

THE YELL



VOLUME 20, ISSUE 31

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, LAS VEGAS

May 12, 1976

Jerry Brown Candidate Visits LV

by Phillip Foster

On Sunday, May 9, presidential candidate Jerry Brown of California spoke at the Las Vegas Convention Center in the Gold Room to about 1,000 people. The previous day at the Democratic state convention Governor Brown was the over-all favorite among Nevada Democrats. This was a good thing according to Brown because he needs to carry Nevada in the May 25 primary. He said numerous times during his speech that on that day the eyes of the whole nation will be on Nevada.

Governor Brown said that the first thing he would try to accomplish as president would be to create jobs for all those Americans who are unemployed. He said he wants to make America a place that all Americans can be proud of and have respect for. That cannot be done, he said, with so many people out of work. He indicated that for a republic to survive and flourish people must have something to do. A nation in which people have nothing to do will not last long. He went on to say that the problems that face this country are great and will not easily be solved. To solve them will take much hard work and will not be accomplished overnight. He said that things are going to get tough. He feels that once it is done, we can all have pride in America and be proud to be Americans.

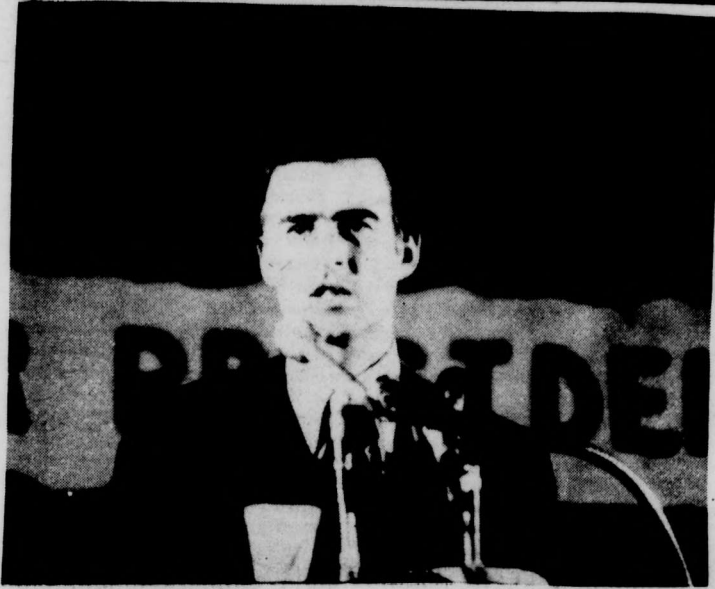
Governor Brown wants to decentralize the federal government. He made the point that right now there are too many petty decisions being made in Washington that could be made on the state and local levels. One example was the fact that now in Washington it is decided whether or not someone has to wear a helmet when riding a motorcycle. This type of decision, he said, should be made by the states. He criticized those who talked about shrinking the federal government. He said that government is not going to shrink. What he wants to do is to slow the process of growth.

He feels that now and in the past government leaders have not considered things in length before taking action. One example, he said, was the American military involvement in Southeast Asia. The government has been acting on assumptions and taking quick action rather than taking the time to make a decision. This includes those from domestic to foreign policies, Brown said.

Asked about how he differs from Jimmy Carter, Governor Brown said that he feels Jimmy Carter is not leveling with the American people about how serious the situation in America is today. He said that the magnitude of the problems facing this country are tremendous and Jimmy Carter is not giving the people this impression.

Brown feels he can offer America a new spirit of leadership in Washington. He did say that he is not Santa Claus with a bag of tricks. He said that he is not promising to solve all the problems, but feels that he can get things going. He said that people have accused him of being conservative in spending money. He said they are wrong. "I am cheap, cheap with your money," he said.

Whether or not Governor Brown is a viable candidate for the office of president only time will tell. He feels that the race is wide open; not closed as many people think. He said that some people think that the Democratic convention was held in Pennsylvania last April. "But," he said, "the convention will be held this summer in New York and as it stands the race is wide open. If I can take the lead in Maryland in two weeks as I have, then I can take the lead in the country in two months." He made his plea once again to Nevadans to help him show the rest of the nation that he can win, by asking them to vote for him on May 25.



Russell Protests Ham Hall Plans

Are the students of UNLV not to receive any discounts at the new Artemus Ham Concert Hall? That is the question CSUN President Dan Russell is prepared to ask after he spoke with Dr. Brock Dixon, Administration Vice-president.

Dr. Dixon cites the fact that there is substantial private money which is paying most of the costs in the construction of the hall and this will make student discounts "out of the question" at the present time. This applies to the upcoming symphonic series which will begin next fall.

Students get discounts at the Judy Bayley Theatre because they pay a subsidy for that privilege, whereas they don't, as of the present time, pay one to Ham Hall, according to Dr. Dixon.

The CSUN senate voted unanimously to support taking this matter to the Regents in the future in an effort to give the students some sort of price reduction. Russell wants to go on the record as saying, "I will diligently pursue the fight for student rights on this campus."

Any students protesting this action should address themselves to Dr. Brock Dixon, Room 724, Humanities Building.

The Last Issue of The YELL

Well, gang, so much for this semester in *The YELL*--this will be the last issue until late August. *The YELL* office will be open for inquiries, applications to join the staff, placement of ads, or other newspaper business all during the months of July and August. Any business prior to that must be handled through the mail and addressed to *The YELL*, UNLV, 4505 Maryland Parkway, Las Vegas, Nevada, 89154.

This last issue of *The YELL* is believed to be the largest and most expensive edition ever produced at UNLV (according to *YELL* files, at least). It contains 28 pages. It is supposed to cover the week of finals, as well as review the entire school year. We hope you enjoy it, and see you next fall!!

New Senators



NEW SENATORS--Five new senators took their seats at last Tuesday night's CSUN senate meeting. Bottom row, from left are Teresa McCraw and Tina Purdy from the Education Department, and Pamela Phinney from the University College. Top row, left to right, is senior class senator Joe Mann, Scott Lorenz from the Hotel Association, and Gerone Free from Business. These students are there to speak up for your rights.

The Year in Review

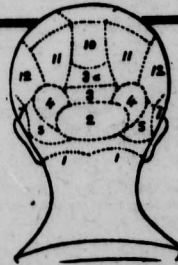
In
The
YELL

75-76

See page 11



**YELL Editor Don Barry takes
a Novel look at the YELL
See page 21**



In Sickness and in-HELP!

Humor on page 4



Poll Results on page 2

Results of Student Poll

YELL Editor Don Barry is a Turkey

by Don Barry

One can learn several things from the recently-published YELL poll which came back into the office in surprising large numbers this week. For instance, a majority of the students believe YELL Editor Don Barry is a total turkey to even ask a question about Mike Navarro or anything else. Many things taken for granted turned out not to be true at all, and many others were substantiated quite firmly.

Before evaluating the results readers should be aware that the poll did not measure the attitudes of the typical YELL reader, but measured the opinions of those readers who bothered to fill out the questionnaire and return it to The YELL. The opinions expressed by those students probably do reflect those of the larger readership, but, of course, in no way can we gauge opinion of the entire student body, many of whom don't pay that much attention to the paper, on the basis of the poll.

Also, despite the fact we at The YELL were favorably impressed by the number of replies, only 68 were received at the YELL office. Considering the location and the short time the students had to reply, this was an avalanche. A previous YELL poll which was attempting to get the students to suggest activities got four replies. That was a year ago.

The typical YELL reader, according to response received, is a freshman between the ages of 19 and 22, and is a resident of Clark County majoring in Hotel. If you don't fit that description, put this paper back in the rack and never patronize it again. Good, it's about time we weeded out those kinds of people.

The class that showed the highest interest in The YELL were freshmen (no jokes, please), which make up 33 per cent of our readers. Surprisingly, the second group of readers were the seniors, which make up 26 per cent. Juniors and sophomores no doubt have better things to do with their time, as 13 per cent and 19 per cent read The YELL respectively. Only one professor responded (rather favorably, I might add) and a few non-students that make up the other 7 per cent. The freshmen's had the most obscenities written on them, and were the most fun to read. I think the freshmen were also the most critical; as everybody knows, freshmen think they know everything.

There is good news for YELL advertisers. YELL readers are between 19 to 30 which is within the age bracket that spends the most money. Those between 19 and 22 made up 59 per cent, and 23 to 30 were 28 per cent. Over 30 was next with 11 per cent, and there were only a couple below the age of 19. They tallied two per cent.

We learned something with that question, "What is your major?" It is very time-consuming to compile and the results were really boring. Live and learn.

The administration's dream to cut out the out-of-state student is close to becoming a reality as out-of-state students make up only 8 per cent of those students who replied. A whopping 87 per cent are from Clark County.

As should be expected a majority of the students who replied read The YELL all the time (56%), those who read most of the time came second (37%), and those who read occasionally made up only 7% of the responses. Think about this: many students who

called The YELL total garbage, read the paper "all the time." Some people never learn.

The question which attracted the most attention around the office was the one that asked, "Which features do you read on a regular basis?" Editor's Notebook came in first, nosing out Commentary which is written by George Stamos, Associate Editor, by a vote of 48 to 40. Notebook is read by 71% of the readers, while Commentary is read by 59%. It is surprising that two editorials are the most read by students. Perhaps the students are more interested in what goes on with their university than had been thought. Third was a tie between the always-popular Greek Column, written by Jodi Tenuta, and the comic strip Slider Schmoot, drawn and written by Phill Atteberry, each having 23 votes and 34 per cent of the readers. Steven B. Howard's Steven's Scoreboard, and Record Review, written by Mark Hayes, were close behind with 20 and 16 votes and 29% and 24% of the readers respectively.

It would appear that students enjoy regular features, and the more daring and controversial, the better. The poll did not ask the students what they liked the best, however, just what they read.

The idea that UNLV students are issue-conscious is evident in that the editorial section was selected as the most interesting by a wide margin. Editorials received 52 per cent of those votes for the most interesting section, followed by entertainment with 19 per cent and sports, a surprisingly weak 14 per cent. An additional 14 per cent was divided among other features such as "hard news," in-depth interviews (by Hoffman), and some did not indicate a preference.

When it came to the question, "What kind of a job do you think The YELL is doing?", the results were favorable, although those who hated it, hated it very much. Only 7 per cent thought The YELL was outstanding (and those five people are seeking professional help). But 50 per cent gave The YELL a good rating. This means that 57% of the readers who replied approved of the job we are doing. Among them was the professor who warned us "not to get a swelled head--there is plenty of room for improvement." We quite agree, but thank you.

About 22 per cent gave us the passing grade of "fair." The paper was labeled poor by 12 per cent which is not bad at all. Nine per cent of the readers called the paper "total garbage" which I suspect are very shrewd judges of print media. (Or, possibly, YELL staff members.)

Over a third of the readers (36%) thought The YELL is better this semester than it was last, while 5 per cent liked last semester's paper better. At least we are improving. One interesting ballot called the paper "total garbage," but also said it was "better than last fall." I wonder what he thought of last year's paper.

Twenty per cent thought the paper was better in some areas, 18 per cent thought it was about the same, and 21 per cent didn't know. No one marked the box "Who Cares?"

Regarding the question about the Mike Navarro editorial in which the readers were asked to indicate whether they believed it or not, the overwhelming reply was "no opinion." Some readers apparently did believe the claims in the article as 32 per cent said "yes." Many of those said they "had known that and many other things about him all along, but what of it?" A majority of the 18 per cent of replies that said "no" to this question also made some reference to it in the comments portion at the bottom of the page. I wish I could print some of those, but most of the language is pretty foul. Many students thought it was a dirty trick, or that Don Barry was "brown-nosing," or that it was "yellow journalism," but there were only a few of those. The overall view was that it should have been done earlier and with a chance for Navarro to reply.

The joke question of whether Don Barry was a "total turkey to ask the last question" (about the Navarro editorial), revealed that if you ask, you may get an answer you don't like. Forty-four percent thought Barry a turkey, 30 per cent said he was not, and 25 per cent had no opinion. Gobble, gobble.

Students seemed to be outraged about Frank Sinatra receiving an honorary degree as 65 per cent said "no," he shouldn't. Many of them felt very strongly about it. Many suggested another award like an autographed football or a new frisbee or something. Only 21 per cent thought Frank was deserving and 13 per cent said they did not know what to think.

Only 18 per cent of the graduating seniors thought the graduation ceremonies were going to

be adequate, while 47 per cent thought it was not satisfying, and 35 per cent had no opinion. So much for the Valley High gym.

The biggest response was a vote of confidence for the Board of Regents for reinstating the "F" grade, 80 per cent. Only 13 per cent said no, and 7 per cent had no opinion. The students would evidently like to have stricter educational policy.

The Day Care Center is a very popular issue, one that the administration had better take note of. Seventy per cent of the students believe there is a need for such a facility. Only 19 per cent said there was no need, and 11 per cent had no opinion.

Responses to the next two questions contradicted each other, as a majority (57%) thought they were not getting their money's worth in their pursuit of an education at UNLV. When it came to the question of whether or not they are satisfied with the department of the area in which they major, they also said no, but only by a 43-42 per cent margin. In other words the school is bad, but most of the departments are nearly adequate.

The question about the library and its ability to meet the students' needs was really too close to call. Forty-nine per cent said it was poor, 43 per cent said it wasn't, and 8 per cent had no opinion.

Another landslide balloting was the opinion that the P.E. Complex was being run poorly. Eighty-two per cent thought so. Only 7 per cent liked the way it is being run, and 11 per cent had no opinion. It sounds like Dan Matlock of the Students Action Corps has public opinion on his side.

Overall it was a good exercise and The YELL would like to thank all those who replied, even the one who wrote: "Don Barry makes me nauseous, the very thought of him makes me sick." Me too!

THE YELL

May 12, 1976
Volume 20, Issue 31Editor
Don Barry

Editor-at-Large Barbara Scarantino
 Managing Editor LeighAnne Morejon
 Associate Editor George Stamos, Jr.
 Business Manager Rick Harris
 Sports Editor Steven B. Howard
 Staff Artist Phill Atteberry
 Layout Colleen Newton
 Secretary Christy Cody
 Staff Darla Anderson, Neil Hoffman,
 Jodi Tenuta, Mark Hayes, Phillip Foster, Lou Mazzola, Maxine Peterson.

The YELL is published weekly by CSUN Publications, 4505 Maryland Parkway, Las Vegas, Nevada 89154. Main offices are located on the third floor of the Moyer Student Union Building, telephone (702) 739-3478.

Opinions expressed in The YELL do not necessarily reflect the views of the Consolidated Students, faculty, or staff of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, or the Board of Regents, University of Nevada System. Subscriptions rates are \$7 per year within the continental United States.

The YELL is represented for national advertising, although not exclusively, by CASS Student Advertising, Incorporated, 4001 West Devon Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60646, and by the National Educational Advertising Service, Incorporated, 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

Special Announcement!

Any books left over thirty days
in the csun Book Co-Op should
be picked up before the end
of the semester.



CSUN

COMMENTARY

It's A Joke, Frank!

by George Stamos, Jr.



Letters To The Editor

I would like to respond to a letter submitted to *The YELL* and published in this closing issue from Ms. Miriam Cote, a secretary in the Athletic Department office. The letter takes offense at the alleged unfair treatment of the awarding of an honorary Doctor of Humanities degree to noted entertainer, Frank Sinatra.

First of all, I'd like to thank Ms. Cote for taking the time to send us her views, even though they are critical. It is indeed gratifying to note that there is *someone* over in the Athletic Department who reads...er...our paper, that is!

Second, as you yourself stated, Ms. Cote, everyone is entitled to his own opinion. The editorial comments by Mr. Barry and myself are just that: personal opinion. Moreover, it is the responsibility of this newspaper to express other viewpoints even if we, the editors, oppose them. There is a common exercise in debate classes called "playing the Devil's Advocate," in which the student is asked to deliberately express a view opposing his or her own. This newspaper has a similar obligation to communicate differing views, both pro and con. In printing your letter, and our opinions, we are fulfilling that obligation. Furthermore, it is the function of a university to provide a forum for the exchange of ideas and for the unfettered expression of diverging opinions. A campus newspaper, therefore, should be at the very heart of that process.

Third, let's be realistic: there is going to be criticism of the Sinatra degree from persons both on and off campus. Some of that criticism has already surfaced. The University of Nevada will have to answer to that criticism. In the April 28 issue, the conferral of the Sinatra degree was given full exposure on the front page. Approximately three-fourths of the story pertained to the many accomplishments and philanthropic activities for which Mr. Sinatra has rightfully been praised, and to the many awards he has received. Mr. Barry's "cute" editorial in that same issue was meant as a counterweight to the cover article. And, my earlier remarks were made within the context of a criticism of the change in the commencement site and program. Both commentaries on Sinatra were decidedly "tongue in cheek." I think that Mr. Sinatra (if he reads this newspaper, at all--which I doubt), is a big enough person to be able to take a few light-hearted jabs now and then. Certainly more caustic remarks were made by Mr. McVey and Dr. Spight. (By the way, Dr. Spight is not hardly "an unknown physics professor," but is chairman of the Physics Department) And, of course, they are entitled to their own opinions as well.

Personally, I feel that this institution should be grateful for the immense contribution Mr. Sinatra has made. He is indeed our most distinguished "adopted" alumnus. His contributions to the athletic program have helped raise the needed funds to put the Rebels, and consequently UNLV, "on the map." That's terrific. But overkill can harm as well as help. The glitter of the UNLV program has the NCAA breathing down the school's neck. But, probation or no probation, our athletes, who represent the students and the school, have performed superbly. They deserve a great deal of praise, as do the many donors who have contributed their efforts and funds to improve the quality of a young and dynamic sports program. But "sports does not a university make." Things must be kept in perspective. There are many other programs and activities on campus that also deserve praise. Most notably is the consistently superior effort of UNLV's...of our Theatre Arts Department. *The House of Bernarda Alba* and *Tommy Flowers* have recently received accolades in their own arena of competition. So, why doesn't the university throw an appreciation banquet for all of those who are deserving in the university community? That way we could all experience the joy of listening to perhaps one of the greatest entertainers of our modern age. That would be fitting of Mr. Sinatra's talents. That would be more fair than limiting it to a select group of donors. If Mr. Sinatra is to symbolically at least, become "one of us" through the ritualistic bestowal of an honorary degree, then we should all share in it in some way. School, as life, is a communal thing. By segregating award dinners and appreciation banquets by department, discipline or group, we force ourselves apart when we should be bringing ourselves together.

As to your displeasure at one of the *YELL* staff requesting tickets to the essentially closed affair (myself), I can only respond by saying that it is right and proper for the campus newspaper to cover such a prestigious campus-related event so that those who were not fortunate enough to attend can share in the experience in a small way. I was fortunate enough to attend last year's banquet only because a kind secretary in the Athletic Department office graciously gave me her tickets, which she was unable to use. It was an evening I'll never forget. It is probably an event unequalled by any other university in the country. We should be proud of that distinction, but we should also be able to share in it.

Finally, although I cannot speak for Mr. McVey or Dr. Spight, but only for Mr. Barry and myself, we both consider it unfortunate that there are those who seem to have lost their sense of humor. (Or is it just that we are lousy joke writers?) Frank, I mean, Mr. Sinatra, if you're out there, we're just funnin', honest! By the way, we sure do hope that Senator Church doesn't hand you a subpoena when you get your degree! Now Frank, it was just a harmless little joke! A joke, Frank. Come on, smile! Please? Frank? Frank! Fra...arrrrrrgh!

Dear Editor:

I was extremely irritated after reading the April 28 edition of *The YELL*. Now, after seeing the edition on May 5, I can not believe that some of the people on this campus are so completely selfish and narrow.

