Low bird turnout credited to defoliant use

by Gary Hamilton

Perhaps the most significant event of the new semester so far is the absence of the putrid smell, noisy chirping, and white rain Rice students have come to expect this time of year but have never gotten used to. The birds have not arrived yet this year, and chances are they won't return at all. In fact, if Rice's three and one-half year project has been successful, they may be gone forever. The project may prove to be a major breakthrough in the control of pest populations of roosting birds nationally.

Heidi Good, a graduate student in biology who has been involved in the project, claims the project had a threefold emphasis—avoiding extermination of the birds, preserving the oak trees which the birds find to their liking, and keeping the overall cost reasonable. The program began during the winter of 1972-73 when an annoying annual bird population suddenly boomed to unbearable proportions. The number of birds roosting on the Rice campus that winter was estimated at between 2 and 5 million.

The pruning was first tried experimentally during the summer of 1974 and met with such success that it was expanded the next summer to include all the trees except those around the entrances to the university. The trees were not trimmed during the summer of 1976, and the necessity of annual pruning was made painfully clear last winter as the birds returned with a vengeance.

This fall the second phase was begun. Instead of pruning the trees they were sprayed with a commercial defoliant in order to kill the undergrounds. The damage done to the trees is still unknown since defoliant was never applied to the new roosting place. Good believes this new roost may be either downtown or with the super roost at Manor Lake.

Army ROTC steps up recruiting efforts

by David Butler

The Rice Army ROTC program will begin an "extensive recruiting campaign" within the next few weeks to attract more sophomores and freshmen to their program. Unless their effort succeeds, the program could find itself closed down by the end of the 1978-79 school year.

According to the unit's commander, Lt. Col. Elbert Link '65, there are currently 22 students of all classes in the Army program. Recently, scholarship ROTC students are required to serve at least 90 days active duty, and then spend the next five years in the reserves. (Students who delay their graduation for fifth-year programs or other reason will have their commission deferred until they actually receive their degrees). Scholarship recipients are required to serve four years on active duty; non-scholarship students who wish to serve on active duty may compete for openings in the ranks. Currently, about 40 percent of Army ROTC graduates nationwide are commissioned into the active military, with the remainder joining the reserves or the National Guard. Link estimates that he "will have to have some pretty hard numbers (of the sophomores planning to enter the advanced program) by the time school is over this year."

If the unit fails to meet the expected levels, it is subsequently "disestablished." Link says that instruction would continue to be provided for those juniors currently in the program, but that no new students would be admitted. Presumably, Rice and UH might then establish a program where Rice students take their ROTC courses at UH, in the same fashion that students from Houston Baptist University and the University of St. Thomas presently take their Army and Navy ROTC courses at Rice. (The UH Army ROTC has been abolished.)

KTRU waiting for permit

If you have tuned to KTRU lately and noticed that your signal strength meter just sits still, don't pull out your advent warranty. KTRU is temporarily off the air pending notification by the Federal Communications Commission that they have granted the radio program test authority in connection with a license application tendered recently.

The application is for a change in the station's license, required by last year's move of the transmitter from the top of Sid Richardson College to a ground level location in the building. This may not sound like much, but in order for the move to be made, the cable connecting the transmitter to the antenna had to be changed, and that required a license change.

Since June, KTRU has been operating on Special Temporary Authority from the FCC. This expired in December, and the program test authority is not expected before the end of the week.

There will be a meeting for all new people interested (even halfway) in working for KTRU at 7pm. Wednesday, January 18, in SH309.
A Fellini movie is a must in your pursuit of higher education. Depending upon which part of your body you think with, you can go either for the intellectual or the sensual. And a double feature of Roma and Satyricon at the River Oaks this past week, perhaps you'll get another chance at the Media Center.

What is so earthshaking about a Fellini movie? Well, it (for lack of another vague word) points to a crucial dichotomy typical among people in various periods of history, the split between the rational and the solidly hedonistic. Rice people find themselves straddling that canyon at times. Portnoy complained about it back in the sixties, the rift between mental and physical satisfaction, the desire for secure ordinariness vs. the craving for the old virginal funk. I use that word loessly, as Portnoy used that word, among others, and it shocked a bunch of folks who like to keep dirty words and unnatural acts confined to the bedroom. Either that or started munching on popcorn and unnatural acts confined to half way through no less and chance at the Media Center. Whether I should play English and it shocked a bunch of folks the stupid person seated in the sixties, the rift between intellectual, sensual, and rational and the solidly and be horny.

