

**JOKES**

Just Another Joke

Nice old lady in the city: You students out there certainly have a most wonderful church. The interior is beautiful.  
Student: Yes; so they tell me.

Uh, Er, Well, Well

The courses at Smith are numbered from 100 up. The dotting mother of a certain "Soph" received the report slip of her son. Upon seeing the said report Doting mother rushed over to the nearest neighbor with this: "My, John Henderson is doing good in college. He is over a hundred in every-

A Matter of Info

Director of Music: Is there any one in school who reads a declaimer or the chorus needs a reader.  
Aert: What you mean? Some one read out loud?

Happy Boys

Husband: Don't pull that spark down; heats up the motor.  
Wife: Will, too; it looks better 'hat w-

—Widow

Waiter: Waiter! There's a button in my sap.  
Waiter: Just have come off in the dressin-

—Froth.

Mrs. Jones is suing the doctor who removed Mr. Jones' appendix. What for?  
For opening her male.

—The Pointer.

A deaf woman entered a church with an ear trumpet. Soon after she had seated herself an usher tiptoed over and whispered, "One toot and out you go."

—Druxerd.

I fainted and they brought me too. So I fainted again.  
Why?  
Well, they they brought me two more.

—Columns.

Somehow I just can't seem to throw myself into my work, remarked the grave digger as he threw down his tools and walked away.

—Columns.

I always said that two could live as cheaply as one.  
Yes, but not nearly so long.

Oh, ma: C'mere quick!  
What is it, Mary?  
Look, Johnny ate all the raisins off that sticky, brown paper.

—Phoenix.

I eat peas with honey.  
I've done it all my life;  
It makes the peas taste funny,  
But it keeps them on the knife.

—Reserve Red Cat.

**SOPHOMORES**

The Sophomore class has begun the new school year with a bang. The newly elected officers have assumed their duties with enthusiasm that is hard to beat. The class officers are E. C. Grigg, President; J. F. Townes, Vice President; C. J. Jones, Secretary; W. D. DeLarge, Treasurer; and P. Bogle, Sergeant-at Arms.

To an observer it would appear that the class of 1932 and the word achievement are synonymous terms. Even though the members of the class are kept quite busy following up their various curricula activities there are those who have taken an active part in extra curricula activities.

Mr. E. C. Grigg, the President is a proficient speaker of the debating team.

Mr. F. Bogle is that All-American star of the University and with him there are other members of the class on the gridiron who have less fame but just as much spirit.

There are also representatives of the class in other activities.

These members have remembered that the proverbial saying, "Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap", proves true in whatever course one might pursue.

A usual, the Sophomores have the Freshmen or "Dogs" decorating the campus with the green and red. No wonder the class smiles.

F. D. Alston, Reporter.

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**COLLEGE GLEANINGS**

Author J. Clement, Jr.

Four years ago when there was quite a bit of bickering in regards to policy and attitude of our supervisors and seventy-six young collegians left this revered compound little did anyone think that that was the beginning of the making of a new Smith. For irrespective of what others might say it was during that period that the decaying spirit of Biddle gave up its ghost to the new era of Johnson C. Smith. Only one who has been here before and after that 'death' can really appreciate the New Biddle and the Newer Johnson C. Smith University that we have today. Out of the vicissitudes of the past flows the bad and the good of today and all indications affirm the fact that there has flown much good out of the bitterness of a yesterday into the skyward trend of today. There is a new spirit here at Johnson C. Smith this year. There is a new outlook. There is a more harmonious striving for the things for which we here are supposed to labor. With the largest collegiate student body in the Southeast among our Race schools there is no reason why Johnson C. Smith should not take its long-striven-for position, the leading college for Negroes in the Arts and Sciences.

School days again claim our attention and here amid collegiate individuals there is much that happens which should later make us men and yet, may make us monkeys. By no means implying anything, but there is Fletcher, he had lost his heart for all times in S. C. State College but now that he has met that cover-cute little miss why the lanky kid is in Fletchersville every other night. It would partially be 'ok' did he not carry one Caesar Walker and one Jethro Henry with him. These young fellows should always remember Whitehead or at least request him to advise them in these matters of the heart.

No one would have thought that such things were so terribly important but last week Griffin called in Gregg, Jackson, Neal, young Powell, Rutherford, Leake and one or two others of that smooth bunch for a conference. We understand that the topic for discussion was 'How shall we best offset the encroachment upon our social engagements that Jackson Mears and other 'It' boys in the Freshman Class are making?' Nothing drastic was decided upon, we learned.

Coach John Thomas and Prof. G. Brown made a hurried trip into Virginia last week. Ed Avant accompanied them.

The entire school went up to the A. & T. Bluefield Game. Naps Johnson Clement, and Biggs went up in last named new cabriolet 'Four'. The Douglas girls and Miss H. Russell motored up in Dr. Douglass' car. The dean and his family went up, also did the redoubtable Prof. Fred 'Bug-bear' Woodson and ?

