

VOCAL RECITAL GIVEN BY MISS EBERHART

AUDIENCE CHARMED BY VOICE AND PERSONALITY OF CONTRALTO

On Thursday evening, November 20th, Miss Constance Eberhart, appeared in her first recital at Meredith, and delighted a large audience with her rendering of the varied and well chosen program. The stage, artistically decorated with ferns and baskets of flowers, presented a lovely background for Miss Eberhart, who was charming in a quaint gown of rose color. The college auditorium was completely filled, and there were many people standing in the rear of the hall.

Miss Eberhart's program was decidedly heavier than any we have heard at Meredith for some time. Her first group was French, the aria, "Ah Mon Fils," being sung exceptionally well showing a rare depth of feeling and of interpretative ability. The next group was entirely in English and was equally divided between familiar songs and newer and more unfamiliar ones. "Thy Beaming Eyes" and "The Last Hour" are probably two of the most popular modern concert songs, and Miss Eberhart's singing of them was both sympathetic and beautiful. The other two songs in the group were both Cadman numbers, one of them "Moonlit Tears" being introduced for the first time on the concert stage. Miss Eberhart endorsed this group with another Cadman song, "Magic," which is also quite new.

The next group was German, "Uber Nacht" being perhaps most popular with the audience. Then followed two Italian songs, the aria from "Aria and Euridice" being sung with a great deal of dramatic interpretation.

The final group presented four modern songs by American composers, built on Indian themes. Probably no other part of the program made such an appeal to the audience as did this group, the hauntingly beautiful Indian melodies being particularly well suited to Miss Eberhart's contralto voice.

As a whole, the recital was exceptionally well done, and offered a rare treat to Raleigh music lovers who have been anxiously awaiting it for some time. Miss Eberhart is to be especially congratulated on the quality of her program, and on her highly artistic and successful rendering of it.

PROGRAM

Des Roses (Ariane)	Massenet
Ah, mon Fils (Le Prophete)	Myerbeer
Thy Beaming Eyes	MacDowell
The Last Hour	Kramer
Moonlit Tears	Cadman
Flowers of Forgetfulness	Cadman
Uber Nacht	Wolf
Aus Meinengrossen Schmerzen	Frantz
Rachem	Mana-Zucca
Gia il sole dal Gange	Scarlatti
Che Faro seuzza Euridice	
(Orfeo ed Euridice)	Gluck
Innovation to the Sun God	Troyer
Her Blanket	Licurance
Her Shadow	Burton-Cadman
The Moon Drops Low	Cadman

SPECIAL SERVICE BY PULLEN YOUNG PEOPLE

PROGRAM TO BE GIVEN BY YOUNG PEOPLE OF PULLEN CHURCH NOVEMBER 30

H. G. MOORE, *Chairman*
C. V. TALLY, *Head Usher*
Song—No. 35, Praise Him, Praise Him. All standing.
Prayer—All standing.
Chorus—Peace be still.
Choir and Executive Committee.
Announcements—Dr. Ellis, pastor.
Scripture Reading—II Peter 1:1-10
Johnnie Moffitt.
Special Music—From School for Blind.
Prayer.
Song—No. 14, True Hearted, Whole Hearted. All standing. (Ushers enter for collection with last verse.)
Offertory—Girls' Duet.
Program—Subject: "Young People and the Church."
Past Relationship—R. R. Fountain.
Present Relationship—D. O. Price.
Introduction of local workers—D. M. Warren.
Response of B. Y. P. U.—Willa Dean Lane.
Response of Sunday School Class—P. M. Hendricks.
Response of Music—State College Quartet.
Closing remarks—Dr. Ellis, pastor.
Song—No. 154, Banner of the Cross Benediction.

CONTEMPORARY WOMEN POETS SHOWN BY PHIS

MODERN WOMEN POETS DISCUSS- ED IN INTERESTING MEETING OF PHI SOCIETY

The members of the Phi Society enjoyed thoroughly a very interesting and enlightening program on the Contemporary Women Poets, Saturday night, November 22.

