

# OPINION PAGES

*Our*  
**VIEW**

## Smoke signals

*Proposed ban attacks rights in halls, houses*

Smoking has been the preferred whipping boy for politicians for quite some time now, and it appears that the Nebraska Unicameral is about to join the party with LB211.

The bill, which initially was intended to prohibit smoking in the State Capitol, has now expanded to cover all state-owned buildings — and that includes residence halls and greek houses on the University of Nebraska-Lincoln campus.

The initial intent of this bill is admirable. Saving the inspired architecture and interior beauty of the State Capitol can hardly be faulted. If smoking inside will hurt that building, it is best to move smokers outside. And banning smoking in public buildings is understandable, particularly when considering the close working quarters in many offices.

But when the Legislature wants to tell UNL freshmen that a set of unreasonable house rules is in effect at their mandatory living quarters, that's a different story.

Sure, smoking isn't good for people. Sure, smoking in a laundry room or a game room or the hallway isn't really considerate. But smoking in the privacy of one's own room should not be considered a crime — it should be a right.

Smoke-free floors have already been created to appease those who can't tolerate the scent of burning tobacco. Cigarette sales have been ousted from UNL's campus. No smoking rules have been established in nearly every building we set foot in each and every day. For the smoker, the one safe haven from all of these limitations has always been home.

If LB211 passes, there will be no safe place for the smokers to hide — with the obvious exception of the wind-chilled sidewalks surrounding their residence halls.

Particularly for freshmen, most of whom have no choice but to call a residence hall home, this bill threatens a slice of personal freedom that — depending on the size of one's habit — might be large and significant.

State senators need to look closely at LB211 and acknowledge the full impact it could have if enacted.

The sidewalks outside of Abel, Selleck and Smith will be littered with discarded butts. The air that wafts into the lobby from the entryways will be yellowed with nicotine.

Colds will run rampant among the countless students who are forced to loiter outside on the coldest days of winter.

And student assistants who thought stopping the flow of alcohol in residence halls was difficult will be in for an entirely different war.

The way it is, LB211 isn't worth it, it's not worth the time, the effort or the — oh, excuse us, some of us have to go outside now for a quick smoke break.

*Ritter's*  
**VIEW**



## Stalking celery

*Plans for a week of healthier eating gone awry*



**A.L. FORKNER** is a junior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

*The following is a case study of scientific research. In no way should this column be read under the misconception that this is the author's attempt at weight loss. The writer is quite comfortable for a man of his girth. That is all.*

Honest, I really was going to do it out of curiosity. It all stems from a magazine article.

In the latest issue of Maxim, there is a story about the World's Strongest Man competitions. In a sidebar, the magazine ran the daily meal plan for the recommended diet for an average person.

A mere 2,800 calories. Or 11 bottles of our beloved Pepsi. (Hey, how about a grant for columnists?)

Next to that ran the daily diet for strongman competitor Henry "Iron Bear" Collins — a tad over 10,000 calories. Roughly translated into 2 tubs of Crisco with a 24-oz. Nestle's Quik chaser.

As I read this, my innate journalistic instinct kicked in. I wondered how I would feel if I followed the American Dietary Association's recommended diet for a week.

Thus, my grand experiment began. **Day One:** I woke up and had a fair breakfast of bran flakes (1 oz.), low-fat yogurt, 2 slices of wheat toast and 6 oz. of coffee.

Yum. This was a bit weird for me, considering I never eat breakfast. I live on the 20-minute schedule — I get up 20 minutes before I have to be somewhere 15 minutes away.

I was feeling pretty good in econ that morning. Believe me, that's a first, for anyone in econ. For lunch I had a lean roast beef sandwich on rye with cheese and alfalfa sprouts, as well as a banana, broccoli and milk.

OK, alfalfa is gross. I haven't eaten anything that nasty since I munched on my 8<sup>th</sup>

grade social science teacher's fern.

Hey, she was a witch and she deserved it. Seriously, it's a long story, I'll go into later. If you ask nicely. And promise not to tell the authorities.

