

BATTALION EDITORIALS

Death Becomes Cheap

Those citizens who are disturbed and alarmed about the "high cost" of our arms program have not really studied the economics of modern warfare. The total picture is bright indeed.

The billions we are spending for armaments may seem high, but in reality the cost of killing men (not to mention women and children) has become cheaper than ever before. It is almost, one might say, a bargain.

It has been estimated that in the American Revolution, it cost about \$500 to kill a single man. During the Civil War, the cost rose to about \$5,000. In World War I it was \$25,000; in World War II it was \$65,000.

Thanks to the brilliant technological innovations of the last dozen years, in a nuclear war we will be able to kill a man for only \$50. As Norman Cousins, editor of the Saturday Review, has pointed out, "a hydrogen bomb with the power of 20 million tons of TNT costs no more than \$250,000. If TNT had been used, the cost would be more than \$10 billion."

Nuclear bombs have extremely high explosive power per dollar of investment. When you double the destructive power, you don't add much to the cost; even when you increase the power a thousandfold, the cost is low.

Attractive as this is to us, from a sound bookkeeping point of view, it is also democratic—the nuclear bomb is a boon to the smaller, poorer, more backward nations. After the initial investment, the smaller countries can afford to stockpile enough bombs to blow up half the world. This gives them a parity with the larger nations, and allows the less privileged people of the world to share the blessings of the more advanced nations.

At last, was becoming thoroughly democratized. In the darker ages behind us, only large countries were able to wage effective war—usually against their smaller and fatter neighbors. In the atomic age, however, even a third-rate power can amass enough bombs to blow our planet into the next galaxy. The nuclear bomb offers real equality of opportunity to all.

On a cost-accounting basis, not many men were killed in World Wars I and II. The ratio between fatalities and total war expense was embarrassingly low. Men were hardly worth murdering at those exorbitant prices.

Modern efficiency, however, has finally caught up with the facts of extinction. The cost of living may be rising steadily, but the cost of dying has become a source of fiscal gratification. When you can kill tens of millions at only \$50 a head, you are pretty near the break-even point.

I hope that these warm and encouraging words give heart to the disturbed among us. No dollar the government is spending brings such a high return on investment as the nuclear bomb program.

You can be dead certain of that.

—The Chicago Daily News

Bulletin Board

Professional Societies American Meteorological Society will meet at 7:15 p.m. in Room 306 of Goodwin Hall. Officers will be elected during the get-acquainted meeting.

American Society of Agricultural Engineers will meet at 7:30 p.m. in the lecture room of the Agricultural Engineering Building.

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THE BATTALION

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CADET SLOUCH

by Jim Earle



... We're at your disposal! If you have a topic for a cartoon send it to us and we'll use it! Mail requests to: Slouch, Box 4121, campus!

Photography Protested In Estes' Court Room

TYLER (AP) — While lawyers maneuvered inside the county courthouse and spectators waited to learn whether Billie Sol Estes would go to trial, a pickup truck pulled to the curb.

On the side facing the courthouse it bore a silver sign the length of the truck bed and nearly as tall. In neat black letters was this message:

"TV and radio will be unfair to Estes. Click your camera on Castro."

Two brothers sat on the grass and watched as photographers snapped pictures. They identified themselves as Frank Rigdon, 30, and his brother Alton (Buck) Rigdon, 42, owners of a Tyler sheet metal works.

"We came here from Jacksonville, Fla., nine months ago and that sign says how we feel," said Frank. Brother Buck nodded agreement as he continued:

"It looks to us like somebody ought to be doing something about all those Cubans coming to this country and putting people out of work like they did us in Florida.

"That's the reason we put up this sign. And besides, we didn't

think Estes can get a fair trial with all those cameras in the courtroom."

Dist. Judge Otis T. Duncan ruled earlier that television and still cameramen could shoot pictures if the Estes case goes to trial in his courtroom. There was no indication whether the judge saw the Rigdon's sign.

**PALACE**  
Bryan 2-8879

LAST DAY

David Niven

In

"GUNS OF DARKNESS"

STARTS TOMORROW

Elvis Presley

In

"KID GALAHAD"

**QUEEN**

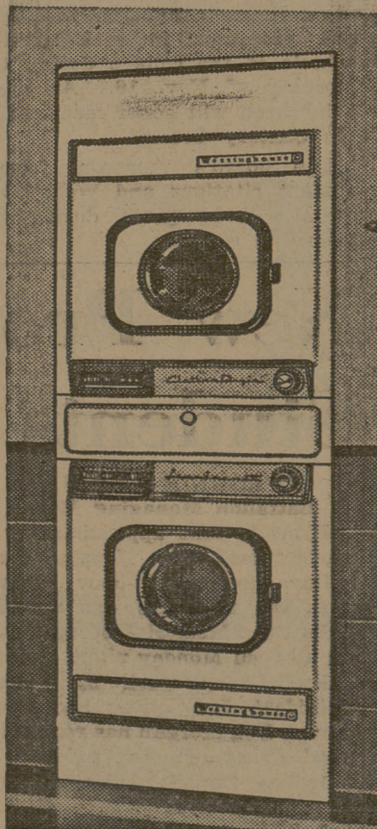
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—Sound Off—

Editor,

The Battalion:

After reading the editorial concerning the lack of student participation in the Sept. 20 issue of The Battalion, I was very startled, especially about the section referring to the lack of senior class enthusiasm for the steak fry honoring the football team.

