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Library Hours Rile Students

Margaret Hughes

News Editor

Sewanee students encountered many changes when they returned to campus in late August. One main issue preying on people's minds was the recent Princeton Review, which rated Sewanee as a lead school

in beer and liquor consumption. Many students felt this reputation was unearned and unfair. Senior Erin Stocco suggested this study "left out a significant population of Sewanee students," those who drink only moderately and concentrate on academics. Sewanee students' dedication

to the more serious side of college was apparent in our library's shortened hours of operation at duPont Library.

The library cut back its hours, closing at 11 p.m., rather than 1 a.m., though the 24-hour computer lab, located in the basement of the library, remained open. Unfortunately, returning students were unaware of the factors that led to these shortened hours. Because little information was offered about reasons for the time change, students viewed this as another example of the administration making a decision without consulting students.

The current library hours (those recently re-instated) were put into effect about four years ago, when the Order of the Gownsmen petitioned Head Librarian Tom Watson for longer hours on weekdays and on Sundays. Mr. Watson agreed to have a trial period of

unspecified length to judge the need for the change. Since then, the library has experienced a steady increase in use between 11 p.m. and 1 a.m., particularly when the ATC computer lab began staying open for 24 hours. Mr. Watson has been pleased the library has been frequented during these new hours, and the students' need for these hours guided the library's decision to return to the later hours.

The loss of a part-time circulation position, which allowed duPont to remain open until 1 a.m., was the result of a recent campus-wide policy that eliminated positions as they were vacated. This circulation position was vacated in the middle of the past school year, and the library was able to fill the position temporarily to cover the rest of the school year. At the end of the academic year, the position

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The Controversial Sewanee Alumnus



Kimble Coleman

Staff Writer

When the Rev. V. Eugene Robinson was approved as the first openly gay bishop on August 5, the Episcopal Church invited more attention than it has seen in centuries. Indeed, the homosexuality debate has threatened to split the Anglican union altogether in recent months, while America has observed with avid interest. However, while the traditional fundamentals of Episcopalian doctrine are crumbling, Sewanee has conveniently avoided the controversy. Perhaps the Sewanee bubble has again served to shield students from the heat of current affairs, but the majority of students fail to realize that they are at the source of this crossfire. Not only is the newly appointed Robinson a potential threat to the backbone of Sewanee, but he is also an alumnus of this institution.

"Gene" Robinson is a 1969 graduate of the University of the South with a B.A. in History and a lengthy list of accomplishments on campus. A recipient of the Wilkins Scholarship, Robinson was a member of the Order of Gownsmen, an editor of the Cup and Gown,

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SEWANEE'S LARGEST CLASS: A STEP TOWARDS GROWTH

Eric Wilson

Staff Writer

Most people know that this year's College freshman class of 427 students is the largest ever, but few may know that 31 of the members of the class of '07 were Editors-in-Chief of their high school publications or that this group of freshmen had an average SAT score that was nine percent higher than their predecessors. While there is every indication that the class of '07 is of a distinguished academic caliber, no one is certain about how the largest class in Sewanee history will affect the university.

Director of Admissions Mike Lynch has attributed this year's large freshman class to several factors, particularly to the university's long-term goal of raising the total undergraduate enrollment to about 1400 students. Mr. Lynch states that "1400 [students] is not only a goal, but it's also a cap. We realize that at that point we could not go over without straining resources and we feel that with 1400 students that would actually maximize the resources we have on campus."

Overall, the interest in Sewanee is up, with a 7.7% increase in applications which created a greater degree of competition in the class of '07 applicant pool. At the same time the admission rate was 1.6% higher than the previous year.

In recent years, the Office of Admission had an enrollment goal of around 375 students per class. The class of '06, though, was slightly below that target at 367 allowing for more flexibility in the size of this year's freshman class.

Originally, the target enrollment for the freshman class was slated at around 400 students. But because a significantly higher than expected (1.7% higher) percentage of admitted applicants actually enrolled in the university, this year's 427 student class soon became a reality to every facet of campus life.

Mr. Lynch said that the goal of admissions is to increase diversity, and he is confident that this year's freshman class embodies that ideal. This year's number of enrolling minority students is 9.1% of the total class, just higher than last year's 8.9%. This year's class is also more geographically diverse than the class of '06, with 3.5% more stu-

dents coming from outside the state of Tennessee.

The class of '07 also reflects a growing trend in university admissions: increasingly more females are seeking a liberal arts education, while more males are turning away from even four year universities. Instead they are seeking professional certification programs, says Mr. Lynch. In the class of '07, 55.9% of the class are women, and 44.1% of the class are men.

With such a dynamic change in the Sewanee community, the question that begs to be asked is, "How will the traditions be affected?" Eric Hartman, Assistant Dean of Students for Campus Life, says that the large size of the class of '07 "empowers" them to sustain many of Sewanee's ailing traditions if that is something that they choose to do. For example, Mr. Hartman points to the declining traditions of wearing the Gown and class dress as some traditions that most students appreciate, even those who do not participate.

With regards to the university's facilities, the increasing class size has been anticipated by the university's master plan, which has included such additions as McClurg Dining Hall and Humphreys Hall, just two examples of facilities designed to accommodate more students. Some other projects on the horizon are the renovation of Gailor Hall and the building of a new art studio.

Mr. Hartman feels that some of the benefits of having a larger class include more programs, a greater variety of capabilities and the potential for engagement. Engagement, he says, is the greatest determining factor in promoting a greater quality of life at Sewanee, regardless of size. Mr. Hartman seemed confident that the class of '07 would do its part to contribute to his hope that all students would "engage in intellectual life outside of the classroom."

Although most university facilities have been able to accommodate more students, the most notable strain was placed on the residential life department. In addition to the 119 spaces added at the new Humphreys Hall, 30 new spaces were added throughout the university. Twelve stu-

dents are now living in what are known as the University Apartments, located between Stirling's and Humphreys. Four students live in each of the three apartment units. Eight of those students are seniors who were supposed to live in Humphreys but were moved in order that the tradition of mixing all classes of students could be preserved. The remaining four residents of the apartments are residents of Humphreys, displaced by flooding in the basement. Physical Plant Services worked in overdrive to ensure that the spaces in University Apartments would be available and that they would meet the university's standards.

Director of Residential Life Katie Steele says that even though there is an unanticipated number of a freshman this year, they have all been provided with the same "support structure" unique to Sewanee. For example, two proctors are also doubling as assistant proctors (APs) so that all freshmen have the same orientation experience.

Ms. Steele also suspects that fewer students are traveling abroad to study, increasing the total number of residents on campus.

It is indeed an important time of change here at Sewanee, and the university's largest freshman class certainly reflects one facet of this change. The class of '07 have distinguished themselves in their high schools and only time can tell if they will fulfill the expectations set forth by professors, administration, classmates, and the community here in Sewanee.



By the Numbers... The Class of 2007

Number of Applicants	1,828
Percent Admitted	71.8%
Number Enrolled	427
Men	188
Women	239
Average High School GPA	3.43
Average SAT Score	1231
Number of Minority Students	39
Legacy Students	102
Episcopalian Students	153
States Represented	32
Countries Represented	7
Eagle Scouts or Girl Scout	
Gold Award Recipients	21
Varsity Athletes	267
Varsity Team Captains	92
Class Presidents	26
Editors-in-Chief	
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POLICE Blotter

Wil Claks Assistant News Editor

The bustling early weeks of a new year at Sewanee always bring joy and anticipation to the hearts of students and faculty alike. Reuniting in reunions with old friends and relishing the chance to meet new ones, we gallivant about our warm and sunny campus taking in the swirling breezes of change along with the familiar calm of tradition. Generation upon generation has come and left a similar feeling—it's the feeling of coming home. The happiness this time of year brings, however, can often blur our perceptions like a softening winter's fog, for our bliss can lead us to forget that, behind my tree or around any corner, evil may lie, waiting to put a damper on what promises to be another great year. Luckily, there is one group at the University of the South that never forgets. Year in and year out, this hallowed community teeters like a chimpanzee dancing in a boulder perched on the limb of a precipitous cliff, sustained in safety only by the capable hands of the Sewanee Police Department. Without receiving nearly its due credit, this organization of crime fighting force has kept us safe through the good times and the bad, and this year will surely be no different. I was reminded of all these things as I walked in to the office of the man who stands at the helm of this mighty ship of justice, Chief Parmit. Here is your Police Blot-

ter for this issue of the *Sewanee Purple*. The Sewanee campus enjoyed a relatively quiet summer with the notable exception of the excitement over whether or not Humphreys Hall would be completed in time for residents to move in for the fall semester. Many members of the police department made it up to do some extra training at a law enforcement seminar. The Chief made some time to take the family on a vacation down to the sunny shores of the Gulf Coast, only to be drenched in rain for the duration of the trip. A good time was still had by all, however, though he said that all the police were glad to see activity on the mountain again as students returned and early games at Lake Cheston and Georgia Avenue kicked off the year. Dan Stall in Quintard reported to the police one evening that an unidentified woman was seen going through the dorm and removing items from dorm rooms. Police reported to the scene immediately, apprehending the woman, who had been going into unlocked rooms and placing valuables in a large sack. Thankfully, all of the stolen items were recovered and returned to their owners. Chief Parmit wanted to thank members of the dorm staff for their correct response to the situation and to encourage all students to report

suspicious activity to the police immediately to avoid similar campus crimes in the future. As many students heard through email alerts, local police forces were recently involved in a high-speed chase to recover a stolen vehicle. A professor awoke to lights in the front yard of his Sewanee residence. Rising to see what was going on, he saw his own truck being driven out of his driveway. He immediately called the police, who responded and spotted the truck making its way down Alto Road. A chase ensued which made its way all the way down the mountain. Upon arriving in the valley, the car thief missed a turn and went driving through a bean field, eventually lodging in a ditch where he was apprehended by police. The thief had a history of run-ins with the law in nearby counties. With that, the Chief and I ended our first session of the year, and I emerged back into the busy Sewanee streets, my peace of mind restored if only for a short while. Just knowing that every day, as I enjoy my life in this haven called Sewanee, my interests and safety are being watched over by this fine group of law enforcement specialists makes me stride through the streets a little more easily. Until next time, remember, "It is through the blotter that we all become who we are."

