

# The Salemite

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### LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

"There is no power to change  
One act, one word.  
We move in time; these range  
Immortal I have heard."  
—Francis Meynell.  
"This above all to thine own self  
Be true,  
And it must follow, as the night  
The day,  
That thou canst not then be false  
To any man."  
—Shakespeare.

### PARAGRAPHS

Only 17 more shopping days until Christmas! And only 14 more days before Salem girls go home to see Santa Claus himself!

It's rather late in the season, but the Salem staff takes this time and place (and space) to congratulate and to thank heartily the Freshman staff for its noble issue of *The Salemite*. Methinks Editors Gray and Long have been reading *Ballyhoo*. I declare, these green Freshmen do have it all over the rest of us when it comes to originality.

Sombody said that Mahatma Gandhi used to be a successful lawyer. Well, anyway, it looks as though he didn't win any suits!

The various student organizations, through the President's Forum, have successfully aided Dr. Rondthaler in conducting chapel this week. No Paragrapher thinks this policy a good idea.

The weather, the games, the old fighting spirit, the turkey, the cranberry sauce, the toasts (even Dr. Rondthaler's)—everything was unusually fine this Thanksgiving.

### SCHOOL IN HAWAII

Some mainlanders evidently think the Hawaiians are cannibals. Our family had a lot of fun over our Hawaiian license plate on our annual mobile trip from New York to Baltimore. People looked at it and then at us with mouths wide open as if they expected surely to see cannibals. In order not to disappoint them, we gave them something to look at, I decided to put on my grass skirt and nonchalantly to strum the ukulele, much to the horror of my family. A garage-man asked daddily how long he had been on the road. Daddy very unconcerned said, "Oh, about a month." The man said, "I don't believe I'd like to drive that far." I suppose he actually thought we had driven across the ocean!

People have all kinds of vague and strange ideas about Hawaii, but some of their most peculiar ones are connected with the education of the islands. Before I went to Hawaii, when I told someone I expected to be gone three years, he said, "Oh, but you'll miss a lot of school, won't you?" While attending a public high school in Honolulu, our school got a letter from one on the mainland inquiring whether we wore grass skirts to school? Other people imagine us playing ukuleles and singing as we stroll from class to class. So I conclude that the average mainlanders is in dire need of being enlightened on the subject.

To begin with, I wonder how many people know that for many years Californians sent their children to Honolulu to be educated rather than to send them around the Horn to New England or to allow their children to grow up without academic training while California was yet a wilderness? How many of you know that the oldest and best preparatory school west of the Rocky Mountains Academy, is in Honolulu? Besides that there are several other high schools and the University of Hawaii in Honolulu, to say nothing of the schools on the other islands of the group.

Another question I have been asked frequently concerns the language spoken. Some people want to know if I had to speak Hawaiian, French or what not. It is true that among the older Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiians, et cetera, one hears often their respective native language. Officially the Hawaiian language, which consists of twelve letters, is no longer used (except, of course, in their songs). The schools which the children are required to attend are English-speaking schools. However, there are Japanese language schools which many ambitious children attend for the rest of the afternoon after they have finished the required public school.

As to the costumes of the school girls, it is true that their dress frequently shows a native influence, but at least you will not see Chinese pajamas, Japanese kimonos, and grass skirts among the younger generation. They are American citizens. Native costumes are conspicuous among the older people in the streets of Honolulu. Instead of the grass skirt, one sees lolehos (Hawaiian hard Dresses), which the Hawaiians have clung to ever since they were introduced by the Missionaries.

Of the twenty-five hundred pupils in the public high school of Honolulu perhaps two hundred, or ten per cent, are Caucasian. There are Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Caucasians, Italians, Koreans, Germans, et cetera, in many varied mixtures. Among the most beautiful girls I have ever seen was one-fourth Hawaiian, one-fourth Chinese, one-fourth Portuguese and one-fourth Spanish. She was proud of every bit of it too. Her skin was a dark olive tinged with rose; her hair was dark brown and curly. She smiled and revealed gleaming white teeth. Her brown eyes did not show the least bit of a speck. Her smile was fascinating to think of all that she concealed.

