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"Anything Worth Reading, We Write"

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## EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

### WHEN GI JOE COMES HOME

There's a war going on. A war so big that it's not only taking our allies to fight it, but millions of men throughout this vast United States. They're men who come from all over the country — the little places and the big places, the country and the cities, Harlem and Park Avenue, the little shots and the big shots — men of all races, creed, and color. They're doing a job so immense that the greatness of it is almost too much for us to conceive. And yet with all of this, the paradox of it is that still some people haven't as yet fully realized the intensity and criticalness of the situation.

Twenty-seven years ago the First World War came to a close and numerous tired, weary, and wounded men returned to their homes. They were men who had given the best of their strength and courage to preserve their nation's safety. And when the peace treaties had been signed people throughout the world hoped that that would be the end of all world wars.

Today, we're back in the fight again, embarking upon our fourth year of battle. That so much has happened within these four years seems hardly feasible. We can't say and we won't say that those believers of yesterday, who gave the last full measure and devotion of their lives died in vain, because that would be admitting defeat and persecuting the cause for which they fought. We've come a long way within these years, we've made considerable gains, and many changes have taken place.

As Mrs. Roosevelt said in her recent address in our chapel on the occasion of the nineteenth annual Home-Making Institute, "I'm glad that you have chosen as a subject, "The Veteran Returns to His Family", because we know far too little about the changes that have taken place in regard to the veterans' administration laws between this and the last war. About 2,000 men return from overseas weekly, some on furlough, some wounded who will never go back, and others who will after a long or short period of rest. We are fortunate that we can have a period when just a few return."

Yes, we are fortunate to have them back, and regardless of all we do, we can't say we're tired because the most we could do would in no way measure up to the sacrifices those boys are going through over there. And when they come back, it is our task to see to it that they have something worthwhile to come back to. Its a task so great that its going to take a great deal of patience, understanding, and planning on the part of the entire nation, as well as the home and community. All of these will have to form one solid whole and work toward the sole end of making his homecoming the very best possible in all respects — employment, general rehabilitation to society, and educational and vocational training.

The man who comes back will not want your pity. It's true that he will undoubtedly be more tired and weary than the soldier of the last war, but let's see to it that he's not disillusioned when he reaches these shores. He's simply going to want the chance to be "plain Joe" again with a good job to give him a sense of security, your love and companionship, the respect as an American and the peace and comfort of a family of his own. Make his welcome all that he has anticipated during those long months away — and remember, welcome the man and not his wound.

NANCY PINKARD, '46.

## Inquiring Reporter...

What do you consider the highlight of Mrs. Roosevelt's visit at Bennett? I think that the tea was the highlight of Mrs. Roosevelt's visit because there, one had the opportunity to meet her personally.

ROSA MAE EVERETT.

I was especially impressed by Mrs. Roosevelt's address to the school children in that she had special appeal for them. Her speech was characterized by a simplicity and vividness which made her illustrations very real to the children.

ANN BARNETT.

I consider the highlight of Mrs. Roosevelt's visit to be her greeting to the soldiers. She showed the charm and graciousness of her personality and appreciation of their service for their country.

OLLIE CREWS.

To me, Mrs. Roosevelt's visit was highlighted by the aura she created on the campus. She came as a woman to a school of women. Her personality was inspiring and admirable.

NORMA SWOPE.

I think the real highlight was Mrs. Roosevelt's speaking from the portico of the chapel to the school children because it was a highlight in their lives. The children seemed so thrilled and pleased at seeing and listening to Mrs. Roosevelt.

DAISY WILSON.

To me, the tea was the highlight of Mrs. Roosevelt's visit. The opportunity of meeting such an outstanding personality was an inspiring moment.

ETTA HOGAN.

Mrs. Roosevelt's speech on Tuesday night was the highlight of her visit to me. Aside from the fact that her speech was a pertinent one, it revealed her charming personality as well.

GLORIA DIX.

The highlight of Mrs. Roosevelt's visit to me was the address in the chapel. She emphasized the fact that upon his return, the veteran wanted education and the right to be an American citizen.

JEAN SIMS.

The highlight of Mrs. Roosevelt's visit was her speaking to and shaking hands with both Negro and white soldiers. This showed her true spirit of democracy.

LUCILLE BROWN.

The tea honoring Mrs. Roosevelt was to me the highlight of her visit. The opportunity of personally meeting the "First Lady" was one which I greatly appreciated and shall never forget.

JOYCE EDLEY.

The presentation of flowers to Mrs. Roosevelt by the Negro Girl Scouts was to me the highlight of her visit. This was due to the poise and charm of the scout presenting the flowers and the gracious way in which Mrs. Roosevelt received them.

SARAH WHITTINGTON.

## Campus Attitudes - -

We appreciate:

The music box in the bookstore; and the extra hour after supper which was added for the student's enjoyment of the music.

The Home-Making Institute inviting such distinguished guests to visit our campus, especially the first lady, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

The activities sponsored during Senior Week.

The participation of the A. and T. Theater Guild in our Home Making Institute activities.

We do not appreciate:

Students who do not respect the Bee Hive employees.

## Reader's Retreat

### AN ALTAR IN THE FIELDS— Ludwig Lewisohn

Every young person has a dream of what he would like for his life to be. Some want a life full of excitement and happiness, one of independence and a complete freedom from responsibilities which might tie them down. So it was with Rose Trezevant and Dick Belden, to a lesser degree. Rose was aspiring to be an actress and, of course, hoped for fame. Dick Belden was a writer. Once in a while he turned out something worthwhile but often he was satisfied with what he wrote.

