

# Bowl Fund Split Windfall For A&M

The University of Alabama and Texas A&M recently split almost \$500,000 from their 1968 participation in the Cotton Bowl.

A&M's share of the receipts should amount to about \$100,000 after splitting the rest with the Southwest Conference.

The hundred grand came as a bonus to the school, especially when the path to Dallas was so rugged and uncertain until after Turkey Day.

We're not sure how the money will be utilized but we would like to make a few suggestions.

The new addition to Cushing Memorial Library will provide space for a million books, yet the university presently owns less than half that number.

A donation of about half the bonus funds, in the name of this year's winning football team and coach, could buy about 5,000 books.

Assuming the Athletic Department will handle the money, appropriate since they won it with determination and sweat, such a gift would provide a lasting and fitting tribute, and "Cotton Bowl Room" of the library.

Some of the money could be used to renovate and add to the popular handball courts, renovate Downs Natatorium, build a mile asphalt track for students and staff and purchase additional equipment in all sports areas.

Football scholarships seem inherent in receiving the gate receipts, with the spoils going to the players. Thus, only a few suggestions of how the remainder could be utilized for everyone's benefit.

A sum of \$50,000 would seem to satisfy this need, and, we hope officials evaluate all aspects of athletics when allocating the money and provide not only for the future but for improvement of the present.

## CADET SLOUCH

by Jim Earle

Mike Plake

# 1984: Year Of The Comeback

Transplants are becoming old hat.

Heart transplants are being performed the world over. Kidney transplants are also becoming more numerous. It would not be surprising in the future to see successful brain transplants . . .

Our story begins in 1984, an election year.

**THE PLOT:** A powerful Texan has been elected to the Presidency. A southern ex-governor, whom we shall call George Wall, has waged a terrific campaign against the Texan. He has disrupted the GOP, taking most of their votes with him, and has lost the election by fifteen electoral votes.

The despair of defeat has overcome the candidate. He suffers a stroke. Medical technology being what it is, the doctors recommend an immediate brain transplant. With a new brain, the candidate will forget the deep despair, and become a healthy, bigoted politician once again.

The first scene: A hospital room. Wall is resting, in a coma. He thinks.

**DARN IT.** Just fifteen votes. One stop-over, one last television debate could have swung it. Darn it all!

More thinking. "I almost made it. Me, a southern Dark Horse, almost made it to the Presidency. A third party candidate. The Mormons, the Catholics, the Klan—they all supported me!"

"Everyone thought I was only trying to throw the election to the House. And when they realized the Republican split, it was too late. I already had their votes!"

"You know," he ponders, "I really believe the people sincerely wanted me. Not the politicking, the stump-jumping. The real me. I think they were finally beginning to know me for what I am."

"AND I would have been a good President, too. I would have

kept my promises. A fried chicken in every kitchen. A Southern Baptist Hymnal in every home. White and colored toilets. Everything!" He rolled over on his side.

"Think of the family name. Burelean as Governor at home. Me the President. And George Jr., as soon as he graduates, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court!"

Two nurses glide into the room. They transfer him to a hospital cart. On the way to the operating room, a red light flashes on the rear of the cart every fifteen seconds. A green light on the front flashes the entire journey. On it is a placard, which reads: "George Wall for President, '84, '85, Forever."

As Wall is wheeled into the operating room, which is filled with electronic instruments, doctors, and nurses, he loses confidence. The despair returns.

"WELL, I couldn't have won it anyway. Why should I keep on thinking about it now? Nothing really matters anymore. Heck, I think I'll just give up."

The doctor speaks to an aide. "Remember, watch the oscilloscope readings very carefully. A brain transplant is a touchy operation."

The candidate stopped his thoughts.

"What's that you say? A brain transplant? Hey, that's right. They've been having those things right along. I guess I just overlooked them during the rush of the campaign." He ponders the significance a brain transplant could have to his career.

"Say, how about that. With a new brain, I could plan an entirely new approach to a new campaign. I could make a come-back! Hey, they're going to give me a

second chance! Shades of the Klan!

"Wait a minute now. What kind of brain are they going to give me? Goodness gracious sake, alive, I hope they give me a clean Southern brain. Why, what, I know I could win the time." Tears of hope stream from the candidate's closed eyelids. His mind shifts to future plans.

A COMMENT from the doctor shifts it back.

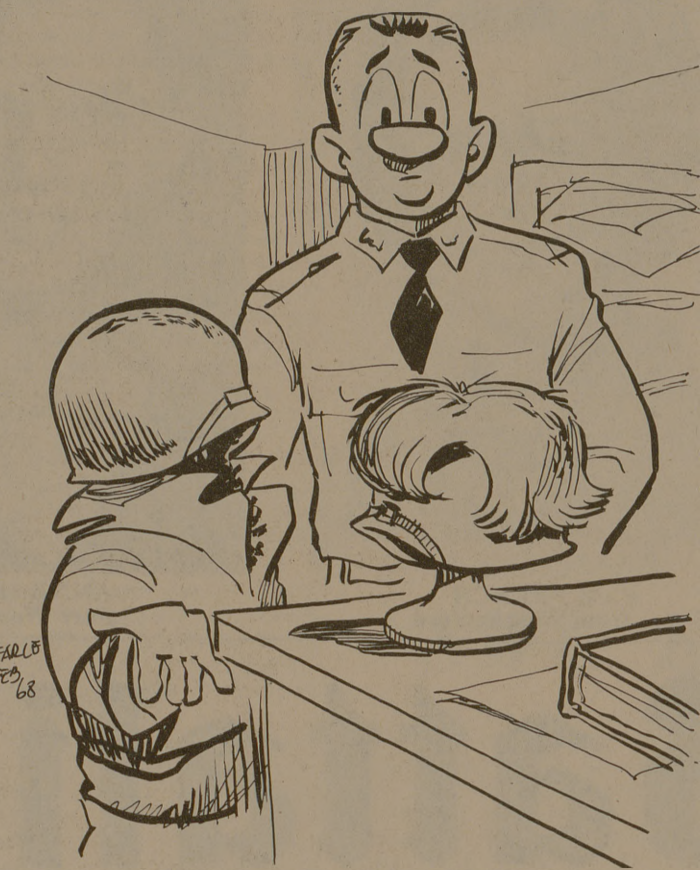
"What's that? My donor identity? A SOUTHERNER? Great Scott, a Southern brain for me! Oh, Lord, if this is true, I'll give electricity to Tuskegee Institute."

