

OPINION

Whines & Gripes

collected by April Richard

To the people who move others rain-boots and/or umbrellas, please note that you are in college and not elementary school.

Dear girls in my bio class, please stop Facebooking and then stopping the class to ask questions that have already been asked and discussed. Maybe you'd understand a little better if you paid attention. You are wasting my time.

It is in no way appropriate to show up to a 2:00 p.m. class in pajamas.

Dear girls in the dining hall that like to form social circles in the entryways, please GET OUT OF MY WAY!!!! Greatly appreciated.

Dear English Professor, Though you may think that my printing money is reserved for you, let me inform you that it is not!

The geese eat better than I do.

The fact that some of you can devote unlimited time, money, and manpower to Cornhuskin' while I am trying to juggle 16+ hours, projects, presentations and such does not give you the right to make me feel like an incompetent student who is undermining the sacred society of Meredith College.

If 4/5 of the Staff Parking is empty, why can't I park closer when it's raining!!!

I strongly believe that at least 5 parking tickets should be included in the tuition seeing the fact that no one can seem to tell me where my \$34,000 is going anyway.

My Family Language Emily Gamiel

It was a typical Tuesday night when my sister and I met my dad at my great-grandmother's house for dinner. This was a weekly routine and consisted of either an elaborate Southern dinner or greasy Chinese food, depending on Mimi's mood, and trying to beat my Dad at Jeopardy, even though he somehow seemed to know all of the answers. While at the dinner table that night, mid-conversation, Mimi popped up to say, "Well my gosh yall, that must have been worse than a row of hickadees." No one quite remembers what we were talking about when she said this, but the blanket of silence that quickly fell over the table was unforgettable. My eyes scanned the table, looking for any sign of hope that might lie with someone who knew what in the world Mimi was talking about. I never gained total understanding of what the ridiculous sounding word meant, but from what I gathered, it was a small animal similar to a snapping turtle. These turtle-like creatures apparently lay in rows and whoever walked by them would be harassed. I would like to know who made this word up. Most fingers point to the distinctive pioneers of the eclectic region of land, called Kinnakeet, settled on Hatteras Island in between Hatteras and Oregon Inlet. Most of the vocabulary that entered my quite absorbent ears while at Mimi's dinner table could be described as "Ocracoke Brogue," a familiar term referring to the dialect of those on the South end of the Outer Banks. My Mimi, a member of one of the first families to settle on Hatteras Island, was a true depiction of this dialect. She often became mommucked by the dingbats across the street at the gas station, playing their music too loudly while cleaning out their cars, and at the annual Fourth of July Kinnakeet family picnic, the dumplings and pie bread were up on the pizer. Most of these words did not stick with me and aren't used in my everyday vocabulary, as the dialect is slowly becoming extinct, but hearing someone mumble "hoi toide on the seund soide," still makes the corners of my lips draw upwards and a feeling of melting butter come over my heart. It reminds me of where I came from and who my family is, even if they did have a strange way of expressing things. Seriously, who calls themselves Kinnaketter yaupon eaters? I learned many strange and absurd words while growing up and I have a slight feeling that it may have something to do with where I come from. Even the small island where my family resides, also a part of the Outer Banks, called Manteo has affected the way I speak. The location of the island, as well as the unique people who dwell there, affect the Manteo-isms that are nothing but standard to me, as well as to my parents and siblings.

Nothing would be worse to my parents than bringing home one of those beach boys. The young fellows that lived on the North side of the Outer Banks, referred to as "Beachers," were bad news. And those Cheesers, they were worse. The small fishing village of Wanchese carried nothing but, well, fishermen referred to as "Cheesers." But the Beachers smoked pot and my momma's baby was certainly not allowed to go to the movies with one of them while he was all doped up on

drugs. Later in high school, I realized that these boys were no different than the ones with whom I attended school with and the whole conspiracy was foolish. I think that the citizens of Manteo made up these terms up because a "Manteo-er" doesn't sound quite right so the Beachers and Cheesers would have to be twice as creative as we were in making up a catchy name.

And, of course, there were particular phrases that were familiar within my own household. My brother and I would ask Momma for more "wudder," at the dinner table, referring to water. My sister and other brother would correct us every time, yet still referred to any object whose name they could not come up with within twenty feet of their distance as a "thingamabobber." And whatever you do, do not "half-ass" something. One time when I was about eight, I half-assed dusting the baseboards. The next day when I spent hours on my hands and knees, flicking the tattered bristles of a toothbrush from board to board in attempts to fulfill my mother's cleaning needs, also known as my punishment for hitting my sister with a ball. My stepdad still doesn't quite understand the reasoning behind dusting baseboards as punishment, and for good reason, because neither do I. But, my Momma dusted the baseboards as punishment when she was a child, so I would, too.

One dialect that did stick with me was my mother's. My mother, a native of Pitt County, North Carolina, known for its farm land and country accents, also had a very distinctive dialect, which I can say that I have picked up more than anything else. And if you don't think so, then I say that you are full of malarkey. This tongue is not necessarily anything dramatic, simply consisting of the typical southern phrases like "piddlin around" and "y'all." The distinction between how my mother and I speak, as opposed to the next mother-daughter pair, is the tone in with these words are spoken in. I'm not sure whether to take this distinction as a compliment or not, as sometimes I fear I have the awful feature in my voice like Fran Fine of The Nanny. While shopping at the closest Target, about an hour and thirty minutes away from my hometown, my mom was talking ridiculously loud to a client on the phone. Within about one minute of her yapping on her Blackberry, a familiar face popped around the aisle corner. It was a friend of my mother's who had heard her voice about six or seven aisles down and had no doubt in his mind that it was Mom. Now, that's impressive.

No matter where you come from, you and your family will always have those silly phrases and speech mannerisms that make absolutely no sense to those who did not grow up hearing them every day. A touron from New Jersey may roll his or her eyes at my Mimi when she would pull a word out of her compilation of expressions, but that was one of the things I loved

most about her. Where I come from makes me who I am and the language learned from this place is anything but ordinary.

Letter to the Editor

Dear *Herald*,

In the September 29th Editorial on the Ying-Yang Twins concert response, I wanted to make a little bit of a counter-argument, because I don't think that the opinion of a lot of the student body was accurately addressed. A lot of Meredith students enjoy the music of this group and voted for the Ying-Yang Twins to be the featured artist at Sizzlin' September when the poll last semester went out. Some felt that the chance to see this group at a safe place like Meredith College was an opportunity that they didn't feel like they would have had without this concert. Think about it this way: if the people who supported the misogynistic lyrics all gathered in one place that was more unrestricted than Meredith, would you feel safe? Another argument presents itself; why didn't this protest occur back when the Ying-Yang Twins were placed on the poll in the first place? I think that a protest asking that the artist be removed from the list would have been more effective than trying to take away a concert that all Meredith students have already paid for - yep, that's right! It's called the "Student Activities Fee" and comes out of your tuition. For \$35,000, don't you want to get what you're paying for? Personally, I voted for Vertical Horizon, but since I believe in the role of democratic voting among students, I respect that my fee went toward something that made a lot of students happy.

Thanks,
Andrea McKerlie

Check back in next week to find out the results of our survey and to see how we've changed based on your suggestions.