

THE LINES

A winner from Neil Young
Best effort since "Rust Never Sleeps"

Opinions *We've been had*

Customs fun
New students take time to smell the roses



Ocoee Rapids page 8

RAGING WATERS ON THE OCOEE RIVER

"PLAN ON GETTING WET"

A dazed

**DISCUSSION OF THE
FEE INCREASE**

**PLAYBOY ECSTASY,
RUDE DRIVERS AND
THE BLACK DEATH IN
TAHOE: ANOTHER
FROM THE ROAD**

**WERE
STUDENTS
LEFT IN THE
DARK?**

MARK BLEVINS HAS THE LATEST IN THE FEE INCREASE SAGA

**PLUS: ANOTHER
HILARIOUS CHAOS
CARTOON**



INSIDELINES

Letters Policy

Letters to the editor should be no more than 200 words long, and should contain sender's name, campus box number or e-mail address. *Sidelines* reserves the right to edit

letters for clarity. Send letters to MTSU Box 42 or e-mail to one of the addresses listed in the box at right. Please clearly mark all electronic correspondence "letter to the editor."

Inside



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On the cover: LeAnn Sensing, of the Financial Aid Department, at the MTSU Info Kiosk in the lobby of Cope last Friday. Photo by Don Goins.

News & Notes

SGA Senate to investigate fee hike

The SGA wants a n activity increase that will fund a new football stadium to be postponed until a student referendum can be held. Were students left in the dark about the increase until it was too late? **Mark Blevins** reports, Page 3

Reviews & Events

Flying down the Ocoee

Reviews and Events Editor **Chris Patterson** took a fun-filled trip down the Ocoee River this weekend, and came back with an exclusive just for you. Begins on page 8

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Students get shafted

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SEARCHING FOR AMERICA

Scenic beauty and a little peace and quiet at Lake Tahoe? Think again. **Brent Andrews** reports on rodents that carry the plague, crazy drivers, and the hit Playboy Ecstasy. Begins on Page 5

A photo from CUSTOMS

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FROM THE EDITOR...



Weeee're baaa-aack. It's good to see you again, dear student. I'm glad you could make it. Just wouldn't be the same without you, you know?

We've compiled another handy-dandy issue of your favorite newspaper for you this week. In a minute, I'll tell you all about it, but for now, I want to warn you of a danger I have faced on the road--a danger that I might be able to save you from if you listen

really well. A danger worse than coral snakes and gila monsters, more treacherous than deep ravines and flash-flood washes. Ready? Okay, here we go...

The danger that I speak of is green and white. It might have your name imprinted on it somewhere, or the name of someone you (hopefully) know. It's plastic, about 3" by 2", and it weighs a whopping one ounce. It has a strip of black on the back that's supposed to be magnetic or something like that, but it doesn't stick to your fridge. It has a signature on the back, and can be used to purchase stuff when good looks just aren't enough.

Got any idea what I'm talking about? I'll give you two guesses, and the first one doesn't count (does it ever?) Yep, you guessed it--it's an American Express (AX) card. And you're just as likely to find a place that takes good looks for goods and services as you are to find a place that takes American Express. Because for all the good it does you, you might as well leave home without it.

So who died and made me the authority on credit cards? How have I become a sudden expert on the amount of places that accept American Express as a means of payment?

Well, as the resident travel writer at *Sidelines*, I feel that it is my duty to see how hot I can get a piece of plastic for a couple of weeks every summer. Most years I stick to my Visa card, fortunately, but this year I got the opportunity to see just how well AX measures up in the stress test. And if you don't think my tests were stressful, then you try being in the middle of the desert with no cash and no Visa card looking for a place that will take AX for gas or food. You'll see that the test is about as stressful as tests can get.

We were fine as long as we were in the midwest and the east. Lots of places in Tennessee take AX; lots of places in

Missouri and Kansas and even into Wyoming do the same. But once you get past the Great Divide Basin in Wyoming, you might as well give it up: American Express is as unwanted in the wilds of the American West as a sleeping bag full of rattlesnakes is at a slumber party. My wife took accounting (she's mathematically inclined) and learned the reason that nobody takes AX--they have a different method of payment than Visa or the other major cards. I don't pretend to be a financial wizard, and I won't pretend to understand all of that, but I do know that it's a horribly empty feeling to be in the middle of nowhere and shielded from the throes of poverty and destitution by a card that nobody wants. So many times on our little journey out west (see story this issue) we would drive up to a restaurant, hungry and thirsty and road-weary, and see three or four little square stickers on the window: Visa; Mastercard; Discover. Even Diner's Club was pretty well represented. No sign of American Express. Still hungry, knowing that we would be well-fed and rested if only we had our Visa card, we were forced to drive on.

Don't let me get you down. If you already have an AX card, there's no need to despair. You can find lots of uses for it while you're waiting for your Visa card to arrive from the bank: scraping ice from your windshield in the winter; opening locked doors; slicing fruit (yes, it really works). If you're blessed with children, you can use your AX card to clean the mud off their shoes on rainy Saturday afternoons. Or you could use your card to train your puppy on--if he can hit that, you know you've trained him well. I'm sure you can think of lots of other things to do with your cards on your own. Because if you're travelling out West, you're definitely not going to be using the card to buy things.

In totally unrelated matters, we have a sparkling issue waiting for you beyond this page. **Mark Blevins** is once again on top of the news, exploring this new fee we've been stuck with. **Chris Patterson** relates a recent trip to the Ocoee River, and **Warren Wakeland's** Opinions column will leave you dazed. So keep reading, folks, and try to keep thinking of useful things to do with your American Express card.

T. Bat Ahm

Brent Andrews
Editor in Chief

SIDELINES

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News & Notes

SGA Senate investigation committee plans for fee increase hearings

Division I-A ball good for whole university: Fowler

MARK BLEVINS

Sidelines

Members of the Student Government Association Senate met Thursday to discuss plans for investigating activities surrounding the \$65 activity fee increase for stadium renovation.

In a special meeting three weeks ago, the senate passed two resolutions. One called for the investigation and the other asked the administration and the Tennessee Board of Regents (TBR), MTSU's governing body, to delay implementation of the increase until a student referendum can be held this fall.

Campus Capsule

A necklace was found over two weeks ago in the paved parking lot behind the Mass Comm building. Parties should call 4279, or leave a message at 3005. Identify to claim.

Dr. Gary Wulfsberg of the Dept. of Chemistry will be hosting a visit by five foreign scientists from Japan and Russia to MTSU on Wed., July 19. They will meet with students here to discuss research on Nuclear Quadrupole Resonance.

The Japan Center of Tennessee is hosting "Photographs of Japan at the LaVergne Public Library in August. The exhibit features aspects of contemporary Japan. The public is invited to view the exhibit Mon. and Tue. from 9 a.m. - 8 p.m. and Wed. - Sat. from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The Japan Center of Tennessee will sponsor an Origami Exhibit on the second floor of the Library in McMinnville in August.

Looking Forward is a free on-going group for female survivors of rape and sexual abuse. Topics such as safety, relationships, effectiveness of coping skills, and ending isolation will be discussed. The group meets Weds. 3 - 4:30 p.m. To register call Mary Glantz at 5725. Space is limtd. All inquiries are confidential.

In Brief

Ivan Shewmake, former Director of housing, has been moved to a new university position titled Student Ombudsman, according to a memo by Vice President for Student Affairs Robert LaLance. "Ivan's acceptance of this new challenge will be responsive to the recent SACS recommendations expressing concern with the adequacy of MTSU's procedures in handling

student complaints, and will also address requirements imposed by the Tennessee State Postsecondary Review Entity," the memo states.

