

Daily Nebraskan

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Catch up, UNL!

Recycling efforts behind peer group

The University of Nebraska-Lincoln is behind its peer institutions in waste recycling efforts.

At the University of Kansas, the KU Committee for Student Union Operation is phasing out the use of Styrofoam food containers in the union.

The committee issued a statement saying that "unions have a responsibility to promote a healthy local, state and national environment."

The Nebraska Unions also have that responsibility.

Since KU issued its statement, the union has discontinued use of unrecyclable products like Styrofoam "when it was both practical and economical."

The committee's president said Styrofoam should be eliminated from the Kansas union by Jan. 1.

It can't be that hard. Sure, it might cost a little. Sure, it might take some time. But the results could be worth it.

Gene Hanlon, recycling coordinator for the city of Lincoln, said a Styrofoam container will take from 300 to 500 years to decompose in a landfill, while a paper container will take about 50 to 100 years.

Hanlon said Styrofoam has survived because no product has been designed to replace its use for hot products.

"Officials could use paper cups or the obvious one — paper people bring their own cups to work," he said.

David Ziegler, secretary of the Nebraska Unions, said the union use of Styrofoam is the union's responsibility.

What can you do to help? Recycling is a good idea, but it's not a magic solution. It's a good idea, but it's not a magic solution.

But because there was no economical alternative for the union, he said, Styrofoam containers still are being used.

The Union Board should search for some alternative, and follow KU's lead to phase out Styrofoam.

— Amy Edwards
for the Daily Nebraskan

Reader: Don't refuse life

Dear Mr. Joe Bowman,
Enlighten me and show me the marvels of any society that discarded its religion. Behind a majority of success stories in such a society, you will find depression, mistrust, greed and selfishness.

1. I am in complete agreement with your noble idea to save and provide to the poorer nations. In fact, I belong to one of these nations; but, I refuse to accept any help from the richer nations if it is done at the expense of aborting a baby in the civilized world. My friend, the real way to help us, "the poor citizens of the Third World," is to find the hounds and bloodsuckers within the boundaries of richer nations.

You are set out to help the needy of the Third World that you probably never will meet or know their names, but you refuse to grant the right of life to the unborn babies in the U.S.A. of whom you also neither know the names nor will you ever meet? And if this savings of resources is not enough, then whose life do you suggest we terminate next?

2. If terminal pleasure and joy is to be the only outcome of sexual acts, then calling this "a re-enactment of all human pro-creation . . . all creation" is a farce, since it is carefully planned (by using contraceptives) to avoid pro-creation or conception of human life. Only promiscuous and disillusioned fools would contemplate such a bizarre notion of pro-creation.

Ask a family that has real, non-materialistic values how they feel about their children. A child raised in such a loving family will grow into a mentally healthy adult, who would select professions other than the massacre of the unborn to help the needy in the world.

Any act that is performed for mere

pleasure lacks the agreement of the human mind, and is supported only by the heat of the moment. A drunk behind the wheel of an automobile endangers the life of individuals in his/her path, but a promiscuous adult threatens to corrupt and destroy the entire civilization. Remember what happened to the promiscuous Greeks that worshipped the human body as the form of ultimate perfection.

3. Speaking only for myself, I am very thankful to my beloved parents that they opted to consider me more than lunch meat, and chose to let me live. Unless you are ashamed of the gift of life given you, would you please accept the fact that, unlike some animals, you were not the prey of your own parents; and, that superiority of humans over all animals was once again proved right when your parents let you live in your mother's womb.

You certainly would not want to tell the kids in your neighborhood that if you were their parent, you might have considered killing them in the womb to help and save food for the hungry in the Third World.

4. It does not take the mind of a scholar to determine that the laws of humans have been unsuccessful in providing a just society that, for example, cannot prevent an intoxicated and/or promiscuous man to make mistaken assumptions about the promiscuity of an innocent female, and thus assault her. Is this not enough reason for you to search for non-destructive solutions, and study how the laws of our creator can save this world? I suggest that you and your like study, with all your tools of reasoning and criticism intact, the noble books, namely Quran, Bible or Torah.

