

FROSH 'WELCOMED' AT COURT

"FELLOWSHIP OF STUDENTS" NOW COMPLETE

A preview of Sophomore Court was held at five o'clock Monday afternoon on the athletic field. There were the Freshmen—a scared, quivering mass of humanity awaiting the orders of their superiors. Engulfed in tremendous flannel night gowns, no make-up, cold cream, and hair platted in numerous pig tails, they sat on the ground and answered the roll call.

Armed with toothbrushes and various containers of soapy water, half the Freshmen massaged the steps of the gym until they were spotless. The other half of their cohorts were turned out to graze on the hockey field. They had to pick grass with tweezers, to fill a pillow case. From the side lines, it looked as though they were WPA workers. All Freshmen caught not knowing the "Worm's Prayer" had to crawl down to the 50 yard line like a worm.

Taking advantage of leap year were Veda Baverstock and two other chums, who were proposing to Mr. Holder and two of his friends. At one point, Veda served as a target for Mr. Holder; but not for Cupid's darts! The climax of the events preceding dinner was Faith Fromhold's noble attempt to steal a smouleh from Mr. Holder. There are few, very few, girls who would need that much threatening.

And even at dinner there was no rest for the weary. Among the toasts, was one for the Kappa Sigmas and the Betas at Davidson. But of all the things, the worst was making two poor kids chug-a-lug glasses of buttermilk. Mashed potatoes were eaten with the fingers. The most classic remark was, "Phyllis Trout, wipe that face off your grin!"

In a deep prevailing solemnity Ceil Nuchols opened the formal session of Sophomore Court in the Old Chapel. Adair Evans was sentenced to measure the distance completely around the Old Chapel with a sausage. The last report showed that it was approximately 769 sausage lengths around the room. Drama reached its zenith when two Freshmen acted as if they were being kissed. Faith Fromhold made a short speech about her smouleh with Mr. Holder. Said Fromhold: "I enjoyed it very much. It hardly lived up to my expectations." Paine demonstrated how she plans to march in May Court, while Avery spoke on the "essence of Feminine Sophistication."

Among the imitations presented was one of Dr. Anscombe by Normie Tomlin. An added attraction was one by Sophomore, L. D. Miller, of Mrs. Downs.

The most amusing act of the entire Sophomore Court was the story told by six Freshmen in series, of "She Met Him at Claud's." Much subtle and unconscious humor really hit various members of the audience. It was purely unintentional, but it was far more than merely amusing to some. The rebound of some of the remarks was terrific. Suzanne Willis got a hand when she told of the girl's refusal of cigarettes and beer—after all, she was a Salem girl. And . . . on pictures being made . . . later shown at school.

Sammy Pou put on the most revealing act of all—a real striptease. She was lead out on the stage and blindfolded. Without her knowing it, a screen was put in front of her, and the order was given to "Strip!" She did, was assisted into a blanket, then the screen was removed before the blindfold was taken off.

The final speech of the evening was made by Catherine Traynam on the favorite fraternities with which several Salemites were affiliated. (Continued on Page Four)

N. C. - S. C. NURSES ENTERTAINED AT TEA WEDNESDAY

Wednesday afternoon Salem College and the local chapter of nurses joined in having as their guests for tea members of the District of North and South Carolina Nurses' Convention of which Mrs. Charles Noel of Durham is president. Other guests were red cross and hospital supervisors. Salem felt honored that such a distinguished gathering was interested in visiting our campus. Our guests were particularly interested in coming here because of the pre-nursing course offered by the Salem science department as part of the curriculum of the new Bowman Gray Medical School. Miss Maynard took pleasure in showing the visitors our infirmary which the nurses commented upon as being an unusual institutional infirmary. Tea was served from 4:30 until 6:00 in the Old Chapel with head nurses serving and about fifty Salem students being present to show the nurses the college campus.

BLACK JACK DAVY BROUGHT TO CHAPEL

Salem students were highly entertained at expanded chapel on Wednesday morning by a rendition of old folk ballads and folk songs given by Dr. and Mrs. I. G. Greer of the Baptist Orphanage in Thomasville.

Accompanied by Mrs. Greer on the piano and dulcimer, Dr. Greer interpreted and sang three types of ballads: the spiritual ballad, the folk ballad and the folk song. As a spiritual ballad he sang "Way Worn Traveler." Illustrating the folk ballad group, he sang "The Golden Willow Tree," a 13th century ballad and "Billy Grimes, the Lover."

