

Unashamed, thanks to George

by Joseph J. Wheeler

A student sits in English 101, surrounded by people young enough to be her own, wondering what her own children are doing while she's taking the class...

A student argues philosophy with a person half his age, relying more on worldly information picked up during his life than any previous book knowledge...

A student despairs at the long haul before graduation, and wonders if it's a good idea to begin a new career closer to 50 than 20...

An overweight boxer with a glowing smile and a charming, self-deprecating attitude takes on a champion half his age and not only tests the younger man, but nearly causes the upset of the century...

George Foreman fought for the heavyweight crown last week, and

although he didn't win, he knew what his presence in the ring meant. He said afterwards that senior citizens don't have to be ashamed anymore, that age didn't mean anything, that people can do what they want without limitations. He said, "Life begins at 40."

He left the ring a loser, technically. But to the people watching—most of them hoping that he would somehow have beaten the odds, that the 40-year-old warrior would somehow have fought his way to the top of a "young man's game" (and proven that miracles really happen)—George Foreman was a winner. He disproved his critics, who discounted him as an old, fat man with a yearning for burgers and an easy payday, and showed the world that 40 doesn't mean finished.

For many students at UNLV, it's a message well taken.

The older student faces many of the same challenges as Big George. The demands on time and

energy can be exhausting. Most older students work full-time jobs outside of school. Adjusting to a schedule that lacks much time for anything beyond study and work can be grueling. The out-of-school traumas are enough, but a raft of in-school problems is quickly discovered.

"Learning," as done in a school setting, can be a new experience for folks who haven't been in a classroom in 10, 20, or even 30 years. The pressure to succeed as friends, and sometimes even relatives, question the wisdom of taking on a new career at an age when most people are thinking of retiring from theirs can be crushing. Assignments taken for granted by recent high schoolers leave the older student scratching their heads, "Term paper ... hmmm ... now what was that?" Students like these must

reach within themselves everyday; to keep going, to keep from backsliding into the old habit of life without school, to keep their goals in focus.

They must reach within themselves and fight on, as Big George did.

Watching Foreman battle his way into history, especially those heart-stopping shots that staggered his opponent and gave new hope to people called "over the hill," one got the impression that age just might be relative to how you feel, and that life begins ... everyday.

Wheeler is plenty old enough to remember Foreman's first career fight, and is editorial editor of The Yellin' Rebel.



Illustration by Joe Wheeler

Letters to the Editor

High prices

Dear Editor,

In the April 18 edition of *The Yellin' Rebel*, I noticed that the senate approved 15-0 to spend \$4,500 on 25,000 Scantron sheets. I am fully aware, as well as thankful, of CSUN's service to the students to give them away free. I don't however, understand why that if a student can go to the bookstore and purchase a Scantron sheet for only 10 cents,

why does the senate purchase them at 18 cents a piece. I always thought the more you buy, the less the price. I was wondering if the senate and bookstore have the same supplier. If so, where is the extra eight cents going and if not, why?

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freshman,
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LAKE MEAD WEEKEND WATER SPORTS



The scum of the Earth

by Gabriel Campisi

"How much you lookin' to spend?" he asked. Oh, probably around—"How much you got on ya?" About five dolla—"You got a trade-in?" Well, yes, right over th—"Sign right here."

Sound familiar? If you've ever bought a new or used car from a dealer, you've probably encountered the same, pushy lines, if not worse.

Last weekend I visited more than five different car lots, all respectable dealerships, hoping to drive away in a new vehicle. To say I've never in my life encountered a more rambunctious group of vile scum and con men is an understatement.

Not only do the salesmen belong on "America's Most Wanted," their profession should be outlawed. One can only guess how many people they've deceived and ripped off.

What first brought me to a particular lot was an ad in the newspaper. It said they were holding a manager's markdown sale until Saturday night. Cars normally costing \$15,000 and \$16,000 were selling for \$9,999. The ad also claimed \$96 down was all I needed to take it home.

Great, I thought. With my car as a trade-in, which is worth well over \$96, I could get monthly

payments close to \$200.

As I found out, they only had one car that was on sale—and it had already been sold. How does this make sense? If the car was sold Tuesday, the day I read the ad, what happened to the remaining sale that was supposed to take place until Saturday night? Now that they had succeeded in luring me to the lot, there was no way they were going to let me walk off without putting 'plan B' into effect.

"Don't worry," the salesman advised me. "I've got just the car for you." He walked behind the

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building and drove out what seemed to be a beautiful, shiny, new Mitsubishi Eclipse. It was the turbo model with a sunroof.

I got excited. He was going to make me a deal with the best model they had. When the car turned to the side, however, I found out why—it was demolished. Apparently, it had rolled over, or been in some kind of an accident.

"Well, what do you think?" he

asked. "It's only got 36,000 miles on it. For a former rental car that's only a year old—that's not bad."

I looked around for hidden television cameras, thinking I was the victim of "Totally Hidden Video." If anything, this guy was going to have to pay me to drive away such a piece of crap.

How much did he want? \$10,000, as is. That meant no warranty, no nothing. The salesman argued I would never find a better deal anywhere.

"It's the perfect fixer-upper," he said.

Sure, if you have another \$10,000 to put into it, I yelled back.

Where do these cockroaches crawl from? Who do they think they are? They do more than just insult your intelligence. They get you down-right pissed off. Consider the moron who said my Mazda RX-7 was worth only \$100 as a trade-in. I paid \$3,500 for it two years ago.

Don't get me wrong. Most of these salespeople appear to be nice and friendly at first. But once they realize they're not going to make \$4,000 off your head, their greed takes over and they start to get nervous. One salesman became extremely aggressive when I told him I couldn't afford \$325 a month for a Honda Accord.

"I don't understand!" he yelled. "You people just don't recognize a great deal when you see one!"

Maybe not. But I would hope most of us recognize a conniving snake when we see one. And it's a shame to think most of the major dealers in town are swarming with them.

UNLV and every institute of higher education across the country should have a mandatory course on how to approach and deal with such ignorant car salespeople when looking for a new or used automobile.

Campisi is assistant editor for the editorial/opinion section of The Yellin' Rebel



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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:

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Illustration by Gabriel Campisi