Shewmake will have responsibilities related to research and support of institutional effectiveness effort in the Division of Student Affairs.

Dr. David Hays and Dr. Tom Burke will supervise Housing until the position is filled.



DON GOINS/Photo Editor

SGA Senate investigation committee members delegating duties related to the investigation activities surrounding the student activity fee increase as outlined in a senate resolution. From left are Lyric Lewis, Chad White, Glenda Hawkins, Amy Jenkins and Scott Davis.

The five-member senate investigative committee delegated duties concerning the discovery of what steps the administration took to gauge student opinion and how the fee increase was presented to the TBR.

TBR Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs Nebraska Mays said he had the impression from the mid-June TBR meeting that MTSU students provided a broad base of support for the fee increase to fund stadium renovation.

The senate questions whether or not broad-based student support is here at MTSU and seeks to persuade TBR to rescind the fee if a referendum shows that broad support does not exist.

Student activity fees are not listed as an appealable issue in TBR policy, according to a TBR official.

However, "non-appealable" issues can be heard before the board and TBR has jurisdiction to "do anything it wants," according to the official.

If the SGA Senate seeks to ask TBR to rescind the fee increase until a vote can be taken, it would have to get approval from the TBR chancellor for a hearing by the entire board.

However, the senate investigation committee is not projecting that its investigation will be completed until mid-September—which is after the fall semester begins.

After the fee increase was approved, the Faculty Senate also passed a resolution expressing their concern over how the fee increase was implemented.

Stadium renovation is necessary for MTSU to move

to NCAA Division I-A in football.

In an interview Monday, Athletic Director Lee Fowler said three open forums, which MTSU President Walker cites as one of the methods the administration used to gauge student opinion, did not focus "so

"Being at that level [Division I-A] pretty much helps all your programs, perception-wise."

MTSU Athletic Director Lee Fowler

much on the fee increase" as it did the athletic master plan.

Fowler said the athletic master plan and the move to Division I-A in football were the focus of the meeting and the fee increase received less attention because a figure had not been quantified.

Fowler said there was "no question students should be involved" in a fee increase, but he said the level of their involvement may only go so far.

Vision and long-term planning are jobs of the administration, Fowler said. He used an analogy of government taxes, saying if everyone had to agree on taxes, "government would never move forward."

Fowler maintains that having a successful Division I-A football team will improve the perception of the entire university.

"Being at that level pretty much helps all your programs, perception-wise,"

SEE FOWLER, PAGE 4

More campus news briefs

Students can no longer apply their financial aid checks to old balances.

New federal regulations related to the disbursement of title IV funds prohibit applying any credits against charges assessed students in a prior term, according to a release from Assistant Vice President Bob Adams.

"In the past we have applied financial aid to previous balances and current term charges and disbursed any remaining balance to the student," the release stated.

"For the fall semester we must insure that students have paid all existing balances which come from such sources as telephone charges, parking tickets, returned checks, married housing rent, short-term loans, and dorm damages before they can have their new financial aid applied for fall charges."

"Obviously, there will be hundreds of students that will be expecting financial aid to clear their old balance as well as new semester charges," the release stated.

"This is a set-back in the service we have been providing our students on financial aid, but it appears that we have no other recourse." ■

Air conditioning has been out in Abernathy, Ezell and Nicks halls since Friday, according to Director of Facilities Services Bill Smotherman.

Plans for work on chill lines, which provide cool air, that run to Abernathy and Ezell halls were scheduled to keep the air off from Friday evening until late Sunday night. But a leak at one pipe joint and then another have delayed the return of cool air until at least Thursday, according to Smotherman.

"We've been so snakebit on this thing, it's hard to say [when the air will come back on]," Smotherman said.

Work to repair the second leak began Tuesday evening. Smotherman said it took two days to repair the first one but experience may speed that up.

Nicks Hall has also been without air conditioning, but work there has not been delayed by mishap. Smotherman said it is just taking longer than the contractor anticipated.

Smotherman said the timing of working on the chill lines couldn't be helped.

"This is the very tail end of the project and this is something you can't delay," Smotherman said. "You can't tell the contractor to go home and come back in a few weeks."

"Things have not gone right for anybody on it," Smotherman said. ■

CORRECTION

Sidelines reported in its last issue that SGA President Shane McFarland knew about the fee increase four days before the Tennessee Board of Regents meeting where the fee was approved, though he attended two open forums and one of President Walker's forums. Those forums are heavily relied upon by Walker as proof that students were alerted of the fee increase and support it.

In the original interview, McFarland said that number was only an estimate.

Since that time, McFarland checked his schedule book and told *Sidelines* that he knew seven days, not four, before the TBR meeting. ■

STUDENT SURVEY

Sidelines attempted to conduct an unscientific survey of student opinion of the activity fee increase three weeks ago by printing the survey in the paper and asking for responses.

Unfortunately, many surveys were turned in by a few people. In a few cases, more than 30 were brought in by one person and many students brought in more than one.

People both for and against the fee increase brought in more than one survey. People both for and against brought in more than 30 surveys.

In the interest of not polluting debate by publishing corrupted, and therefore incredible, survey results, *Sidelines* will not publish them. We apologize.

Mark Blevins
News Editor

Recycle

NEWS & NOTES

Mother and daughtering Customs



Todd Sorum/Staff

Emily Graham and Wanda of Hickman County finishing up their Customs tour. Customs is MTSU's student orientation program.

FOWLER

continued from page 3

Fowler said. He said MTSU's is perceived as a "I-AA school" academically even though it has "I-A academic programs."

Fowler, who was at the University of Memphis for 15 years, said MTSU has better academic programs than UOM in 90 percent of them, but UOM is perceived as a better school because of its basketball team.

The \$65 amount was reached by a rough estimate of architects, Fowler said.

More exact plans and estimates for stadium renovation will begin soon, according to Fowler.

Stadium renovation has been estimated at \$25 million to increase stadium capacity from around 15,000 to 35,000. The NCAA requires a 30,000 seating capacity for football teams to compete on a Division I-A level. Attendance must average 17,000 for one year also before Division I-A status is granted.

Fowler said approximately an additional \$2 million per year must be raised for scholarships and other expenses necessary for upgrading to Division I-A. MTSU will look to the community for that money, and because the community will be sought for those funds, student activity fees were used for stadium renovation, Fowler said. ■



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Totally Wasted?**

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FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS DRIVE DRUNK

ATTENTION STUDENTS RECEIVING FEDERAL FINANCIAL AID

New federal regulations related to the disbursement of title IV financial aid funds prohibit applying any credits against charges assessed to students in a prior term. This means that to receive any financial aid for the fall semester you must not have any balance outstanding prior to fall fees and charges. Any existing balance from any source including parking tickets, telephone charges, returned checks, housing rental charges, and short-term loans must be paid before you may have your new aid applied to your fall charges. To alleviate delays for you during fall fee payment, be sure your account is clear of any outstanding charges. You will not be able to use any 1995-96 financial aid to clear your account of charges assessed from prior terms.



