

The Observer

university of notre dame st. mary's college
Thursday July 31, 1975

Vol 10 No. 8

The drumbeats you hear coming across the campus are signaling the annual invasion of America's Youth on Parade. Over 4,000 participants are here to choose, among other things, "Miss Majorette of America," "The Boy's National Twirling Champion," "The Drum Major Championship" and "The Pom Pom girls of the year."



The AYOP people have made Notre Dame their home, and bring more than one million dollars in business to the South Bend area. They'll be here till Saturday night, when they have their "big show," which will attract more than six thousand people, including participants and observers. Story on page three.

Searching for a different lifestyle, for a look at how people live in another culture, Sister Jane Pitz, Assistant Director of Campus Ministry, went to Pippa Passes in Appalachia. There, she found a people who, though poor, were extremely proud and dignified.



Visiting their homes, she witnessed the strength of the family bonds, the quiet loyalty of the elders, and the values held by people who have had to go on without material goods.

The heritage of the people is as old as the countryside and as revealing as the face of a miner. Story on pages four and five.



This week saw two announcements of staff changes in the Administration. Dr. James A. Roemer, University counsel since 1972, has been appointed dean of students. He will replace current dean, John Macheca, who will serve as special assistant to Roemer while pursuing graduate studies at the University this fall.



Brian C. Regan, director of development at Notre Dame, has been named to the position of executive assistant to Dr. James W. Frick, vice president of public relations and development at the University. The appointment is effective Friday, August 1.



If a group sets itself up to reflect and reinforce the feelings and ideas of its listeners, then what can be expected of them in concert? Most likely, they will put on a fairly normal, fairly uneventful performance. That's just what the Eagles did at the A.C.C. last Thursday night. Read how the group "who very well may write the quintessential cruising song some day," put on a highly forgettable show. Page ten.

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Insights.....

Latest police reports from Darwin, Australia, are alerting the populace to be on the lookout for five killer toads still at large after 19 escaped from a local biology teacher.

The eight-inch toads squirt a poison deadly to cats, dogs and pigs. Ordinarily, they eat blow flies. These "sugar cane toads" will also eat anything from cigarette butts to ping-pong balls, and have been referred to as "walking vacuum cleaners."

The real danger that the five toads possess is their ability to reproduce at a rate of 20,000 annually. The problem is so extreme that the local radio stations have been playing the mating call of the sugar cane toad in the hopes of drawing them out into the open. Even local school children, carrying pictures of the species, have been sent out to comb the fields for the renegade toads.

★

As reported in a recent issue of Rolling Stone, a letter from a constituent to Rep. Ron Dellums (D.-Cal.) contains perhaps the most cogent argument against gun control ever presented.

Writes the constituent: "I don't think we should have stricter gun control laws because we need guns for hunting and protection. For instance, say we needed a shotgun to go duck hunting but you couldn't get a shotgun because of the gun laws. Right now you can buy a shotgun, but after we take away handguns, robbers, murderers, etc. will buy rifles. Then we will take away rifles, so robbers, murderers, etc. will buy shotguns. Then we will take away shotguns and pretty soon we won't be able to get guns to go duck hunting. Then there will be an overpopulation of ducks."

★

When Sen. George McGovern was in Cuba, he asked Fidel Castro if he would release the nine Americans who were being held there on narcotics, espionage, hijacking and various other charges. Castro demurred, though, and said "If I release the prisoners to you, what will I have left when Sen. Kennedy comes?"

★

Anthony Renteria, 20, of Union City, N.J., has been charged with passing a marijuana cigarette to a two-year-old child in a school yard. He was also charged with possession of 25 grams of marijuana and contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

★

Charles Roberts, 62, of Eastbourne, England, received the world's record for tomato growing for his tomato weighing 4.5 pounds. The great gardener attributed his success to stereo headphones he put on the growing tomato, playing music to it continuously.

Dr. Arnold Mandell, chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at U.C. San Diego, has come to the astonishing conclusion that it may soon be possible to develop "exquisite" new drugs without side effects which will allow normal users to select the lifestyle they desire.

One ("pill A") will permit the user to be dynamic, active and creative for three months. Another ("pill B") will permit him to summon every available molecule of aggression. Dr. Mandell calls the new drugs chemical coping agents.

Other coping agents will permit takers to separate more easily from loved ones. Still another will make it possible for them to work twenty hours a day.

★

To further fill your science-fiction fantasies: A full-scale, two-and-a-half hour battle was won by Chicago Municipal workers this summer when thousands of red ants attacked a motorist this summer on the Edens Expressway in Chicago. The motorist had stopped to change a flat tire.

Highway maintenance crews used a mixture of weed killer, fuel oil and gasoline to quash the ant rebellion, after fending them off with water so the driver could escape with his vehicle. The majority of the ant army was felled by the fumes. A nearby ant hill was "being kept under observation."

★

As we've reported before, you can now write the FBI and the CIA to find out if they've been keeping a personal file on you and, if so, what's in it. Since the amendment took effect, an average of 111 people per day have been asking for the files.

Now, however, Congress has intervened and inadvertently put an end to the fun. The latest issue of Rolling Stone magazine reports that the House has passed the Privacy Act, which was supposed to expand the scope of freedom of information. But Justice Department spokesmen say that just the opposite will happen. As they see it when the new law takes effect in September, when you write to the CIA and ask for your file under the Freedom of Information Act, you will receive a polite reply informing you that the Freedom of Information Act no longer covers personal files, and that you should submit your request under the new Privacy Act.

And here's the catch: The CIA and the FBI are exempt from releasing files under the new Privacy Act.

These latest governmental machinations have caused Nader lawyers to threaten court suits and at least one Deputy Assistant Attorney General to threaten suicide. "I'm planning to die," says Mary Lawton, who handles the Privacy Act. "This bill will close the whole government. It's made me an anarchist."

★★★

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"Youth on Parade" march into ND

by Andy Praschak
Associate Editor

With batons twirling, smiles beaming and glitter shining, "America's Youth on Parade" have marched into every nook and cranny of the Notre Dame campus. The participants number somewhere around 4,000 according to Don Sartell, a professional producer and coordinator of the event which is held each year here at the University of Our Lady.

The annual event which according to Sartell, brings over one million dollars in business to the South Bend area, includes twenty-seven world champion contests that will be judged by a panel of over 200, many of whom are doctors, lawyers, and stockbrokers. The contest is being held for the tenth consecutive year and the fifth straight year here at Notre Dame. "Five years ago, we decided to make Notre Dame a permanent location for the event," Sartell said.

Most of the entrants, who have come to Notre Dame from all fifty states and also France, Japan and Canada, have competed for and won local and regional championships in their areas. Events range anywhere from "Miss Majorette of America" to "Military Corps International Championships" according to Sartell. He also noted that the competition will attract approximately six thousand people, including participants and observers. Ac-

cording to calculations, ninety percent of the entrants are female and ten percent of them are male. Categories for the males include "Boy's National Twirling", "Drum Major's Championship" and "National World Boy's Championship."

Allan Scott is nineteen years old, a member of the U.S. Navy and competing in the competition. He is here trying to defend his title as National Military March champion which he won last year here at Notre Dame. Allan, who hails from Huntsville, Alabama, expresses pleasure over the fact that the competition is being held at Notre Dame. "I think the campus is absolutely beautiful and the atmosphere is fantastic," he said.

Competitors range anywhere from six years old to twenty. Nilufer Kapadia is nine years old and a member of the only competing group from Canada. Nilufer noted that her birthday is this Friday. "This is really beautiful sight and I can't think of anywhere I'd rather spend my birthday," she said. She was also proud to boast that her group, from St. Catherine's, Ontario is sure to take first place in their division. The group, like most others in the competition won regional titles, a country-wide championship, and then worked and saved enough money to come to Notre Dame to compete in international competition.

Besides the competition, Sartell has arranged for the youths to have a week of what he termed "top-notch" entertainment.

Bo Donaldson and the Heywoods, who recorded, "Billy Don't Be A Hero," along with Anson Williams will be entertaining the kids. Anson Williams portrays "Potsy" on the weekly television series, "Happy Days" and will be headlining the AYOP Big Show which will be presented on August 2.

