

# THE LINES

**Phish hooks fan**  
*New C.D. pleases*

**Pretty Boy Floyd thrills**

**Internet Temptations**  
*Andy Frantz points out some dangers,  
and how to avoid them*



Gore drops by page 8

## GORE DROPS BY TO HELP CELEBRATE UNCLE DAVE MACON DAYS

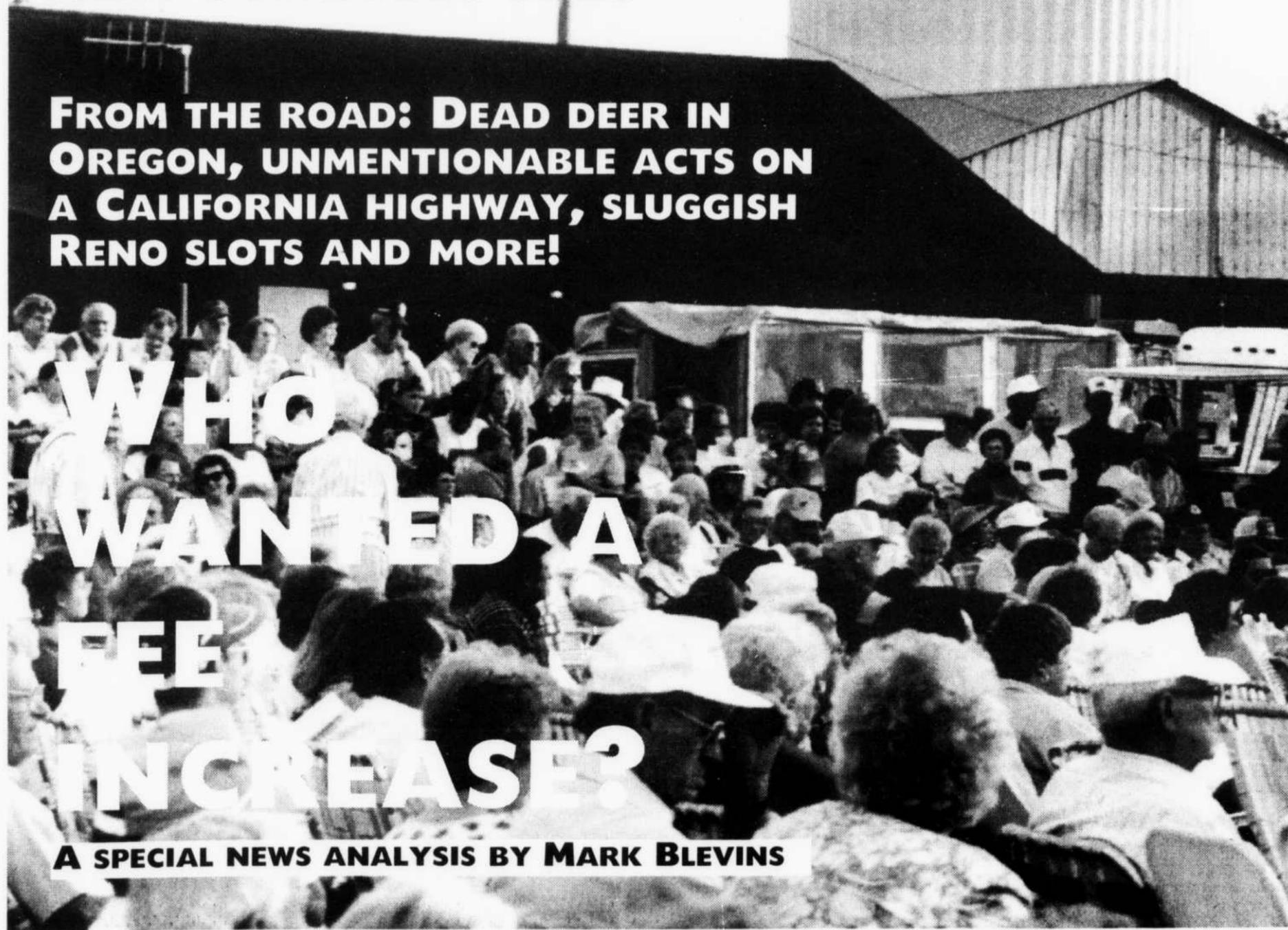
VICE PRESIDENT SUPPORTS TENNESSEE CULTURE

## STUDENTS EXPRESS CONCERNS ABOUT NEW STADIUM FEES

FROM THE ROAD: DEAD DEER IN OREGON, UNMENTIONABLE ACTS ON A CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY, SLUGGISH RENO SLOTS AND MORE!

# WHO WANTED A FEE INCREASE?

A SPECIAL NEWS ANALYSIS BY MARK BLEVINS



# 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

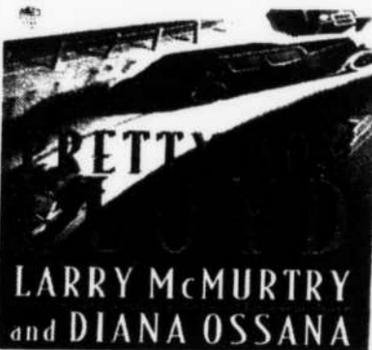
letters for clarity. Send letters to MTSU Box 42 or e-mail to one of the addresses listed in the box at right. Please clearly mark all electronic correspondence "letter to the editor."

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On the cover: Uncle Dave Macon Days welcomes Vice President Al Gore last Friday. Photos by Todd Sorum.



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Gore drops by for Uncle Dave Macon Days, calling it a chance to express American heritage; the new Phish CD will impress both long-time fans and new listeners, and Pretty Boy Floyd hits the bestseller's list with a loud, resounding boom. Begins on page 8

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# FROM THE EDITOR...



No doubt you have seen the New Student Edition of *Sidelines* already. Some of you might have even read it. I hope so, anyway.

With the fall semester swiftly approaching, our campus will soon be invaded by a new, bright-eyed regiment of fresh young students. They will be happy to be here, just like you were so many years ago. They will be fresh from the harsh, prison-like environment of high school,

where teachers and administrators who thought they were more important than they really were have tried to keep them on a short leash. Most of them are living away from their parents for the first time in their lives. Many will see MTSU as a beautiful place of freedom and learning.

With just a little help from more experienced students, new students can find that MTSU is the place they want it to be: A place to seek deeper meaning, more solid, unbiased knowledge; a place to have fun, to do the things they couldn't do at home; a place to meet new friends and to share ideas and beliefs in a mature, responsible manner.