My home-room teacher was a big fat, brown Hawaiian with curly black hair and good-natured eyes.

## Week-Day Travels In the Realms of Day Dreaming

"Much have I travelled in the realms of day dreaming."

This week our travels in the land of books carry us far, far indeed—in fact, all the way to and through a book which has not even been written so far. However, in view of the fact that *"The Science of Daydreaming, or How to be mentally about though physically present,"* is practically known by heart and practiced daily by all Salem girls, we shall review it and make our hopes and prayers that some brave group will be inspired to compile this information for the edification and instruction of the Freshmen and other Freshmen to come. This book will naturally be more interesting to this class of students, as they are the only people who are inclined to waste whole semesters paying attention on class before they learn the exact method of competent day dreaming.

Daydreaming, as expounded in our book-to-be and practiced by Salem students daily, is a science not to be held lightly. Each and every gesture has a meaning all its own, and any false move made while one is travelling on the wings of fancy in class is apt to bring one's teacher down on one like a ton of bricks. Who is there who does not feel that sick feeling of having betrayed herself by pretending to take notes when there are no notes to take? "Everything in its place" is the motto, and one is usually compelled to adopt the type of one's day dreaming to the circumstances under which it is done. For instance—while it is quite safe to write, "I love Bill Smith," and sundry poems to Bill Smith's blue eyes in History class, with every appearance of taking conscientious notes, in Math class we must confine yourself to imaginary dances and football games with Bill Smith—all the while keeping your eyes pinned in rapt attention on the teacher.

One whole chapter in the book will probably be devoted to "Daydreaming under the Supervision of Psychology teachers." This is an especially difficult problem as they are on the look-out for just that sort of thing. However, the best method seems to be to come out of the fog occasionally to top a question, and then to retire into the motionless fixed stare again.

When the technique of mental absence during physical presence is properly learned, it is quite possible to defy all psychological laws by doing two things at once. The student learns to laugh appropriately, rustle papers, and sigh at the proper moments without ever returning from the land of day dreaming.

Another beauty of this delightful subject of study is demonstrated when grades come in. You may flunk Physics and Education, but you can bet your life you made an A on day dreaming.

He taught the Hawaiian language and Hawaiian history. A large Hawaiian woman, wearing a white holo, was taught lalau weaving and other Hawaiian arts. A serious looking Chinese man taught the Chinese language. It was an education just to observe the people and to learn their customs. I imagine being surrounded by and working side by side with a group of slant-eyed, black-haired, dark-skinned, dark-grinning people!

No matter how vague people are on matters concerning Hawaii, you will scarcely find one who does not connect it with romance. Maybe you never thought there could be more romance about a school. But then you have never been to Punahou, a school which used to belong to a king! You have never been to a school which was founded by missionaries and built up on the splendid traditions of faith, devotion, and hardship, which they so nobly bore. Then,

since the Hawaiians love legends, there are many interesting ones connected with Punahou. They are firmly believed too, and everyone knows them. Doesn't that make it enchanting?

Through some kindly influence, intangible yet powerful and enduring, Punahou always has been and is now distinguished for the happiness of its students which is due to its friendly atmosphere and not improbably to the guardian spirit of those who in the past gave their best to this fine school and who so earnestly prayed that it might endure as a power for good in the future.

Once more I look down at the foaming blue ocean, into the rain-hood-filled valley, and up at a deep, Hawaiian blue sky, as I walk down the avenue of stately Royal Palms. And all of this is school in Hawaii. I love it, don't you?

—Mary Absher, '34.

### WHAT! NO HOPE!

I'm telling you, folks, it's a sin! I can't understand why they do it; it's beyond comprehension. My dears, I refuse to understand. What you say! Well, you might listen but I'll say it again! What I am becoming delirious about is the fact that certain morons continue to collect pictures of the beaming (?) countenances of the stars of the silver screen. Some, at least, call them "beaming countenances." I have my own special notion of them which we won't bother about now.

