

# Editorial

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## Fast food Let's try it their way

The Nebraska Union Student Advisory Board is pushing for a fast-food franchise in Union Square.

Considering the Nebraska and East unions' recent losses on food, UNL administrators should seriously consider the board's proposal.

UNL's two unions have lost money for the last five years. In 1984-85, Nebraska Union food services lost more than \$80,000 because of competition from private businesses and a lack of customers. The Harvest Room cafeteria alone lost \$70,000.

The heavy losses show that UNL's unions need a change. The outdated Harvest Room, which has not been renovated in 17 years, appears to be the main problem, but the Union Square space probably could be more profitable if leased to a commercial fast-food restaurant.

Fast-food competitors have been successful at other college campuses. For example, at Colorado State University in Fort Collins, Colo., the student union's business increased by \$500,000 after a Hardee's restaurant leased space in the newly remodeled cafeteria.

Colorado State's union receives 10 percent of Hardee's annual gross, with a guarantee of \$75,000 a year. And if the franchise makes \$1 million or more

in a year, then 13 percent of the proceeds will go to the union.

A private business, such as a Hardees, Burger King or McDonald's, would compete with existing union food services. But if the Harvest Room was renovated and union officials took care to provide types of food not available in the franchise, the cafeteria could survive and make a profit.

If board members follow the advice of UNL's legal counsel, they will seek proposals from fast-food chains interested in leasing the union space. That way, the board could choose the franchise that will best serve students and the union, perhaps by paying the largest percentage of its earnings to the union or by working with the Harvest Room to ensure that services are not duplicated.

The board will present its franchise proposals to UNL administrators in about two weeks.

If officials approve the plan, it would be sent to UNL Chancellor Martin Massengale and finally to the NU Board of Regents for final approval.

When considering the plan, UNL officials and regents should remember the plan's success at other universities and the amount of money UNL already has lost.

It's time to try something new.

## Gun control bill House votes for unneeded changes

Last week's House vote on the gun control bill shows Americans one thing about the legislative process: Lobbyists wield too much power and congressmen apparently are too responsive to that power.

The bill, pushed by lobbyists with the National Rifle Association, drastically changes the Gun Control Act of 1968. The changes are frightening, and it's evident that our thoughtful congressmen buckled under pressure from lobbyists to adopt the changes.

While the bill upholds a ban on interstate handgun sales, it lets U.S. residents transport unloaded "not readily accessible" firearms across state lines, according to an article in the Christian Science Monitor. The bill also will make it more difficult to prosecute gun dealers who break laws regarding interstate handgun sales.

The new law, if passed by the Senate, and eventually signed by Reagan, is dangerous enough to attract the attention of some of the country's more prominent police forces, people who are close to the handgun issue who understand the effects of such legislation probably better than anybody. It looks like congressmen don't really value their opinion, though. The guys with the lobbying dollars pull a little