Take time to offer directions to confused-looking students this fall and summer. It couldn't be too much trouble to offer assistance to a new student in or around Peck Hall, or elsewhere on campus. With a couple of minutes of your time you might save someone from wandering around for the rest of their lives, from growing old and gray with a long, flowing white beard while they look for a classroom at Peck Hall. You might help someone get to a history 201 class before their own private diaries become historical documents. Imagine that.

We all know that Peck Hall would confuse even the most knowledgeable sea captain: The stars are useless when finding your way around the building; the wind blows in all directions at once and rarely does a gull fly through. I have roamed the vast square of the building countless times in confusion, even after my third year at MTSU. Every semester of those three years (except one) I have had a class in Peck Hall, and every semester I spend valuable classroom time wandering the hallways and stairs. I have even given up before, on an especially bad day, and gone home after a few minutes of fruitless searching in the building.

Imagine, students, how helpful it might be for you to offer assistance to a lost freshman, how you might save someone from years and years of misery. Those of you who are especially helpful will carry water and provisions for poor, lost new students, refreshment for nomadic groups of clean-cut young freshmen whose lives just might depend on your generosity.

If directions aren't your thing, just be friendly to new students. Smile at them. Offer advice when you can. Because you were there once too.

\* \* \*

In this issue, we bring you a special investigative report on the new activity fee increase that might surprise you. Do students have a voice in what goes on around here? Or have we just been fooled all this time, allowed to believe that our Student Government Association actually has some power over the bureaucrats at MTSU when it does not? In our Opinions section, we are not running our normal columnists this time, as you will see when you get there. This is because of the flood of letters we have received expressing anger about the new activity fee, because some of you care enough about where your money goes to send us your opinion. Keep them coming, folks. We'll even make a deal with you: As long as you keep those letters coming, we'll run them all, and you will continue to have a place to voice your anger. If you happen to disagree with the letters you see, and think it's a good idea for the school to stick us with yet another fee, then, well, we'll print your letters too.

Because, as we here at *Sidelines* like to say, this is your student newspaper.

After you've read the report on page 3 about the fee, don't forget to keep on reading. I've written a report about some pretty strange things that happened to me while I was on the road for a couple of weeks, and Andy Frantz is at it again with another internet story. Also, don't forget to check out Reviews and Events--there's something there for everyone. Read on, folks. We hope you enjoy.

Brent Andrews  
Editor in Chief

# SIDE LINES

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# News & Notes

**Correction** *Sidelines* has been incorrectly reporting that student activity fees cannot be used for purely academic purposes.

There is no Tennessee statute, TBR rule or THEC rule that explicitly prohibits academic use of student activity fees, according to officials at TBR, THEC and in the state legislature. Executive Director of THEC

Bryant Millsaps said that the policy of not using activity fees for academic purposes is based on the principle that public education should be mostly publicly funded. TBR officials and Rep. John Bragg of Murfreesboro echoed Millsaps reasoning.

Millsaps said funding academic ventures with student fees might make it prohibitive for some and that the change of that policy would represent a dramatic shift. ■

## Questions remains of student support for activity fee

**SGA, faculty senate action, petition begs questions for top dogs**

**MARK BLEVINS**  
Sidelines

One month after the Tennessee Board of Regents (TBR) approved MTSU's request for a \$65 fee increase to fund the renovation of the stadium, the question of student support for the increase remains.

There is also the question of how or if MTSU's administration sought to gauge that support.

Since the mid-June meeting when the increase was approved, a surprised SGA senate has passed resolutions calling for a student referendum on the increase and an investigation surrounding the presentation to TBR. A surprised faculty senate passed a resolution to express their concern to Walker with how the fee was approved. The phrase "back door operation" was used more than once at that June faculty senate meeting. A student petition asking for a delay in implementation of the fee until a student referendum can be held this fall has drawn close to 500 signatures in less than a week, according to the students organizing the drive.

These actions beg the question of how much student support the activity fee increase has and how much the administration sought student opinion.

A TBR senior vice chancellor said that activity fee increases are "not taken lightly" and that he had the impression that there was a broad base of support by MTSU students for the increase.

"I can assure you that we considered the size of the fee," said TBR Senior Vice Chancellor for

### NEWS ANALYSIS

Academic Affairs Nebraska Mays. "The chancellor's staff—all of us—wanted to be assured as best as we could that the item before us—it was presented that it had that broad base

**"The chancellor's staff—all of us—wanted to be assured as best as we could that the item before us—it was presented that it had that broad base of support."**

TBR Senior Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs Nebraska Mays

of support." Mays said he felt that the MTSU representatives who spoke at the TBR meeting, when the increase was approved, were speaking for their constituents.

Mays said that "broad based support" of students must be present for TBR to grant a fee increase.

He is not alone with that philosophy.

Executive Director of the Tennessee Higher Education Commission (THEC) Bryant Millsaps was surprised to learn that there wasn't a student referendum on the fee 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.

While Millsaps and THEC are

**"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."**

THEC Executive Director Bryant Millsaps

not involved in TBR approved fee increases, he said that he thinks openness and student involvement are "good [ways] to handle student activity fees."

MTSU President James E. Walker said that TBR reprimanded him for allowing a referendum on a similar fee increase to fund the nearly completed student recreation center. Since that time when Walker was reprimanded, a new administration has been installed at TBR. Officials with the present administration said they have no

such policy, know of no such policy and that referenda on activity fees are not discouraged or required.

Mays said that an activity fee increase could technically be implemented without student opinion, but that TBR would not approve an increase if there wasn't a broad base of student support.

**Do MTSU students provide a broad base of support for their activity fees being used to fund a stadium renovation?**

Walker has maintained that students should have known about the increase. He said that private meetings at his house with students and meetings with organizations over the past 4.5 years have served the purpose of gauging student opinion for funding MTSU's move to Division I-A football by paying for stadium renovation.

Walker also said that Athletic Director Lee Fowler held three open forums last year where the athletic master plan was discussed along with a possible move to Division I-A and the fee increase. But Fowler says that because the figures were not complete, only a need for increased financial support was mentioned. Fowler said this financial support included an activity fee increase and that it was mentioned at the forums. About 70 students, faculty and staff attended each forum, according to Fowler.

Fowler said that much of the discussion in his three open forums, which were advertised in *Sidelines*, the *Daily News Journal*, and the *Nashville Banner*, centered around the athletic master plan and the move to Division I-A football and were advertised without mention of a fee increase.

SGA President Shane McFarland, who represented students at the TBR meeting, said he did not know of the increase until four days before the meeting, though he attended two of Fowler's open forums and one of Walker's private forums. Walker said anyone who didn't know about the fee increase was either not at those meetings or "fell asleep at those meetings."

McFarland said he wasn't sure whether or not the activity fee increase was mentioned at the forums. But he added that Vice President for Academic Affairs Robert LaLance assured him that the fee increase was mentioned. So, McFarland said, it must have been.

