

**BATTALION EDITORIALS**

... Our Liberty Depends on the Freedom of the Press, And It Cannot Be Limited Without Being Lost ... Thomas Jefferson

**Sweat, Not Spirit  
 Burning Tonight**

Bonfire '58 burns tonight and when it does a lot of sweat and hard work will go up in smoke. Not so the spirit it created—the Spirit of Aggie-land will last long after the last ember has cooled.

This year's bonfire is a tribute to the Class of '59 and the leadership its members have assumed on the campus since September. Never has a bonfire included so many Aggies nor has one ever been so well organized. Never has the work been so much fun. And equally as important, never has a bonfire been so safe and sane.

A lot of the credit for tonight's blaze goes to the "Smokehouse" himself, R. D. Hyde and his committee of planners. Without men such as Billy (Bonfire) Blackwood, Jay Bisbey, Len Dorney and Gary Hipps, it would have been too much work for one man.

Men from the ranks like Rudy (Simon Legree) Smart, Don Cloud, Jay Roland, Ken Smith, Jimmy Payne and many more all took over in the field and made sure the job was done well.

The 12th Man in its entirety—freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors—did the work with pleasure and with pride. Without them there could be no bonfire.

The blaze tonight, however, is for visitors, guests on the campus and students out on the drill field for the first time this week. Bonfire '58 and its spirit has been burning in the hearts of the 12th Man since Thursday.

**Interpreting**

**Fate of Democracy Ripe  
 For Philosophical Debate**

By J. M. ROBERTS  
 Associated Press News Analyst

The fate of democracy is occupying a large part of the attention of the world's political philosophers as well as of Western diplomats these days.

There has been a rise of military governments recently in a number of newly independent countries. Despite the moderate actions of Gen. Charles de Gaulle, there is still much worry about the future of France.

British and American publications are full of explanations as to the reasons—economic pressures, lack of administrative experience, political immaturity and the like.

Pakistan, Burma, Sudan, Egypt, Iraq and Thailand are among those falling under military dictatorship in the last few years, many in the last few months.

The military is on the ascendant in Indonesia. The pendulum is always swinging in Latin America.

Yet much of the moaning fails to take several factors into consideration. Many of these countries are still in trial periods following feudal or colonial rule.

None of the patterns can yet be considered definite. If Latin America has been unable to establish permanent democratic systems in all its years of independence, shall we cry or rejoice that definite progress has been made?

Although his birth certificate does read J. C., he said he finally adopted another name—"initials only."

J. C. was born in Waco, moved from there to Kerrville, on to Baton Rouge, La., then to Hugo, Okla., and finally settled in Tyler. A graduate of Tyler High School, J. C. said he was active in social activities but did find time to study enough to make the National Honor Society.

J. C. admits he came to Aggie-land for two reasons—(1) to take advantage of his Opportunity Award Scholarship, and (2) that A&M has a good petroleum engineering school.

"I didn't discover that fighting Texas Aggie Spirit until I was here," he said.

A Squadron 7-ex, J. C. is Corps public information sergeant this year. His duties include gathering information sheets on cadets to be used for publicity releases, writing news releases, and assisting the cadet officers over him.

He is also a Distinguished Student, writer for The Engineer, member of the Petroleum Engineering Club, best drilled sophomore in Squadron 7, and was a member of the freshman Engineering Society and Phi Eta Sigma.

After graduation J. C. plans to spend three years in the Air Force. Right now he is under a Category 3 contract (non-technical, non-flying) and doesn't know what to expect during his service tour. After his tour, he plans to work for an oil company.

For the past two summers, J. C. has been employed by two oil



**The Classic Arts**

**Pianists Please Crowd**

By HENRY LYLE  
 Duo-pianists Mary Street and Elmer Schoettle opened this season's Recital Series last night on an enjoyable and encouraging note. Presenting an intelligent yet engaging program of fine music, the husband-wife team captivated an audience which was unusually large for such an event. (Indeed, the program must have been captivating since it managed to keep the bonfire-weary freshmen who attended it awake.)

Schoettle, according to the program notes, is associate professor of music at the University of Houston as well as the chairman

of the Graduate Committee of the Department of Music. He and his wife have appeared as duo-pianists with several of the major symphonies in this country.

Opening with two Bach chorales, arranged for two pianos by Schoettle, the program contained selections by Schubert, Mozart and Debussy. Although Mary Street remained silent throughout the evening (as a good wife should), Schoettle saw fit to step forward and preface one or two of the pieces with a few remarks concerning the history and nature of the work. This business was

very well received and added immeasurably to the enjoyment and understanding of the audience. His comments regarding the Schubert selection—"En Blanc et Noir" for two pianos—were particularly valuable. Schoettle is eminently qualified for these impromptu additions as he is one of the co-authors of the program notes for the Houston Symphony.

