

Horned Frogs Blast Nebraska; Smith Sparks Scarlet Offensive

By CORK BIEMOND
Sports Staff Reporter

The Texas Christian Horned Frogs put the chill on Nebraska Saturday by a score of 28-7. Paced by Fowler and Hallmark, and given a few breaks on fumble recoveries, the Frogs took off on a roaring start and never slowed down.

Their off-center delayed line buck was the most effective play, and they used it consistently to great advantage. Their passing was effective, and their pass defense was excellent since they intercepted several times and took advantage of the situation to cash in for TD's against NU.

As Coach Glassford had predicted, Nebraska's offense was overrated, and with the exception of the touchdown scored by Nick Adduci, the Scarlet and Cream were definitely without the inspiration that might have been there if Bob Reynolds had been in shape to play.

In spite of numerous fumbles by both teams, the line bucking demonstrated by frosh Bob Smith was a standout performance, as was the occasional break-away running of Tom Carodine, indicating that both of these boys have a big potential for future touchdowns.

Nebraska looked good the first quarter, and after a give-away TD to TCU in the first part of the second quarter when it recovered a Nebraska fumble, the game got considerably more interesting.

Suddenly the Frogs unleashed a long-range passing attack that was devastating to the NU defense.

The second half saw a considerable tightening of the Nebraska defense, with the forward wall of Bob Mullen and Don Boll forming the backbone of the line defense, enabling it to smash many of the plays.

Carodine broke loose for a couple of sparkling end run plays in the final half, and Nick Adduci was good for valuable yardage on many running plays. The Husker passing attack bogged down at this point because the TCU backfield defense was covering NU receivers very handily. And on a couple of occasions Glassford's boys could not get a pass off, forcing them to take a loss rather than risk an interception or penalization for intentional grounding of the ball as happened to TCU.

The Norris-Simon pass combo paid off for a couple of nice gains in the third quarter, but the necessary yardage was lacking for a sustained drive to the goal posts. Many fumbles in the latter part of the game indicated the Huskers were tacking rather high, and others were missed completely as some of the TCU backs went through the line in a very swivel-hipped manner which defied explanation.

Again the Frog passed were clicking and they made several neat gains on short passes directly

Loss Fails To Dim NU Fans' Spirit

By RON GIBSON
Sports Staff Reporter

Nebraska rooters used everything but the two-platoon system in cheering for the Huskers last Saturday when TCU downed the Scarlet and Cream, 28-7.

In a concerted effort to cheer the football team on to victory, over 400 pepsters, Tassels, and Corn Cobs made the rafters ring. Whenever the Cornhuskers were threatening, which was not often, cries of "we want a touchdown filled the air." The rooters were called upon more often to echo "hold that line."

The scarlet-and-cream clad Husker supporters were led in their losing fight by the Yell Squad. A welcome addition to the Yell Squad were three NU coeds. After a year of absence from the Yell Squad, the distaff side is again represented. Although the three girls did not perform any unusual tumbling feats, no one seemed to mind.

During timeouts, the University ROTC Band played, to the accompaniment of vigorous pom-pom waving by Corn Cobs, Tassels and Pepsters. But all the shouting couldn't stop the Horned Frogs. Apparently, the horned frog is an animal which isn't bothered by loud noises.

At halftime, the ROTC Band, directed by Don Lenz, went through a series of tricky marching maneuvers. Using the theme "Startime for the Huskers," the musicians gave birth with "Stardust," "Stars and Stripes Forever," and "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." The band formed a huge star on the field for these numbers. Then, switching to a crescent moon, it plays "Blue Moon." In honor of Dads' Day, the band played an old favorite, "The Man I Love."

