

You Can Aid Youth

Want to do a valuable favor for a youngster? Tell him to continue his education.

If the United States is to continue to prosper, it cannot afford to have a large mass of people permanently unemployed or with low earning capacity. Yet, to qualify for good jobs today, education and training are essential. Those who drop out of school before graduating are the most likely candidates for the pool of unemployed.

U. S. Department of Labor statistics show that from the age of 25, high school graduates earn approximately \$2,000 per year more than elementary school graduates, and college graduates earn approximately the same amount more than high school graduates.

But the economics statistics don't begin to tell the whole story — education brings even more valuable rewards which can't be counted in dollars and cents — a wealth of understanding, satisfaction, ability, and the spirit of being an effective part of the world today.

Youngsters who have been compelled to leave school can still improve their earning power and their "living power," through special federal, state, and local opportunity programs.

If you know a youngster who is thinking about "cutting out" of school, do your level best to convince him that he would really be "cutting out" an important part of his life.

Southwest—Southwestern States General News

ROBINSON'S CRUSOE

By BOB ROBINSON

As I was leaving campus about eleven Sunday night, trying to figure out the best way to get over to highway six and my evening's refreshment, I glanced in my rear view mirror and saw a car following close behind. After looking closer, I automatically checked my speedometer. My spine shivered. I tried to remember if I'd stopped at the last stop sign. As I feared the car behind me had a red light on it. The car followed me two more blocks and, just as I was about to pull over, it turned onto another street. My pulse rate dropped; I was finally able to get my cigarette lit.

My speed had now dropped to five mph, and was almost off the campus, when I saw another car, with a red light on it, behind me. My hands froze to the wheel and broke out in a cold sweat. I resisted a strong impulse to put my foot on the brake and beads of sweat dropped from my forehead. If it wasn't my driving why was he following me? Was it the last party? Had they seen me selling old quizzes to fish? I knew they had something on me. The suspense almost killed me as I waited for the cop's light to start blinking, but again the car turned onto another street. Before I had time to breathe, a sigh of relief a third car appeared, and then a fourth. One was a block behind me, and the other coming toward me on the street I'd just passed. I glanced to my

(See Robinson, page 4)

CADET SLOUCH by Jim Earle

WELCOME FIREMEN



"Keep this quiet, but if you want to see something, stop by about 10 o'clock tonight! We're settin' off th' fire alarm to make them feel at home!"

Goin' West

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a two part series concerning a young lady's travels in the western United States and southern Canada. Second part of the series will be continued next week.

By JEAN MARTIN

When school gave up last spring after a long and treacherous battle, the traveling bug bit me and I decided to find out if my '59 Lark could make it to Colorado, where I hoped to stay a couple of weeks.

The Lark started out fresh and strong, much better than did it's driver. We headed north to Kansas and then took a left. The country was flat and rolling, dotted with horses and cows and wheat. I began to wish for some mountains to break the monotony. I learned later that's not all they break.

Having taken Sociology 304, I had all the respect in the world for our police force; but that respect was smashed, when in Colorado I got caught.

It was a very hot evening, and the sun was casting the last fitful rays before retiring as I raced it west. I draped a towel over the sun visor to help keep out the blinding glare, but I soon was faced with another glare, that of a furious patrolman. He pulled me over and lectured to me on the laws of Colorado. He threatened to throw me in jail for the night to wait for the morning judge, but I guess one look at me convinced him that I was the kind that there had been no prison tough enough to hold me, so instead he gave me a warning ticket and let me go. I was scared to death of uniforms for the rest of the trip.

I finally stumbled into Denver and awoke the next morning to the sight of mountains. They looked beautiful and eerie,

and I could tell that the Lark didn't trust them. It edged up cautiously and refused to go an inch over 20 miles an hour as the bigger cars whizzed past us. Thus, for the rest of the mountain, I pleaded with it, begged it, kicked it, and bit my lip as the cars behind me nearly knocked the oncoming cars over the cliff when they tried to pass. I would have done better outside, pushing, but I couldn't have stopped it downhill.

I stayed in Colorado a few days, but it was cold there. Instead of rain, they had hail and being from Texas, I'm not used to that sort of thing. Yellowstone looked temptingly close (I was using a U.S. map), so I set out for greener mountains.

The first bear I met (I must say) was braver than I. I held out my hand to him, and assuming it was a hunk of bread, he smacked but missed. The park bears are actually like overgrown dogs. They come when you call them and go away when your nerves break and you scream.

