Co-ex facilities extend just so far. Upstairs, the boys are elbowing for rebounds and groaning in the gymnastics room as they strive mightily for that tenth chin-up. And downstairs the pseudo-athletes are diving from the low board into a shoal of frightened backstrokers. And you, an outsider, stand there with your nose pressed against the glass. Prejudice is a terrible thing. Photo by Camilo Vergara.

Sturm WSND's New Head

John Sturm, a Business Administration junior, is the new WSND station manager. Sturm, of Walsh Hall and Jasper, Indiana, and last year's program director will replace Dick Riley.

This year's staff change over in a month earlier than last year's April 9 date. Other new appointments include junior Tom McKay as AM program director; John Simms, a graduate student, as FM program director, and sophomore Curt DeChue as chief announcer.

Riley cited two reasons for the early changeover. He said "we're just tired." Most of the department heads have held their positions since their sophomore years. He also said that the late Easter vacation would limit the experience the new department heads could gain after the vacation.

The resignation of H. Bryce Riley cited two reasons for his decision according to McDonough. Riley explained that there will be a cutback in the funds for the FM station next year. The program guide has already been cancelled for the remainder of the school year.

200 Storm St. Mary's For Pre-Season Panty Raid

By TIM O'MELIA

The 1968 Spring panty raid season opened early this year, and a bit prematurely, with a run on St. Mary's College Friday night. The raiders numbered an estimated 150 to 200 after a great number of the original group were discouraged by Student Body President Chris Murphy at Lyons Hall.

The raid originated on the Freshman quad and gathered force as the raiders clamored for sympathy at each hall on the Main Quad. Approximately 600 students were halted by Murphy who stood at the bottom of the stairs under the archway at Lyons and appealed to the raiders above him. His appeal for student responsibility was heeded by most of the group and only isolated segments pushed on towards SMC.

Panty raid veterans remarked at the general lack of enthusiasm on the part of the raiders. The raiders however became more united and belligerent as they collected on the St. Mary's campus.

The raiders first attacked Le Mans Hall and jeered at the girls on the east side of the hall when the desired objects of their raid were not forthcoming. On the north end of the building the students pelted the girls and windows with snowballs, effectively discouraging the girls from dropping their panties.

The flash from a camera and cries of "cops, cops!" stampeded the mob across campus to Holy Cross Hall as one campus policeman appeared armed with a flashlight. One student fell and jumped into the crowd but was assisted by other students and the policeman later appeared all right.

The raiders were more successful at Holy Cross as feminine apparel floated down from the upper windows. Many of the girls were content to watch and snap pictures of the mild mob.

One freshman summoned a drain pipe into one of the upper windows where he was rewarded with cookies and panties. Several students caught the police car which was scanning the crowd with a spotlight in a crossfire of snowballs. An observer termed the raid "poorly organized because it should've been on a weekday night, not on Friday night." Several other students were disappointed in the small number of participants compared to the Great Panty Raid of 1967 in which nearly 1,000 contended with several police dogs as well as policemen. Veterans were inclined to note that many raiders preferred to take the shuttle bus back to campus after the rather sedate raid.

Couldn't Find Good CIF Combo

The University of Illinois Jazz band won first place for the best overall performance and best band at Notre Dame's tenth annual Collegiate Jazz Festival. The judges, however, refused to name a winner for the combo award.

The Illinois band was selected over the other two finalists, the Ohio State University Jazz Orchestra and the Michigan State Jazz Ensemble. The winning Illinois performance included the composition "Good, Big, Firm, but Patient Aardvark" and swing solos by Howard Smith on sax and Cecil Bridgewater on trumpet.

The Dominic James Quartet (U. of Illinois), the Mark Gridley Quartet (MSU), and the Randy Sandtke Sextet (Indiana U.) were finalists in the combo competition. No award was presented because it was felt that the final performances did not warrant one.

Judges at this year's CIF included composers Gerald Wilson and Oliver Nelson, bass player Ray Brown, Boston's Berklee School of Music Administrator Robert Share and Dan Morgenstein, editor of Downbeat magazine.

