

MISS BENNETT MEETS Dame Fashion

I guess you know what's foremost in our minds—in case you don't, it's the Thanksgiving week-end, and all that went along with it—namely—the fine dances ! ! and that of-so-fine football game.

Among the glamorites at the Freshman Dance were Jocely Tate in a sharp dress with blue flowered jersey top and white net with a brilliantly beaded bodice—and not to mention Gloria Mason's dainty white net with sweet little girl ruffles all over it. Seems like white led the fashion parade this time.

The Juniors and Seniors jumped in righteous style — and were they togged ! ! Shall we mention Blondie's green and black gown with the military outlook—very unique. How about Edwina Scavella in a black skirt and red fringed jacket? In there wasn't it.

Kat Jenkins blessed all of the dances, sharper than all tacks at each dance, especially Friday nite, and Saturday.

Dot Forte was unusually glamorous in black and white net.

Of course the Sophomores claim that "the last is always best" and we must admit that those studious chicks really fell in fine!

Jennie Lawrence looked positively lovely in yellow net and more taffeta with gold sequins.

Louise Johnson was attired in a simple, but beautiful blue satin and net creation.

Novella Harris added that sophisticated New York air in a white taffeta skirt and red velvet peplum jacket.

We just can't leave out the sharp outfits that were seen at the game Turkey Day. Did you see Winnie Taylor in a brown pin striped Chesterfield with those luscious brown velvet accessories. Gladys Dawkins was striking in a brown fur with yellow accessories. Frankie Hall was also outstanding in her olive green suit and black accessories.

Over the week-end your reporter notices a number of new hair-styles, both at the dances and at the game. We would like to see more of Dot Forte's up sweep, very becoming, my dear! Annabelle Knight's familiar pompadour disappeared long enough for a part down the middle. We like it. Pilda Amaker should try that up-sweep more often—it brings out hidden beauty.

Well, we have tried to highlight the latest of dame fashion's desires, if we missed you, try and look sharp for Vespers—in the meantime we will be looking at you.

Platter Patter

Hi-ya Gators:

Have you heard Lucky Millinder's "Sweet Slumber"? It is solid groovey. If the music itself doesn't send you, the vocal by Trevor Bacon is guaranteed to do so.

How many of you have heard "Shush Shush Baby" by the Andrews Sisters and "Do Nothing 'Til You Hear It From Me." Duke wrote the latter and it's good by him and Woody Herman.

Every now and then, some orchestra leaders cut loose and Presto — you have a Boogie Woogie. Don't you think that's what happened to Count Basie and Tonnie Dorsey? Their Boogie Woogies are mighty fine.

The Cat and the Fiddlers' "Part of Me" and "Another Day" are really on the beam.

Probably few of us listened attentively to "Rhapsody In Blue" when played in the Music Appreciation Hour, but we all sit up and listen when Glenn Miller adds his touch to Gershwin's melody.

"Summit-Ridge Drive" by Artie Shaw must have been written especially for Jersey Bouncers cause you can solid lay a bounce on it. Artie Shaw and the Quintette plus the harpsichord

So Proudly We Hail!

From time to time the Bannet Staff will do honor to its former Bennettes who are now serving our country. Our first article is about Mrs. Dorothy Bullock Hamilton, '32, who taught Mathematics and was director of Jones Hall at the time of her induction. She received her M. S. W. degree from the Atlanta University School of Social Work.

This information about Mrs. Hamilton was sent the Banner by the American Red Cross.

How an English hotel in London was converted into an American Red Cross club overnight is more a tale of hard work than of magic. The only wand used was a duster! And the two magicians were none other than two energetic American Red Cross workers. **Back home**—Miss Elizabeth McDougal, of 540 Manhattan Avenue, New York City, and Mrs. Dorothy Hamilton, of Greensboro, N. C., and Atlanta, Ga.

"We had two hundred of our Negro soldiers arriving that night," said Miss McDougal, "and there was not even a bed in place. These men were from Engineer battalions and they were coming to London to sing in the Royal Albert Hall. It was a great event for them, a dream come true, and they had been rehearsing for months. So we had to get to work quickly."

The girls were staunchly supported by the American Red Cross Liberty Club. The Army carried food in trucks from the Liberty Club kitchens—supplied by the cooking school instituted there.

"Came the big night at Albert Hall," said Elizabeth McDougal, "and we were still so busy that we didn't see how we'd get there to hear it. It is the first time that American soldiers have been asked to sing in conjunction with the London Symphony Orchestra, so everybody was on his toes as the night of nights arrived. Well, we got there in a rush and the reception they received was something to remember."

Miss Elizabeth McDougal is a graduate of Hunter College, with the degree of B. A. and Columbia University with an M. A.

