

# Speed Limit: What is it good for? by Lisa Sutherland

Have you ever been late to school? Of course you have; because you couldn't drive fast enough. Have you ever driven to Reno on Highway 95? Eight hours is much too long to spend in a car. What keeps you from getting to where you need to be, when you need to be there? Is it the guy in front of you; or is it the cop behind you?

The time has befallen us to change the old driving ways, and rise to the challenges of the 90's. The fast-paced society of the 90's has arrived. The rest of society is on its way but probably got caught in traffic. As runners in this race we call life, we need to be able to go faster than everyone else. We should look to the cosmopolitan trend-setter of the new decade for

our traffic inspiration; the Germans.

Get a Porsche and go as fast as you need to. I often need to go 95 mph to get to those classes UNLV had the poor planning to schedule so early.

The silly, unnoticeable white signs imploring us to go 55 mph will be replaced all up and down highways and byways across our great nation with newer, environmentally-safe signs saying, "Speed Limit: Your Discretion."

Everyone will be able to get where they want to be, when they want to be there and on their terms. People will be happy. We'll use less gas and save money because we won't be traveling for so long anymore. Industry will be more efficient because employees

will arrive on time. The entire American economy will boom with the release from the binding ties of a speed limit. This is the secret to Utopia.

This new speed "sorta" limit will not only alleviate the traffic tie-ups, and get people where they want to be, it will also help combat crime. Every conscientious, tax-paying American should appreciate this benefit. Since we will no longer have a speed limit to enforce, the Nevada Highway Patrol can be put to much better use catching real criminals like drug dealers, the mayor, and the NCAA, rather than holding us up at the most inconvenient times.

With the "discretion" speed in effect across America, UNLV students can get home to their

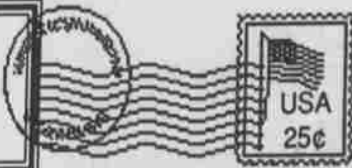
families and friends every weekend. Just an hour or two ride, on a whim, rather than a day-long trek that had to be planned months in advance. Go see your mom and your dog.

Our poor little cars need this. Cars are made to go very, very fast nowadays, and it is an insult to the car itself to drive so slowly. The commercials say "the Turbo S-EX7000 can go from 0 to 60 in 1.8 seconds." Or, "it can punch a 160 mile-an-hour hole in the air." Hmmm. Even the car designers themselves don't take the 55mph thing seriously. Simply by the example of the cars they design, we know they want people to be free to drive as fast as they need to. I think we shouldn't disappoint these automotive artists.

Let them see their dreams come alive with a grind of fifth gear. Give a few, sad, isolated men a moment of happiness.

Students, Nevadans, fellow-Americans; set the pace of the 90's. Be on time to your appointments. Get to class on time. Let your car perform to its highest potential. Do your part to help the economy, and the crime rate. Make your mom happy. Raise the speed limit to "your discretion."

## Letters to the Editor



## Drinking and driving at UNLV

by Officer Joe Smith

So there you are, happy as a puppy in doo-doo, a six pack under your belt, a pocket full of money and a heart full of love. Suddenly, you look in your rear view mirror and you see the flashing lights of a police vehicle, directly behind you. You pull over to the right and stop. A cop that looks like Dracula's older brother drags his knuckles toward your car. You whisper to yourself, "if I live through this, I swear I'll never drink again!"

The cop grunts to you something about failing to stop at a red signal light, driving 45 miles per hour in a posted 30 MPH speed zone and weaving back and forth in the travel lane. He tells you that he can see that your eyes are reddish in color and watery in texture and that he can smell the odor of an alcoholic beverage being emitted from your breath. He asks you if you know where you are, at this time. You answer, "somewhere in Las Vegas?" The cop asks you to exit your vehicle, you fall out of the driver's side door and slowly crawl back toward the police car.

The cop gives you a series of balance and coordination tests, which you fail. He places you under arrest for driving while intoxicated and your little car is towed away. The cop tells you that when you get to jail you have a choice of giving a blood sample or breath sample to determine your blood alcohol content. He also tells you that, if you refuse to submit to a chemical test, you will lose your driving privilege in the State of Nevada for one year.

