

Writer shares personal images of season

by kurt hildebrand

managing editor

This, our winter of discontent, made glorious summer by our sons of Tark.

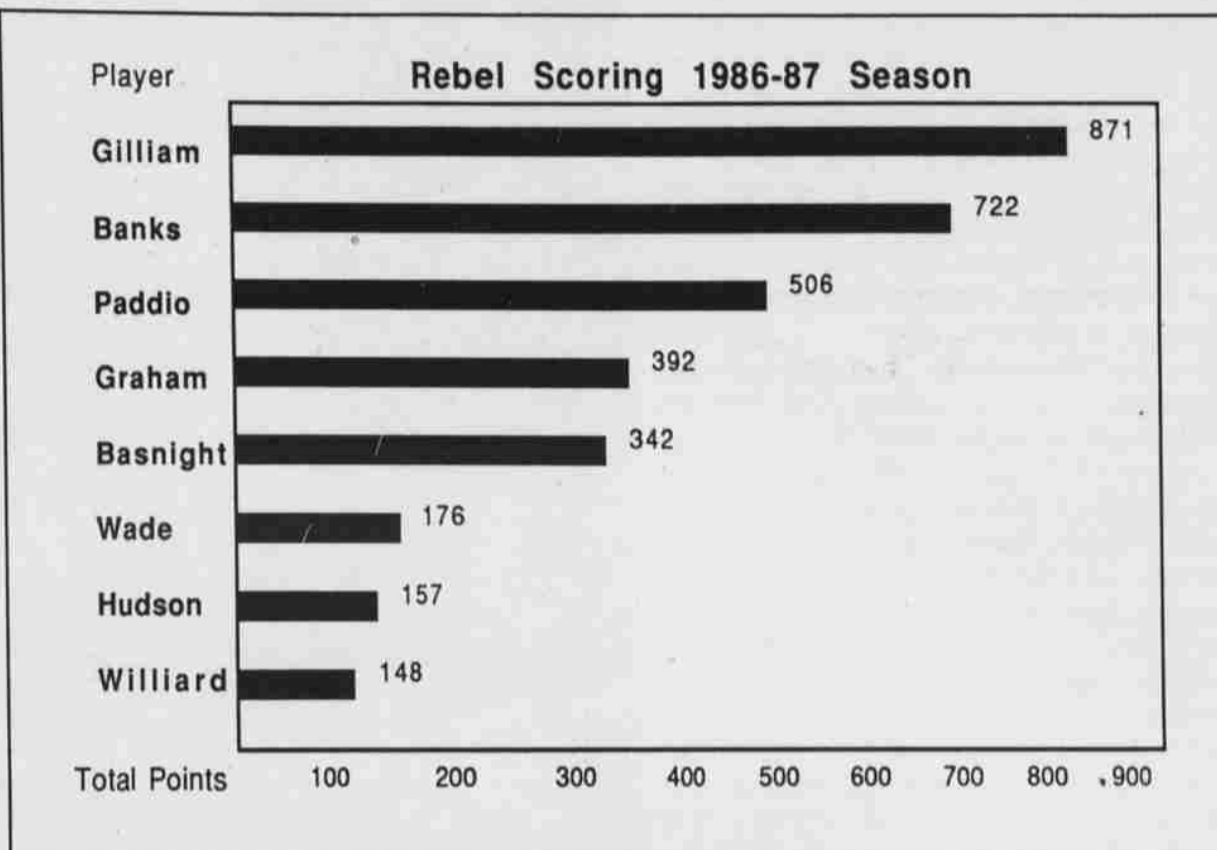
I know it is bad, but I could not resist opening a story on the Rebels with a perfectly awful pun.

I grew up in Las Vegas, I remember all the times a professional team tried to come into town and make the Las Vegas valley its home, only to be sent away again due to lack of interest.

For, the only team which has ever really held a place in the hearts of Las Vegas, is UNLV's Runnin' Rebels.

I was a sophomore in high school, when the Rebels last went to the final four.

I remember listening to the games on the radio with my father and talking with him about how Las Vegas has finally come of



age, how it was about time tional championship.

we got some respect. Well, that season did

I was proud to go to not work out very well for UNLV in the Fall of 1978, me or for the Rebels, not knowing that just one year that we did not do well, prior, this school, my but we did not do as well school, had been within as we had in the past.

inches of clinching a na- Now I am back in

school and doing fine, and but I watched them so are the Rebels. regularly while I worked to

I cannot help but think put out the *Yellin' Rebel*. that this has been the pin- I remember sitting in nacle of experience for front of the television wat-

many of us. ching the Rebels play I did not get to go to many of the Rebel games, Wyoming, on the edge of

my seat, ecstatic one mo- ment, depressed the next.

"They're beating us on the backboards," I'd say one moment, "We're killing them on the backboards," I would scream at any one who happened by, the next.

