

MIDDLE TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY SIDELINES

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P.O. BOX 42 MURFREESBORO, TN, 37132

Leaming to assume Mass Comm Dean position Monday

STAFF REPORTS

Deryl R. Leaming has been named new dean of the College of Mass Communication at MTSU. Currently dean of the College of Liberal Arts at Marshall University in Huntington, W. Va., he will assume his new position Aug. 1.

MTSU President James E. Walker says he is "extremely pleased that a person of Dr. Leaming's ability has been chosen. He is highly qualified and possesses the necessary leadership qualities to enable him to effectively serve as dean."

Leaming, who has been at Marshall for 20 years, admits he is leaving with some sadness, but says he is "looking forward to new challenges. I am very impressed with MTSU and excited about the new position."

He is no stranger to the Middle Tennessee area. "Some of my former students work in the area. I know some of the faculty members, and I have a good many friends there," he adds. "I've known John Seigenthaler (publisher emeritus of the *Tennessean*) for more than 20 years."

Seigenthaler, commenting on Leaming's appointment says. "I have known him for many years, and I have visited with him at Marshall on more than one occasion. He is held in high esteem by both faculty members and students, and he is well-known among journalism educators across the country. He will bring to MTSU great ability, and great recognition. I congratulate President Walker and others who recruited him on an outstanding choice."

Having worked both as journalist and teacher of communications for most of his career, Leaming says he's glad to be "getting back to my discipline. While I enjoyed my job as dean of Liberal Arts, working with 14 different departments, it's good to return



DERYL R. LEAMING

to my first love."

Leaming continued to teach during his five-year tenure as Marshall's dean of Liberal Arts because he says, "It helped me keep in touch with my discipline."

He says initial plans for his first semester at MTSU won't allow time for teaching. "My first major project is to get to know a lot of people, get out and meet professionals across the state — people at the major newspapers, radio and TV stations, public relations and advertising agencies."

As the new dean, Leaming hopes to "raise a lot of funds. I want to explore the possibility of naming departments for major supporters."

He says his "basic leadership approach is that of participatory management. I believe firmly that faculty members should be consulted and their views considered whenever I face a major decision. Good leaders, in my judgment, are those who lead by consensus-building."

In working with the faculty, he anticipates developing a five-year plan for the college. "I want to sit down with the faculty and look at where we are, where we want to go, and how we plan to get there."

LaLance calls Smith's actions not 'intentional' censorship

KAY KINGSLEY
Special to *Sidelines*

Associate Dean of Students Judy Smith's removal of a stack of *Sidelines* was not an act of "intentional" censorship, but her actions were "inappropriate," according to a report by university President James Walker.

Smith admittedly removed about 25 copies of the July 8 issue of the newspaper from a table in Keathley University Center because she thought they were "an outdated edition."

Sidelines Editor in Chief Sam Gannon said Smith told him she removed the papers because the edition contained an article she found "embarrassing." The article was about the arrest of former Customs Student Orientation Ambassador Don Gandy for robbing a local bank.

Another Student, SOA Todd Tabor, also admitted to removing copies of the July 8 issue from the distribution point in the James Union Building the afternoon of publication. When he admitted

his actions to several staff members, he implied that others may have been involved with large scale removal of the edition across campus.

Gannon then asked the university, Smith and Tabor to apologize for the actions. He also asked the university to adopt a policy stating that censorship will

be viewed as censorship, the student could have had criminal charges filed against him by the newspaper.

Walker requested a thorough investigation of the matter by Vice President for Student Affairs Robert LaLance. LaLance found "Smith's reputation for honesty and student advocacy over a 27-

'We really wanted the university to use the word 'censorship' and recognize that her actions as such constituted censorship, but they chose not to.'

**-- Sam Gannon
Sidelines Editor in Chief**

not be condoned on campus.

Though a lawsuit had been threatened, Gannon said he is satisfied with the university's response.

"It's not that we are satisfied, we are complacent," Gannon said. "We really wanted the university to use the word 'censorship' and recognize that her actions as such constituted censorship, but they chose not to."

Gannon also pointed out that while Tabor's actions could not

year career as giving substantial weight to the credibility of her description of the incident in question."

Although Walker agreed with LaLance's conclusions about Smith, he stated in the report that the university is committed to the exchange of free ideas and that steps will be taken to make certain this type of incident does not happen again.

"While I am certain Dean

See SMITH, Second Front

Raider Xpress shuttle bus rolls today

SAM GANNON
Editor in Chief

The east side of the Loop along A Street closed Monday to all traffic, except emergency vehicles and shuttle buses, said the Director of Parking and Transportation.

The Raider Express shuttle buses, designed to hold 27 passengers, will begin running their regular route today, said Director Gary Hunter.

"All students who have an interest in the R-X will have an opportunity to see for the first time the buses in operation," Hunter said.

"The R-X will allow those who choose to park in the lots on the eastern perimeter of campus the opportunity to ride to a destination close to their classes," Hunter said.



Don Goins/Photographer

RAIDER EXPRESS

Crews painted spaces along that side of the Loop Monday and Tuesday to ward off those who would park there.

All the spaces lost on that side of the Loop were for faculty, staff and handicapped.

The spaces lost to the shuttle route will be made up by designating all spaces along Faulkenberry and those at Smith Field for faculty and staff.

See RAIDER, Second Front

POLICE REPORT

On July 2, two subjects were observed fleeing from Peck Hall where they had just burglarized a vending machine. A duffel bag containing candies and chips was left behind in their haste.

On July 4, Brian Bunn reported his bicycle had been stolen from the bike rack at Cummings Hall.

Brendan M. Williams was arrested and charged with failure to stop, resisting arrest and assaulting a police officer.

On July 6, Billie W. Storie was arrested on a charge of driving on a suspended driver's license.

On July 7, James Barnes was arrested on a charge of public intoxication.

On July 15, Kimberli Williams was arrested on outstanding warrants from the Rutherford County sheriff's office.

James McCardell was arrested and charged with indecent exposure.

On July 16, Wyman P. Berryessa was arrested and charged with DUI.

On July 19, Tim Redd reported that a corn crop on the Asbury Road farm had been vandalized.

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NEWS BRIEFS

Study: Graduates of all-women schools successful

A study by the Woman's College Coalition, a Washington-based organization that promotes single-sex female education, found that graduates of such institutions are successful both in their careers and furthering their education.

The coalition represents 67 of 84 all-women's colleges in the United States, and most—53 percent—are located in the Northeast. About 90,000 women attend the schools, said Jadwiga Sebrechts, director of the organization. There are two

women's colleges in Canada.

Among the findings of the study:

—Nearly 75 percent of women's college graduates are in the work force, and almost half who work hold traditionally male-dominated jobs at the higher end of the pay scale such as lawyers, physicians or managers.

—About 50 percent of the graduates have earned advanced degrees. More than 75 percent are, or have been, married.

—Seventy-four percent of

all women's college presidents are women, compared with about 10 percent for coed institutions. Faculty members at most women's colleges are equally divided between male and female, as are the senior administration and board of trustees.

—Of the 4,012 highest paid officers and directors of 1990 "Fortune" 1,000 companies, less than 1 percent are women. Of these women, 36 percent are graduates of women's colleges.

Surveys find limited job growth

While many corporations and public-service organizations are now hiring, there is still a weak pattern for job growth this year, two employment surveys found.

After three consecutive years of declining demand, there is a slight increase in the need for this year's college graduates, according to Recruiting Trends, a publication from the Career Development and Placement Services at Michigan State University.

Meanwhile, Manpower

found in a third-quarter survey of more than 15,000 business firms that 25 percent of those interviewed plan to increase staff during the summer months.

One major problem cited by the companies was apathy exhibited by students when recruiters visited campuses. "According to surveyed employers, many students lacked enthusiasm, drive and ambition when interviewing with surveyed organizations," the report states. "Few were

able to effectively sell their interests for a particular position. More students did not seem as focused as they had been in the past. Most new graduates were 'keeping options open.'"

The survey found that transportation and public utilities remain depressed, and that hiring in public and private education will stay at a low level, except in the South. Wholesale and retail trades remain strong in all sections of the nation.

NEWS BRIEFS ARE FROM THE COLLEGE PRESS SERVICE

Sidelines is looking for a few good news writers, copy editors, proofreaders, ad reps, feature writers and entertainment writers. Call Ext 2337 for more information.

Whether you're taking summer classes or summer vacation, one thing you still need is money... greenback dollars... dinero... big bucks... hard cash. Money for summer vacation, money for next semester's tuition, money for that new car.

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EDITOR'S CORNER

Goodbye Sam, so long ...

This is my last edition of *Sidelines*. I say this with both sadness and cheer. It has been two long, tiring, glorious years and it is now at an end.

The *Sidelines* staff works as hard as, if not harder than, any other group of students on campus. Our work seems to go unappreciated and without much thanks. We bond to each other in our hours of turmoil and excitement. We are a unit, a group, a family.

We have cried at our mistakes, slapped ourselves and each other at our errors and laughed and celebrated at our triumphs. We have stood at the brink of despair and come back with a paper to be proud of. We have literally covered the campus.

In my time here: I have held eight different staff positions including the summer editor position. I have worked under five different editors and written more here than in all my classes put together. I have learned a lot about myself, others and the world around me.

From all of this I know: No one here at MTSU can better protect and inform the students of this school than the newspaper. That is why we spend long hours here and devote all our time to this newspaper. We have spent our days and nights here, including our free time.

Despite our hard work, the university President won't even say its his duty to uphold the freedoms of the press. (See letter from President Walker: Letters to the Editor section) Walker still will not mandate change to support the First Amendment.

See GOODBYE, Page Four

SIDELINES

EDITOR IN CHIEF - SAM GANNON
OPINIONS EDITOR - MIKE REED
FEATURES EDITOR - AIMEE TRIGGS
ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR - DAVID WOMACK
SPORTS EDITOR - TONY ARNOLD
ASSISTANT SPORTS EDITOR - TRENT MILLER
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OPINION PAGE POLICY

SIGNED COLUMNS REFLECT THE VIEWS OF THE AUTHOR AND NOT NECESSARILY THE VIEWS OF THE NEWSPAPER. THE SUBJECT OF THE CONSENSUS EDITORIAL IS DECIDED BY A BOARD CONSISTING OF THE SECTION EDITORS. ALL LETTERS TO THE EDITOR MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY THE AUTHOR'S NAME, CAMPUS ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER. THE AUTHOR'S IDENTIFICATION WILL BE VERIFIED, AND UNSIGNED LETTERS WILL NOT BE PRINTED. EDITORS RESERVE THE RIGHT TO EDIT FOR LABEL, NEWS STYLE AND LENGTH. ADDRESS LETTERS TO: SIDELINES, BOX 42, MTSU, MURFREESBORO, TENN. 37132.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I wonder if ...

To the Editor:

After reading the last few issues concerning our latest controversy, I feel there is a lot more than meets the eye. This university is no longer for the students. It is a business. It is controlled by money and the people who are allowed to make authoritative decisions — supposedly in the student's best interest.

The truth of the matter is Dean Judy was probably told to move the papers by someone in higher authority and threatened with her job if she did not admit to moving them on her own free will.

While employed by MTSU housing, I experienced first hand the lies that go on behind the closed doors of this university. I realize now that the authority will do whatever they want. They can make your job so miserable you want to quit because they have no backbone to fire you (by this I mean justified reason.) It happened to me. Around Christmas 12 members of the Area I housing staff quit. Right after Christmas, in one building alone the hall director, assistant, and 4 of the 6 RAs resigned. I'm sure it was because they love their jobs.

In other words, what you see is not what you get. Who's to say Don did not rob the bank because the school wanted money to build a new parking garage? Who's to say Dean Judy took the papers because she was threatened? Who's to say I was lied to? I am sure it was all in the best interest of the students — not.

We stand alone in our fight Dean Judy, but at least we did our jobs.

Lisa Ridner
BOX C-791

Smith apologizes for censorship incident

To the Editor:

Now that the university has concluded its report concerning allegations of censorship of *Sidelines*, I take this opportunity to apologize for my mistake in moving approximately twenty copies of the regular July 7, 1993 edition of *Sidelines* from a table on the third floor of the Keathley University Center.

As the report establishes, at the time I moved these newspapers, I was under the assumption that the July 7, 1993 edition was an outdated edition of *Sidelines* because it contained a front page story concerning an event of the previous week. Additionally, because the Special Edition, which had been printed for distribution to the new students, contained the same masthead as the regular edition of *Sidelines*, I wanted to avoid

Walker sorry about Smith's 'inappropriate' action

To the Editor:

As President of Middle Tennessee State University, I would like to apologize to you and to the readers of the *Sidelines* for the incident which occurred on July 8, 1993, concerning the removal of a limited number of the *Sidelines* from a table located in the hallway of the third floor in the Keathley University Center. The university administration has always and will continue to promote free expression and exchange of ideas. The administration does not condone the actions concerning the removal of the *Sidelines* on July 8. Based on the report sub-

new students being confused and not picking up the Special Edition intended for them.

Subsequent to moving the newspapers, I learned that they were the then-current edition of *Sidelines*, and that they had not been placed there by accident. Had I understood that at the time, I would not have moved them.

I have never thought it appropriate for a university official to deliberately impede distribution of the student newspaper, nor have I ever engaged in such an act. Further, I am extremely pleased that the report correctly exonerates me of any effort to lead or organize an attempt to prevent distribution of the July 7, 1993, edition of *Sidelines*.

