

The Philander Smith College
PANTHERNAUT
"the truth is the light"

Vol. I, No. 2

Philander Smith College, Little Rock, Arkansas

December, 1965

College Welcomes Dr. Laubach

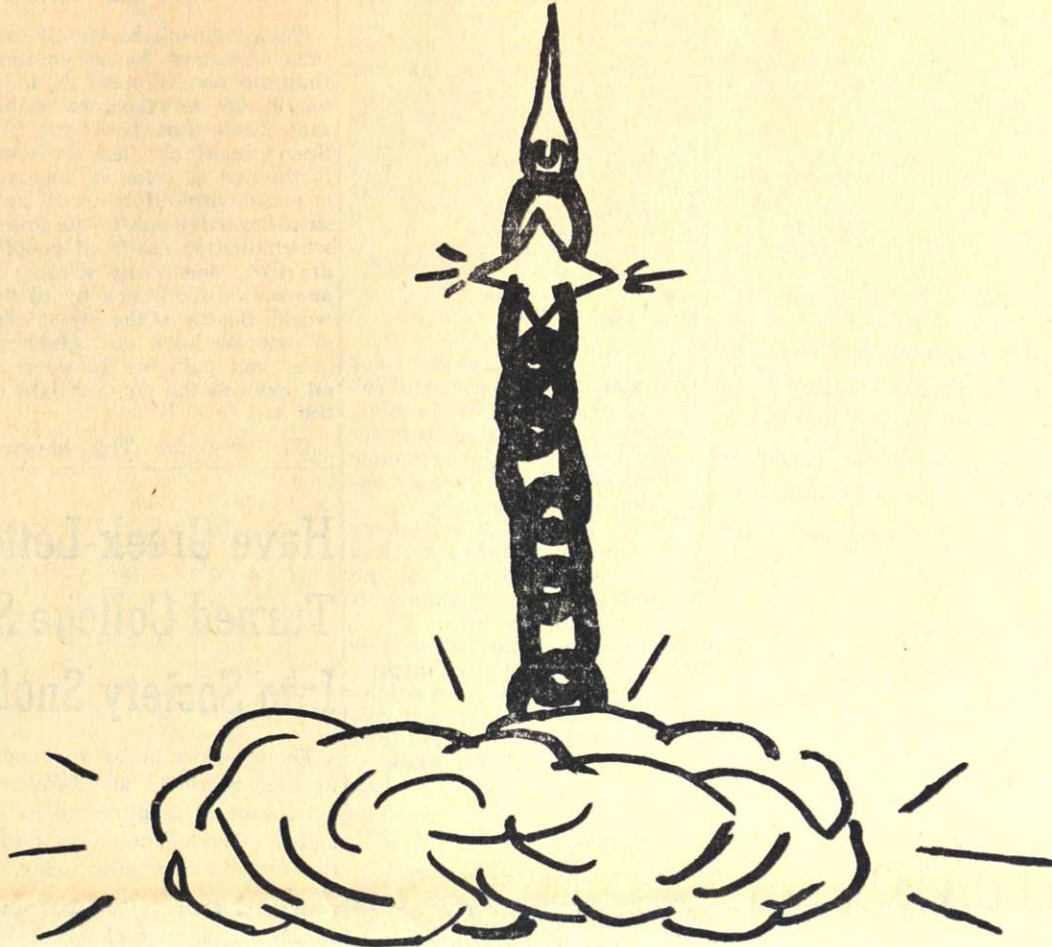
One of the memorable occasions for the Philander Smith College family was the presence of Dr. Frank C. Laubach, the "Apostle to the Illiterates" on our campus. Dr. Laubach spoke to the faculty and students in an assembly program on Wednesday, December 8.

Dr. Laubach is well-known for his literacy work in underdeveloped countries. He has worked in 110 countries and has developed teaching primers in 300 languages to help adults learn to read. He is well-known throughout the world for his creditable contributions to their development.

Dr. Laubach was warmly received by the college family. He captivated the audience with his recollections of his experiences in his work with the illiterates of the world. His appeal to students for assistance will surely be seen in the number of students who will sign to aid in continuing the project he has so devotedly begun.

Dr. Laubach stressed that literacy was a problem not only of underdeveloped countries but of the United States also. In Arkansas, Dr. Laubach said, fifteen percent of the population was illiterate. He suggested that we begin work right here, now.

The Spirit of Christmas



"Symbol of Christmas"—This drawing represents Christ bringing man back into fellowship with God. The cloud represents heaven, the chain, the broken covenant; the star shaped figure, Christ and the last figure man.—L. Hervey

Dramatics Guild Presents The Dust Of the Road

The first dramatic presentation of the year by the Philander Smith College Dramatics Guild was rendered in Vesper, December 5.

