

Opinion

January 21, 1992

THE REBEL YELL

5

They might be giants

by William Holt

Lisa and Gary Caveretta have been given prime time coverage on the news as a result of being treated "inappropriately" by City Hall in their attempt to have a living politician's name removed from their neighborhood park.

In the video recording of the Caveretta's appearance before City Hall, I saw councilmen leaving their chairs, pacing back and forth at the podium, and insulting the Caverettas in explosions of fury.

The Caverettas were told by Councilman Scott Higgin-

son that they had no business wasting the council's time with

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such trivial concerns.

The residents who have been forced to pay a \$1,000 tax per household for the park were sent material stating the specifications of their neighborhood park that included the name they had been allowed to choose, "Rainbow Family Park." Councilman Arnie Adamsen com-

pletely disregarded these facts and claimed that that the name "Rainbow" was only temporary and that "Ron Lurie" was the first actual name given to the grounds.

The Caverettas had only a few simple points to make during the meeting and needed only to know how the process worked so that their request could reach an honest consideration.

Jones was no help in this, especially when some of her "off-the-record" remarks later discovered by the media are considered.

Seeing our representatives losing their tempers like angry

parents putting a husband and wife in the position of delinquent children made me consider what frame of mind these politicians must hold.

When Councilman Higginson blew up and said that the Caverettas had no business being there, he forgot that his council had to have first agreed to let them appear. Apparently, the council must have some reason to let private citizens into the chamber.

The Caverettas were told in many different ways that they were unprepared and didn't know what they were doing. However, I saw no at-

tempt on behalf of City Hall to reveal and explain what a private citizen is to expect when appearing before the podium with a complaint. There are no rules indicating when a complaint is and isn't valid. No formulas for being a concerned citizen are posted on plaques outside the entrance.

The Caverettas were accused of "waltzing in," yet, whether they chose to dance their way to the platform or preferred just to walk, the choice was their's. If one has a concern which is thought to be

see WALTZING page 6

Write us here at *The Rebel Yell* because we would dearly like to hear about whatever you have to say, since you are the students of this university and you have the right to complain and since we are the newspaper we

have the right to print what people and students have to complain about, and if you have read this far then you should go ahead & write us because it doesn't seem like you have much else to do as in the way of studying for classes or anything of that nature since you would not have read this babbling ramble that is in this box to the end and when you write us letters and we use them, that really means we work for us to the end.



Distributed by Tribune Media Services

12-28

JFK
The Story That Won't Go Away

NEW!
EASY TO RE-OPEN CAN

WORMS

DON'T TRY AND TALK ME OUT OF GOING TO DALLAS, JACKIE, I HAVE A DATE WITH DESTINY.

WHO'S SHE. ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR LITTLE FLOOZIES?

O.K. CONSPIRACY FREAKS, TIME TO PIG OUT ON HALF-TRUTHS AND INNUENDOS. PLEASE CHECK YOUR POWERS OF REASON AT THE DOOR.

OUCH! HEY! WASN'T ME! I WAS JUST GOING TO HANG A FEW CURTAIN RODS... COUGH!...

BANG!

MIGHT'VE BEEN THE CIA OR THE ARMED FORCES, OR FRANK SINATRA, OR THE TEXAS WOMENS AUXILLARY. BUT NOW I'LL NEVER SING... COUGH.

GASP!

The story we've cooked up could be true. The names remain the same. For all any of us know, it could have been Gumby in that grassy knoll. Hey, why not? He could have blended in. It's fun to play make believe. Until next time, fellow conspiracy freaks... get a life!

Oliver Stone
Director

Dead trees can be recycled too

by Kimberley McGee

Being a concerned individual for our environment and rapidly decreasing forests, I had a problem this Christmas with buying the usual cut pine tree.

Every year, I take great pleasure in perusing the sweet smelling aisles of lush green trees, trying to find the perfect one to fit the space I've cleared in the living room. The purchasing of the tree really gets me in the mood for giving, eating, decorating, eating, wrapping and all that holiday stuff. But this year as I wandered up and down all those rows of trees, I felt something was missing.

They were beautiful trees, but they just didn't look right. They stood there, propped up with nails and boards in their trunks, looking totally healthy. But they were nearly dead. Their drying limbs were soon to be covered with hot little lights flashing from bough to bough, tinsel and glittery balls and family heirlooms of Christmas past. Finally, after the life had been sucked out of

them, they were to be hauled to the curb, awaiting some horrible fate in a landfill far, far away.

I decided to find an alternative. I called the national forest, and they said I needed to own an acre of land to purchase a live tree. I considered buying a fake tree, but that thought lingered and died before becoming a serious plan. I was discouraged. Money was tight and I didn't think I could afford a tree from the nurseries here in town. So, I planned on a treeless Christmas and decorated everything that had a leaf or other protruding appendage to satiate my need for garish decorations in celebration of the holiday spirit.

Well, my boyfriend, however tolerant, decided enough was enough. I came home one day to a beautiful, 2 foot pine tree, alive and well in a little green pot. He had located a nursery that sold live trees, some as high as 10 feet. Our little tree was only \$12, which is only slightly more expensive than a cut tree, and a lot less expensive for the environment.

The nursery sold over 500

live trees this season. These trees can be planted by the buyer or donated to local schools or the national parks and recreation areas. If the buyer decides to plant the tree, he will need to purchase a few extras such as mulch and starter pellets for about \$15. However, the nurseries offer to take the tree back, free of charge, and donate it to the community.

I thought this was great. I could enjoy Christmas with no guilt. But what about the poor souls who purchased a dead tree. Most likely no one really cared, but advertisers did. I started to hear radio commercials that told cut tree consumers what to do with their trees after Christmas instead of filling up more landfill space. Cut trees were again donated to companies that would shred the trees into mulch for the city.

So, the holiday spirit and the environmental spirit had descended upon our desert city and something was actually being done to help the environment.

Boulder Dan & Dipstick Duck

By Ray Collins

A SONG FOR '92

HAPPY NINETY-TWO YOU,
HAPPY NINETY-TWO YOU...

HAPPY NEW YEAR, DEAR NEEVADA,
HAPPY NINETY-TWO YOU!

IT'S GONNA BE A SILLY YEAR.