 Intelligence Report: Longhorns Cocky, Confident, Good

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AUSTIN, Oct. 21—The question Saturday night when Rice hosts Texas will not be who’s going to win, but by how much.

This seems to be the consensus of opinion across the campus of the Nation’s Number One Football Team.

And—after watching the Arkansas and Oklahoma games we’d have to agree readily. Poe if God be with them who can be against them? Not only do the Longhorns get every break, but they take advantage of them.

Larry Schoenbrun, president of Silver Spurs, campus spirit organization, commented, “To beat Texas you’ve got to stop their running, passing, kicking and gang tackling.” That’s the situation in a nutshell except that you’ve got to score too—and that’s not easy.

SPIRIT IS HIGH—very high for the University. 10,000 Teasips watched the pep rally before the Arkansas game and a near riot broke out on the Drag as cars moved bumper to bumper, horns blaring, to celebrate Texas’ great victory. At 1:00 am over 1000 ‘Sips gathered in front of Moore-Hill Hall to sing the praises of their Number One Team.

Horn supporters were up all during the game, cheering and screaming madly. I stood up to see the game.

Fans and players are still recuperating from the Arkansas win and haven’t thought too much of Rice. But before tomorrow when the team takes the practice field there’ll be just one thing on their minds.

Bill Melton, head Texas cheerleader, was in a near state of hysteria after the narrow victory last night. When we asked him of the Rice game, he exclaimed, “We haven’t beaten them in Houston the last two times and we don’t intend to make it a third.”

ALTHOUGH MELTON WAS OFF in his recollections—Texas hasn’t won in Houston since 1952—they don’t intend to lose there in 1962. Besides, even if their intentions were noble, as one loyal Texas supporter said, “We don’t have to beat Rice. We’ll just wait until they do it for us.”

Members of the Number One Team In The Nation were more conservative. Tommy Ford, the darling of the Razorback win with his fourth quarter score, said, “We haven’t won down there in a long while. Naturally Rice will be fired up because we’re Number One. As for us, I think we’ll be as fired up as we were against OU and Arkansas because it’s another step toward the SWC championship.”

TEAMMATE JOHNNY GENUNG, who although demoted last week to quarterback on the second unit was the mastermind behind the Horns’ fourth quarter march, added, “Rice has got kind of a jinx on us. It’s hard to say whether we can get as high as we have been but we’ll sure try. We know they’ll be up—they always are—and I think their loss to SMU was just simply a case of looking ahead to our game.”

Ray Rosenthal, ex-TU cheerleader, was probably the most outspoken in his statements. During the television broadcast of the Rice-SMU game he cried, “How in the hell did they ever put those two teams on regional TV? It’s embarrassing.” Wall the old saying is when you play the dogs you look like dogs. The only question is who were the dogs last Saturday. And Rice lost.

The Texas-Arkansas game was exciting even for one who didn’t care who won as long as both teams maimed each other for the rest of the season. It wasn’t quite as exciting as one crisp October evening in 1958 when Rice won the opening toss and elected to kick off to a Texas team rated Number Four in the nation. The final score was 34-7, Rice.

TEXAS WILL BE FIRED UP come Saturday night. The Daily Texan will run 0-7 and 7-34 slogans every day and the Saturday Evening Post preview which picked Texas to lose only one game all season in Houston on October 27—will be noticeable in every yellow window on the Drag.

Thursday night the Spurs, Cowboys, and cheerleaders will get people out to a big pep rally to cheer the Number One Team In The Nation on to victory. But then, this game isn’t Arkansas or OU—or even TCU with whom the Horns have a particular score to settle. It’s Rice—a team Texas licked rather easily last year and a team that hasn’t won a game all season.

Many Texas students look on the LSU tie as a farce and think only of comparative scores of the Oregon game and last week’s debacle in Dallas. There will still be 7,000 of the ’Sips journeying to Houston because most of them got dates two weeks ago and there’s no sense in breaking them as long as Texas is going to win. It’s nice to have OU and Arkansas sandwiched in between Tulane and Rice.

ABOUT 100 OF THOSE SOULS coming down to Houston next Friday and Saturday will be Rice alums, just recuperating from this week-end’s hangover. All of them will have just one thought in mind—Beat the hell out of Texas.

I personally have been waiting for this game since the middle of the third quarter last year: It’s strange but I haven’t talked to a single ex who’s been able to pull for Texas in any game since they’ve come to the University. All of the alums are discussing past Texas games—games the Owl’s have won and others—and nary a one will forget those good old days back at Rice.

There we’d have heard all about Texas for four days because a fellow College member had been telling us about their trap plays, or how to hit their fullback at the ankles to keep him from bowling you over, or any other pertinent information that kept you up on the latest scouting reports.

AND WHO COULD EVER FORGET those all-male pep rallies at 10 pm—What spirit they’d generate screaming for “To Hell With Texas U” and other ditties? It’d make you want to go in and knock the heck out of any orange jerseyed son-of-a-gun you could find.

Those guys who went down there on that field weren’t tin gods that you heard about, or read about, but never saw except on Saturday afternoons—they weren’t the guys who lived in the Animal House down the road or the Jock Dorm on 21st Street, or even Jacinto—but they were your suitmates or the guy down the hall.

All of us were winning it for Rice and for the enjoyment of picking up a Sunday paper and reading an article like one on that fateful morning in 1960 that spoke of “Magnificent Rice, the greatest thing built on South Main since the Shamrock Hilton.”

Tomorrow the “To Hell With Texas” pin that my roommate brought me from the OU game goes on my shirt with the “Go Owls, Stomp Texas” ribbon right underneath.

We’ll be counting on the Big Blue Saturday night—to help derail the Number One Team In The Nation and in the words of A. E. Houseman, “And early tho the laurel grows it withers quicker than the rose.” Nothing could be greater than to see the rising star of Texas settle slowly in the West on the road back to Austin next Sunday.