

Sports

Brothers top ranks

Bill and Jim Scherr of Nebraska will enter the 1983-84 wrestling season as favorites to win their weight divisions, according to The NCAA News.

In its annual preseason advance on the wrestling season, the magazine lists Jim Scheer at the top of the 177-pound division. Dan Chaid of Oklahoma is second. Bob Harr of Penn State, whom the Huskers face Friday in Stillwater, Okla., is ranked fourth.

Bill Scheer is the only Big Eight wrestler listed in the 190-pound division top seven.

Other Big Eight wrestlers ranked at the top of their divisions include Clar Anderson of Oklahoma State (the defending national champion at 134), Kenny Monday of Oklahoma State at 150 and Mike Sheets of Oklahoma State at 167, also a defending national champion.

Gary Albright, the Nebraska heavyweight, is ranked fifth in that division. Albright entered last season as the third ranked heavyweight. But a knee injury resulted in his sitting out the 1982-83 season as a redshirt.

FLAG FOOTBALL RATINGS

Husker Red's Top Ten (through games of Oct. 24)

1. Sigma Chi A-1 (4-0)
2. Bucateers (6-0)
3. Phi Kappa Psi A (4-0)
4. Sweets (5-0)
5. Mondello's (4-1)
6. Kappa Sigma A (5-0)
7. Abel 11 A (4-0)
8. Selleck 8300 A (4-0)
9. Alpha Gamma Rho A (5-0)
10. Girth Vadors (4-1)

Husker Red's Notes — Last week's spotlight game of the week matching No. 1 Sigma Chi A-1 vs. No. 3 Phi Kappa Psi A was rained out, as were many other games. This week's ratings have not changed drastically from last weeks. The only loss suffered by a ranked team was by No. 7, Airway Express, who lost to the Blue Mooses, 40-22.

Players who 'didn't fit in' carry on

By Bob Asmussen

Trent Scarlett is from Las Vegas, Tom Drake and Brett Hughes are from Indiana, Lance Berwald is from Minnesota, Handy Johnson is from Chicago and Chuck Anderson is from North Platte. Six names from five different places. Yet they all share one common denominator; they all left the Nebraska basketball team to play elsewhere.

The reasons they left were varied, but for most the basic reason for leaving was lack of playing time.

"The two basic reasons I left were to get closer to home and to get more playing time," Hughes said.

Hughes, Johnson and Scarlett are sitting out redshirt years at Valparaiso, Southwest Missouri State and Weber State respectively. Berwald is about to complete his senior season at North Dakota State. Drake, who left Nebraska at the conclusion of the 1980-81 season, is attending New Mexico and Anderson will be a fifth-year senior at Southern Methodist.

Of the players that have left Nebraska, Berwald has had the most significant impact on his new team. The 6-11 center scored 17.9 points per game last season and averaged 8.5 rebounds. He was an all-North Central Conference player last season and has been tabbed by Street and Smith magazine as a preseason Division II All-American.

"I'm happy where I'm at right now," Berwald said. "We're a Division One program in everything but name. The North Central Conference is one of the best, if not the best, Division II conferences in the country."

Berwald had completed two years at Nebraska when he decided to leave Lincoln in 1981. He said the decision was difficult to make.

"My wife and I liked our situation in Nebraska," Berwald said. "We thought we'd be giving up a lot. If I left, I wanted at least some of the things I had in Lincoln."



Berwald said his decision to leave Nebraska came about because of a lack of playing time.

"I didn't see that I was going to be a part of their (the Nebraska coaching staff) plans," he said.

Berwald said the decision to leave was his and that he was not forced to leave by the Nebraska coaching staff.

"One thing Coach Iba said to me (at the time) that really hurt was that I couldn't play basketball at any level, Division I, Division II or Division III. He also said that I would never be able to play in a running game," Berwald said. "I think it was the wrong thing to say to me at the time. He was going to make sure that I left."

Berwald was critical of the coaching staff at Nebraska. He said it never seemed that Iba had control of the team.

"Things I saw happen my sophomore year were things that I had never seen happen on a basketball team before," Berwald said, declining to give details.

"You have got to be a prototype player to play for Iba," Berwald said. "Once you get into Iba's doghouse your chances of playing aren't very good. I think Iba's a hard man to figure out. It's hard to please him."

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Battle of the sexes winner 'clear as Crystal'

Humor by Scott Ahlstrand

First let me make one thing perfectly clear, I am not a sexist. Some of my best friends are girls. Sure, I open doors for girls (er, women), but I'm not offended if they do the same for me. As a matter of fact, not only do I let women pay for dates, I encourage it.