McFarland, along with Faculty Senate President Harold Whiteside and an alumni representative, presented the results of a survey conducted during the 1994-1995 academic year. The survey asked the question: "Do you want MTSU to change from Division I-AA up to Division I-A in football?" There was no mention of what that move would entail or how it would be funded.

Of the 1,000 surveys sent out to students through their campus mail boxes, 37 were returned, and of those 37, there was an approval rate of 69

percent.

Walker said that survey carried some weight in gauging student opinion. It also sought to gauge faculty and alumni opinion.

McFarland presented the student results of the survey to TBR before they approved the fee increase, he said, and gave his opinion on the move to I-A football. McFarland maintained that he was asked by Walker to give his opinion on the fee increase and to present the findings of the student survey. McFarland said he did not purport to represent all students but that he presented himself as he was: the elected student body president.

It is logical that TBR would see the student body president as the representative of students. But, if McFarland learned of the increase

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only four days before the meeting, his representative qualities concerning the fee increase were dubious, at best.

Walker must have known how TBR would view the student body president.

Mays said he saw McFarland as the student representative and that he thought there was that "broad base of support" for the increase.

McFarland, who attended two of the three of Fowler's open forums, said he did not hear mention of the activity fee increase. This begs the question of just how clear Fowler was concerning the fee increase.

Walker has taken the position that anyone who did not attend the forums missed their opportunity, and that anyone who did not catch the mention of the fee increase fell asleep and deserves what they will get.

Many students might like the idea of having a Division I-A football team, but many others may not care and choose not to get involved. Walker points out the

**see analysis, page 4**

### Campus Capsule

A necklace was found over a week 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 before proceeding to the International Conference at Brown University the next week.

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 and confidentiality in groups is encouraged. Sponsored by the JAWC.

**NEWS & NOTES**

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**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3**

advertisements and a *Sidelines* editorial urging students to attend, but neither of the two stated that student dollars would pay for the change. More students may have chosen to get involved with the "development and uses" of their student activity fees if they knew that a forum on the athletic master plan included the use of their fees.

If Mays' statements concerning a broad base of support needed to approve an activity fee and Millsaps suggestion for open debate and serious student involvement in the development and uses of activity fees ring true at MTSU, Walker and the administration have clearly failed.

**Why would the administration seek to limit debate?**

Walker claims that there was no limit on debate, but the administration never publicly announced that student activity fees would fund the athletic master plan. Because students were not made aware that their activity fees were at issue, they couldn't join any possible debate. Those who were interested in athletics would probably be at the debate which was advertised as an athletic master plan and Division I-A football discussion.

The activity fee debate never got off the ground because the administration did not directly initiate it, if they initiated it all.

Walker's claim that

**More students may have chosen to get involved with the athletic master plan and Division I-A football forums if they new that they included the "development and uses" of their student activity fees.**

students should be aware of the change in fees falls short when its laid against the turnout of the forums and against the fact that neither the SGA president or senate or the faculty senate knew.

Walker often argues that you can't get a year's worth of day care for the \$1,962 yearly attendance at MTSU.

He also said he thinks that students "should stop their squawking" and realize the bargain they are getting.

Students opposed to the fee increase for the stadium argue that the money can be better spent on academic projects like a library or art facility, or on other student services like an improved day care facility.

*Sidelines* has learned

that activity fees can be used for purely academic purposes but academic funding has not historically been accomplished that way. TBR and THEC officials agree that the public should assume responsibility for academic programs at public schools.

If the administration would have opened up the argument, there could have been many people who opposed it because they want a library first. Students could have also opposed the increase because they do not see football as a benefit to their education.

A wide open debate may have slowed the administration's move.

However, the administration could have easily countered that the library, an art facility, a day care facility and many other projects are on the university's capital projects list for state appropriation in the next two fiscal years.

The problem there is that no one knows when any of the money will be available.

"If you look at the current environment, the likelihood of getting all of those things is pretty remote," Millsaps said of MTSU's capital outlay projects for the next year.

Here, too, the university community might have fallen into arguments of what the university needs first.

The other explanation would be that the administration is terribly incompetent and out of touch

with how students operate on this campus.

By using the three open forums, the non-activity fee survey results and ambiguous meetings over the past 4.5 years to gauge opinion for a fee increase that wasn't quantified until late spring of this year, the administration must be incompetent; or, to the contrary, quite calculating.

They might be banking

**By using the three open forums, the non-fee increase survey results and ambiguous meetings over the past 4.5 years to gauge opinion for a fee increase that wasn't quantified until late spring of this year, the administration must be incompetent; or, to the contrary, quite calculating.**

on hopes that students who oppose the fee will apathetically let the fee increase slide and then move on.

If the administration did realize that they did a poor job of accomplishing a broad base of support, Walker and his administration have done

nothing in the way of damage control.

Walker has twice been offered by *Sidelines* to use the medium for explaining to students why we need a new stadium, and why we need it before other projects.

Walker is often heralded as a man with great communication skills, so his lack of communication concerning the fee increase, gives credence to the idea that he knows exactly what he is doing.

It is not too late for Walker to show leadership by explaining why the university needs the stadium and to open up the debate for a referendum.

We might hear his voice eventually, but he has no reason to ask for a referendum: he has the funding approved.

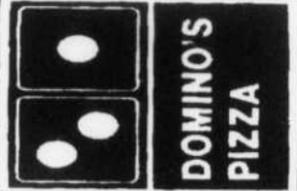
Mays would not comment on how TBR would respond to a petition which two students are passing around. The students claim they have close to 500 signatures.

Once 500 signatures are obtained, the students can call for a referendum on the fall SGA election ballot, but that doesn't ensure action.

If the fee is implemented as scheduled, students will have already paid the \$65 by the time a referendum could be held. President Walker may lose some face by not showing leadership and opening debate; but the university will have already levied the first semester of many student activity fees that have dubious student support. ■

**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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# Couple smashes deer, heads to Reno

**After running over a deer near Crater Lake, Ore., MTSU couple makes tracks for Reno, Nev. casinos**

**BRENT ANDREWS**

Editor in Chief

The man standing beside my truck pulled at his beard, thoughtful.

"It's probably dead by now," he said, pulling on his beard some more. Even so, we drove up toward Crater Lake just to make sure. It wouldn't do to let the poor thing suffer.

I had hit the deer nearly ten hours before on the lonely mountain that leads down from the national park. It had taken me this long to find somebody who had a gun that we could put the animal out of its misery with. The man with me now wasn't a ranger, but he would have to do. He was a forestry worker, on his way to work this morning, and I thought that even if he didn't have a gun he probably knew someone who did. Besides, he was driving a green, official-looking 4-wheel drive truck.