This was a one act play, centered around the betrayal of friendship. As we enter the Christmas season, we must remember The Dust of the Road. Just as Judas betrayed Jesus for thirty pieces of silver, so did the man in The Dust of the Road betray his friend for \$3,100 dollars.

We not only find a betrayal of friendship in the play, but we also see that the poor lame and blind were shunned.

However, Peter Steele came to realize the love for his fellow man as well as his need for honesty.

The cast of characters included Prudence Steele, portrayed by Helen Greene, a senior; the Old Man, portrayed by Arthur Anderson, a junior; the Tramp, portrayed by Wendell Bush, a senior; and Peter Steele, portrayed by Garland Gill, a freshman. The student director was Mary Edwards and the director was Mrs. H. Torrence.

Students Selected to Who's Who



Left to Right - Addie Deferson, Emma Buffington, Bobbie Reaves, Maxine Lewis, Billy McGuire, Bama Nash, Rachel Butler, Audron Spears, Etta Williams.

Recently eleven Philander Smith College students were selected to Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges. The students were selected on the basis of their exemplification of the qualities of scholarship, service, participation in college activities and the possibility of future usefulness.

The students newly selected to this distinction are Emma Buffington, a junior Elementary Education major; Rachel Butler, a junior Business Education major; Bobby Reaves, a junior English major; Bama Nash, a junior majoring in Sociology; Audron Spears, a junior majoring in Library Science; Dorris

Sharks, a senior Social Science major; Maxine Lewis, a senior majoring in Library Science; Addie Peterson, a junior Music Education major; and Billy McGuire, a junior majoring in Chemistry.

Two students were re-elected for the 1965-66 school year. They are Annie Winkler, who is a senior majoring in Business Education and Etta Williams, a senior Psychology major.

These students were recently recognized in an assembly program which they presented. The qualities of Who's Who listees were discussed in the presentations.

The Birth Of Christ

Jesus Christ was born on December twenty-fifth, This holiday is celebrated throughout the nation. Christmas symbolizes the coming of Christ, And we make unto this day a special dedication.

He came to bring joy unto the world, And everyone rejoiced on that glorious morn. The star appeared in the East, and stood over Jesus, In ethlehem Jesus Christ was born.

Christ was born to be a Ruler of the world, And that's why we worship him as though he were gold. Christ will always reign as our Supreme Being, And for his love we will forever behold.

Doris Shears

Joyeux Noel
 Felices Pascuas
 Froehliche
 Weihnacten

Choir Exhibits New Robes



The Philander Smith Collegiate Choir has become known for their touring experiences throughout the state. On November 5th the choir displayed an outstanding performance at the Arkansas Teacher's Association. Later that month they sang for a special Thanksgiving program at Dunbar Junior High School. This was a moment for which the choir had so long anticipated. For at this occasion the touring choir made their first public appearance in their new robes. They are beautiful. On November 28 the touring singres presented a concert at Mallilieu Methodist Church in Fort Smith.

Edgar Thompson, assistant choir director at Wesley Chapel Methodist Church and a recent student of the college family sang two solos at the presentation of "The Messiah" December

5, at the Robinson Auditorium. Edgar sang the well known "Comfort Ye My People" which was the opening solo in the Messiah and "He That Dwelleth In Heaven." His singing was par excellent.

On December 12th the Music Department presented Handel's "Messiah" in the Fine Arts Auditorium. Featured in the "Messiah" were guest soloists and soloists from the choir and the College Wind Ensemble. Mrs. Grace Eubanks and Mr. Carl Harris accompanied. The performance was directed by Mr. A. R. Whaley. On December 15 the touring Collegiate Choir leaves for a week of concerts in Oklahoma.

A new Women's Ensemble has been organized by Mrs. Grace Eubanks, voice teacher. Although at this writing it is still (Continued on page 2)

Editorial

The general reception of the initial publication of the school newspaper was deeply gratifying to the members of the staff. It is our hope that you will continue to find the newspaper interesting and informative. Thank you very much.

We would like to express our regrets that the articles are not more recent. This is due to the paper being a monthly publication. Our hope is that in the future we will be able to publish more frequently, perhaps bi-weekly. Your interest and assistance in getting news material to print will help in accomplishing this purpose.

We again remind you that this is your newspaper. Your ideas on any subject will be considered in our publications. We welcome any reactions you might have to the publication, social problems, national or international questions, school policies, etc.

Etta Williams

The name of your newspaper has been criticized by at least one member of the student body. If there are others among you who do not like the name we would appreciate knowing this. Please write us of your reaction to the name—The Panthernaut. It is supposedly indicative of our mascot, the panther, and the space age in which we live.

Please indicate your reaction. Write:
The Panthernaut Newspaper Staff
Philander Smith College
Box 766

Where Is Our School Pride?

Many of the students throughout the campus of PSC have "no" pride in the school at all. It seems as if the students enrolled at PSC are concerned with only "one" goal and that goal is to secure all the resources the school has to provide without trying to offer the school any reward for its many contributions.

