Al Capp Draws Crowd

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The Student Commission has once again graphically demonstrated its nimble ability to maneuver the "watch" on the student-provided money in its annual "The Tenants, Dogpatch, U.S.A." budget. For perhaps there never were, and never will be, some student who would have wanted to have someone of a "national stature" for a speaker, or "a famous personality" for the Saturday Night "festivitites", but seem to have had some feeling that it was all "disappointed" murmured. Well, the "Price was Right" as they shuffled in and out of the theater, but was it? Was anyone who has ever read L'il Abner or has seen Al Capp on television would know, or at least know how to expect -- and put up with -- when they came to see him. He is not simply a Conservatives. He may or may not be an "ultra-ultra-Conservative. You may or may not believe the definition of a Conservative is an economic one, but "yes, yes, yesterday", but he shouldn't be condemned for being what he is, or anything else. Free or unorganized Conservatism is supposed to be a "middle of the road" center. You cannot go beyond the covers of American Heritage magazine, but we have to remember that "all of them constitutes the "true middle of the road, "The Tradition". He was clearly advertised as planning to answer questions from the audience, and that in itself it was a definite plus, because he seemed to be quite at ease, much of what he said, but at times he was mildly amusing. He certainly has the greatest of speaking techniques, and called on members of the audience to ask his questions from the rostrum, but the applause made up for it was clearly for the boy and not Mr. Capp. As an after-dinner or Ladies Club commentator, Mr. Capp is probably unequalled. His fee for speaking at Aquinas is probably unequalled also -- it was $2,500.

The new president of Aquinas College, Dr. Norbert Hruby, a few weeks ago described the College as "well acquainted and getting well acquainted" in full swing. In order to acquaint the members of the college community with the mission, methods and purposes of the self-study program which he will be supervising at the college for the first quarter of the year Wednesday afternoon Feb. 26, the Program Committee will present a 4:00 p.m. college will not be held, so that all interested students may attend. Dr. Hruby will give an extended explanation of the fifteen to eighteen month procedure, then make some key announcements, and finally open the floor to questions from the faculty, administration, students and interested friends are urged to attend. For many it will be a chance for a first encounter with the new president.

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Suddenly last week, the halls became cluttered with two diaries, according to St. Conscientious. The diary is a collection of all things evil, namely the modifying adjective.) points, impartiality, I purposely omit name from your prescription list. I am here to learn, to list. I am here to learn, to desire to promote our social consciousness) would be to leave. Thus comes the real clincher. It has become too easy to hide behind the mistakes of past generations, but that's typical for an imperfect human in this world. We are in the game, the honest self-appraisal he does just don't stop to think. Blame other people, especially those who are no longer able to defend themselves.

No doubt, past generations are not responsible for problems, but does it occur to you, that you personally, are alone and, if fully considered, should be responsible for present sins?

Yet, in spite of the many forgeries, the irrefutable, friendly objector is not without grounds in his criticism. Sure, things are different now in law. Of course, it is to everybody’s benefit, as well as your own, to get the awful business done with and set aside the recriminations and revitalization of the ravaged. Yes, let us proscribe the message was to receive the following answer: not to say anything, but to write down two sentences. They were united only by Peyton Place and their common plight. Their friends, one from her cottage cheese and gently cleared her throat into a... 

"I watched a new program the other night." This was received with what could only be described as muffled emotion.

"It started out with these three young people running over a bridge. There were two boys and a girl, with the girl in the middle. One was colored and the other white. They had their arms around each other and a bridge. There were two boys...

"The "Mod Squad"!

Rene Clement’s anti-war novel, FORBIDDEN GAMES (Les Jeux Interdits) will be presented at AC, March 2. FORBIDDEN GAMES is perhaps the greatest anti-war novel written in France in recent decades; yet it does not allow the reader an escape. It focuses, instead, on the bewilderment and terror of one young Frenchman who is orphaned by bullets. She is...
ground in Luxembourg, earlier I was still embroiled in believe. Less than 24 hours recovery from the rigors of expanse of sea and sand that the Costa Brava area of the Spanish Coast — a stunning winging my way across the plane, now offered an assist. If I could not begin to find words. Others could. Sometime when you have the chance, ask Marilyn Monroe about the time I got her lost in Rome looking for a restaurant. Or again, there's the time the whole crew spent the evening in the Hofbräuhaus in Munich. While we all had a wild time, it was later agreed mine was the wildest of all. Late was the hour when I left the crew at the beer hall to catch an express train to Amsterdam. When I finally got to the train, my fusty comprehension of the native tongue, probably enhanced somewhat by the evening's activities, led me by mistake into a ladies sleeping compartment. After wandering thither and yon with them, the comradery of the Art group came to an end as their tour took them to London on June 14th. As for myself, I was off to Nijmegen, Holland where I had recently arranged to study for three weeks at Fr. E. Schillebeeckx's residence.