It is indeed a sad thing when the Board of Regents can not give an honorary doctorate if they so wish. No one else --faculty or students-- made any recommendations concerning this matter. Of course, if this award was for an unknown, no one would bat an eye. Yet, because the person receiving the award just happens to own a name that is known to everyone in America, as well as throughout the world and because that multi-talented personality has been generous enough to do two benefit performances for the UNLV Athletic Department, he must be the subject of some very petty gum flapping. I am sure no introduction is necessary -- I am speaking of Frank Sinatra.

I am having great difficulty understanding why an unknown physics professor should be "Shocked and embarrassed" as a result of Mr. Sinatra's receiving the award.

It was indeed refreshing and confirmed my belief that Mr. Sinatra was above such garbage when I read in that same *YELL* article (April 28) that, "When contacted in Los Angeles, a spokesman for Mr. Sinatra stated that the singer would not be interested in commenting on an 'internal university dispute.'" Good for you, Frank! Such comments do not deserve answers.

The heart of the attack seems to be that part of the reason for the award is Mr. Sinatra's contribution to the Athletic Scholarship Appreciation Banquet. It seems that whenever significant amounts of money are raised for this purpose, there are always several bystanders, who seem to think it fashionable to criticize. Could this possibly stem from jealousy?

Of course, next comes the usual put-down of "jocks." Here also, a few of the "sheep" are very willing to jump on the bandwagon. Two specific incidents can be found on page 2 of the May 5 edition of *The YELL*. (One of them is a very "cute" editorial --at least the editor probably thinks it's cute. The second is a letter to the editor. Everyone has the right to express his opinion, regardless of whether that opinion is based on facts.) It would not surprise me if these critics were among the first to claim these "jocks" as *their* team when national recognition is attained. Or maybe, they are like those who buy student tickets, at student prices, of course, to the athletic events, then scalp them for regular price or more if they can get it. What a clever move!

It is hard to believe that students who have made it all the way to a university still stereo-type individuals. Certainly, there are

some individuals that fit the cast. But isn't that true in all walks of life.

Most of the athletes (men and women) are students, similar to all of the students at UNLV --that is, if anyone can be considered similar. However, their one distinguishing characteristic is that they are gifted with larger quantities of coordination, which they are utilizing through athletics. These athletes are all students. Some are accounting majors. Some are business majors. Some are pre-med majors. Others are in math, economics, hotel administration, criminal justice, education, etc.

One more aspect, I'm sure is usually overlooked is the extra amount of time required of these students. Not only do they have classes and homework, they also have practice. The daily practice time alone is more than most students spend on their books in each 24 hour period. Yet, after practice and team meetings, these athletes must study. (They must pass a minimum of 12 credit hours per semester to remain eligible to participate in the program.) Of course, the pessimists will say that teachers favor the athletes and just pass them through, regardless of merit. Usually, the opposite is true, because they are athletes, they must prove themselves. The truly valuable mentors judge all pupils on merit.

Why should it bother anyone if some of the residents of this city choose to donate to the athletic scholarship drive? These donations do not take anything away from the other departments of the school nor from the other students. Instead, these funds make the athletic program possible and give many people in the community a link with the university. This surely is not harmful to the institution.

The final action in this muddle of hypocrisy came on Friday afternoon (May 7). After two rather bitter editorials aimed at the Athletic Department and Frank Sinatra, a member of *The YELL* personnel appeared at the athletic department offices asking, "What provisions have been made for the *YELL* staff to receive tickets to the Scholarship Banquet?" If this program and Mr. Sinatra are so thoroughly disliked, why should they want to attend this affair? Why should the *YELL* staff be included in this event at all? That banquet is to thank all of the scholarship donors and, unless I am mistaken, I have not seen any of these staff members included in the list of contributors.

Likewise, the award being given to Frank Sinatra is in part to thank him for his contributions to the school. The money raised by the Athletic Department would be the same amount regardless of whether Mr. Sinatra does his thing. However, it makes it twice as nice when he performs for the dinner.

I am sure this letter will not stop the derogatory and very often hypocritical remarks made by those who are so small and resentful of others' achievements. Maybe it will just make those

covetous comments a bit easier to stomach for those who must endure them.

Miriam Cote

Dear Editor:

It has been with pleasurable pride that I have seen the university grow from one small building to an educational complex.

My children have used the facilities in varying degrees; at present I have a daughter in the graduate school, and another in a "pre"-program.

It was only natural that I would be interested in *The YELL*, as I have fancied myself a critic since my course in high school journalism. I rate newspapers on the interest they stimulate, and since the change of editors, *The YELL* has, so to speak, come of age.

I once questioned the "A Star". I would say it is deserved, my accolade, "take a bow," Don! Name withheld on grounds it would identify

A UNLV Mother!

Dear Editor:

I wondered why your story on *Senzuri* was subtitled "Believe It or Not" --that is, until I came to the third paragraph, where mention was made of "Emporer Hero Heato." Good grief!

Whoever wrote that article should be flunked from Journalism (*sic*), Spelling (*sic*) and History (*sic*). If you don't know how to spell it, look it up! 'Nuff said.

Kathy Foley

Managing Editor's Note: The passage to which you refer is an intentional distortion of spelling in the broadest sense, and I am responsible for it. If you had attended the seminar--or simply taken a closer look at the article--you should have seen that the entire affair was in fun, and proper reference to his highness, the Emperor Hirohito, would have been not only in poor taste, but downright false.

Good grief! Perhaps you should take a course in Sense of Humor. (I hope you don't flunk.) If you don't know how to laugh, button it up!

P.S. It's "enough."

University Year For Action

University Year for Action (UYA) will have a limited number of placements available in June. While students work 30 hours a week in the poverty community in social agencies, they earn 12 hours of credit per semester through the university.

UYA is of particular value to students majoring in the social sciences. If you are interested, call Kate Schonmeyer, 739-3311, or come to the UYA office, Room 136, social Sciences Building. Agencies are interviewing students now, so don't delay!

"In Sickness And In...HELP!!"

A Sick Look At Health Care

by Barbara Scarantino

"Take off everything and put this on. Doctor will be with you shortly."

The nurse closed the door behind her. I was left alone, shivering in the au naturel, trying to figure out how to put on the giant-sized Scot Towel she gave me with a hole here and some slits there. I put my head there and my arms here but I didn't get anywhere until I put my head here and my arms there. The rest of me was nowhere.

The doctor entered.

Violently I ripped his stethoscope from his ears. Vehemently I kicked over the sterilizer. Viciously I tore up his prescription pad and maliciously I scribbled obscenities on his wall with tincture of iodine.

Then I let out a blood-curdling scream.

"Well now," he chimed. "What seems to be our problem?"

"I have these uncontrollable outbursts of temper," I shrieked, crushing an entire carton of finger cots with my bare hands.

"I see. And have you noticed anything unusual about your behavior lately?"

"Unusual?" I screamed. "I'm going bonkers. I can't cope. I can't think. I can't eat or sleep. And worst of all I can't work."

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I write."

"Well, you'll have to stop."

"Stop writing?"

"No...stop squeezing my Adam's apple....I....can't...gasp...breathe...choke..."

"Sorry."

"Well, let's have a look at you." In this get up, no undue effort was necessary. He placed the stethoscope on my back.

"Cough, please."

"Hack, hack."

"How long have you had that cough?"

"Since you told me to cough."

"No lie on your back."

"OK. But I'd better warn you. I have a beige belt in alley fighting."

"Just place your feet in the stirrups and move down a bit lower on the table."

Deftly, I positioned myself. I'd been back in the saddle more times than Gene Autry. Still something was wrong.

"But doctor," I protested. "The pain is in my head."



"Now, now. This won't hurt a bit," he said as if he knew.

As the stars and stripes exploded in my head I mused, "Why do doctors always perform their gynecological services like they're saving Holland from an impending flood?"

"Well, now. Let's have a look inside your mouth."

"Fine. But I think you'd better adjust the table first."

"Open wide."



"What's that thing?"

"A tongue depressor."

"Well, the rest of me is depressed. Why not my tongue, too?"

"Hmmm. Your teeth leave a lot

to be desired."

"How much do you think I'd get on the hoof at the open market place?"

"Do you have insurance?"

"For my teeth?"

"No. For a few days in the hospital. I think you need a rest."

A rest?!

I dragged my body into the admissions office of the hospital, secure in the thought that I would soon be tucked warmly into a nice bed with nurses and doctors fawning over me, diagnosing and pampering me, till I was well again.

"Will this take very long?" I asked the clerk. "I really don't feel very well."

"Oh, no time at all. Once we fill in the necessary papers. Now I need a little identification."

"That's easy. Will my driver's license do?"

"For a start. Then...I need your social security card, sheriff's card, student I.D., birth certificate, baptismal certificate, confirmation certificate, auto registration, membership cards to any and all civil, political religious and humanitarian groups, your computer number on your super-market check cashing card, and any and all tabulated key punch cards for your admission into the human race."

"I seem to be missing one."

"Which one?"

"My birth certificate."

"Oh, that is serious. How will we know you were born?"

"Well, I'm sitting here with you. That's a small clue."

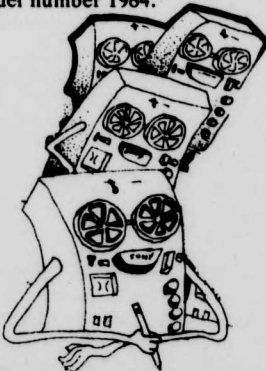
"Well, I know you're here and you know you're here, but he won't know you're here."

"Who is 'he'?"

"Orwell."

"Harry Orwell?"

"No. Orwell. Our computer. Model number 1984."



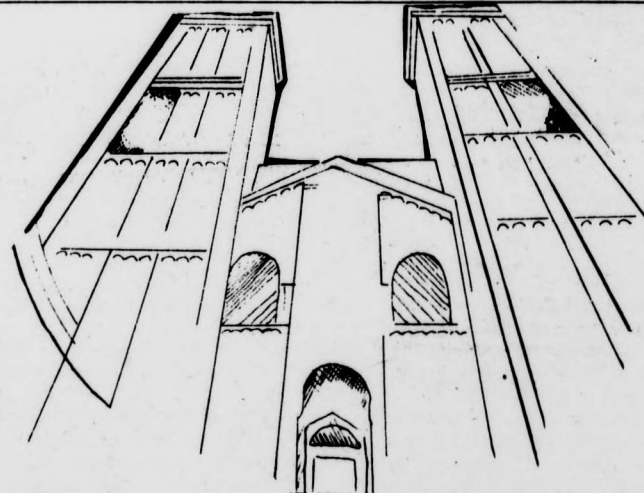
"Oh, George. Look can't you overlook it? I have everything else. My insurance papers, my referral, all my I.D.'s, my suitcase, my Doctor Denton's, a splitting headache and I'm going to vomit right here on your desk."

"I'm sorry. Orwell would know. We couldn't fool him. Why, he'd have a fit."

"Let me talk to him."

I leaned over Orwell and whispered my bargain into his feed button.

"It's all fixed," I told the clerk



confidently.

"What did you tell him?"

"That I would fix him up with a nice little AC-DC programmer with a 40-22-36 transistorized component."

"Sex maniac!"

"Look, lady. It's Las Vegas. When in Rome...."

When a doctor tells you he is admitting you for a rest, he means a battery of tests....

"Just lay your arm flat and squeeze your fist tight for me," the white-coated Vampira instructed.

Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze.

"Good. My, what a nice vein you have. This won't take long at all."

Jab, jab.

"Ouch, ouch."

"Sorry. The little bugger rolled away from the needle. But I'll get it this time. Squeeze your hand again."

Squeeze, squeeze.

Jab, jab.

"Ouch, ouch."



"Sorry. But I seem to have lost your vein. Well, let's try the other arm. Squeeze your hand." Squeeze, squeeze.

Jab, jab.

"Ouch, ouch."

"Hold still now. This one's rolling too. I'll just follow it with the needle...up here...over...under...up here...right...there!! See? I told you it wouldn't take but a minute."

"Would you answer a question?"



"Sure," she accommodated.

"Do you always take blood out of a patient's armpit?"

I was routed through the x-ray room for 74 pictures of my neck, chest, arms, legs, nose, ear, elbow and left third toe. They were right. My elbow was next to my left third toe.

They injected dye into my arm to check my kidneys. They were right. The dye dyed my kidneys the same color as the dye.

I drank a quart of strawberry-flavored cement so they could check my stomach for ulcers. They were right. I had strawberry ulcers as hard as cement. And it's not easy to get holes as hard as cement.

The only delicate way to describe the lower G.I. series is to say it is a parallel to the Nazi hose torture invented by a mad scientist with a fetish for rectal invasion. It is a test that is sure to go down in the *annals* of history, where we all should hope he went.

Four hours later, fatigued and spent (and empty), I was wheeled back to my room, helped into bed where I immediately began to drift into an exhausted sleep.

I was awakened by a bearish nurse who looked like a retiree from Paris Island.

"We need a specimen!" she ordered.

"Oh, I don't think I can. I mean...I haven't had any water all day..."

"Yes you can! The doctor wants it in the lab right away!"

"Really...I couldn't...I'm so tired...yawn...I couldn't even get up...ZZZZZ..."

"You don't have to get up. Just wake up. And use this!"

She thrust the bedpan at me and threw down the covers.

"Really...I'm so tired...I can't go anyway..."

"SIT ON IT!!!"

"Yes, Miss Fonzarelli."

Two hours later, I was awakened by the rattle of carts and the click of glasses, the hustle and bustle of dinner time. I realized I was hungry. A sign I would live. I raised my bed, straightened my covers and waited demurely for my tray.

"Here we are," sang the candy stripper. "Time for din-din."

Now I knew how Morris the Cat felt.

I unwrapped the plastic fork and plastic knife and plastic spoon from their plastic wrappers, removed the plastic lid from the plastic cup, lifted the plastic cover from the plastic dish, and placed the plastic napkin over the plastic vomit cup after I threw up my plastic guts.

"Well, at least I have room for

Continued on following page

Discount to University students.
Darkroom supplies available.

CAMERAS — CAMERAS — CAMERAS
L.A. PRICES IN LAS VEGAS

EVERYTHING FINE IN THE PHOTOGRAPHIC LINE
3 LOCATIONS:

1 STOP PHOTO SHOP

700 S. Decatur
Charleston Heights
Shopping Center
878-4613

3700 E. Desert Inn Road
Town House
Shopping Center
481-7983

5441 Paradise Road
Airport Office Building
739-7914

1. WARRANTY: Manufacturer - 1 year + 1 Stop - 1 year Total - 2 yrs. on new merchandise
2. TO PLEASE ALL OF OUR CUSTOMERS ALL OF THE TIME
3. WE REPAIR WHAT WE SELL — WE OWN OUR OWN REPAIR SHOP
4. SERVICE WITH INTEGRITY
5. FAIR PRICES FOR QUALITY MERCHANDISE

"In Sickness..."

Continued from preceding page
my dinner now," I rationalized. Surveying the feast before me, I could hardly decide where to begin.



"Well," I pondered. "Shall I start with the cream of cement or the slice of white flannel. Or shall I first partake of the wilted zoisha grass or the melted yellow crayola on a block of Gainesburger. I know. I'll begin with the coffee."

Quickly I opened my night table drawer, removed my Parker fountain pen, dipped in the point and siphoned the coffee into the barrel. All set for 40 more poison pen letters to the YELL editor.

A man walked into my room, he stood at the foot of the bed and stared knowingly at me. Then he spoke.

"I can tell by your eyes that you have a deep-rooted distrust of the IRS, the U.S. Postal system, the Maytag repairman and garbage men who wear white socks."

He must be a psychiatrist trying to observe my reactions, I calculated.

"Also," he continued, "by the sporadic intervals of your respiration at rest, it is obvious you have periodic dementia precox and episodes of manic-depression, athletes feet, slipping dentures and frizzy ends.

This man was a genius, I marveled. One look at me and he diagnosed all my physiological ailments and psychological anxieties. I couldn't hold it back any longer. At last! A man who knew. A man I could trust! Such insight, such foresight, such eyesight!

"Yes. Yes. It's true!" I confessed frantically to this Messiah of the mind. "I couldn't tell anyone before. They would have laughed at me. No one understands emotional problems and itching hives. No one except you! Oh, thank you, doctor!"

"Doctor? I ain't no doctor. I'm the TV repairman."

"But all the accurate, competent diagnoses. How did you know what was wrong with me?"

"Oh, that. Well, you look just like Mrs. Marvin Gardens looked just before she threw herself off a speeding Suzuki."

"Suicide? When!?"

"Yesterday on 'As the Cosmos Turns.' They'll go to any lengths to get rid of someone in these stupid soap operas."

Later that night my head was splitting. I couldn't stand the pain, the pounding, the echoing through my brain. I pushed the night call button and lay there waiting for someone to come to my aid. It seemed like an

eternity. Then, finally....

"Here she is girls," the nurse said to four young giggling things following her.

Such service. Such concern. Five nurses for one headache. Florence Nightingale lives on.

"Well, now. This won't take long," she comforted me. "You'll be asleep and peaceful again in no time."

"A headache?" cried number two.

"It's probably only a brain tumor," jeered number three.

"How pedestrian," cried number four as they all filed out feeling cheated.

The following morning I was awakened by the hustle and bustle of the morning shift coming on duty, the linen carts rolling



She's going to give me a painkiller. Oh, Merciful, Merciful.

"Shall I sit up," I asked, thankful and willing to be cooperative for all this attention.

"No, no. You're fine lying down. The girls just wanted to take a peek before they went off duty."

"Take a peek?"

"Yes. They've never seen one."

"They've never seen a headache?"

"No. Not a headache. A boob job."

"A BOOB JOB. What are you talking about?"

"Aren't you the 46D implants?"

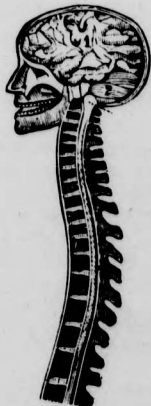
"NO! I'm the 34B convex!"

"How disappointing. Come girls. We're in the wrong room."

"We are?" the first one pouted.

"What does she have?"

"Just a headache," the nurse answered.



down the hall and a thermometer thrust in my mouth.

"Good morning," chimed Nurse Nice.

"Mmffggng."

"And how are you today?"

"Ffgmddrl."

"Oh, that's fine. I'm sure we'll be even better today. Won't we."

"Gnkkiffmss."

"Now. Let's see if our temperature is normal today."

She removed the thermometer from my mouth and held it up to the light. "98.6. That is wonderful. We're doing just fine, aren't we?"

"Mmffggngs."

She brought over a basin filled with warm water.

"And here is our soap, our towel, our toothbrush and let's take our bath."

"Fine. But will we both fit in our bowl?"

"Funny, funny. My, we are

getting well, aren't we. Now let's take off our clothes."

I was tempted, but said nothing.

"There now," she sang after the bath was through. "Don't we feel fine? Do we have to tee-tee now?"

"Tee-tee?"

"You know. Use our bedpan."

"Oh yes. By all means. Let's use our bedpan."

When I was finished, I asked her to bend over.

"Bend over? What for?"

"We have to wipe our..."

For some reason, she refused.

Finally, it was D-day. I was being discharged. I could go home. After five days of poking, pinching, punching, prodding, peeing, peeling and puking, I was free. They still didn't know what I had, but at least they were fully knowledgeable about what I didn't have.

I was wheeled down to the cashier with my suitcase, cards, flowers, any my Hefty trash bag filled with mouthwash, soap, toothpaste, lotion, and color coordinated cup, pitcher, comb, vomit tray, basin, toothbrush and thermometer.

"Well, now," the clerk began.

