



The Yellin' Rebel

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University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Little good is accomplished without controversy, and no civil evil is ever defeated without publicity

Hotel College given one million dollar lump sum by Boyd

by carmen zayas

The UNLV Hotel College was presented with a \$1 million grant from Sam and Mary Boyd. During a meeting held recently in the Dean of the Hotel College's office, the Boyds presented Dean Vallen with the check.

Said Vallen, "I was, am, really excited. It made my day."

According to Vallen the uniqueness of the gift comes from the fact the grant is not being doled out in small amounts, but was presented in one lump sum.

"I think this is the first time in UNLV history that such a large amount has been given all at once," said Vallen.

"This means that we can spend the money, say at a rate of \$100,000 a year, and because the rest of the money is earning interest, we will always have more money to draw from."

Vallen, who has been at UNLV for the past 20 years, was the main impetus behind the grant.

"I have been meeting with the Boyds on and off for over eight years, and I think their financial situation is at the point where they can make such a gift."

According to Vallen the money will most probably be

used in two major areas. "Because we already have first-class facilities on the premises, the money will probably be divided between faculty support and student scholarship funds."

"With part of that money we may either add new staff members or upgrade our faculty. We recently received authorization from the University of Nevada System to add one more member to our faculty. We already have the largest faculty of any Hotel College in the nation."

"The second part of that money will go into student scholarship funds. Currently about 20 to 25 percent of our Hotel students receive scholarships."

Last academic year the Hotel College gave out over \$150,000 in scholarships.

Fundraising is one of Vallen's primary functions. It is an endeavor that he finds both relatively easy and gratifying.

"This college was built on donations. In fact for the first five years of our existence, the Nevada Resort Association (which originally paid for the college to start) paid all our expenses."

"Then the state gave us monies to build Beam Hall, that cost over \$11 million. But, although the state paid for all the construction and

furniture, the actual nuts and bolts, china cups, silverware, etc., was donated by community businesses.

"Because the college does have such a good rapport with the local businesses, getting donations does not require a hard sell. There are many prominent businesspeople that come down and dine with us or just sit around and talk."

"All I usually have to do is to mention that we need this or that, and eventually someone will help us out."

Currently Vallen is attempting to provide every faculty member with their own personal computer.

"I just mention to different people that come through our offices what our goal is. I just had one company donate five computers and another individual donated one. So I have confidence that by the end of this academic year we will have reached our goal."

Besides the generosity of local businesses, Vallen said he also receives small donations from individuals in the community and soon expects to be receiving money from alumni.

"Some people will send us checks for \$50 or \$100 and have their respective companies match or double that

amount.

"We also have a lot of students that receive scholarships while attending the Hotel College and two or three years after graduation they will send money. For example, I had a student who had received a \$1,000 scholarship while at UNLV and two years after graduation he sent a \$1,000 check asking that it go to a deserving student."

"And of course, there is the alumni. Although in the first five or so years we were only graduating classes of about ten students, in the last couple of years we have had large numbers of students graduating. In a few years these people should be donating money to the college."

Vallen heads one of the few colleges on campus that can brag about state of the art equipment and that reports no monetary problems.

After a comment was made that he would make an excellent university president, Vallen only smiled and said he was happy right where he was.

All monies donated to any UNLV college go straight into the UNLV Foundation. Headed by Bob Gore, the Foundation invests, distributes and manages all university donations.



UM, ITS GOT NICE TEETH-The fun of picking out a Christmas tree almost makes up for the hassle of Christmas shopping. But, after surviving finals even rush hour at Macy's might sound good...MERRY CHRISTMAS from the Yellin' Rebel staff!
photo by Jim Miller

Regent Del Pappa talks with students face to face

by ron zayas

The Board of Regents, in what one labeled as a slow agenda, held their meeting last week to consider the future of education in Nevada.

While few major issues were actually contained on the Regents' agenda, the Regents met with representatives of the state board of education to consider the development of the state's telecommunications network.

According to Regent Frankie Sue Del Pappa, the Regents heard the results of a \$60,000 pilot program that was funded to study the problems of Nevada's telecommunications network and the feasibility of expanding the present state computer system to make the state more accessible by computer.

Members of the study program were sent to Alaska to study that state's system which is considered to be one of the best in the nation.

Del Pappa expects Nevada's system to be upgraded in the near future.

The Board also heard reports on the development of a program to help academically talented students in Nevada. The program would be in place to stop the flow of graduating high school students who leave Nevada every year to at-

tend school outside the state.

Currently, Nevada ranks 49 in the nation in the amount of students who remain in the state after graduating. According to Del Pappa this is one of the things that the Regents are trying to change.

"So many academically talented students leaving Nevada is something that (UNLV President) Bob (Maxson) has labeled as a 'brain-drain' on Nevada. This program will be in working with his push in trying to keep the best students in Nevada," said Del Pappa.

The program will seek to find out the needs of the academically gifted students and to gear a curriculum to meet those needs. Currently, UNLV offers a special honors program which is designed to help the advanced students receive the most out of their education at UNLV.

Another item on the agenda was the award of money to the Desert Research Institute for seed money to start a new program on the effects of the desert climate.

According to Del Pappa, there were few other important items since the agenda was intended to be kept light so the Regents could have time to meet with the members of the State Board of Education. The January agenda is slated to be a much more packed agenda with a

review of the university presidents to be included.

Said Del Pappa, "As we do on a regular basis, we will review the performance of the two presidents and cite improvements and achievements needed."

The review will also include the sensitive question of Maxson making more money annually than his Reno counterpart Joseph Crowley.

Del Pappa believes that although there is some movement in the legislature to lessen that inequality, the main reason for the difference is the supplement the UNLV Foundation added to Maxson's office.

Next month's Board of Regents meeting will take place in Reno, due to lack of hotel accommodations in Las Vegas.

In speaking of the general role of the Board, Del Pappa described the Board as a policy making board that should not get involved in the day to day activities of the separate campuses.

Del Pappa was also very sensitive to the question of her considering the board to be a rubber stamp.

"Most things that come before the Board have already passed through many committees and have had the bugs worked out of them. So by the time they get to us, they are pretty well planned

out.

"Still, the Board is not necessarily a rubber stamp. In fact, if you study the Board

you will find that it is in the best shape that it's been in five years.

"The sectionalism that was

present in the past is gone, and all the Regents have a sense of working for the same system."

Her philosophy of not getting actively involved in the see 'Del Pappa' page 2

Wright Hall addition in planning stage

by lori susman

Plans for a new addition to Wright Hall have been initiated by the Dean of the College of Arts and Letters, Tom Wright.

Though the addition to the building is in the beginning planning stages, Wright said he's thought about the addition for a while now.

Wright said, "We need the addition. And now is as good a time as any to at least start looking into the idea."

He explained the new wing would accomplish two things. "First," he said, "it would help turn the third floor back into classroom spaces. Second, the addition would provide specialized space for specific projects."

Wright Hall currently houses the Psychology Department, the History Department, the Political Science Department, the Anthropology Department and other specialized departments such as Ethnic Studies. On the first floor, there are also meeting rooms and the Dean's office. On the second and third floors there are classrooms.

Wright said the third floor

used to be all classrooms, but due to overcrowding in the whole building, it now has been made into lab spaces and offices for the Anthropology department, which is expanding and needs more space.

"Many departments are not adequately housed," Wright said. "They could use more room and then we'd have the extra classroom space open."

Wright mentioned many other programs that would be placed in the new section. Several new programs that were started early this fall do not have the space they require. For example, a new Institute for Ethics and Policy Studies just recently began.

Also the space is needed for the Center of Advanced Research and other research centers.

"There is also a need, as in every department, for new faculty offices and classrooms. I would also like to see a lounge for students and faculty. A place where they could get together maybe for brown bag lunches."

Wright pointed out some of the newer buildings are built with lounges included in

the plans. Because Wright Hall is 20 years old, the idea of student-teachers lounges was not thought of.

For the new addition, Wright wants to have specifications in from the start. "We'll look at everything, see what each department needs, then we'll have the building built to those specifications. For example, if a department needs certain electrical systems or specialized floors, they will be included in the plans."

An example of how overcrowded Wright Hall is can be seen in the fact the Psychology labs are now located in the Museum of Natural History. Wright said

the Museum and the Environmental Research Center have mentioned they too need more room, and if necessary, will have to take the Psychology labs out of the Museum.

"Right now," Wright said, "we are working with Jerry Dove, the campus architect. Myself and the potential users of the new building are discussing and developing ideas."

Wright explained that wanting a new addition and actually getting one is not an easy process. "We have to get plans together to get on the university's capital improvement program."

see 'Wright' page 2

CSUN Book Buy Back

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News Features

Golding and Yousef receive temperature study grant

Dr. Lawrence Golding and Dr. Mohamed Yousef of UNLV have been awarded a \$50,000 grant from the National Institute on Aging for a two-year study on temperature regulation in elderly adults.

The researchers plan to measure the zone of "temperature neutrality" for persons over 65, in an effort to test the hypothesis that most older individuals need warmer environments to maintain safe body temperature than do persons under 65.

The problem of temperature fluctuation (either too hot or too cold) became particularly critical

during the energy crisis of the 1970s, according to a brief of the research proposal. However, Golding and Yousef point out that there have been few scientific studies on human temperature that have incorporated age as a variable.

"Data on thermal neutrality (a temperature comfort zone) are needed to provide a scientific basis for development of a responsible strategy toward the establishment of thermal comfort and safety standards in homes of the elderly," they write.

Golding, an exercise physiologist, and Yousef, a biologist, will use 50 men and

women 20-30 years old and 50 men and women ranging from 60-80 years old as subjects for the study. A physiological profile will be established for each subject. They will then be exposed to 10 different air temperatures in a climatic room for two hours, during which time various temperature-related physiological processes will be monitored.

Using the physiological measurements, the researchers will analyze the efficiency of the body's temperature-regulating mechanisms as influenced by sex and age.

'Unique art form' opens in Museum of Natural History

"The Magic of Neon," an exhibit of 30 large-format photographs that explore the dazzling versatility of this unique light form, opens in UNLV's Museum of Natural History on Dec. 13. The free exhibit is part of the Smithsonian Institution's Traveling Exhibition Service and will remain on display through Dec. 31.

For information of museum tours and operating hours, call 739-3381.

The photographs in the exhibit include pictures of vintage neon signs as well as inventive new work by leading artists and designers, who have rediscovered the allure of neon light. An original sculpture by neon artist Jerry Noe is included in the UNLV exhibition. Guest curator for the exhibit is Michael Webb, former director of national film programming at the American Film Institute.

Webb has written a book called *The Magic of Neon*, published in 1983.

Because of the liquid-like quality of neon, it has been used to form everything from cocktail glasses and sombreros to fire-breathing dragons and dancing girls. Neon is currently enjoying a dramatic renaissance in this country, designers are using it in movies, on stage and television, for sets and special effects, to animate discs, and to create a romantic atmosphere in restaurants and homes. Artists are using it as an art medium. And architects are employing neon to outline and accent buildings.

One art critic has hailed neon as "the magic wand that gave downtown its boogie-woogie spirit."

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Strait entertainment for L.V.

by steve evenson

George Strait, winner of Male Vocalist of the Year at both the Country Music Association and the Academy of Country Music awards, will appear in Las Vegas in conjunction with the National Rodeo Finals on Dec. 11, at 10 p.m., in the Las Vegas Convention Center.

