

THE BENNETT BANNER

"Anything Worth Reading, We Write"

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EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

THROUGH THE EYES OF A NEW AMERICA

Hail cohorts of Hitler! You brandish your swastika most effectively. No, no, my "friend", why do you turn to look at your neighbor? I'm talking to you, that's right . . . to you "loyal, upstanding American defenders" — to you "champions of liberty" — "the light of the world". You, dear compatriots, are the most obvious evidence of fifth columning I've seen in a long time. Yet you rest smug assured of the fact that no F. B. I. can ever harm you. Irony . . . how funny!

Now here we are all together on a rather crowded, inter-city Southern bus. The bus wasn't crowded when I got on in Greensboro . . . so I complied with your Southern tradition of segregation — coy name for such a diabolic practice! I sat in the rear section of the bus but NOT on the back seat. (Don't think that because I sit where your laws say Negroes shall sit that I agree with those laws — but why should I be ridiculously futile in my contempt for such prejudices when big organizations like the N. A. A. C. P. are handling them legally?) Anyway, I sat peacefully in my seat for several miles — the bus began to fill up. It was around six o'clock and workers commuting from the larger cities to their homes in the neighboring villages were getting on the bus. The back seat was crowded too . . . every seat in the bus was soon taken . . . except the one next to me. There was yet one white person left unseated. Did she sit next to me? why don't be silly — of course she didn't. I'm a Negro. She nobly but lurchingly stood her ground and assumed the look of the dying martyr who refused to sacrifice her ideals to the expediency of the situation. I'm afraid my sense of humor is rather distorted for I was extremely amused . . . the seat next to me was still unoccupied and it wasn't hurting me! But my amusement soon turned to unfathomable anger. At the next stop the bus driver came back and asked me to relinquish my seat and sit on the back seat. Realizing I was in the South I started to comply . . . I turned and counted those already there — six — six already in a place meant for five. If I went back there I'd have to stand up or some fellow would have to stand up and let me have his place. Why should I comply with the driver's request and leave a VACANT seat? So instead of moving I started talking. You close by heard what I said. You marvelled at my diction — at the fact that I didn't split verbs — that I knew what I was talking about. I'm afraid the average Southern white is too prone to think of all Negro womanhood as either potential or actual Aunt Jemima's — I startled you didn't I? Do you remember what I said? Polite but to the point, wasn't it — and I kept my seat! Too bad the lady didn't accept my invitation to sit BESIDE me. I'm a great believer in this American equality I seem to have read so much about in history books and editorials.

Now it's almost time for me to get off of this bus. Since the little episode, you've resorted to an old device — you've talked about me — and oh! how you have LOOKED at me. More than once while I seemed to be deeply engrossed in my "Reader's Digest", I heard murmurings about "that uppity n—r" and "that's what them schools turn out". You fear my intelligence. You're afraid of my ability to handle imposing situations with a level head . . . don't be afraid . . . all I want is that equality that boys my color are donning the khaki for. Just think it over, you staunch Americans, why should I give up my seat because I'm a Negro and a white woman doesn't care to sit by me? Some of you are quiet — I can tell that you are thinking . . . thinking how many more there must be like me. Perhaps you go a little deeper into the problem and ask yourselves the why of the whole prejudice issue. If you ever think about it seriously, you'll be on my side . . . if you ever free yourselves from the shackles of bigoted decades of Southern precedent, you'll wonder how you ever permitted yourselves to be so narrow . . . so much for you, my "friends", I've started you thinking.

Now — I address this to a couple of you on the back seat . . . why did you giggle when I was talking to the bus driver? Are you content to be shuttled about like common baggage — put wherever there's room? But then I can't be too critical of the attitude you take. It's ingrained in you — this fear of the "su-

perior race". But stand up for your rights — and stand by those who do stand up for your rights if you can't stand up for them yourself. Let there be unity within the race . . . don't drag yourself down. Agreeing with those who persecute you doesn't lighten your load. It only makes your persecutor that much more contemptuous of you. The next time you're in a similar situation, think twice before you sniggle . . . and then be PROUD to be a Negro!

