

Daily Nebraskan

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EDITORIAL

The three Rs

Recycling, recruitment, renovation top list

It looks as though the University of Nebraska-Lincoln is finally getting around to the 1990s accompaniment to the "three Rs" of higher education.

In his State of the University address Saturday, UNL Chancellor Graham Spanier charted a course for plans to improve recycling, recruitment and renovation efforts on campus.

But he steered clear of talk of the impending disaster the university may once again be headed toward this fall.

The UNL Recycling Task Force that met after the end of the spring semester and the chancellor are headed in the right direction.

Spanier announced his goal to make UNL "the state's leader in recycling of paper, plastics, waste and other items" along with a new program that would consolidate the many smaller recycling drives across campus.

His hopes are high for a campus that has dragged its feet on the recycling issue.



Chancellor Graham Spanier

Scott Maurer/DN

In fact, his proposal may go beyond a step in the right direction to a leap of faith in the campus community.

To this point most of the accomplishments and drive behind the recycling effort have originated from a small group of dedicated students.

But Spanier predicted the program would pay for itself — as well as the salary of a newly appointed recycling coordinator — after the first year.

Spanier also announced that the university had identified funds and would participate in a United Nations program to encourage black South Africans to do graduate work at UNL.

The announcement came on the heels of his report that the number of undergraduate minority students enrolled at UNL increased 6 percent in 1991-92.

The program did not address, however, the subject of race relations — an issue that continues to heat up under the surface of a predominately white campus.

With the conclusion of improvements at the rec center and expansion of the College of Business Administration progressing, the chancellor also announced a pledge to give a higher priority to renovating existing space.

Work to improve health and safety, handicapped accessibility, student convenience and employee comfort began this summer on classrooms and other spaces on campus.

Even art students may be impressed by this new twist on the oft-repeated but never-completed pledge to make improvements at aging Richards Hall.

The only obstacle missing on the university's map of the future was the budget process looming over the heads of students and faculty members.

As the university pieces together its biennial budget request and confronts the possibility of a budget cut, Spanier mentioned the existence of financial worries.

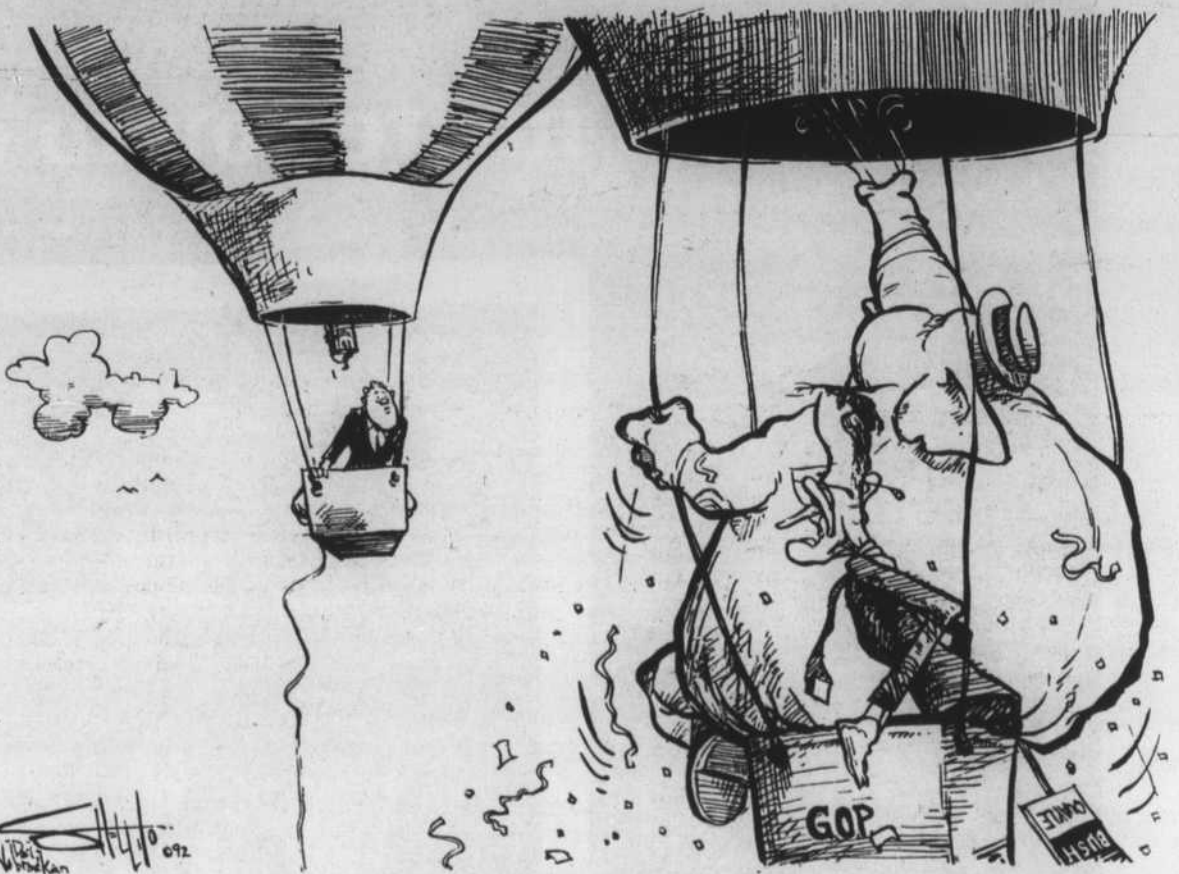
But he sidestepped the issue of the actual trimming process, and he left out the one "r" nobody at UNL wants to face — reductions.

