

Washington Digest

Elections Will Bring Out Those Cave Man Instincts

By BAUKHAGE
News Analyst and Commentator.

WASHINGTON.—I know you may find it hard to believe, but I was not greatly stirred up over the election campaign and its outcome. I have a job and it's as tough under one party as another. I have no vote, and between you and me, I am not agitating for a civil rights bill which will get me one. Like all of the citizens of the District of Columbia, I share the delightful irresponsibility with minors, idiots and criminals who don't have a vote either.

Thus, I am without political affiliation, obligation, or prejudice.



Baukhage

Well—sometimes I do have one prejudice—a race prejudice. Sometimes I get awfully prejudiced against the human race. Another reason that I am not politically excited this year is that I have been watching the Washington vaudeville show from a good seat in the gallery press and radio gallery—most of the time for the past three decades, and although the performers have changed, there hasn't been too much alteration of the script. A Republican or a Democratic politician, to a reporter, smells no sweeter by any name.

It is my business to report what they do and say, and, of course, from my standpoint, the more they do and say, the better—let the brickbats fall where they may.

I have observed a good many acts on the Washington scene that got top billing—and deserved it. I have also listened to a lot of pretty sad comedians and seen a lot of hams.

But on the whole I believe that, regardless of who happens to be in the cast, taking it all in all, it's a pretty high class drama. In fact, I think as we compare the Washington program with most of those that are offered by the other capitals of the world, it's really the greatest show on earth.

However, during campaign time I must admit I would rather be right (where I am) than President. On any ticket.

Now don't think I am objecting to our good old knock-down, drag-out method of electing Presidents or any other officials. I not only think it's a wonderful thing that we have this free-for-all every four years, but I think both parties would wither on the vine if we didn't.

In fact I think the abandonment of our method would probably bring crashing to the ground the palladium of our republic, would destroy our opportunity to pursue life, liberty and happiness—and the weekly pay envelope—and would reduce these United States to such a condition that the Indians wouldn't take the property back if we offered it to them.

I base this statement not upon mere guess but upon sound scientific studies of the question of why we behave like human beings (when we do).

Now I don't know how far you will go along with the psychiatrists who claim your athlete's foot is due to a complex created when you were two years old by having your big brother drop a baseball bat on your toe. Nevertheless I think one thing has been established by psychiatry—a truism confirmed by writers and poets of all ages and which you can confirm yourself by going over some of your own inner thoughts. Especially when you think what you'd like to do to the man who crumpled your fender while you were attending prayer meeting.

I refer to the accepted truism that even the most benign and mild-mannered Mr. Milquetoast has a cave-man deep within him.

One has only to observe one's own angel-child who, on his way home from Sunday School, and in cooperation with the angel-children of one's neighbors, will tie a can to a dog's tail or engage in a dozen other "humane" activities that would give a visiting cannibal from the South Seas something to write home about.

We DO have a cave-man within us; we DO have primitive, aggressive instincts. We have the instinct to give pain, to destroy, to take advantage of our fellow-man. The early period of our lives is spent in being taught to turn these instincts to good purpose. The psychologists call it "sublimating" them. The sadistic inclination of a medical student can be transmuted, under the influence of civilized society, to make him the finest surgeon.

The desire to plunder and rob and destroy, common to even the most angelic little ones, can be channeled into the ingenuity by which the engineer moves mountains and captains of industry push railways through the forest, and thus benefit instead of harm mankind.

Do you suppose we could put on that greatest of all exhibitions—a

World Series game—if it weren't for the old cave-man?

I have heard it said that baseball has become the monarch of sports because it brings into play so many of the primitive emotions. First, we have pursuit, without which primitive man could not get the food necessary to sustain himself and his family (or even a wife to raise the family).

Then—another primitive pastime used in baseball—pity the poor cave-man who couldn't accurately heave a rock! It only requires plenty of practice in a summer camp plus what was learned in the sandlot to turn that basic desire into the ability to pitch a no-hit, no-run game.

Take one more example. As the cave-man progressed, he learned to use a club. So there it is—base runner, pitcher, batsman.

Primitive Urges

Basic in Democracy

Just as the sublimation of primitive instinct has formed the great sport of the greatest democracy in the world—so the sublimation of some of these instincts behind ancient tribal customs has made our democracy itself possible.

In a successful democracy, instincts are not repressed. They are merely modified so that they fit into a human and humane society.

As you know, by the time man had reached the point where he had organized himself into a clan, it was the "papa" who ran things. He was the chief because he had the one quality most essential in those days for self and group protection—strength.

His term of office was not limited by statute. Some of the chiefs even ran for a fourth term.