If a stranger asked a student on campus, are you enrolled at Philander Smith College? The student would answer reluctantly, in an undertone, "I go to PSC." It seems as if the students are ashamed of the institution in which they are enrolled!! Each student must remember that this is the school he or she selected and it is up to the students to uphold the ideals and principles upon which the school was founded.

The students around PSC do not take "pride" in trying to promote the image of the school in the local communities from which they come.

The basic talk which is done in the local communities is talk of a "degrading nature." It seems as if the students discuss only the "bad" aspects of campus life. Is this school spirit? Is this the kind of school spirit we find around PSC?

The total blame cannot be put on the students entirely because part of the blame falls on the faculty and administration. It seems as if the administration and faculty are doing a poor job of indoctrinating the students in the good old PSC heritage. It is up to the faculty and administration to set the example for the students to follow!!

We just do not have any school pride whatsoever and it is high time we start holding our heads high and sticking our chests out and saying with dignity and pride "I go to Philander Smith College!"

We have nothing to feel sorry about because PSC has a rich heritage deeply rooted in Christian principles. Therefore, it is up to us to uphold the Oath of Honor of PSC which we really are not familiar with, but it is high time we became familiar with it.

f. b. dixon

Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor:

I have been at Philander Smith College for 4 months and I feel that the range for recreations is very limited. The new addition to the school, The Panther Retreat, is only a second Student Union with a few exceptions, a billiard table and a ping pong table. If girls don't play cards, then they have no type of recreation whatsoever, for the fellows dominate the billiard and ping pong tables.

I feel that the school should have a better tennis court with tennis rackets and balls furnished, badminton sets, and other forms of recreation that will appeal to more than just a certain group. The students probably appreciate the facilities provided all ready, but they don't have a wide enough span to accommodate all of the students, only a portion.

D. E. Phillips

* * *

Dear Editor:

May I congratulate you and your staff for the wonderful job that you have done in compiling the Panthernaut. A student paper is the best outlet I know on a college campus for student expression and opinion.

I only hope that the students will take advantage of their freedom of press and use the paper as a medium of communication on our campus.

With such competent editors and staff I know that your publications will contribute to the social development of our college community.

Dorris Sharks

* * *

Dear Editor:

I think what President Dixon was telling the student body was most appropriate, because the other students should be informed of the activities of their fellow colleagues so that they can do something to help the situation. The situation as he said does not involve all of us, but it does effect all of us.

This hurts to find that students who are supposed to be here to better educate themselves are participating in activities that will bring a bad reflection on the entire college. But what can we do about it? Something should have been felt after what the President said. But I don't think the persons involved felt anything. If so, it was probably, a feeling that he knows about my schemes, so I guess I should change my pattern and do it another way. They still have no concern for the college, only for themselves. So what do we do about it? the ones who are concerned about their college.

A Concerned Student

Choir Exhibits New Robes

(Continued from page 1)
nameless, the members are Lottie Powell, Lutitia Fesler, Julia Young, Valerie Wright, Albert McClinton and Nola Gill. They are available for limited appearances.

Lutitia Fesler and Julia Young have had two memorable appearances in duo this fall. The first, in early October was for a Women's Urban League Equal Opportunity Day Dinner at the Hotel Marion on November 19th.

SEASONS GREETINGS

from
The
Panthernaut
Staff

For Peace Between Races

Oh God, who didst make of one blood all the peoples of the world, we acknowledge with grief, and some of us with deep and bitter shame, that our country, which we love is torn with strife between races. We know not to what such strife will lead, unless Thou dost send Thy Spirit into the hearts of those who have done wrong and those, who, having suffered wrong are tempted to cherish thoughts of revenge, and the many who through cowardice, lack of love, or indolence have remained silent and inactive.

Take from all hearts all feelings of hatred for other races than our own. Compel us, if we would try to resist, to realize that Thou dost pour out Thy Spirit upon all flesh, without distinction of color or language or nationality. Help us to hold firm the truth that in the things which matter most, all peoples are truly one. Truly wisdom is one and truth is one in all the world. Beauty is the joy of every people. Love and gladness, grief and pain are common at all, even as the air and light of the sun.

We pray for Thy blessing

upon Martin Luther King and all who are working for justice between races. Grant them great wisdom, greater than the wisdom of men because it comes from Thee, understanding, patience and even such love as can forgive bitter wrong. Give courage to Thy righteous ones that they may not stand apart from the struggle. Frustrate the plans of wicked men. Establish justice in our courts. Comfort those who suffer now and who may suffer in the days that lie ahead.

Guard our lips, we pray, that no words of contempt or dislike or hatred for other races or peoples may slip past them. Guard our thoughts that we may never glory in what to some of us may seem our superiority or envy those who seem to be more fortunate. If any of us are tempted to look down, upon any of Thy children. Make us instead look up to Thy glory, which no man can behold in its fullness and live.

