

Saleswomen Bulldoze, Flatter Coed Shopper

BY BARBARA KIECKEL.

Some women enjoy shopping. In fact, judging from the bulging walls of the city's department stores, I'd say that 75 percent of the feminine population make a full-time career of it. If it weren't for one little detail, I could almost see their point. But that one little detail drives me to shop only when my wardrobe reaches the point where I am afraid I may be arrested for indecent exposure. Call me a weak character if you must, but I frankly confess that I haven't the stamina to accept the challenge of the saleswomen.

During the years that I succeeded in inhibiting this phobia—before I let it make a coward of me—I did a little private research on the species. As nearly as I could figure out, there were two categories of saleswoman. Either they represent the "I'll sell you this dress or die in the attempt" class, or they belong to the haughty "Have you tried the five and dime, madam?" phyla.

First Type Amiable.

A member of the first group is rather amiable, at least on the surface. She swoops down upon you with a brilliant smile, so dazzling that you often miss the gleam of fierce determination that glows in her eyes, and hauls you into the fitting room before you have a chance to say "Schiaparelli." And once you're there, you might as well remove your dress and immediately begin to apologize for the rip in your slip, because she always has just the dress you're looking for. Of course it's a size 20 (you take a 10), and the color is reminiscent of an unpainted barn. But she's thoroughly convinced that it was created especially for you... until the next sucker happens in.

Don't even try to duck the barrage of flattery she hands out, ("It does everything for you,

dearie." "You'll never forgive yourself if you pass it by.") You have two alternatives: either buy the hideous garment and donate it to the Salvation Army on the way home, or conk her over the head while she's pinning the hem up two feet, and run.

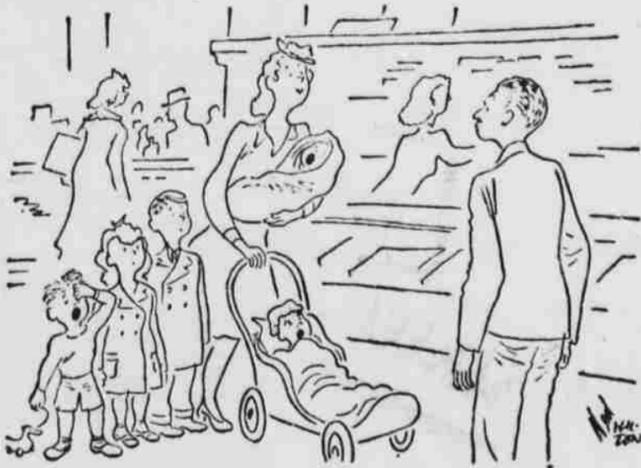
The Haughty Approach.

The haughty type has a different approach: intimidation. Oh, she's subtle, all right. Almost as subtle as a slap in the face. Sleek and elaborately coiffured, she slinks over, after having slipped you the "My, what people one has to rub elbows with these days" scrutiny as she shows you some garments, glancing out the window, and impatiently looking at her watch. "If you see something you'd like to try," she yawns and remonstrates, "But this is \$69.95, miss!"

Even if you don't care much for the ensemble, you then feel obligated to buy it, if only to prove to the snob that you aren't a pauper—that you can afford to buy a \$69.95 dress once in awhile, so there. As you self-consciously walk to the door, her eyes follow you, silently shouting, "What a pity to waste a gown like that on such a creature." Then she lifts an eyebrow and saunters over to bulldoze another naive customer.

Some wise women have discovered a way to get efficient service that doesn't entail wasting money or developing an inferiority complex. Inveigle a man to accompany you, and you'll encounter such charming, accommodating assistance that you'll probably decide you've been all wrong.

Yes, I tried that, too. But when Clarence brought me home after a fruitful shopping excursion two weeks ago, he accepted my thanks, admired my new hat, and walked out of my life. I hadn't seen him since, until last night. He was at the Turnpike—holding hands with that blonde salesgirl from Miller's.



