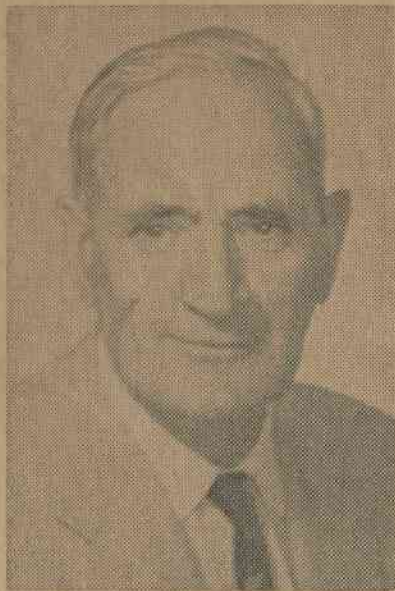


Faculty Profile



DR. FRANK RAND

The career of Dr. Rand has been marked by variety. After a few years in the city of London as a part of the vast organization of Thomas Cook and Sons, Tourist Agents, he emigrated to Canada. There he was trained as a teacher at Regina Normal School, Saskatchewan, he taught in rural schools, and proceeded to an honors degree in English and French, "working his way through college at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

While an assistant in English at McGill, Montreal, he took his M.A., and thereafter lectured, first at the Royal Military College of Canada, then affiliated college of the University of Western Ontario. The year before the war, previous research and residential study received concrete acknowledgement in the degree of Docteur de L'Universite de Paris—one of the last degrees conferred before the outbreak of hostilities.

Appointed to the British Council in Egypt, he spent the war in the Middle East as lecturer at the American University of Cairo, and for the most part at the Universities of Cairo Alexandria, as well as being attached from time to time to Middle East Military Headquarters.

Since 1946 Dr. Rand has taught in London, Hong Kong, Jamaica and South Africa. At first a specialist in a Durban Natal High School (1955-56), he was promoted to the Chair of English at the University College of Fort Hare, the black African seat of higher learning affiliated with Rhodes University, at Grahamstown, in the Cape Province of South Africa. When the African government took over the college by Act of Parliament in the late 1919's most senior officials were either dismissed or resigned in an incident unique in the history of academic freedom; and it was thus reported in the world press. Since that time, Dr. Rand has been lecturing in Australia at the University of New England, a small but growing institution half-way between Sydney and Brisbane.

Dr. Rand is now a professor at Bennett and head of the Developmental Services here.

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POETRY CORNER

TO BE OR NOT TO BE
(In answer to a rumor on campus)
In the depths of the blinded brine
Lies the tombs of the little mind.
Little minds, surely dead, but
still alive
That discuss the issues of their
little times.

Burning in the watery grave
Floats the little idea of their days
It seems, they say, the lady octopus
Has started now to misbehave.

The lady octopus, that eight-legged eel
Is neither lady nor genteel
For now she's seen, or I am told
to have found appeal in a lady marigold.

Oh, vile disgrace! My day's to see
when sex with sex live peacefully
I hear she even walks with her
I've heard them say she talks
with her.

I wonder if they even kiss
She's certainly not a social miss!
Anyone who is seen with her
Must certainly be in cohorts with
Lucifer.

Above the water on the green
Unseen by those still submarined
Lies the ruffled grace of **Idle Gossip**

This lady decided to take a dip.

Down into the darkened depths
she dove
And if the truth we ere to be told
That lady told what she had
heard

From the sister of a neighboring
mockingbird.

She said, "now girls, I don't believe a word
But I was told by the mockingbird

That never a happier pair was to be seen

And that the relationship was very clean."

"But this is only a lot of wash
For I saw them share a mackintosh

You know I'm not one to prevaricate

But I've grown to suspect that bird of late."

Now let's leave our little graveyard group

To find the real chickens in the soup

The octopus and the marigold
Were just close friends, or so I'm told.

—Andrea Mast

LETTER TO EDITOR

Dear Editor,

For the first time in three years I was really embarrassed in Chapel. Today, at the Founders' Day Services, there was a great deal of unnecessary rumbling, lumbling, and whatever other words would describe such actions.