I'm proud that I'm a Negro . . . I see with the eyes of a new America. An America where "equality" is not a black word on a white page but a black race living in harmony with a white race — for the greatest good to be obtained for all.

Charlotte?

Guess this is my stop . . . excuse me, please . . . you'll see hundreds more like me, Hitlerites — maybe they can make Americans out of you yet! Good bye.

—V. E. M.

"Mary Had a Little Lamb"

WHAT TYPE OF PETS DO BENNETT GIRLS HAVE?

Pets! Pets! Pets! There's no end to them around here but let's browse around a bit and see who has what and why.

Jean Robertson owns a queer little specimen of a panda which she fondly calls "Furlough" in honor of one Corporal Simmons who gave the panda to her as a Christmas present while he was on a furlough. Just to get an idea of how Furlough looks, we might say that he is a typical panda—all black and white —except for two stripes on his left arm. You see, "Furlough" is a corporal too.

Helen Horton and Bettie Wade, room mates in Jones Hall were quite confused when both got pets and wanted to name the pets after their present boy friends. The names of the boyfriend only happened to be Jimmie in both cases. So with a little careful research work, they found out that both of them had once had "Carls" for boyfriends — so they compromised. Helen calls her little red horse with white mane of white yarn and white hoofs, Jimmie, and Bettie calls her blue elephant with big brown eyes, Carl, all of which only serves to show that two heads really are better than one!

Kathleen Chisolm has quite an interesting little creature—Edgar, a mouse whom she named after a boy friend because he has large ears just like the mouse. Edgar, however, is more than a pet to Kathleen! she uses him to frighten all the girls in Jones who are afraid of mice. Now is that nice Kathleen?

Beulah Cooper owns another interesting pet — a green owl with yellow eyes who she refers to as "Chester." Chester has a seat of honor in the window of Beulah's room and although Beulah says that she isn't superstitious, she always keeps him in her window for good luck.

Betty Joyce Carter's black and white teddy bear, Frederick, is the sweetheart of all the Jones Hall girls. Frederick, like most of the other pets, was named for Betty's boyfriend and was also given to her by the real Frederick. Then there's Valena Minor's "Rennaisance" a teddybear, which appeared on the scene the last day of Cecil Carey's recent visit!

Nancy Pinkard's little baby faced rabbit is one of the cutest yet. Of course he was given to her by the one and only Robbie after whom her lettuce eating pet was named. Annie Ruth Mutts also owns a pink rabbit whose ears are as long as his body. In fact, the little rabbit is all ears.

By the way of dogs, we have Olivia Wright's "Bohunk" and Joan Perkins "Donnie". "Bohunk" as described by Olivia is "some gray with a red mouth." He was named after a campus dog whom she loved so much that when she found that she couldn't have him anymore she

Book Lover's Club Sponsors Second Birthday Dinner

At 6 o'clock Thursday evening, January 28, the Wilbur F. Steele dining hall was the scene of the revival of the Bennett tradition of birthday dinners. The Book Lovers' Club had charge of the evening's program and Carol Carter, '45, emceed. She extended the welcome to all guests and particularly to the birthday guests, those members of the student body and faculty born during the months of November, December, and January. Gloria Dix, such a birthday guest, made the response saying the graciousness the hostesses showed would, like birds, flutter back to them.

The Mellodears made their debut before the Bennett family with their arrangement of "I'll Pray for You". The Mellodears are: Priscilla Brown, '46; Gertrude Anderson, '45; Vermelle Williams, '44.

Gloria McCottry read the horoscope for the three months. Quite a catchy horoscope too — written by Precious Copening in verse form. After each month's horoscope was read the Mellodears sang a syncopated "Happy Birthday."