The big bands were judged on blend and balance, precision, performance of soloists, music and ensemble, and interpretation and rhythm. The combos were judged on general musicianship, overall creativity, rhythm section, and ensemble.

The Center was packed Sat. night for the finalist competition. The program was interrupted briefly by an electric power failure before the Ohio State performance.

Individual awards were given to a number of personnel including Ladd Melchoir of the Ohio State group who was selected "outstanding composer."
Hesburgh's recent remarks on dents. Associate Professor Ken Center. The now defunct Field-Student Body President Chris razed. Hesburgh believes the committee's meeting late last month were Rev. Jerome Wilson, student service and entertainment on campus. Prof. Featherstone, for instance, the desirability of a bank, shoe store, theater and art shops, coffee lounges, and outdoor facilities. Furthermore, the social importance of a gathering spot for young people, a "place to be," as at Berkley and other colleges.

**SANE Head Blasts Johnson**

Sanford Gottlieb, National Director of the Committee for a SANE Nuclear Policy, said last night that President Johnson will almost certainly be the committee's meeting late last month. Gottlieb, a Co-chairman of the Concerned Democrats of America and McCarthy for President, said that in recent weeks "there has been a great upsurge in the McCarthy candidacy." He maintained "we have 8800 college students searching even more acute. A central "down-town" would compensate for the lack of big city advantages. What both Prof. Houck and Prof. Featherstone envision is a complex of shops providing student service and entertainment on campus. Prof. Featherstone suggested, for instance, the desirability of a bank, shoe store, theater and art shops, coffee lounges, and outdoor facilities. Furthermore, he stressed the social importance of a gathering spot for young people, a "place to be," as at Berkley and other colleges.

**Drive one of these dressed-up Chevrolets instead of a stripped-down something else**

'86 CHEVROLET prices start lower than any other full-size models. Look at it. Chevrolet's 4-door sedan is roomier than any other American car except one. It's smooth and silent ride that Chevrolet quality runs deep. Buy it. Get a Chevrolet instead of a medium-priced name. Size suits you and you can have, say, power steering, power brakes and a radio besides!

'86 CHEVROLET prices start lower than any other mid-size models. Obviously nothing's more representing a tremendous value. You can have, say, power steering, power brakes and a radio besides!

'86 CHEVY II NOVA prices start lower than any other other economy car so generously sized. Prices start lower than any other mid-size models. Chevrolet, the real mid-sized economy car so generously sized.
The problems with the students are not over a concept alone. As to the faculty at the Anniversary celebrations, F r. Hesburgh refused to accept the partnership principle, the idea that a triumvirate of administration, faculty, and students ought to decide policy, each element having hegemony in its own primary area of endeavor. This is the case at Webster, where living conditions fall under student control, each dormitory having its own student council.
The Mothers

On the north side of Chicago, just like on the north side of most big cities in this country, there are a lot of white denials and white homes and white people. There are also a lot of white schools--little kids type schools. Will anybody see that these schools are going to be battle-grounds this Monday morning and the good heart-ed mothers of the neighborhood are going to fill the ranks. It’s going to be a field day for bright enrants or self-styled quxotes from Winnetka. It’s also going to be a horror.

The trouble revolves around eight buses. This morning these eight buses are starting in the center of the city and going north with little boys and girls. The buses are taking small children to school. They are taking small children to school in the lily white suburbs and the children are brown and black but surely not white. These eight buses are the result of a compromise bussing plan approved by the Chicago School Board under the leadership of Supt. Redman. It has been decided that a few children would by taken out of overcrowded and in­adequate schools and enrolled in less than even crowded comfort of the schools up north. The only trouble is that the small transfer meant a move from black to white and the white don’t like such moves. A white houseman told newton not to bet on these buses making it to school. He con­tained and said that oil slicks and mobs of inad­equate mothers would be impossible to drive through. Eighty percent of the white children stayed away from school in protest last Thursday and Fifty percent last Friday. This weekend a heated expectancy hangs over the area. A few people argue over fences in the fall weather and the bars are filled with low mormers and an occ­casional goddoll. But the people are sure what to say this Monday morning. The people are sure.

