

# The Nebraskan

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Editor ..... Pat Chamberlin  
 Managing Editors ..... Mary Louise Goodwin, Harold Andersen  
 News Editors ..... Leslie Jean Glotfelty, Betty Lou Huston,  
 Janet Mason, Phyllis Teagarden  
 Business Manager ..... Jo Martz  
 Assistant Business Managers ..... Lorraine Abramson, Mildred Engstrom  
 Society Editor ..... Helen Goodwin  
 Sports Editor ..... Dick Dilsaver

## Obviously Unfair . . .

Coming more and more into the open is the underhanded effort of a small group of vindictive individuals to oust Colonel Lawrence "Biff" Jones from his temporarily-vacated post of director of athletics and head football coach at the university. The "get-Jones" movement began while Biff was still coaching Husker teams and has grown stronger since he received a leave of absence from the university three years ago and, returning to active army duty, assumed the role of director of athletics at West Point.

This attempt to railroad Jones from his post while he is in the service of his country is obviously unfair. Were he a poor football coach instead of one of the nation's top-ranking mentors, the movement would still be unfair, for the university is under a moral obligation to allow Jones to return to his former post when his tour of army service ends.

The point at issue is not Jones' ability as a coach or athletic director; the point at issue is the moral reputation and integrity of the University of Nebraska.

The most encouraging note in the whole sordid picture is the fact that the oust-Jones movement is backed by a relatively small group of individuals. And most exasperating to those thousands of Nebraskans who have a sincere interest in UN athletics is the fact that this small group is attempting to "get" Jones because of purely personal, vindictive reasons. Biff was never an apple-polisher or a glad-hander. He worked quietly and efficiently, doing his utmost to perform his job in the best possible fashion.

He was hired as a football coach and director of athletics, and that job he performed with unquestionable efficiency. He produced the only Nebraska teams to defeat Minnesota and Pitt in modern times, and in 1941 he gave the school its only Rose Bowl team. In doing this job he undoubtedly stepped on the toes of a few individuals, and it is these same individuals, university officials and private citizens, who are now trying to win Jones' dismissal.

The efforts of this group must be blocked. Let Jones' splendid record as a coach be forgotten; fair play still demands that he be allowed to return to his post at Nebraska, as he indicated he wishes to do. If, upon his return, the university officials in authority feel that he should be replaced, let them take proper action. But to discharge Jones now, while he is serving his country, would be a disgraceful act, one which would bring only discredit to the University of Nebraska.

H. W. A.

## Les Said The Better

By Les Glotfelty

Coming down the Union stairs to the Nebraskan office for the first time since before vacation we were startled to hear an old and too familiar beat of a typewriter.

"Hmmm," we said, "only one person we know types with her toes like that."

"Who?" asked fellow news ed Lou Huston.

"Donaldine," we answered.

A sudden burst of staccato typing ended the question and answer game. There was the sound of paper being torn out of the typewriter and various snorts and grunts which indicated that the typist was not happy. We walked into the office and there indeed was someone who looked like Donaldine.

Those few who bore with this malarkey last year will remember Donaldine as the brilliant but slightly perverted schizophrenic coed who dug up dirt for the column and, in trying times, even wrote it. At that time, Donaldine was a pigtailed little girl in orange rimmed glasses who spent her time browsing thru old air conditioning systems and leather-bound closets, thereby ac-

quiring much information mostly unprintable.

In May of 1944, Donaldine disappeared along with the six bucks in our billfold, but she left a tender note stating that her foresight told her that this year's Mortar Boards would do nothing constructive, as usual, and therefore, we would no longer require her services. In the old days, Donaldine said, the MB's did nothing secretly so that she had to ferret out what they did nothing about. Then in 1944-45, they were destined to do nothing openly and Donaldine saw her way clear to join the ranks of the unemployed.

But apparently, here she was again. The typist who looked like Donaldine unwound her feet from the typewriter, knocked out her pipe in one of Pat Chamberlin's new office slippers and asked us for three bucks until Tuesday.

Sure then of her identity, we greeted Donaldine and introduced Lou to her.

"She looks like a dementia praecox to me," said Donaldine.

"Take five bucks," we said.

"I don't think you'll like it here this year," said Lou.

"Make it seven bucks," said Donaldine, "and you ain't seen nothing yet."

Yes, the uninhibited Donaldine was home, and as an ancient sage once remarked, "That ain't good."

## Publishes Work Of Prof. Roberts

"The Storm on Lake Galilee," original organ composition by Myron Roberts, professor of organ, has been accepted for publication by H. W. Gray of New York.

Another of Mr. Roberts' organ compositions, "Carillon," which was performed at the First Plymouth Congregational Church last Sunday, has also been submitted to H. W. Gray for publication.

## Snowball . . .

(Continued from Page 1.)

over vacation to try to match him up with a UN man. Believe me, there is no Mr. Five by Five with pieces of coal for eyes on the campus. Anyway my snowman melted and as he diminished to nicer proportions, I remembered a man—Not Jim Abdnor, not Ed Robinson, not Ernie Larson, not Harold Andersen, not even Jim Weesener, but still an ideal snowman because he doesn't look like the type to melt. Now a snowman who melts is no earthly good to anyone, and therefore the ideal one is a man who's rough and tough enough to be impervious to the charms of woman-kind. I

hereby nominate Bob Brown, ATO, for UN Snowman because, in the first place, I don't even know the guy and therefore, as far as I'm concerned, he has no faults. In the Union almost con-

stantly, he's never seen chasing down cokes for blonde freshmen or red-headed sophomores or any coed at all for that matter. A man, undoubtedly, and maybe he won't melt. LES GLOTFELTY.



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