

Smoking is outdated

Heard the news? Some students who smoke are getting together to fight the recent smoking ban enacted on campus. They said that their freedom in being threat-

end. Okay. There's nothing wrong with standing up for what you believe in, but the smokers may be fighting a losing battle.

The public attitude is simple: Smoking in public, as well as private places just isn't acceptable anymore. Studies have shown that second-hand smoke—smoke that drifts from someone's cigarette may be harmful to non-smokers. Nicotine has lost its glamour and popular-

ity in this country, and the number of smokers in the US is declining overall. The trend towards "smoke-free" campuses is growing.

Furthermore, just

facilities are confusing, and yes, they need to be revised (for example: how can the Nevada state law say that a person in charge of a building "may" (in other words, if they want post signs) prohibiting smoking in one paragraph, then say a building supervisor "shall" (that could be interpreted as "must") post "no smoking" signs.

Of course, overzealous anti-smoking groups don't help to rectify the situation much. And neither does a loopy policy on the state or university level.

But in the end, local smokers' rights organizations may not win this one.



where is it written that smoking is a right?

Yes, the current state laws on smoking in public

Allergies: The saddening part of spring

JUST A COMMENT
by Aletra Hart

Spring? Did I hear somebody say, "spring?"

Whoever it was, it must have been a Las Vegas native because he is probably the only person who can make a distinction among the four "seasons" as they present themselves in this little corner of the universe.

Eighty degrees on a spring day? Those are *summer* temperatures where I come from.

The only way I can tell that "spring has sprung" is by my pollen-radar: Hayfever. Otherwise, the seasons in this desert...well, it is like winter and summer forgot to unlock the back door for spring and autumn and drove off without them.

No, we do not have "spring," but we *do* have allergy season.

What does this mean to Las Vegans? I cannot speak for everybody, especially for new residents, but allergy season is upon us and, if it has not affected you yet, thank God that it has not, and pray that it

does not.

Hayfever is a pretty common allergy. I do not know exact ratios or percentages (statistics are manipulated to suit a survey anyway), but I know many people wonder how and where hayfever managed to tackle them.

"It came out of nowhere," they say.

Many say they did not have hayfever before they moved here, which is more than feasible; some of the most healthy people I know are overtaken by hayfever's short but ruthless life span within two years of moving to this place.

Word has it that olive trees and mulberry trees are the main culprits of the Hayfever Ordeal. Funny how these trees are the most abundant trees in this exploding city of ours.

They provide good shade for the dog, I suppose. Luckily, some sympathetic bureaucrat succeeded in passing an ordinance restricting the number of olive trees that could be planted in this valley.

I am sure that if a large number of cottonwood trees towered

above our houses instead of olive trees being predominant, we would be suffering, sniffing, and wheezing all the same. The pollen from Cottonwood trees is as tormenting as that of olive and mulberry trees.

Of course, if one is desperate enough and does not mind a (painful) shot in the butt, cortizone clears the reaction within a couple of days; it only takes one shot per year.

As long as I do not grow hair on my chin from the steroid, I do not mind a single bit. Allergy medicines, even the non-drowsy formulas, do about the same thing for allergy-related congestion as aspirin does for an ingrown toenail...NOTHING!

People with allergies should be proud. Having allergies means having an active immune system. I do not know exactly what *that* is supposed to mean, but it sounds comforting.

Some allergy sufferers, before resorting to the remedies and the medicines and the doctor's visits, hold out as long as possible, usually until their friends take a look at them and offer friendly criticism:

"What's the matter with you? Are you high?"

"No(*sniffle, sniffle*)" replies the allergy victim.

"Your eyes are so red and glassy. You look like you have chain-smoked about twenty joints or something."

"Thanks. Thanks a lot. No, I am just dying of hayfever."

I wonder if anyone *has* ever died of hayfever...

Suffice it to say that hayfever sufferers in Las Vegas have reasonable grounds to complain; wherever the parent plants of these antigens are found, people are defenseless against whatever the wind carries; the immune system has to accept the responsibility of keeping its host in a homeostatic state, which ultimately means that as long as the antigens are present, the immune system is fighting them and only making the sufferer miserable.

Some people miss more work days because of allergies than because of the common cold.

All the years of hearing my asthmatic sister wheeze and gasp for air during an asthma attack left

me ever-grateful that I did not have to suffer so. Two years ago, however, was the first of the Hayfever Seasons from Hell, when I, too, was wheezing and gasping for air.

I knew a person could develop allergies, but I did not think a person could develop asthma. I was "being ridiculous," my doctor said. I was "simply experiencing one of the worst bouts with hayfever [he] had seen" that season...like that was supposed to make me feel one-thousand percent better.

Spring in Las Vegas is only "spring" in that it alerts allergy sufferers to the budding of the trees and the rebirth of other seasonal vegetation. The rest of spring's attributes (cool, favorable weather; green trees flourishing on every street corner, lying in the sun without drying-out) are foreign to this region.

Spring Fever? Well, that depends how much a person likes carrying a box of Kleenex in eighty-degree weather. I'd call it...The Season From Hell.

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