

Ludwick Family Hold s Reunion . . .



—Courtesy of the Lincoln Star

Pictured above from left to right in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Ludwick are Lt. Com. William Ludwick, Cape May, Mass.; Miss Ruth Ludwick; Lt. Com. Ralph Ludwick, and Miss Hope Weatherbee of Lincoln, Me. Lt. Com. Ralph Ludwick has just arrived here from San Francisco after 23 months' active sea duty in the south Pacific area. He is soon to be assigned to shore duty on the east coast.

Miss Thuman Wed; Officers Return

For the first time since almost the beginning of the war, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Ludwick have all the members of their family together at home. Lieutenant Commander William Ludwick of Cape May, Mass., Miss Ruth Ludwick and Lieutenant Commander Ralph Ludwick. In addition, they have as their guest Miss Hope Weatherbee of Lincoln, Me.

Lt. Commander Ralph Ludwick arrived about ten days ago after 23 months active sea duty in the south Pacific area. He is now to be assigned to shore duty on the east coast. Miss Weatherbee arrived last week, and Lt. Commander William Ludwick came from Cape May on Jan. 28.

The marriage of Miss Rachel Thuman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Thuman of Trenton, to Oscar W. Clark, jr., of Beatrice, took place Jan. 28 in Christ church cathedral in New Orleans, La. The couple was attended by Mr. and

Mrs. Robert Fagan of that city. Mrs. Clark attended Doane college and the University of Nebraska. Mr. Clark also attended Doane college and received his degree in law from the University of Michigan last spring before entering the army. The couple will reside in Anniston, Ala.

The engagement of Miss Betty Aileen Kendle to Lt. Robert E. Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Taylor, has been announced by Mr. and Mrs. Kendle. The wedding will be an event of early summer.

Miss Kendle is a senior student at the University of Nebraska school of music and is affiliated with Mu Phi Epsilon, professional music sorority. Lieutenant Taylor is a graduate of the University of Nebraska school of engineering and was affiliated with Phi Kappa Phi and Pi Tau Sigma. He is now in the engineering maintenance corps stationed at Camp Gruber, Okla.

Society Has It . . .

Lovelorn Seek Solace; 'Romance' By Betty

To the tired souls suffering effects of the tremendous week-end, consolations from the staff. Consolations, too, to any poor beings who have had a taste of hitting the books this very first week of the new semester cuz who wants to start keeping all their new study habit resolutions so soon?

Simply amazing—is the profound love so many people have recently for "good" music—or could it be merely the comforts and conveniences for one thing and another of the music room—well, until spring nights without the chill come along, what could be better, now I ask you . . . then again I might ask Junior Bonn, ATO, his angle . . . He does all right with Joy Laune, Gamma Phi, despite storms and what have you . . . Flash—Comes sudden news that this little deal is all off as of Friday night . . . long distance, influence of one Steve Cole?

Or Does It Concern.

To whom it might concern—"Looking for a new romance" (in her very own words) is one SDT Betty Lou Foster, now back on the campus after a weary year of pounding machines for the government. She prefers something more animated than typewriters, and can you blame her?

How can they get away with it—professor's calling others of the famed faculty "bird-brains" no less . . . heart-breakers who don't

up to their record but go ever onward to conquer better fields—and leave them devastated.

Ah! Sweet Mystery.

For instance, these bits from a letter found on the campus to an unknown "Hebbie" from an unknown fem: "It's so easy to say I love you when you hold me in your arms, but I can't say it truthfully when we're apart . . . Don't think I'm playing you for a sucker . . . I really believed for awhile that I loved you. I still might if something could so change things that ours would shift from 80-20 to 20-80 or even 50-50 . . . I don't want you to be hurt either . . . I would rather lose an arm than hurt you . . . You are a fine fellow and I believe you have great possibilities. (Get that possibility angle, lovers. —Ed note.) That's why I'm willing to try to alter the status quo (the 50-50 deal) and see how things work out, and if in your favor I'm willing to risk the wrath of my friends and family for you and go wherever you go . . . Forgive me, darling . . ." And there's an epistle for ya, chillun, and if anyone knows the whereabouts of either of the parties concerned, suggest to them confiding in a Mary Lane—society offers no solution; but as a word of caution, careful where you drop your letters on accounta cuz some people are so . . . snoopy.

