

## Editorial

### Pick Just One. On the Road, or On the Phone

Today, more than 119 million Americans have cell phones, and 73 percent of all cell phone conversations are in the car, according to the Cellular Telecommunications and Internet Association.

According to a study in the New England Journal of Medicine, drivers are four times more likely to be involved in an accident if talking on a cell phone while driving. The commission said that that's reason enough to support a ban on the practice - especially as that is roughly the same as the rate for drunk-driving accidents.

Researcher David Strayer of the University of Utah, determined that the conversation is the culprit.

Talking on the phone was far more distracting than listening to radio or books on tape. In his study, people on phones were twice as likely to miss a red light. And once again, it didn't matter if the phone was hand-held or hands-free.

The Pioneer believes a ban on in-car, hand-held cell phone conversations should be strictly enforced, with large fines for those who disregard the law.

Reckless driving often goes hand-in-hand with cell-phone use. It would be more difficult to enforce a ban on cell phone conversations with hands-free devices, but users should never lose sight of the fact that their attention to the road must come before any gossiping they might like to do while driving.

The Pioneer believes that no phone call is so important that it can't wait 10 minutes. Let the call go to voice mail, find a safe place to park and retrieve the call. By not fumbling for the phone, taking your hands off the wheel and eyes off the road, or swerv-

ing from one lane to another, you can drive safely, and equally as important, other people can be safe around you.

It's also not just the person behind the wheel who's at risk. A very public case in point is supermodel Nikki Taylor, who just spent two months in the hospital, recovering from serious injuries sustained in a car accident in May. Her friend who was driving has admitted that he was distracted by a cell phone when he crashed.

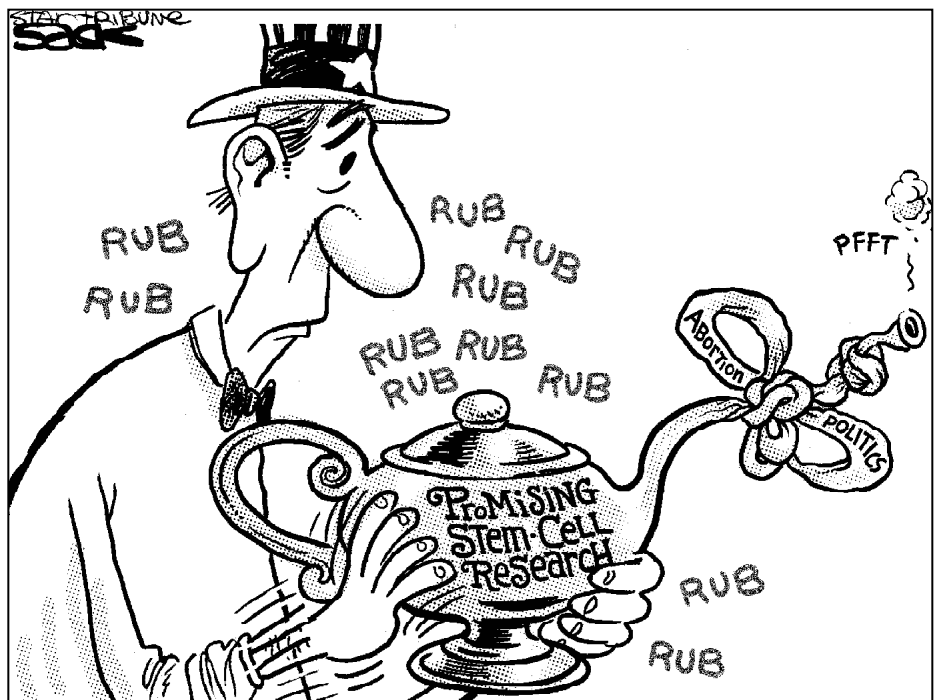
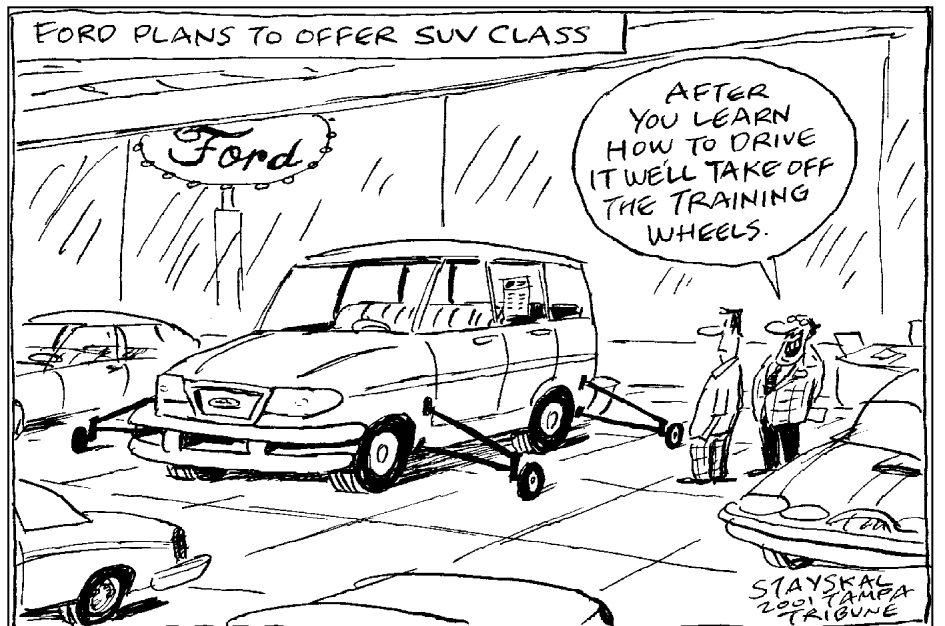
How many times do we have to put up with watching other drivers endanger their lives and our own before a ban comes into effect.

