

Gwinn Henry said to me next morning after the ball game, "Say, Doc, what in the world were those Nebraska players doing? The thing that surprised me was the look of amazement on the faces of our boys when the Nebraskans were talking to them." Then I explained to him what the Nebraskans were doing and saying. Our own public was dumbfounded and flabbergasted. They had never seen any perpetration on the floor during the existence of the Big-Six.

Gwinn Henry had given up his seat to the Legislators who had come down for the game and Gwinn and Vic Hurt stood clear back at the end of the building which is under the balcony, and nearly 100 feet from the side-lines. Even from that distance Gwinn could not hear but he could see that there was something unusual taking place. The spectators who were around the side-lines and who could hear the remarks of the Nebraskans began to chip in. They first started on the Rose Bowl talk and then someone discovered, or at least they thought they discovered, that Thompson, the Nebraska forward, was the son of Dean Thompson, who let Mr. Littner run down at New Orleans. Thompson was the most exasperating of all. He is a rather insignificant boy who wears a fiendish pampadour. The side-line boys began to yell, "So this is Dean Thompson's boy. A fine example you are setting for your papa." That got him, evidently, as he turned around to the side-lines and shook his head as if he did not belong to the Dean.

Then Livingston and Fitzgibbons started after Engleman and Bob more than ever. Thompson was substituting for Livingston and Fitzgibbons. These three boys were the chief source of trouble because they were the boys who were playing Engleman and Bob. They were being switched on and off as the occasion demanded.

The officials were new men who had worked very little in the Big-Six; Hinkhouse and Grossman. It was the first game they ever worked for us and I imagine they thought this was the regular Big-Six procedure. When the Kansas boys would come to the free-throw line to shoot a free throw, one of these Nebraskans would fit himself in the line of flight of the ball, just outside the circle, and as a Kansan free-thrower would start to throw this Nebraska boy would drop his body down simulating the actions of the Kansas free-thrower in an effort to distract the Kansan. This is clearly a violation of the rule in the book and in the Big-Six, but it was not called because perhaps of the youth of the officials.

Between halves I discussed this with our players and told Bob Allen, the captain, to go to the officials and quote verbatim the rule about interfering with the free thrower and the muckerish talk and ask that the officials watch it.

I endeavor never to say a word to the officials before, during halves, or after the game if I can help it.

Just before the second half started I walked over to the bench to report a change in our line-up to the scorer. Coach Lewendowski was walking in the same direction and we met at the bench. Dees and Amen were sitting on the Nebraska bench about five feet from the scorer's table. I walked directly to Lewendowski and said, "Lou, never in all Nebraska's history have I seen such a muck-racking, corny cheap verbal exhibition as your boys are throwing out to some of our players. This never happened when "Brownie" was coaching nor did I remember of it when any of the other Nebraska men were