

## Opinion: Too much 'security' unnecessary for students

CHELSEA DESANTIS  
Staff Writer

You know what it's like when you're having sex—not that any of us “angels” do that sort of thing—and for one reason or another you have to stop?

Well, I get that same feeling when I'm diligently at work in the art building and campus police comes along to shoo me out. Cut off. Forbidden. No art for me.

You'd suppose this evil act would take place only at the slightly unreasonable hour of 1 or 2 a.m.

Nope, it often happens as early as 11 at night. Our library stays open later than that.

And if you even make it into the building on holidays, you could be asked to leave by 9 p.m., as a student was this past Friday.

Basically, as long as you are the only one in Gaddy-Hamrick, you are fair game to be kicked out. But you won't have to worry about that unless you actually get into the building which has been locked before 11 p.m. on weekdays in the past.

With the technological progress Meredith is making with other academic facilities, why can't we spring for a Cam-Card swipe in the art building?

Students' days are chock full of class, work and little things called eating and sleeping, leaving few reasonable hours in the day, let alone daylight, to finish homework.

And the art student's homework is rarely the kind she can take back to her dorm room or apartment. If we want to work at night, we can barely set foot in the building, let alone work without interruption by campus police threatening to escort us out.

I often ask the guard as I'm being ordered to leave just what the reason is behind this action. Two-person rule, and

you're one person, he says. It's for our protection, from what I can only assume to be rapists, murderers and kidnapers.

I am not by any means saying that I welcome danger, but I am not, by any means, a woman to put myself at unnecessary risk. I believe the choice to remain in the building should be left up to the student.

Guards have told me it's simple to stay: I just need to call up my roommate and ask her to come to the art building.

Well, I don't live on campus, and I wouldn't drag my roommate, if she'd let me, down to a studio to twiddle her thumbs.

If Meredith is so worried about our safety, why can't campus police post one of these guards in the building during the evening hours at a guard station?

We pay Meredith College for an education, not for guardianship. It's ridiculous that we are prohibited from using facilities essential to that education.

**RECYCLE**

**your**

**MEREDITH  
HERALD**

## Grass, bat, crackerjack: Baseball memories in spring

CHRISTINA HOLDER  
Associate Editor

Each spring, the flood lights of the ballpark flicker on as naturally as the first warm day of the season.

Landscapers comb and chalk the playing field. Spectators crowd the stands, oblivious to the soft crunch of empty peanut shells breaking beneath the pressure of sneakers hitting pavement. Kids nearly topple over the dugout, playfully pushing one another, jostling between arms and legs to get in line to run the bases.

The boys of summer are ushered in.

Baseball. The grass, the bat, the ball, the crackerjacks. The whole deal. There is something about nine innings of watching a team throw a ball around that satisfies in a way in which no other sport can.

Maybe it's because baseball has always been America's first love. Even before basketball was corralling crowds to watch the slam dunk, baseball players like Babe Ruth, Shoeless Joe Jackson and Jackie Robinson were winning hearts at the crack of the bat.

So fans piled into the stadiums, drilled holes into the high-walled fences to peek in on the game when they couldn't afford a ticket, waited in the fields just behind the weather-beaten billboards of the park in anticipation of the pop of the foul ball.

And baseball became something much more than just a leisurely way to pass the time.

It gave kids heroes. It brought people together. It bonded families.

When I was seven, my father took me to my first baseball game. For our bustling metropolis, the team was actually a big deal—even though it was only minor league.

It was there that I learned to make an acceptable meal out of corndogs and lemonade and finally had enough courage to belt “Take Me Out to the Ball Game” in my cracking, baby

voice, the way the song was meant to be sung.

Sitting on my knees in the blue wooden seat while my father explained the difference between a ball and a strike, I leaned over and made him promise that he would bring me back again.

He did. In fact, we made a tradition out of it, passing simmering summer nights in our regular seats at the park. We laughed each time a foul ball took a twisted turn, shooting above the stadium with uncanny style toward the legions of parked cars outside the box office.

And then we made it our game to guess the vicinity of the car whose owners, post-game, would find the culprit wedged in the middle of their windshield.

But most of the time, we just spent our time in the ballpark sitting beside each other in silence.

We didn't really have to say anything. Sometimes we would talk, trade old stories or, in my case, as many old stories as my young life could recall. But most of the time, we would just sit and be together and watch a good game of ball.

One afternoon, sometime in the bottom of the fifth, the game paused when the catcher threw his mask into the dust and stomped out to the pitcher's mound.

I was old enough even then to know there was trouble.

“Dad, Dad,” I said nudging him in the side with my elbow. “What's going on out there? What are they saying?”

I followed my father's eyes as he examined the heated pop-pop on the mound.

He was quiet. I was quiet. Then he looked down at me with serious eyes and offered his analysis.

“Well, you see,” he said managing not to brandish a smile, “they are having this cookout right after the game. The whole team. But the catcher forgot what he was supposed to bring. So he had to stop the

game and confirm his side-item with the pitcher.”

I just looked at him, contemplating if I should believe him.

“Really? Well, what did the pitcher say?” I challenged.

Pause.

“Cole slaw,” he said. “The pitcher said to bring the cole slaw.”

I just laughed, partly because I knew he was kidding all along and partly because I wanted to believe in the fantastical conversation he had invented, and it was fun creating fairy tales out of tiffs on the diamond.

When two players on the opposing team got into a scuffle, it was because at the last cookout one of them swiped the last buttermilk biscuit.

When the umpire began yelling so that his face shriveled up like a roasted chili pepper it was because he burnt the apple pie.

And when they all convened on the mound, we knew, undoubtedly, that the FYI was that the picnic was being relocated.

But mostly I played along because it gave my father and me something else to talk about, to laugh about. And it was in those conversations watching batter by batter strike out and steal the bases, that I saw a silly, real side of my father.

Baseball gave us both an excuse to just let go, moments that we would recall years later when I was a college student visiting my hometown and sitting beside him in the same wooden blue chairs.

“OK, dad, now what are they saying,” I chirped while nodding toward the pitcher's mound where the familiar crowd was forming.

I was old enough even then to know that there was trouble. But I already knew what my dad was thinking. A baseball game just continues to do that for us.

“And none of that barbecue stuff,” I added, looking up at my father and smiling.