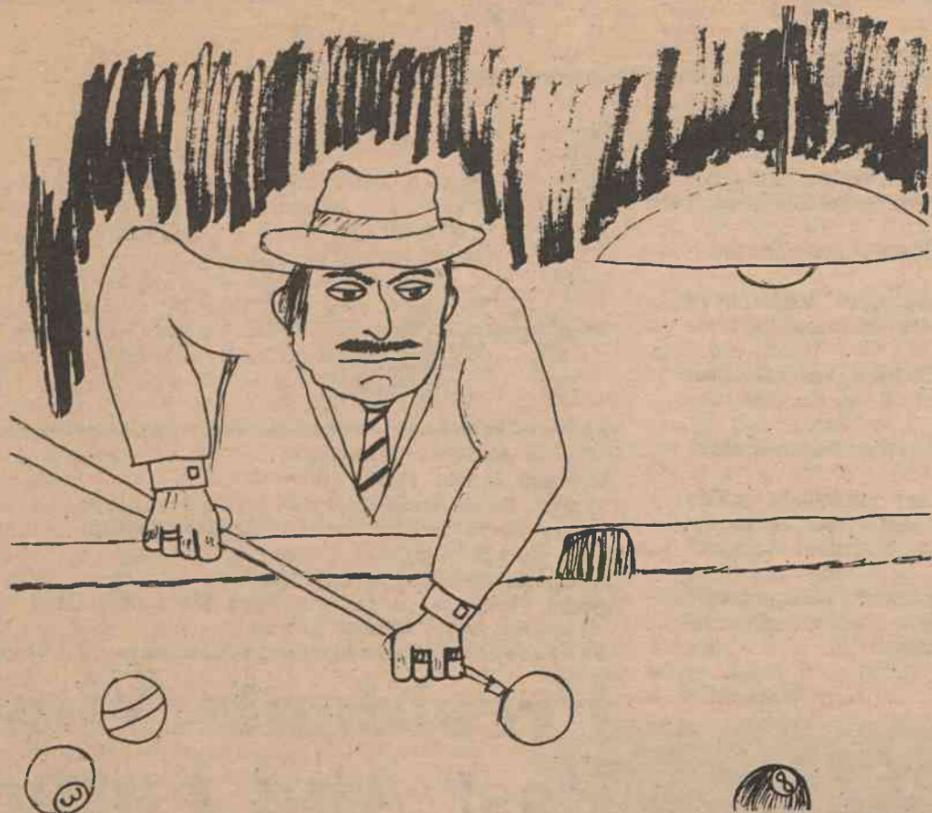


Time For A Pool Room Frenzy



ALVIN
MUCKLEY

Pool frenzy always starts about a week before the tournament. Average players practice their straight shots, old pros their double banks, hops, and combinations, while rookies swing away with jerky spastic movements.

Tired of warped and cracked cue sticks, the contenders brought flashy red, yellow, blue, and even rainbow colored sticks. For some players the sticks helped, but for others... at least it added color to their lifeless game. For pros like Steve Majewicz, Harry Gross, and Paul Hennessy, a broomstick would have been just as good.

The tournament began and rookies, of course, were the first ones out. Facing defeat was rough. Sour comments such as, "If it hadn't been for the warped edges," "I should have brought my own stick", "I've been in rehearsal", and "Ah, it was luck" were heard night after night.

Ernest Stuart failed to reach the finals for the second straight year, being halted in first round play. His 2-0 lead in the best of 5 set the stage for Drew Sheffield's brilliant comeback. Drew rallied to win the last three, leaving a stunned Stuart to contemplate on next year's tournament. It seemed that Drew would be ready for top-ranked Paul Hennessy. However, Hennessy breezed past Drew by a 50-33 lashing.

Hennessy is an excellent player. It's fascinating to watch him saunter slowly into the game room, nonchalantly open his case, put his handsome stick together, and then scan the room for a worthy opponent. Paul is like a machine. Steady, aim, fire! The quick, straight stroke comes lurching forward.

But Hennessy was not unbeatable, as his flawless play showed weak points. Against Majewicz, Hennessy looked nervous and unsure. What had promised to be a good game did not materialize; Steve Majewicz tore Paul apart. Paul said later, "It's this mental block I get when I play Steve." Must have been a pretty big block: the score was 75-49.

