

Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is

By: Margaret Mason Tate

I grew up the child of two self-proclaimed "yellow dog Democrats" in an old money town in arguably one of the reddest states in the union—South Carolina. And being that liberal in a place that still maintains that Lindsay Graham is not gay, that it "really was a shame" that Strom Thurmond didn't win the presidential election in 1948, and that tried to pass a resolution in the House that would fund a statue of a six-foot-tall fetus to memorialize the aborted was no easy task. My parents taught me early on that while it is honorable and good to protest war/fight for LGBT rights/hold vigil in Columbia on the nights the state executed people, the single best thing we could do to support what we believed in was to be hyper-deliberate when spending our money.

It is for this reason that I didn't often eat food from Wendy's or Domino's, or wander the ever-expanding aisles of Wal-Mart, or purchase gasoline at Exxon or Mobil filling stations. And it didn't matter that Domino's had the best deals or that the closest gas station to my house was not, in fact, a BP—until I came to St. Andrews and all of the money I was spending was my own, they made sure their money was going to places they respected and agreed with politically and environmentally.

Not everyone, however, has parents quite as... careful—nay, obsessive!—as mine about which stores and corporations they patronize. And that's OK. But now that we St. Andrews begin to carefully peek past the invisible curtain on the campus property line out into The Real World, we might start examining not only what it is we believe—but how to effectively convey those beliefs with our spending habits.

Let's start simple: if you're watching CNN and you find out McDonald's has begun slaughtering baby kangaroos to cut costs, and you happen to be a big fan of not killing kan-

garoos, stop patronizing McDonald's. Don't buy food there, don't stop at the drive-thru for a Coke, and don't purchase those fun Happy Meal toys for your little brother's Christmas stocking. No means no. But Mason, you're asking, dear reader, How can I possibly know which corporations support which causes and political/environmental platforms? Good question, reader. Read on.

Here is a list of restaurants, businesses and stores that donate a great deal of money to the National Republican Party and its candidates each fiscal year: Wal-Mart, Wendy's, Outback Steak House, Domino's Pizza, Red Lobster, Olive Garden, Eckerd, CVS, Walgreen's, Curves for Women, GE, Exxon/Mobil. And if you're not sure whether or not you personally support the Republican party, here's a crib sheet provided by <http://www.ontheissues.org>: Death penalty—For it, Abortion—Against it, Gay Marriage—Against It, Socialized Healthcare—Hate it, War on Drugs—All about it, Environment—Promote market-based solutions. You can do this simple research for any political party or issue by searching for your favorite companies, finding out which parties, candidates, and issues those companies support, and then researching how those parties, candidates and issues align themselves with what you believe in.

Specifically, though, there are some things that we can generally agree on, despite parties or other affiliations. (Note that I did say generally...) For instance, most people I have spoken to are in agreement that it is immoral for companies to exploit cheap labor and even child labor in third world countries. This means that workers employed by certain companies with factories in third world countries are being given inadequate and disproportionate wages, working inordinate amount of hours (sometimes nineteen-and-a-half hours per day) and are working in deplorable physical conditions with no healthcare, overtime pay or unions. Two examples of companies that allegedly do this are

Nike and Wal-Mart.

Another thin that most of us agree on is the subject of environmental conservation. Many people think that there is a patchouli-scented, tie-dyed, Birkenstocked stigma attached with environmentalism, but there doesn't have to be. Simply by purchasing products made by environmentally-friendly companies, you can help the environment by forcing companies in competition with their eco-friendly counterparts to pick up the slack and get Green—if for no other reason than to appease the gods of the Free Market. Companies that have been repeatedly recognized for their environmental contributions are: Newman's Own, Tom's of Maine, Kiss My Face, Burt's Bees, Amy's Brand, Apple, Inc., and Annie's Brand. Toyota and Honda are also rising to the top of eco-friendly automobile manufacturers because of the advent of the hybrid car. Even when you travel, you can be environmentally conscious: check out <http://www.environmentallyfriendly-hotels.com/> to see if where you regularly stay "checks out."

St. Andrews, I know that ours is not a generation recognized for its activism; in fact, we are quickly becoming recognized not for our efforts but because we often refuse to assign ourselves to causes and issues that impact us, our country, and our planet. By becoming aware of the political, social, and environmental agendas of the companies we support monetarily, we can spell out our own beliefs in tender and coinage. I urge you to take the time to check out your favorite brand, company, clothing line or restaurant to see if you believe the causes they support. By being purposeful in what we do—and do not—choose to spend money on, we can make a statement louder than any picket sign.

1 According to <http://www.boycottrepublicans.com>

2 According to <http://www.library.thinkquest.org>

HALLOWEEN STORIES

A Journal Entry of a Mourning Husband

By: Marshall Fuller

My name is Tim Robbins, my wife was Gloria Summers, her real name was Gloria Robbins, but she changed it to seem more available. Anyway she was the 23 victim of the notorious serial killer Ted Cox, aka photographer Ted.

Photographer Ted was from South Carolina, he had one goal in life: to become the most famous photographer in the world. Going from community college to community college with a major in photography he eventually ended up in Los Angeles. He thought to become the world's greatest photographer he had to live in Los Angeles. They never accepted him as a photographer. Models, other photographers, all the same. They thought he was poor, rural, Southern, backwoods, with a camera. After five years of being an Uncle Tom doormat he got a job with a private agency.

It seemed things were just starting to go right for Ted Cox, but five years of taking peoples comments and eating it, breakfast, lunch and dinner. Well he decided to start his comment free diet. He referred to it as his Helter Skelter masterpiece. The first victim was Lynn Rosentano, she was a lingerie model. Ted knew how Los Angeles worked if you want something, you have to give something in return. Lynn Rosentano did just that, after she slept with Ted, he drowned her in the shower and then slit her wrist and photographed her. This would be the beginning of his work, and the end of hers.

After this he killed more, it got to the

point were you would see the crime photos on TV and in the papers every couple of weeks. This angered Ted because the crime photographers could never get it right. He started leaving his photos at the crime scenes with a note. The note would read I am tired of your crime scenes messed up photos, use these compliments of your neighborhood photographer, photographer Ted.

Eventually he got to my wife, number 23; Gloria and I were married for 3 years. She was only faithful to me for 1. She was always looking for someone to make her feel beautiful, even if only for half an hour. I tried to make her feel beautiful, but despite my best efforts, I couldn't. She became one of Ted's models, and later one of his victims. Ted was inspired by

the Jack the Ripper murders. After my wife he kept it up until he hit number 80. The papers wrote this was the worst killing spree since the Manson family. The day he was arrested he achieved his goal, he became the greatest photographer in the world.

It was on a Sunday, the LAPD found him in his private studio. The walls were all white with pictures of his victims spread throughout them. The words of a madman were written all over the walls "kill them all, Helter Skelter." The floor had clear plastic with blood on it from where his victims once lay. Lying on the floor was a journal of all his victims and a

photo album. The photo album was taken into evidence, his journal entries sold next to the Bible. He loved to tell the reporters "One picture is worth a thousand words, everybody will be talking about my work for a very long time."

He was put on trial and found guilty. Luckily, California reinstated the death penalty and the chair. I was there the night of his execution. When Ted was asked for his last words, he laughed at us and said "Look at all of you wishing you could pull the lever. You're just like me, but with no camera. If you had a camera you would take that picture because you know it will last longer than your memories."

After it was done I got a chance to go in the execution room, because I knew somebody. That guy was right, I took a picture and I placed in my mirror so that I can look at it every morning when I wake, and every night when I sleep. I guess I am just like him.



Photo courtesy of Rooney Coffman