

Under the Influence with Otis & Arthur

Is parking at UNLV a hell on earth?

Otis

Artie, you think you were very funny last week. I have the whole football team wanting to stuff me in a locker. I was the one who said good things about the team but Artie turned it around on me. Arthur's just mad because the football team practiced bungee wedgies on him in high school. So remember, all my football friends: Otis good, Arthur bad.

This week I thought we would discuss the parking situation at UNLV. It's not so much that the new fees bother me, it's the process of getting the parking tag. To get one you have to spend 20 minutes filling out a Scantron. The only time I want to see a Scantron is when I take a test (even then I'm not too fond of the experience). Not only that, but people are stealing these tags out of the cars. You have to pay \$5 to get another one. What's up with that?

You know what really bothers me about the parking at UNLV, Artie? It's the meters. There are not enough for the student body, and they only go for two hours. Then you have to go back and forth the whole day, adding more quarters so you don't get the ticket. And let's not forget that the meters constantly take your change incorrectly.

What bothers me the most is the meter maids. These people are fellow students, yet they ~~harm~~ love to take your tickets out. It seems like they just sit there waiting for

that last minute to run out on your meter so they can write you up. I can put my four quarters in the meter at 2 p.m. and at 4:01 p.m. I find a surprise on my windshield. Do these people know they don't have a quota to fill? They could ride around the whole day in their meter-mobile and not give a single ticket out. But noooooooo, they want to compete with the other maids to see who can give out the most tickets and be the mega meter maid.

Why not look out for your fellow student and take it easy on the meters? Unless it's Artie's car, you kids can have a ticker-tape parade on his windshield for all I care.

One more thing about the meters that the maids neglect is the old school technique of putting an extra quarter in the slot to buy more time. Didn't you learn that in meter maid 101, it's a common practice in New York City? So make sure you check those dials before you write someone up, OK?

Another problem with the parking situation is the exits. There are only a couple ways to get out of the parking lot and everyone hits them at the same time. I don't understand the problem with opening some of the back outlets instead of using them as a concrete club. I think it's a conspiracy to keep students in the lot so they will use the meters more frequently. Otis don't play that, I put yesterday's ticket in the window and got my ~~run~~ ^{you're up Artie,} and good luck in your run for homecoming king. I think it's commendable.

Arthur

Don't think you're getting out of it that easily, Otis! If you think the football team is going to fall for that, then you are dumber than you usually say they are. Imagine, trying to fool them with "Otis good, Arthur bad!" Why don't you just wave a banana in front of them when you say that, like you do when aping them in the newsroom?

I keep telling you that the teams here are a necessary part of academic life. You dog them just 'cause they lose now and then? Who doesn't? Good winners are those who know how to lose gracefully. Wait a minute; is that what you mean, Otis, when you say that "these boys sure know how to lose?" Man, you are cold!

I wouldn't blame the football players at all if they ambushed you one of these times after you work late here at the Yell. Heck, for \$20, I might even tell them that you usually work Thursday nights until 11:00, then leave the building by the back fire exit on the west side of the MSU. For 10 more I might even give them your description, so they will know they're looking for a 185 lb. guy with short curly black hair. But I wouldn't do that to you, Otis, you're my bud!

Parking hell? Otis, you haven't seen hell until you've tried to park at a real university. One that's gotten so large that there are busy streets running through campus where quiet sidewalks used to be.

Try parking at the University of Arizona. Or Harvard.

You have it easy here, Otis. If you could roll out of bed before noon and beat the rush, there's almost always

parking within a five-minute walk of any class on campus. Even if you end up parking in the "Green" lot at Thomas & Mack, nothing here is more than 10 minutes away. That's easy street by the standards of most any other school.

So you object, not to the fee for parking, like any sensible person would, but to "filling out the Scantron." What a schmoe you are, Otis! Why do you whine about such trivia? It's those of your ilk that complain about tests, academic standards, health fees, (though you use the clinic weekly, Otis) and any other thing on campus that either challenges your [snicker] intellect or disrupts your patterned routine.

I don't oppose the parking fee on general principles like you would, Otis, if you took time to think about it, but because there is no guarantee offered the student body that this money will be spent on improving the parking situation at UNLV.

For all we know, this money is going right into the bank account of Rollie Massimino. I wish I could coach for \$1 million a year.

It's just what I would expect from you, Otis, to put your old tickets in the windshield in hopes you might fool the parking patrol. Has it worked? I didn't think so.

This parking thing really doesn't bother me, though. I ride a bicycle every day. Parking is no problem. I would encourage anyone living within a two to three mile radius to do the same.

—"Otis & Arthur" is co-authored by S.T. Sutherland and Vince Caliguire.

The Rebel Yell

encourages students, faculty and staff to write letters to the editor. Letters should be typed, double-

spaced, and include the author's name, address and telephone number. Writers affiliated with UNLV must include class and major, or faculty or staff position.

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Fending off the Fever

Las Vegas has to be one of the greatest places to live in the nation. We have low taxes, eternally good weather, and no "last call." We do have our problems, everyone knows what can destroy you in this town. The apple in this garden of Eden is the gambling thing. For some it's a daily struggle to cope with the demons of addiction.

It's one thing to visit Las Vegas for a vacation. It's another to live here. You can't escape it if you live in the belly of the beast. It's especially hard on the college student with a limited income. Being so young and impressionable, a habit can develop quickly. A habit that can ruin that person's life.

Unfortunately I'm speaking from personal experience. I had a problem for three years with gambling until I finally kicked the monkey over this summer. The sad thing was that I was a dealer with an ambition to go into the casino business when I graduated. That's like an alcoholic working at a winery! The gambling problem effected everyone around me. It wasn't until recently that I was able to mend some of the relationships that I had torn apart from my gambling.

When someone does have a gambling problem, they are afraid to admit it. The same goes for any other addiction. I would lie about my gambling or try to hide it. I was only fooling myself because I would always have to borrow money from my friends to cover my bills.

The problem gambler doesn't have to be sitting in a casino all day and night. It could be used as a release for something. I used to go when I was depressed, which would only compound my depression. That one time can cost you. You can't stop, you have what is known as 'the fever.' When you lose, you play catch up until your funds run out. When you win, you don't know when to stop.

When a problem is realized by the compul-

Living
at Large

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sive gambler, a course of action must be taken. This is the hardest part of recovery.

For the younger person with an addictive gambling habit a self-motivated recovery is needed. It took me over a year to lose the fever. Time and determination, not to mention the help of friends, are the best way to recover.

I've learned that precautions are needed to fully kick the habit. It's important to keep your money tied up so that you can't readily access it at the casino. An ATM card is a bad thing to hold on to, put your money into a savings account where you can't get to it. Friends that gamble are hard to keep company with. It's best to stay out of casinos with them until you can handle that environment without gambling. It may be a good idea for a friend to handle your money until you get on your feet.

Another good tactic is keeping a note in your wallet to yourself explaining the reasons not to gamble and what will happen if you do. You can look at this note whenever the need to gamble arises to talk yourself out of it. If that still doesn't work call a good friend to talk you down.

Anyone who feels that gambling is controlling them should make a resolution now to control it. Whether it's video poker or blackjack, if you suspect you have a problem you're probably right. It will only get worse the longer you wait, until ultimately you end up in a situation where you can't recover. Don't let it get to that, it's embarrassing to admit you have a problem but imagine how embarrassing it is asking your friends for money to pay your rent.

Life is so much better when you kick the fever.

—Vince Caliguire is an Opinion Columnist at The Rebel Yell.