

When you come home Saturday take a look around you. The fans may be more fun than the field.

by Steve Kadel

They'll start piling into Lincoln tonight, parking their camping trailers near the stadium or renting rooms in plush motels. And tomorrow morning all the roads into the city will be clogged, jammed with football fans whose sole purpose is to get some excitement and who will inject nearly three million dollars into the Lincoln economy to do it.

Businessmen with white shirts, pink red socks and blazers. Fans from the western part of the state like red sweaters and cowboy hats, while older grads choose the button-down sports caps with white "N" on the front. The only must on the list is some sort of "Devaney for God" button.

Then there's the individual who wants to be a little different. He goes to nearly as much trouble picking a suitable costume to wear to the game as he does securing tickets.

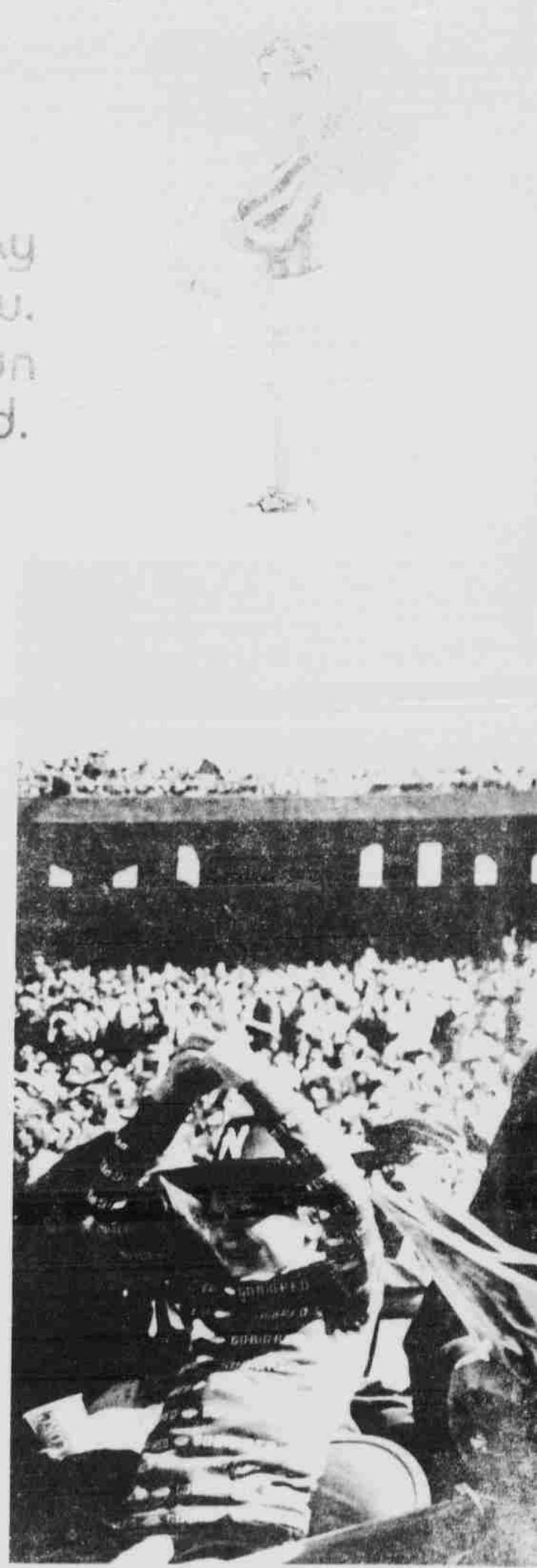
Gordon Hause, a 68 year old retired farmer, is such an individual. He comes to each game dressed in a flaming red jump suit, the kind little kids wear to play in. Someone has plastered "Go Big Red" bumper stickers on his back. To top it off he's got a golfing cap with a long, narrow bill.

"Half the fun of these games is just coming and seeing the people," he said as he watched Nebraska beat Missouri. "I don't have a season ticket, but I'm here every Saturday there's a game trying to buy one at a decent price from a scalper. Thank God these kids don't want their tickets."

Hause doesn't mind watching the game from the last row in an end zone, or from behind a cement beam in east stadium. He's just glad to get in.

"I live near Kearney and that's a long drive for a game. I don't mind it, though. One time quite a few years back near the end of the season I started driving my truck in for the game and a blizzard came up not far from home," he said. "I ran into the ditch and didn't want to waste time getting out and just got a ride with the next Julia who came down the road and I made it in time for the kick-off."

Don Watts and his wife Audrey of



necessary because they can't see the scoreboard and the binoculars, ... well, the players look pretty small from up there.

"They really don't help much," Mrs. Watts says pointedly. "You see the cement posts sort of block ..."

"They sure do block it," he shouts from his vantage point. "Every time somebody ..."

