

# The Daily Cob

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LINCOLN 8 NEBRASKA

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## Gamma Phi Beta

### Simple Sim Cites Show As Simmering With Sex

Mr. Bob Sim, president of Kosmet Klub, announced today that the annual Kosmet Klub Fall Sex Show will be held at 8 p. m. this Friday in the Coliseum.

In view of the huge sale of tickets to the show he is anticipating another huge profit. Prospects appeared so good, according to Sim, that Kosmet Klub was considering allowing their fire insurance policy on the Temple Theater to lapse and had given up the proposed scheme of burning the building.

Mr. Jack Campbell, treasurer of the Klub, told this reporter that the receipts from the 425,000 tickets sold would be applied to the rental of the Lewandowski Memorial Building. Campbell reported, that any remaining proceeds from ticket sales would be applied to the Cob-Tassel note, although it may be several years before Kosmet Klub can wipe out the principal. Their treasurer hoped that enough could be applied to the note to appease the howlings of Corn Cob Treasurer Neal Baxter.

Crew leaders reported that the show promises to be one of the greatest ever held on this campus and would do much to increase the Kosmet Klub reputation (it needs it). The officers claimed that although the skits to be presented would remain strictly censored as in the past the review would remain highly entertaining, and wished to emphasize the fact that girls were

invited to attend. That noted emcee, John Carson will keep things moving between acts with his amusing chatter.

Those attending the show will cast their ballots for their choice for Nebraska Beastie and Prince Ghoul in Garbage Cans at the door.

### Corn Nibbler Gives Gripes

By Al Abramson.

I hate Homecoming, but don't die laughing. This place is dead enough as it is.

What a joke! People knock themselves out for four years trying to get out of here, and then some egg-head says: "Let's go back for Homecoming."

So they come back, and for the next 365 days they're happy again. They know why they left Nebraska, and they're glad.

Maybe that's the true meaning of the thing. It's kinda like the annual picnic of the alumni of Beaver Patrol of old Troop 769. You go back just to prove to yourself that the people were really jerks, just as you always thought . . . only more so.

It's ironical.

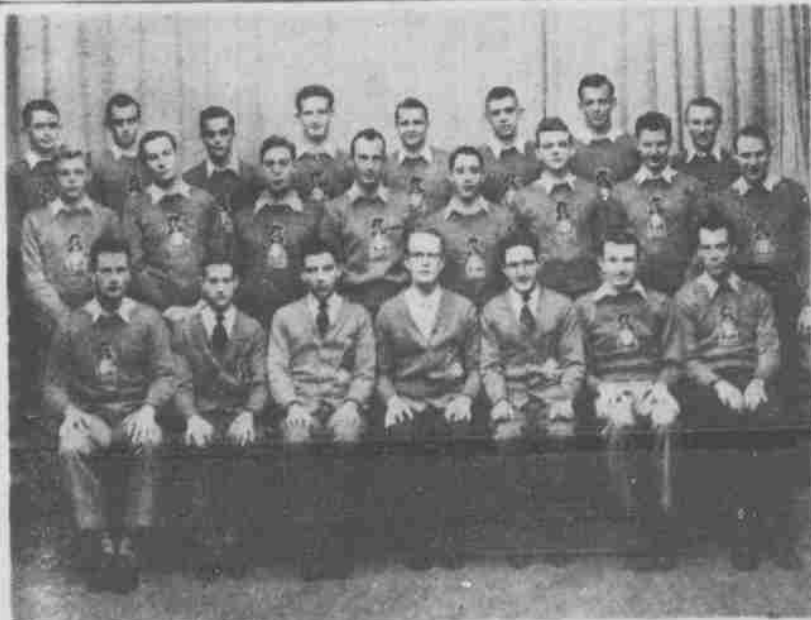
People exist in this joint for four good, otherwise profitable years, just so they can say, "I gotta B.S. from Nebraska." Oh, brother . . .

And what do they find here? The same old cold mashed potatoes at every meal. The same mumbling instructors. Same campus cops, same flat beer, same dirty rooms, same one o'clock curfew, same T.J., in fact the same everything.

But don't let this article stop you from coming back to this opium den. It's really a very lovely place.

### AOPi Named In Suit

Miss Betty Boothe was the girl seen in the dark green suit last Sunday.



### Reveal Business Men's Club As Long-Sot Red Boozers

After one of the fiercest men hunt's in history, The Red Boozers (no, that's not a typographical error) were brought to justice.

