

Army News



Editors
Pfc. Bill Chisolm Pfc. Bill Calkins

SWAN SONG or .. Sorry We're Leaving

'Tis with a journalistic tear or two that we sit down to perform the last rites and ceremonies over the dying corpse of our old "always-good-for-an-excuse" standby, the Army News page. By the time this appears in print, the solemn "wake" will also have been celebrated with due sadness and with the not-so-ghostly assistance of those spirits which always are present at newspaper burials.

We've had a swell time putting out a page of odds and ends—with an occasional news story thrown in—for the soldiers for the last six months. First, we want to thank the girls on the Nebraskan staff for putting up with all our crazy ideas. And for letting us put out a page at all. We may have had our differences of opinion, but we are grateful for the girls' many helpful suggestions—and for those smiles and the casual leg art that almost made us forget we were in the army.

Thanks for Everything

We'd like to thank all the officers on campus, especially Colonel Murphy, for their co-operation in answering our never-ending questions and for many a hot tip we might otherwise have missed. Also to all you fellows who sent stuff in to the paper—printed or not—we appreciated your interest, even though we couldn't always use your contributions with our rather limited space.

Special thanks go to Bill Shore, who has done a swell job all year of covering the Field House and coming through with stories when we really needed them. Don't know what we would have done without you, Bill—thanks. B company's Larry Berlin, another staff member, carried on as a faithful sports reporter, especially of Co. B's basketball games.

Among those who have already disappeared from our ranks we number that one and only, irrepressible Lew Davies, our master cartoonist and gag-man who could squeeze a laugh out of anything—caricaturing bars and towering shoulders seemed to be his pet pastime. But what came out in the Nebraskan we liked—and we are sorry he had to leave. "But honey! the program's been speeded up" has been added to our permanent collection of lines. An old feature writer, whom we want to thank for his many past efforts, is Gerry Larson, who was transferred after Christmas.

You may have forgotten one of the original founders of this page. Harry Olesker's work kept him from continuing as an editor, but we have always been glad to see him pound out something for us. As a matter of fact, thanks to everybody—it's been swell.

We Liked It All

We've liked the carefree life out here—we've had fun with the coeds (!)—and we've gobbled a lot of solid UN teaching. There may not be very many of us left before long—so we'd like to take the opportunity to say a few things to Nebraska and all its fine people.

You people at Nebraska, whether you realize it or not, have kept a lot of soldiers happy for a long time. You've given them parties and dances. You've put on shows like the War Show, and more parties. You've convinced a lot of people, who never before realized that Nebraska even existed, that this is a pretty nice state. We've found that all of you, faculty, people of Lincoln, and coeds (especially those we've whistled at), are really nice people who have tried to be nice to us and done a wonderful job of it. We're gonna hate leaving Nebraska—it's been practically a second alma mater to us and at times we've imagined that we were really back at college again—darn these khaki uniforms.

So Long, Huskers.

Everything on our Army News page today is in the nature of a swan song, so we don't want to be space-hogs. So—thanks again, everybody. So long—and we hope we see some of you again—soon.

THE EDITORS.



AST Patch. Something to remember.

Mopping Up

BY BILL CALKINS.

Nothing left to mop up—just a final edition of the Army News page. When we dropped in at the Nebraskan office last September, there were a lot of pretty coeds floating around, trying to figure out the next day's paper. There was one fellow there—hidden over in the corner. His name was John "have you seen an obstacle course running around here?" Bentley—a good friend of all ASTs on campus. He was the sports editor.

One quick glance revealed that a few men were needed, so we invented an army page. Our motto, "The latest and the best—always." Rumors, we meant, not news. So we settled down to an intriguing six months of trying to get enough room from the business staff so that we could get the news in, and of trying to get the business staff to fill up the army page with ads, because we didn't have any news.

The first big thing was the beginning of the army intramural basketball league. Then along came Miss ASTP—and our chance to put a few beauties on the Army page. Choir concerts, rifle matches, dances, a few cartoons, now and then a feature, and once in awhile something worth reading. All in all, it was a lot of fun—we're going to miss the Nebraskan—wish they'd say the same.

