off.

This man didn't concentrate on his driving, a full-time job. And it killed him.

The pretty young college coed was on her first day home for the Christmas vacation and had gone shopping in town. She had spent a busy afternoon, shopping for presents she never gave away.

Loaded almost to eye-level with colorful wrapped gifts, she stepped off the sidewalk, not looking at the traffic light. Too bad—for her. The street car didn't have to worry about getting hurt.

One mistake—and it killed her.

The young man was on his way to his girl's house to pick her up for a party. He hadn't seen her in three weeks, and he had just returned from college for the holidays.

The girl lived on a winding street

with few lights. The boy was in a hurry and he was going too fast as he came around the curve and met the other car. He applied his brakes, but his car skidded in front of the other auto.

The steering wheel was driven

back into his neck. Bloodiest sight the wrecker man had ever seen. Poor kid, he made just one mistake, and it killed him.

So for God's sake, fella, don't try to prove this. Remember, it just takes one—one to kill you.

Always drive like
the other fellow was crazy



It's sane, and safe! Let the other guy go first at signless intersections. Let him pass if he wants to. Don't try to race him. Don't stay on another car's tail. Don't wait 'til others dim their lights to dim yours. It's not sissy—It's just plain smart—and self preservation.

DRIVE CAREFULLY... the life you save may be your own!



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The Accident Is Just the Beginning

Having your car wrecked on the roadway is not the end of your trouble, according to the Texas Department of Public Safety. When you drive a motor vehicle on a public street or highway you assume moral and legal responsibilities. Several of these obligations begin after the accident.

Protect the accident scene from further damage by having assistants flag approaching vehicles from all directions. Have someone turn his headlight beams on the wrecked vehicles if the highway is obstructed at night. Keep other vehicles parked at least 100 feet from the accident.

Give first aid to the injured. Avoid rushing if possible. If injuries appear to be serious, wait for a doctor before moving the person.

Call an officer to the scene of the accident. In town call city police and out of city limits call county officers or highway patrol.

Get the name and operator's license number of every driver involved. Get names and addresses of all persons involved in the accident. Get information necessary

to identify the location of the collision, such as highway numbers and direction and distance from intersections and towns. Write down the exact time and date of accident, and describe how the accident happened.

Report the accident to the Department of Public Safety on an accident form. You will be subject to arrest within two years from the date of the accident if you fail to report an accident that caused a total damage of \$25 or more. You are protected by law against anyone using the information you place on an accident form against you in court.

DRIVE CAREFULLY



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And they're not always as careful as they might be, either.

This being true, let's keep youngsters in mind as we drive during the vacation season!



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the child you save may be your own!

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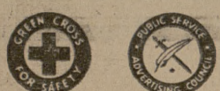
Alec says:
"I can neglect
lights and brakes...
but YOU have
only ONE life"



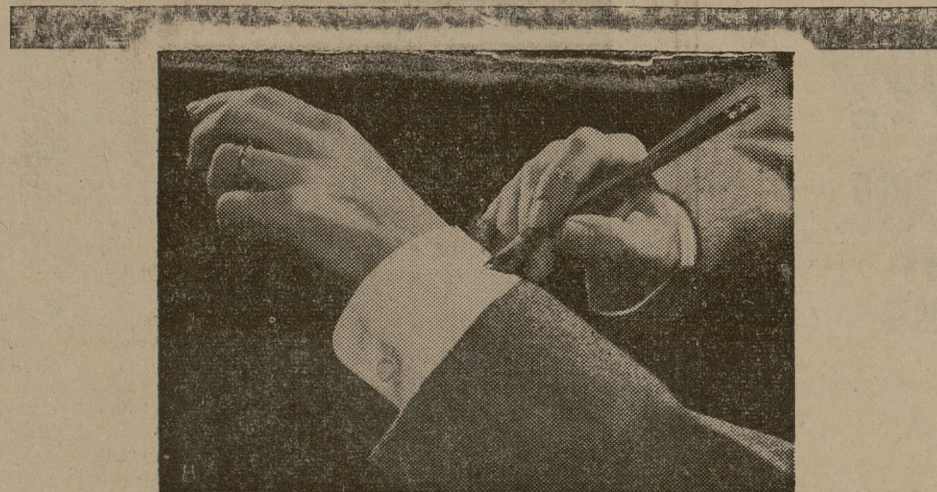
but YOU have
only ONE life"

Sure, Spring's the time for love and fun. But moonlight's much more effective outside a hospital. Brakes or wiper, lights or horn out of kilter can fail at the wrong time. So keep your car in shape and...

DRIVE CAREFULLY—the life you save may be your own!



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