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 Pon girls of the year."

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.

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.

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.

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.
Insights

Latest police reports from Darwin, Australia, are startling 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 sport 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 28,000 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, 26, 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 26 grams of marijuana and contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

Charles Roberts, 42, of Eastbourne, England, received the world's record for tomato growing for his tomato weighing 4.5 pounds. The great gardener attributed his success in stereo headphones he put on the growing tomato, playing music to it continuously.

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 asked to submit their 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 they've been keeping a personal file on you and ask for your file under the Freedom of Information Act.

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Regan named to position

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 Majorite 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. According 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 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 has been here 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 Nilufar Kapadia in nine years old and a member of the only perpetual group from Canada. Nilufar 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. So 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 whatever she wants and what she's good at. It's easy to see how she loves what she's doing," she boasted.

Laurie Wilson in sixteen years old and sat beside the two women who were so excited she could hardly formulate 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 a 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.

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Regan to succeed Macheca as Dean

Dr. James A. Roemer, executive assistant to Dr. James W. Frick, vice president for public relations and development at the University, has been appointed to succeed John A. Macheca, who succeeds Dr. James A. Roemer, as Dean of students in 1973. Brother 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 Beefmaster's 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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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 poverty skill-teaching their children 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 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 renowned names was Sr. Jane Pitz, Assistant Director of the Office of Campus Ministry at Notre Dame. At the change 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 educational goals," she accepted. Abandoning the photography project she had planned, Fritz and three others from Green Bay, Wisconsin drove to Kentucky.

"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," Fritz stated.

Even though the individual search was the learning opportunity. "I had heard myself say 'There are simple lifestyles.' Yet I had never experienced any," she revealed. Fritz stated that she wanted to be impressed by it, and found this by living this life she could actually understand it. "I guess I wanted to speak with the trueness 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 people. Journeys lasted from 8:30 a.m. to 10:30 a.m. 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 or 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. These people don't have material wealth, but they are not poor," she remarked. Sr. Jane explained, "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 Paul, involved her son. Both boys had left the area and moved west to Indiana, where they found employment and earned a substantial salary within a short period of time, they quit their jobs and returned to Kentucky. "They just couldn't stand to be away from home," Fritz explained.

Further conversion 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 built up a store and stored approximately 300 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 gave them along with a handwritten book she had compiled about her late husband, were the home spun 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 ranked out a fairly good existence, but saw no value in material goods," Fritz 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 denaturing 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 present generations have sold the mineral rights to various companies who still validate the contracts. "This is the great issue right now, strip mining. They (the companies) are not only stealing the wealth, but are destroying the land," Sr. Jane stated. "Sure, 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 the land. 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, streams, and whole towns have become victim to the frequent flooding, the quantity of which has sharply increased in the number of fatalities. The communities feel that they are not only bargaining with their health but with their health of the future generations of their families.

"The young people tend to be cynical. They realize this colonization...they understand their heritage and there is a strength..." (continued on page 5)
Kentucky Mountaintalk find the real life

Project, the time spent at Pippa Passes was a unique experience. "It was a different land into 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 institutional designated for mountain youths. Long before the Civil War, blackads 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 returned to its proportions 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 programs, besides helping each student afford his tuition, is to impress Bereas 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, toured 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 teenagers' 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. "As 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. "I've seen what the people are like; they 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

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.

"I was a success," she said. "I had a real respect for the Jehovah Witnesses now," she laughed. "I've seen what the people are like; they 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

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The Observer 5
NEW YORK — This is a city that lives on close margins and by desperate risks. Watch a cab shaft pedestrian, or a true New Yorker, or a waiter make room for more volume in a cheap restaurant. Not every borough is Manhattan, but this island sets a pace and raises all the problems.

It takes two days to bring in a whole load 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 even the slighest premium in labor costs is felt to be critical. Two days' garbage is like a year's supply in the town I grew up in.

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 tapioca is not good enough. Union rates drive businesses away.

seriously, folks

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God bless little ladies

PTANT 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 Elysee, 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 ticket.

