

BATTALION EDITORIALS

**Science Center Dedication
A Forward Step For A&M**

A&M will move another step forward in its program of service to citizens of Texas and the United States when the new Nuclear Science Center is formally dedicated in ceremonies on campus and at the center Friday.

Scientists from throughout the nation are due for the dedication—and to study the complex center that will eventually operate at a level of five million watts.

Friday's twin ceremonies—one in the Memorial Student Center and another at the site of the center near Easterwood Airport—will bring to a gratifying end to more than two years of work and planning by the Department of Nuclear Engineering and the Texas Engineering Experiment Station.

The center, now in operation, has already proved an excellent source of nuclear energy for use in science and industry throughout Texas and the Southwest. Its main feature continues to be a high-power, research-type "swimming pool" reactor, the apparatus that will eventually operate at five million watts.

Even now, the reactor is operating at a power-level of 100 kilowatts.

In the future the center will be used extensively for neutron radiation experiments, and to process materials for new educational and industrial uses.

Another possible use could be in conjunction with the new manned space laboratory being constructed by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration near Houston. Surely the center will be one of the most capable and available places for research by NASA scientists.

Add to these facts plans for an expanded program of nuclear study at A&M and other colleges and universities, and the true value of the center comes into clearer focus.

The Battalion salutes all those behind the new Nuclear Science Center—its completion and Friday dedication add greatly to the prestige and capabilities of A&M as a first-class state institution.

CADET SLOUCH

by Jim Earle



"... I get th' feeling these graduating seniors are rubbing it in!"

—Sound Off—

Voting Disappoints Sister, Sweetheart

Editor,
The Battalion:
Being an Aggie sister and sweetheart, I would like to say that I am truly disappointed in the results of the poll taken May 9. The men of Aggeland don't really know how it feels to be proud of the fella one goes with when that fella is an Aggie.

The men who make up the Corps of Cadets have always had my admiration and congratulations for sticking with what they believe in and love. For eight years my admiration has been growing steadily because I can see what fine men my brothers are and they both graduated from A&M.

If the Aggies who voted for a coeducational school would only think ahead instead of thinking how good it would be to have girls on campus, they would see that Aggeland is not like Texas University and therefore it should not be coed. If the ones who voted for coeducation wanted it in the first place, why didn't they attend a coed school?

I certainly hope a nationally famous tradition and "spirit"

will always endure at A&M, without women!

Susan B. Lewis,
LaMarque, Tex.

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VI 6-4988

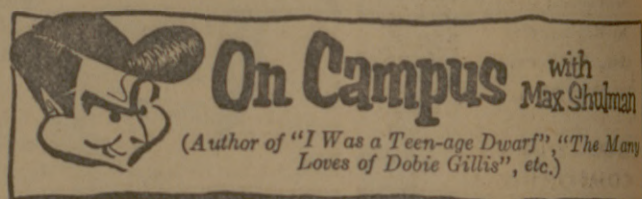
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TILL WE MEET AGAIN

This is the final column of my eighth year of writing for the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes, and this year, as in every preceding year, when I come to the last column of the season, I come to a problem.

My contract with the makers of Marlboro calls for me to write a humor column and, truly, I do the best I can—all things considered, I am not, I should explain, a jolly man by nature. Why should I be? First of all, I am shorter than everybody. Second, there are moths in my cashmere jacket. Third, I work in television.

All the same, when it comes time to write this column, I light a good Marlboro Cigarette, put aside my trauma, and try with all the strength in my tiny body to make some jokes. Sometimes it works better than others, but on the last column of the year, it just flatly doesn't work at all.

Even in the very beginning this was true—and that, you will recall, was eight years ago when I was relatively young and strong and had not yet developed that nasty knock in my transmission. Well do I remember sitting down to write the final column of my first year. Day followed barren day, and not a yock, not a haif, not a zinger did I produce. I was about to give up humor and take a job selling mechanical dogs when all of a sudden, in a blinding flash, I realized why I couldn't think of any jokes!

I leapt up from my typewriter and ran as fast as my little fat legs would carry me to the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes, and I tugged my forelock, and I said, "Sirs, I am well aware that you have engaged me to write a humor column, but today, as I approach the final column of the season, I am far too misty to be funny, for the final column of the season is, after all, a leave-taking, and when I think of saying goodbye to my audience—the swellest audience any columnist ever had—the college students of America—wonderful human beings, every man and



woman of them—wise but kindly—astute but compassionate—perspicacious but forbearing—when, sirs, I think of saying goodbye to such an audience, I am too shook up even to consider levity, and so I ask you, sirs, to let me, in the final column of the year, forego humor and instead write a simple, dignified, straightforward farewell."

Then I took out my bandanna, wiped my eyes, ears, nose, and throat and waited for a reply from the makers of Marlboro. They sat around the polished board room table, the makers, their handsome brows knit in concentration, puffing thoughtfully on the Marlboros in their tattooed hands. At length they spoke. "Yes," they said simply.

I never doubted they would say yes. People who make a cigarette as good as Marlboro must themselves be good. People who lavish such care on blending tobaccos so mild and flavorful, on devising a filter so clean and white, on boxing a flip-top box so flip-top, on packing a soft pack so soft—people like that are one hundred percent with me!

And so from that day forward, the final column of the year—including the one you are, I devoutly hope, now reading—makes no attempt to be funny, but is instead a simple thank you and au revoir.

Thank you and au revoir, makers of Marlboro. The memory of our eight years together will remain ever fresh in my heart, and I would like to state for all the world to hear that if you want me back again next year, I shall expect a substantial raise in salary.

Thank you and au revoir, college students of America. May good luck attend all your ventures. Stay well. Stay happy. Stay loose.

Small Max has said it all. We, the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes, can only add a heartfelt second chorus: Stay well. Stay happy. Stay loose.

By Charles M. Schulz

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**Yarborough Challenged
To Name Campaign Aides**

WASHINGTON (AP) — The Washington Post said in an editorial Monday that Sen. Ralph Yarborough, D-Tex., should publicly identify everyone who helped finance his weekly radio broadcasts in Texas.

Yarborough has acknowledged that indicted Texas financier Billie Sol Estes, now under investigation here in connection with gift giving to Washington officials, was among contributors to the program.

The Post, noting this, said Yarborough's involvement points up the failure of Congress to deal

with the issue of campaign contributions and financial assistance to members of Congress.

The editorial said the Senate Investigations subcommittee, now looking into the Estes case, should determine whether it reaches into Congress as well as the executive department.

The editorial stated in part: "Sen. Ralph Yarborough sought to minimize his present embarrassment by saying that when he was taking financial help from Mr. Estes, the latter was being hailed as an ideal young American."

The Post said some executive officials involved made the same point, but said their predicament stemmed from accepting gifts from individuals with an ax to grind.

"In one instance," the Post said, "Sen. Yarborough obtained \$1,000 from Mr. Estes to pay for 10 tickets to a Democratic National Committee dinner . . . In other instances he obtained a total of \$1,700 to help defray the cost of his weekly radio broadcasts . . . The senator acknowledges that others have also contributed . . . The public ought to know who they were and how much they gave."

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ALAN PAYNE EDITOR

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