So make us worthy of Thy forgiveness, Thy mercy, and Thy continuing blessing.

Dr. W. Roberts

Have Greek-Letter Organizations Turned College Students Into Society Snobs?

There seems to be a change in the sisterhood and brotherhood that is supposed to exist among Greek-Letter organization on many campuses today.

In past years, you found the organizations more closely knitted. Now you find many members of different sororities and fraternities bitterly opposed to one another. Although, by being in a different organization, they have different interests, they still have one common interest—sisterhood and brotherhood.

But instead of being sisters and brothers, they are always finding little petty faults with the other fraternities or sororities. The time this is most prevalent is during probation period. Everyone finds some little fault; they got that song from us, they got that idea from us,

or we did that last year, they only have a long line and that's all. What good, if any, can be done by your talking about it?

This is not the purpose of Greek-Letter organizations. They weren't founded for members to look down on other members, but to promote brotherhood and sisterhood among college students who share common interests, to teach them to accept responsibilities for future years to come, to prepare them to meet the challenges of this great society of which we are a part.

When the Greek-Letter organizations realize this, then they will be true sisters and brothers and not the makings of society snobs. What about you and your organization? Are you sisters and brothers or the makings of Society Snobs?

Beware the
Panthernaut
will orbit again
in the
New Year

Back the
Panthers in
the New Year

The Panthernaut

Member of Arkansas Collegiate Press Association

Editors	Etta Williams Freddie Dixon
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The Panthernaut is a monthly publication which provides an opportunity for self-expression on the part of students and college family. It is the desired purpose of the paper to encourage school spirit and projects, to acknowledge individual and group achievement and to promote universal brotherhood.

The First One Hundred Years Of Freedom for the Negro

Though lawfully free for one hundred years, the Negro encounters his dream in one word — STRUGGLE!

What freedom? It has been said by many authorities that "freedom is a hard thing."

But how much does it take to pay for that one wish, desire, dream? It takes blood, sweat, tears, toils, determination, mighty struggles and death — then still no Freedom! What is expected of us? It seems a pity that the color of one's skin could mean so much to so many. But I suppose it's all wrapped up in the fact that "small minds discuss the color of one's skin and big minds discuss events."

The Negro, flung in the midst of the diabolical institution of segregation, is a victim of circumstances.

To free himself from this adverse status quo he must do more, then will his condition be bettered. But he must be persistent in work and determined in endeavor. When the Negro learns to do this, then, and only then shall the Negro's dream of freedom become a reality.

It is true, the Negro is confronted with seemingly unsurmountable obstacles. But it has been asserted that "no obstacle need be so great as to hinder the progress of man; no river too deep, no mountain too high for we are endowed by our Father with that wondrous

quality of Determination."

We must continue to travel into fields of endeavor which have been closed to us because of one four letter word "Skin". This is not a barrier to the Negro for "mankind the world over has the same physical attributes, the break down comes at man's level of intelligence."

In spite of the Negroes' record of achievement the real task of the measure of the Negroes' ability has not been fully tested, and will not be fully tested until Negroes are given the opportunity to prove themselves capable of excelling in all avenues of life. Then and only then will the Negro be accepted as an equal individual.

A new day is dawning for the Negro, and he must be able to meet the challenge. The problem comes when he fails to measure up to the standards of merit. This is the only way individuals will be judged. But will Negroes be able to merit judgment? For this is no time to put forth a little effort; Negroes must be ready to go the extra mile in order to prove their merit of equality. This is not a short cut or method to the success of the Negro in the next one hundred years, but it is certain that if Negroes stand up on their merit, they will secure their rightful place in society. But one thing is certain, Negroes must continue to "STRUGGLE" for individual equality for the battle is not over, it has just begun!

f. b. dixon

Is Christmas In the Air?

The Christmas season is approaching and it appears that the students around Philander Smith College are not aware that Christmas is near. This should be a time of joy and happiness because the season of all seasons is Christmas! To a person walking or riding through the campus of Philander Smith, he or she might or will discover that Christmas really has no significant meaning whatsoever to the students.

In so many ways it seems as if we miss the real meaning of the celebration of Christmas. This is suppose to be a christian institution. The commercial world has taken the Christmas season and turned it into a profitable money making season. This is not the case of Philander Smith, because the students fail to show a real sincere way of expressing the profound joys and aspirations of the Christmas season. It seems as if the various clubs and organizations could do more in the way of conveying the meaning of Christmas. The clubs and organizations could continue to give food baskets to the needy and poor. But it could be done on a much larger scale by binding together to form one big group. The students could also band together on certain evening up until the time school is dismissed to sing Christmas carols throughout the campus and neighborhood. Any number of ways can be used to express the actual and true meaning of Christmas. Somewhere down the line students have been misled by friends and the commercial world concerning the true meaning of Christmas.

