

Do we have senators for sale?

Just when will the backhanded antics of Student Government cease? Last semester we brought you highlights of the in-fighting between Joe Mills and John Pida, the student body Vice President and President, respectively.

We also raised questions about sponsorship moneys begrudged two students representing UNLV in Washington D.C. by student senators, who promptly voted themselves pay-raises and mega-bucks for a trip of their own.

We helped right the wrong of Sen. Carl Tolbert, who snuck in the backdoor of the senate, claiming to represent the Communications School after suffering defeat in the election for his true major. He switched majors mid-stream after learning of his loss.

Ironically, few of those students in the Greenspun School of Communication would claim him as their own when asked. He attempted to cloud the issue surrounding his appointment with a weak flurry of last minute "letters to the editor" from his fan club, presumably friends. Go Carl.

The only group he managed to flummox, though, were the other senators, who upheld his appointment at a special meeting called to decide his fate as senator. Was anyone surprised that the senators again rallied to the defense of their own?

It seems, however, that there is a law of karma, poetic justice, or a God in heaven. Sources say Carl Tolbert failed to make the minimum GPA of 2.0 to maintain his standing as senator.

This semester the gentleman no longer adds his voice to those of our leaders. Too bad; his "win at all costs" tactics and 11th hour propaganda attempt marked him a consummate politician.

It seems other senators aren't making the grade, ei-

ther. There may be as many as six other senators with heads on the chopping block due to their academic performance. Or lack thereof.

We said 'as many as six,' since Senate President Pat Smith won't confirm or deny

The wheels of politics revolve rapidly when it's a good ol' boy...

the names of those in question when asked by *The Rebel Yell*. As if the respective constituents of those senators haven't the right to know the standing of their representatives!

We said, "Mr. Smith, you may as well tell us, since sooner or later anyone with an ounce of marbles will notice which senators from last semester are no longer attending meetings this semester, and put two and two together."

Smith flashed an apple-pie smile. "Well, we had one resign because she needs to devote time to the swim team, (how hard to figure that one?) and another for personal reasons." Still no names, yet Smith made the obvious attempt to obscure the issue.

But we do know about Toby Cole. The illustrious Director of the Organizations Board reportedly finished last semester with a stellar 1.0 GPA. Go Toby.

Needless to say, academic standards and minimum grade requirements for involvement in student government found their way as issues onto the agenda of this semester's first student sen-

ate meeting. The wheels of politics, er, justice, revolve rapidly when it's a good ol' boy snared by the short and curls.

It's interesting to note that Carl Tolbert didn't even bother to show at the meeting. Evidently, one can swim upstream only so far. (Please, Mr. Tolbert, save yourself the embarrassment of sending letters to the editor claiming "sick mother." Joe Mills has already used that one.)

There was talk in the senate of passing a resolution to lower the minimum standard to, you guessed it; 1.0! As if 2.0 weren't low enough.

Happily, even the student senate possesses an uncanny instinct for knowing when it's flirting with a rotten P.R. move. The senators instead, in their benevolence and wisdom, voted to simply exempt Mr. Cole.

So now the minimum academic standard for everyone is 2.0, except Toby Cole, who enjoys his own "special status" of one half of that. We'd like to know what sort of grease he applied to the wheels of justice.

And then we would ask why have minimum standards at all? Beyond 1.0, how low can you go? Clearly, the student senate finds the need to re-

quire quality in it's membership a flexible one, at best.

But since there are standards, why do they apply to everyone but Toby Cole? This we cannot fathom, though every member of UNLV should be grateful that wiser heads -

Every senator... broadcast his or her ethics upon casting their vote.

at a conveniently variable level, of course - govern the student body and student affairs.

The most tragic part of this comedic scenario is the strong likelihood that Mr. Cole and the senate will get away with this escapade, since few students at UNLV will join in any sort of protest.

To express your concern or outrage, attend the next senate meeting. The microphone is open to any and all comers.

Many students don't care, though, thinking that the political arena of our little campus doesn't reflect the "real"

world.

It is real, folks. The business of student government is your business, day in and day out. The senators and directors of student affairs all receive fat paychecks and tuition waivers for looking out for "our" interests.

But whose interests do we see them looking out for?