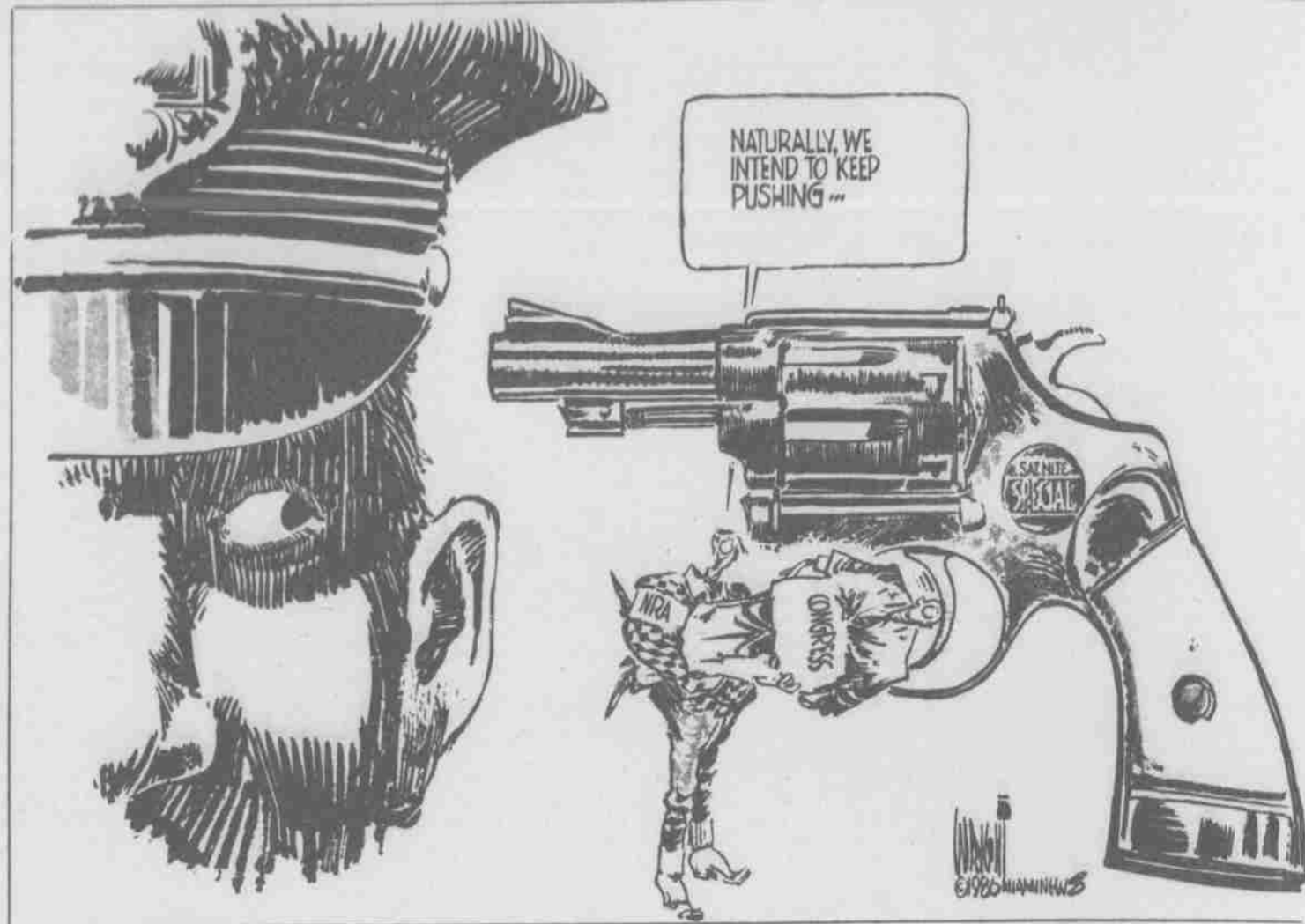
more weight, even if they aren't the most qualified people to give an objective opinion.

The first sign of legislators buckling under the NRA lobbying pressure came before the House vote. The Monitor reported that the organization sent letters to constituents of congressmen who were leaning away from approving the bill. Even some NRA allies have called it a "smear campaign."

We commend the NRA for their "clever" ingenuity. We also warn legislators about such campaigns and urge them to maintain close contact with their constituents to keep them as informed as possible about the situation. If communication lines remain open, there's little room for blind uninformed reaction sparked from such letters.

Congressmen need to remember that while lobbying often can shed some light on a dark subject, it also can cloud the issue at times. Through the selective use of "experts," lobbying campaigns often only emphasize the positive sides of an argument. For example, legislators apparently, forget that the United States leads the world in handgun-related deaths.

Some lobbying groups are real slick. Isn't it comforting that we elect representatives with a mind of their own?



Harrah on Greek Week:

## 'It's still geek to the rest of us'

In the past, I have tried to avoid slamming the Greeks, although I've added an occasional snarl at times. I have nothing against all Greeks, because I know some atypical ones that transcend stereotypes. But there are a few that perpetuate the system's bad image by letting the non-Greek public know about their sophomoric antics.

This school year has contained some of the most preposterous Greek follies ever, so it has been difficult for me to restrain my disdain for so long. My former Greek parents will probably disown me, and I'll be lambasted by fellow columnists for picking such an unoriginal and contrived topic, but I can't stand it any longer.

I have to recognize these fine, up-standing models of middle-class Americana. I'm so inspired by their annual ritual called "Greek Week" that I'm going to give these ladies and dudes what I call my "Greek Week" awards.

The envelope please . . .

The "It's Geek to the Rest of Us" award goes to all the wearers of those dazzling, chic "It's Greek to me!" T-shirts. I'd like all non-Greeks to buy their favorite Greek geek a can of black spraypaint, so they can black out all those putrid pastel colors and sayings.