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PARK IV 896-4470	Washer-dryer connections. 1 and 2 bedroom apartments.
HOLLYPARK 2426 E. Main 896-0667	1 and 2 bedroom apartments, townhouses.
ROSEWOOD 1606 W. Tenn 890-3700	1-2-3 bedroom, exercise room, pool and tennis court. Ceiling fans, W/D hookups, appliances and drapes furnished. Near VA hospital

Searching for America

Lake Tahoe, the plague and Playboy Ecstasy

Words and photos by Brent Andrews

Note: Searching for America is an exclusive Sidelines Summer series

WE WERE RELIEVED to be headed away from Reno. The slots weren't paying, and we had grown tired of the noise and monotony of the casinos. They all looked the same: the same gaudy red carpet, the same \$.99 breakfast buffet and the same promise of the "loosest slots in town." Right. We would be sucked into no more noisy casinos, at least not today.

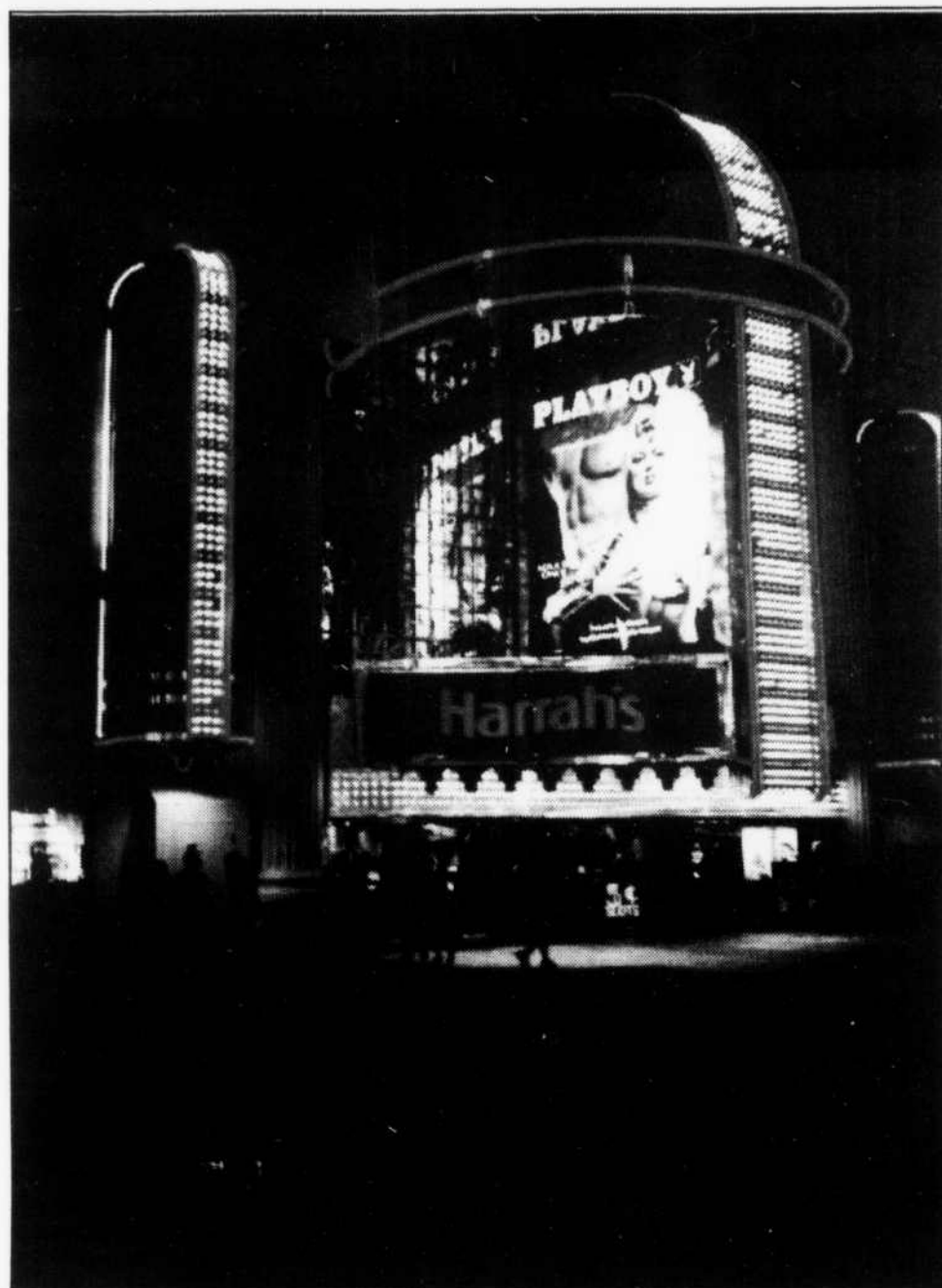
Just over the first rise of the Sierra Nevada mountains was Lake Tahoe, and we were looking forward to some scenic beauty and a little peace and quiet. Our allotted money for slot machines was gone, had been long gone the night before. It was time to take our shirts and get the hell out of Reno before someone took them away from us.

We climbed into the Sierra Nevada's just outside the Biggest Little City in the World, and watched as the mountain road curved higher and higher and the buildings in the valley got smaller. Lots of people were in a hurry to get to Tahoe, it seemed. Though the road was winding and narrow, climbing to nearly 10,000 feet in less than 20 miles, we were being passed frequently by anxious Nevadans who were unafraid of blind curves, undaunted by the deep chasm just inches from the left side of the road.

One man in particular made a nuisance of himself, pushing close enough to kiss our rear bumper while I looked for a place to pull over. For a few miles, he was close enough to us for me to see his face plainly in my rearview mirror: lips pursed, eyes bulging, sweat forming on his forehead as his hands beat the steering wheel as if this might make us disappear and allow him to go careening up the mountain.

I couldn't imagine how his poor car was making it. Our car was a brand-new Toyota 4-Runner, V-6, with lots of low-end power for just this sort of mountain climb, and we were straining to hit 40 MPH. He was driving an old Honda Civic, the kind from the seventies that was about as big as a quarter and was shaped like a mix between a Volkswagon and a shapeless lump of clay. It was the kind of vehicle that screams ECONOMY CAR, small enough to make a U-turn on a manhole and light on the gasoline budget. Perfect for the seventies, when gasoline was nearly extinct, but not the sort of vehicle that you'd expect a madman to be driving.

And this man was undeniably mad, determined to get around me before I could get to a turnoff. He would get as close as possible to my bumper, move to the double-yellow line in the center of the road, then ease into the left lane a little at a time like he was testing the water of a pool: first a little bumper, then a whole headlight, then some of the car's grill. Eventually he just dove right in, was into the left lane and passing when a house-sized RV came lumbering around a corner 50 feet ahead. It was a 20,000 lb. vehicle, going almost straight downhill, and had no chance of stopping. For a second I thought we were all done for: the RV would steer into my lane, the guy in the



Playboy Ecstasy, a full-scale Las Vegas-style production playing at Harrah's casino in Reno, features elaborate costuming, dance schemes and renditions of popular songs.

Honda would sideswipe me trying to get back into the right lane and we'd both hit the RV head on, then explode into flames as we all soared off the side of the mountain. Luckily, it didn't happen. Just in time, the Honda ducked back behind me and the RV went by without any physical damage. I can't say what emotional damage was done to the wide-eyed elderly couple in the front.

