

Presenting....

"PRUE"

If you're somewhere on Salem campus and hear phrases such as "old bean," "jolly well," and other typically English expressions, the chances are ten to one that the youngest daughter of Lt. Col. and Mrs. Ralph Coyte, Prudence Mary Coyte, is nearby. "Prue" comes by those English expressions and her English accent rightfully, though, for on June 14, 1926, in London, England, our golden blonde, "Prue," first "gave out" with that surprised and animated look that shows to this day in her soft, gray eyes. In reminiscing, "Prue" insists that the first decade of her life was "rather dull." She says she's positive she was "a 'orrible little girl chuck full of temper."!

If you ask about that she invariably will tell you that she used to sit at the bottom of the stairs and kick when the time came for her to go up for tea with her nurse. She professes that her dignity is still a trifle stunted because she wasn't given the privilege of "sipping" downstairs with the grownups. When "Prue" was ten, she went to a boarding school in Sussex where she remained for three years, supposedly studying, but in reality thinking about and playing cricket, hockey and lacrosse.

Prue's schooling was interrupted eleven months after England's declaration of war when a telegram came from Mrs. Coyte's sister in the U. S., reading merely "Would like 'Prue' for the duration." "Prue" says she was to send back the answer yes or no, and she had only ten minutes in which to give the matter due consideration and deep contemplation! We all know what that answer was. Incidentally, "Prue" says that on her momentous trip over, she had her first love affair. The motive for the "butterfly" feeling in her heart was a blond ship-purser. When "Prue" was asked if he were English, she said, "I'll say he was, and a super, super Englishman at that—but all Englishmen are super,super!"

On September 28, 1940, "Prue" got her first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty. The crowds were shouting and singing the "Star-Spangled Banner." ("Prue" says that until she was 12 years old, she thought "John Brown's Body" was our national anthem). Our English refugee declares she was so bewildered that she did little more than become speechless! The fundamental reason for that, she explains, was the fact that her welcoming committee didn't show up! She sat on her suitcases for two hours forlornly watching the Negro porter, a rare sight in England, scurry by. She was finally located by her aunt, and within a few seconds she got her first view of Broadway. She hadn't seen lighted streets in over a year, and she says it was "jolly well nice to see those blinking lights!"

A week after "Prue" arrived in N. Y., Rev. and Mrs. Eugene M. Chapmans of Canandaigua (N. Y.) sent word that they would like to keep her. Therefore "Prue" went on to Canandaigua (where she lived until she entered Salem). There she became more familiar with Americans and their customs. She says she had the impression that the girls were mainly interested in boys and movies; she thought the boys were a little "fresh" and gay. She must not have thought too badly of American boys because, at present, she's very interested in a blond one up near Canandaigua. She won't let the whole story be told since she protests, "I can't let the affairs of my 'heart be spread all over the whole campus, old bean," but perhaps she'll give you the "lowdown" on him if you'll go by 303 Strong.

"Prue's father is a Lt. Col. in the Royal Army Medical Corps and is somewhere in Italy at present. He is a surgeon, and "Prue" says he's a "jolly good one at that." Her mother is doing troops library work in Belfast, and her sister, Joan, is doing hospital work in London. As is evident, the whole Coyte

LIFE WITH ADELE

"Hi there, girls! How are you digesting that hunk of Black Beauty we had for lunch?"

All the heads in the smokehouse turn and watch a medium-sized, dark haired Yankee stroll in the door. There is a slight air of sophistication in that sharp little nose and that small puckered mouth. It is not the type of sophistication that is offensive, but a type that adds glamour to her natural personality. It has always been a marvel to me that Adele Chase stops talking long enough to take a drag on her cigarette; but evidently she does, because she usually can be found in Alice Clewell's back living-room.

After speaking to everyone, she sprawls on the floor for a short game of bridge. Her partner bids one weak club, and Adele immediately raises the bid to five clubs. After being set several tricks, Adele explains that she thought the ace of spades in her hand was the ace of clubs. Laughing with her infectious giggle, she promises to abide by Culbertson's rules the next time.

As the two-fifteen bell rings, Adele remembers that she has a two o'clock class and dashes up the steps three at a time to get her books. Running a comb through her hair and dabbing on lipstick, she skips out of the room. Half way down the hall she calls to her room mate. "Peepsqueak, meet me at Gooch's for a coca-cola at three o'clock, okay?"