The number expected to attend and the amount of tickets sold were greatly underestimated by The Battalion. Over 250 attended and the limited number of tickets to be sold were "sold out" two days before the occasion, which many considered a success.

However, having written the above, I can not feel but a little hypocritical, for Saturday night as I waited for the football team to arrive at Easterwood, I watched the beginning of the end of the Spirit of Aggieland.

No general orders from the

commandant, no general announcements were made concerning the yell practice to welcome back the team. Announcements on the radio and by privates of the guard were made in dormitory hallways reminding students of the approximate time of arrival.

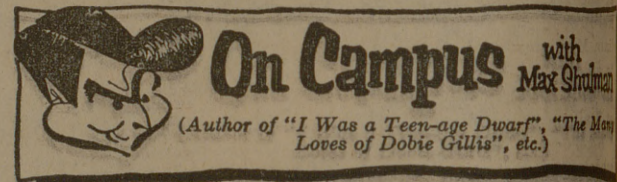
Tradition has set the precedent that Aggies always greet the team when it flies back from an out-of-town game. Saturday night only 40 students welcomed back the team.

While I realize that many corps unit commanders and leaders were at the game, the responsibility was a leadership responsibility

— the responsibility of every upperclassman to the Spirit of Aggieland in his and sophomores.

Last year the football was quoted to have been for the team's sake and Twelfth Man. After Saturday performance by the state will be difficult for the think about the Twelfth Man they give their all on as they did Saturday at Baton Rouge.

Should we be surprised near future the team shirt the Twelfth Man? Charles L. Blaschke Senior Class President



WRITE? YOU'RE WRONG

In the recent furor over the assassination of President McKinley it may have escaped your notice that a nationwide study of the writing ability of American college students has just been published.

The survey reveals an astonishing fact: that when students have completed their freshman year and are no longer required to take English, their writing skill progressively declines until we come to the fantastic situation where graduating seniors actually are poorer writers of English than incoming freshmen.

Many theories have been offered to account for this incredible fact. Some say that seniors know less English than freshmen because all seniors major in French. This is not true. No more than 94 percent of seniors major in French. How about the other six percent?

Well sir, of the other six percent, half—or three percent—take physics, and it is not hard to understand how these poor souls grow rusty in English when all they ever say is "E equals MC squared."

Of the remaining three percent, two-thirds—or two percent—major in whaling, and their English too grows feeble with disuse. Whalers, as we all know, do not speak at all except to shout, "Thar she blows!" maybe twice a year.

Of the one percent remaining, it cannot be fairly said that they are poor writers. The fact is, we don't know what kind of writers they are. Why not? Because they never write. And why don't they ever write? Because this remaining one percent of American college students are enrolled at the University of Alaska, and never take their mittens off.

(Incidentally, I received quite a surprise upon first visiting Alaska two years ago when I was invited to Juneau to crown the Queen of the Annual Date Palm Festival. Frankly I ex-



Their English grows feeble with disuse

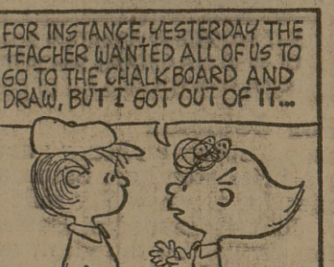
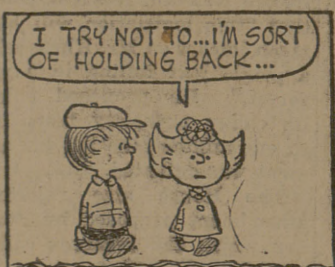
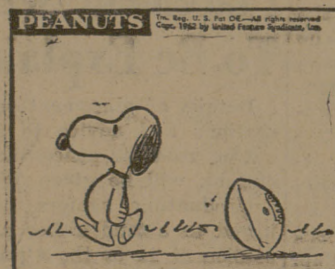
pected to find a surly and morose populace. After all, going through life with your mittens on all the time is hardly calculated to make you merry as a cricket. Not only can't you write, but you miss out on all kinds of other fun things—like third card monte, making shadow pictures on the wall, and lint picking. However, to my astonishment, I discovered Alaskans to be a hale and gregarious group, mittens notwithstanding, and I soon found out why: because mittens notwithstanding, they could still smoke Marlboro Cigarettes, still enjoy that rich mellow flavor, that fine, clean Selectrate filter, that truly soft pack, that truly flip-top flip-top box—and that, friends, will make anybody happy, mittens notwithstanding. In fact, Alaskans are the happiest people I have ever met in the United States—except, of course, for the Alaskan vendors of Marlboro Cigarettes, who have not been paid in many years—indeed, never—because how can anybody dig out coins to pay for cigarettes when he is wearing mittens?

But I digress. What are we going to do about this deplorable condition where college students, having completed Freshman English, become steadily less proficient in the use of the language? The answer is simple. We will make them take Freshman English all through college. In fact, we won't let them do anything else! This solution, besides producing a nation of graceful writers, will also solve another harrowing problem where to park on campus. If everybody takes nothing but Freshman English, we can tear down all the schools of law, medicine, engineering, and whaling, and turn them into parking lots. Can't we?

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The makers of Marlboro, who sponsor this column, plead guilty to being among those Americans whose writing skill is not all it might be. However, we like to think that as tobaccoists we know a thing or two. Won't you try us and see if you agree?

PEANUTS



By Charles M. Schulz