Since signing with MCA records in 1982, there has not been one week without a George Strait song on the Billboard charts. His hits include *Fool-Hearted Memory*, *You Look So Good In Love*,

Right or Wrong, and *Does Fort Worth Ever Cross Your Mind*. The album *Does Fort Worth Ever Cross Your Mind* was awarded Album of the Year at the 1985 Country Music Awards.

Strait, a native Texan, started playing the guitar as a teenager for a hobby. In 1975, after being discharged from the army, he formed the Ace in the Hole Band, which three members are still with him today. After a couple of unsuccessful trips to Nashville, he met Erv Woolsey who headed promotion for MCA records. After

seeing Strait, he persuaded MCA to sign him. Strait's first single *Unwound* was a top five hit.

Tickets for the show, which will also feature Clay Blaker, are on sale at Vesely Music, both locations of the Las Vegas Athletic Clubs, Conrad's Western Wear, Silver Dollar Saloon, and at the Nellis Air Force Base ticket office. The night of the show, tickets will be available at the Convention Center box office. The concert is presented by Budwieser and Tony Lama Boots and promoted by Michael Schivo Presents.

Del Pappa Con't from front page

affairs of the different campuses is reflected in her stance that the UNLV dorm situation—one dorm on a campus of 12,000—was a subject that Maxson, not the board need to deal with.

"I believe Dr. Maxson is doing a superb job of handling the situation and it is something the Board should not get involved with," said Del Pappa.

Del Pappa also commented on the possibility of a student serving as a regent. In

California, one student is appointed to the Board of Regents and has full voting powers.

"The situation in Nevada is different since our Regents are elected not appointed like California's, and I don't see (a student being appointed to the Board) happening in the near future.

"I believe the informal means of communications that are in place our much more helpful. In Nevada a person has a greater chance

of meeting the movers and the shakers than they do in

almost any other state. I like the way I can meet students on a one to one basis, it gives them more confidence to come up and ask something than the formal ways do."

Del Pappa refused to comment on rumors that she will be running for the office of Secretary of State, but stated she will make a full announcement in the coming weeks as to her political intentions in the years to come.

Library hours for Dec. - Jan.

Library hours for Saturday, Dec. 21 through Sunday, Jan. 5:

Monday-Friday 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday-Sunday Closed
The Library will be closed on Wednesdays, Dec. 25 and Jan. 7.

Mini-Term, Monday, Jan. 6 through Friday, Jan. 24:
Monday-Thursday 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.
Friday 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday Closed
Sunday 12 noon to 8:30 p.m.

Intercession, Saturday, Jan. 25 through Sunday, Jan. 26:
Saturday-Sunday Closed

CMC Hours for Dec. 21 through Jan. 26:
Monday-Friday 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday-Sunday Closed
Closed from Tuesday, Dec.

24 through Wednesday, Jan. 11

Special Collections Hours for Dec. 21 through Jan. 26:
Monday-Friday 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday-Sunday Closed.
Closed on Wednesdays, Dec. 25 and Jan. 1

Wright cont. from front page

ment list. From there, it goes to the legislature, where we would receive the funding from."

He said it would be a challenge to even get on the priority list. With so many other projects in competition for space on the priority list, Wright feels the College of Arts and Letters will have to do a good job convincing the entire campus of the need for a new addition.

"With all the other proposals, we'll have to push hard to get to the legislature. We may also get grants for equipment and private donations to help with the funding," he said.

"We'll have to make the proposal as well as we can and show a real need for the addition. We'll plead our case and do our best to point out the needs the new addition will be meeting," he added.

Though Wright is optimistic about the whole project, he knows it will be some time before he sees something concrete. A minimum of a couple of years will be required just to get the approval and the money needed to begin work. The actual site won't be up for several years. "But, we have to start thinking about it now. With enrollment always increasing, this is a good time to at least begin."

new site will be constructed on the west side of Wright Hall, in front of the Museum.

Wright said there would be corridors connecting the two buildings.

"We hope this will be well received," he said. "This space is really needed."

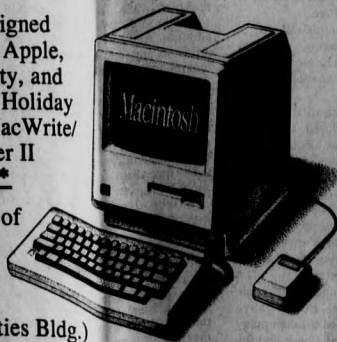
This would make a great Christmas present:

Because of a special, recently-signed agreement between UNLV and Apple, full-time UNLV students, faculty, and staff are eligible to purchase a "Holiday Bundle" (512k Macintosh™, MacWrite/ MacPaint software, ImageWriter II Printer) for as little as **\$1,775.***

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New faculty ends first semester

by Iori Susman

This December marks the end of the first semester for many freshmen students. But, students are not the only new-comers here at the university. Since September there have been a number of new professors added to each department, and this month marks the end of their first semester as well.

According to the Board of Regents latest list, compiled in September, 55 new professional faculty have been added to the university. Forty-nine of those are replacing faculty who have gone on leave, retired, resigned or for other reasons no longer teach here. Six of the members are new, mostly due to the addition of the Engineering school.

One of the most popular reasons for wanting to come to Las Vegas, other than the obvious job opportunity, is the weather Southern Nevada has. According to Dr. Jack Schleich, a new professor in the Business College from Missouri, the weather is wonderful.

Schleich said, "I love it here. I just wrote home to tell them of the weather. They have 17 inches of snow right now." He added that because of the speciality of his field, MIS, he could have virtually chosen to go anywhere, but Las Vegas' weather got him here. "I love this hot desert climate."

Schleich isn't the only one

who enjoys the weather here. Dr. James Cardie, new in Civil Mechanical Engineering, is from Minnesota, and enjoys the outdoor recreation Las Vegas provides. "There are the mountains here and skiing," Cardie said. "I like the climate out here."

While weather might have attracted many professors to Las Vegas, the university has some qualities that further captured attention. Cardie appreciates the fact the university is still growing.

"Right now," he said, "we are in a transition period. We are (Engineering) going from a small program to a very credible program. Besides the new building, we are in the process of upgrading the equipment and establishing new courses."

"That's one of the most attractive reasons for coming out here. Having a chance to participate in a developing program, being able to give direct input. That's important."

Cardie compared UNLV to the University of Minnesota where he used to teach. "Minnesota is five times larger, 100 years older, and has more than 50,000 more students. The whole atmosphere is entirely different."

Schleich said the same is true in his department. "The university is growing, and the potential looks good. One reason I came to this campus is because it can offer me a lot, letting me be innovative

and broaden my horizons." He added in Northeast Missouri State, where he used to teach, they are not as advanced in Business as UNLV is.

Another new instructor, Dr. Robert Rucker, from North Dakota, appreciates his department, Sociology, saying there are a lot of active people at UNLV.

"There are very good people here," Rucker said. "It is a small school and the students are different from the ones at the University of North Dakota, they work more and have divided interests. It is more difficult for students to get through school here, but the quality of their education is just as good, if not better, than other schools."

There were several professors retiring at the beginning of this semester. From the Math Department, Dr. Graham, who was reported to have been here "since day one" has retired, as well as Dr. Margaret Simon, from Health Sciences, who was at UNLV in 1966, a year before the Nursing program was open. Simon later became chair of that program.

Other new faculty at UNLV this semester include in Arts and Letters, Barbara Anderson, Steven Coulter, Roger Davis, Ed Davis, Steven Ferri, Thomas Leslie, Beth Mehocic, Jeffrey Purvis, Rucker, Nick Stamanis, Dana Tiffany and Jane Vitkus.

In Hotel Administration new faculty include Abraham Gamoran, Thomas Jones and Henry Mellon. In Education, Doris Marie Carey, Corene Casselle, Janice Hurtubise, Brent Mangus, Maria Weiss and Janice Wentz. In Health Sciences, Donna Losey, Susan Michael, Donna Nagy, Roberta Skelly and Virginia Smith.

In Science, Math and Engineering, Penny Amy, Cardie, William Culbreth, Roham Dalpatadu, Hiatt Hermi, Dwight Helm, Etan Markowitz, John Minor, Maria Lee Misch, Margaret Rees, Ebrahim Salehi, Peter Shue and Stanley Smith. At the Environmental Research Center new faculty includes Jon Beihoffer, Krist Bonaparte, Joseph Campana, Kathleen Lauckner, Deborah Miller and Kirk Pickering.

In Business and Economics, Norman Cannon, Regan Carey, Jack Hart, Jeannette Jesinger, Joan Lambert, Rochai Premrsirut, William Quina, Schleich and Julie Venturilla.

Other new faculty are Wendy Starkweather, Library and Eleanor Ann Tate, Continuing Education.

Singer Mangiamele hopes to someday record solo

by s.l. harman

Nora Mangiamele, a senior at UNLV, is graduating with a BFA in voice performance. She has studied classical for seven years, but really likes to sing jazz. Mangiamele has played the piano for nine years and the flute for 15 years.

Mangiamele is 22 years old and comes from San Diego, Ca. She attended UCSD for one year and the University of Wyoming for two years, before deciding to attend UNLV. She came to Las Vegas because she heard it was filled with endless opportunities.

She has been a little disappointed with Las Vegas, although she knows it has been a good experience. She says, "Most of the performers have been there forever and won't let the young performers move in." She realizes the music profession is very unpredictable. It does not always take just talent; it also takes connections and being in the right place at the right time. Fortunately, she has friends who play around town and they invite her to sit in with them occasionally.

While in California, Mangiamele sang with the UCSD jazz band. She also spent a year playing little clubs with a guitar player. She has taken lessons with Keyvn Lettau, who sings with Sergio Mendez. She also worked with Peter Sprague, a guitar player for Sergio Mendez. Recently she recorded some demo tapes and sent them to record companies.

She now sings with UNLV's University Choir and takes voice lessons with Regina Doty, who teaches at UNLV. Mangiamele also tutors flute players.

She is currently very busy putting together several songs with her accompanist Todd Rogers, a keyboard player, for Juries, which are members of the faculty that grade singers on how much they have improved since the last semester. She is also very busy with her academics as she is in nine classes, 21 credits, this semester.

She really misses California. Her parents live in San Diego and she has a brother that lives in San Francisco and a sister at Ohio State.

The first voice coach she ever had gave her a silver coin purse for good luck. The teacher told her to always carry it when she sang. She still has the purse and always holds it tightly in her hand when singing.

She has many goals in life and the most important is, "To not be a starving musician." She would like to do some studio work and backup vocals. Mangiamele claims it would be a good experience to tour with a band and sing backup. Eventually she would like to be a solo recording studio artist.

She has several favorite singers that have inspired her to pursue a singing career. Some of these are jazz singers Nancy Wilson, Carmen McCrae, The Pat Metheny Group and The Yellow Jackets.

Mangiamele declares, "I want to get out of school and go for it!"

UNLV rodeo team started

by s.l. harman

Dr. Lynne Ruegamer, chair of the Department of Special Education, is currently putting together UNLV's first rodeo club and rodeo team. She will be the advisor for both.