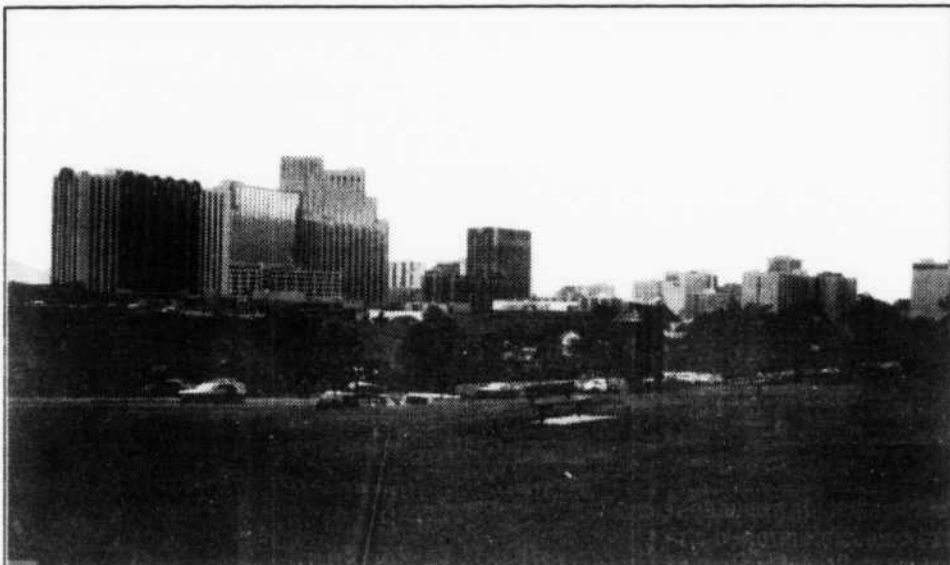
Soon I found a wide spot in the road where I could pull over, and I watched the guy in the Honda speed on up the mountain. I gave him the finger and spoke a few harsh words on his behalf. We gave him time to get far ahead while we enjoyed the view of the mountains all around us, then moved on up the road ourselves. We both looked hard for any sign of Tahoe; it couldn't be far.

It was as beautiful as we had imagined. The water far below was a deep, midnight blue, and a lush forest of pines crowded close to its edge. In the distance, snow-capped mountains waved to us from California, and neat white boats dotted the surface of the lake below. We stopped at a pulloff and breathed the fresh air for a while, enjoying the fact that we were at Tahoe, excited about a night of camping away from the headaches of Reno.

Cruising down to the level of the lake, we found a campground at Zephyr Cove, a small lakeside town consisting of a post office, a gift shop and a parking lot. The gift shop sold tickets for a cruise on the lake, and the view was stunning. It was perfect.

Well, almost perfect. I ignored the signs at first. Surely they didn't mean THE plague, the one that killed a jillion people in Europe several centuries ago and caused bodies to be piled in the streets and burned. Surely not *that* plague. This one had to be a different thing altogether: We don't have the plague in 20th century America, do we? My curiosity peaked, I read the flier once again:

WARNING: SEVERAL CASES OF THE PLAGUE HAVE BEEN VERIFIED HERE. THE CUTE, FURRY LITTLE RODENTS THAT YOU SEE ARE CARRYING A VIRUS THAT JUST ABOUT WIPED OUT EUROPE A FEW CENTURIES AGO, SO DON'T GET TOO CLOSE. IF A SQUIRREL OR OTHER ANIMAL SHOULD TRY TO



Ordinary city by day, bustling party-center by night, the Biggest Little City in the World is an oasis in the harsh desert environment of Western Nevada. Reno is the second-largest city in the state, with a 1990 population estimated at 133,850.

SEE TAHOE, PAGE 6

ATTACK YOU, THEN RUN AWAY FAST. ONLY FOUR HUMANS HAVE BEEN AFFECTED BY THE VIRUS, AND FOR ALL WE KNOW THEY'RE STILL ALIVE, BUT WATCH WHERE YOU PUT YOUR FOOD AND MAKE DAMN SURE YOU DON'T SLEEP ON OR HANG OUT NEAR A BURROW. THE PLAGUE IS TRANSMITTED BY FLEAS, AND IS DEADLY. DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT TOUCHING OR FEEDING AN ANIMAL HERE. IF YOU FEEL MALAISE A WEEK OR SO AFTER YOU LEAVE THIS CAMPGROUND, THEN SEE A DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY.

THAT was the gist of it. I had already paid my \$16 for a campsite, and I really wanted to stay here. It was just a short walk to the lake.

"Is this dangerous?" I asked the girl who sold me my campsite.

"Oh, no," she laughed a bit, like I was being silly to

think that the plague might be a problem. "It's not dangerous. Just don't leave your food out, and stay away from the burrows. You should be fine."

You *should* be fine. Meaning I *might* not be fine.

I pressed on: "So, it's not dangerous? You're sure?"

"Not at all. Look, I can give you your money back, if you're that worried about it." She was very helpful, and seemed slightly amused by my concern. I looked around a bit. There were hundreds of RV's parked all around, and nearly as many tents. Surely they wouldn't let these people camp here if they were in any danger of getting the plague.

"No, don't worry about it. We'll be fine. Feeling silly for being so concerned, I took my campsite receipt and went back to my car. After all, it was only the plague, happens all the time.

We were driving toward the site when I casually mentioned to my wife that we should stay away from the animals because we might get the plague. She was concerned, but only half-concerned because she didn't really believe me. I was examining our site when she came back from reading one of the fliers. They were stapled to trees all over the place.

Our campsite was beautiful: Hundred-foot fir and pine trees soared overhead, providing plenty of shade; needles made the ground soft beneath our feet; birds were singing on the lower branches of the trees, and squirrels ran to and fro gathering nuts or whatever. I had never seen so many small animals, and they were cute as long as they kept their distance.

There was a thick smell of Pine Sol bathroom cleaner in the air, drifting from the forests all around, and nearby was a big rock that I was looking forward to perching on. There was also a

huge burrow beneath our site, and we could see a friendly-looking rodent peeking his head out from beneath a rock right beside our fire ring.

It was beginning to rain just a little, so we waited in the car to see if it was going to rain hard or stop altogether and discussed the risk of getting the plague. We weren't sure what we should do about the site: stay here and risk getting the plague, or go and ask for our money back? Neither of us was in any hurry to go back to the camp office and complain, but the signs posted everywhere were there for a reason.

In the end, we decided to take our chances at the office.

I asked for the manager when we got there, and was told to wait a few minutes after I explained to a worker that we were afraid of getting the plague. I didn't want to stay here anymore, and was leaving with or without my \$16.

When the manager got there, I was sitting just outside the door. I heard the worker explain sarcastically that my wife and I were afraid of getting sick. I was beginning to feel like a real hypochondriac.

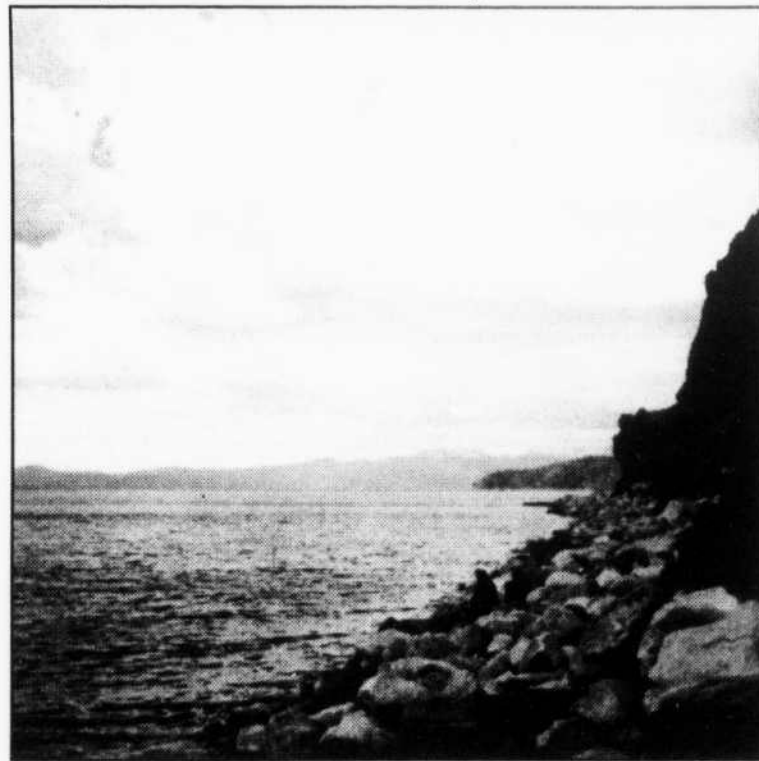
"What can I do for you," the manager asked. She was all smiles.