In sociology class she leans on the desk in front of her. Miss Hixon lectures, giving the most intellectual name possible for that organism called common man. Adele whispers to the person next to her, "If Miss Hixon were a gym teacher, she would give us the Greek derivative for hockey. I can't even spell her word for dog!"

After class she meets her room mate for a coca-cola, and together they walk toward the library. She goes up to seminar room number one to study. After reading a few pages, she stops and gazes out of the window, as something very exciting is always happening in front of Alice Clewell. This time it is one of the freshmen with a bevy of boys surrounding her. Adele starts back to her chair to study, but she sees a classmate and calls to her to look in her post office box for a letter from North Africa. Soon all is quiet, and she returns to her Latin. After an hour's concentrated study, she goes back to her room for a short "ben session" before supper. "Because," she says, "I have an intellectual headache."

It is an unwritten law that Adele will serve when she is at the table because she is the perfect hostess. When she is there the meal is a complete success. There is never a lapse in the conversation, topics of conversation is her family. One can often hear her say, "I spoke with my mother last night on the phone, and she almost burned the wires scolding me about my grades."

After supper she strolls up the walk in her red loafers and sits down on the floor of the smoke house for another game of bridge. "You know, girls, I feel muuuuuuch more conservative about bidding tonight!"

Life with Adele is always exciting!"

family is very much in the war. That doesn't exclude "Prue", either. She's doing her part and even more here at Salem. She's spreading her spirited determination and infectious humor throughout the college; She's promoting better understanding of the English and their customs. She's a perfect example of how a freshman should adopt herself to changing conditions. We're all proud of our "Prue", and I've a feeling that in a short time under "Prue's" influence will be adopting her English spirit and expressions. We'll love it—just as we love "Prue".

FIFTH COLUMN REPORTING:

Salemmites tracking to the P. O. can't fail to notice the new red leaves that brighten the square these days. Yes, fall is really here—a brand new season . . . and speaking of things new, have you seen the diamond on the third finger, left hand of Mary Gordon Walters? And newer still is Mary Farmer's young nephew. Congratulations, "Aunt Familiar!"

Last week-end made upper classmen crave freshmen privileges when the "Y" dance turned out to be such a success. What's this about Roy Casanova, Jr.? He must visit us again! . . . off-campus. The week-end was just as exciting. Nell, Grantham, Garrison, V. V., Seville, and Normie saw Sis take the final leap in Statesville, while Frances Sullivan celebrated with "Biddy" Cress . . . Grace Lane and Julia Maxwell spent the week-end at V. M. I. . . . How are your troubles, Grace? . . . Girls who yelled for the Carolina victory over Penn. State at Chapel Hill Saturday were Doris Little, Betty Harris, Betsy Casteen, "Big Dog" Wooten, "Mac" McClelland, Margaret Yount, and Mary Ellen Byrd.

Say, with men rationed as they are, who gave third floor Clewell priorities? "Evabelle" Bullock's all excited about Adolf these days . . . Mary McIntyre and Rosamund Putzel know all about snagging a man at a dance, evidently. Life must be thrilling for Martha Lou Heitman with candy and specials coming in all the time. Kitty Miller keeps Wake Forest on her mind but keeps putting him off. Watch those lights, Kitty! . . . Eleanor Rodd keeps fostering our sweet Salem—Davidson friendship. Which reminds us! The Davidson deputation team is coming Sunday night. Guess we'll all turn out for Vespers. Girls in room 308 ought to know about Davidson, with Tommy and Henry there.

While we're on third floor, what was that massacre Tuesday night at exactly twelve o'clock? First and second floors would surely like an explanation!

With this nice fall weather to spur them on, more and more girls are seen on the golf course these days. You couldn't have missed Mary Coons, Reynolds High School beauty

Little Leopold Advises

(Problems of all such and so forth advised to do how)

Dear Little Leopold:
I have a very difficult problem. My boy friend is six feet, six inches tall, but I am only four feet, six inches tall. What can I do?
Signed, —Beautiful Doll.

Answer:
Dear B. D.:

My advice to you is to either carry a ladder around with you all the time or get a shorter man. A shorter man preferably, because carrying stepladders will cause bulgy muscles.

Dear Little Leopold:

I am known for my ability to plan for the future, but now I have been dealt a low and cruel blow. For my room at Salem I bought blue curtains, blue bedspreads, blue rugs, blue dresser scarfs, and blue pictures. I like blue. But what do I do now?—the walls of the room are green.
Signed, —Confoosed.