Ruegamer grew up in Montana and has been involved with the rodeo her whole life. She competed collegiately for Lorretto Heights College, University of Montana, where she received her undergraduate degree, and the University of Idaho, where she received her Doctorate.

She came to UNLV 11 years ago to help design the curriculum and teacher training programs for severe and profound handicaps, which is her speciality.

Ruegamer is looking for experienced students for the rodeo team, but any student may be a part of the rodeo club. The competitive team will be made up of six men and three women. So far Ruegamer has found two team members, one man and one woman. Both are high school rodeo champions and currently UNLV students.

College rodeo is governed by The National Inter-

collegiate Rodeo Association. The competition is a regional one. There are 11 regions in the United States. Las Vegas will be included in the Grand Canyon Region. Most of the competition will be held in Arizona and New Mexico.

Being on the team can be quite expensive for student. Some colleges give scholarships to members of rodeo teams. Most schools just pay for traveling expenses.

Ruegamer claims Las Vegas is the perfect place for collegiate rodeo and this type of program was long overdue.

Oldfield bikes to California for charity benefit

by rodney richter

Charities. Americans love to donate to their favorite charities. They donate in a myriad of ways: they donate money, products or goods, their time, or anything else they feel the charity can utilize in a valuable manner. There has been a growing trend to raise money from sponsors for doing activities. These activities include: dance-a-thons, walk-a-thons, jog-a-thons, and the list goes on. In keeping with this tradition, UNLV's own Sigma Chi Fraternity is sponsoring a

bike-a-thon. Bill Oldfield, a member of the Sigma Chi Fraternity will bicycle from Las Vegas to Northridge, Ca., (a suburb, approximately 25 miles north of Los Angeles). He is doing this in the name of charity. The members of the fraternity are collecting sponsors per mile for Oldfield's 300 mile journey across the desert. He left from the Moyer Student Union on Friday, Dec. 6 at 8 a.m., and reached his destination at 5 p.m. on Saturday, Dec. 7.

The charity Sigma Chi has elected to donate to is the

Wallace Village for Children, located in Broomfield, Co., (which is north of Denver). Founded in 1943, the Village is a private, non-profit treatment center for emotionally disturbed children and adolescents, who cannot manage in their own home and school environments without intensive therapy. The Village is Sigma Chi's national philanthropy. It was brought to being by the late Academy Award-winning actor John Wayne, who is an alumnus of Sigma Chi from the University of Southern California.

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Editor's Page

A Hand In My Back and A Hinge In My Jaw

by greg dorcheak

Well, here it is the last issue of *The Yellin' Rebel* for this semester. In fact, this is the last issue of this paper for the year of 1985. Sigh.

1985 was a fun year, was it not? This semester particularly. Those of you who still read this column, and froth at the mouth while doing so, really are masochists. How could you put up with my garbage all semester? I salute you.

What many of you missed, which gave me no end of enjoyment, was the whole point of my columns. Have you all lost your senses of humor? I really figured, maybe it's just me, that if I ragged on you people often enough I could get a reaction. Any reaction, even a "grrrr". Nothing.

Sure, it was a pretty stupid way to go about it, but I figured I'd go against the old "watering the green spots" theory by "fertilizing the brown spots" here at UNLV. I just really wanted to get you all pissed off enough to get off your duffs and do something radical. I won't try anymore. In fact, I won't even write any more editorials next semester.

Well, since this is my last, let me get some things off my chest. At the beginning of this semester I made reference to some professors who were doing nasty things on campus, mentioning no names. Now, let me mention names. Hart Wegner. I got a phone call one night by someone who had found out that a book was published under his name while he had done none of the work on it. I even talked with the woman who claimed she had done all the research on it.

She refused to push the matter because she didn't want to make a stink. Give me a break. You are either a coward or a liar. And to ALL those involved in the matter, I don't like being lied to or used as a toy for your bullshit political games. That includes Mr. Ray Stecker himself, as well as all those higher-ups who were so kind to talk to me through their teeth, John and Tom.

CSUN, you guys really belong in the day care center. Me too. But mostly you. Sean Kelleher, who tried *sero hard* not to have another "year that wasn't" got just that. I've got to hand it to you, Sean, you are a model politician, which is why you got a year that isn't. You can't play as many sides against each other as you do and expect no repercussions.

Sam Lieberman, I agree with what Tom said in the last E-board meeting.

As for the E-board meeting on Monday the 9th. You guys are going to be running the country in a few years? Reagan and Gorbachev get along better than you, and they use fewer four letter words. But then they don't speak each others' language and you guys only used one four letter word anyway. The F-word I believe they call it.

I'm sorry if you disagree, Sean. Maybe it's the name of my column should be A Thumb Up My Ass and A Chip On My Shoulder instead of what it is. Maybe I am a bit jaded and pessimistic when it comes to looking at CSUN. Maybe I am. So what.

At least I can see where you students are coming from, because I'm one of you. I don't give a crap what happens on campus sometimes. It really is hard to when you know that instead of having a well-run event run by a competent person, CSUN is going to take some hot-shot bignouth who can do nothing but talk, and put him or her in charge.

Cases in point. The ill-fated Holiday Festival with auction et al. Instead of giving this project to people who get the job done, they went and made Mike Ashehman head of the committee. Mike Ashehman. The guy who ran for editor on the sole platform that his mom was a journalist and he had been around newspapers all his life. A guy who tripped on a twig and nearly lost his leg.

Mike talked big. Mike said he had loads of stuff to have auctioned off at the festival. Mike showed up with a broken bottle and thirty extra-large nightgowns. Mike, a member of ROTC, also said he was going to bring in a big ol' box of canned food for the poor on Thanksgiving, another project he was given charge of. Mike, those poor people are still waiting for that food you promised.

Isn't it great that ROTC has great publicity boosters like Mike, Tony Holm (no longer in ROTC) and John Fazi? The last two were a senator and a board-department chair respectively, both did the same for their respective positions as the looberg did for the Titanic.

Enough of this ragging on others. Look at me. I managed to alienate nearly all of staff to the point where they all quit. Bruce, Allan, Gerard, Jason and a misma of others, all I can say is "Pffffffttht!"

To the rest of you students on campus who I have ragged on all semester, sorry, I just really wanted to get some wild stuff going. Actually, it was quite fun.

Oh, and Bob, thanks for all those great exclusive interviews you gave us when we needed them. Next time we'll try to just write about the good stuff like you want.

Also thanks to my advisor BILL HALEDMAN, although he is a baby-killer and a commie.

Merry Christmas.

Senate perspective: A modicum of decorum

by ron zayas

In its last meeting the CSUN senate improved its human relations factor just a bit. It may have been the fact that a Regent was attending the meeting, but the senators got through the meeting with

a modicum of decorum and even managed to adjourn the meeting by 5:00.

The agenda wasn't the toughest. The only item worth considering was one about the election of the senate president pro tempore. Andy Nichols the incumbent

ran against Jack Spicer, senator from Business & Economics.

Andy wanted to continue the job he was doing; Jack wanted the job and a chance to do a good job. Spicer lost because he broke the number one rule of CSUN: you can't take over someone's job until you get them fired. It is almost impossible to beat an incumbent.

Still, the fact that the race wasn't an all bid for blood could signal brighter days ahead for the senate. Andy one with 9 votes against Jack's 7, with Spicer, Nichols and Mark Dixon abstaining.

Another item that took up time was the striking from the record of a line in last week's minutes. The sentences said (concerning a discussion on a ski trip), "some senators who apparently were going on the trip spoke in favor of the motion."

Arts & Letters Senator Eric Larsen objected to the phrase saying it was opinion and not fact. He was right in that it was expressed as an opinion, regardless of whether or not it was fact. I believe it was.

Still, the phrase was taken out of the record on a decision of the chair, Gus Varona, who signs the agendas, but must miss that particular phrase this time around.

The senate meeting was dull in comparison with the Executive Board's meeting. Besides the usual names of

the people present an occasional cus word and "shut up", made a few guest appearances. Most of those arose while discussing the Holiday Festival. A CSUN-March of Dimes auction that was more whoopla than action.

Some on the board blamed Tom Muir the head of the Organizations Board that planned the auction (Tom is also the CSUN VP) for doing too little. Some blamed him for doing too much and overreaching his powers, and some commended him for taking charge of a bad situation and saving some face for CSUN. Some just wanted Michael Ashehman's head on a platter. Ashehman was the actual head of the event. Nonetheless, it turned out as most failed CSUN events turned out.

Those who weren't there blamed the ones who were, and those that were there yelled at the others for not lending any support.

There were other interesting things going on in the E-Board this week, though.

The Executive Board revised the position of OPI Director Janu Tornell. Gus Varona believed her stipend should be lowered from \$150 a month to \$100. He wanted \$75, but decided to opt for \$100 or a 15 credit fee-waiver.

Tom Muir supported the motion and Sean Kelleher the CSUN president voted

against it. The motion passed and the recommendation will be sent to the senate next Thursday.

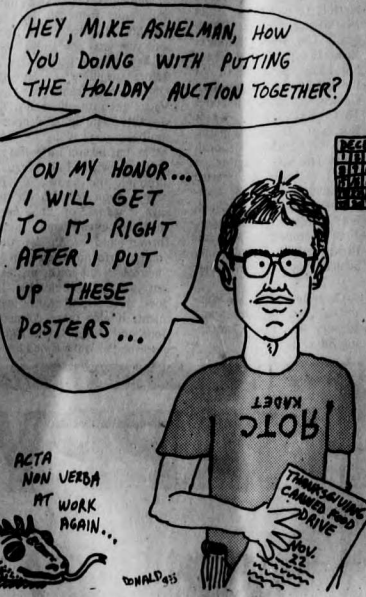
According to Gus, he plans to review all the departments in turn and see if they are living up to their potential. Good luck Gus, it may sound good but there are too many sacred cows in the CSUN hierarchy, on both sides, to ever make a good review possible.

The Board also passed a recommendation to the senate that *The Connection*, an independent tabloid on campus, pay back \$1,000 in student fees given to it by the senate to publish two issues this semester. With only a few days to go, the tabloid has not published. The motion passed unanimously.

The Connection is also supposed to be given another \$1,000 next semester to print an additional two issues.

With *The Yellin' Rebel* not printing for the next four weeks, the next few senate meetings won't be covered, but a recap will be in the first issue back on Jan. 28. In the meanwhile, if you have any questions on what's going on in the CSUN senate, or would like to talk about anything you would like to see done in student affairs just call 739-3478.

After all, that's what I get paid for.



Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Yellin' Rebel, 4505 South Maryland Parkway, Las Vegas, Nevada 89154, care of the editor. They must be in by 5:00 p.m. on Friday afternoon, so mail them early or drop them off at our office on the third floor of the Moyer Student Union.

All wet

I have just read two articles in *The Yellin' Rebel* sports section dated Nov. 19 regarding to the olympic caliber swim team of UNLV. I was very pleased to see more interest toward UNLV swimming in the college paper for the first time.

However, the two articles seem to conflict each other in terms of the ideas of the writers and the way they have positioned themselves on the issue of spectator participation for the UNLV swim meets. The article in the very back page seems to complain about the disinterest of the community while mentioning of the pep band of New Mexico State's show and support to their athletes.

The second article which presents the results of the swim meet, sounds like the writer (herself) was bored and stayed at the meet for the first couple events and missed both in action and in (her) article the more important and more interesting events of the meet.

