

I'm entitled to a month of my own

BY TREVOR HAYES

CONTRIBUTING OPINION WRITER

I believe the 90s will go down as a remarkable time in history.

However, it will not be for a raised level of social consciousness nor stricter environmental standards, not even for the extinction of the entire species of cigarette smokers.

No, the 90s will go down as the decade in which the names of the months were forever changed. Last month was Black History Month (formerly February) and this month is now Women's History Month, a.k.a. March.

I am afraid to look at the calendar to see what new name has been given to April, my birth month.

I can see it now, "Yeah mom you know next month is Chicano American Correctional Workers Month, don't forget my present." I have nothing against the CACW, actually they were the benefactors of my one and only scholarship.

The most pressing problem

is I will never be able to keep track of which months have how many days, my little poem (30 days hath September...) is now obsolete unless a conversion chart is created soon.

Changing the names of the months is not that big of a deal. I could care less if ancient Roman rulers have their own summer months. The problem I see is that not only are we renaming the months, but we are also dedicating them to special interests.

The most obvious problem with this is that soon there will be no more months to be re-named and quite a few special interest groups will feel just a little ticked off.

We just need to create shorter months. Maybe each month could consist of two days, so everyone has a chance to be recognized and if that is not enough we could switch to 12-hour months.

Another issue that concerns me in this matter is that of segregation. If I remember correctly it was the African-

Americans who fought so hard to break down the color barriers. Civil rights activists proved separate does not mean equal.

Now it appears what they meant was "If separate does not mean better for us then it is wrong." Just because minority groups happen to be receiving special favor this time around instead being denied equal access, it is still wrong.

Acting properly and responsibly, however reprehensible that may sound, means working to integrate gross omissions of historically significant contributions by members of under-represented minority groups into the curriculum.

Separating these accomplishments from students' regular studies may either diminish their importance or place them on an undeserved pedestal.

That would still leave us with the most serious complication. I fear these special interest groups will find that

people only care about them during the designated month and pretend they do not exist the rest of the year.

"Trevor, you are just paranoid, how could that ever happen? A month dedicated to my interest only helps to encourage learning and respect for my differences," you may say.

Well, unlike many other people in this world, I do not feel qualified to voice opinions on matters which I know nothing about. I can speak only from experience and I must come clean with all of you.

My special interest was the very first to snatch a month of its own. Today, I never see or hear a word about the values of my month outside of that month. My month is formerly known as December and well before my time someone dedicated it as the month in which to be kind and loving toward our fellow men (and women).

It appears to me that many people out there came to feel that if they exuded kindness from the Thursday of Thanks-

giving until the last day of the year, that it is alright to be a boorish swine the remainder of the year. I wish those who shared my views before me had not tried to segregate this vital interest from the rest of society. By placing it on a pedestal and putting it on display once a year, other people believe it gets all the respect it deserves and maybe more.

So heed this warning, my special interest friends: If you truly want to help your certainly worthy cause, please do not segregate it from society. Please do not shove it down the throats of those who do not share your concerns. Just try to be a living example every day and eventually you may realize that others are doing it, too.

If you patiently wait and earnestly attempt to lead by example and no one follows you, maybe, just maybe, the nay sayers were right and you spent all that time spitting into the wind over a worthless cause.

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POLITICS



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A man for all seasons

So far this semester my column has included, stories about my sex life and guys making a move on me at gay night clubs. Granted, all very significant topics. But this week I've got to take some time out to help a friend. A friend who has been getting a lot of bad press in this paper lately.

That man is Pat Smith, president of the student senate.

I know Pat well, he is the kind of friend where you may not see him for a while, but when you do it's like a day never passed between you.

He is a stand up guy. That's why it frustrates me to read about him taking advantage of students, when he is really the glue that holds student government together.

Pat has gone out of his way on many occasions for me, above and beyond what most friends would do, including going to the hospital to visit me after a motorcycle accident. Not only was I hurt, but I couldn't tell my dad because he was animatedly against motorcycles because he thinks they're dangerous (guess he was right, huh?)

So Pat brings his dad to help me out with advice about the whole mess. Not many people go out there like Pat Smith does for you.

It's in Pat's nature to help out the little guy. You can always count on him when you're at your lowest point. He even helped me from getting kicked out of school when I cheated on my residency application (don't cheat on those applications kiddies, they really do check them out). He was able to talk to the committee and convince them that I deserved another chance. If it wasn't for Pat I would have been toast.

It's things like this that people don't hear about, because Pat doesn't want the notori-

ety. He simply enjoys helping people out. That's why he does such a good job in student government.

If you walk into his office with any kind of problem, he is committed to you and to finding a solution, whether he knows you or not. People walk into his office all day with problems outside his realm of responsibility. He takes the

problem anyway.

The thing is, stuff like that just isn't news worthy. Scandals are what makes the headlines.

Scandals like this so called "dinner gate" a couple of weeks ago. A lot of stuff was excluded from that story; like Pat's side of it. Even though Pat had asked permission to bring his two friends, it seems to come out like a deception to the students.

According to student government by laws, he did nothing wrong. I don't think he did anything wrong either. He was entertaining a special guest of the school, Kim Peek (the Rain Man guy) whom Pat's friends were fascinated by and wanted to meet; so he brought them along. It was \$228 for the whole dinner, not a big deal considering no one ordered anything excessive.

John "rack of lamb" Pida being the exception.

These guys do a lot for the school, I don't mind some spoils here or there for their efforts.

The thing that bothers me is how Joe Mills (who wasn't invited to the dinner) had much to say against his political buddies. Joe likes to hand over stuff like this "dinner gate" crap to the newspaper because it makes him look good. In prison it's called being a snitch.

Joe Mills likes to say he is in student government to help people. The truth is that he is in for his own agenda and all the spoils that being vice pres-

ident brings with it. He constantly blocks any progress in that office, and then says that everyone is out to get him. Then he comes up to *The Rebel Yell* to show how corrupt student government is.

Who in their right mind would turn in negative information about the very organization that they are a leader of? How can the second in power in that office say that he is innocent when he is responsible for everything that happens there?

I read you like a book, Joe. You like the popularity and status that your position brings you because otherwise you are nothing but a weak little man with a thirst for power.

Yeah Joe, I may have taken one of your lollipops but I didn't vote for a sucker like you. Torben Scholer, the man that should have won, got my vote. It's too bad so many people fall for that lollipop, nice guy schtick that Joe Mills portrays. It's costing the school real leaders like Torben who actually care for the school, but don't have a sweet tooth.

Pat Smith lets his actions speak louder than his words. He won't get pulled into the messes that Joe Mills likes to create. Pat is more concerned about getting his job done. Headlines don't mean much to him. He would rather say nothing and let the facts be judged for themselves.

Actions do speak louder than words in the long run. But that can lead to political suicide, and this school needs Pat now more than ever.

This time it's my turn, Pat. If character and loyalty to one's friends are any measure of a candidate's worth, then I highly recommend that the readers of this fine publication vote for my friend, Pat Smith. A man for all seasons.

-Vince Caliguire is an Opinion writer for *The Rebel Yell*.

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