



All eyes on ... Howard Worcester



Erin Lee Givartz/Index

Recycling Coordinator Howard Worcester said he started out as a housekeeper in Grim Hall and that he knew just about everyone's names.

Coordinator pushes recycling

BY KANNA TAYLOR
Staff Reporter

Empty soda cans, old water bottles, cardboard boxes and paper scraps are nothing more than trash to some people. But to Recycling Coordinator Howard Worcester, those items are much more.

Worcester has been with Truman's Recycling Center since June of 2002. He moved to Kirksville almost nine years ago from Idaho, where he served in the National Guard for 33 years. He said that when he first arrived in Kirksville, he started out as a housekeeper for Grim Hall and loved the job.

"Grim Hall's real small, and I knew just about everybody's name," Worcester said. "We were kind of like a family."

He said that after a few years of working there, he noticed that the students were throwing away recyclable items. When the recycling coordinator position opened up, Worcester applied because he had some recycling experience.

Worcester was a supervisor for a temporary operation with the National Guard and would receive semi truckloads of food packed in cardboard boxes every day, he said. He would have his men break down the boxes and load them into a huge dumpster. He said it was during this work that he had an epiphany.

"One day, I was sitting there looking out the window and a trash truck was backing up to the dumpster, and it was like somebody hit with me a hammer [and I thought], 'What are we doing? We should be recycling,'" Worcester said. "I didn't know anything about recycling, [and] I didn't know even if we could. So I researched it, and I was on a mission."

After researching more about recycling, Worcester wrote a proposal

and presented it to his boss. Worcester said he did not receive the favorable response he wanted.

"He looked at me and said, 'We don't recycle in the National Guard. We're training soldiers,'" Worcester said.

Worcester was not satisfied with this, so he presented his proposal to a higher ranking official, who had just received a letter that day from the National Guard Bureau stating that the National Guard would be initiating a recycling program, he said.

"So he looked at me and said, 'You're in charge. Whatever you want, we'll give you. Just start it,'" Worcester said. "So we started the recycling program in the National Guard in Idaho. It was pretty neat to see it really grow and take off."

However, Worcester said that when he was younger, he did not know much about recycling.

"Most of my life I could've cared less about recycling," he said. "I was one of the guys who threw pop cans out the window."

Worcester eventually retired from the National Guard and moved down the street from his sister on a 90-acre piece of farmland in Kirksville, he said. He said he chose Kirksville because the property was cheap, and after growing up on a farm, he thought it would be fun.

"I was born and raised in Idaho," Worcester said. "I don't know if I consider it home or if I consider Kirksville home now."

After a couple years in Kirksville, Worcester became the Recycling Coordinator at Truman. He said that when he first started, his only responsibilities were to pick up surplus and oversee a contract between Truman and a company the University was paying to pick up its cardboard and aluminum cans. He said everything else was thrown away.

"We didn't have a recycle center [and] we didn't have a drop-off," Worcester said. "Recycling at Truman was really sparse. People could care less."

He said he thinks the only reason the University wanted the cardboard taken away was because it was filling up the dumpsters. Worcester said that having the recycling picked up was expensive, and he realized that the University could probably do the job itself and do it a lot better.

"I talked to the administration, and we partitioned off this little room out here for our recycle center, and we bought a cardboard bailer and a bunch of containers," Worcester said. "And we started in, and it's grown. Just every year it's doubled since we started."

He said the Recycling Center has had to buy more bins every year to hold all of the recyclables. He said that ever since the center started the community drop-off about four years ago, its business has greatly increased. The Recycling Center opened up its facilities to the rest of the Kirksville community because of a glass grinder purchased four years ago, making it the only center in Northeast Missouri that recycles glass, Worcester said. He said people started bringing everything from aluminum to paper and cardboard.

The Recycling Center employs about 35 students working scholarship jobs and a few institutional workers, Worcester said. Working with the students is his favorite part of the job, he said.

"I think that's probably the most rewarding part is to see kids grow," Worcester said. "We've had students that come down here and start working, and they've never recycled in their life and suddenly they're trying to talk their parents into it. ... Something about that really gets to me. I love that part of it."

Mixed messages signal confusion between sexes



Lauren Miller
sex and the ville

I hate signals. To me, signals should be clear-cut signs about what you should or should not do. Green means go forward. Red means stop. Nodding off in class means you either need more sleep or your professor needs to be more interesting. Getting a poor grade means you either need to study more or your professor needs to go easier. Having no coffee mug for your 8:30 a.m. class, combined with a sink of dirty dishes, means someone needs to actually wash the dishes. Same goes for a pile of laundry and having to wear tennis shoes without socks. Either way, you will understand that signal and adjust your actions in response to it.

No relationship signal ever seems that clear.

I believe this is why they call it the dating game. Being in a situation with someone new always amounts to mixed signals. If he calls you cute, does it mean he thinks you're cute as a 20-something or cute like a 7-year-old?

If you don't get a call back, does that mean he's busy or he's not interested? If he holds up a green "Go!" card, is he asking you to go a step or take a leap, be somewhat forward or be very forward?

