

The Nebraskan

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

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So Long, Biff...

Nobody knows much about it, but—
 According to a copy-righted story in the Monday World-Herald, Col. Biff Jones won't be coming back to the university. Per usual, the Board of Regents and the Athletic Board are keeping the cards under the table. All we know is that Colonel Jones advised the World-Herald by telephone that he would not be coming back to UN and that he would release the university from its contract with him. His contract would expire shortly after the 1946 season.

The World-Herald reported that Biff's decision is based on a letter from the Board of Regents and the Athletic Board, which apparently was anything but cordial about the Biffer coming back here as football coach and athletic director.

It is a well known fact that the arm-chair quarterbacks of the university and Lincoln never liked Biff much—mainly because Biff refused to kowtow to anyone and because he ran things the way he thought they should be run in spite of the best efforts of some Lincoln businessmen and members of the administration to tell him his business. The fact that he was a good coach and popular with everyone except some of the "big guns" with enlarged senses of their own self-importance seems to have made comparatively little difference.

If the World Herald is correct, the Biffer won't be coming back. Members of the Athletic Board refused to comment on Jones reported decision, so once again the members of the university and the interested people who support it can only sit and guess what happened and why, until, someday, maybe, the Regents or the Athletic Board will release a smoothed-over, high-sounding, sweet-smelling statement of their altruistic reasons for their action or inaction.

Beaten Male Cries Out At Turnabout Custom

BY SASHA SLAPFACEOVITCH.
 If you of the fairer sex think you are the only ones who suffer nervous distraction from want of attention, the desire to make an impression, and last (but certainly far from least) of all, the LUST (how I hate that word!) for a date, YOU'RE NUTS!!!

I'll grant that you may worry yourselves to the point of collapse for 33 weeks during the school year, but you certainly have your revenge—and Ah! How sweet!—from Nov. 10 to Dec. 1, the period from the initial announcement of the annual Mortar Board Party until its actual presentation.

This is your moment and how you use it! If you think you have known (or have seen) a case of nerves, please settle for this, "YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!"

Rats Brains Out.

For 8 1/4 months we bat our brains out trying to gain a flicker of attention and (if I may make so bold as to suggest it) an infinitesimal (Webster's Collegiate—page 515) amount of affection. But what does it avail us? The grand announcement is made but the days creep by and we fail to hear a sweet, seductive voice softly whisper the magic words, "Do ya want to go to that d—n Mortar Board Party with me—huh?"

And the days tumble over each other into another week and things in the house begin to fly. "Pledge, clean up that pile of fingernails!" Another week passes. My hair falls (or, in the cases of some of the more fortunate, it is merely whitens), the lines in our faces deepen, we age a year with each passing day—we're old before our time in body and in spirit but the flame of hope still smolders within us.

Four, five, then six more days pass. We're weakened. We're sinking fast. We are able to rouse ourselves from our delirium only long enough to gurgle, "Quick Doc! You—gotta—gimme another shot! Please Doc, just—one more. Ohhhhhh!"

Riding Heaven's Rim.

Something jangles in the background and we hear ourselves mutter, "But Pete, I don't want to play them bells, I want a harp!" Our death-rattle is interrupted by

a rasping pledge-like cry, "Hey Satch! Some babe wants to talk to you on the phone." With a trembling hand the receiver is held to the ear. Then Sophie's "out-of-this-world" voice grates against our ear drum. It is file-like in its eagerness.

"That you Satch? Huh? Well look, Satch, it's like this. Vic Vapor—huh? Oh you know, the flyboy from out at the Base! Well he can't come to Mortar Board Party tonight, so I thought I'd give you a call. Sure I want ya to go, after all it ain't Vic's fault he's gotta be the Colonel's call boy this month to earn his \$245, is it? Ya say you'd just love to go? O. K. I'll be over in 15 minutes!"

We sink back, too shaken to move. Then IT hits us! We've finally been invited! WE'RE goin' to the Mortar Board Party. "Pledge! Quick! My morphine! My cane! My wheelchair! Careful of those bodies on second floor hall! Those poor guys just couldn't take it. Too bad. Tsk.

Breta Peterson Joins Law School Staff in January

Miss Breta B. Peterson, UN graduate, has been appointed librarian and instructor in law at the law college, which will open in January, announced the Board of Regents last week.

Graduating from the Law College in 1939 at the head of her class, she practiced law with the firm of Peterson and Devoe, Lincoln.

She was elected in 1945 to Lincoln's city council, the first woman to hold that position.

Activities.

President of the women's division of the Lincoln Chamber of Commerce in 1942-43, she is also a member of Lincoln's Council of Social Agencies, Social Welfare Society board, Camp Fire Girls, Junior League and Board of Health.

While an undergraduate at the university Miss Peterson was a member of Phi Delta Kappa, Mortar Board and Delta Delta Delta

SOIL CONVERSATION

By Don Grube

Training to Nebraska from all parts of the country, the NRO's returned to school Monday, but only to sleep. . . The few days we were gone from Navy Hall they thought it would be fun to surprise us, so they put up a lot of new orders and changed all the old ones . . . we were all confused for awhile but we are happy again as we look forward to Mortar Board Dance, which as you probably have heard is being held this week-end . . . When Morton Wells brings his baton down on the first beat Saturday night the chics and their "guy dates" will start dragging each other around the floor . . . Marilyn Davis will be seen with glamorous Julian Hatton . . . he will be wearing a

dark blue suit with gold accessories . . . Margaret Huff, after absolutely no deliberation asked lovely Bill Gard to be hers for the affair . . . After sitting by the telephone for days, curvacious Rusty Peterson was finally asked to the hop . . . the lucky gal is Lois Gillette . . . Shirley Campbell has taken it upon herself to sling NRO Kamerling around the floor . . . he is also wearing blue.

