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Editorial

EXTRA!! EXTRA!! EXTRA!!

The above extras are put in order that it won't escape your attention that this is an expedition seeking to establish a new tradition. It is also for the prevention of the extermination of that determination by which the Newish are, with prohibition and deliberation on the parts of the Sophs, led to an elimination of all that which is unbecoming in Freshmen, and a conservation of all that which is. "Tenshun!! After premeditation, we make a presentation to you of the first Sophomore edition of *The Twig*. And now, with our best bow, we retire from these pages, and give the rest of the space, with our best wishes, to the class of '28.

FROM THE SOPHS

Junior—Well, little sister, how did you find the initiation?

Freshman—Didn't have to find it. I just stooped over and there it was.

There was a Fresh in College once

Who was so very bright
 She couldn't get it dark enough
 To go to sleep at night.

But when "Soph night" came
 She changed her mind
 And cried, "Turn on all the lights."

The Literary Department of this publication suggests that you read "My Trip Through the Subterranean Channel," from the memories of a "Traveling Freshman."

First Soph—What's the end of a Perfect Day?

Second Soph—A Perfect Night.

Great Event the sage "Soph Night." Maggie Arnette doing the Charleston.

Junior—Why the bandage around your head?

Freshman—Sophomore poster caught my eye.

'Tis said "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is often interred with their bones."

"I wonder that some Sophomores are still alive."

SOPHOMORE SONGS TO FRESHMEN

(TUNE OF FIVE FOOT TWO)

Lots of pep,
 Watch us step,
 We're the girls you can't forget;
 We're the Sophomores of '28.
 We will work,
 Like a Turk,
 Never let the freshies shirk,
 For this is '28's own day.
 Rise up now, '29,
 And always keep in mind,
 We will win, what we begin
 Let the freshies know the worst.
 We'll do our best, you the rest,
 On this day to stand your test,
 We're the Sophomores of '28.
 —'28—

Oh, Freshmen, here you are,
 In all your greenery,
 Just untied from your mother's apron strings.
 And we, the Sophomores, in all our glory,
 Are just now ready to begin our fun.
 —'28—

(TUNE OF FRESHIE)

There's a girl who doesn't know just who she is or why.
 She's a dumb one, thinks she's some one,
 But to us she's pie.
 She's the Freshman, the lowly, first year Freshman,
 But we pity little she,
 For she could never see—

CHORUS

Why do we all pick on Freshie?
 She's a nut, nothing but
 The Juniors hang around her.
 Why do we all pick on Freshie,
 At every meal she's a course,
 She's just the apple sauce,
 We'll 'raze her, and daze her,
 No matter what she does, it will not phase her,
 So, why do we all call her Freshie?
 Because she ain't what she is,
 And isn't what she was!
 —'28—

(TUNE OF OH MABEL)

'Neath your window we are waiting,
 Oh, you Freshie! oh, you Freshie.
 Come out and greet us.
 'Tis time by now you knew your rating,
 Oh, you Freshie, oh you newish green.
 You're scared so bad you've lost your sense,
 And all you've ever had,
 Your sisters true of course have been so very nice to you,
 But —————
 The Sophomores they are coming for you,
 Look out Freshie, look out Freshie now!
 —'28—

(TUNE OF O SOLE MIO)

Nobody loves you, not a single bit,
 But that don't matter and we won't quit.
 We love ourselves, and that's enough.
 You bet your life, girls,
 We know our stuff.
 —'28—

(TUNE OF TURKEY IN THE STRAW.)

Oh, you greenish Freshmen, Junior's pets,
 We, the Sophs, are right here yet;
 For we need some fun,

College does a Freshman good,
 A Sophomore does her better.

Once upon a time Freshmen thought they were educated. (Note—They still are if they meet the right girl.)

To a Freshman every question has just two sides, Her first opinion and the one when she changed her mind.