Learning the Ropes at Sewanee

Katy Bosse Staff Writer

Welcome to Sewanee. Unpack your things, and hope to God random housing selection didn't completely fail you. Send the parents off, and pretend this is all no big deal. Sit through meeting after meeting designed to "acclimate" you to college life. Don't get caught up in the alcohol; the Princeton Review is run by the devil; and stinky hard. If you're a girl, don't trust any boys, especially the seniors. If you're a guy, don't forget your studies to chase all the short dresses and pearls sitting next to you. Get involved in everything, but don't overdo it. Oh yeah, and watch out for that fog. What made Freshman Orientation seem like a long five days were the meetings. They were packed with speakers who all had the same message to share with the class of 007 (resist the urge to sing the theme song). Everyone from alumni to current students, professors, and even the vice chancellor were filled with words of wisdom to pass on to the incoming class. "Though

all the meetings were informative they all said the same thing: 'don't drink.' There was almost nothing about other aspects of real college life," commented freshmen Jennifer Uphaw and Abigail Leigh. Most of the freshmen agree that topics such as the Honor Code are important, but no one wanted to sit through hours of meetings on the same topic. The speeches were in fact missing a lot of actual orientation-



occupied by the freshman class. Everyone on the mountain was in the same shaky, brand new, scary as hell boat. "It's really nice to be in an atmosphere where people aren't afraid to come up to a stranger and introduce themselves," comments freshman Jacob Lewin. For those first few days, no one was too good to know a real chance to get to know one another before starting all over again with the upperclassmen. The shaming, the Zen Trucksters, and other activities gave everyone their first chance to experience Sewanee life, and get to know one another outside of dorms and meetings. Now, a few weeks into school, orientation has faded deep into the recesses of every freshman's mind, and everyone feels like a part of the big Sewanee family. To the planners of orientation: don't worry, we did listen. And at some point, when any freshman finds themselves in one those cliché situations (and almost all of us probably will), we just might remember the words of the people we should have listened to in the beginning.

NOW AND THEN..... Famous Guests To Arrive On the Mountain

Margaret Chadbourn Editor-in-Chief

With the arrival of Parent's Weekend, many visitors arrive on the mountain. There is a noticeable influx of cars driving down University Avenue, and more people gather at the favorite local restaurants. The appearance of these crowds invites consideration of Sewanee's history and the investigation of exactly who has been a past guest here. The secluded campus, tucked away in the Cumberland Plateau and enclosed by stone gates, has hosted several renowned authors and eloquent speakers; yet rarely is it realized that there have been prominent politicians and historical figures among the guest lists at this school. In 1885, former President and then Vice President, George Bush began a new school year at Sewanee by speaking at Founder's Day convocation. An Episcopalian himself, and conveniently a close friend of past Bishop John M. Allin, Bush received an Honorary Degree in civil law from the University. Serenity was tight during his visit, and three days preceding his arrival, an advance team was sent to Sewanee in order to set up an office run by his personal staff. 1,100 invitations were mailed to bishops, the Trustees and Regents, substantial donors to the University, and a large number of Bush's campaign workers. Naturally, the 140 faculty and administration, and of course, the students were among the requested audience, as well as various school employees. With only 1,350 chairs available in the Chapel, and fifty of those designated for the media arriving from all over the state of Tennessee, seating was tight and tickets were scrutinized by the secret service. Those unable to squeeze into All Saints during convocation listened to Bush from the quadrangle and in Blackman Auditorium.

meager notice in the paper's of this, the greatest day of our political history."

Earlier in Sewanee's history, the former Confederate president Jefferson Davis came to the campus to address the issue of an endowment plan. Speaking to the trustees, Davis encouraged the trustees to support an endowment plan to be paid by insurance, and though they were polite listeners, the trustees did not invoke his plan. Though Davis never returned to Sewanee again, the women in Davis' family acquired a liking in the setting and its people. Mrs. Davis and their daughter Winnie sustained contacts on the mountain and even came frequently to visit a relative living here on the Domain.

Commencements were often another reason for distinguished guests to arrive on the mountain and in Sewanee's past ceremonies the list of lecturers include: J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI; Admiral Cary T. Grayson, who was an influential figure following Woodrow Wilson's illness in office; James A. Farley, the first man on record to climb Mount McKinley; and William Crawford Gorgas, celebrated for the Panama Canal and whose family home still remains on the Mountain. The first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Thomas Nelson Page, the author and Baron Speck von Sternberg, and the 1904 German ambassador all were welcomed to this campus. The Ambassador's gift while staying at Sewanee was a load of pine trees, which today can be seen towering over the greens of Manigault Park and other places on campus. Another Ambassador Lord Halifax of Great Britain came with Lady Halifax on April 9, 1942. He spoke to an audience of eight hundred people in All Saints'; even the Governor of Tennessee came to hear the renowned speaker.



Despite the lack of pomp and circumstance upon their arrival, some early visitors attained recognizable rank after their time on the Mountain. Mrs. Douglass MacArthur visited as a girl in order to pursue dancing at a nearby academy. Passing through Sewanee due to its proximity to the nearest highway stretching from Chicago to Florida, it has always been rumored that Al Capone's mistress lived in Monteagle in the house that is now a favorite restaurant in the community, High Point. Known for his substantial endowment, as well as his celebrated southern writing, Tennessee Williams never made a verifiable trip here, although, his Grandfather Dalton was ordained in the winter of 1898 at Fulford Hall. There is always the supposed story of an unidentifiable bishop arriving for Commencement, who was persuaded to play a round of golf with his host during a respite prior to the ceremonies, and remarked, that he never had played in a cow pasture as he did when he played at Sewanee.

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The Sewanee Purple

The Official Organ of the Students of The University of the South

Established 1892 - A Legacy of 109 years of Student Journalism

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The Secret Is Out Of the Bag!

Amy Sharp
Staff Writer

Robby Struthers is the only one with *the secret* (besides his mom). Obviously, his secret is no longer his anymore. Like many of the men at Sewanee, he considers himself a run of the mill guy. Robby, a gowned senior English major, is the current Fiji president, is active with the IFC, plays intramurals, and coordinates social events for his fraternity. Most importantly, Robby, a male version of Vera Bradley, sews. While living in Miami at age nine, he used the Day County Youth Fair as a springboard to showcase his sewing masterpieces.

Recently, his sewing talents have re-emerged on the Sewanee campus. No longer a nine year old making simple pillows and blankets, he makes bags and purses. What's his inspiration? His girlfriend, Meredith, wanted a Vera Bradley bag for her birthday. He decided he could make one with the help of his mom. The result: a successful, coveted gift. Meredith's peers envy not only her fashionable accessory but also her talented boyfriend.

Robby is by no means a girly guy, as some believed after his sewing secret became public knowledge. "I had no idea what sort of materials to use or how to go about making the bag. I just knew that my mom knew how to make them and she could help me with Meredith's," he said. His first bag required his girlfriend's suggestion for the fabric and his mom's help. When he bought the fabric, he did not know the difference between toile and satin. He could not pronounce the fabric name at the fabric store. Now with all of his experience, he uses toile to make all of his specially designed bags.

Robby has only completed four bags since the debut of his sewing talents. Robby does not sew alone. Instead, he works with his mother on his project. This way, they spend quality time together. With the purses, Robby likes "to work on the purse as much as possible and then let her do the intricate detail on the bags."

The reason he started making bags in the first place was Meredith's birthday. Also, he has made two bags for some of his other friends. Each bag he creates embodies the individual's personality. The "funnest bag" he made for a friend he made using wild greens and exotic purples to match her personality. How-

ever, he considers Meredith's red bag his "classic bag." Each bag he makes seems to have its own personality and fit with the personality of the person he made it for.

While his sister may cook and clean better, Robby wins the sewing competition. As he says, "I even get order forms." He enjoys making the bags for friends; the thought of opening a business never really was an issue, though women constantly ask him to make personalized bags and purses. If he were to go into business, it would be a "mom and son business," especially since she served as inspiration and insight.

His post-graduation plans look bright with multiple options. His possibilities range from teaching in college or private school to working as a Chick-fil-A night shift manager. He is mostly interested in furthering his education and teaching. This past summer, he received an offer as the night shift manager at Chick-fil-A but declined to return to Sewanee. As to working at Chick-fil-A, "the night position paid \$24,000 a year working 50 hour weeks. No thanks. My education costs more than what I would make in a year." Needless to say, the possibility of starting a bag business is always a possibility.

In comparison to Vera Bradley, Robby considers his bags superior. First, he individually makes the bag for each person, making them unique. Also, they are cheaper to make than the pricey Vera Bradley bags, and they do not cost anything because he gives them as gifts. While Vera Bradley may run a multimillion dollar company that sells everything from change purses to luggage, Robby insists, "Vera ain't got nothing on me."

While his friends laugh at his abilities, he believes "it's better to have the girls love you than the guys." Besides, Robby, a good-humored guy, does not mind joking around with his fraternity brothers. "It's nothing new," he says. While his peers may think he is slipping into dangerous female territory with his sewing, he maintains that it is just a hobby that "passes the time." Besides, he refuses "to keep a sewing machine in his room," especially with his hustling social life and fraternity obligation. Until then, his only worries include "teaching Meredith how to sew," enjoying his senior year at Sewanee and making my bag.



Controversial Alumnus, Continued from Front Page

an active participant in the choir, and an officer in the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity. Although raised in the Disciples of Christ denomination, Robinson converted to Episcopalianism while a student at Sewanee. It seems that the roots of this nationwide debate lie squarely on this mountain. So, why is it that the Sewanee community is not better informed of the success of this distinguished alumnus?

Students are bombarded on an almost daily basis with e-mails headed "Sewanee in the News". It seems that Joseph Romano informs the community of every single mention of the University in news coverage; however, Robinson's appointment has been completely overlooked. Of course, it is possible that the voluminous articles about this controversy have been accidentally neglected by the Sewanee administration. However, when PBS aired its radio program NewsHour on August 6, it was quite clear that Sewanee intended to avoid the debate altogether. During the first half of the show, a professor from Vanderbilt discussed his take on Robinson and the future of the Episcopal church. When Sewanee's own Professor Dunn was expected to further comment during the next half hour, he discussed American involvement in Liberia rather than Robinson. Although PBS could not be reached for comment, it is quite apparent that Dunn's discussion reflected Sewanee's strategy of complete avoidance. The Vice Chancellor and Rob Peartgen were also unavailable for any discussion. The only feedback from the Sewanee community came from a WDEF Chattanooga newscast on August 4. In interviews with Carrie Davis, students, professors, and alumni appeared at odds.

While Timothy Keith-Lucas defended Robinson's inability to control his homosexuality and supported his success, Lee Glenn, a Sewanee alumnus and resident was adamantly opposed: "It is regrettable that we haven't learned anything from the Catholic church. They knowingly ordain homosexual people and wonder why they have the pedophilia problems that they have." But what of the administration and the school's stance within the Episcopalian union? With this mysterious silence looming, speculation is the only venue for any explanation. Given the concrete evidence, it seems that the religious figureheads within the university are opposed to the accomplishments of Gene Robinson. Why else would they withhold abounding praise for their distinguished alumnus? Where did this former frat boy go wrong?

