

Conflict of interests ends friendship

an essay

by Carla Bannister

My best friend, Sally Smith, lived next door to me from 1972 to 1985. She was the youngest of five children, and I was the second oldest of four. Sally lived in a huge three-story white house. Her yard was large with pretty trees and flowers. I lived in a large three-story white house with a big backyard.

Sally had shoulder-length jet-black hair. Her hair was always pressed to make it appear straight, which was quite the opposite of my naturally wavy, long pigtales. Sally had dark chocolate-colored smooth skin, and I had light caramel-colored clear skin. Sally also had straight, short, pearl-white teeth. I had straight white teeth that were cavity-free. We were shorter than most kids our age. Our legs would often dangle over chairs, and we would struggle to make our small feet touch the floor. We both had slim builds.

Sally's parents worked eight to 10 hours daily to provide Sally with a closet full of fashionable bell-bottom blue jeans and wide-collar, printed shirts. Only my father worked, so our family was not as fashionable as Sally's. Since Sally and I wore the same size, I would often wear her clothes whenever we could sneak out of her house without her parents' seeing me. When I wore her clothes, I felt like her a little bit and I felt very fashionable.

Sally liked to shop for new trendy clothes often, so I would get her hand-me-downs. She liked some of my clothes, so we would often trade clothes for a day or two. Sometimes it was like having two closets full of clothes. We loved to dress up alike. We also liked to go shopping with one of our parents. When we were out in public sometimes, people thought we were twins because we dressed and acted the same.

Sally and I were very close.

We often talked about everything, such as our parents' or siblings' faults, the boys at school, marriage, and our future children. After these talks we'd play house with our Barbie dolls. We would often make up romantic stories about Barbie and Ken. If our parents had listened to our little romantic tales, they would have been shocked because at the end of every episode Ken and Barbie were naked and kissing. We would often play with the dolls in the basement of our house so that we could have some privacy.

As Sally and I grew older, we spent time going to see Walt Disney movies on Saturday afternoons. We would spend all Saturday morning trying on clothes, shoes, make-up and perfume. We liked to go to the large malls and shop for pretty shoes and dresses. We also did a lot of things with our families. My family would often take Sally to church and the zoo, the parks and the art museums. Sally's mother took us shopping and to the movies. We had so much fun, and as the years went by, we became closer and closer. We enjoyed each other's company, and we felt free to be ourselves. We accepted, trusted and loved each other as sisters and best friends.

Since Sally's parents worked, she'd often come over my house after school. We'd walk home from school and go to my house, which was always warm. My mother would always bake us some peanut-butter, or oatmeal or sugar cookies. I loved to come home from grade school and eat my mother's fresh-baked cookies and drink cold chocolate milk. These times were special because my mother would always listen as Sally and I told her about our day. Since Sally knew our family so well, she'd call my mother, "Mom." We would show my mother our artwork and school papers. Sally would even proudly

show my mother her grade card as I showed mine.

My mother treated Sally just like one of her daughters. My mother let Sally help herself to all the cookies and milk she wanted. She also allowed Sally inside the house without knocking. My sisters liked it when Sally would come over and tell funny knock-knock jokes. Our whole family treated her as a member of the family.

Some days Sally would spend time at her grandmother's house. Sally's friends and relatives in an all-black neighborhood were a bad influence. They would get high, swear and party. Sally was fascinated with this faster lifestyle. Sally would always act differently around those friends than she'd act with me when she was sweet, kind and nice. Around her other friends she'd act loud, rude and ugly.

In 1977 Sally spent more time over at her grandmother's house than she did at my house. About this time I was in the seventh grade and she was in the sixth. During this time we were headed in two separate directions. Sally learned all the latest disco dances and went to the new teen disco. Sally also learned how to swear, smoke and sneak around with boys. At this time I was attending a private Catholic junior high school. I was also actively involved in my church. I was a member of the usher board, the youth choir and the youth drama group. I was somewhat sheltered from the type of environment that Sally was exposed to. My strict, caring parents forbade me to go to the teen disco, so I didn't learn how to dance.

