

West Winds

by Cor-lys

Dear Mom,

So much has been happening around here, especially in West Dorm. Things really started "popping" the first day. We all looked for familiar faces, and we found some, but there were a lot of new faces too. All the familiar faces were at last reunited after the opening services. We had a Prima party in our room. Cake, Dairy Queens, gossip and giggles brought the Prima girls back together after three long months.

Unique La.Belle Dormitaire by the Espions

Which is the most unique dorm on this campus? Belle, of course. If you don't believe it, just let us introduce you to some of the unusual incidents and rare personalities that make it so. We think it's interesting to know that...

--We have a new housemother whom we all love dearly.

--The two counselors on second floor are both named Helen.

--Our third floor counselor likes to eat popcorn as she listens to classical music.

--Our dorm has been dubbed "The Chicken Coop" -- but it isn't true that the doves are on fourth floor and old hens on the three floors beneath.

As we arrived at Belle this year, we found some decidedly new features, namely:

--The new steps leading to the lounge.

--Brand new, noiseless dryers.

--The wonderful "crop" of Secundas interspersed with Prima.

--A mortuary in room 304. May the fish R. I. P. (Refer to Latin Book I for explanation.)

--A new means of travel to the Stationery Postal Department discovered by Judy Nelson.

--A fan club on second floor honoring a certain male member of our student body.

Even the ordinary, everyday living at Belle is quite unusual. For instance, did you know that...

--Room 103 sets their alarm for 4 A.M. and gets up at 6.

--There is a growing collection of skunks (No! they're harmless)

Anyone can tell you about the parties to which the entire campus was invited, but you'll probably never again hear about parties like the ones that we've been having here in the dorm! We've had watermelon parties, cantalope parties, pop corn parties, pear parties, green grape parties, and we really had a "dilly" of a party in room 206 on Ruthie's birthday.

Say, do you remember Joyce P. ? Well, she has become known as the "outlaw" of Old West. If you don't understand what I mean, just ask the cop that walks the Syndicate beat! He knows all about her.

Oh, Mom, the funniest thing happened to Jan and Muriel. They came up with a really legal excuse to bum class. They went downtown without realizing that the bus routes had been changed.

in Room 202.

--Conspirators in 306 caught a moth and put it in one unsuspecting roommate's bed.

--The arrival from Alaska of a long lost friend made someone starry-eyed again.

--There are "birds" in 301--but what do they do when they get stuck on top of the closet?

This is just a starter on the things that we think make our dorm outstanding. Keep your eye on us... we plan to make history this year.

(N. B. Will Jack Armstrong please phone Betty Grable again?)

Coop Chaff

by Dave and Chuck

To all unorientated students (new and old), we express explicitly the underlying intentions and purposes of this column, just as any "distinguished" literary article possesses. After much contemplation (involving deep mysticism), we have agreed that once again this column shall continue its satirical and biases slants in expectation that our droplets of "water" will make an impression upon, as the old saying goes, the "stones". In order to alleviate the furrowed brows caused by our title, we refer you "scholars" to that part of the universal literature that is commonly called Webster's unabridged. For the sake of those who are adverse to this "verboten" book, COOP means "our humble cage of confinement",

That afternoon Mrs. M. was minus two people in her music class.

Our personal opinion is that the name of our dorm should be changed from "Old West" to the "Echo Chamber." We don't feel that we need to explain that further.

From listening to the second floor girls here at the beginning of the week, you would never know that this was a girls dorm. As a matter of fact, the statement, "I'm a boy" was heard more often than, "I'm a girl!". The matter was cleared up Tuesday night at the Big-Little Sister party.

No more room or time! We'll write again soon.

Love,
Cor-lys

while CHAFF carries with it the connotation of jesting in a good-natured way about the individuals and their pretentious actions. This bantering is, of course, not limited only to the students but also to those individuals "who face south in the Klassenzimmer". Keeping this in mind, we wish to enlighten you concerning the startling facts up to date.

To all who are concerned, it should be noted and remembered that all red-flashing lights indicate warmer conditions, whether it be Northwestern Bank's weather ball or the red lights of an "authority's" vehicle. Dwelling on this same theme, it also makes for a "rot Gesicht", as most observing passengers noticed coming back from Amery.

In case anyone needs an alibi for tardiness, he should see one of the Prima ministerials. They have been informed by his name escapes me for the moment!-ah oh yes, Prof Otto, that the time meridian no longer runs through the Democratic burg of Greenwich, but through the Republican metropolis of Norwich. Believe it or not, Norwich has the same geological "disadvantages" of our southern neighbor, Iowa.

Of course we could relate in definitely about all these "budding romances" on our campus. One, however, which is presently unexposed, so clearly outshines the others, that we are obligated to bring it to your attention. Our scruples bar us from embarrassing the meek little girl, but the fact that Delbert Rossin is "Promoting" a

duel bothers us to no large degree. Continued page 7 col 3.