Harry Gross has his own cue stick too. It doesn't catch your eye like Paul Hennessy's, in fact, I think it's ugly. What impresses me is his uncanny sixth sense in placing the cue ball.

Harry got most of his practice playing on last year's lopsided tables. Despite the cue ball swerving and wiggling for five minutes after taking a shot, he knows exactly where it will land.

Gross disposed of Craig Maddox and this set up the championship match with Majewicz. It would be a rematch of last year's championships when Gross emerged as champion.

In the championships, Majewicz seemed like he was going to run away with the game, 14-0. But the defending champ limited Steve to one ball in the rack while running 13 to make the score 15-13. From then on it was a test of stamina, concentration, and precision for both players.

At the start of the final rack, the score see-sawed back and forth. Tense and nervous, both finalists scratched and missed. Steve's luck looked like it had reached its end when he missed a straight-in shot and busted the rack, placing three balls at the pockets. With Harry ahead 72-71 he could rap it up. He paused, aimed, and, with a sharp click, sent the 7 rolling down the rail, disappearing into the top pocket. Another flick of the wrist and the 11 ended up in the side pocket. 74-71.

Gross stopped, breathed a deep sigh, and measured his last shot, a simple shot that even Mrs. Dahmer wouldn't have much trouble with. Steve Majewicz began folding his stick. The excitement narrowed down to that one striped 12 lying near the top pocket. Harry's last shot saw the 12 catching the outside of the hole, rattling from side to side, then stopping.

Harry backed away with a look of shock on his face. Then Steve walloped in the 12, broke the rack, socked in the 9, sliced the 15, and sent the 8 into the side pocket with a soft thud. Drained, exhausted, but smiling, the new men's champ, Steve Majewicz embraced his comrades.

Becky Evans cleared table after table while all her opponents could do was watch, to become the girls' champion. Larkin Linton met Becky in the finals, though she shot well, Becky was never really threatened and won it all with a 75-40 victory.

Will Rogers: Simple Philosopher

By KURT ESLICK

With all this bicentennial "Applesauce" going on its really hard to remember what America really is, its hard to know the true meaning of America when all this B.S. is being thrown at you. But there was a man in the early 1900's who knew. The man was Will Rogers.

Will was born in Claremore Oklahoma, on November 4, 1879, election day, and died in 1935 when a plane he was aboard crashed near Point Barrow Alaska. For Will Rogers, America was the little man; "What this country needs is more working men and fewer politicians." He was the spokesman for the Great Honest Majority during the hard times of the depression.

He helped hold this country together. He made the poor and rich laugh at themselves.

It would be impossible for me to give you a good image of Will Rogers, so I will let him take over: the following is an imaginary interview with Will Rogers. The answers are his, but the questions were written 40 years after his death.

Essay- Mr. Rogers, what to you seems to be the biggest problem in America today?

W.R.- "The trouble with America, is we can't even seem to see somebody else only through our eyes. We don't take into consideration their angle or view-point. You see, everyone of us in the world have an audience to play to; we study them and we try and do it so it will seem good to what we think is the great majority. So we all have our own particular little line of applesauce for each occasion. So lets be honest with ourselves and not take ourselves too serious, and never condemn the other fellow for doing what we are doing everyday, only in a different way.

Essay- What do you think of our present government?

W.R.- "People don't change under governments; the government change but the people remain the same. Lord the money we do spend on Government and its not one bit better than the government we got for one third the money twenty years ago."

Essay- What do you think of politicians?

W.R.- "Politicians can do more

funny things naturally than I can think of doing purposely. You can't believe a thing you read in regard to official statements.

When a gentlemen quoted me on the floor the other day, another member took exception and said he objected to the remarks of a professional joke maker going into the congressional record. Now can you beat that for jealousy among people in the same line? Calling me a professional Joke-maker. I could say half the funny things they can think of in one session of Congress. Besides, my jokes don't do anybody any harm, to them. You don't have to pay any attention to them. But every one of the jokes those birds make is a law and hurts somebody, generally everybody."

Essay- What do you think of our Diplomats?