But as the "papa" grew older—he was wiser—he also grew weaker. But his sons were growing stronger. Finally they felt it was time to hold an election. (They had had their primaries of course, and had picked a candidate). Then the campaign began. It was usually quite short—but very snappy. Both candidates were armed with good-sized clubs. The debate took place at some point where the non-voting but interested electorate (this was before women's suffrage) could watch with as little personal danger as possible.

Of course the best man finally won. Inauguration ceremonies took place immediately, attended by all of the tribe except a couple who were delegated to bury the defeated candidate. Then the younger brothers and the females settled down to maintain peace, prosperity, and the pursuit of happiness.

Let me quote one or two paragraphs from the work of that very fascinating book by Dr. Gregory Zilboorg—"Mind Medicine, and Man."

"It is difficult to find any function of our democratic society which surpasses or even approximates an electoral campaign in intensity and blatancy of aggression. Acrimony, anger, hate, slander, venality appear—everything except actual homicide. The proverbial lid is literally off the reservoir of patricidal drives, and society hurls itself on its symbolic victim with all the energy of a primitive cannibal. It is primitive cannibalism, whether it expresses itself in campaign slander, whispering campaigns, political maneuvering, or flattery of the indolent who do not care. A father is to be killed by way of democratic ceremonial, and a new one will at once be set up by way of the same ceremonial."

In other words, we had a healthy fight in November and got it out of our systems. The cave-man within us was satisfied. We've got ourselves a President, and nobody has committed murder.

And there in we have an advantage not shared by some other countries. For here, even between elections, we allow the cave-man to roar unmuzzled in the press, over the radio, and from the rostrum. He can brandish his verbal club and hurl his barbed epithets in the very face of the President, the congress, and the town meeting.

And thereby, likewise, we prove our strength, a strength which derives not from the atomic bomb, but from a power that can and does penetrate peacefully even through an iron curtain.

A married man is a better adapter than a single man, says the American Machinist. He probably has learned that it is adapt or increase Fido's housing problem.

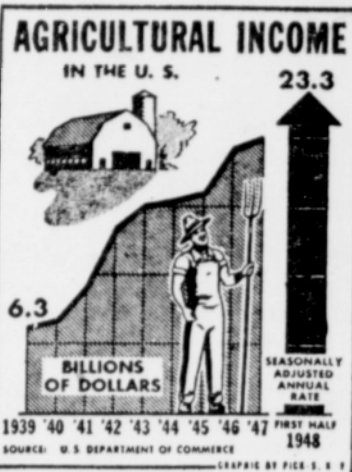


Business Principles Required on Farms

Operation by Guess or 'By Neighbor' Deplored

Cash, credit, equipment, soil fertility and human strength are involved on the ledger of assets controlled by the farmer and rancher—assets that become liabilities when management is lacking.

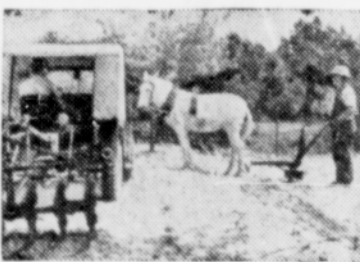
Probably 90 per cent of the difference between a poor farm or ranch



and a profitable one is in the management. Good business principles lead a farmer ahead, whereas one who operates by intuition, by guess or "by neighbor" never gets ahead. Here are a few points necessary to good farm or ranch management:

1. KEEP RECORDS. This assures factual data to use in determining production possibilities of the farm or ranch. See that yields of crops, production of livestock, cash expenses and receipts are recorded properly.
2. WATCH MARKET TRENDS. By consistently reading market outlooks or discussions on prices, which reflect the most probable future situations, farmers and ranchers will have a guide to use in planning production. Thus they will be able to have produce ready to sell at the right time to realize the highest price and still have livestock and land more fertile for the following year.
3. PLAN LABOR. Make it tie in with seasons for care of machinery and equipment, time for planting, care of crops, harvesting and marketing.
4. PLAN THE FARMSTEAD AND FIELDS. Make rotations easy, save labor and increase yields by adapting crops to land.

Study in Contrasts



Long a standby of agriculture in the South, "Sally" views with interest the "new look" in Georgia farming. Latest figures show a steady decrease in the number of mules used for farm power in this state. Replacing them are jeeps, representing another step forward in farm mechanization. Equipped with hydraulic lifts and numerous other special implements and attachments, jeeps have speeded up farm operations and eased the work burden for both farmer and mule.

Mysterious 'X Disease' Termed Serious Threat

"Hyperkeratosis" is the jaw-breaking name of a baffling cattle disease now causing trouble on thousands of farms, particularly in southeastern states.

