

### Snipe Huntin'

with  
JUDGE MASON

Senator Wherry is being difficult again; Nebraska professors are standing in dire fear of losing their jobs if they air their convictions; the World Herald is still blowing off with its Hearst columnists; the registrar's office has released organizations' scholastic standings in Egyptian hieroglyphics once more (see page one); capital is making profound statements to labor, like "Go to hell!"; the time is ripe for someone to jump off the 14th floor of the Capitol building again.

After careful consideration we decided on another form of escapism—Thorne Smith's book, "Skin and Bones." Don't be fooled by the bombastic, revolutionary outburst of pent-up cynicism which has been unfolded—*anxiety over other folk's troubles has a way of expending itself early.* Like our readers, we are much more interested in—well, "Skin and Bones" for instance.

From the effects of this book, our delightful imagination ran rampant yesterday afternoon and we pictured ourself able to turn into a skeleton at will, like Quintus Bland. So, our adventures began:

#### Hi Ya Dean!

My first visit was to the dean's office which I entered in my ordinary physical form. After toying with the dean's temper for a moment, parrying on the issue of formal dinner dances, I picked the moment in which he was executing a particularly wide yawn to beset myself of my skin.

When he deigned to look my way again, his gaze met the grinning countenance of my hollow skull. The amazingly swift retreat to the nearest corner would have put General Jodi to shame. I was reluctant to leave this terrified, charming presence, but more urgent business called and I felt disposed to answer. Arising from my chair, I made a quick grab for my descending skirt and hooked it onto my left pelvis bone. Then depositing my floating ribs into my coat pocket, I threw it over my collar bones and ambled out of the office. As the screaming people I passed were beginning to annoy me, and besides I was having trouble keeping my shoe laces untangled from my longitudinal arches, I assumed my original whole status and headed toward the Union.

#### Victim Coming Up!

Sitting down on the steps by the entrance to the crib, I waited for my next victim to show up. Pretty soon, as I had expected, this tall, dark, suave sailor that I have been hearing so much about, came striding leisurely down the hall in my direction. A group of Sheldon's feminine admirers were awaiting his presence, providing a most fitting atmosphere for my performance. A sudden rattle of bone against stone revealed that my exterior had vanished. The handsome sailor gave one horrified look and had catapulted down the hall and out the door in a burst of agility which would have flattered a cat. Things were looking up!

Bill Ray and Dallas Cotton, lease-holders of the large northeast booth in the crib, came walking out. I sat there, grinning ludicrously at them through my clicking teeth, waiting to be noticed.

Bill Ray and Dallas Cotton, lease-holders, walked by me without a sideward glance, engrossed in their darn discussion. Crestfallen at this inconsiderate spurning of my attentions, I removed myself from the Time Murderer—I mean, the Union—and prepared for a visit to Karl Arndt's office.

#### Dirty Trick

Now Professor Arndt is the guy who is always playing dirty tricks on Professor Schramm—or is it the other way around? Well anyway, they sometimes go fishing together and generally return empty handed but exceedingly wet and in fine spirits—until they meet their wives, waiting with empty frying pans which HAD been intended for the fish.

Uh, as I was saying: these two gentlemen are one-third of the

cigar-makers' fortune, it being considered a rare thing indeed to see either of them without rope's prodigal son in his mouth.

One burning desire, which I have suppressed ever since my more juvenile days, has been to see the expression on a face whose adjoining esophagus has just swallowed a lighted cigar. This distorted sense of humor of mine has been an object of utmost anxiety among my friends for some time. But each dog will have his day, tra la, and mine was here. I peeked through the keyhole and found, by some quirk of fortune that both professors were there, talking and laughing and having a great time. Disrobing myself to add to the grotesque effect, I stretched out my claw-like hand for the door knob . . .

On the brink of my greatest triumph—the bell rang! Students jumped up, trod over my feet and jostled out of the classroom. My daydreaming was over for the day!

### Teachers College Student Group Elects Officers

Newly elected officers of the Teachers College Student association are Bill Swanson, president; Joy Hill, vice president, and Doris Hoffer, secretary-treasurer.

Members of the advisory board are Dick Miller and Marilyn Markussen, seniors; Fred Lorenz and Mary Jo Schmale, juniors; and Kenneth Fletcher and Marian McElhaney, sophomores. Publicity director is Helen Laird.

A meeting will be held for all members next Tuesday evening.

## Jorgensen Favors World Control of Atomic Energy

Calling the idea of the United States keeping the atomic bomb hidden "naive," Prof. Theodore Jorgensen stated that it will be developed by other nations within two to four years. He addressed a student convocation Wednesday afternoon.

Professor Jorgensen, physics professor on leave from the university, declared that world control of atomic energy would mean "complete and unhampered inspection of all localities where any work in nuclear energy might take place" and a world organization with police powers to hold uncooperative nations to their agreements.

#### War Problem.

"Suggestions for controlling or outlawing the atomic bomb do not lead one to a happy frame of mind about our prospects," he went on. "In each of them the fundamental problem of war still remains. However, I believe it does us no harm to look the facts in the face, unpleasant as they are. If we find we can no longer support this sacred institution of war and survive, we must put every effort into arranging our social and political environment so that war is found to be unnecessary."

Reviewing six of the methods which have been suggested for control of the atomic bomb, Prof. Jorgensen, who worked with Chicago scientists in constructing and

testing the new weapon, mentioned:

1. Declaring war on the rest of the world and winning world control.
2. Cornering the world's supply of raw materials.
3. Keeping in the lead in the armament race.
4. Keeping the atomic bomb secret.
5. Dispersing our cities.
6. Establishing world authority to control atomic energy.

Concluding that world control was the only way to control atomic power, Jorgensen dismissed the possibilities of conquering the world, cornering world markets, and starting another armament race, dispersing cities or keeping the bomb a secret.

## Orchesis . . .

(Continued from Page 1.) in blessing over that person. For long years the Madonna has stood, wooden and fixed.

#### The Juggler

In the shadows a juggler has been watching. He creeps to her fearfully. What gift has he to offer? He begins to juggle and in his excitement doffs his cap, holding it out to her for a penny. Realizing the sacrilege, he crumples before her. Then he decides that to be forgiven he must juggle his best. He juggles until he has no more to give; he falls at her feet and dies.

When the monks return, they shrink with horror at what the juggler has done, but as they look the Madonna stretches her arm in blessing. The juggler had given the supreme gift.

Contrary to general belief, the Great Wall of China is neither a wall nor is it in China. It is the popular name for the Associated Women Students board.

## The Nebraskan

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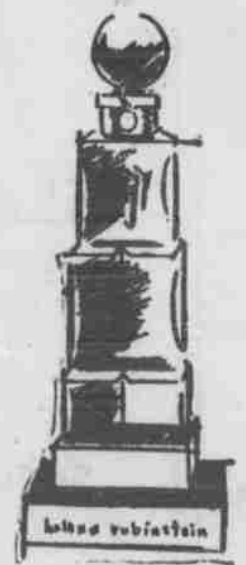
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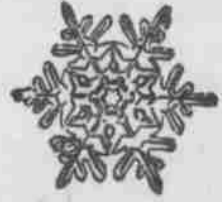
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