Rose and Dick were two boarders in the boarding house of Mrs. Roche. Like any other boarding house it contained an interesting conglomeration of lodgers—Mrs. Cora Barham, a poet, Reginald Langtry, and others. The boarders often met in Mrs. Barham's room to hold their "excellent and enlightened conversations" on the values of emancipation from the hum-drum existence of life which especially the responsibilities of marriage brought. Mrs. Barham spoke very energetically against marriage as being a curb on a woman's personality and independence. Rose believed that Cora was speaking the height of wisdom and that the youth of today, in their desire for independence had a foresight which their parents did not have.

Rose and Dick though they were a part of the same group hardly knew each other. Yet Dick had always been attracted to Rose, never daring to dream that she might be attracted to him. They became close friends, finding in each other an understanding companion. Their friendship grew into love. They were so happy in their love and seemed to be in a magic world of their own. People and things around them seemed to be merely a setting for their love.

They were married and though Dick would rather have bought a home, settled in a small apartment. Rose did not want a home. She was determined to shun any part of family life which might rob of her precious "individuality". She could not forget her desire to be an actress and was waiting for a part which a producer had promised her. Dick did not really like the idea but since she was so set on it, he said nothing. In the first year of their marriage they were very happy. They went to the movies, went to parties, and did other things which took on a new glamour because they did them together. The first summer they took a trip to a village in the Berkshire foothills. Dick felt a desire to live in this quiet and peaceful country but Rose resented the suggestion as a threat to her individuality. Dick rather resented this independence of Rose because it prevented him from settling in a place which might have ripened his mind for his work. He had had trouble with his writing—he seemed to have difficulty in finding something worthwhile about which to write.

Upon their return to the city, Rose obtained the part in the play for which she had hoped. However, the play was not successful for long. Rose was distressed and unhappy at its failure and because she was going to have a baby. She wanted to get rid of it. Dick agreed though it hurt him considerably. Even though he feigned a desire for complete individuality, deep within it was not just what he wanted.

The two seemed to grow apart constantly even though at odd moments they seemed to recapture the rapture of their first days of love. Dick was vaguely troubled, however, because these moments seemed to be based upon physical attraction. Rose was unhappy because she had been unable to secure a part in any other play. She unconsciously blamed Dick for this—she looked upon him as a hindrance to the expression of her individuality. Dick was unhappy because Rose was and because he could not seem to bridge the growing gulf between them. He had

a feeling that they had missed some vital knowledge which might have given meaning to their lives but he didn't know where to begin to look for this vital knowledge.

Then came the depression. Dick, of course, lost most of his savings and many of his investments were rendered worthless. Because they thought they might live more cheaply and might find an avenue of escape from the tension of being together, Dick and Rose decided to take a trip to Europe and live there until conditions were better. Rose was very enthusiastic, Dick a little wary of this as the answer to their problems. On the way over they met a Dr. Weyl to whom Dick was immediately attracted because of his wise philosophy and because he seemed to have found the answer for which Dick was seeking. They promised to contact each other later upon arrival in Paris. At first when they settled in Paris, Dick and Rose were happy but gradually that old tension and strain crept in. The two grew further and further apart and finally Dick could stand it no longer and decided to go away. He went to Rambouillet where he spent many hours trying to find out what had happened to him and Rose, what was missing in their lives. The atmosphere there was pleasant and quiet and conducive to reflection.

There Dick met Gertrude Villiers with whom he had many confidential chats though he knew there would never be anything between them. Yet he found himself wanting to make love to her; he knew that he would be using her as a means of alleviating his painful desire for Rose and so early one morning he left Rambouillet. He hoped to find Rose willing to work with him to find a way out of their dilemma but she was adamant and resisted his pleas. Nothing should impair her independence. But after some days, Rose seemed to change. She began to lean on Dick; when she had been afraid of losing her husband altogether, she began to see how foolish she had been in resisting her love for him. The two met Dr. Weyl again and through his advice they began to see the necessity of their returning home, of finding a duty and an attachment and a fulfillment rather than seek escape from them. They began to see that they had deliberately avoided the simple and permanent things of life.

Before returning to America Rose and Dick with Dr. Weyl took a tour of southern France and north Africa. They found there an immeasurable wealth of proof of the importance of the simple elemental things of life—building a home, raising a family, living for each other. Upon their return to America they bought a farm in Connecticut where they could pursue the life which they desired. They made no attempt on their farm to make a profit on their crop. They wanted to raise only what they themselves needed. There was now between Rose and Dick a bond—a bond between their spirits which needed no expression in the spoken word. They were transformed persons—they had learned that excitement and happiness in life come not through enjoyments but through an expression of the self in the every day things of life—birth, love, sorrow—and an inner satisfaction in this expression. Man must build his altar in the fields which God has created.

### PFEIFFER CHAPEL

It's a place of warmth  
From the winter's snow  
It's a place of tenderness where all  
may go.

You pass this place from day to day  
And one peep in and you'll want to stay.  
Because it's a place of Holy Peace—  
A place of beauty that will never cease.  
It's a place where music sweet fills  
the air

And silent prayers are sanctified.  
Yes, it is Pfeiffer Chapel.

CHARLOTTE RANDOLPH, '46.