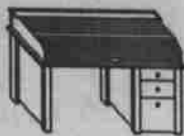


OPINION/EDITORIAL



From the Editor's Desk:

Across the nation on university campuses, crime is rampant. In our newspapers, and on our nightly news, we see the reports from Gainesville, Florida, and from the University of Illinois where the most recent crimes have happened. In Gainesville, five young people were murdered brutally and sadistically, and in Illinois they have the great distinction of being one of the most crime ridden campuses in the country.

What's going on? Is it believed that colleges are the best place to perform the worst of deeds or are colleges the best place for criminals to ply their trade?

In a recent Reader's Digest article it was reported that in 1989 there were 1,990 violent crimes reported, which includes robbery, aggravated assault, rape, and murder, and also more than 107,000 cases of burglary, larceny, arson, and motor-vehicle theft reported on campuses that give reports out. It stated that these numbers are very startling because 90 percent of U.S. colleges do not report their crime statistics.

At UNLV, where the crime stats are reported, we are lucky not to be one of the most crime ridden campuses around. The reason I say lucky is because we are primed for something to happen.

If you have walked around campus at night you would know what I am talking about.

Take a walk between the MSU and the library or between the MSU and Tonopah Hall, or by the biology and chemistry buildings, and you will get the feeling you're walking down a dark and dingy alley.

Now, what can be done or has been done about this problem? First of all, measures have been taken to insure the safety of students here on campus with the start up of the student security patrol which actually works. I see the student security around campus and I think they do a good job, and soon we will have a campus police bicycle patrol which I believe is a step in the right direction.

The main thing that bothers me about the security on campus is the inadequate lighting we have. If our administration is planning to spend any money on improvements to the campus, they should definitely spend some money on a new lighting system or maybe some new, brighter lightbulbs that will illuminate the campus and brighten all the dark and scary places.

A lot of these dark places are primed for a crime to be committed. Some wierdo could be hiding in the shadows to rob, kill, or rape any student who dare to enter one of these dark and dingy alleys.

Richard Crow

Workin' for a living



with Joseph Wheeler

The place is crawling with employment. The walls are covered with them; lists hang down to the floor. Jobs are everywhere. I always feel uncomfortable in the Office of Student Employment. It's no place for lazy person like myself to be.

I look at the job listings and grin. Some of them are silly. Some of them are stupid. Worse, some of them could be dangerous. But they're jobs, and they're available.

There's an opening for a "Supply helper—shredding documents. \$4.50 hr."

What is this, the "Ollie North Supply Company"? Looking at the thing I expected to see "Contras encouraged to apply." I wanted to take the job but was afraid I'd have to go to Central America to pick up a paycheck.

Since that didn't excite me, I thought I might want to be a desk clerk. On a tennis court, no less.

"Desk clerk for tennis courts—tennis background, interest desired."

The thing should also read "Ability to move quickly and dodge wayward shots a must."

"Phone sales—this is not a telemarketing job!!—call for more info."

Hmmm. A job on the phone, but it's not telemarketing. What

is it, cleaning fish with a cordless? Of course it's telemarketing! What else could it be?

You spend your life glued to a receiver, talking to people who don't want to talk to you. That's telemarketing! I like the part, "Call for more info." What else? Anyone nervous about calling for information wouldn't last long in this non-telemarketing phone job.

"Quality assurance person to analyze water for local bottled water company."

Uh-oh. This is one of those jobs where they hand you a test tube, point you to the front door, and say, "There's a big world out there, kid, and all of them are sucking puke water. Remember, you get two cents for every \$40,000 water conditioner we sell. Go get 'em!"

"People to wash cars and take people to their cars."

But where are their cars, Pahrump? By the time we get there the car will be dirty again, and then I'll have to clean it again, and then take them back to it, and then it'll be dirty again and...

"General laborer—dump truck driver—must have lots of common sense."

Is there a test for that: common sense? How do you fail such a test? Question One: When waiting for a red light, I would:

- 1) wait quietly.
- 2) play the radio.
- 3) rev the engine until it blows up.

4) get out of the truck, dance through the streets naked, and punch out the first policeman who comes my way.

"Movers—every Saturday and Sunday from 5 p.m. to mid-

night—this job will last for ten months. \$5 hr, cash."

Wow. I wonder what they want me to move that can't be done in the daytime. Long, coffin-like boxes, perhaps? The living dead, nestled in their lairs of native Earth? Dracula's second cousins? Probably not, since it wouldn't take me ten months to hustle a few vampires out of town. Now, if it were toxic waste—?

"Supervisor for country store."

Sounds good, but what country?

"Casual drivers needed." I'm too uptight. Might as well stay home.

Jobs, jobs, jobs. All a person could need or want. Income waiting for you, opportunity abounds.

All I know is one thing: I'm tired.

LETTERS POLICY

All letters must be limited to 400 words—anything more will be considered an opinion piece. The Yellin' Rebel reserves the right to reject submissions and to edit for libel, grammar, spelling errors, length and writing style.

Letters must be typed and include the name of the writer (unless anonymity is requested for a valid reason), as well as the writer's telephone number, major and year in school.

All submissions must be sent to: The Yellin' Rebel, (care of Letters to the Editor), MSU 302, 4505 S. Maryland Pkwy., Las Vegas, NV.

