

MIDDLE TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY SIDELINES

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MTSU student arrested for bank robbery

By Mark T. Gibson / staff

David Tarpley, 23, was arrested Wednesday morning when an off-duty Murfreesboro police officer saw him walking across a nearby parking lot with a smoking bag.

"Officer Singleton saw a subject leaving the NationsBank on South Tenn. Blvd. that appeared to have a dye bomb in his possession," wrote Officer J. Glassner in his offense report.

"Officer Singleton got into a foot pursuit with the subject behind the Rose's shopping center. Other officers were already in route to help and I responded from Vine St."

"The other officers had already captured and had in custody the suspect before my arrival and requested that I go to the bank," the report says.

Murfreesboro Police Spokesman Clyde Adkison was quoted as saying

that Tarpley walked to the center teller's window at the NationsBank on South Tennessee Blvd.

"He laid an empty Kroger's bag up on the counter and handed the teller a note demanding money."

According to police reports, the teller at the window was Cindy Smith.

No weapon was used, the lieutenant said. Tarpley apparently discussed the weather with Smith as she filled the bag with money and the dye bomb.

When the bomb was carried out of the bank it exploded, reports said, covering the money with dye. It was the smoke pouring out of the bag which alerted Singleton before bank personnel had even called the police.

Tarpley is scheduled to appear in General Sessions Court on August 13th at 1:00 p.m. He is charged with Robbery.



Murfreesboro police officers escort bank robbery suspect David Bradley Tarpley, 25, at the Murfreesboro police department.

Photo provided by the Daily News Journal

MTSU Hosting Blockbuster Party on Music Row

By Todd R. Cruse / staff

MTSU will co-sponsor the upcoming Music Row Block Party, Thursday July 25, at which the 50 most influential persons in Nashville's music industry-voted on by industry executives and artists themselves-will be present.

The recording industry at MTSU has been recognized as the largest of its kind in the nation. Rich Barnet, Recording Industry chair, is coordinating efforts on campus to ensure MTSU's presence that evening.

In addition to MTSU's name being included on programs and invitations, an MTSU banner will be displayed, and as many as 20 MTSU Recording Industry students will be assisting in areas such as props, staging and parking.

The event will take place in the parking lot area at 29 Music Square East in Nashville across from Sammy B's restaurant.

Study shows girls are better at hiding disappointment

Mike Reed, special to Sidelines

Dr. Teresa Davis, MTSU assistant professor of Psychology, has studied the reactions of boys and girls to disappointing gifts in order to determine which gender hides their disappointment better.

The children, all first- and third-graders, were videotaped opening both good and bad gifts so that their reactions could be analyzed. The results conclude that girls are better at hiding feelings of disappointment

than boys.

"Researchers have done this part before and the results were the same," she said. "But, for the second part of the study, we made it into a game."

The rules were simple: each child got two boxes - one good gift and one bad - if, after opening each prize, the child could fool Davis into believing he liked both gifts, he could keep them.

"We thought that boys, if properly motivated, would be as good as girls at hiding disappointment," Davis said. "We found out the boys still weren't as

good at it as the girls. That's the interesting part."

According to the study, research has shown there are several possible explanations for the gender differences.

"There may be a difference in brain structure that may affect emotional expressiveness, or women could be endowed with a greater innate capacity for learning to communicate nonverbally," the report says.

"If society exerts more pressure on

girls to 'act nice,' then perhaps girls have spent more time hiding certain negative feelings and this experience has led to increased ability."

Davis also cited evidence that parents socialize their children's emotions expressiveness differently depending on the child's gender.

The study, titled "Gender Differences in Masking Negative Emotions: Ability or Motivation?" was published in Developmental Psychology and has been featured in Redbook and Allure magazines.

WMOT honored by AP

The WMOT Radio news department at MTSU was well represented on the Tennessee Associated Press roster of award recipients, placing in five of the six categories entered and winning first place in three of them.

The awards were presented at the recent TAP Broadcasters Convention in Chattanooga.

Dr. Larry Burriss, associate professor in Journalism, won first place in the Best Editorial division for one of his weekly commentaries.

WMOT news director Randy O'Brien took first-place honors in the Non-spot News category for his feature on the construction of the Kids Castle playground in Murfreesboro.

Shawn Jacobs, news producer at the station, won first place in Best Feature Reporting for his story on the Bradley Academy restoration in Murfreesboro and garnered second-place honors in the Public Affairs slot for a "Legislative Wrap-up" of the 1995 General Assembly. Jacobs also received an Honorable Mention in Investigative Reporting for a feature on laser plastic surgery being performed by a Murfreesboro specialist, a story which also aired nationally on the AP Radio Network.

The awards represented the best showing to date for WMOT in the Large Market Radio classification, a relatively new classification level for the station.



Photo provided

Left to right: MTSU's Larry Burriss, Randy O'Brien, and Shawn Jacobs were winners in the recent Tennessee Associated Press awards presentation.

MTSU vision institute helps teachers

By Todd R. Cruse / staff

The MTSU Vision Institute is helping teachers from around the mid-state learn how to work more effectively with students that are visually handicapped.

Founded in 1981 and sponsored by the Division of Continuing Studies and the College of Education, the Vision Institute covers a variety of topics from learning how to read Braille to adapting children's books for the visually handicapped.

Sheri Trent, associate professor of Elementary and Special Education and director of the program, has been with the program for ten years and teaches two classes during the institute's sessions. According to Trent, there are two levels of teaching at the institute.

"Level one usually has about 20 teachers and runs for three weeks. In the morning they cover some of the basics. They learn the anatomy of the eye by dissecting a cow's eyeball and

"[Students] learn the anatomy of the eye by dissecting a cow's eyeball and they learn vision screening skills,"

Sheri Trent, Associate Professor

they learn vision screening skills," says Trent.

During the last week of Level One, participants actually wear blindfolds to class and learn how to teach kids to get around safely in the classroom environment. The teachers also have to produce some sort of aid for blind children, which can be in the form of a

children's book, math aid, tactical map, or even a game.

Level Two participants actually work with about 25 children at the Tennessee School for the Blind, learning the natures and needs of the visually impaired.

"Many are teachers who have visually impaired children in their classes. Participants will deal with issues such as psychological adjustment, social skills, emotional problems, and concept development. It's difficult for blind children to develop concepts of things they can not touch or explore such as clouds or airplanes," says Trent.

The Vision Institute received a citation from the Association for Continued Higher Education at the Distinguished Program Awards Banquet last spring. The program is coordinated by Sheri Trent and Rosemary Owens, dean of Continuing Studies. It was originally developed by Earl Keese, now the dean of Basic and Applied Sciences.

Tennessee surfs internet for deadbeat parents

Associated Press

Tennessee officials have gone global in their efforts to locate parents who owe thousands of dollars in child support payments.

In addition to the more conventional means of tracking deadbeat parents, Tennessee is using a "Wanted Parents" page on the World Wide Web. The state's page currently lists nine Tennessee parents, all males, who owe up to \$30,000 in back child support.

"The child support system has had posters distributed across the state and country, so we decided to take our poster and put it on the Internet and give it global access," said Chris Bell,

spokesman for the state Department of Human Services.

The state is pursuing 360,000 active cases of child support enforcement in which delinquent parents owe millions in back child support.

The move to high-tech follows the lead of states such as Kentucky and Massachusetts, who already have pages targeting delinquent parents.

Tennessee's page is linked to the state's general information Web page. In bold letters above the pictures of delinquent parents it reads: "Wanted in Tennessee for failing to pay child support."

Anyone with access to the Web can see the page, and anyone with access

to electronic mail can send tips and information about the whereabouts of the wanted parents.

On July 1, a new state law took effect that revokes driver, occupational, business and professional licenses for parents who owe more than \$500 in child support and who are more than 90 days late in paying.

The state also has a new computer linking various state agencies that can work together to track down parents who owe money for their children's care.