I could give myself a migraine just thinking about the possible answers for all the mixed signals I have heard about, seen or even experienced myself.

I could give myself a migraine just thinking about all the moments I have had, when after reflecting, I think, "Well no sh--, Lauren, of course he meant this or that."

Imagine a world where your current love interest turned colors when he had (or did not have) feelings for you. Blue could be something like "sees potential." Green could be "really likes." Red could be "possible one night stand." Imagine how much easier reading signals would be if you had a clear-cut cue. It would be like reading "L'Ecole des Femmes" in French after reading the synopsis in English. I am not afraid to admit that this is what I've done for every book in every French literature class for the last six years of my life. It allows me to know what cues I should be looking for and picking up on. I would like to think it would work similarly for love conundrums.

A specific color would tell you if the innocent teasing meant "I plan to take you home" or "I want you to have my children."

Granted, we must be fair. If men changed colors, I'd imagine that women would have to change colors as well. And that thought does not bode well with me.

Sometimes I think mixed signals come from your own mixed emotions, feelings, thoughts or ideas about the situation. Perhaps the senders think they are as clear as crystal

and perhaps it is just the readers who get them wrong due to their own personal, internal conflicts. An example — sometimes I do the classic "touch the arm" move with a guy because I think he's cute. Or sometimes it is because he is blatantly flirting with me and it's just fun to do it back. Sometimes he's just a friend. Sometimes he's just someone to hold onto for balance. Sometimes he's someone I could really see myself liking.

Sometimes you want a relationship. Sometimes you want a casual hookup. Sometimes you want both from the same person. Sometimes you want to walk those perfect, albeit imaginary, lines between the friendship, casual relationship and casual hookup.

These things are just hard to communicate.

I think the sender-to-receiver issue comes from a basic difference between men and women. Any time a guy does not call me back, my guy friends just say, "Sorry." My girl friends put on that sympathy face and say, "Of course he's going to call." Girls just tend to see what I would deem a more positive side to things, and guys seem to see a more realistic side. Either way, I'd say half of the time the girls are right, and he calls. That also means that half the time the guys are right and he doesn't call.

It's those moments when you want him to call — and he is, of course, not calling — that you wish boys changed colors.

It's moments like that when you wish you could just ignore all the rules of the game and actually just say, "Look. This is what I want. Are you in or out?" And of course, you wish you would be OK with the answer, whatever it is.

But that will not happen. That's not how the game works. And I think I am at least better off holding my breath and waiting for boys to change colors than zipping up my man suit and actually being that forward.

Cooking with Julia



Julia Hansen

The Roman philosopher Seneca once said, "Wherever there is a human being, there is an opportunity for a kindness."

I believe this is true. Giving up your seat on the bus, sending flowers or even holding a door open are small acts that go a long way.

Typically if I get mail at school, it's junk mail. Well, about a week ago a cute yellow envelope came in the mail for me. My cousin Katie wrote me a letter just for the heck of it. That little letter made my day.

A couple weeks ago, a group from one of my on-campus organizations came together at my house and made two big pots of chili. We took the chili to the Kirksville Fire Department and had dinner with the firefighters on duty. Not only did we do a little something nice for those who keep us safe, we had a really great time. When I left the fire station that evening I felt good about the small act of kindness to which I had contributed.

This week's recipe is Brickle Drop Cookies, and darn good ones at that. Baking cookies for friends, co-workers or neighbors is a sweet way to brighten people's day and make them smile. I baked these cookies for my roommates, and they loved them. So if you don't have time this week to bake cookies for someone, show kindness to others in another way, like a long letter to your grandma or a friendly smile to a stranger.

Brickle Drop Cookies

Ingredients:

- 1 cup (2 sticks) butter or margarine, softened
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup packed light brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3 eggs
- 3 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
- 2 teaspoons baking soda
- 2 teaspoons cream of tartar
- 1 1/3 cups (8 oz. pkg.) HEATH BITS O' BRICKLE Toffee Bits

Instructions:

1. Heat oven to 350°F. Lightly grease cookie sheet.
2. Beat butter, granulated sugar, brown sugar, vanilla and salt in large bowl until blended. Add eggs, beat well. Stir together flour, baking soda and cream of tartar. Gradually add to batter mixture, beating until blended. Stir in brickle. Drop by heaping teaspoons onto prepared cookie sheet.
3. Bake 8 to 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool slightly.

Recipe from Hershey Kitchens.

Bellacino's

Pizza & Grinders

Monday, Wednesday, Friday: 4p.m. - 7p.m.
\$5 pizza
12" 1 topping

Tuesday: 1/2 grinder special
\$2.99, \$3.99, \$4.99
(select grinders)

Thursday: Any whole grinder
\$8.99

Sunday: All day
\$10.99
16" 2 topping
delivery available

College Special: 4p.m. - 10p.m.
1/2 grinder special
\$2.99, \$3.99, \$4.99
(select grinders)
ID required

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