

# I HEARD

## THE FIRST PART

It was Josh Billings, I believe, who once advised that it is better to grab a bull by the tail than by the horns, because then it is easier to let go when you come near a friendly tree or fence. Good advice, too, and some to which I expect to closely adhere throughout this article; because, if ever an Aggie needs an "easy out," it's when he is discussing our sister school, T. S. C. W.

Believe it or not, the number of Aggies who have never been to T. S. C. W. is nearly as great as the number that have been there; and, I am sorry to say, at the present time I am one of the former group. But not for long—because, if the tales and legends that I have heard of Dentonland are even partly true, then we luckless Aggies who have never been there have yet to live life in the fullest.

Frankly, I was not aware that there were three thousand beautiful girls in the entire world, yet one Aggie would have me believe that there are that many on the T. S. C. W. campus alone. Vital statistics point out that our sister school is the largest state-supported women's college in the world, but Aggie statistics indicate that the name of the college should be changed from T. S. C. W. to W. S. C. W.—World's Sweetest Collection of Women!

After spending nearly two years at Aggieland, I have become thoroughly saturated with the idea that Denton is a "wonderful" place—and not because of any Chamber of Commerce improvements, either, but strictly because the T. S. C. Wites are so much in evidence. Like a few hundred other Aggies who have never been to Dentland, I'm darn curious! I have two friends who are equally as curious. If the powers-that-be can't bring T. S. C. W. to the Brazos bottoms, we three are going to take our curiosity Dentonward and pay the gals a visit. We have heard, of course, the tale of the cat and the bloody effects curiosity had on it, but—if we haven't been wholly misled—an Aggie at Denton should fare considerably better than the proverbial cat. At the present time there are nearly six thousand cadets enrolled at A. & M., and at least half of this number have visited Denton at one time or another. Three thousand Aggies CAN'T be wrong—T. S. C. W. must have something!

# I WENT

BY GEORGE FUERMANN

## THE SECOND PART

'Twas the mornin' after the nite before,

We have as yet four classes to abhor.

But noon will come ere long has passed,

And Denton bound we'll be at last. A place of which we've heard so much, We're off to see if 'tis as such.

The open road—the highway calls,

On to Denton—the place enthralled.

Here we stand with ready thumbs,

All cars and trucks prepared to bum.

An Aggie prayer forever cried,

"Please, mister, give us a ride."

A wonderous thing—we're on our way; More wonderous yet—we're in to stay.

One ride we have from here to there; Some gals we hope to ensnare.

A few miles more and then we'll be, In Dentonland; oh gosh, oh gee!!

## THE THIRD PART

I had heard of, I went to, and I saw a veritable heaven-on-earth. If there is such a place as an Aggie utopia, that place is the T. S. C. W. campus. It should be a prerequisite to receiving any A. & M. degree that the candidate must have been to Dentonland on at least one occasion during his sojourn at our Sing-Sing-on-the-Brazos.

Ah, fellow Aggies who have never visited T. S. C. W., the place has not been OVERrated. Alack and alas, it has been UNDERrated! As one femme so aptly pointed out in a recent letter, I am no Don Juan—nor yet a second Robert Taylor, either—but, like any other Aggie, I was cheerily greeted with a "high Aggie" or some other synonymous salutation by nine out of ten girls that I encountered on the Denton campus.

If the United States Bureau of Statistics would investigate, I am sure that they would find more feminine curves per square yard on the T. S. C. W. campus than at any other place of proportionate size on the good earth. And the variety of feminine beauty that the place offers is little short of astounding—blondes,

# I SAW

brunettes, or reds; buxom or otherwise; in fact, of the three thousand T. S. C. Wians that walk the Denton campus, an Aggie can find a head to fit any shoulder.

Not to be overlooked, incidentally, are the college's educational advantages. A T. S. C. Wite's education may BEGIN in the class room, but it doesn't necessarily END there; although, as one eye-filling blonde vigorously—if somewhat disgustedly—informed me, "the book larnin' plays no minor role at this damn place!!"

When darkness came (as it always does) I must admit that I was quite confused. I was altogether uncertain as to where I was—whether I was at Aggieland or on the T. S. C. W. campus. Any yankee visiting our sister school's campus for the first time would have good cause to believe that the governor had declared martial law in the area. The week-end preponderance of Aggies would indicate nothing less than an official corps trip.

The most wonderful thing of all, however, is the "birddogging!" The T. S. C. Wians have developed the art to an extent that would even make a gigolo (or maybe I should say an Aggie) blush. No detail is too small to be overlooked. Ah me . . . what a wonderful feeling . . . to walk down a sidewalk and have a group of ultra-charming co-eds line up in one-two-three order. You Aggies know how it is when we see a gal "ginnin' on down" our campus. Well, it's no different at Denton, except that the sexes change places.

But I heartily warn any Aggie against eating in a T. S. C. W. dining hall unless he is accompanied by at least twenty-seven other cadets. He who eats by himself (that is, without any other male company) invites many troubles and sorrows upon his brow. Therein will a man learn of what stuff he is made, and—more often than not—it is a sad lesson that he learns.

If Mr. O'Daniel intends to sing for reelection in the summer of '40, I think I can tell him one way to get the Aggie vote one hundred per cent. Just "promise" to move the T. S. C. W. campus to Brazos County!