It is very interesting to see and understand a newspaper's stand on the issue and behavior of its own writers differ tremendously. No wonder the community is not interested in UNLV Swimming. The college paper

itself doesn't even know how to present the news to the community, and when it does, it is simply not complete. How do you expect to get community involved in UNLV Swimming while your writers do not even know how to spell the name of the most respected and educated coach. Please when you do it again, do it right.

Sincerely,
A concerned fan

Tuned out

For a college radio station that tries so hard to be an alternative, *KUNV* seems to

be trying just too hard. I believe it is time for CSUN to take a poll of just how many students tune into their own station. I believe, and am most likely not the only student, that *KUNV* should play a wider variety of new music. The students at UNLV need an introduction to new music since most are accustomed to the repetitive sludge on other local stations.

It seems that the production manager is suiting his own needs and not his listeners. I believe it is time to get the big egos of Ken Jordan and Romney Smith off the air. *KUNV* seems to be a very large ego trip for these two DJs who aren't as world famous as they think. I would like to meet the person who gave the "World famous Rocket's" his nickname. Most likely it was Ken Jordan.

Signed
Walter T. Brimet

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The Yellin' Rebel is a weekly publication of the students of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. The opinions expressed in this column are those of the Board of Editors. All mail should be addressed to The Yellin' Rebel, UNLV, 4505 South Maryland Parkway, Las Vegas, Nevada, 89154. Telephone 739-3478, advertising 739-3889.

Yes, But Is It Art?

Harvey the Yak

by G. Dorchak



Filler

by Donald



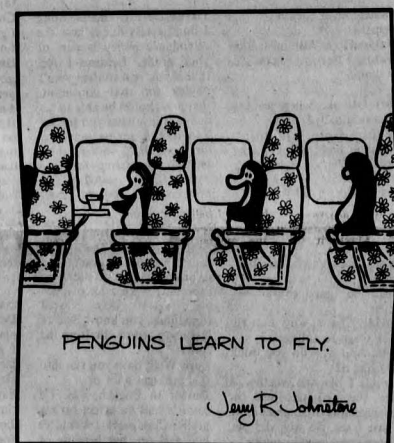
What A Ham

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by Johnstone



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by Kendal



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Oh, Guru

by JW Merryman



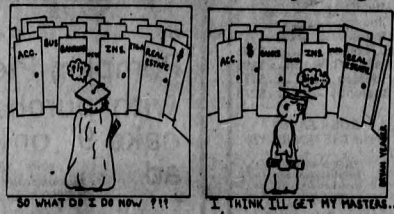
Oz 2000

by Smith



The Graduate

by Yeager



Campus Life

Services and happenings on campus

Food drive

The Hotel Association from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas will be conducting its annual holiday food drive from December 9 through the 13 in the Moyer Student Union.

All proceeds whether in the form of non-perishable foods, toys or money donations will be given to the needy people of Las Vegas!

As a non-profit organization which does not discriminate, we sincerely ask for your cooperation in announcing and promoting this charitable cause over the air. Your efforts and interest are greatly appreciated. Thank you for your time and cooperation.

Wassail carols

UNLV's Collegium Musicum will present its annual Wassail Concert Dec. 10 at 8 p.m. in the Alta Ham Fine Arts Black Box Theatre.

This year's program includes traditional and lesser-known music for the holiday season. It will conclude with Christmas caroling around a bowl of hot Wassail punch.

Admission is \$3, or \$1 with CSUN ID. For more information, call the UNLV music department at 739-3332.

Under the direction of UNLV music professors Isabelle Emerson and Richard Soule, the Collegium Musicum is composed of two student groups—the Early Music Consort and the Madrigal Singers—who are dedicated to the performance of medieval and Renaissance music in the original style.

The first specializes in the wind instruments of the period, including recorders, crumhorns and flutes. It also employs stringed instruments. The Madrigal Singers perform works for unaccompanied voices, specializing in vocal style and performance practices of the period. This year's program introduces the Collegium Brass Ensemble under the direction of Kurt Snyder.

While the collegium usually concentrates on the Renaissance and medieval periods, this year's program also recognizes the 300th birthdays of J.S. Bach and Georg Frederich Handel with performances of some of their music.

Medieval and Renaissance music has enjoyed a strong revival in the last 15 years as the result of a great deal of new research into old styles and practices. Most of the music played by early-music groups has been discovered in recent years by scholars search-

ing through dark corners and closets in libraries around the world.

Newly discovered works usually need transcribing into modern notation before publication. Once in hand, however, the music from past ages can be played with authenticity on modern reproductions of early instruments.

The collegium performs regularly at UNLV, and has toured Nevada under a grant from the Nevada State Council of the Arts.

Hazardous waste

The problem of hazardous-waste management will be the focus of a nationally produced teleconference Dec. 12, 7:30 a.m. to 2 p.m., at UNLV. The Hazardous Waste Management Teleconference will be coordinated by UNLV's Division of Continuing Education.

The program, which will originate from Oklahoma State University and be aired at more than 60 sites throughout the country, has been designed for plant managers and supervisors, engineers, environmentalists and government employees involved with hazardous waste issues.

Among the issues to be discussed at the conference are the laws involved with waste treatment and disposal, a definition of hazardous material, and the preparations necessary for shipment and storage of waste materials.

Engineers Wayne C. Turner and Richard E. Webb, national presenters for the teleconference, are well-known authorities in industrial energy and hazardous-waste management.

For registration information, call UNLV's Division of Continuing Education at 739-3394.

Symphony

Music Director Virko Baley opens the symphony's 1985-86 Subscription Season Sunday, Dec. 15, 2 p.m., at Artemus Ham Concert Hall with a program accenting the holiday spirit.

The featured guest artist Laura Spitzer performs the Liszt Piano Concerto No. 1. Two young dou-pianists, Claudine and Liza Yballe, students of Spitzer's, make their symphony debut performance with selections from Saint-Saens' *Carnival of the Animals*. The program also includes Wagner's *Introduction to Act III of "Lohengrin,"* Barber's *Adagio for Strings*, and

pieces to celebrate the spirit of the holidays such as Humperdinck's *Dream Pantomime* from "Hansel and Gretel," Prokofiev's *Overture on Hebrew Themes*, and selections from Handel's *Messiah*, featuring soprano Suzanne Hart and the Desert Chorale, directed by Nancy Musgrave.

Season subscriptions are available at \$60, \$50 and \$35 for six concerts. Single tickets are priced at \$13.50, \$12, \$10 and \$7. Discounts are available for group of 20 or more. For more information call 739-3420.

Lockers expire

Fall semester lockers will expire on Dec. 13. If you are leaving school, please remove contents as they will not be held. If you are going to renew for the spring semester, the same locker will be re-assigned. However, you will need to stop at Equipment Room No. 2 with spring registration or validated spring ID. If you want a refund of your locker deposit, you must bring the beige lock deposit receipt to the equipment room. No refund will be issued without this receipt.

Senior classes

UNLV offers tuition-free classes to senior citizens (62 years and older) during fall, spring, and mini-term sessions through the Senior Citizens Program. The tuition-free status extends only to regular academic offerings, summer session and continuing education classes are exempt. Students are also required to pay related costs such as books and lab fees.

For details and registration information call 739-3631.

Although the program has been in place at UNLV for several years, publicity was stepped up during Fall Semester 1985 to make more seniors aware of the tuition-free courses. During fall registration more than 500 senior citizens called to inquire about the program, and nearly half of them enrolled in courses at the university, according to program coordinator Ann Alu.

Senior citizens may enroll in any course, provided space is available. Students can take up to six credits without being formally admitted to the university.

Vaccinations

Clark County public health officials are encouraging UNLV students who have never received measles or rubella vaccine to visit one of

four local public health clinics for free immunization.

Recent outbreaks of measles and rubella among unvaccinated college students on Eastern campuses have caused increased concern that an epidemic could occur here. Despite the availability of a safe, effective vaccine, epidemic measles continues to occur in the United States—more among young children who have been vaccinated, but among adolescents and young adults who have never received the MMR vaccine, or who were vaccinated 15 or more years ago.

Vaccination, more recently called immunization to describe the response of the body's immune system to vaccine, can be obtained at Health District Clinics at 625 Shadow Lane, Las Vegas; at 201 Leed Street in Henderson; at Civic Center Drive in North Las Vegas or at the clinic at McCarran International Airport.

Appointment are needed only the airport clinic. Students who show their matriculation card to the clinic receptionist can avoid charge for their immunization.

Persons with any of the following should not take these vaccines without first checking with a doctor: anyone sick with something more serious than a cold; anyone who had an allergic reaction to eating eggs that was so serious it required medical treatment; anyone with cancer, leukemia or lymphoma; anyone taking medication that lowers the body's resistance to infection such as cortisone, prednisone or certain anticancer drugs; or anyone who had an allergic reaction to an antibiotic called neomycin so serious that it required medical treatment.

Vaccines given by injection are very effective with more than 90 percent of those who get the shot having protection for life.

Again, the vaccine is free to students and the clinics are open Monday through Friday each week.

IBM-PC group

Buying a computer is an exciting event for the whole family, but learning to use one efficiently can turn that initial excitement into frustration and discouragement.

In order to broaden their knowledge without investing in expensive classes and seminars, computer owners have turned to each other for help. Banding together to form computer groups, members can share information in an informal setting and on a one-to-one basis.

The IBM-PC group is one of the largest in the Las Vegas

Valley with more than 870 members on its roll. Organized in 1984, the group has grown steadily. "Most people come because there just isn't anywhere else to turn for information, and with the group they can get it first hand," said current president Sandy Frunzi, a fee financial planner.

IBM groups across the country are encouraged by IBM, which has a user group support staff and officially recognizes about 750 IBM computer user groups.

Mike Higgs, a member of IBM's user group support staff, recently took time out from the Comdex convention to visit with the members of the Las Vegas user group.

"We feel it's important to stay in touch with our user groups, we get a lot of feedback about our product, and many suggestions are passed on to the development branch," said Higgs.

IBM also maintains an electronic bulletin board system for IBM users, where self-help articles and general computer information is available free of charge.

Higgs, who visits many computer groups each year, answering questions and talking about new products, said people are communicating by computer more and more, even from as far as Japan and Australia.

For more information about the Las Vegas IBM-PC user group, please call 384-2400.

Balletrobics

Imagine an aerobic workout without the jarring and jolting movements that are more of a work-over than a workout. If you have dreamed of such an exercise program, Balletrobics may be for you.

Conceived by UNLV dance instructor Elizabeth Desbiens, Balletrobics is an exercise class that combines the grace and flexibility of ballet with the cardiovascular workout of traditional aerobics. The goal of this experimental course, now being offered by UNLV's dance program for the first time, is to teach students that aerobic fitness can be achieved by using graceful, simplified ballet techniques to reshape, redefine, and strengthen the body.

The course, which is offered also through UNLV's Division of Continuing Education, will be taught again in the spring if enrollment is high enough, Desbiens said.

For additional information, call the UNLV dance program at 739-3827.

Honeywell offers student interships

It takes a little over seven minutes to speak 750 words and, when typing at 35 words per minute, only 20 minutes to print them out. While it may take a bit longer to develop the ideas behind the words, the time it takes to write three 500- to 750-word essays will earn \$10,000 for some U.S. college student.