Sincerely,

Judy S. Smith
Associate Dean of Students

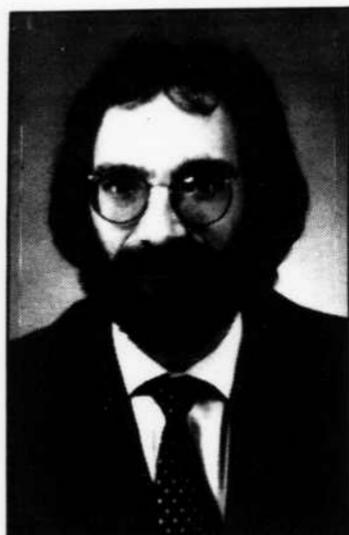
mitted to be by Dr. Robert C. Lalace, Jr., vice president for Student Affairs, I am of the opinion that the actions of Dean Judy Smith and Mr. Todd Tabor were not carried out with malice intent to censor the *Sidelines*. However, I do consider their actions to be inappropriate.

In order to make certain that these types of situations do not occur again, I will appoint an ad hoc committee to consider the adoption of a university policy affirming MTSU's commitment to the principles embodied in the First Amendment.

Sincerely,

James E. Walker
President

There is hope at MTSU because ...



RON BOMBARDI
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR
PHILOSOPHY



CANDACE ROSOVSKY
DIRECTOR
WOMEN'S CENTER

Thank you for your willingness to promote changes that positively affect students.

Goodbye

Continued From Page Three

The people I wish to thank:

Without strong journalism professors to give us guidance, the recent improvements at *Sidelines* would have never occurred. I owe so much to one man; it is hard to imagine a successful editor without ... **Dr. David P. Badger**. I admit it. I'm a Badgenite. I cannot go one week without seeing or talking to this man. He is the one person who has helped me the most in all facets of my life at MTSU, whether it be personal advice or newspaper advice or just conversation. My goal is to be like Dr. Badger some day. Thank you Dr. Badger and **Chris Harris** and **Jane Morgan** and **Sharon Smith** and **Glenn Himebaugh**.

I'd also like to thank **Fern Greenbank**, Southeastern College Journalist of Year and former *Sidelines* editor. What can I say about her? Can she push buttons or what? I have learned so much from Fern about myself and what makes a good journalist that I want to quit the whole profession because I can't be more like her. She has given the biggest gift any of us could give to this newspaper, herself. She is the reason the newspaper's quality has gone up in the past year and a half.

Others who helped me through the days and nights of *Sidelines* include:

Former *Sidelines* editor **Greg Adkins**. If not for him I wouldn't still be here. He made me fight harder to be a better writer and editor.

Cydney Crawford—the woman who makes so much of this possible, she is Student Publications.

Mike Reed. This man has not only my respect, but my loyalty.

Sue Mullin, my greatest inspirer and supporter, my second mother, and a best friend.

Jenny Tenpenny Crouch. I can't say enough about our advisor, the Student Publications Director. Jenny, you have come through for me and the staff more times than I can count. Just when we think we cannot take any more, you spring in with help of all kinds or pizza or just a

smile. Although we've had our differences in the past, I have come to love and respect you—I'll miss you very much.

"Uncle" **John Lynch**.

Barbara Martin—for being honest with me and for always "telling me like it is." The woman gives the best advice on campus.

I also would like to thank my friends who have helped me in times of need and dealt with me during my times of turmoil: **Santje, Shea, David, Cheryl, Brian and Carrie**. (Especially **Dave and Brian and Carrie**, without them I would have pulled out all my hair this summer, not just some.)

The current staff at *Sidelines* is one of the best ever from **Tony J. Arnold** to **Aimee "Sweet Little Cupcake" Triggs** to **Beth Domen** to screaming **Carl Lambert**. These people deserve the appreciation and thanks of this campus community for their dedicated service.

There are, however, those who don't think this university should have a free student press, or at least they act like it, because they harp on us more than they help. You know who you are.

To **Jason Whatley**, I wish all the luck in the world. Please take care of the *Sidelines*. There are many of us who love this newspaper. We have tried to make it a quality publication—don't undo our hard work.

Sidelines is not a public relations tool. We print *all* the news (good and bad) from a student perspective, and Jason, never forget that you're here as a servant to the campus community—roughly 17,000 students, plus faculty, staff and administrators.

To quote a journalism professor—since you haven't had any—first you need to develop thick skin. Second, nobody likes a journalist. The more you're disliked, the better you're doing your job.

As a two-year staffer at *Sidelines* I can certainly say the face of the university has changed a lot in the time I've worked here. It is unfortunate so much is for the worse.

VIEWPOINT

And now the end is near

MIKE REED
Opinions Editor

The summer has come to an end and with it another controversy concerning the war-weary *Sidelines* staff.

What's been accomplished? We are all in agreement that a number of issues of *Sidelines* were taken for the purpose of hiding them from in-coming students. Some call that censorship, some call it housecleaning. We all seem to agree that the action was inappropriate. Some say criminally so, some say not.

Everyone is a staunch supporter of free expression for student publications. Some just think that freedom of expression ends when it starts to embarrass the university or the administration.

Which brings me to my point.

The news is the news. It isn't a living breathing animal. It is the reportage of facts. The biggest criticism I've personally heard of the July 7 issue was that the headline on the Don Gandy story was too big or too sensationalized.

Fall *Sidelines* Editor Jason Whatley told me that the Gandy story wasn't front page news and the subsequent censorship story wasn't news at all.

I'm not sure if anyone read the rest of the July 7 issue of *Sidelines* but I'll fill you in on the rest of the news.

There was a story concerning the new parking plan for the fall in which the students will lose even more spaces while parking pass costs will rise. On the Second Front was a story concerning the appointment of a new director of parking, Gary G. Hunter. Page two had the usual news briefs and police report and page three had yet another story on the Master Plan.

The Opinions section was dominated by an editorial on the Master Plan and a column concerning changes in local cable programming.

There was no editorial concerning Gandy, there was no commentary on the story. There was only a news story that printed the facts in the case.

That story didn't reflect on the university or its administration. It simply stated that a crime was committed and a former student leader was arrested for it. Everyone questioned concerning Gandy was "shocked." No one who worked with him professed any prior knowledge to the crime. No teacher admitted giving him the idea. The university is free from blame in the robbery of the Eagleville bank.

If there are new students out there who think the university is corrupt because of what they read in the July 7 issue, then I apologize. The headline was meant to convey that a former SGA Election Commissioner was arrested for a bank robbery in Eagleville. It wasn't supposed to imply that MTSU put him up to it.

Now that that's all cleared up, we can look to the future with a little more understanding of one another.

As for the future, you can count on a lot of complacency among the fall staff. There should be very little in the newspaper that you could construe as critical of the university. Whatley has assured me that his leadership will make *Sidelines* something of which to be proud. He wants the paper to be so good that students will come up to staff members and tell them how proud they are of their newspaper.

Whatley also said that the students and administration hate *Sidelines* now. He thinks we've been disrespectful to President Walker. He told me that *Sidelines* needs to take it easy on him because he's our first black president and we don't want our readers thinking we're racist. I don't think we've been unfair and if you check the back issues, you'll see where I've criticized Prescott and Ingram just as harshly.

I've worked for this paper for several years. I've never put the university ahead of journalism before, and I see no reason to do it now. *Sidelines* is a newspaper. For that reason alone we had to run the Gandy story. The prominence of the story on the page was dictated by the fact that it was a serious crime that affected a lot of people committed by a student that was respected by the people who knew him. An editor can't bury that for some parking story. It just isn't done.

There was a time many years ago in which I wrote a column that students found funny. During that period, people did come up to me and tell me how great they thought the paper was. It had no substance, but it was great. Now I'm supposed to go back to making the students laugh and ignore what is going on around me.

I can't.

So here is the last column I'll ever write for *Sidelines*. I'll still be here in the fall, but I'll limit my efforts to the honesty of the features section. I hope that a bad book review won't reflect too harshly on the university that has done so much to insure I get my say.

'Coneheads' produces mass quantities of fun

LOUIS BURKLOW / FILM REVIEW

When you think of the original "Saturday Night Live," which skit first comes to mind? How about the long-running saga of the alien family doomed to never quite fit into society? That's right, the Coneheads.

In the history of "SNL," the Coneheads are rivaled in popularity only by Wayne's World. So it is only logical that when the movie adventures of Wayne and Garth cleaned up at the box office that a Coneheads movie would soon follow.

For all those worried that a comedy sketch is too little to base a film on, relax. While not heavy on plot development, *Coneheads* transfers intact to the big screen the elements that made it such a hilarious bit on "SNL."

The Conehead saga begins with their arrival on earth in the late 1970s. Beldar (Dan Aykroyd) and his spousal unit Prymaat (Jane Curtin), on a voyage

of conquest from their home planet of Remulac, are forced to land on the planet of the "blunt skulls." Their star cruiser destroyed, they must wait many years before they can be rescued.

During this time, the Coneheads decide to live among the Earthlings. They settle down to life in the suburbs of New Jersey. Soon Prymaat is "with pod." She has a daughter, Connie, who thinks of herself as just another earth girl.

By the 1990s the Coneheads have achieved the American dream. Beldar is a good provider, having become a driving instructor. In addition to teaching, he competes with the other golfers at the country club. Prymaat has become a homemaker. Life on earth, they agree, is good.

This idyllic state is invaded by Seedling (Michael McKean). An overly gung-ho Immigration and Naturalization Service man who once

suggested incinerating Mexicans who attempted to cross the Rio Grande, he now seeks to become the agency's deputy director.

His nomination will not be confirmed until he captures the one illegal alien who evaded his clutches: Beldar. His career temporarily sidetracked, the evil bureaucrat determines to track down the Coneheads and eliminate the stain from his record.

Fleeing from Seedling, the Coneheads embark on a journey through space. Before Beldar, Prymaat, and Connie can enjoy their freedom again, they must defeat the villain who has dogged them for so long.

This movie, like many "Saturday Night Live" skits, does not tell a story so much as it provides an opportunity for broad comedy. In this, the film does not disappoint. Aykroyd, also produced and co-wrote the screenplay. Though

he has made so many lame comedies in the past, this time he got it right. He and the other writers create scenes that effectively show the culture clash that is at the heart of the Coneheads' popularity. The scene in the birthing room alone proves this.

A large number of cameos also help the film. Several come from current and former "SNL"ers. Among them are Phil Hartman, Chris Farley, Jan Hooks, David Spade, and Laraine Newman (the original Connie on TV). While these cameos would be distracting to a better-plotted picture, here they improve the comedy.

The *Sidelines* staff was split over *Coneheads*. Some thought it annoying, while others were still laughing at the movie days after seeing it. The best way to judge if you should see it is by your opinion of the original skit. If you like that, you will welcome *Coneheads*. Otherwise, stay home.

'Poetic Justice' not comparable to 'Boyz'

LOUIS BURKLOW / FILM REVIEW

John Singleton is no longer a young filmmaker. He has come to be seen as a modern American success. Growing up on the mean streets of South Central Los Angeles, he put himself through film school at USC by selling his writing. At the tender age of 22, he directed his first movie, which earned over \$100 million.

Even more impressive was the sensitive, thoughtful film he crafted. *Boyz N The Hood* took as its inspiration the guys Singleton had grown up with who are drawn into the world of gang violence. In spite of this bleak story line, he created compelling characters who humanized an area most viewers previously thought of as vicious and inhuman.

Singleton's achievement made critics and moviegoers alike wait anxiously for his next picture. Well, the wait is over. *Poetic Justice* is finally here. After seeing this film, my only reaction is to wonder what all the fuss was about.

Despite all the high expectations, *Justice* is an overly-melodramatic 90-minute insult fest that

has an incidental love story thrown in. It is sure to lose the interest of even the most loyal and patient Singleton fans.

As with *Boyz*, the setting is South Central. A drive-in theater provides more entertainment in the form of arguments and mayhem than the ridiculous film on-screen. Justice (Janet Jackson) sits in a car with her boyfriend. Before her eyes, he is killed by punks out to settle a score.

The devastated Justice seeks refuge in hard work. As a hairdresser, she makes her customers look good even as she puts on weight and dresses only in black. Her love life nonexistent. She pours her soul into writing poetry.

Justice is terribly lonely but she will not let her feelings show. Since she believes she has the problem of "making bad choices in love," she will not trust men anymore.

This goes especially for Lucky (Tupac Shakur). A local mailman, he tries to strike up a conversation with Justice at the salon where she works. She ignores him and grows to hate him.

One day a friend of Justice's invites her on a weekend road trip. This girl is

dating a postal worker. He is making a mail run to Oakland with a friend who does not have a girlfriend. Justice goes along reluctantly.

Her reluctance intensifies into horror when she meets her blind date—Lucky. Not too thrilled himself, Lucky still tries to make the best of the situation. However, his weekend companion rejects all his attempts at conversation. They argue violently. Is anyone surprised to learn these two will fall in love?

To his credit, Singleton does put both these characters in interesting predicaments. Lucky may seem carefree, but he has problems, too. His daughter is being raised by his crackhead former girlfriend, so he takes her away. His mother does not want to take on the responsibility of raising the child, so he becomes a single parent.

These two lonely characters deserve a little happiness in their lives. They are attracted to each other and seem made for each other. The two non-actor stars (Shakur is a rapper) deliver strong performances. So what is wrong with such an old-fashioned romance?