And we'll make you run,
 Hi, ho, ho, for the rough tough Sophs.
 Come on, Sophomores, give us a call.
 Junior's pets are bound to fall.
 With a rah—rah, loo and a toot,
 toot, too,
 '28, '28, yes we're for you.
 —'28—

(TUNE OF MY KID)

We call her Ma's kid,
 Just because she wants to leave here,
 That's all she thinks about.
 We'll tell the world she's Ma's kid.
 And when the Sophs are not around her,
 She's just as gay as can be.
 But when we come a-roaming in the gloaming,
 We meet her with a grin,
 "Hello, newish, hello, greenish,"
 That's when our fun begins.
 And when old '28 gets through,
 Young '29 won't be the same.
 Oh, yes remember, bear in mind
 That she won't be just Ma's kid.

TO SOPHOMORES

(TUNE OF COLLEGIATE)

Sophomores, Sophomores,
 Yes, we are the Sophomores.
 We are rough and ready, you bet!
 Freshmen, freshmen, we will get you freshmen.
 Seniors will help us, and we will get you yet.
 Freshmen, newish, greenest of them all,
 You had better answer when the Sophomores call.

We're the Sophomores, Sophomores,
 Yes, we are the Sophomores,
 We are the roughomores of old M. C.
 —'28—

(TUNE OF "WHEN MY SUGAR WALKS DOWN THE STREET.")

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're 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.
 —'28—

(TUNE OF "DON'T BRING LULA.")

You can come early, you can come late
 But, oh, State Sophomores
 You are welcome at any date
 At all our doors.
 We will always try to do
 What you boys think best to do.
 When you come to Meredith grounds
 We will never turn you down
 Give us your help and your loudest yelps
 And we will e'er be true.
 You're the kind of fellows
 That work with us together
 Hul-a-la-laa-laa
 Rah-Rah-tu-Ra
 Here's to State Sophomores.
 —'28—

(TUNE OF "WHO.")

Who are we singing to
 Who holds our hearts so true
 Here's a group of boys we adore
 They're the boys we want to see more.
 Who makes us happy here,
 Who do our hearts hold dear.
 Well we think you can guess
 Who! who!
 It's Wake Forest.
 —'28—

THE SENIORS

(TO TUNE OF "WHEN THE ONE YOU LOVE LOVES YOU.")

Dear sisters true, you know we love you,
 Through all the months, through all the years.
 Others may come, others may go,
 '28 ever will be the same.

CHORUS

Just remember we love you,
 And we never will forget,
 What you meant to us last year
 When we were new,
 You helped us through it all.
 Now that we are Sophomores
 You have been the same to us.
 Just remember, Seniors dear,
 We tell you here,
 We could ne'er forget '26.
 —'28—

(TO TUNE OF "WHEN YOU AND I WERE SEVENTEEN.")

Dear '26 to you we sing
 Our vows of love renew;
 The bells of time your praise shall ring
 Through loyal hearts and true.
 When we were new, you helped us through,
 So now come join in our fun.
 To you we call, dear Seniors all,
 Come watch the Newish run.
 —'28—

(TO TUNE OF "HONEST AND TRULY.")

Seniors, dear Seniors,
 '28 loves you.
 Though we are parted by time and by space

Nobody else can take your place.
 Seniors, dear Seniors,
 We will be faithful,
 To our own sister class of old M. C.
 Senior Class we love you.
 —'28—

(TUNE OF "AT THE END OF THE ROAD.")

Shadows are rising and through memory's haze,
 Oh, what a picture appears to our gaze.
 Oh, how we'll miss you, our own sister class
 Nobody knows save only we Sophs.
 To our own sister class of old M. C.
 We sing with our hearts full of love,
 Of the days of last year, when we were so new,
 And the welcome that you gave to us,
 We know that you have been true blue,
 And we never want to part
 From our own sister class.
 We sing to you tonight.
 —'28—

(TUNE OF "PAL OF MY CRADLE DAYS.")

Pals of our College Days,
 You've helped us always,

(Continued on page three)

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