

Editorials

Seniors Reach Milestone

By JANNIFER ENGLISH

Bennett's elite--the 1968 graduates--will assemble for the last time as a class in the Annie Merner Pfeiffer Chapel on June 3. The occasion this time will be the commencement exercises. These exercises, as is often the case with other activities concerned with graduation, will be characterized by statements praising those individuals who have helped make graduation possible--parents and teachers.

Parents and teachers, it is true, have often been beneficial--by providing inspiration, perhaps, or motivation, or simply by exhibiting interest in the student--and, thus deserve praise. However, the individuals most worthy of praise are the graduates themselves.

These graduates arrived on Bennett's campus, for the most part, four years ago to begin the tedious task of working towards their present state. First of all, they had to overcome the differences between Bennett's and their old environment. This adjustment included accepting new rules, changing behavior patterns, and gaining new friends. As freshmen, they also had to adjust to a new system of evaluation.

After these preliminary adjustments, our 1968 graduates were faced with the problem of becoming the young women that they are today. In some few instances, this change may have taken place smoothly and quickly. However, in the majority of cases, this was probably the most difficult problem.

During times of adjustment, today's graduates were facing periods of depression, uncertainty, and lagging interests. They were able to repress the desire to quit when their grades fell or when teachers were giving an overdose of homework. They were able to keep their goal in mind--or at least, not to forget it for long--when personal problems threatened to prevent their ever acquiring it.

Throughout these disturbing situations, our graduates proved themselves embodiments of stamina; therefore, they were victorious. They began their senior year in a flurry of possibilities and are ending it with many of the most desirable ones as realities. For many the acquired goal is that long awaited wedding day; while, for many others, it is an interesting job with a pleasant salary; and, for the ambitious ones, it is a handsome fellowship or scholarship for further study.

Therefore, although parents and teachers probably were a source of strength for the graduation class of 1968, the graduates did the work themselves. They have accomplished their goal--or reached another beginning. And they deserve the praise.

No News Isn't Always Good News

By DARWIN PRIOLEAU

There is a written law against tampering with the U.S. mail. But, somehow, this doesn't seem to apply to Bennett College. Usually, if a letter is sent "Special delivery" it is of some importance and should be received immediately. However, at Bennett a "Special delivery" letter first goes to the college post office, which is closed most of the time, then to the nurse's office; and it might finally get to you at the convenience of the nurse.

First of all we would like to know why isn't the "Special delivery" mail delivered to the recipient personally? It might be an emergency. Many students have had to change plans, borrow money, or miss an important message because of the inadequate delivery procedure at Bennett.

Another problem is the "Special delivery" package. How often have you received a "care package" from home with stale food in it? All this is extremely unnecessary. The problem can be resolved by first of all having the college post office open at all time and second having our "Special delivery" mail delivered to us personally. Don't let the old phrase fool you because "no news isn't always good news."

The most lovable quality that any human being can possess is tolerance. It is the vision that enables one to see things from another's viewpoint. It is the generosity that concedes to others the right to their own opinions and their own peculiarities. It is the bigness that enables us to let people be happy in their own way instead of our way.—Rotary Bulletin.

