2-6-1979

UA12/2/1 College Heights Herald Magazine

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In search of...

Students discover it's never too soon to look for a job

With commencement approaching, graduating students are wondering about their futures. Where will they go? Where will they work? How will they find a place to live? How will they budget their paychecks in a year when inflation is a haunting reality?

“In search of...” is a series of stories with Western faculty, staff and graduates’ suggestions about starting the rest of your life—the day after commencement.

Last year Tom Blair mailed 125 resumes to prospective employers. The massive mailing probably wasn’t necessary, but each time the business and psychology major pasted a postage stamp on an envelope, he was depositing his resume and letter of application into the files of dozens of companies and businesses across the nation.

Blair knew he only needed one job, but he wanted his name circulated as much as possible in the business world, which knew he was soon to graduate.

Ironically, Blair was hired as a sales representative for the local National Cash Register Corp. office. Meanwhile, Carol Keys, a business administration major, waited until commencement to begin her job hunting. She used the Chamber of Commerce’s list of Louisville businesses for her contacts. In just two weeks, she had been hired as an assistant manager of a Louisville department store.

Both graduates would agree that job hunting is a job. Blair juggled his search for employment with students and campus activities during his last semester on the Hill.

Keys’ job search was a full-time endeavor. Keys, a Louisville native, said the recent boom in computer technology appealed to her and convinced her to return to Western for a processing degree. “I had conquered and learned merchandising, but computer science is a challenging field, and it’s going to be a wide-open field in the mid-’80s,” she said.

Her educational goals are more serious the second time around, because her career goals are more rigidly defined, Keys said. Job hunting will also be a more familiar and less pressure-packed task when the search returns.

“I’m going to go to counseling center for a battery of interests tests,” she said.

The university placement office may also be a source of contacts and interviews. Keys’ first try at employment also prepared her for job interviews. “They never asked for my transcript but rather for a reference,” she said. “They’ll ask if you will relocate and travel, about your long-term goals, the reason for choosing your field, your activities in college and the classes you liked and disliked.”

Blair, however, used the placement office as well as a professional matching service last year. He also used the library for information about resume preparation. But, he said, he remembers he didn’t start anything soon enough.

“I wish I’d begun in the fall of my senior year,” Blair said. “You need to get your resume out early and develop connections. You’ve got to get your foot in the door.”

Pat Markle is one of two counselors in the career planning and placement office, agreed. “Getting a job is a job, and students have to spend time and energy and possibly a little money to find a job,” the white-haired counselor said.

She advises using her office’s services, where seminars offer mini-lectures on preparing resumes, writing application letters and interviewing. Mrs. Markle said seminars on the application process for federal and state government jobs are also offered.

“If students limit themselves to the state or part of a state, they may not always have lots of choices,” she said. “They also need to be flexible in the kinds of jobs they seek. Job titles don’t always reflect what the job is.”

Mrs. Markle’s most common advice is, “Don’t give up.” “It’s simply going to take some effort, and the students who have gotten the best jobs have worked the hardest,” she said.

The job market seems stable. Mrs. Markle said, but she quickly chuckled and said it could turn bad overnight if it starts to seem up a little bit, and there have been more recruiting people on campus this year.”  

Engineering and data processing are especially lucrative job markets, and sales positions are plentiful as usual, she said.

No major is turned away by her staff, Mrs. Markle said. Certain majors may need to talk about their options with the counselor. Someone with an English degree may think the only job he can do is teach. But we say...

‘what else can you do with an English degree?’

A transfer of skills may or may not be academic," Mrs. Markle said. "Through part-time work or participation in campus organization, students might pick up skills they don’t think about."

Dr. Lowell Harrison, history professor, agreed with Mrs. Markle’s idea of analyzing one’s skills, regardless of one’s major. For example, "The type of learning in history is valuable even in business," he said.

James Carpenter, student teaching assistant director, spends half his day working with teacher placement. He said a student who limits himself geographically loses about half his opportunities.

