

THE WOES OF A PRACTICE TEACHER

No doubt you students have seen a goodly number of us Seniors trudging to breakfast impeccably attired at that darkened hour of the "night" — we're even wearing stockings and "sensible shoes." Mayhaps you have interpreted this behavior as a trait of good grooming as pounded into our Freshman skulls a few years back by Miss Flemma P. Kittrel. But no! 'tis more than that — 'tis the fact that we have been initiated into that timorous society of Student Teachers.

Student Teaching carries with it a great deal of glamour — which lasts precisely until the evening before you venture forth into a classroom on your own for the first time! When first the date for your teaching to begin is announced, it seems like a rather vague dream — your preparations consist of washing and ironing all your shirts, matching up your skirts and sweaters, concocting a mature coiffure, and writing home for that vital \$10 practice teaching fee!

"The" day arrives — you probably become abashed by the usual Southern discrimination experience while riding on the bus to your school. . . ! but when in Rome do as the Romans do" (Hmph! But the Romans had some sense"). Your big moment arrives when you step across the threshold, speak to the teacher and then are introduced to the class. You mumble something which you hope sounds intelligent, try to bring forth that disarming smile, and then stumble to a seat in the rear of the room to quiet your racing pulse. You try to make out that you don't notice the little side peeps all the kids in the class are trying to steal at you.

The first few days you merely observe to learn technique and the specific problems of that particular class. But it's SO HARD to get used to being called MISS So-and-So and sometimes even Mrs.! Oh, and the questions your pupils can ask! If you're teaching elementary grades, they ask if you have any little boys and girls at home like them — and they tell you "Gee, you're purty!" If you teach in high school, the older boys still say "Gee, you're purty!" but they add "How about a date?"

The bulletin board is probably your first responsibility. You lose

all your friends on the campus by clipping their *McCalls* and *Lifes* before they've seen 'em — you pester them for ideas — at ungodly hours you wake them up to ask how your next day's unit looks. But the sense of pride you experienced the next day when you see your bulletin board surrounded by interested kids more than makes up for the trouble that bulletin board has caused.

The moment you find 30 youngsters completely in your charge is the LONGEST moment of your life! In the lower grades you probably guide a recess or play period first. You explain the rules of the game to the children and let 'em romp! All the time you're trying to remain dignified to show your maturity — underneath that superficial appearance though you think about all the times you have played that same game — it manages to make you feel mighty ancient!

Your first class finds you a robot — moving involuntarily to reflex actions alone! Your voice sounds strange in your own ears — you stand behind the desk until your knees get synchronized. You forget whether you move the decimal point over one or two places in problem No. 2. You think about the kind of teacher you don't want to be — then suddenly it all comes back to you — the poise that good training and basic preparation have instilled in you. You're confident — you step coolly out from behind the desk. In that moment another teacher is born!

Thereafter the days melt into each other in rapid succession. Monotonous? NEVER! But full experience that will perhaps someday make the difference between your being a thorough or an inefficient school marm. The last day rolls around — at one time you thought that day would be a reprieve (practice teaching is very taxing especially when combined with Mr. Banner's Philosophy!) but when it really comes, you hate to say your last "That's all, class." You gather all your belongings and as you walk away from that chorus of childishly trebled "good-byes", you long to hug 'em all — even the "bad ones". You manage to turn quickly away — get on your bus and become again just an ordinary Bennett coed — but so much wiser than before!

Alumnae Doings

We have quite a bit of interesting information to offer concerning the Greensboro Senior Chapter of the Bennett College Alumnae. First of all, we want you to know that this chapter contributed \$50 in the recent endowment campaign.

A number of the alumnae have been teaching in the city school system for ten or more years. After forty years of teaching Mrs. Ella A. Holmes retired last spring. Those still teaching are Miss Ida M. Jones, Mrs. Bessie Rogers, Mrs. Olivia Womack, Mrs. Rena Bullock, and Mrs. Connie Mebane.

Mrs. Mamie McLaurin, Mrs. Fanny McCallum and Mrs. Alice Dean, received honorary Bachelor of Science degrees from Bennett College in June, 1942. Mrs. McLaurin is matron of Pfeiffer Hall at Bennett and Mrs. Dean has had three daughters to graduate from the college.