The only fact most students are familiar with is the fact that a child named Jesus was born in Bethlehem and three wise men from the East came from distance to pay tribute to this baby born in a manger.

Is this all we actually know about the real meaning of Christmas?

Leaving campus and going downtown to the various department stores, we find signs, buy your Christmas gifts, "you get more for your money," or another sign saying, "we have the widest variety of selections for Christmas gifts."

The toys for the little boys are built around army warfare which is depicting the Viet Nam war. When actually the Christmas season is supposed to be a time of peace and yet we will find army warfare up under the Christmas tree for little boys advocating the fighting in Viet Nam.

Is this the true meaning in Christmas? It must be! No wonder the Philander Smith students have no knowledge of the significance of Christmas. We need to find the right approach in celebrating Christmas as it was intended to be celebrated. But one thing is for sure, we can not discover how to celebrate Christmas in its true sense overnight. The time to start is now, so that by next Christmas the students will have some type of idea what the significance of Christmas really is.

We even went so far as to put a towel over the phone in an effort to disguise our voices.

After our session was over we wanted to know how we sounded so I called Evelyn and put a towel over the phone to see if she would recognize my voice. She did and we went around for two weeks trying to convince people that we never called any boy and asked what he wanted for Father's Day.

After many hard days of trial and error Evelyn and I learned to drive and after much pep talk we got up enough nerve to go and take the driver's test.

President of ACC; Leader, Athletic, Outgoing

Mr. Frederic L. Bell, the president of the All Campus Commission, is not only outstanding as a leader, but he also estounds in athletics and music.

He entered Philander Smith in January of 1963, from Gillman, Illinois, and began playing on the basketball team. He is also a member of the tennis team.

Mr. Bell, a mathematics major, received various awards while attending high school. He received the Athletic Key for the most outstanding athlete in his class and also the John Philip Souas Band Award for contributing the most to the band department.

When it was announced that he was elected president of the ACC, Mr. Bell's reactions were those of amazement and joy. He had never dreamed that such an honor could be bestowed on him. After winning, he felt a great deal of students had shown faith in him by voting for him. Now his sole objective is to secure the wants and desires of his fellow classmates.

When he is not participating in the activities of Phi Chapter of Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity and the Young Progressive Club of Arch Street Baptist Church he enjoys fishing, bowling, playing tennis, football, going to drive-in-movies and observing nature through the process of scenic travel.

After graduating from college, Mr. Bell plans either to teach or join the Armed Forces.

A Dedication

There are many of us here on Philanders' campus who live far away, and Christmas is the only time we are able to go home. If you fall into this category, this poem is especially dedicated to you.

We're Coming Home
Months of work and more work have gone by,
Making you feel you're about to die,
But it's about over for a while,
And everyone is wearing a smile,
We are singing in richest tones,
Simply cause we're coming home.

Coming home to see the folks,
The ones you love the most,
Your friends shall also be there,
And you will feel Christmas in the air,
And when seeing the Christmas tree,
One can only be filled with glee.

Yes, as we get closer by the mile,
We cannot help but make a smile,
For in a little while,
We'll make it on home.

Sandra Gibson

Believe it or not we passed the test. We both made perfect scores.

After much discussion I finally got a car of my own. Evelyn and I just couldn't wait to try it out. A nice long drive in the country sounded ideal. Everything went along quite smoothly, my driving included. All of a sudden we heard this loud thumping sound. Since I only know how to start a car I didn't have the slightest idea what it was. Evelyn who's the smartest said it was air under
(Continued on page 4)

Alumni Corner



Miss Mattie Anderson

Miss Mattie L. Anderson, a member of the 1964 graduating class is now serving in the Peace Corp in Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa.

Miss Anderson found the problem of adjusting was not very

She is teaching the first and second grades. The school is a small shabby building, constructed of mud with three tiny classrooms, which are too small to accommodate all of the students at once. Therefore, they have to come to school in shifts.

At first she found it a little tough with the classes because there weren't any textbooks. Eventually she secured enough books, by picking up one here and one there.

She feels that this is a wonderful experience and she wouldn't trade it for anything in the world. She said that the people are so amusing. Sometimes they do things that will make you cry and other times things that will make you laugh.

While attending Philander Smith, Miss Anderson was a member of the Sigma Gamma Rho Sorority, the All Campus Commission, Student National Education Association and Queen of Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity.

Miss Anderson was an elementary education major from Memphis, Tennessee.

Also serving in the Peace Corps are three other 1964 graduates, Messers. John Green, from Chicago, Illinois, Mr. James Crawford, from Fort Smith, Arkansas and Mr. Thomas Boyland from Memphis, Tennessee.

