

Metcalf's men lose to Raiders 78-70

By PAUL ARNETT
Battalion Sports Editor

The Texas Tech basketball team is like sleep at a piano recital. They creep up on a team, then slip past them before the opponent knows they were even there.

They crept past the Texas Aggies last Saturday night 78-70.

"They do things in a controlled manner," coach Shelby Metcalf

said. "You wouldn't know you were behind by 10 unless you took a peek at the scoreboard. They don't do anything in a spectacular fashion, but they don't make any mistakes either."

The Aggie basketball team can't make that claim. Poor shooting and fouling like it was going out of business hurt A&M's chances of winning.

"This has been the longest season of my career," an obviously frustrated Metcalf said. "We've lost many games this season because of fouls. Tonight we lost because they didn't let us cover Russell. When that happens, Tech is the best team in the conference."

A&M had three forwards, all of whom covered Russell at some point in the game, foul out. Wally Swan-

son and Willie Foreman also covered Russell during the contest. Their foul tally was four apiece.

Russell had only two.

"That's hard to believe," A&M guard Dave Goff said. "Joey Robinson had this to say about it. 'He shoves as much as anybody in the conference, but he only has two fouls called. It's impossible.'"

That's an understatement. But it's also fact.

Another fact is Russell's performance. He was Tech's leading scorer and rebounder with 22 and 13 respectively.

"He beats us every game," Metcalf said. "Although I thought we did a pretty good job considering the circumstances. But that's not why we lost. We lost because we didn't play as hard as we did against Arkansas, Houston and SMU."

One man can be excluded from that "not playing hard" list. And that's Dave Goff.

"No one can say the reason we lost is because we were tired," Metcalf said. "The reason is because Goff was still hustling at the end of the game. If he wasn't tired, then no one was."

with talent and emotion, but often it appears that hard work has been left out. The season is winding down, but some of it can still be salvaged if A&M can begin a winning streak carrying them into the play-offs. Hard work is a necessary ingredient.

It will be quite necessary to row night in Austin. Unlike Texas doesn't creep. They run.

Refs' whistles blow G. Rollie's house down

By DAVID BOGGAN
Battalion Sports Staff

It was a basketball game between three teams Saturday night: Texas Tech, Texas A&M and the SWC officials. The Raiders ended up with 78 points, the Aggies scored 70 and the referees called 57 personal fouls, just eight violations short of the conference record.

The refs' whistles slowed down, but didn't stop the Raiders in their quest for their tenth conference win.

"It was a close one," Tech coach Gerald Meyers said. "It all depends on the way the ball bounces and we've had some good bounces this season. It was really a physical game."

Physical. That one adjective has been used more than any other by opponents' coaches and players to describe their games with the Aggies. Tech forward Kent Williams is firmly convinced that the Aggies

play physical basketball. In the first half of the game, Williams caught an inadvertent elbow in the jaw from Willie Foreman. The shot sent Williams to the floor, but he got up and scored the Raiders next basket. He was hit in the jaw again under the basket and stumbled to mid-court where he fell and was taken out of the game.

"Everything went black," Williams said after the game. "I'm still dazed and I'm in pretty much pain. I had my jaw come out of place by Foreman here last year. I guess he just doesn't like me."

Fortunately, Williams came back in the second half. He effectively defended Foreman, who hit only seven of 17 attempted shots — a key to the Raiders' victory.

"I just tried to press him and keep pretty close to him," Williams said. "He's a good ball player. I was fortunate to have guarded him this good."

Another key to Tech's win was the performance of Tommy Parks, a junior who came off the Raider bench to assist his team.

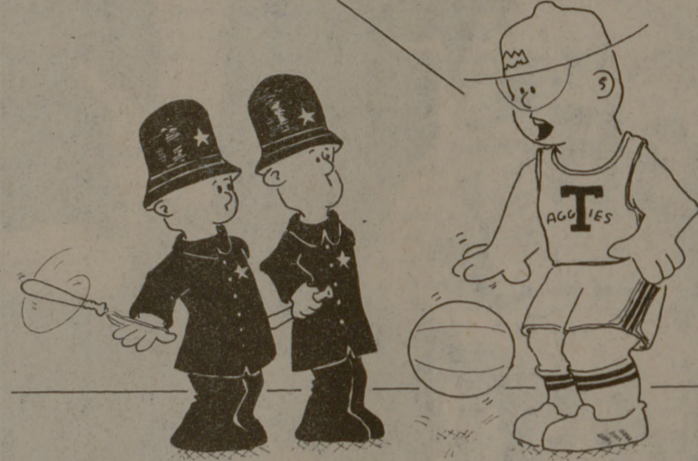
"Tommy Parks was a key for us," Meyers said. "He came in and got some movement and helped break the press. There for a while we were breaking the press, but we weren't scoring."

The Raiders' big man, Mike Russell, had some trouble putting the ball through the hoop, but ended up as the game's leading scorer with 22 points.

"It was a typical A&M-Tech game," Russell said. "Neither one of us could break it open and we knew that it wouldn't do any good to say we lost a close one. All that gets you is a handshake and a mark in the right-hand column."

"We knew we had to keep our pressure, especially after Kent got hurt. Our motto is, 'Pressure burst the pipe.'"

