

# opinion/editorial

## Money no reason to deprive women of abortions

Not every religion outlaws abortion, nor does any religion particularly advocate it. But it cannot be denied that the abortion controversy has a religious element—which may be in the minds of the legislators who must decide its legality.

In 1973, federal legislators laid aside religious convictions and legalized abortion. Since then, questions have come up in regard to federal funding abortions. The matter is no longer one of legality, but has brewed to one of impending discrimination. Must a woman's ability to have an abortion rely on the size of her pocketbook?

The case in hand, the first challenge of the Hyde Amendment, restricting federal funding of abortions by more than 99 percent, will be decided by the Supreme Court before its recess in July.

As a result of a federal injunction placed against the Hyde Amendment on Oct. 1, 1976 (the day the amendment was to go into effect) in re-

sponse to the lawsuit of *McRae vs. Harris*, the implementation of the amendment was delayed. The judge was John F. Dooling, U.S. District Court, who ruled for aid for elective abortions.

In June 1977, the Supreme Court remanded this decision, deciding that states were not required to pay for elective abortions, which sent the case back for further consideration. It also lifted the injunction.

Judge Dooling changed his ruling Jan. 15 of this year to call for funds for medically necessary abortions. According to a release by the National Abortion Rights Action League, Judge Dooling decided that "excluding abortions from the otherwise comprehensive medicaid program violated the First Amendments of freedom of conscience and Fifth Amendment rights of privacy, due process and equal protection."

Judge Dooling placed another injunction against the Hyde Amendment, which the Supreme Court

allowed to stand on Feb. 19 of this year. Thus federal funds for medically necessary abortions have been available from Medicaid since mid-February. The Supreme Court has a chance to overrule his decision, and is expected to decide either way by July.

Shortly after the Supreme Court decided in 1977 that states were not compelled to pay for elective abortions, a young welfare mother who was completing her final year of college, died from an illegal abortion—one which she was forced to obtain cheaply. The victim, Rosie Jiminex, died with her scholarship money untouched. Jiminex's reasons for obtaining an abortion were not medical, but they necessarily involved her education and her career—and the time at which she could pursue her lifetime goals.

The Supreme Court once ruled against aid for elective abortions. Now they may outlaw aid for medically necessary abortions. Abortion should be left as a decision of con-

science, and even though the decision may not be based on religious convictions or medical reasons, it should be one which the woman can make for personal reasons.

Abortions for personal reasons are just as necessary as those for medical reasons, as they may define the difference between a happy child with a happy parent and a neglected child with an uncaring parent. And they may determine the contribution of the woman to society if she can, as would have been in Jiminex's case, complete an education and have a fulfilling career.

Not allowing abortion aid for Medicaid recipients whether the abortion is for medical or personal reasons is discriminatory according to constitutional amendments and logic. Just because a woman is poor should not mean that her health should be endangered nor that her freedom of choice should be denied.

Alice Hrnicek

## letters to the editor

Cyrus Vance's resignation may indeed sink the country into a swamp, but it won't be because those old devils, the Republicans, are wreaking havoc on every move President Carter makes in foreign policy. Let me assure you, Mr. Carter is causing enough havoc by himself.

Mr. Carter shouldn't be blamed alone for the collapse of the Shah's government, though vacillation by the U.S. government certainly didn't help. Then too, it would be interesting to know just what General Huyser did do and say while in Tehran on the President's orders. The taking of the embassy should not have been a total surprise as that had happened before, in February 1979, and the Ayatollah's men had given it back.

Looking at the Soviet brigade in Cuba, it was Sen. Church of Idaho who brought this to the nation's attention. Sen. Church, it should be noted, is a Democrat, not a Republican. Even so, Mr. Carter stuck his foot into a mess by first declaring the brigade's presence unacceptable and when the Soviets laughed that off, he then said it was acceptable.

Perhaps "weakness" and "indecision" don't apply here, but it seems to me that neither do the words "reasonable foreign policy."

Mr. Fairbanks, if I understand him correctly, argues that political and economic isolation is a "more productive line of action" than a military rescue. I don't see how. More productive in what manner? Releasing the hostages perhaps? Rhodesia lasted more than 12 years under United Nations economic sanctions and political isolation before Zimbabwe was born. Iran has a stronger weapon in oil than Rhodesia did in chrome.