Down south a little ways, little kids are watch­ing television and playing stickball. They are talk­ing to their mothers who are ironing their dresses for school tomorrow. Their moms are trying not to scorch them for tomorrow means a new school and new people. Tomorrow means the first bus trip ever and a new teacher. Tomorrow means buses headed north through the war.

So anyway today might be another Little Rock and everyone remembers Little Rock. You remember the arenid Federal troops helping the business and you might even remember “The Cheerleaders.” The cheer­leaders were the taunters, a bunch of white female deviates with the innate intelligence of a wild dog pack and the good taste of a lynching crowd. Yes, it takes a special kind of mother to scream obscenities at a six year old child. That special kind of woman was in Little Rock years ago. Today she lives a little north of Mayor Daley’s city.

So here we are in America in the year of Our Lord 1968, enjoying the fruits of techn­ology and enlightened progress. Here we are with more knowledge than ever before and more telephones and cars and more money and more masles and more kids in college–here we are at the material peak of the twentieth century with more obscene threats and filthy denotors aimed at a six year-old kid than anyone in history. Yes, here we are, riding the wave of civilisation and simultaneously drowning ourselves and all because we don’t know how. But we come from the South to sit with our Paul in civics class. Here we are at the times of all times. Here we are hating and killing and greasing streets.
**The Making of a Johnson**

**By JOHN ALZAMORA**


It's always significant to find a book by a great personality that is warm and very personal. This volume of anecdotes and adventures is somehow a tribute to the statesman-personage that is both informative and entertaining. It is satisfying to know that here at last we have a volume we can share with our children and let them find example in a true American, in a fine man. One might even go as far as saying that Mr. Johnson's book will some day rank among those great, historic autobiographies of Benvenuto Cellini and Vera Miles. But, of course, only future generations can make that decision for us.

Johnson reveals the intimate details of the '68 election and it almost seems as if we are looking over his shoulder as he diplomatically works his way back into power after the dark days of that election year. During that time as we remember rioting had broken out in Fargo, North Dakota when fifteen visiting New Delhi agnostics stopped off at the airport but got involved in a brawl between two drunk teamsters and a number of antagonistic sheep herders. H. Rapp Brown immediately declared his support for the now jailed "black brothers" from India. Ensuing sympathy riots broke out in Mazola, Montana, and Sioux St.-Marie.

Richard Nixon organizing his campaign to storm the Republican convention and grab the standard from Rockefeller declared the riots to be "Democratic wormwood eating away at the supporting strength of this great Republic." Johnson says to his readers in a confiding tone, "Shucks. That smarty talk by Dickie Nixon didn't scare me none. I know what to do." (We are especially touched by that homely tone Johnson gives his rhetoric, which some call illiteracy.)

As we were leaving the church after a wedding last June, the father of one of my classmates remarked, "You boys will know your getting old when you start going to more funerals than weddings." Because he was someone's father, we all gave him that polite laugh reserved for the trite philosophical sayings of the older generation and, I think, someone even descended to make an equally trite remark about weddings and funerals being about equal from the groom's standpoint. Then we quickly dismissed both the matter and the father and headed to the reception to concentrate on the wenching and drinking which are the main purposes of all weddings.

Although, I had long forgotten the drinking and wenching, I recalled that trite statement the other day when for the second week in a row my letter from home contained an obituary. It suddenly dawned on me that my age group has grown old, and issued in both into the late twenties. At the same time I felt I was beginning to see the answer to a question that had been bothering me for about a year. "There were a great number of idealists in the thirties, people who had great hopes for the ability of mankind to work together and build a utopia, but where are they now? Today these people should be in their fifties, the age of those who lead the country, but what happened to them? And what will happen to all my friends in the library lounge who hold similar hopes today?"