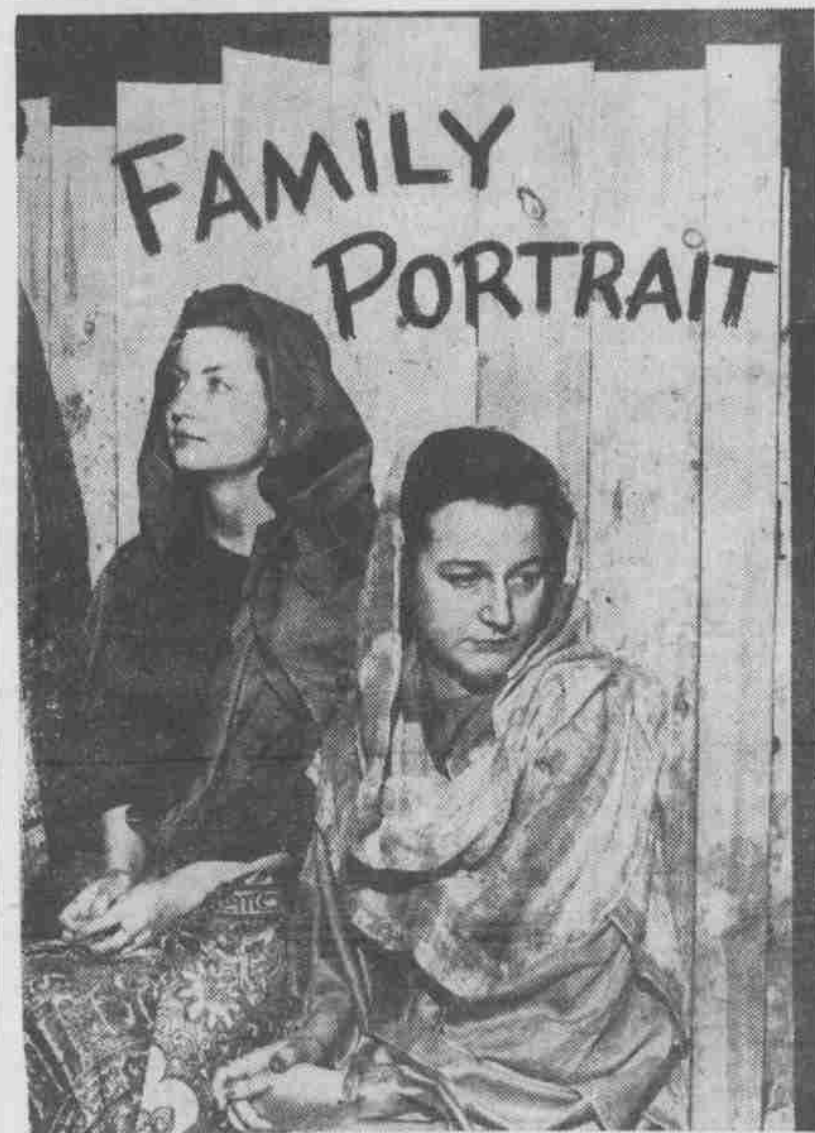
This group, known as Corn Lickers throughout the dismal corner's of their ill-famed section on lower 16th street, were brought to justice by a squad of 1,000 fighting Lincoln police led by that Man of Distinction (he got that on the Migration train) Police Chief Roz Howard. During his college career Howard came into the limelight as the first president of the student council whose sanity was not questioned by Dean T. G. Thomelson, Don of Stupid affairs.

Howard led his small force into the lower abysses of the Boozers

hideaway, located below Rock's Lower O street.

Chief Howard and his chief assistant in charge of reforming University students, Margery Johnston, survived the initial barrage of beer bottles and empty shot glasses to establish a beachhead at the door of the hideout. While these two brave, courages souls were risking their Ph. D's to get to the door they were covered by members of their own gang, Miss Foodey and Mr. Lock, who layed down a barrage of spitball's and date grapes.

The group pictured above after their capture were still a little shocked, but 10 years in Dean Thompson's closet should bring them around.



MOURNERS NEILSEN AND MACCUAIG—Seen as they join Mohammedan clan.

### Sorority Doors Close on Two Senior Sisters

As thousands of horror-stricken speculators sobbed uncontrollably, "Magoo" MacCuaig and "Spook" Neilsen were court-martialed and drummed out of the sisterhood of Gamma Phi Beta today.

The expulsion of the two coeds was caused by their failure to comply with the all important university regulation, namely, that every undergraduate be engaged by graduation day.

The ceremony took place on the front steps of the chapter house. As women sang "For We Can't Stand You Near Us Anymore," the president removed the pins from the erring pair. One of the by-standers, Carolyn Tower, flung herself before the crowd and gave an heroic plea of forgiveness for the two women, but to no avail. She was asked to leave the premises, give up her privilege to the coke machine, and has been campused for one year because of her obnoxious action.

Why Johnston, dean of immoral women, said that the whole situation was "utterly unbelievable." She pointed out that the last unengaged undergraduate was Suez Canal, the well-known newspaper propagandist.

Miss MacCuaig and Miss Neilsen are unavailable for comment, at present being submerged in the traditional tub of cold water.