The Internet site address is: <http://www.state.tn.us/humanserv>

The Tennessee Child Support Enforcement office can be reached by

FEATURES

Take an aquatic adventure
See page 3

WEATHER

WED
Partly
Sunny

High: 92
Low: 69



THUR
Sunny

High: 93
Low: 72



FRI
Partly
Sunny

High: 94
Low: 74



SPORTS

New Stadium gets the go ahead
Page 4

In Our View

What is the Matter With You

This afternoon a person approaching me on the sidewalk threw a banana peel onto the lawn next to the stairs at Peck Hall. I admit, my reaction was stronger than necessary, but I was amazed. Am I the only person who thinks garbage should be thrown in the trash can instead of the lawn?

Maybe I am. Several people were present when the young man threw his trash on the grass, and I was the only person who said anything. Perhaps this explains why, during the regular school year, there are so many bundles of cafeteria trash laying on the grass next to the sidewalk between Cope and Peck Hall.

When I arrived at Sidelines and told people what had happened, I found out that I am in a minority. Apparently I am the only person who feels throwing food on the lawn is littering and shouldn't be tolerated.

Like the litterer I encountered, everyone here said "Well, its biodegradable."

I guess, in a sense, they are right. Eventually that food will rot, and insects and animals will return it to fertile soil, which in turn will nurture the grass it was thrown upon. By that logic, can I throw a pile of ground beef on the ground and titillate everyone with its pleasant smell as it returns to its component molecules?

If one piece of food is okay, then how about two? Three? At what point is "biodegradable" food a nuisance? I think that any food thrown on the ground is litter.

Some time ago I made my living as a teacher in a Wilderness program, where the boys lived in tents year-round. We cooked all of our food outdoors and often had scraps that had to be disposed of afterwards.

Many of the boys (being urban

kids) thought throwing the food in the woods was a fine idea. They didn't have the experience to understand what happens to piles of food if left laying about - sickness, vermin, and nasty smells abound.

The boys hated it, but they were taught that even though all food (except Twinkies) is biodegradable, it must still be buried where it can degrade without causing a stinking mess.

So I ask those on campus who feel they need to throw food on the lawn to please carry a shovel with them, and bury their food at least 18 inches deep, where it will provide good fertilizer for the grass & plants above it.

If you're not willing to do that, please use the trash cans placed conveniently around campus.

Thank you.



Staff Opinion

Stand By Your Commitment

When someone commits themselves to a task or to a group of people, it is expected that they will stand by their commitment. However it becomes apparent, as you get out and start dealing with all sorts of people, that some people do not believe that this is important.

How can that be? I was always taught, as a youngster, that the most important asset that anyone possesses is their word. Your word and the reputation that you make for yourself will follow you in the years to come.

There are three main things that people find, as they grow older, that are of utmost importance.

One is being truthful, no one likes a liar. Being known as a liar will ruin

any good image that someone may have of you. Not to mention that "Thou shall not bear false witness" is one of the Ten Commandments.

The second is showing respect where respect is due. Many people that you will meet throughout life, have worked long and hard to get the respect that they deserve. If respect is not given to those people, not only is it wrong but it will show that you do not recognize their achievements that they strived for.

Finally, there is standing by your word. Standing by your word and commitments is by far the most important of the three. Standing by your word incorporates the first two important things. If you do not stand

by what you say, it is not only a form of lying but it also shows that you have no common respect for those around you that depend on you, and on what you had said.

I am not preaching and if I am, I am sorry because my business is not that of the cloth. What I am doing is trying to help people to understand that there are more important things than watching out for themselves.

Committing yourself to a part of an intricate stacking puzzle. If you wench on your word it is like moving that piece. This in turn causes the stack to fall and leaves those counting on you to fill the job of rebuilding the stack once again.

Letters to the Editor

Use the Brain Before Speaking Out

To the Editor,

This letter is in response to the editorial that appeared on page two of the Sidelines for Wednesday, July 10, 1996, and to the letter to the Editor on the same page that dealt with the fact that classes for session four started on Friday, July 5th. It seems that neither author thought to simply pick up a class schedule book for summer and look to see if any classes had to meet on the aforementioned Friday. If they had then perhaps they would not

have felt the need to publicly humiliate themselves as they did.

Before writing this letter I picked up my copy of the summer schedule book and looked at just the first ten major areas and found no less than twelve classes that had to meet beginning on Friday, July the 5th. If a class only meets on Monday through Thursday as Karl stated his did, there would obviously be no need to attempt to attend the class on ANY Friday, be it the first day of classes or the last.

Perhaps Karl and his friends

should concentrate more on picking a real major instead of looking for ways to embarrass themselves before the largest possible audience, (I still cannot believe he is a Senior, it's embarrassing! And how did he get to be a Senior if he cannot read a class schedule book or interpret the University calendar?)

Bobby Purcell, Senator, College of Business
Junior, Computer Information Systems

Pay Your Bills and Use Common Sense

To the Editor:

I would like to respond to the letters to the editor in the July 10, Sidelines, regarding the letter about the business office and Karl J. VanDerburgh's letter. First off, it seems that people always get upset when it comes to having to pay those bills. There are various reasons why bills should be paid promptly: 1) to register, 2) to receive a transcript, 3) to receive your diploma when you graduate, and 4) just because you owe them. Plus, the Business Office does not charge you all these bills or fines for parking tickets, phone bills,

housing, etc. They just take the money. If your bills are not paid, it is only an inconvenience to you. You are the one who can't register or get a transcript. Therefore, the Business Office is NOT down your back. If you owe it, PAY IT! No, money can not buy happiness, and NO, money can not buy cooperation, but if you put on a big smile as you fork out that cash or write that check, then you will find contentment in the fact that you now no longer owe the money, and if you smile REALLY big, one of the nice ladies behind the glass window just might smile back!

Now for Mr. VanDerburgh's letter. Mr. VanDerburgh, communication is not the key here, COMMON SENSE is the key to your attending class on July 5, even though your class does not meet on Friday. The university does not play tricks on the students. Dates for all events are put in the schedule books, catalogs, on bills, memos, boards on campus, etc. DO NOT blame the staff for your negligence to common sense.

Jennifer Kelton
Community and Public Health Senior

Band Members Feel Wronged

To the Editor:

We would hope that as a collegiate journalist you would take time to check your facts before publishing a story, or maybe even interview the subject(s) involved (i.e., band staff, band students). Your July 3rd article concerning the university band program was read with great displeasure. As upperclass music majors who are heavily involved with the band program, your opinions were found to be uninformed and grossly exaggerated regarding Ms. Linda Mitchell and Mrs. Jennifer Stemberge.

First and foremost, Ms. Mitchell still is the assistant director of bands. A simple phone call to the band office would have rectified that mistake. Secondly, your article unjustly implied that both Stemberge and Mitchell forged signatures illegally, when in actuality they only signed their own names. As for the insinuation that Mitchell and Stemberge were in conjunction with the former directors

utterly ludicrous. Both Mitchell and Stemberge did their part to point out the discrepancy to all involved. They were not willing participants.

We would also like to take issue with the statement that the band staff needs a lesson in morals. The lesson in morals that needs to be taught would be to those who resigned. Both Ms. Mitchell and Mrs. Stemberge have acted in a positive, professional, and dignified manner throughout the year, especially during all the turmoil that the music department has endured these past two years. Both ladies have been a rock of support in a sea of negativity perpetuated by the former directors. The only other lesson in morals that would apply would be to your articles, a lesson of slandering the name of individuals before all the facts are discovered or investigated. Both Ms. Mitchell and Mrs. Stemberge deserve better treatment than what they have received from you.

The fact that your editorial

is the greatest injustice of all. As an alumni of MTSU, Ms. Mitchell has been involved with this band program for over 25 years. Her only interests are the band and students. The past successes of the Bands of Blue largely on her shoulder. She should be commended for the job she does, not attacked.

Sincerely,
Michael S. Aymett, Tyrone Jessup,
Michael Morjal, Lloyd Layne, Dana A. DePollo: Instrumental Music Education Majors; and Lowell Layne: Music Business Major

The Sidelines Editorial Board has reviewed the content of the article referred to above, and stands behind its story, with the exception that "formerly" should not have been inserted before Linda Mitchell's title. Sidelines apologizes for that particular error.

