Sports Columns

By STUART GLASS, Thresher Pawn

Few, if any, of the reading public, encompassing any and all who grab up a Thresher to read while enjoy their Thursday evening dessert and turn immediately to the four of athletic scope, the sports page, realize the difficult stages through which our humble column must pass from the time it is but an embryonic figment of genius in the mind of the sports editor until the time it is emblazoned in black and white upon the published page—lo, the printed word.

Pause with us now, and become educated, as we follow the evolution of the typical sports column through its torturous late-Wednesday night path.

TIME: 9 PM, PLACE: THRESHER OFFICE.

We survey the dummyed sports page, seeing only room for 20 inches of copy due to an extremely cramped eight-page paper this week. Somehow, we must cram into this space stories about the following: track, tennis, baseball, spring football, intramurals, soccer, girls’ basketball, and golf.

The solution, up to this point, is simple. A three-inch story on the Blue-Gray game Saturday, a seven-inch “sports notes” story, and the remainder—our very own Owlook—expounding the virtues of the defending SWC champ track team, favored in the Border Olympics in Laredo, having just won the triangular meet with A&M and Texas.

TIME: 10 PM, PLACE: THRESHER OFFICE.

A series of complications which had best be listed chronologically: (1) Mike Carter, track manager who is totally hung up on the essence of track as the great American sport, has written a story on Saturday’s meet and is somewhat incensed because there is not enough room on the page for all 15 inches of it. (2) Hugh Rice Kelly, perennially embattled lover of truth and beauty and also Editor, approaches aforementioned track manager, who doubles as Thresher business manager, requesting expansion to a ten-page paper. (3) Carter assents, upon the following conditions: every golden word of his track story will be printed intact, and absolutely no story will be printed about Spring Football. Negotiations ensue for about three hours.

TIME: 3 AM, THURSDAY, PLACE: ARCHILAB.

Sports editor, now without a topic for Owlook, neatly types the following note to Kelly:

“It is totally impossible for me to write Owlook right now. If I had all night, I could maybe write the damn thing, but I have a Poli-Sci quiz tomorrow and a paper to write this week. If there are any objections, my phone number is -----. I’ll probably be up all night.

—Stuart”

We go home, and bask in the beauty and logic of Business Law for about 30 minutes.

TIME: 3:30 AM, PLACE: ARCHILAB.

Kelly finds note, slowly walks over to telephone, dials number, and like unto a Siren (mythology, you know) draws us back over to write Owlook, generously giving us free reign. We return, and do the bidding of the editor.

This week’s Owlook concerns one John Alexander, good-natured soph, neophyte journalist, and—we hope— aspirant to the position of sports editor, who has graciously consented to help write sports, and has written the following article:

“The Rice football team ends spring training for the 1965 season with its Blue-Gray intra squad game Saturday, March 13, at 2 pm. This Friday and Saturday, the Owl grid staff conducts its annual Rice Spring Coaching Clinic,” etc.

TIME: 4:45 AM, PLACE: ARCHILAB.

We pack up and return to the beckoning Poli-Sci book, a good time having been had by all.