What is so earthshaking major and try to figure out what it's worth. The main characters seemed to live according to the "Eat, drink, and be horny" school of thought. Like those who go to the party schools I always hear Rice people sighing over, in a Fellini movie the intellectual, sensual, and crude, meet, their stomping grounds overlap. So, what you get out of one depends upon your imagination and how many of the subtleties you can see around the big head of the stupider person seated in front of you, who walked in half way through no less and started munching on popcorn to distract you. Buttered popcorn at that. Just the way you like it. And didn't offer you any. Imagine that. The selfish twit. O tempora, o mores! That's Latin. It means what times are these when strangers won't share their popcorn like good Christians should. And be it made known that he who refuses his neighbor in the matter of popcorn sharing shall not walk among the lilies of the field, but shall have nasty, pointed briers prick his heels, and suffer from indigestion even unto the second intermission. Yea, it were better for him to sleep with his neighbor's barnyard'animals than suffer the insult surely to be heaped upon him between showings. (Book of Cliches)

Note the dilemma of the two main characters in Satyricon. Nobody ever told them there was a difference between being in love and being a pair of raging bisexuais. Having blond hair and blue eyes may have something to do with it, which would shed a new light on what type of superman the Germans claimed Aryanli really were, and why Mussolini covered up all the nasty bits on the nude Roman statues when he came to power. See, there's some history in Fellini movies too.

And after you've gone to a Fellini movie, you can compile critical notes with other tasteful people and cart out all those French phrases you've been saving for just this type of situation. "It was all so chic de le monde."

"I thought it rather nostalgique de la boue myself." "I particularly enjoyed the tit-fest scenes."

To the editor:

In the Institute, news supplement to IEEE (Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers) Spectrum, volume 5, number 17, December 1977, a salary survey report was published under the title "Salary Survey Report II." In it, it was emphasized: "Respondents without any degree actually are earning about as much as those with Bachelor's degrees."

This result is another indication of the declining value of the BS degree. The universities that are planning their future existence on undergraduate education only, should learn from it.

T. Kazakos
Assistant Professor
Electrical Engineering

PHILIP PARKER
Editor

WILLY

Alum regrets lack of MOB support

To the editor:

You may be interested to know that a reply from Dr. Hackett to my letter which you printed (Dec. 1 Thresher) concerning lack of travel support for the MOB failed to alleviate my concern about that situation. Consequently, I regret that the MOB will probably never be seen again in Dallas, and one of the few valuable expressions of support for the football team has been eliminated.

I believe that this policy is more near-sighted than economical, since the amount of money involved for one bus trip is hardly substantial compared to the enormous amount invested in the football program. Rice is not matching even the effort put forward by the other private conference universities toward the game environment, yet it collects its share of TV and bowl game payments from all conference schools. I can only hope that someday at Rice the significance of morale as a factor in football will be recognized.

Shelton Ragland
Hanszen '69
**Is this trip necessary?**

**Sex Pistols’ concert fails to convert audience**

by Bruce Kessler

"Sex Pistols in Texas Tonight" announced the marquees outside of Randy’s Rodeo, the country-western swing club on the outskirts of San Antonio, which, for one evening, was home for the most infamous band in the world—the Sex Pistols.

