

'28 SOPH EXTRA '28

M. C. SOPHS ENTERTAIN STATE SOPHOMORES

SUNNY SPAIN INSPIRES ROMANCE AND CHARM

For the Sophomores, Saturday, February 27, was a red letter day—a day to be remembered with pleasure and, it must be confessed, with a bit of pride. For that night, according to an old tradition of Meredith, the Meredith Sophomore class was hostess to the Sophomore class from State College.

Arriving early in hearty response to an invitation written in Spanish style, the visitors were met at the door by two Spanish señoritas who presented them with bright yellow and red sashes to be worn "Valentino" style. (We must admit that quite a few of them were worn in a manner that would have given credit to Rudolph himself.)

They were then ushered to the society hall which had, by some magic, been transformed into a realistic Spanish garden. Pine trees, Spanish moss, trailing vines, and bright flowers were used in profusion, furnishing attractive nooks and corners for garden benches, and forming an idealistic background for the statues scattered here and there. In the center was very cleverly arranged fountain, around which palms and flowers were banked. Several of the windows had been transformed into balconies, and the rose colored lights, together with the bright, vivid costumes of the señoritas and the silvery light of a really truly moon shining through the windows, lent an air of charm, magic, and romance.

After the guests had been duly introduced and allowed some time for conversation with their hostesses, several musical numbers were rendered. Dorothy Turlington, accompanied on the guitar by Mary Brockwell, sang "A Spanish Cavalier"; followed by two Spanish solos, "Marchita" and "Gipsy Love Song," by Evelyn Rhea Wood and Elizabeth Myers. Then Mary Lee Sears, in quaint Spanish dancing girl costume, gave a charming solo dance, to the delight of the audience. As a climax, Mildred Allen, dressed as a Spanish señorita, with her escort, Katherine Carter, gave a very graceful and thrill-producing interpretation of the Spanish tango.

Following this, the guests were invited to the balcony, around which little tables with red covers were placed in cabaret fashion. Here punch and salad and ice cream courses were served, and clever souvenirs, candy cigarettes, were distributed.

In the midst of the revelry, music came floating up from below; everyone instantly became quiet. Then came these words:

"Twenty-eight! Twenty-eight!
Twenty-eight, Twenty-six sings to
you."

The Seniors, in true Spanish style, were serenading the Sophomores! Their songs brought forth a hearty

(Continued on page four)

NEWISH VISIT INFERNO

GHOST GUIDES '29 THRU UNDERGROUND WORLD

SHRIEKS AND GROANS INDICATE TORTURES

"Ugh-uh-uh! Where are the Freshmen? Let's cook 'em!" With a scream and a shout, and one long dive for Dormitory D came those Tiger Sophomores on Thursday night, aroused to the superlative degree of excitement by a delightful ride to Durham. Soph spirit was raging high, and as these hosts of sturdy '28 overran the halls calling wildly for Freshmen it seemed as though the ancient Ostrogoths again lived. Into the assembly room the benighted Newish were driven, petrified, seeking eagerly any opportunity of escape, yet not daring to avail themselves of the proffered chance and clinging lovingly to the towels which they had been ordered to bring—hoping to gain some comfort from this lone remembrance of home and joy. Closely around them towered their mistress, '28, exultant in her power, and '26 radiant in her glory. "Fifteen rahs for '26 and '28—make it snappy," and for the following minutes the hall rang with their shouts, while nice, round, hard peas made their way into the shoes of the Freshmen. "Newish in the basement!" sounded the order of the Sophomore president. Though filled with discomfort due to rapid walking upon pea-filled shoes, yet not daring to give expression to a word of complaint, the Freshmen filed down the steep steps leading to the basement. Oh, what rapid heart-beatings there were! What heart-sinkings! What thoughts of home and loved ones as they looked upon light probably for the last time!

And how their fears multiplied at the first glimpse of the dark dungeon through which each was forced to pass—alone. Far rumblings as of chariots in the distance, hideous moans, occasional wild shrieks as of one being tortured, and ever that gr-r-r-ning, as of a tiger about to spring upon its prey. "I can't," would almost burst from the Newish's lips; but as she felt her way through the inky darkness, seemingly forced on by these blood-curdling sounds, and was at length met by a ghost, destined to be her guide, she knew all too well there was no turning back. Dante's *Inferno*, with a ghost as the guide, was revealed to the Freshmen that night. No word was uttered, no force used, yet unconsciously their faces went down into the saltiest of salty brine. Oh! how it smarted and burned—yet those hideous moans were ever in the air and their guide pressed on, as she needs must keep pace with this underground music. "The hand of thy forefather, burned and charred, yet risen to warn you here tonight," and their hand met that of their worthy ancestor in a grip which left them a portion of the underworld material. Nor did this charred residue remain upon the one spot, but

(Continued on page four)

STATE COLLEGE SOPHS PUT GORGEOUS NUMERAL FOR MEREDITH '28

ANNUAL PAINTING OF SOPHOMORE NUMERAL MEMORABLE AFFAIR

"We, the Sophs of '28 Sing to all the Sophs of N. C. State Together we will have some fun Making all the Freshmen run We'er so wild that we'll say this When we get after them We can't miss. Come on Sophs, let's raise a row State College-Meredith."

And there's no doubt about it, they did. A row that made all the little Freshmen tremble in their boots and brought reminiscent smiles to the faces of the upper classmen.

Pep! That's something the Sophs have nothing else but. Don't the wearers of the Green Badge know it? But I'm getting away from my subject.

Well, all this aforesaid spirit was in evidence on the never-to-be-forgotten night. What night? Why, child, the night—when the Sophomores of N. C. State painted the numerals '28 while Meredith Sophs looked on and cheered.