You are taken to Clark County Detention Center where you are placed into a cell with Bloods, Crips and Hell's Angels. Next, a 6'9" 320 lb. younger brother of Godzilla, keeps asking you for a cigarette, which you cannot refuse (although you haven't smoked for years). Two thousand dollars later, you are released from jail. Then you get to pay the towing company at least one hundred dollars to release your car from the impound lot. Needless to say, your insurance company dropped you like a hot potato and they no longer remember your name.

Before you go to court, you hire a lawyer for \$1500 to repre-

sent you at the hearing. Because your blood alcohol level is more than 0.10 percent, you are found guilty. A small fine of \$500 is levied against you, plus 45 days of community service, and your driver's license is suspended/revoked due to your convictions for DWI.

When you do get your driver's license reinstated, you are required to obtain an SR-22 Insurance Form. This means that your car insurance, if you can get it, just went up about three hundred dollars a month, for liability only!

Yesterday you were gleefully driving down the road. You were a driver! Today, after your conviction for DWI, you are a broke pedestrian, who is glad to be out of jail.

Last year, the UNLV Police arrested over 100 drunk drivers on the campus of UNLV. Most of them were not UNLV students. That's why Gym Road was closed. Last year, the number one cause of death for people between the ages of 16 and 26 was traffic accidents. Many were alcohol related.

I am a UNLV cop. I don't want to arrest you or have to pick up your lifeless body off the roadway. My job is to protect the UNLV community and that includes keeping it safe from drunk drivers. I like you, I love you, but if I catch you drinking and driving then it is my legal obligation to take appropriate action.

Follow these rules:

1. Have a designated driver.
2. Don't let a friend drive drunk.
3. Fraternities and sororities should organize a pool of sober drivers to protect their brothers and sisters from the pitfalls of drinking and driving.
4. Drive defensively - Don't become a victim of one of these drunks that are behind the wheel, killing innocent men, women and children every hour, every day, in the U.S.A.

If you have any questions about drunk driving, Students Against Drunk Driving or any police related activity, I would be very glad to talk to you, individually or collectively.

(Officer Smith can be reached at 739-3668.)

## Response to Letter of Desperation

Dear Unhappy and Depressed,

I am so glad you reached out for help. You've taken the first big step toward feeling good. And you can feel really good even if you never have. I know, I've been there. It's not the blues, it's depression and it's a disease which effects millions of people. I've suffered from it for several years. I, too, couldn't bring myself to end it because I saw my parents standing at my grave.

Thank God, I didn't kill myself. Thank my family and friends that I got the help I needed. That's what I want to tell you. There is help. I'll help.

Just a few months ago I was in what is known as a major clinical depression, totally at the bottom, with absolutely no hope, unable to feel any happiness, any joy, any optimism, sleeping endless hours because I couldn't face being awake. I tried to explain that my being depressed wasn't like someone else feeling the blues. It was without rea-

son or logic, with my self image totally destroyed. I had constant worry and despair. Why couldn't anybody understand?

But now, I'm on some medication and I'm getting excellent therapy from the counseling center here on campus. This combination has worked so effectively that fears from last semester don't even recognize me. I'm upbeat and positive. I've got new projects and new interests and new friends and I am getting pleasure out of a lot of things. I wake up every day excited to be alive and thankful for all I have. I just turned 32 and for the first time in as long as I can remember I felt the coming year was going to be a lot better than the past.

Please take the next step. I will be glad to help you and be your friend. Please contact the Yellin' Rebel Editor (739-3478) for my name and phone number, or to leave yours so I can call you.

Trust me, things will get better.

To the Editor:  
In response to last Thursday's front page column, "UNLV suffers shortage of minority teachers," I'd like to express the following: It's a bunch of B.S. UNLV doesn't suffer a shortage of minority teachers; who needs them? I don't mean to sound explicitly prejudice but qualifications and experience should be given first priority when filling teaching positions, not racial and ethnic background.

The column sounds like an-

other poor excuse for more grants and educational benefits.

Is it so important that a role model be of the same ethnic background as the person looking up to him? Maybe it helps...as long as the role model can speak English. Who cares? Maybe an article about minority teachers who just plain suck at their profession would have been more appropriate.

Sincerely,  
Trent Reznor  
Sophomore/Business/  
Accounting



## 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

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