The show was not to begin until 8:00, but by mid-afternoon, there was already a long line snaking out into the parking lot. Braving the progressively colder elements were hundreds of shivering bodies ranging in age from junior highschoolers with their Kiss belt buckles to the sophisticated college intellectuals, any of whom paid $3.50 to see the unabashed leaders of the punk movement. Yes, they were loud and noisy. No, they were not all that outrageous. Yes, they insulted Jones. The Pistols played a masters of musical ultra-modulated "God Save the White Noise." Everyone has been to concerts at which one could swear that the band had already played a song several minutes earlier, as all the music sounded too much alike. But with the Sex Pistols, it was frequently impossible to distinguish just what they were playing, simply due to the amount of distortion, feedback, and overamplification. Even if one were familiar with the band’s music, it was almost impossible to tap in time with the beat, let alone hum along to the lyrics. The most reaction, for the most part, could be summed up as neutral. There was applause to turn the band first appeared onstage, but very light applause between numbers and after finishing their set. Why the Pistols felt obligated to play an encore I’ll never know. Obviously, at least 99% of the audience was in attendance solely to satisfy individual curiosity and to see if the band was all they were hyped to be. During the songs, people did not know what to do. They tried to clap along, to shake their flags in the air, to scream out loud, but nothing seemed to work. It was a shame that no one knew how to pogo, because, as we all know, the only thing an audience can do at a punk show is jump up and down and better to do, and then drive in one’s $8000 car to one’s home replete with color TV, ultramodern stereo system, and microwave oven. The time might be right for violence and revolution in Great Britain, but in the States, it is still "Hold the pickles, hold the lettuce, special orders don’t upset us."

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**DOONESBURY**

**By G.B. Trudeau**

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The rice thresher, January 12, 1978—page 3
Running on Empty

Running on Empty is a remarkable album, not only in terms of its musical content, but in terms of its thematic concept, a live album devoted exclusively to new Browne songs which were recorded during his 1977 tour. This approach is novel enough, as there are no other live albums that I know of which have been devoted to showcasing only new, heretofore unreleased songs. But the concept behind Running on Empty goes further than this, as the songs were recorded, quite literally, on the road—in dressing rooms, hotel rooms, on buses, and on the concert stage—all to give the total feel to the subject of life on the road.

The album opens with two accounts of life on the road, in general. The title cut, the most powerful Browne rocker to date, provides a background to the relationship Browne and the road have for one another, while “The Road” gives tribute to the lifestyle which constant touring has caused Browne to adopt. “Rosie” is a nice, short piano joint composition, a story of the road to love. “Nothing But Time” is a tune about travelling between gigs, and if you think of riding cross-country on a bus, it is not too surprising, for that is one of the album’s more outstanding cuts, and it is quickly followed by a beautiful ballad co-written by Lowell George, Valerie Carter, and Jackson Browne. “Love Needs a Heart” is the name of this joint composition, a story of the road to love. “Nothing But Time” is a tune about travelling between gigs, and if you think of riding cross-country on a bus, it is not too surprising, for that is where the song was recorded. “The Load” and “Stay” close the album most appropriately as they salute the indefatigable roadcrew and the ones who make the show happen, the audience.

In spite of the fact that many of the songs are not Browne compositions, they all fit the theme upon which Running on Empty is based. But the best songs are still the ones in which Browne had a hand in writing. Running on Empty is an ironic title, for never before in his career has Jackson Browne been more teeming with beautiful music, poignant lyrics, and artistic excellence.

—bruce kessler

Aerosmith

Draw the Line

One of the things I find annoying about the rock scene is the way certain groups take a fixed approach to music and milk it for all it’s worth, album after album. With the release of Draw the Line, Aerosmith has succeeded in highlighting marketed sameness, insistent at that. It’s another one from Aerosmith, and it sounds like it. You would think Steve Tyler et al would get a little tired of the shambles and bang approach to rock, but variety must not be their cup of tea.

Rock music should be exciting and electric, not predictable and cluttered. A cut like “Critical Mass” may be an indication where this album has gone wrong. Basically, it plays like something that is so live it was barely rehearsed before recording. Aerosmith as a group cannot seem to decide what to put in and what to leave out, with the result that the cuts sound like sonic sports events, competition between Tyler’s screechy vocals, the distorted guitar section, and the flailing drum work.

The music is better than its execution (sic). Aerosmith is capable of better, as they demonstrated on parts of Toys in the Attic and Rocks. For about five minutes, during “Kings and Queens,” the group stops pounding away long enough to distinguish the cut as a piece of music rather than as a pre-conceived piece of formulaic rock. It isn’t a flaw to shut the guitars up long enough to actually hear some individual work.

It’s disappointing to hear tunes drowned out by their own volume. It sounds like some engineer decided to turn all the levels up full blast rather than spend time mixing. This approach most notably mars the title cut and “Milk Cow Blues,” whose only claim to the blues is its title.