It turned out that we didn't need a gun; the deer was dead, not more than 60 feet from the road where I had hit her. The forestry man with me was visibly shaken: He'd seen a lot of deer hit on this road—it happened every couple of weeks, he said—but this one had a fawn somewhere. That kind of shook me up, too, but I felt better now that I had seen the animal dead, and not suffering. The night before, a few seconds after the startled-looking animal had appeared in my headlights, I had followed her into the thick pine forest to see how badly she was hurt. Even at a distance, and in the dark, I could tell she was done for. Her front legs seemed to be working, and her neck was thrashing around as if it might help her to get away from me and the road more swiftly, but the back parts of her refused to work. Her back legs dragged through the bushes when she tried to run from me. I stopped following her, not wanting her to try to run anymore and cause herself more pain. Her eyes glistened

## Searching for America



BRENT ANDREWS/Sidelines

Crater Lake National Park, in Oregon, offers opportunities for hiking, boating, fishing and wildlife-viewing. Peeking up from the lake's surface is Wizard Island, the top of a cinder cone. The Volcano that created Crater Lake is now extinct, but new dangers--such as hitting deer in the middle of the night on the highway--await visitors to one of Oregon's most popular tourist destinations. Snow drifts as high as 30 feet are present in June.

in the moonlight, wide and afraid. As helpless as she was, all broken from my car and terrified of me, there was something scary about her, something that told me no matter how badly she was hurt she would fight to get away from me. If that failed, she would kick and bite, whatever it took, to keep me from touching her. There was nothing I could do to help

her. The best thing for the deer was a quick, painless death.

The most lethal thing I had with me in the car was a hunting knife, a Gerber big game knife that would slice right through the deer's soft flesh in no time. I could have done the killing with that, but I didn't have the courage. I was afraid I would lose my nerve in the middle of it, and just cause the deer more pain from struggling and the wounds I made with the knife. I didn't want to make matters worse. The only thing I could do was

find somebody with a gun.

I had found someone, all right, and there we stood. We weren't going to be sparing the deer any misery, though.

When I saw that I could do no more I left the man with a polite good-bye and headed back to the road and my car, listening to the strange sounds the man had begun to make after thanking me for reporting the accident. He was trying to call the fawn to him, I realized: It wasn't likely that a baby deer would last long in these woods without its mommy.

The deer thing kind of took the wind out of our sails for the time being, and we drove on along the scenic Oregon highway toward Medford without really appreciating how beautiful it all was. The night before I had been plagued by restless dreams about the deer suffering in the woods; now, I had the fawn to think about. I told my wife that the forestry man and his ranger friends would find the fawn and give it to someone who could take care of it, but I didn't do a very good job of convincing either of us.

Some days there's just no way to win, even if you are

headed to Reno, Nevada.

We drove all day that day, leaving Oregon behind and following Interstate 5 into California. Before we had moved far into California, we saw Mt. Shasta standing aloof in the bright morning sun and, without the deer incident to remember, the day would have been perfect. The thought that we might

win lots of money in Reno did boost our spirits, though, and by the time we had reached Sacramento we had spent our winnings on a long list of things: a motor home; a new car; a condominium in Portland; a nice ski boat and maybe a couple of jet skis. Our high hopes were

**see Reno, page 6**

A mountain near Crater Lake thrusts mightily toward the sky.

B. ANDREWS/Sidelines



BRENT ANDREWS/Sidelines

Die in an earthquake or go bankrupt from gambling? This question pestered us as we neared Sacramento. We were glad we chose the road to Reno--it was scenic in so many ways....

**RENO**

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laughable, we knew: Gambling in Reno takes a lot more money than it gives, and we weren't any more likely to win big than the deer we had hit last night was to get up and chew on some grass. It was nice to dream, though, and dreaming—even in the nineties—is free.

We had just passed through Sacramento and were heading East when I saw the debauchery that was going on in the black Chevy truck beside us. What the young lady was doing to the young man that was driving can't be described in a respectable newspaper, but it would be safer, I would venture, to describe it there than to see it going on in the car beside you when you're going 70 on the interstate. I was shocked when, my eyes wandering as eyes will do when you're on a road trip, I saw what was going on just a few feet away. The truck was going faster than I was, but I

did get an eyeful (whether I wanted an eyeful or not) while it was passing. My wife hadn't noticed anything unusual about the Chevrolet, but when I told her about it we had a good laugh. It was shocking at first to see what I had seen, but the more I thought about it seemed more appropriate it seemed: If you're going to do *that* in a car, you might as well be headed to Reno.

It was getting dark when we approached the Nevada State Line. We were whistling the theme song to *CHiPs*, the old TV series in which Ponch and John (two California Highway Patrol Officers) rode their motorcycles and caught bad guys. We joked about asking for an autograph if a real CHiP pulled us over for anything, and we were probably lucky they didn't. A comment about CHiPs might have earned us a few nights in a cold California jail.

After paying \$180 a gallon—or something close to it—for gas at a station just inside Nevada, we drove the last leg of our trip to Reno. I wasn't hurrying; I wanted to roll into Reno after dark, when the flashing lights of all the hotels would make the biggest impression. I had driven into Vegas one night, had seen it rise out of the desert like a giant box of jewels, and I hadn't seen anything like it before or since.

The lights of Reno were passable: There wasn't as much neon as there is in Las Vegas, and it didn't seem as concentrated, but we drove into the valley just as night was closing in on the city and it was pretty nonetheless. Reno, unlike Vegas, turns most of its neon off during the day, then turns it back on again at night. As the dark drew closer around us, and I turned my headlights on, we could see neon signs all across the city just beginning to flash.

We had been to Circus Circus in Tunica, Mississippi before. It was the nicest of the casinos in Tunica, and the nightly rates for the Reno hotel were as cheap as anything else downtown so we decided to stay there. The hotel was older, not quite as nice as the Tunica version,



BRENT ANDREWS/Sidelines

The Biggest Little City in the World, Reno Nevada is a short drive from Sacramento, Cal. In Reno, casinos, restaurants and Las Vegas style shows (including the hit *Playboy Ecstasy*) provide exotic entertainment year-round. Reno is just minutes from skiing in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

but we had a comfortable bed, a clean shower, and hundreds of slots waiting downstairs to give us all their money.

**Those Casino Blues**

I sat on the stool in front of the machine and sipped my free Pepsi. My eyes had begun to lose focus, and my hand was moving on its own: quarter bucket to coin slot; coin slot to handle. I pulled the lever on the side of the gleaming machine, which looked a lot—probably by no accident—like a cash register, over and over without winning much of anything. Now and then two skinny quarters would *plink* into the tray where all my winnings were supposed to land, but they just sounded lonely. I wanted the lonely quarters in my winning's tray to have friends, and I kept trying. But it was no use. Reno wasn't being as good to me as Tunica had. I was losing all my money, and losing it fast. My wife, who sat at the machine beside me, was having no better luck.

