

# SENIOR PAGE

## Staff for Senior Page

General Chairman, Maxine Davis.  
 Class Gifts, Maecon Bemery, Bertha Joyner, Lisbeth Edwards, Julia Wilson.  
 Senior Superlatives, Sankie Everette, Julia Ross, Elsie Leach, Ruth Jackson.  
 Senior Gossip, Bettye Crump, Samella Brown, Phyllis Shelton.  
 Suggested Reforms, Frances Jones, Gwendolyn Watson, Dorothy Moore.  
 Class Prophecy, Bertha Joyner.  
 Class History, Maxine Davis.  
 Typist, Helen Wiggins.

## A LIGHT HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '39

The class of '39 matriculated at Bennett College on a very ominous date in September of 1935—Friday the 13th. Entering a school on such a traditionally unlucky day, we have perhaps been fortunate to have had so little unpleasant history. However, those first days following the 13th seemed anything but lucky to we one hundred new students. Homesickness reigned and on the first Sunday of our college days the roast was salted with Freshman tears. Among the outstandingly tearful were Phyllis Shelton, Florence Ligon, Maylor Oakley, and Ruth Jackson.

However, by the second week of school lessons had become so difficult, thoughts of home were forgotten and all the tears shed must be over those awful subjects termed English 101 and Biology 101. Only one who has been a Freshman can appreciate our feelings when we who had been those pointed to by high school teachers with pride, pointed to by several of our college professors in derision at our lack of knowledge.

But "Trouble Don't Last Always" we soon found; for there was a school across the way where young men attended and it was rumored that there would be a tea at which we would meet some of these young men. For once a rumor was true, and the day

of the tea arrived. The campus was literally covered with boys and thoughts of that "Rewrite" on the back of the last English composition vanished during that lovely afternoon. All the girls met boy-friends it seems. However, I still remember two of the young ladies kept their boy-friends for a little longer than that one day, Clarice Gamble and Josephine Lewis.

All of our troubles weren't caused by English and Biology those days, but also by an orientation course known as Home Economics Education. Now the course itself wasn't hard; but oh how neatly one must go dressed for that class. For a long time it seemed that only Dorothy Moore ever met Dr. Kittrell's approval, but finally we "Wisened up" and kept one dress containing the correct number of snaps in preparation for that class.

The months passed quickly our Freshman year and soon holidays were upon us. Certain members of the class packed their clothes and bought their tickets weeks ahead of time; but though all ready it seemed that that last morning of school would never pass. Certain Freshies tried to bribe the bell-ringer to hasten vacation a few minutes, but all in vain. Nevertheless the suspense made vacation all the happier and a group of girls fairly bubbling over with Christmas experiences returned on January 3.

But Christmas reminiscences had to be cut short, for exams were upon us. For once everyone began studying. Even such proverbial non-studiers as Doris Dennis and Phyllis Shelton were found up during the wee hours learning the parts of the lowly paramecium. By the time the exam period arrived we were all so nervous that it seemed we had forgotten what little we knew. But our guardian angels were with us, and we breathed a sigh of relief as the exam period ended and most of us successfully passed.

Immediately following the exam period it seemed that each morning the

sugar bowls in the dining room were mysteriously emptied. Simultaneously it seemed that Freshmen always seem to have a pocket full of sugary fudge or were always inviting people to their rooms for snow ice cream. Draw your own conclusions on the matter, but do not report them to Mr. Taylor as she might assess the class of '39 before graduation.

As everybody had become used to school life by April the Freshmen began craving excitement. And excitement was provided in the form of a tornado! Of course Dame Rumore flew too fast with too little of the truth and the day following the tornado many very alarmed parents of the Freshmen came to view the remains of their little daughters only to find the remains very much alive and wondering if the tornado was going to return.

June arrived, and with it we lost our place as the Bennett Babies. Also with June we lost one of our most brilliant members through marriage the former Mildred Bright.