Why not you? Honeywell will award this sum to the grand-prize winner of its fourth annual Futurist Awards Competition. Nine other winners will each win \$2,000 and all 10 winners will be offered a paid summer intership with the high-tech company. Honeywell is inviting all full-time college students to put their creative and writing skills to test and try for the prizes.

Timothy Hanks, a 1984 Futurist winner, learned of the contest one week in advance of the deadline. "I wrote all three essays in six hours," Hanks said. Hanks entered the Futurist contest because he was a "poor and starving student" but really had no expectations of winning \$2,000. Hanks is a graduate, organometallic chemistry student at Montana State University.

"It only took me about six days from start to finish to complete my essays," said

another 1984 Futurist winner Brent Sherwood. "My hobby is reading and writing about science fiction, and the contest gave me an opportunity to put down all of the wild ideas that I've had for quite some time. I thought it was fun." Sherwood is a graduate aerospace engineer student at the University of Maryland.

Students are asked to leap ahead 25 years and write essays predicting developments in two of six technological areas: electronic communications, energy, aerospace, computer science, manufacturing automation or office automation. A third essay must address the societal impact of the technological predictions.

Completed essays must be postmarked no later than Dec. 31, 1985. The Futurist Contest is open only to full-time undergraduate and graduate students. In January, a panel of top Honeywell scientists and engineers will judge the essays on the basis of creativity, feasibility, clarity of expression and legibility.

Winners will be announced in early February, and each of the 10 winners will receive a two-day, all-expense-paid trip to Honeywell's headquarters in Minneapolis.

also supplies typewriters free of charge to students. The student does not need to supply his-her own paper and correction fluid-paper. Right now there is a limited amount of typewriters due to some of them are also undergoing repairs. The typewriters are located in the CSUN offices.

Finals, finals, finals

As the finals get closer, students begin to worry about blue books for essays and scantrons for tests. Please note that these are available free of charge in the CSUN offices.

New Year's Ski Trip

The UNLV Athletic Club is sponsoring a non-profit ski trip to Lake Tahoe over the New Year's holiday. A price of \$135 includes round trip transportation on luxury tour buses with VCRs, two nights accommodations at the Holiday Inn in Reno, NV., lift tickets to Mount Rose, Heavenly Valley Ski Resorts, and an incredible New Year's Eve party at the Holiday Inn Convention Center.

The "Fun Bus" leaves Mon., Dec. 30 at 10 p.m. and returns Thurs., Jan. 2, at 11:30 p.m. For more information, please contact Jack at 382-8072 or the MSU Board at 739-3221.

The Yellin' Rebel is offering to train students interested in learning news, feature or sports writing, advertising sales and layout. Come to the third floor of the MSU or call 739-3478 for more information.

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ATTENTION: If you have seen a photo of your wonderful self in the Yellin' Rebel and would like a copy, please contact Jim Miller, photo editor, at 739-3478 or come by the Yellin' Rebel office on the third floor of the MSU. 5 X 7 for \$1.50 8 X 10 for \$3.

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CLASSIFIEDS

Activists: PRO Peace, a national non-profit organizing project, seeks self-motivated, energetic, organizers for the GREAT PEACE MARCH. All positions start immediately: STATE ORGANIZERS—\$1000-month to oversee all activities related to the GREAT PEACE MARCH in Nevada. Coalition work, media, fundraising, events production. CANVASS DIRECTOR—commission up to \$5000-month for canvass and other merchandising for fundraising and outreach. ALSO COMMISSION FUNDRAISERS—CANVASSERS. Call Ann Kelleher at CSUN office. PRO-Peace, 8150 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, Ca., 90048.

Happy Birthday to: Frankie-poo, 7; Lori, 13; and Ron, 25. Have a good one!

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year! Thanks to all the staff and guest writers, columnists, photographers, cartoonists and ad personnel that made this semester's *The Yellin' Rebel* so much fun! See you next year...Carmen. P.S. Take a good, long vacation. You all deserve it.

Whirllyball Center-Sammy's Pizza. Night and week manager. Top pay for right person. Call 367-1335.

Christian Science Organization meets second and fourth Tuesdays each month. Student Union Oasis Room at 7 p.m. All are welcome.

Anyone who witnessed campus police expel marty student from post game party on Fri. Nov. 22. Please contact Jack at 873-2664. A major injury was sustained and your help in verifying is needed. Thank you.

Room to rent...private house, private bath, laundry facilities. \$200 a month. Call 384-6887.

'67 Dodge surfer van. Customized interior-exterior, automatic, 318 with headers. Very good condition. Must see to appreciate. Call 384-6887.

Parttime help needed. Selling handmade trees to commercial institutions. Excellent job for students. On a commission basis. Call 384-6887.

Secure job now for next term. Earn \$30-60 per day, work 1-2 days a week assisting students applying for credit cards. Call 1-800-932-0528.

SEXUALLY ABUSED? For M.A. thesis send story to Jennifer. PO Box 2187, Lawrence, KS., 66045.

Wanted: Pacifiers, rattles, push toys and other childrens things for kids 15 and under. Call Ron at 739-3889.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING FIRM seeks representative from your campus. Post National clients and handle on-campus promotions. No direct sales. Excellent opportunity for career directed. Avg. \$5-86 per hour. Commission plus piecework. Flexible hours. Call 1-800-456-5537, ask for "Rep Job" American Passage Media Corp.

WANTED: Female models for non-nude glamour photography. Must be trim and attractive and between the ages of 18 and 30. Experience appreciated, but not required. Paid hourly and in cash. You can keep copies of any work you like. Call John at 866-8098 or 739-3908, or drop in and see me in FDH 24 (mornings, M-W-F).

Typing! Resumes, term papers, dissertations, theses, or any typing need. All work done on Word Processors so any corrections are made promptly. Professionally typed at reasonable prices. Call BEST at 737-3900. (Next to Botany's)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT for students, Rebel Apta, cable tv, walk to UNLV. Large studios furnished. 777 E. Harmon, No. 1 737-8982 or 386-5062

'82 Rabbit, 5 speed, AM-FM-CASS. Cust. Interior. Low mileage. Excel. Condition. Call nights. 876-6936. \$5600 or best offer.

Western Express Service Do. Telemarketing positions. Part time available. \$6 an hour. No experience necessary. Company/income \$6000 starting bonus. Call Bob Phillips at 798-0105, before noon.

WRITER'S BLOCK CURD Send \$2 for catalog of over 16,000 topics to assist your writing or for more information. Write a Block. For your information call toll-free 1-800-621-5745. (In Illinois, call 312-922-0300) Authors' Research, Rm. 600-N, 407 S. Dearborn, Chicago, IL 60605.

Opportunity for manager! 4 run delivery service part time. Apply in person afternoon M-F. Ask for Mr. Allen. No Name Restaurant, 4110 S. Maryland Pioneer Plaza.

FOR SALE—1978 Toyota Corolla, excellent condition, air conditioning. \$2500 or make offer. Call 459-8686 after 6 p.m. Anytime weekends.

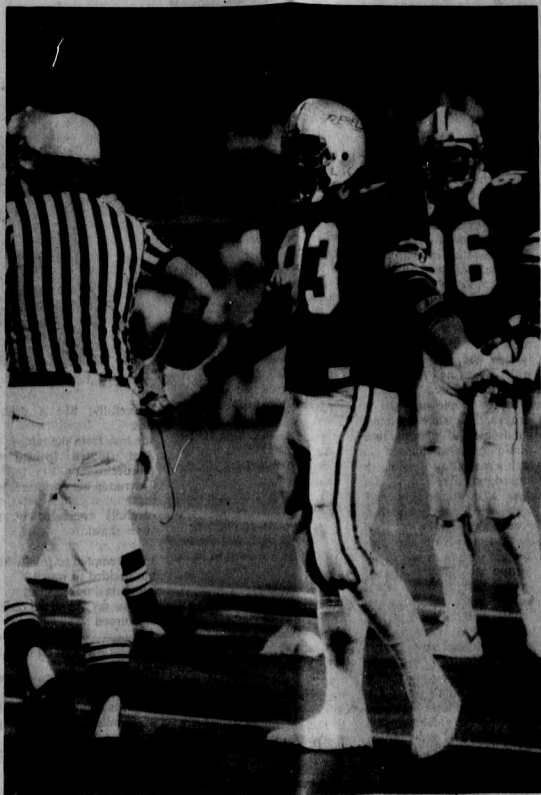
Sharp student, part time, set own hours, comm. only, but steadily increasing income due to continual build-up of repeat clientele. Possibilities for advancement. Own wheels required, call Dave between 3 and 6 p.m. at Golden Ribbon Corp. 386-3783.

Photo Page

UNLV
STUDENTS
ARE AGAINST
APARTHEID!

Apartheid, this is one of larger protests that students decided to take up in the course of the semester. That's really funny because less than one year ago when we asked that infamous question "What do you think should be done about apartheid in South Africa", we got such fabulous answers as "what", and "what is it?".

Fall
Semester
1985

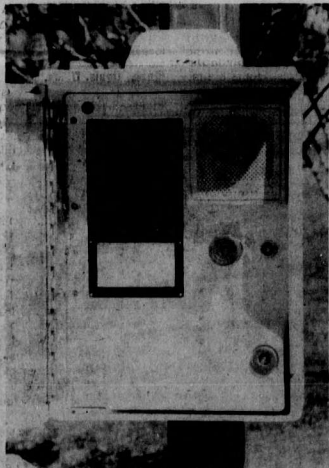


Carlos Lovato (93) seems to express the sentiments of the whole UNLV football staff about their 5-5-1 record for the '85 season—Hey guys 5-5-1 isn't a losing season and it does get you undisputed third place in the conference, right behind CSUF.



While football was having its troubles with the PCAA, the UNLV soccer team led by PCAA MYP Robby Ryerson was having its best season in its short history. The team made it to the 2nd round of the NCAA's before being eliminated by UCLA in the second round.

A Review
In Pictures



Oh yes! It finally got here the increased security that students of UNLV were asking for. The only problem with this was that, due to a lack of funding, they disappeared as fast as they appeared on the scene.



It's about time! Students finally got to drive on a smoothed-over Harmon Avenue.



Vivisection also made an appearance on our campus this semester. This seemed to be an issue which did not get a lot of attention on our campus.



One of the most celebrated occasions of this semester was the 30th anniversary of Hoover Dam. Along with local dignitaries, Mickey Mouse was there to help in the honoring of the Dam.



Along with representatives from California and New York, Harry Reid made his yearly visit to our illustrious campus.