Together, it seemed as if we were having all the bad luck in Reno. Everywhere

around us buzzers buzzed, whistles screamed. Sirens flashed and wailed while truckloads of money poured into all the slot machine trays except ours. The sounds, as continuous as the rise and fall of the ocean on a beach, blended in my head into one, nearly-musical blast, a sound that would have been the sound of fun, the sound of prosperity, had it not been taunting me, teasing me. Being a loser in Reno is like being a bum in Beverly Hills: You're so close to all that money that you can smell it, but none of it belongs to you and you know that it never will. The closest you'll ever get to it is a quick glance into the window of a mansion, or almost being run over by the huge, heavy carts that casino workers use to move the casino's money around in.

Trying to make our meager gambling allowance last a long time, we wandered around the casino taking in the sights. The Thursday night crowd was far from sparse: All the tables were surrounded by folks trying to win money, and the slots that were sitting idle weren't sitting that way for long. We watched a blackjack table for a while and noticed that the dealer was getting 21 (and winning the hand) nearly every time, while casino customers lost more and more money. Some of them winced when they lost a hand, and the dealer took their chips. Others moaned out loud. Still others laughed it off, like they could afford to lose all the money in the world. Most of the folks at the table, though, sat looking bored, or slightly amused at best, as they watched the cards land on the table in front of them. Without fail, the cards were landing to their disadvantage.

We watched the dealer closely and couldn't see how

he was cheating if he was. It did seem strange to us that he was getting 21 on every other deal, while the other players were either going over 21 and busting or not even getting close. I thought for a moment about asking him exactly how he was pulling it off, but decided against it. There was a river that ran through downtown Reno less than two blocks away, and I didn't want to be standing on the bottom of it wearing a dapper new pair of concrete boots.

We moved on through the place, our feet shuffling along on the gaudy red carpet. In Tunica, Circus Circus had been a lot prettier, but this one seemed like it was doing the trick. Nobody complained that the ceilings were too low, or that the place was like a maze of slot machines.

On a platform in one area of the casino that we had found by getting ourselves nearly lost was a beautiful, flawless Harley Davidson motorcycle. It was the kind of motorcycle that dreams are made of, chrome so deep and polished that you could see yourself in it. The silvery surfaces of the motorcycle gleamed, reflecting lights of the casino. I stood there for a long time looking at that jewel, watching it shine, imagining how the wind would feel pouring over it and through my hair as I rode it on the open road. But I knew I wasn't going to win enough money to buy a motorcycle like this one any more than I was going to win the shiny red Jeep that was on a platform not far away. I put it on my list of things to buy, though. You never know.

Without much hope, I slipped a quarter into a slot nearby. I never saw it again. ■  
Look for more on Reno next week, along with Lake Tahoe and America's Loneliest Hwy.

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BRENT ANDREWS/Sidelines

At Circus Circus, chances are slim that you will win a Harley Davidson.

# Trouble on the Net exists, can be avoided with precautions

**ANDY FRANTZ**  
Staff Writer

Finally, a way to be entertained, find information, and communicate with people from around the world; all without leaving your home. What could be safer? After all, just driving around the block can be a risk. And taking your kids to a public place like a zoo—you can't take your eyes off of them. Now, with the Internet, children can see more animals and learn more about them safely from the computer in your home. Right?

For the most part, that is right, but the virtual life is not magically shielded from people out to make a quick buck at your expense, or from demented individuals with the most evil intentions. In fact, people and personalities on the Internet run the gamut. Most netizens are honest, law-abiding people. There are a few, however, that have evil intentions and therefore make it necessary to be concerned about security. As you can see, the Internet is society as we know it; just more connected.

The most publicized criminals on the Internet are pedophiles. These deranged fiends use some sort of chat medium, such as Internet Relay Chat, to gain the confidence of youngsters. They most often pose as children themselves. After they believe they are trusted, they coax the real child to

tell personal information, or worse, to meet them somewhere. In one of the most disturbing cases, a 13-year-old girl was lured from her home in Kentucky to Los Angeles by her grown-up "friend" on the Internet.

There has actually been very few cases where a child has literally left home to meet a suspicious cyber-pal. A more prominent threat for kids are the pictures they can easily receive and the conversations they may encounter. Of course, a sixteen-year-old boy is going to curiously look for images *au naturale*, whether it be on the Internet or at the newsstand. The problem is with younger kids that have no idea what picture is attached to their e-mail. Some of the images being sent across the net would disturb the most hardened criminal. Needless to say, you would not want your kids viewing these photos.

Chat rooms can be another danger for a child. As mentioned earlier, older Internet users pretend to be kids themselves and strike-up a conversation with an unsuspecting youngster. After conversing with Barney and Mr. Rogers, the older participant may begin to say things a little risqué. If the child has been warned about these type of people, they can take a couple different actions. They could simply leave the channel themselves, or they could kick that person from the channel.

If you have children, the

best way to protect and educate them about unruly Internet users is to sit down at the computer with them. When a child is offered drugs, you tell them to say no. When a child is approached on the Internet about certain subjects, you should also tell them to say no. It would also be wise to monitor their e-mail for suspicious letters and

**Growing up with the Internet is no different than it was without it in the respect that there can be many good experiences and a few bad ones.**

attached pictures. As for chatting, the safest forums are probably online services such as America Online and CompuServe. These services have chat rooms just for kids that are monitored by employees. If someone gets out of line, the chaperon can take appropriate measures. Growing up with the Internet is no different than it was without it in the respect that there can be many good experiences and a few bad ones.

The youth are not the only ones that may run into trouble stemming from the Internet. Many individual adults and corporations have unfortunately discovered problems with the Net, as well. Although the bigger

threat for company security breaches is internal, there is always a concern when their local network is connected to the Internet. A mediocre hacker may be able to get to sensitive documents on an unsecured system, but even the more secure systems are not immune from the best hackers. A good solution to this problem is to keep the most sacred information on an independent system (one without access to external networks). Another solution may be to hire a "network detective." These investigators spend many hours online looking for hacker-hangouts and finding the secrets being sold over the Net.

Personal information being sold over the Internet have been a problem for some individuals. A look at the shady past of someone can lead to dismissal from a job. Unfortunately, the companies that provide these services may not thoroughly check their records. One man is now suing his former employer and the company that provided erroneous background information over the Internet. Apparently a man with a similar name had been in prison for cocaine abuse. Oops. Possibly a 10 million dollar oops.

