

Opinions

A Memorable Occasion

By ANGELENE JOHNSON

It looked like rain, but "The Old Master" looked out for us Saturday, Oct. 12. The sun came out, blazingly and beautiful. It was a great day, a day that will long be remembered and cherished by all of us, especially the students. Those students who did not participate in the inauguration ceremony still played a part. They stood aside and applauded Dr. Miller as he marched by.

It was really heart warming to see Dr. Miller pass us by. His head was slightly bowed, and his smile was humble and meaningful. There was something about that smile. Perhaps it was a smile that the students felt went to them. Or, maybe it was a smile that said "I care about

you." We got the message, and we knew that Dr. Miller got our message.

Still another thing happened that enhanced the spirit of the event. After the Inauguration Ceremony, the march out of the Chapel began. There was something wonderful about that march. Everyone looked elated and proud. As Dr. Miller passed by, we saw that he was crying. We didn't need to question the tears, because we knew. You see, we were crying too. Then, there was an exchange of thoughts between Dr. Miller and the members of the Bennett family through those tears. "You belong to us now, and we'll do all we can to help you." "Yes, I do belong to you. I care."



Curfew Extention Or Bust

By MARY F. SHANKS

Are we or are we not responsible women? Did our pre-collegiate environmental influences succeed or did they fail to prepare us to govern ourselves? It is understandable that the college wishes to accept responsibility for the well-being of each of its students and thereby wishes to provide a maternal medium in which those of us in need will have the necessary

period of maturation. However, the beneficial aspects of maternal supervision runs parallel to DETRIMENTAL EFFECTS. For

the young women at Bennett College capable of exercising their own prerogative to their best interests, it is highly frustrating to honor antiquated curfews. Perhaps administrative officials should consider this aspect of student well-being.

The student body appears to be acting upon its frustrations, by petitioning for curfew extention. In doing so, it is not only seeking more adult privileges, but more adult responsibility. The movement is certainly indicative of mature minds in conception of progress.

Carry A Big Stick

By JANNIFER ENGLISH

Once more Bennett is preparing to send her poor defenseless seniors out to tackle the little monsters who feign harmlessness in our public schools. Yes, the second week in November will find our big sisters rising early, dressing before eight o'clock, and venturing out into the public schools to learn.

Needless to say, our big sisters will learn a great deal. They will learn to maintain control when the class wants to throw "spit-balls." If not, they will learn to be quite convincing in

faking unawareness, even when stinging from the "spit-ball" that came too fast to be avoided. And probably they will learn that their higher education was unnecessary since the "public school monsters" know all the answers anyway.

So, dear big sisters, we beg you get ready! Start praying now while there is still time. And each morning when you gather the materials necessary for your rewarding and tiring day as student teachers, remember to carry a "big stick."

Bennett: A Course Set

(Reprinted From The Greensboro Record)

Bennett College's inauguration of its third president, Dr. Isaac H. Miller, Jr., brought with it the affirmation of a scientist that "Christian education in the liberal arts format is the only way out" in a challenging century.

Dr. Miller, physicist as well as teacher, stressed the need for higher education to be relevant, to be responsive to a revolving social order.

Without compromising its goals, said Dr. Miller, Bennett would meet the fiscal dilemma of a small, private college by seeking support from public and private sectors. As for the modern educational peril of student rebellion or demonstration, "I only ask equal time for excellence," he declared.

Bennett's future seems to be in good hands. The college, private or public, large or small, which contents itself simply with

presenting the old standards to its students can hardly hope to focus their attention to the problem areas of the world they will soon enter. The institutions which do not change will find that their students and their world do, like it or not. Bennett's sharing of instructors and facilities with other colleges is one means of strengthening the small school and keeping it in touch with other advances.

Dr. Miller is clearly aware of the stirrings in modern education and is determined that Bennett will stay afloat on them, and more, advance to new excellence. Greensboro has need of all its educational institutions today, and city and surrounding region will derive the most benefit from them when they are guided by men who accept the fact of change and bend their efforts to shaping and guiding it.

AFTER CALLING HOURS!? BUT I'M HER GRAND FATHER

Line Cutting Irks Bennett Belles

By CYNTHIA COLEMAN

Valarie Dean, a senior Special Education major from Baltimore, had sharp words concerning the daily "mob scenes" in Bennett's dining hall, after having been personally assaulted.

"I had been standing in line since ten of five and was about the 30th person there. Before I knew it, about a hundred or more girls had crowded around the door. This really peeved me, so I tried to retain my rightful place. In the process, the girls behind me started rushing through the entrance. I was then pushed onto the piano and my glasses were knocked off. Talking about the Bennett Belles, they acted more like Bennett Bears."

Miss Dean stated that her biggest complaint lies not with the girls, however, but in the failure of Student Union officials in properly accommodating the increase number of students.

The senior commented, "If only we could enlarge the dining hall area by knocking down part of the wall and making use of the room where instructors use to eat, then perhaps we could start a meal ticket number system where girls with a certain number can go through one of two lines ONLY."

Bigness Is Not A Measurement Of Prestige Symbols

The measurement of bigness is not in prestige symbols -- the special parking stall in the lot; it is not the size of the pay check; it is not the amount of authority. Rather, the mea-

surement of bigness today, as I see it, is the extent to which one relates to his fellowman and the wideness of the circle, that encompasses all with whom one comes in contact, with warmth

and radiance, enthusiasm, and brotherly love. We are helping set the climate of our whole world in a day of strife and conflict. Mrs. Viola Somerville Bond

Welcome Mr. President

We, the Bennett College family, wish to welcome you as our esteemed official President.

No words could ever express the proudness that swelled in our hearts, as you marched ever so humbly, yet stately, towards the Chapel. We felt moved our hands applauded with magnitude the joy we felt within. I guess, we all felt to some degree, some personal involvement during your in-

auguration, because for two years, you stood beside us, helped us and guided us whenever the situation called for it. You have grown very close to the hearts of most of us and have won the respect and admiration of all.

So with our warmest and sincerest voices, we say "Welcome, President Miller."

Yours in all sincerity,
Beverly Cook

Poet's Corner

Must Boys Learn So Young

By MYRA SAMPSON

Must boys learn so young?

How killing is done,
And the soldiers they must become?

Should they mix love and hate
And serve it on the same plate?

Must they see the waves
That tear their work and search their caves?

Must they see life laid open bare
And leave the innocent, with a care?

Yes, they must, because this is
Life everywhere.

Wings

By PAULETTE HARRISON

If I but had the wings of the eagle,
I would grasp for sifting air,
Thousands of miles away
Soaring into the sky, I would stay

Free and unbound!
That my heart may travel very far
To come where its desires are.
Away from all the world's destiny.

Oh, Golden eagle fleeing the
Sublunary evils of life,
I beg thee, take me, take me! . . .
Or leave me to die.

Oh, God,
If I but had the wings of an eagle.

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