A stranger within our compounds would think that someone in Smith Hall and the dining room conducted 'Open-Air' Garages around these buildings; a more narrowminded person would have thought that they were Used Car Stands. (Students must have had successful Summers with so many cars around here.)

**FRESHMEN**

To the average freshman entering college, he is setting out upon an expedition rivaling that of Christopher Columbus. When he leaves high school he has high ideals, and visualizes himself as a great man after having overcome the great obstacles that loom up before him as a freshman, and the greater ones that confront him as a man of the world. Of course there are those who do not realize the seriousness and importance of preparedness, but we are not concerned by them just now. We, the Smith University Freshmen, have already set out with all seriousness, intent to battle and subdue hindrances to success, not excluding the swellheaded Sophs.

A few days after the opening of school, we met and chose our officers for the year. Their names appear in the news section of this issue of the University Student. By electing these men, the class showed that it had confidence in them as being stalwart executives, and well able to carry on the government of the class during this our initial and most difficult year of college life.

We are entering the activities of the University as college men should. Already, we are being permitted the privilege of showing our several talents Otto L. Martin, a diminutive young fellow is being groomed to play for the Glee Club, while the several aspiring soloists are tuning up to show their wares. It seemed that the student body felt as if nobody could keep the Sunday School reports in the right or-



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der or as efficiently as Carl Russell, so he is obliging them by doing a creditable job. These are just a few of the many activities in which the freshmen are participating. There are several aspirants to the Varsity football team, the most notable so far are: Rober Turner, a hefty center from Winston-Salem, Hamlet, an end of no mean ability, from Pennsylvania, and Dunn, a contender for the quarterback position.

Although we came to Smith with high ideals and determination we attribute the source of our collegiate inspiration to the sayings and quotations from lectures made to us by members of the faculty and friends of the school. The lecture that had the greatest effect upon us as freshmen was made by our President, Dr. McCrorey.

**IN THE REALM OF DEBATING LINCOLN CHALLENGES SMITH**

On April twelfth, nineteen hundred and twenty-nine, the debating team of Johnson C. Smith University met and defeated a team from Morehouse College. On that same night another Smith debating team made a decidedly favorable showing against the Fisk team, but due to the lack of judges was unable to get a decision.

Now we are entered into a new year. The past year with its victories as well as its defeats has become history. By our traditional rivals, Lincoln University, we have been challenged. Smith University cannot allow this challenge to pass unheeded and retain its honor. So within the confines of a basement room the "faithful few" have begun to assemble and plug away at dry and sometimes uninteresting material. There are a few new faces in the group but the proportion is far from just.

Is it that from a student body of over three hundred men there is to be got only eight or ten men intellectually fit to debate? Or is it that Smith men have not waked up to the fact that Smith is calling them to win her debates as she calls them to win her football games? Must an ancient rival outstrip her in intellectual feats and thus sully the untarnished foot ball record for which the "Bulls" have striven so nobly?

Traditionally Lincoln is a school of good debaters, of men who are masters of oratory. So, then, one realizes that in order for Smith to beat Lincoln, the men must be thoroughly prepared. And not other than through extreme competition and a wealth of material to select from, can Smith hope to produce thoroughly prepared debaters?

If Smith does not make a creditable showing in the forthcoming debate the query must arise in the mind of the more motherly institution, "What do Smith men employ themselves in during the interval that separates one foot ball season from another? Is brawn their only hope?"

Such criticism would bring from Smith a storm of protest echoing to the very campus of our rival. But wouldn't they, in a measure, be justified in putting such queries? After all every individual is more or less "tinged with a bit of that Missourian 'show me.'"

Now, then, our path is clearly outlined. Let us choose the uphill grade, not the path of least resistance where men of "lesser stuff" are wont to wend their way. Let us turn out and help make a winning debating team whose slogan is "Beat Lincoln."

**MY BOYS**

With the exception of the Freshmen, and those upper classmen who are deriving knowledge from Smith for the first time, every Smith man is acquainted with the term that the late Mrs. Smith used when referring to the under graduates of Smith.

Our late benefactress used the term in its truest sense. Not satisfied with meeting the president, the faculty, and others in the community, Mrs. Smith was always happy in the presence of students. She had a willing ear to any student project that would promote the welfare of a group which she by choice adopted.

During an interview, Mrs. Smith made a statement which it will be well worth while for Smith men to assimilate, and to digest the facts in their entirety. She brought out the fact that it was her purpose that her boys should get as thorough an education as any other group, black or white. She was of the opinion that her boys were being trained as well as any student in any university.

In this measure, she took care that the surroundings should be conducive to study. The faculty of course, was left to the discretion of the Administration. It was her wish that there should be no weak link in the process of becoming well rounded.

Our late benefactress was true to her ideals. She did more for Smith than all the Boards community well wishers, and the Negro race ever dreamed of. She was to this plant what Joan of Arc was to France.

What about her ideals?

We are all convinced that Mrs. Smith has nurtured us to knowledge. Our aims as students and beneficiaries of all her bounties must be to strive to that ideal of perfection which she held aloft.