Deltas Plan Flower Garden For Campus

Shortly before the probation period began, all of the Greek Letter organizations received communication from Mr. Frank Pogue, dean of students, suggesting that the probation period be one of help and service rather than one of humiliation. He also suggested that the organizations strive to help the college as well as the individual probationer.

The members of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, realizing that service is one of the principles upon which they were founded, set forth to live up to their many expectations. The project is one that is tiring and time consuming, requiring long hours of hard work, intensive planning and skillful know-how. The project, a flower garden, is located between the patio wall and the Women's Dormitory.

Sorors Rachell Nichols and Bama Nash and probationers Olive Hendricks, Emma Perry, Sandra Rouse and Odie Carter worked diligently to complete short range plans. They cut weeds, dug up the soil and made a circle out of rocks. Inside the circle, they planted tulips that will bloom in the early spring.

In the future they hope to make smaller circles beside the large ones and place benches in desirable spots so that the spring and summer students can relax in the midst of sweet smelling fragrance. They solicit your cooperation for the beautification of the garden.

Memoirs from Our Secret Dairy

When We're Together

I just sat there. With my head in my hands I sat there wishing and hoping that something would happen. Anything! If the phone would only ring, the sky would fall. Anything to break this spell of dullness.

What can I do? Where can I go? Please let something deliver me from this infernal dullness.

Let it happen! Please let it happen! There it is! At last, the phone is ringing!

"Yes, yes this is she. No. Sounds like fun! Bye."

If I had only realized what that one phone call would mean in my life I doubt if I would have picked up the phone.

Now as I look back I would have preferred to die of boredom. But no, I answered the phone and I tell you that was the start of something big.

I guess Evelyn took a jet down to my house because in less than two minutes she was knocking at my door and we began to formulate plans for what we like to label as "When we're together".

There's no doubt about it, just ask any body in Camden and they'll tell you that when Evelyn and I get together - well anything can happen.

Once Evelyn was going to a National Girl's Club meeting in Washington D. C. and like most silly girls she wanted to say good-bye to her boy friend.

Now Evelyn didn't want to appear to be aggressive and naturally since there was just the two of us I was selected to do the dirty work.

Chris, that's Evelyn's boy friend worked at the drug store. So it only seemed natural for me to call and have him deliver something to my house.

But what could he deliver? Evelyn and I only had three cents between us.

Maybe he could deliver something for sunburns. No that didn't sound legitimate because it was cloudy outside and how

can you get sun burn when its cloudy?

Well - what about something for bee stings. Bee Stings! Well that was better than nothing.

I called the number, gave the order and when the lady asked for the person the order would be delivered to I couldn't think of another name except mine.

Talking about dumb guys, I'll nominate myself. Well anyway Chris came out to my house and I had to explain that whole thing to him and do you know what he did? He picked up my phone and asked for an ambulance to be sent to my house because there was a maniac running around lose.

After all that you'd think Evelyn would go away and let me return to my original state of boredom. But no, she comes up with the big idea that we should go out every evening bicycling. This was a harmless idea I thought. With Evelyn nothing is harmless.

Not one evening but every evening we went out bicycling, we got caught in the rain. But it was never cloudy when we left home.

This one evening we were going around this curve and I was going to lay in the curve like they do on television. I laid in it alright. I laid right out on the pavement with a skinned knee and elbow. The scar on my elbow was in the shape of a "V" a "V" for victory. Boy, did Evelyn get a good laugh off of that one.

I tried, honest I tried to get rid of Evelyn but she stayed by my side.

This particular day it was Mother's Day and Evelyn came up with the bright idea that we call her boyfriend. Naturally I wondered why would we call her boyfriend on Mother's Day since he wasn't a mother. All I had to do was leave everything to Evelyn. We dialed the number, Evelyn hands me the phone and tell me to ask him what he wants for father's day. I ask. But to make things really good, we have this baby crying in the background, then Evelyn began to complain because the baby didn't have any shoes.

We actually thought we were getting away with something,

SPORTS

The Philander Smith College Panthers are off to a good start. They are looking great with a 2 and 1 record.

On Wednesday, December 1, the Panthers journeyed to Pine Bluff, Arkansas for their first game of the season with the A. M. and N. Golden Lions as host. The Panthers were defeated by the score of 109-86. They played a good game. Melvin Darty (50) led the PSC scorers with 19 points and was followed by Webster Beavers (25) with 14 points.

The Panthers were home in their own gym with Paul Quinn on Thursday, December 2. Paul Quinn led the Panthers most of the first half, but the mighty Panthers knew to avoid early morning practice they must win. So with their skill the Panther men went into the lead and won the game by a 92-79

victory. The high scorers were Odell Foster with 18 points and Norman Ellis with 15 points. The two men leading in clearing the board were Jimmy Turner and Billy Robinson both with 13 rebounds.