Many of the competitors are so young that they are hardly taller (or wider in many cases) than the batons they are twirling. Consequently, many outside observers have expressed concern over instilling the rigorous spirit of competition in the children. However, all participants interviewed seemed to disagree with these

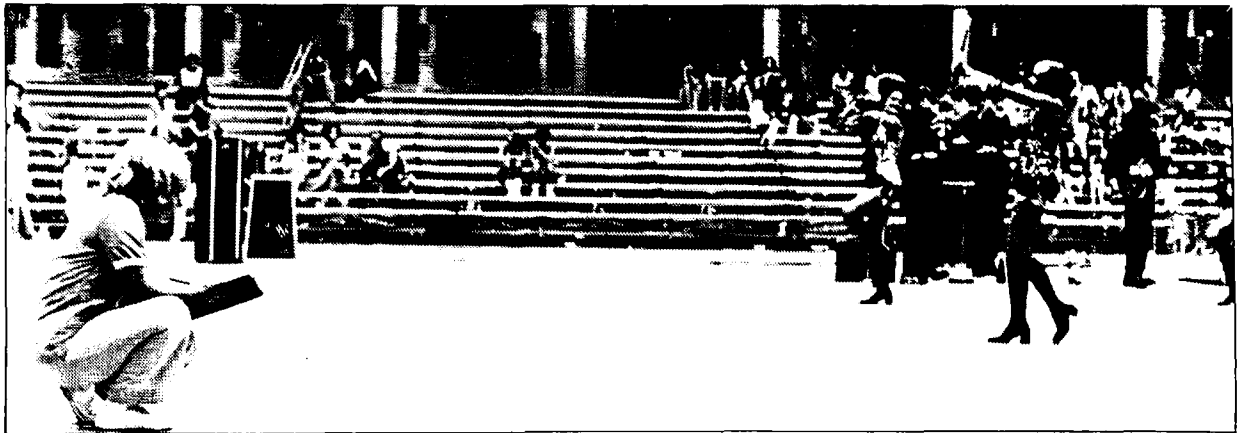
negative feelings. Sharon Napier is fourteen years old and has been competing since she was six. "The competition's tough, really tough. I can't discount that fact," she said. However she noted that although she started at six she regrets not starting at an earlier age. This is Sharon's fifth year of competition here at Notre Dame and she also teaches twirling in her spare time.

Mrs. Napier also regrets not starting her daughter at a younger age. She objected to anyone referring to her as a stage mother. "I only want Sharon to do what she wants and what she's good at. It's easy to see she loves what she's doing," she boasted.

Laurie Wilson is sixteen years old and sat beside the two trophies she has accumulated so far in the competition. "The competition is very tough on kids my age and also on the really little ones," she said. Laurie began competing only two years ago and also regrets not starting earlier. "Starting when you're young provides you with the experience and confidence you need not only here in competition but also in life," she said. Laurie plans to twirl in college and added that she thoroughly enjoyed her visit to Notre Dame.

The competition began on Wednesday and will conclude on Saturday with The Big Show on Saturday night.

To most of the four thousand that are here the AYOP is very important happening. It is their chance to prove and receive recognition for all their talent and the hard work they have put in over the past year. Win or lose, almost all agree that it was a great experience and will work even harder during the coming year to return to Notre Dame next summer.



Regan named to position

Brian C. Regan, director of development at the University of Notre Dame, has been named to the new position of executive assistant to Dr. James W. Frick, vice president for public relations and development at the University. The appointment is effective Friday (August 1).

A native of Joliet, Ill., and a 1961 graduate of Notre Dame, he is also a major in the U.S. Marine Corps reserves and commanding officer of Company B, 6th Engineer Battalion in South Bend. He is secretary of the St. Joseph High School Board of Education, a member of the South Bend Rotary and of the boards of the St. Joseph County Chapter of the American Red Cross and Goodwin Industries.

Before coming to Notre Dame, Regan was with the All-Steel Equipment firm in Aurora, Ill. He and his wife, Sharon, have three children.

Frick, who has been in charge of the Division of Public Relations and Development since 1965, said that Regan would assume a variety of responsibilities, including budget monitoring, space and facilities control, liaison with student government and other organizations, planning of divisional staff in-service educational programs, and

assistance with alumni programming.

Regan came to Notre Dame in 1968 as a regional director of development and has headed the Development Department since 1973.

Roemer to succeed Macheca as Dean

Dr. James A. Roemer, a special assistant to him while University counsel at Notre Dame since 1972, has been appointed dean of students, it has been announced by Brother Just Paczesny, C.S.C., vice president for student affairs.

Roemer, whose appointment is effective Friday (August 1), succeeds John A. Macheca, who was named Notre Dame's first lay dean of students in 1973. Brother Just said Macheca would serve as

Notre Dame awarded in 1951 and a J.D. degree from the Notre Dame Law School in 1955. He joined the staff of the University three years ago after four years in the South Bend law firm of Roemer, Sweeney and Roemer. In addition

to his legal duties at Notre Dame, he has been city attorney of South Bend, a part-time position. He has also held legal positions in the St. Joseph County Prosecutor's Office, the South Bend Redevelopment Department, and the St. Joseph County Board of Zoning Appeals.

He is a member of the Urban League, the United Negro College Fund, and Neighborhood Study Help, Inc.

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Appalachian experience yield new perspectives

by Sue Zwick
Production Manager

In eastern Kentucky, buried so deep within the mountains that the horizon lacks for sky, lies Pippa Passes. The town was romantically named after a legendary Browning character, Pippa, the girlish woman who brings life into everything she touches. The name was bestowed upon the area by Alice Lloyd, founder of the college situated in the Appalachian town.

Alice Lloyd was an educator who moved to Appalachia half a century ago and offered the people her only skill-teaching their children. In exchange for the education, the men and women of Pippa Passes gave Lloyd their only talent-labor. The college, a two-year accredited liberal arts school, was built into the side of a mountain by the people whose heritage is as old as the countryside.

This summer, Pippa Passes was invaded by people from all over the country, mostly educators and social volunteers, who had come to take advantage of the Appalachian Term offered by the Alice Lloyd College. The curriculum, a week-long, intensive exposure course, was aimed at preparing the people for whatever cultural shock they would receive while working in Appalachia the remaining time of their summer. One of the pupils enrolled was Sr. Jane Pitz, Assistant Director of the Office of Campus Ministry at Notre Dame.

At the closing of the spring semester, Sr. Jane received an invitation to attend the session and work in Appalachia for a part of her summer. For reasons that ranged from "A different lifestyle" to "Furthering my education" she accepted. Abandoning the photography project she had planned, Pitz and three others from Green Bay, Wisconsin drove to Kentucky.

short period of time, they quit their jobs and returned to Kentucky. "They just couldn't stand to be away from home," Pitz explained.

Further conversation with Sloan gave some reasoning for the boys' loyalty. Sloan supplemented her husband's salary by making quilts and selling them around the valley. Over the years, she had made and stored approximately 200 quilts, beyond those already sold. According to Sloan, these quilts were her contribution to the family heritage and would never be sold. She had made them specifically for her grandchildren and these along with a hand-written book she had compiled about her late husband, were the homespun memorabilia she would pass along. Sloan had hoped that her grandchildren and their future generations would cherish the family relationships embodied in her hand-made goods. She felt that if they didn't realize the pride in the family's heritage, and didn't find more value in this than material goods, something was wrong with them. "These people saw no value in material things. They eked out a fairly good existence, but saw no value in material goods," Pitz added.

The land of Kentucky was colonized by mineral companies before the Civil War. This type of colonization was not breaking new land, rather in the exploitation of the people, in raping the land, and deserting the barren wastes for those who remained. "Kentucky is the wealthiest mineral land in the United States, and yet the people who live there are still poor," Sr. Jane remarked. The people technically own the land, but previous generations had sold the mineral rights to various companies who still validate the contracts. "This is the great issue right now, strip mining. They

"These people don't consider themselves poor.

And I can't feel they are either."

"All the time we were driving, I kept trying to formulate why I was doing this. Mainly to experience a different lifestyle. I pretty much have the things I need; there are a lot of comforts I take for granted. I wanted to do something that would make me change," she explained.

"In the religious life, I'm supposed to lead a life of simplicity. Yet when I sit and think, it's all so complex. I wanted to do that for myself, I wanted to reevaluate how much I put stock in things," Pitz stated.

Even more than the individual search was the learning opportunity. "I had heard myself say 'There are other lifestyles.' But I had never experienced any," she revealed. Pitz stated that she wanted to be impressed by it, and felt only that by living this life could she actually understand it. "I guess I wanted to speak with the truthness of the experience," she said.

Upon arriving at Pippa Passes, the group was immediately bombarded with seminars, films and lectures of the area and its society. Classes lasted from 8:30 am to 10:30 pm and consisted of a curriculum which touched the political, social, and economic aspects of the Appalachian heritage. "There was a time set aside for each individual to give an honest reflection on his reasons for being there and to set out a plan," said Sr. Jane, "and then we were expected to follow through on what we felt."

Many of the seminars centered around poverty and social justice. "When we think of Appalachia, we use it to equate a poverty belt in America...and we think of hillbillies. Those concepts became broader; it included those, but went beyond them," Pitz stated.

The main question she faced was deciding what kind of help these people wanted or needed. "They don't even know they're poor. Somehow, I still held onto the notion that poverty is the lack of material wealth. These people don't have material wealth, but they are not poor," she remarked.

Sr. Jane expalined, "The term 'poor' somehow carries the stigma of degradation with it. These people don't consider themselves poor, and I can't feel that they are either."