"All your papers seem to be in order. You total bill is \$6,946.27 and your insurance will pay for your room and board, medication, laboratory tests, x-rays, diagnostic tests and five house visits from the doctor for \$105 each. But you still have a balance of \$4,155.27."

"What for?"

"For your Hefty trash bag filled with mouthwash, soap, toothbrush, lotion, and color coordinated cup, pitcher, comb, vomit tray, basin, toothbrush and thermometer."

"But I don't have the money."

"Sorry, we cannot allow you to leave until the balance is paid."

"But where will I stay?"

"In your room."

"But the longer I stay, the more I'll owe."

"That's not my problem. I just work here."

"And the more I owe, the less I'll be able to pay and the longer



I'll have to stay."

"You got it!"

"At this rate, I'll be in that room until 1984!"

"Could be. But what's another eight years."

Back in my room, I contemplated what I had to do to get out of this bureaucratic trap. Appeals to human kindness, practicality, logic and common horse sense had failed. Until my statement showed a zero bottom line. I was doomed to an eternity in the antiseptic halls of this turkey institution.

Then it dawned. A light flickered in the deep recesses of my mottled mind. I picked up the phone and dialed.

"Hello. Can I speak to Orwell, please? No, not Harry...George, No. 1984. Hello, Orwell?... Listen, have I got a deal for you. You know that little IBM number in the chemical analysis lab?... Yeah, that's the one...43-21-37. Right. All you have to do is get hold of my hospital bill and...."



- Clark County Community College (Textbooks for all courses)
- Full line of trade books (hardcover and paperbacks)
- Religious Books (All denominations)
- Artist's Supplies
- Arts and Crafts
- Records and Tapes
- Complete Line of Greeting Cards
- Stationery and School Supplies
- Current Magazines

3240 B Civic Center Drive
No. Las Vegas, Nevada 89030
Phone 642-0111
8 a.m. 6 p.m.
Monday thru Saturday

Every Day More Las Vegans
Are Reading Us . . .
We're Nevada's Newest
Daily Newspaper.

The Valley Times

Published Every Weekday Morning
Featuring The Complete Associated Press News Report
Phone 642-2567



Entertainment



And The Winner Is.....

by Barbara Scarantino

Playwright and Cal State-Fresno theatre arts professor Terry C. Miller has put on paper everyone's secret thoughts about the exploitations of the flesh parade and has brought to the stage an incredibly funny sardonic stab at the societal inanity better known as the beauty pageant.

"The Miss Hamford Beauty Pageant and Battle of the Bands" uncovers the back-stabbing, behind-the-scenes machinations of a local beauty contest through clever lyrics and dialogue and witty, ascerbic asides.

The enormous cast is superb from star performer to walk-on, and there is the hilarious display of plastic smiles flashing teeth from proscenium to proscenium like a bunch of Cheshire cats that would make Lewis Carroll proud and that is indigenous to such events.

Todd Tjaden is perfection as the obtrusive emcee, Raymond "The Voice" Montague who went through a transvocal "operation" at Hamford U and is an escapee from the Little Miss Princess fiasco.

Lyn Picallo adroitly captures the affectations of the forever-grinning Melveena Hobbs, last year's winner who reached her thespian peak in a porno flick titled, "These Are My Gonads."

The four contestants are at their egocentric best with Julie Artman as the virginal Ginny McCloud, Cindi Satterfield as the bombshell body Meredith Lee, Sandy Kastel as the contemplated shoo-in Toby Kinkaid, and Shari A. Knox as the two-in-one token Chicano-Black Juanita T. Washington.

The production boasts many JBT veterans, three of whom act as the pageant judges. John McHugh (Hot L Baltimore, View From The Bridge) serves well as Rudolph Klass, the pageant's slyster promoter; Arlene Peikoff (Don Quixote, Tommy Flowers, etc.) flashes ostentatiously as the cosmetics queen Roberta A. Cooper; and Brian Strom (Tommy Flowers, View From The Bridge, ad infinitum) swishes viciously as the green queen Gordon Graffiti or, Klass calls him, "Fagola."

We are led through the absurdities of the bathing suit, evening gown and question and answer segments, and we follow

with glee. Especially when Juanita is asked, "What American woman would you most like to emulate--if you do not marry?" Her pregnant pause, well drawn out to make the audience aware that she hasn't the foggiest what "Emulate" means, gives double entendre to the word and allows a round of laughter when she answers, "Jane Fonda. But I wouldn't emulate her. Maybe just lock her up for three years."



Cindi Satterfield as the bombshell body Meredith Lee.

An extra-added attraction at the Miss Hamford pageant is the battle of the bands boasting the grinding Third World Low Riders; the humping Ho-Daddies; the twanging-a-lament-to-lost-virtue Jane and Joan; and, our favorite, the innocuous Three Collegians, the toothy sweatermen (and poor man's Lettermen) singing an ode to milady's polished parts.

To everyone's dismay, the stuffy Hamford High Honors Quartet, triangle and all, is dragged before a captive audience by Ms. Cooper, who is a frustrated entrepreneur of culture. Although they are not part of the battle for the first prize, they do give out with more of Miller's wittier lyrics.

The ironic twist at the end is totally unexpected, but makes you wonder why it hasn't happened in real life by now.

Miss Hamford shared the first prize in the New Play Competition of the Citizen's Theatre in Glasgow, Scotland.

JBT director Jerry L. Crawford, whose talents shine more and more with each production, first came upon this play during his tenure as a critic for the 1975 American College Theatre Festival. He loved the "loveable" satire on Americana and selected the play to close the regular bi-centennial season as "our way of supporting a striking new author and play, and as an affectionate nod to Americana and 'fun' theatre. Relax, eat popcorn, and root for your favorites!"

The play continues each weekend until May 23.

Grand Opening

A season ticket drive has begun to fill Las Vegas' first concert hall for its opening on October 5 with the 90-piece Melbourne Symphony.

Charles Vanda, director of programming for the Artemus W. Ham Concert Hall at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, said seats for UNLV's first Master Series of seven major programs are now available through his office on campus.

He says that those who wish to make a selection from remaining available seats can see the charts in Room 720 of the Humanities Building at UNLV.

Construction of the hall is 70 per cent completed, according to L. G. Thompson, building inspector for the State Public Works Board. Thompson estimated that the cultural center would be finished by the first part of September.

The \$4.2 million facility was designed by the firm of Moffitt and McDaniel of Las Vegas. Acoustical consultants were Bolt, Beranek and Newman, Inc. of Los Angeles, and the theatrical consultant is Leonard Auerbach and Associates of San Francisco.

Housing 1,500 persons on the main floor and another 500 in the mezzanine, the hall has been designed to accommodate a broad range of presentations, including light opera, ballet, folk and pop music, jazz and full symphonic works.

A 4,000-square-foot "Greenroom" adjacent to the main hall will contain dressing areas, office space and room for performers to relax before and after their programs.

Solar bronze insulating glass is now being installed in the lobby of the hall which opens into a central plaza linking the facility to the university's Judy Bayley Theatre.

The university has just announced that a major piece of sculpture will stand between the two cultural facilities, to be financed at least in part by a gift from Reno banker Robert Z. Hawkins.



LIANA ROETTER

On Thursday, May 13, 1976, at 8:00 p.m. in the UNLV Humanities Building Auditorium, Liana Roetter will perform selections from the music of Scarlatti, Schumann, Schubert, Faure, Puccini, and Gounod.

Las Vegas concert-goers will remember Miss Roetter in such roles as Gretel (*Hansel and Gretel*, which was performed in the Judy Bayley Theatre three years ago), and singing soprano solos in Brahms' *Lieblied* (*Liederslieder* UNLV choir - March 1974), the angel in Respighi's *Laud to the Nativity* (UNLV choir - December 1974), and, most recently, the soprano solo in the Las Vegas Musical Arts Workshop's Haydn concert last month.

Miss Roetter will be accompanied on the piano by Silvia Roetter. The public is invited to attend. There is no admission fee.

01/06/18 PA

UNLV FINE ARTS CALENDAR FOR MAY

- May 14 "Miss Hamford." Musical comedy. 8 p.m. Judy Bayley Theatre. Admission.
- May 15 "Miss Hamford." Musical comedy. 8 p.m. Judy Bayley Theatre. Admission.
- May 16 Las Vegas Chamber Players Concert. 2 p.m. Judy Bayley Theatre. Admission.
- May 16 Gino D'Auri. Classical guitarist. 8 p.m. Judy Bayley Theatre. Admission.



Left to right--Arlene Peikoff, John McHugh, and Brian Strom as pageant judges.

Vassili Sulich, The Man, The Dancer

by Barbara Scarantino



VASSILI SULICH

Vassili Sulich. The name, when articulated gently, rolls off the tongue like a sip of hot butter tinged with rum. It is velvet smooth and filled with promises of warmth and fire, just like the man--the man who is a dancer, an artist, a poet, but first of all a man.

There is decidedly more to the Vassili Sulich who is the tireless founder and director of the Nevada Dance Theatre than the litany of ballet plaudits encompassing a world-wide career.

There is much more to the man who drew ovations from Folies Bergere audiences for nine years at the Tropicana Hotel in Las Vegas as he performed with incomparable skill and artistry.

He is not the man he is because he is a world-renowned dancer and choreographer. Vassili Sulich is the quintessential artiste because of the man he is--the man who is still in essence the little boy born on the island of Brac in the Adriatic Sea, who frequented the touring circuses and performed all the acts he saw for his friends after the circus traveled on.

Vassili is enveloped in passionate dedication to his art because "you are born to what you will be in life." When Vassili Sulich was born, the Muse Terpsichore smiled on him and touched him with her gift.

As he speaks about his beginnings as a dancer, he becomes like the dance--fluid, graceful, virile and hypnotic. His classic handsomeness still bears a striking resemblance to a young Sir Lawrence Olivier. And though the years have softened the strong, exquisitely cut features, Vassili is ageless--just like the dance.

Vassili's interest in theatre was innate and blossomed in spite of the non-theatrical aspirations of his family. His father was a stonemason and his mother was-- "She was mother and a wife."

They were unassuming people who lived in an unsophisticated environment. They had never seen a ballet and, in fact, had never seen Vassili dance.

"The island where we lived did not have electricity until 1949 and my parents died even before there was television," Vassili explains.

"So it is not really true that your environment shapes you and makes you what you are. You are born to what you will be in life. Surroundings have nothing to do with it."

At six or seven, Vassili was creating and "producing" his own shows and plays. He walked a not-so-high wire and executed acrobatics with untrained and elementary agility, but he persisted with the undaunted enthusiasm of the very young.

In 1943 he and his family were evacuated from Yugoslavia to Egypt. There he joined a children's theatre group where he danced, worked puppets and sang in a choir. The group entertained American and English soldiers in Cairo and in 1945 they toured Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. After the war, Vassili joined a

folkloric company in Yugoslavia and by the time he was in high school, he had formed his own company. During one of the performances, the director of the Zagreb Opera House was in the audience and asked Vassili to join the opera's ballet company. He had been with the ballet only two days when he was performing in an opera.

"Boys always have more chances in the ballet than girls," Vassili says. "There are 1,000 girls but few boys. And so in a short time I was performing. But I knew very little. The turns made me dizzy, and when I knelt down during the dance I fell. The director covered his face with his hands. It was a nightmare for me."

But the nightmare turned into a dream. Through painstaking study and rigorous training Vassili developed the skills to star in such sensual, fiery ballets as "Samson et Dalila," "Faust" and "Idomeneo" at the Geneva Opera. He choreographed "Oedipus Rex" for the Lyon Festival in France and choreographed and starred in the ballet "The Wall" at the Lyon Opera.

Vassili has danced with such ballet luminaries as Zizi Jeanmaire in "Cyrano de Bergerac" and Ludmilla Tcherina in "Lovers of Teruel." He has appeared in films with actresses Rosalind Russell and Geraldine Chaplin.

In 1964, Vassili joined the Las Vegas production of the Folies Bergere and for nine years was their premiere dancer and choreographer of special productions, partnering with such ballerinas as Liliane Montevocchi.

But the spectacular and garish atmosphere of the Vegas productions was disillusioning to Vassili who states that the "people who make the performances never want you to dance--just look good. For a performer that is fine. For a real dancer, no."

Out of frustration and boredom with the monotony of the nightly performances, Vassili began sketching with ball point pens in his dressing room.

"I was always encouraged in school as a child to do art," says Vassili. "But I never really learned. I just happened to have the pens and I started drawing out of desperation to express myself. Later I formed my own style adding different colors and felt pens."

His friends suggested he try water colors and oils, but Vassili rejected this conformity.

"Here I have something personal. I still paint in the same style. It is an unfortunate style because it takes a long time. It is not commercially profitable, but I do not do it to make a living."

His calligraphic paintings are of multicolored flowers, forest creatures, and young lovers filled with sunshine and innocence. Twice the Tropicana Hotel has given him a salon for his one-man showings.

Vassili's criticisms of the Las Vegas productions do not include the choreographers, for he says there are many fine ones on the Strip. But the performers are at the mercy of producers who lay claim to the knowledge of "what the audience wants."

This omniscience is disputed by Vassili who states, "What the audience wants is the opinion of a few people," and he believes that audiences would respond enthusiastically to more well-choreographed numbers than they are exposed to presently.

He cites Michael Bennett's "The Chorus Line," a continuing success on Broadway, as an example of audience appreciation of quality theatre and dance. The production is done without "artificial improvements" he says. "It is superbly staged and executed, but the audience must use its imagination for sets and costuming."

Vassili's need to express and fulfill himself completely as a dancer led to the formation of the Nevada Dance Theatre in 1972.

"At first people discouraged me," Vassili says. "They told me no one would be interested in the ballet in Las Vegas. But we turn away two hundred people from the door sometimes. So I know people are interested."

There is tremendous talent here in Las Vegas, Vassili says, and all of the good dancers yearn for a way in which they can express themselves and their art more completely. In the Nevada Dance Theatre they dance without pay, for they dance for the soul.

Vassili's dances have no great sociological or philosophical messages. They are created to express emotions, outlooks and ideas that are his own but are shared by all humanity.

Presently, Vassili is rehearsing his dance company for the final

productions of the 1975-76 season. The Nevada Dance Theatre will perform on May 29-30 and June 1-2 in the Judy Bayley Theatre at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas.

Vassili's ballets are exciting, exotic and powerful. His poetry is poignant, tender, musical. He has written several books of poetry in French and has written in his native tongue. In English, his poems include "Concerto for a Dead Rose," which was graphically illustrated by a Las Vegas photographer in a desert photographic session with Vassili and a ballerina.

The tender opening lines, "At the beginning there was just sand

and skies, A man with twilight in his eyes..." could well describe Vassili himself. What began as the simplistic dream in the heart of a child has burgeoned forth into vibrant reality.

Although the insatiable aspirations of Vassili Sulich himself are the foundation of the Nevada Dance Theater, he is unpretentious and gracious enough to dedicate the forthcoming season to his "Beautiful dancers," the theatre patrons and supporters who believe in the arts, and the children for whom "the world is tomorrow."

In the tender, loving hands of Vassili Sulich, the dance is tomorrow.



KITTY KOVAR



JERRY CRAWFORD

Summer Theatre

Things are usually quiet around campus during the summers--except in the department of theatre arts where the annual Judy Bayley Summer Repertory Theatre gets most of its support.

The JBSRT is not part of the theatre arts program at UNLV but is a separate theatre group dedicated to establishing a semi-professional community theatre for Southern Nevada.

Now in its fourth year, Summer Rep has expanded both the number of performances and participation by professionals.

Three plays are planned during the month of July: *The Roar of Greasepaint* (July 1-17), *Butterflies Are Free* (July 7-Aug. 1) and *Auction Tomorrow* (July 20-30).

The first is a musical comedy and will star Phil Ford (*Mind With the Dirty Man*, Union Plaza) and Kitty Kover (currently appearing with Wayne Newton). *Roar* was a hit on Broadway with author Anthony Newley in the lead. It produced such hit songs as *On a Wonderful Day Like Today* and *Who Can I Turn To*.

Miss Kover will be working on the Strip during the run of the play and will make 8:45 curtain here. This may be the last solo dramatic performance for Phil Ford, who is teaming up with his long-time former comic partner Mimi Hines for a return engagement on the Strip this fall.

The second play, *Butterflies Are Free* is a touching comedy and will be directed by Fredrick L. Olson. Casting is still under way.

The final offering, *The Auction Tomorrow* is an award-winning drama by Jerry L. Crawford of the UNLV theatre arts department. Crawford has had several plays published and is the co-author of a new text book on acting. Next year he will be taking a sabbatical to write and study on Broadway. The play is a character study of a brother and sister who haven't seen each other in several years and who are brought together when their mother dies and wills that all the family possessions are to be auctioned off.

Managing director Robert N. Burgan says that each year the Summer Rep program has grown. Last year *Dames at Sea* and *Hot L Baltimore* set summer box office records. Burgan would like to see the program gain the reputation of other summer festivals such as the program at Cedar City, Utah.

Admission to all three plays is only \$10, but individual performances are \$5 for *Roar*, \$4 for *Butterflies*, and \$4 for *Auction*. For information concerning Summer Rep '76 call 739-3666 or write Judy Bayley, Summer Repertory Theatre, 4505 Maryland Parkway, Las Vegas 89154.



There are presently no plays scheduled for the UNLV Little Theatre this summer.

The Greek Column



ON THE WAY TO BERKELEY--The members of Alpha Tau Omega fraternity pose in front of their bus before leaving for the regional ATO conclave in Berkeley, California.

by Jodi Tenuta

The Spring semester has again proven to be a busy one for the

Greeks at UNLV, and even though the semester is almost over, the activities continue. Sigma Nu has two parties in the

planning stages. First on the calendar is their Second Annual Luau, which will be held at Jan Kilduff's, May 22. It promises to be a great time, with swimming, ping pong, music and delicious food. They also plan to have a "Thank God it's over--Hoping for a long summer" party, scheduled for June 5, to let off a little steam and celebrate the ending of school.

The Sigma Nu's are looking forward to the initiation of their pledges in a few weeks and are already rushing any men interested in pledging or girls interested in becoming little sisters. If you fit either of these descriptions contact Gene Cucinotta at 736-7229.

The Sigma Chi's are also busy with parties and initiations. This past Saturday night their little sister pledges held a "Surfer Party" for the brothers and male pledges. The party was highlighted by a limbo contest and a raffle for "The Girl of Your Dreams." Sunday was also a big day for the Sigs. Not only did they win the intramural softball championship, but they were honored with a visit by the Grand Consul of Sigma Chi, Chuck Thatcher.

This week is also busy with the initiation of their Little Sisters Thursday night, a smoker at Goodsprings Friday night for the brothers and pledges and their Annual Greek Orgy Saturday night. The Sigma Chi's would also like to congratulate Brothers Bill Thomason, Jeff Baird, Bob Tower, and Ed Swalm, who are graduating, *In Hoc*.

The Delta Sigma Phi's recently elected new officers. They are: President, Stephen Margolin; Vice-President, Richard Cole; Treasurer, C. J. Holmes; Secretary, Dene Krametbrauer; and Sargeant-at-Arms, Lee Lipparelli. The Delta Sig's are currently planning activities for the months ahead and they urge any men interested in information about Delta Sigma Phi and fraternity life to contact Steve at 739-6081. Best of luck to Brother Mason McNinch who will be graduating this May.

The ATO's spent a weekend in San Francisco recently, instructing the ATO chapters in this region (USC, UCLA, and California, San Jose, San Diego, Occidental, and San Luis Obispo) on the fine art of the toga party, the gully party, the farley award, and many other Las Vegas ATO traditions. Highlight of the three day trip was the award presented to the most active ATO, the Thomas A. Clark Award, which went to Dan Russell. He is now in line for the national honor.