“It’s the worst enemy of teacher placement,” Carpenter said. He initially tries to place teachers in Kentucky or in border states. His is an advisory role, but the teacher education department begins orientation to career placement during pre-student teaching. "We try to get them to think of geographic choices, and during student teaching they have seminars where they are advised to establish a credit card file.

"If students will start camping in my headquarters in April and May and through July, we’ll work with them," he said. "Sometimes they have to bank on their alternatives and not put all their hopes on an August placement. They need to return to school or substitute." Carpenter said he will continue to work with unemployed graduates in search of a January opening.

—CONNIE HOLMAN
Maranatha: Is it help or hype?

By TOM McCORD

The change in her life, Marie Riley will tell you, was drastic. She wanted to be a dancer, so after 12 years in Bardstown Catholic schools, the petite, green-eyed blonde enrolled at Western. But dance wasn't enough for her life, she said. She spent time searching, visiting different churches. Then one day a friend invited her to Maranatha Christian Center. "When I first went, I had a lot of fear," she said. "I met people who really cared, who were genuinely concerned about me."

In October 1978 she was baptized in a bathtub at the center at 1434 Chestnut St. "It was something I wanted. . . . When I found Maranatha, it was like this was home."

Today, Riley, a junior, has changed her major to nursing and has stopped smoking, drinking and dating. And, she will tell you, she believes in miracles. Skeptical at first, she says now that she has witnessed the power of God—in prophecy and healing. She suffered from a pinched nerve, she said. But the elders of Maranatha laid hands on her, and the pinched nerve is now gone.

Once, when a guest speaker was at one of Maranatha's twice-weekly meetings, Riley, less than five feet tall, said she watched her legs grow. "When I got home, I was an inch taller," she said.

Riley believes. So does a group of about 50 others at Western that calls itself Maranatha, which comes from the New Testament and means "O Lord Come." The group at Western is one of about 18 centers spread from Windsor, Ontario, to Florida. Maranatha's director at Western is 24-year-old Jim Lewis, who describes his center as a "ministry, a place for students to follow Jesus." Lewis is from Paducah, where Maranatha began. "There was a real revival in our town among young people back in 1972," he said. It was led by a transplanted Californian named Bob Weiner. "We just began to have a real vision."

Maranatha Center was started at Western about four years ago. Lewis has been full-time director since.

Since that time, Maranatha has probably become the most talked-about religious group on campus and certainly the least understood or "trained."

Who are the people of Maranatha? Are they a group of Pentecostal firebrands awash in a sea of spiritual ecstasy? Colorless, tight-lipped Puritans pointing self-righteous fingers at the world about them? Concerned, joyous young people looking for a secure, satisfying life?

The answers vary. To any of the dozens of students who are now in Maranatha, the green frame house on Chestnut Street offers a place to worship, a chance for commitment to God and a refuge from the sins of the world, known in Maranatha parlance as "the Enemy."

But there are those who have left, parents and concerned professors who believe the children of Maranatha are woefully misled and are hanging onto a "total commitment" that is actually a sort of brainwashing.

But those in Maranatha don't see it that way. Sitting before a big gas stove in the room that serves as worship center for the group and doubles as a living room for the eight males who live at the center, Charley Stinnett, 24, and Brad Greschel, spoke about Maranatha and what others think.

"A lot of times, people think we're unfriendly. . . . A lot of my old friends won't speak to me."

—Brad Greschel

"I've heard, of course, that we're very emotional, that we play music, move around. . . . in a charged atmosphere," Stinnett said.

"I've heard (the rumor) that once, during one of our meetings, a mouse climbed up the wall and everybody said, 'There's Jesus! Let's do that!' so everyone tried to climb the wall," Laughing, Stinnett said that no such incident had occurred.

"A lot of times, people think we're unfriendly," Greschel said. "A lot of my old friends won't speak to me."

