



The year—1940. The place—UN, a sorority house. The time—8 o'clock on a Saturday night. Action.

A smooth-looking cream-colored Ford convertible eases to a stop in front of the house, honks its horn three times, and emits a dapper young man dressed in a tan sports coat, dark brown trousers, white shirt, maroon bow tie, and saddle shoes. He strolls up to the door, leans on the doorbell, and casually lights his pipe as he waits for someone to let him in. After a couple of minutes, a pretty face



surrounded with hair and curlers appears at a second floor window and hollers down, "Hi, Bud. Go on in and make yourself comfortable, I'll be down in a little while." Our hero, tired after a hard game of football that afternoon, (trouncing Iowa State, 21 to 12—on the way to the Rose Bowl—remember?) walks in, flicks on the radio, and stretches out on the couch.

One of the coeds comes in the front door, sees Bud lazing on the couch, and calls in "Nice game today, Bud; does Betty know you're here?" He draws out an "Uh huh, thanks," and finds himself all alone again.

Oh, What to Do!

Thirty-five minutes later Betty bounds down the stairs, minus the curlers, and finds Bud sound asleep on the couch. She wakes him up and says, "What'll we do tonight, honey?" Bud yawns, and suggests, "Well, Les Brown's out at the Turnpike, and we're having a dance over at the house. Of course, if you'd like, we could go for a little ride out in the country—it's a beautiful night. And I had the car radio fixed this morning, too. What'll it be?"

"Let's drop in at the Turnpike and see who's out there. Then maybe we could go for a ride afterwards. You must be tired tonight after that wonderful football game, dear. Golly, our football team sure is doing swell this year.

That Fresh Look—



Men Take Heed

Betty Coed says: "I go for men tall, dark, and freshly pressed."

The **Crans** 333 No. 12th
2-6961
LAUNDRY-CLEANING

Do you think we'll get an invitation to one of the bowl games?"

"We've a pretty good chance," says Bud, "Come on Betty, let's take off, Lizzie's rarin' to go—see that moon up there?"

G.I. Style.

The year—1943. The place—UN, a sorority house. The time—7:30 on a Saturday night. Action.

"De-tail halt!" A group of a half-dozen or so soldiers stop and reconnoiter. "Is this the place? I'm not sure—uh—yep, they're having a dance in there. Scouts out! Forward men." They're all dressed quite similarly—O. D. shirts, O. D. blouses, O. D. trousers, and those spacious G. I. clodhoppers. As they walk up to the door, it opens and reveals about a dozen attractive coeds inside, waiting for the appearance of some men. "Come on in boys, here, let me take your caps. Would you like to dance? So glad that you could come. Where are you from? Yes, I'm from Nebraska. No, not Lincoln—forty

Military Units To Hold Retreat Parade at 5

Military units on campus will participate in their second ROTC retreat parade of the fall this afternoon at 5 on the athletic field parade ground. Passing in front of the reviewing stand will be the ROTC band, the ROTC cadets, the STARS from Ag, the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of engineers, language men and dents, and the aviation students from the 348th CTD.

miles of here." The G. I.'s, mostly from other sections of the country, are quite amazed by the course of events. "Gee, they're all so friendly, and they don't treat us like a pack of wolves—say, this is all right."

"Too bad about the football game this afternoon," one buck private ventures, "didn't you used to have real good teams out here? Seems to me I've heard of Nebraska. Did they play in the Rose Bowl a couple of years ago?"

All of the girls of the sorority have been ready since 7:15, waiting for the soldiers to show up. They haven't heard a car horn, other than a taxi, honk in front of the house for months. The Turnpike—that's where all of the kids used to go after a football game on Saturday night—no, it's a very occasional treat. A football team that used to bowl over most of its opposition without too much trouble, now finds itself out-classed by those same teams.

Remember When?

Betty says to Joe, a Pfc. from

Army News

Six New Officers Assigned to UN

Six additional officers have just been assigned to military units on the campus, Col. J. P. Murphy, commandant, disclosed yesterday.

Three of these have been assigned to the ASTP. They are 2nd Lts. Chauncey E. Barney, John P. Nortout, and Arthur J. Burchind. All are now stationed at Fort Frances E. Warren, Wyo. The other three will be branch officers. Representing the infantry, artillery, and engineers, these men will act as instructors for the R.O.T.C.

Lieutenant Barney received his A.B. degree from Nebraska in 1937 and his L.L.B. in 1939.

Georgia, "Wouldn't this be a swell night to go for a ride in the country?" "Yeh," says Joe. "What on? Horseback? Remember the good old days? Gee, I used to have civvies and my station wagon, and whip into Atlanta every Saturday night to a dance or something—that was the life." And Betty dreams of that ride in the moonlight that she and Bud took on a night like this a couple of years ago—and thinks of how wonderful it'll be when Nebraska's

Third Battalion Picks Officers

Under the leadership of Cadet Lt. Col. William Casson, the cadet officers of the third battalion stationed at the Field House have been appointed and have been carrying out their cadet duties since the start of the fall term. Battalion officers include battalion commander, Casson; executive officer, Charles Miles; and police officer, Ronald Pletz.

Company E is captained by Philip DeSilva with Richard Foreschie as exec. and police officer and Donald Hagen as 1st Sgt. Platoon leaders in the company are Arthur Boll, Robert Baker, Arthur Boerner and Raymond Gruetzmacher. Platoon sergeants of the four platoons are Robert Potter, William Meckling, Jack Berny and William Gist. Donald Collt, Wesley Lucking, Justin Casey, and James Doyle are the platoon guides.

Company E's officers consist of Martin Slezzer as commander, Robert van Wageningen, exec and police officer, and Robert Sohn, 1st Sgt. Platoon lieutenants include Glen Holmberg, John McNelly, Joseph Rhea and Ward Turner. Thomas Lowe, Raymond Mallon, Frank Rupp and John Tracy are platoon sergeants, while Donald Hoyer, Carl Parsons, John Simon and Paul Walker are acting as platoon guides.

the gay, carefree place it was before the war.

Meanwhile Joe's dancing with another girl—and dreaming of the day when he'll be home again—with those civvies and that station wagon. It's a funny world.

Casual Cashmere*

Juniors

by

Perry Brown



Softer than the proverbial kitten's ear... of *85% wool... 15% rabbit hair... these are the one and two-piece Perry Brown casuals the younger figure dotes on. Color contrasts make them especially interesting and pretty.

\$22.95

Other Perry Browns, \$17.95 to \$25.00

Other junior fashions, \$12.95 to \$25.00

MAGEE'S

Third Floor

Remember... the War Fund is YOUR fund for giving help to less fortunates here and abroad! Be generous!