Every true son of Smith must buckle on the armour of unstinted effort to better the mental state of such a height that the world will see the fruit of a seed which was sown by the best friend we ever had in educational circles.

It is our duty to make the recesses of our minds, cast out all ideas of indolence, and point our steps to greater efforts.

Such steps include a change from a satisfied attitude which too many students exhibit when criticized as to their grade of work. There must be a striving for the best; an act of reaching out for what to some of us seems intangible. Let us find what is best in us, and develop it.

Memories are in good taste for those who like to live in dreams. But the ideal which was left with us must not be allowed to become a tender recollection, it must live with us every day. There is no extreme jump from indolence to constructive endeavor. The only way lies in the revolutionizing of our thoughts; the measure of getting away from those things which might affect our ideal; the sifting out of useless methods and practices.

The impression which our late benefactress left remains with us. Are we going to live our part? Is her ideal and purpose to finish and leave no trace? Will we abide by her ideals in all our todays?

**WE THANK YOU**

We are deeply grateful to the readers of the University Student who have exhibited interest and friendly co-operation in helping the staff in its projects. Our invitation is permanent to all of our friends, subscribers and exchanges for whatever assistance they might offer.

The stock of exchanges that have come to this department is greatly appreciated by the students and staff officials. In the library and University Student office we discover excellent literary contributions from the school publications. In the near future we hope to

publish our exchange list and write personal letters to everyone. Our old exchanges sustain the same relationship, and extend this welcome to other periodicals.

**BOOK REVIEW**

T. JEFFERS

"The Dark Journey", the 1929 Harper Prize novel by Julian Green is superbly written. Taking the very ordinary theme of the melancholy misfit in life he has produced the novel of the year and we even predict that it will last longer than this decade or this generation. Life to most of us is lived without much contemplation. We do not bother ourselves with so much why, instead we lead a short restless and excited existence: moving from day to day all intents bent toward the search for that elusive something known as pleasure. Julian Green has made Gueret taste the dregs of life and yet continue the struggle; he has made him realize the uselessness of fighting the inevitable. Life carries him along in his rapidly moving stream toward an uncertain and dismal end, offering first hope and then despair. "The Dark Journey" holds you with all the tenseness of the most pulsating mystery story as it flows on with the apparent calmness and majesty of an epic. It moves with the authentic inevitability of life.

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

The twelve years that have intervened between the closing of the world war and 1912 have not dimmed the vivid picture of Herr Eric Maria Remarque's life in the World War for in "All Quiet on the Western Front" he lives again for you those terrible days when triumph meant death and the winning of each victory the wanton slaying of fellow-men. He tells how his companions, classmates—all boys in their late "teens"—gradually became affected by the war and lost themselves in its horror. Herr Remarque has given you his own life story, his philosophy his yearnings and the feeling of one who has known the tragedy growing old and bitter in one's youth. The 18 year old lad who went to war returns two years later aged beyond even the oldest veteran and hardened by the horrors of a man made monster. You who knew the war will live through it again in the pages of "All Quiet On The Western Front" and those who have heard will be touched by this vivid portrayal.

DR. T. A. LONG ATTENDS MEETING OF PSYCHOLOGISTS

Dr. Thos. A. Long of the University attended the Ninth Annual International Congress of Psychologists, which convened at Yale University from 1-7 of September, inclusive. This assembly was the first ever held in America. A probable estimate of 1000 men and women of America, Europe and Asia composed the gathering.

Among other prominent educators of North Carolina were: Dr. Wm. McDougall and Dr. Zene of Duke University; Dr. Frederick Dashiell, Dr. M. Trabue and Dr. E. E. Crane of the University of North Carolina; Dr. J. H. Highsmith of North Carolina College for Women.

The University considers itself fortunate in having one of its faculty as a member of this grand body. It is an unexcelled distinction among us and we hope to have more part through his lectures and discussions.

**BEAT S. C. STATE NOVEMBER 9.**

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**SMITH LICKS BENEDICT**  
(Continued from page 1)  
made nice gains for the home team. Lipscombe, Henderson and Fox were the luminaries for the visitors.  
To date the Bulls have scored four successive triumphs and they seem well on their way to national honors. No Eleven, so far, has been able to muster up enough strength to cross the Bull's goal line.

Henry	R.T.	Johnson
Ellis	R.E.	Jones
Martin	Q.B.	A. Davis
Williams	L.H.	Henderson
Foulkes	R.H.	Lipscombe
Walker	F.B.	Fox

Smith 7 0 0 6  
Benedict 0 0 0 0  
Substitutions for Smith: Bess, Archia, Blue, Hamlin, Gilliard.  
Substitutions for Benedict: Lord, Hazel, Prince, Wilson, Hazel, Dean, Dunley, A Hill, H. Davis.  
Officials: Referee, Richardson, (Wilberforce); Umpire, Diamond, (Shaw); Head Linesman, Madden, (Carroll).

*Like the Sun*