



Well, it's Dead Week. Before you read further, we the *Discretion* staff feel it is important that you understand what this issue is about. You see, the *Final Diversion* issue of the year that you are now holding in your hands is a special one. We are trying to make light of the darkness of death, and we think we are doing it in the most tasteful, finality of way. After all, we know we'll all be dead.

Andy Manhart/Daily Nebraskan

Resting In Peace

by Joseph Bowman

As the largest cemetery in Lincoln, Wyuka serves as quite a placid display. Wyuka, that expansive plot of land bounded by O and Vine streets, has 50,000 graves covering 200 square acres.

The gorgeous garden sanctum is open during the mornings and late afternoons to mourners of the deceased. Lush verdant carpet and drapery surround their beloved's place of rest. It is a comforting vision to the eyes of the bereaved; their lost ones

encompassed by such a rich domain.

But mourners are not the only people that admire the quiet green of Wyuka. On a sunny day one often can spot many different folks passing through. Walkers, runners and sitters come to imbibe the hushed air of permanent repose.

The rumbling brick roads trace a twisting path through the gently rolling green densely dotted with marble, bronze, and granite.

The tombstones impose their pres-

ences as admirable monuments of extinct wealth and status, to the memories weighted down by their existence. Children often come and make tinfoil impressions of the exceptionally fine ones for Sunday school projects.

Some of the markers are preponderant blocks of stability, some are beautifully crafted statues of graceful form and line, while others are no more than bricks with a name and date hastily carved into them. One of the

most modest markers in Wyuka is just a field stone slightly larger than a loaf of bread. The only thing on the stone is the roughly carved "RIBLETT." It seems the class system even follows one to one's final resting place.

Wyuka has served Lincoln and the surrounding area since 1896 as the most popular cemetery. The blooming fields have quite a diverse history.

The iron fence on the south side originally came from the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. It was removed

from the University because it once hampered firemen in reaching a fire in the museum.

The first person buried in Wyuka was Hughina, wife of John Morrison. She was a comparative stranger to Lincoln, arriving from Lansing, Iowa, only days before she died. She was buried on Oct. 7, 1869.

In 1969, Wyuka commemorated 100 years of service to the state with

See WYUKA on 12