No more cribbing during the afternoon, girls . . . no more quiet dinners in out of way places . . . because every night at 6:30 in back of Navy Hall we line up and muster for chow! . . . after we arrive at the Union and go thru the chow line we muster again, just to make sure we attended dinner . . . ah yes, wonderful food we have here.

Carrying on polite conversation in the Union today was NRO Wallace and Jo Grasmick . . . sitting beside them, also carrying on a conversation, was Chuck Peake and Jeaneeeeeee Stevens . . . It's Crib time now friends, so until Thursday here's to good romancing . . .

Snipe Huntin'

with JUDGE MASON

The by-word in campus circles as well as out-state and country groups now is, "What's the deal on Biff Jones?" No doubt the students who, like us, came up to school after Biff had left and knew him only by reputation and rumor, are as bewildered as we were yesterday when we started out to find the "facts."

The whole question arose this year when a joint meeting of the Athletic Board and the Board of Regents was called, about two weeks ago, to discuss the athletic program for the year. Among other questions which came up was that Biff Jones' contract which stipulated that the position of athletic director and head coach would be opened to him for the '46 football year. According to an article in the Nov. 25 World Herald, it can be assumed that a letter was sent to Biff Jones by the Regents and Athletics boards concerning the fulfillment of the University's contract with him. The World Herald article intimated that the letter offered Biff the coaching and director job for one year and after that only the job of director of athletics. The actual contents of the letter have not been revealed to the press by either board.

The article stated further that Bill anticipated releasing the university from its obligation to him because of the dissension which existed both among members of the two boards and also among university alumni and other persons. He maintained that for the rebuilding job which Nebraska has ahead, it "must have the backing of all regents and all members of the Athletic Council." And he said: "Pretty plainly, I will not have the backing of these men."

After reading this we were interested in two questions, as doubtless many other non-informed students were.

(1) What actually was the proposition made by the university to Biff Jones in that letter.

(2) What was the true cause of the opposition encountered to Biff's returning.

Then the chase was on.

To answer the first question we journeyed to Dr. Scott's office. After an interesting talk to the chairman of the Athletic Board dis-appointed us by concluding "as for the newspaper, you can quote me as saying, 'NO COMMENT'". We left him with the assurance that wherever we were in the world when he resigned from the athletic board and was in a position to comment, we would come back to hear it.

Next, over to see Lewandowski, who was even more determined to prevent us from gleaning the contents of the letter to Biff. By this time we understood why the newspapers were speculating so freely. The obvious attempt to keep the contents of the letter protected from the public, particularly after Jones himself had signified his willingness to bring the matter into the public eye, was enough to arouse anyone's curiosity.

From here our path led to the Chancellor's office, where the brush-off became almost humorous. Our persistent questioning brought only the comment that Biff "was informed that it is the desire and intent of the board to keep faith with the contract." As we already knew this, we tried every approach we had learned

once in journalism class to find out what else was in the letter, but evidently the Chancellor had had experience with our kind before. His defense were impregnable.

Our last resort among university authorities was Mr. Selleck. By this time the question had changed to: "Why wasn't the contents of the letter made public?" "Didn't want to embarrass Colonel Jones," was the reply. Wondering what could be embarrassing about offering a guy a job as director and head coach at Nebraska, we were now convinced that there was truly a "catch" somewhere. The only other comment he would make was, "I think the letter is very fair to his best interest."

Then Mr. Selleck expressed his own personal admiration for Biff Jones as a football coach, and we put two and two together and the whole thing suddenly became clear. The important thing went much deeper than the mere contents of a letter or the remarks Biff made to the World Herald staff member. We recalled talks we had had with many Nebraska fans and alums, and opinions we had heard on both sides. Linking the varied opinions of these people with the attitude of the university authorities, the situation became strangely clear and simple.

Contrary to what the World Herald has maintained, Biff Jones' opposition isn't led by a "Few Lincoln businessmen" with chips on their shoulders. Granted there does exist such opposition, and there are those who oppose Biff for petty, selfish reasons. But these do not constitute the majority. Men like Mr. Selleck, some other members of the Regents and Athletic boards, businessmen, farmers, former Huskers and others oppose Biff's return to UN for a reason which has no maliciousness in it whatsoever. And that reason is you stu-

dents, your parents and your relatives. For, you see, it takes more than a thorough knowledge of football plays and techniques to be a coach and director at Nebraska. There isn't one of these men who oppose Biff objectively, who would not grant that he is a wonderful football coach. But Biff Jones isn't a gladiator! And that's what it takes to maintain a successful team at UN.

It is one of the coach's jobs to encourage athletes to attend Nebraska and play football. This is done by visiting the farms and small towns and homes about the state and getting acquainted with the parents and the boys. It is done by speaking at club meetings and attending banquets and shaking hands with them all. People enjoy this recognition, are flattered by this attention and are thus convinced that they could send their boy to college. It won't do to have the assistant coach or other staff member make these contacts—not while the big guy's around for he's the one they want.

We and our parents and our relatives are the ones who are responsible for the situation that it takes more than a good football coach to make a good football team at Nebraska. There is no solution; you can't have a team without men.

It is just that Biff Jones doesn't like speaking and "making contacts" and consequently is not successful at it, and he knows it. He also knows, better than many of his friends and enemies, what is good for Nebraska.

The only truly regrettable situation that exists now is that the Board of Regents has still not hit a happy medium between open meetings and strictly closed ones. Perhaps if they would expend some of their energy in putting out official statements to the press, they would not have to expend so much in answering reporters' questions.



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