

Nebraska beats K-State 33-23



Sports Arena
By **Jim Evinger**

Shugar Bowl? Where'sh (hic) Rosesh Bowl?

Recounting facts and figures concerning the Rose Bowl game, we pause long enough to say that we are proud, very proud, of the Nebraska football team.

Even in defeat, the Huskers demonstrated to critics why they were selected to represent the East in the Pasadena classic.

"FADING" ROSES.

Prior to the Nebraska-Stanford clash, many eastern writers wrote about the decline of the glamour and the "bigness" of the Rose Bowl. The "better games" were said to be in the Sugar and Orange Bowls.

But with the showing that the Indians and the Cornhuskers gave on New Year's day, the moaning hit a new low and now has been forgotten.

The Huskers were said to have lacked color but the Nebraska band and the act of "striking first" in scoring set the Californians to wondering.

HUSKERS SCORE FIRST.

The way the Scarlet gridders marched thru the Indians to a touchdown eight plays from the kickoff lifted many an eyebrow. The drive looked comparatively easy. And Husker fans went wild with joy.

Stanford countered with its first touchdown and Indian fans began to nod "uh, huh," and say "Now we're rolling. That'll stop the Huskers for a while."

But that touchdown didn't stop the Huskers. It fired them up even more. The second team went to work and passed to a touchdown that set the Californians to worrying again.

INDIANS BEGIN WORK.

Finally noting that they had a ball game on their hands, the Indians went to work and passed to a touchdown of their own and kicked the extra point to put themselves into the lead—a lead

NEW ORLEANS, La.—You've all heard about Roy Riegel who ran the wrong way in a Rose Bowl game and Douglas Corrigan who flew the wrong way and ended up in Great Britain, well, this is a story about a couple of "wrong way" sport addicts.

On the first day of January, two slightly inebriated sport fans sauntered into the Sugar Bowl, presented tickets and demanded of Police Clerk F. J. Aragon that they be seated.

Aragon looked at the tickets and to his amazement recognized that the ducats were for the Rose Bowl game in Pasadena.

The two were at once ushered out and as they walked tipsily away, one muttered: "I told you we caught the wrong train."

which was never relinquished.

After the half, the Huskers were out to place themselves out in front for a third time but the Stanford defense grew stronger and the Nebraska offense more tired as the game wore on.

The Husker's great line drew the plaudits of the crowd when it held the men of Shaughnessy on the one yard line for four downs. Then came the punt that broke Nebraska's back.

GOING, GOING, GONE.

Pete Kmetovic caught the ball near the west sideline and started coasting that way. The entire Nebraska team was drawn over in that direction. Then, Kmetovic changed his speed into high and reversed his field.

With wonderful blocking and flying legs, the flashy Stanford back raced down the east sidelines to the winning touchdown. Butch Luther hit Kmetovic on the goal line but it was too late.

All in all, the record breaking crowd of 91,500 fans got their money's worth from that game and so did the ones listening in via the air waves. That battle was one of the most colorful in the past 10 years of play in Arroyo del Seco.

Second half scoring flurry nets victory

Huskers start Big Six campaign right on top; Fitz, Held lead cagers

By Jim Evinger.

Getting a jump on all Big Six basketball rivals, Nebraska's cagers put on a second half flurry of scoring to defeat Kansas State 33-23 on the coliseum floor, Tuesday night. The melee marked the start of the conference cage race for 1941.

Trailing 13-12 at the intermission, the Huskers shot into the lead at the start of the second half on a first-minute fielder by Sid Held and remained in front for the remainder of the game.



Don Fitz
Lincoln Journal.

As hot as he was cold the first 20 minutes, Don Fitz suddenly came to scoring life and sifted 10 points thru the meshes the last half to be individual point leader for the night with a dozen markers.

Aggies lead first.

Sluggish and "cold" the first half, the Wildcats took advantage of the Huskers and took the lead soon after the initial toss-up and kept it thruout the first canto.

At one time, the K-Staters held an 11-7 advantage with 11½ minutes gone but the Huskers narrowed the count to a one point edge at halftime.