As adults we will attend many activities in which we would want to be elsewhere but we do not show our disinterest in such an open manner. The loud "sighs" we can save until we are with that certain someone.

Wendy M. Parker, '65

A VISIT TO THE SENIORS

T'was the night before graduation,
when all through Cone Hall

Seniors were gaily celebrating,
having a ball,

When out on the lawn there rose
such a clatter, they ran to the
windows and cried, "What is
this matter"?

The President just announced you
can't have your degrees,

Oh no, they cried, oh why?
Please!

"This class," she replied, "has
gone their limit,

They've changed this institution
and all that's in it,

They've assumed quite a bit,
they've inquired of me not,

And now matters in the central
committee are stewing hot!

Now you're wanting to leave but
mind you it's too late

I just have to tell you, you can't
graduate!"

But we've got our honors we're
ready to go!

Sorry girls but I must say No!
But who has ever heard of a

whole class retained,
or a class finished four years yet
who remained?

Well girls you shall be the first.

Through books you're ready to
leave and experience you thirst.

Oh no they cried not the library
again.

My brain's so ruined its left
with a strain.

Such screaming and noise you've
never heard before,

Those sweet little girls that all
adore.

They can't get their degrees, but
with joys I tell,

T'was only a dream, it's just October,
there's the Chapel Bell!

POETRY WANTED

"POETRY WANTED for the new 1964-61 Inter-Collegiate Poetry Congress Anthology. Selections will be based upon poetic merit and chosen from colleges and universities throughout the country. A first prize of \$25.00 will be awarded, with a second and third prize of \$15.00 and \$10.00 respectively. All poetry must be submitted no later than November 23. If accepted, all future publishing rights are to be retained by the author. All contributors shall be notified of the editor's decision within two weeks of receipt of poetry and shall have the opportunity of obtaining the completed anthology, to be in print by mid December. Submit to:

Inter-Collegiate Poetry Congress
328 Market Street
Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

From the President's Task Force of the "War Against Poverty"

Glenn Ferguson—VISTA Coordinator writes:

"Citizens — young and old, white, blue and button down collar VISTA (Volunteers In Service to America) needs them all . . . recruiting has begun. Few people, however, realize that a domestic counterpart to the Peace Corps exists."

"We hope the idealism and dedication of VISTA volunteers can become a symbol of the national commitment needed to open our society! front door to all. Applicants should write to VISTA Box 100, Washington, D. C."

See the Editor of the BANNER for an illustrated pamphlet.

MISS MARILYN FARDIG, HONORS DAY SPEAKER

Miss Marilyn Fardig, a Woodrow Wilson fellow who is spending the 1964-65 academic year teaching religion and philosophy, will be the speaker for the fall honors convocation to be held at 10 a.m. on Friday, November 20.

Another meeting of two great generals — Barry Goldwater and George Wallace.

Kruschev swore he'd bury us, well, we'll BARRY him.

The most important chemical formula today seems to be AuH2O.



At All-Bennett Picnic, students line up for food. Serving are the members of Omicron Eta Chi.

Students Attend The "All-Bennett" Picnic

The Student Union sponsored the first faculty-student picnic, Saturday, October 10. Swimming, basketball, and tennis were but a few of the recreational activities held in the new health and physical education building.

Prizes were given away in the Union where a carnival was given. Later on in the dance area other prizes were given away for competitive dancing.

The day was quite chilly but this did not seem to stop the seemingly endless line waiting for food served by Omicron Eta Chi.

This picnic involved a cooperation of the leading organizations on the campus and was one of the attempts to establish better relationships between the students and faculty.

Don't do it said the "ladybird".
Don't drink from that fountain!
Can't you see they're trying to kill us?
Can't you see that water's gold?

Political "Figgers"

Said one lion: Well Goldwater's going to win this election.

The other: So that's why my tail keeps pointing westward!

The old folks keep talking about all this new-fangled dietary drink, why not give them a Glass of Goldwater?

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