About a year later Sally went to a public junior high school. She learned slowly, and she played around so much that she had to repeat the seventh grade. Her parents had to work overtime to buy her more clothes to show her their love. With their working

overtime, she had to spend more time at her grandmother's house. The more time she spent over there, the more distant we became.

On the days I spent at her house, she tried to change me. She'd put on her Richard Pryor and Moms Mabley comedy tapes and expose me to cussing. She also called boys and talked nonsense to them. She also liked to put on the latest disco records and show me the latest dances. I tried to do these dances, but I was so uncoordinated that she laughed at me. I wasn't used to these types of worldly things, so I often felt "square" when exposed to these things.

Sally was changing, and she seemed to be growing up faster than I. From the seventh grade until the tenth grade, I was taking music, art and skating lessons. I had a limited bit of freedom, whereas Sally had a lot of freedom. I read a lot and loved to spend time in the library. Sally was very outgoing. For instance, she hung out in the streets and she loved to ride around town in cars, to party, to meet boys, gossip and smoke. I could not identify with her new lifestyle, so I started to avoid her like she was a poisonous plant.

She laughed at the way I danced, the way I talked and even at my Catholic school uniform. She was slipping into the wrong direction. She continued to live out a carefree lifestyle, while I found several activities to substitute for our dying friendship. By the time we reached high school, we were strangers. I went to an all-girls' Catholic high school and she went to a popular public school. We passed each other every blue moon. When we did see each other, we found nothing to talk about. I didn't know the fast crowd she hung out with, and she didn't know the people that I hung out with.

From age 16 to 17, I was living overseas in Oslo, Norway. During this year I spent a lot of time with my family. I was heavily influenced by my parents. Without any peer pressure, I made up my own mind about my life and future. I read a lot about teenage problems and their solutions. I talked to my parents often and became close to them.

Meanwhile, Sally was in America being heavily influenced by society, her friends and her peers. She was not close to her family, and they argued constantly. Sally searched for love and affection from her boyfriends. When I got back to the states and moved back into the old neighborhood, I found that her views about life were different from mine.

After we both got out of high school, Sally got a job at a local factory as a janitor. I went on to college. About this time our family moved to a new neighborhood. About a year later, Sally decided to get married. She now is an unemployed married woman living at the same three-story house with her parents and unemployed husband.

Now that I am a senior at Bennett, I think of Sally and our happy childhood friendship. She has changed so much that I am afraid to go see her or even call her. I don't know what to say to her because we have changed so much.

Pledging perils

(from page 3)

friends, I would have called her a liar. It hurts me to see so much negative spirit inflicted upon my Greek sisters.

We were black sisters before we were Bennett sisters and we were Bennett sisters before we were Greek competitors. Where will this madness end?

Newsmakers: "info" you ought to know

Important Council: Interested in the welfare of children and youth? Then the Council for Exceptional Children is interested in you!

Join the CEC and become an active member. For further information, contact: Sherna Flowe, president; Cheryl Dalton, vice president; Kay Clark, secretary; Gwendolyn Jones, treasurer; Regina Hucks, program coordinator; or Dr. Nancy Vacc, Ms. Pat Rembert or Mr. Ken Schommer.

Important Grant: Dr. Isaac H. Miller, Jr., president of Bennett College has announced that the school has received an endowment-building grant of \$479,441 from the U.S. Department of Education's Title III Challenge Grant Program.

It is the first of its kind from the federal government for a four-year liberal arts college for women.

The challenge grant is designed to strengthen developing institutions by providing funds to match other gifts for endowment. Earnings from endowments are utilized for faculty support and general funding purposes, library acquisitions and scholarships.

Dr. Miller has also announced the college's receipt of a Title III restricted grant of \$309,204 for programs already established on the campus.

