

Wildcats suffer in January

■ A 1-7 record leaves KSU licking its wounds and at the bottom of the Big 12.

By Jason Merrihew

Staff writer

Luckily for the Kansas State basketball team, the month of January is over.

Unfortunately for the Wildcats, they had to play through it.

The Wildcats suffered through the first month of the millennium with a 1-7 record, including a current six-game losing streak.

The Cats, now 8-10 overall and 1-6 in the Big 12 Conference, started the month four games over .500 with a 7-3 record. Long Beach State was

“Our problems are very fixable.”

Tom Asbury
Kansas State
Coach

the first bump in the road for KSU. The 49ers slid past the Wildcats on January 4 in Manhattan 70-64.

The only win during the month came during a home game against Big 12 foe,

Nebraska. The Wildcats ripped apart the Huskers in Manhattan by 27 points, 97-70.

The victory over Nebraska was short-lived, as the Cats began their six game losing streak to in-state and Big 12 rival Kansas. The Jayhawks took care of their rival with an 87-79 victory at the Phog Allen Field House on January 12.

The tough schedule of the Big 12 continued for KSU when Missouri trounced the Wildcats by 17 in Columbia, 73-56.

Iowa State was the next team to put Kansas State aside. The Cyclones blew through Manhattan with a 72-61 victory.

The Cats struggled even more

Following in footsteps

Bohl, Cook adjust to new responsibilities

If coaches are judged by their careers, Craig Bohl and John Cook are on equal footing.

The concept might seem strange — Cook just became Nebraska's volleyball coach, while Bohl was recently promoted to defensive coordinator of the football team.

But as each assumes his new role in the Nebraska system, similarities abound.

Both are following legends. Cook succeeds Terry Pettit, who in 23 years at Nebraska recorded 743 wins, the fifth-highest total in NCAA volleyball history. Bohl replaces Charles McBride who served as defensive coordinator the past 18 seasons, which include 10 seasons that Nebraska finished in the top 10 nationally for total defense.

Even though the standards are high, Bohl doesn't see his promotion as a case of stepping into McBride's shoes.

“I don't think you can replace someone like that,” Bohl said. “As coaches we roll up our sleeves and realize that a great member of our staff is moving on. While I recognize there is a big gap that needs to be filled, I'm confident that we'll keep moving forward.”

If anyone knows the expectations of defensive coordinator at Nebraska, it's Bohl.

He was born and raised in Lincoln and graduated from Lincoln East High School. Bohl then suited up for the Cornhuskers as a reserve defensive back from 1977-79. He spent the next four seasons as a graduate assistant for the team before leaving before the 1984 season.

Cook took a less direct route to the Cornhusker state, but also became indoctrinated to Husker volleyball before becoming a head coach.

As a native of Southern California, Cook graduated from the University of San Diego in 1979. He went on to co-found the San Diego



by brandon schulte
art by melanie falk

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SPORTS OPINION

Give me Duke or death: Crazyies know how to party



David Diehl

DURHAM, N.C. — In a perfect world, stadiums would be named for sports figures, not dollar figures, and every college basketball game would be like they are at Duke.

On Saturday I witnessed Duke's 93-59 embarrassing of Clemson from four rows behind the Blue Devils' bench inside the hallowed walls that are Cameron Indoor Stadium. It's one of the most difficult places for opponents to play in any sport, (Duke has won 45 straight games there), and I experienced firsthand this weekend why.

Having one of the best basketball programs of the past decade — with two

national titles and four Final Fours — doesn't hurt, but the aura of the building and the games are what elevates Duke basketball games to the paragon of sports events.

Of the 9,314 in attendance Saturday, roughly 1,500 were students who braved sub-freezing temps and 20 inches of snow to wait in line for as long as eight hours just to cram themselves like sardines into bleachers for two more hours. You mean they pay \$30,000 a year and don't demand chair-back seating?

These students and their near-perfect SAT's transform a basketball game into a two-hour, electrified, shouting contest. From the minute they enter the stadium until the final horn, the Cameron Crazyies are relentless: jumping, chanting, cheering for the home team and jeering any opponent who dares enter.

The students' approach to the games and their team is phenomenal. How can you not cheer for a team whose students hate North Carolina so much they improvised the fight song lyrics and

shout, “Carolina go to hell! Eat shit!” each time the pep band fires up the tune. They're so cute at this age.

These same fans camp out for a week in front of Cameron Indoor to get into the Duke-UNC game, the best rivalry in all of sports, and the best event when it's played in Durham. The collection of tents that gather in the week building up to the game has gained the moniker “Kryzewskiville,” after Coach Mike Kryzewski.

Once the waiting in line ends, the students file in, and the heckling begins at each and every game.

On Saturday, the Crazyies were nice enough to help Clemson with their pre-game stretching. They all counted one through 10, then all yelled, “Switch!” while the Tigers loosened up at mid-court.

The kids do their research on the opponents, too. “Take a laptop” was chanted several times during the game, directed at Clemson guard Will Solomon, who was accused of stealing one of the portable computers.

During player intros, the Cameron

Crazyies greet any opponent with, “Hi (insert opposing starter's first name). You suck!”

But more than their hatred of the opponent, whomever it may be, the student section shows more love for their Blue Devils than anything. Their chants for the home team bounced around the gym the entire game. Even with Duke up by as many as 40, “Let's go, Devils!” kept on coming.

It seems the students and the players have a special relationship, too. “Nate's a badass!” flowed from the student section after forward Nate James' first half steal and ensuing slam. “Who's yo' daddy? Battier!” echoes all around after All-American Shane Battier does anything.

Not one chant was corporately sponsored.

Even the mascot gets his share of lovin'. The game was officially a royal beating when Duke was up 30 and the stuffed Blue Devil began crowd surfing.

Not only do the students create the atmosphere, it is also the aura of tradition and simplicity that drown the tradi-

tionist in bliss.

The arena itself is tiny, simple, perfect and could easily be mistaken for just another building on campus with its stone-brick architecture. Two national championship banners hang at one end of the gymnasium opposite eight retired numbers resting high among the rafters at the other end. It all sums up the program's storybook history.

Today's corporate fat cat wouldn't like Duke basketball at Cameron. That's probably the biggest reason I love it. The games are a utopian two hours for the sports traditionalist, not a two-hour commercial.

No smoke, no mirrors, no escaped-convict-searching spotlights during player introductions. Forty minutes, 12 Blue Devils, 1,500 Cameron Crazyies, one perfect sporting event.

Yes, basketball purists, I can tell how to get to the promised land.

Hang a quick right at “Kryzewskiville.”

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