Kudos to Custodians

Many people - especially people on college campuses - find it easy to ignore custodial workers. Until they find a mess cleaned up. I don't think I'm the only person here who has seen a professor (or a G.T.A.) treat a custodial worker as though the worker were (you should pardon the expression) dirt beneath the professor's feet. Fortunately, those who provide leadership to the custodial workers are doing things to improve everyone's life on campus, despite the occasional rudeness from people with lots of letters after their names.

The new schedule the custodial department is following is not really new; they've been doing it since May. However, considering the importance of custodial workers, it should have been recognized earlier; especially since this schedule seems to be meeting its objectives.

The custodial department had

many problems; as Warren Jackson, its director pointed out, for a good part of the work day there were no supervisors on staff. Not surprisingly, many custodians chose to spend that time at four in the morning (or whenever) doing something besides cleaning.

With the new schedule, supervisors are present during working times; work is being done; and our campus and its buildings look better.

It's easy sometimes, for students and professors to fail to appreciate the people who keep our environment clean. So I'd like to take this time to thank the workers, and especially to congratulate Warren Jackson on a fine decision and excellent leadership.

Mark T. Gibson
News Editor
Senior
Box 42

Letters Policy

Sidelines encourages comments from readers. Letters to the editor should not exceed 300 words. Authors who want more than 300 words to express themselves should contact the editor. Sidelines keeps its pages open to all viewpoints and all members of the MTSU community. Authors should include their name, address, major, classification and phone number for identification purposes. (Phone numbers will not be published.) Sidelines reserves the right to edit for length, grammar, style and libel. Send letters to Box 42, MTSU, Murfreesboro, TN 37132 or drop them off at the Sidelines office in JUB Room 310. Letters can also be sent via e-mail to the editor at: TRC007.AOL.com

SIDELINES

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FEATURES

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SIDELINES

Wednesday, July 17, 1996

Aquatic adventure leads to an hour under water

By Dustin Schrimpsner / staff

Have you ever had fantasies of exploring the seas?

If 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea sparked your imagination and the Little Mermaid is your favorite Disney flick, you should consider trying your hand — or fin — at scuba diving.

Getting into scuba diving is relatively expensive as compared to baseball or basketball, but many people believe the wonders of the ocean merit the cost. If you think you might have one of these sub-aquatic folks inside you dying to emerge then you're in luck. In Murfreesboro we are lucky enough to have a friendly neighborhood scuba shop that offers an opportunity to discover the wonders of diving for free.

Free Discover Scuba is a program offered by Scuba Here Aquatic Shop to give prospective scuba divers the chance to check it out without first making a crippling investment.

Saturday I was fortunate enough to take advantage of the program myself. Along with five other adventure seeking Murfreesboroans, I arose early to make the 8 a.m. dive time. The program began with a short class taught by Chris Slew, owner of Scuba Here. Chris has been diving for 11 years. He and his wife, Wanda, who also works at Scuba Here, have been diving together for nine years.

"The most important thing for a beginning diver is a good instructor," Chris said. "A good way to find a good instructor is to talk to people [who scuba dive] and find out about the reputations of instructors in the area."

Our morning class enlightened us to basic rules, basic safety precautions and a run-down of the requirements in the scuba certification classes the shop offers.

After everyone understood the basics rules, it was off to the pool. Once there, everyone was suited up in goggles, fins, buoyancy compensators and scuba tanks. While waddling around the shallow end in new found frog suits, competent scuba instructors share amazing stories of wreck diving in the Florida Keys and shark diving around the world.

My instructor, Ron Lutchens, made a point to let us know that scuba diving is absolutely his favorite sport.

"The only thing I like better than diving is," he paused and looked from



Mark T. Gibson / staff

Amazing family resemblance. Dive master Randy Birchett and his son Matt help folks get comfortable with scuba diving.

one member to the next and then continues, "never mind, there's nothing I like better than diving."

According to Ron, the critters of the deep won't hurt you unless you make them feel threatened. He immediately made it clear that he didn't approve of spear fishing. "Creatures in the water are beautiful. Not only that, they like to be touched. You've haven't done anything until you've swam with a six-foot stingray," he said. "They get aggressive when people are aggressive with them first. All the experienced divers here would rather play with and take pictures of fish than spear them."

In the safety of the shallow end, my group and I were first shown how to clear our masks if they became filled with water.

Next we learned that if we held our breath while scuba diving, changing atmospheric pressures would place undo stress on our lungs,

possibly making us pop like over-filled balloons. To prevent this we practiced both steady breathing and bubble blowing in steady streams.

The last thing we were required to master before our graduation to the 10 foot abyss was to submerge with our masks off, clear them of water and put them back on. This exercise stands out as one reason for taking advantage of a free dive before signing up (and paying) for a scuba certification class. I've been swimming since I was a child. I know a half dozen different strokes and boogie boarding is a passion for me, but this scared me. I made some mistakes and considered giving up on the spot.

Mistake number one — remember that scuba divers can't hold their breath without risking to pop their bottle caps off? That's because the pressurized air he or she is fed from the air tank is set to match the

pressure of the water outside his or her body. The swimming lessons mom gave me at four-years-old carried some weight with my subconscious, so as soon as I tried to submerge without the mask I held my breath out of reflex.

Mistake number two — once I realized I wasn't breathing and could bust a lung, I gasped for breath, started breathing erratically and couldn't clear my mask on the first try. At the moment of my failure I questioned whether or not this was something I could do.

Am I claustrophobic?
Am I afraid of water?
If I make it to the deep end will I come back alive?

Although it seems silly now I was scared at the time. But I had already come this far and I convinced myself to go through with it.

Luckily I completed the exercise on

my second try with no problem at all and restored my confidence. But the anxiety of my earlier failure concreted the importance of the lesson for me. They were not to be taken lightly.

"Everybody pick a buddy," Ron ordered, "and keep an eye on one another. Remember the okay hand sign and the go to the surface hand sign. Now you guys can swim to the deep end."

Rock and roll, baby! I was headed for the deep end.

Once in the deep end I was in the middle of an amazing production of dancing mermaids. Perhaps we weren't as graceful as a chorus-line, many of us with confused buoyancy crashing into the bottom of the pool, but the sight of a dozen or more people sort of hanging out under water for an hour was mesmerizing.

The only sounds were the rumble of diamond-colored bubbles escaping from our mouths and the occasional clink of an air tank bumping against a pool wall. Achieving what is called neutral buoyancy, a state of neither sinking nor floating, but rather hanging at a constant depth, gave me the sensation of flying. There were no coral reefs and no fish but I understand why people would want to explore the oceans. Time beneath the surface of the water is peaceful. While scuba diving you can be alone to your thoughts and your imagination.

In the blink of an eye an hour had passed and it was time to climb out of the pool. Regardless of the cost, scuba diving is something I could imagine doing again. I don't think I'll be signing up for commercial diving school yet but now I know what I'm up against.

If a little adventure is on your mind and you feel some affinity for aquatic life then you might want to check out a free dive. You may have to bite your lip to get your courage up. Your first dive might be scary but it's free, so you have practically nothing to lose. It won't be glamorous or as exciting as a shark dive, but it can let you know what you might be getting into. *

For more info on Free Discover Scuba contact Scuba Here Aquatic Shop @ 890-5542

Time to go fishin' for memories

By Jeremy W. Stanley / staff

It's time to go fishin'.

All the signs are present; the mosquitoes are biting, the wind is out of the south, the July heat can cook the scales off your catch and the old fishing whoppers are being told down at Warren's General Store.

I'm quite fond of some of those tales. One I particularly like is about a fella named Shotgun Joe.

It seems that Joe was a firm believer in the medicinal power of fishing. Well, one day Joe's cousin Heck was digging up stumps in his lower 40 when he found Joe casting a baitless hook into his cow pond. Knowing Joe to be the kind that always did things his own way, Ol' Heck let him be.

Hours later Heck returned to find Joe slumped down under an old Locust tree, his hat pulled down over his eyes and the bamboo pole stuck straight up in the air deep in the mud.

Heck couldn't resist. "Catching anything?" "Nope," Shotgun yawned.

"Joe you know you ain't got no bait on that hook don't you?" "That's right," Joe drawled without twitching a finger, "It's the way I like it. If I puts worm on the hook them fish'll worry me to death."

