

## SMALL CROWD ATTENDS DEBUT

### 'Time Of Your Life' Cuts Revealing Slice Of Life

BY LANI PRESSWOOD  
Battalion Amusements Editor  
Opening night crowds at productions of the Aggie Players seldom threaten to violate existing fire regulations concerning the number of people allowed in a building at one time.

Monday night's sparse turnout for the opening of "The Time of Your Life" proved no exception. But if the traditional trend prevails, the attendance figures will soon start picking up and should approach the boundaries of respectability before the play ends its six-night run.

Those who do come out can be guaranteed of seeing an unusual show, one which finds over twenty people romping around the Guion Hall stage at one time or another.

All the action takes place in a run-down San Francisco bar in 1939. The realistic set constructed for the play under the supervision of director Robert Wenck is one of the production's highlights. A real-live juke box, a pinball machine and row upon row of liquor bottles lend an air of authenticity to the imaginative, colorful setting.

"The Time of Your Life," penned by William Saroyan, is a naturalistic, slice-of-life type drama. The audience is allowed to more or less peek in at a window to watch this strange assortment of individuals briefly, and then, with few problems really solved, the shade is quietly drawn again.

What has been seen is a succession of distinctive characters,

a few far-fetched, but most taken straight from the broad avenue of life.

This play, which won the '39 Pulitzer Prize for drama, has to be called a funny-sad comedy. It's a light-hearted show but there are several poignant moments and at various times some serious viewpoints on life and on living are expressed.

The play throbs with humanity, with people, with life. Thus it is that the production's chief defect is its lack of gusto. In spots the show really moves but it drags badly during the first act and never really manages to sustain the needed breezy tempo.

Roger Williams does the best job of producing that intangible spark during his stint as a raucous, middle-aged windbag with a cow-punching background.

Getting excellent mileage out of a good role, Williams displays a deft sense of timing, a comic flair and the crucial element of vitality.

Another performer whose appearances live up to the proceedings is Bud Franks, who plays a young, dancer-comedian. Graceful movement is Franks' chief stage asset.

Allan Pierce handles the leading role with skill, poise, and polish and seems to become more and more effective as the play runs its course.

One of the play's most difficult roles belongs to Marie Crook, who plays an emotionally tormented streetwalker with feeling and sensitivity.

The cast is too large to review individually but a list of other actors who turned in solid performances would have to include Don Carter, Dick Gustafson, Steve Thurman, Paul Bleau, Tim Lane, and Kirk Stewart, among others.

Jan Gannaway's extreme street-walking getup provides quite an eye-opener, as does a scene which finds Pierce and Gustafson cramming their mouths full of chewing gum, calmly talking all the while.

And though some parts of the play don't move well enough, the total effect is an enjoyable one. "The Time of Your Life" is no blockbuster but it does afford an evening of warm, pleasant entertainment.

## CADET SLOUCH

by Jim Earle



"As the holder of th' record for th' most 'Dear John' letters, I'm not sure marriage is a very immediate problem, but I'll go with you!"

## Read Battalion Classifieds

### ★★★ AGGIES ★★★

FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT !!

- ★ Food . . . Deliciously Prepared
- ★ Broiler Burgers Supreme
- ★ Old Fashioned Ice Cream Parlor
- ★ Soft Background Music

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE !!

- ★ Open Until 1:30 a.m.
- ★ Seating Capacity For 88
- ★ East Gate — Hwy. 6

- Meet Your Buddies Here
- Bring Your Books Along
- Treat Your Dates

OPEN UNTIL 1:30 A. M.

### Dutch Treat

East Gate — Hwy. 6 — Across From Golf Course

## Reynolds' Rap

By Mike Reynolds

People that happened to be passing by the post office at North Gate Friday night were treated to a rare sight about one in the morning.

It all started like this:

A group of amateur musicians had been picking and singing over at Ralph's Pizza when closing time came around. The boys were just getting warmed up and they didn't feel like quitting. So, they simply moved over under the light in front of the P.O. and carried on their impromptu serenade to the delight of a number of late passersby.

A banjo, guitar and kazoo provided most of the melody. Another student pulled on the broomstick atop an inverted washtub and managed to coax sounds strangely like a bass fiddle out of the one attached string.

