

Editorial

Massimino Must Go—Now

The time for Rollie Massimino to leave the UNLV basketball program has come.

A report in Saturday's *Review-Journal* said that UNLV President Kenny Guinn will meet with Massimino this week to discuss a possible buyout of the embattled coach's contract. Guinn said it was the desire of the university to settle the issue as soon as possible.

Besides making a few cameo appearances in the Moyer Student Union, Massimino has not embraced the students of UNLV. He is constantly putting up fences around himself, his players and the program. He often explodes in public tirades that are not appropriate for a head coach let alone a man his age.

The uncovering of Massimino's secret contract this past August was the last in a long line of mistakes the coach has made since arriving at UNLV in 1992.

The contract, orchestrated by former UNLV president Robert Maxson, was hidden from the public for over two years. It provided Massimino with more than \$300,000 in extra benefits. In addition, the coach failed to honor part of the contract which read "(Massimino) must be reasonably available and cordial with members of the media."

Massimino has also failed to perform on the court. Since becoming coach, Massimino has failed to win the Big West Conference, besides having the last two Big West Player's of the Year (Kebu Stewart '94, J.R. Rider '93), and has failed to make the NCAA tournament two consecutive years after a streak of nine straight years with a Rebel team at the Big Dance.

Going into the 1994-95 season, Massimino has lost his biggest recruit (Dennis Jordan, 6'10"), and doesn't even have enough players to scrimmage in practice (UNLV only has nine roster players). That leaves four open scholarships the coach has yet to fill.

Although it may create an economic hardship for the university, *The Rebel Yell* believes Massimino should be bought out now. He can provide nothing of value to the university and to keep him on is extending an illness UNLV can do with out.

The above is the opinion of *The Rebel Yell*. All other inclusions on the opinion page reflect the opinions of the author or artist indicated and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of *The Rebel Yell* staff.

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Homecoming '94 Much Improved

I expected homecoming to be a bust. Over the past three years, homecoming has been anything but a spectacular event. Marred by a lack of participation, it was an event that hardly seemed worth the time nor effort.

Homecoming has always played an important part in the educational life of most students. I am no different. When I entered high school, I had no concept of what homecoming was all about. As far as I knew, homecoming was just another football game with a bunch of people building floats for no reason. After all, who the hell was coming home?

Playing football in high school gave me a better understanding of what the hoopla was all about. My older teammates explained that it was a celebration of the past, a traditional ritual, when all the former graduates of the school were invited to return and cheer on the boys. It was a time to celebrate the past while looking toward the future.

After a few years, and a heightened sense of loyalty, I began to understand and appreciate the event. I even looked forward to it. At my high school (Carlsbad High, Carlsbad, Calif.), homecoming was a huge affair. They closed down the main street in town and we had a huge parade, complete with floats, that would make UNLV's look like a kindergarten experiment.

When I came to UNLV, I expected homecoming to be more than it was. Where was the parade? Where was the tradition? Where were the parties?

Needless to say, I was extreme-

Straight From the Gully



SCOTT GULBRANSEN

ly disappointed. UNLV, which lacks any tradition besides on the basketball court, didn't care about the day I had held so close to my heart.

Last year, I wrote about how bad the festivities surrounding homecoming were. And much to my surprise, things improved—dramatically.

This year's Student Government decided to pull out all the stops. It worked to a certain degree, but there are still improvements that need to be made.

Homecoming Week Activities

GOOD: These were great. The picnic and other activities were well planned and enjoyable. The new Alumni Amphitheatre has really turned into an asset. The pep rally with UNLV football coach Jeff Horton was also a good time. It allowed students to get to know the coach and even All-American candidate Randy Gatewood.

BAD: Where was the bonfire? What homecoming is complete without the traditional bonfire! Next year, we need to have a Friday night rally somewhere that will facilitate a bonfire. A program with UNLV alumni that have gone on to successful careers in their field would also be a good idea.

Floats

GOOD: Not much!