I laugh every time I hear the story. It reminds me of the many fishing trips I took as a kid. Like it was with Shotgun, what we caught wasn't always the most important thing.

Fishing at my house entailed certain rituals. You couldn't just go fishing. First you had to repair your gear. We'd scrape dried worm off hooks, repair broken lines, replace lost weights and make sure the casting mechanisms were working. Dad would pull the line on every rod until it spooled out. Then he'd reel in the line taunt and then repeat the process. All the time me and Travis, my brother, would watch his short, thick fingers busily work the line until it suited him. Once satisfied the line was okay and that he wouldn't lose his weights,

My father is the only person I've ever known to get his fishing line caught in a tree in his front yard.

test.

My father is the only person I've ever known to get his fishing line caught in a tree in his front yard.

We'd pack the truck with the freshly repaired tackle, buckets to sit on, a couple of jugs of ice water (I always ended up with the Snap-on-Tools thermos that leaked if the top wasn't screwed down tight) and we'd be ready to go. Mom and Dad would get into the cab of the truck and our boys got to ride in the back.

How we loved that ride. Travis would get to hold the night crawlers, the favored bait for catfish specialists; and we would sing at the top of our lungs; songs we had heard on the radio and jingles from our favorite commercials.

Our ritual fishing pattern was not contained to just how we got started either. Like so many of us, my family had a fishin' hole. A place we went because we knew it so well. Our place was Massey Lake.

Massey Lake was two acres of muddy water overgrown with brambles and Johnson grass infested with mosquitoes the size of barn swallows, and had precious little shade. It was like a second home.

Grand-daddy was the name we gave to the biggest fish in the lake. He was more than likely a catfish or a sturgeon because you never saw him jump. But if you watched the lake toward the end of day you might see

tail. So strong was he that he'd bend a rod and reel plum over and break a forty pound test line. Along about my fourteenth year ago, I thought I caught Grand-daddy.

It was getting late in the evening, the sun was in our eyes when my rod lurched over. Nearly falling off my bucket, I stood and started to back up into some trees. Daddy was hollering, "Reel him in boy. Reel him in," as he jumped a small ditch losing his cigarettes. I cranked the reel as fast as I could. The line started slipping out. I kept reeling and jerking the rod up in the air like I'd seen Bill Dance the TV fisherman do. Dad finally made it over and grabbed the line in his hands. We fought it for fifteen minutes. Finally, the fish stopped fighting and started swimming toward the bank.

I knew something was wrong then. We were surprised when our catch crawled up onto the bank, stuck out his head and yawned at us. What I'd caught was a snapping turtle as big as a coffee table and as old as the lake itself. It was down right prehistoric with its lumpy shell and long tail that hung behind it, dragging in the mud.

Dad looked at me and frowned. "We're going to cut it loose." He then took out his knife and cut the line at the end of my rod. He wasn't about to get any closer to the beast than he had to. Neither was I.

It's time to go fishin'.

It has been more than five years now. The wind is out of the south. Mother is warning us to take some insect repellent. It's July and it is hot. Before long Daddy will be out on the porch studying the fishing gear.

But this year things won't be quite the same. A thunderstorm and the beavers' tireless work weakened the walls of the lake, and all the fish drained away four years ago.

That won't stop us though. Daddy thinks he has found us a new place. It's sure to have brambles and weeds.

We might not catch anything. I don't even know if this new lake has any catfish in it. That doesn't matter. It's summer. It's vacation time and it's

The bikini in fabulous form at 50

Associated Press

The dark days of World War II had ended and a liberated France was in the mood to let go.

So when a French automotive engineer sketched a two-piece bathing suit and named it after the South Pacific atoll where the Americans were setting off atomic bombs, the creation became an instant — though controversial — hit.

Fifty years later, the bikini is still a hit.

The naughty little two-piecer made a sensational debut at the fashionable Molitor swimming pool in Paris back in 1946. A year after the Nazis were kicked out of France, it was another Liberation of sorts.

"It meant the liberation of the body," said Catherine Join-Dieterle, head curator of the Galliera Fashion Museum in Paris.

The bikini has hardly slowed down, and now has gone high-tech. Allowing for a few blips with more modest one-piece tank suits fashionable in the late 1980s, the bikini blossoms, or rather recedes.

It is baring more flesh than ever, and often in neon shades of green or pink, though Chanel is hanging in with black and white. And the price tag gets ever larger.

The original was a much more baggy version than today's high-tech elasticized models. Today's panties often barely cover the pelvis, though they're not quite the G-string promoted in Rio de Janeiro since the 1970s.

The swimsuit fashioned of three strategic triangles was the brainchild of Louis Reard, a Renault engineer-designer who named it after the A-bomb test site. The little bikini created its own mini-explosion in the press and with early paparazzi.

Women's navels hadn't been bared in public since the days of Ramses II's slaves of ancient Egypt, and the uproar from churches and other critics was deafening. Bikinis were immediately banned on beaches

in some predominantly Roman Catholic countries. Even Hollywood frowned on them at first.

But they were enthusiastically taken up by postwar French women, and soon became a trademark of curvaceous Brigitte Bardot and other nubile beauties.

Americans were late-comers and finally took bikinis to New York's Jones Beach in the late 1950s. The two-piece caught on with the baby boomers, the exploding surf culture, beach music and Hollywood cinema.

The French very often discard tops and turn the whole look into a monokini, wearing bottoms only, and baring the breasts.

Relative modesty came back a few years ago with fashionable stretch one-piece tank suits, cut-outs in interesting places, or backless looks. But designers like Karl Lagerfeld, Donna Karan and Calvin Klein have brought out two pieces again.

"The bikini has made a comeback," said Haruo Kimura, the Tokyo-based author of a book on swimwear history.

Chanel is showing teeny-weeny little bits of software for the hardware price of \$350-\$400. Pretty hefty for a lightweight 40 square inches of fabric.

But they're selling well, say saleswomen in the chic Avenue Montaigne shop.

"Small as it is, the bikini is a very big item," said Annick Huet, a spokeswoman for Rasurel, a top French swimwear manufacturer, now a subsidiary of the American conglomerate Warnaco. "We're seeing nearly 50 percent bikini sales, versus one-piece, up considerably over a few years ago."

She reckons the clinging new fabrics are attractive. They're also secure — gone are the days of diving into the lake and losing your bikini pants, thanks to new stretch fabrics.

"We even have some models in fabrics that mold to the skin with body heat," Ms. Huet said. *

SPORTS & RECREATION

SIDELINES

Wednesday, July 10, 1996

Page 4

MTSU gets green light for new football stadium

By Keith Russell / staff

Architects can now begin the design for MTSU's new stadium now that the State Building Commission has given its final approval said Lee Fowler, MTSU's Athletic Director.

"It was approved to proceed; now it's actually up to the architects to get the construction bidded out and start the projects" he said.

The renovation of Johnny "Red" Floyd Stadium will be completed in stages, working around the football season, he said.

The State Building Commission approved a bond for \$23 million dollars last Thursday.

"The commission asked very good questions and showed great interest in the specific design" said Duane Stucky, vice-president of Finance and Administration. "It was well thought-through and all their questions and concerns appeared to be satisfied. They approved proceeding with the bidding."

"At this point the architect will begin detailed construction drawings. It is likely to be bid in phases because we have to work around the football schedule."

This was the second and final time the Building Commission approved plans for the stadium, Stucky said.

The final home game this year, said Fowler, is on November 23rd, and extensive work such as the destruction of the east side will begin after that, he said.

