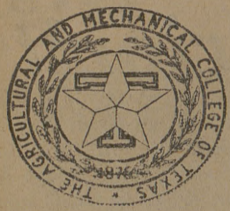


SPECIAL SAFETY EDITION

The Battalion

Drive
Safely,
Aggie



Volume 60

COLLEGE STATION, TEXAS WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1962

Number 49

Don't Read This If You Are Sure!

By PHIL BRANIFF

Have you ever heard the rattle of a dying man's last breath? Have you ever seen the look of horror in the stare that faces death? Have you ever heard a person scream and writhe in sudden pain and look down at a mangled arm that will not move again? Have you ever heard the moaning and smelled the stench of gin and seen the gory, bloody gap where once the eye had been? When your car is doing fifty, have you ever felt the yen to let'er have another notch and do another ten? When a pokey guy's ahead of you have you ever had the thrill of swinging out and passin' him upon a dangerous hill? Have you ever felt the old car scream and lurch and swerve as you let'er have the limit while you took a sudden curve? Have you ever seen the wreckage of an automobile crash, with flesh and steel made into a morbid, gruesome hash? Have you ever seen the entrails and the ears and arms and hand and hat and shoes and fingers of what once had been a man? Have you ever seen the jagged bone stick through a mangled leg and heard the blood-smearing victim pray and cry and beg? Have you ever had the keen sensation of a fast car at your bid and run up to a stop sign and slap 'em on and skid? Did you ever pass a school yard and give the horn a slam and drive close to a gang of kids and see them jump and scam? Did you ever take a quart of rye and swallow four or five and take the old bus down the road and show them how to drive? Have you ever seen a little child all crumbled up and still— Who tried to run across the street while a car came down a hill? Have you seen men's brains on fenders? Have you seen blood in the street? Have you seen them stare at the bloody stumps of things that once were feet? Have you ever heard the crash and scream and seen the ghastly stare on the face of what had been the driver and the rest of him not there? Forbid and gruesome and gory this, I'm sorry, but don't you see this was not meant to be read by folks as tender as you and me. It was meant for the thoughtless and careless, who kill and maim and mar—the reckless fool who is to blame—THE MAN IN THE OTHER CAR!

Silver Taps Will Honor Aggie Killed In Traffic



Christmas Exodus Brings Death

By DAN LOUIS JR.
Battalion News Editor

Silver Taps will be held in front of the Academic Building at 10:30 p. m. Thursday after returning from the Christmas holidays.

At least there is a good chance that the Ross Volunteer firing squad and seven buglers will be called on to pay homage to an Aggie killed in a traffic accident.

The great exodus for the Christmas recess is underway. Of approximately 8,000 A&M students who will be on the nation's highways during the holidays, statistics say one or more might not return.

THE TEXAS Department of Public Safety has estimated that 92 persons will die on Texas streets and highways during the holiday period. This rate makes odds pretty good that an Aggie will be counted in the highway carnage.

A look at the Christmas holiday deaths for the past few years will shift the odds even further in favor of an Aggie taking first place. Statistics grimly point to the fact that 20 to 25 per cent of the 92 to die in traffic accidents will be persons between the ages of 18 to 24.

Col. Homer Garrison Jr., director of the Texas Department of Public Safety, said that he and his men are going to do everything they can to make this year's estimate too high.

He said: "Our department will put some 150 extra patrolmen from our License and Weight and Motor Vehicle Inspection services on Highway Patrol duty."

THE VETERAN traffic enforcer said that "Operation Deathwatch," the department's annual around-the-clock effort to reduce accidents, will go into effect starting at 12:01 a.m. Saturday through 11:59 p.m. Jan. 1, 1963.

Governor Price Daniel Tuesday said: "Because excessive speed and driving while drinking were the two principal causes of fatal highway crashes, both last Christmas and last year, I am asking all law enforcement agencies to crack down especially hard on these violations."