Who is that woman who was talking on her cell phone and smoking a cigarette while driving along Mission? What happened to the SUV driver who made a left hand turn against a red light while dialing a number yesterday?

We don't envy these people with cell phones. This isn't a class issue; it's an issue of life and death.

Last month, New York became the first state to bar drivers from using hand-held cell phones, but the new law will be phased in gradually, giving people time to adapt to the various hands-free options widely available.

The truth is that we want cell phones in the car and we want to ban them. We know they're dangerous and we know they're handy. We need to work out a way to keep the cell phone in the car, keep both hands on the wheel and also enforce the law so it becomes effective and all road users are safe.



## Commentaries

### Silver Threads Among the Gold

Each day I find a new one - long, coarse and wiry, in a place I can't reach with the tweezers.

As I enter into a new stage of life, the stage of gray, I'm left with no other resolution than to write about it.

It started out at the temples. One little one here (oh how cute), another, slightly longer one there (plucking is fun) until finally the cuteness started to wear off faster than a 25-cent watercolor tattoo. I soon found myself meticulously hunting for the white on brown almost daily.

Not quite ready to sing "I'm gonna wash that gray right outta my hair," I decided to do some research on this amazing phenomenon, so I went to the net.

#### Charleen Earley

Out of the 342,965 sites on gray hair, I combed through hundreds (okay, more like the first 20) on hiding the new and unwanted shades of gray (or in my case white) with dyes.

I found "Born Again Hair Color," "The Gray Hair Net," and "Grey Sterling's Self-Service Mortuary" (a guide to links carrying Goth-friendly items such as clothing, makeup and hair dye, in case you were wondering).

For those not ready to add chemicals to their tresses, there were sites with advice on how to slow the colorful aging metamorphosis.

Simply include more curry leaves in cooking, eat more dates and honey. The best tip was: "Washing the hair with a paste of cooked black gram dhal and fenugreek lengthens the hairs, keeps them black and cures dandruff."

I'm less concerned with turning my brown hair black with this remedy than I am about finding out where dhal and fenugreek come from.