What is being done about some of these problems? A bill known as the Exon Amendment (proposed by Nebraska Democrat James Exon) is making its way through congress right now. This act would put strict limits on speech across

computer networks.

Regulars on the Net are very much opposed to any form of censorship on their network and want to keep government intervention to a minimum. There is a petition on the Internet being "signed" by thousands of uses opposed to the Exon Amendment.

As for security, more sophisticated encryption programs are being developed for e-mail and database information. Better designed firewalls (lines of defense) can also help keep the cyber-criminal from getting company secrets. There are undoubtedly many other solutions for better security in the works.

The world can be a scary place. From personal experience and by watching the evening news, this is not a hard thing to see. It may be a little easier to let your guard down in the virtual world, though. What could possibly happen sitting in front of a cathode ray tube beside needing thicker glasses? As you can see, bad things can happen even through a computer and telephone line. Just because the kids are in the house, you can't stop being a parent; and even though you think your company's records are safe, it may be wise to re-evaluate the security of your network, but as long as you can remember there are people responding to your typed thoughts and not silicon chips, the Internet can be a fun, informative, and safe place. ■

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# Reviews & Events

## In Brief

J. D. Crowe and the New South and Lonesome Standard Time will be in performance at the Ryman Auditorium as part of Martha White Bluegrass Night, Tuesday, July 18.

J. D. Crowe is generally referred to the acknowledged dean of the straight scruggs-

style of playing. Crowe holds a unique place in the world of Bluegrass banjo playing.

His earlier bands included Keith Whitley, Ricky Skaggs, Tony Rice, Jerry Douglas and Doyle Lawson.

Tickets are \$12 plus tax for reserved seating. Call (615) 889-6611 for reservations.

## Uncle Dave Macon Days brings VP to the Boro

**Cindy Wolfe**  
Staff Writer

Uncle Dave Macon Days is an annual old-time music and dance festival held in Cannonsburgh Pioneer Village. The festival was started in 1977 to honor Murfreesboro native Dave Macon. Macon was one of the original members of the Grand Ole Opry and is recognized as one of the most entertaining and flamboyant country music entertainers of all time.

The three day event was

held July 7-9, included a motorless parade, the Dixie Dew Drop Bicycle Classic, and many music and dance competitions. Uncle Dave Macon Days is the home for three National Championships in Old-Time Banjo, Old-Time Buckdancing, and Old-Time Clogging. Over 30,000 people attend the festival each year and every single one of them was in attendance to welcome special guest Vice President Al Gore to center stage Friday night.

The Vice President, flanked by Tennessee Representative Bart Gordon and Murfreesboro Mayor Joe B. Jackson, shook an endless sea of outstretched hands on his way to the stage as the Tennessee Volunteer Bluegrass Band's rendition of "Rocky Top" echoed in the background. Representative Gordon greeted the crowd with a memory of his father driving by Uncle Dave Macon's house and telling him stories of Macon and his unique style of banjo playing.

Vice President Gore then took the microphone and started by thanking everyone for their concerns for his mother. He assured the crowd that she was recovering nicely and feeling considerably stronger. Gore also told a childhood memory of his father who played the



TODD SORUM/Staff

Top: The Tennessee Volunteer Bluegrass Band plays "Rocky Top" to greet Vice President Al Gore last Friday night at the Uncle Dave Macon Days festival at Cannonsburgh Pioneer Village. Bottom: Vice President Al Gore is greeted warmly by the crowd at the Uncle Dave Macon Days festival.

fiddle on occasion with Uncle Dave Macon. He also reminisced about his attendance at the very first festival held at the city square when he was just a state representative. Gore praised the festival for its continued support of our Tennessee culture.

"It's a wonderful chance for friends and families to gather and celebrate our heritage and true American spirit," said Gore. ■



TODD SORUM/Staff

## Events Around TOWN

### Tonight

-Mood Men at the Boro  
-Christian Hasting at the Bunganut Pig  
-Blu Greene at 527 Mainstreet

### Thursday

-Tricodomy, Jembo and Shroud at 527 Mainstreet

-Secret Commonwealth at the Boro  
-Columbia Highway Bluegrass Band at the Bunganut Pig

### Friday

-Hank Flamingo at 527 Mainstreet  
-Fearless Freap at the Boro

-Jim Brick and John Buckwalter at Comedy on the Square

-Jamie Markham and the Jukes at the Bunganut Pig

### Saturday

-Scarecrow, Sha Sha Boom and Surfing The Coal Dust at 527 Mainstreet

-Jim Brick and John Buckwalter at Comedy on the Square

-Thicket Grove and The Guild at the Boro  
-The Bunganuts at the Bunganut Pig

## Phish's CD A LIVE ONE will hook you

**JASON YOUNG**  
Staff Writer

If you have any friends that listen to the rock, jazz, fusion quartet Phish, you have undoubtedly been told that they are one of the greatest bands to see live. Your Phish loving friends are correct in their assumption, but if you have never seen Phish live, their new two-disk set, *A LIVE ONE*, isn't going to "blow you away." If you are a big Phish fan, this disk should flash back a few memories.

You may have noticed that this new release is not getting much radio play. The only cut that I have

found to be generating air time is the tender, yet slightly silly, track "Bouncing Around The Room." The reason is that this song is only "radio friendly" track on the disks. The running time is four minutes and eight seconds. One the rest of the tracks, time is not a factor. In fact, there are only twelve cuts generously spread out over two disks. Anyone who knows Phish knows not to expect neatly packaged and polished little ditties. These four musicians take their music, and their listeners, on a spinning and swirling exploration of sound, rhythm, and lyrical genius. Well, okay, so maybe their lyrics are not always worthy

of a Pulitzer prize in literature, but that is what makes this disk so great. You can tell they are having fun.

Highlights of this disk are the six songs that have not been released on any recording prior to *A LIVE ONE*. Before now you would have to listen to a muffled bootleg recording of "Wilson", "Harry Hood" and the other unreleased tracks. It is refreshing to see Phish follow up the trendy and more commercial release *Hoist* with this thrilling collection of songs that take listeners into the unpolished and improvisational world a live performance.

Most of the songs clock in at times over ten minutes,

including a thirty minute version of "Tweezer," making this disk impossible to listen to when you are driving to school. Okay, maybe if you are commuting from a distance greater than forty five miles. So, it will take some effort to listen to this disk in its entirety.

