

The Husker's "Grand Old Man"



JACK BEST

"There is no difference between the athletes of today, at the University of Nebraska, and those of twenty-five years ago," says Jack Best, who has been intimately acquainted with more of Nebraska's athletes and who knows more about the history of Nebraska athletics than any one else.

"They weigh about the same today as they used to," he said, rejecting the idea that the men of today are in any way physically inferior to those of a quarter of a century ago. "The main difference between the football players of today and those of the early days of football here is the clothes they wear. They weren't padded then."

Weren't they hurt more seriously then?" he was asked.

"No, they were tougher. I used to

rub them with salt, and then take a blacksnake to them," he replied with a twinkle in his brown eyes.

The inquisitor must have expressed doubt in her countenance, for the old man said, "You don't believe that, do you? While the twinkle in his eyes deepened.

"The boys used to rub their clothes with grease, so the others couldn't catch them," he continued. "The old game was rougher—they didn't have the rules they do now."

Here Since 1889

Jack Best has been connected with the University of Nebraska since 1889, at which time he became nightwatchman here. He helped football get on its feet at Nebraska, being at first both coach and trainer. He was the

boys' best friend, both on the field and in the "gym." After football had become established here, and after rheumatism had become Jack's enemy, he still maintained his usefulness in the gymnasium, though he no longer coached. To this day, the seventy-four-year-old Englishman retains his supremacy as "rubber," and general hand man who keeps the players in condition and bandages up sore ankles. Every Cornhusker has a soft spot in his heart for Jack, whose loyalty to, and pride in, Nebraska has never been surpassed.

One day last week he made his way from the basement of the Armory, where he can be found at almost any time of the day, to the gymnasium floor, to keep an appointment with a Daily Nebraskan reporter. He sat down in the janitor's tiny office opening from the gymnasium, and his first words, after his greeting, were: "Well, we've got a good team. And we've got a good coach, and the boys like him. But we don't have enough room here."

And then Jack told how two and three men were forced to share the same locker through lack of space, and how, for the same reason, their football suits were never permitted to dry thoroughly. They must be donned for the next practice, still wet and muddy. Jack does not think these handicaps give the team a fair chance.

Another attempt to lead him to a comparison of the football players of the past with those of the present, resulted in an invitation to "see for yourself," by coming down to the office in the basement of the Armory, where hang the pictures of all the football teams Nebraska has ever had. And, as their old friend has said, there seemed to be no appreciable difference between any of the teams. To be sure, facial decoration in the way of moustaches, was much more common many years ago. But in size and weight, one corresponded to another.

The old pictures brought on a reminiscent strain in Jack, and he began to talk of some of the old players. Benedict, captain of the team in '93, the old trainer believes, was one of the very best football players Nebraska ever had. He was a Lincoln man, Jack said, but he had not heard from him for a long time, and does not know where he is now.

A big colored man, whose name "Jimmie" had forgotten was a rough player, he said, back in '93 and '94. Mention of him brought to the old trainer's mind a story. He sat down

on the davenport, one hand on his thigh, the other on his knee.

It was at a game in Omaha. One of the opposing players had ripped open the Nebraska man's cheek with his heel. "In the next half, though, he got it back on him," said Jack in his quaint English way. In the evening after the game, the team had gone to the Orpheum. Some one came to Jack and told him that the opposition team was after the colored man and was going to kill him.

Jack told the fellow about it and made arrangements with him to meet outside the theater in a few minutes. The big fellow, thoroughly frightened, made his way with the trainer to the Burlington station. Just before they got to the viaduct near the station, they spied a group of rough looking men.

"There they are," the negro said, but kept on his way. As they went on, they discovered it was merely a bunch of bums waiting for a street car. "Well, we hurried on, and got on the train as soon as we could, and we were mighty glad when we pulled out of Omaha safe," Jack concluded.

In the old days Jack said enthusiasm was displayed in a more lively, not to say more boisterous manner, on the eve of football games. One time they attempted to carry off a section of board sidewalk from in front of a residence near the campus. The man of the house, accompanied by his wife and daughter, came out with a shotgun in his hand, and ordered them to stop. The "gang" brought the cannon from the green near the library to the front of the man's house and loaded it with blank cartridges. They were permitted to tear up the rest of the sidewalk without interference, and they had their bonfire as originally planned.

"Well, I'll have to be goin' now," said the Cornhusker's "grand old man," getting on his feet, "they'll be needin' me out there. They keep me busy till 6 o'clock." And, shaking his interviewer's hand, and bestowing upon her one of his charming smiles, he went back to his boys in the "gym."

As an old negro boarded a Capitol car in Oklahoma City, Judge Pitchford of the supreme court, who was sitting in the colored section of the car, got up and gave the old darkey his seat. "Who is yo'?" inquired the surprised negro. "I'm just a plain, common kind of a man," replied the judge. "Yassah, I kin see that," said the old uncle, "but what's yo' name?"

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Girls! Do You Know That--

The Christmas holiday season is less than a month away.

That means, of course, more clothes for the dance, the theatre, the dinner party, and the thousand and one other functions on the social calendar at this gala time.

We really want you to come up and see our dance frocks and evening dresses, even if you haven't any serious intentions of buying, for they're a delight to the eye—especially the ones which are just billows of tulle in every color of the rainbow. Then, too, there are quaintly charming taffeta frocks in Dresden patterns, gracefully draped satin ones, and stunning gowns in black velvet and Charmeuse—some more in the nature of dinner gowns, some fashionably high cut in back, and others following the usual decolletege.

Then for informal affairs we are showing an interesting col-



lection of dresses suitable for the most elaborate as well as the simplest of these occasions.

Georgette dresses, often beautifully embroidered in gold and silver thread, or perhaps combined with chiffon velvet or some other material; distinctive gowns of Kitten's Ear Crepe and other satin fabrics, in becoming browns, taupe, black; in fact all the leading shades; striking modes developed in tricolette, principally in shades of sand, navy, and black; tricotine dresses, serge dresses—in fact every sort of a frock you could possibly want.

And by the way—There are still a few good looking dresses left at a THIRD AND A HALF LESS THAN THEIR ORIGINAL PRICES. They may be had in tricolette, satin, charmeuse, crepe de chine, taffeta, and Georgette, in a host of smart styles and in sizes from 16 to 42.



A group of suits, too, is flaunting a HALF PRICE CARD. Some of them are fur trimmed, but the majority have either high convertible collars of the material or plain notched collars to permit the wearing of one's own furs.

BUT ENOUGH ON THE SUBJECT OF CLOTHES. After all, one can't let them absorb one's entire attention, with Christmas gifts to be thought of so soon. Gradually our entire store is being decked in holiday array and attractive gifts for every sort of person are taking their places. Gifts for men—everything from fine linen handkerchiefs waiting to be initialed, to mahogany humidors and smoking stands—all sorts of pretty things to please the feminine fancy—toys, dolls, and games for the children—electrical gifts—in fact Christmas presents galore of every kind.

Wont you make this store your Christmas shopping headquarters?

Rudge & Guenzel Co