

The Small Picture

by Kurt Hildebrand

editor

Well, Thanksgiving is over, big deal. Now everyone is asking me if I had a nice Thanksgiving. Yeah, right.

Anyway, my friend Harold and his wife, Georgia tried to have their first traditional Thanksgiving.

Harold and Georgia are a typical couple of the eighties, they both work, they don't have any kids, and they have just purchased their first house.

Well, naturally, since they work, they had to divide the labor on Thanksgiving dinner.

Georgia baked the turkey and set up all the food so that Harold could warm it up in preparation for the dinner the next day.

Harold had to heat up the food while Georgia worked early Thanksgiving.

Yeah, I know, very few people work on Thanksgiving, but when you have a house payment to make, you need

all the overtime you can get.

Well, Georgia went to work, and Harold went to work on the meal. He had everything ready when he had a bright idea.

So, just two hours before Thanksgiving dinner, Harold decided to make a fresh pumpkin pie.

The first thing he had to do was to locate a pumpkin.

He searched and searched before he finally found one.

I don't know if you realize this or not, but the availability of pumpkins decreased drastically after Halloween.

Well, George got his pumpkin and realized that he had no idea on how to go about making the pie.

He got as far as getting the crust into the pie pan, then he was stuck.

How was he going to get that big old pumpkin into that little pie pan.

Harold is nothing if not resourceful.

He cut the pumpkin into little pieces and put the pieces into the pie pan assuming that they would melt when he put the whole thing into the pan.

Then he put the pan into the oven, cranked the temperature up to 200 degrees, and set the timer

for 30 minutes.

A half-hour later, he pulled the thing out.

What Harold had was a pie pan full of crisped pumpkin shell.

Time was running out, Georgia would be home in a few minutes and he had to figure out a way to melt the pumpkin shell into the mass that would be a proper pumpkin pie.

Harold then reasoned that if he added some butter to the fried shell, maybe the damn thing would melt.

So he melted some butter in the microwave and used a basting brush to apply it to the pumpkin

shells.

Georgia came home just as Harold was applying the last bit of butter to his creation.

Georgia, noting the odor and the prodigious amount of smoke in the kitchen, panicked.

"George, what are you doing!" she said.

"I'm making a pumpkin pie, dearest," George replied.

"With a basting brush?" she exclaimed.

"Yeah, so?"

"Harold, don't you know a rind is a terrible thing to baste."

Yeah.

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the Editor may be dropped off anytime between noon and 5 pm at the The Yellin' Rebel offices on the third floor of the Moyer Student Union, Monday through Friday. All letters must include the name of the author. No letters will be run anonymously, no names will be withheld. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of The Yellin' Rebel or CSUN.

More Smokin'

Thanks for your "Small Picture" and Mary Whalen's "Guest Editorial" in the Nov. 17 Yell concerning smokers' rights. The Yell showcased a vital controversy at the heart of every one of our human relationships - what responsibility do I have for my fellow human beings?

The correction of two inaccuracies in your small picture of the world, Kurt, will reveal that responsibility.

First, tolerance is only half of the cornerstone of civilization you refer to; the other half is intolerance.

To draw the line between the two, we have the civilizing influence of the law, both written and unwritten. Our law is a responsive attempt to show us where our pursuit of happiness affects others adversely. The popular notion that "you can do your thing and I can do my thing and it's cool," which you promote in your article, is quite irresponsible. Most people need to be shown where they are hurting others. Thus the Ten Commandments. And thus, Mary's article. She is reporting a valid viewpoint: "Your actions are harming me,

please stop it; if you aren't smart enough to see that your actions also hurt you, then I remind you that there are other punishments for your actions (jail or fines in this instance)."

Now, if you are a lover of law and civilization, you have two choices as a smoker or someone who thinks anyone should be able to smoke wherever and whenever they want: break the law and suffer the punishments...or...obey the law, see if there is any wisdom behind it, and if there isn't, then change it.

With her article, Mary is accepting the responsibility of participation in a civilizing process. Your so-called tolerance is simply a smoke-screen for weak-kneed indulgence. Most likely, you tolerate the smoking of those who

work on the Yell for you because you fear if you told them to stop smoking, they might go and leave you with even more work!

What value would our relationships have if we didn't allow our friends to tell us when our breath stinks or when we are

stepping on their toes in some way?

Wouldn't it be horrible if our teachers adopted that indulgent, it's-cool attitude and placated our ignorance by failing to gently coerce us into reading stuff that only years later begins to make sense to

us?

Accepting our responsibility to others brings us to the second correction.

It is true that most of us stop doing something only when we find out for ourselves that it hurts. However, if it was true that

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