"What is your next job of work in Britain?" they were asked. "Anything that comes along where we can be of service," said Elizabeth with a smile, and Dorothy said, "Hear! Hear!"

WAR-PEACE PROGRAM GETS UNDERWAY

(Continued From Page One)

preparation of surgical dressings for the Red Cross. This means that Bennett girls will be participating members of the National Red Cross and will be entitled to wear the Red Cross insignia upon completion of the required number of hours in the Red Cross room.

The committee is also sponsoring a class in French where students will have a course in rapid French conversation. The method is the same as that used by the army to teach foreign languages to soldiers. Thirty students have signed up for the courses which meets two nights each week—Tuesday and Thursday. A feature of the class is the opening with a French song to give the members a feeling for the language.

are a combination you won't want to miss.

When you are feeling down and out, put on "Green Goo Jive" by Jan Savitt and if that sender doesn't make you want to jump—call a doctor quick.

The following song comes last in this column only because when a group gets together and someone mentions "sing", it's first to come out every time. Yeh, Man, you're right, . . . "PISTOL PACKING MAMA".

Well, must plant now but I'll be sure to dig you at a "PLATTER" date.

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

Hi Folks, here's your pal the snoopo snooper bringing you the latest around and about. Quite a few engagement rings floating around on third finger left hand these days. Wonder is it future matrimony or just a few "Kress Specials" due to the urge of Cupid during the war. Speaking of rings—it's unfortunate that more of us don't have "uncles" who give us nice gifts at Thanksgiving time like the sharp engagement ring "Blondie" Martin is wearing. At least we could get a few congratulations even if they aren't the real McCoy. More power to you "Blondie."

Due to the man shortage the "Share Your Man Plan" doesn't work too effectively. How about it Fannie Lea? Sgt. Rooker seems to attract one of the faculty, too.

All the Thanksgiving dances turned out to be lovely affairs. Didn't they? "The lovely Bennett girls" always have such marvelous entertainments. The Sophs dance produced some "Pre-historic" suits. Tails are out for the duration. Won't Gloria F. and Betty A. kindly deliver this message? "Tanks, pals."

Furloughs are such wonderful things, eh, Drake, Carnegie, J. Lawrence, and M. Branche? Too bad they don't come more often. Maybe you girls could make special arrangements with Uncle Sam to see what could be done about it.

Bennett rates again with the stationing of WACS on the campus. To prove it "Kurerington" received a letter addressed to "Pvt. A. L. Curinton. By the way—Beulah "Upstate" Whitfield and Olga Singleton really came on at the fine Thanksgiving Day. Note huh?

Keep it up—Sax quartette. Nice work—Gist, Jinton, Caudle, Wilson.

Say Nannie Gearing you realize you are just a Freshman but can't you take a hint and get wise to Woodrow Moore's jive. Time is fleeting, so do so before it's too late. Take advice—Beware!!!

The love birds of Merner Hall—"Cinny" McCottry and Brock. Strictly on the beam. All the dorms are busy during calling hours this year even Pfeiffer, who usually is laggin' behind and bringing up the rear, is now running Barge a stiff fight for second place.

Glad to see or "day! Glad to see our "Student Prexy" back—Kat Davenport. She's been ill as you all well know.

The Junior Counsellors of Jones Hall are some "to the point" so they tell old snoopo. Completely precise and exact. Two of them declare they are "right in there for the count of 12"—Vernelle Kelly and Etta Hogans. Well girls, some of our sisters must be glamorous, charming, exotic, etc. (And still we are like Bruin, the bear—no where.)

Mary McKenzie and Carolyn Booker seem to be getting keen competition from Janet White and Betty Artis. Don't get excited girls, everything is completely under perfect control, tho the raft may be sinking.

Khaki, khaki, and more khaki everywhere. That's right girls, you have the idea—keep up morale but try not to fall in love—dangerous business. Take it from your ole pal Snoopo. Referring especially to Lucille Brown and Gwen Alexander.

What about the "Mother" pillow top exhibited in a certain dorm? Said son is a Sgt. in the army, too. It came as a surprise to all—including "Mother." Congratulations to Mary L. Carter.

If you want to acquire poise, D. Geddes is instructor "cum laude". Remember her poise when Adolphus fell (or was that a new step) at the dance. "Eenie, meenie, minie mo." Sarah Lawson which way will you go? Soldier, Sailor, or Marine?

Well kids—keep things in the groove until next month, but above all "Keep Smiling."

THE KALEIDOSCOPE

"WOES OF A PRACTICE TEACHER"

It begins at six-thirty in the morning. Your roommate drags you out of bed for breakfast because she says that it isn't healthy to go into the classroom "on an empty stomach" (just as tho any college girl isn't always hungry). That's all very true, but how sad it is to stick your fingers in your last pair of stockings because you were too sleepy to know what you were doing.

