



# Time makes all the difference

## Smaller schools are becoming more popular among students

by Robert J. Williams

What pushes students away from the glamour of big schools and into the arms of smaller, private schools?

Traditionally, students look for a college or university during their last few years of high school. Students collect pamphlet upon pamphlet, letter upon letter and application upon application; all saying that "so and so" school has "this" and has "that," which, of course, makes them the best.

In some fashion, anyone attending college can identify with this rigamarole. Where do small private schools fit into this mess of paper and advertisements? I've found that they fit as well as the large

state schools with three exceptions: "smaller class size," "more personal attention from instructors," and "the cost is astronomical."

Those three quotations supposedly state the main differences between small, private schools and large, state schools. Let me say that those three points are mythical differences. If anything, they are similarities.

I attended Seattle University, a Jesuit school of about 5,000 students, for two years. Now I'm a junior here and I've discovered a lecture is a lecture whether it's attended by 10 people or 300; that a professor is always busy, and whether they give personal attention depends on the professor and a

student's tenacity; and the financial aid system offsets the cost of the more expensive schools, making the cost of higher education about the same no matter where an individual attends.

cisely, the students' attitudes.

I'd lived in Las Vegas for 18 years when I moved into the residence hall at Seattle University. Never before had I experienced

and me. They have the same problems paying tuition, the same trouble getting into full classes, the same parking dilemma, the same happy-glum look that everyone wears when vacation ends. There didn't seem to be any drugs or free love, so why did people seem kinder and gentler?

Sociologists say that highly-populated areas like New York and the campus of UNLV move at a faster pace than do less populated areas like Seattle University.

People in these dense populations must concentrate more on the crowds and getting things done because with more people to work with or to go around, whatever the task, it often takes longer than it would in a

sparsely populated area. This higher level of concentration creates an image that people are unfriendly or at least too busy to be bothered with smelling roses.

About every seven out of 10 people I talk to tell me how unfriendly UNLV folks are. I've decided that this isn't the case. UNLV is filled with friendly people who simply don't take time to think about it. How do I know this? When I smile, I usually see smiles. When I'm friendly, the act is reciprocated.

Small schools have only one thing over big schools: time. The time to be nice. The time to make new friends. For me, now is the time to take the time. *Carpe diem.*

**This higher level of concentration creates an image that people are unfriendly or, at least, too busy to be bothered with smelling roses.**

What's the difference now? What attracts students to small schools? The big attraction arrives wearing sneakers and carrying books. The big differences are the students. More pre-

people so friendly. People I didn't know said "hi." There were smiles seen when I walked across campus.

There, people are caring and happy. These people aren't any different than you

### Boulder Dan and Dipstik Duck by Ray Collins



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The Yellin' Rebel wants your opinions. Letters should be 300 words, and have name, address, phone number, major and year in school. Send to:  
**The Yellin' Rebel  
c/o Letters to the Editor  
MSU 302  
4505 Maryland Pkwy.  
Las Vegas NV 89154**

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Student stranded, no thanks to DPS

Dear Editor:

The Department of Public Safety should be renamed the Department of Public Shame.

Allow me to elaborate. On Thursday, Aug. 29, after getting my parking sticker, I left the Department of Public Safety and got into my car, only to discover the battery was dead.

I went back inside and asked if anyone in the public safety office could help. What a rude shock I received when the lady in charge pointed to the pay phone and said,

"We don't do that sort of thing here. There's the pay phone—call someone."

I explained I did not know one person in Las Vegas, other than my out-of-town husband. So who could I call? She suggested a mechanic. With only \$10 in my pocket, a few out-of-state checks and no credit card, a couple of quick phone calls revealed I was stuck and had no idea where to go.

I hiked over to the Humanities Building and up to the president's office, or the "Hall of Shame," located on the seventh floor. Again, I explained the situation and

added that my school-aged child had to be picked up downtown in a half hour. I was concerned about her safety.

The secretaries in the office looked at each other, looked at the clock, which read 4:40, and offered the best advice the three of them could come up with—stand outside an office building and ask someone coming out to help me! Welcome to UNLV, I thought bitterly as I walked away.

Couldn't anybody guide me to a campus organization that might help? Is everyone in Las Vegas this callous? By now I was really in a panic. I went to the library and asked a student to help me. If it had not been for this stranger's kindness, I don't know what I would have done. I would certainly like to thank him although I did not even get his name.

I'm trying to understand the reluctance on the part of the administration and the Department of Public Safety. After all, they are not here to perform as auto mechanics. On the other hand, they were totally useless in this situation and devoid of understanding. If UNLV is to continue growing as a "rising star," why not extend a little courtesy and cooperation?

Georgia W. Babb  
Sophomore, English

## Top Ten list done in extremely poor taste

Dear Editor:

Did I miss something? Did some events take place with President Maxson over the summer that just slipped by me? Is that why I didn't find anything humorous in Tricia Goldberg's list of the "Top Ten Problems of Bob Maxson," as printed in the Aug. 29 edition of *The Yellin' Rebel* (page 6)? Or was it intended, not for humor, but to offend and insult? If so, then hurrah for Goldberg, for she surely succeeded.

Her list could have been fun. It could have razzed the president of the university

and still have been respectful. Instead, it was offensive and insulting. It offended me, and insulted Jerry Tarkanian, Marjorie Barrick and President and Mrs. Maxson, as well as treating the president with a complete lack of respect. The harsh implications and unnecessary profanity were in extremely poor taste.

What could I possibly have missed that would have made reading this dreadful list fun?

Ann Miner, Junior  
Hotel Administration

Some people say  
Elvis is alive!

Some people say  
there is no God!

Some people say  
Pee-wee Herman  
is innocent!

Some people say  
George Bush is a  
communist!

Agree? Disagree?  
What do you think?

Whatever is on your mind,  
we want to know about it!

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