The problem is Singleton's

failure to write effective dialogue. The bleak environment of South Central L.A. promotes violence and profanity. The fact that these characters cuss a lot is not so bad. The fact that they spend so much time cussing and insulting each other, rather than talking, is bad.

Insult comedy does not work in a gritty drama for long. This lame dialogue ruins the poetry written especially for the film by Maya Angelou (who appears in a brief role). Even worse, by the time Justice and Lucky start to fall in love, no one will care anymore. Viewers' attention spans grow short when they have only this drivel to occupy them.

This film is everything *Boyz N The Hood* could have been. Usually a first-time director means a movie full of overblown characters who overact. Unfortunately this style was saved by Singleton for his second picture.

Perhaps *Poetic Justice* should not be held against Singleton. After all, he is still a young filmmaker learning his craft. Before he directs again, he should remember an important rule of movies: the characters have to have good dialogue to be compelling.

What would you do if you lost your best friend?

Don't drink and Drive.

Think about it.

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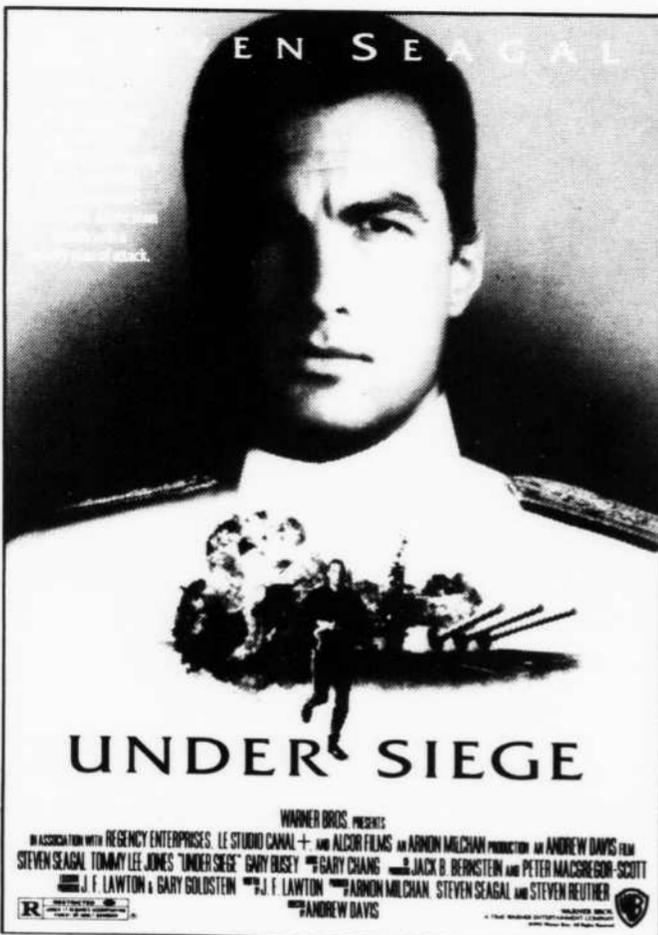
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OHMM...

The Big Man

Bingo, Bingo, Bingo

The Wat Buddharam

The First Annual John Bridges Write-Alike Contest

Para Thamtrailokacharn, the head monk from Thailand, is here to initiate two new monks at the Wat Buddharam

THE FIRST ANNUAL JOHN BRIDGES WRITE-ALIKE CONTEST

BY JASON T. SPARKS AND MIKE REED

Roughly three weeks ago, *The Nashville Scene* ran their yearly "You are so Nashville if..." contest, drawing as usual 8,000 entries that referred to Radnor Lake, Kroger, Ralph Emery, the oh-so-wacky way we talk, or all of the above. Any entry that was in the least bit sentimental for Nashville's past was lumped into a single column.

What the compilers of the contest must have missed was that the sentimental were seeking a feeling of connection, a tight grasp on some of the things they had felt would never change. Luckily for the nostalgic, some things haven't changed. The cowboy on Jim Reed's billboard still teeters back and forth, all music played at Opryland is carefully filtered so as to be devoid of soul, and the *Scene's* editor, John Bridges, still writes similar articles every week.

That's where you come in. We at *Signature* feel that you, too, could write like JB. What we're looking for is an article, the same length as one of his usual pieces, that resembles a genuine Bridges piece as much as possible. The winner of the contest will have his/her/their/its article published in September's *Signature*. Here's a few pointers:

1. Write about inanimate objects. The less possible it seems that one could write about the object, the better. Bridges has in the past actually devoted space to articles about shirt collars and white bread.
2. Make it sassy. Give your friends bizarre names. Make them seem detached yet needy, like the characters that inhabit Rob Reiner films. Refer to lots of old movie stars.
3. Get to the point—eventually. Give loads of information about the object throughout the piece, and then explain the relevance of it all in the last sentence.

So get cracking! Send your submissions to *Sidelines*, MTSU box 42, Murfreesboro, TN 37210, by September 1st. Include your name, address, and phone number. To get your juices flowing, here's a sample article by our own Mike Reed.

MIKE REED IS JOHN BRIDGES IN "A BRIDGES TOO FAR!"

I was walking down 2nd Avenue with Anastasia and Cromwell trying to work off that salad I had just eaten when I was nearly knocked down by a stout young man on a pair of skates.

"Those aren't skates, dip," Ana corrected. "They're rollerblades."

Oh.

"Well, they look like every other pair of skates I've worn with the possible exception of the pair my sister used to own with the red pom-poms."

"They're actually called 'in-line' skates," Crom explained.

When did skates or rollerblades or skateboards become an acceptable means of getting from 2nd Avenue to Riverfront? The perils must be enormous. Between the stone steps, the heavy traffic, the street performers and the busses disguised as trolleys, I'd look like one big scab by the time I reached the park.

Perhaps I'm missing some sort of in-line skating gene. Maybe, back in the stone ages some Bridges ancestor scoffed at the invention of the wheel with such conviction that I am cursed to remain a biped and not an eight-wheeler.

Rollerblading requires a speed that humans were not meant to travel without a car around them. Elbow pads and helmets won't save me from being a target on the open roads.

The contraptions look dangerous. Those brightly colored wheels lined up in an array that requires a preternatural balance not found in the average *homosapien sapien*.

When I was a younger lad, skating was done in circles on a wooden floor. There was much gnashing of teeth as the tiny children whose parents either owned the rink or brought them there to keep them out of the house, could skate circles around everyone. I must admit I, too, was tempted to trip the little urchins.

The skates were ugly rented things in beige or brown with my shoe size permanently etched on the back. The insides always felt clammy. I could never get them tied just right. The strings were always 17 feet long and had to be wrapped around my ankle 19 or 20 times which eventually cut off the circulation and endeared skating to me forever.

Iceskating was a nightmare as well same situation only now everyone that trips over my prone body has blades on their feet in which to lacerate me. Small children playing Hans Brinker doing double axles over my spinning head.

These rollerblades seem to combine the worst of both worlds. An incredibly hard balancing act and pedestrian targets to avoid.

Perhaps humans should stick to walking.

Signature

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Signature

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THE BIG MAN

BY JASON T. SPARKS

It was hell-hot in the streets. The heat put sweaty glazes on people's foreheads and under their arms. A cop yelled at the unwilling participants in a wreck: "You stupid goddamn DUMBASSES why can'tchu WATCH where you GODdamn goin'..." babies cried on stoops, and the water from the open hydrant sounded like grease in a skillet. The song 'Mockingbird Hill' drifting out of an open window, mixed with an all-too-infrequent breeze, provided relief. The fat men in the street, hammily singing along, were comic relief. Mixed couples—a Cajun and Spanish, or Redbone and black—caused the men to say, "what de damn world comin' to?" and their wives, looking at a young couple with the same promise they had had 20 years and two chins ago, would slap their husbands.

Afternoon drunks and nameless small-time hoods were the clientele in the Blarney Stone, Jimmy's bar and front. The afternoon light streamed through the windows, showing the dust on the framed pictures of dead Irish soldiers (like Jimmy's brother) and on the jukebox, where "Danny Boy" and the Neville Brothers shared space. The back of the bar didn't get any sun. Shadows and cigarette smoke obscured everything, except for a few spots where glowing cigarettes and neon signs could be seen. Muttered curses and the clacking and rolling of billiard balls were the only sounds back there.

Jimmy himself sat at the maroon-and-brown bar, going out a ledger with a nervous accountant. An old bartender named Clarence and a young one named David were the only staff at the moment. Clarence was washing beer mugs and talking with a young fellow, an excited young man whose impending day in court had just been "fixed" by the benevolent Mr. Fearnley. He kept trying to thank Jimmy while he was working. Jimmy waved his hands and said, "alright, alright! You need to leave me alone now!"

An old man at the bar, a regular, observed the spectacle and shared his opinions on the matter with David, whose function was basically to keep the draft beer flowing down the old drunk's throat, and Robert, a young man who worked nights and liked to get a buzz going before he went in.

"Young-young hood! He woulda been all right in Rosievolt's day! See? Rosievolt saw't that when people needed money, he gave 'em money. When you need it, you need it. No shame in handin' out money if a fella need it—just ask a favor back! Ji-Jimmy know dat! Ain't that right, Jimmy?" Jimmy nodded, embarrassed.

"Shit to that," Robert said. "Damn Communism. That's what Ike's up against."

The old man continued. "I-i-it ain't Communism! He just bein' generous! Generosity'll keep people around you! Kep' people around Jimmy's daddy! He was generous to a fault!"

Jimmy was finally motivated to look up from his ledgers. "Oh, yeah, my daddy was generous to a fault, all right. Damn fault came when he sold that ripped-off liquor, for half what he coulda got, to a federal agent. Parole board's up there right now, I reckon, tryin' to find a new excuse to keep him in."

"It's a shame about it, Jimmy," the drunk continued. "But I tell you this—you only took over three years ago, and I can already tell you as good as your daddy ever was. That's why we all call you 'Big Man,' like we used to call yer daddy. Your daddy and Rosievolt were my heroes!" He shed a tear. Jimmy sneered and said, "I awaited your approval." The young worker, at long last able to get a word in, said "Wonderful. One of your heroes was a

Communist." "Naw, it ain't! Weren't never a d-damn Commie in the White House. I just mean—" The old man was cut off by David, who could no longer contain himself. "Can't you two find anything else to argue about? For two years y'all have been throwing this same shit back and forth, about who's a Commie and who isn't. I oughta not sell you anymore damn beer!"

"Ease off these two fools, David." Fearnley had finished his business, and hopped down off the barstool, feeling much lighter now that he was no longer busy. "I t'ink (a one-quarter Cajun, his accent came in and out) these two provide entertainment. Hell, we oughta take bets: which one's the better drunk?" He laughed and crossed to the back of the bar, where he downed a shot of whiskey. "I don't care if your money came from FDR or Eisenhower or whoever. Just as long as it comes to me—Oh, beautiful!" His attention was drawn by the arrival of Ann-Marie, a numbers runner from Mexico who was in the group because she appealed to Jimmy's libido. He leapt over the bar and plunked a slug into the jukebox, to play B-14, The Hawkettes' "Mardi Gras Mambo." The old man started to bitch—"Why you like that damn coonass music?"—and Jimmy responded, "we can dance to it, and it's too early and we're too sober for 'Danny Boy'!" He and Ann laughed as they spun and held each other at the waist. Jimmy sang with Ann. "Down in New Orleans/where the blues was born, it takes a cool cat/to blow a horn..."

After the dance, they went upstairs. She turned over the week's winnings, and had a quick shag against the wall in his office. She left, and as she went down the street, bumped into a young couple trying to work up the courage to enter the bar. The man looked confused, and all the hoods sensed that they could hurt him, that he wasn't one of them. On the surface, the girl was also prey, but had grown up in the Quarter and her finesse was self-made. She could fight back. Clarence had seen her years before, when he worked for Jimmy's daddy and she had been...hell, where had she been? Both had forgotten.

They were Colleen and Roger. They were about to be married. Colleen was a graduate student at the University of New Orleans, and Roger was in management an oil refinery. After being harrassed by the drunks, Colleen stepped up to talk to Clarence.

"Is Jimmy Fearnley here?"

"Jimmy Fearnley? De big man? Aiice, what de damn hell a pretty little thing like you need wid' that damn hoodlum?" The bartender could rib Jimmy, because he was three times Jimmy's age. Jimmy was a young turk.

"I just have business with him. I'd prefer not to—"

"Wotever the damn hell," he said, no longer caring. He signalled a pool player, who guided the young couple out of the bar to the locked wrought-iron door on the side of the building, which led upstairs. The stairs were wooden and narrow; they had a telltale creak. On the first two floors prostitutes could be heard. It was heart-stopping heat. The sun came right in through the windows. Thank God that Big Man had a window-unit air conditioner.

"Jimmy?"

His big leather desk chair had been turned facing away from the desk, while he looked for something on the table behind him. When he turned around, they summed each other up. They had been teenagers when they were lovers. Jimmy's first kiss had been with her; they had run into the back of the open-air French Market to avoid a rainstorm. Now

they were in their late twenties. Colleen was a light redhead with green eyes, her features turning soft and round. She looked tired, but was compared often to Grace Kelly. Another reason Jimmy was often called the "Big Man" because, at 61/2 feet tall, he was. He had Irish features and a big, red pompadour. He wasn't fat. He was barrel-chested and filled his beige 1955 suit immaculately. He sucked in his breath.

