

THE BENNETT BANNER

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Keep Our Campus Beautiful

The campus at Bennett College is a beautiful campus. In order to keep it that way, we must take it upon ourselves to see that candy wrappers, papers and other trash are kept off the grass.

Several trash disposals have been placed within a minute's walk at various sections on the lawn; therefore, there is no need for the careless dropping of discarded trash on the lawn.

Paved sidewalks lead to and from all building on the campus. Since these have been provided, it is unnecessary to take shortcuts across the campus, marring its beauty. Cutting the corners on the green is a childish habit. It disfigures the campus, leaving an unattractive appearance.

If we keep the above things in mind, our campus will remain a lovely one.

A Time To Give Thanks

Is Thanksgiving Day every day for you? It should be. It should start with the inner heart giving thanks. The heart should be as a cup brimming and running over with thankfulness.

Should one not be thankful for the morning of a new and beautiful day, a day that one has never seen? No matter where one is, on a lonely farm or in a crowded city or even on a college campus and no matter what the weather, bright and warm or cold and wet, there is beauty.

This day is perfect with the coming of the evening, the wrapping of the world in darkness; then one is wrapped in restful slumber.

In this time of quiet God "maketh the way perfect." Therefore, every day should be Thanksgiving day.

Miss Demo and Her Ulcers

One of the things that has greatly soothed my ulcer condition this past month has been efforts made in Merner Hall to make life more pleasant. The serving of pop corn at house meetings, informal meals, and spontaneous "get togethers" should be tried in all the dormitories.

Korean Girls

The condition that has aggravated my ulcers the most has been the deplorable condition concerning the Korean students. Each of these girls has a name. Please learn their names and address them by name. "That Korean girl" is NOT sufficient. Surely if you were a minority on a campus, you would resent being called "that Negro girl."

Faculty-Staff

The faculty and staff should be commended on the way in which they leave the faculty-staff meetings held in Holgate Lounge. Most of them are very successful in being heard by every girl studying in the library (and all at one time).

Physical Education

Each Bennett student must take a physical education course for which she MUST dress properly;

she MUST NOT wear her gym suit to any class, chapel, or the dining hall; yet she MUST NOT untidy her room while hurrying to get dressed in time for the next class.

After she has thrown her clothes on (without time for a shower or even a sprinkle) she MUST NOT run in the dormitory or across the campus to get to class on time. (she MUST NOT be late!)

How can this problem be solved? Perhaps if each gym class were dismissed about ten minutes before the regular time, a girl could at least have time to execute some of these MUSTS and MUST NOTS.

Raking Leaves

It is true that the campus is prettier with the leaves removed from the lawn. But it does seem to be a waste of time to have men raking leaves when they are still falling and recovering the campus faster than the men rake them.

The logical thing seems to be to wait until all have fallen and let one raking suffice. There are many jobs the yard crew can undertake in the meantime.

My Trip To Liberia

Myrna J. Lee

This is the second in a series of articles on the experiences of Myrna J. Lee, a freshman, who has had an opportunity to travel abroad.

On June 21, 1957, I arrived at School, a Methodist - Episcopalian school run by missionaries, along with all my "junk," my three sisters, and my mother and father.

Father and Mrs. Edwards (Father Edwards is president of Cuttington) greeted us and we had dinner at their home. About 2:30 I was deposited at the dormitory, and my parents started on their way back home, a trip which takes about two and a half hours.

After the usual home sickness of a girl her first time away from home, such as crying, tearing out the hair, etc., I settled down to become a member of the happy family of 24 girls. My room was number five, and I had two room-mates, sisters, who were from Kakata also. We were considered as "homies" since we all came from the same town.

My room-mates, Elizabeth and Hesta Wood, were very friendly and we enjoyed our stay together very much.

As I arrived on the day that the second semester was to begin, I had no time for "fooling around."

Bright and early Monday morning, Hesta and I went to register. Elizabeth was a senior and we were but "freshies" as freshmen are called at Cuttington.

My advisor was Mr. Edmonson from Arizona who was also one of the English teachers. He helped me to get my schedule prepared and showed me where to buy the books and other supplies that I would need for class.

Class Schedule

My schedule consisted of: Freshman English, three hours; freshman history (world), three hours; history of art, two hours; current world problems, two hours; college botany, six hours; and physical education, one hour. I had a total of 15 hours.

The faculty members were: Father Edwards, mathematics and theology; Father Hicks, theology and dramatics; Reverend Cason, theology and psychology; Mrs. Kenny, music; Mr. Kenny, chemistry and physics; Mrs. Edwards, English; Mr. Clark, history, current world problems, and social science; Mr. Mason, botany; Miss Tisdale, biology; Dr. Janeke, history of art and anthropology; Mr. Edmonson, English and literature; Miss Dunbar, agriculture and agronomy, and Mrs. Cason. (Mr. Mason, Miss Tisdale, and Miss Dunbar are Liberians.)

During my stay at Cuttington (five and one-half months) I met quite a few people and got to know a lot about the government and the culture of the Liberians.

