

From the Editor's Desk:

Just when you think everything is going to work out, someone always throws a wrench in to bring it tumbling down. That is what seems to be happening in the Middle East. Peace is bursting out all over the world and Iraq bludgeons its way into Kuwait and threatens all the other Arab states because they are not charging enough for Middle Eastern oil.

The boys on Capitol Hill are loving this. Just when they were agonizing over how much to cut defense spending and whose state was going to suffer the cuts, here comes a convenient crisis that might just escalate into a full scale war. The boys can't believe their luck. Now they get to show how much our defensive forces are needed, not just here on the home front, but all over the globe.

The oil companies are also making out like bandits. Before anyone could blink an eye, they raised their prices trying to make a bigger profit than they are already getting. The greed really comes out in companies and people when the situation arises.

So now we have American soldiers in the Middle East again and we are being robbed at the gas pump again. Somewhere, somehow this vicious cycle has to stop. Write your state representatives and boycott some of the companies charging an arm and a leg for gas that we know is way overpriced.

Recently, we had a convention here on our campus of The United States Student Association. I have to tell you that I have never seen a bigger bunch of morons. These people were the rudest, most inconsiderate, most inept, and the most ungrateful people I have ever seen. They accomplished almost nothing in their six days here. The only thing they did accomplish was to offend our whole university campus, ARA food services, and anyone else who worked hard to make their visit a good one.

Mike Kennedy, UNLV's student government affairs director, who organized everything for these people and they pretty much kicked him in the teeth. These conference students do

not know the concept of what an agenda is nor do they have any consideration for being on time. This was a conference of nothingness. How dare these people claim they are lobbying for the students of America. I don't want them ever lobbying for anything I am involved in.

I am personally going to write our senators and congressmen and let them know just how badly they offended us and ask them to refuse their organization on Capitol Hill.

These people are a joke and a bad one at that. They don't deserve anyone's time or consideration since they don't seem to have time for anyone else. Their slogan for this convention was "Education is a Right," but I never once heard them discuss anything that had to do with education.

They always talked of "Unity through Diversity." It should have been "Diversity through Diversity." They never agreed on anything and there was one group who seemed to control the momentum or lack of momentum of the whole convention. There was no true leadership. The only ones in charge were the ones with the biggest mouths.

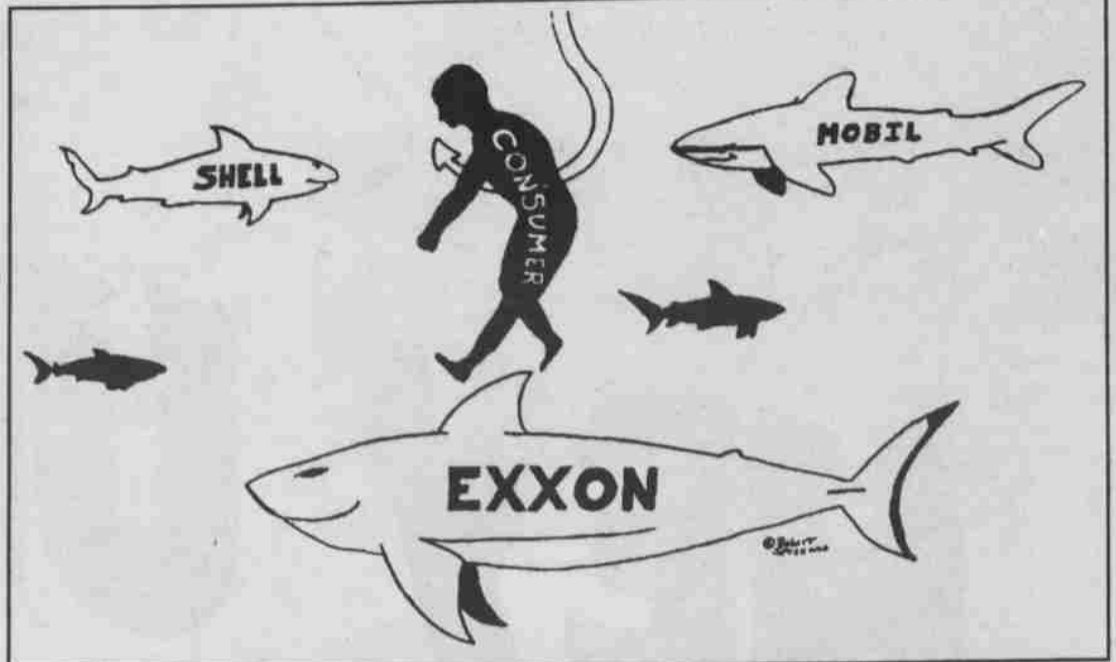
During their stay, they managed to complain about everything, even though our campus treated them better than any other campus before. I don't know if the USSA is going to be around much longer after what I witnessed. I don't know if I really care either.