"Colleen. I didn't...well...I didn't think you'd ever come back to the neighborhood! Let me get you—"

"We won't be here long." Roger was straight and blunt, and did not know the etiquette for addressing Jimmy. Roger had a Master's from Tulane, and Jimmy was, according to Colleen's recollections, a parochial school dropout who had inherited his domain when his father went to jail. He was just another punk, Roger figured. To hell with him anyway. Roger continued. "We need a favor and you'll certainly—"

"People don't tell me what I'll certainly do, goddammit!" The offense he had taken made him spring to life, and lose the shock of seeing her. He sprang from the chair and leaned over the desk, slamming his big, pink fists onto the blotter. His eyes turned sharp and evil. Roger's field of vision was now filled by this bad-tempered giant, his face going alternately dark and light in the shadow of the ceiling fan. "They don't tell me what to do, especially-shit!—especially when they come gallavantin' in my office wit'out no invitation! You sure are a number, boy," he said, putting his finger right in Roger's face, just prior to standing and pacing, for full effect. "Yeah, you a number. I don't even know you and already I want to-well-Colleen! Who the hell is this boy? Is he even Irish?" He growled in dismay.

"German, I suppose. But we're here to talk about something else, Jimmy." In memory of the anger and rudeness that the Big Man, then little, had displayed when she left him for college, she had rehearsed this as a powerful moment. She saw that he hadn't improved; he still wanted to be cock-of-the-walk, and it didn't help that he had genuinely become just that. But her childhood as a good Catholic (Fearnley, for all his vice, loved her for her purity) returned when she saw him.

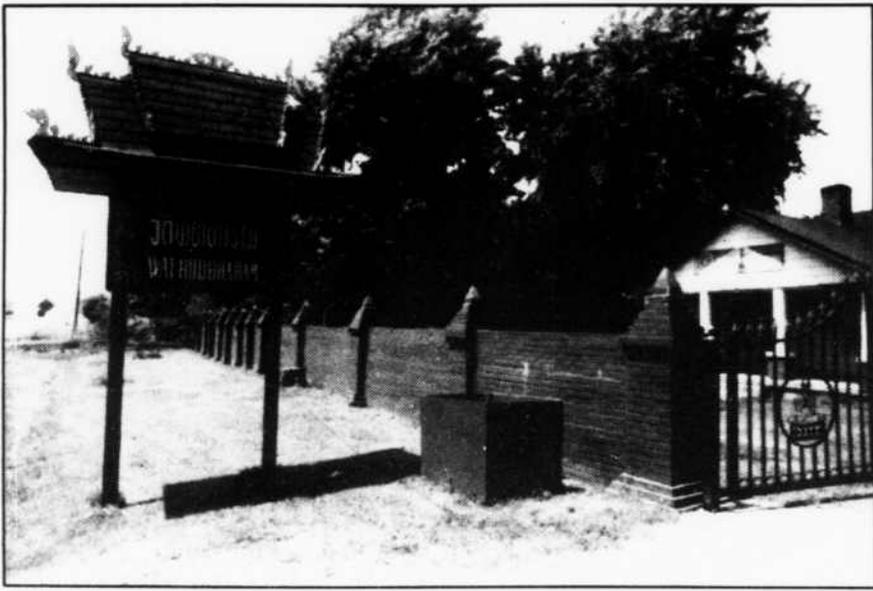
"Jimmy, we need your help. Roger and I..." there was several minutes of silence. The ceiling fan rocked. Jimmy dragged on a Pall Mall. "Well, we need some money, Jimmy...we didn't plan it. God knows we didn't plan it." She blushed. Fearnley's eyes narrowed.

"Plan what? What didn't you plan?" His voice had gone almost neutral. She had never been someone he could attack for long.

"I'm pregnant."

The window was shut but the sounds of the street came through anyway. Hookers giggled and slammed doors. There had been two Naval carriers in the bay all week, and freighters from Canada and Michigan filled the river; business was good. A sailor hollered, and the bass of a Billie Holiday song was heard. "It's all very clear, our love is here to stay..." Kids were out in the street, playing Hopalong Cassidy. One urchin could be heard yelling, "They got me, they got me! Oh, the injuns shot me in the head!" He laughed.

When Jimmy realized he had been quiet, that he had been shaking, that his hard brown eyes had locked on Colleen's big green eyes, which were full of horror because she knew Jimmy and knew what these pauses where he turned to stone meant, when



Inside the Wa

Wat Buddharam, Murfreesboro's Buddhist temple, isn't obtrusive. It's on the Old Nashville Highway, surrounded by the open fields of the Stones River Battlefield; it doesn't look like a temple from the outside, and is likely to go unnoticed by most people who drive by it.

But there are people who do notice it. Since it was built in 1981, it has been frequented by virtually all the members of Rutherford County's Southeast Asian community, most of whom practice Dhamayute, the strain of Buddhism prevalent in Southeast Asia.

However, there is absolutely no pressure on them to do so.

"We don't go and knock door-to-door," explains Bundit Ruangtip, who supports the temple and frequently provides food for the monks who stay there. "Buddhists never do that. We don't come to you and offer you food, shelter, clothing." They will, however, provide food and shelter for the monks staying at the temple.

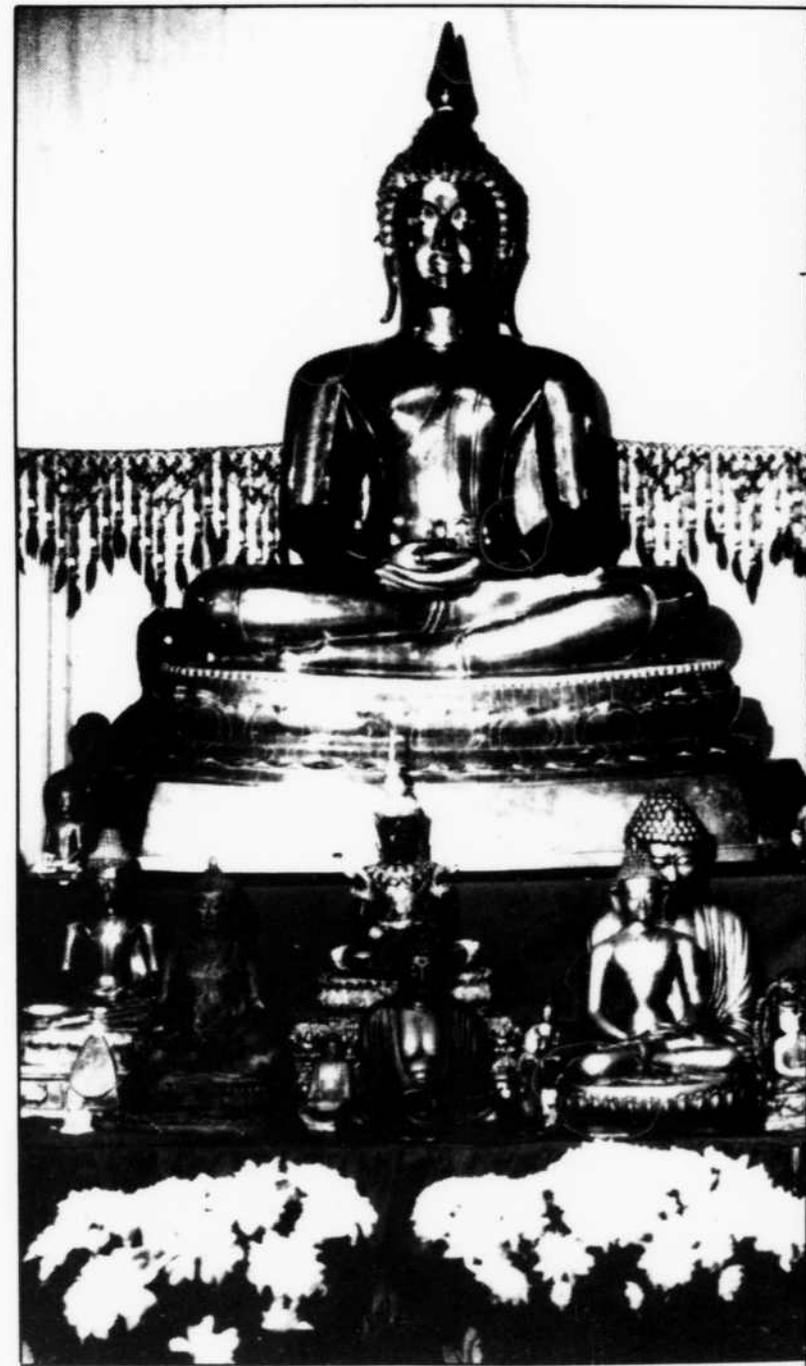
The current group of monks include people from as far as Canada and France, and are sponsored by religious groups and by individuals. Some will be monks for their entire lives; others are only going to be monks for for a few weeks or months. A younger monk explains that there are those who enter the fold "to find themselves" and to lose the stress of the outside world. Before entering, however, the temporary monks must rid themselves of all their small-scale debt, and obtain permission from their immediate family.

Yet, again, no one ever has to become a monk, even on a temporary basis. Lay Bhuddists are not even obliged to follow a great many rules, nor are most monks. Temporary monks have only five rules to live by, and lifetime monks still in training only have ten; only full lifetime monks have a great number of rules-227. The rules help the monks stay on what Buddha called "the eight-fold path," a means of attaining inner peace. One arrives at the path by learning Buddha's "four noble truths," which are:

1. Life is suffering.
2. Suffering is caused by desire.
3. The way to end suffering is to end desire.
4. The way to end desire is to follow the eight-fold path.

"When you enter here," Ruangtip muses, "you learn that all truth in the outside world is invented truth. In the world, we say that today is Tuesday, Wednesday, and so on. But in here, you learn that there is, in reality, only dark and light. We say it is Tuesday, but we invented that."

Outside of its role as a social center for local Southeast Asians, the chance to comprehend this truth is perhaps the greatest reason people have to attend Wat Buddharam. They need never





Buddharam

Clockwise from left:

- 1) Bundit Ruangtip writes out a check to the Wat Buddharam Corp. while Saveng Vongsavath, president of the corporation, (far right) takes donations to help keep the temple open and take care of the monks.
- 2) Wat Buddharam is located on old Nashville Hwy. on the outskirts of Murfreesboro.
- 3) Monks bless the food before they eat. The monks can't eat any food after 12 noon. They also can't get food themselves, it has to be given to them. Feasts like this one are held on Sundays where the families eat after the monks have finished.
- 4) A participant in the ceremony pours water into a ceremonial container as a blessing to the dead during prayers on Sunday.
- 5) This is an example of the food left out for the spirits of dead relatives along the wall surrounding the temple.
- 6) Many families from different Asian countries come to the temple to worship every Sunday.
- 7) The main shrine in the Wat Buddharam represents the many manifestations of the Buddha.



All Photos by Carl Lambert

Across the Border

Editor's Note: Some of the persons, events are composite in nature.

Lucky Charms! Bonanzas! High 7s! The Letter X! Jackpot! Hatpin! Double Trouble! Champagne Glass! Casinos! Super Slots! *Triple Twins! Double Jewels!

Mumbo jumbo terms? Not to the experienced bingo player.

Gambling in any way, shape or form has been illegal in Tennessee since the state joined the union in 1796. According to the Tennessee State Constitution, gaming, gambling and games of chance are illegal. Backgammon at one time was illegal only because it involved dice.

Between the 1930s and the 1970s, a looser interpretation of the law was held and some forms of gambling were allowed: raffles, fortune wheels and bingo. However, in the 1980s the Tennessee State Supreme Court ruled that gambling, gaming and games of chance of any kind were illegal and punishable by law. A meager attempt to pass para-mutuel betting failed in the mid-1980s.

As a result, legal gambling for Tennesseans has oftentimes included a road trip.

Almost daily, buses leave the Middle Tennessee area heading north to Kentucky, where gambling is not only legal but a way of life for many. Bingo parlors in Kentucky are mostly run by churches, social groups and civic clubs: the Elks, the Kiwanis, the Catholics.

This small town in Kentucky has a population of less than 30,000 and is located on Interstate 65, about two miles north of the Tennessee border. It doesn't have a Wal-Mart or a McDonald's, but it does have four bingo parlors, a race track and about 200 lottery ticket vendors.

The plush, long Greyhound buses stop in more than 250 locations in Middle Tennessee, picking up bingo players. The ride is free. Sometimes a free off-brand soda is involved. And best of all, before you even get to Kentucky, the bingo begins.

The first Monday of each month is Party Night at this bingo establishment. The cheapest bingo pack will cost \$24 instead of the usual \$15, but the payoff is much greater. On eight of the games, a person can win \$3,500. On any given night of bingo, there are three main "heats." The first heat is the Early Bird Round. It doesn't pay off as much, and is a warm-up for the main event. The second heat is the Regular Round of nine or ten games, where the winnings are at their greatest and the tension is at its peak. Following the Regular Round are the Night Owl games, in which the winnings are usually small. If that's not enough; there are games before, during and after the regular rounds for those who can't miss a minute of bingo.

It's Party Night and the place is packed. The only seats available are near the back corner. She has all the necessities for a good night of bingo. Her ashtray. Her cigarettes. Her markers. Her change purse. Two empty seats across from her. And her sheets after sheets of bingo games.