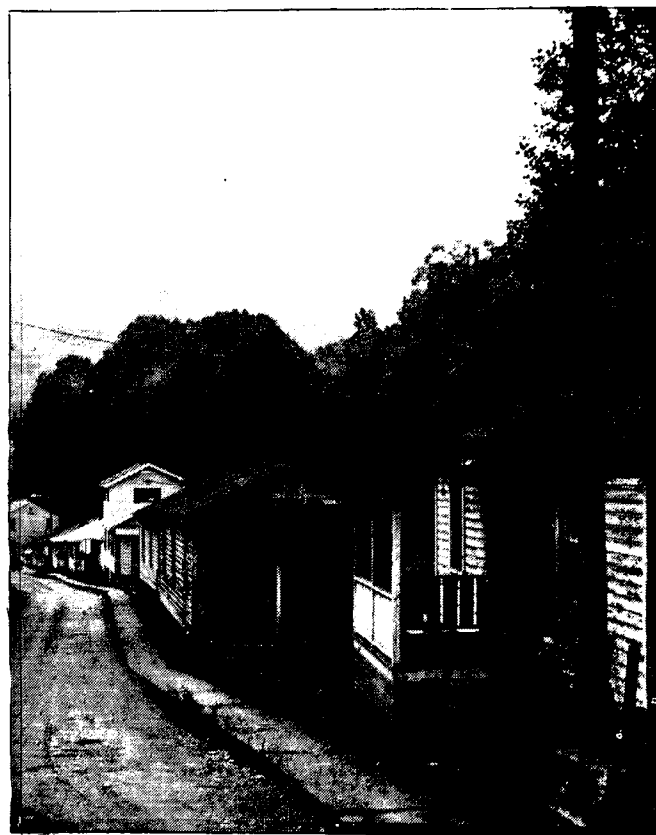
The children of the area are not prone to move away from the mountains, and those who do often return. One particular incident, revealed to Sr. Jane by Verna Mae Sloan of Pippa Passes, involved her sons. Both boys had left the area and moved west to Indiana, where they found employment and earned a substantial salary. Within a

(the companies) are not only stealing the wealth, but are destroying the land," Sr. Jane stated. "Sure, there are laws, but there are loopholes too. And Ford's veto didn't help."

Ford's veto of the strip mining bill halted the only legislation strong enough to restrict the industrial exploitation of Appalachia. There is more than just the economic factor involved. Recent flooding and the outbreak of critical floods areas are directly related with erosion caused by strip mining. Farms, stores and whole towns have become victim to the frequent floodings, the intensity of which has sharply increased the number of fatalities. The communities feel that they are not only bargaining with their land, but with their lives and those of their families.

"The young people tend to be cynical. They realize this 'colonization'...they understand their heritage and there is a strong

(continued on page 5)



Kentucky Mountainfolk find the real life

Thursday July 31, 1975

the observer

5



Project, the time spent at Pippa Passes was a unique experience. "It was a different land unto itself," she stated. It filled you and didn't leave you."

The Appalachian Term at Alice Lloyd College ended on a Friday, and the group was expected in Berea, Kentucky on Sunday. The three-hour drive took them from the south-eastern part of the state into the heart of the mountains.

Berea College, along with Lancaster, McKee, and Mount Vernon, was the focal point for the Christian Appalachian Project.

Berea, like Alice Lloyd College, is a higher educational institution designated for mountain youths. Long before the Civil War, blacks were admitted to the college until a Kentucky ordinance ordered separate education facilities. In spite of the repeal of this law, the black population had declined and never reached the proportions it had in 1860.

All students at the college in addition to their regular academic activities, are required to participate in a work-study program. Jobs available range from farming to managing the hotel located within the town. The object of the work program, besides helping each student afford his tuition, is to impress Berea's motto on each individual; "Work, both manual and mental, has dignity."

The summer volunteer program at Berea consisted of spartan work, odd-jobs and home visiting. During her stay, Sr. Jane helped organize a rummage sale, tour-guided at the local museum, cooked for the workers and helped register the local children in the children's summer camp.

"Basically, at the CAP, we were workers. The whole thing was very task oriented. There was a sense of doing something, yet it certainly wasn't for yourself," she stated.

The summer camp was ten day session day camps aimed at community cooperation. There were two camps, one for children 5 through 12 and one for teenagers 13 through 19. The teenage camp was an experiment, first being tested this summer.

"It was similar to the children's camp but less structured," Sr. Jane explained. "The object of the session was to keep in touch with the kids after they grew too old for the children's camp. Some families sent one or two, some couldn't spare any children. They were needed on the farm. Even so, it was a success," she said.

Out of the various jobs she worked, Sr. Jane favored the home visitations. "I have a real respect for the Jehovah Witnesses now," she laughed. Many of the people were elderly, and grateful for someone to talk to. She found the majority of people friendly and accepting.

The object of the home visiting was to

(continued from page 4)

sense of fighting for that which is theirs" remarked Sr. Jane. Politically, the communities had become active enough to push the strip mining reform bill through Congress, but Ford's veto ended their efforts at organization. "They don't seem to be ready to give up. Tough," Pitz stated. "They are fighting for their land; to return the land to the people."

Part of the orientation at Pippa Passes include a tour of the mining country, and some home visiting. "I always felt that daylight was precious. I could never understand how men could work two miles underground in an unnatural position and in such an obviously dangerous job," she remarked. Talking to one of the miners, she learned of the rational behind their jobs. "I didn't ask him directly," she stated, "but he gave me the impression that because there was danger involved, he took pride in his work. She sensed their pride stemmed from their realization that not every man would risk his life to make a living. "These men support their families on courage," she said.

"The pride- you can keep on translating their

pride into different experiences."

The town and everyone in it is owned by the mining company. The miners are never paid a set salary. They charge their necessary items at the company store and never have to deal in terms of money. This system, more than convenience, keeps the families in perpetual debt.

The miners are supposedly protected by safety regulations and many of the communities have banded together to enforce these existing laws. However, plea bargaining has allowed many offending companies to get away with a lenient fine. And active or successful community groups can find their individual credit refused by the company store. The existence, to say the least, is frustrating.

Sr. Jane reflected on the experience. "I'd like to learn a lot more because I had come to understand something that I hadn't before. I'd read but this is much different when you actually meet it."

"The pride — you can keep on translating their pride into different experiences. It's a human experience... You know the line, 'I owe my soul to the company store?' That really hit home," she laughed.

Sr. Jane felt the orientation at Pippa Passes generally prepared her for the rest of the summer's work with the Christian Appalachian Project. "We were bombarded with the culture of the local people. It gave me an orientation to the hills," she said. Although the Appalachian Term did not correlate to the Christian Appalachian

recruit the children for summer camps but many homes were childless. Even so, the job yielded some interesting stories. Barking dogs, dusty roads and unfamiliar people, not to mention 100 degree heat and an undistinguishable mountain twang all had to be braved. "One couple really impressed me with their sense of humor," Pitz said. "They kidded and teased back and forth, with me included. They were so pleasant and so fun. They didn't care who I was, I was young, hot and tired just like them," she remarked.

The impression of Kentucky which remained with her most vividly is the deep sense of the family past. It is not uncommon for the children to build their barn with remnants from their parent's farm. Children do most of their growing up sitting with the folks on the porch swing. "At any time of day, from about nine in the morning until sunset, someone always occupies the porch," Pitz recalled. She could not remember a single empty porch at anytime during her visit.

Sr. Jane left Appalachia feeling she had so much more to learn, and voiced her desire to return to Kentucky. As for the work in Christian Appalachian Project, her reaction was varied. "Our jobs changed every day and you couldn't get any pride out of what you were doing because you never oversaw anything or finished it through. It keeps you humble," she stated, "and you knew you were tired at the end of the day."

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New York's Crisis

NEW YORK-- This is a city that lives on close margins and by desperate risks. Watch a cab shave pedestrians, or a true New Yorker work his way up in line, or a waiter make room for more volume in a cheap restaurant. Not every borough is Manhattan, of course; but this island sets the pace and raises all the problems.

It's getting hard to buy a cup of coffee for less than 35 cents. The high rent, insurance taxes, and delivery costs go into every item sold. Such huge amounts of people and merchandise have to be moved so often in New York that any snag, even the slightest, is felt to be critical. Two days' garbage is like a year's supply in the town I grew up in.

It is common, around the country, to say New York is the "fast track." But that can mean that one goes broke if one does not make it big. They say no Broadway show can survive unless it is a blockbuster. TV tapings have moved out of town. Union rates drive businesses away.

Still, there are too many people making too many demands. The city has gone broke trying to meet them all. Mayor Beame's recent gestures were primarily theatrical—meant to scare taxpayers into paying more, and to assure investors that municipal bonds will support a growing enterprise.

More desperate measures are needed, and the place to start is not with essential services, like fire and police forces, but with the nonessentials (however desirable).

That should mean no more free tuition on the eighteen campuses of the City University. Ninety percent of the incoming classes have come from families making less than \$15,000 a year—which, in effect, means that 10 percent of the population is carrying most of this tax load. Or, rather, not carrying it anymore.

It amazes me that right-wing critics of "elitism" oppose open admission on principle. Surely, this is a way of breaking down elites? Education provides the last real

stamp of privilege in our society, and it would be pleasant to extend it to everyone all the way up through college, as New York has tried to. But in New York's present situation, this ambition has become self-defeating.

The city will not save money, even after getting rid of the free-tuition measure until dwindling enrollments lead to faculty dismissals and the closing down of some facilities. That is going to hurt, in a number of ways. Faculty out of work will still draw unemployment checks until they are driven from the city. Some buildings will go to waste. Janitorial help will be cut back. Students turned out on the streets will cause more police and welfare problems.

But until New York becomes less desirable to those who draw on its services without contributing anything, it will continue downhill, so that it increasingly serves no one very well. It is overcrowded, undersupported, and on the brink.

It can no longer be a model for other cities. It is an exception, and should be treated as such. The regimen on a lifeboat is not the pattern for a good society; but without such regimen no one will survive to rejoin normal society.