Aerosmith takes throughout Draw the Line a one man show with beautiful music, poignant lyrics, and it is quickly followed by a beautiful ballad co-written by Lowell George, Valerie Carter, and Jackson Browne. “Love Needs a Heart” is the name of this joint composition, a story of the road to love. “Nothing But Time” is a tune about travelling between gigs, and if you think of riding cross-country on a bus, it is not too surprising, for that is where the song was recorded. “The Load” and “Stay” close the album most appropriately as they salute the indefatigable roadcrew and the ones who make the show happen, the audience.

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—bruce kessler
Tom Taylor revives Woody Guthrie at Reunion Theater

Woody Guthrie is alive and well and living at Reunion Theater. He is as ornery and cantankerous as ever. He sings as few men or women have ever sung. His voice is not sweet or melodious. He has no sequins on his costume and his sound equipment consists of a simple acoustic guitar and a harmonica. No slick promoter would ever sign him to a contract — no gimmick. Yet his songs are full of the poetry of the ordinary people as they struggle to feed their children, of bums who ride from town to town on freight trains, and of farmers who are trying to keep the sheriff from evicting them from their homes. In short he sings about the people who have not been able to participate in the American dream.

Of course the real Woody Guthrie died in 1967 of Huntington’s chorea, peni- lees and a Brooklyn hospital, but Tom Taylor, a native Houstonian, has brought him back to life in a one man show now playing at Reunion Theater. Taylor’s performance is quite nearly flawless. Having researched Guthrie’s life and music for his master’s thesis at the University of Texas, he has compressed the quintessential features of one of America’s great folk poets into a mere 90 minutes. His voice is tiny and untutored and his guitar technique simple. He deals with his audience in an unpretentious, almost improvisational manner.

Walking around the tiny stage with his guitar slung around his shoulder, he takes us through Guthrie’s life, not as a historian but rather as a painter. Using Guthrie’s own stories and anecdotes, he portrays him growing up in Oklahoma during the years of the Dust Bowl. He tells of the death of his sister, who was fatally burned when a kerosene stove exploded in their home, and how his mother subsequently died in an insane asylum. He relates how Guthrie had to leave home to find work because the heat and the dust destroyed all of the crops. Episode quickly follows episode, some including songs, some not, some humorous, some deadly serious, but none designed to elicit pity. He simply relates the incidents as Guthrie himself might have done, without adornment.

Everyone who sees this show will undoubtedly have a favorite section. For me, however, it was Taylor’s depiction of Guthrie’s encounters with a radio station in Los Angeles. The lights come up on Taylor standing at a microphone, talking at breakneck speed. He is explaining that he only has a fifteen minute program and that all of the listeners should send cards and letters to the station requesting that his show be extended to thirty minutes because he has a lot to say. What Guthrie has to say is important. At a slightly decelerated rate he tells his audience that in order to find work and earn enough money to pay the mortgage they should join the unions. He then starts to sing that Jesus was a good union man crucified by bankers and preachers. At that point his microphone goes dead. Guthrie looks up at the imaginary control booth and, in the only passionate outburst of the entire evening screams that he will continue to fight for the poor and the starving if he has to sing on a street corner. He shouts that his program should be put back on the air but that he has not begged for anything in his entire life and does not intend to beg for this. After a few seconds of silence the microphone is turned back on. His listeners did write those cards and letters and he announces slowly and deliberately that his program has been extended to thirty minutes.

Guthrie was not a political animal, although he flirted with Communism and was a staunch advocate of labor unions. His philosophies were the real poets. Tom Taylor has captured, without fanfare and fireworks, the strength and sensitivity of this great American folk poet. It is a lesson in history and humanity, as well as a superior theater event.

—John

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RICE CAMPUS STORE
the rice thresher, January 12, 1978—page 5
‘Close Encounters’ an alienating experience

First Kind: sighting a UFO. Second Kind: physical evidence. Close Encounters of The Third Kind: contact. And, in this case, a movie playing at the Loew’s cinemas with run-of-the-mill people meeting beneficient aliens and their flying saucers under a plot structure that borders on the hokey.