"Where will I find the alarm clocks?"

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Sweaters, Jeans, Cords, Khaki Rate Tops With Mr. Joe College

BY TOTTIE FIDDOCK.

Pity the poor male whose clothes never make news unless his girl friend wears them! So just for a change, here's some dope on what the well-dressed mans is wearing around the campus these days.

First, we have the Joe College Plutocrat—the one who wears his white shirts to class. Most of the boys just save them for dates, if they can get 'em, but this guy thinks he can impress his teachers by making them think he dresses up for the most important thing in life. School, that is.

Majority Choose Sweaters.

Then, there is the Sweater Boy, in the majority, and shining light of U.N. He goes in for argyles and ski jobs most of the time, but if he happens to be particularly depressed, he might appear in a plain color. The one his girl knitted for his birthday almost never appears, but that's because he's saving it for something special. He wears his sweaters to class, on dates, home for the weekend and even to bed on cold nights.

We can't pass up the military man: ROTC for instance. You

can see him running around in khaki and think sadly of the days when all the fellas looked so nice in uniform. He looks neater than the other boys, because he has to spend more time on this clothes, what with polishing brass and shoes.

Blue Jeans Popular.

The Sophisticated Farmer wears blue jeans or corduroys with most any old thing his roommate thoughtfully left lying around for him to put on. This is the kind of male to watch for, because in spite of his bedraggled, innocent appearance he knows, or thinks he knows, all the answers, and all the questions, too.

The newest thing is a style that hasn't as yet appeared, but we're looking for it. That's the guy who is reduced to wearing gunny sacks. They are threaten it, saying that girls are buying all the available men's clothes, leaving nothing for them. When this phenomena does show his face (or his gunny sack) all female possessors of white shirts, jeans or boy's sweaters are advised to buy extra padlocks for their closets.

A man just walked by in a suit—the shock is too great!

Off the Record

By Jerry Cohn

It is entirely possible that the legitimate stage show is on its way back to Lincoln. After an absence of several years, due to various stumbling blocks, the Nebraska theatre started the ball rolling last May, when they brought in Frankie Masters and his ork for a one day engagement. Now, the Stuart theatre announces the signing of Ted Weems and his orchestra for shows on October 14 and 15. Perhaps the day is not too far off when stage shows will be booked for a full week as in the past.

While we're in the reminiscent mood, we have had many name bands playing in Lincoln in the past few years: Harry James, Son-

ny Dunham, Stan Kenton, Tex Beneke and the Miller Orchestra, Jerry Wald, Charley Barnet and Woody Herman, to mention a few. From information available, "You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet!"

Swing concerts are speedily becoming the fad over the country. Almost every name band has at one time or another played for one, the most publicized being Woody Herman's at Carnegie Hall.

Nebraska's Carnegie Hall, alias the U. of N. coliseum, will have a similar music festival when that Sentimental Gentleman of Swing,

AWS

Since special permissions for upper-classmen women are not yet returned to the Dean of Women's office, all upper-classmen must secure written permission from their parents to attend the game this week end, according to AWS president Mimi Ann Johnson.

Tommy Dorsey, presents two hours of swing on Monday, October 28. Competition will be running high at T.D. follows only three days after Benny Goodman's dance engagement at the Pike. It will be interesting to note which will have the greater drawing power, B.G.'s dance or T. D.'s concert.

Cornhusker Pictures

Cornhusker editor Merrell Shutt has announced date changes in the yearbook picture schedule. They are:

October 21-26.

Kappa Kappa Gamma.
Pi Beta Phi
Sigma Delta Tau
Sigma Kappa

October 28-Nov. 2.

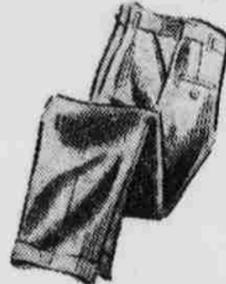
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Towne Club
Hesperia
Carl Hall

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