

# JAYHAWK A TRUE ACTOR

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need any extra points converted, he is ready and able to oblige.

SHOULD BE AN INSPIRATION.

With such a goal kicker on the team, we don't see how the rest of the players can resist making a touchdown every few minutes, just to see him work.

Well, for a few minutes, Hamlet was ahead, and the Nebraska folks were quite sure the raiders from Mars had landed and were blowing up the earth. But as it turned out, it was just a bit of fiction, and was simply another one of those things that can't happen here. Kansas was fighting desperately to hold its lead, and doing a good job of it, too, when along came the fumble that ordinarily comes in the first act, right after the overture.

There were only eleven Nebraska men on the field, but we could have sworn there were fourteen of them recovering that fumble. Three plays failed to bring a touchdown, and then Nebraska kicked a field goal, going into the lead 9 to 7. A minute afterwards, came the long delayed intercepted pass which went for another Nebraska touchdown, and the crowd began tuning out almost as fast as it used to when Eddie Cantor started a sob story.

THE SAME ENDING.

So, as it turned out, no great artistic violence has been done to the old classic, even if it has been jazzed up a bit here and there through the years. They still sell Uncle Tom down the river, as you might say, and Othello strangles Desdemona in the last act, as he always did, and we guess always will.

Every year Nebraska comes to Lawrence, Ye Ed reads the advance dope from the Jayhawk camp, all about the secret practice and the rallies and the old grads' pep meetings, and figures well, this time they're sure going to push those Cornhuskers around, and it wouldn't do to miss it, having waited so long. But evidently it isn't in the book for these old eyes to see.

The Jayhawkers, seeing Ye Ed come in the gate to a Nebraska game, must feel about as Macbeth

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did when he saw Birnam Wood moving to Dunsinane. We should think they'd be ready to pay us to stay away. It sounds like an idea. What are we offered? C. H. T.