We begin with the traditional loco old man and his cryptic remark: “The sun came out last night and it sang to me.” advance to Muncie, Indiana, where we meet the plain old folk who are destined to rise above their pedestrian lives, and conclude by re-uniting a mother and child.

Garnishing the story are close-up shots of flying saucers which come and visit, and go; people figure out that “this means something, it must be important,” and trek off to Devil’s Tower, Wyoming, where more flying saucers come.

Comparisons immediately are made to Star Wars, that great sci-fi masterpiece and Close Encounters’ predecessor. In some ways this does not work. Star Wars was an idea for an entire universe; Close Encounters is glimpses of extraterrestrial vehicles and their occupants with an emphasis on the human drama.

This “drama” is both the agony and the ecstasy for author/director Steven Spielberg (of Jaws). It is a legitimate move and good because it departs from the Flash Gordon nice humans—bad aliens genre. Unfortunately, Spielberg’s concern with the human aspect of science fiction overruled the most potentially interesting part of the movie— the aliens.

We want to know what these creatures are, what they are doing, and why; when we attempt to answer these questions ourselves, contradictions arise. What could be the meaning of the killer vacuum sequence (and other logical lapses) begin to bother us. While Star Wars gave us a plot we could just allow ourselves to escape to with no worry of cognitive fault, Close Encounters has us marvelling at blinking lights as cops chase space ships on an interstate highway.

A lack of cohesion on the extraterrestrial would not have been detrimental if soap and melodrama didn’t sneak in. Characters were neither well-constructed individuals nor traditional stereotypes. They were somehow quaint. Richard Dreyfuss is Roy Neary, such a middle class man possessed with a dream and fighting against the mediocrity of the hordes, while well-known French director Francois Truffaut becomes at sort of Jacques Cousteau of the space pioneers.

Wonderful real-life photography is the saving grace of this film. Douglas Trumbull (of Star Wars) did the effects, and they are special, so that if one evaluates science fiction movies like one evaluates hallucinogens — by the quality of their visuals — then Close Encounters was a good movie. The theme of “we are not alone” (but there’s nothing to worry about since these aliens mean us no harm) can be viewed as a brilliant departure from the early fifties science fiction paranoia. It even had neat music by Jaws’ John Williams. But it did not have the provocative nature of 2001: A Space Odyssey; and even though it had twice the $10 million budget of Star Wars, it was not quite a magnitude splendorama.

With the now taken for granted special effects and the undeveloped message, Close Encounters becomes a tedious and problematic production.

—greg lery
Intramural basketball’s thirty-plus team field has been narrowed to last eight squads, and the season to seven games. Yes, it is the playoffs, that source of suspense, thrills, and cliches. The games. Yes, it is the playoffs, thirty-plus team field has been remained strong. Kevin Tabu and they have break oriented team. Prime game. David Vaughn, Craig Former all-district, Neal Perry close one all the way. Os Abib that source of suspense, bench and you have plenty of Turk Turley, and a strong Tom Hagemann, guard Jeff Add to it former all-district was supported by the all-year’s final versus TABU, by 16. 

Quarterfinal:

**TABU vs. FCA**

Jan. 13, 6:45pm

This quarterfinal pits the former champs against a team that has been defeated once already this season. George Taylor, ex-varsity squadman leads the Tabu team averaging 14 points per game. Bob Burnell has a 12.6 average and is supported under the boards by the lanky Jim Lancaster and Bubba Buegener. Wayne Kennedy rounds out the first five and has the benefit of Mario Sznol spells definite trouble for Frank Liu and FCA. Scott Martin was the runner-up in overall scoring and poses a threat anywhere around the perimeter. (TPI pick: This game should not be close. TABU to the semis by 17.)

