

Telephone conversation reveals much

Myra Jewel George

In high school I often envisioned what college life would be like; however most of the time I wasn't even sure which college I would attend. As each day at Bennett passes, I find that at least one of the things I had imagined does not happen quite the way I thought it would. The thing I thought about most back then was all the people I would meet, especially guys.

Since I've been at Bennett I find that I "meet" more guys on the telephone than on the campus. Last year I lived in a room beside the phone and I answered it most of the time. The telephone calls were all alike: the guy asked for someone and if she wasn't in, he talked to me. It got to the point that I had talked to the guys on the phone several times before I ever met them. From that point, some of the relationships have been disastrous and a few have blossomed into beautiful friendships. One phone call that I had the other day reminded me most of one of the less fortunate "telephone romances."

Practically everyone in the dorm had gone home and those who stayed were downstairs talking. I was on my way down when the phone rang. I answered it and a man with a deep, masculine voice asked for Shelia, who lived across the hall from me. I asked him to wait while I checked her room and downstairs. I knew she had gone home but I didn't want to be accused of not checking.

Out of breath and slightly angry, I climbed back upstairs to the phone. "She's not in," I answered in my Reynolds Hall, second floor voice, "would you like to leave a message?"

"No, that's okay," the guy returned. "It's not important." He paused and then, "You have a very nice voice . . ." Here it comes, I thought. I've heard this so many times. Next he'll ask me where I'm from. On cue, the guy asked, "Where are you from?" I rolled my eyes and answered impatiently, "South Carolina."

"Really," the guy said and laughed. "What's so funny?" I asked him, getting more angry with each second. "Nothing," he answered. "You just don't sound like you're from the south." The south, I thought; he's probably from North Carolina and talking about "the south." "What part of South Carolina are you from?" he asked, livening up the conversation. "Bishopville," I answered knowing that he

had never heard of it. "Oh, I've heard of that," he answered with interest. Sure, I thought, what a liar. "It's about an hour or so from Columbia, right?" he questioned. "Yes," I answered. Just about everything in South Carolina is an hour or so from Columbia, I thought. Then I realized that I didn't even know the person's name.

As if he had read my mind, he said, "By the way, my name is Tony." "That's nice," I responded, not offering my own. He laughed and asked, "What's yours?" Should I lie, I asked myself quickly. "My name is Myra," I finally admitted. "That's a pretty name and you sound like a really nice girl," he said. "What are you doing tonight?" I was going downstairs, I thought to myself before answering him. "Nothing much," I finally said noncommittally. "Well," he began, "could I come over and visit with you? I mean, I really like talking to you." What is this, I asked myself. Then I asked him, "What about Shelia?"

"Oh," Tony said, "she's just my cousin." Yeah, I thought, if the girl isn't a cousin, she's a sister or a homegirl. "I don't think that's a good idea," I answered his question. "Why?" he asked, "scared of your old man?" "What's the difference, I wondered. "Excuse me?" I said in my Bennett Belle voice.

"I said, do you have a boyfriend," he revised. "Yes," I answered. "In Greensboro?" he probed, with an edge to his voice. "No," I returned, "in South Carolina." "Oh," he said quickly. How do I tell him I'm just not interested, I asked myself. "Why don't you want me to come over then?" he wondered. I waited. "Because I'm not interested in anyone else but my boyfriend," I answered frankly, wanting to end the conversation. "Oh," he said again. "Look, I only wanted your friendship. I mean, I wasn't asking for anything else," he said, letting himself off the hook. Fine, I thought. Neither of us spoke. "Well," I began, "are you sure you didn't want to leave a message for Shelia?" Remember, I thought, that's why you called in the first place. He waited a little longer. "No," he finally answered. "You really do have a nice voice," he added. "Thank you," I responded, "goodbye." I hung up and started downstairs. If only I had a penny for every call like that, I thought. I'd be a millionaire and could afford to go to Princeton. Halfway down the stairs I heard the phone ring and automatically started back up. Then I turned around. It's just not worth it, I said to myself.



Letters to the editor

Students attack cafeteria problems

To the Editor,
I would like to make a suggestion concerning the cafeteria line. Is there any way possible to place two "guard rails" in front of the cafeteria doors, spaced just enough apart for a single line only?

I think that this would eliminate the present double line system. Recently I was almost knocked down by hungry, impatient, and impolite Belles. And what makes it even worse I happened to be in line before they were!!!!

Leslie Monique Barr

To the Editor:
I am writing to express my

opinion about the hamburger that I was served on Thursday, Oct. 30, 1980. When I took a bite out of the hamburger, I encountered much difficulty chewing it. The reason I had such difficulty chewing it was because it had such large gristle-like particles in it. Could it have been possible that it contained some type of horse-meat?? We are humans, not pigs. There is a chance that someone could have choked from the unidentified particles. Instead of having an "A" sanitation grade, David Jones cafeteria should have a "C"—for CONDEMNED!!!

Jaqueline Denise Kennedy

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