

Goin' West

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the last of a two-part series concerning a young lady's travels in the western United States and Southern Canada.

By JEAN MARTIN

I never felt far from home until I crossed the border into Canada. The mountains and the trees looked the same, but they didn't fool me; I was in a strange country. The gas cost 50 cents. It may have been a larger gallon, but it still sounded outrageous. A beautiful Canadian sunset painted the sky behind a mountain and a Christmas tree. I drank sparingly from my canteen. There was Texas water in it, and I was somewhat homesick.

The next morning I headed south to the border. The guards took one look at my well-loaded car and decided the day was off to a bad start. A family of campers drove up, handed a guard a card, and went on their way. The other guard asked me what I was doing so far from home, alone, staying in Canada only one day. I didn't know, but I was willing to go on home now. He looked at my driver's license, the trunk and my suitcase. He was afraid to look in the back seat under that "bathtub." It wasn't a bathtub. It was a plastic boat which had given me a marvelous ride down a swift mountain stream one icy morning, letting some of the melted snow in. Probably certain that I was smuggling something, the guards let me through rather coldly.

Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco was fascinating. The cold, heavy mist engulfed the tourists as they strolled through the shops, buying the fishermen's crabs, lobsters, and bread sticks. Alcatraz could be seen but not swum to and from. The Wax Museum displayed a figure of Brigitte Bardot, which two sailors were desperately trying to take a picture of. My car wanted to stay there for ever and ever, but a new battery persuaded it to move on.

I watched for beatniks at

Nuclear Engineering Gets Neutron Source

Texas A&M's Department of Nuclear Engineering has received \$1,400 of Plutonium-Beryllium neutron sources from the Pan Geo Atlas Corporation of Houston.

Dr. Robert G. Cochran, A&M's Nuclear Engineering head, said the neutron source will be used in the department's AGN-201 reactor. The University of Houston and University of Texas were given identical donations.

There's truth in the saying, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks." Trainers find that dogs more than 2 years old rapidly lose their ability to learn.

Berkeley and finally found one nailing purple posters up on telephone poles. Hoping to get this strange creature to talk, I approached him and asked for a poster. He gave me one and told me to be sure and be there Thursday night. It wasn't a protest against the bomb or a meeting for draft-dodgers. It was just a dance. But I knew he was a beatnik. He had long hair.

The streets of the famous divorce town, Reno, were lined with small, brightly painted churches urging lovers to be married and have a joyful occasion to remember forever.

"Poor Road" on a map is not the name of the road; it means it goes straight up and down and around mountains, stretches precariously over a flimsy bridge, becomes less than a one-lane path, requires a speed of 25 or less in low gear and gets even worse before it ends. However, it's a good cure for the blues. Imagine the thrill, the sense of achievement, the joy at being alive . . . if you make it.

The skeletons of long-abandoned cars urged my car on as it limped across the Mojave Desert. The side of the road was lined with grease spots from the many cars who had stopped to rest. No one was in a hurry except the drivers in the air-conditioned cars who sped by unaware of the strain on their high-powered engines. Now and then a small white rat would run across the road. My canteen was low, but the water was too hot to drink. I kept thinking of the pink swan I had bought my mother and wondered what kind of shape it was in.

A cool mountain stream offered peace and quiet at Zion National Park. A nearby deer slowly came closer, nibbling grass, unafraid of man. The stillness was broken by the sound of car doors as 10 children, all loaded with cameras, came down the hill. In a flash the deer was gone. They didn't want to see it. They just wanted to take a picture of it.

The sunset at Grand Canyon was marvelous; but when it was gone, the world came back down to earth. An irate father led his wife and four kids back to the car after discovering that the lodge was filled, that all the lodges were filled, and that the hotels in the nearest town, 58 miles away were probably filled. They blamed each other, complaining and whining and banging their car doors against my car in their anger. After several attempts to start their car, they roared off into the night, taking their troubles with them. I pulled the blanket up over my head and went back to sleep.

Two tires, a battery, a fanbelt, a thermostat, and 10,000 miles passed in one month, two days, and 11 hours. Texas became a little bit more beautiful as I got closer.



"I think your plan is ingenious, but if you want a date with one of th' girls in the publications workshop, wouldn't it be easier to simply ask one for a date?"

Mortimer's Notes

Howdy! I finally met Cyric Hayseed and what a character. Here's how the conversation went:

"Hi, my name is Cyric Hayseed and I came by to let you know that I am not writing any more.

"See, I made a C plus 8 the last six weeks and my junior pals told me that that was good so I decided to use my time to party and all this other stuff they do and I will not have time to write. See, C plus 8 is so close to a B that I will have more time to play because I will not have to study as much," Cyric said.

Tommy DeFrank, Battalion editor for the coming school year, said he survived the wars at Fort Sill this summer. . . . Jerry Stephens has resigned as chairman of the Leadership Conference and is being replaced by Dennis Hohman. . . . Guess most of you Aggies have seen all the girls on campus this week. . . . If you are wondering why they are on campus they are here for the Journalism Workshop. . . . A new tradition has started on campus. . . . While walking past the Fish Fountain the other day, an Aggie was tossing pennies into the Fountain. . . . Asked him why and he replied: "I am wishing to graduate this time."

P.S. He won't because I took the pennies out after he left. See ya 'round—

Mortimer

A Little Piece Of Nonsense

A School's School: Studing Bunny Tales

By HERKY KILLINGSWORTH

What this school needs is more schools. Thousands of girls swarmed our tiny campus because of the Journalism workshop this week. Last week firemen kept the place hot by keeping students awake in class wondering which building was to be used for experimental purposes. Workshops and schools have enlivened our campus for years; but what have the students, gained from them.

I have another proposal. In the past my campaigns for campus improvements have fallen short of the increased enrollment I have strived to obtain. But I haven't given up. Instead I have reached into my innermost mind and come up with yet another improvement that could probably triple the enrollment by next year and draw in every eligible Texas boy the following year. How's that for rebuilding?

My proposal is a modest one. It goes along with the various schools we already sponsor. It

is a school that will so improve A&M that other Texas schools will fall to the wayside and seek recognition in such petty forms as football and colored towers.

I think it would be nice to sponsor a Playboy Bunny Training School on our campus, a school that would bring in the most beautiful girls in the world to study whatever it is that Bunnys study.

Playboy bunnies would receive some of their training naturally enough in the messhalls. Can you think of a place more challenging? This would give the cafeteria more revenue because of increased attendance which would in turn provide more and better food, although I doubt seriously if anyone would care.

And what better place can a beautiful girl receive training in entertaining men. I know that I would be glad to volunteer my services to their specialized training and feel that perhaps at least one or two other Aggies might

help. To go along with the specialized Bunny school, various departments on campus would need to introduce new courses for the rising interests. The English Department could introduce a course in "Texas Bunny Tales"; the Wild Life Department would have "How to Catch Bunnies in the Great Outdoors"; Science would need a "Biological Study of the Female Bunny"; and Music could strengthen their department in multiplication.

Of course there would be problems. A&M would need to decide once and for all whether they rather have an increased enrollment (which I feel that I have just solved) or academic excellence. The two could not go together, unless we switched to a complete night school having an occasional day course for the hard working secretary. Now this would really shake up the Texas educators . . . but that's a tale of a different color.

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