Sewanee's mission statement makes its' purpose quite clear: "The University of the South, an institution of the Episcopal Church, exists for education in such disciplines as will increase knowledge...enlightened by the Christian faith, to the end that students may be prepared to search for truth...and to love and serve God and humanity." Did this mission fail on Gene Robinson? Even though appointed as the executive secretary of the Episcopal Province of New England in 1983 and a member of the board of trustees at NY General Theological Seminary since 2001, Robinson has been no more a part of Sewanee headlines than as a name on a list of Episcopal clergy alumni on the school's web site. Is the Sewanee bubble more than a geographical mishap in this case? Is there a motive behind this suspicious circumstance? The upcoming months will certainly demand more from Sewanee than an attitude of "no comment."

Spending Wisely: A Look Into Thrift Store Shopping

Rosemary Puckett
Staff Writer

College students are always looking for deals. Sometimes they know what they are looking for, and sometimes they just happen upon quirky, out-of-the-way items. Whatever the case, the thrift store is a college staple. Luckily for Sewanee students, there are two great thrift stores within easy distance.

The University Hospitality Shop and Thrift Store is located right on University Avenue. The quaint yellow building, next door to the KA House, is a wonderful place to find "most anything you're looking for," says volunteer Evelyn Jacobs. People from the community bring outgrown and slightly-used items, like clothing and toys, and donate them to the thrift store. The selection is varied, ranging from household items and books to Christmas cards and shoes. The rooms are divided into clothing for men, women, and children. The French Room is located on the second floor, where patrons can browse among the more "upscale" of the donated clothes.



The first floor of the building also houses a small dining room, which has the cozy feel of an English tea room, but with a diverse menu of Mexican dishes, Southern home-cooking, and more. Lunch is served Tuesday and Thursday.

The top reason to shop at the University Thrift Store is that all profits go directly to the Emerson-Hodgson Hospital and the Sewanee Volunteer Fire Department. The items are sold at thrift store prices, with clothing generally between \$.25 and \$5, and

the proceeds are used to train nurses, buy equipment, and help keep the institutions running.

For an even more eclectic shopping taste, visit Hammers in the town square at Winchester. Not a thrift store in the tradition of the Salvation Army and Goodwill, this outlet-type store offers absolutely anything imaginable. The founders, locals of the area, began the establishment buying whatever they could get their hands on in cheap bulk, allowing them to sell to customers at greatly reduced prices.

Hammers plays on the nostalgia for the era of general stores. Items can be found in large bins with handwritten signs hanging above, advertising the items and their prices. One can find everything from plastic flowers to woven baskets to jars of pickles.

Hammers offers a huge array of clothing. For the older ladies, there are racks and racks of mature and stylish pieces, clothes that would be found in a large department store, but at exceptionally lower prices. There is also an assortment of work clothes for the men, including denim overalls and heavy boots. Children have a large selection of fun and playful styles.

One of Hammers' most convenient features is the wonderful fabric supply. The store stocks an incredible variety of

Famous Visitors Continued From Page 2

to the nearest highway stretching from Chicago to Florida, it has always been rumored that Al Capone's mistress lived in Montecarlo in the house that is now a favorite restaurant in the community, High Point. Known for his substantial endowment, as well as his celebrated southern writing, Tennessee Williams never made a verifiable trip here, although, his Grandfather Dakin was ordained in the winter of 1898 at Fulford Hall. There is always the supposed story of an undentifiable bishop arriving for Commencement, who was persuaded to play a round of golf with his host during a respite prior to the ceremonies, and remarked, that he never had played in a cow pasture as he did when he played at Sewanee.

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What Famous Stars Made An Appearance in Sewanee This Past Weekend???

Andy McDowell came to Sewanee in order to bring her sons on a perspective college visit. Staying at the Sewanee Inn, the star was scene at various campus locations.

A large limo pulled into Sewanee's favorite restaurant, Pearl's on Saturday, only to open the door and reveal the well-known author, Mr. Steven King.

Library Hours

was eliminated. The library also lost the reference document specialist and two part-time archive internships. This left only three full-time circulation employees, who, each working 35 hours a week, could not cover all hours the library was open. As it was, circulation staff had difficulty taking vacation time or finding covers for sick days. Mr. Watson entertained the possibility of a work-study student covering the late shift, but legal consultants suggested this would place too much responsibility on a student's shoulders. There was no recourse but to take the advice of Barbara Dykes, head of circulation, and cut back on the library's hours of operation. Mr. Watson suggested this to the Associate Provost, who recommended this course of action to Provost Linda Lankevicz. Mr. Watson



Continued From Front Page

was aware the change in the library's hours would be unpopular, and to alleviate some pressure on circulation, he transferred the Interlibrary Loan position from the reference department to circulation.

Over the summer, Mr. Watson notified faculty of the change in library hours. Though faculty were more aware of the factors leading to the decision than students, and therefore might not have been quite as surprised as students, many faculty members expressed some of the same concerns later raised by students. When students returned back to the Mountain, they responded with force to the reduced hours. Ms. Dykes said she learned of student discontent through comments left in the suggestion box, comments at the circulation desk, and e-mails to Mr. Watson. The Dean of the College, Dean of Students, and Provost also received e-mails from concerned students. When students

asked what they could do to get the hours changed, Mr. Watson suggested they make their concerns known.

Responding to student and faculty needs, Mr. Watson addressed the Executive Staff on September 8 with a proposal to reinstate the circulation position. Citing the library's dual responsibilities to the school—to purchase materials and be available for patrons—Mr. Watson suggested he use part of the money allotted to library acquisitions instead to hire a part-time position so the library could return to the later hours. This decision was made before circulation heard of the planned student sit-in. Though the announcement of the new hours had already been made, Mr. Watson stayed at the library until closing time on Wednesday, September 9. He supported the students' desire to make their voice heard, and he was "gratified" that students were excited about the library hours.

Mr. Watson suggested that the student sit-in reflected a deep concern students have for the policies of the University, rather than demonstrating the notorious "apathy" of Sewanee students. Ultimately, Mr. Watson says he is glad the hours could be restored so that students knew their voice was heard and that they felt as if they could affect University policy

Finding Another Chance

Margaret Chadbourn

Editor-in-Chief

In the serenity of the Cumberland Plateau lies a special 50-acre piece of property. Three welcoming yellow homes exist on the open piece of land that serves as a sanctuary from the outside world. Driving down the gravel road that winds its way to this place of tranquility, one may spot a noticeable watering hole, and at certain times of the day, the neighboring cows enjoy their routine mud baths. There is a green house, budding with new flowers and herbs, guarded by a few sheep and a chicken coop. The promise of fresh eggs in the future is symbolic of the new beginnings occurring on this piece of acreage.

Originally, the land was the site of a secluded Bed and Breakfast. Now recreated into a facility for women in Middle Tennessee needing a fresh start after experiencing abusive or oppressive circumstances, the property is named the Blue Monarch to signify a fragile yet determined butterfly, a survivor. The driving force behind the Blue Monarch is local business owner Susan Freeman Binkley. Seven years ago, Binkley recalls, "I had a dream that outlined a business plan. There was a thick book, and as I turned through it, each page described the steps to train, house, and give women the tools they need to be self-sufficient and no longer dependent on the welfare system or living in despair."

Losing all hope, these women come to the Blue Monarch in order to learn how to take steps to break the cycle of oppression that has dominated their lives. There is a selective application process to find just the right women needing a place like the Blue Monarch, often times local priests, shelters, and community members recommend women needing a fresh start. Teaching residents how to surpass their present limitations and pursue personal dreams, the Blue Monarch is a nurturing community where they come to complete a twelve month program that imitates a change for the better in these women's lives.

During their time at the residence, they live in an environment that provides counseling and guidance, addressing each individual's needs. They are taught to be self-sufficient and learn job skills that will allow them to be independent once they have completed their stay, and employment opportunities are offered to them while going through the residential, non-profit program. Envisioning a facility that allows women to find hope for themselves and for their children, the Blue Monarch instills necessary life skills that will encourage confidence for these women to reach their highest potential. Used in conjunction with the popular Blue Chair Restaurant, the Blue Monarch will house a commercial kitchen that will be a vehicle for on-site employment and job training for the residents. Instilling a good work ethic that will teach the residents to provide for themselves and their children is a primary goal of the Blue Monarch.

An innovative program, the objectives of the Blue Monarch are inspiring as it strives to introduce abused and oppressed women to a new quality of life. The recognition of emotional and spiritual guidance is valued, and the staff at the Blue Monarch strives to treat the mind, body and soul. The culmination of the tools instilled in the women working through the Blue's Chair's program will lead them to living a high standard upon graduation.

Isolated, yet with an astonishing view from almost every window on the property, the Blue Monarch is arranged to house six single women and eight women with children. In the last five weeks, the first resident has arrived. "This experience has been incredibly rewarding. When our first resident moved in, it made every minute of work with it. I was struck by how little it really takes to make such an enormous difference and how amazing it to see her confidence level increase in the short amount of time she has been here," said Binkley.

The Blue Monarch's first resident has earned the job as kitchen supervisor for establishment. The job will not only supply her with an income, but for the thirty-seven year old woman with two teenage children, it will help her to fulfill her personal goal of owning a restaurant one day. Already progressing as she strives to meet her personal goals, the first resident has begun another conditional requirement of the program, the completion of her G.E.D. Residents are obliged to obtain their G.E.D. if they have not finished their high school diploma, and while this particular resident has been living at the Blue Monarch, she has been matched with a mentor, a favorite Sewanee Professor, Dr. Virginia Craighill, who works with her each week to improve her writing skills. "The opportunity to work with the Blue Monarch reminds me of the needs in this area. At Sewanee, we tend to deny that the impoverished surrounding areas are our concern, but more of us need to pay attention," said Dr. Craighill.

The non-profit program of the Blue Chair is not fully completed and has continued needs. It requires further fundraisers and support from outside sources. The University of the South is an ideal connection for the Blue Monarch in order to help the non-profit organization sustain itself and fund the rewarding program for local women. Sororities and fraternities are perfect community organizations that can help raise funds for the residential program or perhaps even volunteer as tutors and mentors to the residents. Already proving to be a worthy contributor, last year, ATZ initiated a Car Wash as a fundraiser for the Blue Monarch. This year, TKP and PKE, as well as the Student Health Board have promptly contacted Binkley to offer their assistance as the school year begins to get under way. The continuation of the community support will benefit hundreds of women in the future, and with money contributions, toiletries, and items such as pants and tools, and even toys for the children staying at the Blue Monarch, the non-profit organization will continue to help oppressed women work towards rewarding futures.