My answer is that idealism cannot survive the aging process; that the system realizes that for its own survival it must destroy its youth, if not physically at least spiritually, for if an idealistic generation should survive for thirty years the hate and prejudice which have kept the world in turmoil throughout history would be forced out. For the world revolves on its hatred, and it fears anything that would replace it.

Thus it was written that the youth of the twenties must have the uneasy truce of Versailles and the doomed League of Nations, of the thirties and Forties the Second World War, of the fifties McCarthy and the bomb, and of the sixties the Vietnam War. The damage this war is doing to us is much greater than the twenty thousand killed. The real damage lies in the spirits that have been destroyed right here in the Homeland, the good minds, who because they can see no hope for improving the system, flee the country, the hundreds of students who crow the area bars every night worrying about the draft over several quarts of beer, and then drive in society just drop out to do their thing.

But we have not been beaten yet, there are still those who hold out hope for this country and see its two party system and November elections. Those who, no longer seeing any purpose in society as hope for a sensible alternative. These people are doing everything in their power to see that an alternative is offered in November and sometimes their power is very small because a lot of them are not 21 and if you're not 21 politicians don't want to listen. But they can stuff envelopes and write copy at McCarthy's headquarters, even if they aren't 21, and they can campaign hard for Hatfield at the Mock Convention because politicians know that 25% of the students are 21 and they know that people that are 21 read the copy that's stuffed in those envelopes and so maybe they will listen.

But if they don't, if in November they refuse to offer a candidate who will withdraw the power of the United States from Vietnam and apply here at home before the U.S. finds itself wash its hands of Viet Nam as a poor freedom-fighter.

As casual bedside reading, as vivid history, and as moral instruction Lyndon Johnson's Last Years in the White House must find a cozy home in your library.

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**Where Are the Snowdens of Yesteryear?**

**By John McCoy**

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Flicks...

Fellini: The Man and the Director

By BILL SISKA

The successes of La Strada and The Nights of Cabiria brought to Federico Fellini the notoriety which assured him of instant success with any of his subsequent films. Thus when La Dolce Vita appeared in this country in 1960 it was preceded by the most advance publicity ever given a foreign film, making Fellini's existence common knowledge. The film grossed enormous sums of money.

Urged on by such recompense, big-daddy distributor Joseph Levine decided to spare no cost in preparing an English language version of Fellini's next film, 8½, so that it could play not only in art houses, but on the commercial circuit as well. The job done was a good one as far as the translation goes, but even with Marcello Mastroianni speaking his own lines (he had learned English in the interim between La Dolce Vita and 8½) the subtitled version was better, and the film never did make it big.

It didn't deserve to. To make money, that is, because it is too personal a work of art for public consumption. Pauline Kael, currently film reviewer for the New Yorker, commented that she really wasn't interested in Fellini's personal hang-ups and wanted to see a good story. To her Fellini's exploration and explanation about the problems of his life as an artist and human being were self-indulgent and boring. In a way, she is right.

8½ is a private autobiographical statement, and in order to love the film, one must first open himself to loving the man. A difficult thing to do, for a viewer who is used to being dragged into a film through the action of the work itself, as 8½ demands. To a viewer who will do this, the film can be a satisfying, profound moving experience.

The substance of 8½ is a composite of images from the people and incidents of the artist's life, which are embedded on his mind, and expose themselves as a result of continued interaction with these persons.

The images are always subjective, the mental objects being reshaped and flavored as they pass through Fellini's mind. Most obvious are the wish-fulfillment fantasies. He wishes the death of a bothersome acquaintance, he dreams that the saucy waitress in his idealized Claudia, and finally he wishes his own demise, a bullet in his head.

A definite structure emerges from the collage of images. As the title indicates, the director, Mastroianni-Fellini, is hung-up midway through his ninth film. His crisis is a realization of the inadequacies of his own life, of the meaninglessness of his attempts to give it meaning. His goal in the film he is working on is to create something of benefit to all mankind. Ultimately realizing the presumptuousness of his task, his movement is from a vision of himself as saviour to honesty and self-acceptance. This is what makes 8½ so personal. It is no Christian eulogy on the glories of giving; Fellini in the course of the film admits to himself that talking about 8½ in stuffy existential terminology is offered only by way of analysis and in no way as a rendering of the film images themselves. The value of 8½ as much as the worth of its creator; what we think of the film we are forced also to think of Fellini. This is what makes the work so courageous; and, for some, hard to take.

