

San Diego Convention Now Ending

Nearly 50 students from Bishop Montgomery High School are scheduled to return to Torrance today from the University of San Diego conference of West Coast Socialists.

Sessions were held last week for leadership at the 34th annual convention of the Summer School for Catholic Action at the University. More than 8,000 students—many of them members of Sodality, a school religious organization—attended the sessions.

The schedules are headed by Jesuit priests, with some sisters, brothers, seminarians, and lay people enrolled.

The gathering in a combination of a summer school, retreat, vacation, and social gathering geared primarily to students. Fr. Eugene Buhr, vice principal, and Sr. Celine Marine headed the Montgomery High delegation. Sr. Celine Marne is remaining in San Diego for the summer.

Robbins Gets Study Grant

Michael R. Robbins, a South High graduate, has been awarded a Fulbright scholarship to study in Aachen, Germany. Robbins will specialize in metallurgy.

Robbins was graduated from the Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs, Colo., June 3.



ROUTE BACK . . . Four Bishop Montgomery High students take a quick look at the map to find a new way home from San Diego. The students, Pat Hyland, Jeanie Giaquinto, John Metcalf, and Joe Andrade, attended the convention of West Coast Socialists at the University of San Diego for a leadership program.

RED RYDER

By Fred Harman

IF THOSE TWO BACK THERE ARE HONEST, THEY'VE GOT TO BE TRACKIN' ME.

HE'S SHARPER! HE KNOWS WHERE HE'S GOIN'! HE'S CUTTIN' STRAIGHT ACROSS COUNTRY!

HE WASN'T PACKIN' NO MORE WATER THAN US! HE'S GOTTA GET TO WATER BEFORE HE TRIES T' SHAKE US!

GOOD THING HE KNOWS TH' COUNTRY! WE'D NEVER FIND NO WATER WITHOUT HIM T' SHOW US TH' WAY!

WELL, WE MADE IT, BOY! WE'LL CAMP HERE! IF I PUSH YOU ANY FARTHER T'NIGHT, YOU'LL FOLD UP ON ME!

IF THOSE TWO ARE FOLLOWIN' ME, THEY'RE SIGHT ON MY HEELS! AN' NOTHIN' I CAN DO ABOUT IT TIL' MORNIN'! IF THEY AIN'T CROOKS, THEY'LL COME INTO CAMP AN' SAY 'HONKY'!

AN HOUR LATER...

WELL, THEY'VE HAD TIME T' GET HESY! THEY'D BING OUT!

THUNDER, BOY, MAYBE I AIN'T GONNA MAKE IT OUTA HERE ALIVE! BUT I'LL MAKE SURE YOU DO, AN' YOU'LL CARRY A MESSAGE HOME FOR ME!

RED COMPOSES THE NOTE HE HOPES WILL REACH HOME IN CASE OF TROUBLE...

OUTSIDE, I'M CAMPED AT MUD SPRING! TWO MEN TEAILED ME FROM TH' SADDLE OFFICE AT BURRO PLATS! I THINK THEY'RE AFTER THE LOCATION OF A GOLD STRIKE I MADE!

I'M PLANTIN' FAKE LOCATION NOTICES IN MY SADDLE BAG, SAYIN' THE CLAIM IS AT PINNACLE ROCK! THAT'S WHERE THEY'LL GO IF THEY CUT ME DOWN!

THE REAL LOCATION AND MAP ARE ON THE BACK OF THIS NOTE! IF I DON'T GET BACK, YOU CAN HAVE THE CLAIM! IF THEY JUMP ME, AND I LIVE THROUGH IT, I'LL TRY TO GET TO PINNACLE ROCK AND PUT A SPOKE IN THEIR WHEEL! I GET HELP, AND GET THERE FAST!

ON THE HILL ABOVE BURRO PLATS...

WHAT'S HE DOIN' T' WRITE A BOOK?

PROBLY WRITIN' OUT HIS CLAIM NOTICES SO HE CAN POST 'EM WHEN HE GETS TO HIS CLAIM!

WELL, THAT'S WHAT WE NEED, HUNT I'LL LET HIM HAVE IT NOW, HUNT!

NO, WAIT! HE SETTLES DOWN! WE'LL PLUG HIM AN' ROLL HIM OVER TH' BLUFF!

WELL, THERE'S TH' NOTE TIED TO YOUR MANE, THUNDER! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, TAKE IT HOME, HUNT! I WON'T HOBBLE YOU T'NIGHT!

TH' REAL CLAIM LOCATION IS TIED TO THUNDER'S MANE! NOW I'LL PLANT TH' FAKE DIRECTIONS IN TH' SADDLE BAG FOR THOSE CROOKS T' FIND!