A large, roly-poly figure banged and shook up a storm on a tambourine. A tall, stringbean of a fellow danced with a rub board in his hands.

The sounds were strange. The sounds were fresh. The sounds were bright. The sounds were melancholy.

The South rose again in Dixie. The grass was green, green. The Saints went marching in.

Headlights of cars and the traffic signal seemed to keep time with the music. The late night air was heavy with moisture and it stood in beads on black skin and white skin alike. Voices rose and fell, laughed and cried together. White teeth and bright eyes twinkled in the night.

Autos began to stop. A crowd began to gather. Those who chose to stop and listen could not help smiling. They could not help clapping. They could not help singing along.

There was no uniform. There was no civilian. There was no race, color, religion or other division.

The guitar was passed from hand to hand and each individual led the group in his favorite song. Some were popular, some folk tunes, some from south of the border. In some the language

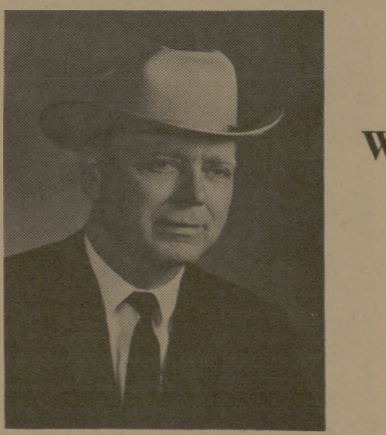
even changed, but that didn't bother anyone. If they didn't know the words, they hummed along with the tune.

The atmosphere of the moment was heady and bubbled like champagne, but the atmosphere above the post office was much, much heavier. First a few drops fell here and there as a warning. Then more and more. The singers and participants tried their best to ignore the falling rain, but it would not be ignored.

A KK showed up in his patrol car, no doubt, to control the vast, uncontrollable mob of 25 students that would, no doubt, ruin our reputation of no academic nonsense. However, all that remained were wet footprints on the black pavement, laughing voices in the air and a freshness that has not been felt in a long, long time on the campus of A&M.

Say, what are you doing next Friday night?

Tell you what, I'll meet you in front of the North Gate post office, and don't forget your rub board.