At John Hancock, there's more to Life Insurance than selling Life Insurance.

We'll be here on March 18 to prove it to you.

Selling life insurance is big business. So big that John Hancock is selling nationwide. We need a lot of talented salesmen like Frederick Brown—who can choose their own locations. But that's just the beginning, we also need a lot of talented nonsalesmen like Alan Smith and Charles Grier for positions as:

- computer programmers
- And mathematicians.
- And accountants.
- And researchers.
- And management trainees.
- And people to manage these people.
- And people to manage the whole business. (Presidents are made, not born.)

You'll find that no matter what your degree will be, John Hancock probably has a career for you. The John Hancock recruiter will be here to see you.

Check your college placement office for details.

John Hancock
LIFE INSURANCE
An Equal Opportunity Employer

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Easter In Hampton

For the fourth time, Notre Dame and Saint Mary's students will help the Hampton, South Carolina NAACP in a voter registration project during Easter vacation. According to John Walsh, Notre Dame Civil Rights Commissioner and organizer of the project, the size of the group will be limited to the number of cars made available. There will be a meeting tonight at 7:30 in the Student Government Conference Room (4th floor of the Student Center) for those who wish to participate.

Debater's Demise

The Varsity Debaters from the University of Kentucky placed first in Notre Dame's National Invitational Debate Tournament held this weekend. The tournament included Varsity Debaters from 33 colleges and universities. Notre Dame Debaters placed 17th in the competition, just missing a berth in the final rounds. The topic of debate was: RESOLVED: That the Federal Government should guarantee each American a certain minimum wage.

VISTA Visits

Representatives from VISTA will be on campus March 11-14 to recruit volunteers for its year-round and summer associate programs. Recruiters will be located in the foyer of the Library and in the Student Center from 9 to 5.

Pleasurable Company

Paul Fay, Kennedy's Under-secretary of the Navy, will speak at 8 tonight in the Library Auditorium on John F. Kennedy. Fay resigned when Johnson took office and authored a book on his 22-year friendship with the late President, The Pleasure of His Company. Mrs. Kennedy attempted to have the book suppressed but failed.

Pssst.

Wanna buy a revealing glimpse of student life in Europe for a buck? Listen. It's called Let's Go—The Student Guide to Europe, written by Harvard students. And it's full of the real stuff. Like how to pour Spanish cider by holding the jug over your shoulder and the glass behind your back. And the most successful (fully researched) ways to hitchhike in Germany, Spain. Everywhere. And, of course, places to eat and sleep that only a student could love. Take a peek for yourself. Send one little buck with coupon below. Offer good while stocks last.

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Oh. By the way. If you do decide to get a student's-eye-view of Europe, you'll fly there on a U.S. airline, right? So make it TWA. The airline that knows Europe like a book.

Need further info on travel in U.S. or to Europe? Check your travel agent. Or your TWA Campus Rep: Tim Meskill at 232-8801.
Arnzen - Mr. Intense

By TERRY O'NEIL

It was late in the second half. The Irish were whipping King's College royally.

You knew the game was virtually over. Whit had already cracked his distinctive smile. Murph had sneaked out of the corner with his immortal "sleepy play."

O'Connell had flipped a few behind his back and Derrig had handed in an ate his "hot-dog" lay-up.

Yet, here was Bob Arnzen with that painfule still on his face. With two seconds to go, he missed a 14-footer, grabbed the rebound, put it back up, watched it trickle off the rim and gave it with a lout "Shhhhhhhhh."

Only 16 years of Catholic education saved him from a public profanity.