Mrs. Grace Brower is a successful business woman and real estate owner of Greensboro. Mrs. Clarice Robinson, after a few years of teaching is now a housewife. . . Mrs. Elizabeth Levette has a daughter

who is now a present member of Bennett's junior class. . . With more than fifteen years to her credit, Mrs. Lola Morgan is still teaching at Mt. Airy, N. C. . . Mrs. Lulu B. J. Daye is owner and manager of the Community Store in the eastern section of the city. . . Mrs. Hollie T. Hill is the post-mistress in the Post Office sub-station operated by her husband on E. Market Street. . . Mrs. Sadie Morgan Young served as office clerk at Dudley High School before taking up residence in New York. From Mrs. Hollie T. Hill.

Frances E. Reeves, '42, became the bride of Cyrus Martin Jollivette on December the 2nd. Congratulations, Frances!

ALUMNAE DOINGS IN THE ARMY

Mess Officer — Third Officer Mary L. Lewis, early Bennett graduate from Philadelphia, of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, has the distinction of being the first Negro woman to become a mess officer in the Corps. A dietician and nutrition expert in civil life, she is putting her ability to use in the WAAC the Army way.

KALEIDOSCOPE

Excitement, excitement, and still more excitement these chilly December days. Who ever said that December was a bleak dreary month? And as Santa Claus falls down your chimney, once again your Philosopher falls right in with him!

Homesick because you're not going to be home this Christmas? Don't be, kids. Yes, I know you're probably sick and tired of hearing people tell you not to be homesick and the only thing you'd really like to do at this very moment is to crawl away in some solitary corner and be ALONE, but definitely, with your thoughts of Christmas gone by. It does you good to be by yourselves sometime — but suppose everyone on the campus had that attitude? You might as well be in a morgue as to be gloomy as that! So let's not be "droops" . . . let's make our vacation, brief though it may be, a happy one for as many people as possible. Let's have caroling parties, and dormitory fun, and lots and lots of gaiety. O. K.? Can we count you in? — or will you count yourself out!

There seems to be quite a period of readjustment going on right along in through here. No, oddly enough, I am not referring to the shortage of coffee or sugar as has every comedian from Fred Allen, to Mr. Dale, but to the general shifting of certain couples that have been practically tradition here on the campus. What's a matter? Don't tell me the Bennett girls are getting war-hysterical? You know it's rather hard on the girls who sit on desk during calling hours . . . they see a certain fellow come in the door without thinking ring the number of the girl he HAS BEEN calling on — but that's not safe any more. Chances are these days he's dating someone else all together and there

across the parlor sits his old flame with new kindling. Now the Philosopher isn't saying that the Bennett girl should confine herself to dating just one fellow — nay not! — but remember "Tried and true beats the unknown new."

And so it's good-bye to Mr. John G. Turner — it seems that Uncle Sam has greater need of him elsewhere. The best of luck to you, Mr. Turner . . . and thank you for building our radio programs and our public relations department into what they have come to be. Miss Cassandra Moore, '45, will be doing the script writing in Mr. Turner's stead when the Bennett programs resume broadcast January 6, 1943. Any persons interested in helping her out with the typing will be welcomed with open arms.

The observation of International Student Day was an exceedingly significant occasion and we may add, the occasion for one of the most interesting chapel periods we've had this year. The mere fact that an Austrian, a Japanese-American, a German reared in Spain, a Cuban, and a Czechoslovakian student could sit together on the rostrum under the American Flag and join in the singing of America was in itself impressive. The guests were students of Guilford College and Greensboro College for women. The statements they made — the things they described made a lasting impression on the Bennett student body. Particularly the vivid narrative of the Czechoslovakian girl — she told of the day Germany first occupied her native country. What had been merely cold headlines in tabloids became, as she spoke, stark tragedy unveiled before us.

What kind of Contemporary Affairs programs do we like? More like this one!

Some of the ideas that came out in the class drives to raise money for the endowment fund were really ingenious. The Seniors with the basketball game versus the Faculty. The Sophomores with the swing version of "Little Red Riding Hood", and the Freshman with their Variety Show. That vaudeville was "strictly the lick!" The "much, much" talent that we always knew the Freshmen had was really on parade — in a series of scenes (casting office. Outstanding on the program were, Jerry Duffield's sax playing, Ruth McNeil's rendition of "Without the One You Love", and the emceeing of Betty Booth. And, Freshmen, it was nice of you repeat your show for the campus guests November 28th — we appreciated your effort.

Several girls participated in the Kappa Alpha Psi Big Broadcast held at A. and T. December the 17th. Sara Harris, Priscilla Brown, and Vermelle Williams were a trio accompanied by Betty Ann, Artis, Olivia Wright accompanied Jerry Duffield's sax playing, and Ruth McNeil again put down a little "Ella Johnson" for the folks.