This Friday the ATO little sisters are sponsoring a dance at the Frontier Hotel. Tickets are on sale in the Student Union and everyone is invited. The use of this facility was made possible by Delta Sig's Richard Cole and the ATO's are very grateful.

ATO's new officers will take office in two weeks when school is out. They are: Ross Huebner, President; Joe Mann, Vice President; James Bateman, Treasurer; and Greg McKinley, Secretary.

Continued on page 10



KAPPA-XI MEMBERS--From left to right [standing] Vicki Barnett, Swayzina Field, Yvonne Atkinson, Mrs. Mildred Robinson, Far Western Regional Director, Shirley Harper, Waynetta James and Wannetta Hewlett. [Row two], Vicki Turner, Debbie Epps, Rosherral Hunt, and Deborah Wicker. [Seated], Seated Monica Lopes and Pat Bailey.

Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority Chartered On Campus

Kappa-XI Chapter of Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, Inc. was recently chartered to begin operation on the UNLV campus. The chartering ceremony was conducted by Mrs. Mildred Robinson, Far Western Regional Director. Kappa-XI, an undergraduate chapter, is composed of young ladies attending UNLV. The chapter is sponsored by Theta Theta Omega Graduate Chapter.

The members of TIACA were initiated into Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority through a ritualistic ceremony performed by Theta Theta Omega Chapter President Willa Bywaters. Barbara Kirkland and Jennie Crawford are the graduate advisors.

A workshop was conducted by Mrs. Robinson in the afternoon entitled "Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority--Its Program Targets and Procedural Operation."

Kappa-XI Chapter officers were installed by Miss Margaret Crawford, past Theta Theta Omega Chapter president. The new officers are: Deborah Wicker, President; Swayzina Field, vice-president; Vicki Turner, Secretary; Rosherral Hunt, Treasurer; Monica Lopes, Philacter; Yvonne Atkinson, Ivy Leaf Reporter; Pat Bailey, Parliamentarian; Debbie Epps, Epistlous; Vicki Barnett, Historian; Shirley Harper, Hodgeous; Wannetta Hewlett and Waynetta James, Dean of Pledges.

On April 15-17, 1976 Kappa-XI attended the 47 Far Western Regional Conference in Emeraldville California, where Kappa-XI received three awards: Exhibit award, and High Scholastic Achievement Awards for Pat Bailey and Vicki Turner. The purpose of the conference was to unite members from California, Arizona, Washington, Oregon and Nevada to share ideas for program activities.

FREE

John Student
1014 University Way
Las Vegas, Nevada 89114

PAY TO THE ORDER OF _____ DOLLARS

FNB LAS VEGAS MAIN OFFICE
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF NEVADA
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

MEMO _____

⑆ 224 00931 ⑆

Only at FNB

That's right. Checking accounts are free at FNB. There's no service charge. No minimum balance. No strings attached. You pay only for the imprinting of your personal checks. To qualify all you need is a student

identity card. To take advantage of this money saving idea just stop in and see us. In Las Vegas, there are a number of convenient offices located throughout the area.

So come, bank with us. Free.



We're first with more.

Member F.D.I.C.



Rebel Softball Showdown

May 15, 1976

1:30 p.m.

UNLV Baseball Stadium



©HVAS

UNLV Varsity Basketball Players

VS.

UNLV Varsity Football Players

* Donation: 50¢

Proceeds to Multiple Sclerosis Society





Guru Jagat Khalsa

Meditation Workshops Offered

The UNLV Yoga Club will host a series of workshops this weekend on meditation, creativity and higher sense awareness development. An opening free lecture will be presented at 8 p.m. Friday, May 14 at the UNLV Student Union, and will feature Guru Jagat Khalsa, guest lecturer.

Mr. Khalsa, presently on tour out of Phoenix, is an expert in the field of meditative arts. He describes meditation as the creative control of the self, where the infinite consciousness finds an expression through one's self.

The workshops will cover such areas as meditation, creativity in the fine arts, inter-personal communication, developing higher sense awareness, the art of relaxation, physical and mental self healing and the technique of gong meditation.

Mr. Khalsa's 22 years as student and teacher in Yoga, include 10 years study under Paramahansa Yogananda and six years under Yogi Bhajan. He worked many years in Hollywood as a writer and director of movies and theatrical productions. He is a lecturer at Arizona State University and the director of the Kundalini regional headquarters in Phoenix, Arizona.

Mr. Khalsa has come to Las Vegas from Carmel, California, where his innovative gong concert production is now being performed. The lectures will be held at the Shanti Yoga Center at 2618 State Street. For additional information on the weekend workshops, phone 385-3939.



RECEIVES AWARD--William T. Cutty, left, president of the Southern Nevada chapter of the Nevada Association of Land Surveyors, presents the Mel Sutton Memorial Scholarship Award to Paul Valentine, 22, an engineering student at UNLV. The chapter offers the award each year to an outstanding engineering student.

Greek Column

Continued from page 8

Delta Zeta held their annual Rose Ball, May 1, at the Marina Hotel. Along with a banquet dinner and a live band, the Delta Zeta's presented their annual awards. The honors went to Cheryl Galambos, Best Pledge Omicron Pledge Class, Lori Tepper, Scholarship, Jodi Tenuta, Best Active, Jaiiny Pickard, Most Improved, Omicron Pledge Class, Carlene Star, Best Pledge Pi Pledge Class, Sue Mitchell, Best Active and Jodi Tenuta, Delta Zeta Dream Girl.

DZ is looking forward to the active initiation of their pledges in June.

Alpha Delta Pi is also winding up their activities for this spring and are celebrating with a party, May 19, to be held at the home of their Rush Advisor, Mrs. Barth. They would also like to congratulate Nita Kruezer on her upcoming graduation. Nita was also the recipient of a present from ADPi alumae at their recent Founder's Day luncheon which was held May 8, at Chateau Vegas.

As the 1975-76 school year comes to end, it is only another beginning for the Greeks on campus. The fraternity and sorority members at UNLV are interested not only in social activities, but in making UNLV a better place for the students, and are actively involved in campus activities.

During the past year the fraternities and sororities along with Hotel, which was right in there, were by far the strongest supporters of UNLV and CSUN events. It was a fraternity and sorority that won first places in Homecoming Float competition (ATO and ADPi), with ATO also winning the trophy for the organization that participated the most in Homecoming; six fraternity men were named to *Who's Who in American Universities* (and no we didn't get out and vote in a block for them; they are not chosen by the students); there are Greeks in student government, (and it wasn't because the Greeks voted in a block--almost 600 votes were cast for Danny Russell and there aren't nearly that many Greeks on campus--it could quite possibly be that he was elected because he is the best man for the job); Sigma Nu won an award for being the second most active

organization on campus, (hotel took first). Delta Zeta won an award from Blood Services of Nevada for being the organization which donated the most blood during their drive. Sigma Chi won the overall championship in intramural softball (a third of the teams that bothered to enter were fraternities); the UNLV Student Bicentennial Association was formed and three of its officers are fraternity or sorority members; a new sorority received its charter this year (Alpha Kappa Alpha); Greeks are well-represented in varsity sports; Delta Sigma Phi sponsored all those parties at the Marina and Desert Inn that everyone enjoyed so much; and there are Greeks in the Honor Societies on campus and in many of the other special interest groups at UNLV. These are only a few examples of what the Greeks do to get involved in campus life, but it's enough to prove that they are interested in helping to make UNLV a more enjoyable place.

Don't forget the UNLV Student Bicentennial Meeting, May 26, 12:00 p.m. in the Student Union. Any interested students are invited to attend and to become involved. It will be followed by a Greek Week (IFC) meeting. Contact Jim Parsick, 648-8108, for information. Everyone have a great summer!

Middle East Course Offered

A Middle East Culture and Civilization course is to be offered at UNLV this summer. The course presents the depth of Middle Eastern cultural heritage from the Neolithic to the current time, covering the customs and practices of Christian, Muslim, and Jewish communities. The lecture includes samples of major social institutions, characteristic of the whole, and studies of the nomadic pastoralist communities, which is one of the most well-known types of societies in the Middle East. Focus will also be on two communities of the Middle East rural agricultural society and their inter-relations. Films will be presented in conjunction with the lectures. The course will be presented by Dr. Joseph Graziani of the Foreign Language Department.

The New CSUN Presents

the **Fiesta**

Mexican, Food,

Music, and Drink

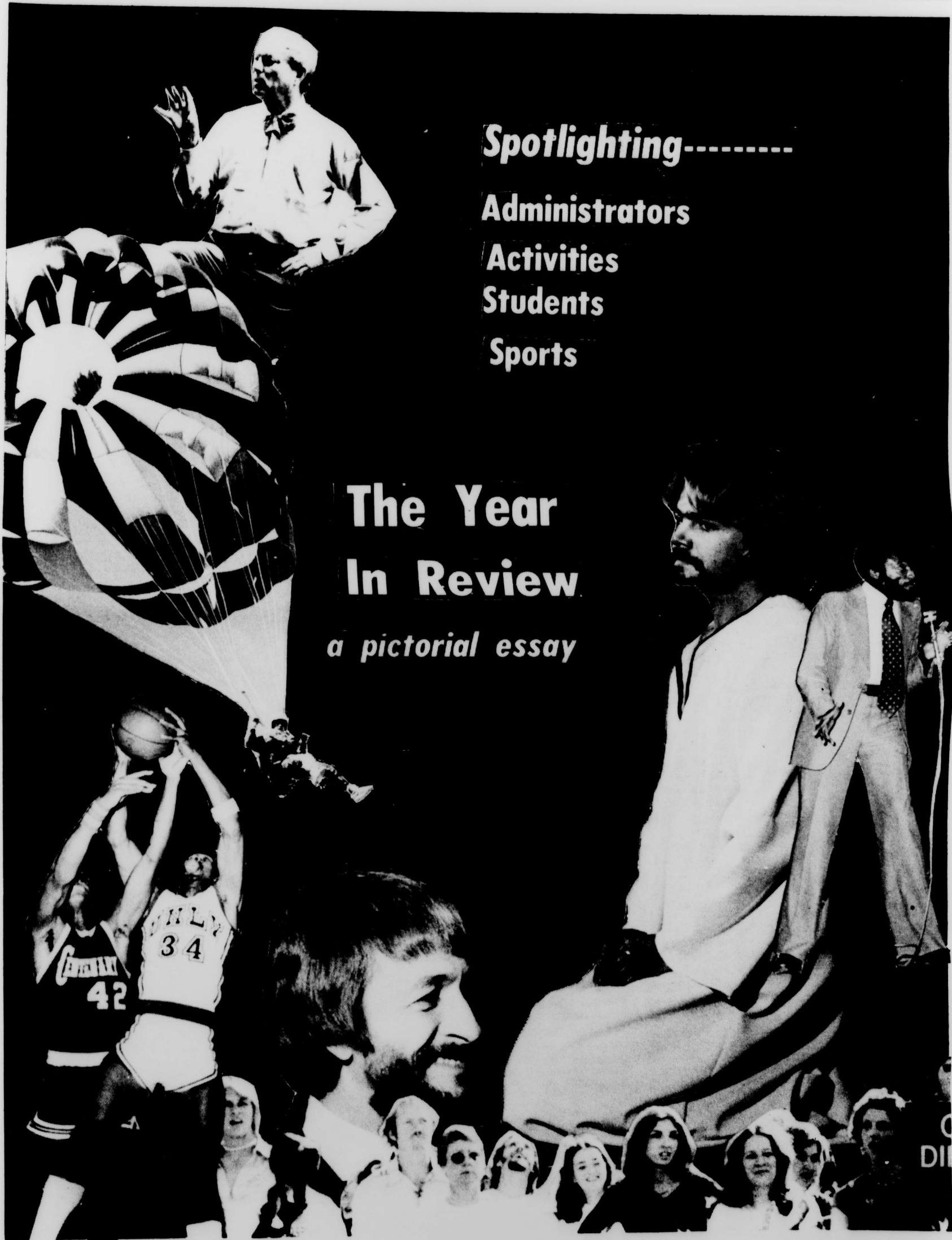
Pinatas, Hat Dancers,

Cock Fights

Watch for it This Summer!

Catch Your Siesta now,

You'll need the rest!!!



Spotlighting-----

Administrators

Activities

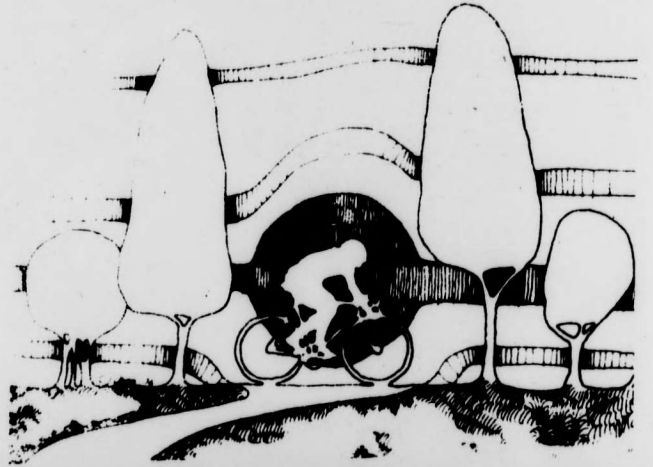
Students

Sports

**The Year
In Review**
a pictorial essay



GOODBYE DEAN--Before school even started this year there was an unfortunate controversy over which Dean Black was fired by the students. Principle cause in the firing were some speakers that Black purchased without student approval. His contract ends in June.

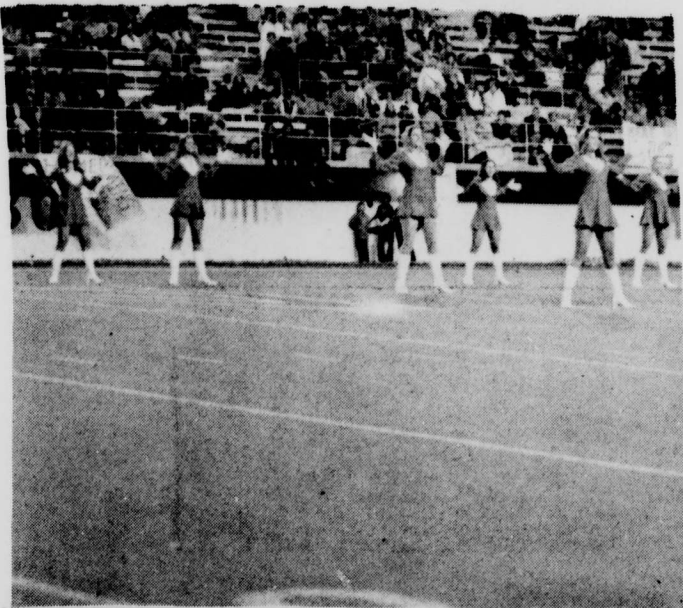


IS HE A CONTORTIONIST TOO?--Comedian and political activist Dick Gregory was a guest speaker in September. Typical of his super-charged presentation were his humorous animations.

Photo by Gary Schuster



CHANGING OF THE GUARD--Actually, this photo was taken last May, but its importance was felt all year. Here outgoing CSUN President Val Buhecker presents his gavel to Joe Karaffa at last year's awards banquet.



ALTHOUGH THE MOON WAS OUT--It was still time for the UNLV Sundancers who brightened up all the football games at half-time. The Sundancers were one of three groups of girls representing UNLV this year. The others are the Bubbling Sugar, and, of course, the UNLV cheerleaders. Pictured at far left is Sundancer captain, Lynn Johnson.

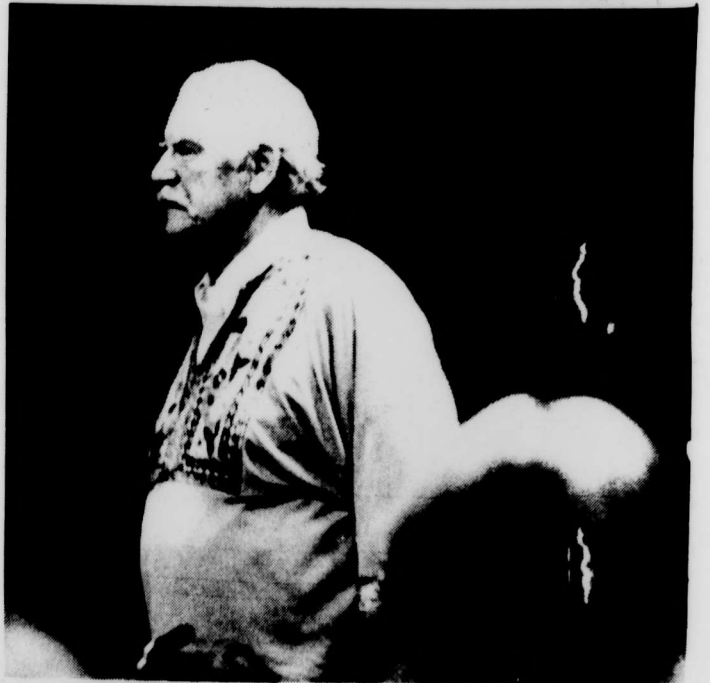
Photo by Gary M. Schuster



REBELS WIN OPENER--Led by a red hot offense, the UNLV Rebels came from behind to down Northern Iowa University 48-30. Chasing down an enemy ballcarrier is all-coast defensive tackle Joe Ingersol (78) and end Mike Whitmaine (81).



WHERE HAS TOMMY FLOWERS GONE?--March was the month UNLV first sponsored the Regional American College Theatre Festival. Although no play from this region was selected for the nationals in Washington, the festival's winner was UNLV's "Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?" This scene is from Occidental College's "Rosa Patentis."
Photo courtesy of John Goad



GRANDPA GEER--Will Geer presented his traveling extravaganza "Americana" at the Judy Bayley Theatre. The star of CBS-TV's "The Waltons" presented a show that consisted of spoken and song excerpts from the works of Dorothy Parker, Emily Dickinson, Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost and others.



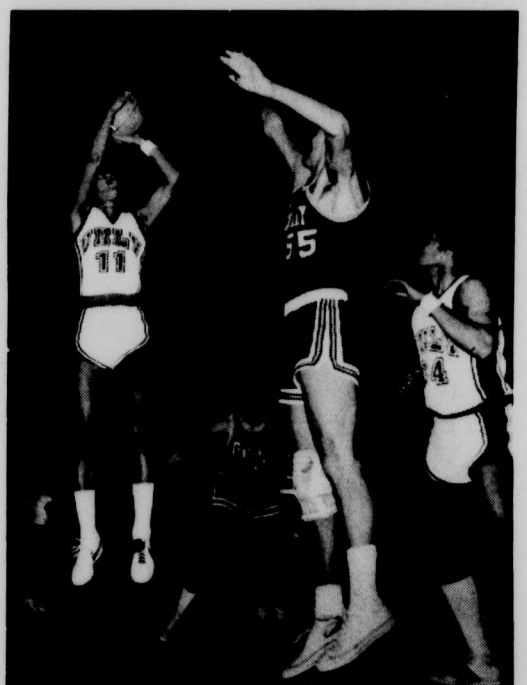
WOODY WOODPECKER'S FATHER AND MOTHER--Another famous cartoonist, Walter Lantz, was the guest speaker in Hart Wegner's film class. Mr. Lantz was kind enough to give out souvenir sketches to interested students, while Mrs. Lantz demonstrated her "Woody" voice.
Photo by Don Barry



SOMETHING SPECIAL--Kitty Kovar and the UNLV singers and dancers put on a special benefit performance in February in the Judy Bayley Theatre. The show was a vehicle for Miss Kovar's singing and dancing talents.
Photo by Don Barry



PUTTING A DENT IN THE RECORD BOOKS--Dave Denton belts out another of his record breaking hits, as he owns the record for batting average (.461), most games in a season, at bats (191), runs scored (54), hits (88), doubles (21), Home runs (14), runs batted in (75), and hit by a pitcher (13) Ouch! All these broke old marks by a wide margin and were accomplished with three games yet to play. Dave is in the top five nationally in doubles and batting. He also leads the nation in runs batted in.
Photo by Lou Mazzola



REBELS NUMBER THREE--The Rebel basketball team reached the highest ranking ever as they climbed to the number three position in both wire service polls while running off 26 wins in a row. Shown is the Rebels Most Valuable Player Eddie Owens in a big win over Centenary which was ranked number 19. Also shown is Jackie Robinson [34] and two of the opposing Gents.
Photo by Mike Taylor

WINTER



JUDY BAYLEY EXCITEMENT--"Where has Tommy Flowers Gone?" was the question and the play for November. Here we see the stars, Maurcen Abel and Brian Strom in a jovial confrontation. The play was a winner of West Coast honors in the Regional American College Theatre Festival. Photo courtesy of John Goad

RADIO UNLV--In November, CSUN President Joe Karaffa outlined plans for a 1,000-watt, 480-mile radius, on-campus radio station to be built on the UNLV campus. The station will be part-owned by the student bodies of UNLV and the Clark County Community College. It is expected to be approved by the Regents this summer and to go on the air this fall.