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 Montmartre, climb the Eiffel Tower, or leave out a church in Montreux.

Another probably 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 stamina. If it weren't for these little old ladies in tennis shoes, no one would remember what an American looked like. We've all taken a trip 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 rode in a carriage near the Colosseum, and the guide's checkbooks 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 Speaking Here" Those were the golden days for Americans, and we may never see them again.

So let's hope 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.

It can no longer be a model for other cities. It is an exception, and should be treated as such. The regime on a lifeboat is not the pattern for a good society, but without such regimes no one will survive to retain 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 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 of New York can cope.
The CIA-gate

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 leakers 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 be emanated 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 repeated itself in the CIA investigation. The original charges, in New York Times, were ridiculed and flatly denied—nothing contained in the Washington Post were ridiculed two summers earlier. We were told that thousands of donors were 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 Involvement." And even that ground is being abandoned. It is like the sequence that moved from burglary attempt to a series of holding rooms. The summer before, newspapers were ridiculed and flatly denied—things were just a big cover-up. The summer after, the Times reported 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: "No money, no problem. Not when you really want something. And Nixon badly needs Allende's downfall, just as Robert Kennedy seems to have wanted Fidel Castro's. These summer revelations have not been as dramatic as the public at last year's A

The president's fate does not hang on each new development, but the consequences of this investigation are arguably even more important. A whole pattern of government action, going far beyond one adm- inistration'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 honest government are 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 the power of government. Our government should be accountable, checked, watched over. All that was clear to the framers of this nation. A republic of such trustworthiness is the most appropriate way of celebrating the nation's birth. It can lead, if we have the nerve and the honesty to believe it, 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 go out on strike from 11 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," I said. "It is," he replied. "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. Some of the postal employees went out because nine of their fellow workers on night duty were suspended for bringing their cats 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, is on strike so you can plan your day around it." We waited for 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 company. The clerks discovered they were making 200,000 lire while the chauffeurs made 800,000. This got the clerks so mad they went out in strike." "How do you keep going?" I asked. My friend said, "The Romans are the greatest survivors of all time, and they're very well organized. That's why so many of them are still here."

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Among the items of business was the observer reported on Wednesday, June 16.

Committee has suggested establishing guidelines for the IUSB Student Association meetings. The committee's recommendations include:

- The academic committee is established.
- The social committee is established.
- Committee meetings are considered open to the public.
- Members of the student investigating committee are established.
- The university president is elected to the position of Chief Investigator by the vacancy hearings.
- The university president appointed a vacancy, which has been filled by the student investigating committee.
- The resignation of Social Committee Chairmen is 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 disappearances of equipment from the office, would be dealt with by the University President's office.

A clarification was made in the President's report on the state of the building, which is currently under construction.

In other business, a motion to establish a committee which will investigate the election of a representative for the Student Association meetings was made. The motion was approved by the Student Association. Members of the investigating committee are:

- Terry Hoffman
- Elmo Gonzales
- Bill Bailey
- Brent Hansen and Les Senour

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.

- The course is designed to expand humanity through cultural pluralistic curriculum materials.
- The course will focus on integrating ethnic studies materials into the high school, elementary, and preschool curricula. Students will identify culturally/pluralistic materials, including films, slides, books, classroom artifacts, and identify with the community where they are used.

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.
The fifth annual Notre Dame Art Exhibit and sale will be held on Sunday, August third is O'Shaughnessy Hall, according to Mike Kitkowski, who is handling publicity for the event. The show and sale 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 combination one 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 several of my works that 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 the students have managed to cut out the middle-man," he said.

Also at 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," he said.
Parish family's summer happening
by Bob Kissel

In the pre-Bicentennial year of 1976, finding ways of celebrating American and its Americanism, tann commercialism, can be quite frustrating. But there was one 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 it to the scene in Chicago, Mayor Daley's latest phenomenon. Add a lot of parishes from a North side Chicago Polish parish and there's your page. But let's break down the pieces.