I decided to blame the whole thing on my wife. She was in the car and would never see these people again, and she wouldn't care as long as we got out of here.

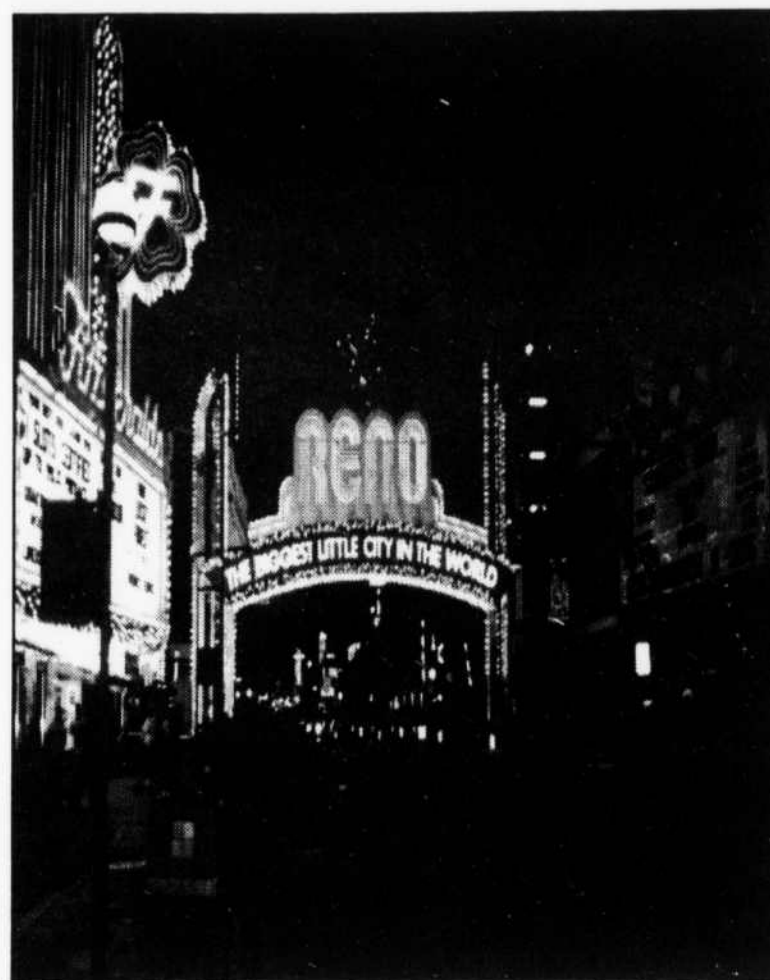
"It's my wife," I began. "She's afraid of getting the plague."

The woman gave me a condescending smile. *Isn't this cute; they're afraid of getting the plague.*

"There's really no serious threat," she said. There was a man standing nearby that looked like he might work here. He was dressed in \$300 hiking boots and wearing \$50 hiking socks. His t-shirt said



The shores of Lake Tahoe are nearly inaccessible from the Nevada side--unless you don't mind paying \$5 for parking. The dangers of Tahoe include plague infested rodents and expensive hotels.



The Biggest Little City in the World, Reno, Nevada, at night.

"I'd rather be hiking."

"This is just a precaution" he spoke up. "The forest service made us put up the signs, and you won't find a campground west of the Rockies where they're not posted. It's just that time of year."

They were being nice, and I still had the chance of getting my money back. I didn't ruin my chances by explaining that we had been west of the Rockies for two weeks, had camped in the Rockies and the Cascades and had traveled through six states without seeing one of the signs. I just smiled, a smile that said, I hope, that I know there's no danger, it's just that my wife is overly concerned, and well...

"My wife still refuses to stay here," I explained. "Can we get our money back?"

They reluctantly gave back my \$16, talking all the time about the signs being posted in every campground west of the Rockies. I smiled and shook my head occasionally.

We followed the shore of Tahoe south, stopping at the next campground we saw. It was less crowded than the first, and there wasn't a plague flier anywhere. All the spaces were taken.

STATELINE, Nevada and South Lake Tahoe, California bleed into one another in one continuous strip of hotels and restaurants. In Stateline, the hotels are bigger—there's a Harrah's and a Caesar's Palace—and gambling is legal. In South Lake Tahoe the hotels become motels, and gambling is out of the question. There are more strip clubs than restaurants. We were tired of looking for a campground, so we checked the prices at Harrah's. There

was a show playing that we wanted to see.

"One hundred and eighty five dollars a night," the desk clerk said.

"For a room?" Maybe I had heard wrong.

There were hundreds of RV's parked all around, and nearly as many tents. Surely they wouldn't let these people camp here if they were in any danger of getting the plague.

"For a room. Would you like two queen beds or one king?"

I didn't want anything for \$185. I left the hotel, passing a few slot machines without giving them a second glance. We had come to Tahoe for scenic beauty, not more gambling and expensive hotels.

Harrah's in Reno was cheaper, so we headed back over the mountains to the Biggest Little City in the World. One hour later, we were sitting in our room at Harrah's wondering what had happened to our night of scenic camping.

We had tickets to see *Playboy Ecstasy*, a show that had gotten rave reviews in the *San Francisco Examiner*. My wife wanted to see a Las Vegas-style show, and *Playboy Ecstasy* was a good compromise for us. It had *Playboy* in its name, making

SEE ECSTASY, PAGE 7

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ECSTACY

continued from page 6

it attractive to me, and the posters around town showed a beautiful girl dressed in an exquisite costume and looking seductive. I was even looking forward to it.

We were seated near the back of the theater, at a crowded little table where we had to sit sideways to see what was going on onstage. The theater was small, so our seats weren't bad. We could see everything the magician was doing on the stage, and in the audience. He was dressed like a troll or something equally as ugly, and made his way through the crowd choosing victims for his magic tricks. One man was wearing a hair-piece, and the magician pulled this off and poured a drink into it. When he put the hair-piece back on the man's head, we all expected it to spill all over the poor soul, but there was no drink to be found. The hair-piece was dry.

The magician did lots of other neat stuff. He made things disappear, then made them re-appear. He made things change shape and size, amazing us all. The magic show was interesting, but I was anxious to get to the Playboy part.

The show itself was incredible. The performers sang something like eighty songs in 60 minutes, all popular music twisted just a bit to fit into the dance routine they were doing. The costumes were dazzling, and the performers changed quickly into increasingly beautiful suits. The lights around the stage reflected off silver and gold, bright red and green, plumage three feet high that rose above the heads of the female dancers as they kicked and strutted

about like it belonged there. Most of the costumes the ladies had on were designed to show their breasts, and they were fashioned so that it didn't look like anything was missing, like it was perfectly natural for a dress to cover everything but breasts.

