

# ONLY A DREAM

By I. Magine

This little article is probably so imaginative that only those who dream will enjoy it to the fullest extent.

For the past three years the most consistent topic of conversation, or in plain words "bull sessions," has been the dreamers' idea of paradise, that is, the bodily moving of T.S.C.W. to a spot somewhere within a distance of five miles (or closer) to A. & M. I have to say three years because that is the length of time yours truly has attended here, but in all probability the idea has been circulating for many years. Just to get an idea of some of the happenings, good and bad, let's attempt to muster our dreams and see what would happen.

One thing is certain, that is the sprucing up of the corps, there would no longer be the "devil may care" attitude about the uniform. There would be a run on the cleaning and pressing business. No, I have nothing to do with that "racket"! But pants would be pressed and surely all of us can see the advantage in that respect. The torn shirts and other such clothing would be thrown away. In general the clothing business would see prosperity.

There would be built a large dance hall, it would have to be large to take care of the crowd. The fact that more people would attend the dances would please the senior class. Perhaps they could make money on all of their dances.

The number of things that would be changed, materially, can be readily seen, but right now let's get into the more interesting changes that would take place.

The moon, ah! that beautiful sphere would not waste its beams during the week, only to be worked overtime on the weekends. The dull and uninteresting campus at night, would rise up to glorious heights and be forever supreme in the sky. Love stories would be told, new ones and old, the night would be filled with the sweetest of whispers, the breezes would carry the perfume of a thousand flowers, and lovers would be brought together for ages, at least it would seem like ages after some of the hurried trips that have been accomplished by the cadets.

Girls at home would be forgotten, boys at home would be no longer important; four years of friendship to look forward to. Who, I ask, would neglect his or her duties to be sent home from such a paradise? It would be the mark of a moron to leave such bliss for the dullness that other schools would offer.

The old saying that "an Aggie would leave two days early on a corps trip to Hell" would be buried and forgotten, for who would leave on weekends? Where would he go to find anything to match the pick of a thousand charms not five miles away? This idea would probably please the administrative officers of the college (the leaving on weekends, I mean.)

Instead of coming back from a weekend, one of those special weekends, and mooning around the room for hours, even days, thinking about the marvelous time, one could look forward to the next date without having to think of the expense, the cutting of classes, to be with the O. A. O.

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There would be no more unnecessary explaining to do in letters. In fact, I doubt if letter writing would at all be heard of, unless it was writing home. The arguments, pro and con, on the subject of what type of letter writer one is to be catalogued as, would be forgotten.

"Birdogging" would find its hole and crawl in. Can you picture anyone doing such an outlandish thing? Why that is just about as much out of the question as this article itself.

The intramural games would be played with new vim and vigor, for who would refuse a chance to "shine" before a crowd of lovely ladies? There would be no more begging for the boys to enter the sports, and the intramural department would reach the height of importance. Maybe they could get some decent equipment. How's that for a plug, "Mr. Penny"?

There are, of course, some subjects that yours truly must pass over with a sigh, but then the general idea of just what would happen is too much of a dream ever to be a fact. Maybe with a little pressure put on things might be worked out to a satisfactory decision.

It is too bad that there are not more single men in the higher offices of the college, as they might listen to reason if their love hadn't already visited them and is steadily keeping them on the straight and narrow.

To those dreamers who will come and go, who will waste night thinking of such a condition I dedicate this article—may they find solace in their dreams and begin to get ready on Wednesday for a weekend trip to T.S.C.W.