

# sports

## Hot sports: Husks drip as band plays on!

The stampeding Colorado Buffaloes tromped into Memorial Stadium Saturday and shucked the beloved UNL Cornhuskers, 96-0.

"They were just the better team today," Coach Bomb Osburn admitted after the game. "We were looking ahead to Kansas State. You have to take it one game at a time." "Our boys played well, though," he added. "Everybody gave 100% today."

Osburn saw one bright spot in the Saturday debacle. Although the Huskers now have absolutely no chance of breaking into the Top 20, they have a great shot at dripping into the Bottom 20.

"I think we're a sure bet for the Bottom 20," Osburn said. "I don't see how the writers can't vote for us now. Our record is 1-10, and our only victory is over the Nebraska School for the Blind. Kansas State is ranked No. 1 in the Bottom 20 right now, but I'm sure we can lose big down there next week and overtake them for the national championship. Even the Pope would have to vote us last."

True to form, Husker Phony Davis fumbled the opening kickoff, allowing the Buffaloes a quick score. Colorado then tried a squib kick to throw UNL off even more. The pigskin flew all over the gridiron with the Huskers in hot pursuit. Two players, Rik Bonehead and Stan Headgear, were knocked unconscious when their helmets collided while diving for the ball.

"Losing is good for you. It builds character," quarterback David Fun said philosophically. "Our entire season isn't lost yet, but I'm sure if we work hard enough, we can make it a total failure. We should have the best character of any team in the nation."

Fun completed 10 of 20 passes for the day—one to his own teammates and nine to the Colorado defenders.

"Our guys just couldn't hang onto the ball," he said dejectedly. "I had to throw it to the other guys to make my completion percentage look good. You gotta build up those All-American credentials, you know."

Osburn was disappointed his team could not score after recovering the leather lemon on the Colorado 1-yard line. However, four straight running plays netted minus 40 yards, putting the ball well out of field goal range.

"I guess we should have gone for the field goal on first down," Osburn moaned.

The game was ended prematurely when the Husker die-hards stormed onto the field late in the second second quarter and tore down the goal posts to prevent Colorado from surpassing 100 points.

"That was very thoughtful of the fans," Osburn said. "They back our team 100%."

Monster back Wonder Man was thankful for another reason.

"We didn't have to listen to Osburn's boring halftime sermon."

## Bouncing baton bips bearded bozo's beans

By Twirla U. Tittes  
*How Diane Taingebaum became UNL's twirling phenomenon. Inside secrets of a close childhood friend are disclosed to a Daily Nebraskan reporter.*

First off, I want everyone to remember, as they pick up their telephones to call Diane upon reading this article, that I am trying to put myself through school while supporting my poor widowed mother with a wooden leg and two epileptic twin brothers.

The thing I most recall about Diane was the night of graduation in '68 when Principal Nuta had asked her to perform her astounding baton twirling act. In lieu of the marching band playing "Pomp and Circumstance."

For weeks, I watched her practicing various aerials and twirls, carefully executing peaceful jumps over and about a baton of fire.

Decked out in her most microscopic white sequined baton-twirling bikini, Diane was met backstage by Principal Nuta, just as the high school stage band lit into her opening number, "Come on, Baby, Light My Fire." Flashily accented chords could be heard as he well-wished her:

"Godamn it! Don't you dare screw it up! Pretend this is Ted Mack Amateur Hour—do your best!"

"Sure, Principal Nuta. Gee, thanks."

"Really, kid. You do good, and we'll cancel Planksville's head football coach's dissertation on how life is like one big punt!"

"Really?" she breathed.

"Yeah, we'll let you dance on the podium to Hang 'Em High which is exactly what'll happen to me if the county supervisor ever hears about this year's graduation ceremony."

"Oh, is that why you've restricted this ceremony only to fathers?"

His only reply was to push Diane out into the audience of mustaches and beards.

With agility and grace, she tossed the ring of fire above her head—not once, twice or thrice—but a total of 97 times! She balanced it upon her left little toe and spun it about until we felt as if we were dizzy ice skaters. Hundreds of appreciative claps and whistles filled the auditorium, and I could hardly help wondering if finally she was beginning her long trek up the road of stardom.

Slipping into the last lap of her tedious routine, Diane craftily tossed the baton (still spinning) from her left toe to the big toe of her right foot, skipped past the front row of the graduates, and then suddenly flicked it to a finger held high above her head.

Swept up in the audience's appreciation, my baton-whirling friend failed to notice the outstretched foot of a remedial reading instructor as she bunny-hopped past the faculty section.

Breath being sucked in could be heard about the auditorium as Diane's silver stack-heeled sandal caught upon the foot and caused her to stumble.

The ring of fire crashed from its Statue of Liberty perch, igniting her long brunette locks.

"Ha, ha!" sneered the reading instructor. "Always told you to come in about that lisp!"

Her head blazed like a torch (some of it was embarrassment). A blanket was brought forth for the principal to stamp the flames out.

"I told you not to ruin my ceremony!" he screeched.

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