Bob Arnzen is one of those supreme intense athletes... the kind who sleep with their fists clenched and wear their knuckles to the back of their face when competing. Durkin has his hair a bit, age the face slightly, place a golf club in his hands and you'd see the image of another Arnie—the epitome of intense athletes.

This year, Arnzen's intensity is largely responsible for the team's 18-8 record and Notre Dame's first berth in the NIT. The first junior to captain the Irish since 1937, Arnie was the team's most consistent scorer (from the foul line) and the floor in 1967-68.

He hit 51 of his field goal attempts (ND record) and 803 of his free throws while averaging 21.7 per game. His 564 total points gave him 1161 career markers, sixth best in ND history. He'll need 659 more points to take the all-time lead from Tom Hawkins, but he'll have a chance to become the second highest scorer in ND history.

That's not bad for a guy who, by his own admission, "wasn't much of an outstanding shooter in high school. But a shuffie offside at (Cincinnati's) St. Xavier (High) and everybody got a lot of lay-ups."

Nevertheless, he was named MVP in the 1965 Ohio state finals and came to ND the following September.

Practicing every day during the summer and extra hours during the season, he developed a fine shooting eye. "You come a little earlier to practice and stay a little later," he says.

Bob's diligence was rewarded this year when he was picked for the East-West All-Star game and asked to try out for the United States Olympic basketball team.

If we win the NIT, I'll be in New York until the 23rd; then Olympic practice begins the 24th in Indianapolis.

On April 4th we go to Albuquerque to play a tournament with NCAA, Army, Navy and AAI teams. The starting five of the winning squad plus seven other players make the U.S. team,” Bob explained.

That itinerary will cause him to miss a few weeks of classes, but “it's worth it.” Arnie says. Besides, catching up won't be the burden it appears to be. Arnzen, the only sophomore on last season's All-America team, says he is playing cumulative 3.0 in economics. It's a safe bet that he studies with his fist clenched, too.

The Notre Dame rugby team opened its most ambitious season ever with an 8-0 whitewash of a greatly improved John Carroll University side on Saturday afternoon at the rugby field behind Stepan Center. The win extended the Irish winning streak to seven after six wins in the fall.

The ruggers were not at mid-season form. The passing was sloppy and the kicking erratic, but the hard-branding, relentless hustle that has always characterized the team kept the pressure on the Cleveland side and allowed the Irish several scoring opportunities.

The first ND score came about midway in the first half. Prop-forward Neil Hur­nish slammed the Carroll fullback as he was attempting to kick, knocking the ball out of bounds on the Carroll 3-yard line. On the ensuing line-out, scrum half Pat Keanan, a clever senior, took the ball and drove through the Carroll scrum for the score.

In the second half, Brain Murphy, tak­ ing time out from Bengal Bengal training to add to his pleasure, blasted through and over several opponents for a score. Ken Collins the All-American boy from Fargo, N.D. put the lead for the final two points.

The crowd of four hundred saw a bruising style of gameplay which won a 40-14 victory but lacked as much of the season previous years. The Irish are aiming for the national collegiate championship, and must beat the University of California in three weeks. The team should be ready, and travels to Wisconsin next week for a match with the Badgers, who are led by former ND cap­ tain John Reding. The Irish hope to be ready for the Irish college teams after their array of national matches.

We play the All-Star game on the 30th. We play the All-Star game on the 30th.

The Notre Dame swimming team ended its season by placing second in the Motley City Invitational Swim Meet in Detroit Saturday.

The Irish totaled 149 points to Northern Michigan's 161. John May broke his own varsity 100-yard freestyle mark with a time of 49.2, in the preliminaries, two Notre Dame swimmers broke the Irish 50-yard freestyle record of 23.6, Joe Oiler (23.2) and Mike Davis (23.2), Davis won the finals in :23.1, Tom Bourke took the 200-yard backstroke in 2:11.7 and the 100-yard freestyle relay team triumphed in 3:28.8.

Coach Tom Fallon's wrestlers finished the season at 5-4 by defeating Wabona Col­ lege 23-0 on Tuesday.

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