And how they did cheer, from the very first minute when a horde of State Sophomores like the onrush of an army, landed on Meredith's campus, till hoarse but happy, the girls of '28 trundled off to bed.

Nor were the Seniors forgotten. They came in for their share of songs. They warned the Newish of the wrath of "The Tiger Sophomores of Twenty-eight" and assured them that their big sisters stood back of them, both as a class and as individuals.

State College held up its side of this song battle nobly. "Boom-a-rack" was given for Sophs and Seniors alike, and if their cheering lacked the colorful variety of their sister class, they made up for it in enthusiasm.

And then we went in, but the real work began in earnest. We feel the class of twenty-eight of State College is to be congratulated on its artist or artists, for we can truthfully say that

(Continued on page four)

TIGERS LEAVE DEN FOR WILD RIDE TO DURHAM

VISIT DUKE AND RAID GREEK FRUIT STAND

Two great big Sophomores, two monstrous purple and gold busses, shook a hot wheel on the highway to Durham Thursday night. They were literally crammed with Sophomores, rushing with speed, and bursting with the Spirit of the Tiger Sophs!

A lovely sight of fragrant whiteness in the fading glow of twilight waved a last farewell at us as we left the Meredith campus. For all our big sisters came out to wish us a merry time and a heap of fun.

We rode and we yelled, we yelled and we rode along the highway that night; those passing stared in blank

(Continued on page four)

TIGER SOPHS MAKE RAID ON NEWISH VICTIMS

PURPLE AND GOLD REIGNS SUPREME ON DAY OFF

SOPHOMORE AND SENIOR SUPERIORITY DAY

Yes Siree! The Sophomore class is important enough to have things its way once in a while. (Note to public: According to Sophster's Dictionary the word *things* denotes *Freshmen*.) They wasted some of the sandman's efforts by waking up the little dears so early; they wasted a few dreams which might lead them to a banquet table or up before the executive committee of the faculty; they wasted also a part of that beauty sleep in grease which lends to the complexion that youthful texture; but there is one thing they did not waste—and that was time.

They donned the little purple and gold caps and with authority began the day ordering all Freshmen to the rotunda where the roll was called and there was much song and many yells for the Seniors and Sophomores. It is surprising what the little things can do when pressure is applied.

There were a few fundamental rules which governed the practices of each and every Freshman that day.

1. All hair had to be worn straight.
2. A bow had to be made to every Senior when passing.
3. Sophomore colors had to be saluted wherever they were seen.
4. Continued yells had to be made for '26 and '28.
5. All Freshmen had to appear at the den at noon to be tattooed with a red F on their left hands which thereafter had to be held on their chests.

All these rules were on the Freshman Calendar, which predicted also further "Downfall of the Freshie."

Thus it was a tired, scared bunch that wearily watched the sun sink in the west that afternoon, not knowing what kind of a world it would rise upon the next morning. They worked hard—they cleaned the rooms so well that we hereby wish to make public mention of them and recommend them as housewives to the Bachelor's Club. They can be ruled easily also, and consequently would make quite convenient mates for some of these men who have ambition enough to own their own homes and rule over their contents. If one or two of them did shrink under the tasks they hushed mighty quick at the prospects of scrubbing a bathroom floor.

To obey is to be happy.

'26 SHOWS "BIG SISTER" LOVE AND SPIRIT

'28 PAYS HOMAGE TO '26

The "Sister" has always been greatly manifested among the even classes, but we feel safe in saying that there never has been a class of Big Sisters which has upheld and lived up to the name in a more consistent, loving manner than '26 has done.

When, as Freshmen, we first landed

(Continued on page three)

SPECTACULAR DISPLAY OF '28 IN DINING HALL

UNIQUE COSTUMES AND DECORATIONS CARRY OUT CLASS COLORS

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Have you heard about the Soph Ha! Ha! the Soph Ha! Ha! Ha! He's the one who pulls things off Ha! Ha! Ha! Off Ha! Ha! Ha! When you step into your gown Ha! Ha! your gown Ha! Ha! You can hear him prowling round! Then—He'll rise before your eyes And laugh in glee, and dance so merrily

He's got your number, you'll never slumber For he will gloat, and he will get your goat

Like a white ghost, he's in the air. But when you grab him, he isn't there. He'll make you shake, keep you wide awake

And Ohhhhhhhhhhh!!! How you shiver Sand man comes stealing round But at a glance, he hasn't got a chance—

For the Soph's out! the Soph's out!! And you will pay, for stepping out!!! Tortures, moans of Freshie at the stake

All tonight and, Sophs, just won't it be great While from your beaus, amid your screams

Blood Streams—Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! You have heard about the Sophs, Ha! Ha!

The Sophs, Ha! Ha! Ha! Tonight he's going to pull things off! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

With this threatening song, the Sophomore class made a dramatic entrance into the dining hall at dinner. Just as the Seniors, dressed in white and wearing purple and gold ribbons, had finished their songs to '28, the doors were thrown open and in pranced the Tiger Sophs, hands on hips and heads raised high in the air as if on the trail of some Freshman wanderer. The costumes were of Oriental design; with long yellow jackets having deep borders, stripes, high collars, and embroidered numerals of purple; and purple trousers with stripes of yellow. Each Sophomore wore a skull cap of purple and gold, with the numeral in front, and a black mask.

Having wound several times around the tables in a mystic maze of purple and gold, made even more mystic by the faint lavender light coming from the chandeliers from which long, graceful streamers of gold floated, the Sophomores took their places by their chairs which were tied with purple and gold bows.

Just opposite stood the Seniors, their chairs decorated in a similar manner with their colors, green and white. At the sight of them and their colors every Sophomore began:

"Dear, dear old twenty-six We'll always love you true; We'll ne'er forget you—Fondest of memories, too—

(Continued on page four)