The first phase of construction will include the stands and track at the same time. The stands are expected to be completed in Fall 1997, and construction should begin on the press

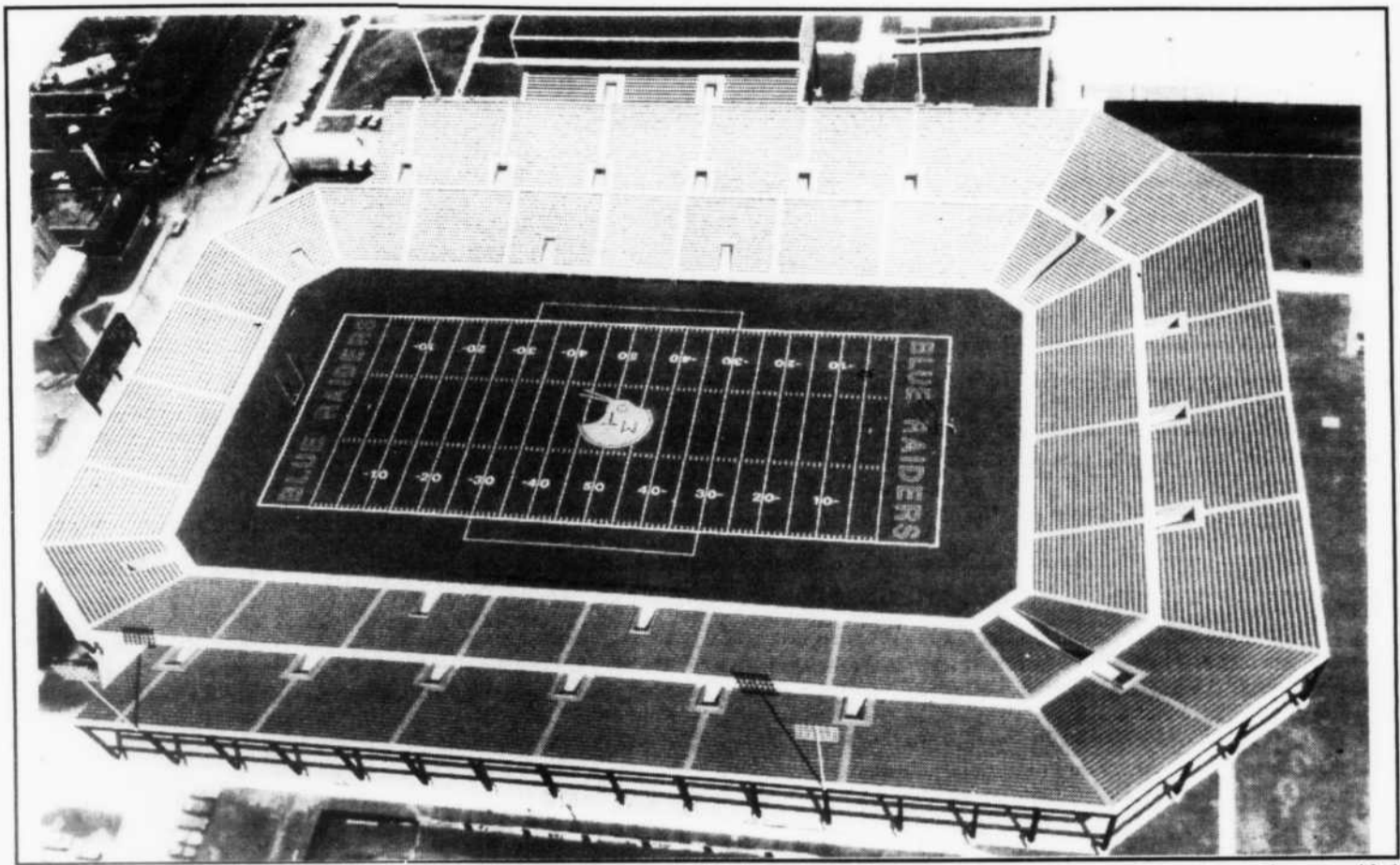


Photo provided

A detailed construction drawing of the recently approved stadium, which will accommodate 30 to 34,000 fans. The project is expected to cost \$25 million and will begin after the final home game in late November. Early construction will include a track and stands, and is expected to be completed in Fall 1997.

Russell's Mania by Keith Russell

Dateline CLEVELAND—Walk around the streets of Cleveland these days, and you get the sense that this is a city that has done some serious soul searching.

After years, decades even, of being one of America's most downtrodden and laughed at urban eyesores, the town that rests along the rolling shores of Lake Erie couldn't help but have an identity crisis. After all, when your home is known as the "Mistake by the Lake," how could you not be compelled to hang your head a little?

And when it came to sports, the feelings of inadequacy spilled out onto the playing field. The Indians, with less of a winning tradition than Wile E. Coyote, seemed to invent a new way to fall flat on their face season after season. The Cavs, meanwhile, were forever doomed to succumb to the heartbreaking whims of Michael Jordan and the Bulls come playoff time. And the beloved Browns perhaps hurt Clevelanders most of all, with AFC title game failures that would become known simply as "the Drive" and "the Fumble." If ever a town was thought to be jinxed, it was Cleveland.

Yet through all of the hard times, the fans who tirelessly congregated at venerable Municipal Stadium and the nearby Richfield Coliseum kept the faith. Maybe it was because they saw in their teams a little bit of themselves. When times are difficult, people tend to circle the wagons and protect their own. It was their Indians, after all, that were spoofed in the movie Major League. It was their Browns, after all, that had the ugly brown and orange uniforms that people made fun of.

So, it was that sense of connection between a town and its sports teams that has made the past few years in Cleveland all the more dramatic. To paraphrase the words of Charles Dickens, it has been the best and worst of times.

After decades of frustration, compounded by a players' strike which dashed their first playoff berth in forty years, the Indians finally found a winning formula, celebrating an American League pennant last year in beautiful new Jacobs Field. The Cavs also found a new home next to the Indians at the newly built Gund Arena, furthering the downtown area's revitalization efforts. The locals were so happy, in fact, that they started calling themselves America's "Come Back City."

Unfortunately, Browns owner Art Modell was one person who decided that he would grab his wallet and not come back, taking his franchise to the greener pastures of Baltimore. In doing so,

Please see RUSSELL on page 5
Modell did what folks in Cleveland

Recreation Department Offers Appalachian Trail Hike

By Keith Russell / staff

The MTSU Campus Recreation department will leave on August 2nd for its 15th annual trail hike through New Hampshire's White Mountains.

The trip will span 10 days and nine nights, as hikers will travel across a 78 mile stretch of the 2,135 mile long Appalachian Trail.

Trail hikers will begin their trip this year at Crawford Notch, New Hampshire, and then travel through the mountainous New England countryside before ending their journey at Lyme/ Dorchester Road, near Smarts Mountain.

According to Campus Recreation, a group from MTSU has hiked a separate section of the Appalachian Trail, which runs for 2,135 miles between Georgia's Springer Mountain and Maine's Mt. Katahdin, every year since 1981.

"Before we get too old and feeble, we hope to hike the whole 2,135

miles," according to a pamphlet released by the Campus Recreation department.

The group will leave Murfreesboro by van on August 2 at 5 a.m., and arrive at Crawford Notch, New Hampshire, on Saturday, August 3. The trip will conclude on Tuesday, August 13, returning to Murfreesboro around midnight.

The Campus Recreation department will provide hikers with transportation to and from New Hampshire, as well as providing backpacks, tents, stoves, cook kits, sleeping bags, and sleeping pads.

The trip is limited to 10 people, and will cost \$75 for MTSU students, faculty, and staff, and \$85 for guests. There is a \$5 discount for hikers who provide their own equipment.

Anyone interested in reserving a spot on the Appalachian Trail hike is urged to contact Campus Recreation at 898-2104 as soon as possible, as space is limited. *

Irvin pays for cocaine possession charges

Associated Press

Michael Irvin was sentenced today to four years probation and fined \$10,000 after the Dallas Cowboys receiver pleaded no contest to a second-degree felony cocaine possession charge.

State District Judge Manny Alvarez accepted the terms of a plea bargain worked out Monday. The probation is considered deferred adjudication, meaning the charge will be erased from his record if Irvin stays out of trouble for four years.

Alvarez warned Irvin that any violation of his probation could trigger a sentence.

"Then the full range of punishment is available to me," the judge said.

The judge also ordered Irvin to perform 800 hours of community service.

The judge said the first one-third of Irvin's community service would be

work such as picking up roadside trash or helping at an AIDS resource center.

Alvarez warned Irvin that should he violate the probation, he could be sentenced to up to 20 years in prison. "I want you to know and understand that four years of deferred adjudication is not a cakewalk," the judge said.

