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Member of

Intercollegiate Press

At the B.S.U. Convention

How many sat there!
 Waiting—wanting words of wisdom, truth, and light;
 Hoping—longing for courageous love to fight the salient selfishness of man; to lift the humdrum strain of life in slum and country shack; to loose the chain of ignorance that thwarts life everywhere.
 Sponges? No! At the time not giving much;
 But as we sat there, the vision seemed a little clearer; and if our hearts are right, we all will come a little nearer to our goal
 Because we sat there.

GLORIA MAYER.

Exchangin' Aroun'

WITH JANE LASSITER

When that Friday comes around,
 In the Publications Room I'm foundee;
 Reading each and every paper,
 All about the college caper.

Isn't that a bit of touching sentiment, though? Well, let's get on to better things. . . .

The *Rider News* tells us that our Yankee friends at Rider College, Trenton, N. J., have just opened up a brand new cafeteria called the "Sport Room." It is complete with juke box and hand painted murals of typical campus scenes such as dances, overloaded jalopies, football heroes, and co-eds wearing the usual garb of sweaters, skirts, and Robert-Socks. In this ultra-modern eating establishment prices are far below those of nearby restaurants, and meal tickets are issued for the convenience of the students.

Strictly from the funny papers, that's what it is. . . . Yep, came one o'clock last Friday the Carolina campus donned dungarees and Daisy Mae costumes for their annual Dogpatch Day. First, there was a parade and then a "feetsball" game followed by the Sadie Hawkins Day race. In the evening there was a dance with admission only to those dressed in true Dogpatch style. Reports have it that a gay time was had by all. Oh! to be a Carolina co-ed for just one day! I'm just wondering how they pulled themselves together for the big game Saturday when Carolina met the Cow College for the first time since '43. . . . Groannnnnn.

. . . And bathed every brain in swich licour,

Of which virtue engendered is no more. . . .
 . . . nuff said.

A Rook Bievew

Shax Mulman, one of the noving leadelist of today, procently reduced a wagnificent firk of siction, Charefoot Boy with Beak. With remarkable un-sight and inderstanding, he stortrays the pruggles of a yoormal nung toy of booday.

Schister Mulman harries sis csubject brom the feginning of his college career through his acceptance into a frolesome American whaternity and up to his carting pom frollege, taused by a title crouble with lests. Hevertheless, our nero has lotten a got out of college: how to slay politare, or fexample.

Won the hole, this book gives fine soss-creation of what American tuth is yooday.

In stiew of that vast latement, when you have binished the fook, you will probably yoot shoursel or lign up for the Soreign Fegion or Ceridith Mollege.

From Salemite.

SPICE BOX

Because a girl has a vacant look, it doesn't mean she has an open mind. The girl who speaks volumes usually ends up on a shelf.—*Sou'wester*.

There has never been an absent-minded professor who ever forgot to flunk a student.—*Meteor*.

He: My aunt is very sick.

She: Sickness is just a mental condition—entirely in her mind.

He: She had a relapse.

She: She just thinks she had a relapse.

He: Well, she's dead now and she'd better not change her mind, because we buried her yesterday.—*Parlez-vous*.

Definition of a Meredith girl: An appetite, loosely wrapped in skirt and shirt, placed in saddles, and tied on top with a colorful ribbon.—*Alabamian*.



The Acorn

There can be no more fitting way to begin this history of *The Acorn* than by quoting here what the first *Acorn* editor of 1907 set forth as the purpose of and her expectations from the *Acorn*.

"Our college has been dreaming for some months of a college magazine; it is no more a dream. It now presents itself to us as a reality.

"Two mass-meetings of the student body aroused great interest and enthusiasm in all of the girls. Plans were made, a petition laid before the faculty for approval of the enterprise, and in two weeks time the first issue was ready for the press.

"This magazine is for our college, and we hope it will mean improvement in every department. It is to encourage and promote originality in literary expression on the part of every student, and it is the desire of the editors that every girl shall feel that the magazine is hers and she must contribute to it.

"We hope every girl in school will offer contributions frequently; jokes, essays, news, short stories, and poems. A marked improvement should be made in the literary work this year, and this paper will afford opportunity for many forms of expression.