Immigration to New York should be discouraged; strict residence requirements for welfare should keep out those who are not self-supporting. The lifeboat cannot pick up any more people just now. If the nation as a whole suffers from overpopulation and pollution, New York has a special version of every such problem. It has done too much too fast for too many. Its resources were not inexhaustible, and it must learn to cut back, slow down, settle for less. In that way it may, after all, have a lesson to teach the rest of us. It is exceptional because it has all of the nation's problems, rich, large and concentrated; and the nation is watching with concern to see if New York can cope.

seriously, folks

God bless little old ladies

art buchwald

PARIS--What happened to all the little old ladies in tennis shoes? I am happy to report that they are alive and well and most of them are on package tours in Europe.

Because traveling has become so expensive, you do not see many Americans on the continent any more.

Occasionally a bearded kid with an American Flag on the seat of his pants may walk by your cafe table, but it isn't like the old days when there wasn't a corner of Europe that didn't have a "U.S. Go Home" sign.

If it weren't for the little old ladies in tennis shoes, no one would be aware that the United States still existed, and it makes any red-blooded American's chest swell with pride when he sees a battalion of them marching down the Champs Elysees, Piccadilly or the Via Veneto to the tune of Colonel Bogie's March.

Make no mistake about it, the little old ladies in tennis shoes still strike terror in the hearts of every tour director in Europe.

Most of the ladies are veterans of previous overseas tours; experienced in hand-to-hand combat at flea markets; versed in the skills of fierce haggling in souvenir shops; trained to assault churches and museums, and prepared for sneak attacks on any American Express branch in the country.

The cemeteries of Great Britain, France, Italy, the Benelux, and Scandinavian countries are dotted with graves of tour guides who expired trying to keep up the pace set by these indomitable souls.

At airports all over Europe you see fresh young guides barely out of college, wearing their tour uniforms waiting nervously for their group to jump off the plane and encircle the city. Screaming "We take no prisoners," the little old ladies, carrying their duty-free shopping bags from the previous airport, climb aboard their buses determined not to miss one single thing included in the high price of the tour.

No mountain is too high for them to climb, no fjord is too wide for them to cross. Heaven help the guide who forgets to stop for tea in Zermatt (included in the package) or leaves out a church in Montmartre. Let a waiter skip a salad course in Salzburg or a cheese plate in Brussels, and he'll get a karate chop he'll remember for the rest of his life.

In the last 30 years Europeans have seen their countries invaded by American, Japanese and now Arab tourists. But none of them has ever shown the strength the moral fiber or the staying power of the little old ladies in tennis shoes.

Why do they do it? Why, then most Europeans have lost interest in tourists, when waiters and concierges and shopkeepers have become more surly, when most things are cheaper in the States, do the ladies keep traveling abroad?

The answer came from a little old lady sitting next to me at Fouquet's. "Someone has to carry on," she said simply.

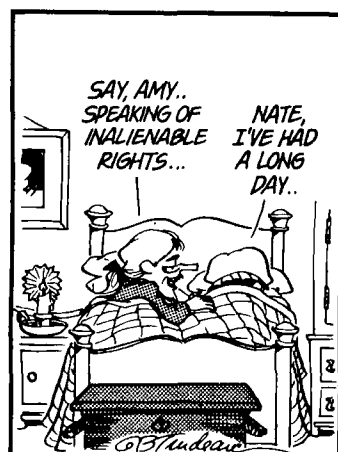
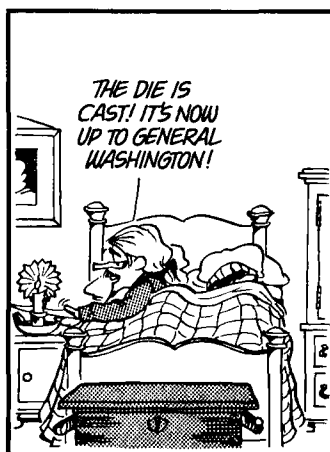
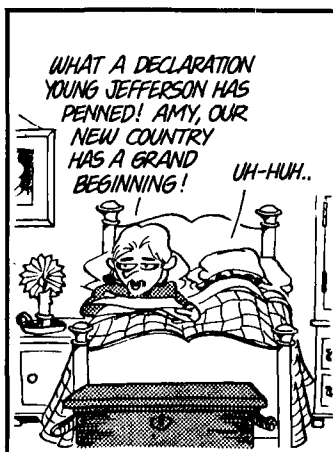
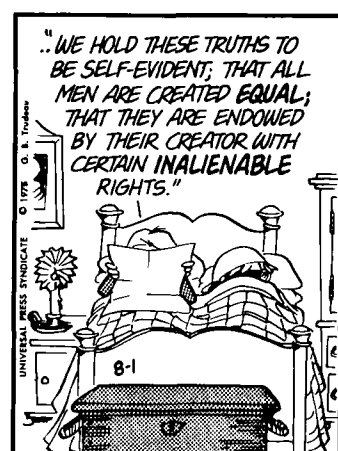
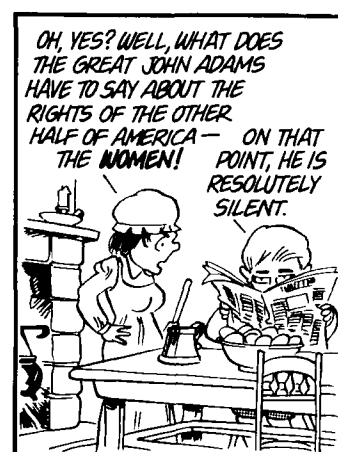
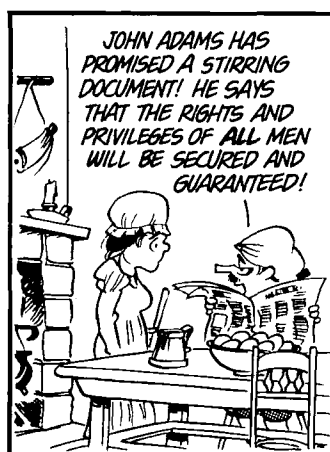
"The young people can't do it because they don't have the money; the middle-aged people can't do it because they don't have the stamina. If it weren't for us little old ladies in tennis shoes, no one would remember what an American looked like. We've all taken a vow that as long as we can climb the steps of the Piazza di Spagna in Rome or wade in the beaches of Monte Carlo, we will see that the sun never sets on an American tourist. Besides, I promised my grandson a sword from Toledo."

I almost broke into tears. Two years ago the American traveler ruled Europe from Gibraltar to Helsinki. Our traveler's checks were coveted from Dublin to Istanbul. There wasn't an arcade in Venice or a bazaar in Athens that didn't have a sign "English Spoken Here." Those were the golden days for Americans, and we may never see them again.

So let's hear it for the little old ladies in tennis shoes. God bless them for showing the Flag in the Old World. As long as they have the money and the time, and the grandchildren, the spirit of American tourism will never die.

DOONES

by G.B.T.



The CIA-gate

garry wille

Newspapers are no longer given the breathing space of a holiday "silly season." Last summer, the serious business of a president's impeachment kept reporters away from the beaches and crowded them into hearing rooms. The summer before, the Watergate revelations were being made and confirmed.

This summer, each day brings more evidence of CIA wrongdoing—more letters opened, more drugs administered, more leaders plotted against, more dummy corporations set up. It is like Watergate in a number of ways—each revelation leads to other enormities.

There have been some false leads, as in the Watergate case. I never took seriously the charge that Alexander Butterfield was a CIA spy in the White House, for the simple reason that the charge was said to emanate from E. Howard Hunt, who long ago lost contact with reality.

But, despite these false leads, the same pattern we witnessed in Watergate has been repeating itself in the CIA investigation. The original charges, in New York

"Times," were ridiculed and flatly denied—as those contained in the Washington "Post" were ridiculed two summers earlier. We were told that thousands of dossiers were not involved, that there was no "massive" domestic spying.

But even the protective Rockefeller Commission found thousands of infractions—and more are being added daily by the Senate investigators. Illegal mail openings alone now number 68,000, admitted by the CIA.

From flat denial, defenders of the CIA have retreated to minor quibbles about the meaning of "Massive Illegality."

And even that ground is being abandoned. It is like the sequence that moved from mockery of Watergate as a third-rate burglary attempt to a series of holding actions and attempts at containment. We found out from the White House tapes how scared and desperate were the men under investigation, while they tried to maintain a confident air in public, counterattacking. We may presume the same busy effort and fear are at work, right now, in men like

Richard Helms, William Colby, and Henry Kissinger. This time the sitting president is clearly innocent of wrongdoing. But the 40 Committee had the ultimate authority over actions in Chile and elsewhere; and, for all purposes, Mr. Kissinger was the 40 Committee.

There are even echoes of the last two summers in reports now surfacing. According to the Nicholas Horrocks story in the "Times," President Nixon told the CIA that money was no object in the efforts to oust Salvador Allende from the Chilean presidency. Remember the same man's answer to John Dean's guess that a cover-up would take a million or more in hush money? It was the same as Nixon's response to Richard Whalen, during the 1968 campaign, when the high cost of a special TV broadcast was raised—money's no problem. Not when you really want something. And Nixon badly wanted Allende's downfall, just as Robert Kennedy seems to have wanted Fidel Castro's.