In the wake of student and SGA protests, a referendum was held for students to approve or disapprove the fee; by a comfortable margin, MTSU students approved the fee last fall. *

work such as picking up roadside trash or helping at an AIDS resource center.

Alvarez warned Irvin that should he violate the probation, he could be sentenced to up to 20 years in prison.

"I want you to know and understand that four years of deferred adjudication is not a cakewalk," the judge said.

Irvin appeared subdued at the hearing. His wife, Sandi, and two young daughters were with him in court for the first time during the trial.

Alvarez ordered Irvin to submit to a drug evaluation within 45 days and to undergo court-approved psychological counseling.

Although Irvin is likely to be punished by the NFL, he's free to be in Austin for the opening of Cowboys training camp Wednesday.

Please see IRVIN on page 5

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PARK IV Ph. 896-0667	Washer-dryer connections. 1 and 2 bedroom apartments.
HOLLYPARK 2426 E. Main Ph. 896-0667	1 and 2 bedroom apartments, townhouses.
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WEAR A CONDOM!!!

RUSSELL:

continued from page 4
Modell did what folks in Cleveland had thought was impossible. He was taking their Browns. He was taking one of their own.

Given the perspective here in Tennessee with the anticipated Oilers relocation, the Browns affair ought to give people around here some food for thought. There are always two sides to a story, and on the flip side to Nashville and Middle Tennessee's joy there is

the angst and sorrow of fans in Cleveland, Houston, Los Angeles, and Quebec.

Certainly, each move by a team has had its own peculiarities and issues, but what should not be lost on anyone is how difficult it is to have the ties that bind a city and its sports teams torn apart. For Cleveland, the cut was painfully deep.

Having traveled to Ohio this past week, I saw that both literally and figuratively, Cleveland has cleaned up its act. Lake Erie, which once

caught fire from the many chemicals dumped from its shores, is now clear and safe enough to swim in. Additionally, the recently opened Rock and Roll Hall of Fame opens its doors to a steady stream of tourists who are finding that the only mistake by the lake is to not have come sooner. In short, this is a town that searched its soul and liked what it found. For Browns fans, however, a huge piece of that soul—their soul—is now missing. •

IRVIN:

continued from page 4

Irvin was to hold a news conference later today at the team's Valley Ranch headquarters, said Cowboys spokesman Rich Dalrymple.

The NFL has been saying for months that it wouldn't rule on Irvin's eligibility until the trial concluded. On Monday, NFL spokesman Greg Aiello said Irvin's status "will be reviewed under the terms of our substance abuse policy."

Although it's possible Irvin's record could be cleansed of the charge, the NFL could decide that evidence and testimony from the trial is probable cause for a suspension. He could be kept off the field without pay from four games to an entire season. He makes \$102,647 per game.

"Michael is glad to get this behind him and get back on with his life," defense attorney Don Godwin said Monday. "He intends to get down to Austin to be part of the training camp and to help the Dallas

Cowboys."

Lead prosecutor Mike Gillett said attorneys had been discussing a possible plea "from indictment to today."

"I think the important thing is it's been disposed of in what I see as a positive manner for our office and for Mr. Irvin," he said.

While the timing of the decision keeps Irvin's football career on track, it also came amid testimony from topless dancer Rachele Smith, the prosecution's star witness.

"Let's make sure, ladies and gentlemen, that everyone understands that Michael Irvin's plea of no contest was not as a result of the testimony of Rachele Smith," defense attorney Royce West said, adding that attorneys were prepared to cross-examine Smith Monday.

The deal was sealed, West said, because prosecutors withdrew their demand that Irvin plead guilty and agree to five years' probation. "A plea of guilty ... may very well have (had) a significant impact on his ability to continue to play

ball," West said.

On Friday, Smith testified outside the jury's presence that Irvin claimed ownership of the drugs hours after a March 4 bust at an Irving motel netted 10.3 grams of cocaine, more than an ounce of marijuana and drug paraphernalia.

She also said Irvin had threatened her on several occasions but the district attorney's office is not considering filing witness-tampering charges.

"It's a dead issue," Gillett said.

Smith is the girlfriend of Johnnie Hernandez, the ex-Dallas police officer accused of hiring a hitman to have Irvin killed, reportedly in retaliation for his threats against Smith.

Also indicted after the motel raid were topless dancers Angela Beck and Jasmine Nabwangu, who were in the motel suite with Irvin. Alfredo Roberts, a former teammate of Irvin's, was present that night but not indicted.

Beck and Nabwangu still face charges. •

CLASSIFIEDS

NOTICE

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FREE INFORMATION is available through the MTSU Placement Office, KUC room 328. Come by and receive your complimentary copies of catalogs, pamphlets, and guides to learn how to write a resume and cover letter from various samples, gather information about a particular company, and help with interview preparation. Video tapes are also available for you to view in the career library.

***** RECREATION CENTER ANNOUNCEMENT *****
If you graduated in May 1996 you are eligible to use the Rec Center free of charge until Sept. 1, 1996. However, in order to do so you must fill out paperwork in the Campus recreation office between 8am - 4:30pm.

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SWM seeking wild and uncontrollable SWF to share some quality time with. I enjoy catching a buzz and many outdoor sports. Looking for a companion that enjoys the same. Please include a photograph. If interested contact: WCG Campus Box 7367

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CAMPUS CAPSULE

THURSDAYS

Intervarsity Christian Fellowship and the Presbyterian Student Fellowship are sponsoring ongoing joint fellowship on Christian Character at the PSF every Thursday at 6:30 beginning May 16. Dinner will be served at 6:00 for a fee of \$2.00. Everyone is welcome. For more info. call Mike @ 893-1737 or Philip @ 893-1737.

MTSU SENIOR STUDIES

Classes will be held for seniors on both computer literacy and investment throughout the summer. Interested parties should contact Cynthia Drenan or Mike Reed @898-2179

TBA

Erudite Emancipator will be holding meetings in the Fall Semester. A tentative list for those interested in joining the reading group include: Brothers and Sisters - Bebe Moore(\$6.99), Makes Me Wanna Holler - Nathan McCall (\$12.00), When We Were

Colored - Clifton L. Foulbert (\$8.95), Never Satisfied - Michael Baisden (\$13.95), Disappearing Acts - Terry McMillan (\$?), Claiming Earth - Haki Madhubuti (\$22.00), and Racial Healing - Harlen L. Dalton (\$22.50). Discussions may also include poetry, and current events. There is a possibility that group discounts will be available. Interested parties should contact Angela Bond or Inez Chopfield at (901) 424-2395.

ABUSE PREVENTION

Child Abuse Prevention of Tennessee needs volunteers to answer the statewide Parent Helpline/Domestic Violence Hotline, to work with parents of newborns in the Parent Pathway Program, to assist with parenting classes, or to assist with childcare during the parenting classes. Training begins in September. For more information, call Riki Lawrence at 227-2273