Huddled near the corner of the massive smoking room sits Addie Maie a friend of Jane's. Addie Maie is an elderly black woman, skilled in the fine art of bingo. Through her thick bifocals she marks her two dozen games on four sheets.

She slowly brushes her wavy hair back under her bobby pins, and it falls back out of place. Addie Maie has six neon bingo markers (called dabbers) in all: two red, two green, two blue. She is holding a green one in her left hand and a red one in her right. Between dabs, she tapes and re-tapes her sheets to the table so they won't shift when she goes to dab them. Sometimes she even dabs herself. Today, a big dot lingers on the sleeve of her blue gingham dress.

Addie Maie taps her stocking-foot on the bar of the folding chair across from her to music that only she can hear.

She "bingos" in the last game of the Early Bird Round. Right after Roy, the announcer, calls "B-4," Addie Maie raises her arms and says, "Bingo!" in a nonchalant tone, almost as if carrying on a conversation with a friend.

"I play too often," Jane whispers sweetly, her hands cupped around her mouth. "I play every Monday and Friday—too often."

All in all, Jane pays about \$60 a night to play bingo and doesn't win as often as she'd like.

"In January I had a really good night," Jane concedes, her eyes wide with excitement. "I won \$800 that night and then—" she pauses, "nothing." She curls her fingers inside her hands and points her thumbs downward. "Nothing whatsoever."

Jane is the mother of three boys, now grown and living far from their transplanted mother. Jane was born and raised in Illinois about 60 miles west of Springfield.

She was married to Jim in 1956. He worked a route, as a truckdriver, for a potato chip company, and Jane stayed at home with the boys. When Jonnie, her third son, left home for college, she had nothing else to do, so she started playing bingo.

At first she only played one night a weekend at the local Catholic church.

"I was bored, and I started to play bingo," Jane says simply.

"It took my mind off my troubles and worries," she remembers. "I had a lot of 'family' problems, and just a few hours with a marker and some bingo sheets relieved me." As she smiles, she looks as though she might cry.

Jim quit his job in the late '80s to move to Tennessee, where he thought he might get a better job.

"He got a good job and we got a house," she says. She intensifies her voice. "But he was gone almost five days a week.

"It blew my mind." Jane hits her clenched, white fists on the table. "There was no bingo here, nothing."

A young woman in a tie-dye shirt and tie-dye jumpsuit prances up behind Jane and asks if she'd like a "jackpot."

"No, dear," Jane says. "Too much for me."

The game, the girl explains, is a pull-tab—a card with little doors that are literally punched or pulled open to reveal possible prizes behind them.

"The card has six tabs," she begins. "You pull one, and if it has a number on it, and if they call that number, you win." She seems confused by her own directions and turns and heads down the aisle of "bingomaniacs" until Bill and his wife, Edna, about four seats down from Janet, stop the bouncy girl.

"I wanna bunch o'dem," he tells her, pointing to the pull-tabs.

"OK, hon," she replies. He fishes a wad of \$20 bills from his pocket and gives her two.

"Gimmie what ya can," he tells her. She takes the \$40 and begins to count out Bill's cards. Before she's halfway done, he starts grabbing the tabs and ripping all the little doors open at once, a learned skill.

"Money don't grow on trees," Bill says to his wife, who is helping him with his tabs. They both laugh.

"I never play the pull-tabs," Jane declares. Later she reveals that sometimes she can't help herself—"they are so tempting."

"But I play pretty conservatively, compared to some of these people," Jane observes, looking down at Bill and Edna—who have long forgotten their tabs and are back to the bingo game—lording over their multitude of late games. Janet has only one sheet of three games.

Jane claims that she doesn't believe in luck or anything else like that, but softly and quietly she's been reaching for her crucifix just inside her shirt pocket. The beads sometimes dangle out as she whispers to herself.

When questioned, Jane denies it all.

"I do not," she protests. "Look at that young girl over there," she points with her eyes in the direction of a girl no older than 25 whose cards are surrounded by small, framed pictures of her baby.

"She prays to them," Janet whispers loudly. Jane's friend Addie Maie motions Jane to hush.

"I will not," Jane argues. Addie Maie turns her head sharply back to her game and blows a thick cloud of smoke on her sheets.

"Before each game," Jane continues in the same loud whisper,



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he puts her hands together on her cards, bows her head and prays to those by pictures." Jane begins to cough. The girl turns her head slightly to meet Jane's eyes, and the laughing ceases. Jane's attention turns back to her cards.

"O-Jeez! O-Jeez!" Jane cries. "He has seen my cards, and he knows what I need!"

"G-55! That's all I need," she claims with one eye on her card and the other on the television, which shows the next number to be called. Someone sitting in the non-smoking section calls bingo on A-14, and Jane takes it personally.

"I hate it when those non-smokers are in," she grumbles; "it's just not fair." She trashes her sheets and prepares to leave.

Meanwhile, the young girl's prayers remain unanswered. She rips her sheets into confetti, puts her pictures into her tote bag, grabs her Bigulp and heads for the door.

Roy steps down from his position on high. His cowboy boots bring to mind Texas, his horseracing jacket calls Kentucky, but his T-Shirt says "Let's bingo together!"

Roy has been calling bingo for more than two and a half years now and says he likes it, although he personally doesn't like to play. He says he likes to call out the numbers and make announcements.

"I been doing this almost three years," Roy explains. "It's something I do to pass the time, and I just like hangin' with people."

The room soon empties; the remains of a great celebration are evident. The workers scatter and cover the room picking up the trash.

"We get usually between 150 and 200 people in here on a regular night," says Buddy, the manager of the bingo parlor. "Now on a party night, we get a big crowd, usually about 300."

Buddy explains that more than 75 percent of the players at his parlor are from Tennessee. Most of them ride a bus and buy food, cigarettes and lottery tickets in Kentucky.

"This is really helping the Kentucky economy," Buddy laughs.

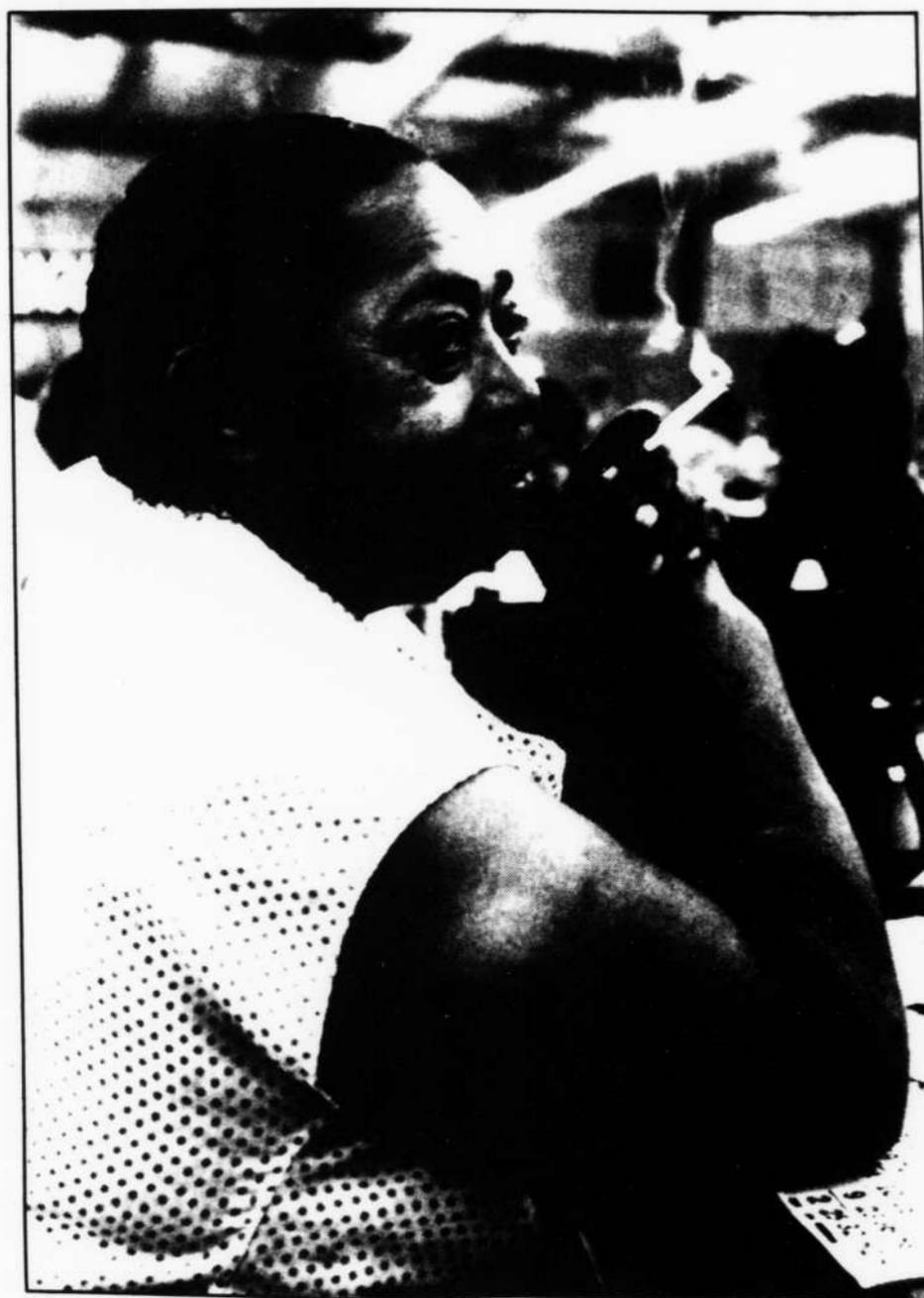
"I know some people who play Monday, Friday, Saturday and Sundays—every day we're open, they're here."

"They come because this is a social event," he smiles, waving goodbye to an elderly woman in a sunhat and matching dress as she waddles to the door. "They meet their friends here, and whether they win or not, they have fun."

"I forget everything from the time I step on the bus 'til the time I walk back to the door at home," Jane says as the bus creaks out of the parking lot. "I know it's stupid to look at these numbers for four to five hours a night, but I love it."

Reba gets on the bus in Murfreesboro. She claims that if the bus came every day, she'd be on it.

"I've played bingo, and there ain't nothing wrong with it," she announces. "I started playing when I was a kid at



Just another Monday night bingo game ...

the carnivals that came to town"—she smiles a seemingly toothless grin—"and it's as Christian as anything else."

Reba is and has always been a housewife in Middle Tennessee and she has been playing bingo in Kentucky for several years now.

"I don't buy them pull-tabs," Reba announces again, as is her fashion. She leans back in her seat and takes a deep, strong drag off her generic brand cigarette.

Within 10 or 15 minutes, Cathy the bus hostess, brings out the pull-tabs and Reba's eyes are watering as she licks her lips.

"Cathy! Give me five."

Cathy smiles. Reba is caught: hook, line and sinker. Cathy extends her left hand to clutch the crumpled \$5 bill while her right hand counts out the tabs.

No winners. Reba tosses the tabs into the blue plastic grocery sack hanging off her arm rest. When Cathy returns, Reba waves her hand in front of her face signalling no more. Cathy moves on to her next customer.

Reba lights another cigarette before she finishes this one and smiles to herself, chewing her gum incessantly.

Ma're (pronounced just like it looks without the apostrophe) has frizzy bleached-blonde hair with too much light-blue eye shadow; and she wears big, dangly, cheap, plastic earrings. She works at a bank.

"I'm not a teller," she says, "I work in another department."

Ma're carries a whole zip-lock bag full of Mardi Gras beads that she guarantees will bring good luck to whoever holds them. However, she brings them every time and still hasn't gotten a good bingo all year.

"They bring me luck," she defends, "just not enough—yet."

Near the middle of the table sits a young couple. The girl, a brunette, is wearing a sundress and talking loudly—a defiant novice. Although this appears to be her first time at bingo, Reba cuts her no slack.

"I wish she'd shut up!" Reba says, just loud enough to be heard by everyone but the girl.

"This is hard," the girl is saying, "I can't concentrate."

"I should be able to do this," she explains to her friend. "I'm in college." Many a "Shhh!" is focused in her direction.

"OK! OK!" she replies. "I'm shutting up."

During one of the tension-filled cover-all games, the sundress girl softly shouts: "I can't do this! This is like a factory assembly line. Punch the numbers! Punch the numbers!"

While the intermission game is in full swing, she leans over to her friend and remarks, "There is a market for Lucky Troll dolls."

Each bingo table in the football field-sized smoking room is cluttered by every variety of the Lucky Troll doll. Their jeweled bellies stick out like their wild hair. Some players have braided

their trolls' hair, others have their trolls in pig tails. Some have even made clothes for them.

Addie Maie's troll is dressed like a Neanderthal with leopard print loincloth and a bone in his hair.

Later, on the bus, Ma're explains that "you're supposed to hold their bellies while you play, and if its eyes light up, that means that you're going to bingo."

"Ya know," Reba begins, "I held one of them damn things all night one night. His eyes lit up a couple a times, but I didn't bingo once."

She snarls and turns away.

Some players don't need luck at all—love does all the work for them. Like new and improved versions of Bill and Edna, a young college-aged couple sits across the room playing bingo together.

The numbers come up on the screen, and he whispers them in her ear. She smiles and pats his stomach with her free hand. The couple play the first few games like newlyweds in love.

Now she calls the numbers, and he marks them on the smaller games. On the big games, they each get a sheet. Ma're and Reba seem totally oblivious to the couple as they pound out their games.

