

# Editorial Page

Jan Travers/Editor

## Salute to the Engineers

Hats off to the Engineering Division for their recent victory in the interdivision volleyball tournament sponsored by the Lion Ambassadors. Not only did they annihilate the other divisions, but they did it with class.

When our team from Humanities Division found out who we were playing we were more than a little bit intimidated. Just their size alone affirmed what we already knew—they could kill us, figuratively and physically. But being the true gentlemen that they are, they played with constraint. And we applaud them for that.

The best part of the whole tournament was getting people together from all the divisions for something other than serious learning. And the players weren't just students. NO SIREE! We had faculty members, the like of Mel "Mad Dog" Blumberg, Mike "The Spike" Barton and Simon "The Bomber" Bronner, to name a few. These bastions of academic inspiration showed us once again why it's safer to keep them in the classroom where the only thing they're harming is our minds.

In all seriousness though, it was fun to meet with professors in an environment where everyone was on equal footing. I think professors must be reminded every once a while that students are people too. Sometimes it seems they only see us as inferior subordinates, demanding respect from us but showing little in return. After all, professors aren't better than us, just more learned.

Michele Hart

## On Snow and Goldfish

I've always loved the first snowfall of the season, it reminds me of a fresh blanket thrown upon the earth, covering the ugly, dirty, bare ground. The snow is white, fresh and clean, and best of all peaceful. I like to go outside at night when the snow is falling, to hear the soft wind blowing through the trees, and, if I listen really closely I can hear the snowflakes hitting the ground.

For me that peace is so serene and calming that if it weren't so cold I could spend hours outside just walking and thinking. It is almost a mission that every year during the first snowfall I go and try to find virgin snow to make the first tracks in or build a snowman with. I remember last year we went down to the Susquehanna river at Riverfront Park in the city and built a snowman on the side of the road. Cars went by full of passengers honking and waving as we put the finishing touches on our snow person (it didn't really have a definitive sex), and the next morning when we went back to the river other people had added their own touches to our snow person, giving it a personality and character.

Last week I went on my trek again to find fresh snow, but this time I didn't make any snow people. This time I thought about my great aunt who died before Halloween. I had been so busy with school work and my job that I really hadn't, until then, had the time to think about her or even mourn her death. When my mom told me that Aunt Agnes had died I put it on a back shelf in my brain to think about later. In fact I had virtually forgotten about it until someone asked me what my family was like.

I don't know if my aunt had ever seen snow. She might have as a little girl when her parents first came to this country and settled in Chicago, but they moved from there to the Gulf Coast area of Texas when she was still quite young. Aunt Agnes was the third of a family of eight children that had come to the new world from Ireland to escape the potato famine. When the family left the coast because of flooding, and moved inland to the San Antonio area, Aunt Agnes worked on the family dairy farm and helped to raise her younger siblings, including my grandfather. She married a man named Lawrence Packard whom everyone called "Blink" (which is quite ironic since Uncle Blink eventually went blind), and moved to the city. She only