THAT IS, IF THEY ARE CLAIM-JUMPERS! AN' IF THEY ARE OUT THERE IN TH' BRUSH! MAYBE I'M TOO SPOOKY! TH' PROSPECT OF A LOT OF GOLD BURE MAKES A MAN JUMPY!

I'LL ROLL UP HERE BY TH' EDGE O' TH' BLUFF! IF THEY MAKE A TRY FOR ME, MAYBE I CAN ROLL OVER TH' EDGE!

COUNT MARCO SAYS

Look at Risks Just for Love

There is one facet of American women that I find extremely fascinating. Some of you can love an individual who may be a thief, murderer, forger, embezzler or bank robber, but those of you with good and kind men don't love yours with much more fervor.

Take the case of bank robbers. At the wheel of their getaway car is most often the wife or girl friend. She sits slouched low over the wheel, and when he exits on the run with bullets flying in all directions, away she goes! Either to oblivion or to jail eventually. But my, how she loves him.

Another type of fascinating woman—probably not the wife; merely the common-law consort—is the murderess. She helps him do away with his enemies, no matter what the method: bullets, knives, poison.

It is her brain that figures out how to get rid of the remains. She chances a violent death or worse. And all for love.

The counterfeiters aren't so hard to understand. Their wives do it for the easy money they can throw around. After all, it does come off the presses. Her end is usually a very final one. But my, how she loves her man.

Those mated with swindlers go about stealing from poor old people who have worked hard all their lives so they can end their days in a bit of comfort.

She watches her mate lie, cheat, sneak and run. Yet she loves him.

Think how lucky you are with a truly good man at your beck and call who provides you with the kind of life that is all peace and tranquility.

Not for you is the whine of bullets aimed at your backside as you run; not for you is the terror of a police siren; not for you is the fear that one morning you're going to step on the gas pedal of your car and go rocketing into space in many pieces.

No, he even insures himself so that this peace, tranquility and security will continue should he go.

Love that good man. Love him greatly. Life with him at times may seem a bit dull, but think for a moment where too much excitement might get you. A room in a row, commonly known as a cell. And a man to share it, good or bad.

Petition Protests Lack of Identification on Ballot

More than 125 persons have signed a petition protesting the appearance of an avowed Communist, without identification as such, on the June 2 primary ballot, and sent it to Governor Edmund G. Brown.

A copy of the petition was referred to County Counsel Harold W. Kennedy with a request that it be presented to the 1965 session of the State Legislature to require the identification of a known opposed Kenneth Hahn in the second district for the post county supervisor. He polled about 13 per cent of the total votes cast for the office.

JEFF COBB

By PETE HOFFMAN

DOWNY'S LATEST BOMB LIES UNNOTICED... UNTIL...

OH, DEAR!... I HOPE WHOEVER LEFT THIS HERE, PICKS IT UP SOON!

BUT, FLEEING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION

C-COP!... MR. DOWNY MUST'VE CALLED 'EM ABOUT THE PACKAGE I... I...?

...THERE'S NO BOMB HERE, CHIEF!... MAYBE THE ONE DUE TO EXPLODE AT 9 DOESN'T EXIST!

WELL... FIRST, DOWNY CLAIMED SOME KID STOLE IT!

COBB, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK TONIGHT'S BOMB MIGHT NOT EXIST?

THEN HE RAMBLED ON ABOUT A BASEBALL CAP ALSO BEING TAKEN AND....

YES? GO ON, COBB!

COBB, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK TONIGHT'S BOMB MIGHT NOT EXIST?

WELL... FIRST, DOWNY CLAIMED SOME KID STOLE IT!

THEN HE RAMBLED ON ABOUT A BASEBALL CAP ALSO BEING TAKEN AND....

YES? GO ON, COBB!

PHANTOM BOMB EXPLODES AT 9

CHIEF, I'LL CALL YOU BACK LATER!

COBB, WHAT...?

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?... A REPORTER OF MINE HANGS UP ON ME!

PROBABLY JUST HURRYING TO WRAP UP THE 'PHANTOM BOMBER' STORY!

HERE! DON'T WANT YOUR CAP?

SURE! BUT...

HOW COME YOU WERE CHASIN' ME?

I ONLY WANTED TO TALK TO YOU! FIND OUT YOUR NAME!

IT'S CHESTER! 'CEPT MY BOY FRIEND CALLS ME 'CHICKEN' 'CAUSE I WAS SCARED!

SCARED OF WHAT, CHESTER?

TELL ME, CHESTER, WHY DOES YOUR BOY FRIEND CALL YOU 'CHICKEN'?

'CAUSE I WAS SCARED TO TAKE SOMETHIN' BACK TO MR. DOWNY!

WHAT WAS IT?

A... A PACKAGE WITH A FUNNY TICKIN' NOISE INSIDE!

IF YA WANTA GO HEAR IT 10 MINUTES IS ALL IT'LL TAKE!