"You say he's from Void County, Mississippi? Hey, now, that couldn't—that wouldn't be Brene, would it? But I guess could be. I knew he'd gotten during the campaign, but I didn't realize it was that serious. It comes from down there somewhere, though. And he's always had a pretty good mind. Yes, it could be the man, at that."

"Man, that's courage. That class. That's zeal! Giving his heart to the next President of the United States. How about that."

"WHAT'S THAT AGAIN?" The name broke up the candidate's train of thought. I know he won the Nobel Peace Prize. I think it was a darn nice thing, to give it to a football coach. What do you mean, I'm wrong? You're wrong! This stuff you gave me must have affected my hearing. What did you say? Martin Luther Kind?!"

"Why you lousy hippocrite. You knew it all the time. Well, heck with you. I won't take that crummy brain. I'll force myself to reject it. I'll die first!"



"It's for civilian wear!"

## Battalion Surveys

# Cadets Oppose Higher Fees

By BOB PALMER  
Battalion Staff Writer

Cadets feel that the \$75 charged for uniforms of Drill and Ceremony Cadets are "excessive, unfair and an attempt to run off D&C cadets," according to a Battalion survey.

Reaction varied as to what a fair cost should be, but, of the 225 cadets polled, 111 said \$50 per semester.

The survey also indicated that several hundred Aggies could return to the Corps if the fees were reduced.

**THE CADETS** were vehemently opposed to any increase over the present fee. The administration has since announced that no increase is planned and will remain \$75 through the fall of 1968.

The administration, however, has not indicated that a reduction is possible.

The effect of the current fee has angered many cadets.

"The D&C fee is outrageous and uncalled for," said one cadet. "The school did not go broke when D&Cs paid no fees and I don't think it's going to go broke now."

**THE D&C FEE** should be low enough to afford cadets unqualified for contracts a fair chance to stay in the only good part of this school.

Other cadets noted that with the increased limitation of contracts, the number of contract cadets would decrease. With a D&C fee forcing non-contract Aggies out, the Corps would become no-

thing more than an overgrown "fish drill team."

"There are not enough contracts to fill all the leadership positions in the Corps, therefore D&C men are needed for these positions. I feel that increasing the fee would eliminate or certainly discourage many of these needed men from remaining in the Corps," a cadet declared.

"IF THINGS stay like they are, A&M will be a civilian school," he continued.

"The Corps needs D&Cs to increase its size. Hundreds of Aggies want to be in the Corps but can't qualify for a contract or afford high D&C fees."

Another cadet pointed out that D&C men are just as much of an "Aggie" as those with contracts and every effort should be made to retain them.

"If A&M expects to have a Corps of Cadets in the future, the D&C fee should be lowered, not raised," still another cadet said. "D&Cs are important to the Corps and even the rise to \$75 scared quite a few people off. I think that the Corps is important to anybody, and people unable to pay for uniform rental should not be deprived of the privilege."

"A REASONABLE price for D&C fees was \$50. With an increase there will be fewer and fewer D&Cs. The Corps will get smaller. This is a long range plan to eliminate the Corps at A&M," the Cadet charged.

Many cadets also indicated in the survey that D&C Aggies were being persecuted.

"The military advisors are trying to run the D&C's out of the Corps," one commented.

"Being a member of the Corps is an unmistakable honor, the Cadet Corps has heaped honors on A&M. To extort, that is to increase a charge on uniforms year after year, an organization that only brings credit to the University is criminal," he went on.

"IT AIN'T fair, I quit," one cadet summed up the frustration of the D&Cs.

Many Aggies attacked D&C fees on the principle that it left the Corps only to the rich.

"The A&M Corps of Cadets has through the years been an institution completely lacking any class distinction, appealing to rich and poor alike. "With increasing D&C fees the Corps will soon become an exclusive club eliminating those members who would not qualify for a contract and who were in a lower economic group, thus denying the advantages of the Corps to them and denying the Corps the benefit of their membership."

"I feel that raising the D&C fee will make it impossible for many Corps members to remain. This charge puts Corps membership on a financial basis of qualification which is unfair."

One cadet summed up the feeling of most of the sophomores

faced with either getting an Army or Air Force contract, becoming a D&C cadet or going civilian.

"I love the Corps, but if I can't get a contract, I would still stay in if a more reasonable fee would be charged."

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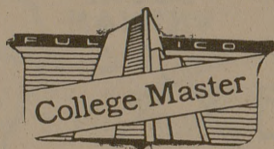
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## PEANUTS



By Charles M. Schulz

## A Few More Of The Many



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