

Last Thursday a jury awarded 17-year-old Shannon Moseley's parents \$105.2 million in a case against General Motors. Moseley was killed in a car accident in which his GM pickup truck exploded upon impact due to its "sidesaddle" fuel tank design. It is terrible that Moseley died in this accident, but what is worse is the fact that GM is upset that they had to pay this amount to the family, and it is this fact that disgusts me.

I just can't believe that a major corporation like GM would whine over owning up to a mistake they made, especially since this mistake took a life and has the potential to take more. Between the years 1973 and 1987 GM manufactured 4.7 million of these Chevrolet/GMCC-K series trucks

and if these trucks aren't recalled GM could end up paying a lot more than what the Moseleys are rewarded.

When lives are lost in a situation like this GM takes it as a lesson learned, but what do the families of those whose loved ones died see it as? The money awarded is not going to fill the void of lost life, but it will be a harsh reminder to GM that a mistake was made--one that should be corrected as soon as possible.

I realize some people will say that sure, GM needs to recall those trucks and the Moseleys were due some money, but \$105.2 million. Well, you put

yourself in the Moseley's shoes

see EDITORIAL page seven

Traci Latta



Correction... Mitchell Brown and Leigh Anne Perkinson's proposed verse for the Alma Mater should read: Where the cause of women's freedom finds its source and energy/ And our sisters from all cultures come to unite. / To forge a land of free thinkers and a world where wrong's made right. / May thy banner alma mater ever wave! We apologize for our error.

Meredith Herald

Editor in Chief  
Amity Brown

Layout Editor..... Tracey Rawls  
Business Manager... Kim Haslam  
Copy Editor..... Susan Finley  
News Editor..... Beth Lowry  
Features Editor Sonali Kolhatkar  
Sports Editor..... Amy White

Reporters..... Frances Pate,  
Trista Schagat, Julie Smith, Kate  
Stewart, Sara Maulsby, Christina  
Peoples, Sarah Miss, Traci Latta,  
Kimberly Zucker, Jackie Webb  
Contributing Writers..... Jackie  
Webb, Tina Sylvester, Karen  
Howell

Advisor  
Nan Miller

Technical Advisor  
Laura Davenport

Editorial Policy

The Meredith Herald is published by the College throughout the academic year. The paper is funded by the college and through advertising. The Herald retains the right not to publish materials containing personal attacks, insults, ridicule, or libelous statements. All letters to the editor must be signed. The opinions expressed in editorial columns do not necessarily reflect those of the college administration, faculty, or student body.

Letters to the Editor Policy

Everyone in the Meredith community is invited to write a letter to the editor. All published letters must be typewritten with contact name and address and telephone number. All letters must be signed by the author, but names will be withheld upon request.

Letters to the Editor

I wish to express my appreciation to the Association for Black Awareness for bringing Dorothy Spruill Redford to our campus and to encourage anyone who did not hear her to view the video prepared by the media services people in the Carlyle Campbell Library. Ms. Redford is an excellent speaker who is an example of what just one person can accomplish.

Congratulations ABA!

Anne C. Dahle, Meredith alumna and Director, Re-entry Program, Continuing Education Department

Student describes freshman year

In high school, there are certain norms that we all try to follow. We wear cool clothes and always try to be part of the "in-crowd." I've always prided myself on my ability to just be myself in spite of what everyone else may have been doing, but I learned the hard way that in the effort to be my own person, I became someone whom I never wanted to be. It is my hope that my story will save at least one freshman from making the same mistakes that I did.

I came to Raleigh from a very small town (I graduated with only 95 other people). Though I was a cheerleader, editor of the yearbook, dressed right, etc. I never had any close friends. High school just wasn't my thing. For me, leaving home was more than just being away from my somewhat-strict parents; being at college signaled my becoming the truly "cool" person I always thought I as. I planned to make lots of friends and meet lots of really cute guys - to be what I never was in high school.

Part of fitting in involved looking right. I wanted stylish hair - long, full, very feminine; Mom said my hair looked better short, so, of course, I kept it long. There was never a time when I wanted to get it cut, even when my father complained incessantly about its being in my face. Long hair was

"in"; boys liked it, and all the popular girls had it. I wanted to be popular, too, especially with the guys.

Meredith College was a far cry from the colleges that my high school peers chose; most of them enrolled (together) at the local community college or the University of North Carolina at Wilmington, which is only a thirty minute drive from my high school. My first few nights at Meredith were spent trying to be the life of my suite. I entertained my new friends and eagerly expressed my desires to get out and party as soon as possible. I had never drunk alcohol in high school (I never got invited to parties), and I was anxious to try those mystical beverages of freedom. Luckily, my suitemate had a boyfriend at N.C. State, so on my first Friday of adulthood, I met the guys of Bragaw Dorm.

Every weekend for about a month, I was at Bragaw, getting drunk off wine coolers and "hooking up" with whoever was willing. I definitely popular with the guys. They never asked me out on dates, but they did enjoy my company from time to time.

After the infamous Cornhuskin' party, my friends and I started going to fraternity parties every weekend. For the rest of the semester, without fail, I could be found on fraternity row, drinking beer (I had progressed beyond those "virgin" drinks) and hanging out with the guys, any guys, as long as they were cute and willing.

Shame and embarrassment prevent me from going into great detail about the rest of my first year at Meredith. Suffice it to say that I got hopelessly drunk at least once every weekend and also spent at least one night of every weekend with a boy whom I had just met. Somehow, I managed to make a cumulative grade point average of 3.5 and to increase the amount of my scholarship. I worked hard during the week and worked it off on the week-

see LETTERS page seven