THEY DON'T MIND NOVEMBER'S RAIN--The Rebel football team enjoyed a good November after some nightmares in September and October. They opened the month with an easy 34-21 win at home where they were also successful against Weber State and South Dakota by scores of 38-14 and 38-23, respectively. The highlight of November if not the season, was the explosion in Reno where the Wolfpack got blasted 45-7. Catalyst in the Reno game was quarterback Glenn Carano (12) who is shown here setting up to pass to Mackey Stadium. Photo by Gary M. Schuster



NCAA HOUNDS JERRY--Rebel Basketball coach may be in for another term of probation depending on an NCAA investigation which was started three years ago but became apparent that charges are basically from events prior to Tarkanian taking the UNLV job, but it will be his problem should charges ever be filed. Shortly after he left Long Beach State the school was punished by the NCAA.



JC AND THE GANG--Jesus Christ Superstar was the highlight of December as the Theatre Arts Department presented the rock-opera. Shown here is the cast singing, "This Jesus Must Die" as Judas (Wayne Hargrave) betrays Jesus Christ (James Bennett, top). Photo courtesy of John Goad



OUT WITH THE OLD. IN WITH THE NEW--UNLV Head Coach Ron Meyer left the Las Vegas campus suddenly to seek a better job at SMU. His departure meant that UNLV could hire Tony Knap away from Boise State. From now on at least, the Rebels will not be losing to Tony Knap.

Meyer Photo by Gary M. Schuster
Knap Photo by Don Barry

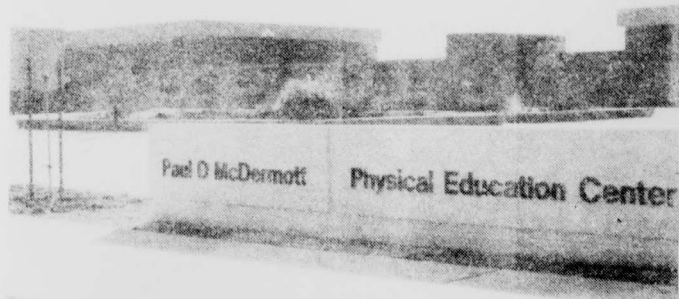


DIRECT FROM EUROPE--UNLV students got a chance to view the Olympics first-hand thanks in part to Mrs. Pat Dillingham who led this crew off to Innsbruck, Austria. From left to right are Bruno Mark, now-CSUN President Dan Russell, Tom Rogers, Jim Bateman, Bob Ploppert, Iris McCowan, and Tony Mark. But did you guys ever see the slopes?
Photo by some friendly Austrian



TOURNAMENT WINNERS--December was a good month for Jerry Tarkanian's Rebels, as they were undefeated and won two tournament Championships. The Rebels traveled to Pittsburgh where they won the Steel Bowl Classic with wins over Syracuse and Duquesne, then returned to Las Vegas to win their own Holiday classic. Here we see star guard Glenn Gondrezik as he dribbles by an unidentified opponent. In the background is starting center Boyd Batts.

Photo by Mike Taylor

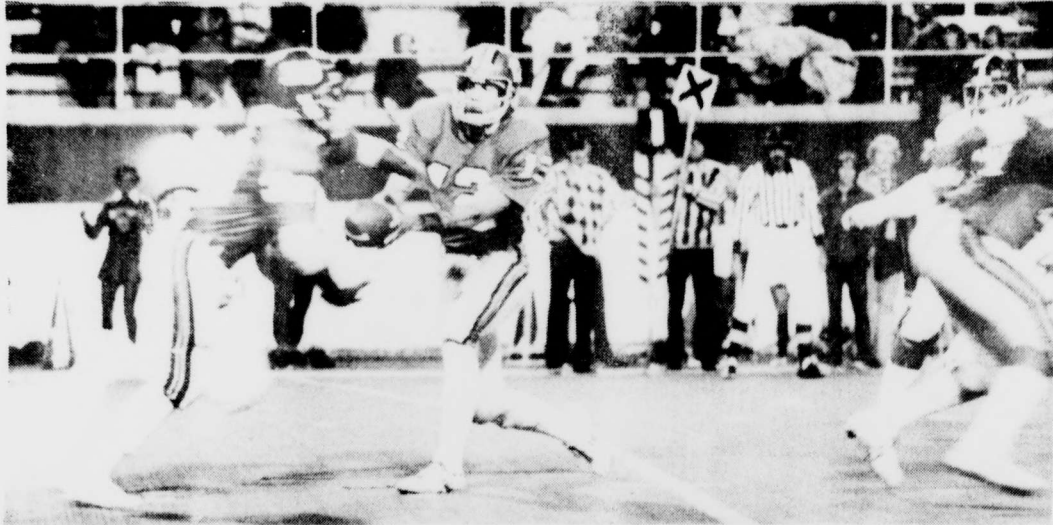


THE PROBLEM IS COMPLEX--The P.E. Complex was the site of much controversy in late February when the chairman of the P.E. Department, John Bayer, demanded \$30,000 for students to be able to use the facility. Bayer threatened to turn the place into a community health club unless the students paid the money. Student officials Joe Karaffa and Jeff Baird refused any payment until they could see something in writing about student use. The contract was never drawn up and the conflict is still unresolved.

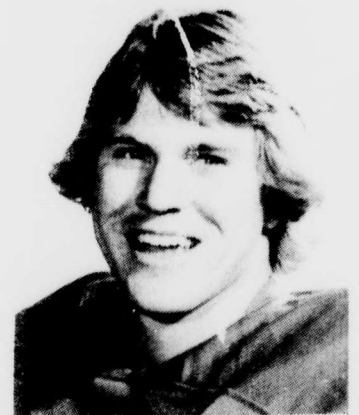
Photo by Mike Taylor



BUT THE REBELS LOST--Reggie Theus scores an easy lay-in against Pepperdine, but the Blue-Waves pulled off the upset victory to snap a Rebel 26-game winning streak. The Rebels had beaten the same Pepperdine team handily in the Convention Center earlier in the season, but lost by two in Malibu.



LOSING RECORD--For the first time ever under Coach Ron Meyer, the Rebels went into a game with a losing record of 1-2, following tough road losses to Boise State 31-7 and to Montana 21-20. Led by the running of Darrell Moore and Willie Russell (33, pictured above) the Rebels rolled over fifth-rated Jackson State at home, 39-2. Also shown is quarterback Glenn Carano (12).

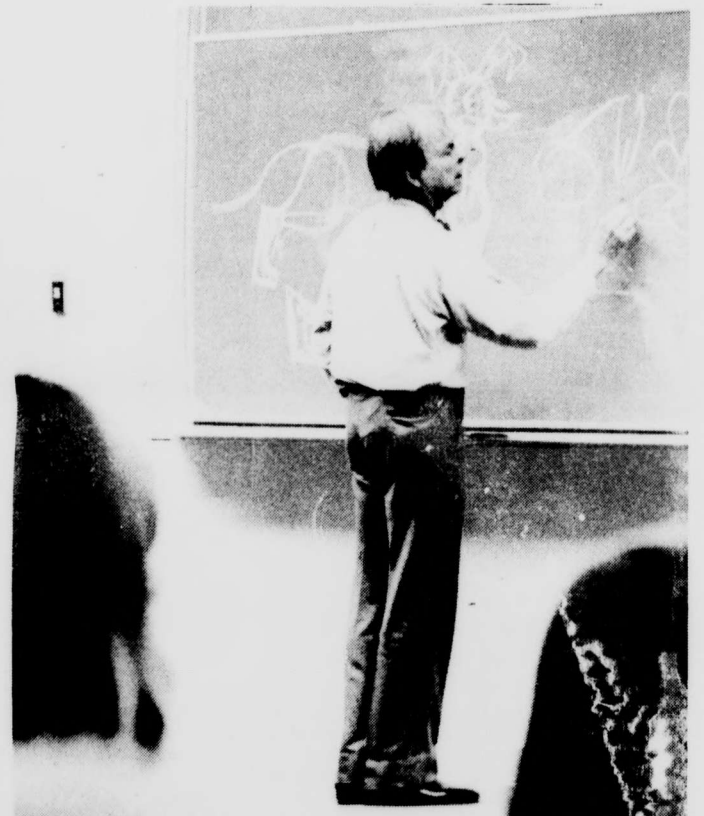


INJURED--Adding insult to injury to the Rebels loss on the road in Montana was the injury to wide receiver Mike Haverty. Rebel fans can relax, though. The unfortunate injury meant that "Cowboy" Haverty would be eligible for another season.

Photo courtesy of John Goad



HOMECOMING FUN--The Homecoming pie-eating contest quickly became the Homecoming pie-throwing contest, but it sure was fun.



PORKY PIG TAKES SHAPE--Highlight of Hart Wegner's film class in October was a visit by cartoonist Chuck Jones creator of [Road Runner, Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, etc.] That blackboard was probably worth its fortune after Mr. Jones finished his drawings of the Coyote, Porky Pig, and Bugs.

Photo by Don Barry



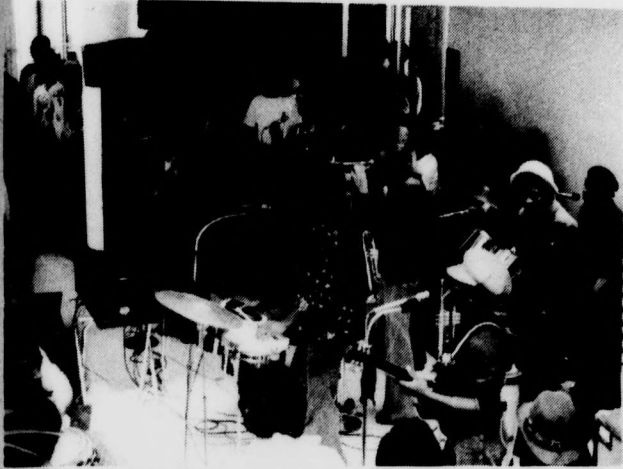
SMILING FACE OF VICTORY--The candidate from the Hotel Association, Miss Heidi Neal was the 1975 winner of the title UNLV Homecoming Queen. Miss Neal is also a head cheerleader. The event created quite a stir when she was whisked onto the field and then off quickly so as not to delay the beginning of the second half of play in the homecoming game. To make-up, Miss Neal was crowned at half-time in the next game a week later.

Photo by Gary Schuster



ONE THAT GOT AWAY--Far too often in the 1975 Homecoming loss was a scene like the one above, an enemy ball carrier breaking loose for another touchdown. Being victimized is Safety Gary Van Houten. The Rebels lost the Homecoming Game 39-7 to Idaho.

Photo by Gary Schuster



GETTING IT TOGETHER--Black History Week was a great success thanks to the Black Student Union and CSUN, which sponsored Dr. Henry Ponder and The Soul Connection (pictured above).



ROUNDING THE BASES--Rebel baseball had a winning season assured as they had 29-24 record going into a three game stand against Nevada-Reno this weekend. Showing his speed on the basepaths is third baseman Gerry Okuda (4). Coach Fred Dallimore has done a fine job with an entire new team this year. Photo by Lou Mazzola



DINING INTERNATIONAL--No, it's not dorm food this time. It's the International Food Taster, sponsored by the International Students Association. Members of the club prepared foods from their native lands to the delight of about 100 hungry students in April. Photo by Phil Foster



THE HOTEL ASSOCIATION PACKS 'EM IN--One of the highlights of March was the '50's party sponsored by the Hotel Association. Fifties costumes were the order of the day as well as fifties talk and driving a 1957 Chevy. Fonzy would have loved it. Photo by Don Barry



ELECTED--CSUN elections were held in April and the three smiling winners are Pam Hysell, CSUN Treasurer; Dan Russe, CSUN President; and Pam Moore, CSUN Vice-president. The three took office two weeks ago on April 30.

US Inc.

Another Way For Teenagers

by Phillip Foster

Several UNLV students are working with young people at a local drop-in center, US Inc., as part of Dr. Verdun Trione's graduate class in drug counseling. About seven students regularly counsel individual young people who have had family and/or drug problems.

US, Inc. is mainly a drop-in center for teenagers from the age of 13 to 18. The main thrust of the program is to offer an alternative for the kids, and to try and help them re-direct themselves to a more constructive life. Much of the program involves different forms of recreation. Most of the kids come from broken homes and in many ways have not been receiving the proper care and

some way to build up confidence in themselves.

They hold regular group sessions as well as individual sessions. This is where the UNLV students come in. Gina White, a graduate psychology student, counsels several people each week. She is also teaching a Spanish class for those interested in learning a foreign language. She said the experience working with the kids has been a tremendous learning and practical experience for her future. She and the other UNLV students report back weekly to Dr. Trioni.

US is located at 710 South Main Street, and is open Monday through Thursday from 1 p.m. to 9:30 p.m., and Friday and Saturday, 1 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. Jane Rubenstein is the director and she and the rest of the staff would like



Gina White teaching spanish at US Inc.

affection in their homes. So the staff at US try to supply what the kids do not receive at home. Thom Lindsay, one of the staff members, said that most of the kids have had a sense of rejection and failure all their lives and need

to encourage students who have some free time and would like to work with young people to visit and get involved. They need people who can help teach arts and crafts, music, drama or recreation.

What Information Is In Your Files?

The campus of UNLV is the scene of an organization formed recently with the purpose of securing safeguards from the dangers of false information in police files. The Commission on Law Enforcement and Social Justice, a national organization, was begun on campus when students, concerned for the problems arising from false information in something as dangerous as a police information network, decided to take steps to eliminate that hazard.

Frewin Osteen, director of public information for the UNLV chapter, said, "False information is the key issue here, more basic than any other. A person's life can be totally destroyed by falsehoods being distributed without his knowledge. This problem is greatly complicated today. With the advent of electronic communications systems, and centralized investigative files, a false report becomes more than a thorn in one's side, it becomes the cleaver

which can cut the life line of the individual by preventing him from obtaining a job or credit, and in some cases, causing him to end up in prison. This danger is what we are seeking to eliminate through the commission."

Currently, the commission is running public service announcements requesting anyone who feels they have false information in their file to contact the commission and receive assistance in correcting the falsehoods.

"We are concerned that a little known, usually overlooked problem can be so injurious to an individual, and we intend to bring this problem to the attention of whoever is necessary to ensure the obtaining of adequate protection for the individual," concluded Osteen.

For more information on the UNLV chapter of the National Commission on Law Enforcement and Social Justice, contact Michael O'Brien at 382-2969.

State Parks Offer Outdoor Program In May

The Nevada State Park System is sponsoring a series of outdoor programs in Red Rock Recreation Lands in May. In cooperation with the Red Rock Audubon Society, an Explore the Outdoors program is scheduled for Sunday, May 16 at the Spring Mountain Ranch. Beginning at 8 a.m., when the park opens, participants will be offered a lesson in bird watching in the ash grove area (8:30-10 a.m.), a tour of the historic ranch facility (10:30-12 noon), and an extended nature hike through outlying areas of the ranch (1:30-4 p.m.). Bring your own picnic lunch and wear suitable clothing for a moderately rough hike through undeveloped desert, woodland and wash areas. Members of the Audubon Society will instruct in the bird watching and identification session; state park naturalists will provide the guided historic tour and extended nature hike. The hike will focus on desert wildflowers and streamside vegetation. A camera and binoculars may prove helpful. Persons may plan to come for all or any part of the day. Latecomers should plan to meet with the group leaders at the parking lot at the times specified above to join in the activities.

During the last two weeks in May, Nevada State Park System will host "Shakespeare in the Park," at the Spring Mountain Ranch in Red Rock Recreation Lands. The New Shakespeare Company of San Francisco which will stage the plays is the largest travelling troupe of Shakespearean actors in the country. The

Continued on page 19

Need Your Help!

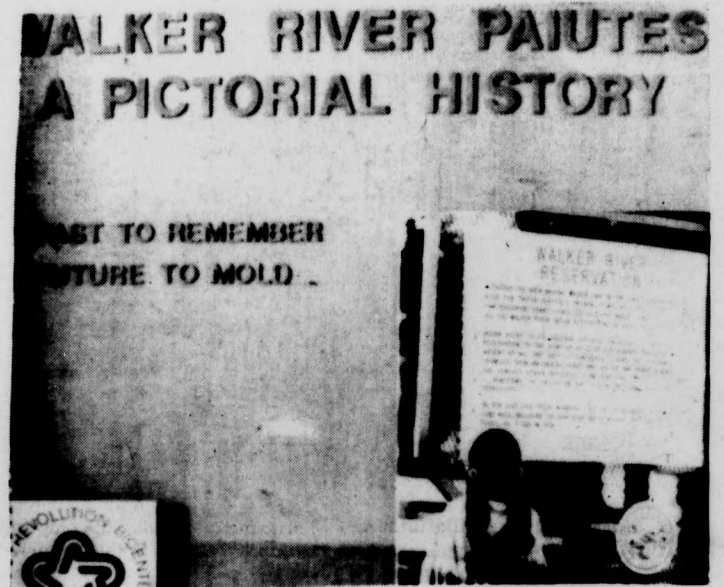
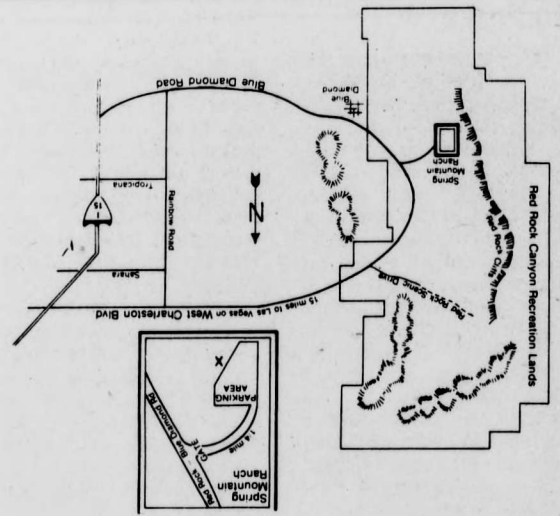
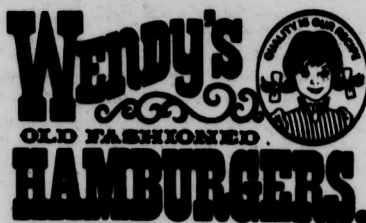
The Voluntary Action Center places men, women and teens in volunteer jobs throughout the community. VAC offers Information & Referral to any social service program in the community.

This week the Voluntary Action Center needs volunteers who will take aging patients on outings from convalescent homes.