September again and three additions to the class the mischievous Maecon Bemery, the athletic Merveille Hannon, and the flirtatious Louise Wilson. The class of '39, always easy-going, didn't bother with much initiation for the Freshmen; but instead concentrated their time in seemingly trying to unnerve the matron in Jones Hall with their noise. An influx of new radios and a required course in tap-dancing were partially the reasons for the noise. However, every movement has its prominent figures and in this some outstanding names were Frances Lucas, Bettye Crump, and Maxine Davis—for clowning and noise making in general; and "Skippy" Wilson, "Billy" Ross, and "Joe" Lewis for noisy dancing sessions in particular.

However, the Sophomore year was devoted to more than hilarity. Sponsoring a weekend party, cabaret party, and passing such subjects as Music Appreciation, World Literature, and Psychology are proof of that. Also this year marked the completion of Pfeiffer Science Hall, and we indeed felt old for now we could say to the newer students: "Why, I can remember back in the time when I took Biology in the 'Gingerbread House.'"

The Sophomore year end, and again matrimony robbed us of two of our classmates. This time, Medessa Tann and Arletta Smallwood.

When we returned as Juniors, the campus faced the problem of housing until Annie Mermer Dormitory would be completed. The Juniors solved the problem by agreeing to be class split. But a bigger problem than the housing problem faced every Junior. That was "The Constitution." For a solid semester Juniors talked about, dreamt about, cried about that Constitution: in fact I suppose the instructor thought we did everything but "read" the constitution. However, even the Constitution did not constitute the full Junior burden. There was that second burden of Mr. Kelley's religion course. A Junior could be identified by the fact that she could always be found either carrying a Bible or Political Science Book. While the Class of '39 will always remember Mr. Kelley, certainly he can't forget our many antics—and especially the fine that many members of the class including such sedate young ladies as Irene Hege and Bertha Joyner marched to Mr. Kelley's residence and demanded that vast sum of two cents back which he owed some members of the class for mimeographing material. Although the Junior year was a difficult one in regards to lessons, socially the class ended up "tops" as a result of their Junior-Senior Prom "under a blanket of blue."

Came the Senior year; but not a Senior donned the conventional "Ball" to give them dignity, and even some of the more conventional members of the class as Martha Matthewson and Ernestine Roberts began wearing anklets. "Mom Mac" declared that she had never seen such children in her life—nonchalant over duty work and

scholarship cups. But beneath the nonchalance of the Seniors was deep worry occasional by two subjects, American History and Practice Teaching. Throughout the year these two have been our bug-a-boos; and now a thud—finding a job presents itself. May we pass all these successfully.

The Class of '39 is about to graduate. We will not sentimentalize by saying we are sorry to leave our school days behind. For the Class of '39 is a progressive and adventurous class and we are eager to see what the life just ahead offers.

## CLASS PROPHECY

Smoke rises before my eyes, but as it clears away I seem to have great ability to see the events of the future.

As the smoke first clears away from my vision I find myself at the Yankee Stadium about to be entertained by a game between the world's best soft ball teams. The teams are getting ready to play ball and Captain Omesa Dunston of the Davis Red Sox, a team named for that great home run queen, Maxine Davis, and Captain Virginia Harris of the Fearington Lightning team (named for that star pitcher, Celeste Fearington who found many fans in the ole Bennett days), come forth to flip a coin to begin the game.

But before I settle down to see the game the smoke blows southward and I am taken to another section of New York where I'm about to be entertained at a night club. That curtain rises and—will you look?—the master of ceremonies announces the world-wide torch-singer, Madame Pearlee Tate and her accompanist, Made-moiseete Georgee Hilary. Again the scene shifts to a place of entertainment and I hear the music of the steam piano of the Lucas and Scales Circus. Miss Shelton plays the steam piano, Miss Lucas furnishes the laughs, and Miss Scales furnishes the cash. The crowd now rushes to another part of the grounds and behold I hear shouts of "Bravo" as Louise Wilson steps forward to do her tight rope walking stunt, and below her wait Frances Jones and Dorothy Dula who have become world known in medical quarters for piecing together the Human frame when broken. I must see the finish of this act.