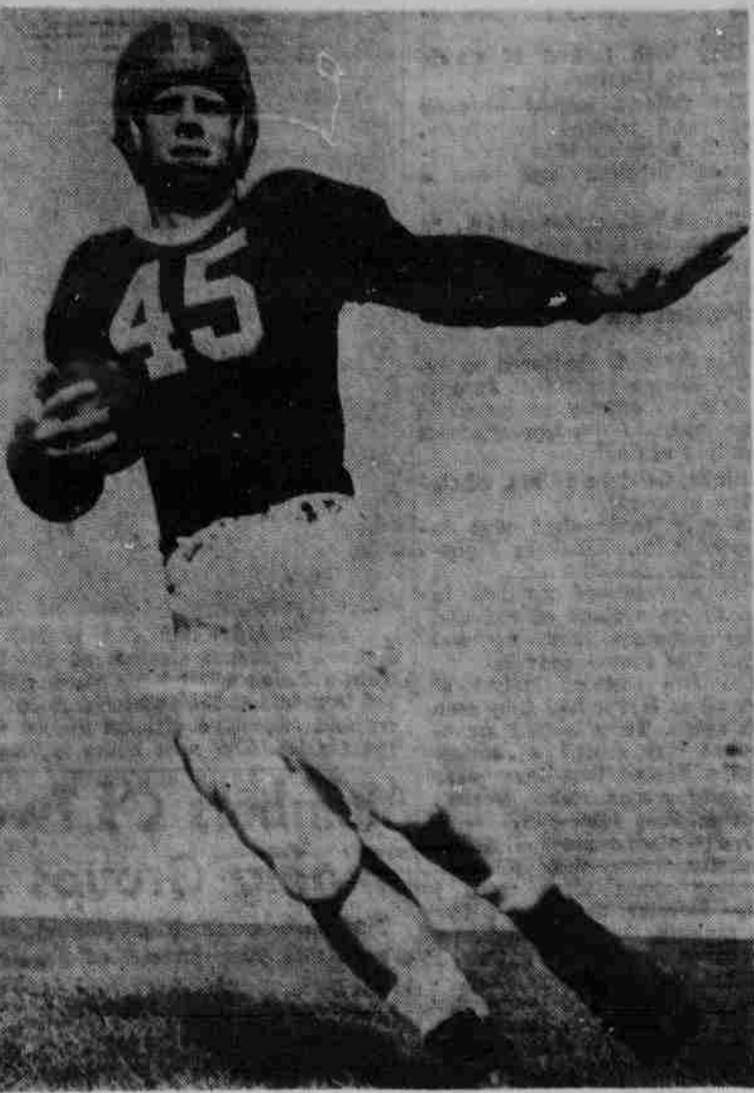
The card section, a popular feature at Cornhusker games, honored TCU and also the Dads. But in spite of the valiant efforts of all these University pep groups, the Huskers came out on the short end of the score.

Lepley Calls For Mermen

Swimming Coach Hollie Lepley issued a call for swimmers today. Anyone interested in solid contact Lepley at his office in the Physical Education building at the earliest possible time.

He will be there any time from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. After 4 p.m., he can be reached at the swimming pool in the Coliseum.

Lepley urges anyone interested to contact him immediately, as he wants to get the necessary physical examinations out of the way.



GIL BARTOSH . . . Flashy Horned Frog quarterback lived up to his press clippings Saturday as he helped spark his mates to victory. Despite his impressive performance, Bartosh was forced to share the spotlight with colleague Don Flowers.

over the line. The Fowler-to-Hallmark passing attack was responsible for another TD in the last quarter, making the score 28-7.

Frosh Bob Smith turned in a good average for his line plunging in the last half, and from all appearances he and Carodine can become a real threat.

Comment from the players' rooms—"The Texas Christian boys play a fast-heads-up brand of football all the time."

denied. In the last few seconds of the game Al Blessing passed to Dave Jones for the only ATO score.

Next on the roster was a game between the University YMCA and the Presbyterian house. Due to a lack of players the University YMCA boys had to forfeit to the Presbyterian house. The final score was 1-0 in favor of Presbyterian.

The final game of the day was the tilt between the Beta Sigma Psi and the Sigma Nu. In this game the Sigma Nu squad beat the Beta Sigs 26 to 0.

The conversion was accomplished when Joe Gifford threw a pass to Bill Shainholtz. With the score standing at 13-0 in favor of the Sig Alpha's John Lasech threw a long pass to Bill Shainholtz for another TD, and six points.

Coeds Not Only Ones To Diet—Football Players Do It Too

By JANE RANDALL
Feature Editor

Nothing stronger than poached eggs before game time—drink no milk. Football players shouldn't be treated like this—but they are. Coaches say it's for their own good. But—most people think that football players are healthy because they're born that way.

They may have been born with good health—true. However, it takes a little doing in order to keep up and maintain the standard condition and fans expect.