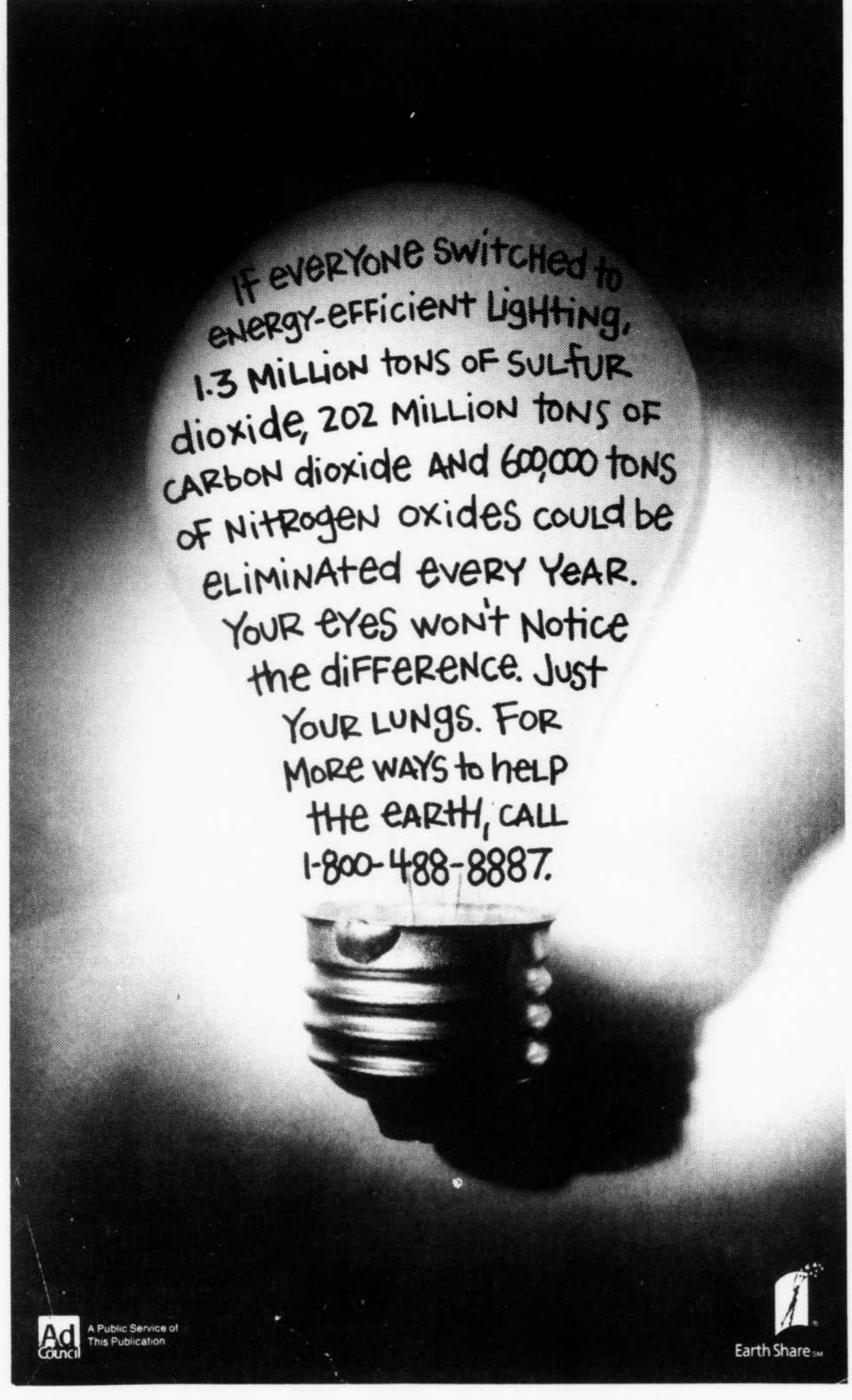
THURSDAY JULY, 18

Oak Creek Golf Association is sponsoring the First Annual Charity Golf Scramble to benefit Children's Discovery House. Shotgun start will be at 2:00 p.m. and dinner will be served at 6:30 p.m. Entry fees are as follows: \$100 per golfer, \$600 (HOLE SPONSOR) purchases a four-man team and promo at tee box, \$2000 (CORPORATE SPONSOR) purchases two four-man teams and two family memberships to Children's Discovery House. Prizes for closest to pin, longest drive, and best team. A new car will be awarded for a hole-in-one! Register berfore June 30 through Children's Discovery House @ 890-2300.

FRIDAY AUGUST, 9

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Save me from myself, St. Timothy

Dave Berry / syndicated columnist

Recently I found myself in a deep nostalgic wallow as a result of two occurrences:

(1) Timothy Leary went up to that Big Volkswagen Microbus In The Sky.

(2) I turned 49. This means I'm almost 50, which is halfway to the stage in life where a person can wind up on the Willard Scott Birthday Segment of the "Today" show, the one where they show a picture of an extremely senior citizen who looks like "Juanita," the semi-preserved 500-year-old frozen Inca woman unearthed last year, and Willard says: "Happy birthday to Mrs. Claudia A. Smoogent! This pretty lady once played horseshoes with Thomas Jefferson and still digests much of her own food!"

(Note to my friends: If I am ever in actual danger of appearing on the Willard Scott Birthday Segment, you have my permission to shoot me in the head. Also Willard.)

Anyway, these two events got me to thinking back to a time when I was young and people actually took Timothy Leary seriously. I refer, of course, to... (cue "Sergeant Pepper")...The Sixties! What a time! I bet you younger people would love to hear all about it!

I am of course kidding. You younger people are sick sick SICK of The Sixties. Ever since birth, you've been listening to my generation drone on about The Sixties, an era so culturally important that even though my generation is now old and flabby and sound and non-rhythmic and stoned asleep by 10:30 p.m. WE STILL THINK WERE COOL. We think this because of the many unique consciousness-raising experiences we had in The Sixties, such as the experience of trying desperately to like Indian music. We HAD to like it! The BEATLES liked it! So we listened for hours to guys playing sitars; we sat there in our beads, concentrating

earnestly, waiting for some kind of recognizable melody to show up, like people waiting for a bus on the wrong street. (I now suspect that the sitar players were not actually listening to their own music; they were listening, through tiny concealed earphones, to baseball.)

Speaking of music: We also had our consciousness raised several feet by the experience of attending the classic sixties rock concert. The way this worked was, word would get around that a major band, such as The Who, was going to perform in some city; you and your friends would drop whatever you were doing (college, for example) and bum a ride there and join a humongous free-associating throng in some cavernous auditorium, where everybody would sit around marinating in an atmosphere that was 1 part oxygen, 4 parts nitrogen and 17 parts doobie vapor.

For the first six hours or so there would be no activity onstage except for two guys messing around with speakers the size of the Lincoln Memorial. From time to time the speakers would emit a horrendous, tooth-vibrating, feedback shriek WREEEEEEEEEEEP which would cause the crowd members to sit up and look around for reassurance that this was an external noise, as opposed to something that was happening only inside their personal heads.

As the Who-less hours drifted by, the crowd would spontaneously generate rumors concerning which major musical superstars were going to make Surprise Guest Appearances ("Hendrix is here!" "Somebody saw John Lennon in the men's room! He was operating the blow dryer!") Then, after everybody had lost all track of time and place, one of the concert promoters would get up on stage and, in between bursts of feedback, make some announcement like: "OK! We

just got a call from WREEEEEEEEEEEP the road manager for The Who! (Cheers from the crowd.) He says their plane has just landed in WREEEEEEEEEEEP Los Angeles! (More cheers.) They'll be on their way here just as WREEEEEEEEEEEP soon as they refuel!" (Wild cheers, accompanied by the sound of people asking each other, "What city are we in again?")