EDITORIAL POLICY

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DIONNE SEARCEY

Patriotism swells at baseball park

I've never really gotten into the patriotic thing.

Americans who drive Hondas, criticize the government or burn flags, more power to ya, I always say.

I remember the day when Mr.

Shores, my junior high civics teacher, preached to us about the importance of respect for the flag. We should stand at attention, he said, when the national anthem is played at basketball games. Respect the flag.

From then on I put aside urges to giggle with my pals while the Southern High School band mutilated the theme song of our country. I struggled to think about the soldiers who died in battle to defend our freedom.

I expected to be flooded with emotions of patriotism for my great country.

I tried. I really did.

But the goose bumps never came. So I happily obliged when my brother asked me if I wanted to take advantage of this summer's air-fare war and make a trek to our nation's capitol city.

Washington, D.C. The hotbed of American patriotism, or so I assumed.

Last week I set off on this pilgrimage in search of my patriotic self.

Obviously, many others were on the same mission.

The line for the tour of the White House stretched all the way around the Ellipse.

Camera-toting visitors crowded the Mall.

Tons of tourists packed into Ford's Theater and the house across the street to see the blood that dripped on the

pillow from Abraham Lincoln's wounded head.

I visited the Capitol.

I paid homage to the Lincoln, Washington and Jefferson memorials.

I read the real Constitution and Declaration of Independence.

I even walked by the spot outside of the hotel where former President Reagan was shot.

During the course of events, I often looked down at my arms for a quick goose-bump check. Nothing.

I finally thought I'd found what I was looking for at the Vietnam Memorial. It was nighttime. Rain was pouring out of the sky, dripping down on the hundreds of names etched in the wall's blackness. I watched a man run his fingers across the letters — all that remained of his war buddy.

Aha. Goose bumps.

This was it, I thought. True patriotism.

But I was wrong. Those weren't patriotic goose bumps. If anything, they were anti-American goose bumps.

These goose bumps stemmed from a feeling of disgust deep inside of me. Disgust for a government that allows 19-year-olds to die in blood baths overseas. Hate for the same type of government that, as an unidentified official told the New York Times last week, now is putting lives at stake to save a faltering presidential campaign.

Sure it was great to see the places where the machine behind the United States functions in full gear. But it just didn't do the trick.

Obviously true patriotism for me lurked somewhere else.

I took time out from my quest to catch a baseball game in Hagerstown, Md. I wanted to visit an old friend

who had moved up from the top-ranked Stanford Cardinal to play for a Baltimore Orioles farm team.

I sadly discovered that more emotions flowed through me sitting in row 2, seat 17 than standing in the shadow of Abraham Lincoln's statue.

I watched my No. 1 player's mighty arms swing at the ball to hit a single. I gaped in awe as he stole second base and cringed when the second baseman stomped on his neck as he slid into the base.

Call me sacrilegious, but my heroes aren't the forefathers. My hero was right there on first base.

Goose-bump-o-rama.

Those people back inside the Beltway were missing out on what it's all about. The heart of America beats strongest at a baseball game.

Hagerstown is only an hour away from Washington, but baseball is miles away from the problems surrounding the U.S. government.

From something as simple as balancing the national books to the intricacies of the alleged CIA-drug scandals, the government just can't compare to the whole-heartedness of a good ol' ball game.

Even with the scandals of Pete Rose and George Steinbrenner, the messes don't match up to those of Ollie North and Clair George.

A better percentage of the people of Hagerstown attended that game than will probably vote.

For now, I'll put my hand over my heart when the anthem is played. I'll stand and soberly try to think about America and its being.

But secretly, inside, chords of "Take Me Out to the Ballgame" will be ringing in my head.

Searcey is a junior news-editorial and French major and the Daily Nebraskan opinion page editor.

P.S. Write back

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