**Connie’s Corner**

**M**any years ago, I had the honor of editing the *Texas Aggie* for the Association of Former Students. I believed then, as I do now, that a successful issue was one that caused former students to reconnect with the university.

Some issues are better at achieving this goal than others. The effectiveness is sometimes achieved by the memories of our individual experiences. Kinda like class reunions. It’s not uncommon to hear some of the same stories from one reunion to the next.

We have a very focused Texas A&M club up here in southeast Washington, but the miles between our new home of record and Brazos County can warp our perceptions. When I first moved up here, the club had a co-ed softball team and I found myself playing and competing with former student teammates who were born after I graduated. But there was a bond that tied us all together a long way from the Texas A&M campus.

In other Texas A&M clubs I have joined through the years, there was an inclination to gravitate to other members of our own class. Not in southeast Washington. Here we hang together, wearing our maroon shirts and supporting one another. Kinda like class reunions.

I just got back from my first class reunion (60th) in five years and if you weren’t there, you should have been. Throughout all of the wild remembrances, I kept thinking all of the way back to when we were freshmen in places like Milner and Leggett, which are still right where we found them and left them.

We should reconnect and get together again real soon. I’ll tell you about running around in the steam tunnels … in the dark for pity sakes. And I can tell you about the night I was invited to Uncle Ed’s (probably because I had a car). I’ll tell you about the 8 o’clock class the next morning when the first 10 minutes were longer than some of the semesters I survived at A&M.

Classmates need these stories. They bind us together and they make us unique. They help us reconnect.

*--Connie Eckard ’55 – 05/2015*