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## CIVILIZED LIFE—A TRIPOD

By W. W. Jones, '28.

(Delivered in the Junior Prize Contest, May 16, 1927).

When men gaze on the physical forms of nature they see everywhere that death has been the penalty of peace. Nations have come on the scene of action, but in a small course of time have perished, and passed from the face of the earth. Civilization has been so often overthrown by calamities until men scarcely trust their senses when facts of prosperity confront them. Doubting habits of mind affect even those who see within the dim future the unfolding of a new civilization, and who dwell upon the ills of the present, in order to brighten the glories of some distant day. But a race of people cannot realize a perfect moving machine until years of toil, years of trials, and years of tribulations will have come and taught them that civilized life is a tripod—a tripod which is able to adjust conditions and create a cycle by which a race of people can move with the slightest bit of friction. Then, an higher civilization will appear on the scene. It is ready to appear now, but its appearance necessitates a change of opinions, a change of ideals; a change of the modern trend of society and adopting the three factors which constitute the life of a people which are: Efficiency, Cooperation and Love.

Efficiency, Cooperation and Love are the civilized tripod life any caste, race or nation must live if it is to stand the blows of the present century; for it is written on the pages of sacred literature.

Drift with me in your minds, if you please, to the Far East; there we see a huge mass of stone, drowsy in appearance, having looked for many thousands of years into the lurid eyes of the rising sun, peeping from behind the Eastern horizon, coming out of its chamber, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. Changing its view often from the lurid eyes of the rising sun to the rippling water that dances so sprightly by at its base, moving on in its course to the great ocean, while many and varied forms of humanity lived in ecstasy, cherished hope, forgot that civilized life is a tripod. Thus their bodies perished and added to the particles of dust that lay lifeless before its figure.

This huge mass of stone has within itself a three-fold purpose—the human head, representing capacities for thought and governments; fair-featured body of a woman, reminding us of the story of tenderness, pity and love; stern feet of a lion, telling us of strength—strength which made Ajax the bulwark of the Trojans; strength, which made Samson the slayer of the Philistines; strength which made Helios the Greek god of light.

Then we must liken our lives unto this huge mass of stone, for it has stood the obstruction of many years of life on this planet of ours. Its human head tells us of thought and capacity for government; body of a woman reminds us of tenderness, pity and love; stern feet of a lion tell of strength in efficiency.

Efficiency, then, is the first of the Tripod in the life of a people. Being once the term to mark the ratio of service gained per unit of time, today it is necessary that we extend it into every field of human endeavor.

Make a transition, if you please, with me into the past, and we see that the 18th century was a century in which theological doctrines were taught teaching man's relation to God. Make another transition, if you please, from the 18th into our present

century, and we see coming out of its scientific research reform which is strictly elucidation of natural and scientific phenomena and scientific principles of nature. Make another transition, if you please, into the anticipated realms of the 29th century which is veiled behind the horizon of time, and we see bursting forth on the sheened countenance of approaching years an aurora and this aurora is efficiency.

Efficiency allows man to drift to any desired destiny on the wings of ethereal blue, defying the laws of motion, disregarding the fundamental principles of gravitation. Even though the darkness shadow the deep and a veil of night cover the face of the sky, man is able to drift unmolested across the tumultuous waters, plow through unexplored wilderness, and listen to sounds uttered by beings who long since our day have bleached the sands of the earth with their bones. Then efficiency is needed as the basis in order that a race of people may proceed with perfect assurance of its validity.

Cooperation is the second part of the tripod in the life of a people. Naturally the word cooperation brings to our minds that old adage that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. Each link holds within itself the possibilities of the chain; so it is with our complex organization of society. It prospers faster than the athletes of the Olympian games when each individual functions properly in his capacity.

Past experience has taught us that strength is only produced in this fleeting age by unity in cooperation; and we as a race of people can only cope with the situation when each individual realizes his responsibility: not to himself, though that is the first law of nature, but to the human family, to ecclesiastical ceremonies, and to that Tripod in heaven: God our Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. This, then, built as the frame work on efficiency and strength as the base is the second of the tripod in the life of a people.

The last of the tripod in the life of a people is love, and naturally this word, love, invokes the attention of all sweethearts; for they picture themselves on a beautiful summer afternoon, down in a lane, basking in the smiles of a lover; rays of sunlight trickle down fused in one great ray kissing the panorama of the earth. Birds sing songs of love in the tops of trees; strains of music produced from the instruments of demigods blended with colorful tones from the breeze add to the sweetness of the occasion.

Let us shift from the love of sweethearts and consider the love of our neighbors; and I need but tell you that the lowly Nazarene said: "We must love our neighbors as we love ourselves." Love that makes us walk in His footsteps, even though we see meandering down his pierced form a stream of blood while around his head is a crown of thorns. Love that makes us render our lives as living sacrifices to humanity and to God. It is then we build a tripod mansion of our lives. With efficiency and strength as the base, cooperation in thought and government as the frame work, covered by a plastic and enduring covering—love, so that generations yet unborn, veiled behind the cycle of approaching years, may live peacefully in this mansion builded by our lives, covered by the influence of our love.