The areas of the college that will benefit from this grant are the audio-lingual laboratory, the computer science center, the divisions of administration and fiscal affairs, programs for under-prepared college students and the college's comprehensive counseling center. (Sallie A. Hayes)

Careers: Are you undecided about a career? Do you need part-time or summer employment? Are you interested in graduate or professional school? Do you want to know what opportunities are available for graduates? Do you need assistance in preparing a resume? Are you interested in a co-op or internship experience?

If you answered yes to any of the questions above, then the Career Services Center can help. Come by to see us. We are located in the lower level of the Health Center. Our office hours are 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Other times may be arranged by appointment.

Recruiting Schedule: Oct. 22, U. S. Coast Guard, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Oct. 29, Knight Publishing Company (The Charlotte Observer); Nov. 5, Naval Surface Weapon Center (tentatively); and NC Agricultural Extension Service, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Nov. 18 and 19, Kroger, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Updates will be posted on the Career Services bulletin board located in the Student Union foyer. (Mrs. Irene Harrington)

Senior Class Activities:

Senior Superlatives: Nominations: Oct. 13-17, voting Oct. 22-23, results posted Nov. 3; Halloween Fundraiser: Trick-or-Treat Bags/Scaregrams Oct. 21-23; Male Fashion Show Oct. 31; Sweet Day Fundraiser Nov. 5 and Nov. 19; Rent-A-Senior Day Nov. 7-8 a.m.; Next class meeting Oct. 23 at 6:30 p.m. in Black Hall.

Letters urge aid to black South Africans

To the Editor:

If freedom meant no more than a natural hatred of restraint, it would not be a very useful ideal. Everyone loves freedom, if by freedom we mean no more than doing as we please. This is very important to the future of our South African brothers and sisters. They face the challenge of gaining their freedom in a country that is rightfully theirs. The challenge occurs in the form of South Africans fighting against tyranny and collective socialism while trying to gain economic freedom and equality.

The greatest challenge facing South Africans is the fight against tyranny. Tyranny, in one degree or another, has been and is the natural state of affairs in South

Africa. We, as African-Americans, tend to forget that real freedom in the United States never existed anywhere at anytime before 1776. To this day, we have some Americans who view our freedom from slavery as an aberration and an historical accident.

Tyranny in South Africa is taking the form of collective socialism, a form which always challenges freedom because freedom represents the individual; socialism represents destruction. The destruction of property, religion, and the family interferes with the process of our brothers and sisters attaining freedom.

Individual freedom, economic freedom and equality are inseparable. Destroy one and you destroy the others. The importance

of being able to survive depends upon equality. Equality means equality of opportunity. South Africans understand that they have the ability to rule and survive in their country. They have a right to make the most of their abilities.

South Africans must be freed! We must recognize this fact and be willing to help with all measures in order for our people to enjoy freedom. Free South Africa! Free Mandela!

Kathy Howell
Senior class president

To the Editor:

There has been a heated debate between the U.S. Congress and the presidency concerning South African sanctions.

There are two views on these sanctions—either they will help or they will hinder. Personally, I don't see how South African blacks can be hurt by the sanctions if they are already at the lowest point on the scale both politically and economically.

When our president Ronald Reagan vetoed these sanctions, it was "good news" to Pieter W. Botha's regime. Fortunately, for the oppressed peoples of South Africa, the House of Representatives and The Senate overrode his veto. How can the United States claim to be the "protector" of human rights and oppressed people and yet have a leader who refuses to uphold these democratic ideals? If we are willing to help the people of Nicaragua

then we should help the 'oppressed' people of South Africa.

Penny Baldwin

VOTE FOR
QUALITY EDUCATION

RE-ELECT

ALMA S. ADAMS

To

Greensboro

City School Board

NOVEMBER 4, 1986

KEEP A QUALIFIED AND
EXPERIENCED BOARD MEMBER

- 26 years of service/leadership/training in Education
- Two years as School Board member