BAD: The floats at UNLV show that the organizations who put them together are lazy. Fraternities and sororities have a high sense of pride in their organization. Why can't they incorporate that into their floats? Come on Greeks, get with the program!

Half-time Show

GOOD: The show was well organized and well prepared. UNLV needs to have a parade as well. A parade down Harmon onto Maryland Parkway would not be that difficult to pull off. That is something we need to do in '95.

BAD: The Rebel Renaissance was a good theme, but the CSUN programming council turned it into a corny spectacle. All the "village of..." stuff was overdoing it a bit. Did everyone have to dress up in those gaudy clothes? "Sir this..." and "Sir that..." was just plain stupid. Even though it was a bit much, it topped last year's show.

Participation

GOOD: Student's at UNLV should give themselves a pat on the back. The student section was almost full and quite vocal. No large, embarrassing fights like last year. There was one fight which can be expected when idiots can't handle their beer.

BAD: The people of Las Vegas didn't show up. They are obviously letting the problems with the basketball program spill over into their support for other UNLV sports. That's a shame considering how well Jeff Horton and the UNLV football team are doing. Then again, Las Vegas residents are the weakest sports fans in the nation.

So overall, UNLV did a good job putting on homecoming. The student senate did some strange things to fund it (see Chris Mitchell's column), but it was a good show.

One more suggestion: Keep improving, you have a long, long way to go.

—Scott Gulbransen is the Opinion Editor at *The Rebel Yell*.

What's Wrong with Teaching Anyway?

When I tell people I'm an English major, most of them scoff. "What are you going to do with your life, teach?"

Actually, yes. I want to be a teacher, and my love of English started me on the path to teaching that subject. It was the influence of all the English teachers I've had (eight different teachers in high school alone) and I took note of the things I hated and liked about their classes.

My first 10th grade teacher (I had three), Mr. Davies, said, "As long as you turn in every assignment, you get an A." So, we played the Davies game.

We spent class time mostly debating philosophical issues and forming therapy groups to help each other through the pressures of high school. He assigned a grand total of three essays in his 2 1/2 months lording over us, and then departed mid-semester, leaving behind that bitch Norling to teach us. She had an elementary education degree and didn't know what to do with teenagers.

By semesters end, we had her taking us on field trips to 7-Eleven and our class time had turned into something out of *Lord of the Flies* on hormones.

My first 11th grade English teacher was a preacher. Not literally, but he was extremely tall

Smart Remark



ANDREW MARX

Whoever sat in front was given the finger and called upon to answer "What's the symbolism in *Moby Dick*..."

and had those enormous hands that reached out and touched your mind. His voice boomed in the tiny classroom and when he'd talk about Faulkner and *The Scarlet Letter*, and there was a revival.

The first week of school, we all ran to class five minutes early to get a seat in the back of the room. Whoever sat in front was given the finger and called upon to answer "What's the symbolism in *Moby Dick*," whereupon, the helpless student would fall to the floor convulsing and screaming, "A whale, damn it, a whale!" And the kid would never be the same again.

Both Mr. Davies and my 11th grade teacher employed teaching methods I didn't think were successful. Mr. Davies didn't make us do any work, which, while every student openly cheers and I was no different, isn't a productive English class.

There were plenty of examples where I liked what my teachers did. My senior year English teacher actually led the class and discussion without being it, and the students' opinions had val-

ue. He corrected papers by providing feedback to the ideas, as well as the writing style and grammar.

What I liked best about him was I learned something about English. We read poetry and learned to analyze it in an essay (something I had previously been oblivious to). We read several classic novels and plays and compared and contrasted their writing styles and themes.

Along the same lines, I appreciated my ninth grade teacher drilling in grammar rules. This guy was a jerk, and the homework he assigned was difficult and frequent. He gave out a sheet with sentences and said, "Find every error in grammar, syntax and logic, and correct them."

It was a combination of these experiences and a couple years worth more, that made me pursue, English major. When I take my college degree into my first classroom, I'll feel proud knowing that I might inspire someone like myself.

—Andrew Marx is an opinion columnist at *The Rebel Yell*.