But even those few weeks, like all others, passed too swiftly and soon I found myself returning to the train station bound for places as yet unexplored. By rigorous elimination I narrowed it down to two choices: India or Copenhagen. And since it seemed quite likely I'd be again in the vicinity of the former, that night found me racing through the countryside, actually absorbing Art Frommer's chapter on Copenhagen.

This city has a delightful innovation for international tourists. If you wish to ask the sights, a multitude of inexpensive touring companies are available. If you're a people person, once you disembark from your train and are in the station proper, head straight for Kopenhagen. And since it seemed quite likely I'd be again in the vicinity of the former, that night found me racing through the countryside, actually absorbing Art Frommer's chapter on Copenhagen.

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The Aquinas Toms dropped a thrilling double-overtime 104-102 decision to Kalmaroo College on February 5 after a come back tied the game at regulation time.

Bill Braunbeck's charges trailed by as many as nine points late in the game but paced by a strong rebounding by Pat Ryan, the Toms took a brief lead. However, pesky Kazoo knotted the score at 87-87 when the final buzzer sounded.

With Mark Simons and Dennis Zavesky fouled out of the contest, the burden was on Van Portfleet, Ryan and Page. Offensively in the extra periods, Van Portfleet and Pratt were strong but the Toms couldn't stop Kalmaroo when the host team needed a bucket. Dick Winkley, a 6-4 forward turned and fixed a 17 footer at the buzzer of the second overtime, and with hundreds of fans tensed on their seat the ball fell smoothly through the hoop to send a frustrated Aquinas team home without a win.

Page took game scoring honors with 22 to pace an attack which featured six men in double figures. Ryan followed closely with 21 markers and 20 rebounds, Pratt added 18, Zavesky chalked up 14, Simons scored 13 and Van Portfleet contributed 10 points.

Cold, cold, cold, is the only adequate description for Aquinas' shooting performance at Spring Arbor College February 10 when they lost a 107-86 decision. The Toms hit a miserable 22 percent for the first half and fell behind 46-29, a deficit they were never able to make up. For the game Braunbeck's club could improve to just 34 percent; for the season Aquinas has hit on 45 percent of their shots.

Offensively Tom Van Portfleet was the one big bright spot for the Toms as he poured 28 points through the hoop. Dave Page added 14 more while Simons and Ryan each scored 12.

The Tommies travelled to Lake Superior State College on Feb. 14, and stayed on the road to meet Ferris Feb. 19. The Toms have won just one game on the road thus far. They finish out the season with a three game home stand as they host Northwood Institute, Lake Superior and Hillsdale.

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**MY TOMS: verses and reverses**

*by Michael Kiefer*

**CLIFF GORDON**

Flash-there goes Clifford Gordon
Acting like he's running from the warden.
Flying down the court so fast
You wonder is he present or past.
He slips in here, he glides in there
To give the opposition a scare.
And you know that when he's hot
He's deadly with that outside shot.
He's the man who floats the most
Like a goblin, like a ghost,
All alone up in the air.
23's our Robert Pratt,
Who next game will you leave cryin'?
Who is that, up at the basket
Looking like he blew a gasket?
It isn't George who is morose.
And faking his way right through the front door.
For when the game gets late and the score is close
Is as feared as the Amazonian piranha,
That even Wilt himself can't stop.

**DENNY ZAVESKY**

Who is that, up at the basket
Looking like he blew a gasket?
It's no-one else but Lurch,
Lurch, Lurch, Lurch.
Six foot-seven Lurch.
Better known as Denny Zavesky
He thunders over players who up and get pesky.
Exhibiting the legendary Hercules' strength
No shot scores within his arm's length,
Which is precisely the plan of this towering human Redwood
For picking the opposition apart like dead wood.

**GEORGE KOPKO**

When you want to break open that late game thriller
Just call on little George the Giant Killer.
More than a few Goliaths were left blue
After George took them down a peg or two.
This 5'9" David from Indiana
Is as feared as the Amazonian piranha,
For when the game gets late and the score is close
It isn't George who is morose.
This is the time that he likes best
By galloping down the fieldhouse floor
And faking his way right through the front door.

**BOB PRATT**

O my goodnesse, look at that,
23's our Robert Pratt,
And he's floating, just floating there,
All alone up in the air.
Like a goblin, like a ghost,
Pratt's the man who floats the most
While sinking all those two point hoops
That light the fires of A.Q. troops.

**JOHN CHRONOWSKI**

O where is number 33,
John Chronowsk.
That is he.
This shifty guard
From Saginaw
Forgot his date
With our camera
Because he was too busy
Driving his man into a tizzy.