Several volunteers are needed to work with severely retarded children. One is 11 months and the other 8 years old. A vietnamese person needs someone to give him driving lessons. Could you help?

Construction volunteers, carpenters, plumbers and painters are needed to work on a community service building in the westside. Just a few hours a week.

Call 382-5260 to volunteer today.



by Phillip Foster

During this month of May there will be in the Museum at UNLV a display of Pictorial history of the Walker Lake Paiute Indian tribe. The pictures show the Paiute tribe from several generations back, to Paiute life today. This display is part of the tribe's Bicentennial contribution to America's heritage. It is located in the Museum, Room 103, in the old P.E. building. Hours are 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. If the door is locked, there will be someone in the main office, Room 101, and will be more than happy to show you around.

HOTEL ASSOCIATION



Graduating hotel students will be honored by the Nevada Resort Association in their annual luncheon on May 13th at 12:00 noon at the Tropicana Hotel. The featured speaker will be Mr. James Buchanan, Chairman of the UNLV Board of Regents.

The final open house of the year will take place on May 14 at Sunset Park on Eastern Avenue. Hotel Association members and their guests will have a chance to meet the new officers and drink a few 'tall ones' as well. Sports-minded members are encouraged to bring frisbees and softball gear.

A trophy will be awarded to the winner of a hotly contested HA bowling tournament on May 15. The award will be presented at the picnic at Sunset Park, starting at 12:30 p.m.



State Parks

Continued from page 18

group has been widely acclaimed for their exhilarating, lively performances which avoid the customary formality of an elaborate stage production by using natural outdoor settings. All performances will begin at 8 p.m. in a pasture close to the visitor center. The audience will be seated on the ground throughout the performances, and participants are urged to bring blankets and/or pillows to provide a more comfortable seating arrangement. Playgoers are also invited to come early, bring the family and a picnic supper to enjoy a relaxing evening under the stars. Informal dress is desirable, with a light sweater or jacket to protect against chill night breezes.

All tickets are available at the gate only. Cost \$2 adults, \$1 senior citizens and children under 12. Four dramas will be staged each week, with the schedule arranged so that different plays will be presented on the same day of each consecutive week. This will allow a person to attend a performance on two successive Fridays, for example, and see two different plays. The schedule is subject to change if circumstances warrant, but every effort will be made to keep to the announced dates for each play. The schedule is:

- Wednesday, May 19 - "As You Like It"
- Thursday, May 20 - "The Tempest"
- Friday, May 21 - "Hamlet"
- Saturday, May 22 - "Midsummer Night's Dream"
- Wednesday, May 26 - "The Tempest"
- Thursday, May 27 - "As You Like It"
- Friday, May 28 - "Midsummer Night's Dream"
- Saturday, May 29 - "Hamlet"



BICENTENNIAL COMMITTEE--Officers of the UNLV Bicentennial Committee are, from left to right, Robin Patterson, Secretary; Richard Cole, Chairman; and Jodi Tenuta, Treasurer. Also pictured is CSUN Activities Board Chairman Scott Lorenz.

Fall Festival Set For September

Before you decide to wrap up this school year, remember there is always next year. Plans for next year's activities are already underway and among them are plans for the first annual "Fall Festival" which will be held September 24 and 25, sponsored by the UNLV Student Bicentennial Association.

According to the association's chairman, Richard Cole, the tentative plans call for a national track and field event, a high dive championship, plus a repeat of the successful Octoberfest which will again be sponsored by the

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, the Las Vegas Junior Chamber Ensemble, chaired by Carroll Berns, will perform the Brandenburg Concerto #3 and selected Elizabethan period pieces. The ensemble will play beginning at 6:45 p.m. to enhance the evening's entertainment in the Shakespearean mood. Additional information may be obtained by calling 385-0264 or 875-4141.

Special outdoor programs at the Valley of Fire for May include a wildflower auto tour and a stargazing program. On Sunday, May 16, at 1:00 p.m., a wildflower auto tour will commence from the Visitor Center. Stops will be made at selected spots to examine some of the flowering plant communities in the park. Participants should bring water, wear sturdy shoes and dress appropriately for the weather. Cameras and binoculars, plant identification books may be useful. Anyone planning to attend is encouraged to organize car pools. The tour will gather at the Visitor Center at 12:45 p.m. For additional information, call the Valley of Fire Visitor Center, 1-397-2388, or the Las Vegas District Office, 385-0264.

A star-gazing program will be conducted by State Park Staff at area #3 of the Group Use area at the Valley of Fire, Saturday, May 22, beginning at 8:00 p.m. Prominent celestial objects, constellations and the changing seasonal skies will be explored. Participants should bring binoculars and telescopes if available. Participants should meet at the Group Use Area, at the Beehives formation, beginning at 7:45 p.m. This program will be cancelled if the weather is cloudy and stars are not visible; please check the skies before leaving for the park. More information may be obtained by calling 385-0264 or the Valley of Fire, 1-397-2388.

**Obeying on
the Job Market**

(CPS)--As women cheer their new working sisters onward to more equal opportunities on the job market, the nagging fact that most women are still channelled into the lowest-paid, non-unionized, service jobs shows up in all the statistics.

Between 1962 and 1974, millions of women entered the country's work force. They were having fewer children or they wanted to wait a few years before getting married. The cost of living continued to rise but their husbands were in danger of being laid off construction and manufacturing jobs. Their income made it possible to afford those little conveniences that made their hours at housework shorter. Many worked for the sole support of themselves and their dependents.

The biggest gain for the new working women was in clerical occupations. By 1974, women held four out of five jobs as cashiers, bank tellers, payroll clerks and stock and store clerks. Breaking into the job market for most meant a continuation of the same roles they thought they left at home (serving, nurturing and obeying) for minimum wages and little hope of advancement.

A big part of the equal pay enigma (women earned 58 cents to every dollar earned by men) is simply that women are clustered in occupations which are traditionally poorly paid. A recent Manpower Report confirmed that classification of jobs by earnings was noticeably similar to classification of jobs by sex. Overall average earnings in March, 1974 for private industry were \$4.06 an hour while the average rates in occupations dominated by women were more like \$3 an hour.

The report also pointed out that not only are women concentrated in lower paying industries but can also be found in relatively large numbers in non-union businesses.

And what about all the new professional women who have been advertised and promoted as evidence of the new liberation in the work force? According to the 1974 report, women constituted 40 percent of all professional employees, up only four percent from 1962. Clearly, most women were still being shunted into jobs as secretaries, clerical workers, waitresses, teachers, nurses, phone operators, bookkeepers and lab technicians.

Acting as assistants to the people who made the decisions was the way women first entered the office world and it has stuck with them ever since. According to Marjorie Davies, quoted in the Village Voice, it was during the Civil War that women were first introduced into government offices as clerical workers. U.S. Treasurer Francis Elias Spinner put the new help to work trimming paper money but found they were so good at it that he found other jobs for them, too. By 1869, Spinner was boasting that "some of the females are doing more and better work for \$900 per annum than many male clerks who were paid double that amount." And so the tradition continued.

Summer Hours

SUMMER LIBRARY HOURS

Monday-Thursday	8 a.m. - 7:45 p.m.
Friday	8 a.m. - 4:45 p.m.
Saturday	8 a.m. - 12 noon
Sunday	1 p.m. - 5 p.m.
Closed May 22 and 23, and 29 - 31, July 4, August 21 and 22, and 28 and 29, and September 4 and 5.	

STUDENT UNION HOURS

Monday - Thursday	7:30 a.m. - 10 p.m.
Friday	7:30 a.m. - 12 midnight
Saturday	8 a.m. - 12 midnight
Sunday	11 a.m. - 10 p.m.

The Student Union Activities Board is planning its summer schedule right now. Upcoming is a June or July Mexican Fiesta, and a regular movie schedule will run throughout the summer.

BOOKSTORE HOURS

Monday - Friday	8 a.m. - 5 p.m.
-----------------	-----------------

John Lyns
Secretarial Service

3101 Maryland Parkway
Suite 302 Phone 732-2365
20% student discount

Term papers, theses, short stories, letters and copy service

The DAIRY QUEEN* BRAZIER* menu has got just what it takes, the tasty-good BIG BRAZIER* and big, thick DQ* shakes.

Dairy Queen
brazier.

Maryland & Tropicana

Attention Students!!!



UNLV

Intercollegiate Athletic Sales Information....

Student Football Season Tickets:

Season tickets are available (east side only) at a discount rate to all UNLV students having in their possession, their own full-time validated student ID card. At this time, a student taking seven units is considered a full-time student and must have their valid ID card in their possession.

A student can purchase only one season ticket at the reduced price.

Season Ticket: \$20 inside 15 yard line (east side)
\$15 outside 15 yard line (east side)

Additional tickets may be purchased at the regular season ticket price.

Season Ticket: \$45 inside 15 yard line (east side)
(8 home games) \$32 inside 15 yard line (east side-child)
\$30 outside 15 yard line (east side)
\$16 outside 15 yard line (east side-child)

* The question of whether or not to reinstate the mandatory athletic fee is still pending.

If the mandatory athletic fee is reinstated, then the above mentioned "season ticket" information will be null and void. Instead, the students need only to show their valid ID card in order to receive a ticket to a football game.

** Student Basketball ticket information will be made available to the students at the time of Fall Semester registration.



Editor's Notebook

Diary Of A Rookie Editor

Touch football. I went in on the kick-off. I was lined up on the sideline, the same sideline the man with the ball chose to run down. I lunged for his flag. Suddenly the whole world turned upside down. I heard a crack, a crack like that of a 2 by 4 board when it is broken in two.

I felt no great pain. I just lay there on the ground.

I slowly started to get up when I noticed my leg was twisted sideways, grotesquely out of line.

I probably would have screamed right there, but a hundred people were watching that game, so I decided to let *them* do the screaming.

I picked up the part of my leg that was broken, and twisted it back where it belonged. It started to hurt.

This seems to be the most logical place to start this story--flat on my back.

For the next three months of my life I spent my time at home, in bed, in doctors' offices and, occasionally, in class. I couldn't do very many things. One of the things I *could* do was write for *The YELL*.

I was out of a job and I had to drop a few classes, but I continued to write. After all, I had nothing else to do; my cast was as big as the rest of my body.

There were a lot of other things in my life, to be sure, but the fact that I wrote for *The YELL* during my period of inactivity is important. You see, *The YELL* paid a monthly check of 20 dollars at the time, and since I didn't work, 20 bucks would have been kind of nice. The only problem was that the former editor of *The YELL* refused to pay me.

You see, the *YELL* offices are located on the third floor of the Student Union. There is no elevator, so visiting the *YELL* with a broken leg is not the sort of thing one wants to do too often. So when I wanted to have one of my stories turned in, I simply gave it to my girlfriend to deliver.

Dave Kelley, the editor, did not pay his staff for the month of November on time, preferring to pay everyone for the months of November and December at the paper's Christmas party held the last day of school.

I didn't want to go to the Christmas party, but I needed the forty bucks, so I decided to call and see if the checks were ready. (The *YELL* checks have--and have *always* had--a reputation of being perpetually late.)

So when I called the *YELL* and asked if my check was in, the secretary, Christy Cody, sounded very upset and told me I would have to speak to Kelley. I figured, "Wow, my check must be *really* late."



The "Star" contemplates his future...

Kelley enjoyed insulting me because he genuinely disliked me. This time was no different. "Hello, turkey. What do you want?" he sneered.

"I called to see if my check was in?"

"Let me answer your question with a question. How many times have I seen you in this office in the past two months?"

I was startled. "I haven't been there."

"Exactly. And that explains why you haven't got a check, doesn't it?"

"Dave, didn't you hear? I broke my leg."

"Yes, I did."

"Well how do you expect me to get to the *YELL* office, on the third floor, with a broken leg? Now listen, I wrote several stories, had them delivered, and you printed them."

"I pay for time in the office and you haven't been here in two months."

I got angry. "Listen you _____, I've got a broken leg."

"This isn't the welfare office. If you're looking for a handout, call them."

The conversation went downhill after that. *Bah humbug* to you too, Mr. Kelley.

After that I decided never to write for, set foot in, or read the *YELL* again. I also vowed to never speak to Dave Kelley again, which was no major sacrifice.

I stewed about it for quite a while. Then in early January, I happened to run into LeighAnne Morejon, who was Dave's most recent managing editor. (Dave had a problem with managing editors; it seemed that just because they did a lot of work, they

always wanted to receive some credit. Dave didn't like that, he always wanted all the credit.)

So when I saw LeighAnne I told her what had happened and that I definitely wouldn't be back next semester, except maybe to break Dave Kelley's leg. I was surprised to learn that she had also quit for the similar reason that she couldn't get along with Kelley, and she was dissatisfied with the operations of the paper. It impressed me that she would talk so openly about the problem, taking me into her confidence like she did.

The list of people who quit the *YELL* in protest of David Dean Kelley continued to grow. I didn't really care what happened; I planned to write for the *Las Vegas SUN* and the UNLV Information Office. The fact that Dave Kelley's *YELL* was crumbling was a source of delight, but I was still out twenty bucks.

SCHOOL STARTED

It was a strange feeling knowing I wouldn't be wandering around gathering information for my "Greek Column" or another story this semester. During that first day I happened to wander into the CSUN office at which time I was dragged into Joe Karaffa's office.

Karaffa informed me that he had been looking for me all day. "You know Dave Kelley resigned, don't you?" As CSUN president, Joe was responsible for appointing a replacement.

I was surprised. I knew Kelley didn't have much of a staff left, but I heard he had hired a lot of new people.

Then Karaffa said those fateful words, "I wanted to know if you would like to be editor."

I replied with the only intelligent remark I ever made, "Gee, I don't know. That's a lot of work."

We talked a while longer, mostly about what I would do with the paper. I had no plans; in fact, I never *did* have any plans for the paper. I just said I wanted to treat my staff like professionals and to make the paper pertain to the students.

Karaffa said he would gather several more candidates, interview them, and reach a decision probably late Tuesday. The paper had to come out right away because two were already supposed to have been printed.

I slowly got excited and the more I thought about it, the more I wanted it. I finally convinced myself I could do a good job.

LeighAnne was being interviewed for the job, so was George Stamos and Rick Harris. Barbara Scarantino probably would have been considered but she was in the hospital. It's too bad; she would have been great.

Tuesday came and went and no editor was selected. One candidate was dropped and another added. LeighAnne told Karaffa she would do the job for three hundred dollars a month; Karaffa turned that down. I told LeighAnne immediately that if I were chosen, she would be managing editor. She accepted, but thought to herself, "This guy is never going to be editor."

The new rival was Mike Navarro. I was impressed when I met Navarro. I had heard he had been responsible for two magazines, one as the editor, and I thought he stood a good chance of being appointed.

On Wednesday I cut two classes waiting to find out who would be editor. The news still did not come. I was getting sick of waiting. I knew that even if I was appointed, the job of putting out a paper was being made tougher and tougher as each day passed.

On Thursday I decided to tell Karaffa I wanted to withdraw my name. On the way to his office I ran into him, at which time he told me I had the job. Funny how that worked.

Joe and I went into his office where he outlined how important it was to get the paper out by the following Wednesday, which meant getting the paper to the printers by Monday. That meant I had only Friday, Saturday and Sunday to work on it. I also had next to nothing in the way of a staff. There had been no stories assigned and none written.

I quickly grabbed all the available staff I could, which were mainly other candidates: LeighAnne, Harris, Navarro, Stamos, Barbara, and whoever else came into my office.

But on that Thursday I went to my office, sat behind Kelley's desk, put my feet--I mean my foot and my cast--up and enjoyed being *A STAR*.

STARDOM

It was short-lived, however. I spent Friday with half my attention directed towards laying out a newspaper and interviewing a staff. Neither was easy.

I had told Karaffa I knew how to lay out a paper, having laid out my high school paper and yearbook while at Valley. What I didn't tell him was that both those publications were considered lousy even by high school standards.

And when it came to choosing a staff, I had more problems. For one thing, Kelley had few loyal staff members, but those he did have were very loyal to *him*. Another problem was that while Kelley could not get along with people, he was better in other areas, like handling the machines and grammar, spelling, very basic stuff, but very important. I couldn't let the staff members know right off that I had trouble spelling "*The YELL*," and I also couldn't keep the people who agreed emphatically with Kelley's policies, which ran in direct opposition to mine.

First things first: I had to get a paper out. I decided that since a great deal had happened since the last issue was printed almost two months prior, I would just run headlines across page one. It seemed like a good idea at the time.

The idea was: "Kelley Quits. Ron Meyer Quits. Barbara Quinn Fired...But the Rebels Keep Rolling Along." It was cute, but then the basketball team lost to Pepperdine and blew the whole thing

Kelley had hired Steven B. Howard as sports editor before he left and Steve started with the only really good story in the whole paper. The story was that Barbara Quinn had gotten the ax because the higher-ups needed an opening for another man in the P.E. Department. The story was true, which made the P.E. Department holler loud. I later wrote an editorial saying how the students were getting ripped-off at basketball games. They screamed loud at that one, too. They always scream loudest when you write the truth.

The paper was a long, boring job which took part of both Saturday and Sunday, and wasn't completed until late Monday afternoon. For some reason our printer, Allied Printers, needed three days to do four hours work. (Do you get the feeling *The YELL* Continued on following page

Continued from preceding page

was not their first priority?)

One of the interesting stories-behind-the-scenes in that first issue was the one about my being named editor. George Stamos had been assigned to write it, but it came in so flowery it made me sound like a god. Yecch! I made him rewrite it. I made him rewrite it again. And again. It was a good story so I told him to make it into an editorial, and I wrote the story myself. I felt weird.

There was good news; Dawn Holding came out of nowhere to take over layout. She was a professional and very energetic. There was also Ann Kofol, Darla Anderson, Mark Hayes, Nancy Lynn, and Jodi Tenuta. The really big news was that Barbara had been released from the hospital. Things were looking up.

The paper itself was a monstrosity; it lacked everything. After the sports section, which had been prepared in advance, the best story in the paper was "Jobs For Students". I taped it up on the wall to remind myself what lack of preparation can do.

I soon found myself swamped with even more requests for staff writers, plus some people were mad because their PR releases didn't run.

The second paper was much better, although it continued to resemble what Kelley would have put out. There was another Quinn article, which would get Steve into a lot of trouble with the Athletic Department.

Mike Navarro came up with a story on the P. E. Complex. In it, John Bayer was quoted as having demanded \$30,000 from the students to use the p. e. complex. Navarro obviously wanted to use *The YELL* to hype up his upcoming presidential campaign, but I didn't care. It was a great story.

What wasn't a great story was the "interview" with Dave Kelley, by Ann Kofol. After the paper had already gone to the printers, she told me she hadn't written it by herself, she had help. I asked her how much help and by whom? She replied that Kelley had written it himself. I was furious. The story was written in a way that really made Kelley look good, but I figured if it went that way, fine. No wonder Kelley looked so bright: he was answering his own questions. It was disgusting.

It was a much better issue, though. I ran a Black History Week story on the front page to begin good relations with the black students. As it turned out, I would need it.

The American College Regional Festival Regional Finals would be held for the first time at UNLV's Judy Bayley Theater, and we were going to devote a special issue to this event. It meant putting out two issues in one week, but I was sure it would be easy: I decided to turn the writing over to a journalism class, and allow them to review each of the nine plays that would be presented. I would assign three writers from the class and one *YELL* writer to cover it, then choose the best story for publication. Not all of stories came in on time, but we managed to find a good review about every play, except one: *John Brown's Body*.

