

attention!!

Don't be afraid to say . . .

Editor's note: A column ran on this page Sept. 10 that was written by Douglass White, Class of '88, before his death this summer. Kenneth Ratcliff, a long-time friend and classmate of Doug's, wrote this column in response to Doug's death.

As I sat down to write this, I was struck by an age-old question: "Where do I start?"

I guess I should start with the origination of "The Group." It began my freshman year in high school when I met Doug and Tim. The three of us were on the football team, and even had some classes together. For some reason, and none of us know why, we hit it off right from the start. Through the years we added Wendy, Brian, Tony, Laura, Frank, John, Mike, Chris, Lizette and Sandy. All of us but Chris went to the same high school and we all, except for Wendy, chose to attend Texas A&M. As you know from your own personal group of friends, we grew, and remain, extremely close. We even call each others' parents "Mom" and "Dad."

Now I know you're asking yourself: "What has all of this to do with the title?" Well, our group is now two members smaller than it was at the beginning of the year. We lost Wendy in January. She was killed in a car wreck on her way back to Texas Tech after the

Christmas holidays. As if that wasn't enough, Doug was killed in a construction accident in August.

Looking back at all the times we shared, good and bad, drunk and sober, one regret keeps popping up in my mind. Both of my friends were taken from me before I had a chance to sit them down and tell them how much I loved them. The reason I never told Doug or Wendy how I felt about them was the fact that I was scared to open up

and let my feelings show. I realize now how ridiculous that was, and I kick myself every night for not having the courage to let them know how I felt. The fact that they knew, without my having to tell them, is of no consolation.

My fellow Aggies, please don't let yourselves be found in my position. Call that special person and/or group of people and let them know how much you care for them. Do it now, for tomorrow it may be too late. Remember: "Don't be

afraid to say . . ." (I'll let you fill in the blank).

I would like to end this note by practicing what I preach. First, to Doug and Wendy: I love you, and miss you very much. And second, to the surviving members of "The Group": I love you. Please play Simon and Garfunkel's recording of "Bridge Over Troubled Water." Their words are my promise to you.

Ken Ratcliff is a senior accounting/management major.



Mike Bryant, a sophomore aerospace engineering major, took this week's attention!! photo of the partially eclipsed moon on the night of Oct. 6.

Editor's Note: This attention!! page will be used each week as a forum for you, our readers. We encourage you to submit any original work that would be suitable for publication in At Ease.

Pictures should be black-and-white shots that are unique either in content, angle or technique. Columns, essays or poems should be no longer than 500 words. Please don't send us your gripes, complaints, or sermons on heavy-duty issues—send those to the Battalion's Opinion Page.

Don't forget to put your name and phone number on anything you send us. Then just drop it off at the Battalion, Room 216 of the Reed McDonald Building. Be sure to specify that it is for At Ease.