Ma're gets up between games for a touch-up (more blue eye-shadow?). Reba cocks one eye and explains that she's "been a-watchin' that there couple of kids, and they're gonna get it."

The girl puts her arm around the boy and they lean together, smiling brightly. She beams. He glows. She points out a number he missed. They both smile together, but they never bingo. At least not tonight. They walk arm in arm to their Honda at the end of the night, bingo only a mere distraction.

Reba and Ma're trot back to the bus and Reba takes another look at the couple.

"They don't need to win," she philosophizes, "they've got each other." She takes another puff and stamps out her cigarette before getting back on the bus.

Outside the bingo parlor, Hilary picks at her long silver-ivory fingernails as she waits on her ride home to Tennessee. The sheen of her black skin glows in the lights. She smiles and tosses back her long, straight hair.

"I've been playing for about five or six years," she begins. "I'm real lucky. A lot of people want to sit with me because I win a lot."

She's not conceited. She's telling the truth.

"The people either like me because I'm lucky, or they don't like me because I win and they don't." She halfway smiles and shrugs her shoulders.

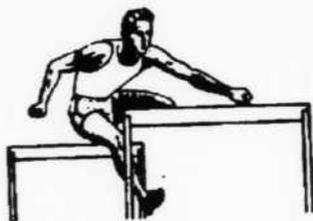
Hilary started playing at the Elks Lodge and Catholic churches in Tennessee when it was legal.

"I think Tennessee is missing a lot of money on technicalities," she says.

"I play four nights a week and I win at least once a week," she adds, moving her hands out and flashing a smile. "The most I've ever won in a night was \$1,700, and the most in a week was \$4,000."

"I think bingo is relaxing for me,"

SEE BORDER → PAGE 8



jumps...

Across the Border

she reflects. "I think I really love it."

A car pulls up to the curb and she gets in and flashes the \$300 she won tonight.

The bus is almost crowded today. Cathy counts and recounts heads before Reggie pulls away from the busy shopping center in Murfreesboro. Reggie is Cathy's husband and bus driver for the route from Murfreesboro to Kentucky and he doesn't say much, other than the fact that he doesn't have much to say. But he always plays.

"I come up four times a week," he explains. Reggie binged in the non-smoking room on the party night, he wouldn't say how much, just nodded his head that he won.

The passengers are alive with energy, chirping back and forth across the aisles.

Darla, a Murfreesboro resident and Samsonite employee, is on the bus tonight.

"She's always on the bus," Cathy declares, "she's just real quiet." Darla sits half-way back. She smiles softly and rests her hands on her lap. Darla is a black octogenarian who knows the game well.

Last Monday night she won \$500. When asked if she'll duplicate last week's performance, she grins and says, "I ain't got no luck tonight."

Cathy backs her up.

"Sometimes you know when you're going to bingo and when you're not."

Whether she bingos or not, she's here to see her friends who are riding a bus in from West Nashville.

"No, no luck tonight, but I'm a gonna play anyhow." Her eyes rise and fall with her words. Her fingerwaved black hair rests close as she tosses her head, talking to her friends and smoking her Kool cigarettes.

Dora Lee, a bingo expert, turns and smiles at Darla as she clutches her "Bingo Bag," which has built-in side pockets for her markers. She hasn't won a dime all year.

"I buy the \$25 pack and I play the Bonanza, and that's it," Darla says. She rides the bus from Murfreesboro three times a week. She doesn't come on Sunday because it's the Lord's day.

"Now what I don't buy are them pull-tabs," she pronounces, "but somebody else must, as many as they sell." She points to a large pile near Addie Maie's usual spot, but Addie Maie is not there tonight. Two middle-aged white women devour their pull-tabs and leave the duds in a big pile on the floor.

Reba is on the bus again today, and she is buying pull-tabs like there's no tomorrow.

"Gimme 10 more," she snarls and hands over a \$10 bill with one hand while reaching for the Treasure Pull-Tabs with the other. She quickly tears into them, ripping all four little doors open at a time—sometimes ripping the tabs clean off.

Out of those 10 she gets a \$1 winner. She trades the winner for another tab. Nothing.

She reaches into her wallet and pulls out a \$20.

"Gimme six." No winners.

She returns the \$10 bill Cathy just gave her and calls for three more. After announcing her misfortunes, she brings out another \$20 and yelps for Cathy to give her five more.

"This is a bad one," she grunts to herself, her cigarette dangling from her open mouth. She opens the last pull-tab to find a \$5 winner. Encouragement. She trades the winner for five more and refuses to even look at Cathy when she returns.

"Any more?" Cathy asks.

"Nope." Reba sucks the nicotine in.

She carefully watches as Cathy makes her way to the front of the bus, still restless, hoping the night will pay off her early losses.

Darla, who claims to know better than to buy the pull-tabs, reaches to grab her four Lucky Treasures. A slight giggle escapes her mouth.

Sylvia is also working the bus tonight, selling a different set of pull-tabs.

"Hey, Sylvia, give me some of yours," Rhonda, a young black girl, calls. "Cathy's stuff ain't no good."

Rhonda purchases five. A single \$1 winner. She trades the winner and buys five more. No winners.

"Cathy, back to you," she calls. Rhonda grabs 10 more from Cathy's open hand. She's sure she'll win big.

No winners. Two more. One winner. She trades that one for another. Nothing.

Trish, a nicely dressed 30-year-old, wins \$50.

"Trish, Trish," Reba calls out, "who'd you get dem from?"

"She got 'um from Cathy," replies Trish's muscular boyfriend, as Trish fans herself with her 10 \$5 bills and laughs.

"Shoulda' known," Reba says quietly, kicking her bare white legs against the back of the seat in front of her.

Cathy makes her way to the front of the bus to call out the numbers for the three \$100 winners:

"1200," the woman in front of Darla raises her hand.

Cathy continues: "700." Darla's hand flies up.

"And 200." An elderly woman up front clutches her cards close and grins up at Cathy.

"Dammit," Reba snarls again, exhaling as she tosses two tab cards into the trash.

"I'm a bingo player, not a fighter or a lover" her key chain proclaims.

Maybe she's all three.

Big

he became aware of all the nuance, when he realized he had collapsed back into his seat, he snapped up out of the chair. He turned to open a small safe, doing it all robotically. He took out \$5,000, the results of a cockfight at Lake Ponchatrain, and threw it on the desk. He walked towards the balcony windows with his head lowered. It made his shoulders look bigger, made his long afternoon shadow like the shadow of a stingray in the ocean.

"Most of the time," he said as if he were reading text, "I ask for favors to... reciprocate for my generosity." He chuckled. Colleen had taught him words like that, and they amused him. "Not now, though. Not now." He looked up at the skylight. A crow had nested in the corner of the window and was cleaning the lice from his wings. Gangster and crow looked at each other with a glib blink, as if to say, "I got my life, you got yours; we both made it this way. What do you want from me?"

Jimmy, his back still turned, ordered them out. "You don't come back here. Not this office, or this bar, or the damn neighborhood. GO!" Roger clamored to leave; the sound of him collecting the money was amusing to Jimmy. Roger bolted downstairs. Colleen went face to face with the Big Man one last time. At times she had wanted to kill him, but she was a big-hearted sap.

"I'm sorry," she said in a gentle whisper.

Jimmy offered an emotionless "yeah." She left.

He walked to a big Westinghouse refrigerator and pulled out a Jax beer. It was sweet to him. His attention was caught by the rude cop outside, now yelling at a black man. It was odd for a man like Jimmy, in that world, to thumb his nose at the treatment of blacks, but he had grown up with them. He was full of Irish pride, and thought his people needed to stay together; at

least, that's what his father had always told him. But he had always had people of all kinds working for him. He never understood why New Orleans, so full of people, had to fool with hating them. In New Orleans, everyone's got all kinds of blood in them. And anyone can run a smart racket.

He walked out onto the landing, where he caught a glimpse of the couple walking up Rue Bienville. The cop was walking with a swagger.

"Hey cop! Don't you got no fuckin' manners?"

"Manners? Watch your ass, wise-guy!"

The old men looked up as if they knew what was coming. The children scrambled away and the birds scattered out of the trees. The first shot hit the cop's cheekbone, the second pushed out his brains.

The street grew quiet for the first time all day. Jimmy was heard saying that "you don't talk like that to me, not in my neighborhood. Not in my goddamn neighborhood."

He didn't come down for the rest of the night. The hookers could hear him with Ann-Marie, to whom he rambled, laughed and cried all night. She rubbed his hair until he slept. The sun went down behind the buildings; the cop was not asked about; no need for Big Man to make a run for his hideout in Alabama. The pool players attended to the body. The night continued to be warm. After dinner, the kids came back out to play in the hydrant. The fat men danced with their wives; in the now-crowded Barney Stone, the beer flowed and the girls taught the sailors dance steps. The Neville Brothers' "Cha-Dooky-Do" played on the jukebox. "Uh-huh. Cha-dooky-do. I need you, woman yes I do..." David was tired, and he asked the old man if he thought he really needed another.

"Well, if I ain't pissin' my shoes, I reckon so! Now, that Rosievelt, when you needed money, he by God got you money! Damn right!"

Signature

The next edition of *Signature* will appear in the **Aug. 30** edition of *Sidelines*

Birdwoman of Murfreesboro spotted

DENNIS SHAFFER / SPECIAL TO SIDELINES

Robert Stroud may have been the Birdman of Alcatraz, but he could have learned a few things about birds from Bertha Chrietzberg.

Spry and young looking for a woman in her 70s, she has been a birder for more than 40 years.

"Look over there on top of the pole!" exclaims Chrietzberg. "That's a white-throated sparrow ... and there on the ground is a junco—over by the corner of the garage. He's the one with the dark gray body and shiny black head."

Recognizing birds has become second nature to Chrietzberg. She is able to identify them from what must be at least 30 yards away.

After focusing into the distance, the cloudy black-colored junco comes into view. Anxiously feeding on sunflower seeds and thistle seeds, from one of the three pie-pan feeders placed strategically in her back yard, the gray bird appears oblivious to the presence of humans.

Chrietzberg's ranch-style home is located at the dead end of Elrod Street on a wooded lot, perfect for attracting a variety of birds. The back yard, half of which is taken up by the detached garage, is cluttered with tree branches, chicken wire and garden tools.

Located throughout the yard, both in back and front, are a variety of hanging feeders. One particular feeder

Chrietzberg made out of a green plastic 2-liter soft-drink bottle. Turned upside down, the spout of the bottle holds the seeds in a tray. Heavy-duty wire for a perch and frame rounds out the makeshift feeder.

Hanging feeders are the best, Chrietzberg says, because they "help discourage those pesky squirrels." She explains that squirrels are "ingenious" when it comes to finding ways to reach the delicacies of the feeders.

But Chrietzberg now thinks she has discovered a "squirrel-proof feeder." Using tin and cutting it in a circle, removing a pie wedge and shaping a cone, it can then be placed above the feeder like a roof.

"Then, when the squirrel comes down the line, he would slide right off," Chrietzberg says.

Many types of birds have fed at her "table"—from quail to a rare albino robin. But the most unusual bird, she remembers, was a rough-legged hawk. It had the usual markings—black and white spots and streaks over a grayish-brown body.

"He was about this tall," she says,

holding her hands about 2 1/2 feet apart.

"They don't usually like to be this close to humans," Chrietzberg adds, and says she was amazed when "he even sat on my railing" on the front porch.

Chrietzberg said she believes that the plentiful supply of birds at her feeders made hunting for food easy for the hawk. Once, the hawk swooped down and snatched a bird right off a feeder, then flew to a nearby tree with its catch.

"I could tell what was going on by the number of feathers falling to the ground,"

Chrietzberg recalls.

Bird feeding isn't Chrietzberg's only hobby.

She also considers herself an "ecologist and an activist." One project she has become involved with is the reintroduction of the bald eagle into Tennessee wilderness habitats. Coordinated by Tennessee Wildlife Resources, the "hacking program" takes recently hatched eagles from out-of-state and brings them to Tennessee.

She explains that conservationists construct "nests on top of 30-foot poles." From a blind on top of an adjacent pole, wildlife experts and volunteers observe the growth of the young chicks.

Chrietzberg says they have "an elaborate pulley system where fish injected with water travel in trays to the birds." The eagles, however, are caged for protection, she says, until "they are mature enough to survive on their own."

She says, when the eagles are released they will fly "to Canada." But when the eagles become adults in five years time, "they will return to nest in the same place they were raised."

Chrietzberg says that to date, 17 eagles have returned to nest.

Just then, a tufted titmouse flits to the hanging feeder in front, just outside her picture window. Grabbing only one sunflower seed in its beak, it darts back to a safe haven on a tree branch to shell the seed.

"No, they're not related to the finch," Chrietzberg corrects. "They're bigger and have longer tail feathers. Also, there's a crown that stands up on the back of their head. See it there?"

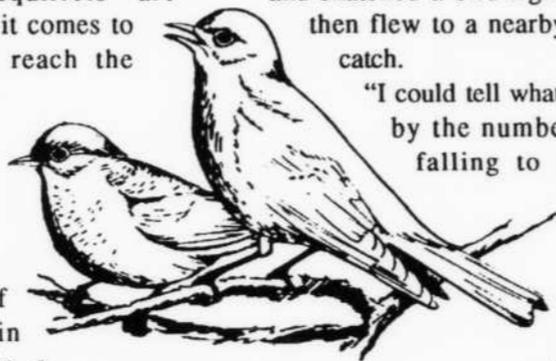
"Now there's a house finch," she says, as one lands beside the titmouse. "You can tell by its red head and breast."