Quarterfinal:

**WRC Fish vs Prime Beef**

Jan. 15, 8:05pm

This one promises to be a close one all the way. Os Abib averaged 13.5 points per game but was second to the intramural scoring leader, former all-district, Neal Howard who averaged 20.5 per game. David Vaughn, Craig Thigpen, and Frank Wilson provide the speed for a fast-break oriented team. Prime Beef II is a solid team. Their only loss in two years was to TABU and they have remained strong. Kevin Campbell had a 14.3 average for the regular season and was supported by the all-around player, Mike Rogers. Add to it former all-district Tom Hagemann, guard Jeff Keer, Lightning Sam Francis, Turk Turley, and a strong bench and you have plenty of talent to work with. (TPI pick: Could go either way but if one goes by season appearance, take WRC Fish by 1) 

Quarterfinal:

**Toads On Parade vs. Crew X**

Jan. 17, 6:45pm

Toads on Parade had three of the top ten leading scorers and proved to be a good all-around team. Jim Michalek averaged 18.6 per game, Jeff Carter had 18 per game, and Rich Gass had 14.3 per game. Paul Inman and Russell Henderson add to the potent line-up. They must face a tough seasoned Crew X team who win through determination. Matt Williams led all Crew X scorers with 14.3 per game. Mark Nygren, speedy Ernie Butler, Rich Preng, and Mark Snyder round out the front alignment. Crew X was slow starting but could have it all together by now. (TPI pick: Tough one as Crew X has the up in team experience but look for an older and wiser Toads to prevail by 5.)

Quarterfinal:

**Benefit vs Destroyers**

Jan. 17, 8:05pm

Benedict is big and possesses inside and outside strength. Benedict is led by Mike Nammers who averaged 13.3 points per game as Dave Tupper and Jim Day had 12 per game. Tupper and Barnes along with Doug Edwards guard the inside and Day and Lemmers hit from outside. Not quick but methodical. Bob Loper always steady anywhere. Destroyers have yet to prove equal to their name. Not a high scoring unit, they are led by captain Tim McCord. Jim Peacock and Paul Oliver supply the rest of the muscle. (TPI pick: If Benedict has everyone show up they should ease to the semi and a rematch of last year’s final versus TABU, by 16.)

Tonight at 7:30 at Austy Court the Owl basketball team will be seeking their second Southwest Conference win of the season against the undefeated Arkansas Razorbacks. The Owls, currently ranked third in the nation, feature the hot shooting trio of Ron Brewer, Marvin Delph, and Sidney Moncrief. Saturday the Owls host Texas Tech in a regionally televised match which begins at 3:30.

Last Saturday Rice shared a part of the conference lead for the first time since 1971 as they upset the Baylor Bears 84-65. Elbert Darden led the Owls with 14 points, while Paul Oliver supply the rest of the muscle. (TPI pick: If Benedict has everyone show up they should ease to the semi and a rematch of last year’s final versus TABU, by 16.)

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Pizza Inn • We’ve got a feeling you’re gonna like us.
Friday the thirteenth

already? and, i think i just had one of those today... 5pm. Willy's Pub. MENSa meeting: BYOQ.
7:30 and 10pm. Media Center. Repeat showings of Three Women.

Saturday the fourteenth

1:30pm. Media Center. Little Women (Cukor, 1933). With Katherine Hepburn. $1.50
6pm. Brown Commons. As usual, Brown sandwich service is in operation today and tomorrow.
7:30 and 10pm. Rice Thresher, january 12, 1978—page 8

Sunday the fifteenth

7:30 and 10pm. Male of the Century (Berri, 1976). In French, etc. $1.50.

Thursday the sixteenth


Friday the seventeenth


Wednesday the eighteenth

7pm. SH303. Rice Chapter, Society of Women Engineers meeting: Mary Ann Price, speaking on career opportunities for women engineers, both for summer and permanent jobs.

Thursday the nineteenth

12n-3pm. Fondren Library. RAMAS—tryouts for Baker Theatre’s Love’s Labour’s Lost will be Thursday and Friday, Jan. 12 and 13 in 301 Sewall Gym. Everyone is welcome.

Friday the twentieth

7:30pm. Media Center. We’re Not the Jet Set (Duvall, 1977). $1.50
8pm. Hamman Hall. RAMAS continues its virtual film series with Friends Price (Israel).
10pm. Media Center. WNTJS.
10pm and 12m. Hamman Hall. Your last chance—two last chances. You have two last chances to see Friends.

Saturday the twenty-first

7:30pm and 10pm. Edward Munch (Watkins, 1976). With subtitles. $1.50.