

Daily
Nebraskan
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EDITORIAL

Out with the old

Economy, not defense, key to our future

A little bit ahead of schedule, President Clinton is starting to move America out of 20th-century military thinking. Thursday, Clinton announced a \$20 billion defense conversion program. The plan, which will take place over five years, is aimed at easing the conversion for industries affected by defense cuts.

"The world's finest makers of swords can and will be the world's finest makers of plowshares," Clinton said. "And they will lead America into a new century of strength, growth and opportunity."

Clinton's program and words are encouraging. The Cold War is over, and the threats to America's security now come more from within than without.

Threats to our standard of living, our quality of life and our ability to compete economically in a global marketplace are now as important as any other. If America cannot maintain its economic strength, our country will decline.

Tanks and planes and missiles will not solve our domestic problems. They cannot help our economy return to its former strength.

Defense conversion can. Congress should follow Clinton's lead and begin a thorough conversion of our economy from wartime production levels to that of a country at peace.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"I wasn't trying to hide from the issues at all. I felt like I've been playing the part in a bad movie."
— Keith Benes, ASUN president-elect, explaining his absence from the campaign.

"Well, in just three weeks we got more than 1,300 people to vote for us. I don't see any more leadership than that."

"What we did in less than one month almost caught up with what they did in six months."
— PARTY presidential candidate Steve Dietz, after losing by 225 votes.

"You can't chop down the trees and harvest them now; it ruins the future. You have to let it go and prosper for the future."
— State Sen. Dave Landis, speaking to students at Tuesday's rally at the Capitol before the Appropriations Committee hearing.

"You cannot ask us to cut off our legs and stand on our own two feet through this thing."
— Andy Stock, University of Nebraska at Kearney student regent, protesting the proposed 5 percent budget cut.

"You can't do 1990s science in 1930s buildings with 1960s technology."
— University of Nebraska-Lincoln Chancellor Graham Spanier, who brought a 35-year-old microscope from a UNL biology lab to a hearing of the Nebraska Legislature's Appropriations Committee to illustrate the university's need for funding.

"You're singing to a member of the choir on that one."
— Vice President Al Gore, who appeared at the University of Nebraska at Omaha on Wednesday, responding to a question on the environment.

EDITORIAL POLICY

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Spring 1993 Daily Nebraskan. Policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. Editorials do not necessarily reflect the views of the university, its employees, the students or the NU Board of Regents. Editorial columns represent the opinion of the author. The regents publish the Daily Nebraskan. They establish the UNL Publications Board to supervise the daily production of the paper. According to policy set by the regents, responsibility for the editorial content of the newspaper lies solely in the hands of its students.

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 or reject all material submitted. Readers also are welcome to submit material as guest opinions. The editor decides whether material should run as a guest opinion. Letters and guest opinions sent to the newspaper become the property of the Daily Nebraskan and cannot be returned. Anonymous submissions will not be published. 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.



ALAN PHELPS

Harris Labs no promised land

"The Geese Have Flown!" And with those words, another went to Harris Labs. And another. And another.

Harry Slabs welcomed them all. "Come, my children," Harry said, gathering the brethren. "Come. Eat of my food. Draw of your blood."

My commune-mate Brian responded to the call. Dodging busy signals and fighting to the end, he made it to the promised land. Acceptance into a major study. Enough money for a used Harley or perhaps a shoulder-to-shoulder tattoo.

"The Geese Have Flown!" he exclaimed that morning. "Ha-ha!"

"And it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one," Harry said. Then Harry let forth a large belly laugh, as he was known to do.

And the lambs flocked to Harry, bearing urine samples every one.

I know many who follow Harry's teachings. I've dropped them off at the tabernacle on Rose Street, the compound where the faithful come to praise the needle giver.

"Study participants' entrance," the door reads. It is a humble place. But at the same time, a power, a force, some kind of presence exists there.

It crawls into a person, and, as it was crawling into me, I thought of that compound in Waco, Texas, where a bunch of crazies are holed up with a man they believe to be God or some such thing. I also thought of mint chocolate-chip ice cream.