Bats in Our Belfrey . . .

From F'House Final Flutter

BY BILL SHORE.

Ever since the original 48 moved into the Field House and painted the ceiling (the aristry of which they will never let us forget), news has brewed in the field house.

It was early October when the officers herded us into the stadium to ask us about Union dues and Cornhuskers, and seeing our marching form as we entered, decided not to have us march between halves of the homecoming football game. But marching or not, field housemen loved football games, 'cause they meant free Saturday afternoons.

December was the month of the field house party, where Third Bn. men previewed acts from UN war show, such as Kamm and Laurent and the hula gal! And in December, Oogots was born, to stick his screwy half-head all over the campus and ride home on furlough with the field housemen.

January, month of furloughs, furlough blues, and the death of Oogots, complete with grave, funeral and an extra free hour on Saturday so Lieutenant Shaffer could rehearse his solo for the services.

February's when we got our yard-long atlases and WAC-sacks, just a week before rumor turned to fact and we began our month long farewell.

And now it's March. Even Sweeney admitted he didn't see much hope of his taking B-1 again. The winter cold is done, the coeds don't need us anymore. The infantry does!

'Haven't You Heard?' Stories Help Spread Vicious Rumors

"Say, Joe, if I tell you something will you promise not to tell anyone else if I tell you something that I just found out? You will? Well, I just heard...."

And if you think that that doesn't paint a true picture of the army, brother, you're just crazy.

Then the Chicago Tribune got hold of a hot news story. The ASTP was folding up. Knapsacks were taken out and examined, gas masks tested. Little knots gathered in the corridor to talk of the division to which they were sure they were being sent. They'd heard it from a guy who'd gotten it from a... But a notice posted by Major Pattison helped to scotch that one and as the days passed and school continued, it was slowly

forgotten.

And soon after, new rumors of ASTP folding up began making the rounds. This time it was backed up by the War Department. Basic engineers were leaving. Certain language groups were leaving. Chaos reigned. Rumors fly around yet basic, advanced engineers leaving, language men leaving... Heck, even when we heard that the basics were turning in their books we didn't believe it, but... Why we even heard this morning that one of our friends had heard from a reliable source that any officer here could tell you just who would be overseas, in what job and when—we're waiting now for the boy who's supposed to have the cold dope on our own

Another Swan Farewell

BY LARRY BERLIN.
Just a few lines, Chis said, "by way of farewell." Hard to do, though, without sounding trite, because for all of us, the things we're going to remember longest about Nebraska are pretty much the same... and pretty nice. The Crib and the Union, hour dances, the Turnpike, the Cornhusker, and most of all, the coeds. For everything, thanks.

We hope you've enjoyed having us as much as we've enjoyed being here. And we hope, too, that we'll be missed about next June when the last GI marches out to retreat with the drum around his waist and the bugle in his left hand, and tries to salute with his right.

future destination—but that'll probably be just another rumor too. Well, this is the army, they say.

Trainees Elect 12 Finalists

Soldier Vote Names Yearbook Beauties

When the votes of over 800 campus military trainees were counted last night, 12 coeds were selected as finalists in the Cornhusker beauty queen contest. The dozen from which the six reigning yearbook queens will be chosen include Ester Blanchard, Marge Heyn, Ginny Malster, Rose Phillips, Janice Campbell, Mary Armour, Joyce Laune, Jeanne Dougan, Margaret Hogan, Patty Richmond, and Elva Richmond.

Crossing the stage in much the same manner as in the Atlantic City Beauty Contest, the 25 candidates were presented, by number only, by Jo Kinsey at 10 P.M. They were judged on beauty, poise, and carriage.



Here are three Beauty Contestants who know that spring is here, and that any day now they'll be wanting to wear sport togs like these. **Ginny Malster, Kappa Alpha Theta**, wears shorts, cotton knit sport shirt and sport jacket... **Marge Heyn, Kappa Alpha Theta**, chooses a play suit with culotte skirt... **Peggy Larson, Town Club**, selects a pair of well tailored slacks and sport shirt.

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