The Christmas spirit evidenced by some of the more aggressive Bennetties is really gratifying. Take for example the Christmas tree in No. 106 Pfeiffer Hall — D. Lockett and H. Amaker. Their presents have been placed about the tree for a week . . . the atmosphere is anything but one of two homesick girls. Other rooms on the campus bear interesting Christmas decorations. The dormitory bulletin boards, too, have been more attractive this season than ever before. Well, goodbye for the last time this year, students. Be back with you in '43. Sounds good to you Seniors, doesn't it? I understand.

— THE PHILOSOPHER.

PLATTER PATTER

(Continued From Page Three)

it this year done up by the Goodman man himself. "Why Don't You Do Right" with the vocal most capably and less suggestively handled by Peggy Lee. Right on it! For you instrumental lovers there's a wild sax solo on the other side "Six Flats Unfinished".

We all like to know what other young people are doing. Here's a little bit of info thought you might like to have. Have you heard Charlie Barnett's arrangement of "Things Ain't What They Used To Be"? You liked it didn't you? Well, the composer of that offtime masterpiece was an Ellington — not the Duke but the younger edition. Mercer! Not bad, eh?

Watch out for "Constantly", and "Velvet Moon"!

"Juke Box Saturday Night" by Glenn Miller.

"Moonlight Mood" by the Ink Spots, "I'll Pray for You" by the Andrews Sisters, "I had the Craziest Dream" by Harry James, Nan Wynn singing "Can't Get Out of This Mood", "There Are Such Things", and "Well, Git It" by T. Dorsey, and "I'm Getting Tired So I Can Go To Sleep" by Gene Kruppa.

With sincere apologies we offer this bit of parody:

"Twas the night before Christmas and all thru the school

The girls were real quiet they were playing it cool;

The turntables played at the sides of their beds

While vague visions of home danced around in their heads,

Then one bright kid shouted "Let's make the joint rock!

Ma Mac won't mind — it's just twelve o'clock."

So they changed the tempo and

With Malice Toward None

'Twas nice seeing "Slew" Jackson breeze through on his way to "Uncle".

"Mr. 5 by 5" (Sanders from the "City") seems to be quite intrigued by Hilda A.—blind dates do work out sometimes don't they?

"Parting is such sweet sorrow" . . . Shakespeare put that phrase in the mouth of his Juliet. Now ROMEO S. repeats the same speech to E. Anderson. Reason: Uncle Sam's calling.

General mix-up: Why not flip a coin. Betty Ann A. and Ruby D.

Janet, are you slipping or was Bob D. just temporarily "away from home"? Anyway, it's Bob and K. Jenkins once again. Oh yes!

Cpl. John Wright—why don't you do right? Gloria Dix and F. B. Lea makes one too many.

Climax to the football season was A. and T.'s team falling in Bennett's dining hall for Thanksgiving dinner — guests of the "Merner gang".

"The last time I saw Paris" is not necessarily a book but the opening lines of Priscilla B. every other paragraph.

Gaskins, are knocking at that door again?

Every time S. Clarke calls N. Eubanks she has to go to infirmary for restoration!

I. Collier, is Bob really coming? —"may your days be merry and bright!"

Australia Hines has more boy-friends than McArthur has troops in Australia — Robert, Charles, Bellinger, ad infinitum . . .

There's a new RAYnbow in Skip's sky.

they jumped it out right

Get the idea now, kids — "Merry Christmas — goodnight!"

At last a picture of C. Booker's Curtis appears on the scene. Words unnecessary.

All of us get BILLS around Christmas time—but they aren't like the ones Kappy is getting from her new account!

The long and short of it—E. Har- graves and H. Jacobs!

"Sapp" Watkins living up to his nickname—out of the frying pan into that fire!

A "chicken" doesn't necessarily have feathers—eh, Jean Robertson.

Judy Warren studies American History like mad these days. Seems as though the chapter under discussion lately has been President Tyler. Catch on? By the way, Tim's expected to be here during his holidays.

Pety Daniels is on ice fellows. She's got her diamond from Philly.

During the "holly days" the "Mighty Ben from Penn" (Maxine's all) will be a guest on Bennett's campus.

Olivia Wright—you'd better be more careful about your love letters getting mixed in with your written class reports. What kind of a grade did Dr. Jackson give you? Did that make your balance sheet balance?

Brother, the box you sent the kids at Thanksgiving was a culinary masterpiece.

Nice seeing Miller Lomax on the campus.

Please, when you don't have anything else to do, ask Bettye W. what she recently learned in one of her Biology classes. And her a Science MAJOR! It's rare!

With this we leave: Betty Carter did you enjoy the play given by the "Living Madonnas"?