The Panthers were on the road again for their third game on December 5 with Mississippi Industrial College in Holly Springs, Mississippi. The Panthers were again victorious. The scores were 99-92. Leading all the Panther men in points was Webster Beavers, who scored 35 points. Odell Foster followed him with 24 points. These men were assisted by Billy Robinson and Norman Ellis clearing the board.

The Panthers are truly off to a good start. Much support goes to our fine cheerleaders who are doing a marvelous job. Let us continue to support the basketball team with that good ole PSC spirit.

SPOTLIGHTER

Let's meet one of the Panther men. One of the men most admired by the students and other men of the basketball team is Webster Beavers. Webster is a senior elementary major from Houston, Texas.

Webster got his start early in basketball in junior high school in Houston, where he played with Charles "Tex" Harrison, who now plays with the Globetrotters. Charles was advanced beyond Webster in years, but from him Webster learned much and had him as an example to follow.

In the seventh grade Webster tried out for the basketball team. He failed. The men were just too big for him. Webster did not give up. The next year Webster with his determination tried again, and this time he made the "B" team. He was disappointed. He was transferred to another school where he was again assigned to the "B" team. After several weeks, however, the coach recognized his superior ability and his knack for basketball. Webster had finally made the Varsity team.

This was only the beginning. As an eighth grader Webster averaged 20 points per game and 18 rebounds. What a player!

The following year was Webster's year. Most of the older men had graduated leaving him the only experienced player. This year Webster's average

soared to a 30 point average per game. His skill during the season and state tournaments led him to many honors and trophies. He was selected a member and captain of the all-state team. It was here that he received the most valuable player award. This was not the end of his honors. He was also the first Negro to play on the all-city team, where he was again selected most valuable player.

In his junior year he set a one game record of 56 points and 31 rebounds and a conference record of 72 points.

During his senior year the team was more balanced, but Webster remained a respected man of his teammates and opponents, and a basketball player to be emulated. He averaged 14 points per game this year.

After completing high school, as expected, he was offered many scholarships. He accepted the one to Oklahoma State College where he was unhappy. He left Oklahoma State and went to Texas Southern University where he met Coach Dwayne Gordon. He had become disgusted with school and had decided to quit. Coach Gordon persuaded him to come with him to Philander Smith College. He decided to come and soon fell in love with Philander. His contributions to the basketball team here have been great.

Webster is presently looking forward to graduating this May. His hopes are to become a coach. Good luck Webster.

Book Reviews

By its own weight and measure, Dicken's **A Christmas Carol**, has achieved classical excellence, hence it is quite appropriate that we turn to its moral lesson during the season of giving. For those who have long forgotten it and for others who failed to read it, because of other activities, both should read it.

Ebenezer Scrooge, depicted as a man of gross negligence and of an apathetic nature toward his fellowmen, though quite wealthy and a man of means himself, is the central character. Having been forewarned of three spirits by another apparition, Marlay, his dead partner, Scrooge prepares himself for the great ordeal. The ghost of Christmas Past recreates childhood scenes and wonders, all of which have been stifled due to his bitterness. Through the Ghost of Christmas Present, he is able to see the horrid and realistic conditions of blind children, starving babies and jobless families. Perhaps the conversion occurs when the Ghost of Christmas Future enters ominously draped in black and looking somber. Through him, Scrooge is able to see the depths of contempt which his fellow business associates have for him, as he is then dead. Rejoicing by relatives due to his death and the true horror and worthlessness of his life are all flashed before him.

Finally, Scrooge seeks penitence, having experienced all of this in a flash and to his deathbed, attempts to make up for lost time, even in his own bumbling way and endeavors to cooperate with those of less means. For a story which requires about ten minutes of one's time to read, a life time of fact and essence of giving can be forged into a very serious, moral lesson.

The book receiving the Inter-

When We're Together

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the car. Anyway the thumping and bumping got louder and louder. After much deliberation we decided that maybe we should stop and see what it was. Low and behold we had a flat tire! Without dumb selves we had driven five miles on a flat tire and to add to it we'd messed up a brand new tire.

Our troubles hadn't even started because we didn't know how to change a flat.

They say that the good Lord looks out for fools and babies and he sure was looking out for us. We got a fellow to change the tire and after a long lecture he sent us on our way.

Just before Evelyn and I parted we had one more adventure.

Now I never did learn to drive at night because I never did know where the lights were.

They were having a basketball game at home and Evelyn and I wanted to go. After I found out how to dim the lights we started on our way. We got to the game okay and even made it back to town alright but we just had to ride around town a while. Okay we take off for Stephens. A big truck passed and I got scared but soon got over my fright.

Evelyn and I then started in on this long conversation and I still don't know how, but I sought of ran off the road. I hit hard on the breaks, the car slid across the road and for one split second I thought we were going to turn over.

When our hearts finally stop pounding so hard we could think we found ourselves headed homeward.

Silently we rode along giving thanks for our being alive, when Evelyn unable to control herself broke down laughing.