I sat throughout the Indiana game like someone who has accidentally walked in on a horror movie. The Rebels would score and I would go berserk, Indiana would score and I would scream obscenities at the screen.

If nothing else, the Runnin' Rebels gave me an emotional roller coaster ride I will not soon forget.

Thanks for the memories, and for the opportunity to be a small part of the Rebel's finest season to date.

And there's always next year . . .

Valerie Pida The Union Station Is Behind You

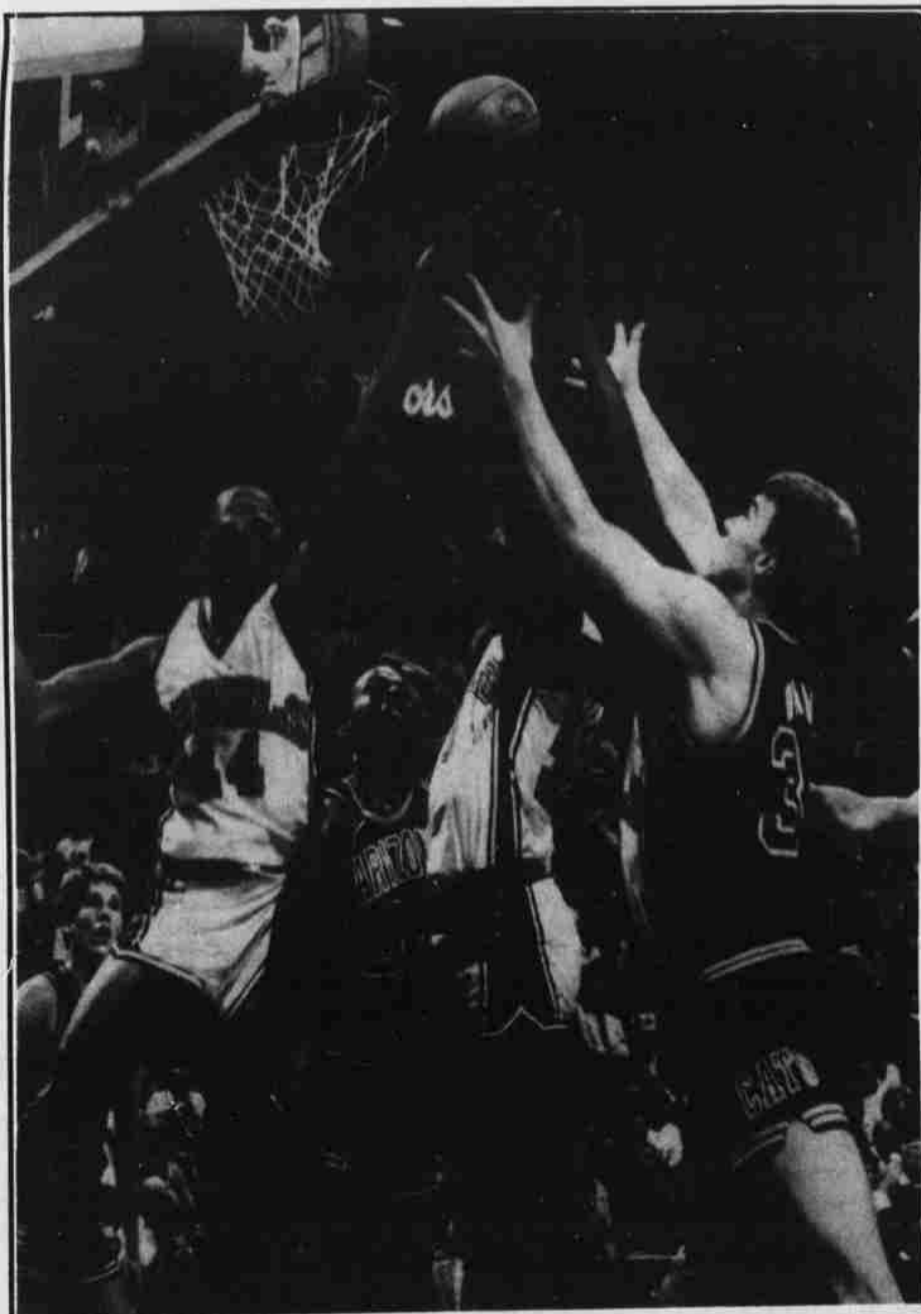
On Thursday, April 2, 1987, all the sales from the *Scoops* Ice Cream Shop will be donated to Valerie's trust fund so that she can overcome this deadly disease.

Other donations will be accepted at *Scoops* for as long as it takes for her to beat her cancer.

Offer your support in helping Valerie and visit *Scoops*, especially on Thursday.

Good Luck Valerie!
We Love You.

The Team at Union Station



SCRAMBLE—in an earlier game this season, Jarvis Basnight struggles against the Arizona defense to sink this basket.

photo by jim carnaby/yell staff