

Daily Nebraskan
University of Nebraska-Lincoln

Eric Pfanner, Editor, 472-1766
Bob Nelson, Editorial Page Editor
Victoria Ayotte, Managing Editor
Jana Pedersen, Associate News Editor
Emily Rosenbaum, Associate News Editor
Diane Brayton, Copy Desk Chief
Brian Shellito, Art Director

Doubt, fear end year

Eastern leaders will decide 1991's fate

1990 started out OK. Berliners were still taking home chunks of their wall as Christmas presents. Throughout the Eastern Bloc, people were enjoying the January thaw. Nebraskans had to endure another bowl loss, but the economy remained strong. Political experts were making New Year's resolutions about a changing world order.

But as the year draws to a close — and the Daily Nebraskan takes a break from printing until Jan. 14 — there's a lot more uncertainty and fear than anyone could have predicted.

It all seemed to happen at once. Recession. Record crime rates in our cities. And then, Iraq's invasion of Kuwait and the U.S. military response.

When vacation ends, U.S. troops may be streaming across the Saudi desert toward the border with Kuwait to meet a Jan. 15 deadline. The economy probably will have sunk even lower, damaged by a poor holiday shopping period.

By then, changes may be in motion on our own campus as well.

The University of Nebraska got its Christmas present at Thanksgiving, when Martin Massengale was named permanent president. Then the wrapping started to come off. Opponents of Massengale's presidency alleged that there was a plot to get him into the position. And NU regents, supposedly in control of the university's governance, behaved like a bunch of children upset over the lumps of coal in their stockings.

In January, several higher education bills will be introduced in the Nebraska Legislature. One will implement a restructuring of the state system's governance. Another will propose paring down the NU central administration.

But none of these local events — or Finals Week, New Year's resolutions and your department store's return policy — compare in importance to what's unfolding in the Middle East.

All semester, students have discussed the crisis. They've called Saddam Hussein a madman. They've called George Bush a warmonger. Some have marched to protest the U.S. troop deployment. Others have marched to war.

Now the situation is in the hands of the wise men from the East. They've got semester break to come up with a solution — and to make sure that 1991 starts out OK.

— Eric Pfanner
for the Daily Nebraskan

Planet's time running out; recycling program needed

Recently, there have been many articles in the Daily Nebraskan about the University of Nebraska-Lincoln's proposal to start a recycling program. My question is, why hasn't this program been implemented sooner? With all the threats to our environment, such as deforestation, limited landfill space, and pollution caused by gasoline-powered engines, recycling is something everyone should be taking part in to help out.

These are big problems, and many people ask what they can do to help. Chaining yourself to a tree will definitely make a statement, but how about recycling paper to create less of a demand for that tree's life? Take a look around campus today and notice all the paper that is used. Between all the Daily Nebraskans that litter the ground, the innumerable class handouts, fliers, and paper products that are thrown in the trash every day, a small forest has been wiped out. But where does all this paper go?

Although paper makes up most of the volume of solid waste, there are many more trash items that we can recycle. The old standbys, glass and aluminum, are often ignored. There are also other recyclable products such as motor oil and certain plastics that aren't as easy to take into a recycling center because there are few in the area. Perhaps universitywide recycling would provide more collection centers for these materials.