For further information or to make contributions, call (931) 924-8900. Write to P.O. Box 1206, Monteagle, Tennessee 37356. Make checks payable to I.C. Hope for Blue Monarch.

Blue
m·o·n·a·r·c·h

Another Lost Tradition?

Sara Miller

Copy Editor

When we tell people about Sewanee's traditions, we tend to go through a fixed list: the gown, the porchlight, stepping on the seal, catching an angel, "in the out and out the up," passing hello. We tell visitors about these traditions regardless of whether they are still practiced. Minor traditions—the old "Light Side"/"Dark Side" division in Gailor, the punishment for attempting to lift the seal's curse, and the choir's singing the "Alma Mater" at the sundial before convocations—do not make the list. Nor do Greek traditions. The "Ladies of Lambda Chi" fundraiser, though well-established and notable on the Mountain, is not counted as a tradition. "Fiji Island" is not on the list. Fraternities' and sororities' tendency to claim a table at lunch and dinner is rarely spoken of. Yet, should these traditions vanish, life on the Mountain could not be the same.

Life on the Mountain is not the same, in fact, as it was not many years ago, in a very particular way: Gailor no longer echoes with the sound of four or five girls exclaiming "Twelve, twelve, twelve big bags of garbage—ah-ah-ah!" and "Put another udder on the OJ cow." McClurg never has. Circles of sorority girls no longer form when "American Pie" is played at a party. Concubinage is no longer an acceptable state for a Sewanee man. In short, Gamma Tau Upsilon is no longer on the Mountain.

Gamma Tau Upsilon (more commonly called GTU) was founded in the spring of 1978. It became, over the course of twenty years, a "sorority of independents;" its actives were girls who never dreamed they would be in a sorority. They were worthy of GTU's motto, "Esse non esse: We are who we are." Those women slowly developed the characteristic traditions of GTU. Beckee Morrison, an alumna of the class of 1990, reflected, "Phoenix-like, our traditions evolved and were re-created often. . . . Before my time someone broke into the GTU closet and stole our lore. Everything was reinvented from recollection and creativity after that."

What is the "everything" Beckee refers to? Most likely, she means the Oral Tradition, the Circle Dance, Concubinage, and events like the Barefoot Formal; all things which characterized GTU. Of course, the spirit of GTU, that which truly characterized it, did not need to be reinvented.

The Barefoot Formal was conceived with the knowledge that the worst part of formals, for women, is wearing formal shoes. Nothing, since the time of the corset, can compare to pointy toes and two-inch heels. So the sisters of GTU eliminated them—for themselves and for their dates. Alumnae describe the event on GTU's website: "Traditionally, women wore beautiful dresses but no shoes, and men came barefoot in formal tops and shorts. Sometimes croquet was played." Typical of GTU functions, the only "formal" part was the dress.

Those men willing to play croquet in tuxedo jackets and shorts were known as Concubines. The institution is really not as scandalous as it sounds; many Concubines came eventually to be the husbands of GTU sisters. During college, though, the Concubines were good friends (romantically or otherwise) of the sorority; they were men whom the girls could trust. As Concubines were more heavily involved in GTU events than "little brothers" of other sororities usually are, their presence often

gave GTU the appearance of being a co-ed Greek organization, truly a unique experience.

The Circle Dance was new in the early '80s; it is performed even today, at the weddings of alumnae (and also, I feel sure, of Concubine alumni). What it is, is a circle of GTUs and their friends, who sway and kick in time with Don McLean's "American Pie." There is more. Per-



haps you remember inserting "like a lightbulb" and the rest in the singing of "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer." In the late '80s, beginning in about 1987, such additions to McLean's lyrics began to appear: one line was lengthened to "I know a girl who sang the blues—and greens" (naturally, for GTU's colors), and "Yea Marx!" and "Yea God!" were added at the appropriate points. Brittany Wilkins (C'94) remembers one dance, "The concentric Circle Dance at the Halloween Party in '93: sisters on the inside, guests on the outside. It was huge!" That dance, Brittany says, is her favorite GTU memory.

The Oral Tradition was probably the most noticeable tradition, as far as those outside the sorority were concerned. It began in the mid-'80s, and grew to be a very long collection of things sisters had said, and misheard, and repeated, and laughed over, and eventually incorporated into their lore. This is what you would hear from across the room as the GTUs ended their recitation:

This is a pig. This is a very nice pig. This is Susan. She's our role model; she taught us everything we know: Twelve, twelve, twelve big bags of garbage—Ah-ah-ah! Beancake! Eats do this: swallows do this. Chicken inwards.

The elephants are restless, the dick is dead, the warthog wants more caviar, and the pigs are grounded into little bitty sausages! Kicked from! Go figure! Run away! Run away! (pause) SPOING!!!

It looks very strange in print. The bits I have seen performed look very strange in reality. Concubine (C'96) Chris Cudabac remarked that it "really doesn't make much sense until you have seen it done. And then it REALLY does not make ANY sense at ALL." That is perhaps all that can be said about the Oral Tradition, except that heads certainly turned when a table of sisters in the "Dark Side" of Gailor began at "hand thingy" and proceeded to "SPOING!!!" and then fell silent.

GTU has been silent for several years; the last actives were Kay Creed and Caroline Brooks, who both graduated in 2001. The alumnae left behind their legacy, though, and inspired a current movement to revive the sorority. That movement has triumphed: on Friday, Sept. 12, the membership of GTU climbed high enough for the sorority to resume activities on the mountain. On Shake Day evening, the actives met to discuss their plans for the future. Look for sisters of Gamma Tau Upsilon at events around the Mountain in the coming months; they are successfully reviving a grand old tradition.

Most of the poorly-quoted quotations and allusions in this article were taken from the excellent GTU website: <<http://www.gamma-tau-epsilon.org>>, or from correspondence with alumnae. Any questions or comments about GTU in the past or the future may be addressed to Sara Miller, by phone at x2438, or by email through the Purple office, purple@sewanee.edu.

Hospital In Danger Of Closing: Can Sewanee Afford to Loose Such a Valuable Lifeline?

Heather Haucy

The setting is a crowded frat house on Sewanee's campus. The time is one o'clock in the morning. The Grateful Dead is blaring over the speakers. Some guys and girls are dancing while others are just hanging out. A few of the guys are cutting up and the girls are giggling at their antics. You find yourself in the middle of a scene that has already been set in motion. Around you there is a lot of talking, flirting, and laughing. You feel fairly comfortable in your surroundings until a friend nudges you and over the music yells, "Your roommate is passed out in the bathroom! You might want to go check on him!" As you push through the crowded maze, racing for the bathroom, you are unsure of what you will find. As you round the corner you realize this situation is much more serious than you thought. Your roommate's skin isn't the usual flushed peach color, but a pale blue. It is obvious he has been vomiting and now has passed out. You shake him violently and try to get him to sit up. No luck. You check his breathing and find it to be abnormally slow. You question in panic, "Is it a seizure, an allergic reaction, or possibly alcohol poisoning?" What do you do? Your instinct is to call 911 and have him transported to the nearest hospital. However, here's the twist: the nearest hospital isn't Emerald-Hodgson, just two minutes from your location, but a hospital more than fifteen minutes down the mountain.

The closing of Emerald-Hodgson Hospital (EHH) has been of recent debate. EHH is located on the University of the

South's campus atop serves Grundy, Marion, Franklin, and Sequatchie counties. Earlier this summer Emerald-Hodgson Hospital collected over twenty-six hundred signatures to keep it open. Director of Marketing for Southern Tennessee Medical Center, Wendy Colvin, explains, "[Emerald-Hodgson Hospital] was being evaluated for a possible reduction in services. We have made an investment in that facility and are working on building the depth and breadth of services available at the hospital so that it will better serve the surrounding communities."

If Emerald-Hodgson Hospital were no longer in operation, the next options for medical care would be Southern Tennessee Medical Center, Grandview Medical Center, or Bedford County Medical Center. STMC, the closest of these to the campus, is located in Winchester, twelve miles and at least seventeen minutes away. GMC is in Jasper, almost thirty-one miles and at least thirty-six minutes away. Farthest is BCMC, coming in at fifty-four and a half miles and an hour and fifteen minutes away. Of course Chattanooga also has a few hospitals, including the Erlanger Medical Center, which has this area's only air ambulance service. How-



ever, are you able to drive this far for medical care? In cases requiring extremely specialized medical attention the consensus has been yes, but for general medical care and local emergencies community members are in favor of keeping Emerald-Hodgson open. Dean Pearigen states, "it comes as a great consolation to me as a Dean and a parent of small children to know that emergency services and twenty-four/seven medical care are available here on the Mountain. . . . Having to drive

Continued on Page 6

Outside the Stone Gates

Obi Kalu

Staff Writer

It seems like it is an impossible task to squeeze in free time to become an expert on current events with the overload of assignments, labs, and reading that somehow must get done while trying to squeeze in extracurricular activities and playtime on the weekends. There is an active world outside the stone gates of Sewanee and just in case you didn't have the time to read up on world events, here is a summary of what is taking place around the world and it will bring you back to pace. Information can be found at <http://www.worldnews.com>

News in Africa:
 **The United Nations (U.N.) Security Council lifted the 11-year-old sanctions against Libya, formally ending a ban on arms sales and flights imposed after Moammar Gadhafi's government.
 **Raising his right hand and touching Rwanda's flag with his left, Paul Kagame took the oath of office as the nation's first popularly elected president since the 1994 genocide.

**Seven Uruguayan soldiers of the UN Mission in the Democratic Republic of the Congo are under investigation for allegedly stealing sacred objects from a church in Bunia.

**HIV/AIDS prevalence in the Western Cape increased by an appalling 44 percent in the 12 months leading up to October 2001 among pregnant women in Western Cape clinics. At the same time, an increasing number of teenagers were HIV positive.

News in Asia:
 **A Special Court hearing the Ayodhya demolition case against Deputy Prime Minister L. K. Advani and some other top leaders will pronounce its orders on the framing of charges against them Sept. 19.

**Indonesia plans to send an envoy to Myanmar to try to gain the release of imprisoned pro-democracy leader Aung San Suu Kyi.

**The World Trade Organization has approved through consensus the entry of two of the world's least developed countries, Cambodia and Nepal, into the trade body.

**Nine monkeys learn to read

jungle book or (so they say) at the animal orphanage in Katraj Zoological Park. Nine monkeys rescued from Mumbai's urban jungle are being trained to survive in the wild.

News in Australia:

**Australian animal rights activists demanded that authorities put down more than 50,000 sheep stranded aboard a ship in the Middle East after being rejected by Saudi Arabia and a second country due to a health scare.

**Mandatory water restrictions will be imposed next month on Australia's biggest city Sydney as a year-old drought continues to take its toll on the country.