"Spook," a well-known crusader and politician, was recently chosen "Miss Nebraska Homebreaker" in a contest conducted by veterans' wives. Miss Neilsen won the contest "hands down" because of her successful crusade last year against the institution of marriage. It is believed that Miss Neilsen's attitude is due in part to the fact that she can't find a husband.

Doc Lousy, director of the speech department, was attacked last night when "Magoo" MacCuaig tried to carry him bodily to the nearby Justice of the Peace.

Lousy stated, "However, I am not surprised at her action. She has been an habitual offender since her arrival in school and we have had much trouble keeping male students in the speech department."

Miss MacCuaig and Miss Neilsen are now accepting applications for marriage. Blanks are available at the main desk, Student Union, and are due March, 1950.

### No More Beer For Younger Set

Duane Lake announced today that students must be seventeen to drink beer in the student union. Many violent reactions followed this announcement.

Jack Shirmer was found reclined under a booth in the Union. When asked his opinion of this edict, his simple comment was, "I'm floored." Marian Beatty, 21-year-old A & S senior, foamed at the mouth, took another drink, wiped her hand across her face, and growled, "It makes me mad when they won't serve my dates."

The lengthy and illuminating comment of Gerry Drulliner was "Baaah!" One sweet sixteen lass curled her upper lip, then her bangs and sneered, "What's wrong with this school? There's a caste system (thumping her broken leg against the wall). Every day I have to go to classes. I don't believe in classes. This is a democracy." Another freshman sweetie smiled coyly and said, "All the fellows call me baby, because I spend all of my spare time in the crib. Even though I'm plastered, I'm not a wall flower."

Defiant Shirmer later this afternoon said, "I'm not taking this lying down," swayed a bit, mumbled, "I won't stand for this," and fell on his face.

Geneve looked Grimm.

### Campus Mourns Loss Of Our Friend O'Bannon

Early this morning a crushing blow fell upon all campus Chesterfield smokers. Nebraska's leading "cylinder of sin" dispenser, Keith O'Bannon, was found in his strong room at the Delta Upsilon house crumpled over an empty case of cigarettes.

Police revealed that clutched in his lifeless hand was a notice from the state auditors that his books on the finances of the DAILY NEBRASKAN were to be checked sometime early this week. O'Bannon, whose free spending in the last few months, has aroused much speculation on campus, committed suicide by choking himself with a thousand dollar stack of twenty dollar bills.

#### Final Tributes

Already telegrams of tribulation have begun pouring in paying the final respects to this man who first gained campus notoriety by establishing a fraudulent pyramid club.

Among the telegrams was one from Warden T. J. Tompkleson of the Nebraska State Reformatory who lauded the late O'Bannon's early financial wizardry in juggling reformatory books during his stay there on a garter snapping charge.

Another wire from Frank Costello, leading New York gambler, credited all of his success in the evasion of income taxes to O'Bannon. He also praised his indefatigable efforts in setting up the University's undercover football parley system.

#### Services This Afternoon

As yet plans for the service are somewhat indefinite, but tentatively they will be as follows: This afternoon the members of the DAILY NEBRASKAN staff who were the late O'Bannon's associates will hold a wake at DON'S, the establishment that claims to have dedicated their services to putting people under.

The campus itself has already been draped in black crepe and early this evening as a final memorial a member of the University music faculty will play "I

Found A Million Dollar Baby In The DAILY NEBRASKAN Office" on the chimes of the Mueller Carillon Tower.

Mr. O'Bannon is survived by his survivors.

### Ten Eligible Bachelors Seek Publicity

They're handsome, they're nifty, they're grand—if you can read between the lines and also between the women's factions meetings.

Who can pour it on the thickest this next two weeks is the next question.

May the best politicians and slingers win.

We ask you to take a look at last year's illustrious winners of this most honorable title.

They are still eligible, but what for what. Ah, Ah, you guessed.

We wish to give a vote for those who didn't make it. They have been crying in their beer for one year and are now in hopes that their younger brothers will do a better job. Get in there and pitch boys. We wish you all the luck in the world.

John Pill is up from the Sex Above Everything house; Shorty (I got wings) Pierce, Theta Theta Thi; Oscar Rolls O'Bannon, Dirty Underwear; Bob (I'll get out of the mist yet, Allen) I Felta Deta; A. J. (Who gets more than I) Farber, from the I don't want to set the world on fire boys. The A.T.O.'s were allowed three candidates, since they have a third of the greek block population, and are running Frank (who gives a squarer deal than I) Piccolo; Bob (they'll never catch me) Berkshire; and Ted (I'm not so eligible) Randolph. Rich (Fire Chief) Regier is running from the White Pillar house.

We are sorry that space does not allow us to expose all of the candidates, but we do not wish you to feel slighted.