

THE TWIG

meredith college

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA 27611

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The TWIG welcomes comment and will give prompt consideration to any criticisms submitted in writing and signed by the writer.

From Career Services

What's a nice G*irl* ... W*oman* like you doing in a place like this

I'm sitting here wondering if women object to being called "girls" as much as men object to being called "boys."

Phrases like "the girls in the office," "the girls in the typing pool," and "the girls out front," are certainly familiar to anyone who spends time in an office. But how often do you hear about "the boys in the office?"

Men over eighteen really seem to take objection to being called "boys". "Guys" is okay. "Guys" is slightly macho and, therefore, acceptable as a relaxed phrase. But these same men will refer to the women that work in their offices as "girls". Indeed, many women refer to each other as "the girls". So, I wonder, is it acceptable to women?

I suppose it could be acceptable for one woman to call another "girl" while it would be unacceptable for a man to do so. After all, it's a common rationale to say I call my sister (brother, father, mother, lover, etc.) anything that I like, but you can't do it. Love, kinship, or camaraderie seems to permit verbal license.

I know so many women who have prepared themselves for a career, invested in a good business wardrobe, carry nice leather briefcases, and hold down good positions. Somehow, I can't seem to bring myself to refer to them as "one of the girls."

Even as I write this I'm thinking what a petty point this seems to be. After all, my mother is highly flattered if someone calls her a "girl". But, at a time when women have to face the fact that for every one step forward they are often faced with a three quarter step backwards, maybe the little things shouldn't be ignored. Maybe it's time to think about gaining the inch so that you can take a mile.

ASCEND. 1980 Ed.

LETTERS?

The Twig welcomes letters to the editor and contributions of columns to the editorial pages.

All contributions should be typed, double spaced, and are subject to editing.

Column writers should include their majors and hometowns; each letter should include the writer's name, address, and telephone number.

Unsigned letters will not be printed.

Heard in passing

by Lauren F. Worthington

Men all operate in the same way, using specific "lines" when they talk to girls. First, they use one of the many pick-up routines:

- You look so familiar, haven't we met before?

- I think I'd really like to get to know you better.

- You're the kind of girl I want to marry.

- But, you would be the first.

- I have this really great stereo upstairs, don't you want to see it?

- Since you've already missed your curfew...

- But we get along so well, I just figured...

- I've never felt this way about a girl before.

- It sure is crowded in here, why don't we step outside?

After the girl is nabbed, a man's attention tends to wander, and he comes up with some incredible excuses:

- I only went out with her once, and we really didn't do much of anything anyway.

- But that was a long time ago. I hardly even think about her anymore.

- She's not my girlfriend. We just go out once in a while.

- And ultimately there comes the dump:

- You're such a nice girl; you deserve someone better than me.

- Our relationship could have had a great potential; however...

- Could you get the phone number of that cute blond that lives on your hall?

- I'll give you a call tomorrow.

How can innocent girls fight back? Well, turn the tables. First, try using some of these lines in simple conversation:

- Underwater basket weaving, what an absolutely intriguing major.

- So you're from Winston-Salem. Well, do you know...

- These drinks are wonderful, what are they?

- You're really different from other men. You're so, well, so above average.

- You don't shag?! Well I'll just have to teach you.

- So you're his roommate. I've heard so much about you.

After becoming proficient at line dropping, use a few of these to eliminate pesky jerks:

- Wait right here, I'll be back in a couple of minutes.

- I don't go out very much; I'm about to finish my doctorate in Nuclear Engineering.

- Nine-forty-five. My goodness, I'd better find my ride.

- I really better not. My six-two offensive tackle boyfriend at State might not be too happy.

- Well, if I'm not there in five minutes go on and start without me.

- Me, dance? Why sure, if you don't mind mono.

- I can only dance with you if you ask my roommate as well; she doesn't like to stand here by herself.

- My phone number? Sure, it's 821-5552

Maybe some of these lines sound a little far-fetched but they were actually heard in passing. Still doubtful? Come on now, "would I lie to you?"