We gaped at the costumes and the performers for the whole show. They looked more like jewels than people, like someone had opened a treasure chest full of living emeralds and sapphires, rubys and diamonds. The magician appeared at intervals throughout the show, still dressed in his troll costume, and was a startling contrast to all the beauty on the stage. Even the men in the show were beautiful, Fabio-types wearing costumes that were splendid in every detail. For an hour, we forgot about all the headaches that make up Reno, and reveled in the wonders of the show. When it was over, we went back to our room and talked excitedly about it for an hour before sleep claimed us.

The next morning we were up relatively early. That day we planned cross Nevada on the Loneliest Highway in America, Highway 50 from Fallon, just east of Reno, to Ely, some 300 miles distant. We were glad to be leaving Reno and its hungry slot machines, but our minds still sparkled from the show the night before.

We hit the road a bit later than we would have liked, and looked forward to the wonders of central Nevada. The Loneliest Highway in America never sounded so sweet. ■

Next week: Crossing Nevada on America's Loneliest Highway.

Gettin' Oriented



TODD SORUM/Staff

Incoming freshmen La Tisha Wright, Information Systems major (left) and Tracey Robinson, Pre- Pharmacy major, offer a smile during a moment of fun at MTSU Customs.

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The A & G Performance Theatre is presenting "Changes II" at the MTSU Tucker Theatre on Saturday, July 22, 1995, 7:00 p.m.

Glenn Frederick, the choreographer is a native of Trinidad, West Indies.

The performance features African-Caribbean dance. This performance is a Glenn Frederick.

Tickets are available through TicketMaster by calling (615) 741-7777 or 1-800-333-4849.

Paddle the Ocoee and you'll get wet

CHRIS PATTERSON
Reviews and Events Editor

If you are looking for something to cool you off of a hot summer day and a total rush at the same time, I've got a great idea for you.

Take a short two and a half hour drive to the Ocoee River and have some white water rafting fun.

Note: Be sure to keep in mind that you loose an hour when crossing into the eastern time zone when crossing over the mountains.

This weekend my father, his new bride of two hours,

my brother and myself braved the rapids on the Ocoee.

Yes, just a moment ago I said two hours. Their first act of holy matrimony was white water rafting on the Ocoee River. Well, it's certainly not mundane.

The Ocoee River, the site of the 1996 Olympic kayaking events, is the most popular white water rafting site east of the Mississippi. (at least they claim to be)

Most popular or not, the Ocoee is a great place to go.

From the first set of rapids, which almost threw me out of the boat, we were in for a great trip. The Ocoee is a beautiful site when the water is up because its extraordinarily clean and the white water is rushing all around you.

Other than having a great time, I even learned something from our guide Dwight. The Ocoee River provided the first electricity to Chattanooga in 1906.

I also have a few pointers and suggestions for you if you decide to go:

First, don't go down the fall at the beginning of your trip. Not only is it dangerous, but it also carries a hefty fine of over a thousand dollars per person.

Second, when your guide tells you to tuck your feet under the seat in front of you to help hold you in -- do it!! In fact it is my suggestion to tuck both feet under there as far as you can, because just putting your feet under the seat a little will not hold you



WHITEWATER PHOTOGRAPHY

White water rafting at its best. In the front of the photo the bride and groom get soaked by the rapids called the roller coaster. In the middle of the boat my brother is waving his paddle to the camera and I'm paddling. Our guide, Dwight Crook, steers the boat from the rear.

in the boat.

Third, plan on getting wet. Need I say more? It is a rafting trip and you will be swimming. Bring dry clothes with you for the drive back unless you want to be in wet clothes for two and a half hours.

Lastly and most

importantly, when you are getting ready to book your trip, be sure to ask about the guides. Be sure to make sure they are experienced and adequately trained. With the rising popularity of the Ocoee, some rafting companies have relaxed their qualifications for

guides. Some of the companies only require guides to have made a couple of trips down the river and allow them to lead trips with very little whitewater training.

Keep these things in mind and you're sure to have a great time. ■

Events Around Town

Tonight

-The Nationals at the Boro

-Bobby Taylor at the Bunganut Pig

-Chilhowie, Surfing the Coal Dust and Six or Seven at 527

Mainstreet

Thursday

-Mylkbone at 527

Mainstreet

-Mud Brothers at the Boro

-The Columbia Highway Bluegrass Band at the Bunganut Pig

Friday

-Butterscotch Bicycle at 527 Mainstreet

-Hank Flamingo at the Boro

-Flossie and Stephan Buchanan at Comedy on the Square

-Rick Ray and Friends at the Bunganut Pig

Saturday

-Charlie's Attic and Soul Shaker at 527 Mainstreet

-Flossie and Stephan Buchanan at Comedy on the Square

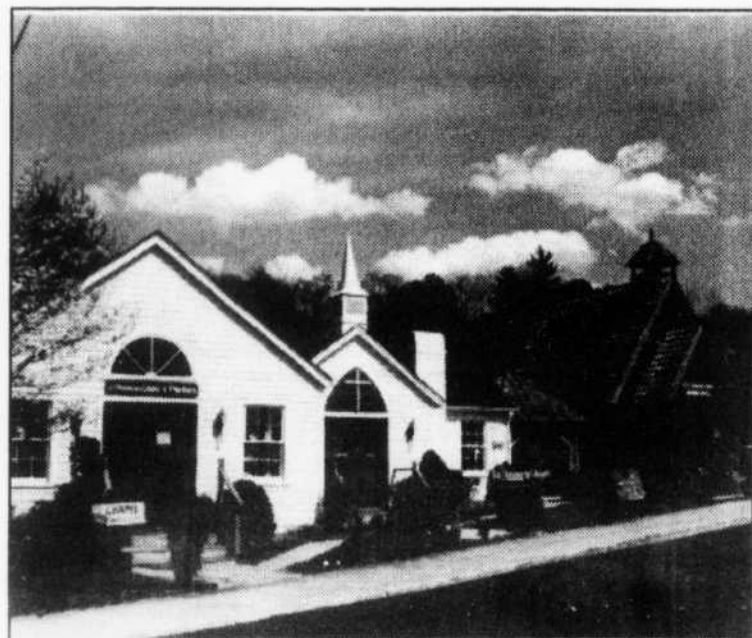
-Junkbox at the Boro

-Annie Tate at the Bunganut Pig



TODD SORUM/Staff

The theatre students of the 1995 Tennessee Governor's School for the Arts perform Romeo and Juliet at the Grand Finale Program held on Thursday, July 13 at Tucker Theatre. governor's School is a four-week program for rising junior and senior high school students held at MTSU each summer. The School for the Arts offers intensive programs in theatre, ballet, art, and music.



SPECIAL TO SIDELINES

CONGRATULATIONS DAD!

This quaint mountain chapel in Gatlinburg, Tennessee was the first destination of our Saturday adventure. Immediately following the ceremony we slipped into our swimming suits and headed to the Ocoee River.

REVIEWS & EVENTS

That old hippie Neil Young is back

...with a little help from his friends

WARREN WAKELAND
Staff Writer

Neil Young
Mirrorball
Reprise Records

When I walked into Blockbuster Music Monday night to buy the new Neil Young release, the attendant helping me find it prefaced my request with the comment, "It's a great piece of music." He was right.

