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AND

### ASSOCIATE PLAYERS

IN

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POPULAR PRICES

MAKE RESERVATION

### M. C. SOPHS ENTERTAIN STATE SOPHOMORES

(Continued from page one)

response from M. C. and N. C. S. Sophs alike, and many other songs and yells were exchanged between the three classes, before, giving their "Boom-a-Rack" for Meredith Sophs, the State Sophs had to depart, leaving the Meredith girls feeling much the same way as Cinderella must have felt after the clock struck twelve and her prince, jewelry, and pumpkin coach disappeared.

### NEWISH VISIT INFERNO

(Continued from page one)

quickly spread over their face and hands. As they staggered through the darkness, too faint to go further yet ever forced on by their relentless guide, masses of long, wiggling, squirming, cold things were placed in their hands for consideration. The end of their toilsome, nerve-racking journey now loomed on the horizon, and the climax of all their woes was approaching. In the distance, faint yet ungodly, the wails of their friends gone before were wafted over the winds. As the gate through which all were to pass was approached, fierce gusts of wind blew down upon them amid the darkness: they were swayed to and fro. Towering before that fatal gate stood the harsh judge, calling each by name and ordering her to give an account of her misdeeds toward her superiors.

This ordeal being completed, '28, balked by '26, was yet unwilling to release her hold upon the Newish. Out upon the campus they were sent, oh, so glad to step upon mother earth again, and there around a big bonfire fed by Freshman badges they did the snake-dance and gave vent to their long pent-up feelings. "Cry, cry, cry yet more," came the order and those whom fright had petrified were forced to cry out, and others in whom fear had created a desire for weeping moistened the ground with their tears.

As a grand climax to a perfect day, young '29 turned her back upon '27, sank down in a body upon her knees, and having lain in Oriental fashion before the fire kindled by '26 and '28 rendered obedience to the classes!

### STATE COLLEGE SOPHS PUT GORGEOUS NUMERAL FOR MEREDITH '28

(Continued from page one)

they are the best our four years have seen.

And it would be amiss to stop without some word for the three who so faithfully guarded the freshly painted numerals through the wee small hours. For the president of the State Sophs, with two other members of their class, maintained guard until they were joined by all the Meredith Sophs at 6 a.m., along with a few Seniors. Yells were given for the State boys both present and absent, and the admiring girls grouped 'round until the breakfast bell called them away.

The first really Red Letter Day for the Sophomores has passed, but it left its sign. And again Meredith Sophs say to those from State—"We thank you."

"You can come early. You can come late,

But, oh, State Sophomores,  
You are welcome at any date  
At all our doors."

### DUMB

"Do you know the difference between parlor and a bathtub?"

"No."

"Then I won't invite you to visit my house."

### TIGERS LEAVE DEN FOR WILD RIDE TO DURHAM

(Continued from page one)

amazement at the flighty purple and gold sight whizzing by on the wings of songs. But it takes energy to sing and yell; and whenever energy is used, the marks of hunger are left behind. But Mrs. Maddry had foreseen this possibility of emptiness and had provided us with a box of candy—absolutely the best we've ever tasted.

It was mighty hard to quench our voices long enough to get through the heavy traffic of Durham, especially when all the people were wanting so much to know who we were and where we were from. But we held it all in for a little while to keep the traffic from getting congested.

And then we rode up to Duke and began our songs and yells. We must have been an unusual sight for everywhere heads began to sprout out of the windows and soon whole bodies began to emerge from all sorts of cracks and corners to see what it was all about.

That was one excited bunch of boys who came out and yelled for Meredith as we drove through. There was such a great force of magnetism in the busses that some of the boys seemed to cling on the sides for a short space and pour out phrases of excitement. But they slipped off as we left the campus to go back up town.

We rode all around town until we came to a fruit store that was open. The Greek owner of the place ran out, his eyes bulging with excitement.

"You wanna da banan' for alla da crowd? Well we hava de banan and da applea two."