We had three stories, each as poorly written as the one before



GEORGE STAMOS



COLLEEN NEWTON

it, so I rejected them all. I waited for the one by Darla to come in, and it never did, so I grabbed one of the rejections, skimmed over it and printed it. Wrong thing to do! Included in the text was a racial slur that didn't sit well with blacks--or whites, or Puerto Ricans. Actually, it didn't sit well with human beings. I printed a retraction and an apology, but the Special Edition was ruined. It was supposed to be a tribute to the Theatre Arts Department, but turned out to be a tribute to bigotry in America.

To add to the embarrassment of that issue was the fact that none of the plays presented were invited to the national festival in Washington. The rest of the "Special Edition" was very nice, if a little pointless.

The printing of this issue left me with another big problem. The regular edition was well overdue and the idea was to give the students more, not less, so I was having a panic and a half. LeighAnne assured me there was nothing to worry about; Dawn, who had quit after an argument with photo editor Mike Taylor, would start back to work the next day and she and Christy would get the paper done. By the time I got out of class the paper would be almost done.

The next day I walked into an empty office. I thought it was an April Fool's joke or something. I kept yelling, "Come out, come out, wherever you are." They didn't come out.

The phone rang. "Hello, this is Christy's mother. She's come down with the flu." I decided I should come down with something fatal, say beri-beri?

I just dropped everything. Today was the day I would finally rid myself of my hated cast, but I called up and cancelled my appointment. One more day in plaster was worth getting the paper out.

Soon LeighAnne came in and saw me frantically running around trying to work on the paper. She dropped everything and started working herself. "Where's Christy?"

"Sick."

"Where's Dawn?"

"I guess she came here and the office was locked, and she decided to leave."

"Thank God I don't have classes this afternoon." It was that way with the entire staff; as each one came in they dropped their things and started finishing the paper.

First it was my girlfriend, Pam Moore, who came in and started laying out the first page she'd done in her life. Then Mark

as the clock reached 3:30. I noticed we didn't have a basketball story. The Rebels had just finished a 28-1 season and we didn't have a basketball story. I called our crack sports writer, Steven B. and asked him if he could run down and write us one. The answer was no, so I decided to write it myself. No one in the office had been to either of the last two games. In fact, no one knew who was playing. This was going to be tough. I called the sports information office and got what facts I could and wrote around the facts I didn't have. Talk about great moments in journalism. I hadn't been to either game, or even read the city's papers about those two games.

The paper was just about getting done when the strangest thing happened: it snowed. In about thirty seconds the whole office cleared and everyone was outside throwing snowballs. I slowly limped downstairs and took pictures of these lovable weirdos, one of which ran on the front page of the paper when it came out the next morning. The paper wasn't finished until 7:00 that night. What a loyal staff.

The next week something funny happened. Now prepare yourself: the paper improved, and it came out on time. We ran sixteen pages of an interview with Walter Lanz (of Woody Woodpecker fame), Dr. Don Baepler (of no particular fame), Tony Knap; the new football coach, and Dean Kuhl of the graduate college. Add two pages of sports and two pages of entertainment to a Greek Column and you have a good paper. It was also the first paper to delve into the issue of the Day Care Center; Mike Navarro was stoking up his campaign (with my approval), by picking issues that would affect the students. Also



BARBARA SCARANTINO

Hayes started working on one of the machines which was on the fritz. He must have worked on that machine for two weeks before we pronounced it dead. Darla was there. And George.

Pam called the printers to ask when the latest possible time was when we could get our paper there, to get it out by Thursday; they said 4:00. It was now 3:00. Thanks a lot, pal.

While working I let my hand slip and it landed on the sharp end of an Exacto knife. It finally happened. I shed blood for the newspaper. Joe, you would have been proud.

Work was going fast and furious

on that page was a blurb stating that now was the time to file for CSUN elections. There loomed a dark cloud in my future.

There already was a dark cloud that week. My photo editor Mike Taylor was probably as hard-working and as well-intentioned as anyone I had ever seen, but he just couldn't get along with the other principals, Dawn Holding and LeighAnne, in particular. I decided the most important thing was to keep Dawn and LeighAnne happy, as well as myself (Mike and I had had words, too). Taylor had to be fired.

It was probably the hardest thing



MARK HAYES

I ever had to do, fire someone. But the shake-up didn't end there. Then there was Kofol, who was now Dave Kelley's girlfriend, which was a sticky situation indeed. She was always screaming the Kelley rhetoric, "We must cover the community, the state, the nation. No one wants to read about UNLV." To which my reply was that it was the *student's* paper, *paid* for by the students and should be *about* them and their efforts to get a decent education in this basketball factory. The argument didn't stop until she resigned, turning in a resignation that had been written by Kelley.

Then the unexpected happened. I was working in the darkroom when I came out to see how layout was going and discovered that everyone (that consisted of our new layout girl, Colleen Newton) was standing around doing nothing. I asked her why and she said she had been instructed by Dawn to wait until someone could proof-read everything. It was late Monday afternoon and getting later, so I told her to lay it out as is, and we would proofread it later. I then went back into the darkroom. Later I came out and found Dawn waiting for me in the layout room. She was furious. She screamed at me and I remembered that I was the editor and told her I wanted to reason with her. It didn't work. She screamed and screamed. Finally I told her to shut up, and she quit. Right there on the spot, she quit.

Suddenly I was going through staff members in nothing flat; if I kept losing at this rate, I felt worthy of the Dave Kelley award for management. It wasn't all my fault, but, boy, I felt low.

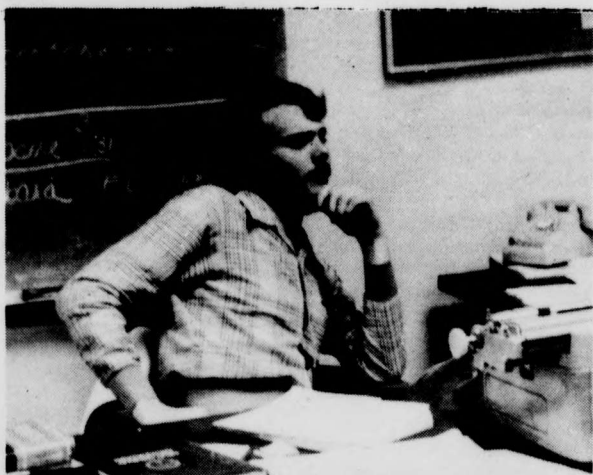
The next week things went from bad to worse. The election had begun, and in order to stay away from the proceedings, at least for the primary, I got my most unbiased, yet hardest-working, staffwriter Phil Foster on the job. Actually, the hardest-working is a tie between Phil Foster and Neil Hoffman, but Phil needs the encouragement. He was to write a story on each of the nine declared candidates to offer some sort of natural comparison.

Of course, Mike Navarro found a new way of exceeding the amount of space offered to the other candidates; he wrote a letter to the editor. Of course, I printed it, if for no other reason than it was straight out of Meredith Wilson: "I feel the students should be informed of the regrettable tendency in student government this year not to take full advantage of

Continued from previous page

the position they've enjoyed. I refer specifically to the lack of imaginative student activities presented." Right here in River City, oh! we got troubles!

wringer as to the why; the only thing that is important is that there was a widespread feeling that the facts about the radio station and *Factor E* should be



MIKE NAVARRO



TUNA--Jodi Tenuta, YELL Staff Writer who produces the Greek Column each week poses in Don Barry's football jersey. Yes, she did have something on underneath.

DON'T TAKE ANY WOODEN NAVARROS

Ironically, I first heard about the magazine *Factor E* from Mike Navarro himself. He confided in me one day that he was "dead in the eyes of the senate, because of a magazine he had put out the year before that sort of failed." (A quote from Navarro that I would fully expect him to deny.) So, I knew about *Factor E* a long time before elections, but I didn't feel it was really that important.

Then one day while wandering through the Student Union, I was stopped by an administrator and asked if I intended to inform the students about *Factor E*. I was promised a lot of incriminating evidence showing how the magazine was mismanaged. I looked at it, but hesitated running anything in the paper because I still believed Mike was a good candidate.

Then a few things happened to change my mind. I attended the Mike Navarro rally where he made a lot of claims that were just not true, and made some pretty wild promises. I began to see that most of his support was coming from students who had no idea how severe the limitations on the CSUN president are. I also got a great deal of prodding from several CSUN senators who had quite an ax to grind from the *Factor E* thing. The rest has already been run through the

presented to the students.

The deciding factor of the whole mess was the fact that Navarro stopped talking to me in the latter stages of the election. It seemed Navarro took it for granted that because I was a friend of Dan Russell's, I was going to be hostile to him, so he kept trying to go around me to get his name in the papers. He never bothered to speak to me during the last week.

He did talk to my staff and supposedly told them that I was going to come out with something about him, so naturally I decided to write something about him. It was sort of, if he was going to accuse me of it, I might as well do it. So I did.

The week that the Navarro article came out was not an easy one for anybody involved. For one thing, on Monday of that week about seven major organizations pledged their support to Russell, which just about guaranteed him a landslide victory. It is pretty hard to buck the Hotel Association, the dorm, and seven fraternities, as well as most of the black vote. But I decided the whole purpose of the article was not to defeat Navarro, it was to inform the voters about what he had done previously.

Reaction to the article was an experience in itself. Students either hated it or totally agreed with it, with very little in between. There were some very interesting crossovers. One of Navarro's campaign workers in-

vestigated the claims and felt he could no longer work for Navarro. On the other hand, two of the CSUN officers who had been screaming the loudest, were now screaming about "that biased newspaper" and calling for my head. Fortunately, all my quoted sources stood behind their quotes. Only one person ever came to the office to see the proof, which means, no matter what you do, UNLV will always be the seat of apathy in America.

One young man was so fond of that article, he placed a classified ad in *The YELL* saying, "Wanted Dead or Alive: Don Barry, \$10,000 dollars reward." Before you start looking for your gun, notice: he didn't leave any way to collect.

printed, and appeared in *The YELL*.

Now I want to give credit to all the people who made me look good.

MARK HAYES. You can always tell Mark Hayes when you come in the *YELL* office. He is either on the phone, waiting for a call, or waiting to make a call. The man of a thousand angles, he is always maneuvering his way to a free show, record, or play. Sometimes he is busy laying out his entertainment page, or he's giving out more free (?) plugs than Johnny Carson. Mark will be a great success in life someday, unless I take away his press card.

DAWN HOLDING. Dawn and I occasionally saw eye to eye this year, and there were even times

when we spoke to each other. She contributed a great deal to organizing layout and was a big help in training her successor, Colleen Newton. She also threw a good snowball.

COLLEEN NEWTON. Colleen just got married, which meant the paper had to do without her for two weeks, which really makes me grateful to her. Colleen is really neat; everytime I come in the layout room she follows me everywhere, straightening up all the crooked things I do. All the time muttering to herself. That's the difference between Colleen and Dawn: Dawn tried to correct my crooked ways: Colleen only talks to herself.

MIKE TAYLOR. Mike was not a lucky name for me this year, but Mr. Taylor was a good photographer and a real hard worker, and I'll remember him for all the hours of diligent work he did put in.

DARLA ANDERSON. Darla is a wonderful girl. She reminds me of a puppy, always smiling, always cuddly. You can give Darla a hundred assignments and she'll accept them all; she never says no. (I said she was cuddly, didn't I?). Whether she ever gets any of those assignments done or not, well--nobody's perfect, not even Darla. Darla wrote the article on Steve McPeak and I went with her to take the pictures. She was so nice she talked me into climbing up on the high wire with McPeak. I got halfway up when I suddenly remembered what it was like to break a leg. You're a great puppy anyway, Darla.

NEIL HOFFMAN. The old man of the staff, Neil keeps us up on the Graduate College and the University Senate, as well as handing in some very nice, long interviews with campus people. Neil was just named editor of a small paper. I wish him the best of luck. Neil is a good writer. He added depth to people most of us would never have known about otherwise.

CHRISTY CODY. It's not everybody that has a beautiful secretary. She even types, too. Pretty girls are a dime a dozen and Christy cost a whole quarter. Enough with the bad secretary jokes. Christy spent a difficult year on *The YELL* and next year she is moving up to bigger and better things. She'll be working for *The YELL* again. Christy is very dedicated and often spent weekends working, I'm very glad to have her.

Continued on following page



THE YELL'S PICK-UP TRUCK--One thing you should never do with an MG Midget is haul 4,000 copies of *The YELL* home from the printers. This was the unfortunate consequence of having to change printers from one which was two skips away to one that is in another town, North Las Vegas. Would you believe two people rode in that car, too? Photo by Don Barry



WHOOPS!--YELL Staff Writer Darla Anderson finds out how slick new fallen snow can be. It didn't last long--two hours later it had all melted. Also pictured is Dawn Holding. Photo by Don Barry

The running joke from then on was not for anyone to stand too close, as they might be hit by a stray bullet.

I must be a real glutton for punishment. I also directed my barbs towards Frank, uh, what's-his-name; the skinny singer from Hobokan, you know. That's another good way to get shot.

Somebody, I don't know who (maybe I'm making this part up), once said that a good journalist is always hated by someone. Man, I must really be great: I mean, think about it. My fan club meets in a phone booth.

Anyway, it's been fun, crazy, lousy, pain in the _____; long, tiring, boring, exciting, any other adjective you want to throw in here, half year. I'm grateful for the experience, and even though we didn't always agree, I'm grateful to all those who read, wrote, photographed, laid out,



HA HA! I'M BEHIND THE TREE--YELL Associate Editor George Stamos gets sparse protection as the YELL staff frolics in a freak March snowstorm. Also shown from left to right are Dawn Holding, Darla Anderson, and LeighAnne Morejon. Photo by Don Barry

Continued from preceding page

JODI TENUTA. I approached Tuna one day and asked her if she would write The Greek Column. She said she couldn't write, to which I replied that it never stopped me before. So we sort of had the Greek Column on a bi-weekly basis. Next year I think I'll have someone from another fraternity or sorority alternate with Jodi. Anyone interested? Jodi has done a fine job, and for the first time, pictures were a regular feature of the Greek section.



LEIGHANNE MOREJON



NEIL HOFFMAN

and baseball as much as he likes football and basketball. Steve also gave me the hot scoop that Tarkanian is leaving for USC in about two weeks; he told me that in March. One thing Steve, will you ever tell us what the "B." stands for? Or do we care? **BARBARA SCARANTINO.** Anyone who has checked the box marked "Total Garbage" on the YELL questionnaire, has never read an article by Barbara. Barbara really has talent, and her presence within these pages is much appreciated. I just wish she could write more. She gives this rag a lot of class.

something I wrote and the spelling isn't too great. She even laughs at my jokes which is no easy trick either.

I also know she won't get mad at the rest of this article (or has it now grown up enough to be a book?). As I talk about the lady who puts it all together every week. If the paper is good, she deserves all the credit and if it is bad you can blame it on me. She works hard all day in the madhouse we call an office and then takes work home with her at night. She covers all my goofs, proofreads my copy, and laughs at my jokes, all that and she has never gotten mad at me, (well once almost.)

She helped me write that crazy "Senzuri" article, and all she ever wants for all her work is to be "just one of the guys." I just want to say I love and appreciate my managing editor LeighAnne Just-one-of-the-guys Morejon. You've made the paper what it is today, whatever that is. (After all that build up what a backhanded compliment!)

Anyway gang it's been a lot of fun and hopefully we'll all be back next year, where with a summer of planning this paper can really take off and serve the students the way it should.

GEORGE STAMOS. Sometimes, when it's close to the deadline, and everyone is running around like a nut trying to put out a paper, George will do something to break the place up. Sometimes we sing, sometimes we act like little kids, but working with George is never hard and always fun. If only George would start forming his own opinions he would have it made.

PAMELA MOORE. I don't want to get mushy here but I just want to thank Pam for all the confidence she has given me and for standing by me when things didn't go too good. I also want to thank her for not laughing too loud when she has to proofread

BART VARGAS, NANCY LYNN, HOWARD LEIDNER, BARBARA MCGHEE. Bart, Nancy, Howard, and Barbara all contributed at one time or another. Bart wrote some sports and fraternity stuff, Nancy some much-appreciated comedy, Howard was there too, and Barbara had a list compiled of available apartments. Why don't you guys write more? (I know your mother says the very same thing.)

RICK HARRIS. One night, it must have been around midnight, I was walking my girlfriend out to her car, when Rick came walking down the street wearing a pair of shorts, a Hawaiian shirt, and dribbling a basketball. His long kinky hair was blowing in the breeze and it must have been freezing outside. It should be noted that Rick is not your ordinary business manager. Rick somehow manages to keep the paper full of ads, and the accounts straight, (at least in his head).



IT'S DARK IN THERE--Lou Mazzola likes to develop pictures without a shirt on. It's OK--he does it in the dark.



RICK HARRIS

PHILL ATTEBERRY. I think the most outstanding thing every week in *The YELL* are the comics and drawings done by Phill. And to think he works cheap enough that we can afford him. The high point of my week is when the installment of "Slider Smoot" is delivered.

PHILLIP FOSTER. Phil probably works harder for the paper than any of the other writers. He is usually working on two or three stories at a time. But he is planning to move to Arizona, so he may not be here next semester. Hey, the way things are going I might not either.

MIKE NAVARRO. No matter what our differences were politically, I do have to thank Mr. Navarro for several stories which I ran front page, as well as his column. Maybe I should also thank him for making some of the liveliest copy ever, but I don't think he would appreciate it. Mike also picked up the paper from the printers once, which is a very tiring and dirty job. Mike, you were a great staff member. Why did you have to run for president?

LOU MAZZOLA. I thought I was bad. I once sent Lou out to cover a basketball game and he came back with 37 pictures of the bat girl. Boy, I was mad. He could have at least called me up and I'd have gone with him. My apologies to the baseball team and my compliments to Mr. Mazzola. You have excellent tastes.

MAXINE PETERSON. I sent Maxine out to cover Smitty, which should qualify her as a saint. Maxine has also worked very closely with Mark Hayes. Watch it, Mark, she's another married woman.

STEVEN B. HOWARD. I just wish Steve liked Soccer, track,



PHIL FOSTER



JUST ONE OF THE GUYS--LeighAnne Morejon always said she just wanted to be one of the guys, so here she is in Las Vegas Stadium.



IT'S NOT ALL WORK--YELL secretary Christy Cody proves she is not in the mold of the old spinster secretary type at all!

Photo by Don Barry

Rebel Sports

Benefit Softball Game Pits Rebel Football Players Against Rebel Basketball Players

by Steven B. Howard

What started out as a term project for a UNLV class will turn into a benefiting reality this Saturday afternoon as a team of UNLV football players will pit their softball skills against a group of Rebel basketball players in a charity game on the UNLV campus baseball diamond. Game time is slated for 1:30 p.m.

Billed as "Rebel Softball Showdown" by the UNLV public relations class which is putting on the game as a class term project, the slow-pitch affair may become an annual spring festivity according to one release put out by the class.

All proceeds from the game will go to the Multiple Sclerosis Society of Las Vegas.

The class, which is taught by UNLV Director of Information Mark Hughes and his editorial assistant Walt Belcher, is handling all publicity for the event including news releases, billboard designing, all promotional gimmicks, and even the printing of the tickets.

Many of the star players on both

the Rebel football and basketball squads quickly jumped on board when the idea was in its early planning stages. At press time, such Rebel standouts as Lewis Brown, Glenn Carano, Mike Haverly, Eddie Owens, Glen Gondrezick, Jackie Robinson, and Reggie Theus had already committed themselves and several others were expected to join in the fun by gametime.

Refreshments will be sold at the concession stand, so no one can use thirst or hunger as an excuse to not come out and enjoy what should be an exciting ballgame.

In addition to the players, a handful of celebrities are expected to show up and exhibit their pitching skills. These include comedian Pete Barbutti, Rebel Head Football coach Tony Knap, and local TV sportscaster Ron Vitto.