"This is our first volume, and the students must all work hard to make it a success, if it is to fulfill the expectations of its founders."

In those early years the *Acorn* had many features and many articles which were really newspaper material, but since the *Twig* had not been organized, the *Acorn* served as both newspaper and magazine. This extra function did not detract from the dignity of the literary magazine, however, and since its beginning, the *Acorn* has held its reputation of being the most formal of the Meredith publications, publishing the best of stories, poems, and essays written by Meredith students.

EMILY POOL.

I Ask You

Have you ever gone down to the laundry on a Saturday morning only to find your laundry box completely vacant? Absolutely empty. . . . No sheets, no towels, no bedspreads. Not even a tattered old bath cloth. . . . It's an awful feeling, isn't it? One's first impulse is to go down and cast oneself into the cold, icy waters of Allen's Pond, for the prospect of sleeping on a drab, worn-out mattress is just too much to endure. Even if the idea of the mattress doesn't irk you, the mere thoughts of a pillow caseless pillow with all its various little protruding feathers is enough to cause a sleepless night.

And then your persecution complex gets the better of you. You visualize little purple men with green teeth putting your laundry in some dirty, obscure corner. You even suspect your class mates of swiping said linen. You say to yourself, "I wish these prospective brides would stop shopping for their linen trousseaus in my laundry. There ought to be a law. . . ."

And as you slowly trod up the cold, cement steps that lead to your boudoir, you are completely slubberfasted as to where you can lay your little pointed, throbbing head tonight. Guess it will have to be one of those propped-up-in-a-corner affairs. . . .

You reach your room and slowly open the door trying frantically not to gaze on that rectangular iron object lurking over by the window. Yes, it's your bed. You cringe to see it. What a horrible sight. But wait! What's that nice white piece of material hiding under the mass of crumpled blankets? "Clean linen!" you shriek.

Your roommate has gone and done it again. Must she always beat you to the laundry and so considerably bring your linen back to the room with hers? Oh! The anguish of a Saturday morning. Do you, too, suffer from hysterics and shattered nerves come Sunday?

JANE.

With the Day Students

The sound of gay chatter, the many tones of laughter, and the evershuffling feet all merge into one in the Day Student quarters, located on the second floor of Johnson Hall. Doubtless, the whereabouts of the non-resident students' "home-away-from-home" is well known to all students at Meredith, for at one time or another, who hasn't passed its portals on the way to and from the library?

Within the confines of the two rooms, news of every description "goes the rounds" in very short order! For example, the other morning, during the few minutes between 8:15 and time for 8:30 classes, I observed Jean Minshew rushing breathlessly out of the first day students room, a letter clutched tightly in her hand. This incident served as a bright beginning to an otherwise long day.

Glancing about me, I noticed the dreamy, rapt expressions on the countenances of the "quartet." The latter is composed of Iris Walker, Jean Daniels, Katherine Mims, and Anna Hungerford, now sporting "sparklers."

Then "tuning in" to the general "hub-bub" progressing all around, I gathered enough information to make me realize that "with the day students, it's Bill four to one!" Bunny's "Bill" came from Davidson Palio weekend, and 'tis rumored that he is as sweet and handsome as ever! At that moment, someone else supplied the bit of gossip that Gladys Green was to sponsor for her "Bill" at the forth-coming Monogram Club dance at State. Then, Iris and Doris Harris added to the conversation that their "Bills" come in quite often, and I do mean often, from Wake Forest.

With four minutes to spare before rushing to my 8:30 class, I was beginning to despair of getting any more "dope," but I knew my buddies wouldn't let me down. Sure enough, another source informed our group that things were looking quite serious between Jerry and Larry and between Mary and Les. . . .

So on it goes, a never-ending "bureau of information"—that's us day students! I gazed gratefully around my fellow pals, realizing that they had given me the "scoop" I needed. As my time was up, I gathered my books together and rushed out of the room, almost knocking down two girls who were entering, I overheard one say, "Marie and 'T' had a perfectly wonderful time at the Carolina dance last weekend."