Evelyn and I are still friends and who knows what the future holds after all we've got two whole weeks of CHRISTMAS VACATION!

From Santa's Helper

Since it's near Christmas I decided I'll be Santa Claus's helper and find out what some Philanderians wanted to tell him. I walked around on campus and this is how the lines ran:

- Henry Brown—Please bring me H. B., Miss B. W.
- Arthur Bland — A good room with Hawaiian style furniture and carpet floor.
- Milton Brunson—Send me a living doll, with lots of curves to call my own.
- Marshall Falconer — Merri Christmas and I shall bring him toys.
- Essie Hall—Bring me a semester exam in Institutions.
- Mertha B. McKinney — Bring some foreign candy.
- Sheila Clary—If he's not married, send me his phone number.
- Doris Blakey—Bring me a doll, a funny doll.
- Bobbie Greene — (she doesn't know what to tell him)
- Eugene Rice—Bring me a passing grade.
- Dwight Henderson—Bring a '65 GTO.
- Donald Minor — Bring some "Bat" exterminator to P.S.C. and some Institution tests and plane fare home.
- Brenda Armstrong—A Lini doll, (male) with more spending loot.
- Odessa Boseman—Bring a toupee for A. M.'s Head.
- Carrie Smith — Send me my man.
- Ruth Simmons—Tell a certain young fellow to bring me a Pink and Green teddy Bear. . . . and an extra package of brains to pass my religion exam.
- Lora Campbell—Send me my baby.
- Valerie Wright — Bring me a partial plate.
- Frank Brooks—a Cadillac.
- Clifton Potts—A year's supply of L. C.
- Glenda Eskridge — Just anything.
- Thelma Hyson—Bring my main man back.
- Johnette Wesley—Let me get

national Literary Prize, \$10,000, for 1965 is Herzog. A cleverly threaded story, Herzog is a former college professor, who has been divorced by two wives. The book does not follow a general pattern, but interweaves through diverse and different situations. It is a book with a great deal of psychological insight and recreations are quite common and prefused within the novel. Running from town to country, from state to state, a variety of situations await him at all stops. The book is quite complete in scope and purpose.

- home and have fun. Bring me a bed and I'll be happy.
- Emmaline Tolliver—Please bring me a 3.0 average for next semester.
- Linda Byrd—Drop an "A" down my chimney from Mr. Gray.
- Raye Fletcher—Send me a "MINK" stole.
- Betty Pearson—Send me a '66 something . . . anything.
- Herbert Robinson—(this is Skip) Bring me a fine woman.
- Earmon Terry—(this is Terry) The Kappa Motto, wine, women and a Merri song.
- Thad Honeycutt—I want an all girls college with nothing but the finest girls in the world and if I have to be good to get this, I'll even go to be at 9:30 every night.
- Woodrow Beavers—Nothing.
- Alex Prestly—Tell him to send me a million dollars and if not a million, the closest he can get.
- Sandra McKay—A one way ticket out of Philander.
- Calvin Holloway—I don't believe in Santa Claus, that's something to make the little kids be good.
- James Lee—Please! I have been very good this year, and for Christmas all I'm asking for is W. W. . .
- Billie Bryles—Bring me a "RIDE," because the one I got is definitely out of shape.
- Everett Burton—Tell him to bring me some nice good cologne.
- Gladys Fowler—Dear Santa Claus, I want a big doll, a tall walking doll and lots of dishes and doll clothes.
- Florene Gunnels—Bring me a doll and some more love for Larry.
- Adolph Stines—Two front teeth, I want.
- Melvin Darty—I failed first Semester, but I don't plan to fail second, (only he and I understand that, smile).
- Brenda Cooke—Please get me out of Mrs. Carter's Class second semester.
- And from our administration: Mrs. Boswel—Just be kind to me. I'm selfish.
- Mr. Handy—I don't have anything to tell him right now.
- And from our President: "I hope that you, Santa Claus, will bring all the happiness and maintain the Spirit of Christmas on our campus."
- All I have to say is: "Santa, please bring me Christmas. When I return from New York, please, make all my interest in and around Philander more fruitful and pleasing in the oncoming year. Bring a Merry Christmas to everyone and especially to Purnell."

V. Vaughn
Santa's Helper

Hurray for a Retreat!!!



The Philanderians were presented an activity room in the basement of the men's dormitory on November 19th. It is called the Panther Retreat. There is a pool table, ping-pong table, card tables, and other facilities available. Here are some comments from some of the Philanderians. SOPH. A nice place to go as

long as the students don't let it interfere with their studies. FRESH. A mellow place to go during classes. SENIOR: A waste of money. JUNIOR: Nice for those interested in pool. SOPH. We want MUSIC! JUNIOR: Too small. FRESH. Nice hide out.



Dear God bless my big brother at school and bless all the students with a MERRY CHRISTMAS, Amen