



Omaha might qualify as Mr. and Mrs. Middle Class Football Fan. She wears an expensive red dress and has a matching handbag, while her husband has on a red blazer, white shirt and Go Big Red tie. He also wears cowboy boots but they aren't dirty and he just doesn't look like a cowboy boot sort of guy.

They've got the two essentials for anyone sitting up under the overhanging tier in the last ten rows of east stadium: a radio and binoculars. The radio is

a pass it's behind that post and we can't see."

Still, they aren't about to give up their season tickets. Any seat is better than no seat.

Walking around the stadium during a game can be fun if you keep your ears open. Bloodthirsty cries such as, "Pour it on... kill 'em!" aren't uncommon. It makes you wonder how these people work off their frustrations during the off-season.

Then there was the fellow in the south end zone who, although not always sure what was happening, seemed to be having a good time. Every time someone got off a good run—no matter which team—he'd jump to his feet and start waving his arms and yelling, "Go! Keep going!" It must not have been coffee in that thermos.

But probably the most typical fan is the guy who makes a real weekend of it, with the game just a sidelight. Charles Klein, a Holdrege businessman, is one of these.

"My wife don't care for football," Klein said, "so me and my buddies come in for the game on Friday night. We go out and have a few drinks, play some cards, and it's a good way to forget about what happened during the week."

Klein points down the aisle to his friends, both of whom are intently watching the game. They're worried because Nebraska has a slim 40 point lead. Between sentences Klein inhales a hot dog. Judging from his size he looks as though he's been coming to games and eating hot dogs non-stop for years.

Then he smiles and says in a sort of I'll-let-you-in-on-a-little-secret way, "Usually I don't get too excited about football, but I really like seeing Nebraska kick hell out of Oklahoma."

A middle-aged lady is standing behind a restraining rope near the northeast entrance to the field shortly after the

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