

## Students reflect on their first and last Cornhuskin'

### Freshman perspective:

by Shannon Smith

Sunday, October 30

I think most freshman at this point are still wondering what Cornhuskin' is all about. Why is everyone getting so excited? Like our theme, I guess we "just have to experience it." But what is the big deal? Sure sounds like fun, but why all this hype? I just came back from the bonfire, and I'm still clueless. It was a lot of fun, and the guy singing was great and very talented, but what is going on? Maybe Tuesday will give me a better understanding.

Tuesday, November 1

Our hall was raided this morning at 7:15 a.m. It scared me at first until I realized what it was. I got up and peeked out the door then I went back to bed. This is the night of the Big Sis/Little Sis Serenades. It sounds pretty good. At rehearsal last night, we practiced our songs and the first two went well, but I don't know about the last one. I guess we'll see how well we do tonight.

Well, that wasn't too bad. Actually, it was great. I loved the songs our Big



photo by Jetson

Fresmen show that they know how to have fun while they show off their sweatshirts and spirit at Cornhuskin'.

Sisters sand. I even picked mine out of the crowd. This Cornhuskin' thing may not be so bad after all.

Off to the pizza party! The party was a lot of fun, and they just announced a hall raid. Dress in black and put pantyhose on our heads. A little kinky, but it sounds wild. My Big Sis gave me a noise maker — a Coke can with pennies taped inside. I probably wouldn't have thought of that. Now

we're off to raid Brewer, Barefoot and Faircloth.

Wednesday, November 2

Tonight was the scavenger hunt. Everyone went to the cafeteria to hear the co-chairs announce the themes and give each class's clue. We had 20 minute intervals to find the item each class had hidden. Well, we lost. They found our clue. What a downer.

Thursday, November 3

### Senior perspective:

by Teresa Latham

Well, Cornhuskin' 1994 has come and gone already. It really is hard to believe — I will never experience Cornhuskin' as a Meredith student again. To some this is exciting, to others it is scary, but to me, it is sad.

Cornhuskin', this year, was our year to shine, our year to show our senior status and superiority to the underclassmen. Everyone knew that we had to be the best, to show our little sisters the way and our big sisters that we finally made it.

It was a different kind of excitement than the years before. Freshman year, we were all excited of the unknown, this Cornhuskin' thing that we had heard so much about but still did not quite understand. Sophomore year, we were all excited to finally have a clue and to have such an awesome big sis class. (And we did rock our way into second place that year! — and boy, did we have fun that night!). Junior year, we were excited to be big sisters and



photo by Jetson

Seniors go out for their final countdown and realize what going out with a bang must have been like for their big sisters.

had much motivation to beat the seniors. And senior year, well, what can I say, WE ARE SENIORS!!

I don't think the reality of being in

our final year of our Meredith career set in until the night of the big sis/little sis serenades. Seniors made their way from the dorms donned in caps and gowns and laden with presents and cameras. As we approached the courtyard our little sisters were waiting, lining the stairs of the dining hall. There were many tears as the sophomore class sang their songs. We then lit candles and began our serenades. Flashes from the cameras and the flickering of the candle lights, reflected the light on the faces of many emotional seniors. Afterwards, everyone scouted out their respective "sister" and exchanged gifts and hugs.

Wednesday, we got our sweatshirts and I think everyone started getting psyched because our sweatshirts were awesome and we just knew that Leah and Jennifer could lead us into pulling off a spectacular final Cornhuskin'.

When Thursday arrived, the morning classes seemed to fly by and then it was time to prepare for the big show. It was exciting as I saw our class prepare for the parade. While lining up to

Tonight is the grand finale of Cornhuskin'. I guess this is the night where everything unfolds.

Well, we won first place. I can't believe it! I'm sure we'll do even better next year, now that we have a better idea of what to do. Our party was great. We sang and danced and had a lot of fun, until some people started showing up that shouldn't have been there. They started yelling slanderous things about the freshman class and some even started causing trouble.

Friday, November 4

Cornhuskin' was great, but a lot of people forgot that Meredith unity comes before class unity. Harsh words were spoken, feelings were hurt and people were even spitting at others! I figured out that the point of Cornhuskin' is not only class pride, but also Meredith pride. Many people seem not to agree with this. It is very disappointing to see some of these college people behave the way they did. Cornhuskin' is supposed to be a positive experience. Maybe next year will be better.

make our way to Johnson Hall, it became evident how much time has gone by already. All the seniors, divided into our years at Meredith according to sweatshirt, got ready to go and it made me reminisce about my time here. It was not unusual to hear someone say "I feel so old" or "I can't believe that we are actually seniors."

After the class picture and picnic, I went back to my room to change sweatshirts and collect my friends. There really was an air of excitement and anticipation as we lined up to march down into the packed amphitheater. Of course, we did great, and despite disqualification, Hollace Dowdy performed with "star"-like quality in the tall-tale.

The senior slide show was something we all looked forward to seeing, but, on the other hand, we knew that

**SENIOR**  
see page ten