Chrietzberg keeps her feeders well stocked.

"I can't let them go for more than a few days," she says.

When it's time to tend to her birds, Chrietzberg is always there.

Maybe that's why some call her the "Birdwoman of Murfreesboro."



Dreams come true at Murfreesboro Dancer

DENNIS SHAFFER/SPECIAL TO SIDELINES

Poised at the far end of the well-lit studio in deep concentration is 10-year-old Samantha Caffy.

"You can do it!" yells out Lois Caffy, offering her daughter encouragement from a nearby corner.

Samantha suddenly raises her arms, takes a skip and a jump, flips sideways, lands on her hands, and continues over onto her feet—not once, but three times in a row.

After Samantha completes the difficult maneuver, Lois excitedly applauds the perfect 10. Beaming, Samantha races back in line for another try.

Could there be another Mary Lou Retton in our midst? Lois says that her youngest daughter, 7-year-old Mallory, "wants to go to the Olympics."

"Dream on, kid," laments Lois.

But for some hard-working and talented gymnasts at the Murfreesboro

Dancer, 121 N. Maple St., dreams might just come true.

The drab, white-walled studio, open at the ceiling, reverberates with the sound of thumps on mats covering a well-worn hardwood floor.

The class, made up of all girls ranging from 7 to 13, is being put through its paces by Richard Pettigo, an MTSU sports education major.

"Watch what you're doing," Pettigo commands. "Push off with your hands. Keep your legs straight. There you go."

Standing more than 6 feet tall with a husky build and an obvious bulge around his middle, Pettigo assumes an imposing stance over the pint-sized gymnastic dynamos.

Pettigo demands a lot from his pupils when it comes to proper form and technique. Improper form, even when stretching, could lead to injuries. He

constantly cautions them "to do it right."

Despite his demands for perfection, Pettigo relates to the young women more as friend and mentor than as an instructor.

"He is just great," says Lois. "We are so happy to have him, and the kids love him."

After practicing a back flip, little Mallory Caffy is informed by Pettigo that she's "getting pretty good at this."

"But make sure you get your arms and head back," Pettigo instructs as he demonstrates the correct form for her.

"I'm not supposed to be jumping that high," says Mallory to her mother, criticizing her own performance.

"Well, then, don't be jumping that high," responds Lois.

"I'm trying," Mallory laments, running to get in line for the next

attempt.

Meanwhile, Samantha and several other girls are walking across the balance beam on their toes—frontwards, backwards and sideways.

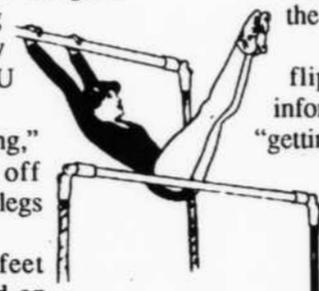
"How did you do that?" asks Samantha as she watches one girl do a cartwheel flip off the end of the beam. She tells herself, "I'm going to do it this time."

Performing on the balance beam can be tricky. Up on the beam, Samantha hesitates once in attempting the same cartwheel maneuver, then hesitates again.

"Just do it," she mumbles out loud, trying to generate some courage from within.

"Don't think about it," the girl who completed the cartwheel tells Samantha.

"Come on," cheers Lois, as Samantha looks over for encouragement. The pressures of the beam will have



Country dancin' new fad

DENNIS SHAFFER/SPECIAL TO SIDELINES

Left foot out and back together," directs Cindy Hannah. "Out with the right, then pivot and turn. Now do the kick ball and chain again.

Polka steps ... right, left, right, then left, right, left. Cross over steps ... and again. Clap on eight, and that's the end. "Did you get that?"

"That ball and chain gets me every time," volunteers Jim McKnight, a participant in the country dance lessons. "We should have [done] the washing machine. Now that I can do."

Ball and chain? Washing machine?

These are just two of the unusual names identifying the steps and moves in Country and Western dancing, which, according to Hannah, is taking the nation by storm. To accommodate the growing number of participants in the Murfreesboro area, Hannah and her partner, John Dillard, teach beginning lessons every Tuesday evening for a \$5 fee.

The St. Mark's United Methodist Church gymnasium at 1403 E. Main St. echoes with the sounds of Ricky Van Shelton, Vince Gill and even Lionel Richie.

"Now let's all do it together," Hannah continues. "Start from the top ... weight on the left foot. Now we're going to do around the world."

With more than 10 years' experience, Hannah, a physical therapy major at MTSU, has been dancing country style for as long as it has been popular. But she can't ever remember country dancing being this popular.

"Ten years ago, I wouldn't be caught dead doing this," McKnight says. "It just wasn't the 'in' thing to do."

One reason for the popularity, explains Hannah, is the variety of country dances. There's something for everybody, from East and West Coast swing to the country waltz and polka.

"I just wish John was here," she says, referring to her partner. "He really knows country swing. We could have shown you some pretty fancy moves."

According to Hannah, the line dance introduced a whole new generation to country dancing. Done mostly to country radio Top 40 music, line dancing "provides more opportunities to get up and dance, especially for women," she says.

Virginia McKnight, Jim's wife, agrees.

"Line dancing is great," Virginia says. "There could be a hundred people crowded on the dance floor, all doing the same thing. And the gals don't have to worry about getting a man to dance with. They can just get up there [on the floor] with everybody else."

Now the class is ready to demonstrate the line dance they just learned. With Lionel Richie's "Dancing on the Ceiling" reverberating in the air, they follow Hannah's lead almost to the letter.

"For some reason, I keep losing step," laments Jim McKnight.

Another woman just shakes her head, realizing it's the right foot back and the left foot front.

"Should be a slower song," suggests an older woman.

Besides the McKnights, the class contains only one other couple and four women, two of them senior citizens. Another, a 20-year-old MTSU student, is "having a ball" and is anxious to hit the dance clubs in Nashville.

"We're not 'into' the club scene," confesses Jim McKnight. "What with [our daughter], we can't afford to go to a club every Saturday night."

So the McKnights, a young couple in their 30s, are learning country dancing to take a more active role in family social events. The couple raises horses and also

belong to a group that organizes trail rides every summer.

"They bring in a band," Jim adds, "and we just want to be able to know what we're doing when we're out dancing."

Hannah says that she started the class with these kind of adults in mind. Many are businessmen, Hannah continues, who go to conventions regularly and want to take their wives out dancing at night. Others, especially the senior citizens, just want to join a dance group.

Hannah likes the intimacy of a smaller class which enables her to help each student with any problems.

"I don't want to teach them too many new steps at once," she says. "It only confuses them."

The McKnights try a few moves of the rebel strut, a dance in which the couple face the same direction ... the woman in front of the man. Arms raised at head level, hands holding each other, they attempt a pivot and turn in unison. In an instant, they stumble as their legs and feet cross over each other. Both erupt in laughter as Jim holds on to Virginia before she falls.

"I can never get my feet and my brain working together," Jim giggles, adding, "I hope you aren't taking any pictures of this."

Neither Jim nor Virginia are embarrassed by the mistakes. Both realize that dancing skills only come with practice.

"At my age, nothing comes easy," Jim says.

But to the McKnights and all the others in Cindy Hannah's country dancing class, it's all worth it.

"Who knows?" Jim says. "Country dancing might only last another couple years. But we're going to catch the wave for as long as it lasts."

Dreams Continued From Page Seven

to be faced another day. She gives up and jumps off the board.

The young gymnasts have plenty of fears and obstacles to overcome. Pettigo says that students gain a high level of satisfaction and achievement and build self-confidence in conquering their fears.

"That girl over there," says Lois, pointing to one of the older students, "couldn't even do a somersault when she started [last September]. Now she's doing back flips and handsprings."

"When he started the class two years ago, Pettigo had no idea of the kind of response he would receive. The dance center has thrived strictly by word of mouth.

"Do a good job, and you don't have to advertise," he says. He said his purpose in teaching gymnastics is to develop strong minds and bodies.

"The main thing is to have fun," explains Pettigo.

Samantha is on the beam again for one more try. The entire room is silent, and all eyes are on her. With a little assistance from Pettigo, she cartwheels off the beam and plops in a heap on the mat below.

Cheers and applause erupt from the class, including her mother. Not satisfied, Pettigo tells Samantha she's "got to get [her] legs up first."

When they're done practicing, the gymnasts reluctantly proceed with their calisthenics [a series of stretches].

"OK. Regular pushups ... 25 ... and do them all the way down," commands Pettigo.

The entire class moans in unison. A few are brave enough to whisper, "25?" out loud.

After class, an exhausted Samantha sits sprawled out in an easy chair. When asked how she feels about gymnastics, she only smiles and gives two thumbs up. She musters enough energy, however, to add that "it's pretty hard, especially all those pushups!"

Another Mary Lou Retton, perhaps?

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Don Goins/Photographer

A BIT OF ADVICE: MTSU baseball player Brian Early gives Duke Stratton some advice on pitching during this week's Blue Raider baseball camp being held at Reese Smith Field.

From tennis to teaching, LaLance has seen change

25 years at MTSU reveals a lot to former coach

TRENT MILLER
Assistant Sports Editor

Next year Dick LaLance will celebrate his 25th year at MTSU.

In that time he has witnessed a lot of changes in Blue Raider athletics, and he said he expects to witness even more in the future.

"I first came to MTSU in 1969 as a GTA [graduate teaching assistant] in the physical education department," LaLance explained.

"One of my assignments as a GTA was a tennis class," LaLance said. "I had never played tennis before. The department head told me I had better learn."

LaLance soon fell in love with the game.

"Six years later I was asked to coach the men's tennis team on an interim basis," he said.

That interim basis turned into an 11-year career as head coach of the men's squad. LaLance skippered the squad from 1977 until 1988. Included in those teams was Dale Short who now coaches both the men's and women's teams today.

"We won one OVC championship and finished in second place six times," LaLance recalled. "We just couldn't beat Murray [State]."

By 1988, LaLance decided it



DICK LALANCE

was time to turn the reins over to someone else [which was Short].

"I was maybe a little burnt out," LaLance admitted. "I just felt it was time to turn the program over to someone a little younger and more enthusiastic."

And when Short was chosen as his replacement, he couldn't have been more pleased.

"I felt a great deal of satisfaction to be replaced by the first player I ever recruited: Dale Short," LaLance admitted. "I don't think MTSU could have picked a better person for the job."

Since then, Short has enjoyed "large amounts of success" which

LaLance said pleases him.

"I don't know if you could call it a dynasty or not, but coach Short has four championships for the women and three championships for the men in just five years. Results like that are hard to beat," LaLance exclaimed.

Although he is no longer coaching, LaLance is still actively involved in both MTSU athletics and academics.

"I opened and directed the MTSU Wellness Center for two years following my coaching career," LaLance said. "The last three years have been spent teaching full-time."

LaLance teaches a variety of subjects ranging from camping to recreational facilities. But perhaps his favorite is Sport in Society.

"I think this is a very interesting class as it studies how sports fit into our overall society," LaLance said.

LaLance also keeps fit by hitting the tennis court or enjoying recreational fishing quite often. What spare time is left is often dedicated to keeping track of MTSU athletics.

"I talk with coach Short on a regular basis and try to provide him with some of the insights I learned over an 11-year period," LaLance related.

See CHANGE, Page 11

Summers aren't supposed to end this way

Sports Editor left with gaps to fill in section as long-time staff departing

TONY J. ARNOLD
Sports Editor

SPORTS EDITORIAL

Often times, I've wondered how I was going to say, "Goodbye."

Not one semester goes by without the thoughts rumbling through my head. What to say? Who to thank? The list is immense.

But that still appears to be a year or so away when I graduate, and I'm sure I'll have come up with something by then. Anyway, this summer's final issue completes my fourth summer as sports editor of *Sidelines*. In a traditional manner, the last summer issue is nothing special.

Usually, the last spring issue is one in which I reserve space to thank those who have helped me and my staff. Yet traditions step aside at times, and this is a fitting case.

In that last spring issue, I showed remorse in the fact that I was losing a majority of my staff. Dianne DeOliveira graduated after three

years on the job. Tony DeMatio moved to Florida. Shane Scrutton was joining the tennis team which would result in less time at the paper. Trent Miller was going away to student teach at the end of the summer.

Yet, I never expected it to get worse—but it has.

Shane has gotten an internship at the *Daily News Journal*, and my assistant of two years, Scott Hassler, called last week to say he wouldn't return either.

That leaves me with zero, nada, none!

After surviving through 10 editors in four years, I've been empty-handed on only one occasion—when I first began.

Add the fact that this is the final issue and time is quickly ticking down to football season, I'm in a bit of a bind. So if you're interested, give me a call.

But this isn't a cry for help. This is a "thank you" column.

In this job, I've been lucky enough to meet great people: inspirational people like Lewis Bivens, egotistical people like Aric Sinclair, superstars such as Shaquille O'Neil.

You see so many faces, shake many hands. In doing so, you also see what really makes the clock tick, those which take the time to dedicate themselves to cleaning the floor, washing the uniforms, passing out the water, taping the ankles.