These summer revelations have not been as dramatic to the public as last year's. A

president's fate does not hang on each new bit of testimony. But the consequences of this investigation are arguably even more important. A whole pattern of government arrogance, going far beyond one administration's vindictiveness, is coming into view. A secret bureaucracy of violence and deception has been nurtured in the dark for a quarter of a century. The pressures against its ever seeing daylight were immense. Perhaps the secrecy would have been impenetrable but for what we learned in the Watergate investigation. In that sense, Watergate may have been a blessing in disguise.

We should question power, and especially secret power. Our government should be accountable, checked, watched over. All that was clear to the framers of this nation. A rediscovery of such truths is the most appropriate way of celebrating the nation's birth. It can lead, if we have the nerve and honesty, to a rebirth. There is nothing silly about what is going on.

buchwald Arrivederci Roma (cont.)

"Don't go to Rome," I was warned. "Everyone is on strike." It was of course an exaggeration. When I got to the Leonardo Da Vinci Airport they were only having a slowdown, and it took me two hours to get my luggage.

"You're very lucky to get in," the taxi driver told me. The airport employees are always going out on strike. They're very unhappy. The other day they went out on a strike to protest the bad service everyone at the airport was getting. All the passengers had to find and carry their own baggage."

When I arrived at my hotel, I was handed a slip of paper.

"The employees will go out on a strike from 10 o'clock until 4 and from 7 o'clock in the evening until 11. We hope you will understand."

A friend picked me up in a taxi. "I would pick you up in my car, but it was stolen. Rome has the highest number of auto thefts of any city in the world," he said proudly. "Forty-two thousand were stolen last year, and only 7,000 were recovered."

"Where are we going?" I asked him.

"To the Vatican," he said.

"Are you taking me sightseeing?"

"No, I have to mail a letter. The Italian Post Office has had so many strikes that the only safe way to get a letter out of the country is by way of the Vatican post office. They set a special mobil lounge in St. Peter's Square just for mail. It's been so successful they should be able to pay all the costs for Holy Year."

"Rome sounds like a lot of fun."

"It is," he said. "The beauty of the city is that things have gotten so bad we don't know when people are on strike or not, because you don't notice any difference in the services."

"Why are the Italians always on strike?" I asked him.

"Oh, everyone has a different reason. The post office employees went out because nine of their fellow workers on night duty were suspended for bringing their cots with them and sleeping through their shift."

"I was at the Turin Airport last week and tried to check in with a couple of hundred people including families, nuns, children and businessmen. The clerk looked out at us and said, 'There are too many of you and there is too much confusion. Basta!' And he and the six other clerks walked off leaving us stranded for four hours."

We posted our letter and then went to a cafe. "The Italian IRS has been on strike for five months. But it was their own fault. They made a big mistake when they let the IRS clerks read the returns of the chauffeurs who worked in their own ministry. The clerks discovered they were making 200,000 lire while the chauffeurs made 800,000. This got the clerks so mad they went out on strike."

"How can they keep going?" I asked.

My friend said, "The Romans are the greatest survivors of all time, and they're very well set up for strikes. The telephone company even has a number you can call, and they'll tell you who is on strike so you can plan your day around it."

"That's a good idea," I said.

"It is, except every once in a while the people who run the service go out on strike."

The waiter finally brought our coffee, after a half-hour.

"Is he on strike?" I asked my friend.

"There's no way to tell," he replied.

My friend told me his favorite strike story. It had to do with the crew of an Italian Lines ship that had struck to get the same food as the passengers. The line gave in to the demands. At lunch they served the crew melon which they planned to give the passengers that night. The crew members said, "But the melon isn't cut. The chef must cut the melon."

The chef was called out of the kitchen, and he said, "I spit on your melons. I only cut the passengers' melons."

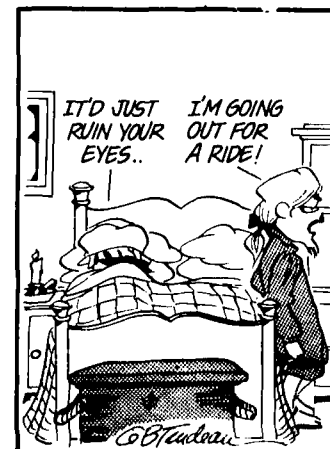
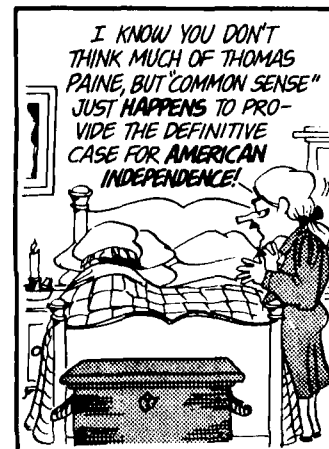
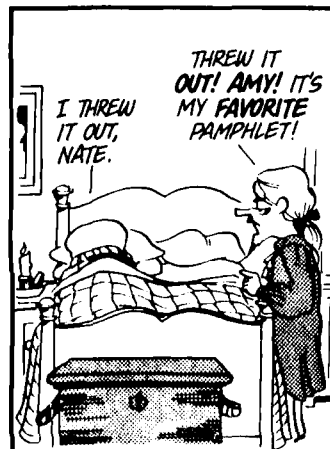
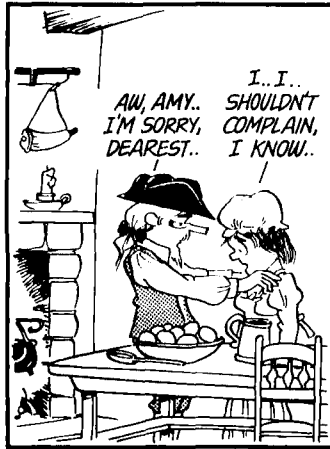
In protest the crew took their melons up on deck and dumped them into the sea.

"Things are getting so bad here," my friend said, "that all the American companies are pulling out."

"What about the Italian companies?"

"Oh, they left long ago."

BURY
Tudor.



IUSB

IUSB Student Association meets

The IUSB Student Association investigating Committee have also met on Wednesday, June 16. Among the items of business was the report of the Student Investigating Committee on Student Commissions.

The Student Investigating Committee has suggested establishing guidelines for the Student Association committees. Among the committees to be established are: the academic committee, the athletic committee, the economic advisory committee, the social committee and the student investigating committee.

The SIC has also suggested that all committee meetings be made public, with at least forty hours advance public notice of meetings. Members of the Student In-

vestigating Committee have also suggested that the Student Association committees be open for more say by the students, and be "organized for more efficiency."

In other business, Student Association President Jerry Works reported the decision on the student softball dispute. The dispute arose when team leader Brent Hansen accused another team of using illegal players and double hitters. This incident has been reported earlier in the paper.

There are three games in question, which the athletic board has asked the team, led by Mr. Barret, to forfeit.

A decision was made by President Works, in conjunction

with the athletic commission, over the awarding of trophies at the end of the season. Works has decided not to award trophies for the teams in the regular season. There will also be a review of the rules before the summer tournament. Trophies will be given for the first and second place teams in the tournament.

In his report to the Student Association, President Jerry Works announced several vacancies in Student government positions and nominated people to fill these vacancies. His nominations were approved by the Student Association.

Judy Newton, former Justice of the IUSB Supreme Court, was

elected to the position of Chief Justice, filling the vacancy left by Al Segress. Her appointment left a vacancy, which has been filled by Hank Perteria.

The resignation of Social Commissioner Ann Nashe was announced by President Works. Dick Clark was appointed to fill the position.

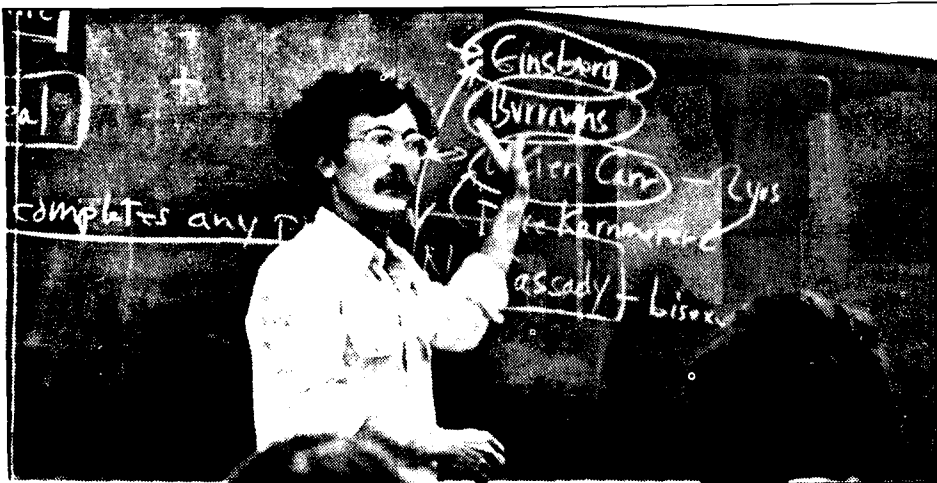
Nancy Yokum, President of Parents-Plus, has been elected to the post of Day Care Commissioner.

Works also commented in his report to the Student Association that the problem with long-distance calls being made from the SA office as well as the disappearance of equipment from the

office, would be dealt with severely.

