

Spring formal was *An Affair to Remember*

by Marsha Tutor

Last Friday night was a time for many Meredith girls to prepare their favorite party dress with matching high heels and jewelry for the upcoming evening. Meanwhile, their dates were scoping out every men's formal wear store in the Raleigh area. All of this preparation was for Meredith's Annual Spring Formal Dance.

This year's dance, held at the Raleigh Civic Center, was entitled "An Affair To Remember." The tickets were \$30 per couple, which included a T-shirt for each Meredith student. The 1995 Meredith Formal dance was sponsored by the underclassmen with co-chairs from each class. The freshman class co-chair was Amy Palazzo, the sophomore class co-chair was Jennifer Koener. The junior class had two co-chairs Perri Sutton and Tracy Smith.

The co-chairs for the formal did a great job with decorations. An arch of black and white balloons met everyone as they entered the Civic Center. About 20 tables were set up with a bouquet of black and white and silver star balloons at each table. On top of each white table cloth was a candle and an assortment of glitter and silver star confetti sprinkled about.

At the back of the large dance room two long tables, which were also decorated with silver glitter and star confetti, contained the refreshments for the evening. The refreshments ranged from mints to peanuts to a pretzel party mix. The drinks were a fruit punch mix and fresh lemonade.

When first entering the dance at around 10 p. m., there were only a few couples in the large dance room and only about 10 people dancing. My boyfriend and I glanced at one another as if to say, "What have we gotten ourselves into?" But by the time 11 p.m. came, the large room was filled with couples, and the dance floor was rocking.

As an alternative to the usual band at Meredith dances, a DJ was in attendance at this year's formal. The DJ was absolutely great because he played a variety of music from country to shag to rap.

Many students appreciated the hard work and dedication of the co-chairs from each class—the 1995 Spring formal was a hit. Jamie Standing, a freshman said, "I really enjoyed the atmosphere. Everything was very nicely done."



Jessica Drew (jr.) and Julia Pollard (jr.) share a romantic dinner with their handsome dates before taking a spin around the dance floor in Raleigh's Civic Center.

Letter to the Editor: All danced out, not a dime to show for it

Once again time has come for the much-awaited formal for Meredith students. I am writing in regard to the fact that I'm almost fed up with all the hoop-la that accompanies this event.

Before I continue with this letter, let me say that I love my girlfriend with all of my heart, and I know how special this evening is to her and her friends. However, do the girls at Meredith know how traumatic this event is to their dates? It all seems to start so beautifully planned out — a budget is made, a schedule is set up so things will run smoothly, and so on and so forth. It never fails that somewhere along the way, one item simply has to be changed and the frenzy starts. Your girlfriend spends her last dime on a dress for the dance, giving little regard to the other expenses — and I'm not talking about the guy's ex-

penses either.

All of a sudden, those shoes of hers that would go with the dress just aren't quite right, and a \$10 pair of Pic-n-Pay's, although identical to the \$70 shoes at the mall, just won't do. (My girlfriend likes to contribute the price to quality, but who cares if you're only going to wear them once!?) Soon, you find out at the time of the fitting she felt she could wear a regular bra, but now she's afraid it will show. It's time for one of those shopping trips all over Wake County to find that wonderful bargain on a \$15 bra that cost you your entire savings account in gasoline.

Then she wants to have her hair styled at an expensive parlor because she feels it simply won't "behave" like it should for her on the night of dance (heaven forbid!) — another \$25. And, of course, we have to have a new pair of pantyhose, borrow some jewelry

(usually from someone back home — an 8-hour hassle), buy or have their make-up done, maybe a manicure, eyebrow waxing, etc., etc.

Now that the easy part is over, it's time to actually make all of this come together by some set time Saturday evening. I get call after call to go here, go there, call this place, reschedule this, say she'll be late, etc. I sometimes wonder if they even remember that there are 1000 other girls fighting for the same time-slots and services! By the time comes for you to be re-united with your date, she informs you she's running quite a bit behind. Actually, this is fine — I'm already dead on my feet at this point. When she finally comes down the runway (or so it seems), you can't leave until all the girls finish cooing over how they each look. And if they didn't hear enough, the guy will absolutely ruin the night

(and most probably the relationship), if you don't continually comment on how stunning she is.

And all this for what? At dinner and the dance, they run around having to speak with every girl that walks in the door, exchange gossip and compliment after compliment while the guys stand around twiddling their thumbs and contemplating how to rebuild their bank accounts and financial futures.

It is painfully obvious that these dances will continue to be a tradition at Meredith's campus, so I have an idea on how to make this whole concept much easier to swallow for the guys, as well as the girls involved. Why not set up a dance where the guys get to be vain? At my high school, we had pow-

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