As I was saying, it doesn't seem right that people just waste away their years gazing at some totally blank expression and become entranced over the idea that perhaps it wasn't the secretary after all who signed the photo but that romantic looking specimen who played the part of water-boy in "Touchdown," or something. You don't believe there are such people? Listen, old-timer, just cast your dear little eyes on most any girl you happen to see and if, in her eyes, you see a picture of a far-away look, you may be sure she is dreaming about the last autographed photo received from Hollywood. (Oh! And more than that!) She is thinking of the ideal place for this one because you know how good it is and how very different from the others. The way the little finger is curled around the left ear is particularly good.

A sudden twinkle of the eye shows that the perfect position for this treasured example of poor photography has probably been found. Upon inquiring of the ideal place for it has decided to place it, she would undoubtedly reply that on top of the modernistic frigiditate is the only vacant place left. What, you never heard of a modernistic frigiditate? You're behind times—they thought of that this morning before you got up. I should say "Ickle" to you. I will say so.

Believe me, it's a vacuum that can't conceive of some more beneficial way to idle one's time than to tack up movie pictures all over the room and then spend the rest of one's time gazing at them. I think it is a stupid person who wouldn't at least think up the idea of licking postage stamps or coloring Easter eggs, instead of collecting pictures of "wicker-fodder." Indeed, there's many a cute girl who loves to lick postage-stamps, and don't let any one tell you otherwise. I must stop or I'll say something which will offend you. I'm loving heart to miss two beats. Maybe three.

### BEWARE!

Grave Diggers' Union,  
2 Casket Street,  
Rattle Creek.

Dear Friends:

You are cordially invited to attend a dance given by the Grave Diggers' Union, at Coffin Hall, No. 2, Casket Street.

Take the Cemetery Car to the dance, or, if you prefer, a horse will call at your door.

Tickets will be sold for the price of twenty bones (no credit). Orphans accompanied by their parents will be admitted free of charge. Murder will be committed to amuse the children.

Suicide will be permitted, and refreshments will be served by the "Embalmers."

The rest of the evening will be given by the Crepe-Hangers. Please do not disappoint us by coming.

The Corpse Quartet will moan "The Dying Song," and also the latest song hit, "Two Corpses, in Funeral March Time." Coffins will be given away free with every ticket.

Please do not rush to the door when you hear Gabriel blowing his horn for the Final Judgment.

Please do not try to find the sender of this message, as it is from another world.

"The Dead Dear,"  
Mournfully yours,  
A. Skeleton,  
P. S.—You're next!

"That's a new one on me," said the monkey as he scratched his back.

## DEERY

### HOOT WHO DO!

Little Owllet in the glen,  
I'm ashamed of you;  
You are grammatical  
In speaking as you do.  
You should say, "To whom? To whom?"

Not "To who? To who?"  
Your small friend Miss Katydid,  
Maybe green 'tis true,  
But you never hear her say,  
"Katy do! She do!"  
—Anonymous.

### UNCERTAINTY

'T is so much joy; 'T is so much joy!  
If I should fall, will poverty!  
And yet be poor as I  
Have ventured all upon a throw;  
Have gained! Yes! Hesitated so  
This side the victory!

Life is but life, and death but death!  
Bliss is but bliss, and breath but breath!  
And if, indeed, I fail,  
At least to know my loss is sweet.  
Defeat means nothing but defeat,  
No drearier can prevail!

And if I gain, — oh, gun at sea,  
Oh, bells that in the steeples be,  
At first repeat it slow!  
For heaven is a different thing  
Contingent, and waked sudden in,  
And might 'erwhelm me so!  
—Emily Dickinson.

### PAIN

Pain has an element of blank;  
It cannot recollect  
When it began, or if there were  
A day when it was not.

It has no future but itself,  
Its infinite realms contain  
Its past, enlightened to perceive.  
New periods of pain.  
—Emily Dickinson.

### A RESOLUTION

I let the bliss creep in today  
'I'll take possession of tomorrow  
And cram it full of work and play  
And not leave any room for sorrow.  
—Rebecca McCann.

He is the richest who is content with the least.  
—Socrates.