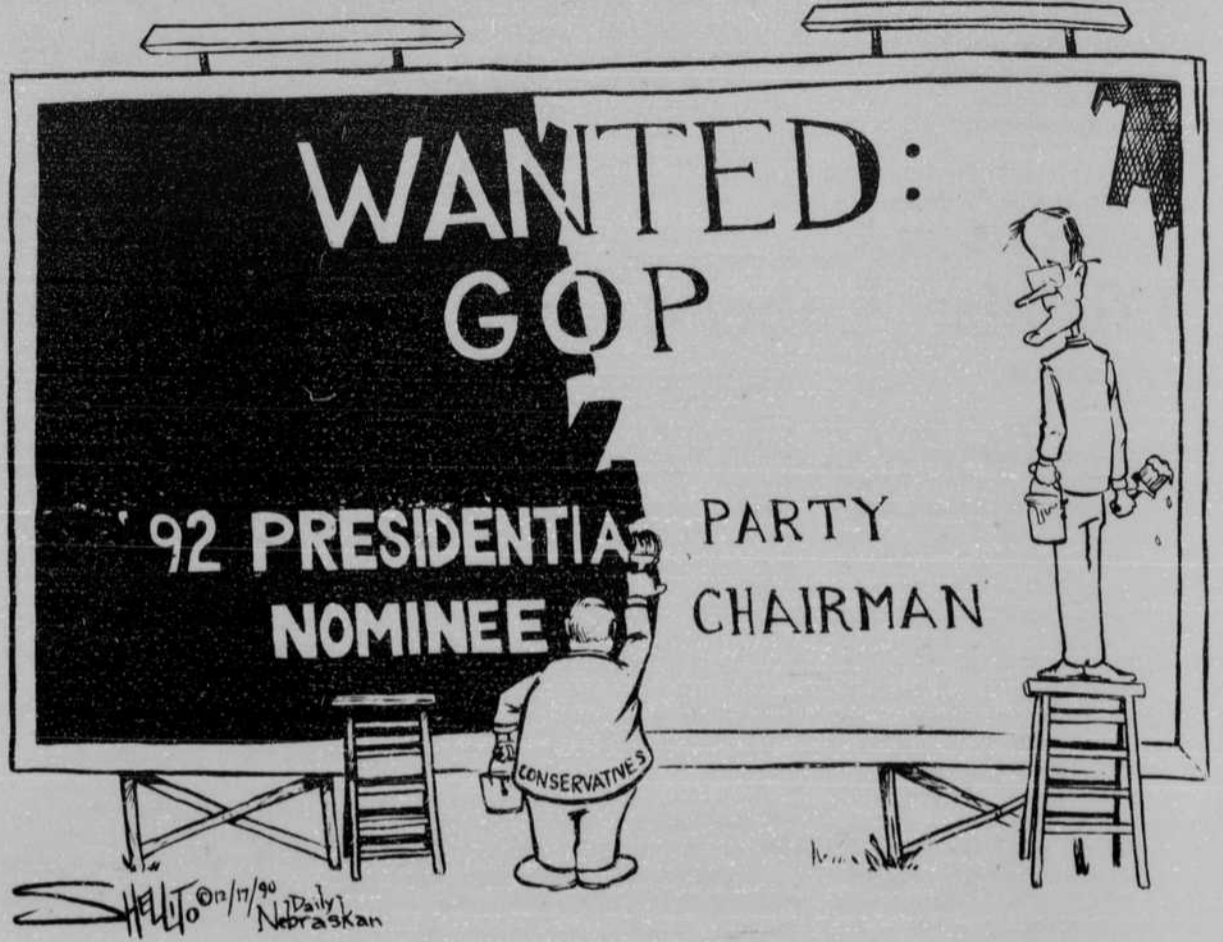
We like to think that once we dispose of something that it is gone forever. This is not the case. There is no "away" in the throw-away. When you

empty your trash, the garbage may disappear from your immediate environment, but not from the environment in general. All of the paper, cans, plastic, and Styrofoam, which the university so ardently uses, are hauled to a secluded spot in the country where they lay to rest for the next 50, 100 or 1,000 years.

"But it's such an inconvenience," many people whine. Then ask yourself this question: Is separating your trash more inconvenient than a landfill in your backyard? So far, the state of Nebraska has not deemed it necessary to pass any mandatory recycling laws. But recycling is mandatory in the state of New Jersey and on many college campuses on the East Coast because of diminishing landfill space. These governments have realized that recycling works to reduce solid waste.

I realize that recycling doesn't appear to be as important a topic as abortion, animal rights or the great meat/vegetarian debate. These are important issues about saving the lives of the unborn and animals. Recycling is about saving lives, too. The lives of every living organism on the planet. We are killing our earth. In order to save it, we must begin to take responsibility for our actions. We cannot all chain ourselves to trees or bulldozers, but we can begin by cutting down on the amount of pollutants with which we are poisoning Mother Nature. Our time is running out. We must act now.

Kristine Mueller
freshman
arts and sciences



'Real world' isn't frightening

Leaving friends behind prompts visions of blackmail possibilities

I had no exciting topic this week and was bored with the news. But this is my last column, so I wracked my brain trying to come up with some profound words about my college career.

I couldn't do it. Either I lack the brainpower for profound words, or my college career was just too dull to write about.