Class of '49

WRANGLER JEANS  
NOCONA BOOTS  
AMERICAN HATS  
MESQUITE PANTS

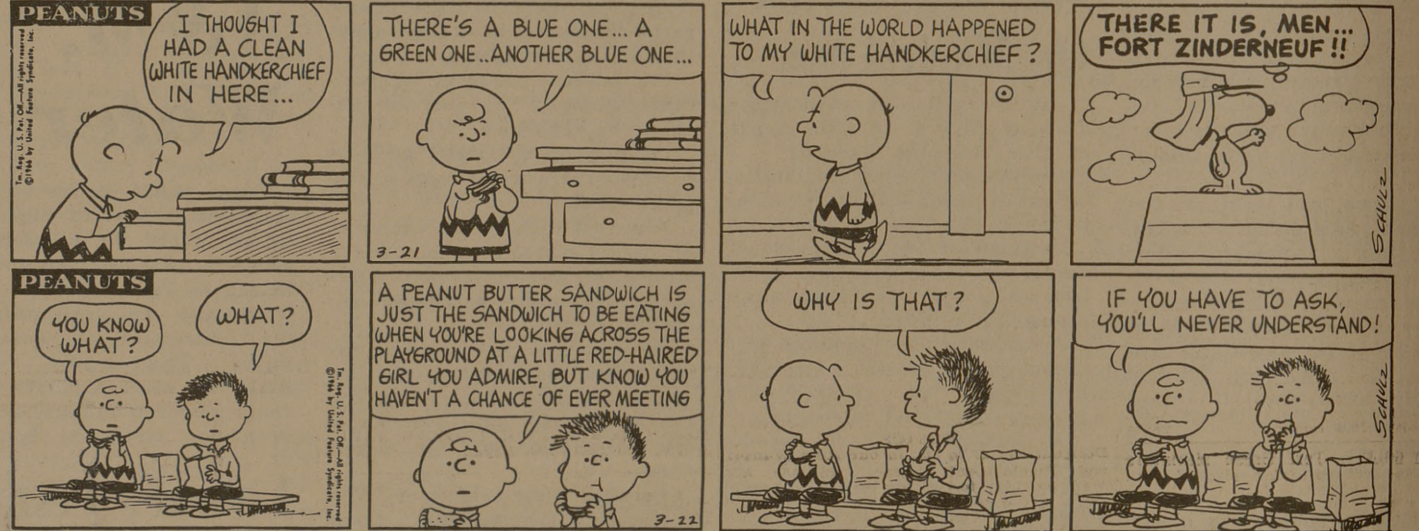
at the

**BUNKHOUSE**  
1206 W. 25th Bryan  
823-5782

Vote For  
**Wallace T. Cowart**

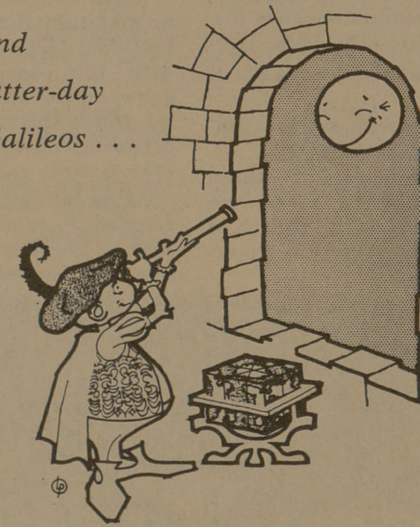
For  
County Clerk  
Brazos County

## PEANUTS



## PROGRAMMERS

and  
latter-day  
Galileos . . .



TRW needs you. Centuries ago the thinking of Galileo, da Vinci, and Newton was thought heretic by many of their contemporaries. But, the test of time has seen such thoughts develop into the technologies of today. Now, in recent time, computer applications through scientific programming have so accelerated the process of problem analysis that the thoughts of today have become the designs of tomorrow.

At TRW, we have taken important strides in advancing technology through the use of computer applications. In Houston, adjacent to NASA's Manned Spacecraft Center (the home of Apollo), and at Redondo Beach near Los Angeles International Airport, several hundred skilled TRW programmers are applying their brain-power to further advance the capabilities of computers and computer sciences.

**MATHEMATICIANS ENGINEERS PHYSICISTS**

TRW Systems invites you to discuss programming opportunities in Houston and Los Angeles with members of its computing staff when they visit your campus on

March 24th

## TRW SYSTEMS

ONE SPACE PARK, REDONDO BEACH, CALIFORNIA OR

SPACE PARK DRIVE, HOUSTON, TEXAS

an equal opportunity employer — m. & f.

## THE BATTALION

Opinions expressed in The Battalion are those of the student writers only. The Battalion is a non tax-supported non-profit, self-supporting educational enterprise edited and operated by students as a university and community newspaper.

Members of the Student Publications Board are: Joe Buser, chairman; Dr. David Bowers, College of Liberal Arts; Dr. Robert A. Clark, College of Geosciences; Dr. Frank A. McDonald, College of Science; Dr. J. G. McGuire, College of Engineering; Dr. Robert S. Titus, College of Veterinary Medicine; and Dr. A. B. Wooten, College of Agriculture.

The Battalion, a student newspaper at Texas A&M is published in College Station, Texas daily except Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, and holiday periods, September through May, and once a week during summer school.

MEMBER

The Associated Press, Texas Press Association

The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in the paper and local news of spontaneous origin published herein. Rights of republication of all other matter herein are also reserved.

Second-Class postage paid at College Station, Texas.

Represented nationally by National Advertising Service, Inc., New York City, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

News contributions may be made by telephoning 846-6618 or 846-4910 or at the editorial office, Room 4, YMCA Building. For advertising or delivery call 846-6415.

Mail subscriptions are \$3.50 per semester; \$6 per school year; \$6.50 per full year. All subscriptions subject to 2% sales tax. Advertising rate furnished on request. Address: The Battalion, Room 4, YMCA Building, College Station, Texas.  
EDITOR ..... GLENN DROMGOOLE  
Associate Editor ..... Larry Jerden  
Managing Editor ..... Tommy DeFrank  
Sports Editor ..... Gerald Garcia  
News Editor ..... Dani Presswood