One good thing that did come of our '85 football campaign was the election of Karen Hare as our new Homecoming Queen.

photos by Your
Yellin' Rebel
Photo Staff

All That's Left of Grandma

The china cup that perches so precariously on the third shelf of the hutch is all that's left of Grandma, except her love.

by maramis

Mr. Freeze

by andre helm

It was their second Christmas together and this one would be special; the small red velvet box he held in his hand contained the engagement ring. He had decided that now was just as good a time as any; he would be graduating from the college of mortuary science soon and would take over the family business. (His father was dying with cancer and wasn't expected to live much longer.) She was the kind of woman he thought he would never meet; she wasn't the kind of woman he despised, the garden variety female who thought of relationships as siney placemat ropes of eternal commitment, she was remote, lacking in a certain womanly tenacity. He gave the box to her. She pried it open rather methodically, like a squirrel opening a nut. "Pretty stone, pretty stone, I like it," her steel grey eyes scanning the ring as she contemplated its brilliance. She was not an attractive woman; in fact, people often wondered what a handsome man like Juan saw in a woman like Inga.

pearance only resulted in her fleeing the gathering in tears when she saw that Juan and Inga were in love; this deeply disturbed the mother who was genuinely fond of Carmen and had always hoped she would become her daughter-in-law. She had then abandoned all hope and decided to leave the matter 'en las manos de Dios.' "Carnivorous! C-a-r-n-i-v-o-r-o-u-s, double word score and I used all seven tiles, that comes to a grand total of one hundred points!" he flashed a pearly white smile and brushed a lock of his curly black hair from his face. "Top that!" he said triumphantly. "Density, D-e-n-s-i-t-y," she placed the tiles deftly on the board gaining eighty points to his hundred. "Okay," she coolly retorted. The phone rang. It was Carlos.

"Hello, cousin." "Listen, I have the perfect opportunity for a fantastic and thoroughly stimulating evening in the persons of two lovely, long legged blondes, say about 24, 25, and sooo willing." "Why are you calling me here? I told you never to call me here," Juan bristled. "Aw, come on primo, don't be a party pooper. You must admit my offer sounds tempting. I got a magnum of champagne and..."

Click. Juan hung up. He walked back into the living room. "Is something wrong, Juan? You look upset." "No, no. It's just that idiot cousin of mine, Carlos. You'd think a guy 29 years old and about to inherit a share of his uncle's business would have more important things on his mind other than those damn horses."

"Is he still going to the track every night?" "Practically, and he's not winning. Last week alone he blew five hundred bucks." "Oh wait a minute, my friend. If memory serves me correctly I recall a certain gentleman who spent a lot of time and money on the ponies."

"Yeah, but that was before I met my little filly." He ascended at her. They finished the game with Inga winning three hundred fifteen to Juan's two hundred seventy six. After eating a light supper of salmon, sea biscuits, and fresh raspberries, they went to bed, they didn't make love which wasn't unusual, they spent most of their time in bed talking although from time to time they did engage in a minimum of sexual activity.

The snow-covered ground emitted a blue arctic light that suffused the entire room with an eerie glow; the muffled sound of tires trekking through snow could be heard outside; Inga was asleep now; she looked so still; as if she had been under water for a long time. His eyes planned her body; the translucent skin with its delicate network of veins underneath was like marble; the rhythmic movement of her rising and falling chest relaxed him. He moved closer to her, straddling his leg along hers; the contrast of his brown skin against the whiteness delighted him.

The body of little Miranda Acevedo lay on the draining table a perfect little doll, all for the quarter sized hole stop her head hidden by masses of shiny black, blood encrusted curls. She had fallen from the back porch of an eight story high rise the night before; subdural hematoma and internal bleeding were listed as the causes of death on the tag that hung from her tiny toe. The grief stricken father had come in that morning to make arrangements, (the wife could not attend as she had

been totally overwhelmed and was at present hospitalized and under heavy sedation).

He had seen Mr. Acevedo weeping uncontrollably, telling him of how she had walked at eight months, how smart she was in school, how they spent Sunday afternoons at the city zoo. It was this part of the business that gave Juan the most satisfaction; preparing the dead with a loving touch he knew the loved ones would do had they the task of readying the body for burial. He didn't think of a corpse as just a dead piece of meat as so many of his colleagues did, but treated it with a caring touch and unabiding respect.

Some people thought it strange that such a young, handsome and vigorous man would immerse himself in such a morbid profession, he looked more like a movie star than a mortician. In high school they called him Mr. Freeze; although he was good looking, most of the girls thought of him as weird and cringed at the thought of touching him; like Maria Lopez, who once locked herself up in the girls gym and took a three hour shower after Juan had stopped her from taking a fall from the risers during choir practice by catching her in his arms. The guys would tease him by humming the funeral march as he walked by or by freezing themselves at this feat feigning rigormortis.

Carlos however enjoyed a kind of diplomatic immunity as he took the typical juvenile inclination to spoof the profession; telling stories of "stiffs sitting up, getting up, farting, belching." His tours of the funeral home were legendary. He would take the guys to the mortuary after school to have some fun in the guise of slapping around corpses, placing noise makers in the mouths of the bodies and using the air pump (a machine that pumped up thin, sickly bodies giving them a fuller, healthier appearance) and make them blow.

It saddened him that so many people, women in particular, took this hands-off attitude toward him. They could be ever so charmed by his good looks and easy going manner, but the minute they found out about his line of work, they held him at arms length; that was one of the things that he appreciated most about Inga; she wasn't put off by the fact that he was an undertaker; she had worked in a similar realm, at a diner at the county morgue; so she was accustomed to a certain amount of interaction with the dead, although she displayed a detachment toward her work so different than the complete dedication of Juan. She planned to quit the following the fall, willing to retire to the life of a housewife; children were not planned for at least five years now and she intended to spend her time pursuing her interests; painting, sculpturing, taxidermy.

The Acevedo girl was ready now. She looked like a little princess inside the tiny pink silk coffin she was to lie in state in the little folks cottage and was to be interred with her favorite toy, a little brown bear. He placed the toy tenderly in the crook of her arm and marveled at how serene and at peace she looked. "You'll be okay now angel," he heard himself say. He carefully brushed her hair as to not expose the hole that had been sealed with a flesh colored acrylic plug. After applying some final touches of rouge, he pushed the coffin into the elevator. As he descended the slow quivering drone of organ music could be heard below. Once downstairs, he pushed the portable bier to the

Worm Wood II

Creative Arts Supplement

Treasure

Time with you. A most precious gift. That once given May not be altered, But hangs suspended Like a gemstone Against the infinite.

by leigh mccormick

Blind Date

by maramis

She flashed her false eyelashes at the man she was with Her purple eyelids shining iridescently in the dim light.

She was dressed in white a kind of satiny fabric That barely allowed her to breathe-- Restricting her ample chest further with bands of silver sequins below her mostly-exposed breasts.

She raised the delicate wine glass to her seldo-silent scarlet lips Holding it just so in her carefully groomed hand displaying glued-on fashion nails and her "no-one-can-tell-it's-not-a-diamond" ring.

Her other hand carefully flicked a flock of flaking mascara From her pink-tinted cheek Then quickly moved to brush back her invisible hairs from her platinum wig.



SMITH '85 SAN

Gracefully, like a dancing bear she rose from the table And floated toward the powder room-- The run in her crimson stockings and her carefully concealed by her silver shawl.

She reappeared seven minutes later Her lipstick carefully reapplied An entire vial of vending machine perfume apparently dabbed on delicate places And the run in her hose disfigured now with a faint touch from her lipstick brush.

She had made her repairs and accepted the stares from others As she made her way back to her wine.

Yet whatever I thought it mattered not For at that moment she and I were the same no more--no less Just women who had returned to an empty table.

I was tempted to follow her but decided to watch her companion instead. He saw my eyes fixed on him but turned away.

children's chapel, centered it correctly, and moved the huge spray of white gladiolas to the side of the casket. As he opened the lid of the coffin, he heard a rustling sound coming from the curtained area behind the bier. It was Carlos.

"God damn you, Carlos, put out that cigar." He had been drinking and had a delayed reaction to Juan's angry tone. "What's the big deal, cousin, I don't think anyone around here minds."

Juan's face went blank and his lips trembled. "Oh primo now I've gone and got you all upset. I'll put it out." Instead of stomping it out, he put the hot end in his mouth and bit it off, extinguished it with his saliva and gingerly placed the remaining half inside his shirt pocket. "There now, everything better," he mocked Juan. He was extraordinarily tall for a Columbian; he stood over six feet four and had a massive head with a prominent brow ridge that gave him a primordial, cromagnon appearance. His thick bushy eye brows ran together in one line across his brow and his thick muscular limbs seemed too short for his huge body.

"Really, cuz, I'm sorry about last night." "I of all people should know that a man can change."

"I think it quite admirable that such a fortunate man as yourself is willing to retire from such a distinguished amorous career as your own." Carlos looked around the room. "Look, Carlos, we've got a busy day ahead. There's the Rivera funeral at one and you've got to embalm Mrs. Burke in addition to picking up those two bodies at Cedarhurst Memorial."

"I know, I know," he said blandly. "Gee, Juan you just ain't no fun anymore." Carlos mimicked hunching his shoulders and throwing up his huge massive hands. "Carlos, for the love of God!" Juan screamed. "Okay buddy, you win, you win, I'm going." He walked out of the room whistling and bobbing, surprising light for a man of his size. Before he reached the foyer, he turned around and looked at Juan who was now sweeping up some flower petals and a champagne cork into the trash.

Where have the summer days gone? Days of playing in the sand Running blithely through the rain... Starting each new day at dawn?

Goodbye

Childhood

Where has autumn gone to stay? When we kicked up all those leaves Toasted marshmallows on a stick... Wear new shoes for school's first day? Winter came in happiness

by maramis

When we were young, so young Waiting for that first snowflake... And the crisp, cool air's caress.

Oh Childhood, you've gone so fast! Had we but known it would be so We would've held it dearer... Tried to make it last.

And spring, sweet spring. Always the best, even now. When all things come back to life... And our childhood hearts can sing.



Dear Son, Congratulations on graduating from UNLV this semester with a degree in financing. Your mom and I are very proud of you and glad we bought that condominium in 1981 for \$29,000 for you to live in. We were able to write off \$9,000 in interest and \$8,000 in depreciation during your four years. Since your tuition and books only came to \$13,200, we actual by made \$9,800 pulling you through school, as we would have paid went anyway. Now we could sell that condominium for \$38,000, but you've proven you're worth investing in son, so we are giving it to you as a graduation present. It is a freshman this year, you know, and we are going to buy one of those new Rebel Park condominiums at 1381 E. University Ave. for \$37,000. As we live out of town, please give Hanon over there at the sales office a call at 739-7732 and reserve one for us. Your proud parents Dad Mom



Screaming dogs in streets
of purple flame;
Souls cry out for universal
oneness
Where is the albatross
that sings of impending
doom:
Upstairs in my closet
Mother! Mother! The dark hurts

Worm Wood II

I know who I am
I know where I've been and
where I'm going
If you are lost, I will help you
But don't make your doubt
seem like mine

From a Child's Scrapbook

by Leigh McCormick

The day I met Satchel, I'd been playing on my front steps. I saw him walking up the street, hands plunged deep into the pockets of his baggy, faded jeans. He walked right up to me and without a drop of emotion said, "I can hop on one foot." I looked at his beat-up tennis shoes, his old plaid shirt, and his dirty freckled face. Even clean, you still might call him ordinary with his kinda blonde hair and his kinda blue eyes, but heck, he could hop on one foot, and that was good enough for me.

He and I became famous friends. We went everywhere together. When Mama had to mail a letter or go shopping, she'd drag us along. We lived on an Air Force base, so everything was just minutes away. It's a small community so everyone gets to know everyone else. The postmaster, the cashier at the B.X., the box boy at the commissary always said "hi" to Satchel with a curious smile on their faces. I guess he was pretty funny looking.

Once we spent the whole afternoon playing three-handed slap jack with my Uncle Jack Sanchez. He took to

Satch right off, which was unusual because my buddy was what you might call precocious. He was always doing the wrong thing, and frankly, I had my hands full keeping him out of trouble.