So I'm not going to pretend to be nostalgic about the time I tried to pay the cashier at the Harvest Room (now called Fast Break) with my Vali-Dine card. That wouldn't do much for the suave and sophisticated image that I've worked so hard to maintain.

Leaving college is not a sad thing. I'm tired of school, and I feel unproductive doing nothing but going to classes and studying. I don't have any qualms about going out into the "real world," because I already pay my own bills and make my own dentist appointments.

I keep telling myself that graduation is no big deal. You walk down an aisle with the same people you've been taking classes with for 4 1/2 years and somebody hands you a piece of paper with your name stamped on it.

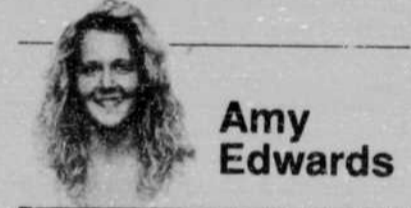
You could get basically the same thing by calling one of those 1-800 numbers they flash on the television screen at 3 a.m. without ever having to step foot in a classroom.

I hadn't thought about that until it was too late, and I'd already invested too much time and money here.

So I shouldn't be worried. I shouldn't be having trouble concentrating, or pacing the room, or feeling like I have to stay awake 24 hours a day and go to the bars every night this week. I should be ecstatic, and organized, and have no trouble doing my laundry, or packing, or cleaning the basement that has been growing strange life forms for the last 2 1/2 years. But it isn't that easy.

The scariest thing about all of this is not that I'm packing up and moving on again, or that I have a new job, or any of those things that go along with graduating from college. The hesitation comes from leaving my friends. Sounds cheesy, right? Whatever. It's true.

There are six people whom I've spent the last four or so years of my life with. We had classes together, worked together and drank a lot of



Amy Edwards

beer together. Three of them are graduating this week with me, and the other three are graduating in May.

I probably won't see them again for a while, maybe never. That's a hard thought to live with, because although I'm sure we'll keep in touch with each other, I doubt that we'll ever be as close as we are right now. And I know that I won't be that close to anyone I meet from now on.

Sure, I'll have people I work with and go out with and all that, but they won't ever know about this part of my life, because there's no way to explain it. They won't have seen me when I'm wired and trying to study for a final, or drunk and trying to persuade my friend to quit dancing on the table.

I can't explain that stuff. I wouldn't want to. Knowing that six people in the world already know everything about me is scary enough. I wouldn't want somebody new to have that kind of information. I already have nightmares about running for Congress and having one of my college friends show up on my door-

step with a child I don't remember having and blowing my chance at ruling the country.

It happens, you know. You think you're set with a good life and you start to move up in the world and try to forget the stupid things you did as a kid, then one of your old friends shows up and reminds you what an idiot you were and sells your life story to Ted Turner for half a million dollars.

The only consolation is that I probably will never be qualified to run for Congress, nor would I want to take a chance at ruling the country. Besides, my life story is in black and white, so it wouldn't be worth half a million dollars to Ted Turner.

So it probably won't matter if I don't keep tabs on my friends to make sure they aren't saying nasty things about me after we split up. And I would hate to see them in five or 10 years and have some tearful get-together like the one in St. Elmo's Fire where we all have to solve each other's drug problems and work out arguments we never had before one of us takes off on a bus to become a rock star in New York.

That would be worse than not talking to each other.

So I guess I'm not really sorry to be leaving those guys after all. I'm getting pretty tired of them always wanting to go out and do things and talk to each other anyway. It'll be good to get away by myself and start over with a bunch of people who have nothing to hold against me and who won't make fun of me for things that I don't remember doing.

I just go down to the Bob Devaney Center Saturday, pick up my piece of paper, have a party and leave without looking back.

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

letter POLICY

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes brief letters to the editor from all readers and interested others.

Letters will be selected for publication on the basis of clarity, originality, timeliness and space available. The Daily Nebraskan retains the right to edit all material submitted.

Readers also are welcome to sub-

mit material as guest opinions. Whether material should run as a letter or guest opinion, or not to run, is left to the editor's discretion.

Letters and guest opinions sent to the newspaper become the property of the Daily Nebraskan and cannot be returned.

Anonymous submissions will not

be considered for publication. Letters should include the author's name, year in school, major and group affiliation, if any. Requests to withhold names will not be granted.

Submit material to the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588-0448.