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ARE STILL MAD
AT ME... AND
I'VE GOT TO GO
TO G. ROLLIE
WEDNESDAY!

dp 1978

Hawaii has tough schedule

Continued from page 9

victimized by a lack of recognition because of our location either. As time goes along, we'll improve and get the publicity we deserve by earning it on the football field."

Tomey admitted that UH's location does hinder recruiting.

"We never have any problem getting high school players to visit our campus — it's getting them to stay that's tough. Hawaii's a lot further from their home than the mainland colleges."

Because of this, two-thirds of the UH football players are from California. The other third comes primarily from the Oahu island area,

where Tomey says the high school talent is quite abundant.

Tomey has a simple approach in recruiting young athletes to attend the University of Hawaii.

"I really think an individual has to experience a program and decide for himself if it's what he wants. I try hard not to be a salesman. I believe in what we have going here at Hawaii and if an athlete is interested and can help our program, we encourage him to consider coming."

UH hasn't played a Southwest Conference team yet, but has gone up against opponents from the Big Ten, Big Eight, Pacific Eight and Southeastern Conferences. Although Tomey says he would like to

play teams from the SWC, he stated that there were none on the UH schedule for the next few years.

Fan interest at Hawaii is increasing as the program steadily improves. Aloha Stadium, site of the annual Hula Bowl all-star game, is the football home of the Bows and the average home attendance in 1977 was 29,000. UH ranked sixth in the nation in improved attendance as they increased their average over 1976 by more than 8,000 per home game.

There are many former UH

players in the professional now. Among them are two of the World Champion Cowboys, wide receiver Larry Cole ('66).

The sports scene in Hawaii is booming. Surfing and sailing, college football isn't nearly as big as in Texas. With time and money into a strong NCAA conference, however, the city of Hawaii will begin to stride towards making the Ocean seem a little smaller.

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A Smile — on the Inside

"O.K. I'm going, I'm going. Gee why can't they have services later in the afternoon and give a man a chance to sleep, after all even God rested on Sunday, didn't He!" This familiar scene happened to me more times than I can remember. It would occur every week, every Sunday when it was time to "go to church."

"Go to church", how these words ring in my ears. I never knew what it did for God, but it sure made everyone around me a lot happier, and if everyone around me was happier, that was good enough for me. Therefore, without too much complaining I'd be there right on time or maybe a little later. The first thing I would do would be to look for some friends of mine and try to sit with them before the ushers sat me somewhere else. I never took anything too seriously and if I wasn't completely interested, I would just make up a game to pass the time. On Sunday, with a bunch of friends sitting in the back, the games came easy. Somehow everything was always funnier when you were sitting in a pew.

Games, I was full of them. It was the best way to make an uncomfortable situation comfortable. Many times I would go places and do things I wasn't suppose to and when asked where I'd been, I'd make up a story. And if I were ever caught in a lie, I would simply put a sad look on my face, and tell another story. This went on for a long time. The things I wasn't suppose to do got worse and the stories got better. After a while I almost considered myself an expert.

It seems pretty bad, but at the time it was all just a game to me, besides I was having a good time.

Eventually I came to the conclusion that all of life was just a game, and as long as it was a game I might as well play according to my rules. Then one day I met an old friend. He used to be one of the wildest guys in the whole neighborhood, but now he had really changed. We talked for a long time. He talked to me about the Lord, but somehow I didn't connect it with trying to climb out of the rack on Sunday morning. This was something real. It was the first time I had heard anything like it, and I really wanted it. The words he spoke excited something deep inside me. I didn't want him to know how excited I was because I was still kind of playing games, but I sure wanted what he had.

A few weeks later I got to meet some of his friends. It was the most wonderful time I had ever experienced. They were just normal people, talking, laughing, and smiling, but somehow something was different about them. It took me a while to figure it out, but then I caught it. "I know what it is," I thought to myself, "their smile is on the inside. They aren't trying to smile, they can't help but smile!" This was amazing. All these people were so happy. They were all having such a good time, it seemed they were all enjoying the same thing. That's when it hit me. "Wow! THESE PEOPLE ARE ENJOYING JESUS!" I was so excited I was about to pop. "How can I get this?"

I kept wondering, "If this is for real I don't want to miss it." The answer to my wondering came rather quickly — a friendly, serious type of guy from Virginia asked me if I'd like to meet Jesus. Everything in me was saying yes, but I couldn't pull my mouth apart to say anything. After a few seconds I was able to nod, and that's when he told me it would only take a simple prayer. Only a simple prayer, but at that very moment everything stopped. My past stopped, my future stopped and all my games stopped. I was face to face with Jesus. There wasn't one game left inside me. I was never so serious in all my life. The words came out rather slow, "Lord Jesus, forgive me of all my sins. I want you to come and live inside of me. From now on I want to follow you in a real way." What was actually only a few seconds seemed like hours. I had no realization where I was. All I knew was that I had just met Jesus and when I opened my eyes I had a smile just like everyone else's, a smile on the inside!

This happened to me almost four years ago. I only regret that this is an article. I would rather tell you face to face how wonderful the Lord has been since then. My enjoyment hasn't fizzled out like so many other things did. I only hope many others will be able to find and enjoy the Lord the way I have!

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