**The release of virus-tainted blood to several hospitals and laboratories this month has sparked a nationwide audit of all Australian Red Cross Blood Service facilities.

News in Europe:
 **Mass memorial services were held in Stockholm as thousands of Swedes were left stunned by the fatal stabbing of foreign minister Anna Lindh.

**Pope John Paul began a four-day trip to Slovakia on Thursday but

was so weak he could not complete either of his addresses. The 83-year-Pope, who suffers from Parkinson's disease and knee and hip ailments, appeared the weakest he has in months on the first day of his trip.

**More than 4,000 elderly Italians died in this summer's (2003) heat wave.

News in South America:

**Human rights defenders, accused by the Columbian President Alvaro Uribe of being allied with terrorists for criticizing his crackdown on leftist rebels, denounced his comments

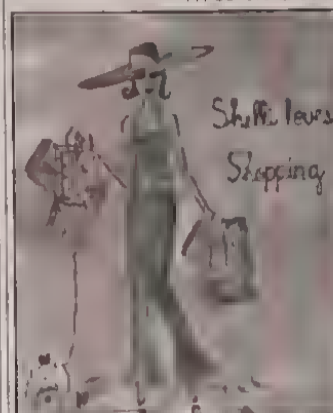
**Britain, Spain and Switzerland are the target countries of new waves of asylum seekers coming from South America, after the U.S. tightened up border controls with Mexico.

**JOAO Goulart hoped the trick he took would take him to a place where he would work to send money back to his wife and nine children. Instead, Goulart 49-year-old, was driven for more than 1,500 miles to a coffee farm, where along with hundreds of others he was enslaved. Now the Brazilian government is trying to free the thousands forced into slavery.

SHOP DURING PARENTS WEEKEND

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Tales of the Tonya Award

A Tonya: A Sewanee Summer Internships Scholarships in Economics or Public Affairs

Canines & Grapevines

A Bizarre Internship in Northern California

Lauren Cotner

Staff Writer

Last year around this time, I was already deep into my search for the perfect internship—something artsy, something exotic, and something that would help me land a great job upon graduation. Since I had spent my first two Sewanee summers studying abroad, I was dedicated to researching lots of internships and narrowing my options to the one ideal position that would open the most doors for me. Before Christmas break, I had already made my decision. I knew that I had to intern at a film festival in the wine country of California. Even now, the idea sounds so enticing. Who couldn't be drawn into a vision of sipping Chardonnay while viewing films in an al fresco theater set in the colorful hills of Northern California? In reality, the summer experience would turn out to be more comparable to sipping Kool-aid while taking care of the festival directors' dogs in a barn set in the isolated wilderness.

As I applied to be the festival's 'head' intern, I started telling everyone I knew about this great summer job I had discovered in the Peterson's internship guide.

When the festival director finally shortened her list of seventy possible interns down to me, I was ecstatic. I was overjoyed that I could convince these seemingly cosmopolitan film fanatics that I was competent, and now they wanted me.

When the end of May finally arrived, I had packed my SUV to the brim with assorted Film Festival amenities: a couple of little black dresses, some great red sunglasses, a book that was comparable to "everything you need to know about wine for dummies," and lots of resumes to pass out to whoever sparked my professional interest. So I drove, and I drove, and I drove, all the way from the middle-of-nowhere, Missouri to Glen Ellen, California—about two-thousand miles in all.

I should have known from the moment I pulled in the dilapidated driveway that I would be better off to turn back. But no, I was determined to be brave and give these people a chance to convince me that they were legitimate.

While the festival directors had told me all along that the office was in Glen Ellen Winery, I quickly learned that the office was in a wooden barn next to their house. The whole scene was equivalent to the big flea market by the side of I-24 in Monteagle—old cars on blocks, strange produce lying around, knick-knacks strewn about, and a few animals wandering aimlessly.

Nonetheless, despite my preconceptions, I entered the non-air-conditioned barn to meet my future co-workers. Mr. Spielberg (a pseudonym to protect to innocent or in this case the not-so-innocent) sat, Jabba-the-hut like in a torn Lazyboy and forked another chunk of chocolate cake into his mouth as he attempted to say hello with a swig of milk. His shirt, unbuttoned to reveal his less-than-svelt hairy chest, caused me to divert my eyes only to see Mrs. Spielberg (another pseudonym), his wife. She at least welcomed me with a smile.

We chatted for a bit, but then Mrs. S decided to give me a tour of the grounds (when I say grounds, think Walmart not Biltmore). So we walked and talked and sweated like pigs in the one-hundred degree humidity. I tried to smile hopefully as she showed me the "swimming pool" that contained only about a foot of muddy mosquito larva water and insisted that I "go for a dip later."

As the Spielbergs gave me a run down of my responsibilities, I was surprised to learn that rather than being involved with just marketing, public relations, and event planning, I was now going to take care of their dogs. Trying not to disappoint, I played with the dogs and watched them to make sure they stayed close by, never telling the Spielbergs that I was severely allergic to canine dander.

After the dog care episode, I went to the office/barn to see if this work would even be legitimate (why did I even question this at that point?). To my shock, Mr. S let me pick out three films, watch them, and single-handedly decide whether or not those films made it into the festival. I may have forgot to mention that I have NO film experience. So, a few directors in New York may still be confused as to why their short films never got in the festival.

As I sat in the make-shift office, surrounded by stacks of unfiled papers, video cassettes, 1980 Macs, and lots of dog hair, I earnestly aspired to make the best out of the situation, and give the Spielbergs one more chance to convince me that the summer would be beneficial for my future. Just as I thought to myself that I should be positive, the Spielbergs started screaming at each other over some insignificant festival detail. In my weakness, I just about burst into tears. Rather than display my fragility, I went outside, called my mom, and begged for her to fly to Oakland so I would have a driving companion on the way back from California to the mid-West.

I parted ways with the festival directors after only five hours with them. On top of the fiasco of the afternoon, they told me that the one thing they promised me—housing—would no longer be available. I would have to find some place to live in one of the most pricey real-estate markets in the country, and I was not being paid for my work. So, rather than stay with the free-spirited Northern Californian film geeks and do slave labor, I drove Ionia, all the way dreaming of what I could have been doing at the Art Institute of Chicago or at Christie's or the National Gallery of Art.

As it turned out, the summer was not a total bust. I learned a lot about myself, about first impressions, about gut instincts, and about doing what is ideal for oneself. I eventually ended up working at the Land Trust Alliance in Washington, D.C. where I did a few marketing and development projects. As a dramatic comparison to the festival, the people at LTA were friendly, welcoming, and actually paid me! If there is anything I would want to pass on from my summer experience in California, I sadly have to offer these all-too-common words about life in general: "If it sounds too good to be true, it probably is." Also, I'd like to mention that the festival itself is a real film festival with real films and real actors and actresses. Though the final product that the festival directors present seems quasi-polished and put-together, the erratic and unprofessional daily ongoing in the festival office were what caused me to abandon the operation.

Managing the Market

A Survey of the Tonya

Amy Martin

Guest Writer

As I approached the summer before my senior year at Sewanee, I grew anxious about achieving relative work experience that would give me an edge in the job market after graduation. Like any resourceful student, I ventured to the Career Services office to check out my options.

I wanted a job or internship related to marketing, as I had pondered this field as a career, but had little to no experience in it. The professionals in the office told me about Sewanee's Tonya Internship Program, which allows students to find an internship anywhere in the world and work there while the school foots the bill. I quickly rounded up my resources so that I might be one of the few students to receive the stipend. I exhausted all my networking avenues and found the most promising connection being the closest of all, my mother.

A college friend of hers started a market research firm more than a decade ago. The company was located in Lexington, Kentucky. To my amusement, my mom had just run into her friend at a UK football game, and was keeping in touch. I e-mailed my resume to Martha DeReimer, President of the Matrix Group, and received a reply within a week. An e-mail from Molly Burkew, the witty wordsmith who would be my contact at TMG from that time on, was also delivered to my Sewanee account. After exchanging e-mails with Molly over a few weeks, I set up an interview and drove the five hours to Lexington.

Upon entering the doors of TMG, I was greeted by a tall, smiling Natalie Hagen and shown into the conference room. After completing the standard applications forms and personality tests, I had a one-on-one interview with Molly, who was as agreeable in person as she was in her e-mails. I felt everything went smoothly, and after meeting most of the core staff, Natalie gave me a tour of the meeting and conference center.

I left Lexington that day with a good sense of Matrix's purpose and team goals. I received the e-mail from the President, inviting me into the TMG family the following Monday. I quickly added her letter into my application and essay for the Tonya stipend, and took it to the Career Services office with confidence that an internship with The Matrix Group would in me as one of the top contenders for the award.

Months later, I found myself working with some of the best professionals in the field of market research. Sewanee paid me for once, so that I could get the marketable skills that will give me the edge in today's stalling job market.

Martha and the gang threw me right into action. I met with a new client on my first day. Later in my service, I would write the full report of the project we handled for that company.

In what was a three month long crash course in market research, I conducted telephone and intercept interviews, proof-read and bound reports, coded open-responses for the data department, designed interviewer instructions supervised and trained interviewers, recruited and hosted focus groups, performed reference checks for potential employees and field services, wrote two full reports and to top-line summaries from our research. At the end of it all, I was involved performance evaluations for the many branches of a regional bank.

In my twelve weeks with The Matrix Group, I learned more about the professional arena and my own capabilities than in a semester of sixteen credit hours in college or five years of summer experience. I was challenged, frustrated, impressed, and improved. But never once was I asked to get anyone a cup of coffee.

Sewanee: Excellent Academics or Excellent Alcoholics?

David Rudolph

Staff Writer

Well, by now I assume everyone has heard the news that, according to the Princeton Review, SEWANEE IS THE NUMBER SEVEN PARTY SCHOOL IN THE NATION! In addition to partying harder than all but six other schools in the nation, the Review has rated Sewanee seventh in its "Lots of Beer" category and third "Lots of Hard Liquor." However, the Review adds that Sewanee is not all about drinking, vomiting, and drinking, and vomiting, and sleeping, and drinking... and vomiting. Not at all. The University of the South has, after all, a gorgeous campus, interesting professors, and a rigorous academic workload. At Sewanee, professors "bring academic material to life" (ranked #6) while making themselves accessible (#16) to our every scholarly need. At Sewanee, we bask in the company of our fraternity brothers and sorority sisters (#19), surrounded by a beautiful campus (#11). At Sewanee, we live life to the fullest.