Arshad T. Syed
UNL employee



Bigfoot hunt relieves boredom

Creature myth no longer fantasy to columnist despite dead ends

My life is boring. I've watched the movie "Spinal Tap" 16 times. I still like R.E.M. Sometimes I go to bed before 11 p.m. I don't like jalapeno peppers. I worry about lint and losing my hair. I love to golf. Last Friday, my sister-in-law gave birth to a seven-pound baby girl. I'm now an uncle. I'm Uncle Bob. Everyone has an Uncle Bob. Every Uncle Bob is boring. The fast lane is overrated. It's too much work. I'd rather watch television. Sit in my La-Z-Boy. Watch the colors dance across my Zenith. Let the colors hypnotize me.

But sometimes, in these long hauls of sweet boredom, something exciting comes up that's just too weird to let pass. This time it was an all-expense-paid Bigfoot hunt near Green Mountain Falls, Colo. In the last few years, a good number of people in this mountain village just outside Colorado Springs say they've seen hairy man-like creatures running around their town. Besides verbal accounts, one man, Dan Masias, even has photographs of footprints, and, even spookier, hair samples from some animal that researchers from Louisiana and California can't identify.

Being a journalist with a keen sense for the hot yellow story, I jumped at the idea of catching Bigfoot. Being a school of these same instincts, the College of Journalism picked up the tab. So last Thursday morning, DN Photo Chief Eric Gregory and I headed west from this little college community and its little issues into the mountains where all things — including feet — are big. We had questions to be answered. Did someone in Green Mountain Falls have a gorilla suit? Did all these people decide to have some fun? Was someone dropping acid into the water supply of this village? Or, are there strange man-like creatures in Pikes Peak National Forest that have been raiding trash cans in Green Mountain Falls trying to



Bob Nelson

find food? Are they just hungry relatives of man, forced by starvation to abandon their isolation? After talking to Dan Masias, a Colorado real estate developer, and seeing the results of the research done on the footprints and hair samples, I must admit the story is baffling. He said he had seen two of these things. He could be lying. He has pictures of the footprints. They could be fake.

An old couple two houses away from Masias swear they saw one of these things outside of their cabin. They could be lying.

Something broke into their porch and got into their trash cans. Hairs were taken from the broken door. A Louisiana State researcher called them "the weirdest thing (he'd) ever seen."

Maybe the hairs were put there by a hoaxer. Maybe he or she got the hairs from some weird genetic experiments on apes and then broke into these people's cabin. Maybe the LSU physiologist is confused.

Other neighbors of Masias said something hairy and walking on two feet tried to run away with their cat. I guess those people could be lying too.

After talking to Masias, Eric and I headed into the mountains to find the creature. We set up camp on a ridge about 1,000 feet up the mountain behind Masias' cabin. About 80 feet from our camp, we set up a Bigfoot trap made of cucumbers, oranges, ravioli and chili. Eric pre-focused his camera on the pile of food. We sat around our campfire waiting for sounds in the night. We heard a few things. We tried a few pictures. The food was still there in the morning.

The next day we searched for footprints along a creek and lake above Green Mountain Falls. In two places

we smelled a heavy, musky scent like the one Masias had described earlier as "the creature's odor." We found no footprints.

That night we hiked down to Green Mountain Falls and spent the night behind the cabin where the hair was found. We set up another Bigfoot trap of sardines and oriental Ramen noodles. We got no pictures. Now you might think that after so little success, I might believe these creature-seers were pranksters or a bit loony.

But I realized during the long, dark nights of waiting for the creature that these people's personal accounts, the smells, the pictures and the research already had convinced me that the thing exists.

Both nights we sat — serious and senses on edge — waiting for the creature to take our bait. There were no Bigfoot jokes. To us, the creature existed. It was flesh and blood and walking the perimeter of our sight; the outer edge of our hearing. I thought we would soon be mauled. I knew the creature couldn't exist, but I knew it did. I had become an irrational believer.

I suppose if Eric and I had gotten a picture of the creature, thousands of people would have rushed to capture it. They would have trapped it, caged it, stuck needles in it and probably killed it.

Or, nobody would have believed the photos we took were real. My journalism professors would have mocked me even more. My parents would have changed their name. My siblings would claim I was adopted.

So I guess the trip did turn out a success. I got to believe in the creature without hurting it and I won't get accused of doctoring a photo.

Driving back to Nebraska, I told Eric just how lucky we had been. He told me to shut up and slow down.

I moved back out of the fast lane. Eric was right. Bigfoot and I don't belong there.

Bob Nelson is a senior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

editorial

Signed staff editorials represent the official policy of the fall 1988 Daily Nebraskan. Policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. Its members are Amy Edwards, editor; Lee Rood, editorial page editor; Jane

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