

Holy Thursday

By Violeta Castro

I was waiting for Betty. She had said something about picking me up at two o'clock in front of Clewell when she asked me to talk in some high school in town about Easter holidays in Ecuador. I was almost sure she had said two o'clock, but I went to the reception room of Clewell with ten minutes of anticipation. I waited for five minutes, but the dark, dusty and sort of ancestral atmosphere of the place scared me away, in spite of my strong disbelief in ghosts. I decided to go outside to wait for Betty and at the same time to enjoy the beautiful, sunny April afternoon.

Sitting on the front steps of South, I began to enjoy myself thoroughly. I watched the new yellowish tops of the trees and heard the birds singing that common and expressive tune which they have picked up, simply picked up—I saw many cars driven in a sort of rush especially by ladies. I saw the strangest, most colorful and most flowery hats on the ladies inside the cars, all of them running towards the Moravian Church.

Eventually I saw Gunilla and Beatriz who as usual were going toward their hope—and so many times motive of discouragement—the post office. My social spirit decided to exchange nature and Wordsworth for Beatriz, Gunilla and Bernard Shaw (the latter being the subject of my term paper). I tried to call their attention by whistling that common and American whistle. They turned looking for a bird. I had to yell their names. They joined me in a few minutes and, complaining as usual about the inconsistency of their friends, they sat down by my side on the front steps of South keeping me company 'till Betty would come.

At this point I have to confess that sometimes, as a sort of sickness, a shadow comes to obtuse my memory about dates. I started feeling the symptoms of the sickness—a little, but audacious, anguish began to threaten my natural calmness, and when watching the cars, I no longer looked for the funny hats but for the amiable and fresh, smiling face of Betty.

Beatriz turned to Gunilla complaining about the bathing-suit she was wearing under her dress which in my opinion (and anybody who knows the mentioned bathing-suit will agree) is a bit too tight for her. She was planning to take a sun bath. Gunilla was going to say something but, choosing action, she stood up briskly telling us that the second mail car was in the street. I was silent, rather silent. Interruptions every three seconds made me break my silent preoccupation. There were faculty members and other people passing by trying to get to the Moravian Church.

Gunilla, ready to jump to the sidewalk, had to stop short. Three words petrified us with their salomonic statement—"Nothing to do?" the lady exclaimed. She stopped, arms akimbo, waiting for some reaction. I could but smile at her. Gunilla hesitated looking straight at the mail car; so Beatriz miraculously solved the situation by answering: "Madam, I love to be

doing nothing," (which mostly is very true). I suppose this paradox shocked and confused her, because after a flickering of her eyes, which I interpreted as an effort to concentrate, she gave up. Turning away from us without a word, she continued her way towards the Moravian Church.

A soft breeze came to refresh my mind, giving me the idea to call Betty's home to ask the reason for her not appearing. The girls offered themselves to wait for Betty while I made the call. On my way to Biting I found Ragnhild's roommate and Ragnhild herself. When they told me that Betty had been calling me all over the campus, I saw in all its clarity the terrible star of my day. I knew then that Betty must have looked for me in Clewell the minute I left it.

I ran to call Betty's home. A soft voice answered; I besought the voice to tell her to come back and get me. The soft voice replied that Betty had gone to choral rehearsals in church but that she would be told. I timidly asked, "Madam, may I know if the church is too far away from Salem?"

Out in the street once more, I saw Gunilla and Beatriz involved in a pretty hot discussion, but the minute they saw me they stopped. I imagine out of solidarity towards me, for I was absolutely speechless. I sat down again. We the three in a row. For the first time the step seemed a little crowded, but I felt too tired to move; besides a wild wind was blowing now, making me forget everything around me.

The protesting whispers of the trees as the wind passed through the branches brought me the feeling of my frustrated speech—Easter holidays in Ecuador. The whispers of the procession—I used to love processions when I was little—They were gay and mournful—Gay in the morning when so very early in the day most of the people are young—Mournful in the night where mother and grandmother used to go dressed in black

—They pass in the middle of the street singing all sorts of religious songs to the Virgin and the Child—Mock devils singing grotesques songs dressed to Lucifer.