But no fate is not so kind for the smoke blows northward and I am taken to a section of the Navahoo Indian Reservation and I see Maecon Bemery in one of the hogans ministering to the little Indian children and—no, yes, her assistant is none other than—Elvah Waters who is making recipes—now world famous—for Indian Meals. The door opens and look folks in comes Ernestine Roberts who is matron of the Indian school founded and named for her.

The smoke lowers and I find myself in Washington, D. C. where Dean Wiggins is head detective of the new Homocide Squad founded and financed by G. Women Julia Ross and Julia Wilson. It is well to note here that the new bureau were fortunate in finding the missing boy-friends of those super-romantics, Sankie Everette and Gwen Watson. Immediately after finding them the couples were married. The former Misses Everette and Watson, however, wish to help their less fortunate classmates so they have set up "A Port for Lonely Hearts" (husbands assured after a down-payment of \$10).

Just as I was about to congratulate the two on their worthy enterprise, the smoke descended, and when it cleared I was at that famous institution of The University of Hard Knocks headed by Dr. Matthewson Lucas (I hope you recognize the name). Among the other illustrious faculty members is Miss Bennye Young, recent recipient of the Ph.D. degree in Physical Education with a speciality in choreography, and Miss Bettye Crump, part time teacher of Religion and head of the new Nursery School. Dr. Matthewson Lucas informs me that Miss Crump's first nursery school pupils were the three

little daughters of the former Miss Maxine David (avowed career woman in 1939), and the little sons of the former Misses Mary Johnson and Juanita Kirkpatrick. The head nurse at the nursery school is Miss Evelyn Stewart who pursues modern dancing as an avocation. Speaking of the arts I heard some fine music at the opera house near the school. They were none other than Miss Samella Brown and Mrs. Ruth Dixon Something or other.

By this time the smoke had changed again and I was transported to the slum area of New York where I found Miss Elsie Leach lifting "fallen Humanity."

Again the smoke changed and I found myself in the law offices of Hannon, Hannon, and Hannon. There sat Miss, pardon me, Attorney Merveille Hannon interpreting the constitution and the famous new Hannon Memorandum to the Monroe Doctrine to none other than our ex-history teacher, Miss Tate.

Just as I was enjoying this scene very much I was transported to the business section of town, where I found a very strange business combination. Miss Doris Dennis running a drug store in partnership with Miss Fannie Lou Neal's undertaking establishment. Also in the business section of town I visited the newly established Jac-Bill Five and Ten Cent Store under the joint management of Ruth Jackson and Ethylle Williams. Then sweet odors came to my nose and I found myself in the Randall Restaurant. For special patrons we hear Miss Randall will add for dessert a song or two.

From the business section of the town I was carried into the model residence section of the community where pioneer home makers in the persons of the former Misses Ruth Dixon, Sarah Hawkins, and Minnie Gilmer lived. Also Mrs. Vivian Christian lives here. Mrs. Christian is now world famous since her little girl has become the "Sepia Shirley Temple." At one of the finest churches in the neighborhood I hear that Dorothy Moore, the famous travelling evangelist is speaking today.

However just as I start into the church the smoke dies away and I am not privileged to hear one of Rev. Moore's choice sermons.

At present, however, I am becoming curious to see what the future holds for me. But just then I hear a rushing of winds, I am falling down-down-down. I scream and finally I hit the ground. Ah, yes, you have guess it—I fell out of bed. What my fate is I still don't know, but don't you like yours?

## THE CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1939 of Bennett College, make and execute this our last will and testament, on Monday, the 29th of May, 1939:

To Dean Klugh a can of Puro Pep.  
 To Mr. Bland a 100% vote for the next presidency.

To Mr. Banner a scholarship to Bernard McFadden Physical Culture College.

To Aleece Knox, Julia Ross' voice.  
 To Iris Wade, Omesa Dunston's lady-like qualities.

To Bessie Bullock, Helen Wiggins' energy.

To Miriam Higgins, the Senior class' boyfriends.

To Du Donna Tate, the ability to create the laughs of Bertha Joyner.  
 To Genevieve Abel, a portable pot of coffee so that she may keep awake.

To Evelyn Washington, Juanita Kirkpatrick's ability to mind her own business.

To the Class of '40, a ball and chain for the privileges next year.