Overall, I have been pleased with this disk. The sound quality is much better than any bootleg I have ever heard. There is a pictorial of the band included in the disk set, with one shot I would have just assumed they left out, but that is the nature of the band. Always expect to be surprised and they will never let you down. ■

## REVIEWS &amp; EVENTS

# Pretty Boy Floyd brings bank robber to life

**Back when outlaws were still gentlemen, Charles Arthur Floyd outshined them all**

## BRENT ANDREWS

Editor in Chief

Charles Arthur Floyd left the dust and plains of Akins, Oklahoma (a "wide place in the road just East of Sallisaw") looking for work more lucrative than farming. He had always been a farmer; his father had worked the soil all his life, and even his younger brother Bradley (who had a weakness for moonshine but was otherwise clean) had taken up the lifestyle of an Oklahoma dust tiller.

Charley was different, though: He would not be content with the back-breaking farm work that, most days, barely put enough food on the table to feed him, his wife Ruby and his baby boy Dempsey. He went to St. Louis, where a different world than he had ever known as an Okie awaited him. It was in a rooming house in St. Louis that he found Beulah Baird, a "sassy" woman that would become his life-long lover and partner in crime. He also met Ma Ash, his landlady at the rooming house and Beulah's boss, a woman old enough to be his mother who had an endearing habit of unbuttoning Charley's trousers whenever she saw him: With Ma Ash, it was unbutton first, ask later. Another roomer at Ma Ash's house was Billy "the Killer" Miller, a small-time con with the imagination of a fence post and about as much brains. It was with Billy that Charley, who picked up the name "Pretty Boy" from Beulah Baird, would pull his first armored car job.

Charley's first job is where Larry McMurtry (author of *Lonesome Dove* and *Desert Rose*) and Diana Ossana begin their version of the Pretty Boy Floyd story. We pick up the book, start reading, and—suddenly—we are transplanted to the St. Louis of 1925, a booming city entirely different from the small, dusty town where Charley grew up. Billy Miller is rubbing his gun, annoying Charley with his incessant habit. Charley doesn't much trust Billy, and the feeling is mutual.

The armored car job goes smoothly, and McMurtry and Ossana give us a hilarious description of the dialogue between the robbers and the guards. The driver of the armored car, a stooped old man that told the robbers he "couldn't see six feet if [his]

life depended on it," didn't put up a fight. He handed Billy the keys, warning him of the other guard inside. They needn't have worried, though. The other guard was reading the paper when the outlaws opened the door, and had taken his glasses off to look more closely at a photograph of Babe Ruth. Charley and Billy didn't have any more trouble with him than they had with the first guard.

The first guard was helpful right from the start, and had a policy of not interfering with "professionals." He helped the outlaws find the money bag with the cash in it, and made one request of them before they made off with the loot. He was tied up in the street next to the armored car, and was afraid that he might be run over.

"Son," he said, "would you mind setting me on the sidewalk before you leave? The cracker truck might come along and run me over, if I'm flopped out here on the street."

Charley did as the old man asked, and moved the second guard out of the way of traffic as well. At one point during the robbery, Charley received a warning from the first guard.

"You should have stuck with [farming], son. Farming's hard," the man explained, "but the outlaw life's harder."

Many years down the road, Charley might have seen profound wisdom in the words of the old man. That first hold up was easy, though, and Charley showed some of his wit with his answer to the warning.

"You must've been plowing softer ground than I have, if you think that."

Charley and Billy split the \$10,000 right down the middle, and Charley spent several days in confusion. He had never seen so much money, and didn't know what to do with it all. He wanted a car—something he had never been able to afford—but was anxious about going to the dealership to get the baby blue Studebaker he'd been eyeing since the hold up. He was afraid that he was too country, that the dealer would refuse to sell him the car. At last, his desire was so great to impress Beulah Baird that he went out and bought a gabardine suit, a nice piece of jewelry for Beulah, and the Studebaker. Never one to forget his

family, Charley bought presents for his little boy and wife—including the wedding ring he had never been able to afford before.

Charley would never be wholly at home in Akins again, and was labeled a criminal by his family when he got back to the small town in his Studebaker. Before long the local sheriff—an old friend of Charley's—came along and took him to jail.

At the penitentiary in Jefferson City, Missouri, Charley spends five long years away from his wife and son. It is there that he meets long-time crook Big Carl

Bevo, a man who strikes fear and admiration into all the small-time hoods in the pen. Big Carl is allowed to have steaks and women in his cell, and is treated differently in every way than the average prisoner. The powerful con sends for Charley and has him roughed up by a few guards as "a lesson," and explains that Ma Ash has asked him to look after the

young outlaw. Charley doesn't really appreciate the roughing up, but finds a new respect for Ma Ash when he finds this out.

From Big Carl, Charley learns caution, and the importance of having the right partner. On the night before Carl's execution, Charley watches the big man consume a nice, juicy steak. Thinking about the fact that the man will have to "swing" in the morning, Charley has no appetite for the steak he is offered.

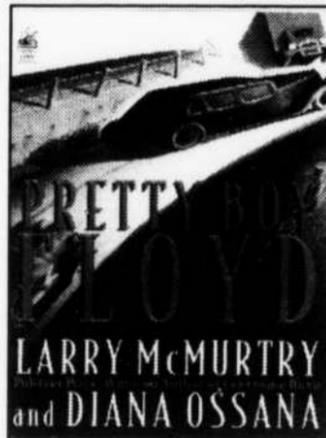
Out of prison, Charley finds that his wife has married a dependable baker from Kansas and has taken his son there to live with the man. Charley doesn't blame Ruby, and doesn't try and disturb her new life even though he still loves her deeply. When he learns that his wife is gone, the end of the road comes for Charley: He no longer has to weigh the pros and cons of being an outlaw, and he no longer has to choose between the honest, hard-working life he had with Ruby and the exciting, wandering life of an outlaw. With nothing left to stop him, Charley pulls his first bank job, and seals his fate forever.

Those who join Charley in his life of crime are Beulah Baird, her sister Rose, and Billy Miller. Soon after the quasi partnership between Billy and Charley is renewed, Billy loses his life in Bowling Green in a street shoot-out. Billy and Charley hadn't robbed the Bowling Green bank, but had been spotted downtown by the local sheriff, who, thrilled to have a chance to haul Pretty Boy Floyd in, had started shooting. Beulah is shot in the face as well, but survives.

Later, by a strange twist of fate, Charley robs the same bank, at the same time as a well-dressed, gentlemanly cowboy. The argue for a moment about who got there first, but decide to split the loot between them. After the robbery, Charley and the cowboy, George Birdwell, become partners and fast friends.

Quickly, Charley gains notoriety with both the public and the law. J. Ed Hoover, who heads the Bureau, demands that his "G-men" bring Charley in. Hoover will stop at nothing, the book leads us to believe.