And then there's the one about the girl who on the 15th will marry the best friend of the marine whose left hand diamond she is wearing on her right hand. Friend marine is overseas of course.

To the beauties of 1944, congrats! That's all . . .

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Crowded, Tired, Railway Station Brings Far War Close to Home

BY GHITA HILL

C'est la guerre! People are reminded of this fact when searching for such things as kleenex, halo shampoo and bobby pins.

Aside from these serious inconveniences and noticeable lack of men in classes, the war is quite remote and distant from the daily, rigid lives of college students.

There are places in the city, however, which bring the war and its problems and sufferings close to home. The Burlington railway station is just such a place.

A young girl received word that her fiancé was coming through Lincoln on a night train that had a ten minute stopover in the city. The girl was nervously and anxiously waiting for the train which was an hour late. Maybe she would see him for ten minutes, maybe she would not even be allowed in the train to search for him.

A travel-weary private in a drugged sleep was continually being awakened by his "buddies" who were fearful lest he might miss his train. A second lieutenant and his wife, smoking cigaret after cigaret, exchanged a few words, tired because of the late hour and the anticipation of the journey which was before them.

Tiny babies were being given their 12 o'clock feeding, while their older six year old sisters were eating peanut butter sandwiches. Sailors in their walks to the time table stopped off to visit with the Legionnaires, eat homemade cookies and read magazines.

Woman Needs Ticket

A woman was desperately trying to get a reservation at the ticket window while across the room several men in uniform would gladly have given up their tickets to her but the tickets were not theirs to give and their destinations probably would not coincide with hers. In a dark corner a corporal was consoling a red-eyed, tearful wife.

The late train finally arrived and the girl was allowed to go out on the platform. The train man personally escorted her through the train cars filled to overflowing with sleeping, whistling, wise-cracking soldiers. A few paused in their heated discussions to help her search for Harry. She had waited an hour, she had searched the train, but the familiar face for which she searched was not there—Harry's.

Every Story Has Its Moral—This Is No Exception

By Nina Scott.

Say, the dance was really good! Or should I say refulgent, or should I say? Well, anyway, simply everyone was there and the girls looked so smooth and the men looked . . . the orchestra beat it out all over the floor . . . messy, but fun . . . of course, what can you expect when you engaged Glen Miller and got T. Dorsey . . . never has the campus seen such devastating formals . . . f'instance . . .

Mickey Jarrell in a flowing olive green chiffon trimmed with orange plumes . . . something new was worn in her hair . . . a huge bow made out of a scarlet sock . . . Tripping across the floor was Corky York in cerise silk jersey set off by hip length gloves in the new shade, Dead Corn . . . the very latest in two piece gowns clothed Min Beede . . . white satin

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THE NOOK

Buzzer Bedlam Riots Dorm

LENORE SIMON and ETHEL LASHINSKY.

"Residence Halls for Women—and what's yours?" It was our duty! Who were we to ignore the voice of fate.

Due to circumstances beyond her control, the regular switchboard operator left her lines of duty to stop the "Smears" laundry man when he attempted to attack the man from "Bevan's" laundry. What man won't do for a bag-of laundry.

By this time everything was under control, and in more time we were under the switchboard for 359 reasons. The 360th resident went home for the week-end. The first mixup was concerned with too many rings at the same time, which was promptly solved by pulling the three loudest plugs out—completely.

Those girls who had been fortunate enough to acquire their dates thru other means of communication were no better off than the first three victims—in the end. The fellas came to the desk to buzz for their dates, but we soon talked them out of that.

"Course, modesty is a ladylike virtue, but since we aren't . . . modest, we'll tell you 'bout the clash between Uncle Sam's armed forces that was settled arbitrarily. The marine landed at approximately 7:15, three seconds before the air cadet flew in.

Marine: "Tell Mabel I'm here."
"Mabel who?" we politely inquired.

Marine: "Just Mabel, she'll know."

Air cadet: "Would you buzz Mabel, please?"

"Which Mabel were you calling, sir?" we politely inquired.

Meanwhile all this politeness was cramping our style. Anyway, it so happened that one Mabel had two service flags in her window, 'n so to avoid two broken hearts and numerous broken bones, we sent Mabel upstairs and arranged two other dates for the boys—guess who?

To inform everyone that the personnel had changed, we buzzed each occupant simultaneously, whereupon they all dashed madly to the phones and said their names. We met more people that way.

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