A clarification was made in the President's report on the state of the Northwest corner of the building, which is currently under excavation. Works reported that the contract for the repair of the corner is under the same bid as the parking lot, and the same contractor would handle both.

In other business, a motion to establish a committee which will investigate the election of a parliamentarian for the Student Association meetings. The parliamentarian will be elected from outside the senate. Members of the investigating committee are Terry Hoffman, Elmo Gonzalez, Bill Bailey, Brent Hansen and Les Senour.



Folklore added to IUSB curriculum

by Judy Smith
IUSB Editor

Robert Cochran's interest in teaching Folklore has brought it back into IUSB curriculum. The course is in the offering for next spring, according to Cochran.

Folklore is a discipline in itself. Within folklore there are many categories. Cochran's interests include Folklore Athletics, a field in which little research has been done; Material Culture which is concerned with artifacts, or objects made by people; and Folk music, in particular - Blues music.

The course is called "Introduction to American Folklore" and is a basic course. Cochran has his students read different books pertaining to the varieties of American Folklore - musical, material and verbal.

"Verbal Folklore has been the traditional center for Folklore studies. I think this is hanging. For years Folklore has paid more attention to Verbal Folklore than anything else," said Cochran.

All the legends, jokes and songs with lyrics are considered verbal folklore.

According to Cochran, Folklore is not as instant as some students think it is. "All of us are to some extent folk creatures. We are carriers of Folk beliefs."

People think of Folklore as something instant. "The first thing I try to do in the course is to remove the idea of distance and make them see themselves as carriers of folklore, and creators to some degree."

Cochran believes any group can be creators of Folklore. To some degree students as a group identify with each other. Any group that is aware of itself is going to create Folklore. There is going to be language practices which are peculiar to that group and vocabulary elements which

are not going to be understood by people outside that group. They are going to have stories about courses and talk about things like good and bad schools which are going to be peculiar to that group. These things institute folklore.

Occupational Folklore concerns itself with the peculiar customs of different occupational groups like firemen or truck-drivers.

"I'm interested in understanding what sort of things about a figure like Daniel Boone who has been totally mythologized and turned into a folk hero, make him such a figure. You can find a lot about the people who are turning him into a hero simply by noticing what aspects of his character they modify," said Cochran.

You can find out things about the national character, in the kind of people who become heroes," Cochran said. A contemporary hero, Howard Hughes, is an example. "It is interesting to ask what it is about Hughes that captures the imagination."

Other examples, according to Cochran, are athletic heroes - especially the athletes who go out publicly for a presidential candidate. It is a fact that people pay attention and look up to these people, although they are outside their occupational competence.

"We imagine a kind of life of all stars - athletic, movie stars, and it is a lifestyle that we envy. The life we imagine for them is the life that we admire," said Cochran.

A paper is required for Cochran's class on a topic dealing with original Folklore research. One crucial point, he has found, is a sort of undistinguishable boundary between Folklore and popular culture.

Cochran believes IUSB is a good place to teach Folklore studies because it has a diversity of students who have many different backgrounds.

First student Supreme Court to be held

The first Student Supreme Court case of the 1975-76 academic year will be heard on Saturday, August 2, at 10 A.M.

The Ad Hoc Committee under the Student Association (DA) petitioned a case against the Publications Board (BPB), which represents all of the publications at IUSB.

The Ad Hoc Committee declares in the petition that the PB violated Article 4, Section 5, Part E of the Student Constitution. Section 5, Part E reads: "Decisions of the Publications Board shall require three votes (majority) with the exception that no Editor-in-Chief may be reappointed for a second academic year without five votes."

The PB has five members, including the Preface editor and the Analecta editor. One of the members is elected by the student body in the general elections. The other two members are appointed by the SA. Mantea Kapatan, chairman, is the elected board member. Maureen Gillen and Robert Hosier are the appointees to the board. The two editors were chosen at the end of Spring 1975 - Carla Hoffman, Analecta editor and Judy Smith, Preface editor.

The court case stems from the PB's decision on the two editors. The Ad Hoc Committee claims that the board was reappointing the editors for a second

academic year. For a reappointment, the PB requires that the members vote unanimously on an editor.

According to a reliable source on the board, the editors were not chosen for their second academic year (1975-76), and therefore, were not reappointed. Hoffman and Smith were filling out the past editor's term of office in the Spring.

The Student Supreme Court consists of a Chief Justice, Judy Newton, and four Associate Justices. The Justices were appointed by the President of SA, Jerry Works, and were approved by two thirds of the Senate.

The court requires both parties to submit a petition of violation or defense to the court.

During the proceedings, each party is limited to 30 minutes. Then, the court goes into executive session to deliberate a decision or a precedent.

In 1972-73, the Supreme Court made a precedent on a similar case. This was the case of SA vs. Alice Marie Beard, then editor of the Preface. The precedent was in her favor. The court decided that Beard did not need all five votes of the PB because there were persons who had a personal vendetta against her.

Multicultural workshop concentrates on SB ethnic groups

A three-week workshop in multicultural education for area teachers, based on the ethnic heritage of major components of the South Bend area's population, will be taught starting July 28 at Indiana University at South Bend.

Dr. Richmond E. Calvin, assistant professor of education and director of IUSB's Ethnic Heritage Studies program, will teach the graduate credit course. It is based on the Ethnic Heritage program which focused on the community's Hungarian, Polish, Afro-American, Mexican and Italian ethnic groups. A series of articles on these groups, derived from the program, is appearing in The South Bend Tribune's Michiana Magazine.

"Emphasis in this workshop," said Dr.

Calvin, "will be on the development of strategies for creating an awareness and knowledge of current thought and perceptions of ethnic heritages. The course is designed to expand humanity through cultural-pluralistic curriculum materials."

The course will develop a model for integrating ethnic studies materials into university, high school, elementary and pre-school courses. It will identify culturally-pluralistic materials, including films, slides, tapes, books, articles and artifacts, along with persons in the community who can be used as resource persons.

Additional information can be obtained from the education division offices in Greenlawn Hall on the IUSB campus.

Wright works to be exhibited August 30

Drawings and paintings by Harry Wright, IUSB fine-arts major, will be on exhibition in the Library through August 30.

A self-portrait of Wright is included in the exhibit. He said he used the old method of painting for the portrait. First he made a careful drawing on paper and then transferred it to the panel with light carbon. Afterwards, he outlined it in paint and then went into the rest of the painting.

Wright has many figure studies on exhibit. Most of them are of Nancy Kromewitter, a popular model at IUSB. There are some male nudes and a few female nudes. There are not many female nudes, he said, because he sold many of them prior to the exhibit.

"I have gotten into portraits quite a bit because of the psychological aspects of the portrait," said Wright. "In a way it is kind of like making love to a person that you paint with your eyes. Because you are carressing their features with your eyes, you are totally exploring it visibly - not

touching. It's completely a hands off thing so you are really totally expressing everything with your eyes and hands too in a sense when you are trying to do eye and hand coordination and trying to capture what is there and putting it on canvas. It's a real obsessive thing. It's almost if you want what is there here. It is never the same."

According to Wright, there was supposed to be a student exhibit at the Art Center this year like in the past. The Art Center, however, said they had no schedule for it. He said the other galleries in South Bend were too small to hold the exhibit. Delores Davisson of the Art department asked Wright if he wanted to exhibit his paintings and drawings in the Library.

"Paintings take so long. It is more of a complete involvement than a drawing. But, a drawing is more important than a painting. A drawing is a skeleton of a painting."

"I think I feel more about my drawings than my paintings because drawings are so essential and basic," said Wright.

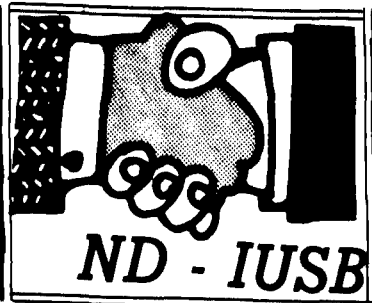
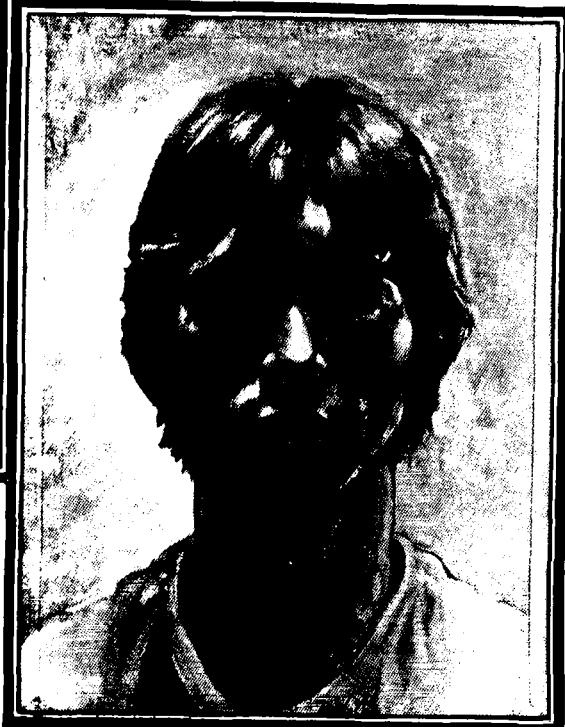
Wright did not put prices on the paintings

or drawings. The reason, he said, is because the exhibit was on university property and he would feel funny in doing so especially since the Library was so kind to let him exhibit his material.

