

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 take off, Lizzie's rarin' to gofront of the house, honks its horn see that moon up there?" 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, someone to let him in. After a reconnoiter. "Is this the place?



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-remem-ber?) 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 drawls 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

Do you think we'll get an invitamiles of here." The G. I.'s, mosttion to one of the bowl games?" ly from other sections of the coun-

"We've a pretty good chance," "We've a pretty good chance," try, are quite amazed by the says Bud, "Come on Betty, let's course of events. "Gee, they're all so friendly, and they don't treat GI Style.

The year-1943. The place-UN, a sorority house. The time-7:30 on a Saturday night. Action. leans on the doorbell, and casually "De-tail halt!" A group of a lights his pipe as he waits for half-dozen or so soldiers stop and

dressed quite similarly-O. D. shirts, O. D. blouses, O. D. trous- other than a taxi, honk in front ers, and those spacious G. I. clod- of the house for months. The hoppers. As they walk up to the hoppers. As they walk up to the door, it opens and reveals about a dozen attractive coeds inside, waiting for the appearance of a very occasional treat. A footwaiting for the appearance of ball team that used to bowl over 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 Ne-

braska. No, not Lincoln-forty

Casual Cashmere*

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 Ne-braska. Did they play in the Rose Bol a couple of years ago?" All of the girls of the sorority have been ready since 7:15, wait-ing 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 foot. "Too bad about the football couple of minutes, a pretty face having a dance in there. Scouts out! Forward men." They're all They have been ready since 7:15, wait-ing for the soldiers to show up. They haven't heard a car horn,

DAILY NEBRASKAN

most of its opposition without too much trouble, now finds itself out-classed by those same teams.

Remember When?



of the reviewing stand will be the Six New Officers Third Battalion Asigned to UN **Picks Officers**

Six additional officers have just the campus, Col. J. P. Murphy,

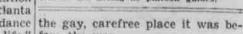
The other three will be branch

or something-that was the life." fore the war. And Betty dreams of that ride in

the moonlight that she and Bud another girl-and dreaming of the took on a night like this a couple day when he'll be home againof years ago-and thinks of how with those civvies and that station Betty says to Joe, a Pfc, from wonderful it'll be when Nebraska's wagon. It's a funny world,



Under the leadership of Cadet been assigned to military units on Lt. Col. William Casson, the cadet officers of the third battalion stationed at the Field House have commandant, disclosed yesterday. Three of these have been as-rying out their cadet duties since signed to the ASTP. They are 2nd Lts. Chauncey E. Barney, John P. Nortaout, and Arthur J. commander, Casson; executive of-Burglind. All are now stationed at Fort Frances E. Warren, Wyo. ficer, Ronald Plietz.



wagon, and whip into Atlanta every Saturday night to a dance the gay, carefree place it was be-Meanwhile Joe's dancing with



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Wednesday, October 20, 1943



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