I consider myself a man of the '80s. Open-minded, not afraid to eat quiche. A man who judges people by their contributions rather than their sex. But there is a flaw in my humanity. When it comes to sports, I'm about as sexist as you can get. It's not that I consider women's sports boring; on the contrary, I find them excellent spectator sports. It's just that I've never really thought of women as "real" athletes. If a woman played a great game or made a fine play, I always said "she's a good athlete... for a woman."

But alas, every man's beliefs must be put to the test. So when my sports editor suggested I play a game of one-on-one with one of the players from UNL's women's basketball team to defend my previously stated beliefs, I jumped at the chance.

I had wanted to play Rhonda Pieper, a Lincoln Northeast graduate like myself. But in stead, Nebraska Coach Kelly Hill suggested Crystal Coleman, a 5-7 junior. For those of you who don't follow women's basketball, Coleman was UNL's second leading scorer last year, and scored a Nebraska school record 41 points in one game.

Coleman wasn't going to be a pushover. At Lincoln High School in East St. Louis, Ill., she shot 70 percent her senior year while playing for a 30-1 team. She was a fourth team all-American selection in Street and Smith magazine, and had managed to break the single game record against Oklahoma State last season despite being the team's sixth player.

She also learned her basketball playing against guys in East St. Louis. As high school and college teammate Debra Powell had said last year, men presented the only competition for them back home.

I can't say that I was confident about my chances anymore, but I wasn't about to totally rule myself out of the game before it started. I'm no Dr. J, I'm not even a Dr. A, but I am a



Staff photo by Craig Anderson

Crystal Coleman launches a shot over Scott Ahlstrand.

heads ball player. In basketball terminology, headsy means that I'm slow, I can't jump, but I know the basics and I hustle a lot. Jack Moore was the perfect example of a headsy ball player. I'm also 5-11, and I thought I could use my height to my advantage.

The match was set for 12:30 p.m. on Tuesday. I showed up at 12:15 to get some practice shots in. I was ready. I had on my lucky socks and I even wore my Northeast intramural jersey with "glide" written on the back.

I shot terrible in practice until Crystal came out to shoot. My competition juices started to flow and I tried to match her jumper for jumper.

A minute later, Crystal had added a 12-foot swish, a 14 foot jumper, and I had air balled a hook shot. My prospects didn't look good. But then I made this neat drive to the hoop and made a tough layup. A cheer went up inside of my head. Score: 6-2.

Crystal was relentless as she kept driving to the basket and making these acrobatic shots. She scored twice before I was able to make a turnaround jumper and the score stood at 10-4. After adding another layup and a 20-foot jumper, Crystal was in command of the game 14-4. By this time, I'd just about given up all hope on winning. The photographer was laughing, my friend keeping score was having a ball, Crystal's teammates seemed amused, and I was thinking of a way to make an injury to get myself out of this mess. Then it happened. I caught fire. I sank a 20-footer from the top of the key and something clicked. Crystal missed a shot and I made a 10-footer. Score: 14-8. A little man inside me kept whispering "Maybe, just maybe..." Crystal knocked down another jumper, but undaunted I came back with an offensive rebound and a follow-up jumper. Score: 16-10. I thought to myself, "Just play some good defense now."

I forced Crystal to try an unorthodox reverse layup. I could see her missing, me rebounding and scoring again. But unfortunately, I forgot just how good an athlete Crystal is. She made this tough shot look like a piece of cake. For her, it was like taking candy from a baby. Her lay up crashed my hopes. I added a 5-foot jumper, but by then, I took Crystal's winning jumper for granted. Final score: 20-12.

I had thought that if I lost, I would be totally down on myself. Me, a man, losing to a woman. But that's not the way it was. As a matter of fact I was elated. Scoring 12 points on an athlete like Crystal is no small feat. I looked at it as a good effort against a superior player. I don't know if I can say that I will never ever judge a female athlete as being just a good female athlete, but I can say that Crystal's assortment of drives and jumpers sure put me on the path to redemption.

After the game, I asked Crystal at what time did she know she was going to win the game. I assumed that she would say that she knew right after her fancy layup. But as usual, I overrated my own effect on her.

"When I started seeing you warm-up, I knew I could beat you," she said. "I can't say that that surprised me too much."

It was simply a case of a good athlete, beating a decent... well, an almost decent athlete.