The "Get Some Taste" award goes to all the members of the Chi Omega sorority, who had their Terrorist Party last weekend. I bet they had a rough time finding trendy pink paisley terrorist fatigues. I'd like to ask all non-Greeks to buy these fine young ladies and their dudes plane tickets to Athens, where they'll find real Greeks and terrorists that do more than drink beer.



Scott  
Harrah

The "How Neat" award goes to the Greeks who sponsored the petting zoo on campus last week. Granted, the Folsom Children's Zoo is a valid charity, but I'm sure non-Greeks were less than thrilled by this enterprising promotional idea. All I ever wanted to do was pet a pretty horsie on the way to class. Yeee-hah!

The "Greeks in Girdles" award goes to all the members of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity, who swiped more than \$1,100 worth of lingerie at a Wes-

leyan sorority last semester. I can't wait for them to do an album with those other lingerie freaks, Vanity, Apollonia and Sheila E. Perhaps Prince would help them produce it, too.

The "Move to the North Pole, Dudes" award goes to all the sunworshipping Greeks and their vats of floral-print, day-glo beach attire. Now every store in town carries these titillating threads and nothing else, so many non-Greeks are forced to look like frat rats.

The "Get Out of the Groove" award goes to the Greeks who got radio stations such as KFRX to broadcast live from the Nebraska Union Memorial Plaza during Greek Week. Now we can pet darling animals and hear Madonna on our way to class too.

So there you have it, UNL. Let's all give our Greek friends a pat on the back this week for representing the campus *creme de la creme* and being such great philanthropists.

And to all non-Greeks . . . shame on you for having the gumption to actually do your own thing. You should be Greek and spend your parents' money to be elite too!

Harrah is a UNL junior in English and speech communication.

## Confessions of an Organizer Addict, or The Search for Filing Felicity

The only good that comes from tallying up my annual contribution to the MX missile is that, each April, I have to get organized. I have discovered over the years that the IRS doesn't really care what you did, as long as you can prove that you did it.

This means that I spend frantic hours every tax season rummaging through the assorted briefcases, desk drawers and pockets of my work life in search of evidence: any scraps of paper that pass for receipts instead of confetti. This year, I turned up an old airplane ticket recycled as a bookmark. I found a month of canceled checks — July — in the zipper compartment of my tennis racquet case. I will not discuss what was in my car, which I dubbed an unfilling cabinet.

This annual IRS treasure hunt is accompanied by an attack of self-loathing, followed by an abject impulse toward reform. This year, yea verily, THIS year, I will keep proper records.

Such resolve lasts somewhere between six and eight weeks. I know, because the following spring I find the most pristine, stapled, calculated, inscribed records for April and May. By June, I am once again missing in action.

I confess all this only because my urge to get it together invariably and

dutifully begins with the purchase of yet another organizer. You name it, I have bought it. Colorful files, multiple datebooks, calendars, a wall of pigeonholes, a thousand color-coded stickers, in-and-out boxes. The basic paraphernalia in the life of an organizer addict.

My problem peaks at tax time, but to be frank, it can strike anytime. Other people fill their kitchen shelves with yogurt makers, fondue pots and ice-



Ellen  
Goodman

cream machines. I am a sucker for organizers. I buy them the way a dieter buys an expensive dress one size too small, convinced that she will thus be shamed into slimness. I buy them out of the hope that the fault lies not in myself but in my system.

I am not the only person who has gotten hooked. I'm not even hard-core. A true Organizer Addict is someone who bought the \$150 Filofax and has papers sticking out the edges. She bought the leather album for listing possessions in case of fire and only filled in the first page.

The true O.A. has an eyeglass holder attached to the sun visor. It is empty. He has a fancy shampoo holder that attaches to the shower head. The shampoo itself is on the edge of the bathtub. She has a complete set of Tupperware for the refrigerator. It keeps the moldily food in order. She has an elaborate tool chest. On any given day the screw drivers are scattered throughout the house.

A true, O.A. has, at one time or another, purchased an elaborate make-up tray, a paper-bag holder, several mail racks, a garden hose holder and a credit-card container — all of which are stashed near the unused address books. And those are the O.A.s who are out of the closet.

What goes on behind closed doors, I hate to think about. The state of most closets can drive even a moderate user to hooks, hangers, shelves, drawers, shoe racks, tie racks, hat racks, jewelry boxes, dividers, plastic bags.

I have a friend who went so far as to have her closet professionally organized. It was a project that took eight days to complete and three weeks to defeat. The cost, even when you add in the shirt rack on rollers, didn't come close to the price of a home computer she bought for doing her bills.

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