

Daily
Nebraskan
Editorial Board
University of Nebraska-Lincoln

Jeremy Fitzpatrick Editor, 472-1766
Kathy Steinauer Opinion Page Editor
Wendy Mott Managing Editor
Todd Cooper Sports Editor
Chris Hopfensperger Copy Desk Chief
Kim Spurlock Sower Editor
Kiley Timperley Senior Photographer

EDITORIAL

Forced benefits

UNL pushes insurance on foreign students

Some international students at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln are finding an extra bill on their tuition statements. These students have to buy UNL-approved health insurance or else get billed in order to pay for the university's student insurance plan.

Kunle Ojikutu, director of the University Health Center, said this policy is enforced because many international students don't know how expensive health care is in the United States.

"We are not forcing foreign students to buy the insurance, we are acting for their own benefit," Ojikutu said.

But these students are indeed forced to buy the insurance. It is included on their tuition statements if they don't prove they have insurance approved by the health center.

The university is just starting to keep the health of these students in mind through this policy. Health insurance has been required for international students since 1953 but has only been enforced since last year.

And the university is right to look after the health of these students while they are in this country and attending this university. But what about American students who aren't insured?

If UNL requires international students to have insurance, all students should be insured.

One international student said this policy implies that international students are not capable of making their own decisions on this matter. But by not requiring all students to have insurance, this policy picks out international students only, when it should apply to all who attend UNL.

All students should be forced to buy insurance so that all students, international or not, are treated equally. If not, no students should be forced to buy health insurance.

Mission possible

U.S. forces need definite goal in Somalia

A pre-dawn raid on a house in Somalia on Monday clearly showed the problems U.S. forces face in the country. The U.S. troops patrolling in Somalia have no clear mission, and their lives are being placed at risk for a goal that has yet to be adequately defined.

The two-story villa that was raided by 50 helicopter-borne American soldiers was supposed to have been occupied by forces loyal to fugitive warlord Mohamed Farrah Aidid.

It was not.

It was instead occupied by nine U.N. employees working for the U.N. Development program. The U.N. employees were bound, put into helicopters and transported to a U.S. military hospital and then to a detention center at U.N. headquarters.

After they were questioned separately for about 30 minutes, the U.N. employees were finally released.

Maj. David Stockwell, chief U.N. military spokesman, said despite the fact that the wrong building had been raided, the mission had gone well militarily. He said it was "a textbook example of how these operations should go," using "lightning speed and overpowering force."

Unfortunately, the overpowering force was not used on the right target. And that sums up the problem in Somalia that the United States has previously faced in other countries. U.S. forces do not know who the enemy is or where to find him, and therefore they cannot win.

Somalia is a time bomb waiting to happen. President Clinton needs to set a clear mission for U.S. forces and a clear timetable for them to leave. If he does not, the chances that more U.S. lives will be lost there grows every day.

EDITORIAL POLICY

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Fall 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.



PATRICK HAMBRECHT

Happiness found through money

I stared at the unmatched splendor of God's creation. Birds sang and swooped across the sunset. The air was still, crickets played a minuet, all was at peace. One thought filled my mind: I needed money! And lots of it.

A vast, disposable income is the answer to all my problems — and I write this as a deep thinking, sensitive guy. I've had my share of angst, of spiritual trauma and identity crises. But if I had money, I'd know who I am. I'd be rich. Money makes people smile. Politicians are perpetually happy people — watch how our presidents can play golf and smile through our country's darkest hours. Imagine: Courage you can fit in your wallet — what more could I ask for? Embarking on a career as a big-dollar politician was the only solution. Cash from the PACs, extravagant gifts from corporations, fancy dinners in Tokyo skyscrapers: All could be mine as a for-the-people bigwig.

I ran to the fraternity house of Bob Jacobson, leader of the right-wing terrorists Alumni for America.

"Bob, hire me! I wanna be a politician," I said. "I'll be the best ugly baby-kisser you've ever seen. I'll denounce Pat Robertson as a flaming liberal, compose dance remixes of the William F. Buckley Show — you name it!"

"Patrick," Jacobson said, "I don't know. You're a little flaky. Remember when you translated the 1992 presidential election into a nutritional allegory for an essay? You called Clinton a rice cake, and said President Bush was rich in fiber. That's just stupid!"

"That didn't make it any less true," I retorted.

Jacobson shook his head. But then a gleam lit in his eyes.

"I'll give you a chance," he said. "For months I've been trying to prove there is a connection between Graham Spanier and Yaz. If you find the missing link, you're hired."

"What do they have in common?" I said.



Money makes people smile. Politicians are perpetually happy people — watch how our presidents can play golf and smile through our country's darkest hours.

"I hate them both!" Jacobson yelled. "That's all the connection you need!"

I shrugged. A job is a job. "How much do I get paid?" I asked.

Jacobson looked at me in a peculiar way. "Nothing. You work for free. Alumni For America is a volunteer Republican collective working for the common good."

I was disgusted. "You pinko! What kind of Republican socialist nonsense is this 'work for free' stuff? Would Ayn Rand approve?"

Jacobson grimaced. "Ayn Rand was a nut."

"At least she wasn't a volunteer!" I retorted. "I hope the invisible hand of the free market slaps you upside the head! I'm going to go work for Frank Jelpers at the Daily Nebraskan! Put that in your Cuban-commie cigar and smoke it!"

"Traitor!" Jacobson shouted. "Keynesian!" I yelled back.

In the newsroom, I slammed my fist on Jelpers's desk. "Frank, make me a stool-pigeon to the masses, a newsie!" I cried.

"Uh-huh," Jelpers mocked. "Reporter of what? Do you have a good knowledge of current events?"

"No," I admitted.

"How about sports?" he asked.

"Nope."

"Arts and entertainment? Do you know what's happening in America, musically?"

"You mean like the J. Geils Band?" I asked.

"Forget it," said Jelpers. "You're useless."

Quickly, desperation gave way to inspiration.

I said, "What about me? I could write about me!"

"What?" said Jelpers.

"I know a lot about me," I explained. "I could write about which comic books I like, and why I hate standardized tests!"

Jelpers leaned back in his chair and stared into space. "Kind of like Dear Abby, except you're writing to yourself?" he asked.

"Right!" I said.

"Yeah, I can see it..." Jelpers said.

"A young college student, babbling about his life and trying to analyze international problems. With a real flavor for pretentiousness."

"Way pretentious!" I promised.

He nodded. "An adolescent 'intellect with a rubber mallet' column?"

"Yeah!" I said. "Only more so!"

I began to dream of the fortunes I'd someday make in mass media. Piles of green, greed-inspiring American currency! Money, an escort service for the ego; a zoot-suit for the mind; a sugar high for the soul!

Jelpers snorted. "Who'd want to read drivel like that? A self-indulgent column by a barely educated teenager? So what?"

He put his arm around my shoulder. "You know Patrick," Jelpers said kindly; "I've heard Plasma, Phones and Pepperoni is hiring."

Hambrecht is a sophomore news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.



The Daily Nebraskan wants to hear from you. If you want to voice your opinion about an article that appears in the newspaper, let us know. Just write a brief letter to the editor and sign it (don't forget your student ID number) and mail it to the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 'R' Street, Lincoln, NE 68588-0448, or stop by the office in the basement of the Nebraska Union and visit with us. We're all ears.