

Huskers...

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Moore's second pickoff stopped Nebraska's first drive of the second half. He stepped in front of Gamble and stole the ball at the Cowboy 15, returning it to the 26. The pickoff ended Nebraska's threat, and also ended the day for Sundberg. Backup Travis Turner went the rest of the way at quarterback for NU.

Nebraska coach Tom Osborne said he thought Sundberg's shoulder bothered his passing.

"I didn't think Craig was able to put a whole lot on the ball," Osborne said. "You've got to throw it on time and out in front, and Craig's throws were a little behind and a little late."

Osborne said he hasn't given up on Sundberg, and he hopes the fans won't either. Turner adds a new dimension to the offense, Osborne said, because he's bigger and faster.

Turner completed five of 10 passes for 100 yards and the

touchdown to Gamble. Sundberg was four of seven for 47 yards.

Nebraska's offense struggled much of the afternoon. Oklahoma State's defense had a lot to do with that, but the Huskers were hampered by injuries.

I-back Jeff Smith played sparingly before reinjuring his ankle, and starting fullback Tom Rathman's sore ankle caused him to miss much of the game.

No. 2 I-back Doug DuBose played well in Smith's place, rushing

for 157 yards on 30 carries. DuBose also played with an injury to — you guessed it, his ankle. The Huskers' No. 3 I-back, Paul Miles, missed the game with a shoulder separation. He's expected to miss three or four more games.

"We're really beat up in the backfield," Osborne said. "We just

don't have any depth left."

Two more players got hurt Saturday. Neil Harris missed the second half of the game with a calf bruise, and offensive guard Harry Grimminger suffered a back bruise.

Nebraska trainer George Sullivan said he expects the injured players to play against Missouri.

Battle of sexes entice DN writer to take on state's best woman netter

Vitas Gerulaitis has a big mouth, plain and simple.

An exciting tennis player with a flare for the bold proclamation, Vitas really did it this time.



Scott Ahlstrand

During the recently completed U.S. Open, Gerulaitis got fed up with all of the talk about No. 1 women's player Martina Navratilova being able to beat the No. 100 men's player, given certain circumstances. He went so far to disclaim this notion that he said he'd be willing to bet his house (that's right, his house) that the No. 1,000 rated man could wail on Martina. We're not talking a little duplex here, we're talking a \$1 million beauty of a home.

The argument that ensued from this statement immediately caught my sports editor's eye (a man constantly looking for new story ideas). In search of some copy and not too enamored with my recent writings, he proposed a challenge.

"Hey Scott, you play tennis don't you? he yelled while cradling a phone on his shoulder.

"Yeah, a little," I meekly answered, wondering what he was up to.

I was a little shocked at first to realize what I'd committed myself to... a match with Jamie Pisarcik. And then it gradually started to dawn on me.

"You're playing the best woman in the state of Nebraska, and maybe the best in the Big Eight," I thought. "You're going to get killed."

But then my macho side reared

its ugly head. "Hey wait a minute," my macho side, which sounds amazingly like John Wayne argued. "You're a man, she's a woman. You're bigger, stronger, faster, you can beat her, YOU CAN WIN SCOTT."

I began to feel a little bit like the "Six Million Dollar Man," so I went out to the courts to practice cannon — balling those little green Wilsons. There I was, banging the ball against the wall at the East campus tennis courts, and feeling pretty good about my game, when I saw the UNL women's team warming up. In the middle of all action was Jamie. I stopped to check out my opponent and my cockiness started to fade. With each successive swing of her racket I became a little greener. By the time I decided I had seen enough, my complexion matched those of my Wilsons.

Today at 2 p.m. I'm going to play a set against Jamie. I've kind of resigned myself to a lot of running. Lots of running.

I remember last year how I felt when I played Crystal Coleman of the women's basketball team in a game of one-on-one. After losing to Crystal 20-12, I didn't feel that bad. "After all, basketball isn't really my sport," I reasoned. "Tennis is."

I think now I know how George Plimpton felt when he played quarterback for one series with the Detroit Lions. George (I feel a common bond between us), wondered if he was up to the challenge and so do I. One thing is for certain, I'll do my best and who knows, I may even win (a game). But I wouldn't bet the house on it.

Intramural teams advance to finals

The Phi Psi Express scored on a long bomb on the last play of the game to advance to the finals of the division A co-rec flag football championships Sunday afternoon at the Cather-Pound fields.

Harvey Smithers also advanced to the finals with a six-point victory over the Pigskins. The finals were played late Sunday night.

With America's Team leading 12-7, the Phi Psi Express threw a length-of-the-field pass that was tipped twice and caught by Mary Pritchard, who scored the winning touchdown.

Results of all divisional finals will be in Tuesday's Daily Nebraskan.

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