Exercise alone can't do the trick. Their diet must be watched carefully.

So, coeds, when your football hero tells you he's on a diet—don't laugh! He's perfectly serious.

If you don't believe him, drop in at the Union one of these evenings around 5:30 or so and take a gander at the crowd in the basement. The big thrill, however, is to wait around until all seven. That's when the varsity members make their appearance.

Too, this brawny collection also congregates there at noon. Or, if you're an early bird, take a peek in the Union cafeteria before hopping off to class—say 7:30 or eight?

Now, from all this unionology, don't get the idea that these football idols are all lounge lizards and TV vipers. They aren't. They're merely adhering to diet, as outlined by the University athletic department.

That is, all the muscle-y creatures are required to eat at the Union—morning, noon and night. That's how important it is. Think—they give up the ki-

FIRE AWAY

By CORK BIEMOND
Sports Staff Columnist

Some persons will do anything for thrills, and sometimes the thrills come so fast that your heart never gets out of your throat. Such was the case for me the first time we decided to go hunting the prairie wolves, sometimes known as coyotes, with an airplane.

It was several years ago, as I recall, and in the dead of winter. The snow was several inches deep on the ground when we decided that conditions were about perfect for a big coyote hunt.

We located a man who had a number of trained greyhounds which were very fast runners and he promised to meet us at a central point with his jeep and dogs at the crack of dawn. The central point with his jeep and dogs at the crack of dawn. This depredations of this wily animal had been heaviest.

One rancher had lost several new-born calves to the sly killers, and it was his idea that we join forces and, with the aid of both ground equipment and aircraft, attempt to exterminate a part of the local wolf population.

Dawn came accompanied by the roar of aircraft engines, and since the aircraft had been equipped with skis, it was but a few minutes until we were sliding to a landing on the snow-drifts near the ranch house. A quick breakfast of ham and eggs with steaming cups of coffee gulped down and we had left the ranch.

Our equipment for hunting from the airplane was simple but quite effective. Namely one pilot and one gunner equipped with an automatic repeating shotgun, and plenty of ammunition.

It is fast work and requires most excellent timing to connect up a speeding, dodging coyote with a charge of buckshot from an airplane moving at speeds up to 100 miles an hour, without shooting off the propeller or wing strut braces in the process.

A good pilot is busy all the time just trying to fly the airplane into a position so that his gunner can get a decent shot, much less attempting to keep track of the trees, sandhills, haystacks and numerous other obstacles that are constantly showing up in the field of vision. It is not a game for the novice to try and it requires special licenses for the proper authorities before a person can participate in the sport.

Scooting over the snow-covered sandhills at high speeds at an approximate altitude of 50 feet is great fun, and all of a sudden you pick up a dark shadow moving in the distance against the white background of snow, so the pilot swings the ship over toward that direction and, of course, it is Mr. Coyote, who has been startled from his night abode by the sound of the engine, and is now hot-footing it into a safer country.

A quick call on the two-way radio informs the ground crew of our find and approximate location of the quarry. We then make a large circle around the moving animal and drive him toward the dogs, who are being held on leashes in the back of the jeep-truck, which is bouncing crazily through the sandhills hammering through snowdrifts like a snow-plow in the direction of the game.

If it is impossible because of terrain for the dogs to get within range of the running coyotes, so it is up to the gunner in the aircraft to dispatch the animal without further ado.

This is a fine art that requires considerable practice, since most coyotes are very difficult to hit, and after they have been conceivable object to get away from the sudden death on wings which follow them like a shadow.

Finally the coyote down a flat-canyon section of the ranch, and then he really goes into high gear. The plane is behind and above him swooping down upon the fleeing animal at an approximate altitude of 10-15 feet and at a speed of slightly more than twice the speed of the coyote. The door opens on the aircraft and the 12-gauge gun barrel whistles in the wind stream.

Wham, a miss, the coyote has dodged behind a convenient haystack, and the aircraft sails past the target and starts to circle for a repeat performance. Again the coyote throws on a burst of speed down the canyon, and the airplane is fast overtaking him from the rear. This time the door opens and the gunner is successful in his efforts, so the coyote rolls to a stop in the snowdrift completely void of life and energy, never again to know the privilege of howling at the rising moon on the lone prairie.