So, what do these rankings say about Sewanee besides that we are "TOTALLY AWESOME"? Well, I'm not even sure the rankings say that. Rankings are, of course, only rankings; nothing to celebrate, nothing to get upset about. When I entered Sewanee back in 2000, US News and World Report ranked The University of the South among the top twenty-five liberal arts colleges in the nation; likewise, the Princeton Review placed Sewanee in many of the same categories that as today, though the Review does not assign a numerical rank. To get straight to the point, rankings don't mean a thing. Three years ago when I entered Sewanee as a freshman I didn't find the school any less challenging than it is today, even though, according to the U.S. News it has dropped eight spaces in rank. On the other hand, I will say that the party scene (#7) at Sewanee has--sorry, freshmen and sophomores--significantly changed since I have been here. Sewanee doesn't party as

hard as it used to, in my opinion. Thus, for me to hear that Sewanee is now the number seven party school in the nation is laughable. And to think that Sewanee parties harder than, say, Alabama is equally laughable. Anyone who has ever visited a big state school knows better than to say Sewanee parties harder than one. It's just not true.

On the other hand, however, maybe these rankings are, to some degree, accurate. The Princeton Review will tell you the ratings are correct because they have compiled their data from unbiased sources--that is to say, college students talking about their schools. Unbiased sources, eh? How can one reporting about one's own college be unbiased? That is like saying Sewanee is--dare I say it?--the number seven party school in the nation! Just not possible, folks, just not possible...

Responding to the news that Sewanee had been placed in the top ten party schools in the nation, Dean Pearigen said, "I think that (the ranking) was insulting, misrepresenting, and damaging. The ranking understates and minimizes what we truly are at this institution. We have outstanding students, faculty and staff doing very interesting things; the ranking suggests that we're really more about drinking and partying than academic excellence, service, and leadership. It can send a message to students and prospective students saying we're not a serious place."

Indeed, Dean Pearigen is right. Sewanee is a serious place, and this Princeton Review "Party School" ranking sends a message to students, prospective students, and parents that the University of the South is not a meaningful academic institution. As exciting as it is to see Sewanee in the news, this ranking is an unfortunate one. Frankly, when I graduate from college, I don't want businesses and graduate schools thinking that I came from a slack university, where students party harder than they study.

A Matter Of Economics

Johny Shoaf

With what seems to be a substantial rise in environmental awareness on campus, some environmental contingents have begun to worry more about paper usage at Sewanee. With an 8% increase in tuition this year, it also seems reasonable that students and faculty will become increasingly critical and concerned about university expenditures.

While the fiscally conscious and the environmentally sensitive often do not agree on most aspects of policy making, I think there are instances present on our campus which deserve some attention, as they should garner united support from both groups, as well as the University. It seems to me that user fees should be embraced under more instances--two that come to mind are paper use and AC use--because such a fee system has the potential to minimize environmental degradation, making the eco-conscious happy. Fees can also offer the expenditure watchdogs some comfort as well by reducing tuition or at least minimizing one student's subsidizations of another student's activities. Likewise, it is in the University's best interest to make a shift toward economically feasible user fees because presumably tuition would fall or increase less, making Sewanee appear cheaper and thus more attractive to perspective students and their parents.

So, if instituting some user fees benefits environmentalists, students, and the university, why has this not already happened? Let me start by saying that all three are groups at fault. The environmentalists, who are likely the most passionate of the group, have failed to appeal to the concerns of the other parties and often discount other parties' methods. While environmental education and the institution of a paper pledge and other things of this sort serve as a step in the right direction, it would behoove the eco-crowd to embrace and appreciate methods founded on the monetary side of things, in addition to some of the more value-driven methods. The incentive of user fees would do much to close the gap between belief and action; this is a necessary step in natural resource preservation in general and one that I think could easily be taken in this particular case. Interestingly enough, as it stands, those who minimize paper usage and power usage for environmental reasons are the ones being penalized the most because they are assuming the largest portion of the burden of others' indiscretions.

Many students are apathetic and numb to the whole situation even though some students, or at least the students parents, are paying for other students to print unnecessary documents or to run air conditioning all day. As someone who does not live in an air conditioned dorm, I find it disturbing that my tuition finances the cooling of other peoples' rooms to a steady and gentle 70 degrees. Some people enjoy dorms with central air or rooms with window units, while people such as myself, who elected not to con my doctor in to writing the "Little Donny has allergies so severe that if he is not allowed an air conditioning unit, he may not be able to read, and write well or at all" letter, stand atop residential palaces like St. Luke's sweating so bad that I have to change underwear thrice daily. Similarly, I get perturbed when I have to stand in line at a printer in the library behind someone who is printing out five copies of a sixty-five page play for free when I need to print a short paper and run to class. The overuse of paper and other unpriced or underpriced services at Sewanee has many related costs which are not immediately obvious. User fees would mitigate this problem and curb this over use. Students are accustomed to printing for free, and as a result, many feel entitled to free printing. This obviously serves as a major obstacle to implementing user fees in the case of printing but is likely surmountable.

The University appears to have tinkered with the idea of using more of a fee system. The University should try harder. I understand that there are inherent difficulties in implementing user fees, but some effort should be employed to overcome these impediments. While the overuse of fees could be cumbersome and impede the quality of life here, a few well-designed policies which make use of the power of these fees would benefit just about everyone.

One of the simplest principles in economics is that things which are free will be overused and exploited. It is time we make use of this understanding in the formation of more University policies.

Losing the Library?

Letter To the Editor:

On Friday morning of August 29, after learning of the change of the library's hours from a friend, I called the duPont circulation desk and asked the reasoning behind rolling back the library's open hours to 11:00 p.m. The man who answered said it had to do with the library's not having the resources or staff to keep itself open until 1:00 a.m. each night. On Monday, September 1, I talked to the Provost, who informed me that duPont's funding was actually increased from last year, and that the school had given the library pretty much all that it had wanted. The following day, I stopped by the library offices and asked Todd Kelly about it. He told me that a main part of their reasoning dealt with the fact that most students in the library after 11:00 p.m., they noticed, were usually using the ATC lab.

Being a nightly occupant of duPont last year, I noticed no apparent or significant drop in the number of students using the library after 11:00 p.m., and my knowledge does not include those who use private carrels or the third floor.

A decision of this magnitude should be carefully considered and made so that it has positive implications for enhancing student life and the Sewanee experience. However, this decision practically goes against

the mission and purpose of this school at its very foundation. As far as I can see, there is not a single benefit that the student receives by closing duPont at 11:00 p.m. instead of 1:00 a.m. Nothing about it assists the students' academic performance or enhances students' academic experience in any way, whatsoever. As a matter of fact, it clearly hinders both.

Here at Sewanee, we are encouraged to become and remain active, involved students. But, sadly, it is students who participate in athletics, student organizations, and volunteer activities in the afternoons that are hurt the most by this change. They are the students who need most to use the library to study and research during its (formerly) late hours. As an involved student myself, as well as a member of the varsity tennis team, the only time I have for real, concentrated studying and research is after dinner and late into the evening. For a number of nights now, I have been ousted from duPont while in the middle of my work. Contrary to what some people may think, there simply is no substitute for a library carrel or a study table. The windowless, cramped ATC lab with limited space and low ceilings, as well as my dorm room in Trezevant Hall, is not a place where I (or many others) can effectively do work, much less research.

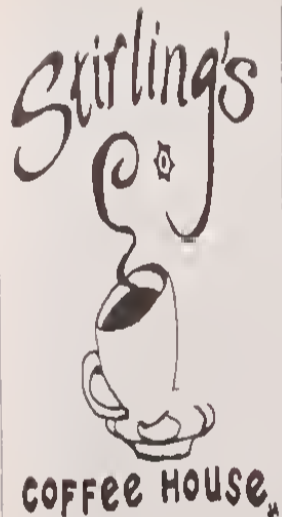
Spending five to ten fewer hours a week in the library solely because of an hours change will undoubtedly be damaging to my, and many others', academic performance and diligence.

It is important to note that many state schools, as well as private (and academic rival) Washington and Lee University, have libraries that are open 24 hours a day, seven days a week. And, if we do anything here at Sewanee, we make sure our courseload outmatches that of even the best public universities in the country.

It is naive for one to, in any way, expect that closing the library two hours earlier than last year will not greatly hinder students' academic performance and/or the academic experience. It is unrealistic for anyone to expect 1,300 active, involved students to be able to effectively and completely finish our work every night by 11:00 p.m., especially when we (and the school) brag about our tough academic courseload.

The library is more than just a quiet place. It is a resource that students use as we interact and help each other understand concepts and ideas, and it should at least be open until 2:00 a.m., 1:00 a.m. at the very least. There is simply no substitute, and nowhere else to go that compares.

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Forum For Your Thoughts

Dr. Kelly Malone

What was the "porch light" tradition at Sewanee, and what happened to it? As a new faculty member I sent out an innocent query on the University "Classifieds" list, largely in response to my sense that the "porch light" is embraced in the local culture as a faded ideal, part of an Edenic past characterized by particularly satisfying and close relationships between teachers and students. Here is what I discovered.

University archivist Annie Armour is square one for anyone who's interested in Sewanee lore. She told me that "porch light visits evolved from the Sewanee tradition of housing students in boarding houses rather than dormitories. The ladies who ran the boarding houses generally cooked and otherwise took care of the 'boys' in their houses." By 1924, boarding houses gave way to dormitories, but the 1924 Student Handbook, perhaps still reflecting the town's sense of in loco parentis, maintained that residents (even non-University people) still welcomed students into their homes and helped "to make the long winter pass pleasantly." By the 50's the tradition had evolved into fixed visiting hours for professors who signaled their willingness to entertain by leaving their porch lights on. "Faculty wives" supplied some of the refreshments; the absence of any functional drinking age allowed for others.

But Katie Lehman of the Music Department says that the late Gil Gilchrist, Professor of Political Science, offered a somewhat less romantic account of the porch light tradition. When he started teaching in the 50's, faculty taught six mornings a week (yes! Class on Saturday!)-and then pretty much disappeared from view. So "the administration actually paid him and couple of other young profs to stay in their offices in the afternoons! The porch light tradition was started as a way to increase what was very minimal contact between faculty and students." One faculty member suggested to me that students who wish for a porch light revival hope that professors "will initiate them into the mystery of their passions, like opera or woodcarving." This seems sometimes to have been the case: Professor of English Tam Carlson ('63) told me that he learned to listen to classical music at Charles Harrison's house. He added that Andrew Lytle's house was open into the late evening virtually every night: he "invited his students for dinner and drinks, and those students brought other students until often 10 or more would linger late into the evenings." (In contrast to the idea that a faculty wife was a necessary prop, he added that Lytle's boundless hospitality would have been limited had his wife Edna been alive.) There seem to have been legendary curmudgeons, too: Professor Laurence Alvarez (C'59) recounts that Dean Webb, Dean of Men and Professor of History, "had an hour glass by his chair which was tall enough to be an end table. It was so large you had to comment about it, at which time he would turn it over and tell you it was a thirty minute timer. The implication was sufficiently clear that even we knew when to leave." Porch light visits were in large part a function of the times: a much smaller student population, all male, with no television or cars, seemed receptive to making such visits in a way that modern students are not.