In the "real" world Mr. Cole would be impeached for slinking in under the wire. That should happen here.

In a larger sense, realize that a greater transgression has been perpetrated on you than that by Toby Cole. Every senator who voted in favor of Mr. Cole, clearly the majority, broadcast his or her ethics upon casting their vote. Every senator who voted in favor of lowering the minimum GPA, *exclusively for Toby Cole*, made it widely known that his or her own sense of propriety, ethics and personal integrity are flexible, random and up for grabs.

In the "real" world, we recognize this sort of politician as "for sale." And as we recognize more of them, we must also recognize UNLV as a training ground for public servants in the business of serving themselves.

Under the Influence

Who killed Otis and Arthur?

When we left off, the killer could have been anyone.

An investigation by Det. Dick Weed yield a list of suspects including: John Pida, Joe Mills, Steve Hagen, Coach Horton and President Carol Harter.

Weed gathered all the suspects in the cafeteria of MSU.

"Soon we'll have our killer," said Det. Weed.

Joe Mills screamed, "I've just about had it with all this gosh-darned crapola! Everyone thinks I'm this nice guy handing out lollipops! Well, it's all a ruse! I killed them!"

"Sorry Joey, it wasn't you," ho-humed Weed. "If you want respect stop handing out those lollipops." The cafeteria filled with laughter as Joe humbly took his seat.

"Ren u tid it?" asked Steve Hagen.

"I can't hear you," said Weed. "Why don't you wipe your face, you've got food on your chin." Half of a stuffed crust pizza fell to the floor from Hagen's face.

"I said, 'who did it?'" the "Gub'ment thug" murmured.

"Don't worry Hagen, it wasn't you. Half a dozen Pop-eye's have you at their restaurants at the time of the murders. In fact, no one in student government is involved, including King Pida."

Pida smirked, his throne

vindicated.

"Which brings us to Coach Horton," Weed continued.

"I resent that," hollered Horton, throwing a helmet at Weed and punching Joe Mills on the arm.

"It's not you either, coach. Take it easy; this ain't Reno!" said Weed as he broke up the scuffle.

"Well Det. Weed, that just leaves me doesn't it?" The throaty growl came from President Carol Harter. She folded the map that had led from her office to the student union and puffed blue rings from a long, Nat Sherman cigarette. "Isn't this a non-smoking area?" whined King Pida.

"For some," Harter purred. Weed pressed on. "Well, it's true you are my last suspect. But the fraternities have you at their "Macho Man" party till 3:00 a.m. that night."

"We could have our own little party, Det. Weed," Harter's voice dripped honey.

"Detective Weed, I demand answers now!" Mills cried.

"You again," Weed sighed. "No one did it, Millie-boy."

The room was stunned. Just then two figures emerged from the shadowy courtyard. It was Otis and Arthur, in the flesh!

"What are all you losers doing here?" asked Otis.

"We thought you were dead!" King Pida declaimed.

"Oh that," Arthur absently polished his finger nails on the front of his shirt. "We were just going shot for shot with tequila on our last issue when we accidentally swallowed the limes. We passed out for a

while and woke up at the morgue with a killer hangover. Otis was worried because he woke up in the women's section."

"Why would that matter?" asked President Harter.

"He thought it was a bad case of beer goggles," said Artie. His demeanor was calm.

Joe Mills spoke out, "I hate when that happens." Steve Hagen put down his Arby-Q and tried to make words, "Does this mean that there will be no more Otis and Arthur?"

"Au contraire, mon frere!" piped Otis. "Since that geek Dr. Burthe failed me unjustly, I'll be around another semester, and even more pissed-off at the lunacy that is UNLV."

Otis and Arthur laughed maniacally as the members of the gathering gently wept, knowing that their nemesii were even more powerful than before. Once the hangover cleared.

The good detective smiled, knowing that another case was closed. The drive home brought him back to another night at The Gypsy, a well deserved reward for good police work. It was "Madonna Night." The crowd was in form and Weed immediately got leads to a case yet to break. To the detective it was just another night in Sin City.

"Otis & Arthur" is now, as ever, co-authored by S.T. Sutherland and Vince Caliguire, who gets to take MAT 124 all over again. Again.

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