Another brute has been spotted in the meantime by the ground crew and the whine of auto-engines straining at high speeds through the snow drifts increases to a crescendo as the dogs spot the fleeing quarry and are released from their leashes. The chase is on and in full tongue they follow, gaining slightly on the coyote.

Finally the superior conditioning of the dogs begins to tell and the gap between pursuers and pursued becomes smaller, the lead dog finally dragging the coyote down and the big fight begins. It is a slam-bang battle with no quarter given or asked. The weight of numbers, of course, is the major item and it tips the scales in favor of the dogs. So the coyote is destroyed, after first having severely damaged his assailants.

Such is the big thrill of coyote hunting in the ranch country of Nebraska.



THAT'S MY BOY . . . Rudolph Schroeder and T. J. Minnick huddle together at the Dad's Day luncheon to discuss Husker football in general and their football-playing sons, Ken Schroeder and Gerry Minnick, in particular.

Dad's Day Features First Husker Game

By RON GIBSON
Sports Staff Reporter

That's my boy! Two mighty proud fathers are T. J. Minnick of Cambridge, Nebraska, and Rudolph Schroeder of Doshier, Nebraska. The objects of their pride are their sons, Jerry Minnick and Ken Schroeder, both of whom are Husker gridders.

The proud papas were in town Saturday for the Nebraska-Texas Christian football game. Both men were glad to accommodate the Daily Nebraskan with an interview.

Although neither the elder Minnick or Schroeder played football in high school, they participated in athletics. Both men played baseball, and Minnick was a track star at Cambridge. Son Jerry got his shot-putting ability from his Dad, who was outstanding in this event.

Even though neither of the fathers attended N.U., they are real Cornhusker fans. You can be sure they will be pulling for the Scarlet and Cream throughout the season. Messrs. Minnick and Schroeder are pleased with Nebraska's 1951 team.

Sons Ken and Jerry played football in high school. Schroeder, a center came to Nebraska in 1949. He was injured last year at Curtis and was unable to play. This year, however, he is one of the Huskers' outstanding center prospects. Minnick is a sophomore and is playing his

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The games for Monday are:
Field 1 Alpha Gamma RHO vs. The Xi A.
Field 2 Tau Kappa Epsilon vs. Beta Theta Pi A.
Field 3 Zeta Beta Tau vs. Delta Sigma Phi.
Field 4 Sigma Alpha Mu vs. Delta Sigma Phi.
Field 5 Theta Chi vs. Acacia.

Girls Prepare For IM Slate

University coeds don their sports togs for the opening of the intramurals program today at Grant Memorial.

The soccer, baseball tourney, and tennis doubles are the first competitive sports to challenge the girls.

Tournaments will be on a single elimination basis. If the participants lose the game, they are out of the tournaments.

Soccer baseball tournaments will run for three or four weeks, depending on the weather, according to Alice Frampton, vice president of the Women's Athletic Association.

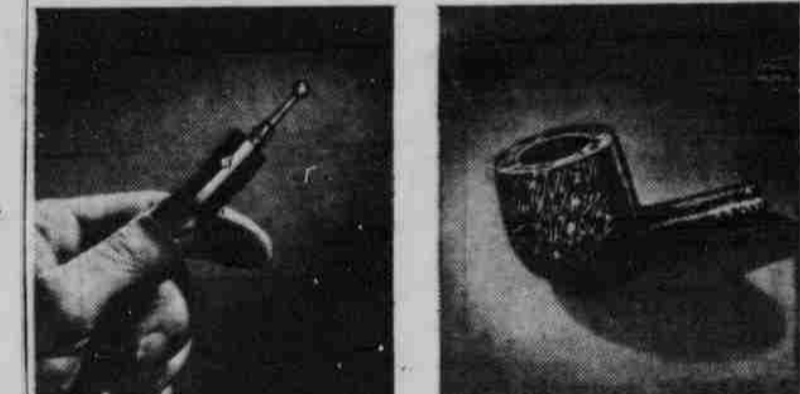
The schedules for the tennis and soccer baseball are posted on the bulletin board at Grant Memorial.

Any University coed with a health permit may take part in WAA activities. Team members must have permits to be eligible to play. Any organized house or group may enter in the events.

Nancy Klein is WAA intramural coordinator.



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