"I see Maranatha as a place where I can come, I can live and I can have fellowship, the kind of fellowship I need," Stinnett said. "Having been involved in other churches, he said there was little in them that was new to him. "I never saw any real, deep relationships." Then, when he came to Maranatha, he said, "Everybody was involved; nobody was left out."

There is talk of other churches, but Maranatha operates as a kind of church itself. Communion is served; students are baptized (if they wish); the "elders" have been ordained by the group; a mission in Argentina is financed from members' donations; Bible studies are conducted; Lewis is often referred to as pastor; the collection plate is regularly passed at services; many members of the group don't attend services at established churches on Sundays.

But Maranatha's leaders refuse to label themselves. They call themselves a "ministry."

To monitor relationships within the ministry, there is a system of "shepherds" or "trainers," a sort of buddy system for Maranatha members.

After joining the group, an experienced member becomes the new member's spiritual adviser or shepherd.

It was this system that led to the departure from the group in 1976 of Keith Lloyd, 24. Since it's the shepherd's responsibility to report to the elders if someone is "in sin," Lloyd, who graduated from —Continued to Page 4—

Maranatha: Is it help or hype?

Continued to Page 4

Marilyn Fitzgerald pauses to pray late in the meeting. She is the wife of Tony Fitzgerald, a guest speaker at the Maranatha last week.

Almost all of the 60 members meet twice a week at the center on Chestnut Street.

Photos by Scott Robinson
Help or hype?

Continued from Page 3—

Western in May 1978, said he feared that the system would be misused.

Dr. Margaret Howe, associate philosophy and religion professor, thinks it is misused.

"That's really the key to the whole issue," she said. "It's guaranteed to keep a person spiritually immature, because instead of making his own decisions and accepting responsibility for them, he's always controlled by his supervisor.'"

In addition, Dr. Howe said, the system affects the one who is the shepherd. "The feeling of power really gets to them. They enjoy manipulating other people," she said.

On a larger scale, Dr. Howe said, this system is indicative of the whole structure of the church, and you tell them, and they pary about it, and you don't say anything about it. And when the other person prays, hears the voice of the Lord, and goes to the elders," then marriage is possible.

"By this time, you've not had any real affection for someone of the opposite sex, so it's a holy relationship," she said.

"It sounds like Puritan New England to me... where religious authority is paramount, marriage is primarily for procreation, sex is bad." Dr. James Baker, associate history professor, said.

One of the unanswered questions about Maranatha is money. Lewis said the center here doesn't operate on a set budget, so it is not known how much money is received.

Dr. Howe said she once asked a leader of the center whether members receive written statements of disbursement of funds. She was told they did not, though they told her they received such a statement. The reason the question is so important is that, unlike many established churches, at Maranatha it is believed that all denominational income is for the Lord's "He puts pressure on students to give," she said. "I don't think students see the church as a place where they can give."

Dr. Howe said she spoke to one parent who said her son had given more than $4,000 (to Maranatha) in one year.

Sitting in the living room of their Bowling Green home, a Western professor and his wife say they wonder whether it's the power of God or of man at work at Maranatha.

"It was a period, I feel, of great indoctrination," Bob Weiner (Maranatha's founder) runs the whole show. "He really knows how to sell a product."

After Beth graduated, her father wrote Weiner a letter explaining that he believed any Christian organization should at least have the support of the parents.

I also made some observations that I felt like Maranatha was a cult." Beth's father said he told Weiner that money was a "primary goal" of the organization and that he disliked the way Maranatha downgraded established churches and the role of parents.

"Some of the kids that they get are highly idealistic," Beth's mother said. "Instead of building a great dedication to the Lord, they build a great dedication to Maranatha."

Ultimately, Beth's parents, they have become isolated from their daughter, who, after majoring in voice at the school now travels with a Maranatha singing group full-time.

"She had a lot of ambition when she went down there to school," her mother said. "Now that's gone."

"She looks down on us," her father said.

At 6:30 on a recent Thursday evening, the long, green room at Maranatha on Chestnut Street began filling with dozens of students, Bibles in hand, many dressed stylishly.