Why should political and economic isolation compel the Ayatollah Khomeini to return the hostages? Everything he has said indicates he relishes the removal of all ties with the United States in particular and the West in general. If the political and economic isolation do anything at all, it will be to push Iran into the Soviets' arms. So how is that different from a successful rescue doing the same thing except that we do not have the hostages back? Mr. Carter was wrong in the hostage rescue attempt, in my opinion, because he failed, not because he tried.

Finally, neither Mr. Brzezinski nor any one else need be prejudiced against the Soviet Union or Communism. There are

more than 60 years of evidence available to any one who will look.

Jerry L. Hayward  
Freshman, Engineering

### What about Indians?

Upon viewing the controversy about the Krugerrands that the Coes gave to UNL, a dominant theme has been clear: To accept and use a government's currency is to condone that government's actions and policies. If this is assumed to be true, aren't we all guilty of approving the U.S. government's shameful treatment of America's natives, the Indian?

Mark Lionberger  
Senior, Architecture

### Chambers responds

Michael Sneddon muddied much water in his rambling Guest Opinion, 4/28/80. He stumbled badly because with slender wit

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## Cat may be gone, but casserole remains

Jason managed to deposit himself in his three-piece "I-want-a-job" suit with a minimum of visible mistakes. Only the sunglasses covering his eyes gave any indication that the attempted wake for cat had dissolved the night before with at least one casualty. Marie and I saluted his pupils when we picked him up, and, luckily, Marie had her pink aviator shades in her bag of tricks to mute the effervescent glow from Jason's face before we went out.

michael zangari

"I've never seen your eyes so bright..." said Marie.

Jason mumbled something about Juanita in the spring and we were off.

Cat was missing in action—presumed dead, having not come home for five consecutive meals, including his favorite tuna casserole. There was always plenty. Nobody else ate it. The night before, I had eulogized him in dark tones, giving my favorite "there are a thousand metaphors in the city..." speech, and commenting that cat had lived all nine of his lives with a vengeance. Jason must have identified, because he nodded, instead of nodding out.

Today we would finish up the funeral rites, the three of us as honorary pall bearers with the only remains we had of cat. Marie and I were at the head of the



kitty-litter box, Jason handled the rear all by himself. We dumped it in the bushes.

We stood silently by the bush for a while, and then one by one we returned to the house. Each with our own thoughts.

"When do we eat?" asked Jason.

"There is some tuna casserole on the stove..." I said.

Jason sat back quietly in his chair. Cut.

Freeze frame. Stop action. Marie is frozen in mid-motion, brushing stray bits of hair from her face with the tips of her fingers like she often does. Jason is caught in the middle of a sigh, his lips pouting out like a sad child. His face doesn't often look this soft. I, of course, am able to move freely. It's my party. I stare long and unencumbered by politeness at my two dearest friends. I get up softly and walk over to Jason and gently remove his glasses.

Despite his superman image, he looks strangely vulnerable. It's been a tough semester for him, physically and emotionally. The wear shows around the corners of his eyes. When he smiles it's all teeth and no eyes. Spooks me sometimes. There is a bit of ketchup on his lapel. Jason is not messy, it's just that he's been absent longer than cat. Missing in action. Presumed living. I put the glasses back on him, and move quietly over to Marie.

Marie. Stronger than Jason and I put together, she has learned her Tao well. She has learned to remain soft when everything

around her has gotten increasingly harder. Her eyes are like cameras, they don't miss much. What she misses should be let go anyway. I am probably closer to Marie than to anyone else in the world,—even lovers. We wear the closeness when we're out like a big warm blanket.

It's dangerous to do this for too long, so I move back to my chair, skipping a look in the mirror because... just because.

Cat is gone. I think that we all identified with the battered beast to some extent. His losses were felt keenly around the household. When he lost a fight we all winced and bound his wounds—that is, of course, when he let us. He'd head out again when he could barely walk, coming home in bad shape and retreating to the basement, where he was born. He was a loner who didn't like to be petted, but often liked to have people around.

Jason, Marie and I all had a similar dream on the night cat disappeared. We all dreamed that cat's battered legs had turned into thin green sprouts. Strange, quiet dreams we share.

Action. Jason finishes his sigh, Marie her motion.

Marie looks up and gives me a curious sort of smile. I smile back.

"You're not going for coffee?" moans Jason.

"We're going to coffee," we both say at once.