UNLV, according to Kate Lowe, executive director of the local Las Vegas Multiple Sclerosis chapter, has been quite active in the fight against MS over the years. She stated that former Rebel running back and last year's NFL Rookie of the Year Mike Thomas was a



MS volunteer and that Rebel head basketball coach Jerry Tarkanian as well as former athletic director and current golf coach Michael "Chub" Drakulich are active members of the Board of Trustees.

According to another press release sent out by the public relations class, all of the players are enthusiastically approaching the contest with the highest of spirits.

Apparently, "Big Lew" Brown has already picked the winner of the contest. He stated last week that, "The Multiple Sclerosis Society will be the winner--and that's the greatest, because their purpose is to help others." And who's going to argue with the big man?

Baseball Squad To End Successful Campaign Against Reno This Weekend

by Steven B. Howard

UNLV baseball fans will be thinking "30" this weekend as the long 1976 campaign comes to a close this weekend with three scheduled games against interstate rival U. Nevada, Reno.

The Rebels take an impressive 29-24 record into the three-game series with the Wolfpack and will need to win only one contest to achieve a thirty victory season.

Rebel Head baseball coach Fred Dallimore is already assured of his first winning season at the helm of UNLV baseball since becoming the head coach three seasons ago. Even if the Rebels lose all three games to Reno, the team will finish with a 29-27 record.

The Rebels dropped one of a scheduled three-game series with the Northern Arizona Lumber-

jacks last week by a 13-7 margin.

The other two games were cancelled when the field was made unplayable by a late season snowstorm.

Last year, the Rebels won once and lost twice against the Wolfpack.

Dave Denton, the hot-swinging second baseman for the Rebels, continues his attack on opposing pitching. He had three hits in the loss against NAU, including a three-run home run. He now holds the Rebel mark for home runs in a season (14). In addition, the junior is now hitting at a .454 pace and is easily the team's top batter.

The three-game series in Reno is slated to begin on Friday with a single game starting at 7pm. On Saturday, the two sister schools will mix it up for a doubleheader starting at 12 noon.

What Could Happen At The Showdown

by Diane Kratochvil
Special to The YELL

consecutive times.

"Walk!"

Fearing a penalty for "Traveling," he hesitates. But once assured it is legal to -- as the opposition put it -- "walk to the 30-yard line" -- he ambles on to first base.

There are other obstacles for the basketball player to overcome. Like avoiding being tackled as he later rounds second. Only his excellent pivoting saves him.

The football team, too, has its problems. The idea of catching a fly ball, then throwing it to someone else is a difficult habit to cultivate. More than one outfielder attempts to catch the ball and run with it. Slamming head-on into the homerun fence quickly cures them.

As the game comes to a confusing end, the umpires shake their heads. They never thought they'd see the day when they'd be asked to call clipping penalties, free shots, time outs and double dribbling. It simply is not the usual run-of-the-mill softball game.

Whether UNLV's Rebel Softball Showdown will be as bizarre is yet to be seen. But it will be strictly entertainment from the word go. Or, if you prefer, from the opening kick-off.



EAGLE CLAWS--Rebel football player Glenn Carano, left, competes for first place in batting line-up with Rebel basketball player Lewis "Big Lew" Brown during batting practice for the slowpitch charity softball game to be played between the two varsity teams on the University of Nevada, Las Vegas baseball field at 1:30 p.m. Saturday, May 15. The proceeds of the game will benefit the Multiple Sclerosis Society of Las Vegas and will include celebrity pitchers such as entertainer Pete Barbutti, UNLV head football coach Tony Knap and KLAS sportscaster Ron Vitto.

Slider Schmoot

by Phill Atteberry



BIG brazier* DELUXE
full quarter-pound

It's got a salad inside!

ONLY 90¢

A quarter pound of char-broiled beef, a cool slice of tomato on a bed of lettuce -- and seasoned with our own zesty Brazier sauce, mustard and pickle -- on a toasted sesame seed bun.

Dairy Queen* brazier*

"LET'S ALL GO TO DAIRY QUEEN"

Steven's Scoreboard



Last week's column was closed with this statement: "Unless a spokesman for the university, the Nevada State Attorney General's office (which is conducting an investigation into the questions raised by the NCAA for the university so that UNLV may answer these questions), or the Rebel athletic department makes some sort of statement regarding the types of questions the NCAA has asked, it is my intention to 'put it all on the line' and inform you, the students, of what has come my way about the NCAA investigation. I will also present a list of possible violations which may or may not have occurred so that each of you may judge for yourself the type of activities that have happened and have resulted in the current NCAA investigation."

Throughout the past week, I have often contemplated that statement, especially with regard to fulfilling my intention. After all, most students come to UNLV by choice and even those who don't probably care about the reputation of the school he or she is attending. And with this in mind, it seems almost logical that every student on campus would want to know about what type of alleged violations the NCAA has investigated in regards to the Rebels.

For these reasons, I have felt obliged as a reporter to report to you, the students and the readers of your student newspaper, what rumors and facts have come my way about the NCAA investigation.

But there is another obligation that I have. And I think that it outweighs the other one. This second obligation is to the journalism profession. A journalist should report the facts, and only the facts. Rumors and speculation should be labeled as such and should be attributed, if not to an individual, then at least to a qualified and unnamed source or witness.

Unfortunately, because of a heavy class and job schedule, I have been unable to perform my duties as a reporter for most of this spring semester. I have failed in these last few weeks to do such reportorial duties as check and verify information, hound those who have knowledge about certain events until they finally reveal the little-known secrets, and in turn make such verifications and former secrets public for all to discuss and judge.

When I first accepted this job, on New Year's Eve from former editor Dave Kelley, I had plenty of time to investigate and report on the activities inside the UNLV Athletic Department. As a result of these endeavors the YELL was able to start the spring semester with a front page story about the firing of Women's Athletic Director Barbara A. Quinn.

However, as the semester progressed and everybody's work load increased, I was unable to devote the necessary time to continue such investigative reporting. As a result, I have still been unable to confirm many of the stories and rumors that have passed my way in the last four months about the NCAA investigation.

But a lack of confirmation is not my only reason for renegeing on last week's pledge. There are two other factors involved which are also related to being a "professional" and doing a "professional job."

The first of these is that this is going to be the last column until next fall because *The YELL* will not come out again until then. Therefore, spokesmen for the university and/or the athletic department would not have an opportunity to respond to any charges, allegations, or rumors which I made public today. I strongly feel that there are two sides to most stories and that as a journalist, one should always try to tell both sides when the opportunity presents itself.

The third major reason for dropping this column to explanations and not rumors or gossip is that most of what I know may be just that--rumor or gossip. There have been very few "on-the-record" statements since word of the investigation was first made public over two years ago. And now that the investigation is in its current delicate stage, chances of getting any worthwhile on-the-record statements are almost nil.

For these reasons, plus a few that are not really worth any space but were considered while weighing the decision, I have decided to end the year on a positive note. Everything I have written in the past four months has been entirely of my discretion and this includes this column.

Anyway, I hope the explanations are sufficient, and I hope that over the course of this semester I have been able to both entertain and enlighten you about the sports program at your university. Everybody have a good summer and remember, just over three months until the 1976 Rebel football season.

Spring Football Clinic To Be Held This Weekend

Need an extra credit that can be gotten over the course of one weekend? Want to learn some inside knowledge about football? How would you like to do both at the same time?

Well, this weekend you can. The second annual Las Vegas Spring Football Clinic is being held this weekend at the Stardust Hotel on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. The clinic is being offered as one

semester hour under the heading of Special Problems in Physical Education.

The price for the credit is just \$23, which is far below the cost of any credit to be earned during one of the two summer sessions.

The clinic features such top-notch football coaches as Darryl Rodgers, Rod Downhower, Paul Widmer, Ernie Stautner, Galen Hall, and former UNLV football



1976 UNLV Men's Tennis Team--Members of the 1976 UNLV Men's Tennis Team are pictured here, from left to right. First Row: Wayne Pickard, Harry Keays, George Morrissey, Russell Highfield, and Jerry Berg. Second Row: Head Coach Fred Albrecht, Dan Knight, Eric Dondich, Robert Raizk, and Bruce Stubbs.

Photo courtesy Sports Information Office



Winners of various intramural sports are, from left to right standing, Bob Boehmer, Steve Graham, and Chuck Martinez. Bottom row, Brian Cobb and Frankie Sandoval.



Frankie Sandoval, left, supervisor of UNLV Intramural Sports, presents tennis award to Bill Moody. Photo by Lou Mazzola

Men's Tennis Team Completes Finest Season

The UNLV men's tennis team recently completed its finest season ever with a second place finish in the Riverside Invitational.

The Rebels were defeated by University of California, Dominguez Hills 5-4 in the finals, but still wound up the 1976 season with a 24-7 record setting two school marks along the way. The 24 wins were the most ever, and the 7 losses were the fewest.

Thirteen of the 24 victories came in the way of shutouts. At one stretch of the season, UNLV had a string of five consecutive shutouts. Coach Fred Albrecht's Rebels captured the Weber State Invitational championship and finished second in two other tournaments. UNLV was defeated by Cal State-Fullerton 5-4 in the finals of the Las Vegas Invitational and ended the season with the loss to Dominguez Hills.

Jerry Berg, a freshman from Clark and the No. 5 singles player, lead the team in victories winning 24 of 30 singles matches. Top-seated Wayne Pickard finished the year with a 20-10 record including championships in the Weber State and Las Vegas tournaments.

Number two singles player, George Morrissey finished the year with a 22-9 mark, and teamed with Pickard to win 22 of 28 doubles matches. Coach Albrecht said his number one doubles team is being considered for an invitation to compete in this year's NCAA championships to be held later this month.

Bruce Stubbs, one of two returning starters from the 1975 Rebels, captured two individual championships en route to a 22-7 mark. Dan Knight, a sophomore out of Clark, finished the year with a 22-9 mark including the No. 4 singles championships the Rebels Invitational. Robert Raizk and Russell Highfield ended the year with respective records of 14-6 and 9-2.

Intramural Champs!

Equipment Room #2--Basketball team first place members, Steve Galtam, Bob Boehmer, Brian Cobb, Al Rozzi, Odis Allbon and Doug Johnson. Intramural Volley Ball's first-place team--The Red Skins. Members Bob Boehmer, Steve Graham, Louis Lavietes, Brian Harris, Russ Skuecker, Ed Bradley and Captain Chuck Martinez. Intramural softball first-place team--Sigma Chi's Bill Moody--first place tennis, and Adam Garden JR.--first place handball.

assistant coach and current assistant basketball coach Ralph Readout.

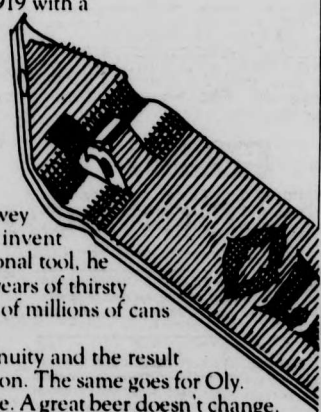
Persons wanting to sign up for the college credit may do so on Friday between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. at the clinic registration desk in the Stardust Hotel, or by contacting UNLV Assistant Football Coach Doug Carder at 739-3466 or 736-1776.

Olympia Brewing Company, Olympia, Washington *OLY*

Some things never change. First hinted at in 1919 with a patent for "a tool with which to open milk and fruit cans," the sleek steel line of the classic beer hook had to await the invention of the beer can by American Can in 1935.

When employee Dewey Sampson was detailed to invent this penultimately functional tool, he succeeded in uniting 30 years of thirsty throats with the contents of millions of cans of Oly.

It took skill and ingenuity and the result just can't be improved upon. The same goes for Oly. Some things never change. A great beer doesn't change. Olympia never will.



OLYMPIA
Beer doesn't get any better.



Classified

The YELL Classified section is open free to any student, staff, or instructor at UNLV for non-commercial advertising up to 20 words. For commercial or non-UNLV ads, the cost is \$1.00 per insertion up to 20 words. Additional rates are available upon request. Advertising deadlines are Wednesday at noon prior to issue insertion.

Help Wanted

HELP WANTED
PART TIME make appointments for our (FOOD COUNSELORS) from our office. 382-5782 - 731-2561

HOUSE-SITTING Graduate students require house-sitting opportunity for summer months. Contact Arnold Huang, Math Dept. 739-3567

MATURE STUDENT, non-drinker, seeking summer house sitting jobs. Must have excellent references. 736-8055

ONE MAN FOR washing cars part-time. Apply in person. Airlines Rent-A-Car. at 3751 Las Vegas Blvd. So.

STUDENT NEEDED to run errands. Must drive afternoons. Call after 2 p.m. 734-1035

DRIVER WANTED First aid training needed. 10-12 p.m. Several nights a week. Call after 2:00. 734-1200

NEEDED: 5'2" female, 110 lbs or less, with two years ballet experience and likes high places. Contact Steve McPeak at 458-5753

WANTED YOUNG MALE MUSICIANS 17-31. Bass, piano, drums and guitar, must read and transcribe music. Willing to travel. Call 382-8512, ask for Miss Carre.

Housing

TOWNHOUSE FOR LEASE Sundance Place, across from UNLV, 3 bedrooms, 2 1/2 baths, pool and tennis facilities. Asking \$375 Call Joan at 736-7352

TOWNHOUSE FOR LEASE Completely furnished, two bedrooms, two baths, garage, tennis, pool. One-year lease. \$300 per month. Call 451-7435

WANTED HSE/AFT near campus: 3 or 4 beds for fulltime grad student/artist spouse - mature couple, fair rent - quiet, need by fall term - current mgr will recommend. P.O. Box 6609, Las Vegas, NV 89106

HOUSING IN NEW HOUSES Tropicana and Sandhill Summer and/or Fall. Full house privileges. Male or female \$120 per month per room. Call Steve 736-9238 6423 in Darr.

MONEY PROBLEMS?
SHARE EXPENSES: Apartments - Townhouses - Homes. Let ROOMMATE FINDERs scientifically match you with a compatible roommate. CALL ROBERTA - 739-9535

FEMALE STUDENT: Private room in lovely home with pool for summer months. Kitchen privileges. Ten minutes from UNLV \$25 per week 565-6285

TOWNHOUSE FOR LEASE: Winterwood New World 3 bedroom, 2 bath, 2 car garage, pool, all appliances, many extras. Asking \$350. Available June 1 - 452-9317 or ext. 195.

MALE STUDENT SEEKING low-cost housing during summer--prefer near University. Phone 736-9919 and ask for Phill Attberry, or see me at Dorm #308.

Miscellaneous

TENNIS LESSONS Would you like to learn by summer. \$6.00 an hour. call: 457-9036

EXPERIENCED TYPIST: Reasonable Rates. 457-8246.

READY! Do you need help with your reading? We will tutor UNLV students - FREE! Call or visit the Reading Center and Clinic, Education Building, Room 119, phone 739-3781

JUGGLING CLASS FREE every Wednesday at 7:30-9:30 p.m. Upstairs in Union. For information call 736-1709.

AVERAGE TENNIS PLAYER to play everyday either 6:00 a.m., 12 noon, or evenings for about an hour. Call Darla at 739-9478 days; or 734-1400 evenings.

SOCIAL WELFARE MAJORS Here's your opportunity to get on the job experience working with youth. Rap and activity leaders needed. Volunteer. Contact Debbie at the YMCA 384-6254

PREGNANT? Get immediate confidential help with unplanned pregnancies from people who care. Free pregnancy testing and counseling. Call 732-9515. Pregnancy Service Association, (a non-profit organization), 2023 Paradise Road, Las Vegas, Nevada.

FREE OR NOMINAL RENT in exchange for preparing meals for one adult. Near UNLV. Mortgage free. Call after 3:00 p.m. 734-1635

FEMALE STUDENT DESIRES RIDE to Colorado after finals (around 20th of May) will share driving and expense. Call Don 385-7073 after 5:00 p.m.

CONFIDENTIAL FAMILY PLANNING services. Planned Parenthood - Before May 26, 734-9729, after June 2, 385-3451, 601 South 15th Street.

WANTED TWO WOODPECKERS and 1,000 termites. Please contact Bill in the CSUN office.

FREE ESTER healthy, adorable, best trained. call 384-6370

SPANISH SPEAKING STUDENT wanted to live in home for summer. In exchange for light work and conversational spanish. Near Eastern and D.I. call 457-2727

For Sale

TWO 600X14 6 PLY TIRES and wheels will fit mini-truck only 3,000 miles. \$25 or best offer. Call 876-0722

1967 MUSTANG, fast back V-8, 4-speed, new paint, looks and runs good. \$850 phone 878-2912 after 8:00

ONE LADIES L.E.D. watch with gold-links adjustable band. four functions: Time, Seconds, Date, and Day of Week One year guarantee. \$75.00 Call Kerry 732-3711

ONE LADIES L.E.D. WATCH with black suede band. four functions: time, seconds, date, and day of the week. one year guarantee \$65.00 call Kerry 732-3711

MECHANICS SPECIAL, 1964 Studebaker Commander. Recently painted, refinished interior, new battery, brake job, plus. \$300 call 735-8499.

1972 TRUMPH SPITFIRE good condition, convertible. \$3,600 736-6990

1966 PORSCHE 912, excellent condition, 5 speed, AM-FM radio, \$4,250 call 878-8005.

VEGA HATCHBACK 1972 - Very sharp-looking country and will deal-includes full gauges, steel belted radials. AM-FM 8 track-Quad, \$1,275 Call evenings 384-7509 or 870-7387.

10 SPEED SCHWINN BIKE Like new. Reasonable. Call days Jackie at 457-2323 evenings call 451-6017

MECHANICS SPECIAL 1968 Ford, with a recent paint job. Engine completely overhauled, tape deck included. Transmission needs work on, but if your a mechanic, you can take advantage of this car and make it yours for \$300 call 451-9488

PORTABLE G.E. DISHWASHER excellent condition \$90. Also three piece Danish furniture set. 2 chairs only \$30 call 451-9488

POMERANIAN, house broken, one year old male. American Kennel Club, shots. \$289 cash. 451-6999

CAR FOR SALE 1973 Mustang MX \$2,690 Low mileage 457-2727

GUITAR AND AMPLIFIER - Gibson Les Paul Jr. \$999, Fender Pro-Amp \$269, or \$625 tube amp. Also a stereo drive \$45. Call 451-9984 or 451-4499 after 2:30 p.m. Ask for Marshall.

WARNING: The Ivory Tower is about to collapse.

It's your last year of college. Why think about life insurance now? Because, the older you get the more it costs. And next year, it's all up to you. Find out about CollegeMaster.

Call the Fidelity Union CollegeMaster[®] Field Associate in your area:

Ken Daken Greg Clemensen
Stan Goldman

Phone: 735-6089



JOBS FOR STUDENTS

George Lund, Student Employment Financial Aid, FR 112-B

- | | | |
|---|-------------------------|------|
| 1. Housework (live-in ?) | Open | #888 |
| 2. Sign Maker | \$2.40/hr | #890 |
| 3. Report Writer/Editor (FT Summer) | \$3.83/hr | #892 |
| 4. Convenience Store Clerk (over 21) | \$2.50-2.75/hr | #893 |
| 5. Stock Work | \$2.50/hr | #895 |
| 6. Dishwasher | \$3.00/hr | #896 |
| 7. Assistant Counselor Aides FT Summer 6/7-8/10 | \$3.01/hr | #897 |
| 8. Office Work | \$2.50/hr | #898 |
| 9. Maintenance & Motel Maids | \$2.50/hr | #899 |
| 10. Counter Work | \$2.30/hr | #900 |
| 11. Youth Counselor | Open plus Apt/Utilities | #901 |
| 12. Warehouse Work | \$2.50/hr | #902 |