Often you have stood in silence and gazed on the lifeless form of a friend whose soul has been hurled by the mysterious stream of time into the heavens, leaving you only in pain to lift your eyes to the measureless realm above with outstretched hands, and with your sinful,

wretched and scarlet lips murmur a prayer to the Almighty God, that He in His wise Providence might show you the way. But, finally, the echo returns; it is the answer to our prayers that civilized life is a tripod with efficiency and strength as the base; cooperation in thought and government as the frame work, covered by a plastic and enduring covering—love.

Then we can exclaim with that poet who said:

"Though the sun forget to shine on me,  
My steps become unsteady and slow;  
The only hope I pray for,  
Is, that I stronger in this tripod grow."

## COLLEGE GLEANINGS

By "Van" H. Chavis, '29.

September 20th marked the beginning of the sixtieth year of school work at our greatly beloved Johnson C. Smith University. During these years the institution has grown into a mighty structure. Like the tiny acorn planted in the soil, through sixty years it has grown into the towering oak sheltering and protecting those who care to come under its sheltering branches. Throughout the many years the institution has devoted itself exclusively to the education of Negro youth. Beginning as Bidle Institute with poor equipment and small endowment the present institution has passed through a complete transformation emerging from the miserable obscurity which enveloped it into the great university which it is today with a national reputation. Today Johnson C. Smith University has the largest endowment of any college of liberal arts and sciences for Negroes, one of the most modernly equipped school plants in the South, and a faculty of experts trained in some of the best Universities in this country and England.

The recent opening of school brought to the Hill more new students than ever before in the history of the institution. They have come from all sections of the country—from coast to coast and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. Each one of the new men seems to have already caught the old Smith spirit of "Do or die." They have very readily adjusted themselves to the traditions of the campus and are certain to be found taking part in all of the campus activities, such as debating, dramatics, Y. M. C. A., athletics and whatever else their hands find to do.

The new additions to our faculty this year are Mr. G. Frederick Woodson, B. S., Wilberforce University and M. A., Ohio State University; and Mr. Randolph Taylor, B. S., Tufts College, of Massachusetts. The former is at the head of the Mathematics Department and the latter is head of the Physics Department and is also athletic director. We feel that they will be an asset to the school. Already these men have shown ability and efficiency in their lines of work. We wish for them the cooperation of the entire College Department.

We were glad to see on the Hill last week several Alumni, namely: Messrs. S. C. Johnson, '26; G. Q. Gordon and R. L. Watt, both of '27. Messrs. Johnson and Gordon were enroute to Meharry Medical College. Mr. Watt is to be instructor of Chemistry and Biology at the Maxton High School in Maxton, N. C.

The University feels quite proud in having secured the services of C. Randolph Taylor as Athletic Director. Mr. Taylor is of Eastern foot ball fame, having been a university foot ball player on the Tufts College team for several years. He is also a

letter man in basket ball and track. In the latter sport he has won several medals, He is known to the sporting fans as "Randy," the idol of Tufts. Under his brilliant leadership and that of our own W. P. "Perk" Williams, we presage a foot ball team without a parallel in the history of the institution.

The students extend their heartfelt sympathy to Mr. A. A. Blount in the recent demise of a brother at Fairmont, N. C.

We are thinking that if the influx of the Leaping Lemmas, struggle buggies, in other words, dilapidated Fords, get much greater the University will have to employ traffic cops for the safety of the indigent, pedestrian students. We wonder also how many times "Fats" will paint the struggle buggy.

On last Saturday the Smith Bulls played the North Carolina College fast eleven to a 12-12 tie. The game was full of excitement. Although the Bulls did not emerge as victors, they fought a wonderful fight and are still full of encouragement.

## THE PHILOSOPHY CLUB

By Leroy Young, '28.

In resuming the various University activities at this season, one is reminded of the final meeting and elaborate reception of the Philosophy Club in the refectory of J. C. Smith University, on April 27, 1927, which was an occasion of vital interest and unusual pleasure. The chairman, Mr. W. E. Belton, masterfully broke the quietude of the assembly with cordial words of welcome. After this a musical and literary program was rendered by the Junior members.

President H. L. McCrorey, the principal speaker, highly endorsed the ideals and social good of the organization, imploring and entreating that other such clubs be established at Smith, in order to facilitate a practical student interest in the different departments. The refreshments and entire program were immensely enjoyed by all, especially the Senior Class of '27, for whom the reception was given.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected:

Mr. W. W. Jones, President.  
Mr. W. D. Scales, President.  
Mr. W. E. Belton, Secretary.  
Mr. H. L. Foster, Treasurer.  
Leroy Young, Historian.

An impressive installation exercise was conducted by Prof. F. H. Bowen, who carefully told us of the ideals of the favorite philosophers, advising each of us to emulate the character, personality and reflection in realizing our duty, responsibility and the destiny of the club, in view of the fact that beauty is abstract unless it is free to express itself in color tone and the like; that knowledge does not profit much if it is not free to serve; that training and culture which molds life in all its excellencies is nothing unless it is liberal, emancipated service.

The official staff with the guidance of Dr. F. J. Anderson, head of the Department of Philosophy, and with the cooperation of each member, intend to serve, putting over an extensive program for the year.

Membership is offered to Juniors, Seniors and professional students who wish to do further research in the field of philosophy. The first meeting was held in the basement of the Library, Tuesday, October 18, at 7 P. M. Topic for discussion, "Why does the scientist prefer a mechanistic universe rather than a spiritual one?"