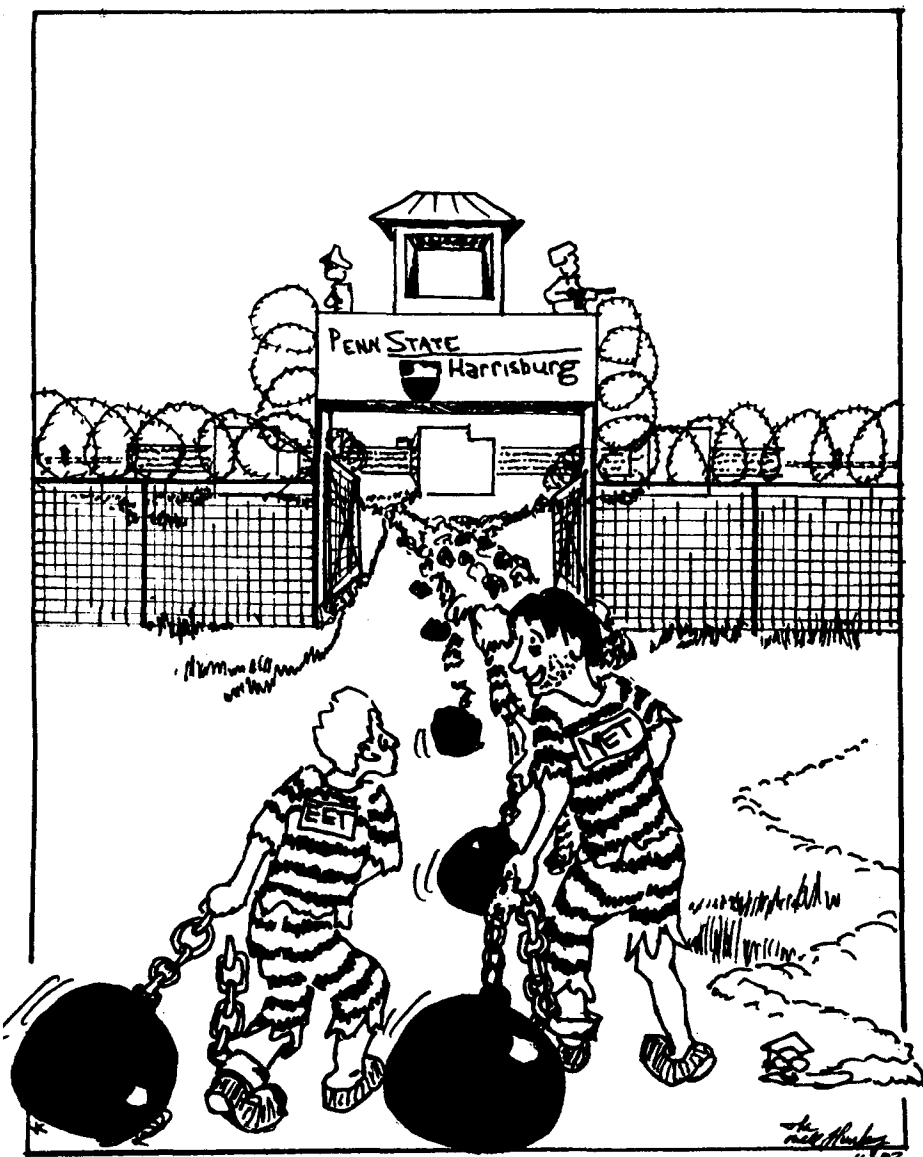
had one son, but she had a wealth of grandchildren and great-grandchildren as well as nieces, nephews, and great nieces and nephews who loved her very much

Going to visit Aunt Agnes and Uncle Blink was one of my favorite things to do when we went home to Texas each summer. Aunt Agnes would always offer us a soda water (Coke), and give each of us our own little bottle of coke to drink; quite a thrill when you're all of seven or eight years old. I don't think I've ever seen those little bottles anywhere else, but they've always stuck in my mind. Aunt Agnes always had magazines for us too. She was the type of person who never threw magazines away because there was always someone who hadn't read them yet. I used to sit on the couch in the living room of her grand, old house and look at the pictures of the glamorous ladies in *Redbook* and imagine that someday I could be like them. Aunt Agnes always told me that I was prettier than those fancy ladies because I looked like my mother, and Uncle Blink always nodded in agreement.

Uncle Blink was an avid gardener. Even though he went blind he kept up with his garden. He would walk us out to the garden and point out his prize vegetables and flowers. If he couldn't recognize a plant with what little sight he had, he would reach down slowly and caress the petals and leaves gently between his fingertips until he knew just what the plant was. I learned more about flowers from a blind uncle than I ever have from a sighted person. In their garden Agnes and Blink had a huge goldfish pond, that in reality was only a few feet across, but to me it was a lake. We were always given breadcrumbs or fish food to give to the fish to get them to come to the top so we could see them. I used to take a stick and move the lily pads out of the way so I could watch the fish swim back and forth across the pond for hours.

I don't know if the pond is still at their house anymore. Uncle Blink died years ago, and Aunt Agnes moved to a nursing home soon after, but I will always remember them as living in the white frame house with green trim, a front porch that squeaked, and a beautiful garden with goldfish pond in the back yard.

I'm glad it snowed last week, I finally got the time to think about and remember two people who meant a lot to me. Aunt Agnes, I miss you.



The lucky ones get out after five semesters. The rest stay here FOREVER!

**Capital Times Meeting!  
Thursday, November 19**

**12:00**

**in W-129**

**Open to the Campus Community.**