

Sports

Huskers wallop Brandon

By Jim Rasmussen and Kevin Warneke

Stan Cloudy and Dave Hoppen dominated the scoreboard as the Nebraska Cornhuskers walloped Brandon University of Canada, 96-68, in an exhibition game Wednesday night.

Cloudy netted 21 points on 8-11 shooting from the field, while Hoppen powered inside for 15 points, while the crowd of 8,380 fans cheered them on.

Brandon made things interesting for a while. Led by the play of all-Canadian forward John Carson, the Bobcats jumped out to a 13-8 lead with 14:39 left in the first half. Carson tallied 11 first half points and finished with 15.

But Nebraska came back. The Huskers took their first lead 16-15, with 12:01 remaining in the half, on forward Ronnie Smith's first basket in a Nebraska uniform.

The Huskers scored 12 unanswered points mounting a 24-15 lead with 10:26 remaining in the half. The Huskers were led by Cloudy who ripped the nets for 14 first-half points.

"It was just one of those nights," Cloudy said of his shooting perfor-

mance. "Coach told me to look for my shot and that's what I did."

The Huskers led 48-34 at the end of the first half.

Nebraska continued its dominance at the beginning of the second half. The score mounted to 65-40 when freshman guard Brian Carr hit a jumper from the left baseline.

The victory displayed the talents of several Nebraska newcomers. Smith scored 14 points while pulling down 11 rebounds. Carr, meanwhile, netted 10 points as he hit several long jumpers.

When asked if he was pleased about his performance, Carr said, "Yes and no. I thought I made some mistakes early on but overall, I enjoyed it. The fan support was great and I'm really happy to be playing here."

But Iba was far from pleased with the Huskers' overall performance.

"They're really pretty good, aren't they?" Iba asked sarcastically. "This is the worst defensive team we've had since I've been here. But that's a thing you can work on and get better."

The Huskers have a 10-day layoff, hosting Augustana, (S.D.) Nov. 26 at the Bob Devaney Sports Center.



Staff photo by Craig Andresen

Nebraska's Eric Williams shuts down Brandon's G. Collier.

All-American distinction spurs Duffy at NCAA meet

By Kirk Zebolsky

Things are finally looking better for Wally Duffy.

After two injury-filled years at the University of Illinois, the senior from Shenandoah, Iowa, qualified for the National cross country championships as a Cornhusker this fall.

Duffy placed third in the District V championships Saturday, and will try to become an all-American Monday at Bethlehem, Pa.

"This has been my goal all year," Duffy said. "I wanted to do well in the Big Eights for the team, but personally, I wanted the nationals. I definitely want to be an all-American." The top 25 finishers in Monday's NCAA finals will gain that distinction.

Duffy already has gained distinction at Nebraska by leading the cross-country team to a first-place Big Eight finish. Duffy took second individually in the conference meet.

Duffy said he is improving at Nebraska. "Things have finally turned toward the positive side after being on the negative side for so long," he said.

Since he made his move to Nebraska, Duffy has stayed away from injuries.

At Illinois, he had mononucleosis, an achilles tendon injury and a swollen spleen. He was unhappy with his performance there.

"I never thought I ran well," he said. "I was just completely run down between studies and training."

Now Duffy said, he has improved with every meet. "That's been my goal," he said. "I feel like my old self."

His pre-med studies are easier, and that also helps, Duffy said. "I've gotten by hardest courses behind me. I don't have to concentrate on academics quite so much."

Duffy said he likes Nebraska. "The people around here are much more friendly. The atmosphere is a lot more laid back. It's a lot easier to communicate with teachers."

Duffy said there is definitely a difference between the Nebraska and Illinois coaches. The coaches here let him do things differently, like vary the workout if he wants to, Duffy said.

"It seems here the team's closer. I really like the team atmosphere here," he said.

Duffy said he puts most of his energy into academics and running. "I'm not real outgoing. I probably should be more involved in activities and should be more outgoing. But I'm happy the way things are," he said.

Duffy started running in junior high after he gave up football. "I was kinda small," he said. "I was gonna be a basketball star, but it never worked out."