Soon after 7, Lewis picked up a microphone and began a regular service at Maranatha Christian Center.

After hearing testimonies from three members, Lewis introduced Tony Fitzgerald, an Australian who moves from place to place proclaiming his testimony. "So really be ready to hear from the Lord," Lewis said. "Amen," came the response.

"I'm going to be a girl," he said. "I want to pray for someone who about two years ago, went through a period of rejection in your life, by someone in your family."

"God needs to do a miracle in your life," Beth said. "Then he paused. "I know you're here. I know you're sitting on my right-hand side."

"I want to pray for someone who about two years ago, went through a period of rejection in your life, by someone in your family."

The girl who stood had been on Fitzgerald's left. Meanwhile, the girl he had
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With microphone in hand, Fitzgerald stood before the group and, looking each person in the eyes, said: “I want to pray for someone who about two years ago, went through a period of rejection in your life, by someone in your family.

“God needs to do a miracle in your life.” Then he paused.

“I know you’re here. I know you’re a girl. I know you’re sitting on my right-hand side.”

After a few minutes of this, a girl, wearing a long red dress stood, her eyes closed. She moved to the center aisle, and Fitzgerald prayed for her.

“Father, I just pray for this sister. I don’t know what she’s gone through. She never really experienced the depth of your love. Satan has told this girl a lot of lies over the years.”

The girl who stood had been on Fitzgerald’s left. Meanwhile, the girl who had mentioned on the right hadn’t come forward.

“The first girl I’m talking about, this is the last time I’m going to mention it. You’re a lot closer to the window than you are to me,” he said. Suddenly a blonde haired girl wearing a blue-jean jacket darted forward, in tears. “She cries out for mercy, God.”

Later it was time for the offering. “The way we do this, we just ask the Lord to tell us what to give,” Lewis told the group as pocketbooks and wallets were opened.

Envelopes were passed, the offering was taken. More choruses were sung, and the service ended. It was about 9:30.

For the people involved, where will Maranatha lead?

“The biggest question I have about it all is that I wonder about the security of some of the students in this kind of group,” Baker said.

Baker said he wonders what sort of background the group provides. “When you have these needs and when you’re in college, I think you’re especially vulnerable,” he said.

But the people of Maranatha say they are secure in their faith, in their desire for love.

“We’re no different from anybody else,” Stinnett said. “I just want to be me, I see shows, I play racquetball, just like anyone else.

It’s just that changes have been brought about in our lives, we’ve been changed... it’s all Jesus. It’s not Maranatha, it’s Jesus.”
**A-FILLIE-ated: life in the fast lane**

By BETH TAYLOR

BLOOMINGTON, Minn.—They still look the same. Brenda Chapman is bounding in 20-footers, circling the perimeter, warming up for practice. Coach July Yeater is chatting with the other girls as they work through warmups.

Just like last year, when Chapman and Yeater were at Western. Now they are with the Minnesota Fillies, a team in the Women's Professional Basketball League. Chapman is leading the league in scoring with about a 30-point average. And Yeater, who never took a cut in pay to accept the Fillies coaching job, is the only female coach in the eight-team league.

It's mid-morning in January, in a community college gym, the day before the Fillies' sixth game. Outside the temperature is way below zero. My feet are frozen.

The practice is routine—like always, Yeater whistles through her fingers to get her players' attention. The girls, sitting on a bench, are not coordinated, others not. Gordon Nevers, Fillies president and general manager, is watching closely. "Don't do that. Hustle down court. Defense. Come on from the sideline. The Fillies are 1-4 and have a home game with Dayton tomorrow night. They need to win a home game; they have lost their first two.

Three girls are out trying for the team. One flew from South Carolina last night. The season is a month old, but the Fillies still need a point guard to replace Chapman so she can be free to shoot. Yeater cut three girls her first week here—their contracts aren't guaranteed. Girls in the WPBL are being cut and traded like stock in the New York Exchange.