Answer:
Dear Confoosed:

I wouldn't worry if I were you. Blue and green go well together . . . something like pink and orange. So you see, there isn't a thing to worry about.

Dear Little Leopold:

I love my lessons. In fact I love studying so much that I forget my dates and when to eat or sleep. I can hardly tear myself away from my studies. There is one problem for which I cannot find an answer: What time does the train leave tomorrow, west-bound?
Signed, —Genius.

Dear Genius:
12:45.

Note: Any resemblance to Little Leopold and his victims is purely sympathetic.

queen, who decorates the golf course in red gingham trousers and a blue tunic. Mildred Garrison and Frances Jones take their game seriously while Luanne, Gudger, Mary Frances, and Mary Ellen end up cracking walnuts.

The Seniors make news with Luey Farmer taking a long week-end to rest this week . . . Dot and M. E. Carrig will be at home for a few days . . . Doris C., M. E. and Lynne saw Arabelle this week-end . . . V. V., home's the fier? . . . And Mary Louise how does it feel to hear from the ex?

Lueille Newman must have had a real blow-out the other nite, from what the day students say . . . Isn't it a joy to see Mil Butner. I guess marriage is still a great institution.

Well, 'til we make more dirt, this is the Fifth Column signing off—Here's to another big week-end! Have fun!

DON'T QUOTE ME, BUT—

It looks like not all of Salem's facial upliftage are over yet. Some brave Pierrettes under Adair Evans' mighty hand are struggling to reconstruct the dressing and make-up room. Not only that but Nancy Kenny is leading an expedition to do over the Salemite office. Oh happy day!

Ain't it awful! Everybody's going home except us. Even Miss Savacool is hastening off to the Big City by plane—mind you—by plane. We are positively chartrouse with envy.

Well, we are especially pleased about Adele Chase's new office. There was bound to be something here that no one but she could do. Fire chief! That's it exactly. Really, why didn't we think of it before?

Ah, hockey! There is just something about it that really gets us. Already our shins are poking out the backs of our legs and after only one day's practice, too.

The best one yet is Dr. Willoughby's bit of comforting advice about Titania's falling in love with Bottom plus the ass's head—quote: "Titania wasn't the first woman to fall

FRESHMAN RAMPAGE

Founders' Day! Ah Founders' Day! Last year a building was dedicated; this year a building was almost demolished. If you are a Clewellite you know what I mean. Some thought it was the beginning of a "Once-upon-a-time-on Founders' Day Eve" story relating a gruesome ghost-march of dusty 1772 Salemites, and the mysterious disappearance of the entire freshman class. At least it sounded that bad from where we were. Others thought that it was a general pre-annihilation of the third-floorsmen—just a preview of Sophomore Court. If people and beds and things had started floating by our windows on the way to the swimming pool, we wouldn't have been surprised after those murder-picture screams and the sledge-hammer session. Whether it was the protective spirit or just fiendish jealousy that made the sophomores take three steps at a time to third, it is questionable, but there was a shivering desire to know the why's and wherefore's of the sudden midnight welcoming of Founders' Day. Ah, such true school love revealed by the new class! (But, just between the students: the freshmen claim that all they were doing was trying to show Salem that they were actually here—and weren't such a spirit-less little class after all).

The formula for such Halloween-play is relatively easy. First, set about twenty alarm clocks for 12 o'clock (disregard the fact that they go off any time between 11:30 and 2). Then slam approximately thirty doors at the same time, and tell sixty girls to test their vocal cords. Continue for five minutes, and there won't be a person asleep within three miles—guaranteed!

in love with an ass and neither will she be the last." Enough said.

2:40 A. M. and we still have Ovid to plough through—ye gods! But before we resign ourselves to the fact that there is no night, may we remind you that the Juniors are staging a bridge tournament Saturday night in the basement of Strong. See you there, I hope!

APOLOGY....

Dear Salemites:

Due to insufficient help, we regret that we can't give the service that you are used to having in the past. So if you will order from the fountain when we are busy it will be greatly appreciated.

Yours very truly,

Ben & Kathryn Gooch's Curb Service

MONTALDO'S

Frankly

Glamorous . . .

A shower of sequins on a short dinner dress for starlight romancing.

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in our Deb Collection

