

Letters to the Editor



Cartoon is not funny

Dear Editor,

I was appalled when I saw the cartoon that was in your Feb. 21 newspaper. This cartoon is the one which pictures a coffin with the American flag on it with the caption, "When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah, hurrah..." I have been to military funerals and I have a brother in Saudi Arabia, and I did not find this cartoon funny at all.

I am sure there are many other faculty and students that have loved ones that are in the Persian Gulf who didn't appreci-

ate it either. This is one aspect of the war I don't want to think of. I usually show all the cartoons to my mother, but I felt that this would just upset her too much.

The Yellin' Rebel should take into account the feelings of those who have friends and relatives in the gulf, and refrain from printing such tasteless, hurtful cartoons.

Kristina R. Henkel
sophomore,
business management

Operation desert mirage: Have we won?

by Rick Nielsen

With the triumphant turn of events in the gulf conflict, and the war allegedly won, I ask myself, why not join the ribbon-tying masses and the exuberant flag toters? It seems beyond comprehension that anyone could withhold their pride and exhilaration after such a dominating display of power and intelligence by allied, and particularly U.S. forces.

Support of the troops, President Bush, and the overall war effort has been so overwhelming that even some of the formerly forgotten and downtrodden Vietnam vets have basked in this deserved support that previously eluded them. Iraq is defeated, Kuwait is liberated, the UN Coalition is upheld, and the allied casualties are minimal, so why put off the parade?

Something here is perplexingly deceitful. In the slide show of the war, the carousel has been jammed and we have yet to see the rest of the show. What on earth am I talking about, you say? That's the problem—it's inexplicable.

Perhaps this is nothing more than my usual skepticism magnified by the speed and smoothness in the execution of the mission in the gulf. This could be the old "too good to be true" adage eerily surfacing. While trying hard not to

sound anti-American, I certainly sound anti-war. Though not completely supporting the war, I most decisively support the troops; but there is more to it.

Forget that Hussein's portended superpower army did little more than roll over and play dead. Don't bother to consider the astronomical blow administered by the cost of each missile fired, each fighter plane lost, each barrel of fuel used and all other expenses accrued with a six-month buildup of troops and weaponry, to an already burgeoning budget deficit.

Shrug off the impact of our new "World Savers" image on any future international altercations, and subsequent U.S. involvements. Do nothing more than say a prayer for the unknown tally of Iraqi and other, perhaps more innocent, dead covered by the sand in the mass gravesites (something I thought the world would not again be subjected to after the demise of Hitler).

Blink and scratch your head apathetically when you consider the possibly irreversible damage to the oil-drenched Persian Gulf, and the smoke filled skies of the region that continue to cloud until all the burning wells are snuffed. In creating this black sea, Hussein has taken the childish stand, "If I can't have it, no one can."

Yes, if you take all that away, plus the personal costs to the American volunteers and reservists and their families, what you have left is a "model war." Not a real war mind you, a media simulation of a good, honest, successful, war. The description itself seems to defy definition.

It may take months, years, or even decades, but someday, somehow the carousel will start to revolve, and we will see the rest of the slide show. Perhaps though, even before that happens, there may be a newer, bigger and more pressing "show" on the screen, and this "win" will only fade away in the smoke of burning oil wells.

Hussein's final attempt

Saddam's refusal to admit defeat goes on...

by Gabriel Campisi

Although the Iraqi military has been defeated, Saddam Hussein feels the war isn't over yet. In a desperate, final attempt to conquer the world, Hussein has created an agenda of activities to take place over the next couple of weeks—provided, of course, he's not hung by his own people.

Mind you, I have had the good fortune of being the only individual in the entire world to receive this information.

As you read this, Hussein is assembling his remaining armed forces (his grandmother and his poodle, "Scud-o") on the border with the Soviet Union. In protest of Russia's vague support for his side of the war, Hussein will personally hang-glide his way into Red Square, ignite seven bricks of firecrackers, drop them, and claim victory against Gorbachev.