Recent attempted revivals of the porch light tradition have not met with success. Professor of Anthropology Pat Heck tells how in 1986 a student group decided to reinstate the tradition, and a number of faculty signed up to receive visits from eager



Each issue, the Editorial Staff will be inviting the community to share its own experiences involving the University's traditions as well as its ongoing progress as a leading liberal arts college. This week, Professor Kelly Malone of the English Department writes: Leaving the Light On: An impromptu history of the porch light "tradition" at Sewanee.

students. By the end of the semester, however, the number of student visitors had trickled to nothing. In fact, one professor told me that NONE of the attempted porch light revivals over the past thirty years he has been here has been really successful. Some speculate that porch light revivals-in fact, the porch light stories themselves-are attempts to create a golden-hued past that never really existed. Not one of the folks who checked in with me about porch lights really waxed nostalgic about them, and many noted other places where the student-professor relationship takes root and sometimes flourishes: the orchestra stand, Stirling's, volunteer work-and yes, in the classroom and library. Nor are faculty homes verboten: my colleagues have students over for film screenings, dinner, play readings, parties, and even drinks (with appropriate attention to the shifting climate of legal culpability).

Modernity may make the porch light visit timetely impractical: in its pure form there needed to be someone at home -- a female someone -- fixing lemonade and cookies. While I can't speak for all modern households, I suspect that mine is the rule rather than the exception in its (non)division of labor: I'm technically a faculty wife-my husband teaches in Classical Languages-but I also teach in English. And while I am sure my three- and one-year-old sons would welcome the company (not to mention the cookies) on Sunday evenings, we're usually too busy gearing up for the week to contemplate any refreshments other than the state of our supply of peanut butter and apple juice.

That doesn't mean, though, that professors are not eager to know students outside of the classroom. Find them on the basketball court (or in the stands with their kids cheering you on), holding up the salad line at McClurg, or waiting in line with you at the SUT. The line between Academia and "real life" is thin and porous here at Sewanee, where we are performe part of each other's worlds.

Hospital Problems

Continued from Page 4

down the Mountain to Kimball or Winchester in order to receive care could make all the difference in the world." Hopefully, EHH will be willing to take on extra obligations to stay open for the community and the students.

Maryellen Feaster, RN, relayed that in the past year there have been very few true emergency room visits by students. The serious emergencies were transported to more capable hospitals, while minor emergencies were handled at the University Health Services or on campus. For Sewanee students, UHS provides almost every kind of health care available from the care of chronic illnesses (diabetes, seizures, and heart disorders), to immunizations, to lab work and in-office procedures.

Now you may ask what Sewanee is doing to prevent EHH from closing. Well, the hospital is taking into consideration performing the laboratory work that the UHS (University Health Ser-

vices) usually handles. Students that need lab work will have to go to EHH instead of the UHS. More ideas to "work in a collaborative fashion" are underway and will be publicly known in the coming weeks. Feaster states, "my personal feeling is that the community members will be the ones most affected by the closure and for that reason I would love to see it stay open." University Health Services provide so many resources for ever-changing college health care therefore, the students would probably not suffer as much from the potential closing of EHH. LifeFlight services should not be affected by the condition of Emerald-Hodgson. They serve Vanderbilt and a one-hundred and fifty mile radius, responding to emergencies where needed, regardless of the hospital.

For now, Emerald-Hodgson is secure in its location and staff. Concerned students and community members hope it will continue to generate ideas for better serving Sewanee and its surrounding communities.

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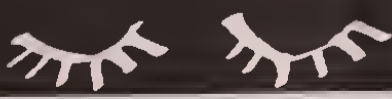
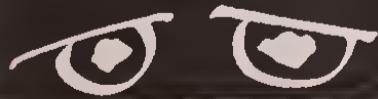
colors, patterns, and materials, as well as patterns and sewing notions.

The second floor of Hammers is devoted to children's toys. There are puzzles, toddler playthings, model cars, and toys reminiscent of a past generation. Particularly impressive is the doll collection. Parents and children alike will enjoy strolling through the tables of toys.

Hammers is really a fun place to explore. It's open Monday through Saturday from 9-8. The store is owned and run by a local family, and they are very appreciative of all business. Hammers is also highly recommended by Sewanee students.

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Arts and Living

High Life

High on the Plateau: Blue Hole

Henry Sweets
Features Editor



I should have known that I wasn't going to do any work last Sunday morning. I never do work on Sunday morning. Week in and week out for three years now I've told myself what work I'm going to do Sunday afternoon because I didn't do it Saturday afternoon and this last weekend back was no exception. This weekend was going to be different though—until I walked by three friends with Solo cups after I woke up on Saturday. Then I remembered what we do here on the weekends, when it's a pretty day. Then I remembered the winters. After three years of callous building up on my soul from Sewanee winters, I know better than to stay inside on a pretty afternoon. There will be plenty of weeks to do work during the day.

Trez boys on Sunday mornings (I still call them mornings even though no-one wakes up until noon) are typically at somewhere below 80% consciousness. The usual scene involves several guys standing around in various sorts of dress—talking, but very slowly. Someone will muster up the brain power to say something, and sometimes receive nods in response, perhaps even a short verbal acknowledgment. If you stand there for long enough you can begin to feel very, very worthless. By participating in this spectacle I knew I wasn't wasting my Sunday morning wisely. When someone mentioned a place called Blue Hole, five of us agreed that we should get out and do something, or at least we were in the parking lot. Four sophomores and their senior proctor, ready for a ride.

There wasn't a whole lot of activity on the car ride, but there was an abundance of a mellow mood about the whole outing. The sun was shining, windows were down, and five shaggy Sunday morning bed-heads were blowing in the wind. At the time it was just Inn, but in February when I'm looking back that feeling will seem more like heaven.

Blue Hole is about a half mile upstream from Greeter Falls, and when you pop out of the woods you see a large (~70x200ft) pool that opens up below, gently sloping cascade. Hewn out over thousands and thousands of years by the occasional mammoth flood, it is a rare kind of swimming

hole to find. Usually something this size is below a high waterfall (like Posters in Greeter) and confined by seventy-foot sheer sandstone cliffs that look cool but keep you way too cool. Blue Hole is on top of the plateau, and anyone wanting to get some sun can do it almost any time of day. For the more adventurous types there is a small drop off on one side of the hole that looked like a puny jumping point, but no-one was willing to be first. I think it was more the pond-grass than anything else that kept us from jumping in. We found a weed-free spot by the waterfall and three of us got in. I had forgotten my suit and, well, I had run out of clean boxers a couple days before my mom would kill me if she knew I wrote this in the paper so I had to swim naked. It was actually quite liberating—but not quite as much of the fuck-tun experience as I had hoped.

The final chapter of this epic story began as we drove through unmettle, on our way home. Somehow the conversation landed on the smokehouse, and someone called it "greasy grandma food" or something like that, and we all elbowed in and agreed that we loved greasy grandma food. Then, slowly, it dawned upon us that right then at that instant, we could be eating greasy grandma food—all you can eat greasy grandma food! I've never really heard of any trends going to the smokehouse for dinner, and as I walked in wondered why. Then I remembered. The buffet costs not eight, not ten, not twelve, but thirteen dollars. This does not include a drink, but man oh man does it include food, I guess I had worked up quite an appetite over the entire journey because whether it was all said and done I had cleared two full plates, a salad, a cake, a glass of water and a glass of milk. I didn't move much the rest of that night.

Kiss & Tell

Lizzy Stone
Staff Writer

Recently I was home for the weekend and got into a discussion with my father about the joys of being in a relationship with someone special enough to spend the rest of my life with. After recovering from the fact that I'm 20 and already feeling pressured to settle down, he hit me with, "There is no better place to meet a future mate than college. When else in your life are you going to be surrounded by intelligent, interesting people of your same age who are looking for similar things out of life?"

Till that bomb dropped, I had always felt that the so-called "dating" scene in college, and especially here, was just a rite of passage. Relationships at Sewanee were the equivalent of taking organic chemistry for pre-med students—a pain and something you probably wouldn't ever use in the future, but something you had to go through so you could make it to the important stuff. The worthwhile stuff. I'd believed that getting to know a lot of different people in college would lead me to Mister "Right-Guy" after college.

But my discussion with my father made me wonder: Is there no hope for real relationships after college? Is Mister "Wanna-Watch-A-Movie-Guy" going to be the best it ever gets? If we don't get our M.R.S. here, will we end up old maids sitting in shady singles bars on Friday nights and going home to our apartments full of cats?

In high school I was always the girl with a boyfriend, meaning I was named from the time I was a sophomore. When I finally got to Sewanee, it was like going to an all-you-can-eat buffet. There were so many different options—frat guy, shy guy, nature guy, calculus

partner guy. To a girl who had settled down at the age of 16, it made sense to try a little of everything! Why look for "forever" when "right now" seemed like the perfect time? Why take one guy seriously when I could laugh with lots of guys? My mantra became the Carrie Snow quote: "Why get married and make one man miserable when I can stay single and make thousands miserable?"

Of course, at every break I would go home to the bombardment of "Soooooo, do you have a boyfriend yet?" When I would gleefully shake my head no, I just got "Aw, honey, well, you'll find someone, don't worry."

That's when it all came together for me—girls aren't supposed to go to the all-you-can-eat buffet and load up their plates; it's not ladylike! Polite girls—who are really happy—have settled for the duck and don't try the quail, the chicken, or the veal parmigiana. Good girls look for boyfriends who can someday grow up to be husbands and good providers. Good girls don't drool over Porsches, because the Suburbans will be much more practical for the kids and the strollers. Good Sewanee girls are supposed to wear flip-flops and never stilettos. Just as I was about to trade in all my tube tops for sweater sets, though, I had another revelation. I wouldn't want to end up with some guy who only ever looked for Ms. "Forever." In fact, I can't imagine anything sadder or more boring than being with someone who takes life that seriously in college and is that focused on becoming a man with a mortgage.

If true love knocks on your dorm door, then by all means go for it. But how will you know you're getting exactly what you want without shopping around first? So I say, girls, load up your plates—try a little of everything so you'll know what you crave.

Summer & Movies

Rosilyn Rayborn
Staff Writer

It's a new year and I want to welcome everybody back to the mountain where the nights are long, the caves are wet, and if you haven't heard yet, we get our party on!

Anyhow, I spent my summer, in true Sewanee fashion, raiding movie theaters until my pocketbook had a serious dent in it, to get the scoop on the summer's top movies. Unfortunately, said pocketbook wasn't full when said raid began, so said review is not too extensive, but it's pretty varied.