Wright suggested that IUSB should have a class in Art evaluation. He said it is hard to figure out what a painting is truly worth.

Painting, according to Wright, is looking at it and not so much painting as looking at it and then being able to respond to what you see.

"I don't think most people understand that. Most people think you look at something and paint it immediately," said Wright.



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June 23 through August 3
MONDAY THRU SATURDAY.
8:00 a.m. MORNING PRAISE IN
THE LADY CHAPEL
11:15 a.m. CONFESSION
11:30 a.m. MASS
5:00 p.m. CONFESSION
5:15 p.m. MASS
7:00 p.m. CONFESSION
7:15 p.m. EVENSONG IN THE
LADY CHAPEL
(EVENSONG ON FRIDAY WILL BE
CELEBRATED IN THE GROTTA)
SUNDAY.
9:00 a.m. MORNING PRAISE IN
THE LADY CHAPEL
9:30 a.m. MASS
10:45 a.m. MASS
12:15 p.m. MASS
7:15 EVENSONG IN THE LADY
CHAPEL

Eagles: Not one of their nights

review by fred graver

Watcha had there, Thursday night! at the Eagles concert, was your typical boogie-get down-play some rock and roll crowd. The group itself was an element in the scene, but certainly not the crucial element, the focal point. As a matter of fact, the group wasn't even the catalyst for the event. It was a concert, and these people were going to have a good time no matter what.

And the Eagles knew that. At least they've learned it from a few years of touring. They don't play for keeps. They play pretty songs, sing nice harmonies, keep the sound system clean, and hope that no one causes any trouble.

It was one of the most normal concerts I've ever been to. Disappointing, because the Eagles are one of my favorite groups. As musicians, they are excellent craftsmen who sometimes raise to the standards of artists. Their songs, ranging from the plaintive love ballads, to country and western, to rock and roll, display a mastery of a wide breadth of American music.

But perhaps I should have expected it. Because, despite of their excellence on album, it has always been true that the Eagles are at their best when they sing of those things which are alive in the American suburban consciousness. Their songs, largely, reinforce the idyll of American west, of the joys of cruisin', of going out and having a good time. The Eagles are most successful when they go about the business of making people feel good about where they are at, be it living in suburbia or living in a commune.



The mundacity of their concert, then, is a display of the pitfalls of their success formula. Instead of trying new material, of re-working the old material, or challenging the listener, the Eagles go about making people feel glad they're at a concert (though they don't particularly assert that it is their concert).

People are placing the Eagles in the "Southern California" bag of musicians. I tend to dislike categorizations, but from what I saw it would seem that the band is

working hard at fitting into that mold. If "Southern California" means sweet harmonies, clean musicianship, bright, bouncy tunes and general acceptance of the norm, then the Eagles are right there. Right alongside the Beach Boys and Chicago.

"So," you may ask, "what's so bad about feelin' good?" Nothing, except that for five or six dollars a ticket, I think that people deserve more than just musical formulas, patent medicine. Groups like the Band, the Allmans and the Grateful Dead have been making people feel good for years, while still maintaining a high musical integrity.

You may also ask why I spend so much time on reflections about the group, almost ignoring their actual performance. Well, their actual performance didn't leave much to think about, aside from reflections about the group. A string of off-the-record arrangements is rarely known to inspire accolades. Even if they had tried some new stuff and done it badly, for my money it would have been a more exciting performance.

One thing I did realize as I watched the Eagles string together their hits Thursday night: it is very possible that one day (or one of these nights, if you prefer) they are going to write the quintessential cruising song. They combine just the right blend of open air and driving rhythm in their melodies to do it, and from their past material they show a unique grasp of the various subtleties of the art of cruising. Listening to "Ol' 55," a song about driving away from disappointment, (or, as Glenn Frey put it "for all of you people who had one of those times when you didn't get - - - -") you realize that this is the first song written about driving as a way to ease the pain of living. Other songs, like "Take It Easy" (co-written with Jackson Browne) have such an incredible ebullience to them that you just want to "step on the gas and wipe that tear away." (Anyone that can rhyme "Standin' on the corner" with "Winslow, Arizona," has got to be a genius.)

The Eagles came and went at the A.C.C. Thursday night, and I only hope that the complacency that crept into their performance doesn't influence their careers as recording musicians.

Art exhibit and sale to be held Aug.3

The fifth annual Notre Dame Art Exhibit and sale will be held on Sunday, August third in O'Shaughnessy Hall, according to Mike Kitkowski who is handling publicity for the event. The sale and show will include works done by students mostly during the summer session.

The show, which will be held from 1 to 5 p.m. will include prints, ceramics, sculpture, paintings, photography, drawings and many other forms of art. "Most of the works will be offered at a modest price," said Kitkowski. He also added that most of the students participating in the event are graduate students working for their masters.

Displays will be set up in the main corridor of O'Shaughnessy Hall, while the exact number of artists participating in the show is as yet undetermined. Kitkowski noted that members of the public who are interested in the show and or sale should try to come as early as possible. "Many of the artists will put out one of a kind prints so those interested in these works should come before they are sold," he said.

Kitkowski, who has participated in past sales, pointed out that he sold quite a bit of his work in the past and hopes to do the same again this year. "It's a good idea to have this event because the best compliment someone can make to a work of art



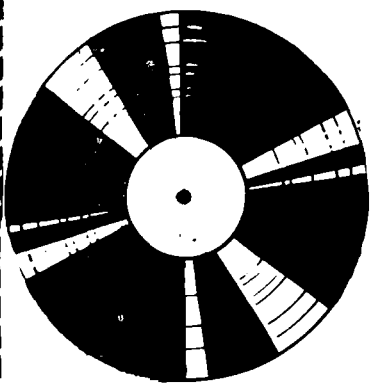
is to buy it," he said.

Jim Connolly is a graduate student at Notre Dame and will also participating in this year's show. "I will be presenting silkscreens and lithographs that I have worked on during the summer and also during the past school year," he said. He noted, as did Kitkowski, that much of the art will be sold at a reasonable price and this would be an ideal time to pick up either gifts or something that can be used for a person's personal enjoyment. "The show will be offering something for everybody's taste; we'll have everything from modern to realistic art and everything from small to large," he remarked.

Professor Don Vogl, a teacher in the art department who has been working with the students on the show, commented that many of them will be asking prices for their works that will only cover their expenses. "It will definitely be cheaper than going to any gallery to buy art because in this process we have managed to cut out the middle-man," he said.

Also at the the sale will be two artists from the "Ceramics Workshop" which has been running all summer. According to Vogl, the number of artists participating has been decreasing over the years. "It is up to the public and all local art lovers to help us make the show and sale a success, so that it may be repeated again next year," he said.

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Parish family picnic...a summer happening

by Bob Kissel

In the pre-Bicentennial year of 1975 finding ways of celebrating American and its Americans, sans commercialism, can be quite frustrating.

But then one could look to a part of America that comes once every summer for those interested...the parish family picnic.

Now take that summation of the Catholic experience and transpose the scene to Chicago, Mayor Daley's playground. Add a cast of parishioners from a North side Chicago Polish parish and there's fun for everyone.

The basic ingredients of the picnic are a Forest Preserve grounds, beer (and plenty of it), Kielbasa, corn on the cob, watermelon, large families, and most importantly a 16 inch Clincher softball, the only respectable game in Chicago.

Now the record must be set straight for those who are non-Chicagoans. The game of softball in Chicago means 16 inch, if you wish to speak of another

branch of the main game, like 12 inch slow pitch, then specific references must be used.

Softball (by now which game is implied should be rather obvious) is such an integral part of the workingman's life, from boyhood to manhood, that women's leagues are now in vogue for the wives who used to watch the games or stay at home with the kids.

Back to the picnic. A funny thing about every Forest Preserve in the great city of Chicago is that every open field always seems to have that basic diamond arrayed pattern of dirt spots—the bases and pitcher's mound.

But at the family picnic, the game is for fun, at least that's what everybody says, young and old alike, but really, who likes to lose? To insure the good time of all players involved, frequent and quite essential beer breaks are taken, about every inning.

Many games are contested during the course of an afternoon parish picnic, teens against teens, little folks against their parents, mixed husbands and wives. The common element to all these

groups is that satisfaction of squeezing home a long fly to deep center (remember softball is played with the bare hands) or connecting on the sweep of the bat for a solid double.

But all the games are a preliminary for THE game...a game for males only, matching the age-ripened veterans, the fathers, against the young, upstart bucks of the parish, young men from the high school and college ranks.

The typical lineup for the vets includes a cross-section of the working force in America. Frank, a plumber by trade and president of the local Serbian VFW; Bell, an electrician who has mastered the fine art of hesitation pitches and spinning floaters; Kelly, the dairy man by occupation and a true-blue beer drinker by avocation - he even wore a T-shirt over his massive middle which said 'Beer Belly'.

The young bucks team, well they have not really had the virtues of experience long enough to play all the subtleties of softball. The kids just go up to the plate and swing, not really considering all the vitals like who is on what base or where

the pitcher has his weak spots.

