

## This Is For My Parents

(Continued from page two)  
 Moravian cemetery for a long time. And often in the evenings we sit by the lily-pond or under the weeping willow and sing. Somehow we always seem to end up with "Hark the Sound of Tar Heel Voices." And then I think of Carolina-Duke weekend and Fall Germans, of Bill's crew-cut head and his after shave lotion, of his lop-sided argyles I worked so hard to knit. I guess that song will always remind me of football games and fraternity parties.

It's hard to tell you what I talk about and what I think about, but I know you both must wonder at times just what goes on in our bull sessions. I remember one night we were over in Welfare's drinking coffee, and we began to talk about religion. After we came back to the dorm, Winkie and I stayed up nearly all night arguing. I think we were both really trying to clarify our own beliefs to ourselves and to each other.

Then last night after the International Relations Club meeting, Sybel and I sat down in the smoke house for an hour and tried to decide whether we were really World Federalists. And we're still talking about the play we saw in Greensboro last Thursday and just what Tennessee Williams was trying to prove. It seems to me that all of these bull sessions are sort of labs where we thrash out the things we're learning in college. Sometimes when we're talking, the things we study in U. S. and World Affairs and English Literature and Contemporary Religion all seem to fit together into a pattern, and make sense.

There's just one more thing I want to tell you. Remember when I was home Christmas, you asked me, Mother, what I wanted to do when I got out of school. We talked then about graduate school or maybe working in New York, but I didn't say what I wanted to say. I wanted to tell you how often I have thought about what I would do with my life. I remember thinking that day when the telegram came from the war-department that I would have to try to make up for the loss of your son, my oldest brother, Bobby. I knew that all the hopes and plans you had for him would be centered in me. I believe that's why I hurry a little faster, and try a little harder. I believe that's the reason I know what I want now.

Right now I want to learn as much as possible. I want to go to graduate school and to travel in Europe. I want to get a job in New York and live in Greenwich Village. But I want a husband and children too. And I want my children to have a sandpile to play in and I want them to play football and wear hair ribbons. I want my boys to go to Carolina and my girls to Salem. Most of all I want my children to be happy, and I want them to have something to believe in. What you have now is what I want for myself and my children. I know that is what my brother would have wanted too.

This is a letter that will stay in my stationery box. This is a letter

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## Mrs. Gramley Impressed by Friendliness And Moravian Customs At Salem

The above picture shows Mrs. Gramley, wife of Salem's new President, relaxing with her family. From left to right are Bill, Stevie, Mrs. Gramley, Hugh, Diggs, and Dr. Gramley.

### Petit Point

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matter so very important and yet so little understood."

From the earliest days Salem took a rather stern pride in the fact that no social distractions existed for the young ladies. Salem was an institution of Christian usefulness "designed to compensate the pupils for their loss of home." Closed study existed in the form of needlework session. This was designed to help the young women keep their wardrobes in proper repair—unfortunately, this worthy pastime has degenerated into a hasty, extracurricular activity.

The 1884 catalogue states simply, "Great care is taken that scholars may not be overworked." In 1885 a commercial department appeared, and the next year courses were offered in guitar and violin. We see the practical design of courses by 1887 in Educational serving (plain and fancy stitches, embroidery, and dressmaking) and Home Laundry (household and body.) Woodcarving was also a popular course at this time, and imagine how thrilled the young ladies were when mandolin and banjo playing were added to the curriculum in 1898.

The forerunner to the painful six-weeks test appears with the sadistic "quiz plan" of 1902. About this time, too, students began wanting cuts from their classes—"with the most pernicious results."

By 1906 Exams were worked out by a very careful plan and "Speed Work" was instituted to assist students to perform their studies with great alacrity.

by Winkie Harris

"Everything is being cleaned up so for the inauguration—I hope someone gets around to my windows." Mrs. Gramley sounded almost rueful.

We sat in the den, talking mostly about Salem. Mrs. Gramley told me how much she had been impressed by the campus on the first visit. She feels that those people who are not familiar with the Moravian influence were more impressed. The smallness of Salem and the friendly attitude found here appeal to Mrs. Gramley very much. She hopes that her children will go to a small school.

She was born and brought up in a Moravian community—Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. It was at Albright College that she met Dr. Gramley. At Albright, Mrs. Gramley majored in English and got a teacher's certificate. She mentioned how fortunate the future teachers of today are because of good methods, courses and practice teaching. Mrs. Gramley remembered her first year of teaching when she had no such benefits. "That discipline problem almost got the best of me the first year," she said. After that, Mrs. Gramley developed a certain kind of look in her

eye which the students knew meant business.

As a teacher Mrs. Gramley often had to direct plays, despite the fact of having had very little experience in dramatics. At one time she was put in charge of the school newspaper, even though she hardly knew anything about journalism. But by then she had met Dr. Gramley and so readily found able assistance.

When I first went in to interview Mrs. Gramley, she showed me around the house. I saw the piano in the den and asked her if she played. She admitted that since her college days there hadn't been time to practice.

Mrs. Gramley also admitted that she enjoys antiquing and remembers an incident concerning a certain chair. She saw this chair while on a trip and persuaded Dr. Gramley to stop so they could "look" at it. Then—"I bought the chair for a song and was so proud of it." Mrs. Gramley came to Salem soon afterwards and ran into that very type of chair almost everywhere she turned.

The president's wife gave a small sigh of chagrin. She picked up Stevie's overalls and started sewing them.

## Famous Salem Girls Attend Inauguration

by Carolyn Harris

Among all the celebrities finding their way around Salem's campus next Saturday, there will be three women who will find themselves very much at home. These three women, Salem graduates, are married to college dignitaries who will come as delegates to the inauguration of Salem's new President, Dr. Dale Gramley. Mrs. John Cunningham, wife of Dr. J. R. Cunningham, president of Davidson, is a graduate of the class of 1916; Mrs. J. W. Harrelson, wife of Col. Harrelson, Chancellor of N. C. State, is a graduate of the class of '23; and Mrs. Raymond S. Hauptert, wife of the President of Moravian College for Men, in Bethlehem, Pa., is also a graduate of the class of '23.

During her seven years at the academy and college, Mrs. Cunningham proved to be one of the leading figures on campus. The First Lady of Davidson was her class president in 1913, first vice-president of the student council, and President of the Y. W. C. A. She also was a Senior Marshal and Advertising Editor of the **Sights and Insights**. Athletics took a large part of her time as she was on the class basketball teams and class captain. The Bureau of Information in the 1916 Annual gives Miss Ray the nickname of "Rube", says she is found at cabinet meetings and that her favorite occupation (with a question mark) is **flirting**. Mrs. Cunningham would probably take great interest in re-reading the prophesy of her class which was written in the form of letters from the girls themselves to the editor. She says, "Likely you have heard it rumored (and, oh, how true are some reports!) that I am wed to Count Martini."

It was Cunningham, not Martini, and Doctor not Count. But with seven years of college activity, Mrs. Cunningham was well prepared for her life on Davidson's campus.

Mrs. Cunningham was recent president of the Alumnae Association

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**DR. DALE H. GRAMLEY**

AND

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We are honored to have served the President, Faculty and Students of Salem College and Academy for the past 18 years. We pledge anew our support and cooperation to the new President.

HUGH SNAVELY  
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