Moving on, the first movie on the roster is *Pirates of the Caribbean* starring Johnny Depp and Orlando Blume. This is a Disney pirate movie, but do not get it twisted, the movie was packed with humor and action that anyone could enjoy. And really, I hadn't seen a preview at all; I was going for more obvious reasons, but I left swooning—not just because Johnny looks good with dreads (he definitely shivered me timbers) and was doing a lot of "booty" talk, but also because the special effects and the plot made me scuttle in my seat! This movie is a definite must-see for mates and maidens alike. Look out for it next semester in the SUT.

Bad Boys II starring Martin Lawrence and Will Smith had a lot to live up to, considering *Bad Boys* was a huge success and I think that this movie met that challenge. The comedy is fresh and the action is *Fist and the Furious*-esque. The car chase scenes are awesome! And again, the plot rings very true-to-life. I don't want to give the movie away, but the scene where Martin's daughter has a guy come to the house to pick her

up for a date is classic! And the soundtrack for the movie is P. Diddylicious! It features Justin Timberlake, Beyoncé, Jay-Z, Nelly, and many others. In the words of Snoop Dogg (who is also on the soundtrack), this movie is the shizzle!

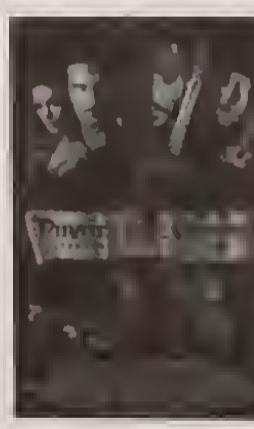
Taking a slight turn from comedy, I went to check out a movie that everyone has been waiting on for years, *Freddy vs. Jason*. I'm telling you right now, I am not the best judge of scary movies because I spend 98% of the time with my jacket

this guy figures it all out! You have your typical horror movie cast, from the feisty black girl, played by my girl, Destiny's Child's Kelly Rowland, to the busty "dream child" who saves the day at the end. One cool addition is this kid who looks like the spitting image of Jay, of the duo Jay & Silent Bob, who adds an element of comedy to go along with Freddy's catchy antics.

The final movie that I checked out for you guys is *S.W.A.T.* Now, out of all of the movies, this was my favorite. Veteran actor, Samuel L. Jackson stars alongside Colin Farrell, LL Cool J, and Michelle Rodriguez in what I consider the summer's hottest (pun intended) flick! The action is great and the plot is not too over the top with stunts. I actually did a little research and found out that Samuel and the rest of the cast spent time shadowing a real S.W.A.T. team to

get a feel of what being S.W.A.T. was all about. You get the triple threat: action, comedy, and authenticity all in one movie—and some really big guns. You even get come back with catchy phrases from the movie like "You're either S.W.A.T. or you're not." (F.Y.I. S.W.A.T. =Sitting With A Tool) See, that phrase is more relevant than you thought, huh?

So, that's my rundown of the summer's thrillers. All of the flicks are a must-see, so girls when that cute Sewanee guy invites you over to "watch a movie" if it's one of these, it'll be worth the watch!



A Unique and Memorable Dining Experience

In Decherd, Tennessee



Ted Goodman

Staff Writer

Cullie Cottage, located less than ten miles from the University of the South, is a quaint restaurant named after a local resident who used to inhabit the early 1900 home. As you enter the white frame home's welcoming drawing room from the wide front porch and notice the Mahogany piano it is evident that you are in for a treat. Each dining room is decorated in a manner appropriate for this turn of the century home. Three of the dining rooms overlook the railroad and accompanying calabooes. Calabooes are curious little octagonal buildings once used to restrain the rough and rowdy of Decherd. Frequent trains rumbling through the town evoke memories of Decherd's agricultural and manufacturing past. This rail road line and the rich red dirt of the surrounding farm lands helped to make Decherd one of the country's top ten potato producing towns during World War Two.

Owned and operated by Karen Hobba, who personally prepares each succulent meal, Cullie Cottage has been described as "One of Franklin County's best kept secrets." The specialties include the fruited tea, strawberry salads, home made rolls and mouth watering deserts, all made fresh each day by Karen. Many of the vegetables Karen serves are from her husband, Buddy's, garden. The home proudly displays the American Flag and is trimmed with white wrought iron.

Cullie Cottage is open for lunch Tuesday through Saturday 11:00-2:30 and Sunday Brunch 11:00-2:00. Fine dining is offered on Saturday evenings by reservation only.

Special hours for Parents' Weekend are Friday and Saturday lunch and dinner and Sunday Brunch. Call 931-967-4844 for reservations and directions. Although Cullie Cottage, does not sell alcoholic beverages, they will be happy to accommodate patrons who bring their own

Raiding Spaces

Kathryn Larson
Executive Editor

The police "protect and serve." But can they protect you from a \$300 parking ticket? OK, maybe not...but the Purple can! Welcome to the unofficial guide to get you up to speed on avoiding the cops while you drive around the Domain...a.k.a. the danger zone.

Far and Away (from Campus): The Monteagle Police Problem

Let's begin by addressing the point that the Sewanee Police Department is really here to protect you—especially from the Maleficent Monteagle Police. Chief Parrott hinted in our recent interview that catching students for speeding on the Monteagle Highway was at a record high. After some investigation, Monteagle Police Chief, Lee Parker, acknowledged that this past week alone, two cars were stopped for reckless driving in the 35 mile zone. Their speeds: 67 and 75. Guys, really, unless you are having a baby, there is no reason to speed past the Blue Church, Dollar General, or even Pizza Hut.



An SOS: Safe in Our Sewanee?

But back on our land, far away from the hustle and bustle of city life, let it be known from henceforth that we Sewanee students never, ever speed. However, as it is parents weekend, I feel obliged to digress upon how we are far more refined. In fact, we concentrate our efforts completely on bow ties, chivalry, and Vera Bradley bags—never EVER considering a good 'ole race down U. Avenue. However, when it comes to attaining the 'good life,' the motto should be, 'a good parking spot is next to Godliness.' And, if that parking spot maybe in the grass, in a handicapped place, or up in a tree, students from across the campus are making errors faster than they lose their beer at a frat party.

2,406 violations were counted last year alone and Parrott insists, 'it's not our job to judge, it's to write the ticket.' In other words, the Sewanee Police does not have a quota system, they simply are trying to protect the world order, and they do it by checking one parking spot at a time.

Mornings With Officer Marie

For this article, I wanted to experience firsthand what it feels like to issue the ticket. I wanted to know if an evil contempt was burning in the officer's heart to ticket certain individuals. With my pen and pad in hand, I awaited my drive around 'the danger zone.'

However, when officer Marie came to pick me up on that bright sunny 8 AM last Tuesday morning, I realized the only bias she had on cars was the color code violations. In fact, we began a search around McCrady, finding three cars with the wrong tag. Only later did I learn that still over 50 cars are not registered on this campus. By 9:30, seven tickets were issued, mostly all were color code, one inappropriately parked in a handicap place.

Hark! Have the Angels Forsaken Me? I can't seem to find a Spot!

Never fear, here are some places Officer Marie and Chief Parrott recommend: Trez, Hall Street, and Courts Parking—as long as off the street.

Where never EVER to park or the angel of Parking Tickets will violate your car with a ticket of Doom!

Stirling's—Unless it's just to purchase a 'Sewanee Purple' or another beverage of choice. Several violators are know

And just so you know how Nice the Police here Are:

Raiding Spaces: A Typical Day

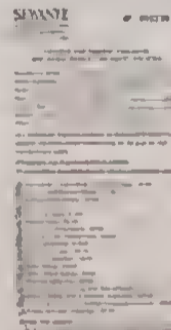
8 AM: Patrol Down University Avenue
check yellow curbs, visitor spots, green stickers

9 AM: Pass U. Avenue again

10 AM: Survey the 15-minute zones, the library, and Gorgas

After 12: It's errand time for students, and the police are in hot pursuit of violators parking in the visitors zone around the Bookstore and Q. They also make more of the same rounds discussed in the earlier part of the day.

So, now that you have your safety belt, you are free to put the cruise control on, turn the radio loud, let the windows down, and drive into the danger zone



to actually leave their car there during class.

Behind McClurg—Guys, come on, the Aramark people have to park somewhere!

Behind Fowler—This is a big violation, particularly after school or practice.

Book Store—If you plan on going to McClurg to get a cookie after, it's gonna be a pricey one. The police watch patiently...waiting for your cookies to crumble!! Be Careful!

Ten Things Every Student (and Parent) Should Know

1). Dean Pearigen on Collecting Keys:

"I plan to discontinue the practice of collecting (or trying to collect!) car keys for students who have four or more tickets. The new, increased fine structure makes this very time-consuming and problematic process of collecting, holding, and releasing car keys no longer as relevant as in the past. Also, we're increasingly concerned about compliance as students are (according to our sources) tending to use their second set of keys for driving their car. (When we discover this practice, additional sanctions are imposed.) And, the policy is breeding discontent among our students and an increased sense that we're too paternalistic."

Dean Pearigen hopes this will be favorably received by students.

2). Just like you have to have your name on your dorm, you have to have your tag on the car: Get your car registered.

3). If you get a ticket (and it's unjust) you have 48 hours to appeal the ticket.

4). There REALLY is no quota system

5). All the roads belong to the state—not the University

6). When you do decide to register, and not pay fines that can go into the hundreds...

1). pick up a handy green map telling where parking is allowed

2). Guys, I know you have to bend down, but for crying out loud put the sticker on the car!

7). If you hurt yourself, don't just park in the handicap place. You should go to Chief Parrott and request a 'Temporary tag'.

8). What weather gotta do with Tickets? Everything—more student get tickets in bad weather as they don't want to walk as much. Officer Marie says it's bad for everyone involved, because she has to get out of the car and serve the ticket, so, 'everyone gets wet.' Chief Parrot eloquently attests, 'rainy days are just like sunny days from the standpoint of color violations.'

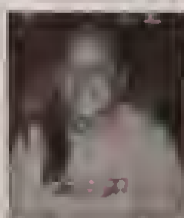
9). Ok, if you live off central campus: parking hours are after 5:00 pm until 8am. Gosh, you must have been living in a bubble not to know that. Sheesh!

10). As of Monday, September 8th, 175 tickets had been issued—don't let it happen to you!



You have to pay in order not to be fined. Why can't it (parking) be first come, first serve?

Joe St. John



'I think it's ridiculous that people want to drive here--everything is so close.'

Shawn Means



Parking isn't bad... I got ticketed though b/c I parked my car 'in the road' at Humphreys

Dexter Jackson