I remember the day we took Satchel to the state park. The scenery was breathtaking. We traveled the long winding road over the tall wooded mountains. Everyone was silently lost in the beauty until I told daddy not to drive so close to the cliff. Satchel was hanging out of the window. Satch made people nervous.

Mama still talks about the time we invited him to attend mass with us at the cathedral. It was a huge building and we sat in the balcony overlooking the altar. We reverently knelt at the part of the mass when the priest elevates the wine and the host. The full church was more still when my voice bounced off four walls.

"Satchel, if you don't quit spitting on the congregation, I'm gonna belt you!"

My brother's bones melted and he slithered into a puddle under the pew. My sister had the wide-eyed look of a deaf, mute orphan. It wasn't easy

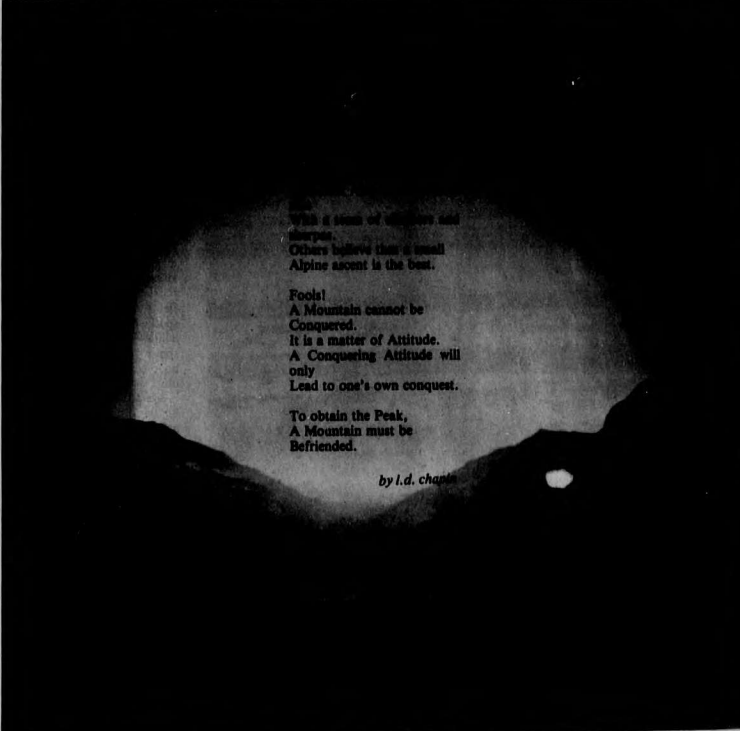
being Satchel's friend.

When we got orders to transfer to another air base, I knew I'd miss him. Even though he always looked like something the cat dragged in, and you could depend on him getting into trouble, one way or another, he was my friend and I loved him.

The day came. Our furniture was packed and on its way to Texas. Mama had waxed herself out of the kitchen door. It was time for goodbyes. As Satchel walked away, hands deep in his pockets, he looked over his shoulder and without a drop of emotion, he said, "I won't be too far away."

It's been almost 30 years since I last saw Satchel. And he was right. He never was far away. All these years I've carried him in my memory. Even now, I must admit he had a certain charm. I'd still like to turn a corner and see him walking up the street toward me.

I know it's impossible now, but then...it never occurred to me that I was the only one who could see Satch. He was my friend and I loved him.

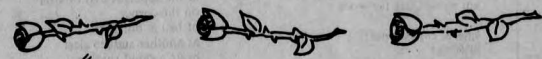


With a team of porters and Sherpas, others believe that a small Alpine ascent is the best.

Foots!
A Mountain cannot be Conquered.
It is a matter of Attitude.
A Conquering Attitude will only Lead to one's own conquest.

To obtain the Peak, A Mountain must be Befriended.

by I.d. chapman



by
lori
susman

and got down the small matching purse. Looking inside the purse, she found \$1.20 in change, and half a pack of breath mints.

Sindy remembered when she had gotten the mints. That was the time she and Bobby had gone to his sister's wedding. They had stopped at a grocery store first, because Bobby had left the wedding card on the table. It had been a wonderful party, and they had danced all day. It was odd that she should remember going to the grocery store that day. And buying the mints. She didn't remember much lately, oh, who she was and where she lived, she knew. But there were other things.

Like, did she ever love Bobby? Why, she must have—at one time anyway. But now it was hard for her to remember why.

She mustn't dwell on this. There was very little time left. She knew she shouldn't have spent all morning writing home to her mother and her best girl friends. Sindy was great at letter writing, and wrote often, with the letters

carrying on for pages and pages, the thoughts of what she wanted to say flowing on freely, when she wrote, time didn't matter.

Not only did she write to her mother, but she also wrote to Becky and Elizabeth. Sindy had gone to school with Becky, they were practically sisters, they had known each other for ages. She had only met Elizabeth just a few months before she moved away, but in that short time Elizabeth knew Sindy better than anyone else. If anyone could remember why Sindy ever loved Bobby, Elizabeth could.

Sindy felt confident knowing that after she had wrote the whole situation to Elizabeth, Elizabeth could solve her dilemma, and put everything back into perspective. If it wasn't too late.

So, the time wasn't wasted after all. Even if Bobby had telephoned twice, reprimanding her each time for her excessive hobby.

Sindy stepped into the bathtub, enjoying the burning sensation the hot water gave to her skin. It cooled after a

minute and she sank back, relaxing luxuriously in the bubbles. Sneezing several times reminded her that she mistakenly used the floral fragrance bubble bath—the one Bobby had given her for her birthday.

She remembered that day, awakening to the fresh smell of coffee and eggs benedict. Bobby had fixed a gourmet breakfast and piled it on two trays, adding a white rose. Later, there arrived 18 helium-filled balloons, and that evening at the restaurant two dozen long-stemmed red roses were waiting for her. The flowers and the bubble bath were only part of what he gave her that night. It had been wonderful. She looked up at the large diamond-sapphire cocktail ring resting on the bathroom counter.

Oh yes, she remembered that birthday. And then his birthday, only eight days later. For him she had gold cuff links made, to wear with his favorite white suit. And, on the cuff links were his initials, engraved and set with diamonds. She had surprised him early at work with several bunches of asters, in all colors, and at dinner that night, she had wrapped his present in his napkin, causing him to jump when they fell into his lap. He loved them. His favorite wine, favorite cake, soft music—she remembered that night, too.

Why then was Sindy so confused about loving Bobby? How long ago had that been? Well, it wasn't their last birthdays, because Sindy remembered those two days only too well. The fighting, the crying, and the slamming of doors. Those memories made her eyes moisten, making Sindy take a concentrated effort not cry.

It didn't matter the dates of the good times, anyway. Not now. She stepped out of the tub and toweled herself dry. She turned on the shower water and held her head so as to her hair wet. She towel dried her hair, letting it curl naturally.

Sindy slipped on her pantyhose and adjusted her light pink body slip that clung shapely to her body. Downstairs she heard the door open and Bobby's heavy footsteps coming up the stairs.

Quickly she shut the bedroom door, then ran into the bathroom, grabbing the dress off the chair. No, she wasn't embarrassed for him to see her half dressed. He was her husband of three years—physically there were no secrets. But now, now after remembering the good times, Sindy knew she wouldn't be able to look at Bobby without breaking down in tears.

Bobby hated to see her cry, yelling that if that was the only way she could communicate, then he was better off communicating with a child. Sindy tried to never let Bobby catch her crying, not if she could possibly help it.

She heard him open the bedroom door, and she could not explain, not even to herself, why her heart had suddenly sped up and she was tense and scared.

"Sindy? Are you here?" Bobby called out, his strong voice filling the room. "You left the window open, after I told you about the possibility of a rain storm today? Where are you, anyway?" he asked, though he was speaking in the direction of the bathroom, where he knew good and well that was where she was.

"Are you almost ready?" he continued. "I don't want to be late. All I've got to do is change, but that'll only take me a second." He paused. "Won't you even give me the courtesy of a response. Sindy? I am talking to you, you know."

She took a deep breath. "Yes, I know. I'm sorry, dear." She came out from hiding. "How was work today?" She hoped her tone wasn't too mechanical.

"Same as usual. But I enjoy getting off early. We still have the afternoon."

"Yes. Yes we do. I'm

about ready," Sindy said, slipping the dress on over her head. She had put on her makeup and now only needed to put her curly hair up. Bobby hated her hair to fall on her face, preferring it to be tucked up with combs.

For Valentine's Day one year he had given her a matching set of gold combs, with tiny diamonds shaped into flowers. It was these special combs that she put her hair up with today.

Fastening the tight, wide belt around her waist, Sindy gave herself one last look in the mirror. She could remember her name, but she wasn't sure who she was. She could remember the house, but she wasn't sure if it was hers or not. And she could remember Bobby, handsome and strong Bobby, but she wasn't sure of her ever loving him, or his loving her. Bravely she left the bathroom.

He turned around, hearing her step behind him, and smiled at her approvingly. "Oh, you look perfect. And the dress. Do you know that it is my favorite?" he said to her, still straightening his tie.

Bobby was dressed in his white suit, wearing a pink shirt, knowing that Sindy would be wearing her pink dress. His cuff links were on, and the stones glimmered boldly in the light.

Sindy noticed he had shut the window and wondered if that was why the room was suddenly very stuffy.

"Thank you. You look nice, too," she answered, ignoring his comment about the dress. "I've just got to switch a few things into this purse and then I'll be ready to go."

"Good, good. I'll go downstairs and check to make sure I've got everything—don't want to forget anything today. Then I'll pull the car around front. Try not to take too long, Sindy."

"I won't," she promised, as he went down the stairs. She put her wallet, a small compact, her address book,

and a few other odds and ends in the silver bag. She slipped into the heels and dabbed some cologne behind her ears and on her wrists. She was ready to go now.

Reaching for her keys at the nightstand, she looked at the letters she wrote earlier that day, unstamped, waiting to be mailed. She picked up the one addressed to Elizabeth and tossed it in the trashcan. It wouldn't matter now even if Elizabeth could help her remember. It was too late. Too late now.

Sindy went downstairs and out the front door. Bobby was in the car, his luggage packed in the back seat and in the trunk.

Wordlessly they drove to the court house, arriving precisely in time for their 3:30 appointment with Judge Harrison. Meeting with the Judge in his chambers, they talked for almost an hour. Then, first Bobby, then Sindy, signed the papers.

The divorce complete and final, Sindy drove Bobby to the airport. She pulled up to the correct terminal and idly switched radio stations while Bobby engaged a sky cap to get the luggage from the car.

When the car was empty, Bobby stuck his head back in. Sindy could only look at him, not quite able to remember, yet she knew she could never forget.

"I'll keep in touch, alright?" he asked.

She nodded, tears now filling her eyes. "Oh, don't start crying now Sindy. You know I can't talk to you when you get this way." He checked his watch. "Well, I've got to go. I will try to keep in touch. Good-bye, Sindy."

Sindy whispered goodbye, and pulled away, the tears still falling. If only she could have remembered, she might now need to have to forget.

And they have locked their door.

by maramis

Time Crossed

by Leigh McCormick

There's a place I would like to go.
Tis a land on the edge of remembrance.
Where misty images gently blow
On the breath of a wind from long ago,
But how to get there, I do not know.
To the land on the edge of remembrance.

