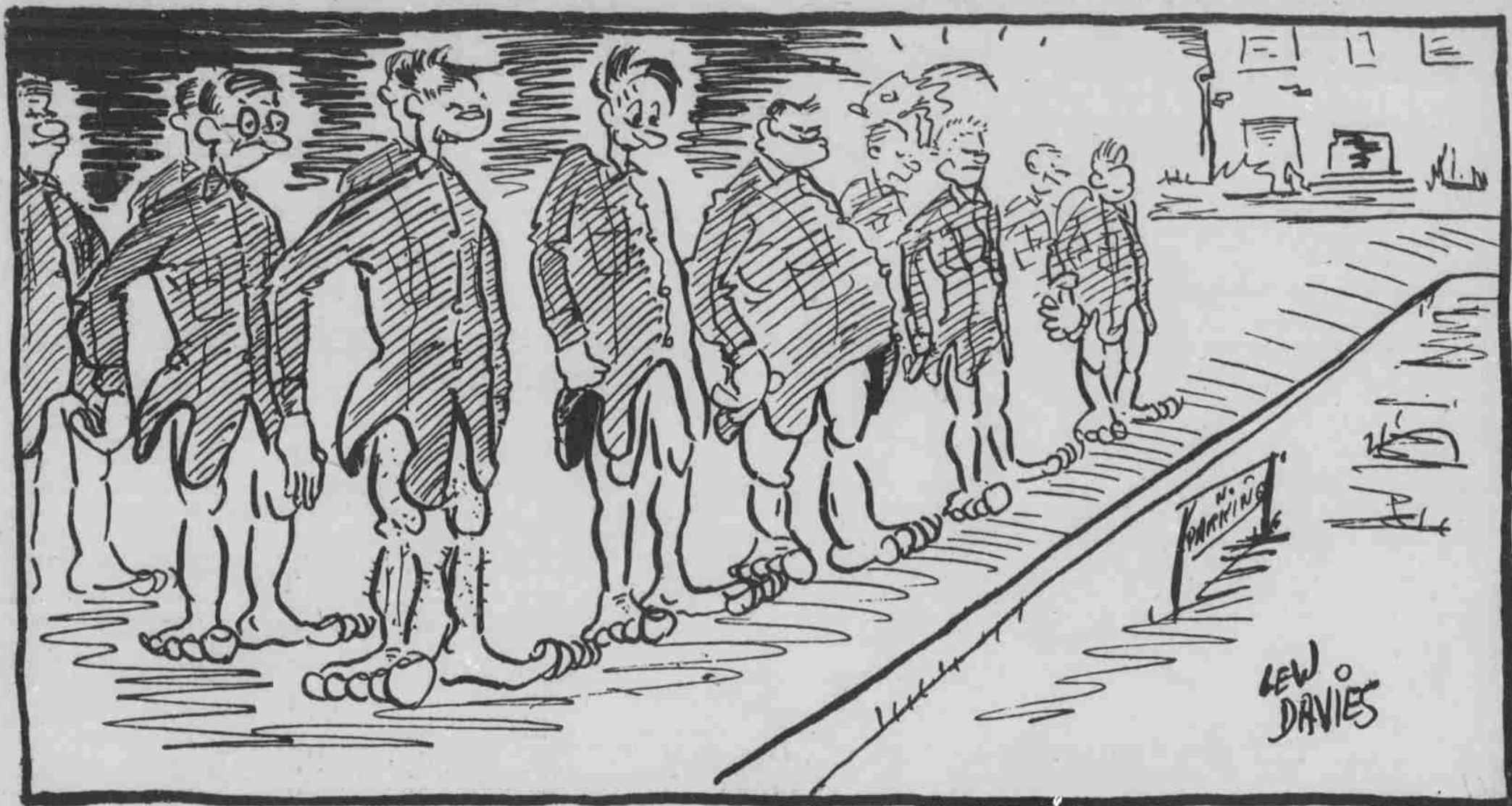


UNIFORM OF THE DAY: Fall Out in O.D. Shirts!

by Lew Davies



The cold Nebraskan winds were moaning and whistling their lonesome way around the library, unnoticed, till suddenly the C.Q. flicked the lights out and blared out, "First call for reveille, everybody up!" I crawled out from under the blankets, listened to the windows shivering from their all night watch in the November wind, and quickly ducked back under the covers, and went into temporary hibernation. Ten minutes later I realized that I must face the cold bare. I mean the bare cold facts—so I sprang out into the icy room, and into my equally frigid clothes. I wasn't alone in my suffering—as if that was any consolation.