The Lark provided not only a set of wheels but a roof at night. I lived by the sun, going to sleep as soon as it was gone, knowing I had only a few hours until the chill of the night would make sleep impossible. Every morning I shivered in my car until 4 a.m. when it was light enough to drive again without running into a moose.

In the middle of Yellowstone, I came across a beautiful, large hotel built of huge, rustic logs. Curious about this splendor in the wilds, I parked my car with the rest of the Cadillacs and went inside. The enormous, dimly lit room gave a setting of a different world. I had left an atmosphere of bears, trees, and geysers and entered one which resembled more closely a rest home. They

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All In A Night's Work

By HERKY KILLINGSWORTH

Meet the vanishing breed of college educated dopes. The idiots of America. My name's Killingsworth, I work here. I'm one of them. Also meet Gerald Garcia. He's the other one.

It all started when we came to A&M. Until then we had led peaceful lives and had what constituted normal brainpower. Our big mistake came when we took up college newspaper work. From there it has been a steady downhill trip to sleeplessness and never-ending work. Would you believe work. Well . . .

Last night started out normal. A deadline to meet with no ideas for news, pictures, or columns. Then big news—an escape from the new escape-proof jail in Bryan, the second in its young history.

10:00 P.M.: The race is on. Manhunt underway. Bloodhounds coming from Huntsville. What excitement!

For two hours we watched a spotlight comb a small area of range land. We listened to the police Bulletins.

"Car 743, picked up suspect so stand by."

"Car 743, disregard last bulletin. Family quarrel."

12:00 Midnight: Bloodhounds still not there. Obviously getting nowhere so to fight boredom a roadblock was set up. Now we watched the curious passer-bys pull to a stop, open their trunk, and continue on their way wondering what could possibly be the matter. The blinking of the red light on the patrolman's car was terrifying as was the shotgun he carried. I was brave and stood my ground. It wasn't until later when I discovered that the escapees were armed, did I faint.

1:00 A.M.: Nothing still happening. Barking dogs at a farmhouse again aroused the hopes of the patrolman but nothing happens. I'm now getting trigger-

happy—with my camera.

1:30 A.M.: Beginning to wonder what was going on myself. Decided to play James Bond. Discovered that only the road block cops and we remained in the area. Everyone else in bed or drinking coffee. Therefore we had nothing to do except slip away, leaving cops to discover it themselves.

2:00 A.M.: Finally found the dogs from Huntsville that we had waited for in the meadow. They were in front of the sheriff's office as were the rest of the cops. The only clue had turned out to be a scared unlicensed driver trying to escape a ticket.

12:15 A.M.: Save the day by having intellectual conversation with convict caring for bloodhounds. He makes interesting observation that "he (the caretaker) wants out and the escapees want in." Decide that this is a real Confucious.

2:30 A.M.: Persuade convict to tell me story of life.

3:30 A.M.: Discover my new friend is up for murder. Make quick exit with feeble excuse of meeting deadline.

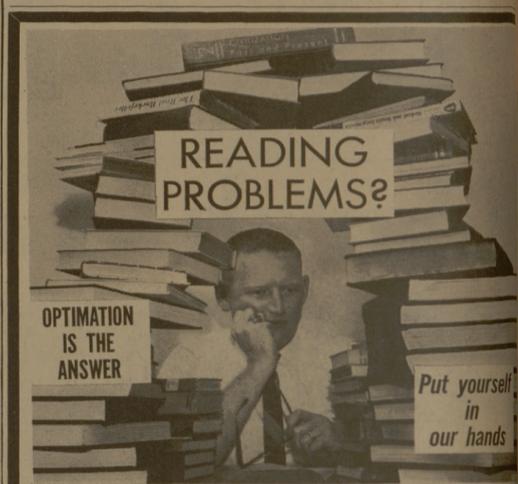
4:00 A.M.: Still no escapees, still no news, and still no pictures. Worse yet, still no column. Decide to run pictures of dogs on front page. This is only a continuation of other famous dogs run in the past, Ranger, Reveille, Blind dates.

6:00 A.M.: Still no escapees so decided to go to bed. Suffer terrible nightmares of killers, assassins, and escapees.

6:45 A.M.: Arise for class.

7:00 A.M.: Sound sleep at last. The preceding was true, but not necessarily so. The actual truth would be that we got excellent cooperation with the police department and the caretaker was an interesting man. But who wants to know the truth . . .

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EDITOR — GERALD GARCIA
 Editorial Assistants — Herky Killingsworth, John Hotard, Jim Butler, Tim Lane
 Photographer — Herky Killingsworth