And then I thought, what is going on here? What is this thing crawling into me, and what is this place? Another messed-up, wacky kind of compound? Are these people going to start flooding out of this lab-rat factory one of these days and take over?

"I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor he goats out of thy folds," Harry's voice called. I shivered in the cold wind.



What Brian said reassured me somewhat. His story of Harry Slabs didn't smack of a conspiracy to turn loyal Americans into zombies.

Harry grants his laboratory children a bed, food, a television and three pay phones. He gives them comfort, tells them to turn their heads and cough, keeps careful track of their physical well-being and sends them away with large sums of money and a T-shirt.

"I will early destroy all the wicked of the land," Harry said, chuckling.

I guess I never really believed all the hype and never really thought that Harry might be The One until he healed my commune-mate Joel. Joel showed up at the tabernacle with only a small rucksack. Harry gave Joel a new type of ulcer medication and recorded the results.

Joel wasn't even aware he had an ulcer. His stomach never had troubled him before. But since he left the tabernacle, not one ulcer has sprouted — not even a little one.

Brian is making his way toward salvation and greater knowledge of Slabsdom through the testing of a new

antidepressant sedative. "You can't really sit down... very too much long without fallin' asleep," he mumbled to me over the pay phone. "I last for 10, 15 minutes max without falling asleep."

I asked Brian if he thought Harry was helping his group to see the light and heal their inner selves.

"No... probably not. I just keep on thinkin' about that money," he said slowly. At two in the afternoon, only six of 27 people in Brian's study were awake.

My commune-mate paused, perhaps looking about the room he was in or maybe sleeping. He then continued:

"Why would you give a depressed person something that puts them to sleep?" Brian wondered aloud. He said that yesterday he attempted to test the drug by trying to be depressed, but he couldn't concentrate.

"All the sudden, I was thinkin' about bread pudding."

I wasn't sure if that meant he was depressed or not. Bread pudding tends to give me a case of the blues. Is it bread or not? It sure as hell isn't pudding. I can't figure the stuff out.

"If he turn not, he will whet his sword; he hath bent his bow," Harry whispered his song.

What Brian said reassured me somewhat. His story of Harry Slabs didn't smack of a conspiracy to turn loyal Americans into zombies.

After all, thinking about bread pudding is one thing, but musing about earlier bread pudding episodes has a rather sad quality about it.

No, Harry is not the savior. His followers are not the chosen. In fact, it sounds boring. Blah.

Phelps is a junior news-editorial major, the Daily Nebraskan managing editor and a columnist.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Guns

Once again, the Daily Nebraskan parades its ignorance of issues in "Misrepresentation" (DN, March 2, 1993). On the surface, LB83 is a bill no sane person would oppose. However, the origin of this child protection act is somewhat lower than its saintly intent.

Had the author sought to protect children by punishing parents for their negligence, they could have started with the most frequently encountered tragedies. Household accidents, drug overdoses, poisoning and burns appear nowhere on LB83. Instead, this bill specified only one type of incident for criminal prosecution — fire-

arms. Firearm accidents are at an all-time low, following yearly declines over the last 60 years. Firearm accidents involving children are rare. Unfortunately, due to the nature of media coverage, it is sometimes hard to believe.

Had the legislators involved authored a proper bill, resistance would have been minimal and passage probably assured. This bill, LB83, represents yet another in a long litany of legislation to generate mud for slinging rather than a genuine attempt to secure public safety.

In response to the insidious claim that the legislators obeyed the NRA, I can only laugh. If this legislation was

pened with a modicum of common sense, the committee would have sent the NRA packing. During the hearing the public simply pointed out the true nature of LB83 and the representatives did the rest. Our legislature saw fit to kill the measure based on its ulterior motives after proper hearings. The only hearing denied was a special request to circumvent the process by otherwise ignoring the committee hearings. The message was clear — fancy names and hype will not pass bad legislation. A true triumph of the legislative process.

Scott S. Manhart
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dentistry