The basic ingredients of the picnic are friendly, well tended grounds, beer (and plenty of it), Kielbasa, corn on the cob, watermelon, large families, and most importantly an 16 inch Chicagoan. The game of softball is too Chicagoan to us, if you wish to speak of another branch of the main game, like 13 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 American way of life, from Chicago to manhood, that women's leagues under规则 has been invented to used to watch the games or stay at home with the kids. Funny thing about almost any Forest Preserve in the Chicago area that has an open field always seems to have this ball game going. It's the pattern of dirt spots—the bases and pitcher's mound.

Back to the picnic. The family picnic, the game is for fun, at least that's what we are told by the young and not-so-alive, 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, unique has been the small amount of money paid for tickets coupled with the outdoor flavor. But at Washington Park, tickets range from $3.50 - $8.00 depending on the showing.

The past two weekends featured a trio of groups, Guthrie - Hoyt Axton on July 12 and James Taylor with Emmy Lou Harris on July 14. But over the weekend of July 17, the city was disturbed by neither rain, nor degree temperatures and rain, but by the atmosphere created by this extraordinary lady. After Hoyt Axton's set of talented tunes, Arlo Guthrie took the stage with just a guitar and his easy manner of speaking, very rich and moving collection of songs including "Singing Low, Sweet Somewhere," "City of New Orleans," and written by Chicago's Steve Goodman, "My Back Page." With a reggae band with his witty and charming personality, left a very pell mell, feeling and Joe

Bass complemented that feeling. Playing a new style now, with less politics, more new music, more sophistication, and a fine hand, she ran through two hours of music, showing us that she is now the musician first and orator second. Arlo Guthrie's crowd, made up of people from early teens to young families to grandparents, huddled under umbrellas to hear his fantastic voice and watch a pink and scarlet sunset. Afterwards, they brought her back for two encore, the last after the light house had gone on and the stage dimmable.

Last weekend brought James Taylor to the stage and he delivered an equally impressive concert. Helped by another pretty sunset, a full moon, and the Apollo- Saturn astronauts' passing overhead in full display in mid-concert, he savored his songs with a terrific mixture of his best old material and his newer albums. His back up band was extremely well-rehearsed and executed every note with perfect timing. With the soft wind in his hair, and frequently glancing at the full moon for more than 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 to be a very popular one. If ticket prices can go down as well as the sun, then it has the potential to be what the Forest Preserve really needed, and rewarding experience for anyone interested in music and/or fine summer entertainment.

The pitcher has his weak spots. Trying to hit it a 16 inch ball, special may sound as easy as downing that first cold one, but when the ball comes over the plate on a rain are with an extra dose of spin, of course a difference. That is if the batter isn't calling on strikes. For some reason this year's featured game was even closer, the young horde of Polish hippies using the vets hard, 164 in seven innings. But after this highlight of the
Nashville: The loss of innocence
review by Adele O'Grady

If there is any city in America 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.

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 Phillip 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 in hopes of 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 man. 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" ride easily with all Hamilton's retinue, with the reception 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 boogie. The gospel singers, joyously rocking out as they record, provide a sharp contrast to the controlled session down the hall. Here, too, 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 facetiously, often absurd, impressions of the Nashville scene on her ever-present tape recorder. The character provides a somewhat ironic perspective through the juxtaposition of her overly-dramatized observations within the simple visual context.

Moving to an airport greeting area for the majesty of country music, Altman deluges us with the massive noises of Americans: high school bands, news reporters, cafeteria groups, 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 overwrought as the crowd 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 funny, morbid and pathos skillfully to create a powerful specific image which conveys truth about the larger society including Nashville.

In this world of music, stronghold of fame and money, the last for success is great, appearing in varying degrees of intensity. It destroys from within and without, as with the young waitress, Sondene Gaye, who, to get a break, is bribed into performing a striptease at a fund-raising dinner. Years later, Hamil's comment "you don't belong in Nashville." 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" ride easily with all Hamilton's retinue, with the reception 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.

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