Duffy never lost in the 660-yard run in the seventh and eighth grades, and in his freshman year, his high school



Daily Nebraskan file photo

Wally Duffy

cross country team won the state tournament. He finished seventh individually.

"That really got me fired up," Duffy said. "Ever since then, I've devoted most of my time to running."

Duffy said he prefers running over hills and dales to going around and around a track. A cross country race is 10,000 meters, which suits him well because of his lack of a good kick, he said.

"If it comes down to a kick I'm in trouble."

His strategy in a race is to run in the front and use his strength over the long run, he said.

One reason Duffy feels like running those long miles now is that he was away from competitive college running last year. He had to sit out one year after transferring, and ran mostly on his own.

Continued on Page 14

Phony athlete's delight

Dear Renthouse Forum,

I never thought I would be writing a letter to your sleazy, exploitative, sexist publication, but the most incredible thing happened to me, and of course, sitting down and writing about it for your magazine was the first thing that popped into my head.

I go to college at a large Midwestern university in Nebraska in a city close to Omaha and we have the best dang football team in the country, but I can't tell you which school, because I don't want anyone to know who wrote this.



Bill Allen

Being the observant type, I noticed that college athletes are always surrounded by girls. It doesn't seem fair, especially to schmucks like me who scare off girls with lines like "Hi."

I decided to try an experiment. I pretended to be an athlete for a whole day, hoping to get a girl. I know it's dishonest, but sports columnists need love, too.

I started off by dressing like the typical college athlete. You know, I put on sweats and Nikes and a borrowed letter jacket. Then I hung around in our campus union and looked cool.

After 10 minutes, a girl came up to me and said, "Hi, what sport did you letter in?"

I knew I'd forgotten something. I hadn't decided on a sport. I decided to try something obscure.

"Tennis," I said.

"Really?" she said. "I used to date the tennis team, and I don't remember you."

"Really?" I said. "Did I say tennis? What I meant was track. Yeah, that's it. Track."

"Really? What's your name?"

"Bill." (Fictitious name.)

"Bill what?"

"Allen." (Another fictitious name.)

"Bill Allen? Don't you write for the paper?"

Terrific, I thought, 15,000 girls on campus, and the first one that talks to me knows how to read. I moved to the other side of the union.

Then, the most gorgeous girl in the world came up to me. You know, Renthouse, this girl must get around. Every letter in your maga-

zine makes reference to the most gorgeous girl in the world. I never thought I would run into her, though.

Anyway, this girl was something else. She had long, beautiful hair all down her back. Too bad there was none on her head. She did have this huge lower lip, but it was OK because her upper lip covered it. She wasn't much to look at, but boy was she fun to dance with. No, seriously, she was gorgeous.

"Hi," she said. "Are you an athlete?"

"You think I wear this nothing for coat," I said. "I mean this coat for nothing."

"Oooh," she purred, like a starved cat. "I love athletes."

I didn't make the same mistake I made last time. I told her I was on the basketball team, and no woman can date that many guys, so she believed me. I even gave her a false name, Bob Redford. We talked about batting averages, and somehow I got the feeling that hers was better than mine.

Then we left the union arm in arm and started the most memorable night of my life. First we were over to my place, and the first thing she did was run in the bedroom, tossing her coat and shoes on the floor as she went.

Shaking my head, I followed her. I went into the bedroom and there she was, passed out and sprawled across the sheets.

"No way," I said, pulling her up. "We can't rest yet. The night is young."

I'd always wanted to say that last line.

We went and played video games for six hours, and then went to a midnight movie at a local theater. Afterwards was when the real fun began. We went back to my place and drank... I'd been saving it for a special occasion... a bottle of beer. Well, being a normal guy, this got me really excited, so I put on some romantic music and ran down to the local convenience store to see if they had checkers, or Scrabble or some other fun game. I figured, what the heck, we might as well make this an all-nighter.

When I got back, AC/DC was still on the stereo, but the girl was gone. I figured it was just too much excitement for her all at once. I plan on calling her tomorrow, and telling her I'm not really an athlete. I guess I can get by on my own merits after a night like this.

Name and address withheld