# Debate loses focus

## Sour grapes leads to more filibustering

State Sen. John Lindsay of Omaha exhibited the frustration felt by several senators Wednesday night when he said, "We lost this game."

Lindsay was referring to the complicated filibustering done by Sens. Ernie Chambers of Omaha and David Bernard-Stevens of North Platte, which successfully killed the informed consent abortion bill for this legislative session. Wednesday was the last day to advance bills from select file to final reading.

But senators lost more than the "game." They lost respect.

Instead of an abortion debate, the session turned into a rules and regulations debate with votes to overrule the chairman and votes to reconsider the previous votes to overrule the chairman.

Sen. Sandra Scofield of Chadron was on the mark when she said a tally sheet was needed to keep track of the motions flying back and forth.

Chambers, Bernard-Stevens and other senators opposed to the abortion bill were attempting to follow the only course available to stop the bill which was supported strongly by a majority of the body. And nothing different would have occurred if the senators were considering a pro-abortion measure.

Still, the body ignored some important bills in their time-consuming, often petty arguments. The informed consent abortion bill was not the only piece of legislation on Wednesday's agenda. And at the end of 4 1/2 hours of debate, no one's mind or vote had changed on the controversial issue.

*And still the dilatory tactics did not end Wednesday night at 11:30.*

On Thursday, Sens. Carol Pirsch of Omaha, Bernice Labedz of Omaha and Lorraine Langford of Kearney furthered the pettiness that has prevailed throughout much of the session.

Sour grapes led to yet another round of filibustering by the senators, this time against a bill sponsored by Chambers. A ridiculous four hour return in kind for his delay tactics on Wednesday.

The legislative session will end Monday, but next year a new round of abortion bills will crop up and a new mass of filibustering will undoubtedly ensue.

-- *Emily Rosenbaum*
*for the Daily Nebraskan*

WE'VE ARRANGED ATOMS TO FORM THE LETTERS IBM. YOU CAN SEE THE ATOMS IF YOU USE THIS POWERFUL MICROSCOPE. YOU CAN SEE ALMOST ANYTHING WITH THIS BABY...

...EXCEPT A DEMOCRATIC FRONT RUNNER FOR 1992.

SO WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

AW SOME LADY WENT BERSERK LAST NIGHT AND PAINTED EVERYTHING...

...AND THEY NEVER DID CATCH WHO DID IT.

# Student goes on smoking binge

## Non-smokers must protect themselves against smoking habit

I started smoking two packs of cigarettes a day during this year's Spring Break. I know it is hard to believe that a man who has never smoked in his life, a man who runs every day, eats right, stays healthy and coaches track would start this infernal habit. Let me explain.

Because of my financially decrepit state, I did what many poor college students do for break -- stay in Lincoln and work. Actually, I was looking forward to the extra time away from classes. I decided to put all this time on my hands to work -- I would sleep, watch television and spend some time with my roommate, whom I seldom see.

And for the next nine days, I wallowed around the apartment with my two-pack-a-day smoker roommate breathing in his second-hand smoke.

Usually, his habit does not bother me. I'm busy during school, and I'm never home. There are a few times when I see him lighting up or I detect that gross ashy smell in my clothes, but hell, he's my friend and everyone is entitled to a habit, are they not?

The long days of break continued, as did the awful Lincoln weather and I found myself confined to the apartment, trapped with the smoker. Scott fired away butt after butt, turning the air around me into a silver, swirling, habitual haze of discomfort. The air got thick, my food tasted sick, I began to think of my roommmate as a ...

There was no escape. The smoke was everywhere.

Just like any other public place, I decided to make certain areas of the apartment off-limits to smoking. I made a few hilarious colorful signs reminding Scott that this was a no-smoking area and please observe this at such and such times, etc.

Yet the designated smoking policy did no good because the smoke followed me everywhere. I'd run off to my room, and the smoke followed me there. I'd hide in the bathroom, and the smoke would waft under the door.

Why does smoke follow a non-smoker? Being a science teacher, I must explain. Hot air flows to cooler air. Smoke tends to go to a cooler

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place. Have you ever noticed while in a restaurant all that filth from the smoking area floats over to the non-smoking area? All those smokers holding a fire stick two inches from their face, all with elevated blood pressure, all exhaling hot smoke, one must know where the pollution will end up.

I confronted Scott, "Please don't smoke while I'm in the house. (Expletives removed).

"Listen Scott, your smoke gets everywhere, it's bothersome, it's a filthy habit."

"Hey, you lay around here drinking all day and I don't bother you."

"True, but do I burp in your face every 30 seconds?"

I threatened to beat him up. He dared me to. I threatened to move out. He said he'd hoped I would have five months ago. This dialogue continued.

I decided to wage my personal war on cigarette smokers everywhere. I really don't mind people's habits; everyone is entitled to a few. You

enjoy drinking, have one on me. You like to overeat, here's a box of Ho Hos. You enjoy drugs, load up man. You are a tobacco chewer, go ahead, you couldn't look more silly.

There also was a time when smoking habits never bothered me. I'd even get upset when all those bleeding-heart liberals established "no-smoking zones" and placed health warnings everywhere. Yet after my Spring Break smoking binge, I've decided cigarettes have got to go.

Habits are never beneficial, and indirectly, bad habits affect us all adversely. Yet, with cigarettes, the non-smoker suffers the most, directly. You could sit right next to a drug addict and never notice, yet with a smoker it is different. You feel as they do. Your lungs hurt, your eyes get red, your sense of smell diminishes, your food tastes bad, you smell like an ashtray. Why must a non-smoker suffer for the smoker's habit?

You can't drive a car without seat belts. You can't ride a motorcycle without a helmet. You can't drive drunk. There are many things we can't do because the government is trying to save our lives. Why not ban cigarettes and save a few lives or at least make life more pleasant?

What's a non-smoker to do to protect themselves? You can either avoid the places smokers haunt, you can hound them to quit, or you can invent ways to live with their problem.

And, if all else fails, there's always The Final Solution. There's nothing quite as delicious as watching that first deep drag followed by a soothing "BANG!"

I wonder if cigarette loads also are addictive?

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