There was one shining moment during the conference. It was the way the UNLV campus pulled together to put this on. The university's administration helped and supported student government.

ARA put out some great service and food. Departments from across the campus helped out. For instance, the computer lab, telemedia, the police department, and of course the MSU staff were all of assistance.

Thumbs up for our campus and the people here. Thumbs down for the USSA, who need to either reorganize or disband.

Richard Crow



Pretending to be organized or, the "real truth"

By Bonar Tucker
News Editor

There's a lot to be said for planning ahead.

Not that I would be the best person to say this, of course. I mean, I'm the one who still hasn't gotten my books yet for fall semester. I'm the same person who had my CARS form for registration in the box a mere three minutes before the final deadline. And again, it's I who could have been seen sliding a scholarship application under the door when, on the deadline day, I was so very close to actually hitting the deadline "zero" mark, that the person who ran the office must have had a watch one minute faster than mine and had already left and locked the door!

Quit snickering. I know you understand; at least, some of you do. It's called **PRETENDING TO BE ORGANIZED**. For some of us, this is a phrase and a phrase only. For others of us, it tries to become a way of life.

There are tell-tale signs for those who fall under PTBO. For example, the girl in your biology class who casually lets it slip one day that she's carrying 15 credits while working full time and that she's also an honor student caring for her sick, elderly parents will be the same girl who, when searching for a pen, reveals the contents of her purse to you with the truth being exposed adequately. The torn recipes, old gum wrappers, Cosmo article, quiz notes, and lipstick tube with no top lets you in on the not-so-well-kept secret that she's only pretending to be organized.

Then, of course, we have Joe Campus, always arriving with his books of "Strategy Management and Implementation," "Fundamentals of Nuclear Engineering," and "Physical Metallurgy" in tow (which I thought could very well have been the study of a physical allergy to metal). He shines his bleached-teeth smile, as he waves good bye to his buddies after class and he seems to be very much in control, cool, and downright organized.

The trick here would be to follow him to his car. It would be rather new and shiny on the outside. Inside, however, lies the truth. The glove box is so stuffed with maps folded the wrong way and outdated proofs of insurance not yet discarded that it barely closes. The gas gauge registers somewhere below E. Out-dated coupons for Wienersnitzel chili dogs are falling out of the sun visor clip and one has even landed in (and stuck to) a brown mess from the left-over coffee that leaked out of the bottom of a week old 7-11 cup. Here we have a definite PTBO person.

For some reason, we who have this affliction, really believe subconsciously that we have more than 24 hours in a day to do our stuff. So we keep taking on more stuff. We somehow forget to plan on it being humanly impossible to read the 200 page English lit assignment (given last week that we haven't been able to get to yet) in the 30 minutes left to us before class. We are equally caught off-guard when friends, invited over for 8 p.m., arrive early at 7:30. It is at this time that we PTBO

people test the strength limit of closet doors as we gather up all clutter in one clean sweep and throw it in, jamming the door shut just before greeting our friends with a sincere, collected smile.

Let me clarify one point: PTBO people are not necessarily disorganized. I like to think we perhaps just organize differently. (I'm certain my husband would agree. Once, when the above scenario of guests arriving early took place at my house, he was, shall we say, "stunned" with my organizational skills, when he opened the freezer later to get ice cream and found a pair of his socks.)

PTBO people are an OK breed. We're responsible for the invention of the second-hand on clocks, after all. We just sort of do things rather than plan them ahead of time, which makes timely things, like registration each semester, very difficult for us.

But I, for one, don't foresee being a PTBO person the rest of my life. I figure as soon as I graduate, I'll actually become organized, sort of. . . if I can just remember where I put the graduation application and, if I can just be sure to get it in on time.

Meanwhile, there I'll be this next semester taking 15 credits and working a job like a lot of you. Allow me the satisfaction of being a PTBO person a little longer by not asking for a piece of gum from the depths of my purse.

B. Tucker is currently testing her endurance as the Yellin' Rebel managing editor and news editor, positions which both require lots of planning and deadlines.

**Thank You to
Dr. Barbara Cloud
for filling the position of
Yellin' Rebel Advisor.
'We're delighted to
have you!'**

