Table Talk

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Table Talk is published twice weekly during the academic year. Submissions are due by Midnight, and issues will be distributed by 5:00 pm, according to the following schedule:

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<th>Submit By</th>
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Submissions should be photo ready 3” x 5” (the size of this ad). Deliver hard-copy submissions directly to Student Activities in Hulen Hall (2nd floor) or via campus mail (allow 2 days for delivery). Send e-mail attachment submissions to activities@hendrix.edu as MSWord, MSPublisher, or Adobe .pdf documents; or as jpeg, gif, or tiff images. Every ad must clearly indicate sponsoring organization or department, and submissions should include contact name, phone, and e-mail. Submissions are accepted only from official Hendrix organizations and departments. The Office of Student Activities reserves the right to edit any ad for clarity. The Office of Student Activities may reject submissions, but will make every effort to discuss such a decision with the contact person prior to publication.

With Valentine’s Day just around the corner, an Australian phone company has created a perfect way to get out of a bad date. All you have to do is secretly dial three numbers and then hang up without ever saying anything. Virgin Mobile will promptly call you back and give you a perfect excuse to break the date. They will even talk you through what to say.

Virgin Mobile did a survey of 402 people and discovered that 53% of people have a friend call and check in during a date in case they need an excuse to leave. The results also showed that women were twice as likely to do this as men.

For more information go to: http://story.news.yahoo.com/news?tmpl=story&cid=573&ncid=757&e=1&u=/nm/20050210/od_nm/life_australia_dates_dc

Sleeping Beauty & Other Stories

Tuesday, Feb. 15
7:30 p.m.
Staples Auditorium
FREE ADMISSION
Golden Oldie

I made it home early, only to get stalled in the driveway—swaying at the wheel like a blind pianist caught in a tune meant for more than two hands playing. The words were easy, crooned by a young girl dying to feel alive, to discover a pain majestic enough to live by. I turned the air conditioning off, leaned back to float on a film of sweat, and listened to her sentiment: 

*Baby, where did our love go?*—a lament I greedily took in without a clue who my lover might be, or where to start looking.

—Rita Dove