Neil Young in the past has been a sort of Todd Rundgren wannabe, moving through different genres of music to produce music that is technically precise and, well, slightly boring. By going away from the Rundgrenesque and heading back to rock he has hit the jackpot.

Young's well-known relationship with the band Pearl Jam has evolved to produce *Mirrorball*, far and away his best effort since *Rust Never Sleeps*.

First of all, environmentalists will love this CD because it's

recycleable—it doesn't come in the usual plastic container. I guess that stuff isn't biodegradable or good with ketchup. This comes in a cardboard box, which is good because you may wear this CD out listening to it and have to get another one. Or two or three.

Young gets as far back to his hippie rock roots as he is ever going to get with some help from Seattle's best known musicians who haven't blown their heads off.

He still gets a little political (re the cardboard box) with "Throw Your Hatred Down," an anthem that denigrates the idea of being rich and powerful. But the driving force in the music of the song and throughout the album allows you to forgive him for tossing in the political views.

"Big Green Country," a song about the open lands and its effect on the spirit, reminds us that good rock music need not be too complex to be considered good rock music.

"Downtown," the song

currently receiving airplay, is probably the third best song on the album behind "Peace and Love" and "Big Green Country." This should tell you that *Mirrorball* is a terrific effort.

All through the album one who remembers songs like "Cinnamon Girl" and "Cowgirl In The Sand" will be smiling, particularly when you get to "Scenery," a song where the ride cymbal leads the way through the song. The old hippie Neil Young personified. It was beautiful, man.

Two listens to this album had me thinking of the Crazy Horse days, when the important thing wasn't to see how many different sounds they could develop but how hard and driving they could make those sounds.

The album made me grin, take a deep sigh and put it on again—twice.

Much credit here should also go to the Pearl Jam boys, who temporarily put aside their Seattle sound to come up with something close to Crazy Horse. Young may have asked them to record with him to try to

recreate the old sound, and the old man and the kids sound as though they have been jamming together since the Crazy Horse days.

It will be interesting to see now, if this album becomes the whopping hit it deserves to be, if this old-new collaboration turns into a new style of music for Pearl Jam, as it has with Tom Petty after his work with Bob Dylan, Roy Orbison, et al in *The Traveling Wilburys*.

On a scale of one to five guitars, *Mirrorball* gets 1,427 guitars. But since our lovely young reviews & events editor doesn't have room to put down 1,427 guitars, we'll settle for five—a great piece of music.

It's the finest release yet out of Young's collaboration with Reprise Records, and one which I hope will tell him that being able to put together technically precise music (a la Rundgren) is nice, but being able to feel the music is where it's at, man.

Mirrorball is available at Blockbuster Music. Get it fast, because once word gets out it won't last long. ■



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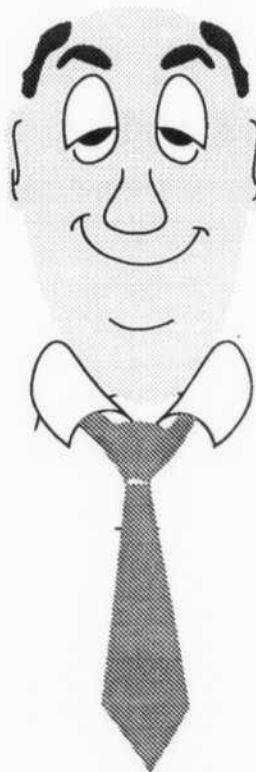
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Viewpoints & Opinions

Letters Policy

Letters to the editor should be no more than 200 words long, and should contain sender's name, campus address or e-mail address. *Sidelines* reserves the right to edit

letters for clarity. Send letters to MTSU Box 42 or to the e-mail addresses listed on the second page. All letters should be marked "letter to the editor" so that they can be distinguished from other correspondences. *Sidelines* will print letters as space allows.

Student voice ignored in fee increase



**SCHOOL
DAZE**

WARREN
WAKELAND

I don't particularly like to write about just one subject in this column. There is usually a lot more going on here. But this is summertime, and the fee increase is the only thing of interest happening. So I'm a monotone writer for a while.

The more I see what has happened and the more I see the university's response to the ruckus, and especially Dr. Walker's response to inquiries about the ruckus, the more I begin to think that this whole thing was an orchestrated plan by the administration (specifically Dr. Walker and athletic director Lee Fowler) to circumvent the wishes of the students and get this thing into motion without proper consultation of the student

body.

I hate to think that, because in all the time I have known Dr. Walker he has been an extremely fair and honorable man for whom I have had the utmost respect. But he refuses to respond to *Sidelines* inquiries about the increase and the dissention among students concerning the increase. I can only think it is because he and the administration just want to get this thing going and don't want to take into account what the students think.

See, there have been some things brought up in the last two weeks that suggest this thing was rammed into place before anyone could have a chance to stop it.

Last week, it was revealed that students can vote for this thing if the administration lets them. The old regime at the Tennessee Board of Regents (TBR), back when we voted for the rec center two years ago, didn't like giving students a say in what happens. That is why Dr. Walker was reprimanded for allowing the vote.

But there is a new regime

in TBR now, and last week officials there said they did not know of any statute that said students could not have a referendum on fee increases for projects like the

"... this whole thing was an orchestrated plan by the administration to circumvent the wishes of the students and get this thing into motion without proper consultation of the student body."

stadium expansion and that student referenda are not discouraged or required. From this it appears that holding a vote on the fee increase would not get Dr. Walker into trouble with TBR again.

It was also revealed by Nebraska Mays, senior vice chancellor for academic affairs at TBR, that TBR believed there was broad-based student support for the stadium based on what MTSU representatives told their meeting and on the results of the survey done by the administration.

MTSU representatives at the meeting included Dr. Walker, SGA president Shane McFarland, Faculty Senate president Harold Whiteside and an alumni representative. Whiteside and McFarland have both said they had little or no prior knowledge of the fee increase.

McFarland said that when speaking to the board he did not purport to represent all the students, but presented himself as the elected student body president.

Shane, being student body president means you are the student's mouthpiece anytime you appear at an official function such as this and speak about any topic concerning the university. TBR looks at you as the

official student voice because they can't march 17,000 students into their offices to hear what they all think.

With so little lead time (McFarland said he learned of the increase seven days before the TBR meeting), McFarland could not possibly have accurately judged student reaction to the increase and therefore could not possibly have known of any broad-based student support for the increase. This is not his fault.

The survey, asking if students supported a move to Division I-A in football, was sent to 1,000 students. Of those responding, 69 percent favored the move.

First of all, the survey mentioned nothing about the fee increase. Secondly, TBR obviously was not told that a massive 37 students out of 1,000 responded to the survey. Rather, the MTSU representatives probably said something like, "A survey of 1,000 students showed 69 percent of those responding favored moving to I-A."

SEE DAZE, PAGE 11

Students shouldn't pay for Dr. Walker's showpiece



**MY
VIEW**

BRENT
ANDREWS
EDITOR

So we the students are being screwed over again. Once again, as we drudge through our necessary education at MTSU, we are going to be charged dearly for the advancement of President Walker and the board of bureaucrats at MTSU. We are going to see our tuition rise in order to fund the construction of a brand new playground for football players. We, as the lucky students of MTSU, are going to get to fund the construction of a new stadium for a football team that, at best, wins some and loses some. For those of us who have never attended an MTSU football game (or anything else in our present stadium, for that matter) \$65 is a lot to pay for more seating. I for one would be willing to let President Walker give my seat at the next game to somebody who wants it. He probably wouldn't be able to give it

away, though. You can always find out what the score was the next day.