Sid Held
Lincoln Journal.
for the victory.

Beaumont leads K-State.

Fitz with 12 points and Held with 9 led the Huskers' scoring while John Thompson came up with some good guarding as well as the other sophomore starter—Johnny Fitzgibbon.

Kansas State found its sharpshooter Jack Horacek in check by Fitz and turned Larry Beaumont on the loose. The latter sifted thru 9 counters on long range firing from his guard station. Center Tom Guy was next in line with 7 points. Box:

Kas. St.	fg	ft	f	Nebraska	fg	ft	f
Horacek f	1	0	2	Fitzgibbon f	1	2	2
Howe f	1	0	0	Thompson f	2	0	4
Guy c	3	1	4	Randall c	1	1	3
Beaumont g	4	1	1	Fitz g	4	4	0
Holstrom g	0	1	2	Held g	4	1	1
L'gardt f	1	0	4	Livingston f	0	1	0
Hornsby f	0	0	1	Goetze c	0	0	1
Lill c	0	0	0	Young g	0	0	0
Graham g	0	0	0				
M'denhal g	0	0	0				

Totals 10 3 14 Totals 12 9 11
Score at half: Kansas State 13, Nebraska 12.

Missed free throws: Horacek, Howe 4, Guy, Beaumont, Graham, Holstrom, Randall, Fitz 4, Held 4.
Officials: E. C. Quigley, St. Marys, referee; Parke Carroll, Kansas City university, umpire.

Mussolini says Italy has no friends left. That's correct, bud. You're as solitary as a woodpecker above the timber-line.

Los Angeles writer full with praise for Ed Schwartzkopf

BY DICK HYLAND.
(Los Angeles Times.)

Vic Lindskog, the Stanford center, again proved he is a better ballplayer than Washington's muchly praised Mucha. Lindskog, Wednesday, was up against one of the toughest linemen in the country, a Mr. Schwartzkopf.



ED SCHWARTZKOPF
Lincoln Journal.

That Husker is good and since it is the habit of most All-American pickers to make up their minds long before the season starts, then force the season's play to agree with them, may I submit the name of next year's Nebraska senior, Eddie Schwartzkopf, as a 1941 All-American choice from the Big Six country; there's gotta be one from that section and Schwartzkopf might as well be it. He probably earned it this year but the publicity went to 1940's senior, Alfson. The latter certainly did not stand out over his teammate, or Stanford's Taylor and Palmer, last Wednesday.

Two champions.

That's left-handed build-up. If Schwartzkopf is as good as I think he is, then Vic Lindskog, the Santa Ana cyclone, is pretty good, too. They battled it out on the Arroyo Seco field, the speedy Husker and the bigger Indian, giving and asking no quarter. The way Schwartzkopf charged into Lindskog so soon as the latter passed the ball to Albert, and the way the Indian tried to keep the battling Husker out of the play, provided one of the sweetest personal duels ever seen on a football field. He's a champion, that Lindskog, because only a champion could stand up against another champion the way he did.

Albert stars.

The audacity of little Frankie Albert was never better shown than it was when Stanford needed its first score. Within sniffing distance of the goal line, yards were precious things. Too, the biggest lad on the field was King Kong Kahler, a 220-pound Husker tackle. He did not get that nickname from picking poises on the Nebraska plains. So who does Albert send Galarneau at when the score was needed? Yes, sir, right at and over and thru Kahler, and the big Husker didn't get even close to the flying Indian.

Another Nebraskan who caught my eye by his playing was Clarence Herndon, a 190 pound tackle. He was all over the field, crashing and blocking, and did more than his share of damage to Stanford.

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BETH HOWLEY

Nebraska Rose Bowl Sweetheart

Miss Howley, who selected all her California going clothes at Simons, will enjoy telling you all about her thrilling trip to California with the Nebraska football team, and the more than royal reception accorded her everywhere she went. Miss Howley will be in Ben Simon & Sons' ready-to-wear department every afternoon this week beginning Wednesday.—Adv.