Trying to hit a 16 inch blooper special may sound as easy as downing that first cold one, but when the ball comes over the plate on a rainbow arc with an extra dose of spin, the task becomes one of wait and hope for a reasonable pitch. That is if the batter isn't called out on strikes.

For some reason this year's featured game wasn't even close, the young horde of Polish hippies stung the vets hard, 19-6 in seven innings.

But after this highlight of the

picnic, sometimes referred to as the Polish Woodstock, young, middle-aged, and old alike retired for another beer break, this time long one.

Maybe there's a mor somewhere, between second and third base, but probably not. Mo like a good group of people getting together over beer and the one a only softball, 16 inch.

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Thursday July 31, 1975

"Summer of Stars" makes season premier in Chicago

by Dave Dreyer

Among the last ten or fifteen summers, many cities have become known for their outdoor summer music festivals. In Milwaukee, it's the Summer fest. In New York, it's the Schaefer Music Festival in Central Park. Clinton, Michigan is where the famous Pine Knob Festival performances take place. The latest of these phenomena is the "Summer of Stars" running its first summer in the Chicago area.

Sponsored jointly by AM rock giant radio station WLS and Triangle Productions, "Summer of Stars" is bringing the most popular pop writers, performers, and lyricists in the U.S. to Washington Park, an expansive race-track in Homewood, Illinois, on Chicago's far south side. Already this summer, the festival has seen performances by Gordon Lightfoot, the Bee Gees, Tony Orlando, Joan Baez, Arlo Guthrie, Roberta Flack, and James Taylor, to name a few. In the remaining six weeks of its schedule, Summer of Stars will feature Harry Chapin and Janis Ian (Saturday, July 26), The Eagles, America, and Three Dog Night, among others. With much variety of style, the festival has still managed to retain a common mode of low-key melodic music, for which all the stars are noted.

According to a spokesman for Triangle Productions, this summer festival was constructed as a "one shot deal", although the promoter's aim is to establish Summer of Stars as a yearly

landmark for Chicago with the rest of the country's summer pop music places. Washington Park, in order to be outfitted for the concerts, purchased a complete sound system from Frank Zappa, the zany jazz guitarist for the Mothers of Invention, and an excellent showman. What has resulted is one of the finest acoustical displays that one could hear in any large concert. With the excellent sound, all of the shows are marked by the setting sun, easily seen by the concert-goers in the flat Chicago suburbs. Only one characteristic mars the Summer of Stars: high ticket prices. What has made the other leading summer musicfests so unique has been the small amount of money paid for tickets coupled with the outdoor flavor. But at Washington Park, tickets range from \$5.50 - \$8.00, depending on who is playing.

The past two weekends featured Joan Baez - Arlo Guthrie - Hoyt Axton on July 12 and James Taylor with Emmy Lou Harris on July 18. Baez's concert was disturbed by 55 degree temperatures and rain, but it just added to the atmosphere created by this extraordinary lady.

After Hoyt Axton's set of talented and humorous tunes, Arlo Guthrie took the stage with just a guitar and a piano and delivered a very rich and moving collection of songs including "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot", "City of New Orleans," written by Chicago's Steve Goodman, and a Scott Joplin piano rag. Combined with his witty and charming personality, it left a very mellow, folksy feeling. And Joan

Baez complemented that feeling. Playing a new style now, with less politics, more new music, more sophistication, and a fine band, she ran through two hours of music, showing that she is now the musician first and orator second. The crowd, made up of people from early teens to young families to grandparents, huddled under umbrellas to hear her fantastic voice and watch a pink and scarlet sunset. Afterwards, they brought her back for two encores, the last after the house lights had gone on and the stage dismantled.

Last weekend brought James Taylor to the same stage and he delivered an equally impressive concert. Helped by another pretty sunset, a full moon, and the Apollo-Soyuz astronauts passing over in full display in mid-concert, he charmed the large crowd with a terrific mixture of his best old material and his newer albums. His back-up band was extremely well-rehearsed and executed excellent accompaniment. With the soft wind in his hair, and frequently glancing at the full moon, Taylor showed a voice and sense of humor that could not fail to entertain.

In short, the Summer of Stars at Washington Park is a very good idea for Chicago, and has proven itself to be worthwhile. If ticket prices can go down as well as the sun, then it has the potential to be established as a continually rare and rewarding experience for anyone interested in music and/or fine summer entertainment.

Nashville: The loss of innocence

review by Adele O'Grady

If there is any city in American where dreams of success are realized and crushed with equal rapidity, it is Nashville. If there is any one field that captures the essence of the American ideal of "overnight success" and untold fame, it is music. In "Nashville", Robert Altman holds the mirror up to America on the eve of her bicentennial. The reflection is one of frustration, violence and loss of

freedom.

At a time in our country's history when corruption in politics is an almost all-consuming interest in the public eye, it is a brilliant stroke to examine a slice of American society which is not political in nature, but can be used

by politicians and, more importantly, allows itself to be used.

The main thrust of the plot is the

effort of the third-party candidate, Hal Philip Walker, to enlist the support of major country and western stars in the city of Nashville for a political rally. The third-party nominee is never seen. He is represented by a brightly painted van, decorated gaudily with stickers, which cruises the streets of Nashville, diligently spewing political verbiage from an insistent loudspeaker, and by a slick young

political manager from California.

So the political machine enters the music fantasyland of Nashville hoping to sing some financial support into the political coffers. With great dexterity, Altman sets up the characters and premises of the film in the first sequences. In a deceptively simple fashion Altman interplays twenty-four characters, from chauffeur to country and western stars to groupie to aspiring star to old men. His film is a rich interweaving of images and sounds. The opening scenes show Haven Hamilton, a major country and western star, recording a song for the bicentennial, "The Last Two Hundred Years." The belligerent, self-righteous attitude of "we must be doing something right to last two hundred years" rides easily with all Hamilton's retinue, with the exception of a piano player named Frog, a 'hippie' who is finally dismissed by Hamilton's comment "you don't belong in Nashville." Only certain people and ways of life are acceptable here - love it or leave it.

Contrapuntal to this recording session, in the next studio, is a group of black gospel singers, led by a white suburban housewife. The gospel singers, joyously rocking out as they record, provide a sharp contrast to the controlled session down the hall. Here, already, are desperate elements of Nashville.

A BBC reporter is introduced at these sessions, and she appears throughout the film. Making a documentary on Nashville, she records facile, often absurd, impressions of the Nashville scene on

her ever-present tape recorder. The character provides a humorous perspective through the juxtaposition of her overly-descriptive language within the simple visual context.

Moving to an airport greeting scene for the returning queen of country music, Altman deluges our senses with massive doses of Americana: high school bands, news reporters, cafeteria groupies, autograph seekers, stars addicted to the public, "unknowns" hungry for recognition. This sequence is followed by a traffic jam, caused by an accident on the thruway as the wrowd leaves the airport. Here, we are able to observe almost all of the characters appearing in the film reacting to an unexpected situation. The device of mutual disaster works beautifully, exposing characters in an incisive manner.

In this impressionistic, naturalistic slice-of-life, Altman exposes us to many characters at once, without oversimplification. The actors and the director paint each moment with sure, bold strokes and through simplicity create a depth of perception. Altman's technique is superficially amorphous, yet there is a tight interlocking of people and events. Joan Tewksbury's script and Altman's interpretation mix irony, humor, mystique and pathos skillfully to create a powerful specific image which conveys truth about the larger society enclosing Nashville.

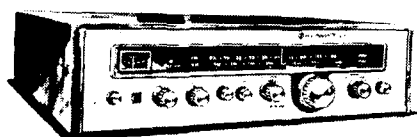
In this world of music, stronghold of fame and money, the lust for success is great, appearing in varying degrees of intensity. It destroys from within and without, as with the young waitress, Suleene Gaye, who, to get a break, is bribed into performing a striptease at a fund-raising dinner. Altman explores a recurrent theme in the American arts, the loss of innocence. Here in Nashville, there is no possibility for innocence or vulnerability to survive. Those who have reached the top, seemingly virginal, like Barbra Jean, face destruction.

Assassination and its effect is a major consideration in the film. The death of "the Kennedy boys" is seen as a deep wound, still unhealed because the causes of violence have not been uprooted. It is the BBC reporter who comments that "it is the people who carry guns that are the guilty, for they cause the innocent to finally pull the trigger." It is not individuals who are responsible for violence but the collective individual. In America, psychic and physical violence has become a way of life.

The final scene catapults the vision of American values into the context of history. The political rally takes place in front of Nashville's duplicate of the Parthenon, draped with an enormous American flag: two symbols of the world's most potent democracies. Somewhere in time, the principles which created those symbols have become distorted, even lost. The late image in Nashville is a long shot of the the parthenon which pans up, looking into the sky while the crowd sings to avoid confronting the tragic assassination which has just taken place before their eyes. It is reminiscent of Tolstoy's metaphor of the sky in "War and Peace", symbolic of all things unrealized on earth, as well as silent judge of the destructive chaos perpetrated by mankind. The uplifting action of the camera is Altman's optimistic note at the end of the film, raising our eyes to the heavens to escape what appears to be incomprehensible.



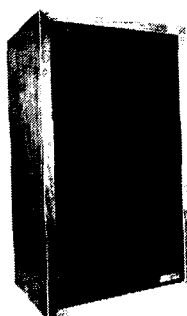
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