President Jones introduced the guests individually and gave a word of appreciation for the splendid manner in which the dinner was run off. He called on Helene Jacobs, January graduate and ex-president of the Student Senate, to say a few words of farewell. Miss Jacobs expressed the depth to which she appreciated birthday dinners and added that other schools, too, had inaugurated the custom as a part of their social life to bring the campus family closer together.

Dr. Jones then announced that another member of the Bennett group was leaving and that he would like to have a word from her. The member was Mrs. Dorothy Hamilton, Jones Hall matron, who was leaving for overseas service with the Red Cross. Mrs. Hamilton's word struck everyone with their simplicity and sincerity . . . "always keep your love for one another" was the climax of her speech.

Spirit ran high among the group and a good bit of spontaneous group singing, ranging from the ridiculous to the sentimental, took place. The festivities ended with the traditional singing of the "Alma Mater."

MODERN DANCE GROUP GIVES FULL LENGTH RECITAL
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effervescent combination of all the latest modern swing steps — even down to the Pepsi-Cola!

Music was furnished by Thora Kelly, at the piano, and the Freshman Choral ensemble of five voices.

just bought herself a little porcelain Bohunk. Donnie is a shaggy black Scottie — almost lifesize. Joan won't say why he is called Donnie. P. S. Why not ask Sara Harris?

KALEIDOSCOPE

While we chat a bit this evening, let's delve into the Bennett outlook.

First and foremost, students, don't you agree with the old Philosopher that we've had some excellent speakers here during the last month? There were Dr. Vernon Johns, Rev. Shelby Rooks, Dr. Rollin Walker, Dr. Roy A. Burkhurt, and our own Mr. William A. Banner. If you got what they put over in their messages, then you really have the basis for a workable philosophy of life.

And there have been some very good programs, too; Mr. Gatlin's clarinet recital on February 7; Mr. Suthern's monthly organ recital during Mid-week Vespers; the Modern Dance Group! All excellent examples of intramural talent.

Now a word about scholarship . . . it was a gratifying experience to hear so many of the girls' names called on the Dean's list the other morning in chapel. But what of those whose names weren't called. Does that mean that they are total failures? No, of course not! I think, Dean Morton, you said a very applicable thing when you said that everyone was proficient in some area . . . and that at that particular time the grades were an indication of proficiency in only one area . . . that perhaps in other areas others excelled. Those marks were not meant to spell defeat to those who did not make them — nor were they meant to spell haughtiness to those who received them. Each girl is still expected to strive for her best performance.

We are now entering a new semester — as Woody Herman says, "Be Not Discouraged," studes. This time let's make the Dean's list so long that he'll have to take a WHOLE chapel hour to read it. Remember — let's do our best!

It was a thoughtful gesture on the part of the Jones Hall girls to give Mrs. Dorothy Hamilton a farewell party on such short notice of her impending departure. The whole episode was an inspiring one—the nobility of the venture upon which Mrs. Hamilton is embarking, the emotion she expressed upon leaving Bennett, the sincere feelings of those she left behind her. God speed, Mrs. Hamilton . . . God speed!

As President Jones says "We're always so glad to have the girls' mothers visit us." Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Atkins, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Artis, Mrs. White, Mrs. Bethea, Mrs. Stewart, and all the rest of you who have been with us — though our happiness was reflected from the happiness of your daughters, we've been happy just watching you go about our campus. May all our mothers have the opportunity to stay with us on the campus for a few days as you have done and radiate more of such happiness to other girls. We are sorry that several missions have been prompted by sickness but it is our sincere hope that Fanny Stewart and Wilhelmina Bethea will soon be back with us.

Condolences to Louise Lewis—she has it! Measles!

Thanks for your cooperation in helping the local ration board get out those 10,000 oil and fuel ration books. It was a big job, wasn't it? But you DID it, and now that it's over don't you feel just a little more patriotic? Why sho'.

Remember, let's give Bettie Wade, our new Student Senate president, our full cooperation. There's many a problem to be settled by that organi-

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