

**Editorial: Meredith Angels??**

by Christina Peoples

Meredith women do not have the rights to be grouchy, tired, stressed out or impolite at any time. Meredith women must always maintain a certain decorum on and off campus. Meredith women must be ready with a smile, a kind word and a handshake for anyone they meet. In short, Meredith women must be "perfect angels."

Although our mascot is the angel and we do have some angelic qualities, Meredith women are not divine or perfect, and we certainly don't have wings and halos (not all the time anyway). Meredith angels are capable of human fallacy and emotions (much to the surprise of the faculty and administration). As much as Meredith has tried to change the "finishing school" image over the past few years, some Raleigh citizens still have the demented notion that our courses here consist of Please and Thank You 101, Advanced Napkin Folding and the Fine Art of Forks.

I never actually believed that people

thought of Meredith in that way until this past Saturday when four other Meredith students and I made a "run for the border" after we took the National Teacher Examination (NTE). As anyone who has taken the first two sections of the NTE knows, the tests are both two hours long and there is only a brief break between the sections. We had to arrive at our test site in Harris Hall by 7:30 a.m., and most of us arrived with little or no breakfast and serious bags under our eyes. We were not happy campers.

After being tortured with history, science, mathematics, literature, fine arts and communication skills, none of us had any communication skills left. We had taken four subjects and mashed them into one test, strained to catch phrases on a tape, obeyed the law of limited time for each section, and written an essay. By the time we escaped from the hard desks that had numbed our rear ends it was 1:30 p.m., and we were hungry, worn out and on edge.

We finally made it to Taco Bell (our

salvation) at 2:00 and jumped excitedly into the relatively short line. Everyone ordered her food and tried to keep the drool from dripping on the counter. At that point, please and thank you were not on our mind, but our growling tummies were. We did not tell the man who handed us our food "Thank you," but we did give him a grateful smile (enough to be polite we thought).

Four of us had been at the table for a while when our fifth party who had been the last in line joined us. She looked a little agitated, but we assumed that it was just the stress of the test that we had just finished. We gobbled our food in 36.9 seconds, forgetting our mothers' advice to chew our food twenty times before swallowing.

Our friend who came to the table last whispered that she had something to tell us. I noticed a man who had been behind all of us in line leaving the restaurant at the same time. After his departure she politely waited to tell us that this man had the nerve to complain about our manners in line.

He had stopped our friend and

asked, "Doesn't Meredith teach you manners anymore? I thought that was what it was supposed to do." He went on to say that he had noticed that none of us had said "thank you" to the man who gave us our food. Not only was this man rude enough to point out our faults to us, but he also obviously listened in on our conversation to know we were from Meredith because none of us were wearing Meredith clothes. Didn't his mother tell him the Biblical story that ended with "Those of you without sin cast the first stone." I guess not.

My friend politely accepted the criticism and thanked the man when he handed her the tray of food. She did not mention the fact that there were several NC State students in line before us who did not drip honeyed thank-you's on the guy behind the counter. Why didn't this Mr. Manners share his wisdom with those unenlightened folks? Because he did not have any expectations of politeness from them. The State students are only human of course, but Meredith women are angels.

**Meredith Herald**

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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.

**"To be great is to be misunderstood."  
— Ralph Waldo Emerson**

There's no one more misunderstood than the staff of the *Meredith Herald*. So be great and join Tracey's Band of News Hounds.

It's not too late to join the staff. We are always looking for reporters, photographers, cartoonists and people who make us look good. (After all, we have an image to maintain). If you are interested in working on the best (and only) newspaper at Meredith College, contact Tracey Rawls (X7931).

*If you are too busy this semester to help Tracey, consider working on the staff next year. (I hear all the good people are graduating!)*