Adventures in New York

by Ann Stringfield

New York is friendly. Disregard the typo in my first column.

It has come to my attention that my employment with the American Bible Society has led some of you to believe that I've become a Jesus freak. Not to worry. I'm neither selling flowers, nor writing tracts.

Last night I stationed myself at the corner of 5th Avenue and E. 51st and

watched the limos arrive for "Night of 100 Stars." I missed Warren Beatty by a good two hours; however, I did see Richard Chamberlain, Ricky Schroeder, Gavin MacLeod and - ta da - "Luke." Yes, the girls went wild!

A few days ago, I discovered I was broke. Suddenly New York lost its glamour.

Poverty is blatant in New York City. The street people spend the entire winter

looking for a warm place in which to wait out their lives. Shoved out of banks and fast food places, they huddle over sidewalk vents and steaming sewers. And yet they survive.

I have discovered fear. I'm not talking about fear of crime, etc. but fear of life itself. Adult life. A life that is my own responsibility. I feel unprepared. I need more credit hours.

There are worms in the Big Apple of life.

Letter to the Editor

In the editorials printed in The Twig this year, I have noticed the absence of one subject which should be of great importance to all Meredith students. This subject is drunk driving and, in particular, how our legislators are handling this problem. While watching the news on Channel Five one night, I was dismayed to learn that many legislators feel that raising the legal drinking age is a bona fide solution to this dilemma. I understand that drunk driving is a problem in our society; however, I do not feel that raising the legal drinking age is the answer.

According to Channel Five, thirty-five percent of all drunk-driving arrests involve

those between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. This, however, means that sixty-five percent of the arrests involve people over twenty-five, a point often overlooked. Conclusively, since those between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one comprise only a small fraction of drunk-driving arrests, raising the legal drinking age would be controlling only a fraction of our drunk drivers.

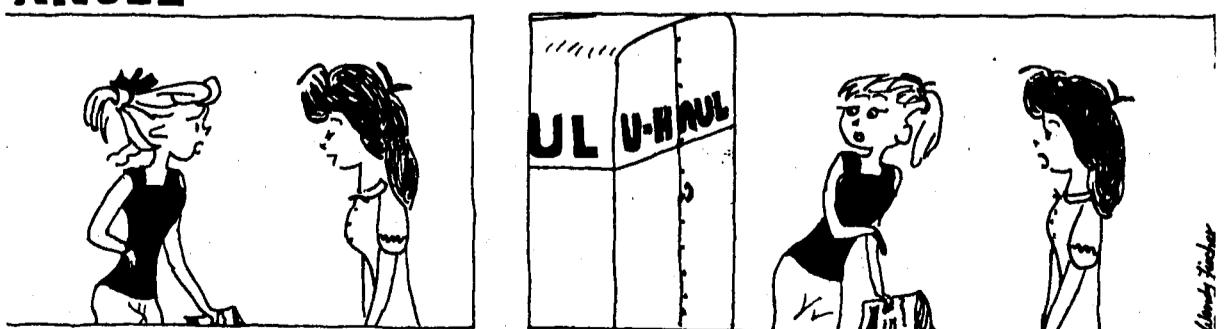
The accidents caused by drunk drivers are of great concern to me, especially since my best friend's brother was killed by a drunk driver on January 9, 1982. He was twenty-one; the woman who killed him is sixty-three and was drunk at four o'clock in the afternoon. She was

charged with nothing more than driving under the influence. What's more, her name was never released to the newspapers, and even my friend's family had trouble getting it. Yes, drunk driving is a problem, but the way to combat this dilemma is through enforcement of the laws and stricter punishments, rather than passage of useless legislation raising the legal drinking age.

If you feel strongly about this, I urge you to contact the legislator from your district. To find out the name and address of your representative, you may call Legislative Services at 733-7044.

Karen Anne Carlton

ANGEL



My teacher says the best way to study a Foreign language is to write each word of vocabulary on a single index card and then carry the cards with you wherever you go...

... but somehow, there's gotta be a better way!