W.R.- "There's one thing no nation can ever accuse us of and thats secret diplomacy. Our foreign dealings are an open book...generally a check-book."

Essay- How do you feel about education?

W.R.- "Everybody is ignorant only on different subjects.

A man only learns by two things; one is reading and the

other is by association with smarter people.

Some guy invented vitamin A out of a carrot. I'll bet he can't invent a good meal out of one."

Essay- What is your philosophy of life?

W.R.- "You got to sorta give and take in this ol' world. We can get mighty rich, but if we haven't got any friends, we will find we are poor. What's the matter with the world? There ain't but one word wrong with everyone and thats selfishness. All there is to success is satisfaction. No man is great if he thinks he is. Happiness and contentment is progress. In fact that's all progress is."

Essay- How do you feel about death?

W.R.- "What constitutes a life well spent? Love and admiration from our fellowman is all that anyone can ask." You must judge a man's greatness by how much he will be missed. Death knows no denomination; death draws no color line. If you live right, death is a joke to you as far as fear is concerned. When I die, my epitaph of wherever you call those signs on gravestones is going to read; I joked about every prominent man of my time but I never met a man I didn't like."

"Street Car" A Success

By DAVID HURLBERT

Barnet Kellman's portrayal of this classic play comes to us as an innovative surprise. However, to appreciate something sheerly for it's novelty is a current shortcoming of this school and of our time. The question we must ask is: is this production in any way better for this change than the "traditional" presentation?

The strengths of the main characters have been shifted and the emphasis has been removed from the depraved mysteriousness of Williams' conception. All of this has been done, presumably, to create a stronger sense of identification for the audience. It does. Blanche has been freed from her moribund stupor which has become an unfortunate trademark of the role. Stanley is no longer Marlon Brando. Stella, who represents Williams' only answer and salvation to the problem he has presented, is essentially the same strong character that Williams tries to represent, and the one audiences expect. Mitch is no longer a sensitive man. It is doubtful that the director is responsible for this particular portrayal, however.

The only flaw in this new approach seems to be in the way it relates to the playwright's conception. The basic struggle is, after all, a confrontation between the sensitive and helpless and the brutality of our times, Blanche's past has been a constant fall and she arrives in the Elysian Fields because it is the only option left to her. The visit to her sister is only the last step in Blanche's death. Kellman would have Blanche as a rather dominant and capable woman in the beginning of the play, but this seems to be a contradiction. Although it is interesting to watch her entire collapse during the time of the play, one can't ignore her past and the events leading to the total destruction whose process has already begun.

Stanley, has lost animalism in this interpretation. In order to be an overpowering foe to the new and stronger Blanche it seems that he would need more strength. By reinforcing Blanche and weakening Stanley Kellman has reduced the forces of the play's central problem.

The acting, for the most part, was sensitive and polished. Finally. Cynthia Stewart displayed a highly developed technic but did not force one to be aware of it. The methodical destruction of Blanche was very well plotted and timed.

Patricia Pease gave Stella the necessary depth that saves this role from being taken for granted. Her scene on the stairway with Stanley in the first act was especially fine. Only several times did a little unnecessary pixie quality shine through.

Mel Shrawder was, on the whole, excellent in the role of the "new Stanley". Sometimes his outbursts of anger were too sudden and not built up. This gave an air of neurosis to the part which was uncomfortable. There was no inhuman toughness, thankfully, but at times more brutality seemed called for, as in his fight with Stella.

The differences in the projected ages of the main characters was disturbing at times. Blanche seems twenty years older than the others. This had a way of detracting from the important sense of her being over-powered.

John Deyle played Mitch with a grinning and hulking quality which was unfortunate.

Several of the smaller roles were outstanding. Maureen Kennihan was a perfect whining neighbor in the first act. We wished the role would have been larger. Suzanne Buffington pulled off a character that was both chilling and compassionate as the nurse, which left one with a properly eerie feeling in the last act.

The stagehands who leaned on things and glared throughout the performance had a good shock effect in the beginning of the play.

Judie A. Juracek's set put across the pervasive feel of the French Quarter with its tarnished exoticism and slatternly openness. This imaginative construction created the important atmosphere of the play.

It was time for an excellent performance here. One could almost muse, "Sometimes there's God so quickly" but it's been so long.