The technical perfection of this duo-piano team (achieved, no doubt, through the inherent compatibility of husband-and-wife or, perhaps, through intensive and continuous practice), was most clearly evident in their rendition of the sonata in F major for piano, four hands by Mozart. Schoettle also converted this work for performance by two pianos. The versatility of the duo was evidenced by their spirited playing of "Yen Valou," two pieces based on Haitian folk songs by John W. Work. The evening's program was concluded by one of Schoettle's own compositions, "Toccata for Two Pianos."

A pleased audience insisted on an encore and Dr. and Mrs. Schoettle complied with a beautifully played Brahms waltz in A flat major.

**Who's Here**

**Burton Has No First Name**

By JACK TEAGUE  
 J. C. Burton, junior petroleum engineering major from Tyler, probably has more trouble with his name than any other Aggie.

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For the past two summers, J. C. has been employed by two oil

companies—Gulf Oil Corp., and Magnolia Petroleum Co. He had a rather unfortunate experience two summers ago while practicing for Aggie waterfights. It seems that after a hard day's work in the oil fields near Odessa, he and several other rustabouts figured the best way to cool off was to have a waterfight. J. C. was instructing the others as to the best techniques—and ended up with a broken nose.

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**R&F Turkey Shoot Falls Short of Goal**

The Turkey Shoot sponsored by the Range and Forestry Club was not as big a success as expected, said Don L. Huss, assistant professor of that department and club sponsor.

year will probably be held away Saturday by the Range and Forestry Club was not as big a success as expected, said Don L. Huss, assistant professor of that department and club sponsor.

"To be a winner the contestant will have to hit the bird in the head," Huss said.

DICK RUBIN AT

**A&M MEN'S SHOP**

SAYS DRIVE SAFELY AND HAVE A HAPPY HOLIDAY



**THE CLOTHES YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN**

In this column we take up fashions for college men, which means of course, the Ivy Look. Today's Ivy Look clothes have made a great stride forward. Not only do they have thin lapels, three buttons, narrow trousers, and a minimum of shoulder padding, but—now hear this!—this year they are actually covered with ivy!

This new development, while attractive beyond the singing of it, nevertheless gives rise to certain hazards. For instance, people keep trying to plant you on Arbor Day. Indeed, this is precisely what happened to two SAE's of my acquaintance, Walter R. Gurlash and Fred Rasp. Before they could protest, they were snatched up, planted, limed, and watered, and today they support a hammock in Cut and Shoot, Vermont.



People Keep trying to Plant you on Arbor Day...

Let us now discuss shirts. Again this year the campus favorite is the good old Oxford with button-down collar and barrel cuffs. This is without doubt an admirable garment, but let me ask you a question: if you don't wear anything but Oxfords, what do you do with all the cuff links people have been giving you for your birthday since you were twelve years old?

Well sir, some fellows have their wrists pierced, but what E. Mackenzie Sigafoos, a Chi Psi of my acquaintance, did was to take a dozen pairs of his handsome gold monogrammed cuff links and string them together in a charm bracelet for his girl, Jo-Carol Isobar.

(It turned out, incidentally, to be a mistake. In short order so many admirers accrued to Jo-Carol on account of her gorgeous bracelet that she grew tired of plain old E. Mackenzie, and one night when she was seated on a bench in Lovers Lane throwing sticks for E. Mackenzie to retrieve, she suddenly, cruelly, without warning, told him they were through.

"I am heartbroken," said E. Mackenzie, heartbroken. "But if you must, give me back my charm bracelet."

"No, I will keep it," said Jo-Carol.

"What for?" said E. Mackenzie. "You can't wear it. The initials on the cuff links are all mine—E.M.S."

"Ha, ha, the joke is on you," said Jo-Carol. "Yesterday I was voted Miss Chinese Restaurant of 1958."

"So?" said E. Mackenzie.

"So," replied Jo-Carol, "E.M.S. does not stand for E. Mackenzie Sigafoos. It stands for Eat More Subgyn!"

A broken man, E. Mackenzie today squeezes out a meagre living as a pendulum in Cleveland. Jo-Carol was killed in a tong war.

But I digress. We were talking about well-dressed men, and the one essential for every well-dressed man—and every well-dressed woman too—is a well-dressed cigarette—neat, compact, flavorful, and correct for work or play, sunshine or shower, repose or revelry, darkness or light. And where does one find such a perfect companion? Just go to any tobacco counter and ask for Philip Morris. Ask for it in long size or regular. Ask for it in soft pack or hard. But ask for it; that's the important thing. Don't just stand there making cryptic gestures at your tobaccoist. He may be armed.

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By Charles M. Schulz

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