

But I did not think the Nebraska crowd was rowdy this time because they did not throw things, but they booed continuously when our boy Dixon was throwing a free throw, and nobody did anything about it. The agreement in the Big Six is to the effect that the referee shall stop the game and shall permit no throw until the crowd has ceased, but the referee did not see fit to do it and Dixon continued on his way and shot the goal although during this time there was a double foul. And prior to Dixon's shooting the Nebraska man shot and the crowd was polite and considerate of his throwing.

I say these things to show you, Cy, that if you really wanted to do something for sport you would endeavor to clear up some of the things that happen rather than to cry about the things that may happen.

Now, to tell you another little incident. Back of our bench was a group of garrulous, noisy, discourteous and profane young students of the University of Nebraska, called "bench jockeys", who continuously rode the players and the coach with cheap taunts all during the game. When the game was over one of our fine brushed-wool crimson and blue sweat shirts, valued at \$12.50, was stolen by one of these rowdies. Had the management had the good fortune and foresight to have placed the Nebraska end-men behind the visitor's bench then we would have been backed by a bunch of gentlemen and athletic competitors who know what courtesy is to a visitor. We cannot replace that fine garment, but nobody said anything about it except to the management. We went to Mr. Selleck's office and asked him to turn on the lights and make sure that we had not overlooked it. The sweat clothes were thrown under our chairs, and some little sneak thinking it would be a good joke reached under the chair from behind us and swiped the sweat shirt.

Mr. Selleck stated that hereafter he would put the Nebraska letter-men back there, thereby insuring the safety of our possessions and also insuring the courtesy to which a visitor is entitled.

Instead of ill-will, we had only the finest of courtesy from all the authorities at the University of Nebraska. Coach Lewandowski called and invited me over to the Quarterback Club, or what have you, at the Chamber of Commerce. There at the table I met a cross section of your outstanding citizenry of Lincoln - business and professional men and faculty members made up the group and a fine group they were. Your head man at the coliseum, I think Mr. Morton, accommodated us in every way. In fact, he loaned me his automobile to make a hurried trip back to the hotel when the boys had inadvertently left the basketballs there on the trip out. Mr. Selleck and Hallie Bowers took some of the boys down town after the game. In fact, never have we had a more friendly intercourse both before and after the game.