THE YELLIN' REBEL STAFF BOX

Richard Crow Editor-in-Chief/Business
Bonar Tucker Editor-in-Chief/News

Robert Anderson Photography Editor

Steve Ciulla Advertising Manager

Debbie Tubbesing Acting Entertainment Editor

Mark Landwehr Acting Sports Editor

Brad Palmer Office Manager/Classified Ads

Raymond R. Frankulin Typesetting/Production

Assistant News Editor Joseph J. Wheeler
Assistant News Editor Tina Crinite
Assistant News Editor Philip DeQuino
Jason Birmingham Layout
Gary Puckett Copy Editor
Barbara Cloud Faculty Advisor
Charlene Phillips Typist
Erik Steinger Typist
Kim Reed Typist

Staff Writers

Michael Bunin, Tina Crinite, Tom Daniels, Richard Gibson, John Glynn, Naima Hans-Kunciw, Victor Ingram, Aletta Hart-Lopez, Sean Higgins, Jan Isley, John Keating, Kara Kelley, Milan Marjanic, Gary Puckett, Andrea Reitan, Karen Splawn, Zina McGowan, Thomas, Joe Nunley, Carol Rhodes, Shawn Snider, Joe Wheeler

Photographers

Matt Dovel, Channing Perkaquand

Cartoonists

Adejoke Adenle, Jason Birmingham, Justin Caramanica, Robert Spezzano

THE YELLIN' REBEL—The Yellin' Rebel is a publication of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. The opinions reflected in The Yellin' Rebel are those of the authors stated, and do not necessarily represent, in whole or in part, the views of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, its students, administration, faculty or staff.

The Yellin' Rebel is printed by the Nifty Nickel on a twice weekly basis. Not published holidays, weekends or when UNLV is not in session. The Yellin' Rebel is a member of the Intercollegiate Press Association, the California Intercollegiate Press Association, and the Rocky Mountain Press Association. Telephone Numbers: Editor's Desk - 739-3878; Display Advertising - 739-3889; Classified Advertising - 739-3479; General Information - 739-3478. All inquiries should be sent to The Yellin' Rebel, MSU 302, 4505 S. Maryland Pkwy., Las Vegas, NV 89154.

Joe Student: Stream of consciousness

It sounds like a song title. Joe Student sings his latest release, "stream of consciousness."

I've reached a point with this column where I must question whether or not anybody is reading it. I have received no correspondence, no reactions, nothing. So, I'm not sure that anyone is reading this.

Therefore, I'm writing this column, stream of consciousness, in an attempt to touch upon a number of subjects, one of which might evoke a response.

Does anybody else think that the war in Iraq is staged on both sides of the line? Ponder this. Bush, from Texas, helps Saddam Hussein take over Kuwait so that oil companies have an excuse to raise their prices.

Before you disagree, consider that: (1) a short time ago we were friends with Hussein, or (2) just a few weeks before the attack, Iraq attempted to get OPEC to raise the price of crude, (which failed), or (3) with our billions in satellite technology we didn't see hundreds of thousands of men and tanks mobilizing on the Kuwaiti border. Long before Iraq actually invaded, we could have done something, if we really wanted to stop them. Remember who put Bush and the

war time economy might do wonders for the deficit. Well, just a thought.

Is anyone as inconvenienced as I am by the closing of Harmon the last few months?—Does anyone know why the MSU cafeteria refuses to post signs above the food so you know what you are standing in line for and what's available?—Is anyone else taking any classes strictly for the social aspects of who else is taking the class?—Does calculus have a use for people who are not engineering majors?—Have you ever wondered if the next week you'll remember all the information you memorized while cramming for one night to pass that exam?—Do you care?—Why does everyone sit in basically the same seat every day in class as they did the first day? We're not assigned seats, you know.—What are those people writing who are scribbling every time the professor opens his mouth? I thought we're only supposed to take notes, not be stenographers.—Does everybody know that scientific evidence shows that your mind wanders every seven minutes? (More often in economics classes).—Does everyone know that the aluminum can tab-dialysis routine is not true?—Does anyone besides me

take advantage of how cheap and well you can eat at the buffets around town? (Future article on this subject).—Has anyone noticed that the actions of casino workers strangely resemble the actions of the androids in the Star Trek episode, "I, Mudd"?—Is anyone willing to admit that they are scared to death about graduating college?—Why is it that acting as if you don't care and not showing emotion makes you cool?—Why do so many of my professors ask if we remember things from the 50's and 60's?—Does anyone else think that the Simpsons mellowed out towards the end of the season?—What ever happened to? Interesting all the different things people will use to fill in that blank.—Does anyone really care what happened in Twin Peaks?—How is it that nobody reads the National Enquirer, but its the number one selling newspaper in the country?—Why is our society so perverse that it was rooting for Mac to win the US Open now that

he probably can't, when for years we rooted against him when he had the ability?—What are those people doing tooling in the library already?—Why were there only 1000 students among the 17,000 fans at the football team opener? It was UNLV playing, not the city of Las Vegas.—How many people know what CSUN stands for? Thank goodness Joe Bunin has decided to call it Student Government.—You ever stop to think about all the three letter abbreviations we use? It boggles the mind.—I'd be more controversial and sexually explicit in this column, but I'm afraid I'll be edited. Anybody want to have me give it a try anyway, I have a 650 word column written about the three types of orgasm. Perhaps enough student outcry and they'll let me run it.

Is there anybody out there?—I'd like to know.—Let me know by writing to me at the Yellin' Rebel office in the Moyer Student Union.

Write us a letter
Let us know what you think
The Yellin' Rebel