Once his first objective has been completed and the world realizes he means business, he will pay Sylvester Stallone two barrels

of scorched oil to reveal his winning tactics from the Rambo movies.

Convinced he knows the secrets, Hussein will challenge George Bush to bring the troops back and fight again—two out of three? This time, however, Hussein will face the armed forces

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alone in an attempt to prove the ending of Rambo III could actually happen. The only weapons he'll utilize will be two sling shots, a garden hose, a broken elevator door, and a bucket of extra crispy camel ribs.

Once he annihilates the armed

forces (Nostradamus foresaw this, by the way), Hussein will demand the United States peacefully declare Alaska a province of Iraq. If the U.S. does not comply, Hussein will then tape 12,000 scud missiles together into one gigantic rocket, launch them, and hope their combined strength will be enough to reach the White House from Baghdad. The warheads, obviously, will contain self activated tape players that play the American national anthem as sung by Roseanne Barr.

Hussein will then resort to a more creative attack on Israel, challenging their leader to a game of poker. The stakes? Winner take all—countries, that is. A deluxe VHS copy of The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles will also be worked into the wager. Of course, Hussein will have the game carefully planned out. His surgeon and toenail specialist will create a secret compartment underneath his mustache, just above his lip, where he will hide a healthy stack of aces. All he has to do is pretend to sneeze, cover his nose, and presto—"four of a kind!"

Conquering the rest of the world will only be a matter of days, according to Hussein's publicist (who appeared repeatedly on Entertainment Tonight during the war). When the people of the world become mentally awestruck by Hussein's new "war machine" and tactics, they will gladly surrender their souls and accept him as their new leader.

Campisi is a sophomore majoring in philosophy.



The importance of dignity

Returning troops deserve a warm welcome

by Thomas Moore

In a sense, the duty of an editorial is to dictate. If the editorial position is in support of a cause then the reader is being pushed to support same, if an editorial derides a cause then the reader is expected to deride it. Editorializing can be arrogant.

Let me try to alter this. Let this editorial be taken in the spirit that it was intended, because this editorial is meant to be a request. When our troops come home, let us show our appreciation. Let us show our pride. But let it be shown with dignity.

Now I know people out there reading this might be upset and think, "I thought he wasn't going to dictate to us. I thought that he was just going to politely ask for something. Now here he is insulting us. Of course we'll show our pride with dignity. We have so far, haven't we? I mean this is no spit-on-the-troops Vietnam deal."

You're right. It isn't. But it's no "White Cliffs over Dover" either. What I mean is that during World War II there was a singer

named Vera Lynn. She sang a song called "The White Cliffs of Dover," among others, that I had the good fortune to hear when I was young. In the lyrics and the sound of her voice, you could hear the longing for peace and the sorrow of parting. You could hear the feeling of respect and the awe of perception.

"Just take some time and think about these people. They're not saints. But...they acted with honor."

The disbelief that men we knew, or didn't know, would give their lives for ours.

Of course Vera's songs cannot compare to "Bomb, Bomb, Bomb... Bomb, Bomb Iraq" sung to a Beach Boys melody or "Let's Kick Saddam's Ass" T-shirts. At least not for enthusiasm. But Vera's songs have something that these items don't. Her songs have dignity.

Dignity is sometimes lacking in our national celebrations with Memorial Day lingerie sales and Independence Day parades where Mickey and Minnie Mouse dance on a large scale copy of the Constitution. I'm not asking people to not be happy or to hide their exuberance. I just think dignity is something we could use a little more of in this country. I know our troops deserve it.

Just take some time, whether you supported the action or not, and think about these people. They're not saints. Some have made mistakes in their lives and no doubt will make more after they get home. But for one moment in their lives when they were asked to... they acted with honor. They acted with dignity. I just want to ask you to do the same; because if its not done willingly, it is worthless. Let's welcome them home with dignity.

Moore is a communications major and a staff reporter with The Yellin' Rebel.



The Yellin' Rebel wants your opinions.

Letters should be approximately 300 words, and have name, address, phone number, major and year in school. Send to:

The Yellin Rebel
c/o Letters to the Editor
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