Season, Like Semicentennial, Lingers On

By PAUL BURKA

Football is a funny game. Sometimes, in fact, it’s so funny that if the scoreboard weren’t there, you could laugh. Take Saturday, for example. There was 1:07 remaining in the second quarter when the Owls decided to pass. Football historians sat back to watch lighting strike for the fifth time: against Oregon, Texas, Arkansas, and A&M, Rice gambled for the touchdown just before the half and had it intercepted each time.

The ghost of the past was there again, out in the right flat, wearing a white jersey appropriately enough. There was never any doubt: it was an interception from the moment the pass was thrown. Some 50 yards later as the culprit was apprehended inside the Rice 20 yard line it was almost funny enough to warrant a sad smile. But the scoreboard said TCU 20, Rice 7, and it didn’t look like things were going to get any better.

It was funny, too, that the most feared passing attack in the conference managed to draw the horse collar in fourteen attempts. It was particularly ironic when we recalled the prediction of Orville Henry in the Arkansas Gazette:

“Rice 17, TCU 14. A vote for the hottest passer in the conference, Randy Kerbow.”

Kerbow was totally unproductive in eleven attempts. Walter McReynolds, while not as busy as Kerbow, was equally inaccurate.

It also seems funny when you consider that Rice has backed a good game up with another good one only once in two years. But that’s not the same meaning of funny. It’s the meaning which warrants a frown, not a smile... not even a sad smile.