To to Sophomore class all the ideas that the Seniors have tried to set up.  
 To Dorothea Taylor, Sankye Everette's conscientiousness.

To Miss Kittrell, Ella Fitzgerald's ability to sing swing tunes (any kind of tunes, in fact).

To Mom Mac, a pair of skates so that she may be able to get the mail on time.

To everyone on the campus, a lovely 1939-1940 term.

## SENIOR NOTES

Miss J. K. simply reverses the order of the initials when she changes boy-friends. Formerly it was Mr. C. H., but now it is Mr. H. C.

Have you noticed how frequently Mr. D. D. calls for Miss B. M. Y.? Methinks, it has the symptoms of a real romance.

Do you really believe that Miss P. A. S. did not know who her gardenias came from? It sounds fishy to me, as we all know she knows one "George."

Things are certainly "tutti" between Miss L. E. and Mr. C. B.

I would be willing to have a birthday every day if my boyfriend would send me an immense box of confections like Miss E. R.'s boyfriend did her.

"Lover Come Back to Me" was very appropriately sung to Miss B. C. recently when Mr. S. M. appeared on the campus.

Miss S. M. E. has had a recent occasion to become suddenly interested in the field of home economics. Think you would like it, Miss E.?

Miss F. E. J. seems to be having a problem as to choosing the best city—Charlotte, N. C., or Richmond, Va. The home state is always the best, Miss J.

I wonder if Mr. H. W. will stage a comeback with Miss E. S.?

History students, remember when Caesar, Crassus, and Pompey tripartitioned the world; remember when Anthony, Lepidus, and Octavius did the same thing? All this to remind you great people accomplish much in threes. All to say that the famous three couples of Pfeiffer hall are all friends: Mr. H. H. and Miss J. L., Mr. E. G. and Miss E. L., and Mr. P. S. and Miss J. R. Much luck!

Most surprised look of the month: Miss F. L. hearing the news that Mr. W. J. was in town just one week after the prom.

## SUPERLATIVES

- Quietest ..... Virginia Harris
- Biggest agitator ..... Ernestine Roberts
- Most sophisticated ..... Dorothy Moore
- Best dancer ..... Julia Ross
- Most babyish ..... Gwendolyn Watson
- Most popular ..... Evelyn Stewart
- Sleepiest ..... Helen Wiggins
- Best sport ..... Vivian Wright
- Most athletic ..... Doris Dennis
- Most musical ..... Phyllis Shelton
- Most dramatic ..... Bertha Joyner
- Most literary ..... Helen Hinton
- Sweetest disposition ..... Sarah Hawkins
- Most flirtatious ..... Louise Wilson
- Neatest ..... Dorothy Dula
- Most mischievous ..... Julia Wilson
- Most dependable ..... Martha Matthewson
- Funniest ..... Frances Lucas
- Most reserved ..... Ruth Dixon
- Most pessimistic ..... Merveille Hannon
- Most temperamental ..... Elsie Leach
- Most romantic ..... Sankie Everette
- Most likeable ..... Lisbeth Edwards
- Most conscientious ..... Pearl Tate
- Prettiest ..... Minnie Gilmer
- Smallest ..... Ethel Williams
- All round ..... Frances Jones
- Most feminine ..... Ruth Jackson
- Most unassuming ..... Bennie Mae Young
- Best bridge player ..... Samella Brown
- Most airish ..... Juanita Kirkpatrick
- Most dutiful ..... Georgia Hilary
- Most graceful ..... Frances Randall
- Most clever ..... Bettye Crump

May 25, 1939.

Dear Sister Class:

We rejoice with you now that the end of your four years' work has come. It has been a long struggle but a very fruitful one.

As you step out into the world to make your contribution to humanity, don't feel discouraged if you do not find the road entirely smooth. There will be many rough places, but after spending four years at Bennett College you have learned to take defeat as well as success. Have courage and don't give up when the road is rough.

Your sister class back at Bennett will be praying for you and hoping for you much success and happiness.

May God's blessings fall upon you as you start out on your life's work.

Lovingly yours,  
 SOPHOMORES.