That wind had sounded cold when we were on the inside looking out, but when it took three men to push the libe door open—against the wind—then I knew it was cold. "Hit it on the double—and fall in at attention!" They didn't have to say "freeze at attention," unless they wanted to be sure that we didn't freeze at ease. When I battled my way to the place where our platoon falls in, I found, instead of four neatly aligned ranks, one big huddle. I sneaked into the middle, to find out what was going on—and found it nice and warm, so I stayed. It turned out that there wasn't anything going on—it was just warmer that way. I had hardly finished congratulating myself on being on the inside, when I found myself once more on the outskirts. The windward edge of the huddle kept running around to the other side, to let someone else break the wind, so there I was. I ran around to the other side too. This went on for several minutes till our platoon leader noticed that our retreat was leading us dangerously close to the library (we weren't as dumb as we looked), and commanded us, in typical Simon Legree fashion, to "Fall In!" Reluctantly we turned around and lined up in four ranks—but not for long. First thing we knew we were in a huddle again—with the platoon leader right in the middle.

Then the battalion commander took over with his "Batt-al-ionnnn, attensh-hut!" By that time we couldn't have taken our hands out of our pockets even if General Washington himself had given us the command. Then came the report. "A company 26 men absent, sir." "B company, 31 men absent, sir." "C company, 47 men frozen, sir." "The uniform for today—class B with OVERCOATS."

STAR Notes

BY SGT. C. D. SHOKES.

The strange case of John F. Dunn, Joseph Zibelli, and George E. Sweeney, STAR linguists, is proof that it is not only a small world, but also that you meet the strangest people in the Army. Zibelli and Sweeney finished their B. S. work at Fordham University last spring. Coming into the Army, they went their separate ways—Sweeney landing in Kansas and Zibelli ending up in Panama. Their surprise at meeting each other in the STAR unit was increased considerably with the meeting of John F. Dunn, M. A., almost Ph. D., a language instructor at Fordham while they were there. All three have been classified for foreign area and language study.

The power of the STAR basketball team, which is ready for all comers, has been enhanced by the arrival of several former UN varsity men among the Infantry ROTC unit now in temporary residence with the STAR men. John G. Bottorf, played center for 2 years; Kenney Elson held down the forward position for 2 years; and Fred Cassidy was varsity forward last year.

Patsy Noto, cadet company clerk and sputterer of all sorts of Italian dialects, finds time amidst his busy hours on the typewriter to knock out a few verses of song. All who have heard his latest agree that they have never heard anything like it before, and that there is no doubt as to what will be the public's reaction to its de-

but. This column has the honor of presenting the words for the first time. A world premier was given last Monday in the orderly room by Noto, tenor and basso profundo.

THAT LITTLE GIRL YOU MEET IN THE ARMY

That little girl you meet in the Army,
That sweet brunette you never would have known.
When loneliness grips you,
And evenings seem so blue,
She comes along—and you are not alone.
That little girl you meet in the Army,
That blue-eyed blonde who makes you feel at home.
She steals away your heart,
But all is torn apart,
Tomorrow o'er these western plains you roam.
Many soldiers sigh
For the girl they left behind;
But I'll forever cry
For the fleeting ones I find.
That little girl you meet in the Army,
That redhead you would love to call your own.
Your heart begins to sing;
Until you see the ring.

CLASSIFIED
10¢ a line per day.
Payable in advance only.

- LOST—A Mortar Board pin. Finder call Jane Dalthorp, 2-1926.
- LOST—A Mortar Board pin. Finder call Jane Dalthorp, 2-1926.
- LOST—Pair black leather gym shoes. Tuesday in gym dressing room. Reward. John Belue, Field House.
- LOST—Brown leather zipper purse between 314 Bosh-Avery, Wed. Reward. Call 8-3236.

And once again a Private's hopes have flown.

Noto believes he's struck a new theme in popular music. Instead of writing about the "girl he left behind" (so many people are doing that these days), he composes about the girls he's going to meet. He's not bashful about admitting that the inspiration for the above selection is Miss Ruth Ann Medaris, ag student. Some of the things said about what a woman can do to a man should be repeated here.

Just Like Magic...



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LAUNDRY-CLEANING

COED COUNSELORS

Nancy Raymond, vice-president of the Coed-Counselors, requests that all members meet Saturday, November 13, at 11 a. m. in room 315 of the Union.

Something New Has Been Added

Piano Interlude
5 to 6 Sunday
Peggy Shelley on the Ivories
Union Lounge

"Authorized" Electric Shaver Service

143 So. 12 5-7864
Factory parts for Schick, Sunbeam and Remington shavers and new shavers on trade in basis \$11. Formerly located in Sharp Bldg.

Last Chance Tonight
to use reserved seat tickets
"Letters to Lucerne"
Friday Night University Theatre
Temple Bldg.
SOLDIERS!
A Special Performance Will Be Given Tomorrow Night
Soldiers 25c—Their Dates 25c—General Adm. 55c
Play Begins at 8:00