'62 Death Score Is Clean Slate

No A&M student has yet become a traffic fatality since the beginning of school, but chances are great that this record will be marred before classes resume Jan. 3.

Four Aggies had already died in three accidents when last year's special safety edition was published.

In all three tragedies, only the lone death cars were involved.

The three accidents occurred at night, apparently due to driver error, since no contributing factors other than night-time visibility could be accounted for.

The Battalion's Annual Safety Drive Has A Single Goal: Come Back Alive

This issue of The Battalion, the last edition before the Christmas holidays, has one goal: to persuade Aggies to drive safely and carefully.

For the thirteenth year this special safety edition will be submitted for judging to the Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Co. college newspaper safety contest. The Battalion has won awards 11 times, taking second place last year and first place in 1960 in the daily division.

As a part of this annual safety program The Battalion, in co-operation with the Insurance Society, sponsored showings of the film "Signal 30" last week.

More than 2,000 students saw the vivid and shocking portrayal of traffic death. Texas Highway Patrol officers made the film available for showing to the campus crowd.

HE HAS ALL TYPES OF COFFINS

Someone Is Waiting For You

There is someone waiting for you, Aggie. He is preparing to come to the scene of your accident and load your twisted corpse into his ambulance.

This man has arranged for a nice display of caskets to be ready for your parents when they come to set the time of the service.

He has all types of coffins to carry you in. They differ in style, from plain to ornate, and price. A coffin to fit every pocketbook, to speak.

IT'S HARD to buy a casket for a son. Did you know that?

This man, the one who is waiting for you, has clean sheets to cover you with while you wait to be embalmed. But he can't really start to work until he brings you in. All he can do is wait.

He will have to mix the formalin solution after he knows how much you weigh, how tall you are, your age, and what type of condition your body is in.

Do you know what color the embalming solution is?

It's usually pink or tan, to give your pale corpse a healthy tint.

The embalming itself is a quiet process that will probably last more than an hour with you. Accident victims always take longer than a clean, whole body.

AFTER THE pump has been turned on and the formalin is filling your veins and arteries, there are arrangements to make.

Or maybe the embalmer will try to relax for a few minutes before you are finished.

When your blood has been ex-

changed for the preservative, the man will clean you up good. You'll get a bath, and a shave, and your hair will be combed and brushed.

Make-up and rouge will be rubbed over your bruises and cuts. Your mouth will be filled with cotton, to pad out places of broken and missing teeth, and then your lips will be sewed shut.

Cotton will be stuffed under each eyelid and into your nostrils.

YOU ARE almost ready now.

When your parents come they will

bring a clean white shirt, a tie, and a coat.

The funeral director really hates to meet your parents.

It's tough to usher people into a room filled with yawning caskets and ask them to take their pick. It's hard to ask the questions necessary for the death certificate and the newspapers notices.

It's tough because it's so sudden. They were expecting you home for the Christmas holidays all right, but they didn't think you'd come this way.

When your clothes have been brought, the mortician will dress you. Very carefully and neatly. He'll look at a picture of how you used to be and see how good his handiwork is.

If you weren't in too bad shape, he'll be proud. If the flesh has been peeled away from your skull and it makes him sick at his stomach to look at you, he'll shut the coffin lid and no one will get to see.

BUT MAYBE you'll be in good condition, and your family and girl friend will file by, sobbing at the tragic loss.

Actually you will be the lucky one. You won't have to face the ordeal caused by your careless driving.

You won't have to drive to College Station and collect a dead son's belongings and sort through a dead son's letters and personal effects.

You won't be worried about any of this, after the first impact. You won't mind when the hearse pulls away from the chapel or when the first spade of dirt is dumped on top of you.

The people who will mind will be the ones who will have to go on without you. The parents and friends who will mourn and cry.

But all the moans on earth won't bring you back, or take your name from the roll of traffic fatalities.



... It's Hard To Buy A Casket For A Son.