Thereupon he brought out three huge bags of fruit and smiled in his Oriental politeness as he handed them to the hungry Sophs within.

We ate and were merry and then drove back around to Duke for a last farewell. There were crowds assembled to yell for us, bid us remain, and finally tell us good bye.

And then in a swift flight, we had left Durham and were on our way back to Raleigh; and all hearts and minds were eagerly anticipating the *Return, the Downfall of the Freshie*.

We did not stop at Meredith at first when we came back, but drove on up through State College and yelled. And from there we rode to Raleigh, up and down Fayetteville Street, and around by Old Meredith before we came back.

We turned the corner down by the highway, we came on up to the College, and there waiting for us were our Big Sisters, the Senior Class. We all yelled for each other and then made a mad dive for the Freshmen.

### JOKES

Margaret Wilkinson wants to know if you put a question mark after a question in a letter.

Lib Morton—"A little bird told me what kind of a lawyer your father is."

Lib Webb—What did it say?

Lib Morton—Cheep, cheep.

Lib Webb—"Well, a little duck told me what kind of a doctor your father is."

Mary had a little cat

It ate some old tin cans,

And when it had some kitten, they  
Arrived in Ford Sedans.

Height of imagination—a muzzle on a hot dog.

Butcher—This pound of flaxseed you sent me is three ounces short.

Druggist—Well, I mislaid the pound weight, so I weighed it by the pound of chops you sent me."

### SPECTACULAR DISPLAY OF '28 IN DINING HALL

(Continued from page one)

Our paths may sever,

But we'll remember forever—

Deep in our hearts

Ever we'll think of you."

And then:

"We'll be loving you, always,

With a love that's true, always.

When the things we plan

Need a helping hand

You can understand and, always,

always

Skies were not so blue, always.

You were ever true, always;

So far not a day, but for e'er and aye,

We'll be leaving you, our Sisters,"

And, then, lest the Freshmen should

feel neglected, these songs rang out:

"Good-bye Jays!

Sophs are singing,

Every old thing in tune.

Hello, blues!

Freshmen are crying,

Juniors are looking blue,

Saw a Freshie hanging round,

So we're going with a bound,

Good-bye Jays!

Troubles beginning

Without ending, Yes—

For we're the Tiger Sophs;

There'll be no Junior Sisters hanging

round;

For we're the meanest bunch of Sophs

on earth—

We intend to make those Newish yell,

but never grin—

Just hear that Tiger howl.

Which makes those little Freshies

wail and yowl—

Then we will yell so all the world will

know—

Here we come,

For we're the Tiger Sophs!"

Neither Soph nor Senior could eat

much, full of excitement and spirit

as they were. Song followed song,

Seniors singing to Sophomores, and

Sophomores singing to Seniors and

Freshmen. Just before the end of the

meal, '28 sang the following:

Far away there is a Sophomore land

A Tiger is the leader of its band.

And howling through the mystery of

the night,

He seeks the only prey for his delight.

Softly we send answer to his call

A loyal band of Sophomores one and

all

For here beneath the glowing stars

we'll meet,

We'll call and none will dare to re-

treat.

### CHORUS

Sophs! oh we are here in numbers

Breaking little freshies' slumbers

With shrieks the air is laden

Answering his call

Fierce, yes bloody sights will greet

you

When we call you from above

To make you freshies quiver

For the Tiger Sophs are here.

But the grand climax came when

the handed-down song of the even

classes arose, first from the Seniors;

was taken up with spirit by the class

of '28; and then, as Sophs pranced out

of the hall, swelled with one tremen-

dous vibration from both classes—

"Here comes bloody Sophs around the

corner,

Looking for a little Freshman wan-

derer.

They're looking high and low,

They frighten Freshie so

They beat 'em up, you know,

It's so much fun to see them run.

We've heard them yell once or twice,

Say, Sophomores, Say ain't it nice.

Fresh are green, and they get greener,

Sophs are mean and they get meaner,

That's the Tiger Sophomore way."