In the folk song group Dr. Greer was accompanied by Mrs. Greer on (Continued on Page Two)

LINDLEY WINS CRAVEN CONTEST

In the ad writing contest sponsored by Craven's Store this week Sarah Lindley won the cash prize of \$5.00 and Flora Avera won second prize which is \$3.00 in merchandise from the store.

All girls who submitted copy in the competition will receive a gift if they will call by the store this week, Mr. Craven, who was very much pleased with the cooperation and enthusiasm, announced.

GOODBYE, JO.

As much a part of Salem as Moravian cookies and "the square"; as indispensable to Salem as its rules and its meals three times a day; as loved by Salem girls as "the Candle Light" and "Strong are thy Walls"—this is the little girl who for the past two years has not been still one minute she has spent sitting in front of the desk in the office at Main Hall.

A vote of thanks goes to her from the students for her remarkable unselfishness, for her cooperation in every possible thing, and for the splendid way she has represented the school during her years as campus secretary here.

The best of luck and please come back soon, Josephine Whitehead!

FIRST PLAY OF YEAR GIVEN

The Freshman Dramatic Club had as its regular Wednesday meeting a short one-act play in the Old Chapel. Normie Tomlin, president, was in charge of the program.

The play was a comedy about a small town in England about 1860. When the new doctor, the first eligible male in fifteen years, came to town all the ladies of marriageable age suddenly developed an illness of some sort. They seemed greatly chagrined when it was discovered that he was married already, and had six children. However everyone was happy when it was announced that the regiment was to be stationed in their own little town.

The cast was as follows: Miss Charlotte, Marylin Medearis; Miss (Continued on Page Four)

OLD CLOTHES?

Don't forget what was said in chapel Wednesday, by the Jay-Cee representative. Put all clothes laid aside for Bundle Day in Miss Lawrence's office. They will be called for Sunday afternoon. Quote: "What you consider your worst may become somebody's best."

TRORBORG TO BE FIRST CIVIC MUSIC ARTIST

Kersten Thorborg, famous Swedish contralto, and the first artist on the civic music program for the year knew from earliest childhood she wanted to be a singer. Both her parents were musicians, and her father, who had been denied an operatic career, was anxious that his daughter have all the opportunities he had missed. Madame Thorborg's childhood recollections are of late afternoon choir rehearsals and continual voice practice. At home in the evenings, her mother played the piano while her father, her two brothers and she sang four part vocal harmonies. This quartet still functions when Madame Thorborg returns to Sweden on vacation.

Kersten Thorborg sang her first operatic role at the Royal Opera in Stockholm with another unknown, a Norwegian soprano. The two did not meet again until 1936 at the Metropolitan Opera House. Here Flagstad and Thorborg sang in Die Walkure.

Gustav Bergman, Thorborg's husband, gave up his own career to become his wife's coach, accompanist, business manager, and (she says) most feared of her critics. Thorborg and her husband travel around filling concert and opera engagements eight months of the year, and spend the rest of their time at home in their medieval Swedish peasant farmhouse on the River Dal, where they ski, hunt and ride horseback. Their other mutual enthusiasms include bridge, tomato juice, strong coffee, and the stage shows at Radio City Music Hall.

Mme. Thorborg will be in Winston-Salem Friday night, October 25, for her concert.

STUDENTS TO ATTEND GREEN'S PAGEANT

Leaving in the afternoon at two o'clock for Fayetteville, thirty history minors and majors plan to attend Paul Green's musical play, Highland Call, story of the Scotch settlements in North Carolina. A committee consisting of Sue Forrest, Nancy Chesson, and Libby Sauvain will decide between the tentative dates, Wednesday, October 30, and Thursday, October 24, according to the convenience of the majority of the girls. They request that the fee of four dollars which covers the transportation and the ticket to the pageant be turned in to them by Monday, October 21.

The group will leave in the afternoon on a chartered bus, eat dinner (Continued on Page 4)

IMPRESSIONS BEFORE MME. UNDSET DEPARTED

2:00 Wednesday afternoon . . . lab, waiting on third floor of main hall . . . a yard-high stack of books on the table beside me to be autographed if ever she came back from lunch . . . the prospect of a car filled with bags and with her leaving at 2:30 . . . the door opened . . . she slowly walked in, went to her bag and handed me the thick blob of text of her Tuesday night lecture . . . in the period of fifteen minutes the following excerpts were transferred to my notes from hers.