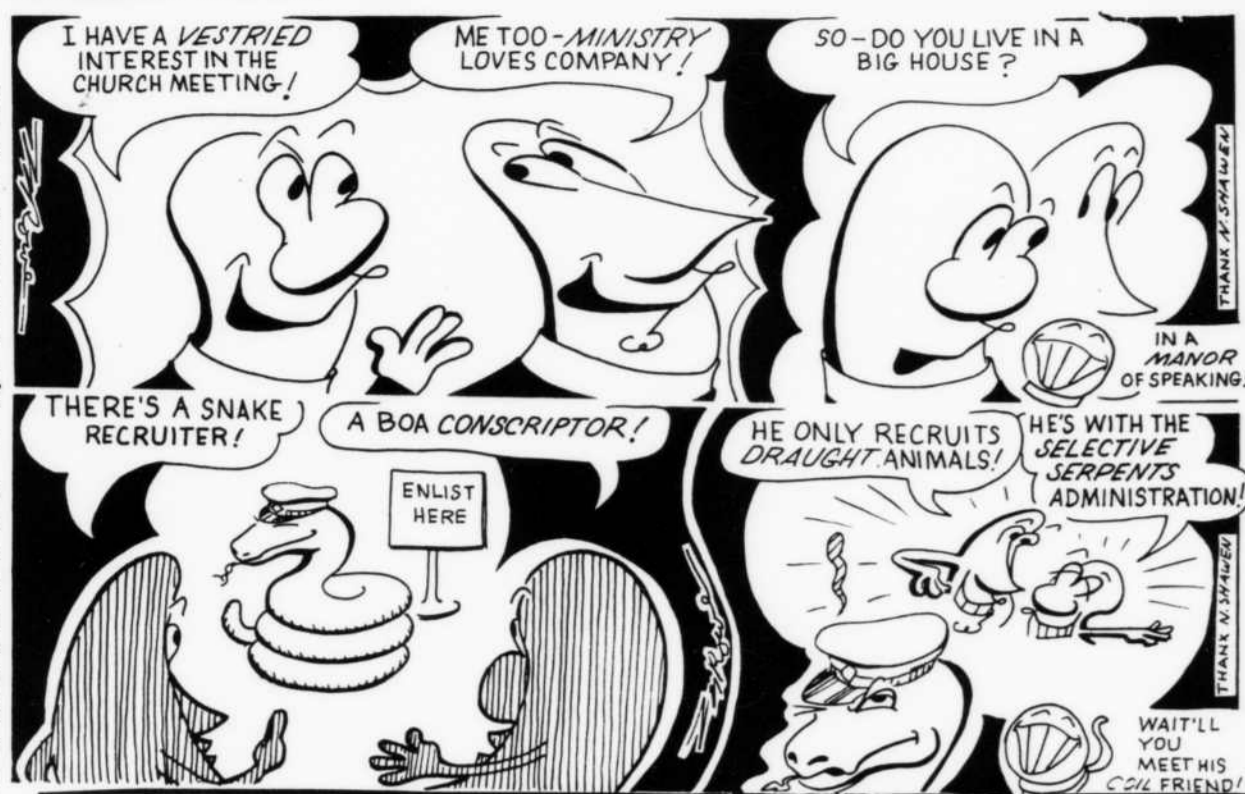
Then there'd be more hours of waiting and more rumors ("Dylan is here! With Beethoven!") and more announcements (OK! Listen up! The Who's had to be diverted to WREEEEEEEEEEEP Nova Scotia! But just as soon as they can fuel..."). This could go on for days; often the featured act never showed up at all. I'm pretty sure that somewhere in America today, there's an auditorium filled with people still waiting to hear the Electric Flag. But they're happy! That was the thing about The Sixties: People were really happy, except when they became convinced that tiny crabs were eating their brains.

Which brings us back to Timothy Leary. What can you say about this guy? He spoke to our generation! He was a brilliant genius! He told us to (Of COURSE! We did! The BEATLES did!) And we had philosophical insights! Important ones! Life-changing ones! For example: When a candle burns, WAX DRIPS DOWN THE SIDE! Wow!

And that is only one tiny example of the many insights we had, thanks to Dr. Leary, and it is why we children of The Sixties (those of us who stayed out of institutions) are still so cool after all these years. Soon there will be denture commercials aimed at us, using classic Beatles tunes to appeal to our eternal coolness. We'll hum through our gums.

Maybe you should shoot me now. *

PUNTOONS! MACK ROWE



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Sidelines? Midlander? Collage?

Positions available for the fall and spring of 1996

Come by Room 310 of JUB for an application or call 898-2337

Interruption in Telephone Service

One of the main telephone cables must be moved to make way for construction. Telephone service will be interrupted for about 30 minutes in isolated areas. The work is scheduled to begin at 6:30 a.m. this Saturday and will be completed on Sunday.

Telephones in the following buildings will be affected:

- Deere Hall
Gore Hall
Clement Hall
Wood Hall

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Judd Hall
Gracy Hall
Woodmore Cafeteria
Beasley Hall
Sims Hall
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Reynolds Hall
Monohan Hall
Schardt Hall
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Campus School
Davis School
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- 202 Baird Lane
209 Baird Lane
207 Baird Lane
1421 Main Vaughn House
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Wet weather may postpone this work.

Top 10 Movies in North America

The top 10 movies at North American theaters Friday through Sunday, followed by studio, gross, number of theater locations, receipts per location, total gross and number of weeks in release, as compiled Monday by Exhibitor Relations Co. Inc.:

1. "Independence Day," 20th Century Fox, \$35.2 million, 2,908 locations, \$12,119 per location, \$160.3 million, two weeks.

2. "Phenomenon," Disney, \$13 million, 1,973 locations, \$6,576 per location, \$46.3 million, two weeks.

3. "Courage Under Fire," 20th Century Fox, \$12.5 million, 1,986 locations, \$6,295 per location, \$12.5 million, one week.

4. "The Nutty Professor," Universal, \$12.2 million, 2,178 locations, \$5,605 per location, \$80.2 million, three weeks.

5. "Harriet the Spy," Paramount, \$6.6 million, 1,826 locations, \$3,615 per location, \$9.6 million, 1 1/2 weeks.

6. "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Disney, \$6.4 million, 2,671 locations, \$2,406 per location, \$77 million, four weeks.

7. "Eraser," Warner Bros., \$6.3 million, 2,506 locations, \$2,517 per location, \$80.9 million, four weeks.

8. "The Rock," Disney, \$4.4 million, 1,848 locations, \$2,372 per location, \$117.4 million, six weeks.

9. "Strip-tease," Columbia, \$3 million, 1,841 locations, \$1,638 per location, \$27.9 million, three weeks.

10. "Twister," Warner Bros., \$1.8 million, 1,292 locations, \$1,431 per location, \$228.4 million, 10 weeks.



Ivan Neal has put out

a lot of fires.

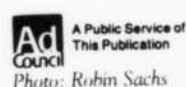
He's not a firefighter—

he's a teacher. But to the kids he's reached, he's a hero.



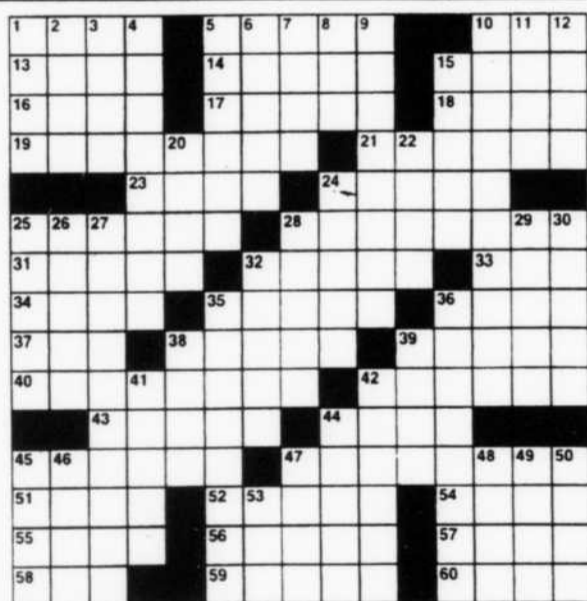
BE A TEACHER. BE A HERO.

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THE Crossword

- ACROSS
1 Cast a ballot
5 List of candidates
10 Part of an atlas
13 So be it
14 Records
15 Articles of the same kind
16 Warbled
17 Beginning
18 Matures
19 Admission
21 Demand
23 Dishes
24 Gives off
25 Seasoning leaves
26 "— the Apes"
31 Sharpens
32 Dish
33 Inlet
34 Burl
35 Box
36 Indonesian island
37 Accelerate a motor
38 Carve
39 Subsequently
40 Unspoiled
42 Blocks
43 Show gratitude
44 Chair
45 Lamentation
47 Sanctuaries
51 Ear part
52 Martini item
54 Turbulent disturbance
55 "— Well That Ends Well"
56 Memoranda
57 Novelist Ferber
58 Exhausted
59 Ruminant



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ANSWERS



- DOWN
1 Flower holder
2 Arabian gulf
3 Canvas shelter
4 Etches
5 Rocks
6 Thrusting weapon
7 Church part
8 Gaffer's need
9 Guess
10 Judge
11 God of war
12 Nudnick
15 Fritter away
20 Pub brews
22 Number of Muses
24 Make joyful
25 Sound of a small bird
26 Flutter
27 As a matter of course
28 Put
29 Tanker
30 Bazaars
32 Groom oneself with great care
35 Bill and Hillary
36 Pounded hard
38 Musial
39 Shakespearean king
41 Recoils
42 Loathe
44 Number of deadly sins
45 Blueprint
46 Girl of "Damn Yankees"
47 Ceremony
48 Adjutant
49 Musical sound
50 Actor in lights
53 Cut off

Part 2 of Deus ex Machina will run in next weeks edition of the paper. Look for it and be prepared!