In the dormitory and on the campus we had dances and parties as well as studied our lessons.

The senior prom and graduation, of course, were high points of the year. Elizabeth Wood had a graduation party and there were many people present whom I had met.

Asian Flu

When the Asian flu epidemic hit Liberia we were in the midst of a smallpox outbreak. I, of course, was the first to get the flu thereby causing the whole school to have an epidemic. Not only did I contract the Asian flu, but I contracted malaria along with it. When I finally recovered, I was truly a "skinny Minnie."

Luckily we had just completed

Strength Through Meditation

The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies.

No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the most high God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy. Abraham Lincoln

Literally Yours

(The following poems by Nancy Choi, are some of the latest composed by her and are a part of a collection written during her years at Bennett. The Banner has published other poems written by Nancy.)

RITA

My fair lady wounded last night
By a blow of my fiery
Rita, forgive me, a mischievous
lad,
With quick temper and hastiness.
Rita, you are a goddess of my soul
Carved from the Grecian hands.
You came from a far, far land
Across the blue sea.
Rita, you are armless and rootless,
But your smiles are in eternity.
Rita, blame me, curse, if you wish,
But your loveliness woos me more.
Rita, you will shine in dignity
and consequence,
And be my fair lady ever more.
October 11, 1958
After I have broken a
Greek sculpture

WINGS

I often dream of wings of wit
Which bring me up to the air,
To the vast world of my freedom.
I wish to have golden wings,
Magic fantasies of my soul,
From the bounds to a liberty
world.
Wings are light and almighty,
Creation of possibility from im-
possibility,
Out of destiny to eternity.
It was my childish day
When I saw my guardian angel
Had fetched me a pair of golden
wings.
She whispered to me with secret
voice;
"Sweetie, now you have
wings."
Alas, but it was a dream!
Even since, I recall the gracious
lady,
Who is now in heaven; and I sigh
With my limitation of human
physics.
October 30, 1958
Greensboro, N. C.

SOCIETY

Do not say me again that I must
smile
Among the betterness of society.
Society, society, I cried—
Tears, agonies, and miseries,
Proud products of human beasts.
People enjoy the cliques, parties,
And laugh at others' achievements.
People's faith is a flying noth
Coated with fancy and fame.
People live today, but not for
tomorrow.
People hate people,
People kill people,
And people eat people.
People say we are reaching the
stars
With that poor humanity.
I saw and visioned the other day,
The calamity of human history,
Falling down to the dark hell
I wish I could yell with all my
heart—
People, awake, awake, new age

the final examinations so I went home in peace, never to return to school.

The doctor said that because I was too susceptible to malaria, I should stay close to my parents so that in the event I had a relapse they could properly care for me.

In the next issue Myrna will tell of her subsequent stay at home and her return trip to the States.

is coming and old age is dying.

I saw the dawn of new, bright day Peeping from the eastern sky, When the prophets went to the field.

Let us hope and strive for the betterment of society—

Better mind and better action Christians, Hebrews, Confucianists, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Hindus, And all people on earth—black, yellow, white, and red—

Let us be one and march forth on the farm of harvest, Until the days of paradise!

August, 1958
Lake Gilbert
Wild Rose, Wisconsin

Forfeited

He stood there, his arms hanging limply at his sides like two dead branches hanging from a lifeless tree. His head was bent so low that his hairy chin rested on the front of the faded, wrinkled shirt he was wearing. His bowed head clearly revealed a mass of unkempt, bushy hair that was badly in need of a clipping. The expression on his face revealed no inward feelings and there was no light in his eyes. He looked like a man whose very soul had been injured.

His eyes failed to discern the people sitting before him, watching and waiting—waiting patiently, yet full of anticipation, each like a cat watching a mouse, ready to jump at his throat the minute he moves. The low murmurs that stirred that little gray room every now and then were rejected by ears that refused to listen.

He appeared to be almost at peace and apart from his whole surroundings. He showed no signs of recognition for the handsome middle-age woman wearing a blue dress who came up to where he stood and gently took his lifeless arm.

As he was led out of the room down the long narrow hall, he didn't turn his head to look around him. He just walked slowly along, taking steps like a baby who, just learning to walk, anticipates a stumble with each move forward.

The door at which he was brought to a stop meant nothing to him. Even when he was led into the room and placed in the big comfortable chair near the open window, he gave no indication of returning from the little world he had apparently drifted off into. He sat there without moving his head, feet or hands. He didn't see the woman leave the room nor hear the key turn in the door, locking him on the inside. He just sat there with that far-away look in his eyes.

The people who were sitting in the little gray room rose from their chairs and prepared to leave. There was sadness as well as disappointment in their eyes. The handsome middle-age woman in the blue dress shook her head in pity. It was almost a year ago he was found wandering aimlessly about the streets. Many people had come in, hoping to identify him only to go away with sadness and disappointment on their faces. Perhaps this home for the mentally ill was where he really belonged.

—Marie Solomon Moore.

DON'T BE A 'LITTERBUG!'