I used to sit in the open window and wait for the procession—six, five, four years old—oh, I don't remember since—Absolutely scared and fascinated at the same time. It was wonderful to feel oneself so secure in the window, but I pressed my servant's hand when the devil looked at me making horrible faces and contortions.

And then, seven, eight, nine years old, when I was dressed in white for singing or mourning on the eve of the death of Christ. Eventually when I became a young lady who on those days would try to sing or joke, my mother's voice reproaching: "Nina, como te atreves! My child, how can you dare! Over and over. "How can you dare! How can you dare!" But it was no use. I was too big a girl, and I dared one and one thousand times. Finally, mother's voice fading (for she perhaps thinks my salvation might be secured from another direction.) But even she has lost all her hope; she keeps protesting in her low voice which is like the wind whispering—How can you dare, How can you dare, How can you dare?

Beatriz, Gunilla and I jumped again. A horn blew in our noses. I thought: "At last Betty," but it was not Betty. Two day students were greeting us. "They won't dare," I said to myself. They did not. They just slowed down their car and passed smiling and waving. I smiled back to them.

I turned to Gunilla and Beatriz and noticed they were a bit wrinkled and dreamy. Looking at the disappearing car, Beatriz spoke: "It seems to me this is the first time I see a car running in the opposite direction from the Moravian Church." I don't know why I just knew it was time to leave the hospitable front steps of South, so I said, "It's three o'clock," and we walked on down the street.



Mrs. Gramley Mothers Boys, Plays Bridge And Raises Flowers

By Ann Robertson

Most students know of the varied duties and responsibilities of the college president but few are aware of the busy life that Salem's first lady leads. Mrs. Gramley, who has a full-time career as a wife and mother, also takes an active interest in community affairs.

As a wife and homemaker, Mrs. Gramley devotes most of her time to her family. Free evenings are passed in leisurely games of canasta with Dr. Gramley and the boys, or dinner and bridge with their friends.

Relaxes at Home

For the end of a busy day she enjoys relaxing with the latest best-seller. She used to spend many hours knitting, but finds little time for this now. "Besides," she said, "how could I possibly keep all these men in socks?" Still this is one hobby which she would like to pursue "to keep up with you girls!"

However there are many activities in which Mrs. Gramley does keep up with the college girls. She is enrolled in Mr. Sawyer's class on the poetry of the Bible and attends this every Tuesday night.

Campus Fan

She rarely misses a recital, lecture, or basketball game, and was even found in the basement of Strong during the Junior Class bridge tournament playing an enthusiastic game with Dr. Gramley and the girls. She lends an eager ear to all the problems and activities of college life.

In recalling her own college days at Albright in Reading, Pa., Mrs. Gramley told how she happened to become "Mrs. Gramley." "We met at a freshman banquet," she said. "The only reason I even looked at him at first was because he was taller than I was!" But after that

first look their courtship continued throughout their college days.

After their graduation Dr. Gramley went to Columbia University to study journalism. He was also engaged in newspaper work. At this time, Mrs. Gramley was teaching English and supervising the school newspaper. "I really didn't know a thing about newspapers," she confessed, "so I used to invite Dr. Gramley to come home for weekends to help me get that school paper together!"

Has Four Boys

After three years the Gramleys were married and have since had four boys and not a single girl. When asked what she thinks of this, Mrs. Gramley replied, "It's really so much simpler to have them all alike. This way I don't have to bother with too many frills, and I certainly don't have to worry about their wearing my clothes!"

With four boys in school, it's not surprising to find that Mrs. Gramley is active in P. T. A. work. At present she is chairman of the child study group.

Outside Activities

She is an ardent reader and belongs to two book clubs. The Moravian Church also occupies much of her time, for Mrs. Gramley is a leader of the woman's church organization.

Although she professes to have no talent for arranging flowers, she belongs to a garden club, and any visitor in the Gramley home is certain to notice the lovely arrangements of spring flowers throughout the house. Dr. and Mrs. Gramley not only attend college functions but also the concerts and plays in town.

Mrs. Gramley is the president's wife, the mother of four boys, a community person, and a charming lady.

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