Known also by the simpler terms of "X disease" and "double X disease," the new malady has caused serious loss in at least 26 states and poses a serious threat to output of meat, milk and other animal products.

One symptom of the disease is a marked thickening of the skin. So far, efforts to transmit it and to treat it with drugs have been unsuccessful.

Agriculture department scientists are cooperating with specialists of several southeastern states in an intensive study of the disease.

Portable Elevator Saves Labor and Time on Farm

Easily constructed on the farm and powered with a fractional horsepower motor, the portable elevator-conveyor saves much back-breaking labor as well as time in the handling and storing of grains.

Cost of construction is estimated at about \$1 per lineal foot, compared with \$1.85 per lineal foot for ready-made equipment. Cost of operation also is low. Plans are available through rural electric co-ops



IN THE general collision of the World Series and a new football season, a crash between a budding cyclone and a dying tornado, several baseball details have come up for inspection.

One is that Casey Stengel, as good as he is, isn't going to win any pennant or run second with the team Bucky Harris carried on his back—largely aided by Joe DiMaggio.



STENGEL

Everyone knows that Bucky Harris wasn't fired for inefficiency. He was fired because he is a friend of MacPhail's. In our book it was a stupid move, as Bucky has

always been a high-grade manager and the type of man baseball needs. The selection of Casey Stengel was a smart move, following a dumb one, which doesn't often happen. Stengel is also a high-grade manager who knows his trade. But there won't be as many laughing stories written about Casey in 1949—not with the job he has ahead.

Cleveland, the best team in baseball, won the 1948 world series. The Indians should be the best team in baseball in 1949 and should win again—unless the Red Sox can locate a few pitchers. Then it would be different.

The Yankee farm system has bogged down in recent years, and no matter how Stengel hustles, he doesn't know where his players are coming from. He needs one outfielder, three infielders, a catcher and three pitchers—all good.

This makes a total of some eight ball players, good ball players, better ball players than most of those he has except DiMaggio, Henrich, Lindell and Raschi. Yogi Berra is a useful fellow to have around.

Infield Lacks Hitters

Last season Stirnweiss and Rizzuto drove in 82 runs. Gordon and Boudreau drove in 252 runs. Stephens and Doerr drove in 250 runs.

We are speaking now of second-base combinations. Rizzuto and Stirnweiss were a brilliant defensive team. But they were so far behind Stephens and Doerr, Boudreau and Gordon, there was no comparison. You could trace at least 10 games, in a nip-and-tuck race to this missing clutch hitting. Maybe 15 games.

The Yankee infield, plus erratic Yankee pitching, kept the Yankees from winning by 10 or 15 games. There was certainly no outfield to match Joe DiMaggio, Tommy Henrich, Lindell, Keller and Berra. They drove in over 400 runs, far more than the Red Sox outfield hammered in.

Here they are: DiMaggio, 156; Henrich, 100; Berra, 98; Keller, 45; Lindell, 55. Total: 454. What about the Red Sox? Williams, 128; Dom DiMaggio, 85; others, less than 80. Far below the Yankees. So was Cleveland. The Yankees had the outfield.

Outlook for 1949

The middle of the 1948 football season seems to be a somewhat early date to be discussing the September finish of pennant races for 1949. But no one can be arrested and shot for trying.

The two American league teams to beat in 1949 should be the Cleveland Indians and the Boston Red Sox. They have, by far, the better infields, which are the basic strength of a baseball team, especially the play around short and second.

There isn't a chance the Yankees will have anything to match Boudreau and Gordon or Stephens and Doerr when you consider both the offense and defense. Both sets are standouts.

Cleveland has the better of the pitching with Bearden, Lemon, Feller and Gromek. Neither the Red Sox nor Yankees have a dependable pitcher. The Tigers still have pitching possibilities, but little else.

The Athletics can finish fourth or fifth—no better. Majeski and Joost are hardly likely to be as good as they were this year. Both were extra good.

The Yankees only strength is in the outfield—the section, headed by Joe DiMaggio that carried the rest of the team—DiMaggio, Henrich, Lindell, Keller and Berra. Keller's health is still uncertain.

Cleveland's outfield is only fair even with an improving Doby. The Red Sox could use new pitchers.

National League

In the older league, the Braves and Dodgers have the call for 1949—with the Dodgers well in front. The Braves need infield and outfield improvements in rather large quantities. In Sain and Spahn, they have the two best pitchers in their league—the best nucleus for a winning staff.

The Dodgers have added another year's experience which is all they needed—plus some saner handling.

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