**see Floyd, page**



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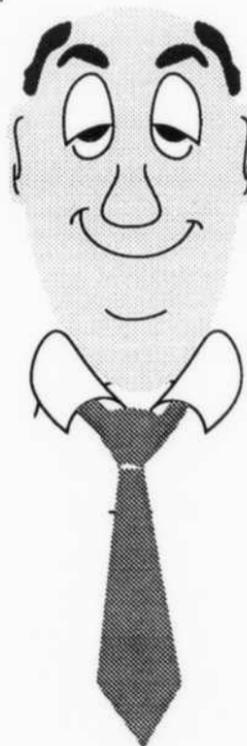
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## Petition established to protest fee

To the Editor:

This past Thursday, myself and a group of students, began our uphill battle of establishing a petition drive protesting the enactment of \$65 S.A.F. increase to fund renovation of our football stadium. I would like to explain why we are starting the petition drive. First and foremost, I would like to say we are not doing this to embarrass our school or Dr. Walker, but rather to promote our vision of the future for our school. I think Dr. Walker and others are doing a great job of leading our university into the next century. However, I and a lot of other students differ with him on this particular issue. Our school is so great because it is affordable and allows for the mix of traditional and non-traditional students in a campus environment. D.J. Denning, in a letter to the editor last week in *Sidelines*, believes that this improved stadium will increase school spirit, however, we could spend \$100 million dollars on the best state of the art facility in the country and that would not increase school spirit. School spirit doesn't come from a hat, a pin, or even a bumper sticker, it comes from within ourselves. Their vision of school spirit may be a student who goes to all the football games, cheers at all the pep rallies, and sheds tears every time they see the color blue. My vision of school spirit is the 35 year old single mother who works 2 jobs yet is able to maintain her GPA and support her family, or students who volunteer their time in various campus organizations like SGA, fraternities and sororities,

and numerous other organizations that are all working to promote our campus within the community, and handicapped or underprivileged students who beat the odds to obtain their college degree. These are the true "school spirit" heroes of our university. Is the university's vision of MTSU becoming an athletic powerhouse going to help these students? Probably not. It is time for the university to stand up for the average student. If the administration feels it must charge us an additional \$65, I would rather see it spent on a project or program that will strengthen our academic environment and will help all students attain their goals. That will ultimately attract more students to our university than football, or at least students who are serious about their education. Lastly, others might share a different view than I about the future of our school and that is quite all right. All we are asking for is fair and open debate which only a campus-wide referendum can bring. Only then can we all unify and move towards the next century as an academically progressive institution where traditional and non-traditional students can affordably attain a quality education.

Ed Oglesby  
1544 N. Lascassas Blvd.  
Murfreesboro, Tn 37211

**Let Sidelines know what you think about the fee! We will print letters from all sides as time and space allows.**

side, from the lover in him to the funny man. The book weaves history and fiction in a way that makes neither distinguishable from the other, and brings to life the gripping tale of Charles Arthur Floyd—who never liked the name "Pretty Boy"—right to the end.

*Pretty Boy Floyd* was the best book I have read in a long time. The dialogue often made me laugh; the poignant ending made me cry. From the hilarious hold ups to the tear-jerking final pages, McMurtry and Ossana have created a masterpiece. The work has earned its way onto the bestsellers list, and is available from Star Pocket Books for \$6.99. I give this book eighty stars out of a possible four. ■

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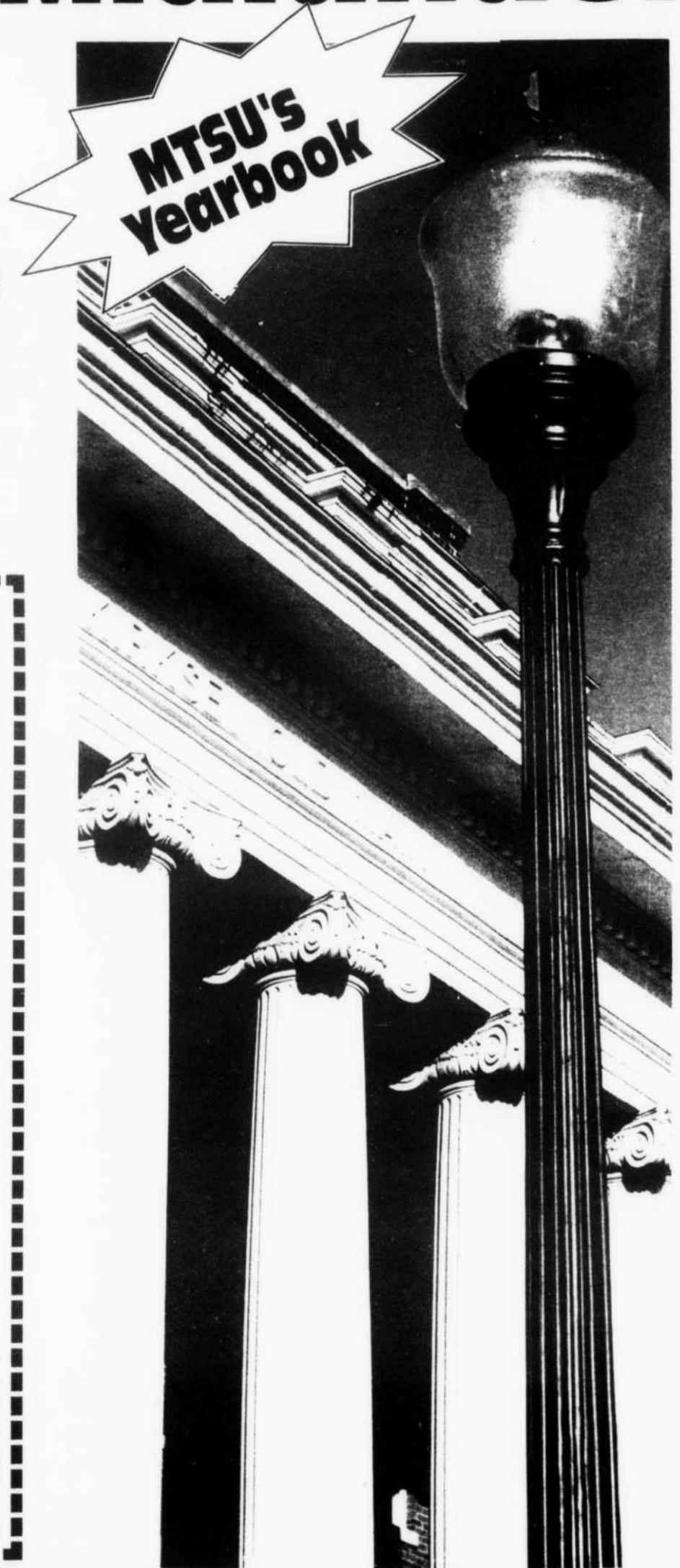
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