

# OPINION

## Small Picture

by Kurt Hildebrand

editor

I went to the movies the other day at one of these discount houses. It was in the early evening — which is why I went to the discount movies — if it had been during the day, I could have had a discount anywhere.

Anyway, I walk into the theater and hand my ticket to the guy at the door, and suddenly the sun is no longer shining on me.

As I crick my neck to get a good look at this guy, he rips my ticket in half and attempts to hand the other half to me.

I am in such shock, I drop it. It turns out the guy

taking tickets is half a head taller than I am and considerably wider — and I am no midget.

I quickly bent over to retrieve my ticket stub, feeling that if this guy doesn't remember me, I might get the bum's rush out the door of the establishment.

As I glanced around, there are only a few of the little parasites which usually inhabit these theatres — having run out of the big bucks to rent pornographic movies to show on mom's VCR — and I see only a few, and these few were unusually well-behaved. I soon saw why.

Apparently the theater

management saw fit to hire six or seven bouncers to patrol the theater for switchers and keep the hellions in line.

There I am, walking through a theater to see a movie and I had to walk through a screen of security which would make the KGB blush with excess.

This impressed me as an isolated incident, the management was having problems with the kids running amok and decided on the obvious solution.

Then I stopped by at an area fast food restaurant (you will notice I am not including any names — if they want to be mentioned, they can buy advertising like everyone else, that is how all the other

businesses I mention get in my column). At first I thought the guy in uniform who was sitting next to the door was just eating. Then I watched as he went into the employee area of the restaurant and got some more soda.

The man was in a fast food restaurant to defend it from hordes of mauling teenagers.

Perhaps I've spent too much time out in the open, maybe I'm out of touch with reality, but when I find security guards in as innocuous a place as a well-lit restaurant in the early evening I begin to wonder about the basic fabric of society. I begin to wonder whether maybe it isn't a good time to pull up stakes and move further into the hills. I begin to

wonder whether it isn't a good idea to apply for a passport, or at least a visa with a very late expiration date.

I see Peter Jennings talking about how all the kids who are currently going to elementary school are currently on crack — I think I will move before I have any kids to do crack.

**On other news fronts** — The nightmare that was *Quicksilver* is over. It is finished. It is gone. You will be able to obtain a copy at your neighborhood *Yellin' Rebel* news stand. They are the magazines with the color photo of the flags on the cover. It contains some good works, and a lot of sweat so give it a chance and pick it up.

## Art Buchwald

I went down to the post office the other day and it was locked tight.

"It's closed until the Fourth of July," a man who had been sleeping on the sidewalk said.

"Are you homeless?" I asked him.

"No," he said, "I'm just waiting to pick up a parcel post package of cookies my mother sent me for Christmas. It's easier to sack out here than go home every night."

"How can you be sure the post office won't open until the Fourth of July?" I asked.

"It's all over town. They have a big deficit and this is the only way to make it up, unless they get a bank

loan from Mexico."

"But this is very important," I said. "If I can't mail it in by midnight I may not win a free sweepstakes cruise to Puerto Rico."

The man looked at my envelope. "This letter will never fly. It only has a 25-cent stamp on it."

"That's what the new price will be for first-class stamps."

"Do you think the post office can handle this envelope for two bits? It costs a fortune to deliver a letter on its appointed rounds through dark of night."

"So what stamp should I put on the envelope?"

"That's for each person to decide for himself — but

be generous. Remember, no one in the post office is there for the money."

"How can they operate the system at a profit if they keep their stations closed?"

"Very slowly. You see, in order to bring the deficit down they have to reduce the services most people expect. The fewer services that post office provides, the less it has to charge for its stamps. Heaven knows what a first-class stamp would cost if you had postal offices open all day long."

I looked in the window. "What do you see?" he asked me.

"A long line of people," I said.

"Oh that's the Express Mail line left over from 1987."

"I also see a mountain of junk mail."

"That's not junk mail. Those are windows of opportunity which make it possible for people to win millions of dollars, cabin cruisers or new homes in Arizona, not to mention magazines full of lingerie ads. There are also thousands of catalogues that keep Hong Kong's factories humming."

"Why don't I sneak around the back and drop my letter in with the junk mail? Perhaps it will get out faster."

"I doubt it because this post office has been designated a *Priority A* station, which means you can't mix first-class mail with junk mail."

"Why not?" I asked. "You don't want to risk

the first-class mail infecting the junk mail. A country that doesn't respect its fourth-class mail doesn't deserve to have an excellent postal system."

"Is there some station that is open on days other than July 4?"

"There is one in Maryland and one in Virginia, but nobody knows exactly where they're located, since they are mail drops for Ollie North." I said, "Then I'm stuck with this post office."

He told me, "You'll get to like it. To introduce the new 25-cent stamp they have promised to serve free coffee to the first 10 people in line."

## Letters to the Editor

### Reader Complaints

#### Dear Editor

I would like to know where I can obtain an English translation of the article printed in the Entertainment section of the March 8th edition of the "Yellin' Rebel" entitled "1988 Grammy Awards recognize standouts".

I feel that I have the most of this article figured

out. After using a large dose of imagination I believe that I have overcome the majority of run-ons, fragments, incorrect punctuation, and misspellings that abounded in this piece. The specific instances with which I can't cope are the following

The first is the 12th paragraph which reads "He then awarded the

grammy to 'Me', okay Jodi Whatley, who seemed quite tongue-tied (sic) in comparison."

Second, near the middle of the 9th paragraph, the sentence that says "Vladimir Horowitz said thank you too quick, and you know how ling country singers can be."

Third is the last sentence of the second

paragraph that was written, "Ya really missed it, mate...Best Rock group...U2... and not only did you forgo this moment once but twice...; as long and entertaining as I'd want to be for three hours, but fun nonetheless."

My imagination is so wild I came up with many humorous, absurd, or realistic interpretations of

the above quoted passages. These were quite enjoyable and for the most part unprintable. But I don't need or want that kind of inspiration from a "newspaper".

So please, for the benefit of your writers and your readers, please require that future articles are written in English

Jeffrey Lehenbauer

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Mailing address: 4505 S. Maryland Pkwy., Las Vegas, NV 89154.  
Telephone: News, 702-739-3478  
Advertising: 702-739-3889