So why am I so adamant about obliterating the signs of aging? Have pop culture and

the media falsified reality and distorted truth by having me believe that aging is something to be "weeded" out at all costs?

Okay, now we're getting too deep (almost to the roots) on this subject. Don't think I want to go there. Allow me to resurface.

In my mind, gray hair is synonymous with not only age, but wisdom and experience. It's one of those been-there-done-that-and-I've-got-the-gray-to-prove-it sort of things. This is where I bow down and say, "I'm not worthy."

And yes, maybe a huge part of it has to do with the remote possibility of some cute, single, available and not living with parents stud-muffin giving me the once over until he stops at my hair, which in my slightly exaggerated, keep-me-on-the-fun-page opinion, resembles that of Cruella DeVille from "101 Dalmatians."

One final follicle thought. In Matthew 10:30 (King James Version) I find, "But the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

I know He cares about me, but is He counting the white ones, too?

*Charleen Earley is a student at Cal State Hayward's Contra Costa Campus.*

### Sexist Fool Found at CSUH

Just when I was feeling good about my age, thinking that they are a much better breed than the generation before, my dreams were dashed to pieces.

I was just walking out of class, along the street next to the library last Wednesday, when a guy yelled some obscene comment about my anatomy.

Not that this hasn't happened to me before, a few mil-

#### Katie Stine

lion times, but it had been a while, maybe since high school, that I've had to deal with it.

I naturally flipped the guy off and kept walking. What else is a woman supposed to do, other than ignore it? It isn't like I could have busted open the car door and threatened to beat the hell

out of him if he didn't apologize for offending my honor.

I stopped thinking about the incident and the bozo in the car, who I looked at directly as he was telling me his no doubt very learned opinion on just which part of my body I should display.

I attended the next class meeting and walked through campus afterwards, the same path I usually take.

Imagine that. I encountered him on foot. I recognized him, of course, I don't like jerks, and so I have some sort of filing system in my brain for men I don't like. I remember them all.

Perhaps I do that so if I ever run into them again, I can do something to humiliate them, a retaliation of sorts.

Or maybe if one of my friends ends up dating the fool, I can let her know and protect her. Who knows why; the memory is there.

So, this aforementioned bozo recognizes me as well. He's walking with a few of his buddies, and he points me out. At least, I think I hear him say this, as my adrenaline has gone up, wanting to just get away from the situation as soon as possible.

I step up my pace and pass the trio on the left side, as the bozo was on the right. As I'm walking rapidly away, I think I hear him make more comments - to his friends, not to me - about yet more parts of my anatomy, as if this were a compliment.

I consider myself a fairly intelligent woman. I'm a capable person: I pay my bills, my taxes, I work and go to school, and I try to be honest at all times.

**My emotions, thoughts, talents disappear because I am now the equivalent to a girl in a nudie magazine. The only difference is that I don't get paid.**

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## Commentaries

### NCAA Should Cancel Vegas Vacation

#### Andrew Bagnato

The NCAA staged a heavy public-relations offensive this summer in its ongoing war on gambling.

It sent a battalion of high-profile coaches and administrators to Capitol Hill to lobby for a federal ban on college sports wagering. As the cameras whirred, the coaches and officials talked about gambling's growing threat to the multibillion-dollar industry known as major-college sports.

Speakers included former Northwestern football coach Gary Barnett, who once suspended the leading rusher in Wildcats history after discovering he had gambled on college games. Also fighting for the bill was Notre Dame president Edward "Monk" Malloy. A former football player at his university was sent to prison for orchestrating a basketball point-shaving scandal at Northwestern.

"After some of the members of Congress hear the personal experiences of our coaches, presidents, athletic directors and conference officials, we hope they will better understand the seriousness of this issue and its potential impact on college campuses and athletics programs," NCAA President Cedric Dempsey said that day.

The bill may never reach the full Senate, but no one could blame the NCAA for making a PR blitz. Trouble is, they may have aimed it at the wrong people.