Breakfast is over and you are on your way to the dormitory when you remember that you didn't get your lesson plan last night after it was checked by Miss Smith, the supervisor. And just think you sat up all the night before doing it, only to find out that "procedure is not subject matter" or there is one or both of those dreaded terms thereon — "Unsatisfactory" or "See Me." You say, "Woe is me: what shall I do?"

You are back in the dormitory now, almost in tears, when you realize that you didn't get your iron from Mr. Dale, since he confiscated it the time for your having used it in your room. Oh well, the lights aren't on any way, so you can't press anything to wear. What shall I wear? What shall I wear? Will it be that nice little jersey wool dress which mother thought would be just the thing for practice teaching? Of should I wear that sweater and skirt which looks so nice on me?

At last, you are dressed. But you forgot something. You have no tokens and the bus leaves in ten minutes. Will you make it? No, because Miss Tate doesn't know where they are and Mr. Dale is in town. But you have to go to school, because your supervisor is going to observe you, your critic teacher expects you, and the students are so-o-o-o anxious for you to come. So it's a mad dash for the bus and the driver is a fat jolly man who whips corners and curves until you have no breakfast. Now you're at school, empty stomach plus an empty head.

John and Mary, Louise and Charles chew gum incessantly; Ruth and Charlotte have an inexhaustible supply of energy which they cannot get rid of except to squirm and talk about everything but the lesson. Eula and Mildred would rather read "Modern Romance" or "Life" than History, Science, French or English. And you are supposed to know everything from your alphabet to the number of telephones in Australia. Your nerves are good and so it doesn't bother you too much. But you teach and teach and teach. Then you decide to give a test, and the lowest grade is zero and the highest is 95. What a relief to know that in the midst of all of the confusion, someone remembers some of what you said.

You are in the midst of your lesson when the door opens and there stands the supervisor. You sputter and shake and say the right and wrong things together. The erasers all fall off the board by themselves, the students are worse than ever. Betty goes to sleep when she has been staying awake all the other days; Addie starts to put her coat on before the bell rings, when before that time she was always the last to leave the classrooms.

The elementary practice teachers have a different headache, and what a headache!! Vermelle, "Pew-Wee", Carnegie and Hattie are having the time of their lives. They spend half of the night making posters and writing original stories, and by the time that they get to bed, the night watchman rings the 6 a.m. bell. They didn't sleep because they dreamed about the "little-ones". Hattie has visions of Georgia, who delights in pulling Miss Dixon's clothes and saying in that slow southern drawl, "Miss Dixon."

You are ready to go back home, but you aren't finished for the day, because you've got to go to Philosophy, Music, English, History, and that 7:30 p.m. Supervision class (all very interesting subjects). And there is that les-

son plan to do for tomorrow. Now you are frantic and wonder just when this cycle will ever end, if there is an end to it all. Just when you are about to pull out the last handful of your hair, you remember that you have just one more week to go and all will be over. Gee, what a relief.

Bennett Opens Health School

The Health School at Bennett College, located on Sampson Street just off Gorrell, opened to twenty children selected from the public schools on November 16, 1943. The purpose of the school is to demonstrate the effects of proper diet, sufficient rest, wholesome recreation, fresh air and sunshine upon malnourished children. The slogan of the school, "Watch Us Grow", parallels with this purpose.

The children spend the day at the school arriving at 8:45 a.m. and leaving at 5:00 p.m. They eat three well balanced meals and sleep one hour each day; they have 40 minutes of recreation and corrective exercise all in addition to their regular classroom work.

It is expected that each child will stay from four to six weeks at the Health School. During their stay, the children will be given periodic examinations and when sufficient improvement has been made, they will return to the public school classroom.

Heading the school as director is Miss Barbara A. Ware, Director of the Home Economics Department at Bennett College. Miss Esther Carter of Colorado Springs, Colorado, is teacher and Dr. Muriel Petioni, the college physician, is physician for the Health School. Also working directly with the school is the Junior class in Nutrition of the Child which plans the menus for the children and assists in teaching the children table manners and eating habits. Having lunch with them daily.

EDITORIAL EXCHANGE

Q. Do you think the war has affected the students' ability to concentrate on their studies?

A. I don't think so . . . it has made them more conscientious. The absence of man-power keeps the girls from letting their minds wander from their lessons. — The Virginia Statesman.

What? You're talking about winning the war and you have no plans for peace? — The Spokesman, Morgan State College.

Man's greatest power lies in the strength, flexibility and integration of his personality in all the situations of life as he meets them. So does a student's power to make his stay at college a pleasant or unpleasant one, lie in himself.—The Collegian, S. C. State College.

CLASS IN NEGRO HISTORY. Teacher—How did the underground railroad get its name? Student—I guess because the people traveled under the ground.

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