Don't get me wrong: Football is very important to education. It is imperative that people who are interested in learning about history, engineering and communications see lots of football games during their stay at MTSU. One thing my father always told me was "son, I don't care if you study or learn anything at school, just so long as you see lots of football games." See? He didn't mind if I threw away my tuition money, as long as I supported Blue Raider Football.

Not.

I'm not sure about the rest of you, but as far as I can see (by the letters to the editor) students aren't too happy about our new fee increase. We need more space for the English department, for the history department. We need dorms that aren't ovens in the summer and freezers in the winter. We need bread-and-butter things at this university, not a shiny new stadium that Dr. Walker can show off to his friends. The fact that President Walker—as the king of MTSU—is even thinking about building a new stadium before we get

a new library, before students get comfortable, livable dorms, scares me. It's like a poor parent that buys a big, fat bottle of the best tequila in town while his child goes shoeless in the snow. It's unspeakable.

We don't need more room for the football team because the football team can't fill the space it already has. The large, swiftly-growing number of MTSU football fans could probably fill up the Waffle House over on highway 96. Maybe. In 10 years, the burgeoning crowd might have to move to the Cracker Barrel across the street. In 20 years, I'm sure the Garden Plaza Hotel would be happy to play host to the ever-expanding crowd in its hotel dining room. In 50 years... Who cares? Why don't we just buy the Waffle House building and let the football team play there? President Walker could cook breakfast himself.

The only people in the MTSU community that the new stadium is going to benefit are President Walker, our nationally famous football coach (what's his name?), a handful of faculty members and the football team. The MTSU marching band might get to put on a show now and then at half-time, and the

athletics department will be able to say in a couple of years that MTSU football is 1-A. The cheering team will get to scream extra-loud to reach those empty seats in the back, and the football players will get the chance to get beat by nationally recognized football teams. Oh boy. I'm just dying to write my check this fall, aren't you?

For the average MTSU student, things don't look so promising. We'll still be hurting for a new library. We'll still be sweltering in university housing. We'll still be no closer to getting parking decks on campus and we'll still have a grill that closes before most of us even get hungry. Will the stadium make us more prosperous? Smarter? Better educated and prepared for today's computer-oriented job market? No, it sure won't. But when we're old, and MTSU football has finally lived up to the shiny new stadium we had to foot the bill for, we can tell our grandkids (in broken, improper English) that we done went to school at MTSU, and we done got ourselves some fine educatin' in readin' an' writin'. We won't know who fired the first shot of the Civil War, or how to write a proper

sentence, but we will be able to remember the MTSU football schedule. To me, that sounds about as useful as knowing how many licks it takes to get to the center of a Tootsy Roll Pop.

In our last issue, Warren Wakeland mentioned in his School Daze column postponing the decision about the new fee and the stadium until the students are more informed about the whole thing. We need to know *exactly* where that money is going, and *exactly* what we're going to get in return. Then maybe we can help our king and his royal staff decide if this is right for us. Maybe, just maybe, we can convince President Walker that if he wants a 1-A, nationally famous football program, then maybe he should go find a school that has one.

If you agree that we should have a say in this thing, let us know. *Sidelines* will be here to print your letters—and those from people with the opposite view as well. We will help you in your fight to stop this nonsense before it's too late, before MTSU is the only school in the nation that has to fire all its professors in order to hire more staff for the football team. ■

OPINIONS & CLASSIFIEDS

DAZE

continued from page 10

A true statement if this was said but somewhat misleading, to say the least.

Bryant Millsaps, the executive director of the Tennessee Higher Education Commission (THEC), expressed surprise at the fact that students were not allowed to vote on the increase.

"You need to be open and students need to be seriously involved in the development and uses of student fees" if the fees "are going to be a credible way of underwriting services for students," Millsaps said last week.

Letters to *Sidelines* have been running overwhelmingly against the fee increase, with most writers saying they had no knowledge that this was going to happen and that academics should be more important than athletics.

The administration says building the stadium will help the academics of the university. If this is so, the administration needs to show the students in writing that this is the case.

Personally, I have no doubt that moving up to Division I-A in football will help the university immensely in the long run. My problem is in how this

whole thing has been done. It has all the trappings of a *Hogan's Heroes* plot to thwart the Germans in their mission to defeat the allies in WWII.

The process of giving students knowledge and information about the fee increase was done sloppily at best. MTSU's PR department should have picked up on this and found better ways to educate students, such as a letter from Dr. Walker published in *Sidelines* and sent to students detailing the increase and its purposes; and brochures, flyers and pamphlets about the issue distributed to students.

Now that it has been established that a vote can be held on this issue and that Dr. Walker did not hold a vote to begin with because of the policies of the former TBR administration, it is time to right the wrong. Postpone the fee increase for a semester and hold a vote. Educate the students first on what the fee increase will do, then give us a chance to say whether we approve. It is our money—we deserve the right to vote.

Be a student-friendly president, Dr. Walker. Ramming the increase down our throats will only serve to heighten the immense apathy already in existence here. ■

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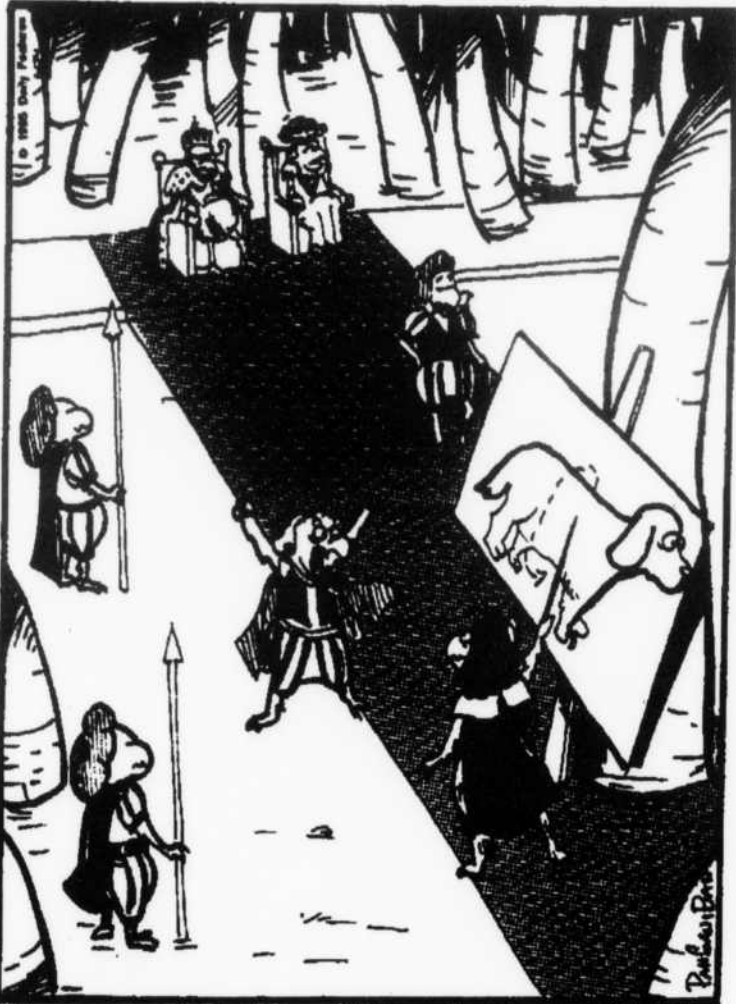
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