



Trials, thrills, triumphs of trip

By David Rees

Those good old days when school was cancelled or when mothers wrote fake excuses to free students from classes aren't gone.

It's a recurrent state basketball tournament that empties the small towns of their senior boys and girls.

Two or three days of state tournament escapades evolve from the real reason for coming to Lincoln—the basketball games.

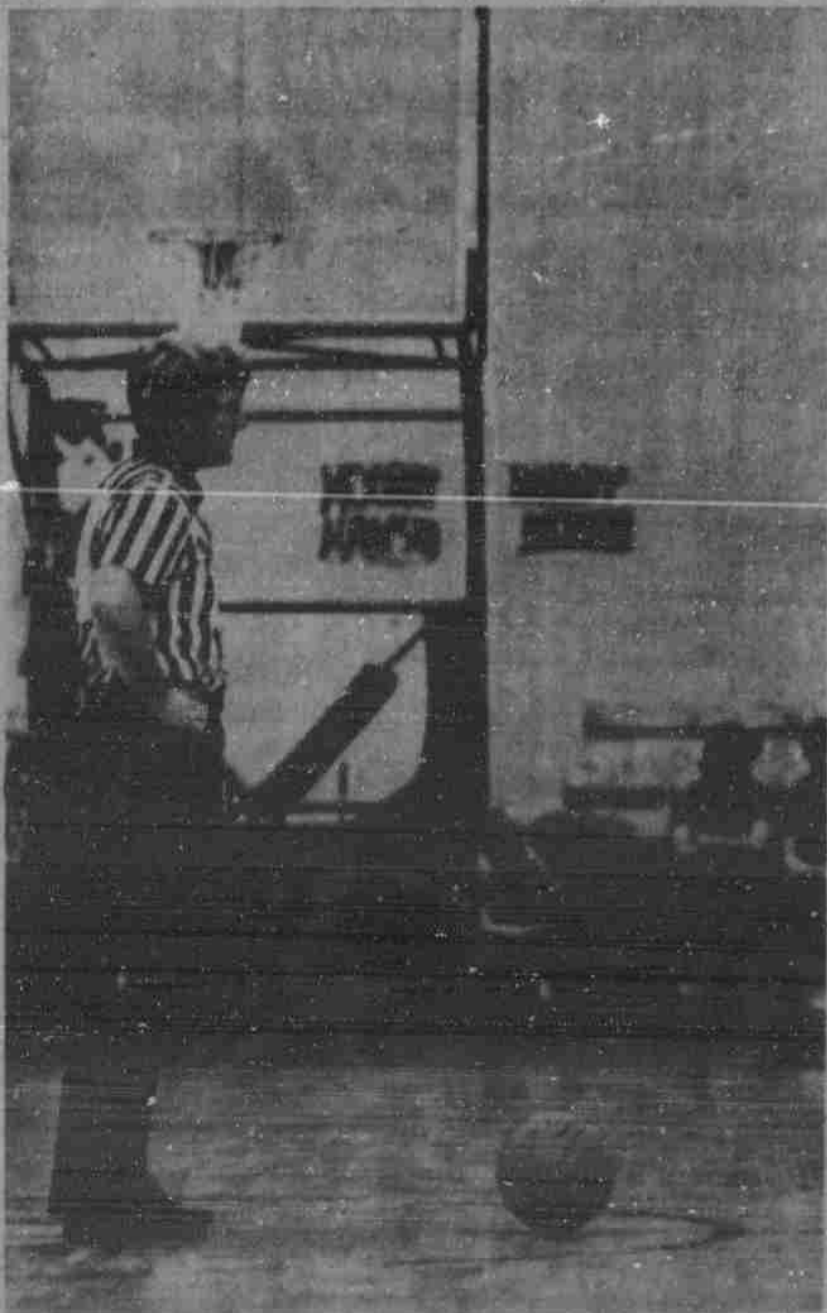
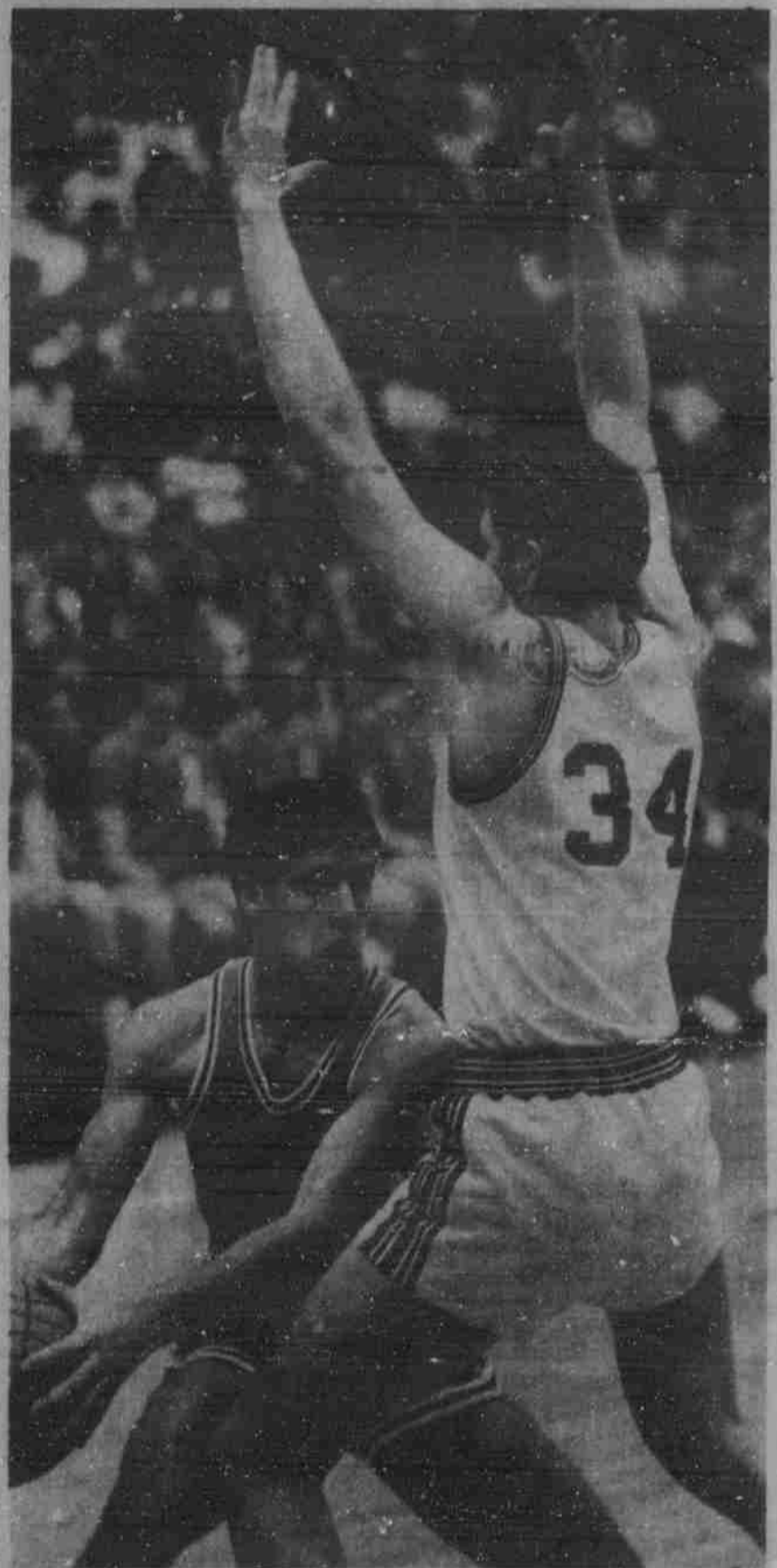