While the NCAA's best and brightest were lobbying lawmakers, more than a dozen Division I schools - including Illinois, UIC, Purdue, Southern Illinois and Eastern Illinois - were completing arrangements to play in basketball tournaments in a ballroom of the Paris Las Vegas Casino this fall.

Can't you see the lights on the Strip: Purdue plays the

Paris! The Orange and Blue goes for the gold!

It's hard to imagine anything grubbier.

As sleazy as they may be, the Vegas tournaments came as no shock to Bill Saum, the NCAA's Director of Agent and Gambling Activities. At times like this, Saum must feel like a man trying to plug holes in Hoover Dam with a tube of spackling paste. How can anyone be expected to believe gambling is a serious problem when top-flight Division I schools agree to play in a casino?

"We talk all the time about sending mixed messages to our student-athletes," Saum said. "There's a sports book (in the Paris). Because Nevada's gaming regulations have changed, the book can now accept bets on the games that are being played in the building."

If that doesn't send a chill down the spines of college sports administrators, nothing will. As wagering on college sports mushroomed in the 1990s, there were widely publicized scandals at Northwestern, Arizona State and Boston College, among others.

When news of those episodes broke, everyone on campus agreed that the schools needed to do more to educate their athletes.

So come on, fellows, hit those books while you're out in Vegas.

Not the sports books. But you can't blame the players if they're a bit confused. And it seems a lead-pipe lock, to borrow a tout's term, that the temptations of gambling increase ever so slightly when players visit Vegas.

"I think we have to be cognizant of the possibility of gambling activity everywhere, but it certainly heightens the con-

cern when they're playing in the casino," Saum said. "The fact of the matter is that a number of these kids probably aren't even of age."

Thank goodness for that: A wide-eyed freshman won't be allowed to wander into the book and lay the points. But what about the graduate-assistant-in-charge-of-towels? Might he not be tempted to make a bet - especially if he knows his team's best player was out sampling the delights of The Strip the night before the game and may not have his legs back by tip-off?

As for the referees, conferences go to great lengths to conceal the identities of officiating crews until just before game time. Think big-time gambling interests won't be able to get to them in Vegas?

The mind boggles. The NCAA ought to pull the plug. But it has chosen to sit back and watch its members make fools of themselves.

"It's disappointing," Saum said. "Our schools are contributing to the mixed messages. Is that the environment we want to put our student-athletes in?"

For Purdue, Illinois and UIC, the answer is a resounding, "You betcha!"

Because these are "emptied" tournaments, the games don't count against a team's regular-season limit. For little guys like UIC, exempted tournaments provide a shot at teams that would never come to play them on the West Side - and at a neutral site the Flames might have a chance to upset Purdue, their first-round opponent on Dec. 20.

We're assuming UIC will be an underdog, but check with the bookies at the Paris Las Vegas before you bet.

College buckets and blackjack, all under one roof.

*Andrew Bagnato is a writer for the Knight-Ridder Tribune*

Yet, in those moments, when a man tries to look through my clothes, when he treats me as if my existence on this earth is for him to "appreciate" my physical features, it makes me feel as if everything I've ever accomplished is gone.

My emotions, thoughts, talents disappear because I am now the equivalent to a girl in a nudie magazine. The only difference is that I don't get paid.

I undergo that same scrutiny,

but I'm not getting a nickel out of any sort of humiliation I feel. Because I am not a woman who gets a kick out of any man thinking of me while masturbating, I don't want to be on display. I don't wish to be ogled, talked about, undressed in their minds. If I were that sort of person, I would get paid to do so. Simply because I walk the earth, why should I have to put up with some idiot saying things to me that offend me?

I understand offensive material if it is for a political purpose, a social purpose, if there is a thought behind the action or project.

But this is just some ignoramus who thinks that either I need to know his opinion on my body or was never taught to respect a stranger, let alone respect a woman.

*Katie Stine is The Pioneer's campus editor.*

## The PIONEER

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