Amy Lowell's "Pattorne," a delightfully quaint poem of real feeling, was

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REV. E. N. JOHNSON GIVES CHAPEL TALK

PASTOR OF FIRST BAPTIST OF DUNN ADDRESSES STUDENTS

Mr. Johnson read from 22d chapter of Acts, Paul's vision and his declaration of his call to Apostleship. What transformed Paul, the persecutor, to Paul, the disciple? Acts 26:19 "Wherefore, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Paul was loyal to what he saw. What one is or does determines on what one sees and the response made to what he sees. God has a purpose for everything he does. He didn't show Paul the three-fold vision merely for pleasure. Neither merely that he might know or see. Back of knowing—back of seeing is one big purpose—the preparation for service.

The proper relationship must exist between the vision and the task:

A man with a vision and without a task is on the way to becoming a sorehead. A man with a task and without a vision is on the way to becoming a hard-shell. A man without either task or vision is a figure-head, while a man with both vision and task will become a loyal, useful Christian.

There always comes the temptation to ignore tasks and gaze on vision. It is easier to stand and gaze than to go out and work. Another temptation is to go about the task and ignore the vision; the task becomes so important that the splendid vision fades into the background. In that case we are being disloyal to what we see in those who are ever loyal to the God-given task there comes the rapture of a joyful heart and heavenly peace. The joys of achievement, of innocence, of victory of a larger vision.

If we are loyal to the visions of today God will give us larger and more splendid visions tomorrow. If we are true to what we see here in college, then in after-life God will reward us with finer and greater visions.

MEREDITH B. Y. P. U.'S ENTERTAIN WAKE FOREST

B. Y. P. U. PARTY PROVES GREAT- EST SOCIAL SUCCESS OF SEASON

Meredith B. Y. P. U.'s entertained the B. Y. P. U.'s of Wake Forest at Meredith College on Saturday night November 22, with an informal social

Soon after 8 o'clock the boys, hilarious over their victory of the afternoon, joyfully made their way to the society halls where they were met by the entertainment committee, who pinned a Bible name on each guest's back. Then the girls who were in the opposite hall met them with like symbols on their backs. Much merriment followed as each tried to find out the name they possessed.

The next game was a "newspaper race" represented by "Miss Meredith" and "Mr. Wake Forest." Meredith won through the cheers of her many supporters.

About this time, Misses Ellen Broadwell and Alberta Harris came in as "Jack and Gill" with their pails of "all-day-suckers" which they gleefully distributed. Dignity was in the background for the next few minutes for preachers, seniors and all became children again.

Then the crowd was called into one society hall for a miscellaneous program. Misses May Misenheimer and Generia Huneycutt gave fitting readings. Then Misses Odessa Arnette and Crystal Davis gave a charming stunt entitled "The Result of This Social." This brought out the many things that could happen from the social, especially Dan Cupid's works.

Miss Nell Cheek and Mr. J. C. Peville won the prizes presented to the best entertainers of the evening.

Refreshments consisting of ice cream and cake were served to the crowd who by this time were acquainted and "well coupled off."

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FRESHMAN VIEW OF SOPHOMORE NIGHT OFF

FEAR AND TREMBLING OF TWENTY EIGHT OVER AT LAST

Friday, November twenty-first, nineteen twenty-four, was a day long to be remembered in the hearts of the Freshmen of '28!

Early in the morning we were awakened by the dreadful voices of the Sophomores, which caused a quickening beat of our heart and a shaking of the knees. We slipped to the windows, and peeped thru the blinds, to see if they had started their mischief—but what a relief to find out that we still had a few hours of peace, for they were only reminding us by taunting songs and yells that the fatal day had at last come! A black glove adorned each Sophomore's hand and it seemed to our eyes to reach up any minute and grab us in its clutches. With a dread never known before in our lives we remained behind our closed doors during the breakfast hour. As soon as breakfast was over, Sophomores could be seen, here, there and everywhere hunting up Freshmen to clean their rooms or go on unnecessary errands for them. Those with eight-thirty classes snatched their books up, and made a dash for their classrooms, casting a triumphant look at those left behind to do the "dirty work." All through the day we skipped about like shadows, and whenever we started anywhere we opened the door and took a good look about the halls making sure that no Sophs were in sight. Never in our lives have we been so courteous, so willing, and so ready to do.