My afternoon snack was a cup of grapes and 1/3 cup of peanuts.

All in all, it was going pretty good.

Dinner — 4 oz. of broiled chicken, 1 cup of brown rice, carrots, salad, angel food cake and milk.

By this time, I was feeling odd. No heartburn. No upset stomach. No feeling like death warmed over in a Crockpot. (No reason for using the term Crockpot other than the great sound of the word.)

Hm, let's see. No vending machine food. No dinner out of a plastic wrapper, nor delivered from a window.

Coincidence?

**Day two:** I woke up feeling hungry. Mind you, I missed my usual 2 a.m. post-work meal.

I was also really sluggish. No doubt due to the zero grams of caffeine in my system.

A coffee and Dr Pepper (uh, I mean Pepsi — just a little grant?) junkie, I was feeling the effects of no pop.

Breakfast was really similar to the day before, almost OK, I was starving so I had a triple helping of breakfast. Mmm ... Bran flakes.

Since I overdid breakfast, I had to cut back elsewhere to keep under 2,800 calories. Well, there goes lunch.

I swear that afternoon took five years.

Finally, dinner rolled around. Once again, I had the chicken breast.

So what if it was smothered in BBQ sauce and cheese? I figured I'd make up for it the next day. I mean, that 2,800-cal-

day ... And the next day.

**Day four:** How many calories are there in the average Wednesday DN opinion section? I kinda ate mine. It was much more appealing than those alfalfa things.

(While you're at it, look up the calorie count for sports, A&E, news, classifieds and the desk the paper was sitting on.)

**Day five:** Arrggghhh. My roommate baked some chocolate-chip cookies. I was saving some calories for a cookie after lunch. Unfortunately, I brushed my teeth to get the alfalfa taste out of my mouth. Freaking toothpaste used up the rest of my calories!

I'll show the ADA. Tomorrow I'll just drag my tongue on the carpet to lose the sprout residue.

**Day six:** Felt weak ... strength faded ... eyes blurry ... speech became ... Shattered.

(Feel free to insert your own "Dammit, A.L., I'm a \_ not a \_" joke here. You know you're already thinking it. Never resist peer pressure, especially from a columnist. You will make the joke. Pepsi will give me a grant.)

**Day seven:** Last day. My weekly average was a wee bit (1,100 calories) over the limit. But I figured it had to be several hundreds below my average intake.

I will go on. I will survive. I will stop quoting Gloria Gaynor.

OK, it's mid-afternoon. Emeril Lagasse is doing desserts on The Essence of Emeril.

Damn the Food Network. I just know I have an unhealthy blood grease content. I needed 30 cc of Wesson, stat!

Dinner — too bad I was out of calories for the week. I could only watch as my roommate ate spaghetti and garlic toast.

She took too much pleasure in this. Suffering isn't funny. Well, at least my suffering isn't funny.

Near midnight, I was counting down minutes and felt like Dick Clark. Ancient and made of plastic.

Yes, I made it. I felt like singing. "Should bad ideas be forgot, now let me eat like a swine."

Look out, Hi-Way Diner. I need food.

Warm up the chili-cheese fries, daddy's coming home. For thirds, probably.



**Editorial Policy**

Unsigned editorials are the opinions of the Spring 1999 Daily Nebraskan. They do not necessarily reflect the views of the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, its employees, its student body or the University of Nebraska Board of Regents. A column is solely the opinion of its author. The Board of Regents serves as publisher of the Daily Nebraskan; policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. The UNL Publications Board, established by the regents, supervises the 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 student employees.

**Letter Policy**

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes brief letters to the editor and guest columns, but does not guarantee their publication. The Daily Nebraskan retains the right to edit or reject any material submitted. Submitted material becomes property of the Daily Nebraskan and cannot be returned. Anonymous submissions will not be published. Those who submit letters must identify themselves by name, year in school, major and/or group affiliation, if any. Submit material to: Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St. Lincoln, NE. 68588-0448. E-mail: letters@unlinfo.unl.edu.