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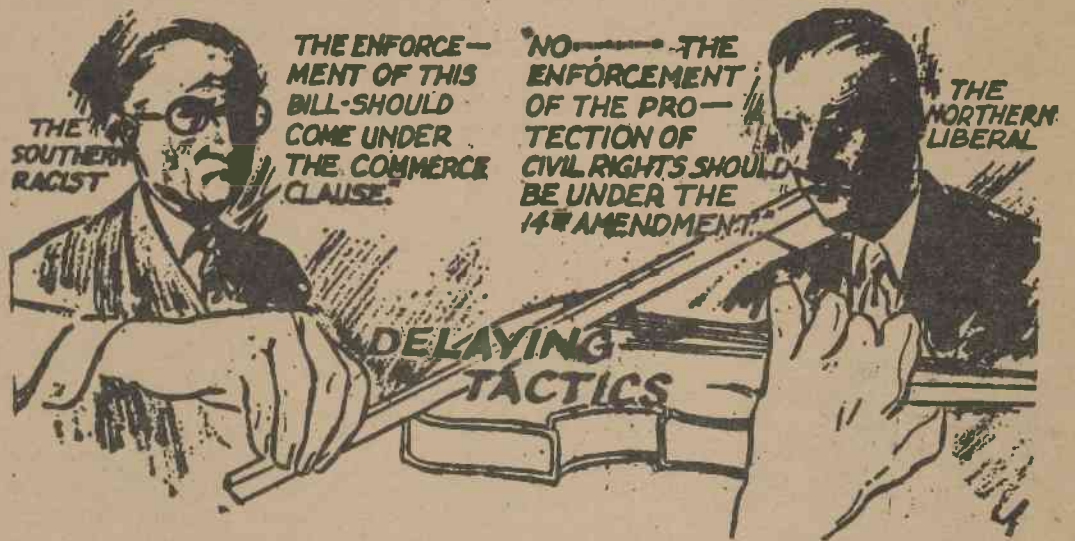
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The Guarantee Of Civil Liberty



Let Us Profit

By BEVERLY A. COOK

Bennett Belles, step back and look at yourselves. Freshmen, you've finished your first year; sophomores, you're going into your third year; juniors, you'll be seniors next year; and seniors, you've finished four long and tiresome years.

It is a good feeling to the underclassmen to know that another step has been completed and one less to climb. But let's review this year and take inventory of the errors committed both by ourselves and the Administration.

Remember how disorganized the Freshman Steering Committee was? And the lack of unity in the freshman class? Or as far as that goes, the lack of unity in the whole college? Remember the uproar behind the Student Senate elections? And the cry of the unorthodox procedures? Think back to the confusion that resulted from the controversy with the Administration concerning a certain black power advocate. Remember how concerned and worried we were about the lack of medical help in the time of emergencies here? And the lack of police protection? Do you remember our protest about this. Think back to several Sundays ago. Remember the embarrassment and humiliation you felt in chapel when a certain preacher made certain undignified statements?

Yes, think back over all of these things. It has been said that you profit by your own mistakes. Next year, it's up to all of us who will be here to show this profit and to set the pattern for the incoming freshmen.

Poet's Corner

Loving A Soldier

By RUBY TURNER

Loving a soldier is not always gay,
For with your heart you must pay,
It's mostly having but not to hold,
It's being young and feeling old.
It's sending a letter with one up-side down stamp,
To a far away country in a far away camp.
Being in love with merely dreams,
Brings thoughts of heaven, where the lovelight gleams.
You wish it were possible for him to phone,
You want him to say, "I'm coming home."
And when he comes in,
It's laughing together.
Unconscious of people, time, and weather.
It's loving the whisper of his "I Love you"
It's whispering back, that you love him too
Then comes a kiss,
A promise of love,
Knowing that you're watched by the father above.
A reverently, painfully, letting him go,
While inside you're crying, wanting him so.
Days go by, no mail for a spell,
You wait for the word that he is still well.
And then letters come as you bubble with joy,
And act like a child with a shiny new toy.
Loving a soldier has unfounded years,
Of hating yourself and uncounted fears.
And it's going to church to kneel down and pray.
And really think of the things you say.
And though you know he's so far away,
You love him more with each passing day.
You know for his country he is doing his best.
He's fighting for you as well as the rest.
You're tired, you're weary, you're doing your share.
With all the hope he will soon be here.
Loving a soldier is sometimes no fun,
But it is worth the price when the battle is won.

Submitted by Edna Davis

To a man who had proudly said, "My ancestors came over in the Mayflower," Will Rogers retorted, "My ancestors were waiting on the beach."