From five to six during the afternoon we could at least breathe freely under the watchful protection of our big sisters who entertained us in the "Y" room. How much this cheered us and helped us to endure the ordeal to follow!

The dining-room at dinner portrayed the "spooky" atmosphere of the black hand. The blinking owls—the mascot of the Sophomore class greeted us from every side. No sooner had we taken our places than the door opened and two Sophomores walked in, dressed in orange and black costumes with masks on. They all entered and marched in and out the tables singing and finally grouping themselves with the Seniors. After many yells and songs the dinner drew to a close and the Sophomores left for a night of frolic, while we climbed the stairs to wait in fear for their return.

About ten-thirty we heard a cry of "all Freshmen down on the campus," and with a hurried snatching of coats and slippers we flew down the steps to where they were gathered after we had all assembled, next came the command "To the tennis court!" One and all we obeyed the orders without a minute's delay.

A bonfire was lighted and there poor Freshie met his doom! Around the big fire, amid mysterious shadows we did the snake dance, winding in and out. After making us give yells to the Seniors and Sophomores the rain came to our rescue and with thankful hearts we returned to our rooms. It was with a sigh of relief that we heard the clock strike twelve, and we knew that the dreaded Soph night off was at last over.

SOPHOMORE NIGHT OFF PROVES AN INNOVATION

SOPHS HOLD THEIR CEREMONIES OUT IN THE OPEN, THUS INTRO- DUCING NEW CUSTOM

SOPH NIGHT OFF!

Sophomores have come!
Freshmen all run!
They are all scared 'most to death!
Sophomores are mean—
Worst ever seen!
We're just a happy-go-lucky class!
We play our jokes on the Freshmen so green.
You should just hear 'em holler and scream.
The owl of the Sophomores is hooting tonite—
Better watch out or he'll bite!
Yea Bo! and the owl hooted not only at night but from six a.m. on until the last weary Sophomore crawled into bed near twelve last Friday night, November 21st.

At six o'clock in the morning as 'most everybody can testify, the Sophs gathered in the hall of the first floor of Main. Then the fun (which didn't

subside until eighteen hours later) began! Drowsy Freshmen cocked an ear to hear the tramp of a heard of oxen going past the old home place. Suddenly the dream fades with a bump when the supposed oxen break into yells and

"Get up Freshie

For this is Sophomore Day!"

First Faircloth, then East, then Faircloth again, Main Building and the various cottages were visited, each Sophomore displaying the traditional black hand of the Odd classes. After an hour of gentle awakenings the alarm clocks subsided for a half-hour only to resume operations at seven-thirty when the Seniors hoisted the Sophomore flag amid yells, songs and snake dances on the part of both classes. A triumphal entry, late to breakfast preceded by more songs and yells in the hall concluded the morning's public activity. Of private activity, however, there was no lack. Freshmen learned to work. By the

end of the day they ought to have been entitled to a diploma from the school of house-cleaning and stocking-washing.

The slight drizzle at noon in nowise dampened the spirit of the lusty Sophomores who held a peppy meeting immediately after lunch. Then more private activity all the afternoon until five forty-five when, as if by magic, the halls became devoid of Sophomores. There was a wild tumult however, in the vicinity of the Math room.

The dinner bell rang and the doors were thrown open to reveal a hall filled with orange lights. Seniors gowned in white occupied the three tables next to the Sophs. After every one was settled came an interval of expectant waiting. Then the doors were flung open by two pages and the pianist and cheer leader marched in. Finally again rang the song:

Sophomores have come!
Freshmen all run!

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