Professionals. But you wouldn't have guessed it from looking around. No locker room—their coats are scattered on the floor; towels are draped over the gymnastics equipment in the corner. No showers. They wrap their own bruised knees, and ankles with University of Minnesota student, only be there during home games and weekend practices. Some neighborhood kids are playing basketball on the next court. A theater class on the other side of the gymnasium is adjourned right before practice began. By the time practice is over, quite an assortment of people is wandering around—a few gym coaches, a men's basketball team waiting for the Fillies to go and a crew from a local morning television show. They are going to tape a couple of the Fillies for a six-or seven-minute spot.

It's a madhouse, but the girls aren't too concerned. They just want to play basketball and beat Dayton.

After practice, Nevers gives them a little talk. "This is a big day. Play hard.工作 from South Carolina, comes in to meet Nevers and Yeater for lunch and talk about a contract. Chapman goes home to get ready for their 1:30 shooting practice. But at 1:30 the covering for the pro hockey team's ice floor isn't down, so practice is moved to 5:30. One of the secretaries is still trying to confirm a gym reservation for tomorrow's practice.

After lunch one of the Fillies comes in to talk to Yeater. Yeater has to tell her she has been traded. The girl doesn't want to go, so they meet with Nevers. Nevers and Yeater tell her she has to go or be suspended. The traded girl is in the stands that night.

Scooter hasn't signed yet; they haven't talked about money. What size uniform will she need? Scooter signs. Her uniform shorts don't fit. They call Tricia (an injured player). Scooter can wear Tricia's shorts.

At the Met Center, the largest arena in the WPBL, Yeater and Nevers talk before the game, looking up at the 15,157 seats—most of them empty. About 1,200 of Minneapolis' 370,210 people have been coming to each game. Nevers wants 3,600—a number he feels will mean more to the fans. He and one of his secretaries sit among the handful of reporters on press row.

Chapman, wearing No. 15 in the green-and-yellow-trimmed white suit, pops in a few-footers and jobs her flat into the air. She rolls back on defense, her arms waving wildly. The girls display good ball handling and a good shooting touch, but also show attitude helped her land a spot on the Minnesota Fillies pro basketball team and become the league's leading scorer with a 30 point average.

"We're a product, like Pillsbury, General Mills, or Palmolive, that leaves samples by your door."

— Gordon Nevers, Fillies president

The game is almost over. The Fillies are struggling. "Come on, ya'll," Chapman says desperately. Scooter is playing at point guard. She learned the plays at shooting practice. Chapman gets her 30 points. A kid in the stands is getting married. A Dayton spark ends the Fillies' chances. The bigger sounds and the Fillies lose, dropping to 1-5.

Outside the locker room, Yeater shakes her head. "It's written in her eyes—they blew it again. The Fillies just couldn't hold onto their leads. The 20-man crew is already taking up the basketball court, and the crowd is gone. Only a few players are left; they talk quietly with friends, staring into space. The Dayton players file out, laughing and joking.

Never is frantic. "Have you seen Julia? We have to have a meeting." His secretary is looking for the girl, she wants to tell them about giving away tickets for their next game. It's too late. Yeater has left. The locker room is empty. The parking lot is empty. The wind whips a bone-cutting chill through my coat. It's 11:30 p.m.

Chapman comes to Yeater's next morning in her sweats, already dressed for practice. While Yeater fixes breakfast, Chapman talks about her life as a pro, carefully thinking through her answers.

"The playing is a lot more physical. Every day after the games I feel like I've been run over by a truck. I don't know if I'm getting old, or if it's just that much rougher," she says, laughing.
She talks about her role with the Fillies. "I feel that if I'm not scoring 30 points a game, I'm not playing like I can. I can do other things—dribble, pass, play defense. But shooting is my best asset. Now it seems a team has to score at least 100 points to win, and that means you've got to have outside as well as inside scoring."

