



Consumerism may destroy real values

by William Holt

Not to imply that it has been any different in the past, but it appears to me that many facets of daily living, such as ownership, status and bodily consumption, have become so important to us that they weigh us down and create a gross misconception of happiness.

Take the automobile. Almost everyone in the United States has one. After paying monthly finance payments, insurance, gas and oil, maintenance, tires, license and registration, the average American pays about \$640 per month according to the Motor Vehicle Manufacturers Association of the U.S., Inc. in 1988.

How much does the average person make per month? For 1989, the U.S. Department of Commerce said the average U.S. citizen

earns \$1,565 per month. Consider that he spends nearly half of his income, his source of survival, on a machine that merely helps him move from one place to another. Your feet get you from

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A to B, and they're included, no charge. Bicycles are a little more.

How about food? I would be willing to debate that food is one of the foremost "entertainment" industries of the world. Do you realize how much attention is devoted to food alone in the United States? Half of the businesses along any one major thoroughfare are usually

restaurants. Probably 60 percent of all Americans are thinking about their next meal right now. Friends say, "Let's go out and do something!" What do they do? They go to a place where

people bring food out to you, they eat the food and then they leave. What do they do after they've eaten? They go back home or perhaps to a building with many seats and sit for two hours watching people on a screen called actors, who get paid to dress up and pretend they do something with their lives. Recently, after the Vons

shopping center near my home reopened I went there to get some groceries. There were colorful signs, ribbons and balloons everywhere I looked. People from all walks of life had come to see the "Grand Event." People were so excited to be there, that I'd mistaken the activity for children going to the circus for the first time. I almost believed that the lives of the men, women and children who had witnessed the "Coming of Vons" that day would be changed forever and would forever hold a wisdom of remembrance in their souls. But it's just food! How interesting can it be?

More and more people are becoming "salesman types." Just like in commercials, in car lots and on television game shows, people are making simple, unimportant things seem exciting and urgent.

I was in 7-11 when a man suddenly approached me near the cookie display case and said excitedly and urgently, "Oh yeah, you'll want to get those while they're fresh. Those are really good cookies!" I felt like I had just participated in a commercial. The man didn't work there, I didn't know him, and my choice of garbage at 7-11 is none of his business. Also, trying to sell me cookies at a store one doesn't even work for is not my idea of a conversation starter.

People make comments about things like the weather or about food on sale so urgently and agitatedly, that it seems they're waiting for a special response from me, or perhaps they're waiting for a prize. Maybe they think I'm a host and this is a game show.

"I want ya' ta' come see

this. Look, I painted my fence. Isn't it great?!" Yes, it's a fabulous job, Rob. But that's not all! You get a free radio calculator and a Nintendo Gameboy! Thanks for being on our show. I'm your host, William Holt, and this is "Things We Do To Improve Our Home."

This could explain why most TV shows are no longer any different from our own lives, uninteresting and trite. If you'd like to know how to go out and make new friends, just find something like a toothbrush and make a job of it to create fun and excitement for no reason. People will love you. Maybe you too can win a prize. Thanks for listening.

Holt is a staff writer with The Yellin' Rebel

Las Vegas has a tar pit of its own

by Michael Carrigan

The La Brea tar pits of Southern California have been excavated and found to contain a plethora of animals that aren't living today. They are probably all dead, since most of them fell into the pits.

Needless to say, the scientific value of this finding is wonderful for scientists, but among the rest of the real world someone is going to say, "What about making incredible sums of money by establishing tourist traps for people to come see tar covered corpses?"

These Californian peddlers are making large sums of money, but we Las Vegans are not. So, the question is, "Where can we get a tar pit

of our own?"

We have one, contrary to popular belief. To find it, merely walk from the Archie C. Grant Hall to the Café Espresso Roma. Ignore the crosswalk, simply go straight across or you will miss it.

The Maryland Parkway tar pits lie exactly there, in the road between University Drive and Harmon Avenue.

The value of these are unmeasured because I don't think anyone has taken the time. But I have seen many items of interest, including: one wrench, a penny and all of six soda can pop-tops. Don't be discouraged; what is seen on the top is only a fraction of what is underneath. Take, for example, an iceberg. Most of the ice-

berg is underwater, while only the tip of it can be seen. But in our case, all those complex rules of physics dealing with how ice floats in water do not apply.

Pieces of history await below the pavement. Anything from the catacombs of Rome hiding Christians, to remnants of Hudson Bay Trading Company fur trapper encampments.

The only questions that remain are, "How can a university like UNLV get a federal grant to have an archaeological dig?" and, "Who will divert the traffic?"

Carrigan works in production at The Yellin' Rebel

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Whatever is on your mind, we want to know about it! Please limit letters to 200 words and write to:



Boulder Dan and Dipstik Duck



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR Student's death remembered one year after accident

Dear Editor:

It's only been one year. A year that seems to have lasted an eternity. I think the hardest part of this past year was that I couldn't call, talk to or see my best friend anymore.

The fact that we'll never do anything together again really gets me down sometimes. I manage to find other things to do, but I know in the back of my mind and in my heart that it could be Rich and I.

The person I speak of is Richard B. Johnson, a former UNLV student, National Guardsman, and member of The TKE fraternity. Richard was also a member of ROTC's elite Ranger Team, a varsity sport for military science.

As a member of this team, he had participated in

several mentally and physically demanding competitions. Two of his three years as a member, he contributed to two Brigade Championships which led to the regional finals in Fort Lewis, Wash. Only the best make it to region. He had more experience and knowledge than the average 22-year-old.

Odd as it may seem, none of his experience or knowledge made a difference just after midnight on Oct. 18, 1990.

Richard Badger Johnson had become a statistic for others to read about. Rich was leaving my house, after giving me a ride home, when he fell victim to a driver who was under the influence of alcohol. He fought for his life for about four hours before he was pronounced dead at University Medical Center.

Rich had a lot to live for. He was two months shy of becoming a commissioned officer in the Army and within a year of graduating with a degree in criminal justice.

After his death, there was renewed support against drinking and driving. The issue of alcohol awareness was also looked at more closely. The only

problem was that it was too late. How many other times will this phenomenal support appear only after the fact? We know what the problem is, and we, as individuals all over the country, have the power to stop it.

We should never be afraid to take someone's keys or to call a cab. Who cares what others think? You and you alone must live with your decision. Make the right choice. The life you save may be your own, your buddy's or that of someone you do not even know.

Imagine a loved one sitting next to you. Then, in the blink of an eye, they disappear forever. It can happen to anyone and they will never expect it. Don't just be cautious on the weekends, at one party or in isolated situations. It is a full time job, but it isn't hard to save a life. Be alert, be positive and make it happen. Do not be the person who says, "If only I would have..."

I can live with a mistake that prevented someone from driving when they were not legally impaired. I cannot live with a death I could have stopped. "If only..."

Dennis J. Storey junior, criminal justice

by Ray Collins