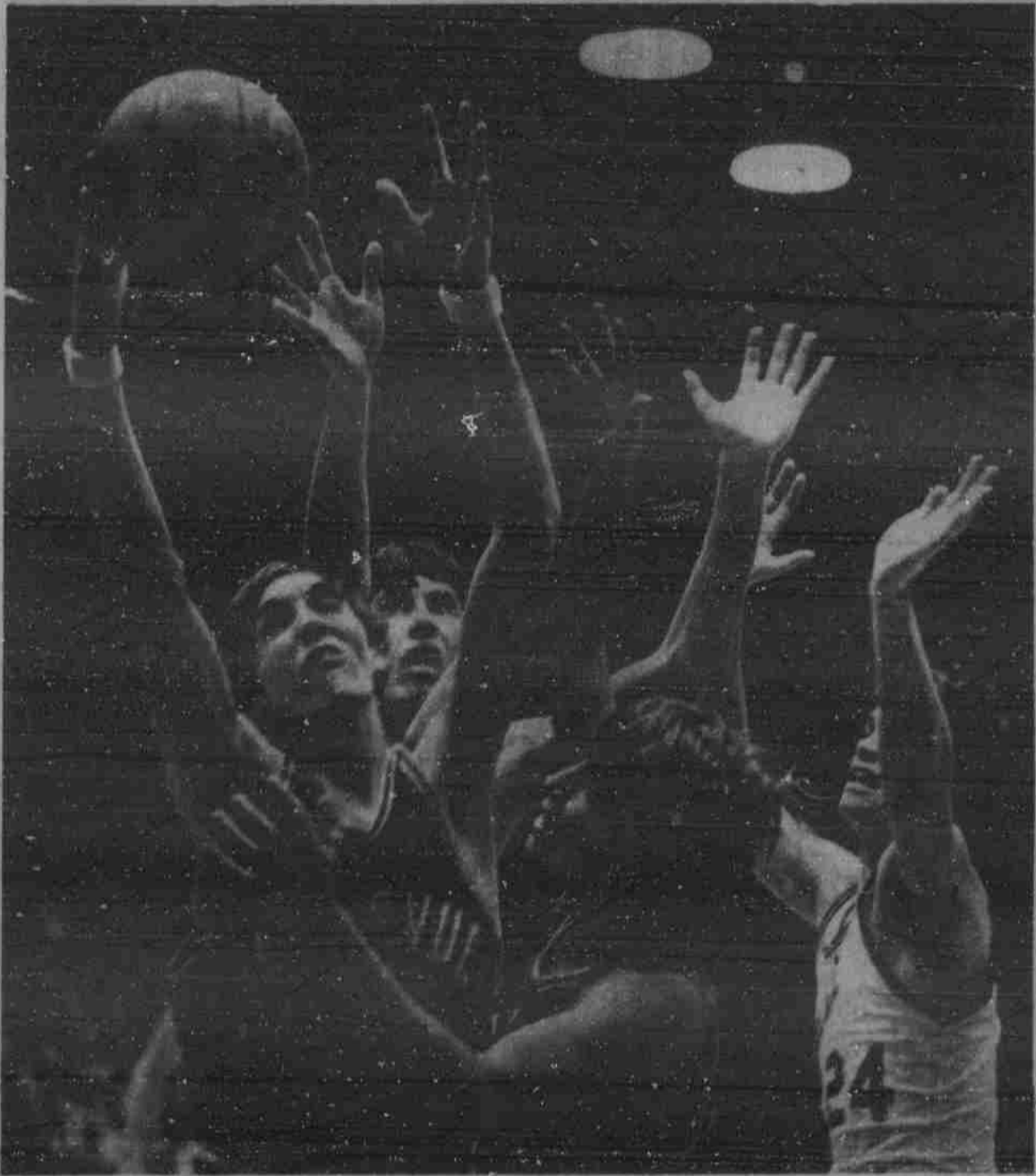
And even if the Lincoln Hotel isn't around anymore, the Cornhusker has enough memories: stolen cigarets, the newest issue of *Playboy*, calling friends or, better, yet, strangers on the phone at 3 a.m.

They still come, they still look for the fast time, and by the time they talk with the unfortunate souls left home, they've had a great time—or so they say.

But for those few of the thousands that actually come to the tournament because their Tigers, Blue Devils or Hawks are playing, the search takes less time.

For it's those few who go to the games, at least one a day until their team is eliminated, that have any excitement at all.

The cheerleaders, the players feel the pain and relish the joys. The rest? They're here, wandering, looking for bits of information to fill in the weak spots of their brag story when they return home.



Photos by
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