. . . We are all conditioned by the ancestral stock we sprang from, by the environs we grew up in and by our social background . . . to say that the Icelandic sagas are the creation of the Nordic race genius is a fallacy—the sagas are the work of individual authors who are scholars as well as artists, like the most famous author—Snorre Sturluson . . . old German culture was really illiterate—conversion of the people of North Europe to

Christianity changed that . . .

What qualities make the old sagas still alive and vivid—they are dated, yet immortal—the romantic idea that these stories are monuments of the Viking spirit is merely just that—a romantic idea . . . The conflict between a man's inclinations and his ultimate convictions, between the claims and conventions of his environment and his own conscience is really a main motive in almost all the Icelandic sagas . . . In the groups of old stories is found a composite volume of traits and conditions necessary for creation of literary works with power to survive through the centuries . . . Louis Mumford said: "Men are individually nothing except in relation to that greater reality, man; man himself is naught except in relation to that greater presence we call divine" . . . It is true—all great works of creative imagination are imbued with the conviction that men are interesting only in that relation . . . And the fact that we did be-

lieve in the relation of human beings to a greater, divine reality determined our view of man's pathetic endeavor, of the tragedy of his frustrations, even of the comedy of his undignified or ridiculous antics . . . we enjoy when we recognize our common humanity and our sense of dependence on superhuman power in them . . . we can see the jest in their funny stories, when they agree with our sense of the ridiculous: the trickster tricked, the conceited man-animal going down flop in the mud . . .

Works that stand as landmarks of civilization are much more books of humiliation than religion . . . they are saturated with the feeling of man's frustration, of the world's being out of joint, of a heritage forfeited and of a Paradise Lost . . .

2:30 Wednesday afternoon . . . twenty full pages left untouched . . . who knows those pages might have been another Paradise Lost . . .

UNDSET TELLS OF WAR AND NAZIS

A first interview and the person to interview being the greatest internationally known novelist was not the happiest sort of a combination.

When Mme. Sigrid Undset came into the room she looked like her picture—a rather tall woman dressed in black, with greying hair which was parted in the middle and drawn down over her ears. When we told her we were from the college newspaper, she asked in a friendly fashion "Oh, you have a college paper?" She then said that schools in Norway were day schools because the people were afraid that the children would become uncontrollable if they were put into boarding schools.

With her "brave, slim smile" Mme. Sigrid Undset sat and talked with us. "My first trip to America," she said, "and the country is so beautiful, but so large." Leaving Norway last April because her ideas were not the same or in accordance with Nazi ideas Mme. Undset went first to Sweden, through Siberia and then to America, arriving here August 6. Coming with Mme. Undset was her youngest son, who is a Sophomore at Harvard. Her eldest son was killed fighting for Norway. Wistfully she said that so far as she knew her home in Lillehammer was still occupied by her housekeeper.

Her first real smile came across her face when Mrs. Bordon Harri-man's name was mentioned. "She was most friendly to us."

When the German invasion into Norway was mentioned Mme. Undset's face became an expressionless mask and with half closed eyelids she said sadly, "I can't go back; but I want to go back, of course. Nor can nations ever go back home to what they were."

"One can only hope that England can win the war," she said. "Norwegians never let their hopes and emotions overrule their reason," she said. "But we all realize that Norway can never go back to the status quo; the old Norway is gone forever."

"We can only wait and pray that Germany will be worn out by a long war," she said hopefully.

During her interview Mme. Undset spoke distinctively and with understandable English. Until she smiled her face was a mask—there seemed to be a wistful longing for homeland which, she said, "is the most beautiful country in the world."

Mme. Undset learned to speak English in England, her favorite country—"even the London fogs." She said that in America it is easier for her to understand Northern people than those in the South.

We thanked her for her interview and she smiled and said "Thank you; I enjoyed talking with you." Her face was a mask again and she became silent.

FRENCH BRIDGE PARTY GIVEN

Le Cercle Francais held its first meeting of the year Thursday evening, October 16, in the recreation room of Louisa Wilson Bitting Building.

In the form of a bridge party, all of the meeting was conducted in French.

Besides its monthly meetings the French Club is sponsoring a short French play to be given in Chapel November 8 in an attempt to promote interest in the French language and, more particularly, in the French Club at Salem.