In my position, it's the ones that write the stories that often aren't glamorous. They're the ones who take the time with minimal pay to cover the players or the teams at this university. Two of these which have been very dedicated are Trent Miller and Scott Hassler.

Trent joined my staff last summer with little experience in the world of sportswriting,

See HELP, Page 11

MTSU soccer team holding try-outs in Aug.

The MTSU soccer team will be holding try-outs August 24-25 for anyone interested.

Interested women will try-out on the 24th with the men doing the same on the 25th.

You must be a full-time student and have a grade point average of 2.0 or above.

At this time neither a specific time nor place has been set for the try-outs. Therefore, anyone with a desire to participate should contact Allister Richardson at 370-5675 or the Campus Recreation Department at 2104. Either will provide the necessary details as they become available.



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Help

Continued From Page Nine

but his newswriting past and interest in sports really paid off. Originally hired with the idea of taking the newsy-type sports stories, Trent has proved to be a valuable commodity in all fields.

This summer, the two of us have handled the paper alone. With the minimal time I've been putting in with a second job, Trent has been a delight. Although our paths don't cross much, without fail, the story is always on my desk when I roll in.

As for Hassler, a special thanks is needed much larger than any other I've given before.

Although it may sound egotistical, I've always thought of my sports editor as lucky when David Lee Gregor hired me in 1989. I had no experience but a will to learn and a dedication that always left him with a special trust in me. The pay didn't matter, if he needed five stories for \$5, it was done.

I'll never forget the day Scott called in. My editor then, Greg Adkins, answered the phone as we were sitting at his desk talking. It was Scott inquiring about an open sportswriting position. Jokingly, I asked Greg to ask if he'd ever gone to Tennessee Tech. When he replied, "No," we gave him an interview and ultimately the job.

Since then, Scott has been one of those to do any story at any cost. And like Trent, you know it's always going to get done. Scott, too, has dedicated his time on the road. Whether the football team or basketball, Scott and I are with them regardless of the mileage away from home. In doing so, it has taken up what little pay there is, perhaps even more so.

But there is no amount of money that can buy a true friend, and this is what Scott is. I wasn't upset when he called to tell me he wasn't going to be able to return from Texas, I was simply shell-shocked. So many plans went down the drain because his experience slipped through my fingers.

I was lucky to have Scott Hassler on my staff, and I believe that a career in the sportswriting field will endure if he chooses to pursue it. For someone to put up with me and do so much for this paper, takes more than dedication, it takes a love that absorbs all blows through good times and bad. Scott has this love for sports, and I am thankful I had the opportunity to share it with him.

As for Trent, he will be missed dearly, too. It is so hard to find dependable people who will have the story done when they

say they will or do the things no one else wants to do. But Trent has been willing to take on all tasks, and I think he tackled them quite well.

In doing so, he won an award for his coverage of the NCAA investigation at the Southeastern Journalism Conference. A mere piece of paper, but a symbol of hard work and quality.

So where do I go from here? I'll have lots of space to fill; and as of now, only me to fill it. But someone always shows up, they always have.

If there's one thing I've learned about everyone, it's that they are replaceable in their work. It may take a while, but I'm sure there's someone out there willing to take on the challenge.

And there's another thing I've learned. These same people aren't replaceable in the heart, and this duo has earned a place in mine.

Guys, I thank you for your hard work and dedication. It is a portion that has made this sports section the most decorated section of this paper in terms of awards.

We've been a team for some time, and while we may go in separate directions in the upcoming years, the spirit of this team is going to endure all time.

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A book in your name is being ordered with completion of this form. This is a commitment to purchase the *Midlander* at the above stated costs. No refunds or credits will be applied unless a written cancellation is received by the Student Publications Office, MTSU Box 42, within 30 days of the posted date. The book is scheduled to arrive in August, 1994. You will be notified by mail of its arrival.

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Change

Continued From Page Nine

LaLance coached both football and basketball on the high school level. He continues to follow those sports closely.

"Having been involved with and very close to all of the programs at MTSU, I can confidently say that we have had one of the best programs of any mid-major school," LaLance said.

LaLance said he feels two things are necessary for MTSU to make future advances: greater fan support and a new conference affiliation.

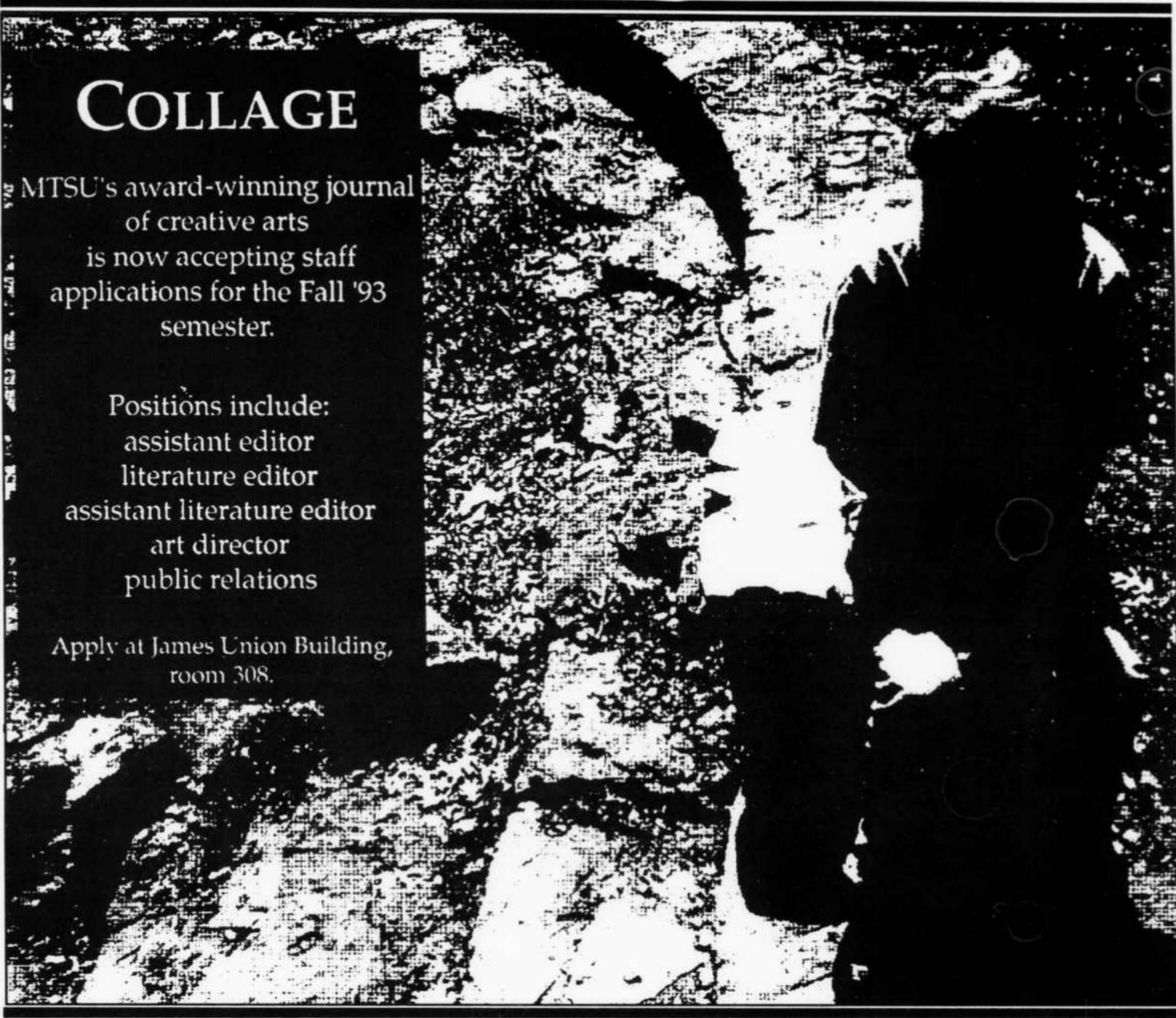
LaLance said he also thinks these are attainable.

"For 25 years we've had a wonderful athletic program," LaLance said. "I've never seen the support from our community that the program deserves."

And his theory on this problem stems from the public image of MTSU.

"There's a mental fixation that prevails in this area that considers MTSU as a little sister to [Tennessee]," LaLance suggests. "I think the move to a new conference would be a step toward changing that mindset."

Coach LaLance said he has seen many changes at MTSU, from the Charles Murphy era to the current Boots Donnelly period. Through all those years, the good has far outweighed the bad, he said. LaLance said he feels only bigger and better things are in store for MTSU athletics.



COLLAGE

MTSU's award-winning journal of creative arts is now accepting staff applications for the Fall '93 semester.

Positions include:
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Apply at James Union Building, room 308.

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THE SECOND FRONT

Recruiters give tips for interviews

COLLEGE PRESS SERVICE

So they took the bait, huh? They bought that bit on your resume about: "critiqued manuscripts," when what you really did was fact-check; "served as liaison," when you answered telephones; "coordinated public relations," when you stuffed envelopes.

However you did it, you got your foot in the door (or at least your big toe), and now it's time to put up or shut up--it's interview time!

What do you say? What do you do? How will you know if it went well?

Sure you're worried, but preparation beforehand, knowledge of the character traits most employers are looking for and a general strategy will insure your best performance, according to corporate recruiters.

Employers generally are looking for a certain type of person for their organizations, the recruiters say. You either fit that mold or you don't when you walk in the room. Don't waste time during the interview trying to figure out what they're looking for, or trying to be someone you're not it's obvious to the interviewer.

Preparation for interview is a two-part process, says Russell Kaltschmidt, New York's regional training and recruitment manager for the Chubb Group of Insurance.

WHAT TO DO

- Research the company
- Dress appropriately
- Be yourself
- Exude enthusiasm
- Emphasize your best assets
- Give a firm handshake
- Smile
- Send a thank-you letter
- Follow up with a telephone call if you don't hear anything within two weeks

WHAT NOT TO DO

- Compliment an interviewer on his or her appearance
- Fidget with your hair or nails
- Mumble or cover your mouth when you speak
- Rock in your chair
- Chew gum or smoke
- Tap your feet or drum your fingers

The first phase is self-assessment, he says. Think about your personal and professional needs, and how this position fits them as well as furthers your career goals. Is there a match?

Be prepared for the open-ended question: "So, tell about yourself." If you've assessed your capabilities beforehand, you can calmly reel off an outline of past accomplishments and show how they're relevant, without going off on tangents or trying to summarize your whole life. With this sort of outline, you're also prepared for the infamous, "So what would you do in this hypothetical situation?" Draw on your skills and previous experiences to explain how you might handle the problem.

The second step in the preparation process, said Kaltschmidt, is to research the company you're interviewing with. Read their literature and annual

reports. Do a search at the library to see if the company has been in the news recently, and check for information at your school's office of career services.

Kaltschmidt said he was impressed with goal-oriented candidates. Consider previous goals you set for yourself and how you achieved them. Highlight these successes during the interview. "How successful a candidate has been in the past is the best predictor of future performance," he said.

"Every time you come out, you think you did well, but you never know," said Stella Yan, a New York University business student who interviewed with Morgan Stanley.

"You shouldn't come out feeling like you got the job or that you didn't. If you feel like you're still in the running, you've done well," he said.



Don Goins/Photographer

SALUTE! Jessica York, front, and Sasha Kaffenberger during band camp Tuesday at the Maintenance Parking Lot.

Smith

Continued From Page One

Smith felt her intent to be honorable, she exercised poor judgment in that the action taken was inappropriate," Walker said in a letter to LaLance.

Walker also stated that a committee will be formed to consider the adoption of a university policy affirming MTSU's commitment to the principles embodied in the First Amendment.

The president also found that Tabor was believed to have acted without "malicious intent."

Walker suggested that he received counseling "with regard to the role of free expression and the inappropriateness of interfering with the free exchange of ideas and communications."

Walker, Smith and Tabor have all submitted letters of apology regarding the incident as requested by Gannon. Letters from Walker and Smith appear in the "Letters to the Editor" section of this edition. Tabor's apology ran last week.

Raider

Continued From Page One

However, Hunter said, no handicapped spaces will be added to replace those lost.

"No spaces will be returned to handicapped," Hunter said.

Stops for the shuttle buses will include:

- Cummings Hall Lot.
- The Orchard Parking Lot.
- D Street and Family Student Housing and Abernathy Hall.
- First Street at B Street.
- A Street at Cope Administration Building.
- A Street at Peck Hall and Wiser-Patterson Science Building and Todd Library.
- Second Street and B Street at Forrest Hall and Boutwell Dramatic Arts Building.
- Second Street and C Street between Cummings Hall and

Corlew Hall.

"The Raider Express will operate during the hour between 7:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. Monday through Friday," Hunter said.

"MTSU has parking space available for the campus community," Hunter said, "but unfortunately, spaces are not always available close to classroom or place of work."

Hunter said Raider Express riders should not have more than a five minute wait for the shuttle unless there is "excessive traffic or loading or unloading of disabled riders."

"The shuttle service should encourage students to park in the other lots," he said. "I'd like to encourage students to take advantage of the shuttle bus."



Carl Lambert/Photographer

GRIP AND GRIN: Tenn. Rep. John Bragg was awarded the American Association of University Professors Philandor P. Claxton award July 23. Present are (from left) Bragg, MTSU President James Walker, President of the Tennessee Conference of AAUP and Norman Kerris, Chairman for the Committee for Government Relations for the Tenn. Conference of AAUP Richard Gross.