"It (the pressure) is a lot different. I haven't been in it long enough to put it into words. It's not like the school spirit with the rah, rah, rah. It's time to make a living. If you don't make it, you can get called into the office and the next thing you know you're off to Milwaukee or someplace."

She is doing what her wants to be doing. Basketball is her life. She likes working in the office with Nevers. He helps her when problems arise. She talks about the WPBL expanding next year and about the eight cities that have already put up the $100,000 franchise bids.

"At times I think the skill level hasn't been what I expected. But it's going to get better. It does every week. Next year's draft will have more talent. We've had exposure, and people have seen what we can do."

"We (the Fillies) have gotten better every game. The girls on the team are super—being for each other, playing together, wanting to win. If I'm playing well and the team is playing well, everything falls into place. But if the team is losing, it seems like everything is terrible."

She pauses and stares into space, running her fingers through her short, dark hair. She really hasn't been satisfied with her game lately. Her shooting percentage is down. "I don't feel like I've had a complete game yet. People say, 'God, Brenda, what do you expect?' I guess maybe I'm hard on myself. I have to be. I have to keep improving."

Before practice I finally get to talk to Yeater:

"Some things are what I expected; others aren't. I expected a different level of organization. I didn't expect one man with a Girl Friday. It seems running a professional organization would require more manpower. But she likes Nevers and the energy he is putting into the team. "The girls like him, too. They want to win for him."

"Losing ball games hurts. They're all good athletes. But I need to start putting them together as a team. I just haven't found the right combination yet. When I first came here I don't think they could have beaten Western. But now they can."

"I was sure at practice the other day that we were going to win last night. There was no doubt in my mind. The girls looked good all week, they were...

—Continued to Page 8—
Life in the fast lane

-Continued from Page 7-

really up, but when I walked into that lab room last night they were dead. That girl getting cut—it was bad timing. It kind of hit home with the rest of the girls. They realized it could have been them.

"I could walk in and be history tomorrow, today. That's the kind of pressure we're operating under. I know there are no guarantees in life. But I know for a fact when you're secure, you function better."

Life's pace has been a flurry.

"It's a little more hectic. The city is huge. Practices are all over. There is PR daily. I used to hate the PR, but I don't think about it anymore."

We are riding to a gym for practice. The Fillies paid $40 for the practice time. "When I came up here they told me we had three gyms to practice in. But they didn't tell me one had a tile-covered cement floor, another was only 84 feet long (10 feet shorter than regulation), and one had 10 backboards lined up. I just can't put a proficient team together without accurate practice facilities. Sometimes we get into a facility and think we have it, but don't. My first day I drove through a blizzard to the gym and found out we didn't have it—I had to call practice off."

"I hope I'm not trying to find excuses. I feel like I've lost my autonomy. I've got 15 people telling me what to do. Something is messed up here. I can't figure out what it is, but I don't think it's the coaching."

She can't find the gym. Someone has given her wrong directions. We find the school on the next street, but we can't find the gym. She is driving in circles. "I wonder what time it is. I'm going to be late."

Before practice, Nevers calls the group together for a meeting. He talks to the girls about last night's game, about trading, about tomorrow night's game. They look solemn. He says something funny. They laugh.

During practice, Nevers turns to me before leaving. "Tell Julia I'll call her tonight." The Fillies have a game with Chicago tomorrow night. They need to win a home game; they have lost their first three.

And so it goes for 34 games in 110 days and a tournament in April if they make it. Then there are the camps during the off-season. And fall practice.

"Do you have enough for a story?" Nevers asks as I leave. "Try not to make it sound too bad."

Since we left, the home attendance has increased to about 2,000 a game, and they have won their last six of eight games—raising their record to 7-8. Chapman quit her office job three weeks ago to have more time for basketball, and the Fillies' office is being moved to the Met Center. The temperature is still way below zero.

Cretia Robinson shares a light moment with Yester and Chapman after practice. Robinson, a basketball manager for Western's women's team, visited them in January.

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