I sometimes feel so very near
To a time and a place I have never known.
When something seen or a sound I hear,
Like the tinkling music of a silver sphere,
Entreats my cherishing it twice dear.
And I seem to preceive knowledge not my own.

A gentle feeling will alight
When the past and the present appear to meet,
On the wings of wild geese in flight
Or the song of a piper, serene and bright,
My thoughts traverse to an ancient site.
And it seems my history lies at my feet.

Now you may think me odd, I know,
I believe in the land of remembrance.
For I saw you there in the long ago,

Time after Time, through the misty glow.
And I hope, perhaps, someday we might go
Time dancing on the edge of remembrance.

I see the holly 'round the room
I see the gifts below
I see the faces looking back
Basked in the Christmas glow.

My branches bend with silvery trim
A star's become my crown
And here upon my needled limbs
The candy cane hang down.

A
View
From a
Christmas
Tree



by maramis

All seems to be in order, yet Somehow, it's not quite right.
There's something missing from the scene
This joyous Christmas night.

Ah yes, I now know what it is I couldn't see before—
A beggar stands out in the cold
And they have locked their door.

no
matter
how
twisted
the
stem
the
rose
still
grows
by maramis

Worm Wood II

Tryst
And the artist said,
"Come my art, nourish me!"
by leigh mccormick



would be easy to doze off,
perfectly content to
daydream the afternoon far
away from the cares of the
real world.

But then there's that noise,
the noise my ears pick up
almost automatically: a light
thump on the ground; a
quick, rustling, scurry
through the leaves; a quiet.
Then the quiet is broken for a
second by a loud, taunting
chatter, as if the noise maker
were sure that if danger were
aound, this sudden break in
the silence would cause it to
move, making its presence
known—but there is no need
for sudden movement, the rifle
is already aimed at its
spot: a fence post atop a hill,
a little taller than the rest—the
spot where earlier that afternoon
a chewed corn cob and
other signs were found.

Again the quick scurrying,
but this time I hear the sharp
nails of the tiny feet tapping on
the bare wooden fence.
Slight adjustments must be
made, but I move only with
the sound of the squirrel's
movement, freezing with
silence. A slight motion catches
my eye. I see a gray form
coming toward me along the
fence, the long bushy tail
waving behind it in the
breeze, the owner seemingly
unaware of the flag he carries
like the ill-tied scarf of a skier
as he flies down the slope.
The form stops short of his
destination to smell the air,
sense his surroundings,
somehow strange. But
satisfied, he takes his perch to
finish his meal of the morning.

Then the gray squirrel leaps
involuntarily into the air, the
bullet passing through him
before the crisp, sharp report
of the rifle can be heard—a
piercing sound, foreign to
this place as it echoes through
the trees. Now the smell of
gun oil and burnt gun powder
replaces the serene smells of
the woods. I feel remorse for
a second, knowing that this
peacefulness is over and I
have ended it along with the
life of this creature. But
remorse is soon replaced by
the thought of tonight's meal
and the anticipation of the
next special place in the
woods. To sit. to wait. To
daydream.

by warren virgin

As a boy in Wisconsin I
had a favorite place, a place
that had a feeling of security
even though I was alone. This
place was a woods on my uncle's
farm, late in the autumn—that
time of year when the heat of
summer has not quite given way
to the cold dark days of winter.
A time we called Indian Summer.
The sun shown bright, but the
air was cold and crisp, hinting
of the northern

weather to come.

There are places in the
woods where squirrels usually
forage. These places quite
often are around cornfields.
There's a particular corn-
field, along a particular
woods, where a fence dips
down a hill into a hollow of
oak trees. When the oak trees
shed their leaves, the brick
breezes churn them into this
hollow, making a thick, deep,
multi-hued quilt.

There a fallen tree lays
along the slight incline of the

hill. Laying in close to the
tree, I rest my father's single
shot .22 rifle—the one I don't
recall him ever messing with—
upon the weathered bark of
the tree. I'm protected from
the harsh wind and the steady
drone it creates as it rustles
the branches and leaves of the
trees, the sun now able to
show its warmth. The smell
of the oak leaves mixed with
the scent of the dry stalks of
field corn releases an earthy
aroma unique to the season.
Laying here in the leaves it

The Single Heart Dedicated to my parents

In the beginning,
A single heart may strive to
survive.
The heart may succeed but
the loneliness is no reward,
Or the heart may fail and
punishment may not be just.
The single heart may search
for happiness,
But happiness has left its trail
narrow.
Or the heart may just choose
to live,
But the life it leads is empty.

But in the end,
The single heart shall be
satisfied.
It will be given a second
chance,
For in the end,
The single heart will join with
another,
And together they shall widen
the happiness trail,
And become one.
With the love they both
pulsate,
The single heart shall be no
more.
And their love will radiate for
other single hearts to know.

by maria e. tiscareno

a note to
my sleeping lover
misty monday
must rush
am almost late for work
eggs & english muffins
in fridge
coffee already hot
will call at noon
home by three
love you much,
but weary of waiting-
when will you tell
your wife
about me?

by florence guenier

Riding in the sky
A poet flying high
With the winds and the eagles
Soar to greater challenges
But I don't want to soar
Because I can't fly
Leave me down on earth
To die.
Cause I can't fly
Or dream
The way the rest of the eagles
do
Rest of the eagles do

Sailing on a cloud
A dancer reaching far
With the storms and the people
Climb to greater challenges
But I don't want to climb
Because I can't reach
Leave me down on earth
To die.
Cause I can't reach
Or dream
The way the rest of the people
do
Rest of the people do

by lori susman

pathos
(christmas eve)

fleets
of sleek cadillacs
checkered cabs, and
expensive sports cars
converge cautiously
at the sophisticated cabaret
on the corner
of bell & bonanza,
as another sudden sleet
beats a rapid rhythm
against the glass
of an exterior telephone
booth:
an overhanging garland
of green, red, and blue
yule lights reflects therein
upon the wind-swept
frail figure
of a weeping woman
whose frigid fingers are
frozen fast
around the receiver-
but you promised,
paul,
she pleaded,
you prom-

by marc a. kousoukas

It was on a Saturday morning—August 20, 1977. As usual, he was doing something for us. My parents had split up when I was young, only about seven years old. My dad had always worked—he was hardly ever home. My grandparents and their children came to America in search of a dream—to live comfortably. After having much success within the family business, my dad had his mind set on opening his own store. He was a terrific businessman; he opened store after store. The amount of work he did took its toll on my mother. She raised my sister and I while my father kept pursuing his dream. Dad came home after mom put us in bed and left for work again before we woke up. This went on for weeks at a time. It finally got to be too much for mom. My parents were divorced in 1974.

When my father wasn't too busy my sister and I would stay with him for a few days. It was fun going with him to work but I think he knew that we still weren't spending enough time alone together. He would always try to make up for this by buying us things. I never liked that. All I ever wanted was a real family. I wanted my father to teach me things and to watch me grow. I remember one time when he came to one of my baseball games.

I was feeling so good that I ended up winning the game for my team. I know this happened only because I was trying so hard to impress him. Even during my happiest moments I still yearned for one thing—a family.

One of the happiest days of my life came on a rainy spring afternoon. I had been at the library waiting for my mom to pick me up. When she hadn't arrived on time I called home several times—all I heard was a busy signal. The library wasn't far from home so I decided to walk. When I turned the corner leading to my house I saw dad's car out in front. I ran the last 100 yards to the front door. I walked in and called for my mom. I went over to the stairs leading to the third floor and saw my dad standing at the top holding his shoes in one hand and his shirt in the other. He clumsily tried to get dressed. When our eyes met we both smiled. Although I was only a young boy, I wasn't stupid. Sometimes before then I figured out the "birds and the bees." My only thoughts were "are they getting back together?" These thoughts seemed to be confirmed when my mom came out of her room wrapped in a blanket. My one wish seemed to be coming true.

On August 20, 1977, my father picked up my sister and me to go to a Cubs game. He kissed my mom goodbye before we left. I smiled from ear to ear. We drove towards the city in his new truck, a Chevy Blazer. While my sister slept in the back, my father and I talked about different things. It was probably one of our closest conversations. I remember seeing a flash of blue to my right.

I was the first to regain consciousness. My sister had been thrown to the front; she lay on the floorboard below me. I checked her pulse just like they showed me in Cub Scouts. She was alive. I turned to my father and saw him hunched over the steering wheel. Before I could check him a man pulled me out of the wreck. As he put me down I heard my sister screaming in pain and fear.

My father and I were put in the same ambulance, only three feet apart. I wasn't sure where my sister was; that scared me. I looked at my dad as he laid with his eyes closed. I noticed the I.V. bag was by his feet and not by his head, the spot where it usually was on T.V. I asked the paramedics if he was alive. One of them put his left hand over my eyes and told me to try and rest. I became even more scared.

My Aunt Ruby stayed with me at the hospital. When I received stitches in my lower lip, she told me to squeeze her hand as hard as I could. This helped to ease the pain. What seemed like days later, she told me that my father was dead. I think she was shocked when I showed no emotion whatsoever. I didn't want to believe what she was telling me.

My father's death finally sunk in at his wake and funeral. I cried for one of the first times in my life during these proceedings. My only wish in life could never come true now. At the time this seemed very unfair. I learned, about a month later, that my parents were planning on getting remarried on Christmas Day. It hurt me to think of what could have been.

Although one of the greatest persons in my life was wrongfully taken away from me, I don't hate the drunk driver that killed my father. I know there probably isn't a day that goes by when he doesn't regret his actions on that one Saturday morning.

When someone close to a person suddenly dies, that person usually experiences some changes in his life. My father's death made me appreciate my family, friends, and life in general, much more. I never leave someone close to me without giving them a hug or kiss and telling them that I love them. I think more people should do this. Finally, I would like to say that I'm on my way to fulfilling the dream that my father hoped to achieve; I hope to become a millionaire by age 30. With him watching over me, I'll be able to do it. I Love You Dad!

When It Was Over

When it was over,
you protested,
you complained,
you cried,
you asked why?
When it was over,
I knew why,
I tried to make you understand.
I cried too, but not for you,
The answer (to why) was there;
our love ceased to expand,
we no longer cared,
our problems were our own,
our failures growing more,
mutual respect never there.
Yes, we stopped loving,
So it was over.

by maria e. tiscareno

Young Boy

Young boy
Mother scolds, father yells
He dreams of other places
Other faces
Saying things he'd rather hear
He mustn't tell
These thoughts of his
To anyone
It's such a sin
To think this way
Some day - he'll be punished
But it helps him now
Somehow - to face the days
And the nights
And the fights
When they criticize...
So he'll fantasize
Away his pain
What does he gain?
Merely tolerance
Or forbearance
After all
They're his parents
And they love him
So they say.
So - he'll stay until he's older
And much bolder
In his decisions
So - he'll think of her awhile
longer-
Hoping hopes
Dreaming schemes
Scheming dreams
To shock the neighbors.
But his labors
Are probably in vain
For what can he do?
He's just a young boy
And she-
She's 42

by maramis

Life

by l.d. chapin

The Flowers and
The Butterflies dance through
Life
In such a way as to
Make one wonder at such
Spectacles

They are
The
The